

NOBODY'S FOOL

Screenplay by
Robert Benton
based on the novel by
Richard Russo

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Produced by
Scott Rudin and
Arlene Donovan

Directed by:
Robert Benton

FADE IN:

A nice, well kept, two story house; it is freshly painted, there are lace curtains on the windows. We HOLD FOR A BEAT and SUPERIMPOSE: BATH, NEW YORK 1943

As the TITLE FADES a black Chevrolet pulls to a stop in front of the house and a priest gets out, carrying a small case. He walks to the front door and rings the bell.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE (THE ENTRY HALL) - SAME

WIDE SHOT--A woman, probably a neighbor, opens the door and leads the priest across to a staircase.

WOMAN

(as she does)

Thank you for coming, Father. Mr. Sullivan took a turn for the worse this morning. The doctor just left. His son is with him now.

As they disappear up the stairs we CUT TO:

INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - SAME

ON THE DOORWAY -- as it opens and the priest, followed the woman enters.

REVERSE ON A LARGE OLD WOODEN BED -- Propped up on a mound of pillows is a man of about seventy. However, because of the ravages of illness and alcohol, he looks much older. He has a two day growth of beard and is wearing soiled pyjamas. This is JIM SULLIVAN, known as BIG JIM. He is staring malevolently at someone O.S..

CLOSER ON BIG JIM --he glances at the priest.

Note: Big Jim has what today we would call emphyzema and his breath comes is rasping gasps.

BIG JIM

Father, tell me something...What does it mean when a boy won't forgive his own father?

(he turns his attention to someone else O.S.)

I've made mistakes. I've lived a man's (more)

BIG JIM (cont'd.)
life and I've made a man's mistakes. But...

CROSS-CUT TO A YOUNG BOY -- who cannot be more than fifteen. He is good-looking, muscular, but his face is set; his eyes are bright with hatred. This is DONALD SULLIVAN.

BIG JIM (cont'd.)
...tell me something, father; God
forgives all sinners, don't he?

ON THE PRIEST--who is busy putting on the scapular. He looks at Big Jim and nods.

CLOSER ON BIG JIM--He turns again to the boy.

BIG JIM
You hear that, Donald?! God forgives
all sinners, so I guess he'll forgive
me too...
(to the priest, but
glaring at the boy)
Not that my son ever will.

CLOSER ON THE BOY--He remains unmoved.

DONALD
You may fool God, pop, but you're not
conning me; not for a minute, so don't
even try.

BIG JIM
(a sarcastic smile)
I always said you were nobody's fool.
But who'd've guessed you were smarter
than God.

THE CAMERA REMAINS ON THE BOY--He continues to stare at his father, his face impassive. From O.S. we HEAR the priest begin to give the last rites for Jim Sullivan as the MUSIC BEGINS and we FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

THE SCREEN IS WHITE-- we HOLD FOR A BEAT and SUPERIMPOSE: NOVEMBER, 1994. A MOMENT LATER THE CREDITS BEGIN as THE CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY TO REVEAL THE FRAME OF A WINDOW THAT HAS THE SHADE PULLED. Suddenly the shade is raised and we SEE DONALD SULLIVAN, now aged sixty. At that moment THE TITLE: NOBODY'S FOOL appears. Donald Sullivan (known to everyone as SULLY) is handsome, even though at the moment he is bleary eyed from sleep, unshaven and wearing a tee shirt and

undershorts. As he starts to light a cigarette, he spots something out the window.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

HIS POV: A pretty young woman (TOBY ROEBUCK), wearing sweats and running shoes, goes jogging past. As THE CREDITS CONTINUE we watch her as she passes a prosperous, middle aged man (CLIVE PEOPLES JR.), letting himself into the bank. He glances out the window and spots ABRAHAM WIRFLY (WIRF). One by one during the CREDITS we meet all of the principal characters in the film. One character leading us to the next

As the CREDITS END we are looking down a beautiful street with comfortable, federal-style houses and lined with gigantic elm trees.

Note: Stretched across the street in several shots we SEE banners that read: "Bath, N.Y. Home of the Ultimate Escape Theme Park, Opening 1994."

CLOSER IN ON ONE OF THE HOUSES--Standing at the window, sipping a cup of tea, is an attractive woman in her eighties, her name is BERYL PEOPLES. Although she was married for thirty years, (and has a grown son) and has been a widow for just as long; she is referred to as MISS BERYL. She stands for a moment, sipping a cup of tea, watching the day begin when we HEAR O.S. the sound of wood ripping.

MISS BERYL'S POV: A dead limb has torn loose from a tree in her front yard and falls, smashing the bird-bath underneath to smithereens.

CLOSER ON MISS BERYL--showing no trace of emotion she carefully places her cup of tea on a nearby table and turns into the room. As she does we CUT TO:

INT. MISS BERYL'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

It is a pretty room, filled with all sorts of odds and ends: heirlooms, souvenirs from her travels, photographs of her husband and son. She crosses to a broom that is leaning against the wall, picks it up and begins banging it against the ceiling.

MISS BERYL
(calling out)
Donald?..Donald?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, ma'am?

MISS BERYL
God just took out the bird bath.

MAN'S VOICE
I'll be right down.

MISS BERYL
(to someone O.S.)
He's getting closer, Clive. Last year
it was the street light at the end of
the block.

REVERSE ON A PHOTOGRAPH of a portly man in his early fifties.
The photograph is at least thirty years old. It sits on top of
the television set along with several other framed
photographs; one is of her son, CLIVE JR (one of the people we
saw during the CREDITS. None of the photographs answer.

MISS BERYL (cont'd.)
Now it's my bird bath. I think God's
zeroing in on me. I have a feeling
this is the year He lowers the boom.

There is a knock at the door to the hall. A moment later it
opens to reveal Sully, now freshly washed and shaved, and
wearing the only suit he owns.

SULLY
You still alive in there, old lady?
You didn't die in your sleep, did you?

MISS BERYL
(unperturbed)
Not yet.

SULLY
You're talking to yourself, so it can't
be too long.

SULLY
(feigning relief)
Whew...And here I thought you were
going batty on me.
(to the photograph)
Morning, Mr. Peoples.

The photograph doesn't answer him either.

MISS BERYL
How come you're wearing your suit?

SULLY

Today's the big day. In a couple of hours I'll be a rich man.

MISS BERYL

You get lucky at the OTB?

SULLY

The judge rules on my workmen's comp. My lawyer says we can count on at least two thousand a month and six months back pay.

SULLY

I'll tell you what, tomorrow I'll take you out to the best restaurant in town for Thanksgiving dinner.

MISS BERYL

Thank you, Donald, but my son is taking me to the Country Club for Thanksgiving dinner.

SULLY

(with irony)

We wear the chains we forge in life, old girl.

MISS BERYL

(wry)

I don't suppose you remember who said that.

SULLY

(grinning)

You did, Miss Beryl. All through the eighth grade.

And he is out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SMALL TOWN COURTHOUSE - DAY

(ESTABLISHING SHOT--a somber, red brick and stone building, built, in spite of appearances, in happier times.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - SAME

WIDE SHOT--The main corridor facing the door to a courtroom.

From inside we can HEAR the sound of a gavel being rapped on a desk.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - SAME

ON JUDGE FLATT--He is an old man and not a very pleasant one at that. He is ensconced in a leather chair behind a huge oak desk. He puts down his gavel, glares at the people O.S., making certain that everyone is paying proper attention.

REVERSE ON THE COURTROOM--It is about half filled with lawyers and their clients waiting their turn with Judge Flatt. However, sitting in the front at a couple of desks we SEE, on one side a smooth, urbane lawyer from Albany; at the other desk is a rumped, wan, disorganized man in his early fifties. This is ABRAHAM WIRFLY known to everyone as WIRF. Next to him is Sully.

CLOSER ON JUDGE FLATT

JUDGE FLATT

Well, now, in the case of Sullivan
vs The First Federated Insurance Co.
of America. This court finds against
Mr Sullivan and for...

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - SAME

ON THE DOOR TO THE COURTROOM--From inside we can HEAR the sounds of voices raised in anger. A moment later the door is flung open and Sully comes storming out. From O.S. we HEAR:

WIRF'S VOICE

Sully!

Sully pays no attention, but continues hobbling along the corridor. THE CAMERA TRACKS ALONGSIDE HIM.

WIRF'S VOICE

Sully! Wait up!

Sully doesn't slow down (although, because of his limp, it would be hard for him to move much slower than he is). Finally Wirf catches up with Sully and begins trotting alongside.

WIRF

Don't get discouraged, okay? This is a temporary setback --that's all. You've got to remember our strategy.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TRACKING WITH THEM as they walk through the doors of the courthouse, down the steps and onto the street.

SULLY

What strategy?! This is the first I've heard about any strategy.

WIRF

Sooner or later we'll wear the bastards down. The court's already starting to get pissed. You heard the judge--

SULLY

He was pissed at you, Wirf.

WIRF

Only because he knows I won't go away.

SULLY

I know how he feels.

WIRF

(not rising to the bait)

When they start getting bent out of shape, you know you're getting somewhere. Intro Law 101.

By now they have reached Sully's banged-up, wretched looking pick-up truck which is parked at the curb, in front of a fire plug. Sully stops and turns to Wirf.

SULLY

Wirf, if guys like you and me could beat insurance companies there wouldn't be any insurance companies. Common Sense 101.

He is about to open the door to the truck when he spots something.

CLOSER IN--A parking ticket has been stuck under the blade of his windshield wiper.

WIDER ANGLE--Sully is not one to be philosophical about something like this. He grabs the ticket, climbs into the cab of his pick-up and guns the engine and the truck roars off.

CLOSER IN--Sully crumples the ticket into a ball and tosses it out the window of the truck. It lands at the feet of a young policeman in his thirties, (OFFICER RAYMER), who is in the midst of giving a stern lecture to yet another traffic

violator. Raymer glares at Sully, but THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THE PICK UP as it roars off down the street, trailing a plume of exhaust smoke.

ON WIRF who stands at the curb watching Sully disappear.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

WIDE SHOT--Sully's truck, traveling about ten miles above the speed limit, makes an abrupt U-turn and pulls to a stop in front of a nondescript, two-story building with a faded sign that reads, "Tip Top Construction Co.".

THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH SULLY--as he gets out of the truck and starts towards the entrance of the building, a look of grim determination on his face.

Note: In front of the Tip Top a group of seedy looking men have gathered. They are hanging around, hoping to pick up work for the day. Among them we SEE the same scruffy looking man we saw during CREDITS. His name is RUB SQUEERS. He jumps to his feet as soon as he sees Sully and begins tagging along after him.

RUB

Hi. You comin' back to work?

SULLY

No.

RUB

Your leg feelin' better?

SULLY

Does it look like it?

RUB

You sure you're not comin' back to work?

SULLY

How many times do I have to tell you,
I'm never gonna' work for that
sonofabitch Carl Roebuck again.

And he disappears inside the door of the Tip Top Construction Co..

CUT TO:

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The second floor reception area of the office of the president of the Tip Top Construction Co. At the moment it is empty. From O.S., we HEAR a bell as the street door is opened; then the sound of footsteps climbing the stairs. The door to the inner-office bursts open and a very pretty young woman in her late twenties (RUBY) comes rushing out, hurriedly tucking her blouse into her skirt. Suddenly, Ruby realizes that she is holding her bra in one hand. She quickly opens a drawer of her desk and shoves the brassiere inside.

Note: The blouse Ruby is wearing is made of very gauzy material and without her bra we can see her bare breasts underneath.

We HOLD ON RUBY as she manages to arrange herself with a big smile -- the perfect secretary -- just as the door to the hallway opens; instantly her face clouds.

RUBY

He called in sick. He's on the phone.
He's in the Bahamas. Take your pick.
He doesn't want to see you.

ON SULLY as he enters, crosses to her desk, sits on the edge and begins massaging his knee.

SULLY

The Bahamas sound alright, Ruby. Get
his checkbook and we'll take off.

RUBY

(curling her lip)
There's about a thousand guys I'd take
with me before you.

SULLY

Hey. Woah. This is a small town there
can't be more than a couple of hundred
you'd prefer to me.

RUBY

As long as there's one, you're shit out
of luck.

Just then from the inner office we HEAR;

CARL (O.S.)

If those are the dulcet tones of the
long lost and unlamented Don Sullivan,
send him in.

RUBY
(her most unpleasant
smile)
Mr. Roebuck will see you now.

As Sully starts inside we CUT TO:

INT. CARL ROEBUCK'S OFFICE - SAME

Inside the office CARL ROEBUCK, a handsome and, for the most part, charming man in his early forties is leaning back in a swivel chair, with his feet in highly polished loafers propped on his desk.

CARL
(grinning)
I knew sooner or later the judge would throw you and that two-bit disability claim of yours out of court. I figured you'd have to come crawling back looking for work. Fortunately I've got a job even you can't screw up.

Sully crosses to the desk, leans forward, both hands resting on the top.

SULLY
First you pay me what you owe me.

Carl's feet hit the floor; he leans forward, his face flushed with anger.

CARL
Forget it! You did a lousy job, and I'm not paying you--

SULLY
(his voice raised)
Listen, I busted my balls digging a fifty foot trench in ninety degree heat with--

CARL
(cutting him off)
That's your problem. You did shoddy work. You think I got where I am by doing shoddy work?

SULLY
No, Carl, you didn't get where you are by doing shoddy work. You didn't get
(more)

SULLY (cont'd.)

where you are by doing any work. You got where you are because your father worked himself into an early grave so you could piss away everything he worked for on sports cars and ski trips. Now personally I don't care if you wind up broke, which you probably will. But before you do you're going to pay me the five hundred bucks you owe me--

CARL

(overlapping, shouting)

You know the trouble with guys like you? You figure you got a right to steal from anybody that's got a few bucks. I'm supposed to assume the position because you got a busted knee and no prospects.

SULLY

(shouting back)

Because if you don't; one of these days I'm gonna' come in here and toss that sorry ass of yours out the window. About two seconds before you hit the bricks it'll dawn on you that I wasn't kidding.

Sully turns and stalks out of Carl's office, slamming the door behind him. We HOLD ON THE DOOR for several beats, then it is flung open and Sully reappears.

SULLY

What's the job?

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

WIDE SHOT--A half-finished house, surrounded by a field of mud. There are no signs of workmen anywhere. Not far from the building is a large pile of cement blocks. Sully's truck is parked near the pile of blocks.

CLOSER ON SULLY--as he picks up a cement block and slings it onto the back of the truck, then another and another. As he starts to throw a fourth block onto the truck, his knee gives out and he goes down in the mud.

STILL CLOSER IN--He lies there for a moment in a fury, then slowly gets to his feet. He tests his knee and it is obvious

that he is in a great deal of pain, nevertheless, he picks up the cement block from the mud and, moving more carefully now, throws it in the back of the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIP TOP CONSTRUCTION CO. - DAY

ON A SECOND FLOOR WINDOW, THE CAMERA IS ANGLED FROM BELOW-- Suddenly Carl Roebuck comes flying through the window, arms flailing, legs bicycling. Just before he lands we CUT TO:

CLOSER ON SULLY--He heaves another block onto the bed of the truck.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE WINDOW--Once more Carl comes crashing through heading for the ground.

ON SULLY--There is a smile on his face as he throws another block on the back of the truck.

ON THE REAR WHEEL OF THE TRUCK--sinking into the mire.

ON THE WINDOW OF THE TIP TOP CONSTRUCTION CO--as Carl is tossed through the window yet again.

ON SULLY--still smiling. He has settled into the rhythm of the work.

ON THE BACK OF THE TRUCK--as another cement block lands. There is a sizeable pile already.

ON THE WHEEL--sinking still deeper.

ON THE WINDOW--out comes Carl.

ON SULLY--another cement block.

ON THE WINDOW--Carl starts out the window, but before he gets more than a few feet we CUT TO:

C.U. SULLY--He has stopped heaving the cement blocks onto the back of the pick-up.

HIS POV: The left rear wheel of the truck is now axle deep in the muck.

WIDER ANGLE ON SULLY--considering the problem.

SULLY

All right...All right...This isn't so bad.

He looks around, spots a piece of plywood, grabs it and begins sliding it behind the wheel.

SULLY

(as he does)

There's no problem can't be solved...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

WIDE SHOT--The main highway that leads from the Northway, past the shopping centers, into downtown Bath. Across the road is a large billboard announcing that this is the future site of The Ultimate Escape Theme Park. We HOLD FOR A BEAT as a beautiful, new, spanking-clean Buick station wagon approaches. At the wheel is an attractive young woman with her equally attractive ten year old daughter. As they reach the middle ground suddenly the woman spots something O.S.. A look of absolute horror appears on her face as well as the child's. She quickly veers away, nearly sending the car into oncoming traffic. THE CAMERA PANS WITH THE CAR as it roars away. As the car disappears from view THE CAMERA CONTINUES ITS PAN coming to rest on the figure of someone or something covered from head to toe in mud. It looks more like the creature from the Black Lagoon than something human.

CLOSER IN--It turns out to be Sully. He stands by the side of the road a thumb out, glaring at oncoming traffic, daring them to stop.

HIS POV: THE HIGHWAY--Heading in his direction is a Gremlin, paint faded to a sickening greenish color. THE CAMERA PANS WITH IT AS IT PASSES, gets about twenty yards past Sully and pulls off to the side of the road.

CLOSER IN--The door on the driver's side opens and a young man, about thirty, gets out. He is good looking, wears glasses and is slightly unkempt. He stands for a long moment staring at the apparition at the side of the road. The young man's name is PETER. Finally:

PETER

(uncertain)

Dad?

HIS POV: Sully, standing at the side of the road, turns and looks at him.

SULLY
(equally surprised to
see his son)
Peter?

PETER
You need a lift?

Sully looks around, hoping for a better offer; none are forthcoming.

SULLY
(uncertain)
I guess...

He crosses to the car, leans down. Inside is a woman of about thirty (CHARLOTTE) and in the back two boys five (WACKER) and six (WILL). Charlotte is pretty, or she would be if she weren't so tired and so angry.

SULLY
(to Charlotte)
Hi, dolly...It's been a while. What brings you people this far north?

CHARLOTTE
(clearly unhappy)
We've been summoned to Thanksgiving Dinner at Vera's.
(she reaches around,
opens the rear door)
C'mon, get in.

PETER
(to the children)
Shove over...Make room for Grandpa.

CHARLOTTE
Here. Wacker, sit on my lap...

WACKER
No.

WILL
(he's used to this)
I'll do it.

As he starts to climb into the front seat:

WACKER
(punching Will)
Mom said me!

WILL
(eyes welling up)
Wacker punched me again.

SULLY
(anxious to get away)
Listen, if you don't have room.

CHARLOTTE
(to Will)
Punch him back.
(to Sully)
Get in.

Sully does as he is told. Clearly he has stumbled into the Gremlin from Hell.

SULLY
(making conversation)
How's your mom?

Charlotte groans, Peter shoots her a look.

SULLY
I don't think I've seen Vera since the last time you were here.

CHARLOTTE
How can you live in a town as small as Bath and not see your ex-wife all the time?

SULLY
Well, dolly, Peter's mom and I don't exactly travel in the same circles any more.
(turning to Wacker)
Hello, Mordecai.

WACKER
My name's not Mordecai! It's Wacker!

SULLY
How come they call you Wacker?

Wacker doesn't have to be asked twice. He smiles and then slams his Dr. Seuss book as hard as he can across Sully's bad knee. Sully lets out a scream and doubles over in pain.

PETER
What is it?! What's the matter?!

SULLY
Stop the car!

PETER
But--

SULLY
Stop the fucking car! Before I throw
this little shit out!

Wacker stares at his grandfather as if daring him to try anything; however, Will bursts into tears.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The Gremlin pulls to a stop, Sully opens the door and limps over to a tree. He leans against it and begins rubbing his knee, trying to massage out the pain. A moment later Peter approaches.

PETER
Jesus, Dad, he's just a kid! What the
hell was that about?!

Sully rocks back and forth waiting for the pain to subside. Finally he pulls up his trousers so we can see just how terrible it looks.

PETER
(horrificed)
Wacker did that? With a Dr. Seuss?

SULLY
Don't be an idiot...I fell off a
ladder six months ago.

PETER
How am I supposed to know something
like that? I haven't seen you in
almost two years.

SULLY
Forget it.

PETER
Have you seen a doctor?

SULLY
I've seen about twenty.

PETER
What did they say?

SULLY
About twenty different things.
(then:)
Look, don't worry about it, okay.
(trying to get away)
Thanks for the lift.

Sully turns and walks off. Peter watches, his conscience bothering him.

PETER
(calling out)
Listen, why don't you stop by mom's
tomorrow?

ON SULLY--He continues walking away.

SULLY
You better clear that with Vera.

PETER
(testy)
I don't have to ask permission to
invite my own father to stop by for
Thanksgiving dinner.

SULLY
(over his shoulder:)
Maybe...I'll think about it.

ON PETER--He continues to watch Sully a moment longer, then he holds out his hands in a gesture of the utter futility of dealing with his father, and starts back toward his car.

ON SULLY--who walks across to a very pretty, two story Victorian house that has been recently remodeled.

CLOSER IN--Sully crosses a terrace leading to the kitchen. As he does, he passes two men uncrating a brand new, shiny yellow snow-blower. He pauses for a moment to admire it and then starts up the steps toward the back door.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

ON THE DOOR--Sully enters without knocking.

SULLY
(calling out)
Hi, dolly. You aren't naked or
anything are you?

From upstairs we HEAR:

WOMAN'S VOICE

No, but I can be in about two minutes.

SULLY

Take your time. I need a cup of coffee first, maybe even two.

THE CAMERA MOVES WITH SULLY as he crosses to the kitchen counter, opens a telephone book, looks up a number and begins dialing.

Note: We can SEE on a bulletin board above the coffee maker a number of snapshots pinned up. The woman in the photographs is young and very, very pretty; she is the jogger we saw during the opening CREDITS. The man is her husband, Carl Roebuck.

SULLY

(into the receiver)

Ace Towing Company? I've got a job for you. Pick me up at 313 Harbin. ...Yeah, you can charge it to the Tip Top Construction Co..

He starts to pour a cup of coffee when he notices something O.S.:

HIS POV: looking from the kitchen, down the hall to the front door. A man of about sixty-five, dressed in gray work clothes is working on the lock to the front door.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

SULLY

That you, Horace?

HORACE

(not bothering to look around)

Hi, Sully, I ain't naked either.

SULLY

Thank God for that.

Just then we HEAR:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Good Lord. How does a man get that dirty?

SULLY
(glancing O.S.)
Working for your husband.

THE CAMERA PANS IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS GAZE and there is TOBY ROEBUCK. Sully isn't exaggerating when he says she is the prettiest woman in Bath. At the moment, she is dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt.

Just then, Horace appears. He is carrying a toolbox that reads, "H&H Locksmiths."

TOBY
All done, Mr. Yancy?

She takes a checkbook that is lying on the counter-top and starts to write.

HORACE
(anxious)
I wish I hadn't let you talk me into doing this.

She hands Horace the check.

TOBY
Here...I wouldn't wait to cash it.

Horace takes the check and is out the door.

SULLY
Listen, as long as you're in the mood, how about writing me a check for the work I did this summer? Dummy and I have ironed things out, but all he had at the office was the company checkbook.

TOBY
(grinning)
Nice try Sully. He called me this morning and warned me you might pull something like this.

SULLY
Your husband does owe me.

TOBY
Get in line. He owes everybody.

SULLY
Good thing he's got all that money.

TOBY

I'll tell you what, Sully. You take a big pile of money and go have quadruple bypass surgery and see how much money is left by the time you get back to the pile.

(sexy, challenging)

Now then. you want to see our new hot tub?

SULLY

Where is it?

TOBY

Upstairs.

SULLY

Then I don't want to see it.

(changing the subject)

What's going on with Horace?

TOBY

I'm changing the locks. I've just decided that my husband no longer lives here.

SULLY

It's a bold move. It won't work, but it might get his attention.

There is a beat of silence between Toby and Sully.

TOBY

(very quietly)

Sully, what does it mean that he won't fire her?

SULLY

Ruby?

She nods, very close to tears.

SULLY

He's not in love with her, if that's what you mean.

TOBY

Why is he doing it?

Just then we HEAR the sound of the tow truck honking O.S..

SULLY

I gotta' go. Hang in there, okay?

TOBY

That's it? That's the sum of your wisdom on the subject?

SULLY

I'm afraid that's the sum of my wisdom on most subjects.

And he is out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, BATH - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT--About nine at night; it is snowing lightly and downtown Bath is deserted. There is a banner stretching across Main St. that reads, "Opening in 1994, The Ultimate Escape Theme Park." The only lights are coming from a bar called The Iron Horse (generally referred to as "The Horse"). As we watch, Wirf comes limping along the street, headed towards The Horse. We HOLD as he reaches the bar and peers in the window.

HIS POV: Somewhere, early on, someone had the notion that The Horse should look like a British pub and, therefore, back behind the layers of grease, the posters and the neon beer signs, there is rough plaster and fake beams. The bar is empty, except for a handful of regular customers. A pretty, slightly frowzy, overweight woman (BIRDY) tends bar.

ON THE DOOR--as Wirf enters, brushing the snow from his hair, hanging up his coat. THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he limps across to the bar and says something to Birdy. She nods toward a door that leads to a back room.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND ROOM - SAME

A large room that is used during tourist season as a dining room, but which remains closed during the rest of the year. Tables and chairs have been pushed against the wall; except for one, at which four men and one woman are seated, playing poker.

There is a large pile of cash and poker chips in front of Carl Roebuck. Next to him is Ruby (now wearing a black lacy bra under her see through blouse). On her left is an unhealthy looking man in his early forties. His name is JOCKO and he is the local pharmacist. Next to him is Rub and next to Rub is

Sully. No one, except for Carl is doing well, but Sully is doing the worst of any of them.

ON THE DOOR--as Wirf enters, carrying a beer and a shot glass of whiskey.

WIRF

Where the hell have you been? I've been looking for you everywhere.

Wirf crosses to the table, pushes back an empty chair and sits down.

SULLY

(laying his cards
on the table)

You should've given up, Wirf.

(pleased)

A pair of wired sevens.

Carl lays down his cards:

CARL

(more pleased)

Pair of tens.

Carl rakes in the pile of cash and poker chips as Wirf pours the shot of whiskey into the glass of beer and downs it.

Note: Wirf is a serious drinker, but it is important that he never ever appears the slightest bit drunk.

RUBY

(staring at the
cards in her hand)

Phooey...

Carl takes a handfull of bills and slips them into Ruby's bra.

SULLY

Ah, Ruby, I like a woman whose love
can't be bought.

RUBY

Screw you, Sully.

(to Carl)

I gotta' go tinkle.

She gets up and leaves the room as Wirf takes three twenties and tosses them across to Carl.

WIRF

Deal me in.

(to Sully)

Look, I know things didn't go so good yesterday. We had a bad day, that's all--

SULLY

No.

WIRF

Listen, there's a zillion things we haven't tried yet.

During this Carl counts out a stack of chips shoves them across to Wirf; then he takes the cards and begins to shuffle.

SULLY

(firm)

I said, "No." Wirf.

Carl passes the deck of cards to Sully.

CARL

Cut.

Sully gets to his feet, walks around his chair, first to the left and then to the right. Next he sits down:

SULLY

(making a sign over
the cards)

Red River round a green monkey's ass.

Throughout all this everyone at the table has been staring at Sully with looks of incredulity on their faces.

CARL

(shaking his head)

You're the only man I know that believes in luck.

SULLY

I used to believe in intelligence and hard work before I met you.

(pushing the cards
back to Carl)

Deal.

CARL
(as he does)
I can't believe it took you so long to
do a simple job today.

SULLY
If you were so worried, you could've
helped.

Carl reaches across, takes one of Sully's cigarettes.

CARL
(lighting it)
You'd like to see me have another
heart attack, wouldn't you?

SULLY
(studying his cards)
Don't worry. It's not your destiny
to die working. Besides...
(interrupting himself)
I'll open for five bucks.
(back to topic A)
...if you were to break a sweat all
those girlfriends of yours would
wrinkle their noses.

Note: Throughout all this the poker game continues, cards are
delt, bets are made, players fold.

CARL
Let's not talk about women, okay?
(then)
You know what the C. I. in my name
stands for?

RUB
(genuinely interested)
What?

CARL
Coitus Interruptus.

SULLY
If you'd use your lunch hour to eat
lunch this wouldn't happen. This used
to be a nice peaceful town. Now everyone
has to go home to make sure your car
isn't in their driveway.

Note: Throughout this we CROSS-CUT to Wirf, sitting across
from Sully, staring at him, a goofy smile on his face. Sully

does his best to ignore Wirf.

CARL

(ruefully)

I wish it was just between twelve and one.

SULLY

Go home. You're married to the best looking woman in Bath, you jerk.

CARL

Who was it said, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp?"

Wirf continues to stare at Sully. Finally, Sully can't stand it any longer.

SULLY

What the hell is wrong with you?

WIRF

I'm trying to communicate with you telepathically.

CARL

Forget it. The only way to communicate with Sully is to hit him in the head with a shovel.

During this Ruby comes back in, drapes herself around Carl and begins whispering to him.

SULLY

Screw you both. I'll see you and I call...
...A Sausalito straight.

Carl grins, lays out four of a kind and begins raking the chips across to the already huge pile in front of him.

WIRF

I was telepathically advising you to fold.

Ruby now begins nibbling on Carl's ear.

CARL

Fortunately for you I've got an appointment; otherwise I'd pick you clean. By the way...

(more)

CARL (cont'd.)
(getting to his feet)
...You want to sheetrock the house
on Nelson tomorrow?

RUB
I thought you said you wasn't ever
gonna work for Carl again.

SULLY
(to Carl, ignoring Rub)
Sheetrocking's a two man job.

CARL
What about it, Rub?

RUB
Tomorrow's Thanksgiving.

SULLY
Double time?

CARL
In your dreams.

RUB
(again)
Tomorrow's Thanksgiving.

SULLY
Fine. Sheetrock the sonofabitch yourself.

CARL
Why should I pay double time?

SULLY
What's tomorrow, Rub?

RUB
It's fuckin' Thanksgiving.

CARL
Shut up, Rub.
(to Sully)
Y'know what burns my ass Sully? You
wouldn't even know it was Thanksgiving
if it wasn't for Rub. Thanksgiving is
for people to sit around in the bosom
of their families. You don't even have
a family for chrissake!

SULLY
As a matter of fact, I just got invited
to Thanksgiving dinner by my son.

CARL
(stunned)
You?

RUB
(surprised himself)
You?!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - LATER

ON WIRF AND SULLY--as they come out of the back room. Sully
stops, stares out the window.

SULLY
Damn...

HIS POV: LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW OF THE HORSE--Snow is still
falling.

ON SULLY AND WIRF

WIRF
Come on, I'll buy you a beer.

SULLY
Uh,uh...It's never just one beer with
you; besides I've got to figure out
how to shovel Miss Beryl's drive way
with only one good leg.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARL ROEBUCK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ON A SNOW BLOWER--It is the one that we saw earlier, parked by
the steps to Carl and Toby's house. As we watch, Sully enters
FRAME and begins hauling the snow blower on to the back of his
pick up. He is not making any attempt to be quiet. Just as
he manages to get it onto the back of the truck we HEAR:

TOBY'S VOICE (O.S.)
That you, Sully?

SULLY
(cheerfully)
Yup. I may deny it tomorrow, though.

SULLY'S POV: Toby, wearing a T-shirt and underpants is leaning out of a second-story window.

TOBY

You come to steal our brand new snow blower?

SULLY

I've done it already, just about.

TOBY

I could legally shoot you and get away with it.

SULLY

Not really. Not unless I was trying to break into your house.

TOBY

(provocatively)

Are you going to break into my house?

SULLY

Not tonight, dolly. Where's Dummy, by the way?

TOBY

Who knows? He took my threat to shoot him a lot more seriously than you just did.

SULLY

Listen, don't be too hard on him. The heart bypass is still on his mind. He's probably just trying to do everything in six months. When it dawns on him he's going to live to seventy, he'll slow down.

TOBY

He pretty nearly didn't live 'til Thanksgiving.

(a beat of silence)

Well, go ahead and steal our snow blower. You're the slowest thief I ever saw.

And she slams down the window as we CUT TO:

EXT. MISS BERYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT--Sully's truck is parked by the garage. We

watch as he throws a tarp over the snow blower.

CUT TO:

INT. SULLY'S APARTMENT - SAME

The three room (counting the kitchen) apartment is sparsely furnished; living room has only a shabby couch, a television set and a couple of random chairs and tables.

Note: Although the apartment is minimally furnished and there are cigarette burns on all the furniture; the apartment is neat: clothes put away, ash-trays emptied, everything clean.

However, the first thing we notice is Carl Roebuck, stretched out on Sully's couch, a half-filled pint of bourbon on the floor beside him. For a moment he is so still that we think the young man is dead, but he lets out a loud snort and rearranges himself on the couch.

REVERSE ON SULLY--He watches the sleeping man for a moment then disappears into the bedroom, takes the blanket off his bed and covers Carl with it. As he turns off the floor lamp, we DISSOLVE TO:

SULLY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON SULLY--asleep. We HOLD FOR A BEAT as we HEAR from O.S. the voice of a woman aerobic instructor with appropriate music. Sully remains unfazed by this longer than we might expect. Finally he opens his eyes.

ON THE DOOR TO THE LIVING ROOM--It opens and Carl enters wearing only undershorts and a T-shirt. He is carrying the rest of his clothing.

CARL

That is, without a doubt, the worst
couch I have ever slept on.

Carl walks into the bathroom, closes the door.

CARL (O.S.)

You don't even own a VCR. Sully,
you're not a nineties guy.

ON SULLY--He sits up in bed and gingerly swings his legs over the edge; testing to see to see how much he can bend his knee without the pain becoming acute.

SULLY

If I had a VCR, would I be happy like you?

ON THE DOOR TO THE BATHROOM--From inside, we HEAR the toilet flushing. A moment later, Carl comes out.

CARL

Not as happy. Never as happy.

(catching sight
of Sully's knee)

Jesus.

SULLY

(suddenly self-
conscious)

Yesterday was a long one.

He grabs his trousers which are neatly folded over a nearby chair.

CARL

You should have that operation. If they can fix my heart, they can fix your knee.

SULLY

I got news for you, they didn't fix your heart. They just made it so it wouldn't stop beating for a while. If they'd fixed it, you'd be faithful to your wife and pay your employees what you owe them.

CARL

Y'know, Sully, I do think about paying you from time to time, but the way I see it, I'm doin' you a favor. If you didn't have me to bitch about, you'd have to think about how you've screwed up your life. Mind if I grab a quick shower?

As he enters the bathroom, we CUT TO:

EXT. MISS BERYL'S HOUSE - LATER

CLOSE ON THE SNOWBLOWER--It is hard at work, clearing Miss Beryl's driveway. Sully is walking along behind, steering happily. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO THE DOOR OF MISS BERYL'S HOUSE as it opens and Carl comes out, freshly showered and shaved, but still wearing yesterday's clothes. Carl passes

Sully and waves; Sully reaches down and turns off the snow blower.

SULLY

Go on home and tell your wife you
love her before somebody else does.
And say it like you mean it. Say
Happy Thanksgiving to her for me.

Carl keeps on walking he is just about to his car when he stops, turns back to Sully.

CARL

(looking at the snow
blower)

I've got one just like that...Identical.

For an instant a look of suspicion crosses Carl's face, then he shakes his head, gets in his car and drives away.

ON SULLY--He finishes and begins chaining the snow blower to the railing as Miss Beryl appears on the porch. She stands watching Sully.

MISS BERYL

There's a rumor going around town
that you've gone back to work.

SULLY

I figured it was about time.

MISS BERYL

I suppose it woldn't do any good to
point out the obvious.

SULLY

Probably not. What's the obvious?

MISS BERYL

That you may not be up to working so
soon after the accident; that you'll
hurt yourself even worse this time.

SULLY

I'm afraid I don't have much choice --
not if I want to keep up this fancy
lifestyle I'm accustomed to. By the
way, who said, "A man's reach should
exceed his grasp?"

MISS BERYL

I did, all through eighth grade. Before me, it was Robert Browning. He only said it once, but he had a better audience...

(a beat, then:)

Do you mind if I ask what you are doing with that chain?

SULLY

(busy)

Keeping the man I stole this from from stealing it back.

There is a beat of silence, then:

MISS BERYL

(not unkindly)

Donald, does it ever bother you that you haven't done more with the life God gave you?

CLOSE ON SULLY--He stops, looks up at his landlady.

SULLY

Not often...

(he thinks for a moment)

Now and then.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT--Probably back in the fifties this was the ideal middle class neighborhood, but now it's running down, losing ground, sliding into decay. This house belongs to Vera, Peter's mother, Sully's ex-wife, and her second husband, Ralph.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM VERA'S HOUSE - SAME

At first glance this seems to be a perfect Middle America Thanksgiving dinner. A beautiful turkey sits in the middle of a table which is laden down with bowls of stuffing, sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce, etc., etc. Peter sits at one end of the table. VERA is at the other; she is a pretty woman in her late fifties, a bit worn and starting to unravel. However, at the moment, she looks very nice, her hair is done, her dress is lovely (she is wearing an apron over it). CHARLOTTE sits on one side. From her attitude, it is clear that she is

calculating the time she must remain in this house in milliseconds. Across from Charlotte, is RALPH, a generous, cheerful man in his late fifties. Wacker and Will sit between their mother and father.

At the moment Peter is saying grace.

PETER

...and for what we are about to
receive may we be truly grateful.

The moment Peter finishes, Wacker gives Will a ferocious pinch and Will howls.

CHARLOTTE

Will, don't be such a crybaby.

PETER

(reproachfully)
Charlotte.

Charlotte glares at her husband, reaches for a cigarette. As she does, Vera gets to her feet and disappears into the kitchen; a moment later she reappears with a can of air freshener, spraying the room.

At the first shot of air freshener, Charlotte jumps to her feet and she stalks out of the room.

VERA

(the martyr)
What did I do now?

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT--The sign in front says that this is the Country Club. The green lawns of the golf course and the stately building in the distance tell us that this is far more luxurious than anything we have seen so far.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR (TAP ROOM), COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

People are arriving. Others are having drinks in the bar which is all paneled in pseudo Hunt Club style. Everyone is attractive and prosperous. The men wear blazers and plaid trousers; the women, wool suits with pearls and circle pins. THE CAMERA TRACKS THROUGH THE CROWD TOWARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE DINING ROOM where there is a banner over the door that reads,

"Bath, N.Y. Future Home of the Ultimate Escape Theme Park." Underneath, a very pretty young woman is handing out brochures. Her name is DIDI, and we will see more of her later. THE CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING INTO THE DINING ROOM, past a sign that says, "The Ultimate Escape Theme Park, 40 Acres of entertainment for the whole family." Nearby is a large rendering of the Theme Park itself. People have gathered around and are examining it with awestruck reverence. Standing not far away, surrounded by a cluster of admirers, is CLIVE JR. We recognize him from the photograph on Miss Beryl's television set. Clive is at the top of his form, full of the confident authority that comes with success. Standing next to Clive Jr., holding his hand is a handsome woman in her thirties. Her name is JOYCE. Miss Beryl stands nearby, watching her son with a jaundiced eye.

CLIVE JR.

(holding forth)

...and it's not just the Theme Park. But think of the other businesses it brings along: the hotels, the restaurants, the gas stations. Do you know what's going to happen to land values around here?

(leaning forward, warming to his task)

The fact is I'm on the horn with these boys every day. Do you know what the initial investment they're talking about is?

There is a beat of silence as seven middle aged men collectively hold their breath.

CLIVE JR.

One-hundred-million and that's just for starters.

Just then there is a muted gong indicating that people should move to their tables.

CLIVE JR.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I think they want us to sit down.

As they start toward their table, one of the men (GLEN) takes Clive Jr's arm and pulls him slightly away from the group.

GLEN

(his voice low)

Clive, Whit and I want to thank you for letting us in on this opportunity.

CLIVE JR.
(confidentially)
Hell, Glen, what are friends for?

Just then they reach the table and start to sit as JOYCE, who has been walking with Miss Beryl turns to her.

JOYCE
You must be very proud of your son.

MISS BERYL
(dry)
Actually, he's not really my son. They switched bassinets in the hospital.

Clive turns to his mother, a look of horror on his face.

MISS BERYL
Just kidding, Clive. Just kidding.

CUT TO:

EXT. VERA'S HOUSE - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT

REVERSE ON SULLY'S TRUCK--Sully sits behind the wheel, staring at the house. He is having serious second thoughts about the whole idea of Thanksgiving dinner with his family.

CUT TO:

INT. VERA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME

ON VERA who stands at the sink doing dishes. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO THE DOOR TO THE DINING ROOM--as Peter enters.

PETER
You want me to dry?

Silence. He crosses to the sink, takes a dish towel and begins drying dishes.

PETER
I told the boys to get started on their baths, if that's okay?

Vera nods. Peter watches his mother for a beat, trying to gather his courage, finally:

PETER
Mom...Ah, Charlotte wants us to leave
in the morning.

Vera turns to her son, stunned.

PETER
It's just that...Well, we're not doing
too well, Charlotte and I. We've been
fighting all the time and being here
just makes things worse.

VERA
I make things worse you mean...
(a pause then:)
Do you know who I blame for this?
Donald Sullivan.

PETER
Mom, come on it's--

VERA (cont'd.)
If he had set any sort of an example
for you, none of this would have ever
happened.

(then:)
I used to pray that he would behave
like a father...

(a sigh)
Maybe you're lucky. Maybe if he had,
knowing Donald Sullivan, things would
have turned out worse.

ON PETER--as his mother has been talking he has been staring
at something out the window.

HIS POV: We see Sully's truck parked in front of the house.

PETER
What's that truck doing out there?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME

CLOSE ON THE TRUCK--Sully is just about to start the engine
and make his escape when:

HIS POV: The front door to Vera's house opens, Peter steps
onto the front porch, peering at the truck.

PETER
Dad?

REVERSE ON SULLY--caught.

SULLY
(under his breath)
Damn.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

ON RALPH--half asleep in his barca-lounger in front of the television. He looks up, surprised.

RALPH
Sully, is that you?

ON THE FRONT DOOR--as Sully and Peter step inside.

SULLY
Hi, Ralph...

RALPH
What a surprise. Vera'll be tickled
pink to see you.

SULLY
(glaring at Peter)
Your mom doesn't know I'm coming?

PETER
(under his breath)
I didn't think you'd really show up.

RALPH
(calling out)
Vera? Guess who's here.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

It is steamy from the hot water in the bathtub. Will and Wacker are about to get into the tub. Wacker shoves Will out of the way and starts to climb in. Will lets him, turns to the toilet and lifts the lid which has a chenille cover. Wacker watches his brother suspiciously.

WACKER
What are you doing?

WILL
I have to pee.

In a flash Wacker climbs out of the tub, pinches him hard on the arm and pushes him away.

WACKER
Me too.

He stands grinning maliciously at his brother.

WILL
(desperate)
Hurry up.

Wacker begins humming a song drawing things out as long as he can, enjoying his brother's agony.

WILL
I'm warning you Wacker.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

VERA (O.S.)
I'll be right there.

RALPH
(having second thoughts)
Ah, listen, I forgot something in the garage.

PETER
(having third thoughts)
Yeah. I'd better check on Charlotte.

SULLY
Hey, wait--

But they have disappeared. Just then we HEAR the sound of a door opening O.S.:

ON THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN--It opens, and Vera appears carrying a tray filled with dishes. She stops short at the sight of Sully.

SULLY
(managing a big smile)
Happy Thanksgiving, Vera.

VERA
(stunned)
Sully?

At that moment all hell breaks loose. From inside the bathroom there is a crash, then a shriek. A moment later Wacker, stark naked, holding his penis comes racing into the living room.

WACKER
OW,OW,OW,OW,OW...

He spots Sully, veers away from him, and heads straight for Vera.

VERA
(horrificed)
Get away from me. Can't you see--

But it is too late. Wacker collides with her; Vera loses her grip on the tray and the dishes go crashing to the floor, shattering, making a terrible noise. Vera begins screaming at Wacker. Peter and Charlotte appear in the doorway and Charlotte starts yelling at Vera and Peter. In the middle of all this, THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO SULLY who slowly backs out the door. As he closes it softly behind him, we CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME

WIDE SHOT--Sully, now moving more quickly, crosses to his truck, gets inside, slams the door shut and drives away as quickly as he can without actually burning rubber. THE CAMERA PANS WITH THE TRUCK as it turns the corner and disappears from sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT--Having made his escape, Sully slows down.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - SAME

ON SULLY--as he checks the rear view mirror.

HIS POV: LOOKING THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW: We SEE Will's head rise into view. He smiles, recognizing Sully.

CLOSER ON SULLY--He sees the boy, slams on the brakes.

HIS POV; IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR: Will's head quickly disappears from view.

EXT. TRUCK - SAME

Sully gets out of the truck, walks to the back.

ON WILL--picking himself up from the pile of canvas tarpaulins, rope and debris that he fell into when the truck stopped abruptly.

WILL
(terrified)
Hi...

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

SULLY
Hi...Ah,..You okay...
(he has to remember
the boy's name)
...Will?

Will nods.

SULLY
Maybe you'd better get in front with me.

He lifts the boy out of the back of the truck, carries him to the front and deposits the boy behind the wheel.

SULLY
Slide over...

Will does and Sully climbs in beside him.

SULLY
(to Will as he starts
the truck)
Don't fall through that hole.

Will looks down and there, just below his feet, is a gaping hole in the floor of the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT--Sully's truck bouncing along a street not far from the center of town. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO OFFICER RAYMER sitting in his patrol car. As Sully passes, Raymer starts after him.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - SAME

Will sits where he was staring down at the hole in the floor. From the distance we HEAR a police siren growing steadily closer. Sully glances in the rear view mirror.

HIS POV: the police car approaching, light flashing siren blaring.

Sully pulls to the side of the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME

WIDE SHOT--as Raymer gets out of his car and walks to Sully's truck, writing in his pad as he does.

CLOSER IN

SULLY

(weary)

What is it now, Raymer?

RAYMER

(busy writing)

Broken tail light. This is the third time, Sullivan. One more time and I'm impounding this heap of yours.

He tears off the ticket hands it to Sully who takes it, but Raymer doesn't let go.

RAYMER (cont'd.)

Fifteen dollars. You can mail it in or come by the station. It must be paid in thirty days or you'll be in contempt and--

He lets go of the ticket. Sully takes it and passes it to Will without taking his eyes off of Raymer.

SULLY

(to Will)

Put this in the glove compartment.

ON WILL--As he opens the glove compartment we see that it is filled to bulging with other tickets.

ON RAYMER--leaning close to Sully.

RAYMER
Someday, Sullivan...Someday, I'm
gonna nail you once and for all.

He turns and leaves. Sully starts fiddling with the ignition,
trying to coax the engine into turning over.

WILL
Dad does that.

SULLY
(not really paying attention)
Does what?

WILL
Makes people mad, just like that.

Sully turns to Will as though seeing him for the first time.

SULLY
He does, does he...

CUT TO:

EXT. HATTIE'S DINER - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT--small diner, built onto the front of a
house. A sign on top reads, "Hattie's." The rest of the
buildings around it are dark and, because the diner is made of
shiny aluminium and is brightly lit, it seems to glow in the
dark. We see Sully's truck parked in front.

CUT TO;

INT. HATTIE'S - SAME

ON SULLY--He is standing at a pay phone near the cashier's
desk. In the B.G., we SEE Will, who has turned around in his
booth to watch his grandfather.

PETER'S VOICE
(clearly the situation
at the house hasn't
gotten any better)
Goddamnit, Charlotte, will you just
calm down for a--Hello?

SULLY
You missing anybody?

PETER'S VOICE
I should've known it. Where are you?

SULLY
At Hatties.

PETER'S VOICE
I'll pick him up.

He hangs up. Sully crosses to the booth and sits opposite Will. As he does, a waitress approaches places a bowl of vanilla ice cream in front of Will.

WAITRESS
What about you?

SULLY
I'll have a chicken fried steak.

WAITRESS
(in disbelief)
You want a chicken fried steak?

SULLY
Right.

WAITRESS
This is Thanksgiving.

SULLY
I know.

WAITRESS
We got a special on turkey and dressing;
all the trimmings for six-nintey-five.

SULLY
Fine. If I'm still hungry after my
chicken fried steak I'll have one.

The waitress gives him a withering look and leaves. There is a beat of silence, Sully, who is rarely at a loss for words has no idea of what to do with a five year old. Finally, grabbing at straws:

SULLY (cont'd.)
Ah,..Well, I guess you finally got
back at your brother?

There is a beat of silence. Will doesn't look at Sully.

SULLY
(trying again)
Do you and Wacker fight all the time?

WILL
(very quiet)
Sometimes...
(then in a rush:)
When mom and dad get divorced, I'm
going to go and live with my dad. And
Wacker will go and live with mom. And
they'll find out how really bad he is
and when mom and dad get back together
everything will be different...

As the child continues talking we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Sully listens in stunned amazement to Will who continues
talking a mile a minute. There is now a half eaten bowl of
ice-cream in front of him.

WILL (cont'd.)
...and my bedroom will be upstairs,
sort of here...
(he indicates where
"here" is)
...and they'll lock Wacker up in the
basement down here...And they'll slip
his meals to him under the door and they
won't let him out until I've grown up
and moved away. And I'll make them
promise never to tell him where I am
because when he get's out of that room
he'll be real mad and--

SULLY
(enjoying himself)
You think he'll really come after you?

WILL
(nods, perfectly serious)
You don't know Wacker.

Just then there is a rapping on the window. Both Will and
Sully look around.

THEIR POV: It is Peter. THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he enters
the restaurant, sits beside his son. He puts his arm around
Will who snuggles up to him.

PETER
(to Sully)
Thanks for calling. The situation at
the house had just gone ballistic.

Peter sees that Will is only half finished with his ice cream
and signals to the waitress to bring him a cup of coffee.
Sully watches his son for a moment, then:

SULLY
What's going on with you and Charlotte?

PETER
(he shrugs, then:)

...Sometimes I think you did the smart
thing. Just running away.

SULLY
I only made it about five blocks, if you
recall.

PETER
(looking up at his
father)
You might as well have gone to the moon.

SULLY
You trying to get me to say I'm sorry?

PETER
(with a look)
Not unless you are.
(then:)
Tell me something, okay? Did you think
about me much?

SULLY
Yeah,..Sure...I guess....Sometimes...

PETER
(quietly)
I thought about you all the time.
(then to Will:)
C'mon, pal, let's go.

Peter picks Will up. Sully watches as Peter carries his son
out to the car, puts him in the front seat, carefully adjusts
the seat belt. Throughout this Will is chattering on to his
father who listens patiently.

CLOSE ON SULLY--watching, feeling, for perhaps the first time

a sense of deep loss about his own son.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM OF SULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THE SCREEN IS BLACK--We HOLD FOR A BEAT and then a door is opened, revealing the silhouette of a man. A moment later the light is turned on and we SEE that the man is Clive Jr.. Throughout the following he walks around the apartment, opening drawers, looking inside closets.

CLIVE JR.

(calling out)

Ma. You ought to see this place for yourself. Count the cigarette burns. See for yourself how many bullets you've dodged.

MISS BERYL (O.S.)

(from downstairs)

Clive? You know Mr. Sullivan doesn't like you snooping around.

CLIVE JR.

I am not snooping around. I am simply looking after my own mother's interests, which is more than she will do for herself. Besides, I'm not afraid of--

Before he has a chance to say, "Sully" we HEAR the sound of Sully's truck turning into the drive. Clive panics, dives for the door, closing it after him. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN TO THE FLOOR and we SEE that Clive has dropped a monogrammed money clip.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON SULLY--looking O.S.

HIS POV: In the glare of the headlights, we can SEE the section of railing that Sully had chained the snow-blower to earlier. The chain has been cut in two and the snow-blower is gone.

REVERSE ON SULLY--He grins, puts the truck in gear and backs into the street.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, ROEBUCK HOUSE - SAME

Carl Roebuck is seated at the kitchen table. There is a half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels in front of him. He looks up as Sully enters.

CARL

Y'know, when we bought this house, the realtor swore people like you weren't even allowed in the neighborhood.

Sully sits across from him, lights a cigarette, blows smoke in Carl's direction. Carl inhales the smoke deeply.

CARL

Can I have one of those?

Sully tosses him the pack. Carl pushes the bottle across to Sully.

SULLY

Which of your doctors advised you to drink and smoke and screw your brains out?

CARL

Those were unreasonable requests. They wouldn't have made them in the first place if they'd known me.

SULLY

If they knew you they wouldn't have resuscitated you.

CARL

God, I hope I don't end up like you.

SULLY

(agreeably)

I hope you don't either. Where's Toby?

CARL

Look at you, sixty years old and still getting schoolboy crushes. By the time I reach your age I hope to be smart.

SULLY

It can't hurt to hope, but you're sure off to a slow start.

CARL

That's what my wife says.

(he takes another drink)

She's displeased with me at the moment.
I took your advice and came home. Problem
was, I got laid on the way. Then I made
the mistake of telling her about it and
asking her forgiveness. I think I may
have ruined her Thanksgiving.

SULLY

You're welcome to sleep on the couch
again if you want.

CARL

That's the worst couch in Bath.

(he pulls out his
wallet, extracts
a wad of bills and
throws them in front
of Sully)

Buy yourself a new Goddamn couch.

Sully fans the notes with one finger.

SULLY

I'll come by tomorrow. You can pay
me then.

CARL

This is your chance. Take whatever
you think I owe you.

SULLY

Don't worry, I'll get what you owe me,
and I'll get it when you're sober, too.
That way, you'll be good and pissed.

CARL

No wonder you don't have a VCR.

SULLY

Or a snow blower.

Carl throws his head back and howls with delight, pounding the
table.

CARL

I'll tell you the God's honest truth.
The only fun I had all day was stealing
back my own Goddamn snow blower.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROEBUCK HOUSE - SAME

THE CAMERA PANS WITH SULLY--as he steps out the kitchen door, crosses the porch, walks down the steps and across the lawn to his truck.

CLOSER IN--Sully climbs into the truck, slams the door. There is no dome light in the truck and, therefore, when someone next to him strikes a match, he jumps. In the light from the match, we see that Toby is lighting a cigarette. We can see that she is crying.

TOBY

God, you're a jumpy man.

SULLY

I wasn't expecting you.

They both look in the direction of the house;

THEIR POV: Inside the house, Carl has come over to the window and is peering out, scout fashion into the drive where they sit.

SULLY

He's in terrible shape.

She nods, says nothing.

SULLY

You want me to drive you someplace?

TOBY

No.

SULLY

You want to talk?

TOBY

No.

SULLY

We gonna' stay here all night?

TOBY

Maybe.

SULLY
(watching her)
Oh, Christ...I suppose there are worse
things than love. Give me a minute
and I'll think of one.

Toby laughs, wipes her eyes.

SULLY
Now then, where'd he hide the snow
blower?

TOBY
Out at the yard. In the shed.

SULLY
Alright, I'll steal it back tomorrow
or the next day.

TOBY
Be careful of that mean-assed dog.

SULLY
I'm not worried about the dog. I'm
trying to figure out how to climb that
fence with one leg.

TOBY
You're a man among men, Sully.

SULLY
Thanks.

TOBY
That wasn't a compliment.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF BATH (MONTAGE) - EARLY MORNING

We SEE Toby jogging through the streets as she does every morning. She passes Rub hurrying along the street toward the diner. He stops, turns to look at her. Outside Hattie's diner, a number of pick-up trucks are parked at the curb. We HOLD FOR A BEAT as a side door opens, and a frail old lady in her eighties appears. This is HATTIE and wearing only a thin housecoat over a nightdress. She looks around to make certain that no one has seen her and sets off down the street with a determined look on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, MISS BERYL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Clive Jr., dressed for the bank, is pacing back and forth in his mother's living room as she stands at the front window, looking out, drinking her morning cup of tea.

CLIVE JR.

Ma, I know you don't like the idea,
but you should sell this house while
you can.

MISS BERYL

You're right.
(a beat:)
I don't like the idea.

CLIVE JR.

Listen, keeping this house is dangerous
enough for a woman your age, but Sully
has to go. When I was up there I--

Just then, we HEAR the sound of a toilet flushing upstairs.

CLIVE JR. (cont'd.)

You see? Even God agrees.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

MISS BERYL

That wasn't God on the commode; just
a lonely, stubborn, unlucky man.

CLIVE JR.

Whose bad luck is going to rub off on
you someday. You should see upstairs--

MISS BERYL

(looking out the
window, she sees
something that
upsets her)

Oh, dear...dear God in Heaven.

HER POV: LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW: Walking along the middle
of the street is Hattie. She is moving slowly and leaning
forward, as though into a high wind.

ON MISS BERYL-- She turns and grabs a long handled broom that
is nearby and begins pounding on the ceiling.

MISS BERYL
(calling out)
Mr. Sullivan! Mr. Sullivan!

CLIVE JR.
Ma, what is it?! What's the matter?

Miss Beryl ignores her son, puts down the broom and starts toward the door that leads to the hallway that Miss Beryl and Sully share.

MISS BERYL
It's Miss Hattie!

Miss Beryl reaches the door, opens it.

MISS BERYL
Mr Sullivan! Come quickly!

CLIVE JR.
Ma, I'll take care of it.
(looking around)
Where are my overshoes?

ON THE STAIRCASE--Sully appears at the top, in his shirtsleeves and stocking feet.

MISS BERYL
Thank heaven you're still here.
Hattie's escaped again.

SULLY
Stay put. I'll get her.

MISS BERYL
Hurry. She's in the middle of the street.

SULLY
Hurrying isn't what I do best.

CLIVE JR.
(calling out)
I'm looking for my other overshoe.

SULLY
Is that The Bank? Tell him he's in trouble.

MISS BERYL
Hurry.

SULLY
I am hurrying. It just looks like slow motion.

MISS BERYL
Mr. Sullivan, this is not the time for levity.

SULLY
(grinning)
Yes ma'am...

And he is out the door, still in his shirtsleeves and wearing only socks.. From the living room we HEAR:

CLIVE JR.'S VOICE
Ma? Have you seen my muffler?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

WIDE SHOT--A car turns onto Main street, heading in our direction. As the car approaches, it begins honking. THE CAMERA PANS WITH THE CAR as it swerves to the other side of the street and passes Hattie, her head down, moving up the street with a great deal of energy, but at a very slow speed. THE CAMERA PANS PAST HER and we SEE Sully hobbling after her. THE CAMERA HOLDS ON HIM as he draws even with the old lady.

Note: Hattie is probably the only person in Bath that moves slow enough for Sully to catch.

SULLY
Hello, old girl. Running away from home?

Sully waves away an approaching car. As it drives past.

HATTIE
(yelling after it)
No driving on the sidewalk.

SULLY
Where you headed?

HATTIE
To my sister's in Albany.

SULLY
How about I give you a lift. We'll get there a lot faster.

And he deftly turns her around and they begin shuffling back toward Miss Beryl's house. As Sully gently puts the old woman into his pick-up and drives away, THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO THE DOOR OF MISS BERYL'S HOUSE as Clive Jr., who has finally found his muffler, appears on the porch.

CUT TO:

EXT. HATTIE'S DINER - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT--as Sully double parks in front of the diner. Sully gets out and hobbles inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

It is early morning and the diner is packed with customers. At the grill is a black cook (RUFUS). Hattie's daughter (CASS), a harassed woman in her mid-fifties, is expertly serving platters of eggs and bacon, refilling cups of coffee, and handling the cash register at the same time. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO THE DOOR as Sully enters and crosses to Cass.

SULLY

(not bothering to answer)
What kind of mood are you in?

CASS

Rotten.

SULLY

Fine. I'd hate to ruin a good day.

Cass starts to grab another plate of eggs, stops, turns back to Sully.

CASS

God. What happened?

SULLY

Your mom's all right. I've got her outside in the truck.

In a second, she is out the door; Sully steps behind the counter, grabs an apron.

SULLY

Looks like it's you and me, Rufus.

RUFUS
(indicating the plate
of eggs)
They go to the man down at the end of
the counter. He takes catsup.

SULLY
You're not even going to let me get a
cup of coffee?

ON THE DOOR TO THE DINER--It opens and Clive Jr. enters,
swathed in an overcoat, muffler, gloves and overshoes.

CLIVE JR.
Sully!

SULLY
(shoves a plate of eggs
into Clive's hands)
Give these to the man in the second
booth.

CLIVE JR.
(stern)
Sully, I want to talk to you.

SULLY
Are you gonna take those eggs to the
man in the second booth or are you
gonna make Rufus mad.

Clive shoots a look toward the cook.

HIS POV: Rufus is scowling at him.

ON CLIVE--delivering the eggs. That done, he turns back to
Sully.

CLIVE JR,
I could have handled that business
this morning. I didn't need your
interference. I can--

SULLY
(interrupting)
How was your Thanksgiving, Clive? You
have a nice day? What did you do?

CLIVE JR.
(thrown off track)
Nothing much, I had dinner with my
mother and--

SULLY
Nothing much? I thought maybe you
were someplace you weren't supposed
to be. Here...

Sully takes out Clive's money clip and drops it on the
counter.

SULLY
You want to count it?

CLIVE JR.
We've been through this before. A
landlord has the right--

SULLY
You aren't my landlord.

Clive looks around nervously; there is absolute silence in the
diner. Even Rufus has stopped work and is waiting to see what
will happen.

CLIVE JR.
My mother--

SULLY
(finishing his sentence)
--is the only reason I don't kick your
ass. Next time you go into my apartment
without my permission, even she won't
save you.

There is a beat of silence, then one of the men at the counter
snickers. Clive turns on his heel and stalks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HORSE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT

CUT TO:

INT. THE HORSE - NIGHT

ON THE DOOR--as Sully enters. THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he
limps across to the bar and gingerly eases himself onto a
stool next to a pudgy man in his thirties (JOCKO) who is the
local pharmacist.

CLOSER IN--Jocko watches as Birdy automatically puts a beer in
front of Sully.

Sully grimaces as he tries to bend his knee.

SULLY
(to Birdy)
You got any aspirin?

BIRDY
Is it bad?

SULLY
Maybe if I take it easy, it'll get
better in a couple of months.

JOCKO
(without a trace of
compassion)
Now you've got arthritis in that knee
and arthritis doesn't get better. It
gets worse.
(his voice low)
Here...

Jocko glances around to make sure no one is watching and slips
a vial of yellow pills into Sully's hand.

JOCKO
Here. Eat these. Just don't operate
any heavy machinery.

SULLY
I didn't know pharmacists made house
calls. What do I owe you?

JOCKO
Nothing. They're samples.

SULLY
(slipping the vial
into his pocket)
Thanks.

Birdy approaches, leans on the bar close to them.

BIRDY
(to Jocko)
Did you tell him yet?

Jocko shakes his head.

SULLY
Tell me what?

JOCKO
(a beat, then:)
It's Wirf. You ought to know he's sick.

SULLY
Wirf? Nah. He just drinks too much.

JOCKO
I know this nurse, she works at the hospital. According to her, his liver's about gone. He's been peeing blood for months.

SULLY
(thinks about it,
shakes his head)
Wirf?...Nah, he--
(thinks some more)
Nah...No way. I'd...
(then:)
He doesn't look sick.

BIRDY
C'mon, Sully, when was the last time you noticed him.

SULLY
He'd have said something.

JOCKO
No, he wouldn't.

SULLY
(a whisper)
Shit...Oh, shit...

Birdy, looks O.S. nods to Sully who turns to look.

HIS POV: Wirf has entered and is hanging up his coat. We HOLD ON WIRF as he approaches the bar and sits beside Sully. As he does, Jocko drains his glass gets to his feet.

JOCKO
Sorry, I gotta go. Be careful with those pills, okay? Let me know what color they turn your piss.

And he heads for the door. Wirf waits for Birdy to put his boilermaker in front of him.

WIRF
Listen, I had a great idea. What if we
sue--

SULLY
No.

WIRF
But--

SULLY
(firm)
No. Your ideas never work out.

As soon as Wirf has finished one boilermaker; Birdy puts
another in front of him.

SULLY
You celebrating something?

WIRF
(shakes his head)
I missed the Happy Hour.
(then:)
Okay, now I heard a great joke. There's
this guy, he's driving down a road--

SULLY
(interrupting)
What's this I hear about you being sick.

CLOSER ON WIRF--He dreads this conversation.

Note: Throughout this scene, neither man looks at the other.

WIRF
(trying to sound more
off-hand than he feels)
So they tell me...
(a deep breath)
They don't like to say it right out, but
I gather it doesn't make much difference
anymore whether I zig or zag.

SULLY
How many more years of zigging do they
figure?

WIRF
Months. If I continue to zig. If I zag
I might get a few years. A little more.

SULLY
How do you feel?

WIRF
(shrugs)
I'm not that afraid. At least, not yet.
(a beat, then:)
In fact, I wasn't afraid at all until
we started this conversation.

SULLY
(contrite)
I'm sorry for bringing it up.

WIRF
That's alright, I've been wondering
when you'd say something.
(sheer bravado)
Now then, do you want to hear this
joke or not?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HORSE - NIGHT

It has begun to snow again. Sully comes out the door; he stands for a moment looking at the snow. Sully starts toward his truck when he collides with someone.

CLOSER IN--The two men separate, start to pass one another when Sully looks at the other man carefully.

SULLY
Peter?

PETER
Oh, hi.

SULLY
What's up?

PETER
(sardonic)
Well, where do you want to start? My wife and I had a major shoot-out last night and she went home to her family. Mom took to her bed with a sick headache and I'm out looking for aspirin and--

SULLY
(getting an idea that
pleases him)
Good. You're just the man I need. Come
with me.

PETER
I ought to get the aspirin for--

SULLY
We'll get it later. Come on.

PETER
But--

However, Sully has walked on ahead, having assumed that Peter is coming with him. Peter hangs back for a moment; then, realizing that he has no choice he starts after his father.

CUT TO:

INT. THE IGA - NIGHT

THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH SULLY AND PETER--as they walk along the meat counter. Peter is talking.

PETER
Anyway, there was a big row and
Charlotte left and took Wacker with her.

Sully reaches into a bin and picks up a package of ground round.

SULLY
What about Will?

PETER
He's with me. Don't you want some buns?

SULLY
Dogs don't eat buns.

PETER
You're buying ground beef for your dog?

SULLY
I don't have a dog. C'mon...

As Sully starts for the checkout counter we CUT TO:

EXT. THE TIP TOP CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT--The yard is deserted. A heavy chain link fence surrounds the entire establishment. From somewhere O.S., we HEAR the sound of a DOG BARKING.

CUT TO:

EXT. FENCE OF THE TIP TOP CONSTRUCTION CO. - SAME

TRACKING WITH SULLY AND PETER--Peter is next to the fence, Sully on the outside. As they walk, Sully is stripping the cellophane wrap off the package of hamburger.

PETER

(edgy)

Look, I promised Mom and Ralph I'd
be back in fifteen minutes and it's
already--

Suddenly from out of the dark, a vicious, snarling doberman appears, foaming at the mouth; hurling himself at the fence. Peter nearly jumps out of his skin at the sight of the dog. Sully continues walking, paying no attention to the dog who follows them, barking and lunging at the fence.

PETER

(terrified)

What the hell is that?

SULLY

Don't worry about it. Here. Hold this.

Sully hands Peter the hamburger, takes the vial of tranquilizers that Jocko gave him, shoves a pill into the hamburger as Peter watches, horrified.

SULLY

(shoving a second
pill into the meat)

You think that's enough?

PETER

(events are moving
too fast for him
at the moment)

What are you doing?

SULLY

Yeah, I guess you're right.

Sully shoves another pill into the meat and slips the paper tray of hamburger under the fence. Then he turns and starts back towards the truck. Peter follows, watching the dog as it

eats the meat.

PETER

(appalled)

Oh, God...Oh my God. I can't believe it. I'm a member of GreenPeace and I just helped poison a dog.

SULLY

For one thing, it wasn't poison. For another, you weren't any help. Your part comes later. You had dinner?

Peter, watching the dog eating the meat, shakes his head.

SULLY

Good. I'll buy you a hamburger.

At the mention of hamburger Peter gives his father an anxious look. However, Sully pays no attention as he climbs into his truck and starts the motor we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE TIP TOP CONSTRUCTION CO. - LATER

EXT. FENCE TRACKING ALONGSIDE IT--There is no sign of the doberman.

REVERSE ON SULLY AND PETER, TRACKING ALONGSIDE THEM

PETER

(anxious)

I don't know. He could be waiting to pounce.

SULLY

Remember when we were here before? He was already pouncing.

PETER

Maybe it's a trick.

Sully takes a stick and runs it along the chain link fence, making a hell of a racket.

SULLY

This isn't the world's smartest dog we're talking about. Just the world's meanest.

PETER

That's the part that worries me.

They stop at a place Sully considers suitable for climbing.

SULLY
This oughta' do.

Peter grabs the chain link fence and tests it by shaking.

SULLY (cont'd.)
Are you gonna' climb or what?

PETER
Tell me again that this is your own snow
blower we're stealing.

SULLY
I had a feeling your mother was raising
you this way.

PETER
But...

SULLY
Climb. We're getting old.

Reluctantly Peter starts to climb. He struggles to the top and hangs there awkwardly for a moment, without the necessary strength to make it over.

SULLY
Don't get stuck.

PETER
(with irony)
Don't get stuck? That's it?!
(to the heavens)
My father walks out on his family when
I'm a year old! All my life I've been
waiting for him to show up and act like
a father...Show me how to play baseball,
teach me how to drive a car. Something.
Anything! And here I am, okay...thirty-
one years old. Finally with my dad.
Together at last. Quality time, right? And
what are we doing? Breaking and entering.
And what are his words of wisdom?!
(pointed)
Don't get stuck.

Then with one great, angry effort Peter swings across to the other side and drops to the ground.

CLOSER ON PETER--He has cut his hand, not badly, but enough to

bleed. He looks from his hand up to his father, smiling, irrationally happy, all anger vanished.

Note: Peter has never climbed a fence before or hurt himself like this.

Sully passes him a hacksaw.

SULLY

Here. Try not to saw your thumb off.

Peter shoots his father a look and sets to work. Sully watches, keeping the beam of his flashlight trained on the lock. Peter stops sawing to check his progress and, in the silence, we HEAR a low, rumbling sound from nearby.

SULLY

Is that your stomach growling, or what?

PETER

It's not me, I thought--

He freezes in mid-sentence. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS the beam of Sully's flashlight as it moves down from the lock to the doberman who is standing only inches from Peter's side. We HEAR another low, growl.

SULLY

(a whisper)

Don't move.

CLOSE ON PETER--Peter looks at his father as if to say, "Are you kidding?"

CLOSE ON THE DOBERMAN--It remains looking at Peter, a continuous rumble coming from somewhere inside him. Then, without warning, his legs give way and he tips over into a nearby snowbank. Blissfully asleep.

SULLY

(as though he knew
it all along)

That third pill was the winner. Hurry
up, before he comes to.

Peter doesn't have to be asked twice. As he begins sawing furiously at the padlock, we CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT--Sully's truck with the snow blower in back is driving down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - SAME

Sully is at the wheel, Peter is beside him. The younger man is high from the excitement.

PETER

Wow! I mean, wow...When I saw that
dog I was...I mean I nearly...Wow...

Sully watches his son, amused.

PETER (cont'd.)

(thinks for a moment)

You want to know what mom's worst fear
was?

(not waiting for an answer)

That your life has been fun.

SULLY

Tell her not to worry.

Sully slows the truck down, pulls over to the curb.

PETER

Why are we stopping?

SULLY

You see that house?

THEIR POV--In the dark, lit only by the hi-beams from Sully's truck, is the house that we saw in the PRE-CREDIT SEQUENCE. Now, it is long abandoned, with the paint peeling and the yard overgrown.

SULLY'S VOICE

I grew up there.

ON SULLY AND PETER--Sully looks at the house. for a long beat.

SULLY (cont'd.)

Look, I know you think I'm an asshole,
but your grandfather, he was a real
asshole. I'm nothing compared to him...

(then:)

Anyway the house is mine -- he left it
to me. I don't want it. I don't want
anything to do with him or it.

(a deep breath, then:)

I don't suppose you'd have any use for
(more)

SULLY (cont'd.)
it? You could keep it or sell it and
put the profit in your pocket. All
you'd have to do is pay the back taxes.

PETER
What makes you think I can afford
something like that?
(a beat, then:)
The fact is I was fired.
(embarrassed to have
said anything at all)
I mean, it's not a big deal...The
University got caught in a financial
crunch. They cut back the English
Department. I didn't have tenure. It's
as simple as that.
(a pause, this is
very hard to say)
If you want to know the truth. I need
a job. I mean...I was wondering if you
might...ah, have something. I mean, it
would just be temporary, until I got
something else lined up.
(then, very quickly)
Look, if you can't, I understand. It
was probably a stupid idea to start
with. Forget it, okay?

SULLY
I couldn't pay you much.

PETER
Minimum wage?

SULLY
I could do better than that. It'd be
under the table.

PETER
Fine.

SULLY
(doubtful)
You sure you know how to do this kind
of work?

PETER
I put myself through college as a
carpenter.

This surprises Sully who smiles, nods.

SULLY
C'mon, we better get this thing hid.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF VERA AND RALPH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON SULLY'S TRUCK which is parked at the curb.

PETER
(suddenly remembering)
Oh my God. We forgot the aspirin for mom.

Sully takes the vial of yellow pills which he got from Jocko,
taps out one and hands it to Peter.

SULLY
Here. Give her one of these.

PETER
(nervous)
But--

SULLY
Don't worry. She'll thank you for it.

ON THE FRONT DOOR OF VERA AND RALPH'S HOUSE-as it opens and
Ralph steps outside.

RALPH
Peter?

HIS POV: Peter and Sully are unloading the snow blower from
the back of the truck.

RALPH'S VOICE
Is that your dad with you?

PETER
(he sees Ralph, smiles)
Hi, pop.

SULLY
Hi, Ralph.

Ralph approaches, sees the snow blower.

RALPH
What's that?

SULLY

It's a snow blower. I thought you might be able to use it.

RALPH

I don't know, Sully...I can't afford something like that.

SULLY

Sure you can. I got it for nothing.

PETER

That's true.

CLOSER ON SULLY--grins at Peter.

SULLY

(to Ralph)

The thing is I might want to borrow it from time to time.

RALPH

(can't believe his luck)

Sure.

PETER

(to Ralph)

Pop, I think the best thing would be to keep it in the garage.

SULLY

Under a tarp.

RALPH

Sure thing. This is awfully good of you, Sully.

SULLY

Don't mention it.

And Ralph begins wheeling it towards the garage, leaving Sully and Peter alone. There is a beat of silence. They are unwilling to say good-night just yet.

PETER

I think mom's right. You do have more fun.

SULLY

When I could...When I could...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

WIDE SHOT--It is now early December and the banner that reads, "Bath N.Y. Home of the Ultimate Escape Theme Park Opening 1994." is fading and beginning to tear. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN and we SEE Rub Squeers hurrying along the sidewalk, his collar turned up, heading for Hattie's. As he enters we CUT TO:

INT. HATTIES - SAME

ON THE DOOR--as Rub enters, crosses to the counter and sits on a stool beside Sully. Cass pours him a cup of coffee. He takes a sip, then:

RUB

Can I borrow a dollar?

SULLY

(glaring at Rub)

There are women in this town I could associate with who'd be cheaper than you.

RUB

(a shy grin)

Yeah, but they wouldn't be your friend.

Just then, the door opens and Peter and Will enter. Peter leads his son across to the counter and helps him up onto the stool next to Sully.

SULLY

You gonna bring that boy to work today?

PETER

He won't bother anybody.

SULLY

That's not what I'm worried about.
What happens if he gets hurt?

PETER

What do you know. All of a sudden my father is worried about his grandson.

CLOSER ON SULLY--Surprisingly, he responds with far more patience than we would expect.

SULLY

You're saying I never worried about you?

PETER
I'm just saying it's a little out of character.
(then:)
Anyway, mom's got to take Ralph to the doctor this morning.

SULLY
Fine. You and Rub start sheetrocking the Nelson house. I've got to run some errands. I'll keep Will with me.
(to Will)
You want to be my helper today?

Will looks nervously toward his father. Peter nods.

WILL
(to Sully, uneasy)
Okay.

PETER
(to Rub)
Okay, Sancho, we'd better go to work.

Peter downs the last of his coffee and starts toward the door. Instead of following Peter, Rub leans across to Sully.

RUB
Why do I have to go to work with him?

SULLY
You mean Peter? Because I say so.

RUB
Why do you spend so much time worrying about him?

SULLY
(simply)
He's my son, Rub.

RUB
But he doesn't even like you.

ON SULLY--who is looking out the window towards Peter who is standing beside the truck waiting for Rub.

SULLY
I know, but I'm growing on him.
(handing him a dollar)
Here...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, BATH - DAY

ON SULLY'S TRUCK--driving along the street, trailing a cloud of exhaust fumes.

INT. TRUCK - SAME

ON WILL--staring down through the hole in the floor, watching the road rush past beneath him. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO SULLY who divides his attention between the road and the boy.

SULLY

(trying to think of
something to say)

Ah...You want to learn how to drive?

Will looks at Sully, terrified.

SULLY

(not giving the boy
a chance to think
about it)

Slide over. Be careful of my bum knee.

Will slides over, and settles himself carefully on Sully's good leg.

SULLY

Hold on to the steering wheel.

The boy does. His hands are just below Sully's. There is a beat of silence as the boy absorbs this.

WILL

It's jiggling.

SULLY

Trucks do. Especially broken
down old trucks like this.

WILL

(looking at Sully)

It's a nice truck.

SULLY

(more moved than he
expected to be)

I'm glad you like it. Well...Now you
know how to drive a car.

(more)

SULLY (cont'd.)
(then:)
Listen, don't tell your mother about
this, okay?
(a second thought)
Or your grandmother...
(a third thought)
Or your father. In fact, don't tell
anybody.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIP TOP CONSTRUCTION CO. - DAY

WIDE SHOT--all the parking places in front of the Tip To are
filled so Sully makes a U-turn and parks across the street.

ON SULLY--who opens the door, gets out and motions for Will to
follow him. Will obediently slides across to Sully who lifts
the boy to the ground. They start across the street. As they
do, Will automatically reaches up to take Sully's hand.

CLOSER IN ON SULLY--surprised at the child's hand in his. He
feels it for a moment, thinks, smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. TIP TOP CONSTRUCTION CO., RECEPTION ROOM - SAME

Instead of Ruby, Toby Roebuck is sitting at the desk taking
phone calls. Instead of Ruby's see-through blouse; Toby is
wearing an oversized gray sweatshirt, the kind that usually
says, 'property of' some college athletic department. At the
moment, she is on the telephone.

TOBY
I'll tell him Leon, No guarantees...
(she spots Sully, grins)
...You know how he is. Okay.

ON SULLY--standing in the doorway. Will is beside him,
staying very close.

SULLY
(grinning back)
What's the deal? Is Ruby sick?

TOBY
(hanging up)
Alas Ruby is no more.

SULLY
Where'd she go?

TOBY
(shrugs)
You could follow the trail of mascara.

SULLY
That's okay. I think I'll pass. Where's
that lamebrain husband of yours, anyway?

TOBY
Out in the yard. He's a new man, he
says. A man of many resolutions. You
should ask him all about them. They're
over an hour old though, so he may not
remember.

Throughout this Will has been hiding behind Sully's leg,
occasionally peeking at Toby.

TOBY
(nodding towards Will)
Who's this?

SULLY
Who?...Oh, ah...
(doesn't want to admit
Will is his grandson)
This is...ah, Will
(to Will)
Will, say hi to Mrs. Roebuck.

Will murmurs something and hides behind Sully's leg.

SULLY
(to Will)
How about it, sport. You ready to go?

Will takes a last peek at Toby and starts down the stairs.

SULLY
(hanging back)
I don't want to say anything, but Ruby
always wore see-through blouses. Of
course, it's up to you...

ON TOBY--She grabs her sweatshirt by the waistband lifting it
up and flashes him. In a second, it is back down.

CLOSER ON SULLY--He stands, his mouth open, unable to quite
comprehend what has just happened. There is a long beat of

stunned silence then:

WILL'S VOICE
(from the stairwell)
What's the matter, grandpa?

ON TOBY--a peal of laughter.

TOBY
Yeah, grandpa, what's the matter?

CUT TO:

THE YARD AT THE TIP TOP CONSTRUCTION CO. - DAY

WIDE SHOT--The last time we saw the yard was at night when it was deserted. Now, however, in the daylight, it is not much improved; there are a number of pre-fab buildings that serve as warehouses for materials and equipment. There are piles of bricks, cement blocks and heavy duty machinery scattered at random throughout the area. THE CAMERA PANS WITH SULLY AND WILL as they make their way through the yard passing small groups working. They all seem to know Sully and wave or call out to him as he passes, he returns their greetings. As Sully and Will enter one of the buildings, we CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING - SAME

Bins of nails, screws, bolts, piles of electrical cable, boxes filled with wire, toilets, sinks, are scattered around. On one side is an area that serves as an office. It has a beat-up desk with a telephone, a calendar with a pin-up, some filing cabinets and an ancient, ratty sofa that is covered with stains and looks as if any number of people have died horrible deaths on it. Carl Roebuck sits behind the desk.

CARL
(spotting Sully)
Don Sullivan, thief of snow blowers,
poisoner of dogs, secret father and
grandfather. How they hanging?

SULLY
By a thread, as usual.
(to Will)
Go sit over there...
(motioning toward
the couch)
Don't ruin it.

Will climbs on the sofa carefully as though he might really be able to ruin it.

CARL
(watching him)
Your grandfather tell you how he steals
people's snow blowers?

SULLY
(grinning)
Don't pay any attention to him. He just
can't keep track of his possessions.

Just then we HEAR a low growling sound and, a moment later,
the doberman appears from around the corner of Carl's desk.
He glares at Sully.

ON SULLY AND WILL--Sully stiffens. Will slides closer to his
grandfather.

CARL
(to Sully)
Funny how that dog hates you.

Just then, the dog's feet give out and he slides to the floor.

CARL
Isn't that pitiful? A perfectly good
doberman, mean as hell. Ruined.

SULLY
Listen, I heard you had some work for
me.

CARL
You still own that piece of shit
property on Bowdin?

SULLY
(suspicious)
So they tell me.

CARL
Good. Let's go take a look.

SULLY
Fine.

However, neither man moves. Carl continues leaning back in
his chair, one foot on the desk, grinning.

SULLY
You're looking especially smug today.

Carl says nothing, but he continues to grin.

SULLY
Your wife just told me you'd turned
over a new leaf.

Carl says nothing; the smile remains.

SULLY
I didn't have the heart to remind her
who she was talking about.

CARL
(cannot stop grinning)
You talked to Toby?

Sully nods.

CARL
Well, never mind. I guess she's only
telling people she likes.

SULLY
(figuring it out)
Don't tell me she's pregnant?

CARL
(the grin gets bigger)
Knocked up like a cheerleader.

Sully cannot help grinning back. The two men just look at one
another.

CARL
Now I suppose you'll want to be the
godfather.

SULLY
(still grinning)
I can't be both the father and the
godfather. You're going to have to
contribute some Goddamn thing.

CARL
(he pounds his
chest, yells)
White hunter make baby.
(getting to his feet)
Let's go.

Sully starts to stand, Will peers around looking for the dog.

WILL
Where is he?

SULLY

Come on, take my hand.

At the sound of Sully's voice, the dog begins to growl again. Carl reaches down, picks up the dog and gently sets him down on his feet.

CARL

Doesn't that just break your heart?
(to Sully)

You know what he reminds me of?
(before Sully can
answer)

You.

SULLY

(nodding)

He is pretty well hung at that.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE ON BOWDIN ST. - DAY

Up close it still has a dreary, woebegone look to it. Will stands at the bottom of a flight of steps that lead to a rickety porch. Behind him the yard is a tangle of weeds, overgrown bushes and junk. He is peering O.S. anxiously. THE CAMERA PANS IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS LOOK and we SEE Sully, crouched beside the front door, trying to fit a key from a ring of keys into the lock; none of the keys fit. Carl stands nearby, peering in one of the dusty windows.

CLOSER IN--as Sully tries his shoulder on the door; it won't give. He looks around for something to use to force the lock.

CARL

Why don't you just break one of those
small window panes and reach inside and
unlock the door.

ON SULLY--as he picks up a crowbar from a pile of junk on the porch.

SULLY

Look, I know what I'm doin', okay?

And he gives a mighty tug. There is a terrible sound, the wood holds, but all the glass in all the panes in the door come crashing down.

There is a beat of silence as Carl looks at Sully, grinning.

SULLY
(brandishing the
crowbar)
Don't say a word, if you know what's
good for you.

Carl reaches through the broken glass, unlocks the door from inside and walks into the house. Sully hangs back, unhappy at the prospect of entering his father's house.

CARL'S VOICE
You coming in?

CLOSER ON SULLY--as he takes a deep breath and steps inside.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The house has been neglected for some time, the rooms are empty, the wall paper is peeling and waterstained. Most of the flooring has been removed, giving the house an oddly surrealistic quality. In some places, there is sub-flooring, but for the most part, the joists are stretched across empty space, dropping down to a black hole of a basement. Planks have been laid across the joists to make narrow pathways stretching from room to room.

CARL (O.S.)
How many rooms in this place?

CLOSE ON SULLY--This is the first time he has been in the house since his father's death. It is filled with ghosts from the past.

SULLY
Enough...I don't know...

Carl appears in the door leading to the dining room.

CARL
Lets go see how bad the damage is
upstairs.

They start up the staircase, carefully testing each step to see if it has rotted through. They reach the first landing when:

CARL'S
Where's Will?

In an instant Sully turns and races down the stairs, across the living room and onto the porch.

EXT. PORCH - SAME

SULLY'S POV: Will is standing at the foot of the steps, quietly crying. He is terrified.

ON SULLY--He runs down the steps to the boy, kneels beside him.

SULLY

Hey. Did you think I forgot you?

Will looks away, but can't stop crying.

SULLY (cont'd.)

I didn't mean to.

Will looks at him again, his eyes red from crying.

SULLY (cont'd.)

Why don't we go in now.

The boy hangs back.

SULLY (cont'd.)

There's nothing to be afraid of. I won't let anything happen to you.

Will doesn't move.

SULLY (cont'd.)

Now. You decide. We can go inside for a minute and you can see where grandpa grew up, or we can go and see dad.

WILL

Okay.

SULLY

Okay, which?

WILL

Go see dad.

CLOSER ON SULLY--He realizes for the first time just how frightened the boy is.

SULLY

Sure...Okay...Let's go.

As he takes the child's hand and they start toward the truck,
we CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE PETER AND RUB ARE WORKING ON - DAY

MED. SHOT PETER (SLOW MOTION)--A moment before he has heard Will call his name, he turns, smiles and throws his arms open wide.

REVERSE ON THE TRUCK (REGULAR SPEED)--It is parked at the curb. Sully leans across, opens the door for Will who comes barreling out and rushes to his father,

ANOTHER ANGLE--as Will runs into his father's arms and begins to sob. Peter comforts the boy, listens for a moment and carries him across to Sully.

PETER

You forgot him, didn't you?

Sully holds his arms wide in a gesture of "What can I say?"

PETER

Y'know, you're never going to change,
are you?

(then:)

I'm taking him back. Vera and Ralph
ought to be home by now.

Peter carries Will to the truck.

SULLY

(calling after him)

Peter!

But it is too late. Peter gets in the truck, keeping Will on his lap and drives away.

CLOSE-UP OF SULLY--watching. This is as emotionally naked as we have seen Sully in the movie.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE BOWDIN ST. HOUSE - DAY

Carl Roebuck is standing with Sully and Rub.

CARL

(taking out a roll
of bills)

Just about the only thing left in this
dump that's worth anything are the doors.
I'm remodeling an old Victorian over on
Water St and I could use them--

SULLY
They're not for sale.

CARL
Are you crazy?

SULLY
I told you, I'm not interested.

CARL
(looking to heaven)
He's not interested.
(to Rub)
Y'know what, Rub? I apologize. You
are not the dumbest man in Bath. Don't
let anybody tell you you are.
(back to Sully)
You could have saved this house. You
could have rented it. You could have
sold it and put the money in your pocket.
But no, you're too fucking stubborn. The
only good thing your old man ever did
was to leave you this house but, you'd
sooner die than take anything from him.

SULLY
Y'know, if I had any sense. I'd hit you
over the head with that crowbar, take
that wad of money, bury you in the
basement, and see if anybody missed you.

CARL
(giving Sully a
pinch on the cheek)
You'd miss me, snookums.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS BERYL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

LOOKING OUT THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW--We can SEE that it is
beginning to snow; a lovely even snow that is so beautiful it
looks like a movie.

REVERSE ON MISS BERYL--She has come out of the kitchen and is
carrying a cup of tea. She pauses in the opening between the
living and dining room, using one arm to steady herself, and
looks at the snowfall, smiling. Then she takes a deep breath
and crosses to a rocking chair. As she sits, we CUT TO:

HER POV; WIDE SHOT LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW OUT INTO THE
YARD: The snow continues as pretty as ever, then we notice

that some flakes seem to be falling inside the house, then more and more until the snow is so dense that we cannot see the window or the furniture in the room.

ON THE DOOR THAT LEADS TO THE HALLWAY--It is closed, but from the other side, we HEAR knocking.

SULLY
(as he opens the door)
You still alive in there, old lady?

HIS POV: Miss Beryl sits with her back to him. She doesn't answer.

SULLY
Alright ignore me. See if I--

He stops in mid-sentence.

HIS POV: THE CAMERA PANS DOWN and we SEE Miss Beryl's teacup and saucer lying overturned on the rug.

CLOSER ON SULLY--as he starts toward her.

SULLY
Beryl?

HIS POV AS HE REACHES HER: She sits staring out the window, a smile on her face, but her chin and neck and dress front are bathed in blood.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM, SCHUYLER SPRINGS HOSPITAL - LATER

Sully paces back and forth, waiting, anxious. Finally, he cannot stand it any longer and crosses to a door that is open just a crack and peeks inside.

HIS POV: Miss Beryl, all traces of blood cleaned up, is sitting with a doctor who is checking her blood pressure.

A moment later, a nurse appears and closes the door. Sully resumes his pacing. Finally, the door is opened and Miss Beryl appears. In an instant, Sully is at her side and takes her arm. THE CAMERA TRACKS ALONGSIDE THEM--as they walk toward the door leading to the parking area.

SULLY
Well?

MISS BERYL
He said it was nothing.

SULLY
Don't tell me it was nothing. I know
better than that.

MISS BERYL
If I tell you, will you promise not to
say anything to Clive Jr.?

SULLY
No.

MISS BERYL
Then I won't tell you.

They walk in silence for several beats. Finally:

SULLY
All right. I promise.

MISS BERYL
It was a tiny, little stroke, It--

SULLY
(upset)
A what?!

MISS BERYL
A stroke. It was nothing. He gave me
medication. I'll be fine.

SULLY
I'm calling Clive right now.

MISS BERYL
No! You promised.

SULLY
I don't care. Look, Clive's your son.
He's got a right to know--

MISS BERYL
If you tell Clive, he'll put me in some
sort of rest home and there will be
nothing I can do about it. You know
I'm right about that.
(a beat of silence, then:)
Donald, I'm an old lady and I don't
have much longer to live. I'm well
(more)

MISS BERYL (cont'd.)
aware of that. But time isn't so
important to me as freedom. You of
all people must understand that.

They walk in silence for several beats.

SULLY
You are a stubborn, pigheaded old lady.

MISS BERYL
(taking his arm)
Oh, Donald, I've know that since before
you were born. Now then, may I have the
keys to my car. If you don't mind I'd
like to drive home under my own steam.

As Sully digs in his pocket and hands her the keys, we CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN OF BATH - EARLY MORNING

MONTAGE--of the people of the town as they start their day.
We SEE yet another sign welcoming The Ultimate Escape Theme
Park and note that the signs are becoming progressively more
worn and tattered.

INT. HATTIE'S - MORNING

ON PETER--fixing Sully with a look.

PETER
Do you think you can keep Will for an
hour without getting into any trouble?

REVERSE ON SULLY--mortally offended.

SULLY
Of course I can.
(miffed)
Look, I know how to take care of a kid,
all right? Now, stop worrying.

CUT TO:

EXT. OTB - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT--A storefront OTB like any other, in a
rundown section of town.

INT. OTB - SAME

It is noisy and crowded with men, none of them are very

prosperous or respectable looking.

ON THE DOOR--As Will and Sully enter:

SULLY

(a perfectly logical
question)

You ever been to an OTB before?
(thinking about it)

I guess not.

He picks the boy up and carries him across to a crowd of men who are gathered around one of the racing sheets. He eases his way to the front.

SULLY

I come here every day to bet the triple.
That means I bet the first horse in the
first three races. Here...

ON THE RACING SHEETS--which list the horses and jockeys for tomorrow's races at a Florida track. As we watch, Sully's hand moves from the first horse in the first race to the first horse in the second race and to the first horse in the third race.

SULLY

...This one. This one and this one.
I've been doing it every day for ten
years. Sooner or later it's got to
hit. I can feel it in my bones.

Just then, another man pushes in next to him. It is Jocko.

JOCKO

If you won the triple, don't tell me
about it.

(spotting Will)
Who's this?

SULLY

Will, say hello to our friendly
neighborhood pharmacist.

Will is busy squinting at the race results.

SULLY

Speaking of which. I don't suppose you
have any more of those doozys you gave
me last time.

JOCKO
(nodding towards his
car parked outside)
Step into my office.

Sully carries Will across to the plate glass window looking
out towards the street. He gently sets the boy down.

SULLY
Now then, I'm going outside to get
something from this man. You wait
for me here.

Will looks uncertain.

SULLY
You can stand here and you can see me
the whole time.

Will is still not convinced.

SULLY
You know what I used to do when I was
afraid?

Will shakes his head.

SULLY
I used to make a deal with myself.
I'd tell myself I'd be brave for
exactly a minute.
(studying the boy)
You could stand being brave for a
minute, couldn't you?

There is a long pause, then:

WILL
(very quiet)
What happened after the minute?

SULLY
Well,...then I'd let myself be scared
again. But at least I could say I'd
been brave for a minute. The next time
I'd try to be brave for two minutes.
That way I'd be getting braver and
braver all the time.

WILL
What were you scared of?

SULLY

I don't remember. You won't either
when you get to be my age.

Suddenly, Sully gets an idea and digs into his pocket.

SULLY

Here...

He pulls out something and hands it to Will.

INSERT; WILL'S POV: It is a stopwatch.

SULLY

This way you can time yourself.

(demonstrating)

You push this and the second hand
starts to go and when it's made a full
turn the minute hand clicks over. See.

Will looks up at his grandfather, his eyes are as big as
saucers.

SULLY

This way you'll know exactly how long
you were brave.

The boy looks back at the watch, then to Sully, then back to
the watch.

WILL

(a deep breath)

Okay.

SULLY

Good.

Sully gets to his feet and follows Jocko out the door as Will
stands at the window watching anxiously.

WILL'S POV: LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW--Jocko and Sully walk up to
a car. As Jocko opens the door and ducks inside, we CUT TO:

CLOSER ANGLE--Sully stands beside the car, watching Will as
Jocko fishes around in the glove compartment, finds a vial of
pills, checks them against the light and starts to hand Sully
the vial. He notices Sully looking O.S. and looks in the same
direction.

HIS POV: Will at the window, looking back and forth between
Sully and the stopwatch.

JOCKO
Nice looking kid.

SULLY
(filled with pride)
Yeah...He's a good kid...
(then:)
...He's my grandson.

Note: This is the first time that Sully has referred to as his grandson, and I think the naturalness of it astonishes him. Something shifts in him, something almost invisible, nevertheless permanent. From now on, he is a grandfather and father, with all that those things entail.

He waves at Will who waves back. THE CAMERA PANS WITH SULLY AND JOCKO as they walk back into the OTB. As Sully enters and scoops Will up in his arms.

SULLY
(his heart lighter)
Alright, sport, who do you like in the fifth race?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

It is an old Victorian that Carl is remodeling. During the following Sully and Rub lift out a section of railing and carry it outside. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM

RUB
I wisht I had me one of them big ol' hamburgers from The Horse.

Sully doesn't respond.

RUB (cont')
...with french fries and ketchup.

Sully still doesn't answer.

RUB (cont'd.)
You know what else I wisht?

Nothing.

RUB
I wisht Peter'd quit callin' me Sancho.
I hate that name

Silence. By now they have made it out the front door, onto the porch. As they start down the front steps:

RUB (cont'd.)
The fact, is I wisht Peter'd flat go away.

SULLY
(looks around)
What?

RUB
I said I wisht Peter'd go on back to his own home. I liked it better when it was just the two of us. I hate it when you talk to him all the time. It used to be you and me'd go places together, but now he's always there.

SULLY
Rub, Peter's my --

RUB
(looking O.S.)
Shhh...Here he is...

THEIR POV: The pick-up pulls to a stop at the curb and Peter gets out and starts toward them. He is carrying a six-pack of beer. He tosses one to Rub.

PETER
Here you go, Sancho..

RUB
(to Sully pointedly)
See?

PETER
(handing one to Sully)
Dad...
(a beat, then:)
I told Mom that I wasn't going back to teaching; at least not right away. I said I thought I'd stay here and work for you.

CLOSE ON SULLY--This is the first he has heard about it. Although he says nothing it is impossible for Sully to hide his pleasure at the news.

RUB
(upset)
You're gonna stay?!

PETER
(to Rub, not realizing
how upset he is)
Yeah, I've pretty much made up my mind.

RUB
(to Sully)
He's gonna stay here and work with us
from now on?

SULLY
(to Rub)
That's the way it looks.

RUB
(this is too much)
What if there's not enough work for
the three of us?

SULLY
You let me worry about that, Rub.

RUB
Well, I don't like it.

SULLY
You don't have to like it, Rub.
(to Peter)
Listen, why don't you help me run this
load out to Carl's and we'll talk.

RUB
(indicating one of
the remaining beers)
Can I have another one of those?

SULLY
What're you asking me for?

RUB
Because you're the boss.

SULLY
Yeah, but I didn't buy the beer. Ask
Peter.

PETER
(tossing Rub the
can of beer)
Here, Sancho.

CLOSE ON RUB--as he catches the can and the nickname he hates

at the same time. Suddenly, the unfairness and the terrible disappointments of life are more than he can bear.

CLOSE ON RUB, A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT ANGLE, OVERLAPPING THE ACTION OF THE PREVIOUS SHOT--He catches the can of beer, hesitates and flings it at Sully's house.

CLOSE ON A SECOND STORY WINDOW--exploding as the can of beer smashes into it.

CLOSER ON RUB

RUB

I quit!

And he wheels and starts walking away.

ON SULLY--stunned.

SULLY

(calling after him)

Hey!

CROSS-CUTTING WITH RUB--who continues walking away.

SULLY

Rub!

There is no response from Rub.

SULLY

Don't be that way!

Rub continues on his way.

SULLY

Shit!

(to Peter, indicating
one of the remaining
two beers)

Give me one of those.

Peter hands his father a can of beer. Instead of opening it, however, Sully takes it and heaves it at the house just like Rub.

CLOSER ON THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE--Sully's beer misses a window and smashes against the side of the house where it ruptures and spays beer everywhere.

ON PETER AND SULLY--Peter watches the beer hit the house, turns to his father.

PETER
See if I buy another six pack of beer.

SULLY
C'mon....

And he starts toward the pick-up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

ON RUB; TRACKING IN FRONT OF HIM--His hands are shoved deep in his pockets, his head is down, he is doing his best not to cry. We HOLD FOR A BEAT and then we SEE behind him Sully's pick-up turn the corner and begin to follow him. THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO HOLD ON RUB as the truck gets closer and closer. Finally, it is close enough that Rub cannot help but hear the engine. Nevertheless, he keeps walking, head down, determined. A moment later, Sully toots the horn; Rub jumps at the noise, but he continues on. Then, as we watch the truck turns in one of the driveways and starts along the sidewalk not more than fifteen feet behind Rub.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - SAME

PETER
(terrified)
Dad....Dad!

SULLY
(intent on what he
is doing)
Look at him. Have you ever seen
anybody that stubborn?

PETER
(looking at his father)
Yes, I have.

SULLY
(ignoring Peter)
Look at him. Amazing.

PETER
Here's a driveway. Get back on the
street.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK - SAME

MED. SHOT -- as it passes the driveway. Sully doesn't even consider getting back on the street.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - SAME

Peter watches the driveway disappear behind them.

SULLY

He can't figure it out. All he's got to do is step behind one of those trees and we're fucked.

PETER

(looking O.S.)

Oh, I'd have to say we're fucked anyhow.

HIS POV LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD--at the end of the block, a police cruiser turns a corner and begins moving slowly in their direction.

INT. TRUCK - SAME

Sully is so intent on watching Rub that he fails to notice the police cruiser approaching.

SULLY

Look at that! Sooner or later, he's got to turn around.

Just then, the police car draws alongside. The policeman (OFFICER RAYMER) opens the window on the passenger side.

RAYMER

(calling out)

Hey! You're on the sidewalk!

Sully notices Raymer for the first time.

SULLY

(to Peter)

Roll down your window.

Peter does; Sully leans across him.

SULLY

(yelling back)

Fuck off, Raymer!

This has an immediate effect on Officer Raymer. He guns the motor. The police car does a screeching three point turn, heads back in their direction and pulls into a driveway between Sully and Rub. THE CAMERA PANS BACK TO THE TRUCK as Sully slams on the brake.

INT. TRUCK - SAME

ON SULLY AND PETER--Sully sits for a moment, considering the situation. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO THE POLICE CAR--as Officer Raymer gets out, grins triumphantly at Sully.

ON SULLY--he rolls down his window and leans out.

SULLY
(yelling)
That's not a good place to park. I'd
move if I was you.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

RAYMER
You get on out now, Sully. Fun's over.
I'm going to have to put you under--

PETER
Dad--

SULLY
(to Peter, his eyes on
Officer Raymer)
This is the point where people usually
get out of the truck.

PETER
Dad--

SULLY
Okay, suit yourself.

And he puts the truck into gear and starts slowly forward.

ON OFFICER RAYMER--eyes wide. He didn't expect this.

ON SULLY--A malevolent grin on his face.

ON PETER--legs straight out as if pushing on an imaginary
brake on the passenger side. He leans back, bracing for
impact.

ON OFFICER RAYMER--drawing his pistol.

ON PETER--He hasn't moved.

PETER
Dad!...Jesus!

ON OFFICER RAYMER--aiming the pistol.

ON SULLY

SULLY
He'll never use it.

ON OFFICER RAYMER--He pulls the trigger. There is a deafening explosion. From somewhere down the street we HEAR the shattering of glass.

ON SULLY AND PETER--Sully slams on the brakes, sending Peter forward.

SULLY
(amazed)
Did he actually shoot?

PETER
(slightly hysterical)
I believe that was a gunshot, yes. I vote we surrender. If I have a vote.

SULLY
That's goddamn irresponsible.
(rolling down the window, leaning out and yelling)
You stupid prick!
(to Peter)
Do you believe that?!

PETER
Dad--

But it is too late. Sully is already out of the truck and begins limping over to the policeman who stands there looking at the revolver in his hand as if surprised that it really works.

ON THE TRUCK--as Peter rolls down his window, leans out.

PETER
Dad--

ON SULLY AND OFFICER RAYMER--Raymer stands facing Sully, even though the policeman has a loaded pistol in his hands he is

utterly helpless. Raymer makes no move to defend himself as Sully delivers a short right that lands squarely on the cop's nose.

CLOSER IN--as the punch lands. Raymer's head goes back and returns with blood gushing from his nose. He hangs there for a moment, looking at Sully, then his knees give way and he slumps gracefully against the side of the car.

ON SULLY--satisfied. He turns back to the truck.

HIS POV: Peter, remains where he was, leaning out the window, staring at his father.

SULLY

Well?

PETER

(hands apart)

Nothing.

SULLY

Good. For a minute there, I thought you were going to be critical.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIP TOP CONSTRUCTION CO., OUTSIDE A WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The last of the wood has been unloaded, in the distance we SEE Peter going over paperwork with one of the workmen. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO THE PICK-UP. Sully is leaning on the tailgate, smoking. A moment later, Carl joins him. He reaches into Sully's pocket, pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

CARL

You have a match?

SULLY

(lighting Carl's cigarette)

You're not going to make it, are you?

CARL

(inhaling deeply)

Why the hell did you have to hit a cop?

Sully shrugs, as though an explanation would be useless.

CARL

You want to know why this happened?

(more)

CARL (cont'd.)
(before Sully can
interrupt)

It happened because you have to rag
everybody twenty-four hours a day,
seven days a week. You never ever
fucking let up. Why were you driving
on that sidewalk anyway?

(not waiting for
an answer)

You ragged Rub until even he couldn't
stand it any longer. How many times
have you humiliated that poor, simple
fuck?

SULLY
I don't believe I'm hearing this from
you. When have you ever done anything
but insult him?

CARL
There's a difference.

SULLY
(flicking away
his cigarette)
What difference is that? I'd really
like to hear why your ragging is okay
and mine isn't.

CARL
(quietly)
Because he doesn't love me.

SULLY
Go on...Forget it...Rub doesn't...Fuck
you.
(a beat, then:)
Look, I'll make it up to him.

CARL
How? You'll buy him a jelly donut?

SULLY
(pissed)
Unless I'm mistaken, I'll end up buying
him about ten thousand jelly donuts
before I'm done.

CARL
And you think you can pay your debts in
(more)

CARL (cont'd.)
jelly donuts? Sully, you rag that dumb
cop every day and then you're surprised
when he wants to shoot you. Everybody
in town wants to shoot you. The only
thing that saves you is the rest of us
aren't armed.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISS BERYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Clive Jr. is pacing back and forth, giving his mother a stern
talking to.

CLIVE JR.
Haven't I been warning you about
something like this?!

MISS BERYL
Clive--

CLIVE JR.
Haven't I?! The man is a lunatic!

MISS BERYL
Clive, I'm sure there's an explanation.

CLIVE JR.
He hit a policeman! What kind of
explanation is there for something like
that?! I suppose I should be grateful
he didn't go berserk right here in the
house. Ma, he's pulled the wool over
your eyes for years, but this is too
much. If you won't protect yourself
then I'll have to do it for you. Face
it; whatever that man does; wherever
he goes, he brings disaster.

SULLY'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're right.

As they turn and look we CUT TO:

THEIR POV: Sully has been standing in the door listening to

everything.

SULLY (con't.)

Old girl, I'm sorry about all this. I didn't mean for it to happen, but I guess The Bank is right for once. I wouldn't want my bad luck to rub off on you.

(a deep breath)

I think it would be best if I moved out.

MISS BERYL

Oh, Donald.

SULLY

(he shakes his head)

I'm afraid my mind's made up. I'll be gone by the first of the year.

And he disappears up the stairs towards his apartment.

CLOSE ON CLIVE JR.--beaming.

CLIVE JR.

There, didn't I tell you I could handle him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HORSE - NIGHT

ON A CLOCK OVER THE BAR--It reads ten minutes to twelve. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK and we SEE that the Horse is almost empty. Sully sits between Peter and Wirf (it is obvious they have been there a long time). Birdy is behind the bar hanging a meager strand of Christmas lights, getting a head start on the Holiday Season.

SULLY

(this has been going
on for some time)

Don't forget to get Rub to help you.

PETER

(leaning on the bar
with one elbow)

Okay...

SULLY

(taking a drink)

You can always find him at the diner.

PETER
(sleepily)
Right.

SULLY
You know how to put up sheetrock?

PETER
Better than you.

SULLY
You know how to work a circular saw?

PETER
If you can do it, I can do it.

SULLY
I doubt that. How long do you think
it'll take you to lay that floor?

PETER
Three, four days.

SULLY AND PETER
(together)
Get Rub to help you.

SULLY
Did I give you the keys to the truck?

PETER
About an hour and a half ago.

SULLY
If it gives you any trouble, go to the
Texaco station. The owner's a guy
named Harold. Tell him you're my son.

WIRF
Right. You run into problems, drop
your old man's name. Watch the doors
fly open.

Sully rotates on his stool so that he is facing Wirf.

SULLY
I can't believe it's going to take you
a week to get me out.

WIRF
Don't blame me, I'm a Jew. These aren't
(more)

WIRF (cont'd.)
my holidays. Besides, how can I start
getting you out of jail when you won't
even go in.

SULLY
(turning to Birdy)
You know it's customary to give a
condemned man one last request. My
truck's out back. What do you say
we go get naked and see what happens.

BIRDY
(without enthusiasm)
Okay...

SULLY
(taken aback)
Don't you have any pride at all?

BIRDY
(not unkindly)
Go to jail, Sully. It's where you
belong. Look,..
(nodding O.S.)
...your kid's asleep.

As Sully turns to look, THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS and we SEE
Peter whose head is laying on the bar. Sure enough, he is
fast asleep.

SULLY
(studying his son)
Y'know, I haven't seen him asleep
since he was six months old.

WIRF
(to Birdy)
Touching, isn't it.

Just then Peter wakes up.

PETER
Oh, God...Let's go home.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HORSE - NIGHT

ON THE DOOR--as Peter and Sully come stumbling out, buttoning
their coats. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM as they start toward
the police station. It is late and the streets of Bath are

empty. They walk in silence for a bit, then:

SULLY

Do me a favor, will you?

PETER

Sure.

SULLY

Keep an eye on Wirf. Make sure he's okay.

PETER

All right.

They walk in silence for several steps, then:

SULLY

Y'know, Ralph's been a good father to you

PETER

Yes he has.

SULLY

(not looking at his son)
You turned out okay.

PETER

(turns to Sully)
So did you.

A pause, then:

SULLY

You want to hear something funny?

Peter waits.

SULLY

I never told anybody this, okay?
But...

(a pause)

...When I got out of the Army. I
went to college for a while --
about six months. I really liked it.

PETER

(watching his father
closely)
Why did you quit?

SULLY
(shrugs)
I didn't say I belonged there. I
just said I liked it.

PETER
Where do you belong, Dad?

By now they are standing in front of the police station.

SULLY
Right here, I guess. At least
for tonight.

They stand for a moment, unwilling to say good-night.

PETER
You want me to go in with you?

SULLY
(firm)
No, I don't.

PETER
Good.

They stand together for another beat; then, instead of embracing, the two men shake hands. It is an unexpected gesture, tentative, oddly formal and for that reason all the more heartbreaking.

SULLY
I'll see you before you know it.

Peter nods, waves good-bye and starts off down the street. We
HOLD ON SULLY watching him.

SULLY
(calling out)
Remember to check on Wirf.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM: Peter continues on, not turning
around.

PETER
Right.

SULLY
And get Rub to help you with the floor.

PETER
Right.

SULLY
Remember to buy him breakfast and give
him a dollar to bet the horses.

PETER
Right.

SULLY
(a beat, then:)
Remember the gears on the truck are a
little stiff.

Peter stops, turns back to Sully.

PETER
(grinning)
It's not going to be easy being you,
is it?

SULLY
(grinning back)
Don't expect too much of yourself
in the beginning. I couldn't do
everything at first either.

Peter waves good-night, turns around and disappears into the
darkness.

ON SULLY--watching his son for a moment longer. Then he takes
a last look around at the empty street and walks into the
police station. As Sully disappears inside we DISSOLVE TO:

INT.WILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT--Will is asleep, the only light is coming from the
nite-light. THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN ON THE CHILD and we
see that he is holding the stop watch that Sully gave him. It
continues ticking like a reassuring heartbeat. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN ST. DOWNTOWN BATH - VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING

WIDE SHOT--The sun has not come up, the street is empty save
for a Lincoln Continental parked in front of the bank. In the
distance, we SEE a newspaper delivery truck heading in our
direction. We HOLD IN POSITION until the truck slows down in
front of the Rexall (which is next door to the bank) and drops
off a stack of newspapers.

CLOSE ON THE STACK OF NEWSPAPERS as it lands. We SEE a banner
headline which reads: "ULTIMATE ESCAPE ESCAPES" and then
beneath that, "Theme Park Sponsors Abandon Site in Bath, Moves
to Vermont."

OVER THIS we HEAR CLIVE JR.'S VOICE:

CLIVE JR.

(desperate)

But you gave me your word. People
here are depending on you. I'm
depending on you.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEEK HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING IN DALLAS - NIGHT

TEXAN'S VOICE

Mr. Peoples, did we sign any papers?

CROSS-CUT WITH THE FACADE OF THE FIRST SAVINGS AND LOAN OF
BATH - NIGHT

CLIVE JR.'S VOICE

No, but I put my reputation and my
bank's reputation on the line. I
thought--

TEXAN'S VOICE

I can't help what you thought.

(softening)

Listen, nothing personal. I know how
much you good people wanted this thing
to happen, but it's flat not gonna work.

CLIVE JR'S VOICE

But why?

TEXAN'S VOICE

(a pause, then:)

All right, I'll tell you, but if you
ever quote me, I'll deny it. Straight
scoop. We're looking to invest, what,
about ninety million. That's a fair
piece of change, Clive. And once we
finally get the sonofabitch built,
we're going to have to hire a lot of
local people to work there. Nice
lookin' folks. Personable, that sort
of thing.

At this point we SEE the door to the Savings and Loan open and
Clive Jr. wearing an overcoat and carrying a couple of
suitcases come out.

TEXAN'S VOICE (cont'd.)

Now I don't want you to get me wrong,
but the people up there in your neck
of the woods they...well...No offense
Clive, but hell they look funny.

CLIVE JR.'S VOICE

(not sure he heard right)
They look what?

TEXAN'S VOICE

Funny...Weird. Like some kind of a
failed genetic experiment.

Just then, Clive catches sight of his reflection in a window
outside the bank. He stops, studies himself for a moment,
looking for a sign of genetic failure. Over this, we HEAR:

TEXAN'S VOICE

Well, listen it's been good talkin'
to you. And once you put your mind
to it, I'm real sure you'll figure out
something to do with all that land.

Click. The Texan hangs up the phone. Clive Jr. opens the
back seat of the car to throw the suitcases inside when we
HEAR the sound of an approaching truck. As Clive looks up,
THE CAMERA PANS IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS LOOK and we SEE a
large, garbage truck with several scruffy, overweight men who
do, in fact, look like a failed genetic experiment hanging on
the back. The truck parks directly behind Clive Jr.'s car,
blocking his exit. One jumps off the back of the truck and
passes Clive Jr. on the way to pick up a can of garbage.

GARBAGE MAN

We'll be out of your way in just a
minute, Mr. Peoples.

Clive nods, the words of his ex-investor still ringing in his
ears. As the man grabs a can and begins hauling it back.

GARBAGE MAN

So I guess they aren't gonna build that
new park, huh?

CLIVE

No. I guess not.

GARBAGE MAN

Well, to hell with them then. We done
without 'em before, I guess we can
again.

CLIVE JR.
I guess we will.

The man throws the garbage into the truck, scrambles on the back.

GARBAGE MAN
Merry Christmas.

The man gives a signal and the truck roars away. THE CAMERA PANS WITH THE GARBAGE TRUCK as it roars down Main St., passing under a banner which reads, "1994 THE FIRST YEAR OF THE REST OF OUR LIVES." THE PAN ENDS ON CLIVE JR. watching the garbage truck disappear.

CLIVE JR.
(thoughtfully)
Merry Christmas.

And he climbs into his Lincoln, turns on the engine. A moment later he backs out and turns into Main St., heading in the opposite direction from the garbage truck. There are no other cars and no sign of people on the street. THE CAMERA HOLDS ON HIM disappearing in the distance as we FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. JAIL - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL, AN OUTER ROOM - SAME

WIDE SHOT--A policeman sits at a desk reading a magazine; nearby is a mangy looking, artificial Christmas tree.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - SAME

A row of cells, most of them are vacant; however, in front of one we SEE Wirf sitting over a chair leaning forward intently, studying something.

CLOSER IN--We SEE that the Wirf and Sully are playing gin rummy. There is a makeshift table just inside the bars.

SULLY
I don't see why you can't get off your
butt and spring me.

WIRF
(studying his cards)
If you can't do the time; don't do
the crime.
(then triumphantly)
Gin!

ON SULLY--ruefully examining the cards in his hand.

WIRF
(gleeful)
Look on the bright side, Sully. This
means you're lucky in love.

Sully starts to say something, but, at that moment, we HEAR
the sound of the door opening. Sully glances O.S.:

HIS POV:Peter and Will are standing in the doorway. Peter
prods his son.

WILL
Merry Christmas, grandpa.

CLOSE ON SULLY--He turns to Wirf, perfectly serious.

SULLY
It doesn't feel like Christmas, somehow.
(then, playing catch-up)
Same to you, Will. Glad to see you.

PETER
(pointedly)
Will came by to thank you for his
Christmas present.

Will, his courage restored at the sight of his grandfather
crosses to Sully. He holds out a toy car.

WILL
See?

SULLY
(a quick recovery)
Well, ah, I'm glad you like it.
(with a look to Peter)
I spent a long time picking it out.

WILL
(thrusting a package that
he has been hiding behind
his back toward Sully)
Here. This is for you.

This is too much for Wirf who blows his nose.

ON SULLY--as he unwraps the package and takes out a tie that only a five year old could have picked out.

SULLY

Will, this is...well, it's really...ah, something...

(then)

Ah, Peter, do you mind if I talk to Will alone for a minute?

PETER

Is that all right with you, pal?

Will nods.

SULLY

(to Wirf)

Counsellor?

Wirf gets to his feet and joins Peter. Will approaches the bars of Sully's cell so that they are standing close together.

SULLY

Now then, the other day you asked me what I'd been scared of when I was your age and I said I didn't remember. Well, that wasn't strictly true. You see when I was little I used to live in that house I showed you, remember?

Will nods.

SULLY (cont'd.)

Well, my dad used to go off and leave me alone in that house for a long time...

(remembering)

...and I was very scared, very, very scared. But you don't have to worry about that because your dad won't ever do that to you. And Grandpa Ralph won't ever let that happen to you.

CLOSE ON WILL--He thinks for a minute.

WILL

And you won't either.

ON SULLY--a beat of silence, then:

SULLY
(quietly)
And I won't either.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF BATH - DAY

A MONTAGE of the town of Bath waking up. We SEE Toby running. Carl's car passes her, toots its horn; she waves. Rub making his way to Hatties. Miss Beryl dressed in black, getting into her car, etc., etc. A funeral parlor where Jocko and Carl are standing outside, grabbing a cigarette. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO THE STREET as Wirf's car pulls up, Sully jumps out. THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he limps across to Jocko and Carl.

CLOSER IN TRACKING WITH THEM as they walk to the door to the funeral home.

Note: Sully is now wearing the tie that Will gave him.

JOCKO
God, I love small towns. Where else
in the world would they let a man out
of jail for three hours so he can
serve as a pallbearer. You been
arraigned yet?

SULLY
This afternoon.

JOCKO
How are you going to plead?

SULLY
Temporary insanity. We're going to
contend it was those pills of yours
that made me crazy.

Jocko stops dead in his tracks; the color drains from his face. Sully grins at him, holds open the door. As all three men enter the funeral home, we CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME; ROOM WITH THE CASKET AND PALLBEARERS - SAME

A back room in the funeral parlor. Off to one side we SEE a casket with Hattie (the old woman that Sully rescued) inside. Nearby, Cass is being comforted by friends and relatives. Off to one side are a group of men: Carl Roebuck, Jocko and Ralph. They are clearly pallbearers. Sully comes through the door, goes to Cass, says a few words. A young man (THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR) shows them his watch and indicates that they haven't

much time. As Cass and her relatives go out the door, Sully crosses to the casket, takes his position.

CARL

Okay, girls, we're on.

Carl in the front on one side, Sully behind him, in back of Sully is Ralph. Across from Sully is Jocko. The remaining places are taken by other townspeople.

CARL

Ready? One, two, three..

And they lift. THE CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they carry the coffin out of the room, through a pair of swinging doors into the parking lot to the hearse that is waiting there.

JOCKO

(to Sully, his
voice low)

You must be feeling great.

SULLY

Why the hell should I be feeling good. I'm in jail. My truck's on its last legs. In a couple of days I'll have no place to live--

JOCKO

Yeah, but that Trifecta you've been betting for the last ten years finally came in.

Now Sully stops, the coffin lurches.

THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR

(panic)

Hey, be careful!

SULLY

My trifecta?!

JOCKO

Yeah.

SULLY

The trifecta I bet every day?!

JOCKO

(nods)

It hit two days ago.

SULLY
(grim)
I was in jail. I didn't bet it.

JOCKO
(turning ashen)
You wouldn't strike a man with glasses,
would you?

SULLY
(to Carl)
Now do you believe in luck?

CARL
Luck had nothing to do with you being
in jail.

WIRF
You hear about Clive Jr.?

SULLY
Now what?

WIRF
He skipped town.

Again Sully stops. Again the coffin lurches.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Mr. Sullivan! Have a little respect!

They continue on.

WIRF
The money behind the Theme Park folded
and the bank was left holding a lot of
worthless land so he pulled a disappearing
act.

SULLY
How's Miss Beryl?

Wirf holds up his free hand to indicate that she is in rocky
shape.

SULLY
A person goes off to jail for a couple of
days and this whole town goes to hell.

They walk for several steps, then:

Sully? RALPH

Yeah? SULLY

(deeply troubled)
RALPH
Listen, you remember that snow-blower
you gave me?

Yeah? SULLY

RALPH
Well, somebody stole it last night.

SULLY
(his eyes glued to
Carl's back)
No kidding.

RALPH
Right out of the garage. I covered it
with a tarp, just like you told me to,
but--

SULLY
Don't worry Ralph. I know where to
find it.

CARL
Never in a million years.

At that point, they reach the hearse, and as they slide the
coffin inside and close the door, we CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

A semi-circle of folding chairs have been set up in the
Judge's chambers. Wirf is sitting in one, next to him are:
Satch Henry the County Prosecutor, Police Chief Ollie Quinn,
Officer Doug Raymer. Behind them we SEE Sully, who is limping
back and forth, trying to ease the pain in his leg.

ON THE DOOR TO THE JUDGE'S CHAMBERS--as it opens and Judge
Flatt (the same Judge who ruled against Sully in his earlier
trial). At the sight of the Judge Wirf holds his head. The
Judge spots Sully.

JUDGE FLATT
(his temperament hasn't
improved)
Well, Mr. Sullivan, I see you're back.

Satch rises and addresses the judge.

SATCH
Your honor, this is a simple matter
and I don't think we need to take up
much of your time. As everybody knows
Mr. Sullivan here has a history of
violent behavior. He broke Officer
Raymer's nose and gave him a concussion.
Take off those dark glasses, Doug.

ON OFFICER RAYMER--He takes off the sunglasses he is wearing
and we can see that he has two black eyes with a swollen nose
in between.

JUDGE
(to Raymer)
You ever been in a fist fight before,
Officer Raymer?

RAYMER
Sure, lots of times.

JUDGE FLATT
What do you usually do when someone
throws a punch at you?

RAYMER
(thinks for a moment)
Duck?

JUDGE FLATT
And why didn't you duck this time?

RAYMER
(exploding)
Hell, Judge, I was holding my goddamn
gun on him. The sonofabitch is crazy.

JUDGE FLATT
(turning to Satch)
You say you want this man on the stand,
Satch? He's just admitted to aiming his
weapon at an unarmed sixty-year-old
cripple.

SATCH
(defensive)
I don't think I'd describe Sully as a
cripple.

JUDGE FLATT
Come over here Mr. Sullivan. Pull up
your pants leg for these gentlemen.

SULLY
I'd rather not.

JUDGE FLATT
Do it anyway.

Sully does as he is told, putting his boot up on a folding
chair, then gingerly pulling up his pants leg until the knee
is exposed. It looks as bad as it always did, maybe even
worse.

REACTIONS--The sight affects everyone. Wirf looks away. Even
officer Raymer winces.

JUDGE FLATT
That hurt as much as it looks, Mr.
Sullivan?

SULLY
(lowering his pants
leg)
I take pain pills. Some days are pretty
good. I get through the others somehow.

JUDGE FLATT
You wouldn't blame the fact that you
punched this policeman on the medication
you're taking?

SULLY
No.

JUDGE FLATT
The smart answer to that would have
been yes. Okay, if it wasn't the pills,
why did you cold cock this policeman?

SULLY
(a pause, then:)
I don't know...I was tired, I guess. It
had been a long day.

There is a moment of silence in the room. Wirf holds his head

in despair. Finally, the Judge speaks.

JUDGE FLATT

(quietly)

Okay, Mr Sullivan, I can understand that. To tell the truth I'm tired myself. But regardless of that, we're going to settle this thing, right here, right now. On the one hand we've got Mr. Sullivan who did a dumb thing. On the other hand we've got Officer Raymer, about who...

(he hoists a heavy folder
think with papers onto
his desk)

...we have had more complaints than the rest of the Police and Fire Departments combined.

OLLIE

Judge, I object--

JUDGE FLATT

Overruled. And who, if he wasn't your brother-in-law Ollie, would have been fired a long time ago. Now then, Ollie, if you're not careful before this is done, you're going to look like a fool, and Satch is going to look like a fool, and your police officer who is a fool is going to look like one too. Now, I'm going to send Mr. Sullivan and Officer Raymer out.

(to Sully)

How about it, Mr. Sullivan. Do you think you can behave like an adult for about ten minutes?

SULLY

I'll try, your honor.

JUDGE FLATT

(firm)

Don't try. Just do it. And how about you, officer?

OFFICER RAYMER

I'd just like to say what's this country coming to, I'd just like to--

OLLIE
(growling)
Raymer, shut the fuck up.
(glaring at Raymer)
He'll behave your honor.

This is all too much for Officer Raymer who bolts angrily from the room. Sully follows at a more leisurely pace.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

ON THE DOOR TO THE JUDGE'S CHAMBERS--as Sully steps outside, looks around.

HIS POV; We can just SEE Officer Raymer disappearing into the Men's Room.

REVERSE ON SULLY--limping down the corridor, heading toward a door with a sign over it that reads, "Lounge." He gets no more than five or six feet when we HEAR the sound of a trash canister being kicked hard from inside the Men's Room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOUNGE AREA - SAME

A dismal looking room with vending machines along one wall and a couple of formica tables and some blue plastic chairs scattered around the room. Sully enters, crosses to a machine that dispenses coffee and feeds a couple of quarters into the slot.

INSERT; HIS POV: A paper cup drops into a small opening. There is a grinding sound from somewhere in the machine, and then about half a cup of repulsive inky, black liquid is poured into the cup.

ON SULLY--He stares at the cup for a long beat, then with some misgivings takes it and hobbles across to one of the tables. Just as he eases himself gently into a chair, Officer Raymer appears in the doorway. The policeman stops in his tracks at the sight of Sully; he is about to turn on his heel and leave when Sully pushes one of the blue plastic chairs forward.

SULLY
Sit down. Take a load off.

OFFICER RAYMER

(sullen)

No thanks...

(then:)

You know, there's no such fucking thing as justice. That's what gripes me.

SULLY

Of course there isn't. How about a cup of coffee. I'll buy.

OFFICER RAYMER

(testy)

I can buy my own coffee.

He crosses to the machine, fishes in his pocket for coins and drops two quarters into the slot.

INSERT: like clockwork the same half a cup of something that looks suspiciously like crude oil appears in the slot. THE CAMERA PANS UP TO OFFICER RAYMER'S FACE contemplating the disgusting mess in the cup in front of him. There is a long beat of silence. All we can HEAR is his steady, deep breathing. He puts one hand on either side of the coffee machine and begins rocking it gently back and forth.

CLOSE ON SULLY--watching him, knowing what is about to happen.

SULLY

Hold on a minute...

Sully struggles to his feet, taking his cup of coffee and moves to a table as far away as he can get from the impending disaster. As he eases himself into another blue plastic chair:

SULLY

Okay, go ahead.

ON OFFICER RAYMER--who begins to heave and rock the machine back and forth until the top of the machine slams against the wall. It rebounds, only to be slammed again and again. Raymer keeps at it until something inside the machine ruptures and a large pool of thick, black liquid spreads out across the floor.

CLOSER ON RAYMER--Finally, satisfied that if he hasn't killed the machine outright, at least it is bleeding to death.

RAYMER
(breathing heavily
from the exertion)
It all just gets to you sometimes,
don't it?

SULLY
(with sympathy)
It sure does.

At that point, Will and Peter appear in the doorway.

SULLY
(to Officer Raymer)
You met my son?

RAYMER
You were in the truck, right?

Peter nods. The two men shake hands as Will crosses to his grandfather, giving Officer Raymer and the smashed coffee machine a wide berth. He climbs onto his grandfather's knee.

SULLY
(with great pride)
And this is my grandson.
(to Will)
You want a soda?

Will nods, Sully digs in his pocket comes up with coins and gives Will a couple. Will slides to the ground and crosses to one of the other vending machines.

SULLY
(to Peter)
I'd buy you a coffee, but our friend
here just totalled the machine.

RAYMER
How much do you want to bet they
make me pay for it.

SULLY
Anybody see you break it?

RAYMER
You did.

SULLY
Not me. I wasn't anywhere around.

PETER

Here...I thought you might want this.

He takes a parimutuel slip out of his pocket and lays it on the table in front of his father.

SULLY

What's this?

PETER

(grinning)

What do you think?

CLOSE ON SULLY--He takes the ticket, looks at it in disbelief

SULLY

The Trifecta ticket?

Peter nods.

SULLY

(with awe)

The Trifecta that hit?

PETER

You got it.

Sully gets to his feet and starts walking around. He is too excited to sit still

SULLY

(barely audible)

Oh my God...Oh my God...It hit. Raymer, look. It really hit. After all these years. My trifecta really hit.

(to Peter, realizing something)

You bet it?

PETER

You told me to, remember? Right before you went to jail.

SULLY

I did?

(then:)

Wait a minute. Did I give you the money?

PETER

Who knows? Who cares?

SULLY
I do. Because if you bet your money,
then what you've won is yours. That's
the way it works.

PETER
(exasperated)
But I wouldn't have gone into the OTB
unless you told me to.

SULLY
(irritated)
Look, dammit, it's your Goddamn money.

PETER
The hell it is.

SULLY
Take it. You're going to need it.
You've got a family to worry about.

PETER
(heated)
I can handle my own goddamn affairs.

THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO OFFICER RAYMER--who stands watching
all this.

RAYMER
(to Peter)
Y'know, you're just as crazy as
he is.

PETER
(a growl)
Why shouldn't I be. He's my father.

Just then Will, reappears holding a plastic glass half full of
soda.

WILL
(apologetically)
They don't give you very much.

SULLY
(nodding towards
Officer Raymer)
Tell this guy. He'll fix it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUB SQUEERS HOUSE - LATER

WIDE SHOT--Rub Squeers is sitting on the front steps of his house. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO SULLY'S TRUCK as it pulls to a stop at the curb. Sully gets out, crosses to Rub and sits beside him. There is a beat of silence.

SULLY

I wouldn't sit here too long. The tip
of your dick'll freeze to the step.

Rub looks down to see if this is possible.

SULLY (cont'd.)

I forgot, yours doesn't hang down quite
that long.

RUB

(grinning in spite
of himself)

Yours don't either.

SULLY

I fold it so it won't.

Rub slides away, out of nudging distance.

SULLY

(sliding closer so
he can nudge his
friend)

You want to know how many times I have
to fold it?

RUB

(sliding away)

It would hurt if you folded it.

SULLY

(sliding closer
again)

Not mine.

RUB

You know what I wisht?

A beat of silence, then:

RUB

I wisht we were still friends.

SULLY

We still are, Rub.

Rub looks at Sully dubiously.

SULLY

You know what I wish? I wish you'd get up off your ass. We've got a lot of work to do, and I can't do it all by myself. C'mon...

Sully gets to his feet and starts toward the truck with Rub following at his heels.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TRUCK - SAME

Sully climbs behind the wheel, slams the door. Rub gets in on the passenger side.

RUB

(quietly)

What about Peter?

Sully is about to put the key in the ignition. He stops, looks at Rub.

SULLY

Hey.

Rub studies his knees.

SULLY

Look at me. He's my son. You're my best friend. That okay with you?

Rub nods, snuffs his nose.

SULLY

Don't cry either.

Rub nods and starts to cry. Sully watches him for a long beat.

SULLY

(shaking his head)

I should have stayed in jail.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ST. - NIGHT

CLOSE ON WILL--He is looking O.S., an uneasy expression on his face.

RALPH'S VOICE

Ready?

Will hesitates, takes the stopwatch and switches it on; then he nods. Ralph takes his hand and THE CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they enter the Horse.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HORSE - SAME

It is eight o'clock and the bar is crowded; although there is no sign of Sully, Wirf or any of the regulars.

ON THE DOOR--Ralph and Will enter, look around. Ralph crosses to the bartender.

RALPH

Have you seen Don Sullivan?

BIRDY

Through the door over there.

THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO A DOUBLE DOOR ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE BAR--as Ralph opens the door we CUT TO:

INT. SECOND ROOM - SAME

In the middle of the room is a large table with six people sitting around it playing cards. Two of them are naked. One is a very pretty young woman in her twenties; her name is DIDI and we met her earlier at the Country Club. The other is Carl Roebuck. In the center of the table, in addition to a pile of crumpled money, is a mound of clothing, a revolver and the lower half of a leg complete with shoe and sock.

Everyone at the table is so intent on the card game that at first they fail to notice Ralph and Will. It is the young woman who spots them first.

WOMAN

(delighted)

Oh, look! A little boy! Isn't he handsome?

Sully looks up from the cards in his hand.

SULLY

You stay away from my grandson.

(to Ralph and Will)

Hi Ralph...Will. Everybody, this is Ralph and my grandson, Will. The young
(more)

SULLY (cont'd.)
lady's name is Didi. I think you know
Carl. Next to him is Wirf. The man
that's asleep is the Police Chief. And
this is Rub Squeers, he's my best friend.

During this, we CROSS-CUT TO RALPH, stunned; his first
instinct is to take Will and flee, but good manners win out,
and each time he is introduced to someone he mumbles a
greeting.

CARL
How about closing that door? I'm
feeling a little naked here.

RALPH
(starting to back
out the door)
Maybe we ought to wait outside.

SULLY
Nah, don't go. We're almost done here.
This is the last hand.

Just then, Ollie Quinn, the police chief, wakes up, looks
around, sees Didi, blinks.

OLLIE
How come she's naked?
(spotting Carl)
Good Lord, so are you.

Sully realizes at this point that all this nudity might not be
appropriate since his grandson is present, so he tosses Didi
and Carl shirts from the pile of clothes on the table.

CARL
Why the hell not?! Why not let this be
the day I lose everything. God only
knows how much I've dropped in this
game. The goddamn Theme Park went down
the tubes and I'm stuck with fourteen,
crappy, half built houses I'll never
be able to unload. And on top of all
that, I think my wife's a little
irritated with me.
(shakes his head)
What a day...

OLLIE
(spotting the pistol
on the table)
Whose gun is that?

CARL
Yours.

SULLY
It was your ante.

OLLIE
Hell, I should have busted this game two
hours ago.

CARL
If we could ever finish this Goddamn hand,
there'd be no need.

Cards are studied, bets are made then, suddenly from out of
nowhere:

RUB
Say la vee.

Suddenly the game lurches to an abrupt halt. Everyone stops,
stares at Rub open mouthed. He continues to study his cards
for a moment then looks up to see everyone watching him.

RUB
(translating)
It means, "To each his fucking own."

No one moves. They continue to stare at him in
astonishment. Rub looks up again.

RUB
How come everybody's lookin' at me?

SULLY
Well, you're a good lookin' man, Rub.

RUB
(embarrassed)
Am not.

SULLY
Sure you are. What d'you say, Carl?

CARL
(he means it)
He is that.

Sully leans over and kisses Rub on top of the head.

RUB

(an urgent whisper)

You're gonna' make people think I'm queer.

SULLY

That ship has sailed, Rub. Now come on
and draw.

He does. Carl draws, grimaces, throws down his hand.

CARL

I fold.

(reaching for one

Sully's cigarettes)

Lemme have one of those, okay?

(lighting it)

Do me a favor, don't ever tell me how
much I lost tonight. I don't ever--

Suddenly Carl freezes, looks O.S.. As Sully turns in the
direction of Carl's look we CUT TO:

THEIR POV: Toby is standing in the door. She looks more
beautiful than ever and is dressed in a sweater and skirt
rather than her customary jeans and sweatshirt. THE CAMERA
PANS WITH HER as she crosses to Sully, ignoring both Carl and
Didi. There is a beat of silence.

TOBY

Here...

(she drops an envelope
on the table in front
of Sully)

Two tickets. Hawaii. You and me. Now
put up or shut up. You've got...

(checking her watch)

...one minute to make up your mind.

OLLIE

Goddamn, Sully, when your luck turns;
it turns.

CARL

(stunned)

Sully?!

(to Toby)

Are you crazy?! You can't go off with him!
You're pregnant!

During the following everyone is speaks at once.

TOBY
I'm not talking to you.
(to Sully)
Well?

SULLY
Dolly, are you sure you want to do
something like this?

TOBY
(matter of fact)
Yes.. You've got forty-five seconds.

CARL
(to Sully)
You can't run off with her. We're
married!

SULLY
You should've thought of that before.

TOBY
Thirty seconds.

SULLY
This is kind've short notice. I don't
even have a swimming suit.

TOBY
The place we're going we won't need them.
Eighteen seconds.

C.U. CARL--sweating hard.

TOBY
This is a once in a lifetime offer.
Five seconds. Four. Three. Two.
One...

CLOSE ON SULLY--He smiles, shakes his head no.

TOBY
Why?

SULLY
Because you couldn't go through with it.

CARL
(to Sully)
You're right.
(to Toby)
He's right.

TOBY
(to Carl)
Shut up.
(to Sully)
What makes you so sure?

SULLY
Oh, we'd get as far as the airplane,
just out of spite. But somewhere over
Kansas you'd start to cry and...as my
ex-wife will tell you I'm not at my
best with that sort of thing. I'm
sorry, dolly. I'm really sorry.

TOBY
(she reaches out and
gently touches his
cheek)
Oh, Sully...Don't say you weren't asked.
(then turning to the table)
All right, this is a non-refundable
ticket. Anyone else interested?

Hands go up all around the table, including Didi. Finally,
slowly, deliberately Carl raises his hand. When he does one
by one the rest of the hands are lowered.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN TOBY AND CARL--as they look at one
another. Abruptly she turns and walks to the door where she
stops and turns back to Carl.

TOBY
Well, hurry up, dammit; before I
come to my senses.

And she is out the door.

ON CARL--He gets to his feet, looks around the room.

CARL
What a day.
(he leans over Sully)
By the way, if I were you, I'd drop by
the Bowdin St. house before you go home.

SULLY
(suspicious)
What's wrong?

CARL
Nothing. Nothing at all. I just left
(more)

CARL (cont'd.)
you a little something there. Spirit
of the season so to speak--

Carl crosses to the door, turns back to the room one last time.

CARL
(to the world at large)
Jesus Christ. What a day.

And he walks out. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO RALPH AND WILL

RALPH
(can't take it any
longer)
Listen, me and Will are gonna wait
outside, okay?

And, pulling Will with him, he backs out the door, closing it after him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HORSE - NIGHT

Ralph closes the door, leads Will across to a table and then goes back to the bar, returning a moment later with two Cokes. Just then, we HEAR a roar from the inside room. A moment later, the door opens and Ollie Quinn emerges, slipping his revolver back into its holster. Then Sully appears, holding a wad of money in one hand and Wirf's wooden leg in the other. He crosses to the table where Will and Ralph are sitting, sipping their Cokes. Sully sits the wooden leg in the center of the table. Will is terrified of it and quietly slides out of his chair and takes refuge behind Ralph.

SULLY
(to Will who is barely
visible)
What brings you here, Will?

Will stares at Sully for a moment and then whispers something to Ralph. Ralph nods and leans forward.

RALPH
Will wanted to say good-bye before he left.
Peter and Will are going to visit Charlotte
and Wacker for a couple of days. So --

ON THE DOOR TO THE BACK ROOM as it opens and Wirf appears in the doorway. He is using an inverted broom as a crutch and

his empty pants leg is dangling.

WIRF

(to Sully)

You'd keep my leg, wouldn't you?

SULLY

You don't need a leg, you need a parrot.

Sully turns to Will who remains half hidden behind Ralph.

SULLY

You think we ought to give him back his leg?

CLOSER ON WILL--He nods eagerly.

SULLY

(sliding the prosthesis
toward the boy)

Okay. Take it to him.

Will's eyes get even wider, he takes another half step behind Ralph.

SULLY

It's not alive.
(rapping it)
See?

RALPH

He don't want to, Sully.

SULLY

(to Will, ignoring Ralph)

You could tell your brother.

By now, the entire bar has become silent, watching. They sense that there is something very important at stake. For a long beat, Will doesn't move.

RALPH

(trying to let the
child off the hook)

Sully, I don't--

Sully holds up his hand. Ralph stops. Then after another long moment, the boy reaches forward with both hands and gingerly picks up the wooden leg. He carries it toward Wirf, walking very slowly and carefully as if he was afraid it contained the man's liquid life and spilling any might mean less of him.

ON DIDI--watching. She begins to cry, softly, quietly.

ON SEVERAL OTHER PEOPLE IN THE BAR--watching the child.

ON SULLY--Peter appears behind him; after a moment, he gently rests his hand on his father's shoulder.

ON WIRF--as the boy hands him the leg. Impulsively, he leans down and kisses Will.

WIRF
Thanks...

WIDE SHOT--The entire bar breaks into applause. Peter picks up Will, puts him on his shoulders and says goodbye to his father. As he leaves Sully crosses to Wirf who is sitting at the bar with a beer in front of him. He slides onto the stool next to Wirf, who is strapping his leg back on (below CAMERA), and begins unloading wads of money from his various pockets as Wirf and Birdie watch. Finally, there is an impressive pile of bills on the counter in front of him. He counts out a small stack, pushes it across to Birdie.

SULLY
This ought to take care of my tab for
the last few months.

From the look on her face, it more than will. As she goes to the cash register, Sully turns to Wirf.

SULLY
How much do I owe you?

WIRF
Forget it.

SULLY
I'm going to start counting, when I've
got close, tell me to stop.

WIRF
Are you sure?

Sully begins methodically placing bills in front of Wirf who is silent as the pile of bills in front of him grows. Sully keeps counting; Wirf still says nothing. Sully glances up.

SULLY
I don't know if you've been paying
attention, but these aren't all ones.

WIRF

I know...

SULLY

I mean there are a bunch of fives and tens in there.

WIRF

Ummm...

Finally, Wirf puts his hand on top of the stack of money, indicating that Sully has paid enough.

SULLY

I'll tell you one thing, this'll make me think twice about punching a cop next time.

WIRF

Now then, I want a favor.

Sully starts to push the rest of the pile of bills toward Wirf who stops him.

WIRF (cont'd.)

No. But I want you to know I'm serious about this.

SULLY

(quietly)

Okay.

WIRF

It's your landlady.

SULLY

I'll do anything I can for Beryl. You know that.

WIRF

Good. She feels the same about you. Which is why she did something for you.

SULLY

(a sinking feeling)

What?

WIRF

You own the house on Bowdin again.

Silence.

WIRF (cont'd.)
She paid the back taxes.

Nothing.

WIRF (cont'd.)
Just over ten grand.

SULLY
And you let her?!

WIRF
I encouraged her.

SULLY
(angry)
Knowing that I wanted no fucking part of
the place, knowing that it wasn't worth
selling for scrap, you let her?

WIRF
(matter of fact)
I already have an offer of twenty.
They'll go higher. You could pay her
back, get a new truck, start all over.

CLOSE ON SULLY--He says nothing, glares at Wirf.

WIRF
(very quiet)
Now here's the favor I need. When she
tells you be grateful. Thanks to that
son of hers, she's going to have a
rough time for a while. Make her feel
good.

SULLY
(trying to explain)
It's not that--

CLOSE ON WIRF--He leans forward, and speaks with great
intensity.

WIRF
I don't give a shit what it is, Sully.
Either you're going to do this or we're
through.

There is a long pause, finally:

SULLY
Okay.

Wirf leans back, relaxes. The two men sit in silence for a beat, then:

SULLY

Y'know, I've been thinking, seeing the condition you're in and the age I'm getting to, maybe we should cut back -- the two of us. I don't mean quit zigging altogether, but maybe we should try cutting back.

WIRF

(considering this)

Hmmm...The buddy system applied to moderation. Interesting. I like it as an alternative to zigging alone.

SULLY

Yeah, I think we just might try that.
(then, getting to his feet:)
Now then, unless you've got any more threats to make, I'm going home.

Wirf holds his hands apart as if to say, "Why not."

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HORSE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT--Sully comes out, crosses to his truck. He is about to get in when he spots a piece of paper sticking under the windshield wiper.

CLOSER IN-- He takes it out, looks at it.

HIS POV: Scrawled in big block letters, we read, "Don't forget Bowdin Street."

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE ON BOWDIN ST. - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT--at night it looks even more like a haunted house than ever before. The effect is made even more eerie by the sound of a dog barking somewhere in the distance. We can SEE that a light is on somewhere in the back of the house.

C.U. SULLY--He is sitting in his truck which is parked at the curb in front of the house. He stares at the house for a long beat, then with an expression of dread, takes a flashlight from the seat beside him and opens the door.

WIDE SHOT--as he crosses to the house, mounts the steps toward the porch.

CLOSER IN--Sully stands in front of the door, as he reaches to open it. The door swings open.

INT. THE HOUSE - SAME

ON SULLY--He turns on the flashlight, steps inside.

HIS POV: The floor is out and stretching across the black abyss is a narrow pathway made out of planks stretched across the joists. Light is coming through the partially open door of the kitchen.

ON SULLY--walking slowly, guided by the flashlight beam.

SULLY

Alright, old man...I may be stuck with this house, but that doesn't change things between us...Never forgive. Never forget. Remember?...You're the one that taught me that.

By now he has reached the door to the kitchen.

SULLY (cont'd.)

I'm damned if I'll forgive, but... maybe it's time to forget. Okay?

(a beat)

How about that?

He pushes open the door.

CUT TO:

C.U. RASPUTIN--his teeth are bared. He is chained to a table and the chain is short so that the dog is barely able to move; he strains against it, trying to get to Sully.

ON SULLY--the sight of the dog causes him to take a step backwards nearly going off the edge of the plank and into the basement.

HIS POV: THE CAMERA PANS FROM THE DOG TO A TABLE about halfway between Sully and the dog. There is an envelope sitting on the table.

ON SULLY--He reaches forward and takes the envelope.

CLOSER ON THE DOG--a low growl coming from somewhere deep inside.

CLOSER ON SULLY--He opens the envelope, takes out the paper inside.

INSERT; HIS POV: Scrawled on a piece of Tip Top Construction Co. stationery we read, "You broke him, he's yours."

ON SULLY--glaring at the doberman.

ON THE DOBERMAN--glaring back. Suddenly, the dog's legs give way again and he goes down onto the floor.

Sully looks around, sees a crowbar they have been using on the flooring. He picks it up and begins edging toward Rasputin.

SULLY

If you bite me. I swear, you're gonna regret it.

The dog remains still. Sully reaches him and undoes the chain. The doberman is having trouble getting to his feet. Against his better judgement, Sully picks up the animal. He struggles to his feet with the dog in his arms, and Rasputin licks his face.

SULLY

Now then, this doesn't mean that you are really my dog, understand?

Sully walks to the door leading from the kitchen into the living room and pauses. He realizes that, a: he cannot possibly carry both the dog and the flashlight at the same time, and b: that the dog is too big to see over and Sully will have to find his way along the planks by feeling his way.

CLOSE ON SULLY'S FEET--as he starts across the narrow plank bridge; moving very slowly.

ON SULLY--holding the dog, concentrating on trying to remember exactly how the plank bridge goes. Suddenly, the dog barks.

SULLY

Now listen, don't get emotional on me, okay? Just calm--

He stops in mid-sentence. THE CAMERA PANS QUICKLY DOWN and we SEE that Sully has misjudged one of the turns in the plank bridge and is just about to step off into a void. He stops, feels around gingerly until he locates the next plank and then continues slowly forward.

ON SULLY AND RASPUTIN

SULLY

I think you ought to know that I don't have much of a record when it comes to long term relationships.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, MISS BERYL'S HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

She is asleep in bed when we HEAR from O.S. the rattling of chains. Instantly, Miss Beryl wakes and sits upright in bed. Once again, we HEAR the rattling of chains from the distance. Miss Beryl turns on a bedside lamp, gets out of bed, puts on a robe and slippers and starts towards the door.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER

WIDE SHOT--as Miss Beryl comes downstairs. Once more, we hear the sound of chains, this time much closer. THE CAMERA PANS WITH HER as she crosses to the door to the outer hallway and opens it a crack, keeping the chain securely fastened.

HER POV: Rasputin, still wearing his chain is standing in the middle of the hallway.

ON MISS BERYL; LOOKING THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR--If she is surprised at seeing a doberman in her hallway, she doesn't show it.

MISS BERYL

Who are you?

ON THE DOG--at the sound of her voice he collapses against the bannister as if shot. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO THE FRONT DOOR as it opens and Sully enters.

SULLY

I tightened that railing back down for you.

(a beat, then:)

You mind if I come in and take my boots off, Mrs. Peoples?

MISS BERYL

Of course not, Donald.

SULLY

What's your policy on pets?

MISS BERYL
(looking at the dog)
I'm not sure yet.

SULLY
Don't worry, we'll work something out.

He collapses in the Queen Anne chair which, groans but holds.

MISS BERYL
Can I interest you in a cup of tea?

SULLY
(lighting a cigarette)
No. Not now. Not ever.

As she goes to get his ash tray.

SULLY
(watching her)
I guess it's just you and me, old girl.
(then:)
I'm sorry about Clive Jr..

Her back is to him.

MISS BERYL
Thank you, Donald. I keep thinking
that I failed him somehow.

SULLY
At least you raised him. You did the
best you could.

She hands him an ash tray. There is a beat of silence, then:

SULLY (cont'd.)
Now then, I heard a rumor you did a
good deed.

Silence.

SULLY (cont'd.)
You stuck your nose where it didn't
belong.

MISS BERYL
(standing erect)
I know it. I'm an old woman, though.
I'm entitled.

CLOSE ON SULLY--There is a long beat of silence, the hardness

remaining in his eyes until his more familiar sheepish grin releases it.

SULLY
(quietly)
Anyhow. I forgive you.

MISS BERYL
Thank you, Donald.
(she starts toward
the kitchen)
You're certain I can't interest you in
a cup of tea?

SULLY
(grinning)
No, you can't. How many times do I have
to tell you?

MISS BERYL
Other people change their minds
occasionally. I keep thinking you might.

SULLY
You do?

THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH MISS BERYL as she goes into the kitchen, fixes herself a cup of tea and as she returns to the living room she pauses in the doorway.

HER POV: Sully is asleep, his head back, snoring. He has fallen asleep in the act of removing one boot with the toe of the other.

Miss Beryl crosses to Sully, gently removes the cigarette in his hand and stubs it out in the ashtray. From O.S. we HEAR the dog outside. THE CAMERA MOVES WITH MISS BERYL as she crosses to the door and opens it.

HER POV: The dog scrambles with great, spastic effort to its feet. When it finally locates its equilibrium, it stands there unsteadily watching her.

MISS BERYL
You might as well come in too.

The dog apparently understands, because it trots past her, collapsing again with a massive sigh at Sully's feet. The dog lies there, its nub of a tail twitching in what -- who knows? -- just might be contentment.

As we FADE TO BLACK, it is THE END.

UNFINISHED CUT SCENE

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The interior of the house looks exactly the way it did in the PRE-CREDIT sequence: walls nicely papered, woodwork freshly painted. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE EMPTY ROOM, ACROSS TO THE STAIRCASE. Then from the second floor we HEAR:

BIG JIM'S VOICE

Donald?!...Donald?

REVERSE ON THE EIGHT YEAR OLD SULLY--He stands in the middle of the room, frozen with terror.

BIG JIM'S VOICE

You broke that window on purpose, didn't you. Donald, come and take your medicine.

The boy remains where he is.

BIG JIM

If you know what's good for you, you won't make me come and get you.

White with fear the child starts toward the stairs. CROSS-CUT WITH HIS POV: as he starts up the stairs we (and the boy) SEE a half open door at the top. The boy gets almost to the top when we HEAR:

CARL (O.S.)

Sully?...Sully?

The boy turns in the direction of the sound and we CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE (PRESENT TIME) LOOKING DOWN THE STAIRS TOWARD THE FIRST FLOOR It is the same house we saw a moment before only now the rooms are empty, the wall paper is peeling and waterstained. Most of the flooring has been removed, giving the house an oddly surrealistic quality. In some places, there is sub-flooring, but for the most part, the joists are stretched across empty space, dropping down to a black hole of a basement. Planks have been laid across the joists to make narrow pathways stretching from room to room. Carl is standing in the middle of the living room.

CARL'S

Where's Will?

CLOSE ON SULLY (PRESENT TIME)--as he realizes he has been