

# *Blue Valentine*

Written by  
Derek Cianfrance &  
Cami Delavigne  
and  
Joey Curtis

Official White Script 4/5: 96 Pages

Writer's Guild of America: R07380 - 00

EXT. RURAL SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN - PRESENT DAY

A 5-year old girl wanders alone, lost in her neighborhood.

FRANKIE  
(barely audible)  
Me-gan!

INT. PERIERA HOME - PRESENT DAY

FRANKIE crawls through a dog door. She walks into the living room where...

DEAN PERIERA, 30 years old, hefty, sleeps in a lazyboy.

FRANKIE  
(hushed)  
Get up, Get up.

Frankie uses the footrest to crawl up onto her dad's belly.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
We have to go outside.

DEAN (waking)  
What's the matter baby?

She snuffles. He notices.

EXT. PERIERA HOME - BACK/FRONT YARDS - PRESENT DAY

The back door opens and Dean carries Frankie to the yard. The first yellow rays of sunlight hit their faces.

He looks over the lawn, an empty bowl, water tin and a doghouse posting the name MEGAN. The gate has been left OPEN.

DEAN  
Okay sweetheart go check in the house,  
see if she's in there.

He lets Frankie down on the ground. She crawls inside the doghouse. There's no one home.

DEAN (cont'd)  
Megan!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dean carries Frankie to the front yard. They look around.

FRANKIE

When's she going to get back?

DEAN

Oh Buddy, she's gonna come back. You know what we'll put some water in her bowl, you know some food. She's gonna get hungry she's going to have to come back to eat right? I'm hungry right now. Are you hungry? You know I'm so hungry I could just eat your hand. Yeah, no no just let me have bite of your hand okay? Just one bite. How come I can't have one bite? Just one finger.

FRANKIE

No!

Dean's optimism is infectious. Frankie nods slowly.

DEAN

You've got five of them.

Dean pretends to gnaw at Frankie's hand. Breaks her sadness.

DEAN (cont'd)

Okay we've got to be quiet when we wake up mommy okay.

INT. PERIERA HOME - BEDROOM - 6:12AM - PRESENT DAY

CINDY PERIERA, 28, sleeps in bed. Sunlight spills through translucent yellow curtains into a small master bedroom.

DEAN

Do you want to get thrown? Do you want to get thrown?

FRANKIE

I want to get next to mommy.

Dean sets Frankie down on the bed, motions to her to be silent. He sniffs the air. She follows. They eye each other and pounce. Cindy wakes up with a gasp.

Cindy

No!NO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

We're tigers!

CINDY

I'm sleeping! Stop! Its too early.

DEAN

We're tigers!

CINDY

Stop, stop, I never get to sleep any more.

They pin her arms above her head and 'furber' her armpit.

INT. PERIERA HOME - VARIOUS - MORNING - LATER - PRESENT DAY

Cindy prepares instant oatmeal. A tea kettle whistle blows.

FRANKIE

NO, make pretty music. I must get my breakfast.

Dean and Frankie sit at the table. He plays a song for Frankie on a melodian. Frankie sings along.

Cindy gets up, turns off the kettle, pours hot water into the bowl with instant oatmeal & raisins. She blows on the food and places it at the table.

CINDY

Here comes your oatmeal. Alright picky.

DEAN

You ready to eat?

CINDY

You gotta eat up okay? You can't be late today. Blow on it first.

Frankie takes a tiny bite and makes a sour face.

FRANKIE

I don't like it...

DEAN

Why don't you like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

It just yucky.

DEAN

Baby what did you do just put water in that?

CINDY

Yeah its instant oatmeal.

DEAN

Yeah but you've got to soak the oats.

CINDY

They're fine.

DEAN

Yeah delicious, you eat it. Here, come on let's eat like leopards that'll make it better. Here just eat the raisins okay? At least.

Cindy turns on the faucet over a pile of dishes, returns to the computer to e-mail herself the missing dog flyer.

Dean spoons the raisins out of her bowl onto the table.

He laps up his coffee like a cat. Frankie mimics her father and begins eating the raisins off of the table. Dean laughs.

CINDY

Oh come on Dean! I don't have to clean up after 2 kids. Frankie, Frankie use a spoon honey.

DEAN

What do you mean use a spoon?

CINDY

Come on sue a spoon you know how to use a spoon.

DEAN

We're eating like leopards. Hey that's mine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CINDY

Show your daddy how you use a spoon.  
You're a big girl now huh you know how  
to use a spoon.

DEAN

WHat do you mean you're a big girl.  
You're a big girl now sweetheart so don't  
have any fun.

Dean is goaded on by his daughter's enthusiasm. He takes a  
raisin from the table and pushes it on Frankie's cheek like a  
make-shift beauty mark.

DEAN (cont'd)

Stick it on your face.

CINDY

Frankie we're leaving in two minutes.  
Come on don't eat like that, come on.  
Come on come on. Okay if that's how  
you're gonna eat, breakfast is over.

She pulls Frankie out of her seat and carries her under one  
arm to the back room. Frankie protests.

FRANKIE

No! Dad was doing it!

CINDY

I know your dad was doing it. Come on  
kidido.

DEAN

I was doing it!

FRANKIE

Daddy you made me in trouble!

DEAN

I'm sorry!

CINDY

Let's go, let's go, we're late we're  
late.

INT. PERIERA HOME - FRANKIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cindy takes a special 4th of july dress out of the closet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Do you wanna wear this one?

Frankie sits on her little bed. Nods.

FRANKIE

Yes

CINDY (softens)

Okay but we gotta be fast. Ready? ONE!  
TWO!

She begins dressing Frankie as she counts, trying to beat their record. They beat it, by getting dressed in 8 seconds!

CINDY (cont'd)

You're going to do it! You did it in eight!

EXT. PERIERA HOME - MORNING - PRESENT DAY

Cindy backs their minivan out of the garage. Frankie is strapped in her carseat. Dean comes up to the window, knocks. Cindy brakes. Dean hands Frankie her backpack.

CINDY

Whoopsies! Silly mommy

DEAN (to Frankie)

Hey Frankie you gonna be good for miss Alex today? You promise? Okay I love you like crazy.

FRANKIE

I love you like crazy.

DEAN

Oh, really? Cause I love you like CRAAAZZZY!!!

Cindy in the driver's seat, knows they are in a hurry and this could go on for minutes...

CINDY

Okay guys, we gotta go. We're gonna be late.

Dean pulls his head out of the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

See ya at the recital dad!

She starts to back up.

DEAN

Hey Cin, put your seat belt on. Hey Cindy  
put your seatbelt on!

CINDY

I got it.

DEAN

Would you please put your seatbelt on?  
This road is crazy alright!

Cindy does as she's told, looks over her shoulder, scrapes  
the curb.

Cindy cranks the wheel straight, puts on the gas and burns  
down the road.

DEAN (cont'd)

Watch out for this guy...Watch out for  
this fucking asshole!

A car speeds by in the opposite direction going way too fast  
for any neighborhood with children. Dean throws his cigarette  
at the speeding car.

DEAN (cont'd)

Hey fuck you! Why don't you slow down you  
fucking jackass! Motherfucker! You're  
gonna kill somebody asshole!

INT. CLINIC - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Cindy clicks the "print" button on a computer, moves to the  
printer. It spits out a "Missing Dog" flyer.

DR. SAM FEINBERG - handsome, well-groomed, unshakable  
confidence - appears at the door, with coffee.

FEINBERG

Hey there you are.

Cindy places the flyers in her folder in a rush.

CINDY

Oh hi! Sorry...I'm almost done here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEINBERG

Did you get a...do you have a second?

CINDY

Yeha sure.

FEINBERG

Did you get a chance to talk it over with your family yet?

Cindy

Umm... no, I mean you know I will. I will.

FEINBERG

That's okay. No pressure, its just, you know, its just a good opportunity.

CINDY

I know I know. I should know for sure by Monday.

FEINBERG

By Monday, alright. I've got to have my best nurse up there with me.

INT. CLINIC - DAY - PRESENT DAY

An ultrasound monitor, the abstracted image of a 20-week fetus. Cindy performs an ultrasound.

CINDY

Is it your first baby?

PATIENT

Yeah. So exciting

CINDY

I know, isn't it? Do you know what you're having yet?

PATIENT

No.

CINDY

No? Do you want to know or are you going to wait for a surprise.

PATIENT

We want to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Yeah... having the baby is surprise  
enough, huh? Let's see...

Cindy is transfixed on the monitor.

CINDY (cont'd)

It's a girl!

PATIENT

Really?

CINDY

Is that good news?

PATIENT

It's great news.

CINDY

Good.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - UNFINISHED HOUSING TRACK - PRESENT DAY

Dean smokes, works in the soon to be living room. He paints a picture on the wall before covering it up with the roller.

INT. VAN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Dean drives with a beer in a koozie and a cigarette. He has a coughing fit, rolls down his window and spits. He listens to THE DIRTBOMBS.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Pat Benetar blasts loud, "WE BELONG"

Cindy rocks out to the music and eats a jelly donut. She sees something. On the side of the road. Oh shit. She slows down. Stops. Pulls a u-turn.

Megan, their beloved golden retriever is dead on the side of the road.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Dean waits, wondering where his wife is.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

4th of July independence recital. Frankie and kids from the kindergarten class sing "yankee doodle dandy." It isn't some perfect performance. They are kids. They miss the words, sing out of key, and are generally a chaotic mess.

Dean sits alone, picks paint off his hands. He does not watch the stage - he watches the door for Cindy to enter. He wonders where she is - every possible scenario passes through his mind. looks at the clock - 3:35.

Cindy arrives with haste, purse open, holding a big set of keys in her right hand and a water bottle in her left. She props her sunglasses on her head, looks around for Dean, spots him in the center of the crowd. Little waves.

DEAN

What's wrong?

Cindy is about to cry. She can't do it here. She tries to act as if everything is okay.

Dean points up on stage. Cindy settles, arranges her things, finds her daughter. Little waves.

CINDY (holding back tears)

I found Megan.

The children begin singing "My country Tis of thee."

Dean freezes. His shock soon gives way to anger, rage.

Tears pool in her eyes. She has to look up and blink to keep them from rolling down her cheek.

DEAN

How many times did I tell you to lock the fucking gate? Huh?

Cindy can't hold back. She begins to sob.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

Dean carries Frankie in his arms. Other children and other parents make way for their cars and the long holiday weekend ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Hey, I had an idea... I thought maybe you should go visit your grandpa today. What do you think?

FRANKIE

Yay! Did you find Megan?

They make it to their minivan. Cindy is sitting in the drivers seat. She is wearing her sunglasses.

DEAN

No. But I was thinking that maybe she moved out to Hollywood and became one of those movie dogs... You think? You think she moved out to Hollywood to be a movie dog? She had the looks don't you think? Maybe that's what happened huh.

Cindy buckles her seatbelt.

EXT. HELLER HOME - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

The door opens to a grandpa - JERRY HELLER - early 70's. He has a tube under his nose attached to an oxygen tank. His porch and front yard are overloaded with 4th of July decorations.

FRANKIE

Pa!

JERRY

Hi sweetheart how are you? Look what I have for you!

He holds up a loli-pop. She squeals with delight.

Cindy follows behind Frankie. She turns back to Dean who stays across the street by his red van.

CINDY (To DEAN)

Aren't you coming up?

Dean gives a sour look and lights a cigarette.

DEAN

I can't smoke around the oxygen tank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cindy gives Dean a slow look of contempt, grabs the backpack and walks toward the house. Jerry stands over the hose spigot with Frankie at his side.

JERRY (to FRANKIE)

...Want me to show you a magic trick?  
Here's how you turn the grass green. You  
can teach it to your dad.

The sprinkler jets on. Cindy comes up the stairs quick to avoid getting wet. She kisses her dad on the cheek, rests her hand on Frankie's shoulder.

CINDY (to FRANKIE)

Go say goodbye to Daddy. You're not going  
to see him until tomorrow. Watch out for  
the water. Okay go you're clear!

Frankie runs to Dean, dodging the water stream. She hugs his leg. He picks her up.

FRANKIE

Bye Dad!

DEAN

By buddy. Hey, I love you.

FRANKIE

I love you.

DEAN

Have fun okay buddy.

FRANKIE

Okay.

DEAN

You remember what to do when Pa snores  
right?

FRANKIE

Cover his mouth and hold his nose.

DEAN

That's my girl. Go have fun!

Dean hugs her and she squeezes back as hard as her arms allow. He sets her on the ground running back to the porch. She screams as the water chases her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CINDY

Alright, run to mama. Come on you can do it! Come on sweetie pie.

Frankie reaches her mother at the top of the steps. Her little bangs are dripping wet.

CINDY (cont'd)

Yayyyyyy, that was great. That was great. Alright you ready to go inside?

Dean leans up against his van, watching... he can also hear that they are talking about him.

JERRY (O.S.)(TO CINDY)

So what's with him, you two fighting again?

CINDY (O.S.)

We'll talk about it later...

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Why isn't daddy coming in?

CINDY (O.S.)

I don't know.

Dean takes another tug on his cigarette. Too much nicotine today. He is shaky. He drifts into memory...

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY/MOVING COMPANY - MORNING.

Dean checks his reflection in a car window. His hair; freshly combed, still wet, with fresh teeth marks.

He checks the address on the nearby building against a number on a crumpled up piece of paper.

This is the one. He opens the large, metal door and walks inside.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY/MOVING COMPANY - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean shakes hands with the boss, Jamie Benatti.

DEAN

Mr. Benatti, good to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE

So what kind of job are you applying for?

There is a long pause.

JAMIE (cont'd)

Driver...helper..packer?

DEAN

Whatever, one that pays.

JAMIE

DO you have any experience at all?

DEAN

Sure.

JAMIE

Where have you worked?

DEAN

I mean, you know, I've helped people move before. You mean what are my jobs?

JAMIE

But you've never had any moving experience?

DEAN

No.

JAMIE

So I guess that'll be "no experience."  
Okay. Where are you from.

Dean would rather not be questioned so much and for a brief moment, he nearly loses his composure, "I don't need this shit!"

But then again... he does need to make some money. He snaps out of it.

DEAN

Florida.

JAMIE

And how long have you been here?

DEAN

2 years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMIE

And where are you living?

DEAN

I live in Brooklyn.

JAMIE

Can you get here everyday?

DEAN

Yeah, I'll get here.

JAMIE

I need you here by 7am.

Dean thinks about it...

DEAN

I'll get here.

INT. HOME #1 - MORNING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean hefts three large boxes on his back.

MARSHALL

Ready? There you go. Good job!

He balances the boxes on his back and heads for the stairs.

DEAN

You're a man amongst men. No homo!

INT. STAIRWELL - MORNING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean is unsure. He proceeds, imbalanced down the 6 flights of stairs.

MARSHALL (O.S.)

Sit up son! Sit up, sit up!

He makes it to the truck where Jamie waits to help him get the boxes in. Dean can't quite manage a 30-pound, behind the back hand-off.

He ends up spilling up the boxes and their contents all over the sidewalk. Jamie gets pissed.

Dean gets down on his hands and knees and packs up the boxes - quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL (cont'd)

Don't worry about it, you aint a professional yet.

MOVING MONTAGE: HOME #2

As Dean and crew move boxes, we hear their conversation from the back of a moving truck on break.

DEAN

How do you meet girls?

MARSHALL

I just walk right up and talk to them. Whatever comes in my mind in that moment.

OTHER MOVER

He honks the horn

MARSHALL

I gets out the truck.

OTHER MOVER

Or he screams out, like, "chocolate thunder."

They all laugh.

Dean takes a pull from his cigarette. His body, sore from the manual labor. His mind, ripe.

DEAN

You see I don't know... I feel like men are more romantic than women. When we get married we marry one girl. Cause we're resistant the whole way until we meet one girl and we think I'd be an idiot if I didn't marry this girl she's so great.

- DEAN HOISTS A 6' TALL DRESSER WITH DRAWERS ON HIS BACK.  
CHARLEY TIES A BLUE BLANKET AROUND HIM TO SECURE HIS LOAD.  
DEAN WALKS OUT OF THE TRUCK AND INTO A NEW APARTMENT.

DEAN

But it seems like girls get to a place where they just kidna pick the best option or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marshal nods his head in approval...

DEAN (cont'd)

I know girls that married they're like.  
"Oh he's got a good job." I mean they  
spend their whole life looking for Prince  
Charming and then they marry the guy  
who's got a good job and is gonna stick  
around.

- JAMIE HANDS OUT THE DAY'S MONEY, PLUS TIP. DEAN COUNTS HIS  
CUT - \$327. NOT BAD. BUT HIS BACK FEELS BROKEN.

JAMIE

Take your share and go home okay? Let's  
call it a good night.

DEAN

Thanks Jamie...

INT. DEAN'S FRIEND'S APARTMENT. DAY. 6 YEARS EARLIER

- Dean puts \$300 in an envelope, seals it, and writes "THANKS  
PAL." He slides the envelope under Jake's door.

- He plays a little, simple song on his uke.

EXT/INT. BROWNSTONE. (HOME #3) MORNING. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

A fifty something MAN helps an ELDERLY MAN navigate his  
walker down the stairs of his neglected Brownstone. Dean  
holds a ream of unfolded cardboard boxes and can't help but  
stare. Charley slaps him on the back.

MARSHALL

Lemme tell you something. When I get old  
I'm gonna look good. When you get old  
you're gonna look like him.

DEAN

What do you mean *when* you get old?

MARSHALL

It's gonna be a long time... another  
fifty years at least.

INT. BROWNSTONE. MORNING.

INSIDE. Dank, dark home. 0 upkeep. The smell makes Dean hold back a gag. Charley climbs the stairs to the 2nd floor.

MARSHALL

Man it look like world war three in this motherfucker.

Jamie elbows in with rolls of tape and contractor bags.

JAMIE (TO DEAN)

Box everything in the kitchen, bag everything upstairs, let's get the truck loaded, up to Pennsylvania and back by tonight.

- Dean ties a bandana around his nose. Gets back to packing. - boxes full of the old man's life (religious items, framed pictures, old cameras and reams of polaroids). - Boxes are packed, taped and stacked.

EXT. BROWNSTONE. MORNING.

Bags of garbage dump into a 20' rented dumpster out in the street.

- Dean and Charley heft an old couch into the dumpster.
- Barren home reveals a sagging floor. Ghostly impressions on walls where pictures used to hang.
- The truck takes off, leaving a full dumpster behind.

EXT/INT. TRUCK/ROAD. AFTERNOON. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

- Dean and crew cut out of the city. It's the first time Dean has seen nature in the longest. Breathes deep.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME. LATE AFTERNOON. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

- The crew carries boxes down a hallway to a single room. A sign on the door reads, "Welcome home Walter!!!"

MARSHALL

This is a small, small room here.

DEAN

How's all the stuff gonna fit in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE

It's probably not gonna... so strip the furniture I'll bring you boxes you start unpacking and placing... flatten all the cartons and we'll get em outta here.

DEAN

What happens to all the other stuff?

JAMIE

Not out problem.

- Dean slides open a box cutter.
- Dean and Charley move a dresser against the wall.
- He hammers a nail in the wall. Places a framed picture up.
- Unpacks the old man's clothes, folds them, puts them in drawers.
- He finds the man's old army uniform. Hangs it with reverence on the wall. Along with an American flag.
- Replaces the light bulb on a burned out lamp.
- Wipes clean old pictures and knickknacks using toilet paper.
- Marshall carries in a box of food - cans of soup, etc.

MARSHALL

Come on, come on, hurry it up. Gotta go, gotta go, gotta go.

DEAN

I don't understand what you're trying to say.

MARSHALL

We got another job to do, we gotta go.

Jamie walks in, in no mood to waste time.

JAMIE

Dean you ready? Let's get outta here okay? Job's over, here I'll give you your pay. One hundred, and ten, and twenty is part of your tip okay? Let's go we've got a 2 hour ride back to the city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jamie leaves the room. Dean does his best to quickly finish his make-shift re-decoration of Walter's new home.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME. LATE AFTERNOON. HALLWAY. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Dean hears Walter coming down the corridor. Dean looks out the door, sees Walter being wheeled up to his room.

DEAN

Hey! Walter! Don't be mad okay? I opened some of your stuff, I hope that's okay. You wanna walk in here? You don't wanna get wheeled in here. This is your new house.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME. WALTER'S ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Dean guides Walter through his new room - his new home.

DEAN

I hung your uniform I hope that's okay. It's just so handsome you know? I noticed you had a lot of matches so I just hung them on the wall, if you don't like it you can just rip em down, its tape.

It is hard to judge from Walter's expression what his reaction is. Dean continues.

DEAN (cont'd)

Do you wanna sit down in the chair. Here let me get this out of your way.

Dean positions the rocking chair so Walter can sit down. He does.

DEAN (cont'd)

You got it? Okay Walter I gotta go or I'm gonna get in trouble but let me show you a few things okay?

Dean reaches under Walter's dresser, pulls out his old grey shoes.

DEAN (cont'd)

That's your shoes, see?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marshall sticks his head in the room, impatient...

MARSHALL

Yo, Dean we gotta go alright?

DEAN

Okay, okay.

MARSHALL

I'll meet you in the truck.

Marshall leaves the room. Dean continues...

DEAN (TO WALTER)

He's not the boss of me, by the way. All your stuff's in here that's your pants, sweaters, shirts.

Dean points to a framed wedding picture on Walter's desk.

DEAN (cont'd)

Hey Walter is this your wife?

Walter nods.

DEAN (cont'd)

She was a beautiful woman! Umm.. Okay, nice to meet ya.

Dean outstretches his hand to shake. Walter grabs his hand with two of his hands.

WALTER

Thank you.

DEAN

Good luck here. Okay. I'll see ya down the road.

Dean backs out of the room and takes the money off the dresser. He goes to put it in his pocket. But stops. Something across the hall has caught his eye.

INT/EXT. PERIERA HOME - BACKYARD - PRESENT DAY

Cindy, six years of worry etched into her brow, watches Dean through a dirty, sliding glass window.

He's digs a hole, buries the family dog back yard.

INT/EXT. PERIERA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dean sits at the table, drinking a beer. He is sobbing.

Cindy attempts to console him.

CINDY

I'm sorry, I know.

DEAN

Don't be sorry baby. Ohh fuck. I'm just tired you know.

He downs the rest of his budweiser.

DEAN (cont'd)

I'm just fucking tired.

LATER.

Dean lays back on the couch, beer in hand, watching old home movies:

Frankie crawls around in the grass, trying to get Megan to go into her dog house.

FRANKIE (ON VIDEO)

Come on girl!

DEAN (ON VIDEO)

Maybe we made it *too* girly.

FRANKIE (ON VIDEO)

She doesn't like it girly.

DEAN (ON VIDEO)

I know...

Meanwhile, Cindy cleans the house. She has to physically remove Dean's foot to get to a piece of trash.

Dean is no longer watching the movie. He is watching his wife. Wondering where she has gone.

He gets up, steps over her and goes into the kitchen.

CINDY

Can you take the trash out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Sure. You remember where we put that...

He digs in drawers, looking for something... Cindy continues her task.

DEAN (cont'd)

I got an idea.

Dean grabs the phone and dials.

DEAN (on phone) (cont'd)

Hello, I want to see if I can reserve a room for the night... tonight. I have a gift certificate... What's our options? They have cupid's cove.

Cindy stops cleaning. She realizes that Dean has recovered an unused gift certificate for a theme motel. She wants no part of it.

CINDY

I'm not going to some cheesy sex motel, I'm on call tomorrow.

DEAN

(to phone)

What else... that's it?

DEAN (cont'd)

(to cindy)

There's a future room. (to phone) can you hold on one second. (to cindy) will you make the decision please.

CINDY

I'm on call tomorrow I can't go.

DEAN

Baby please listen to me for a second. (to phone) can you hang on one second. (to Cindy) Listen to me for one second, would you stop cleaning for one minute. I'm asking you... Please. Let's get outta here, we gotta get outta here. We have to get out of this house. Let's go get drunk and make love.

Cindy looks at her watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN (cont'd)

Now do you want the Cupid's Cove or do you want the future room. Make a decision baby please.

CINDY

I don't want to get in the car at 7:30 and drive for 2 hours.

DEAN

Okay I'll make the decision. (to phone)  
The future room. For 2. Periera.

CINDY

Cindy can't believe he just did that, and on a day like this... She retreats to the back bedroom.

CINDY (cont'd)

You're crazy

DEAN

(to phone) Thanks. (calling out to Cindy)  
Pack your bags baby we're going to the future!

INT. LIQUOR MART - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

- Cindy jerks out a grocery cart, pushes it, scans the aisles of the massive liquor store.

- Tucks two bottles of champagne under her arm.

- she tries on different pairs of sunglasses at the display when...

BOBBY (O.S.)

Is that Cindy Heller?

Cindy turns and sees BOBBY ONTARIO, her college sweetheart.

The brief encounter reeks of embarrassed politeness.

CINDY

Bobby Ontario?

BOBBY

How are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

I'm good. How are you?

BOBBY

I'm...you know I'm hanging in there. Wow!  
Wow! Its been a while.

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

Dean fills his tank wishes he could light the cigarette that is dangling from his lips.

INT. LIQUOR MART - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

Cindy pushes her cart down the aisle along side Bobby, 30 years old, fit.

BOBBY

So how bout you?

CINDY

Here, been here, stayed here, never left here.

BOBBY

Here's good, here's good. Ahh... married?

CINDY

(nods)  
Married.

BOBBY

That's crazy. Lucky guy.

They turn a corner in the store...

BOBBY (cont'd)

Have you been faithful to him?

CINDY

(balks)  
That's a strange question to ask someone you haven't seen in forever.

BOBBY

Yeah well you know...

Awkward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Seriously.

CINDY  
Yes.

BOBBY  
Yes you have or yes you haven't?

CINDY  
Yes...I haven't. I mean I have...I have  
been...Why are you looking at me like  
that?

BOBBY  
I'm not looking at you like anything.

CINDY  
Oh, Okay

EXT. LIQUOR MART - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

Cindy pushes the cart hurriedly, stolen shades on her head.

CINDY  
Let's go

Dean sits on the fender of their minivan, smoking.

Cindy moves fast, loads in the bags next to their luggage,  
slams the hatch closed and snatches the keys from Dean's  
hands.

CINDY (cont'd)  
Come on, let's go.

INT. MINI VAN - LATE AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

Cindy drives the car along a windy, mountain road. A little  
too fast for Dean's comfort.

DEAN  
What you thinking? What's on your mind?

Cindy thinks about it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

You're never going to guess who I saw at the liquor mart.

DEAN

Richard Greico?

CINDY

No but good guess.

DEAN

Jon Bon Jovi?

CINDY

Bobby Ontario.

DEAN

The fuck was he doing there?

CINDY

I dunno... I mean... buying liquor I guess.

DEAN

Jesus! How come your just telling me now?

CINDY

Cause I'm telling you now.

DEAN

How come you didn't tell me while we were there?

CINDY

I don't know cause I was flustered and I'm telling you now.

DEAN

You talked to him?

CINDY

No... I mean like, "hi, by, how are you..."

DEAN

How are you?

CINDY

Yeah he asked me how I was

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN

And you told him?

CINDY

I mean I didn't want to but we were stuck there in the same store buying things together at the same time. I wish you'd seen him then you wouldn't feel so bad. He's fat...

DEAN

What do you I care?

CINDY

I don't know

DEAN

What do I care if he's fat or not. What does that mean? Make me feel better?

CINDY

I don't know! Cause he's a loser!

DEAN

What does that have to do with me? Whether he's a loser or he's fat or not? What the fuck do I care?

CINDY

What!?

DEAN

What are you saying that for? That would make me feel better he's fat? So what if he's in good shape I shouldn't feel good?

CINDY

I said the wrong thing. I'm nervous okay?

DEAN

What do you mean your nervous?

CINDY

I feel funny, because you feel funny

DEAN

You're nervous cause I feel funny? What does that mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CINDY

Look. I feel like I said the wrong thing... I feel like I shouldn't have said anything.

DEAN

Really? That's an option? You run into Bobby Ontario and it's an option not to tell me?

CINDY

I feel like you're upset and I upset you and I'm sorry. And I said the wrong thing

DEAN

Baby you do whatever you want

CINDY

Okay. I'm sorry

Cindy puts her hand on Dean's. He pulls his away.

Frustrated sighs...

Cindy pulls the car over.

DEAN

What are you doing?

CINDY

I gotta pee.

The car stops on the shoulder of the two lane highway. Cindy gets out of the car.

DEAN

Where this person's house!?

CINDY

Fuck you

DEAN

Fuck me

EXT. ROADSIDE - DUSK - PRESENT DAY

Cindy jogs across the road into a wooded area.

She disappears into the woods. Cars pass behind her, headlights flood the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She descends into the thicket until the sound of the highway is faint. Wind through the leaves. She drifts...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/COLLEGE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

A YOUNGER CINDY - 22, smart - wheels herself around her college campus. Students hurry by clutching schoolbooks.

Faces of passing people look at her with pity - what a shame that such a pretty girl be in a wheelchair.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Wrestling practice. Bobby - 22, svelte - gets into the defensive position. TROY LETTER, his buddy, gets on top of him in the offensive position. Bobby looks up, sees Cindy by the door attempting to pop wheelies in her wheelchair.

Whistle blows! Bobby escapes the position and wraps Troy up in a double grapevine. Quickly pins him, stands up, takes off his ear guards, bumps fists.

He walks over to Cindy.

CINDY

Hi

BOBBY

What are you doing?

CINDY

Research.

BOBBY

Really, research. You're supposed to be a quadriplegic?

CINDY

Quads can't use their arms. I'm a paraplegic.

BOBBY

Really. Why do you always have to act like such a freak sometimes.

He presses himself into her and mauls her with a wet kiss.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Come over. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

I can't.

BOBBY

You know you want it.

CINDY

I can't I have to go get Grandma. I just came to say hi.

She wheels away from him.

CINDY (cont'd)

(calling out)

Call you later.

BOBBY

Yeah. Whatever!

INT. HELLER HOME - FOYER - EVENING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

The front door opens and Cindy pushes Gramma FRANCIS - 80's, Alzheimer's - into the middle class home.

GLENDIA HELLER - 50's, desperate, Cindy's mom - peeks her head out of the kitchen. She holds a coffee mug filled with gin on the rocks.

GLENDIA

Ope - I thought you were your Dad.

CINDY

Just us.

Cindy kisses her mom on the cheek, can smell the alcohol.

GLENDIA

How was the beauty parlour?

GRAMMA FRANCIS

Oh lovely, Just lovely.

GLENDIA

INT. HELLER HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Cindy sits at table with Gramma, eating little brownies and dunking them in their coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

What did it feel like when you fell in love?

GRAMMA FRANCIS

Oh dear. I don't think I found it.

CINDY

Even with grandpa?

GRAMMA FRANCIS

Maybe a little in the beginning. He didn't really have any regard for me as a person. You've gotta be careful of that. You've gotta be very careful that the person you fall in love with... is worth it... for you.

INT. HELLER HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Glenda, Jerry, Gramma Francis and Cindy sit around a dining room table. Glenda slices a knife through a greenish meatloaf. She serves a watery slice to Gramma. Glenda is mortified.

CINDY (V.O.)

I don't ever want to be like my parents. I know that they must have loved eachother at one time right? Did thy just get it all out of the way before the had me?

Suddenly, Jerry pounds his fist into the table.

JERRY

Are we s'pposed to eat this garbage?!!!Huh?!

Everyone at the table is frozen. Especially Cindy. She wants to disappear.

GLEENDA

I'm sorry. Do you want me to make you some eggs?

JERRY

I want you to enjoy your Goddamn dinner!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He storms out of the dining room, throwing his plate on the table. Glenda, Cindy and Gramma sit in silence.

CINDY (V.O.)

How do you trust your feeling when they just disappear like that.

INT. HELLER HOME - CINDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Cindy studies, pulling an "all-nighter."

GRAMMA FRANCIS (V.O.)

I think the only way you can find out is to have the feeling.

INT. BUS - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Cindy rides the bus to school, listening to music on her headphones.

GRAMMA FRANCIS (V.O.)

You're a good person Cindy, I think you have the right to say "yes I do trust..."

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - CLASSROOM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Class dismissed. We see Cindy gather her belongings. She brushes by Bobby Ontario on her way out of the classroom. They exchange a coy look.

GRAMMA FRANCIS (V.O.)

"...I trust myself."

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - 6 YEARS EARLIER

A gold necklace dangles from Cindy's neck. Her arms secure her weight on the bed.

Bobby stands behind her. His hands caress her back as he looks down at himself inside of her. He closes his eyes tight, trying to control himself. But the ecstasy is too much - he comes inside of her, moaning, and lets his body weight smother her onto the bed.

CINDY

What? What what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY (breathless)  
Shit.

CINDY (realizing)  
Fuck!

BOBBY  
I'm sorry.

Cindy gets out from underneath him. She can't believe he just disrespected her like that.

IN THE BATHROOM - BOBBY'S

Cindy sits on the toilet, pees; hoping gravity will pull Bobby out of her. She runs her hand under the faucet and scrubs her crotch, hoping that this will wash him out of her.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. DAY. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Cindy walks briskly pushing her Gramma in a wheelchair.

EXT/INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LATE AFTERNOON. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

The automatic doors slide open. Cindy pushes her Gramma in from the brisk spring. They say hello to the receptionist.

Cindy reads a romance novel aloud to Gramma. WE HEAR this in voice over.

CINDY (V.O.)  
He was going to kiss her... that's what she wanted, wasn't it?

- Cindy eats a meal with her grandma.

- She helps her change clothes and get ready for bed.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME. GRAMMA'S ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Gramma is tucked into bed. Cindy reads, close, intimately, warmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

(reading)

She wanted the strength of his arms  
around her, the steady beat of his heart  
under her hand as she turned into his  
arms. There was a precipice and she was  
falling head over heels. Falling in love  
with him. Chapter 11

Cindy turns the page.

GRAMMA FRANCIS

I want a cigarette.

CINDY

No Gramma its bed time. You're in bed you  
can't have a cigarette now okay. Do you  
want me to keep reading or are you tired.

GRAMMA FRANCIS

I need a cigarette

With a smirk Cindy opens the window to the small nursing  
home room.

She goes over to Gramma's purse, pulls out a cigarette. She  
closes the door so they aren;t caught and she SEES...

A tall, handsome but unkempt young man standing by the  
dresser. His clothes are dirty. It is Dean. They both stare  
at each other. He doesn't know what to do with his hands, so  
he reaches for the wad of money on the dresser and puts it in  
his pocket.

Cindy sees this, finds it a bit strange - who is this person?  
Is he stealing that money? She decides that it is something  
that she can't see. She closes the door.

Dean feels her suspicion and runs up to the door. Knocks.

DEAN

Excuse me can I talk to you for a second?

Cindy peeks the door open a crack.

CINDY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN

You think I stole that money don't you?  
Yeah you do.

CINDY

No.

DEAN

Look I've stolen money before, I know  
what it feels like to get busted and this  
is what that feels like. I have a job,  
okay, this is my job.

CINDY

Okay I got it.

DEAN

I make money.

CINDY

I got it.

She tries, again, to close the door.

DEAN

Money I can take girls out on dates with.  
Just so you know.

Laughter. There is an attraction here.

CINDY

Good to know. Okay.

DEAN

What's your name?

CINDY

Go away.

DEAN

Go away?

CINDY

Go away.

DEAN

That's a weird name.

More laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEAN (cont'd)

Hold on a second, I wanna give you something.

He pulls out his business card.

DEAN (cont'd)

Look at that. That's my business card.

He pulls out a pen and begins writing his name on the back of the card.

DEAN (cont'd)

I don't have a phone... or a phone number... but if you call this number right here... and ask for me... they'll tell me you've called.

CINDY

Great.

She begins closing the door.

DEAN

Who should I say is calling?

Cindy shuts the door in his face.

He is left alone. Deep sigh. He heads down the hallway.

INT. FANTASUITES - MOON ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Door opens revealing Dean and Cindy holding groceries and suitcases. Dean flicks on the light, illuminating the Moon Room - a hotel room decorated like the lunar surface.

DEAN

Wow. Where are we huh? We're inside a robot's vagina.

CINDY

Was this the only one that they had?

DEAN

I told you they had cupid's cove or this. You want me to see if we can get cupid's cove?

CINDY

I'm making a drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cindy moves to the small kitchen that looks like a control room. She makes herself a drink.

CINDY (cont'd)  
There's no windows.

Dean moves into the bedroom, SEES the circular spaceship spinning bed.

DEAN  
Cool bed huh? Check this out.

He presses a button.

DEAN (cont'd)  
The bed turns! Hey did you see this? Hey!  
Hey, look at me!

CINDY  
I don't think there's a fridge.

Dean makes a loud barking noise.

DEAN  
This is how they laugh in the future.  
Like this.

He does it. Over and over again. The sound grates on every fibre of Cindy's being. She just wants to numb out.

CINDY  
I thought the whole point of coming here  
was to have a night without kids.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE- NIGHT- PRESENT DAY

Phone rings

JERRY  
Hello? Yeah hold on.

Jerry passes the phone to Frankie who's sitting on his lap

JERRY (cont'd)  
Here sweetheart it's your mommy she wants  
to talk to you.

FRANKIE  
Hi mom. Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

INT. FANTASUITES - FOYER - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

Cindy sips from a cape cod and talks to Frankie. Dean comes into the room, trying to get the phone from his wife.

CINDY

Okay honey... don't forget to potty before you get into bed... bye... I love you...

Dean gets the phone.

DEAN

Hey frankie this is how they laugh in the future! You try it!

He does it. Cindy goes into the other room. She needs to get away from these sounds that he is making. She closes the door behind her, but can still hear him...

DEAN (cont'd)

(makes farting noise)  
Are you tooting? Frankie!

INT. FANTASUITES - BATHROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Steam accumulates on mirrors. Cindy takes her clothes off, tests the temperature of the water and steps in the shower.

INT. FANTASUITES - FOYER - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Dean hears Cindy start the shower. He gets an idea and decides to cut it short with Frankie.

DEAN

Love you like crazy, I gotta go okay ,  
kiss kiss.

Dean cracks open the door to the steam-filled bathroom. Cindy lathers her hair with her eyes closed.

DEAN (cont'd)

What are you doing?

CINDY

What? What does it look like I'm doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Gettin' all wet and naked... I'm gonna go order some food, you want some?

CINDY

You know what I like. Can you close the door?

Dean closes the door, remains in the BATHROOM, watches his naked wife, removes his clothes. Cindy does a double take.

CINDY (cont'd)

What are you doing?

Dean pulls back the shower curtain and steps in.

DEAN

What does it look like I'm doing?

CINDY

Dean.

The small shower presses them close. Dean's smile infects her. He leans over, they kiss. Brushing lips at first. Dean presses closer.

Cindy pulls back and pivots him around until the stream of water catches his body. He leans his head back, the water pours over his hair and face.

He places his hands on Cindy's hips and pulls her close to him. Cindy hands him a bar of soap. He builds a gentle lather. Cindy inches back, turns around. Dean lathers her back, slow and languid.

He lowers his hands from her back to her behind. Cindy turns.

DEAN

I wasn't done.

He washes her shoulders and neck. His hands sculpt her body and move to her breasts. No longer washing her, but molding her. Cindy looks up. His hands move to her belly. He kneels down.

Cindy reaches down and lifts him up by the arms. But Dean remains where he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He begins, on his knees, to wash the entire surface of her left thigh, knee, calf, foot. Then he moves to her right foot and up her calf, knee and thigh.

Cindy releases her breath. Then, Dean's hands move up between her legs.

CINDY

Okay.

Cindy grabs under his armpits. He refuses, but she wins. She pivots them around again. Standing in the stream of water, Cindy washes the soap off her body, eyes closed, head back.

INT. FANTASUITES - HALLWAY - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Dean gets ice from the ice machine. He can hear a couple having sex in one of the other suites.

INT. FANTASUITES - FOYER - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Dean opens the door to find Cindy blowing dry her hair.

He walks by without saying a word to her.

CINDY

What are you so grumpy about.

DEAN

Oh I don't know? I don't know why...

DEAN (cont'd)

Dean digs a CD out of a carrying case.

CINDY

Do you want a drink?

DEAN

Yes please.

Dean puts the CD in the player in the bedroom and lights a cigarette.

"You and Me" by Penny and the Quarters plays loud in the room. Dean begins singing along to the sweet melody.

He turns and sees Cindy standing in the doorway. The music has captured her. She hands him a drink - a cape cod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They cheers - "clink"

They each take a drink.

Dean offers Cindy a tug from his cigarette. It has been years since she smoked. She reluctantly accepts.

He takes her in his arms. They begin to slow dance, gently and awkwardly finding the rhythm of each other's bodies again.

EXT. HELLER HOME - LATE AFTERNOON - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Cindy pushes Gramma Francis up the driveway. Bobby stands on the porch holding a bunch of red roses. Cindy ignores it and tries to push by him.

Cindy struggles to get Gramma up the ramp of the porch.

BOBBY

Hi how are you?

GRAMMA FRANCIS

Fine thank you

BOBBY

(to Gramma)

Your Gramma aren't you. Its great to meet you.

(to Cindy)

Cindy come on could you talk to me for five minutes please.

CINDY

I don't want to talk to you anymore.

BOBBY

Gramma you know you have an amazing granddaughter?

GRAMMA FRANCIS

Of course I do.

BOBBY

(to Gramma)

She's amazing.

(to Cindy)

Cindy I got these for you. Will you please take them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tries to give her the flowers. She won't take them. He forces her to take them.

She opens the screen door, fumbling to navigate the wheelchair and the flowers.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Can I have five minutes? This is ridiculous you're not even gonna talk to me? Come on Cindy. I'm trying to say sorry and you're acting like a total bitch!

She gets inside, shuts the door on him.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG. DUSK. 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean watches a family of ducks bobbing up and down in the river. We hear a conversation...

DEAN (V.O.)

I don't know I just feel like I should stop thinking about it but I can't. I think I've seen too many movies you know, love at first sight.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY/MOVING COMPANY - MORNING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean walks into the office, hopeful. He's on time.

DEAN

(asks receptionist)  
Anyone call?

The RECEPTIONIST shakes her head "no." Dean walks away, defeated.

INT/EXT. Truck- AFTERNOON - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean sits beside Marshall, legs dangling out the side of the moving truck.

DEAN

What do you think about love at first sight? You think you can love somebody just by looking at 'em?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL

By looking at 'em?

DEAN

But the thing is, man, I felt like I knew her. You know. You ever get that feeling?

MARSHALL

Yeah like you've seen her before and you just know her...

DEAN

Yeah.

MARSHALL

Yeah it's a feeling... but the thing is, you actually don't know her.

DEAN

Yeah I don't, right?

MARSHALL

Right.

DEAN

I felt like I did though.

MARSHALL

If you get a little pussy, I think the mental-ness will get out your head.

DEAN

I'm too much in my head, right?

MARSHALL

Yeah, you already know where she live at, right?

INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean sweeps the bed of the truck. The broom catches something in the corner. Dean reaches for it-- a locket.

DEAN (V.O.)

No she was just like visiting her grandmother.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

So why don't you go back to that grandmother and ask her where she lives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dean holds up the locket and stares at it, twirling. He opens the latch - sees a picture of the old man and his wife - 60 years ago.

DEAN (V.O.)

I should go back, right?

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Yeah. If you like her, yeah

INT/EXT. TRAIN/TRAIN STATION. AFTERNOON. 6 YEARS EARLIER

Still wearing his work clothes, Dean rides the train out of the city, pulls out the locket. Reads the inscription on the back - "you are my sunshine."

DEAN (V.O.)

She just seems different you know? I don't know.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Wait. How different?

Dean gets off the train.

DEAN (V.O.)

I dunno, I just got a feeling about her. You know when a song comes on and you just gotta dance?

INT. BUS - DAY. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

A feeling of anticipation. Dean pulls the lever - his stop.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Yeah.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME. LATE AFTERNOON. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Dean walks to the old man's room. The door is open, lights are off, room is empty. All the furniture, pictures are gone. Only an empty bed remains.

He hears the TV from across the hall. He knocks, waits, then opens Cindy's Gramma's door just a little, talking through the opening.

DEAN

Hi. Do you know what happened to Walter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAMMA

Who?

DEAN

Walter, he's the gentlemen that just moved in across the hall about a month ago.

GRAMMA

Oh, I don't know anything about anyone named Walter.

DEAN

Hey, can I ask you something else? What's the story with that girl that was in here like a month ago. The young blonde. I gave her my card but she never called. What's her name?

EXT. BUS STOP. AFTERNOON. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Cindy runs to make the bus.

GRAMMA (V.O.)

Cindy.

She boards the bus.

INT/EXT. BUS - LATE AFTERNOON\*

The bus drives away. Inside, Dean stands. He is a little down. He feels around in his pocket. Finds the locket. He puts it on. The bus comes to a stop. A few passengers get on. One of them is Cindy. Dean watches her pay her fare and move to the back of the bus without noticing him. She has headphones on.

He sits with his ukulele not believing his luck. He gathers the courage to walk toward her.

The moving bus throws his balance. He stands over her for a moment. Cindy senses somebody in her space. She looks up. Recognizes him, but can't place it.

DEAN

Do you think I could sit down because all these other seats are taken?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Okay...

DEAN

Hey, thanks...

She moves her bag off the seat. Dean sits.

DEAN (cont'd)

You know I just talked to your grandmother...

Cindy looks taken aback.

DEAN (cont'd)

That sounds weird, huh?

CINDY

Yeah.

DEAN

Okay let me put it into context. I went out there to see Walter who's not there anymore. That's why I talked to her... You know what happened to that guy Walter?

CINDY

Yeah, you know what happened to that guy walter?

DEAN

No, what happened to that guy Walter?

She makes a slice across her throat.

DEAN (cont'd)

You gotta do it like that?

CINDY

What do you expect?

DEAN

What do you mean?

CINDY

They're old! Do you want to live like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN

In that home?

CINDY

Yeah.

DEAN

No I don't... But I'm not getting old and he's a dummy for dying.

CINDY

Walter's a dummy for dying?

DEAN

Yeah.

CINDY

What are you gonna do, wise guy?

DEAN

Not do it... Are you gonna die?

CINDY

Definitely.

DEAN

Hmm? What'd you say?

CINDY

I said definitely.

DEAN

Well with that kind of attitude you will. Don't do it! It's for suckers. Don't do it.

CINDY

What are you gonna do?

DEAN

Just not do it.

Dean feels for the locket around his neck. He takes it off.

DEAN (cont'd)

I went out there to give him this. Isn't that nice?

CINDY

Is that him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEAN

Yeah, and his lady. Isn't he handsome?

CINDY

Look at her she's so pretty.

DEAN

So she's probably nuts then...

Cindy is confused by this line of rationale.

DEAN (cont'd)

(explains himself)

In my experience the prettier a girl is, the more nuts she is. Which makes you insane... You're probably nutty-coo-coo crazy... Its not your fault. Everybody treats you different. Like you make jokes and people laugh anyway even though they're not funny. That's gotta make you nuts.

CINDY

I like how you can compliment and insult someone at the same time. In equal measure.

DEAN

What's an insult about that?

CINDY

That I'm crazy and I'm not funny.

DEAN

I don't know if you're not funny, tell me a joke.

CINDY

So there's a child molester and a little boy walking into the woods. The child molester and the little boy keep walking further and further and its getting darker and darker and they're going deeper and deeper into the woods and the little boy looks up at the child molester and he says, "gee mister I'm getting scared!" And the child molester looks down at him and says, "you think you're scared kid? I gotta walk outta here alone."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Cindy laughs. Dean does not.

CINDY (cont'd)

You don't think that's funny?

DEAN

No. I'm sorry.

Dean starts laughing.

CINDY

I do.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - DUSK TO DAWN

Dean and Cindy wander side by side down the sidewalks and streets of the town, lost together in conversation...

DEAN

You get along with your grandma huh?

CINDY

Yeah, she makes me laugh... Nobody else talks in my family. And when they talk, they just yell.

DEAN

I'm never getting married.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP. NIGHT. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Dean and Cindy eat ice cream. Dean has a banana split. Cindy has a twist cone dipped in rainbow sprinkles.

DEAN

This is a nice place you live. You like it?

CINDY

It's alright.

DEAN

Where you wanna go?

CINDY

I wanna go away to school.

DEAN

What are you gonna study?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Medicine.

DEAN

Really??

CINDY

Yeah really!

DEAN

Yeah right!

CINDY

Yeah right?

DEAN

Girls that look like you don't go and study medicine.

CINDY

What do I look like?

DEAN

Girls like you are super-models.

EXT. BRIDAL SHOP. NIGHT - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean strums the chords of his ukulele.

DEAN

You got any, like, talents?

CINDY

Like hidden talents?

Cindy starts to recite all of the American presidents in a little catchy song. Dean is into it. He begins clapping along, spurring on Cindy's enthusiasm...

She finishes and they high-five each other.

DEAN

That was rad. Can you dance?

CINDY

I can tap.

DEAN

You can tap dance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Can you?

DEAN

No, I'll play a song and you dance. I can't really sing... I have to sing stupid, like goofy, in order to sing.

He begins strumming the upbeat chords of The Mills Brother's "You Always Hurt The Ones You Love." She begins tap dancing.

(The actors experience this for the first time too. We should witness and experience them falling in love).

They end the scene in an embrace.

INT. FANTASUITES - FUTURE ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

They sit across from each other eating a meal of cold spaghetti and wilted salad. They continually drink.

DEAN

You're not gonna eat that?

CINDY

Why don't you do something...

DEAN

What do you mean?

CINDY

I don't know.

DEAN

What does that mean? Why don't I do something?

CINDY

Isn't there anything you want to do?

DEAN

Like what?

CINDY

I don't know. You're so good at so many things, you could do anything you wanted to do, you're good at everything that you do, isn't there something else you wanna do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Than what? Than be a husband, to be Frankie's dad? What do you want me to do? In your dream scenario of me doing what I'm good at, what would that be?

CINDY

I don't know, you're so good at so many things, you can do so many things, you have such capacity.

DEAN

For what?

CINDY

You can sing, you can draw, you can dance.

DEAN

Listen I didn't wanna be somebody's husband and I didn't wanna be somebody's dad. That wasn't my goal in life. For some guys it is... Wasn't mine. But somehow, I've found what I wanted. I didn't know that and now it's all I wanna do... I don't want to do anything else, it's what I want to do. I work so I can do that.

CINDY

I'd like to see you have a job where you didn't have to start drinking at 8 o'clock in the morning to go to it.

DEAN

No, I have a job that I can drink at 8 o'clock in the morning. What a luxury, you know. I get up for work, I have a beer, I go to work, I paint somebody's house, they're excited about it. I come home, I get to be with you. That's like... this is the dream!

CINDY

It doesn't ever disappoint you?

DEAN

Why? Why would it disappoint me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CINDY

Because you have all this potential.

DEAN

So what! Why do you have to make money off your potential?

CINDY

Look, I'm not even saying you have to make money off it. Don't you miss it?

DEAN

What does potential even mean? What does that mean, potential? Potential for what? To turn it into what?

CINDY

(flustered)

You know, we rarely sit down and have an adult conversation. Because every time we do, you take what I say and you turn it around into something that I didn't mean. You just twist it. Start Blabbing, blah blah blah blah blah.

DEAN

If you're not interested in what I have to say then maybe I just shouldn't say anything.

Cindy laughs.

DEAN (cont'd)

That's funny, huh? What's funny about that?

CINDY

Good luck. I'd like to see you think about what you say instead of saying what you think all the time. Good luck, give it a try!

DEAN

What are you doin, you wanna fight me?

CINDY

Yeah I wanna fight you.

LATER. ON THE SPINNING BED.

Cindy and Dean wrestle. They are very drunk.

Cindy gets the upper hand and pulls Dean off the bed.

DEAN

Okay, there you go...

CINDY

On your back, on your back motherfucker!

They both laugh.

Moments later. Dean comes back with a shot of vodka.

DEAN

Cheers, you're the best.

CINDY

They toast. Dean quaffs his. Cindy can't really finish hers.

DEAN

You drunk? You drunk, drunk? Don't go to sleep, hey!! Stay awake! Look at me look at me, you awake?

CINDY

Dean claps his hands. Cindy wakes up, momentarily.

DEAN

I gotta go pee my diddy, I'll be back.

He kisses her on the forehead and stumbles out of the room.

She tries to place her drink on the nightstand, but the bed is spinning. She just manages.

A loud crash comes from the BATHROOM. Cindy sits up.

CINDY

You okay?

DEAN (FROM THE BATHROOM)

I may or may not have fallen, come here, come here come here!! Hey beautiful come here! This is funny...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cindy gets off the spinning bed. But it seems like the floor is still spinning. She struggles to maintain her balance.

She finds Dean crashed out on the floor. His pants are around his knees. She reaches to pull him up. But he pulls her down on the floor instead.

DEAN (cont'd)

Come here, you saucy little minx!

He rolls on top of her, mauling her with kisses.

DEAN (cont'd)

You're so beautiful... You wanna have another baby with me? You wanna make another baby with me? I wanna have another baby with you.

She moves her head away and pats Dean on the shoulder in a gesture of friendship. Dean kisses her neck.

DEAN (cont'd)

Do you... you want to have another baby?  
... I want another child.

Cindy bites her lip. He slides his hand between her legs.

CINDY

No... Dean... Wait a second.

She removes his hand and places it on her hip. Dean continues to kiss her neck. He slides his hand up to her breasts. Cindy turns her head in the other direction. She pushes his hand away.

CINDY (cont'd)

Stop...

DEAN

Stop what? Shut your beautiful mouth.

He brings it back aggressively. Again. Cindy squirms underneath him. He grabs her wrists and holds her arms over her head. His tongue licks Cindy from her breasts to her face. She worms her arms away and grabs onto his hair. She arches her back, looks at him through slit eyes. His pelvis pulses and he moans. He looks up at her over his brow into her desperate eyes.

She pulls his hair hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN (cont'd)

Ow! What are you doing? Would you cut it out? Stop it, stop it! What are you doing? Why are you doing that? It hurts!

Cindy covers her face with her hand.

DEAN (cont'd)

What do you want, how much rejection am I supposed to take? I deserve affection. I'm good to you and to Frankie and I don't deserve this!

Cindy raises her hips and slips off her panties. She lifts the shirt up over her head, positions her feet on the door jam. Her arm falls over her eyes.

DEAN (cont'd)

That's how you want it? This is how you want it?

Breathless, Dean awkwardly moves one hand up and down her bodice. He unbuckles his belt, pushes his pants and underwear down to his knees, holds himself in his hand. He lowers onto her.

Cindy adjusts her legs higher. He rotates his hips, looks away in concentration. Cindy's arms move around him, grabbing the small of his arching back.

His pelvis humps in a feeble performance. A small moan. Cindy's eyes press closed harder. The erratic motion slows, then stops. Dean's raspy breathing. His weight crushes Cindy. She opens her eyes to the ceiling.

DEAN (cont'd)

Baby I can't do it like this, I can't fucking do it like this.

CINDY

Stop... stop...

FRANKIE

Don't give me this shit, this fuckin like you can have my body bullshit... I don't want that shit... I want you... I'm not gonna do it like this. What do you want me to rape you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CINDY

I want you to stop.

DEAN

Is that what you want?

CINDY

Stop it.

DEAN

You want me to hit you?

CINDY

Stop it.

DEAN

What's the matter with you?

CINDY

Fucking stop it!

DEAN

You want me to hit you?

CINDY

Yeah hit me.

DEAN

Is that what you want?

CINDY

Yeah, that's what I want.

DEAN

Would that make it okay for you to treat me like this?

CINDY

Yeah that's what I want baby, "hit me."

DEAN

Is that what you want! I'm not gonna do it. I'm not gonna fuckin do it!

She rolls out from underneath him and stands. She wraps her dress around her body and slips into the bedroom. Dean continues berating her--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DEAN (cont'd)

Okay! I don't give a shit how much you want it, I'm not gonna do it, okay, I'm not gonna do it! You want me to hit you? I'm not gonna do it! I love you.

INT. FANTASUITES - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Back against the closed door, Cindy turns the lock. Her eyes shift from despair to relief. Her gaze grows more intense. The doorknob jiggles.

DEAN

Open the door! Open the door! Hey!

EXT. CITY. NIGHT. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Drunk, Dean and Cindy make out on the street corner. Dean playfully pretends to unbutton Cindy's shirt...

INT. TAXI. NIGHT - 6 YEARS EARLIER

They make out in the back of a cab. But the cab driver won't allow it. Unable to keep their hands off each other, they try not to get caught.

TAXI DRIVER

Do not touch the young lady in my cab. Do not touch the young lady back there please.

CINDY

Thank you very much.

DEAN

Come on! Why not?

TAXI DRIVER

Sir! Please there's no sex in my taxi! Do not touch the young lady in my taxi!

DEAN

I will have you know that she was putting the moves on me.

CINDY

That's not true... Would you believe a face like this? I mean look at this face?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She holds Dean's face in her hands.

TAXI DRIVER

I will not have you trying something  
that's wrong in my car!

DEAN

What's wrong?

TAXI DRIVER

This is my car and it's just like my  
home. You're in my home now, okay? Its  
not my business what you do with this  
girl but you're not gonna do it in my  
cab.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL. 5AM - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean slowly takes off Cindy's boots, then slides his hand up  
her thigh and kneels at the base of the bed, burying his face  
in her crotch.

At last she climaxes, unleashing a wave of laughter from her  
throat.

INT. AUDITORIUM CLASSROOM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Bobby places a test paper in front of Cindy. Her grade, "D."  
He leans in and hurls an insult disguised as a compliment.  
She won't look at him. She looks green.

INT. COLLEGE - BATHROOM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Cindy sits in an empty stall, takes out a pregnancy test. She  
urinates on it. Waits.

A minute passes. She discovers she's pregnant.

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - STUDY HALL - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

In a study room she takes out Dean's card, looking at his  
name. "Is this someone she can trust? Is this someone she can  
tell?"

Bobby comes over and snatches it away from her. Now he knows  
what's going on.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - PARKING LOT - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER \*

Cindy waits for Dean to get off work. Dean and his buddies, file out of the garage. Dean is surprised but happy to see Cindy. He crosses the road and kisses her passionately.

DEAN

You okay?

CINDY

Yeah, you okay?

DEAN

Yeah, you okay?

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean and Cindy walk along the walkway. Cars and trains beside them roar.

DEAN

You gonna talk to me or not? You gonna tell me what's goin' on?

Cindy shakes her head and won't look at him.

DEAN (cont'd)

You're not gonna tell me?

CINDY

I don't know what you want me to say!

DEAN

I want you to tell me what's going on... I wanna know! You got me feeling sick you know? I'm very intuitive. I know there's something up.

CINDY

I don't know what to do.

DEAN

You're not gonna tell me?

Dean races towards the protective fencing that separates the walkway from a 200 foot drop into the east river. He climbs up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Stop! Stop, stop! No, no no, stop!!!

DEAN

You gonna tell me?!

CINDY

Stop! Come down!!

DEAN

You gonna tell me?

CINDY

Just come down!! I'm not kidding you!!

DEAN

You're not gonna tell me what it is?

Dean swings one leg over the fence and moves to put his entire body over...

CINDY

Please come down!! Please stop.

DEAN

You want me to go over the edge?

CINDY

No, I want you to come down!

DEAN

Tell me what it is.

CINDY

Come on, its dangerous!

DEAN

You gonna tell me?

CINDY

No. NO! STOP! Please come on! I'm pregnant! Stop, come back please! Please come down.

He jumps back down. She retreats from him.

DEAN

Is it mine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CINDY

I don't know. I don't know.

DEAN

You don't know?

CINDY

Maybe...

DEAN

Maybe?

CINDY

Probably not.

Dean has to take a minute to gather himself.

DEAN

What are you gonna do?

CINDY

What am I gonna do?

DEAN

What are you gonna do?

CINDY

I don't know...

DEAN

You're gonna have it? You're not gonna have it? What are you gonna do? You thought about this?

CINDY

I don't know.

She begins walking away from him.

DEAN

(calling out)

You don't know?

INT. ABORTION CLINIC - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

A female Nurse sits with Cindy, looking over a file.

NURSE

You've opted for vacuum-aspiration abortion today.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

I'm just going to ask you a few questions. They're sensitive in nature so if at any time you're uncomfortable, you just let me know, okay?

CINDY

Okay.

NURSE

At what age were you when you first had intercourse?

CINDY

...Thirteen.

NURSE

Okay... That's not unusual.

She types in into Cindy's file.

NURSE (cont'd)

How many sexual partners would you say you've had from when you first began?

CINDY

...Maybe... 20... 25...

NURSE

Okay. Do you know which partner you were with when you became pregnant?

Cindy nods. She's about to cry.

NURSE (cont'd)

And is that partner supportive to you?

Cindy shakes her head "no." Finding her inner toughness again, she successfully buries her emotions.

INT. ABORTION CLINIC - PROCEDURE ROOM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Cindy lies on the table, her legs in gurneys. She breathes deeply.

DOCTOR

Good, okay, now I'm going to put my hand on your belly...then I'm going to introduce a finger... your going to feel this... okay there you are... alright... that's it, okay, there we are... breathe, breathe, that's it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

alright I feel the uterus. Its probably  
11.5 To 12 weeks. It's in a safe position  
for the procedure. Okay I'm going to  
insert a speculum.

Cindy squeezes the hand of the nurse for support as the  
doctor continues the play by play of the procedure.

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Okay, here it is, this is it. I know it's  
uncomfortable... I know it's  
uncomfortable. As much as you can relax.  
The easier it goes, okay. The next thing  
I'm gonna do is give you some local  
anesthesia. Its a little uncomfortable...

He prepares a long needle. He places it between her legs.

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Now I'm going to give you the first  
injection and I want you to cough... Okay  
here it is, cough...

Cindy does.

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Okay fine, I'll put that down and let it  
take effect. Breathe deeply and slowly...  
I'm going to apply and instrument to hold  
the cervix still.

The doctor moves to place the instrument between her legs.  
Cindy's emotions break. She can't take it anymore.

CINDY  
Stop, Stop...

DOCTOR  
Okay I'm stopping, I'm pulling the  
instruments out and I will stop.

Cindy regains her composure and sits up.

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Alright you wanna sit up, okay, alright.  
You want me to just stop the whole  
procedure, is that correct?

Cindy nods very quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Alright, I'm going to step out.

NURSE

Do you wanna put your things back on?

CINDY

Can I see my friend?

INT. ABORTION CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

The waiting room door opens, Cindy exits.

They stare at each other. Dean nods slightly. Cindy shakes her head "no." A flush of realization across Dean's face, then a smile. He goes to her and wraps his arms around her.

INT. BUS - NIGHT - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Darkness passes. Cindy lies against Dean in the back of the bright bus. Her head rests on his chest, hands holding his encircling arms. She is wearing the locket around her neck. Dean caresses Cindy's earlobe. Her eyes are closed.

DEAN

Let's do it. Let's be a family. Let's be a family.

Cindy hugs him, tightly...

CINDY

You don't have to do this, you know, it's not your fault.

DEAN

I love you.

CINDY

I love you too.

INT. FANTASUITES - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - PRESENT DAY

Darkness disturbed by beeping. Cindy awakens, dishevelled from the night before. She lifts her cell phone off the bedside table and squints to make out the text.

CINDY

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She drops it and rolls over. The digital clock reads 4:52... Moments later, she is on the phone.

CINDY (on phone) (cont'd)  
Hey it's me Cindy, hi... who else did you call? I'm out of town too, what time is it? Six, seven, eight, nine? I could be there at nine, I'm coming if I can be there at 9.

CINDY (cont'd)

- She brushes her teeth, still hungover.
- She dresses.
- Writes Dean a note.
- Eases the door open. Dean is passed out in the middle of the hallway. She steps over his fallen body.

She tapes the note to the TV.

Quietly, so as not to wake Dean and provoke another argument, she opens the creaky metal door, and disappears...

INT. FANTASUITES - LATER - PRESENT DAY

The phone rings. Dean's eyes struggle open, drunk. Annoyed, he listens to the ring. After the eighth ring, he hollers--

DEAN  
Cindy!!!! Cin! I'm gonna fuckin kill her...

No response. He struggles up and stumbles to the phone.

DEAN (cont'd)  
Hello?

A prerecorded wake-up message informs Dean that it is 11:30AM.

DEAN (cont'd)  
OK. Thank you

He hangs up the phone and looks around the room. Cindy is nowhere to be found.

He checks the bathroom, the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, he finds the note on the TV...

He starts drinking straight from the bottle, picks up the phone, dials.

DEAN (cont'd)  
(on the phone)  
Yeah...where's the nearest bus station?

INT. HELLER HOME - EARLY MORNING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

The front door squeaks open, Cindy slips in. Glenda is passed out on the couch.

Cindy tiptoes up the creaking staircase so as not to wake anyone. She doesn't need to explain where she was all night.

A shower runs down the hall. She heads down the hallway to her room.

INT. - CINDY'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Cindy opens the door to her bedroom, falls on her bed and is about to close her eyes, but is distracted by the answering machine's blinking light. Cindy presses play.

ANSWERING MACHINE VOICE  
You have twenty five new messages. BEEP!

Cindy sits up, hearing Bobby's voice, clearly drunk.

BOBBY  
(on answering machine)  
I just want to say to you, thanks for making all bets off and freeing me of my human decency. All your shit's going in the trash, your books are gonna be ripped up. We'll go to war, see who'll win. I know who the fucker is, ok? And I'm gonna destroy him.

(BEEP!)  
You probably don't know what you did. I want you to hear something. I have never cursed at a girl in my life... FUCK YOU!!! FUCK YOU BITCH! YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? I'M GONNA FIND HIM AND I'M GONNA FUCKING END HIM. He's not gonna look so beautiful to you when I'm done, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cindy picks up the phone with a worried look. Dials.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dean is all alone in the garage, loading up a truck with reams of cardboard boxes. He listens to loud music on headphones.

The phone is ringing, but he can't hear it.

Bobby, Troy and Tony approach from down the hall. They walk right up to Dean, ready for a fight.

BOBBY

Hey.

Dean turns to Bobby, goes to remove his head phones...

BOBBY (cont'd)

Hey, I'm looking for Dean.

DEAN

Yeah, I'm Dean.

BOBBY

Oh, ok.

In an instant, Bobby pounds his fist into Dean's stomach. Dean recoils, struggles to dodge another punch before Bobby picks him up and tackles him to the floor.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Your little boy's gonna call me daddy now.

Still on the ground, Bobby continues to swing at a near helpless Dean, while Troy and Tony watch the door.

From the nearby office, we hear the PHONE RING ENDLESSLY OFF THE HOOK...

INT. HELLER HOME - MORNING. 6 YEARS EARLIER

Sitting atop her bed, Cindy dials a number on the phone, leans back, waiting anxiously for an answer...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS - 6 YEARS EARLIER

The phone continues to RING as Bobby throws punch after punch.

His face bruised and bloodied, Dean cries out in pain...

BOBBY

You fuckin piece of shit, bitch!

TROY

Yeah, fuck him up, little pussy!

With one final kick to Dean's side, an exhausted Bobby backs off and quickly flees the garage with Tony and Troy.

Dean lurches to his feet, stumbles with delirium as he crosses the garage to answer the phone.

He reaches for the receiver...

INT. CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

A MEDICAL ASSISTANT answers the phone--

ASSISTANT

Dr. Feinberg's Office. Okay, when were you looking to come in?

Down the hall, Cindy fills up a glass of water from the cooler. Dr. Feinberg approaches, turns to face her as he passes by in a rush--

DR. FEINBERG

Hi. Busy! Haven't sat down yet, what do you have? Can you walk with me?

Cindy falls in stride with Feinberg, glancing at her files...

CINDY

A woman in 5 who's Hispanic and doesn't speak much English and she's complaining of pain in her left breast.

DR. FEINBERG

Alright, I'll be in in a minute.

Feinberg stops, leans against the wall, shifting gears--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. FEINBERG (cont'd)

Oh, hey, you know what I was thinking? I realize it might be hard for you to move the whole family up to Riverdale cause your daughter's still in school and everything and I thought maybe you get an apartment.

Cindy stares up at Feinberg, skepticism reflected in her eyes as he continues--

DR. FEINBERG (cont'd)

You know, work during the week, drive home on the weekends. Wouldn't have to worry about being lonely. We could hang out together, get dinner sometimes.

(awkward beat)

Anyway that was not a proposition... it was just... uh...

CINDY

I'm married.

DR. FEINBERG

Just trying to uh... just trying to help.

CINDY

I thought you wanted me here because I'm good at my job.

DR. FEINBERG

Yeah, I know, look, anyway, I'll, uh, see you in a minute.

Feinberg pushes past her and hurries away.

INT. CLINIC - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

Pulling his luggage behind him, Dean enters the lobby and crosses to the reception desk. He drops his baggage, leaning in through the window, getting a bit too close to Mimi.

MIMI

(on phone)

I can't do that over the phone, I can't do that over the phone. Hold on one second.

(to Dean)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sir, could you just fill that out and  
when you're done bring it back up to me?

His eyes shaded behind sunglasses, Dean stares Mimi down...

DEAN  
(in a whisper)  
I don't need that.

MIMI  
(on the phone)  
Can you hang on just one second, please?  
Okay, thank you.

Mimi hangs up the phone.

DEAN  
I was looking for my wife. I don't need  
that.

He hands her back the clipboard.

MIMI  
Okay, and who is your wife?

DEAN  
Cynthia.

MIMI  
Oh, you must be Dean. Okay, yeah, let me  
get her and she'll be right with you.

Mimi stands up and walks to the office.

We stay with Dean as he waits and LISTENS...

MIMI (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Cindy, sweetie, you have a visitor.

CINDY (O.S.)  
Who?

MIMI (O.S.)  
It's your husband. I think he's been  
drinking.

Cindy hurries to meet Dean at the reception desk.

CINDY  
(to Dean)  
Hi...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEAN

Oh, there you are.

CINDY

What are you doing here?

DEAN

Oh, well, you're awful friendly right now aren't ya?

CINDY

No, just surprised to see you.

DEAN

So this is where the smiles happen. This the smile room? Huh?

(Cindy starts walking away)

You take off, you leave me, you tell me what's going on? I was so goddamn worried, I thought something mighta happened to Frankie! I dunno what the hell happened.

CINDY

(to Mimi)

Meems, can you give me a few?

Frazzled, Cindy exits the reception office, enters the lobby, meeting Dean on the other side of the window...

DEAN

You just take off like that?

(to Mimi)

Yeah, Meems, can you give her a few?

(back to Cindy)

I don't know if there's an emergency...  
You're just gone!

CINDY

Frankie's fine. Come on, lets go.

DEAN

Well, good to know.

MIMI

Cindy, I'm here if you need me

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CINDY

(to Dean)

Hey, come on, lets go, can you give me a hand with these?

MIMI

Don't let him brainwash you.

Dean turns to Mimi, annoyed--

DEAN

Don't let him brainwash you?

Cindy makes for the exit, walking ahead of Dean, forcing herself to remain calm...

CINDY

Can you give me a hand?

Dean follows her outside into the parking lot...

EXT. CLINIC - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

Cindy storms towards their car. Dean follows drunkenly...

DEAN

Look, okay, I know everything got fucked up last night, okay?

CINDY

I can't believe you'd show up here drunk!

She pops the trunk, throws Dean's luggage inside.

DEAN

Hey, I'm talking to you! I know that--

CINDY

Can you drive?

DEAN

What?

CINDY

I said can you drive?!

DEAN

What kinda question is that? Of course I can drive. I know how to drive...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Take the keys, go home.

She foists the car keys into Dean's hand, crosses the parking lot to return to the clinic, eager to leave Dean behind...

DEAN

You don't even care if I fuckin' can drive. You'd love it if I got into a Goddamned accident.

CINDY

Yeah I'd just love it, you're so right.

DEAN

You got no time for me anymore. It all goes to this fucking job. You give it all to this fuckin place. And these fuckin people who don't give a shit about you. Do they!? Hey!

Refusing to stop, Cindy finally looks at Dean over her shoulder--

CINDY

Just go home!!!

DEAN

Just come here for a second, I'm gonna come in there! I'm gonna come in! Alright, I'm coming in.

Cindy storms inside through the sliding doors...

INT. CLINIC - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

Back inside...

MIMI

(on phone)

I'll be with you in just one second, okay?

Mimi watches Cindy hurry past, registers the tense expression on her face...

MIMI (cont'd)

Are you okay? Is he gone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

I fucking hate him.

Dean walks into the lobby drunkenly, barely acknowledging Mimi as he passes and makes to enter the reception office...

MIMI

(to Dean)

Why don't you just give her a couple of minutes. NO! Dean you can't come back here. Dean, you can't be back here.

Dean pushes through the door, approaches Cindy, who sits at her desk distraught, just barely restraining her anger.

DEAN

(to Mimi)

It's okay, you're okay...

CINDY

I can't do this, I can't take this shit.

DEAN

Come outside with me for one minute.

CINDY

I can't take this shit anymore.

DEAN

Just come outside.

She jumps to her feet, faces Dean, flushed with emotion, tears at last streaming down her cheeks...

CINDY

I cannot take this shit. I am not going outside with you. I've had it...

DEAN

Come outside and talk with me...

CINDY

I'm up to here, I'm done, okay? I'm done!

DEAN

Let's go outside...

CINDY

Look, no... I am done. I'm done with this, I'm done being angry like this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

I'm done with you being drunk like this.  
I am DONE!

Dean enters Cindy's office, goes to close the door behind them--

DEAN  
I'm closing the door.

CINDY  
Don't close the door.

Cindy tries to stop him--

DEAN  
I'm closing the door, don't talk like that.

CINDY  
Mimi...

DEAN  
Hey, don't talk to Mimi.  
(to Mimi)  
Hey Mimi, you know what? We're gonna take a little minute, we're just gonna take a second...

Dean shuts the door. Cindy is furious--

CINDY  
You know what, this is why I don't talk to you... cause you go from here to here in no time at all.

DEAN  
NO. This is why you talk to me. Cause I'm here, this is the only reason you're talking to me.

CINDY  
You fuckin asshole...

DEAN  
I'm a fuckin asshole?

CINDY  
I'm so out of love with you. I've got nothing left for you, nothing, nothing. Nothing. There is nothing here for you. I don't love you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEAN

Don't say stuff you can't take back.

CINDY

You fucking asked for it, you asked me, I talk to you.

DEAN

I couldn't drive you crazy unless you loved me...

Cindy steps in closer to Dean, her voice rising, the argument escalating...

CINDY

I gave you the goddamn answer and you don't like it.

DEAN

Are you gonna hit me?

CINDY

That's why I don't fucking talk to you.

DEAN

Are you gonna hit me?

CINDY

No I'm not gonna hit you, you're the bad guy asshole, not me.

DEAN

I'm the bad guy?

CINDY

Yeah, asshole!

She pushes him.

DEAN

Okay.

CINDY

Fuck you, fuck you! I'm more man than you are, you fucking cunt.

DEAN

Don't say that shit about being a man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CINDY

I am, I am. I can handle it.

DEAN

What is it with this shit and being a man? What is that? What does it even mean?!

CINDY

Yeah, what is that?

DEAN

What does it mean?

Mimi hurries towards the door, through the glass we see her struggling to get inside...

CINDY

You're scaring us, you're scaring us.

DEAN

Don't say that stuff. "Be a man!" What is that shit?

CINDY

Don't bully people.

DEAN

I'll be a man. You want me to be a man?

Dean swings around, sweeps his hand across a nearby desk, knocking various items to the floor, a child throwing a temper tantrum...

DEAN (cont'd)

Here, is this what men do?

CINDY

Oh, just stop it.

DEAN

I'm a big man!

Mimi finally enters the office as Dean hurls a book onto the ground...

MIMI

Get out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DEAN

Look at me, I'm a big man! I'm being a man!

CINDY

No, I'm the man!

DEAN

Talking doesn't work, talking doesn't work...

Cindy does her best to restrain Dean, but he easily pushes her off and throws more objects to the floor.

Helpless, furious, Cindy starts hitting him, just as Feinberg bursts inside, prepared to diffuse the situation.

FEINBERG

Excuse me! Excuse me!

Feinberg gets in Dean's face, attempts to calm him down--

FEINBERG (cont'd)

What are you doing?!

DEAN

I'm being an asshole.

CINDY

Stop!

DEAN

Who are you, by the way?

Dean pulls away from Feinberg, then gets in his face, leaning in threateningly--

DR. FEINBERG

Hey, take it easy, I'm a doctor, I work here. I'm Dr. Feinberg.

DEAN

You're fuckin Dr. Feinberg!? You've been emailing my wife?!

DR. FEINBERG

Excuse me?

DEAN

You're the guy emailing my wife--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Without pause, Dean slaps Feinberg's face, then lunges at him, slamming him against the wall, his hand clutching Feinberg's neck. Cindy and Mimi scream.

Feinberg pushes back, struggling to break loose, but Dean refuses to back down. Cindy and Mimi try helplessly to pull him away--

DEAN (cont'd)

I'm gonna hit you in five seconds if you don't get out.

DR. FEINBERG

Take it easy, my friend, no one is hitting anybody...

DEAN

I'm gonna hit you in five seconds...

DR. FEINBERG

Mimi, call the cops.

DEAN

5.... 4... GET OUT!!!!!! 3... 2...

DR. FEINBERG

Think about your wife, will you?

Dean PUMMELS Feinberg across the face, knocking him to the floor. Cindy and Mimi cry out in horror--

CINDY

You fucking son of a bitch!

DEAN

I'm sorry...

Cindy helps Feinberg up, Dean makes a half-assed attempt to help as well--

DEAN (cont'd)

Just get up. What the fuck's the matter with you? You got a glass jaw or something? You can't take one hit? It's one hit!

MIMI

What's the matter with you?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

In a daze, Feinberg crashes back onto the floor. Cindy loses it, starts hitting Dean as Mimi struggles to pull Feinberg back up...

CINDY

Oh my God, you fucking son of a bitch!

Dean offers no response, doesn't even flinch as Cindy, losing total control, repeatedly smacks him across the face, then begins choking him--

CINDY (cont'd)

I fucking hate you!

Back on his feet, Feinberg manages to insert himself between Cindy and Dean--

FEINBERG

That's enough, you two, break it up.  
That's enough.

Mimi pulls Cindy away from Dean, guides her toward the office door...

FEINBERG (cont'd)

Just leave, please! Cindy, would you get out of here? You are done here, get out!

Cindy cries out hysterically as Dean glares at Feinberg--

CINDY

I'm trying to take him! I'm trying to take him!

DEAN

She's done?! You're gonna fire my wife?!  
Hey!

Dean walks up to Feinberg, back in his face again--

DEAN (cont'd)

This is between you and me, motherfucker, don't you fucking blame her for that shit!

FEINBERG

Yeah, you're going to jail my friend.

DEAN

I'm going to jail?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Cindy grabs Dean's wrist, and successfully manages to drag him away...

CINDY

Please, come with me. Please come with me...

MIMI

Get him the hell out of here!

Dean follows obediently as Cindy pulls him toward the exit.

EXT. CLINIC - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

Cindy storms across the parking lot towards her car, her face flushed and stained with tears. She swings around to face Dean--

CINDY

Give me the keys.

She snatches the keys from his hands, marches to the car, furious...

CINDY (cont'd)

I fucking want a divorce!

Dean follows her, seemingly devoid of any emotion as Cindy starts the car. He grabs his finger, struggles to yank off his wedding ring off of a fattened finger. Finally, he frees it, and without pause, hurls it across the parking lot, into a field.

He jumps into the car, but just as Cindy pulls out, he leaps out through the door--

CINDY (cont'd)

Where are you going?! What the fuck are you doing!?

Dean starts searching through the foliage for his wedding ring, tearing up weeds, growing more and more frantic by the second.

Moments later, Cindy joins him in the search...

EXT. STREET - DUSK - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean walks down the middle of a quiet suburban street, holding flowers in his hand.

INT. HELLER HOME - DAY

At the front door, Dean rings the bell. A beat before Jerry answers.

DEAN  
Mr. Heller.

JERRY  
You must be Dean.

DEAN  
I didn't know if it was pot luck so I brought an eggplant.

He points at his beat-up face, jokingly.

JERRY  
Very funny, come in...

DEAN  
Thank you.

Dean enters into the foyer, just as Cindy comes downstairs to meet him.

CINDY  
Let me see, let me see...

Dean hides his face behind the flowers playfully. Finally he moves the flowers away. Cindy gazes up at him lovingly.

CINDY (cont'd)  
Does it hurt?

DEAN  
Yeah. Like right now, when you're doing that.

INT. HELLER HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 6 YEARS EARLIER

A dimly lit, modest dining room. At the table, Dean eats dinner with the Heller family.

JERRY  
Cindy doesn't usually bring her dates home for dinner. So, uh, I'm thinking this might be serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEENDA

Don't listen to him.

DEAN

Well, I hope so.

JERRY

You hope so.

DEAN

Yes sir, I mean I'm pretty serious.

Dean takes a bite of spaghetti...

JERRY

What do your folks do, Dean?

DEAN

Well, my mother, I don't know, to be honest, what she does. My father is a janitor and a very talented musician.

GLEENDA

What does he play?

DEAN

Everything, he can kind of play a little bit of everything, he's one of those people.

GLEENDA

So you don't see your mother?

DEAN

No I don't.

GLEENDA

Why? Not that it's my business...

DEAN

No, I understand you asking. I don't really talk about it very often, to be honest. She just... When I was, whatever, 10, my father and her just decided that it wasn't gonna work out between them and she met somebody and I think... that was that.

Glenda is at a loss on how to follow up her question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JERRY

You graduate from high school, Dean?

DEAN

Well, sir, uh... no, I didn't, I didn't, but I didn't feel like there was a place for me there, to be honest. I don't think high school is all its cracked up to be.

GLENDA

Cindy's studying, she's uh...

DEAN

I know.

GLENDA

It's exciting.

DEAN

She's about the smartest person I ever met.

(to Cindy)

How's it going?

CINDY

It's good.

DEAN

Yeah?

CINDY

Uh huh, its really good. There's one teacher in particular that I've really enjoyed getting to know, she says that I have a lot of potential.

DEAN

What's her name?

CINDY

Professor Comstock.

DEAN

(bursts out laughing)

Comstock!!

JERRY

What's so funny about that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEAN

Teachers, they just always have these names you know? Its never like... I don't know... They always have these names. Comstock.

CINDY

Is that funny?

GLENDA

What course is that?

CINDY

It's a biology course.

GLENDA

That's good.

JERRY

Cindy wants to be a doctor.

DEAN

I know, that's, uh... she'd be a great doctor. I wish she'd be my doctor... I'd trust her. A lot of these doctors, they're just in it for the money, it would make me relieved if someone like Cindy was my doctor, or my kid's doctor.

GLENDA

She's got a lot ahead of her, it's really exciting.

INT. STAIRWELL - LATER

Cindy leads Dean upstairs, towards her bedroom...

INT. CINDY'S ROOM - NIGHT - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean and Cindy sit inches apart on her bed...

DEAN

I know I'm not good enough for you.

CINDY

Stop it.

DEAN

It's true, I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Stop it.

DEAN

Baby, it's true.

CINDY

It's not, you're hurting my feelings.  
Don't say that.

DEAN

It is, but no one is, but you know, as  
long as that's the case I want the job.

They kiss... Dean pushes her down on the bed, gets on top of  
her as she pulls him in closer...

DEAN (cont'd)

I got you a present. That's it. Boom!

He holds up a CD.

CINDY

Oh, baby, did you make it?

DEAN

Well, I didn't make it, but I got us a  
song, like our song that will just be for  
you and me... Cause everyone's got  
songs... But they're lame and they all  
share them. It's disgusting... But not  
us. We've got our own song. You wanna  
listen to it?

Cindy puts the CD in her stereo. Presses play.

"You and Me" by Penny and the Quarter's begins to play.

She turns to Dean, smiling brightly. She bounds across the  
room, falls on top of him on the bed.

Passionately, they gaze into each other's eyes as the music  
plays. They kiss deeply. Dean pulls off his shirt, looks  
directly into Cindy's eyes, mouthing the song lyrics, "You  
and me, baby..."

EXT. HELLER HOME - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Cindy pulls into the driveway and exits the car, clearly  
devastated by the day's events.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frankie charges down the walkway, greeting Cindy--

CINDY

Baby! Hi! Look at you.

Cindy gives her a big hug, but Frankie squirms free and runs to meet Dean as he lurches out of the car. He picks her up in his arms.

DEAN

Hi.

Cindy hurries up the front steps, directly past Jerry, who sits on the stoop--

JERRY

Are you OK?

CINDY

I don't want to talk to you.

Confused, Jerry turns from Cindy to Dean, who approaches with Frankie in his arms.

DEAN

I can't play right now, okay?

Dean hands Frankie to Jerry, walks past him towards the front door.

JERRY

What's going on, Dean?

(no response from Dean as he  
goes inside)

Hey, leave her alone...

Dean shuts the front door behind him and locks it.

Jerry pulls on the handle. It won't budge.

JERRY (cont'd)

Hey! You can't lock me out of my own  
house! I don't have my oxygen out here!

INT. HELLER HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

In the kitchen, a distraught Cindy pours a glass of water from the sink. Dean appears in the doorway, keeps his distance. Long beat as he watches her. Finally--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

You know, it's not just us, we got a little girl we gotta think about.

He leans his face against the door frame, finally erupting with tears...

CINDY

I know, I am thinking about her. I can't do this anymore.

DEAN

Baby, you're just thinking about yourself. What about Frankie? You want her to grow up in a broken home? Is that what you want?

CINDY

I am thinking about Frankie.

DEAN

You're not thinking about Frankie.

CINDY

I am.

DEAN

You're not. Is this how you want her to grow up?

CINDY

I don't want her to grow up in a home where her parents treat each other like this.

They both break down, crying. Dean slams his fist into the wall, pounding it over and over...

CINDY (cont'd)

(crying)

Don't...

DEAN

(sucking back his tears)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Baby, I'm sorry.

CINDY

I can't do this anymore!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The look of sheer desperation across Dean's face...

DEAN

I know. Baby I'm just fighting you know, fighting for my family. I don't know what to do, I don't know what else to do. Tell me what to do, tell me what to do.

CINDY

I don't know what to do.

DEAN

Tell me how I should be.

CINDY

I don't know.

DEAN

Just tell me, I'll do it, I'll do it.

CINDY

I don't know what to say, I'm so sorry, I don't know what to do anymore.

DEAN

Just tell me and I'll do it.

CINDY

We're not good together, we're not good anymore. The way that we treat each other!

DEAN

Don't say that, baby...

CINDY

I can't stop, you can't stop, I can't stop, I don't know what else to do.

DEAN

I can stop.

Dean crosses the kitchen, takes a hesitant Cindy's head in his arms, puts his lips to her forehead.

CINDY

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEAN  
(tenderly)  
Come here, just come here...

CINDY  
No, no, no...

Gradually she gives in, allowing him to hold her in his arms as they cry together in silence...

CINDY'S ROOM - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Wearing a white dress and visibly pregnant, Cindy examines her changed body in the mirror.

EXT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Looking dapper in a red and blue striped suit, Dean waits anxiously outside the courthouse.

Soon he sees Cindy approaching him on the sidewalk. She walks up to him, they gaze into each other's eyes...

INT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dappled in sunlight, Dean and Cindy sit together, hands entwined...

CINDY  
What are you thinking?

DEAN  
I just wish they'd hurry up so you can't change your mind. Let's go, lets go...

Dean presses his lips to her hand...

INT. HELLER HOME - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

In the kitchen, a disheveled Dean pleads with Cindy through his tears...

DEAN  
Baby, you made a promise to me, okay? You said for better or worse. You said that. You said it. It was a promise.

CINDY  
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Now this is my worst, okay this is my worst, but I'm gonna get better. You just got to give me a chance to get better.

INT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Hand in hand, Dean and Cindy enter the courtroom and walk towards the JUSTICE.

JUSTICE

Come here please. Please face one another...

BACK INT THE KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

Dean and Cindy embrace, holding onto each other for dear life...

CINDY

I'm sorry...

DEAN

I love you so much...

INT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Through tears of happiness, Cindy declares her vows to Dean--

CINDY

I give you this ring...

JUSTICE

As a symbol...

CINDY

As a symbol...

JUSTICE

Of my solemn vow...

CINDY

Of my solemn vow...

JUSTICE

And everlasting love...

CINDY

And everlasting love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUSTICE

For as much as you have consented in holy wedlock before God, I do, in the power vested in me, I pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Cindy and Dean embrace with a long, deep kiss.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

Cindy disentangles herself from Dean's arms, pulling herself away...

DEAN

Baby, baby...

CINDY

You've got to just give me some space.

She leaves the kitchen.

INT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Wiping tears of happiness from their eyes, a youthful, bright looking Cindy and Dean leave the courtroom...

EXT. HELLER HOME - DUSK - PRESENT DAY

Dean walks out the front door, passes Jerry on the porch. He crosses the lawn to the sidewalk.

Fireworks crackle nearby.

JERRY

Hey Frankie, come back!

Frankie comes chasing after him as he heads down the sidewalk.

FRANKIE (SCREAMS)

Daddy!

Frankie pulls on Dean's belt, playfully trying to stop him from leaving. Dean stops and turns to her, trying to hide his tears.

DEAN

Frankie, you got to go back, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Daddy, Daddy!

On the porch, Cindy appears through the front door. She turns to Jerry--

CINDY

Where is she?

JERRY

She ran after Dean...

Cindy hurries to the street, stops as she sees Dean and Frankie. In the near distance, fireworks blast upward into the sky like bolts of fire...

DEAN

Go back to your mom please. Go back to your mom.

FRANKIE

Just come back!

DEAN

You want to race?

FRANKIE

Okay.

DEAN

Ready, 1..2..3... go!

Frankie turns and races back towards Cindy. She scoops Frankie into her arms, turns back towards the house.

Slowly, mournfully, Dean walks away in the other direction.

Frankie begins to cry in Cindy's arms...

CINDY

Oh sweetheart, its okay, no, no, don't cry, its okay. Who's my big girl?

FRANKIE

I love him.

CINDY

I know... mommy's got you, don't cry, it's okay.

(CONTINUED)

In the background, Dean fades into the distance.

Fireworks explode in the night sky.

THE END

