

in connection

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"IN CONNECTION"

FADE IN:

INTERCUT IMAGES BELOW ON B/W TV SCREEN WITH B/W FOOTAGE OF EARLY YEARS OF AMERICANS TRAINING AND ULTIMATELY FIGHTING IN VIETNAM.

1. Under TV: "JOHN F. KENNEDY, December 1962"

KENNEDY

We don't see the end of the tunnel.
But I don't think it is darker than it
was a year ago and in some ways it is
lighter.

2. Under TV: "ROBERT MCNAMARA, Secretary of Defense, October 1963"

MCNAMARA

The major part of the United States
military task can be completed by the
end of 1965.

3. Under TV: "LYNDON JOHNSON, 1964 Campaign"

LBJ

We are not about to send American boys
9,000 or 10,000 miles away from home to
do what Asian boys ought to be doing
for themselves.

4. Under TV: "HUBERT HUMPHREY, October 1965"

HUMPHREY

The tide has turned, the Vietcong has
been stopped. They cannot win.

5. Under TV: "ROBERT F. KENNEDY, September 1966". As he finishes, the picture fades to snow.

RFK

We must rethink all our old ideas and
beliefs before they capture and destroy
us... Americans must look to its young
people, the children of this time of
change.

EXT. BLUE LAKE HIGH, PROVIDENCE, FL -- DAY (1967)

A line of cars, horns blaring, stream into the parking lot as students carrying books scramble to cross the street.

INT. BLUE LAKE HIGH GYM -- DAY

A group of teen boys, dressed out, sit on the sideline as six others grapple in pairs on mats in the center of the gym.

LBJ (V.O.)
 No American, young or old, must ever be
 denied the right to dissent. No
 minority must be muzzled. Opinion and
 protest are the life breath of
 democracy -- even when it blows heavy.

COACH DOWLING, 36, walks by each of the first two groups and shouts encouragement, as both teams of boys simply seem to be pushing each other around.

COACH DOWLING
 Remember, if you are on the bottom, you
 are trying to gain the position of
 advantage, through escape, reversal and
 takedown. Riders work for the pin.
 Remember basics, technique. Anything
 that endangers life or limb is illegal.

He watches, painfully. No technique. Frustrated, he moves on.

Dowling stops at the third mat, where he meets COACH MORSE, 42 and wiry, who admires the work of BOBBY GENTILE, 17, a tall, lean, clean-cut senior.

Bobby maneuvers his opponent at will around the mat, turning quickly out of holds and applying technique at every turn.

Coach Morse whispers into Coach Dowling's ear. Dowling nods.

In the third row of the bleachers, behind the coaches, RUSTY COLLINS, 17, buzz-haired and chubby, wails with his drumsticks on three books spread out in front of him.

Coach Dowling looks up at the clock and blows his WHISTLE.

COACH DOWLING (CONT'D)
 20 seconds! Finish up with technique,
 group one, then hit the showers.

The other wrestlers simply stand up and walk off their mats.

Bobby works even harder to pin his opponent, which he does, quickly, deftly and definitely.

Dowling toots on his WHISTLE three times.

Bobby lets go, hands on his knees and glances over at Rusty, who, in one hand, forms a "V" with his drumsticks.

Bobby pulls a face for Rusty, as Coach Morse approaches.

COACH MORSE
Good work, son. You done some
wrestlin', huh?

Winded, Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY
Not really. I used to practice with my
brother.

COACH MORSE
Your brother? What's your name, son?

BOBBY
Rob... Bobby Gentile.

COACH MORSE
Gentile. You Matt Gentile's kid
brother?

BOBBY
Yes, sir.

COACH MORSE
Shoot, no wonder. I wanna see you at
team tryouts next week. How's Matt?

BOBBY
He's Green Beret.

COACH MORSE
Well, it doesn't surprise me. What was
he, three letter man? Is he over... ?

BOBBY
The last letter came from Vung Tau.

COACH MORSE
Vung-wha? Where in God's green earth?

BOBBY
Twenty miles south of Saigon.

COACH MORSE
Yeah, well, wherever he is, I'm sure
he's kickin' ass. Sure as hell kicked
it over here. Ya know, once I saw him
put a guy twice his size right to
sleep, jus' holdin' his arm under his
chin like this.

Morse shows the move, using Bobby.

COACH MORSE (CONT'D)
Didn't hurt 'im, jus' put 'im out nice
'n quiet. Course, that wasn't in a
match... just a little personal boys
will be boys thing...

BOBBY

Yes, sir.

Bobby turns to jog off and catch up with the others.

COACH MORSE

Tryouts, Gentile?

Bobby stops and looks back, shrugs.

Coach Dowling scratches his head.

Bobby jogs off toward the locker room.

COACH MORSE (CONT'D)

(calling out)

So, is that a "yes" or a "no"?

Bobby, without turning back, raises his arms, noncommittally.

EXT. BLUE LAKE HIGH SCHOOL GYM -- DAY

Bobby exits the gym, books in hand.

Rusty, drumsticks and books in hand, meets him and they walk together.

BOBBY

What happened to you today?

Rusty reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a note.

RUSTY

(re note)

I believe it refers to what might be called an impending flu.

He offers a sniff and smiles as he tucks the note away.

BOBBY

More like impending fear of sweat?

RUSTY

Didn't think they'd buy that. Besides, what if they put me up against you? I'd've embarrassed you. I couldn't do that to you. No way.

Bobby shakes his head, as they turn a corner and head toward the school's parking lot.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

So, if you were puttin' a band together and you had your choice of drummers... Ginger Baker, Charlie Watts... or Ringo, who would you pick?

BOBBY
Ringo?

RUSTY
Just checking your level of knowledge.
Baker or Watts?

Bobby looks at Rusty and pauses.

BOBBY
I'd have to pass on both and hold out
for what's his name...? Rusty Collins.

RUSTY
You, young man, not only have
impeccable taste... you are also a true
friend... and an exceptional liar. I
like that.
(a beat)
What'd Morse want?

BOBBY
Wanted me to go out for his team.

RUSTY
And?

BOBBY
Think he thought I was my brother or
something.

Rusty nods.

Students file out of school buildings and filter into the
parking lot filled with mostly older, piece-of-shit cars,
VW's, rods and the like. Radios blare 60's MUSIC.

Rusty stops to watch a pretty Cheerleader coming toward them.

She hurries past them, nearly through them, to fly into the
arms of a varsity baseball player.

RUSTY
There, but for the wrath of God, go I.

Bobby shakes his head and they walk on.

EXT. BLUE LAKE PARKING LOT -- DAY

Bobby and Rusty stop at Bobby's '55 neat-as-a-pin, two-tone
Plymouth and set their books on the roof as Bobby unlocks his
side. Rusty hops up on the hood. Bobby glares at him.

RUSTY
Hey, it's only a car. Okay, okay.

He hops down, as Bobby unlocks the door.

JERRY ZIMMER, 17, long, blond hair, tanned, handsome, turtle-neck, cords and desert boots stands next to Bobby, his two books curled under his upper arm, totes a motorcycle helmet in his left hand.

BOBBY
(to Jerry)
Oh, hey.

JERRY
Hey, man. How's it? I got those books
I bummed from ya. We cool?

BOBBY
Oh, yeah. No problem. Cool. Man.

Jerry hands over the two books and walks on toward the motorcycle area. He pulls on his helmet, hops on his bike.

RUSTY
My, my, Bobby boy, I am impressed. How
do you know the almighty Zim?

BOBBY
Spanish tres. Kinda help him out.

RUSTY
He was like a professional surfer in
California. Knots on his knees the
size of baseballs... not to mention the
chicks he gets. Total head, ya know?

BOBBY
Yeah, so?

RUSTY
So, your old man would kill you if he
knew you knew people like him.

BOBBY
Like him?

RUSTY
Yeah, you know, rebellious, cunning,
dangerous, like a wild, crazed animal
running free, infecting good kids. You.

They watch as Jerry's bike screams off.

Bobby shrugs, grabs his books and climbs into the car.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
You could've introduced me.

INT. BOBBY'S PLYMOUTH -- DAY

Rusty rips off the drum riff from "Wipeout" on the dashboard.

Bobby looks at him, then wipes off the dash.

RUSTY
Someday. Me, them. No diff, right?

BOBBY
Who?

RUSTY
Baker... Watts.

BOBBY
Ringo... maybe.

Rusty unveils his middle finger, and they drive off.

EXT. BLUE LAKE PARKING LOT -- DAY

The car, PURRING quietly, pulls down the dirt/gravel road leading out of the lot.

A couple of teens point at the car as it passes.

Rusty gawks back, then sees his books go flying behind them.

The Plymouth stops. Rusty, jumps out, waves at the teens who tried to warn him and runs back to collect his books.

EXT. CATWALK -- DAY

A chainlink-encased catwalk arches over a highway under construction. Cars fly by below on the completed stretch on one side. Stenciled on the archway: "Clearance 16'5".

Rusty leans against the chain link fencing, spits. Bobby sits, his legs crossed, his face pressed against the links.

RUSTY
Bombs away. G-T-O windshield.
Passenger side. 10 points. You're up.

Bobby stands and looks out through the links.

Cars pass under the catwalk. A semi steams toward him. He waits, building it up in his throat.

The semi's coming. Bobby's ready.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Let it fly, in three, two, one!

The SEMI DRIVER leans out his window and fires off a bird.

Bobby backs down and swallows hard. The semi horn BLARES. Bobby sits back down.

Rusty sits down beside Bobby, who leans his head on his forearm and looks out at the setting sun.

RUSTY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I've decided definitely.

BOBBY
Decided what?

RUSTY
Not having sex 'til I get married.

BOBBY
You decided.

RUSTY
Just been thinkin' a lot about it all.
You know, love, sex, free love, free
sex. All that. Should I expect my
wife to be a virgin if I'm not?
Doesn't seem fair.

BOBBY
Fair? To who?

RUSTY
What?

BOBBY
Nothin'. I gotta go.

Bobby stands up, dusts off his seat, trots along the catwalk.

Rusty gets up to follow him. Before he leaves he spits one last time, follows it down, then runs after Bobby.

RUSTY
You know, it's something you should
consider yourself. Food for thought,
anyway. Right?

They walk away toward Bobby's car, silhouetted against a dying sun.

INT. FOOD FAIR GROCERY STORE -- DAY

Bobby, apron and bow tie, on his knees, stocks cans of beans.

He uses a box cutter around the edge of the top of a box, lifts off the top and stamps the price of the top level of cans. He starts another box and, as he's cutting it open, the blade of his box-cutter slices into his left thumb.

He looks at his thumb. His hand trembles. Nothing. Then a sliver of blood oozes out in a line.

He sticks his thumb in his mouth. On the store intercom, the background music is interrupted by a female voice.

INTERCOM VOICE

Bobby Gentile, line 2. Bobby, line 2.

Bobby dusts off his knees, stands up, twirls his pricing gun into the waist holster, and walks down the aisle to the back room. He eyes his thumb as blood comes again.

INT. BACK ROOM/FOOD FAIR -- DAY

Bobby tears a strip off a grocery bag on the shelf by the phone and wraps his thumb in it, as he grabs the phone.

BOBBY

Hello? (...) Uh-huh. Why? (...) No, I can't come right home. Just tell me why. (...) Oh. Okay. Bye. Oh, Mom. Thanks for telling me. (...) Bye.

Bobby hangs up the phone. He peels the paper from his thumb and looks at it. No blood. He sits down on a bale of paper bags, holding his thumb out, lost in a stare.

JOYCE, 44, the head checker, walks by. She comes back and stands in front of Bobby.

JOYCE

Bobby, are you okay?

BOBBY

I... I just cut my thumb. It's okay.

JOYCE

But, you're crying.

Bobby touches his eye and notices the water on his finger. He looks up at Joyce.

BOBBY

My brother Matt's missing.

Joyce sits down next to him and hugs him hard. Turning her head, Joyce dabs at her own eyes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

He's Green Beret, you know.

Joyce nods and shoos off a Butcher who walks by.

JOYCE

I'm gonna drive you home.

BOBBY

I'm on 'til nine.

JOYCE
You're going home now. Don't worry
about this place.

BOBBY
He's okay. I know he is. He's
invulnerable... like superman.

Joyce stands him up. She pulls his card out of the time card
tray and clocks him out with a KA-CHINK.

INT. FOOD FAIR GROCERY STORE -- DAY

Joyce leads Bobby out through the store, his pricer still in
its holster. The MUZAK plays "Yesterday" softly.

Rusty walks up to them, twirling his pricer. He jams it into
its holster, like a gunslinger, and stops.

Joyce shakes her head at Rusty as she and Bobby walk through
the checkout area to the glass doors at the front of the
store. They push out into the sunlight.

INT. GENTILE LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A MARINE OFFICER stands at the front door. DEE GENTILE, 42,
stands with him.

Bobby sits on the couch with sister ANNE, 6.

MAC GENTILE, 44, large and brooding, stands silhouetted in the
front window. Dee pulls the door open and the Officer puts
his lid on.

OFFICER
(softly to Dee)
We will keep you apprised, ma'am.
Anything we know, you'll know. That's
a promise.

Dee nods and smiles politely, as the Officer turns and exits.
She closes the door behind him and steps into the center of
the living room. She bends to fidget with a doily on a coffee
table, collapses to her knees and sobs.

Mac turns to her, then back to the window.

Anne, overcome by her mother's lament, sobs with her.

Bobby heads for the stairs, stands at the landing.

BOBBY
Going over there! I'll find him!

He stomps up the stairs.

Dee buries her face in her hands and wails.

DEE

No! No! You're not going anywhere.
Matt, my baby. My little baby.

Mac leans his head on his forearm and stares vacantly.

EXT. PROVIDENCE COMMUNITY COLLEGE -- DAY

INSERT: "1969"

Carrying a few books each, Bobby and Jerry walk together toward the parking lot. Bobby wears a fringed, leather vest. His hair hangs well below his shoulders. Jerry looks pretty much the same, but longer hair.

A group of ROTC guys pass them. One of them turns back to look at Bobby and Jerry, just as Bobby turns back to look at them. They regard each other coolly, move on.

Bobby and Jerry walk out toward the parking lot and to Bobby's car. The dust-covered Plymouth now has peace symbols on the back window and a "Make Love, Not War" bumper sticker.

Jerry runs up to the car and kicks it hard with the bottom of his foot. The passenger door pops open. Bobby pulls his unlocked door open. Looking around, they slump into the car.

INT. BOBBY'S PLYMOUTH -- DAY

Jerry pushes in the cigarette lighter and opens up a thick Humanities book.

Inside the book: a cut-out center housing six joints.

Jerry pulls one out, twists the ends tight, as the cigarette lighter CLICKS out. He leans down and lights up, grabbing a long toke. He sits back up and passes the joint to Bobby.

Carefully, Bobby takes it, looks around and pulls hard on it. They both hold it in, choking back the urge to let it go.

Jerry reaches down to the box of 8 track tapes, fighting to keep the smoke inside. He pulls out a Jefferson Airplane tape and sticks it in the player hanging under the dash. He finally allows the smoke out.

JERRY

Heavy.

Jerry pushes a button and music plays. They both settle back and listen to "Embryonic Journey."

JERRY (CONT'D)
(re music)
This is where my head's at, man.

BOBBY
Bitchin'.

Jerry takes another hit and passes the joint low to Bobby who follows suit. Jerry leans forward, head on the dash.

JERRY
Oh, man, I'm wasted already.

BOBBY
Really.

Jerry picks up an airmail envelope from the floor.

JERRY
What's this? Love letter?

BOBBY
Nah, man. From Rusty.

JERRY
Oh, soldier boy. Yes, sir, no, sir,
three bags full.

BOBBY
He's totally cool now. Gets stoned
every day. Comin' home soon. Took
shrapnel or some shit in his arm.

Jerry examines the letter laden with blacked out lines.

JERRY
Bummer. What's all this crap?

BOBBY
Government censorship, man. They don't
even let 'em tell the truth about what
the shithole war's all about. Did you
know my brother is officially missing
in action "in connection" with the
conflict in Vietnam?"

JERRY
In connection?

BOBBY
In connection with the conflict. They
couldn't even say it. Sucks. Blows my
mind.

JERRY
They'll have to take me kickin' an'
screamin'.

Jerry leans back with another, long hit. Bobby takes the letter, puts it back in its envelope and sticks the envelope under the visor. They both kick back to let the music take them away.

Through the windshield Bobby spots GINNY BOSTON, 19, tall and thin, long brown hair parted down the middle.

BOBBY
Gotta split.

Jerry smiles through the smoky fog and offers a lackluster "peace" sign. Bobby checks himself in the rearview mirror, tucks some hair behind his ear, and climbs out.

JERRY
It's a journey, brah.

Jerry's POV: as Bobby jogs after Ginny.

EXT. PCC PARKING LOT -- DAY

Bobby hustles to catch up to Ginny and reaches her just as she opens the door of her VW bug.

BOBBY
Hey. So, did anything happen?

GINNY
Like you care.

BOBBY
Sure I care. What do you want me to do? Just tell me.

GINNY
I think you've done enough, don't you?
Why don't you just go back and play
hippie with mister cool?

Ginny pulls her car's door open, pushing Bobby out of the way, throws her books across the front to the passenger's seat, falls in and pulls the door closed with a SLAM.

The VW SPUTTERS as it backs up, spins out in a cloud of dust and exits the parking lot.

BOBBY
Shit.

EXT. GENTILE HOUSE -- NIGHT

The family station wagon is parked in the driveway of this simple, two-story house.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Bobby sits at his desk, holds Rusty's letter up to the light.

A record player spins something like the Doors' "People are Strange".

Over the bed, which is two twin beds pushed together, hangs a Marine scabbard and sword, suspended by a leather cord. From one end of the scabbard dangles a string of love beads.

Trophies, ribbons and plaques form a sort of Matt Gentile shrine in one corner of the room on a beautifully handcrafted display cabinet. A "Blue Lake" baseball cap tops one tall trophy.

A framed photo of Matt Gentile, in full dress Marine regalia including sword hangs right beside a pencil sketch of Jim Morrison and an unfinished sketch of brother Matt.

Several unfinished sketches are scattered on the desk. Bobby goes over the letter again, using a photo of Rusty in his Blue Lake Band uniform to underline each line as he reads.

RUSTY (V.O.)

Hey, Man! Greetings from Green Acres. How's everything back in the sweet world? Excuse the penmanship. I was absent that day. I'm really (blotted out for two lines.) No more boo-coo boom boom for now. Looks good for my return soon. The hospital food (blotted out). I go from double-digit midget to short-timer in one day. All my (blotted out) stuff is gone. Staying cool, though. At least my head never hurts me; that's cool, huh? Hah, hah. Hey, maybe this lottery thing is your way out. Lucky (blotted).

Bobby smiles and reads on.

RUSTY (V.O.)

You won't recognize me. I lost 12 pounds over here. Crash diet. Hah, hah! (blotted out for one line). Need more info on this Ginny. You met her in what class? I hope she's not a dog. Knowing you, I have my doubts. Just kidding. Besides, dogs are a delicacy over here. (blotted out for two lines). So, I'll be in touch. Later, masturbater. Stay cool, Rusty.

Bobby folds the letter up. YELLING downstairs. He reaches over to lower the music. There's a knock at the door.

Anne, now 8, pushes the door open.

ANNE
Daddy says if you don't turn the music
down, he will.

BOBBY
Oh, yeah?

Anne nods.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Tell him. Never mind. Go hide. K?

Anne nods okay and softly pulls the door closed. Bobby leans
back over and cranks the music up.

INT. GENTILE STAIRWAY -- NIGHT

Big, heavy feet rush up the stairs. Dee stands at the base of
the stairs.

DEE
Mac, don't! Let me talk to him.

MAC
I'LL TALK TO HIM! You talk too much.
Made'm a goddam pansy!

DEE
Let it go.

Mac pulls his belt out of the loops of his pants.

MAC
He knows the rules.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Bobby, unmoved, sketches a peace symbol over a grenade.

Mac bulls the door open, walks right over to the record player
and yanks the cord from the wall socket. The music comes to a
SCREECHING stop.

He carries the record player and small speakers over to the
window, opens the window, rests the equipment on the sill.

He turns back to Bobby, who watches with feigned disinterest.

Mac kicks the player and speakers out and leans out the window
to watch the record player and speakers, spinning, drop quick
and smash hard on the yard below.

BOBBY
(under his breath)
That took a lot of balls.

MAC
What'd you say?

BOBBY
Nothing. Just leave me alone.

Mac bites hard on his lip, then lunges for Bobby, grabs him, chair and all, and flings him against the wall onto the card table where the record player used to be.

BOBBY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Big man.

Mac grabs a pair of scissors out of a mug on the desk. He comes at Bobby with them.

BOBBY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Get the hell away from me, you...

INT. GENTILE KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Dee, holding baby DAVID in one arm, hands Anne a dish for the little girl to dry. Bobby SCREAMS OUT.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mac holds up a shock of Bobby's hair.

Bobby clutches the side of his head. He wipes his hand across his ear and spots the blood on his hand.

Wild-eyed, Bobby jumps onto his bed and pulls the sword from its scabbard. He holds it in two hands in front of him.

Scissors still in his hand, Mac stands motionless, stunned. A beat.

MAC
Put that down. You're not enough of a man to hold your brother's sword.

Bobby can't help but laugh.

BOBBY
That's a good one. You'd probably like it better if I went over there and disappeared too. No, you'd probably prefer that I just get blown to pieces. Would that make you happy? Would that make me more of a man?

Bobby's laugh becomes a cry.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Huh?

A beat. Mac glares through Bobby, puts the scissors back into the mug and exits, pulling the door quietly behind him.

Bobby stands there on the bed for a beat, then begins a sword fight with an imaginary enemy, until he simply flops down.

EXT. GINNY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Bobby stands on the front porch. Ginny steps outside, wrapping a sweater around her shoulders.

GINNY

Hi.

BOBBY

Hey. Sorry about today.

Ginny sits down on the stoop. Bobby follows her over and picks at some peeling paint on the rail. Ginny touches a band-aid on his ear and rubs the spot where a clump of hair is missing.

GINNY

What did you do?

BOBBY

I'm moving out.

GINNY

Why? What happened?

BOBBY

I just have to get out. I'll go to work full time if I have to... but I gotta get out on my own.

GINNY

What about school?

BOBBY

My exemption's up after next term, anyway.

Ginny stands, walks a couple of steps away, and gazes skyward.

GINNY

If this is because of me. It's okay, you don't have to worry.

BOBBY

Meaning?

Ginny nods and walks back to him.

GINNY

(whispers)

You're not going to be a daddy.

Bobby pulls her close to him. There's a KA-CHUNK sound behind them and they both turn.

Ginny's father, ROGER BOLTON, 42, bearded, hairy-chested, stands with a shotgun in his hands, a scowl on his face.

ROGER
Remember that sound, boy.

A beat, as all stand to, poised for the next word.

GINNY
Dad, stop that.

Roger cracks a huge smile and laughs.

ROGER
Sorry, son. Did I scare ya?

Bobby looks at Ginny, who smiles embarrassedly.

GINNY
Bobby, you remember my dad.

Bobby steps up onto the porch and extends his hand.

BOBBY
Good to see you again, sir.

ROGER
You, too, son. Ya'll c'mon on inside.
It's chilly as hell out here.

Bobby, still befuddled, looks back at Ginny, who grabs his arm and leads him inside. She pulls the door open and they walk into the bright house.

INT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- DAY

A dark, indiscernible room. The French door stiffly pops open and MR. SWANSON, 63, steps inside, followed by Bobby.

Light filters into the small, dusty studio room.

MR. SWANSON
Like I said, not exactly the Taj Mahal.

Bobby walks slowly around the paneled room, switches on a pole lamp. A few pieces of flimsy wicker furniture.

MR. SWANSON (CONT'D)
But for a hundred twenty-five bucks a month, whadda ya expect, right?

BOBBY
I thought it was one-ten.

MR. SWANSON

Unfurnished.

Bobby looks around again at the meager furnishings.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Bobby pulls a bed down from the wall. The mattress is bone thin. He smacks it and dust flies.
2. Bobby feeds stacks of comics into a hopper in a newspaper mail-room. Other "long hairs" and a couple of "manly-looking" women work other hoppers on the same machine and similar machines around them. A clock on the wall between two windows black with night. 3 o'clock.
3. Bobby dozes off in a classroom at Providence CC.
4. Jerry lights up a big joint in Bobby's cottage as he tries to get a picture on a 12" B/W TV.
5. Bobby installs a used record-player on a wicker table. He lays a "Doors" album on the turntable, above it, his sketches.
6. Bobby works on his sketch of Matt.
7. A meal at the Gentile house. Mac, Dee and Anne eat quietly.
8. Bobby checks his mail outside his cottage, hands trembling.
9. The mailroom shot again (2). 2 o'clock.
10. Inside Plymouth. Jerry tokes on a joint. Bobby asleep.
11. Ginny sits at a candlelit card table. Bobby serves her macaroni and cheese from a pot. Ginny smiles politely.
12. Ginny and Bobby make love on the bone-thin mattress.

INT. MAILROOM -- NIGHT

Several young men work around a newspaper inserting machine.

The big clock between the dark windows reads 2:20.

Each worker feeds a hopper with a different section of the paper. The hopper drops the sections into circulating bins, containing a late edition of the paper.

Bobby feeds a thin grocery flyer. He pulls a stack from a pallet, shuffles it and feeds it into the hopper.

VIC COMO, 24, bearded, head band, works to Bobby's right.

To Bobby's left MIKE CULLEN, 20, a crew-cut, muscle type, sets his papers in his hopper and looks around for the foreman. He

opens his wallet, pulls out a pack of rubbers and takes one out, stretching it and letting it snap back.

CULLEN
Wonder who our lucky prize winner will
be tonight.

He watches the bins circulate around the machine, holding the rubbers up like a fish.

VIC
Oh, that's real grown-up.

CULLEN
Yeah, fuck you, beatnik.

He drops the rubber into a newspaper and laughs.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Watch some ol' lady get it an' have a
heart attack.

He looks around for some support. No one looks at him.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Fuck all you hippies. I need a smoke.

He folds a couple of Bobby's inserts in half and shoves them into the circulating chain. The machine jams and the light comes on. A BUZZER sounds over the machine.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Break time.

He walks away.

Bobby and Vic sit on their pallets, as a burly MECHANIC, 38, cigar hanging from his mouth, storms up to the machine swearing a blue streak.

VIC
How 'bout it? You comin' to the
meeting tomorrow?

BOBBY
I don't know. Maybe.

VIC
You need to come, man. You need to,
number 3. You're one mail delivery
away.

The Mechanic holds up a handful of shredded inserts.

MECHANIC
(German accent/to Bobby)
Shuffle da goddam papers, Robert.

Bobby shrugs.

The Mechanic pushes a button under the light and the machine comes back to life. He looks around for Cullen, steps up to his post, grabs a stack of inserts.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

CULLEN!

The young men assume their posts, with the exception of Cullen.

Vic elbows Bobby.

VIC

Seven o'clock. Come.

INT. A SMALL HALL -- NIGHT

Thirty young men sit in the audience, finishing an applause, as a young speaker waves from the podium and sits down. The room BUZZES with chatter.

Bobby and Jerry sit together toward the back.

Jerry waves toward the front, gets up and quickly sneaks toward the front rows.

Bobby watches.

Jerry leans in and whispers in STONY's ear. Stony, 21, wears long, blonde hair and a Fu Manchu beard. He nods to Jerry and introduces him to the guy beside him, FREON, 24, in sunglasses.

Freon lifts the sunglasses off, revealing his deep-set, blue eyes. He wears a wild-beard and thick, long, matted, dark hair.

Jerry shakes their hands and heads back to where Bobby sits.

Freon glances back at Bobby and drops his shades.

BOBBY

Who's that?

JERRY

A friend. Oh, shit, I almost forgot. Look what I got. Straight from the desk of good ol' King Richard.

He reaches inside his jacket and hands Bobby a letter. Bobby reads it quickly and looks back to Jerry.

BOBBY

A physical?

JERRY

Fuckin' A. They're gonna screw me
cause I stayed out this term, man.

Bobby reads the letter. His hands shake a little.

Vic Como stands at the front of the room and taps at the podium.

The murmur in the crowd subsides.

VIC

Now I know what you guys are
thinkin'... there's no way out'a this.
Well, there are ways out. There is
help out there. We've got form 150s
for filing C-O.

He holds the forms up... and others.

VIC (CONT'D)

Universal Life Church. Get a 4-D
deferment. We have people... good,
honest, pillar-of-the-community types
out there who will help you... and
connections with the ACLU, MFP, SAL and
TADP in Canada, if it goes that far.
Pick up one of these sheets and keep it
with you like your driver's license.

Vic holds up a blue sheet of paper with print on it.

VIC (CONT'D)

... and check out these names. If you
need a doctor, a shrink, a priest, a
rabbi, a place to crash in Canada,
we've got someone for you. We are not
cowards. We are not traitors. General
Abrams says the Vietnamese will go it
alone someday soon. Nixon's
"Vietnamization." Sorry, General, but
we can't wait. We are liberty's
conscience. Our buddies, our brothers
are over there dying while the General
waits. Here are their faces.

Vic holds up a closed Life Magazine.

In the upper right hand corner, the headline reads "The Faces
of The American Dead in Vietnam -- One Week's toll"

Vic opens the magazine and holds it up again, turning page
after page of faces. Forty faces of young men with every turn
of the page.

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

These are our dead brothers. These are
our dead buddies. These are our dead
fathers. Dead for what? Can anyone

(MORE)

VIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 tell me? These are the faces of
 reasons why we say, "Hell, no, we won't
 go!"

Bobby and Jerry stare up at Vic and the faces.

EXT. SMILEY'S BAR -- NIGHT

A couple of cars in front of a beer joint with a neon smile in the window.

INT. SMILEY'S BAR -- NIGHT

Jerry, Bobby and Vic sit around a small, circular table. A few other tables are occupied. A FOLK SINGER sings something topical, like "For What it's Worth" behind them.

SMILEY, 47, brings over a tray of beers. This guy is a stoneface.

VIC
 Thanks, Smiley. Quiet night.

SMILEY
 Losin' my customers, one by one. If
 it ain't the war, it's the drugs.
 They stay at home with the pot.

Bobby looks at Smiley. Vic nods. Jerry grabs a beer. Smiley goes back to his post behind the bar.

VIC
 So, you guys know what you're gonna
 do, right?

BOBBY
 I think so.

VIC
 Medical, right?

Bobby nods.

VIC (CONT'D)
 Yeah, you're too young for a C-O. Not
 enough history. Too risky. But you
 gotta be smart with the medical.
 They're not buyin' the trick knee, bad
 back or heart murmur jazz anymore.
 (to Jerry)
 How 'bout you?

JERRY
 I got it covered. How 'bout you?

BOBBY
Vic doesn't have to worry. He's done it.

JERRY
You got out?

VIC
I got in. I was hard-core. Volunteer for America. Two years in country.

JERRY
So, what's it like, really?

A beat.

VIC
You wouldn't fuckin' believe it if I told you. Trust me.

Vic takes a slug of beer. Bobby and Jerry stare at Vic.

INT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- NIGHT

Bobby and Ginny lie awake in bed, both looking up at the ceiling.

GINNY
If you won't talk to me about it, you could always talk to my dad, you know?

BOBBY
Right.

GINNY
He's a psychologist. He gets paid to listen to people. You could talk to him for free.

BOBBY
I can't see myself talking to him about anything besides the weather or what movie we didn't go see.

INT. BOBBY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bobby kisses Ginny on the back of the neck as she stands in front of the mirror getting ready to leave.

BOBBY
You sure you can't stay a little longer?

GINNY
That's a dumb question. You know I have to be home by eleven.

BOBBY
You're nineteen years old.

GINNY
But I live at home. I'm not out on
my own like you. All grown up.

She applies a little lipstick, puckers and turns to him.

Bobby smirks.

BOBBY
Very funny. Come with me tomorrow to
my doctor's appointment?

She kisses him with her cheek.

GINNY
No, I've got class. Remember...
school?

BOBBY
Look, my head's not into school right
now. I've got real life to worry
about.

Ginny looks at him seriously.

GINNY
I know you do. I'm sorry. I just hate
to see you give it up. You're so
smart. You could be something great
someday.

BOBBY
What? What can I be? If you know,
tell me, 'cause I have no idea.

GINNY
You're such a good artist. What about
that?

BOBBY
Like I said -- real life, remember?

INT. EXAMINING ROOM -- DAY

Bobby, his shirt open, sits on the chair, as DR. FABER, 40,
bald with a close-cropped beard examines him. Faber holds one
of Bobby's wrists.

DR. FABER
And how long have you had this?

BOBBY
Since I was a kid. Ever since I can
remember.

The doctor holds Bobby's right arm by the elbow now.
Bobby's hand trembles.

DR. FABER
And you're not just nervous?

BOBBY
Well, I'm a little nervous, I guess.
But my brother Matt used to tell me I
shook even when I was asleep.

DR. FABER
I guess that tells us something, huh?
Bobby nods anxiously.

DR. FABER (CONT'D)
Do his hands shake, too?

BOBBY
Who?

DR. FABER
Your brother.

BOBBY
No, sir.

A beat, as the Faber sizes him up.

DR. FABER
Okay, what we'll do is schedule you for
some tests and see what we can come up
with. Okay? You can button up.

BOBBY
Doctor?

The doctor jots some notes on his clipboard.

DR. FABER
Yes, son.

BOBBY
Did... did the nurse tell you how I
got your name?

DR. FABER
I'm sorry?

BOBBY
I got your name off the sheet.

DR. FABER
The sheet? Which sheet is that?

Bobby, buttoning his shirt, pulls the folded-up sheet from his breast pocket and hands it to the doctor.

Dr. Faber looks at it briefly and hands it back to Bobby.

DR. FABER (CONT'D)
I don't know anything about that sheet.
Get with the nurse and she'll schedule
you back in for a brain scan.

Dr. Faber exits.

Bobby sits there, sheet in hand.

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

A light rain falls from a dark sky over this small airport.

INT. GATE 54 -- DAY

Bobby stands at the window looking out onto the tarmac.

A rainbow stretches from one cloud to another. Raindrops drizzle down on the glass. The sun squints through. A Voice crackles from the intercom.

AIRPORT VOICE
Now arriving at gate 54. Flight 172
from San Francisco.

Bobby turns to see the TWA jet pulling up to the gate. He looks back to the rainbow.

MINUTES LATER

Passengers, deplaning from Flight 172, pass through a door. Bobby waits as others meet their acquaintances.

Bobby looks down the jetway and spots Rusty, in uniform, his right hand tucked into his jacket pocket, a small tote bag held in his left hand.

Rusty meets Bobby outside the jetway door. Bobby offers his hand for a shake. Rusty drops his bag and accepts the shake with his left hand.

Bobby looks Rusty in the eye.

Their hands are still locked together.

Rusty cocks his head to one side and shrugs. He reaches over and pulls his right sleeve out of his right pocket. He waves the sleeve, puppetlike, at Bobby.

RUSTY
How 'ya doin', Bobby boy?

Bobby is dumbfounded.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
See, I got my own little Topo Gigio
thing goin' here.

Bobby's expression hangs between a smile and the reality of Rusty's loss.

Rusty grabs him by the shoulder with his good arm.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
It's okay. I'm okay. I'm back, huh?
That's good, right?

Bobby nods and looks around.

BOBBY
Where's your mom and dad? I thought
they'd be here.

Rusty releases Bobby's shoulder and picks up his bag.

RUSTY
I didn't tell 'em anything.
(a beat)
I mean, they know I got shot up an'
everything. They just don't know...
ya know?

Bobby nods.

BOBBY
Let's go get your bags.

Rusty laughs and holds up his tote.

RUSTY
No idea where the rest'a my shit is,
man.

They turn and walk up the corridor. Bobby cuts over to the window. Rusty follows him.

BOBBY
Hey, check this out.

Bobby stops at the window and looks up into the clouds.

The rain is heavier, the sky darker. There is no rainbow.

Rusty glances toward the window.

RUSTY
Yeah, we had rain over there, too.
Shitloads.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING, JACKSONVILLE, FL -- DAY

Young men pile out of a bus. Army personnel point them into the building. Most of these men are sturdy and virile-looking.

An ARMY SERGEANT #1, standing on a folding chair, counts heads as they pass below him. One head goes topped with a flowery hat. The SERGEANT #1 double-takes and scratches his head.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING -- DAY

Men file past a check-in table. One-by-one they give their names. "Thompson, James", "Ulmer, Andrew", "Violetti, Joe", "Welch, Rick".

Another SERGEANT #2 looks up briefly as the men go flying by.

The long line of pants quickly gives way to a dress, a short dress at that. Below the hemline of the dress, on these neatly shaved legs, are two huge surfer's knots just below the knees.

JERRY (O.S.)
(a falsetto voice)
Zimmer, Jerry.

The Sergeant looks up.

Jerry, smiles back radiantly, a cosmetically perfect young lady, a 20th Century Fox.

INT. BOBBY'S PLYMOUTH -- DAY

Rusty watches through his window, as the rain slides down the glass.

Bobby concentrates on the traffic, but sneaks glances at Rusty.

Rusty runs his finger along the cracking dash vinyl.

RUSTY
The ol' Plymouth. So, you don't even
bother locking it anymore, huh?

BOBBY
No, fuck it. This piece of shit.
(a beat)
I got my own place, though.

RUSTY
Bullshit.

Bobby's face gleams.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Man, what are we waitin' for? Let's
see this den of iniquity.

BOBBY
After I take you home.

RUSTY
NO! No, before, okay? Before.

They look at each other, then straight ahead. A beat.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Don't ever go over there, man. Don't
ever even think about it.

Bobby looks over at Rusty, whose head is turned away.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT -- DAY

Bobby's car moves out onto the highway. The car stalls.
HONKING all around. The car bucks its way out into the
traffic.

EXT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- DAY

Bobby's car sits in front of the cottage. MUSIC can be heard,
like Buffalo Springfield's "Hung Upside Down".

INT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- DAY

The room is dark. The music continues. Bobby is stretched
out on the wicker couch.

Rusty sits cross-legged right in front of the record player.
He sucks deep on a joint, as he flips through the LP's. He
holds up "After Bathing at Baxter's". He rests the album
against his legs and pulls out the record.

Bobby watches him.

Rusty holds the record under his chin, while he lifts the
player arm and stops the music. He takes the record off the
turntable, leans it against the wall and pulls the new record
out from under his chin. The joint, still in his mouth, drops
a seed.

Rusty drops the record and brushes the seed from his pants.
He glances back at Bobby.

Bobby pretends he didn't see.

Rusty places the record on the turntable and drops the needle
down on it. It SCRATCHES and drops off the record.

EXT. RUSTY'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Bobby's car pulls up. The door opens. Rusty steps out. He reaches back in for his tote.

He stands there and looks at the house, then back at the car.

MRS. COLLINS, 48, rushes out onto the front porch. She calls back into the house. MR. COLLINS, 54, hurries out.

Rusty leans back into the car. He nods to Bobby who nods back. Rusty closes the door and watches the car pull away slowly.

Rusty walks toward the house.

Mrs. Collins flies down the steps to meet him.

INT. BOBBY'S PLYMOUTH -- DUSK

Bobby watches in the rearview.

INSERT: REARVIEW

Mrs. Collins hugs Rusty and steps back abruptly. They stand there. She hugs him again. Rusty drops the tote and lays his head on her shoulder. Mr. Collins walks up and picks up the tote.

Rusty looks back toward Bobby's car.

INT. RUSTY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rusty sits on his bed. The room is dark, except for light filtering in around the slightly-open door. A soldier in a boy's room. He reaches over and runs his finger around the edge of a high hat on a full set of drums. He sits back, stares.

INT. GENTILE KITCHEN -- DAY

Dee pushes chunks of ham and peeled potatoes into a steel grinder. She cranks the handle and ham hash pours out its side.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Can you make some of that to go?

Dee looks up.

Bobby watches through the dining room pass-through window, holding baby David.

BOBBY
I didn't see the car or the truck, so I
thought it'd be safe. He's gettin'
big.

Dee wipes her hands off, takes David and kisses Bobby.

DEE
This is your home. It's always safe.
You know that.

BOBBY
Any news?

Dee shakes her head bravely and sets David in the bassinet.

DEE
I heard about Rusty.

Bobby nods and enters the kitchen. Dee hugs him.

DEE (CONT'D)
It's terrible. How's he doing?
(off Bobby's shrug)
You feel skinny. Are you eating?

Bobby dips his finger into stainless steel bowl of raw hash.
He licks a taste of raw hash off his finger.

BOBBY
Sometimes.

DEE
Sit. I'll fry some up for you.

BOBBY
No, mom. You sit. I need to talk to
you... before he comes home.

Dee sits. Bobby sits beside her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
How's Annie?

DEE
Your sister's fine.
(a beat)
Tell me.

BOBBY
Mom, I may have to leave soon. I may
have to go somewhere... Canada.

Dee gasps, holding her apron to her mouth.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm workin' on something right now, but
if it doesn't happen, I'll have to go.

DEE
But you're in school. They can't take
you when you're--

BOBBY
I'm not in school right now. Besides,
my deferment is up at the end of this
semester, anyway. You know what my
lottery number was.

DEE
I know... but... You're not in school?

BOBBY
No, and I think number 3 will go pretty
fast. 3-G. I'm lucky I haven't gotten
my physical notice yet.

DEE
President Nixon says the war's almost
over. He said on the TV just last
night he's taking out more troops.

BOBBY
Yeah, did mention anything about
sending troops into Cambodia? Don't
believe him. It's all lies wrapped in
crap.

Bobby heads for the stairs.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I wanna get some stuff out of my room.

DEE
Bobby, could you try to talk to your
father sometime?

BOBBY
About what?

DEE
About everything, anything.

BOBBY
Does he want to talk to me?

Dee doesn't answer. Bobby tromps up the stairs.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM -- DAY

Bobby steps inside the room. He looks around. All the
posters are down. The walls are barren, except for Matt's
sword over the bed. The trophy shrine is untouched. He
twirls Matt's baseball cap around the top of the trophy it
adorns.

He opens the drawer to his desk and takes out some of his artist's pens and pencils. He shoves them into his pocket.

At the dresser, he pulls open the bottom drawer. Sweaters. He takes out three and tucks them under his arm.

He heads back to the door, stops, looks back at the sword.

INT. GENTILE KITCHEN -- DAY

Dee meets him at the bottom of the stairs, at the kitchen entrance. She hands him a brown paper bag.

DEE
Take this and go. Out the front door.
Your father just pulled in.
(a beat)
Oh, Jesus, where's your car?

BOBBY
Down the street.

Bobby peeks out the window.

EXT. GENTILE DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Mac, in his J&B Cabinets shirt, lifts his tool box out of the back of the Ford station wagon and walks toward the back door.

INT. GENTILE KITCHEN -- DAY

Bobby hesitates, takes the bag, kisses his mother, reaches into the bassinet and touches David on the head.

BOBBY
Don't worry, ma. If I have to go--

DEE
You won't have to go. The President
said. Now, hurry. Tell Rusty... tell
him I said I'm happy he's home.

Bobby turns and leaves. Hanging down his back, a leather loop around his neck, is Matt's sword.

INT. PCC CAFETERIA -- DAY

Ginny sits in the crowded room, sipping on a drink through a straw. BRIAN KRAMER, 19, a clean-cut, frat-type, sits beside her. They pore over a book and laugh.

Two girls across the table from her get up and leave. Two males sit in the vacated seats. Ginny doesn't look up.

BOBBY (O.S.)
These seats taken?

Ginny shakes her head without looking up, then looks up.

GINNY
Oh, hi!

Brian SLAPS his book closed.

BRIAN
Look, I gotta run. See you in Lit?

Ginny nods. Brian rushes off.

GINNY
This is a surprise. What are you doing here?

BOBBY
I wanted Rusty to meet you.
(off Brian)
Who's he?

Ginny, ignoring the question, reaches her hand out toward Rusty.

GINNY
Oh, hi. I've heard so much about you.

Rusty shakes her hand, aiming his left side toward her.

RUSTY
Yep. You, too.

Ginny smiles brightly.

Rusty notices some of the students staring at him and a couple of long hairs teasing a couple of ROTC guys.

So does Ginny.

GINNY
You guys wanna go outside?

Bobby watches Brian who whispers in another girl's ear nearby.

BOBBY
Yeah, definitely.

They all get up, Bobby grabbing Ginny's books, and head outside.

EXT. PCC COMMONS -- DAY

Ginny, Bobby and Rusty sit out on the grass in front of the library.

Students of all types pass by. Straight-laced. Long hairs. Most stare at Rusty.

On the lawn across from them a long-haired SINGER plays a guitar and sings something like John Sebastian's "Rainbows All Over Your Blues". Several people watch him. One barefoot girl dances in whirling circles.

BOBBY
So, who was that guy, anyway?

GINNY
What guy?

BOBBY
You know, B-M-O-C? See-you-in-Lit guy?

GINNY
Brian is a friend. We're in three classes together. He's president of the thespian club and a real brain. He's going to FSU next Fall on scholarship.

BOBBY
Thespian.

GINNY
So, Rusty, have things changed much in Providence?

RUSTY
Yeah, it's pretty weird. Everything seems the same, but different, too, ya know?

INT. DR. FABER'S OFFICE -- DAY

The RECEPTIONIST, 38, talks on the phone wedged between her shoulder and ear and types on stationery.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM -- DAY

Dr. Faber flips through some pages on a clip chart.

DR. FABER
I just don't see anything that would be causing your tremor. Probably congenital. And obviously benign, because with the exception of the tremor itself, you seem to be in perfect health. Your motor skills aren't impaired in any way. I can prescribe something for you that will settle it down a little, but you could have some mild side effects. Are you taking any drugs right now?

BOBBY

Uh, no, sir.

DR. FABER

No drugs of any kind?

Bobby shakes his head.

DR. FABER (CONT'D)

Do you want a prescription, then?

Bobby shakes his head again.

DR. FABER (CONT'D)

Is there anything else that I can help you with, then?

Their eyes lock. Each waits for the other to say something. Neither does.

INT. DR. FABER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Bobby stands at the receptionist's window. She finishes up a call and looks up at Bobby, who hands his chart to her. She reads it quickly.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, let's see here. The Doctor says there's no charge for today and we don't need to see you again unless there's anything else.

She looks up at him and smiles.

Bobby looks down at her work. There are several pieces of stationery and envelopes beside the typewriter. A beat.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

Is there something else?

BOBBY

Doctor Faber said he'd write me a prescription. I thought I didn't need one, but maybe I should go ahead and get it.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, let me go check with him a minute. I'll be right back.

The Receptionist hustles down the short hall.

Bobby peeks around the reception wall, down the hallway.

The Receptionist knocks on a door and goes through that doorway.

Bobby looks around the lobby. He's alone.

He reaches through the reception window.

The door behind him opens and a MAILMAN enters with a stack of mail.

Bobby pulls his hand back.

The Mailman nods to Bobby and drops the mail off on the ledge at the reception window. The Mailman exits.

Bobby looks back down at the stationery, takes a couple of sheets with an envelope and sneaks them under his shirt, just as the Receptionist gets back. She looks at him suspiciously.

Bobby smiles. The Receptionist hands Bobby the prescription.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

There you go.

Bobby takes the slip and looks at Dr. Faber's wild signature scrawled across the bottom.

INT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- NIGHT

Bobby sits at his card table. The silent room is dark, except for one dim lamp on over the table. Up to one side on the table, fastened down flat with scotch tape, is the prescription.

Over and over on plain pieces of paper, Bobby copies the signature with an artist's pencil. With each attempt, the signature looks a little more like Dr. Faber's.

Bobby stops, mangles the papers into a ball, and throws it against a wall. It bounces off a sketch of Jerry.

EXT. CATWALK -- NIGHT

Bobby sits alone and watches the quiet procession of cars passing below on both sides of the now-finished highway.

EXT. RUSTY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Carrying a black, leather jacket, buckles everywhere, over his shoulder, Rusty trots out toward Bobby's car and climbs in. The car pulls away.

INT. BOBBY'S PLYMOUTH -- DAY

BOBBY

Well, long time no see. What's been goin' on?

RUSTY
Ya know, busy.

BOBBY
Uh-huh.

RUSTY
So, what's the big secret? Where are
we going?

Bobby grins.

BOBBY
Let's just say I've got the rest of
your day planned.

Rusty shakes his head.

EXT. INTERSTATE -- DAY

Bobby's Plymouth drives along the Interstate.

The car pulls off onto a shoulder of the highway. Rusty
dashes out of the car and down into a pine tree forest.

Cars fly by on the highway.

Rusty walks quickly out of the forest back to the car and it
pulls away.

INT. BOBBY'S PLYMOUTH/MOVING -- DAY

Bobby smirks.

BOBBY
So, everything come out okay?

RUSTY
Great. Just great.
(beat)
You spend your whole life peeing one
way. You unzip with your right hand,
pull it out, hold it there, put it back
and zip back up. Now, you're 20 years
old and you gotta learn how to do it
another way. Sucks.

He looks at a suddenly grim Bobby, who can't look back.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
And, obviously, peeing isn't the worst
of the mechanical problems down there.

Rusty makes a left-handed, jerking-off gesture.

BOBBY
 (distracted)
 Here we go.

EXT. INTERSTATE -- DAY

Bobby's car veers off the highway, past a green exit sign:
 "Exit 54. Casas De Sombras"

EXT. CASAS DE SOMBRAS -- DAY

Bobby's car parks on a quaint street, lined on both sides with ancient oak trees. The wind swirls through the trees, kicking the draping Spanish moss.

Bobby and Rusty walk along the street, past old wood clapboard homes. In front of most of the homes, signs marketing spiritual and metaphysical readings hang from posts. WIND CHIMES jingle.

RUSTY
 What is this place?

BOBBY
 You really don't know?

RUSTY
 No.

BOBBY
 This is a whole town of mediums.

RUSTY
 So? Mediums, smalls, whatever.

BOBBY
 Not that kind of medium, numbnuts. You know, ooh... spirits and all that.

RUSTY
 Bullshit.

Bobby grins. Rusty stops in his tracks.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
 I'll wait in the car.

Bobby grabs him by his good arm.

BOBBY
 No, c'mon. You don't have to do anything. I'll do it. I want to find out if they know anything about...

RUSTY
 About what?

BOBBY

About... I don't know, the future.

RUSTY

Gimme a break. If you don't know, how can anybody who doesn't even know you know? Man, it's just like this chaplain in Nam. He kept sayin', "I know what you're feeling. I know what you're going through. I understand." Over an' over he'd say it, like he was convincin' himself or somethin'. I lost two of my buddies and my right arm in twenty seconds. And he knows. Shit on that. He didn't know shit. If somebody claims to know your future or your present, even, there must be money involved.

They walk on, slowing down to read the signs in the front yards or hanging from hooks on front porches. They stop at a small white house. WIND CHIMES of all varieties play among the myriad of hanging plants suspended in macrame.

A sign over the porch reads, "Señora Providencia, Palm Reader, Spiritualist, Medium -- \$5"

BOBBY

This one. Providence. Our hometown name. It's an omen.

RUSTY

Or something...

INT. PROVIDENCIA HOUSE -- DAY

A small sitting room. Pictures of saints, animals and children everywhere. Plants hang. Incense burns. A black bird CAWS.

Bobby and Rusty look around. Bobby walks up to the bird.

BOBBY

(whispering)

I've never seen a black parrot.

RUSTY

Maybe 'cause it's a crow.

Rusty fidgets with a bird shaped wind chime. It JINGLES loudly and startles him.

RUSTY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Let's just go.

The door CREAKS open behind Bobby. Rusty steps back. Bobby turns to see...

The smiling, bawdy face of SEÑORA PROVIDENCIA. This is a big, dark woman with a mustache to be envied.

SEÑORA PROVIDENCIA
Buenos Dias. Who rang for the Señora?

Bobby looks back at Rusty, who quickly points to Bobby.

But the Señora steps past Bobby, across the room, takes Rusty's hand and scrutinizes his palm.

SEÑORA PROVIDENCIA
(CONT'D)
There is much to be told here, many things to be seen. Do you want Señora to show you?

Rusty looks to Bobby, who urges him on.

RUSTY
No, I don't think so. I'm copa --

SEÑORA PROVIDENCIA
You are guerrero, si? A fighter... a soldier?

Rusty nods.

SEÑORA PROVIDENCIA
(CONT'D)
Your eyes have seen many sad stories and behind your eyes many black dreams. Pesadillas turbulentas. Muy malas. But tu corazon, your heart, is grande, very big, and seeks the softer musica. El arrullo, the song the birds sing for the children.

Rusty gazes up at her, suddenly sighted in.

She smiles a new mother's smile. The Señora leads him into another room. Rusty looks back at Bobby, who shrugs.

Bobby sits down deep into a wicker chair. Staring him right in the eye as he turns his head is a stuffed iguana.

He shivers. The "crow" squawks "El Arrullo."

EXT. PROVIDENCIA HOUSE -- DAY

Bobby's car drives by. Señora Providencia waves, pulls her hand down over heart and watches the car drive off.

INT. BOBBY'S PLYMOUTH -- DAY

BOBBY
Pretty heavy, huh?

RUSTY
Yeah. Heavy.

BOBBY
So, what'd she tell you?

RUSTY
Nothin'.

BOBBY
C'mon.

RUSTY
Okay, let's see. She said I'm gonna live in a big house with a white picket fence and I'm gonna have my own band, make a shitload a' money and marry a dark, mysterious woman. Ya know, really heavy, realistic stuff.

Rusty looks out the window, as they leave the strange town.

LATER

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Ya know, I never got any.

BOBBY
Any? Any what?

Rusty turns to Bobby.

RUSTY
A-ny.

BOBBY
No way. What about boo-coos boom boom?

RUSTY
Boo-coo bullshit.

Rusty turns back to the window.

EXT. TACO-BELL RESTAURANT -- DUSK

Bobby's car is parked in the side lot.

Rusty and Bobby sit outside at a concrete table under a metal umbrella. They're eating messy burritos.

BOBBY
Good shit, huh?

Rusty shrugs.

Two hot-looking girls walk out of the restaurant, climb into their Morgan convertible, smiling at Rusty and Bobby. One of the girls blows a kiss, as the car peels out.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You wanna follow 'em?

RUSTY
I'm sure Ginny would appreciate that.

BOBBY
For you. She was lookin' at you.

RUSTY
Right. Sure she was.
(beat)
After we eat, can you run me home?

BOBBY
No way! I've got tonight off. We're gonna watch the sun rise.

EXT. OUTSIDE PROVIDENCE DRIVE-IN -- NIGHT

INSERT: MARQUEE -- "In Cold Blood" and "Pork Chop Hill".

Bobby's car drives under the marquee and stops at the ticket window.

INT. BOBBY'S PLYMOUTH -- NIGHT

Rusty waits while Bobby hands two dollars up to the TICKET VENDOR, 26. The Vendor leans out.

TICKET VENDOR
I need some I-D first.

Bobby pulls out his wallet and looks over at Rusty.

RUSTY
They got it all, man.

TICKET VENDOR
C'mon, son, they're pilin' up behind ya.

Bobby turns. A horn HONKS. Several cars line up, lights on. He turns back to the vendor.

BOBBY
Okay, I've got one and he's with me.

TICKET VENDOR
You his pop?

BOBBY
C'mon, man. Cut us some slack.

TICKET VENDOR
Sorry, no can do. I got rules. You both need some form of I-D, so I know you've both reached a proper age to see this flick. It ain't exactly Mary Poppins, ya know?

BOBBY
Look, he's a Vietnam vet. He's got a purple heart and everything. His I-D's still over there.

TICKET VENDOR
A war hero, huh? Congratulations. But we're a little tighter on our age requirements than good ol' Uncle Sam. You got no I-D, you just go right up there and turn around.

He aims his thumb, toward a turnabout at the drive-in entrance.

Bobby looks at him and guns the car.

EXT. OUTSIDE PROVIDENCE DRIVE-IN -- NIGHT

Bobby's car screeches away from the ticket booth, swerving in the dirt toward the entrance.

The Ticket Vendor, two dollar bills still in his hand, slams his fist against the window frame and grabs the telephone.

EXT. PROVIDENCE DRIVE-IN LOT -- NIGHT

Bobby's car drives up and down the aisles, over parking humps, and finally pulls up near the concession stand.

INT. BOBBY'S PLYMOUTH -- NIGHT

Rusty laughs. Bobby snatches the speaker, hooks it on his window and rolls the window up halfway.

RUSTY
Christ, I go away for a year and you become a fuckin' criminal. What's gotten into you?

BOBBY
I'm not a criminal!

RUSTY
Okay, okay. You're not a criminal.

BOBBY
It just pisses me off.

RUSTY
Fuck 'em sideways. Let's just get
outta here.

BOBBY
Are you kidding? After all that?

RUSTY
Especially after all that.

EXT. PROVIDENCE DRIVE-IN -- NIGHT

Bobby's car SCREECHES away from the concession stand, the
speaker wire snapping off.

A cartoon fills the movie screen.

A Police Patrol car enters the Drive-in lot and begins slowly
going up and down each row of parked cars.

Bobby's car stops before exiting the lot, and the speaker
comes flying back as the Plymouth pulls away.

EXT. JERRY'S PAD -- NIGHT

This is a small apartment above a florist shop. A stairway up
the side of the building.

At the top of the stairs, Bobby and Rusty stand outside the
door.

Jerry opens the door, stoned out of his mind.

JERRY
Whoa, hey, men. You're just in time
for the ceremony. What's the password?

Bobby looks to Rusty, who shakes his head, back to Jerry,
who's stonefaced. He cracks up.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Aw, c'mon, I'm bullshittin' ya! Entre.

He steps aside, gestures them in, looks around cautiously,
pulls the door closed.

INT. JERRY'S PAD -- NIGHT

Stony and Freon sit on the floor. Stony holds a bottle of
beer. Freon holds a small camera. Typical head MUSIC plays.

A beautiful, tanned, blonde flower child, AMBER, 18, stands near them in an "S" pose. Freon clicks off a shot of her. The camera flashes. Amber curtsies and squats down on the floor.

A small, metal trash can is on the floor in front of them surrounded by beer bottles. The room is a cloud of smoke.

Three surfboards lean against the wall behind them.

JERRY

Hey, everyone. This is my ol' school bro', Bobby and his buddy...

BOBBY

Rusty.

JERRY

Rusty. Right. Whoa...

(pointing each out)

Okay. Stony. Freon... and Amber.

Amber's a model.

(to Rusty)

Hey, is that fugitive guy still after you, man?

BOBBY

Hey!

JERRY

Cool, brah. He knows I'm jus' playin' with his head.

RUSTY

Yeah, no problem, brah.

JERRY

Sit. No, first a picture. This is a momentous occasion. Freon here even brought his camera. Cool, huh? Hey, check this out.

He pulls a murine bottle out of his breast pocket and drips liquid into each of his eyes. He overdoes it and lets it run down his face. Giggling, he runs over switches off the main light, and turns on his black light.

Posters all around glow in hot lime and pink.

Jerry points to his cheeks where the murine has left lime-colored trails in the black light.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Psycho-delic!

Jerry puts his arms around Rusty and Bobby. Jerry's smile glistens. Rusty and Bobby, impassive. A flash and CLICK.

Bobby and Rusty sit. Freon glares at them.

FREON

So, what's your story, boys? You cool, or what? Are you experienced? Or are you just here to watch?

(a beat)

Well, are you cool?

STONY

Sure they are, man. But there's always room for improvement. I'm gonna turn 'em on... bring a little sunshine into their lives. Let 'em try out my samples.

Jerry giggles, as Stony pulls out a tiny hunk of aluminum foil. He unwraps it, picks out one small tablet and hands it to Rusty. He takes another for Bobby, strokes his beard, and hands each another tab. Orange sunshine.

STONY (CONT'D)

One for now, one for the road. Have a nice trip, fellas.

Amber hands her bottle of beer to Bobby, who passes it to Rusty, who first pushes the pill into his mouth.

Bobby throws one of the tabs up and catches it in his shirt's breast pocket.

Rusty puts one of the tabs in his jacket pocket, gulps the other with the beer and hands the bottle back to Bobby. A beat.

BOBBY

(to Jerry)

So, man, how's school?

Stony falls all over himself laughing. Freon laughs along.

JERRY

School's out.

Jerry reaches over and pulls Amber close to him. He pulls her hair away from her eyes and looks deep into them.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What do you see?

AMBER

Everything.

JERRY

How far can you see?

AMBER

Forever.

Jerry falls on her with a long, hard kiss.

STONY
(to Bobby)
So, ya gonna do it, man?

Bobby looks at the tablet and at Rusty.

Tears stream down Rusty's face.

Stony gestures Bobby to do it. Bobby pops the tab and chases it with the beer. Freon watches him closely.

STONY (CONT'D)
Righteous.

Amber opens up a box, takes five thick, white candles and sticks them into the necks of the beer bottles on the floor around the waste basket.

She gestures for Bobby's bottle. He hands it over.

Amber plunges the last candle into the beer bottle, pulls out a cigarette lighter from her pants, and lights each candle.

The flames dance around the trash can.

Amber hands the lighter to Jerry.

Jerry takes the lighter and pulls a small, white card from his breast pocket. He holds the card out.

STONY (CONT'D)
Torch it. Right, Freon?

FREON
It's his fire, man. I'm sure they'll
make'm a nice, new one.

Freon aims his camera.

STONY
Ashes to ashes.

Rusty falls back, softly onto the floor.

Jerry holds the card over the trash can.

INSERT: DRAFT CARD

It reads: Jerome Zimmer. 263-26-3103. Status - 1-A.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jerry holds the lighter under the card until it catches on fire. When it does, he lets it drop (SLO MO, BURNING) into the trash.

CLICK! A burst of the camera's flash bulb.

Jerry leans over the trash can. His face is illuminated by the dying flame.

Bobby looks at a blurring Rusty, who's now stretched out face up on the floor.

Bobby gazes at Amber, who purses her lips for him, just as Jerry kneels beside her and whispers in her ear. She stands with Jerry. They walk into the next room.

MONTAGE:

Stony laughs suddenly, wildly.

Freon lurks in a dark corner and snaps a picture.

The room seems to be tilting and going a little fuzzy.

Mac stands over Bobby with Matt's sword.

Bobby blinks.

Mac is gone.

Bobby stands, wobbly, and settles down on a chair. He pulls his knees up to his chest, in a fetal position, and watches as the faces of Rusty, Stony and Freon fly before him. The MUSIC is angry and discordant.

Bobby tucks his head between his knees, closes his eyes.

END MONTAGE:

Rusty staggers to his feet. He walks toward the bedroom where Jerry and Amber went.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry is on top of Amber, gnawing on her neck. They are both naked. Amber opens her eyes.

Rusty stands in the doorway.

Amber blows a kiss his way.

Rusty takes the other tab of sunshine out of his pocket, looks at it and throws it down his throat.

EXT. CATWALK -- NIGHT

A stiff wind RATTLES the fencing.

Rusty, in his leather jacket, and Bobby stand, fifteen feet apart, their faces pressed into the links. They watch the cars whiz by below them. Rusty stares blankly.

Bobby spits.

BOBBY
Mustang convertible! A big twenty-five! Whoa, man, this is makin' me dizzy again. I gotta sit.

Bobby drops to his butt, then slowly lowers his head down to the cement. The cars below him make a WHOOSHING sound and he closes his eyes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I can feel 'em when they go by. I can feel 'em in my back. God, what a trip! Jesus. C'mon, Rusty. This is so cool.

He waits there, then opens his eyes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Are you gonna... ?

He looks around. No Rusty. He pushes his face up against the links and looks down.

A SEMI whizzes by.

With the truck gone, Bobby hears the CHINKING of the fence above him. He looks up.

Rusty crawls right over his head, one hand down to steady himself as he nears the edge.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doin', man?

Rusty doesn't answer. He stands all the way up, right at the edge of the catwalk above Bobby and throws his good arm up.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Shit. Shit.

He sprints to the end of the catwalk and begins a climb along the edge of the link cage until he's on top.

Rusty is 60 feet away from him, sitting now on the edge.

The wind howls.

RUSTY
Incoming. Incoming. This is gonna get hot!

A few cars breeze by below him.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Aarooo! Delta Company!

Bobby crawls slowly toward Rusty, his face dripping sweat. When he looks down, he nearly falls down, so he keeps his head up.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Don't come out here, Bobby. Don't come out here. You can smell 'em. They're comin'. Stay back in the world... where you're safe.

A truck BOOMS below them, like an explosion.

Bobby grips hard. The fence RATTLES and CLICKS.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
You hear that clicking? That's V-C. Close as hell, too. Stay low. They got 47's on us right now.

BOBBY
No, Rusty, it's just the fence.

Bobby rattles the links beneath him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
It's okay.

Bobby edges closer. Rusty stares down over the edge.

RUSTY
Delta Company down in the LZ. Too damn hot down there. Gotta help. Gotta go down for 'em.

BOBBY
No! No, man. Stay where you are. Just stay put.

Bobby edges even closer, just a few feet away.

Two cars fly by below.

Rusty eyes locked on a vision below, and we see his horror.

FLASHBACK:

Three GI's are down. One is blown apart, another crawling away. Rusty leans out of the helicopter, the sound of its BLADES mimic a racing heartbeat. He makes eye contact with one GI, who is also Rusty, as he takes an exploding round in the upper right arm.

RUSTY (V.O.)
No! No! You gook bastards!

END FLASHBACK:

Rusty pushes off from the chain link perch, just as Bobby grabs his arm.

Bobby hooks his toes in the chains, which frees up his other hand to grab Rusty's arm. He pulls him up as far as he can until Rusty makes eye contact with him.

Rusty's hand starts to slip free. Rusty stares at Bobby.

Rusty slips out of Bobby's grasp and drops, but the buckle on his jacket's right sleeve catches on a link of fence and holds him there, dangling.

Bobby hangs his arm over the edge, tries to reach. He can't.

Rusty's expression swims between fear and excitement.

Bobby slowly lowers himself over the edge and begins to climb down. He grabs short, quick breaths.

Rusty's eyes rivet on Bobby, then on the buckle. He reaches up and releases it to free himself.

He falls away, his back down, his eyes back on Bobby.

Bobby watches Rusty fall to the highway below, where a station wagon swerves around him and veers off onto the shoulder.

The car then backs right back out onto the highway to shield the body. The flashers come on. A pick-up truck flies around them.

Bobby hangs on, muttering, crying.

Below, the station wagon DRIVER kneels at Rusty's side.

Car horns BLARE.

A splinter of sunlight at the end of the highway and car lights in the dawn.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING

Several patrol cars nosed in. A couple of Cops climb out of one, head inside.

INT. JENKS OFFICE -- DAY

DETECTIVE JENKS, 44, sits on the edge of his desk peeks out the window. He lights a cigarette. Bobby sits in the chair in front of his desk.

Jenks turns to speak. Outside the office, through the glass, Jenks nods to Dee, who's face is agonized. He closes the window blinds.

JENKS

I just find it hard to believe that he would get up there without you knowin' it. Now, you're both big boys. What the hell were you thinkin'? Why would you even be up there in the middle of the night?

BOBBY

We used to go up there all the time when we were... younger.

Bobby leans forward and puts his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. As he looks down, he sees into his shirt pocket which hangs open.

JENKS

And do what?

Bobby eyes inside the pocket: One tab of Orange Sunshine.

JENKS (CONT'D)

And do what? Drop oranges... spit on cars? Look, you're not the only kids who ever went up there and screwed around. But there's a reason it's fenced in, ya know?

BOBBY

Talk.

JENKS

What's that?

BOBBY

Talk. We'd just go up there and talk.

JENKS

Talk, huh? About what?

BOBBY

About everything... life... girls mostly.

Jenks gets right in his face. Bobby sits up straight.

JENKS

You know what I think?

Jenks turns and walks to the window.

Bobby reaches quickly into his pocket, pulls out the tab and drops it to the floor.

BOBBY

(nervously)

No, sir.

Jenks comes back to the edge of the desk again.

JENKS

I think you guys were up there doin' God knows what. Prob'ly pissin' your initials on passing car tops. I don't really give a shit. One of you gets bored with it an' says, "I dare you to piss from up there." The other one says, "I will if you will." Both of you gotta prove you got the biggest balls, so you climb up there. He's got fucked up balance to start with, one arm an' all. It's pretty windy. The footing's shaky. He falls off. One an' one is two. You try an' cover your own ass by sayin' you didn't know he was up there. That's what I think. Now, you tell me -- am I right?

A beat. Bobby finally nods.

BOBBY

Yeah, you're right.

Bobby crunches down hard with the heel of his foot.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Yes, sir, you nailed it.

Jenks leans back and smiles.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Rusty lies in traction, his head bandaged down to his closed eyes. His parents sit by his side.

A pretty, young, black nurse, DOUGA, 23, checks his vitals.

DOUGA

Why don't you two go down and get something to eat? You been sittin' here for...

(off her watch)

... over four hours now. I'll stay here with him 'til you get back and I'll come get you if anything happens.

MR. COLLINS

You must have other patients.

DOUGA

In five minutes my time is my own. I got no place better to be. I'll just stick around for a while.

MRS. COLLINS

No, I want to be here.

MR. COLLINS
No, hon, she's right. Let's go
downstairs. If anything happens,
she'll let us know.

He helps her up. They touch their son's arm and walk away.
But they turn back before leaving.

DOUGA
Go on, now. It's okay.

MR. COLLINS
Thank you.

They exit reluctantly. Douga hums and sings as she goes about
her work.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Dee and Bobby walk down the station steps.

BOBBY
I'm sorry they called you.

DEE
I'm just relieved that you're okay. Is
everything all right? I worry about
you.

Bobby nods. They walk through the parked cars to the Ford
wagon. Bobby opens the door for his mother.

BOBBY
I gotta go see Rusty.

DEE
I'll go with you.

BOBBY
No, you go home. I'll let you know.

A Chevy stepvan, J&B Cabinets, bounces into the parking lot.
It comes to a SCREECHING stop near them.

Bobby slams his mother's car door shut.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Go home, ma. Please.

Dee looks at Bobby, then over to the J & B truck.

Mac hops down from the truck.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Go, ma!

Dee starts up the wagon and pulls away slowly.

Mac hoists up his pants as he walks toward Bobby.

Bobby stands where his mother's car was. He pushes his hair behind his ears.

Mac stands arm's length away from him and narrows his glare.

Bobby starts to say something, but Mac's big, boom-of-an-arm swings out and lands a hard smack right across Bobby's cheek stopping any words from coming out.

MAC

Do you think your mother and I have time to be running down here to clean up after you? Who in the fuck do you think you are, anyway?

BOBBY

I don't know. Your son?

MAC

Yeah... well, no son of mine wears his hair like that. And no son of mine is a draft dodger. And no son of mine hurts his mother the way you hurt her. Hasn't she suffered enough? Matt is the only son I got... and David.

BOBBY

Oh, really? What a surprise. Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but Matt and Davey are my brothers, so I must be related to you in some way.

MAC

Smart ass, huh? All of a sudden you're a smart ass hippie. What do you think your brother would say if he saw the way you're acting?

BOBBY

(under his breath)

I have no idea.

MAC

What?

BOBBY

Okay. You know what, he'd probably say... he'd probably say... I wish I was home with my kid brother and sister and my mother and my father... like you, you lucky bastard. That's what he'd say.

That freezes Mac. They are both weaker after this battle. A beat.

Bobby wheels and heads for his car. Mac just stands there.

Bobby's Plymouth groans to start, finally does, then pulls away from the Police Station parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Douga sits by Rusty's bed, reading. The door opens. Bobby peeks in cautiously.

DOUGA
It's okay, you can come in.

Bobby pads in, whispers...

BOBBY
Is he...? I mean... will he?

DOUGA
He's gonna make it. If that's what you're asking. He got himself a broken back and a concussion, but he's pretty lucky, all in all.

Bobby nods.

DOUGA (CONT'D)
I'm Douga.

She reaches across Rusty's bed for Bobby's hand.

BOBBY
Bobby. Doo-ga? That's a cool name.

She sits back down.

DOUGA
Thank you. West African. My daddy says that certain tribes... people there have this glorious chant that's sung for men of great character or substance. Sometimes this chant even sets free evil spirits. That's a douga. He said when I was born it changed his life, he left all his evils behind, so he called me his little Douga.

BOBBY
It's really pretty.

He looks back to Rusty.

DOUGA
You his friend?

Bobby nods.

DOUGA (CONT'D)
Doctor says he could be asleep days or weeks even. But, don't worry. I been singin' to him. He'll come out of it pretty quick.

Rusty's breathing is relaxed and soft.

DOUGA (CONT'D)
I bet he's real cute when he's awake.

BOBBY
Yeah. You'd like him.

EXT. CATWALK -- DAY

Bobby sits cross-legged on the same spot where he was reclining the night before. He watches cars through the links as they fly by below him.

Two GIRLS (#1, #2), 11, each carrying a cardboard box by its handle, walk up to him from behind.

GIRL #1
Hey, mister. Would you like to buy a chocolate bar for one dollar? All the money goes to sending our school band to the state competition.

BOBBY
Huh, oh, no. No thanks.

The Girls start to walk away.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(calling after them)
Hey, what's the money for again?

GIRL #2
The school band.

Bobby digs into his jeans, pulls out a couple of crumpled ones.

BOBBY
Yeah, okay. I'll take two.

Bobby pays the girls and they run off. Bobby sits there, the candy in his fist. The sun sets below the tree line.

INT. GENTILE DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mac and Anne sit at the table while Dee brings the last plateful of food, places it on the table and sits down.

Dee looks at Mac and bows her head.

Anne bows her head and forms her hands prayerlike.

MAC
Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for
having offended thee...

Anne peeks up.

ANNE
Daddy, that's not grace. That's the
Act of Contrition. You were saying the
Act of Contrition.

Mac looks over at Dee, who does not look up.

MAC
(to Anne)
Okay, okay. I was just testing you.
Grace.
(with head bowed)
Bless us, Oh, Lord and these thy gifts
which we are about to receive through
thy bounty through Christ our Lord.
Dear God, please watch over and protect
Matt and bring him home to us soon.
Amen.

Dee and Anne chime in on the "Amen".

INT. MAILROOM -- NIGHT

Bobby feeds comic strip inserts into his hopper, Vic at his right side, Cullen his left, as six workers share this mechanical circle.

Cullen sings "I'm proud to be an Okee from Muskokee", much to the chagrin of those around him.

They all shuffle their papers and feed their respective hoppers.

Cullen reaches over into Bobby's hopper, pulls a handful of comics out and jams them into the belt again.

The jam light blinks on, flashes. The Mechanic marches over.

VIC
Now, why the fuck did you have to do
that? I wanna get out'a here tonight.

CULLEN
I felt like a break. I gotta shake the
snake somethin' fierce.

BOBBY
Well, the next time, jam the machine
with your own fuckin' section.

CULLEN

Ooh. Is that a threat? What are you gonna do, pinko faggot? Whip me with your hair? Choke me with your love beads?

The Mechanic works furiously on the jam.

Bobby stands face to face with Cullen, blocking his exit.

CULLEN (CONT'D)

Or, you gonna smack me with one a' your shaky little hands? Pussy...

VIC

He's not worth it, Bobby. Let him go.

CULLEN

Yeah, let me go, or I'll feed you into this machine. C'mon, you don't believe in violence, anyway, right?

VIC

Bobby.

Bobby steps aside, reluctantly. Cullen passes.

CULLEN

Unless it's pushin' a one armed guy off a catwalk.

Bobby flies off after Cullen and tackles him just outside the restrooms.

All the machines stop and the workers form a circle around the wrestlers.

Bobby and Cullen roll around, each vying for position.

The Foreman, ART LINTON, 52, pushes his way into the crowd and is about to call it all off when the Mechanic stops him and gestures to let them go.

Bobby holds Cullen down on his stomach, pinning one arm against the floor. Cullen uses his free arm to reach back and pull Bobby by the hair. Bobby lets go of Cullen's arm and Cullen flips him over and lunges on top of him.

Bobby, under Cullen, uses a "grapevine" escape technique, entwining his leg over and under Cullen's, flipping him over and down on his stomach. On top of him now, Bobby presses his elbow against Cullen's head, grabs his wrist and begins to twist.

Cullen screams out in pain.

The crowd urges Bobby on, their faces full of fire.

Bobby eyes Vic, who shakes his head "no".

Bobby eases up on his hold, quickly releases and stands up over Cullen. He starts to walk away. Cullen trips him and pulls him back down hard on his face.

Cullen rolls over on top of Bobby, turns him, and makes one quick punch down on his face, before the Mechanic yanks him away.

Bobby, shaken, stands and wipes his nose. Blood. He staggers toward the bathroom.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Don't fuck with me again, fuckin'
hippie. Don't fuck with me!

Everyone goes back to his post, as the machines WHIRS to life. The Mechanic runs Bobby's hopper, muttering in German.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY

Bobby stands at a wall phone, feigning a conversation, as Mr. and Mrs. Collins walk past him toward the elevator.

Douga, in civvies, carrying a sweater, walks up behind him.

DOUGA
It's okay, they're gone. You can hang
up now.

She takes the phone from his hand.

DOUGA (CONT'D)
(into the receiver)
Bye-eee.

Bobby, candy bars in hand, peeks around the corner.

DOUGA (CONT'D)
Would I lie to you? What you got
against the Collins? They're good
people. Is one of those for me?

She takes a candy bar from Bobby's hand.

BOBBY
I don't have anything against them.
They might have something against me,
though.

DOUGA
I don't think so. C'mon, I was jus'
goin' in to see how he's doin'. You
comin'?

BOBBY

Yeah.

They walk down the corridor together.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Bobby and Douga enter the room where Rusty lies, still asleep, still breathing normally.

Douga lays her sweater across the back of a chair and stands over Rusty. She feels his forehead with her wrist and checks his clipboard.

Bobby stands nearby, lays a candy bar on the tray table.

DOUGA

He's lookin' fine.

BOBBY

I wish he'd wake up.

DOUGA

He will when he's ready.

They both sit and wait. Douga hums a spiritual.

EXT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- NIGHT

The Plymouth drives down the long, pine-needle driveway in front of the cottage and stops alongside another car -- a black Chevy Sedan.

Bobby gets out of his car and eyes the Chevy curiously.

He walks around the corner of the cottage.

Two men in black pants, white, short-sleeve shirts and black ties stand at his door. The taller man, AGENT BETZ, 48, walks up to Bobby.

BOBBY

What's going on?

AGENT BETZ

Robert Gentile?

The other man, AGENT RIVERS, quits smelling a flower in a cement pot on the concrete block half-wall, and joins them.

AGENT RIVERS

That's him.

BOBBY

What? Do I know you? Who are you guys?

AGENT BETZ
 I'm Agent Betz. This is Agent Rivers.
 (off an ID)
 FBI.

BOBBY
 FBI? What is this? Are you kidding?

AGENT RIVERS
 Yeah, we're big kidders.

Bobby looks into Rivers' eyes. They look familiar. Deep set and light blue. Bobby looks back at Betz and backs up a step.

AGENT BETZ
 Now, take it easy. We just need to ask you a couple of questions. You're not in any trouble with us.

AGENT RIVERS
 Ouch. No, right now you're not. But you could be in some deep shit later.

BOBBY
 What? What are you talking about? Listen, I've got to be somewhere and I'm late. Okay? So...

Agent Betz snaps his fingers. Rivers hands him a photo.

AGENT BETZ
 (off the photo)
 Can you identify this person?

INSERT: PHOTO

Jerry holding up a flaming draft card.

BACK TO SCENE:

Bobby rivets a look at Rivers.

AGENT RIVERS
 So, are you experienced, Bobby boy? Done any good acid lately? You know burning a draft card'll get you a \$10,000 fine and five years in a really bad place?

AGENT BETZ
 Can you tell us the last time you saw this person?

BOBBY
 I--

From inside the cottage, the phone RINGS. A beat.

AGENT BETZ
Why don't we go inside? You can answer
your phone.

Bobby finds his key and leads them inside.

INT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- NIGHT

Betz stands in the main room. Rivers lingers outside, back at the flower pot. Bobby reaches for the phone hanging on the side of a cabinet near the kitchen.

BOBBY
Hello?

EXT. PAYPHONE -- NIGHT

Jerry on a phone outside a 7-11, one finger stuck in his ear. Cars whiz by.

JERRY
Hey, man, what's shakin'?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

BOBBY
Good... uh, Dad. How are you doin'?

JERRY
Moo-vin' and a groovin'. Two wheels
hummin' along freedom's highway. In
the great state of ...

A semi flies by, covering the state name.

BOBBY
Really?

JERRY
Yeah, really. Hey, be cool man.
Somebody narced on me... about my draft
card or some shit. It's freaky.

Bobby looks back at Betz, who's looking at the sketches over the albums. He unpins the sketch of Jerry.

JERRY (CONT'D)
You still there?

BOBBY
Yeah, sure.

JERRY

Can you do me a favor, compadre? I'm kind'a short on greenery right now. I told Stony I'd sell him my boards. Can you get them over to his place or meet him somewhere? He'll pay you, I'll call you back and tell you where you can send me the bucks when I get settled. Stony's pretty cool, but I can't trust him to get me my money. I left a key to my place wrapped in Stony's phone number under a pot by your door.

Bobby looks out through the doorway to Rivers at the flowers.

BOBBY

You did? Oh, yeah, okay.

JERRY

Everything's on in my pad, at least 'til they shut me off at the end of the month, so make yourself at home.

BOBBY

Uh-huh.

JERRY

So, are we cool, man?

BOBBY

Sure. Uh, tell mom I said hi.

JERRY

You know I will.

Jerry pulls Amber into the shot. She kisses the phone.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Did you get that wet one?

BOBBY

Yeah, yeah. Sure did.

JERRY

Be cool. I'll be in touch in a few days. Maybe I'll see you soon up in the cold country.

BOBBY

Yeah, you too.

The phone CLICKS and BUZZES. Rivers steps inside, pokes around.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow for dinner then, bye.

Bobby hangs the phone up.

AGENT BETZ
Family, huh?

BOBBY
Uh-huh.

AGENT BETZ
Okay, Robert. Back to this photo. Do you know this young man?

BOBBY
Yes, that's Jerry... Jerry Zimmer.

Betz shows Rivers one of the sketches.

AGENT RIVERS
Look, you're buddies with him. Why don't you just tell us where he is?

BOBBY
I don't know where he is. I don't.

AGENT RIVERS
You know, it's really not too smart to be hanging around draft resistance meetings and drug dealers. With everything going down the way they are these days, you could get popped.

BOBBY
Drug dealers?

AGENT BETZ
Son, agents traced a shipment of hallucinogens from Mexico to Zimmer's address. We searched his property. No drugs and no Mister Zimmer. Now, the amount of drugs would lead us to believe they were purchased for resale and Agent Rivers thinks he knows who the next buyer is and seems to think that that person has not yet completed his purchase. So, we believe Mister Zimmer is close-by somewhere... at least until he makes his connection.

AGENT RIVERS
So, in addition to bein' a scumbag commie draft card burner, he's a scumbag drug dealer. I'm sure this is all news to you, right?

BOBBY
Yes. Yes, it is. I think it's bull, too. He's no dealer.

AGENT BETZ
Well, listen, son. If you do hear from him, we'd appreciate a phone call from
(MORE)

AGENT BETZ (CONT'D)
you. It would stand in your favor if
you could be of some assistance to us.
(off a sketch)
This is very good. You have a nice
talent there. Mind if I keep this for
a while?

Bobby shrugs "okay". Agent Betz pulls a business card out of
his shirt pocket and hands it to Bobby.

AGENT BETZ (CONT'D)
Thanks for your time. Let's go, Frank.

Betz and Rivers head for the door and exit. Rivers pops his
head back in. Bobby's looking at Betz' card.

AGENT RIVERS
Oh, by the way, I found this stuck in
your door when we got here.

He hands Bobby a note folded in lined, school paper.

AGENT RIVERS (CONT'D)
Hey, son, when we go after someone, we
catch 'em. Be careful, boy. Your name
is on the list.

Rivers smiles and exits, leaving the door open behind him.

Bobby pulls the door closed, watches them leave from behind
the curtain.

EXT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- NIGHT

Bobby steps outside. He looks around the cottage corner to
the driveway.

The black sedan is gone.

Bobby lifts the cement flower pot. Underneath is a small
rectangle of notebook paper.

Bobby unwraps the paper and holds up a key. He unwraps and
reads the note Rivers gave him.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- NIGHT

Rivers drives along, grinning. Betz looks at him.

AGENT BETZ
What are you grinnin' about?

AGENT RIVERS
That note. I took a peek. Somebody
wants him to meet her in a schoolyard.
(MORE)

AGENT RIVERS (CONT'D)
A woman's handwriting. This broad just
might be our contact with Zimmer.

Betz eyes him curiously. Rivers smiles proudly.

EXT. PROVIDENCE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

Kids fly out through all exits and run to waiting cars. A bus
pulls up to the front of the school and kids pile in.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD -- DAY

Bobby waits on a swing.

Across the schoolyard, across the street, a black sedan is
parked near Bobby's car. The bus pulls in front of it.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- DAY

Betz and Rivers sit. Rivers with binoculars trained.

AGENT RIVERS
C'mon, you piece of shit bus.

The bus pulls away.

AGENT RIVERS (CONT'D)
Here we go. Here we go. Contact.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD -- DAY

Anne sits on the swing next to Bobby, school books on her lap.

BOBBY
Do mom and dad know you're meeting me
here?

ANNE
Mom left the note for me.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- DAY

AGENT BETZ
So, what's going on?

Rivers hands him the binoculars.

AGENT RIVERS
It's a kid.

AGENT BETZ
And you think she's the contact with
Zimmer, huh?

Betz looks through the binoculars, then puts them down.

AGENT BETZ (CONT'D)
A woman's handwriting, all right.

AGENT RIVERS
(under his breath)
Shit.

Rivers cranks the car.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD -- DAY

ANNE
Mom said you might be going away soon.

BOBBY
It looks that way.

ANNE
Because of the war?

Bobby nods.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Why can't you just say you don't want to go?

BOBBY
I don't know. You just can't.

ANNE
It's not fair. I hate America.

She sulks a little.

BOBBY
Annie, you know how when Dad gets real mad and throws things and screams?

ANNE
And hits us?

BOBBY
I don't think he can control himself. If he could, he wouldn't do it. It's not fair, but it's not really his fault. Understand? You don't hate Dad, right?

Anne shrugs.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I think if our country could change things that happened before, it would. We wouldn't be in this war. But it
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
doesn't know how. So, you can't say
you hate America.

A beat.

ANNE
Are you afraid of the war?

BOBBY
No. Yeah. I guess I am.

ANNE
Do you think Matt's dead?

BOBBY
No. No way.

ANNE
I do. I wouldn't tell mommy that, but
I do.

She frowns at Bobby as he stands up.

BOBBY
You want me to push you?

Anne shakes her head sullenly. Bobby touches her hair, pulls her into a hug.

INT. MAILROOM -- NIGHT

Workers punch in. The time clock reads 8 p.m. Bobby stands in line with Vic. Vic, a thermos under his arm, pulls his time card out of the slot and punches in.

SALLY, 36, a husky woman with short hair and rolled-up sleeves, walks by.

SALLY
Payday, boys. The eagle poops in our
hands today... and we smile and say
thanks.

Bobby reaches for his card. As he pulls it out, there is a pink slip attached to it. He reads it and looks up.

BOBBY
I don't believe this shit.

Vic walks back to him and takes Bobby's card and reads it.

VIC
They can't do this.

BOBBY
Yeah, well, they did. Jesus, what
else?

VIC
Go talk to Linton.

Bobby shakes his head.

INT. LINTON'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Art Linton is on the phone. A KNOCK at the door. He covers the receiver.

LINTON
Come on!

Bobby walks into the office, card in hand.

LINTON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Look, just tell 'em we got a bailer that ain't for shit. They keep fixin' it and it keeps breakin' down. Unless they get us one that works right, them bails are gonna keep openin' up on the drivers. I don't wanna hear no more shit from no drivers, okay?

Linton slams the phone down, picks up a handful of envelopes and shuffles through them.

LINTON (CONT'D)
Look, Bobby, I'm sorry as shit about this. But the wigs downstairs got wind of the brawl somehow an' decided to make an example of whoever started it.

BOBBY
Cullen started it.

LINTON
Cullen starts everything up here. I know that. If he suddenly had shit for brains his IQ'd jump fifty points, automatic. He's not like you. You're bright and you're a damned hard worker. But when push come to shove, you tackled him first. So, you're out. Cullen's suspended three days. And I'm shorthanded. That's it. Sorry as hell, but that's how this one plays out.

Linton hands Bobby his pay envelope.

Bobby steps just close enough to take it.

LINTON (CONT'D)
If it's any consolation, all the long hairs are gonna be out'a here pretty quick, anyway.

BOBBY

Sir?

LINTON

Well, we got bought out by some bigtime operation out'a Chicago last month. Real conservative, they are, especially after all the shit that went down at that convention. They're a tight-assed bunch and the buzz is they're gonna come up with some new codes or some shit. Long hair on boys ain't in the code. So, unless some of these guys wanna cut off their hair, they'll be right behind you in a matter of weeks... maybe days. Hell, I don't know. I just work here.

BOBBY

Sir?

LINTON

Yes, son?

BOBBY

That's a pile of pure shit.

LINTON

Yes, son, it is. It sure is. Now, you let me know if you need a reference of some kind. Like I said, you're a good kid.

Bobby shakes his head and pulls the door closed behind him.

Linton picks up the phone, then slams it down.

LINTON (CONT'D)

Damn!

INT. MAILROOM -- NIGHT

The inserting machines HUM like crazy. MUSIC blares against the clamorous beat from a radio near a baler. Bobby walks through the pallets of paper inserts toward the exit.

Vic watches him, shakes his head and mouths, "shit".

INT. MAILROOM STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Bobby kicks the mailroom exit door open.

Cullen leans against a wall at the top of the flight of stairs.

CULLEN
Careful, now. I don't think they'd
appreciate that downstairs.

BOBBY
Like I give a crap.

Bobby walks past him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm glad you told 'em. I wanted out of
this shithole anyway.

CULLEN
Out of the frying pan, into the fire,
hippie. Write us from slantland.

Bobby walks back up the stairs and gets right in Cullen's
face.

Cullen spits in Bobby's face. Bobby wipes it off.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Just like I thought. Pure pussy.

He turns his back to Bobby and heads for the mailroom door.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
You'll be dead in a week, just like
you know who.

Bobby reaches out and grabs him. He puts a sleeper hold,
forearm under his Cullen's chin. Cullen GRUNTS.

INT. MAILROOM -- NIGHT

Machines WHIRRING in a loud fury. Linton and the Mechanic
work at hoppers, the Mechanic SWEARING up a storm.

INT. MAILROOM STAIRWAY -- NIGHT

Bobby applies the pressure a little harder. Cullen SQUEAKS.

BOBBY
That's a good boy.

Cullen's eyes bat, then close. Bobby lowers him to the floor.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Sleep tight now.

Bobby looks at the sleeping Cullen, shakes his head, looks
around, and unZIPS his pants.

EXT. NEWSPAPER PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Bobby sits in his car. He cranks the engine. The car starts, drives a few feet, then dies. The engine cranks again, the car sputters, dies again.

He pounds on the steering wheel, jumps out of the car, kicks the shit out of the door and walks away.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

Bobby reaches deep in his pocket for a dime, drops it in the phone box, waits.

BOBBY

Yes. Hello. Is Ginny there?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Douga, in her street clothes, sits quietly reading by Rusty's bedside. His eyes are closed. She sings softly, taps out the beat with her foot against the side of Rusty's bed.

DOUGA

"... but your love and tender arms, I
can always come home to them".

Rusty opens his eyes and watches her. He smiles.

DOUGA (CONT'D)

"That's why I'm gonna hold on, hold on
to your unchanging love. Said I'm
gonna hold on, hold on..."

RUSTY

That's nice.

DOUGA

Thanks. "To your unchanging lo--"

She turns to him, stands up quickly, presses her palm to his forehead.

DOUGA (CONT'D)

Well, hello! Look at you! All awake
and chipper an' everythin'. Smilin'
like you was brand new.

RUSTY

Oh, sorry. Havin' a good dream, I
guess.

DOUGA

Listen, when I get back, you're gonna
tell me all 'bout that dream. So,
don't forget any of it. Promise?

Douga heads for the door.

RUSTY
Hey, where you goin'?

DOUGA
I'm gonna call your folks.

She exits. He calls after her.

RUSTY
Hey, who are you, anyway?

Douga pops her head back in with a huge, bright smile.

DOUGA
I'm Douga, silly!

She disappears.

RUSTY
Douga.

EXT. STREET CORNER -- NIGHT

Ginny's VW pulls up to Bobby. The passenger door pops open. Roger Bolton pokes his smiling head out.

ROGER
Ginny's got my car. Hop in!

BOBBY
Thanks.

Bobby hops in. The VW pulls away.

INT. VW -- NIGHT

Roger delights in the shifting of this peppy little bug.

ROGER
New points and plugs! Runs like a
little tiger now.

Bobby concedes a smile.

BOBBY
Where's Ginny?

ROGER
Should be home soon. Took a friend of
hers to the county library. It's term
paper time and she's trying to decide
whether Hemingway was defeated or
destroyed when he crammed that shotgun
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)
down his throat and blew his brains
out.

A beat.

BOBBY
Maybe he just didn't have any reason
not to.

Roger levels a wary gaze Bobby's way.

EXT. GINNY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The VW pulls up in the driveway. Roger and Bobby get out.

Bobby glances at a bicycle leaning against the front porch as they walk by, up the steps and into the house.

INT. GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Roger brings Bobby a bottle of coke and leads him into his study.

INT. ROGER'S STUDY -- NIGHT

Bobby walks into the paneled room and is struck by the walls of books and a display of shotguns on a rack, next to some skeet shooting trophies.

BOBBY
I'm surprised Ginny needed a library.

ROGER
Oh, hah. Yeah. Lots'a books. Not one
Hemingway, though.

Roger sits on the edge of a broad desk. Bobby touches one of the trophies.

BOBBY
You must be a great shot. Hunt, too?

ROGER
No, just clay. Targets don't bleed.

Bobby goes from the trophies to the shelves of books. He shakes his head.

BOBBY
Have you read all these?

ROGER
I read a lot since Mrs. B... passed on.
Even more than I used to. You'd think
with all these books, I'd know
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)
everything there is to know about why
people think the way they do and do the
things they do. But I don't. It's a
great mystery. The mind.

Bobby looks at a framed photo of Mr. and Mrs. Bolton together,
holding baby Ginny.

BOBBY
She was pretty. Like Ginny.

ROGER
Until the day she died, my heart
skipped a beat whenever I looked at
her. She had that effect on me. She
was the truest, most perfect part of my
life. And it wasn't just her physical
beauty. She had a pure soul. You
could actually feel it.
(a beat)
Mind if I smoke?

BOBBY
No, sir.

ROGER
Have a seat. Make yourself
comfortable.

Roger stuffs some tobacco in the bowl of his pipe, sticks a
lighter to the bowl and draws on it.

BOBBY
Isn't there supposed to be a couch or
something?

ROGER
In my office there's a couch. Here, a
chair. Besides, the couch is for my
patients. You're not a patient, are
you?

Bobby sits.

BOBBY
No.

ROGER
How's it going with your father?

BOBBY
She told you?

ROGER
She told me things were pretty tough
for you at home.

BOBBY

My father and I butt heads on everything. As far as he's concerned, until I can become my brother Matt, I'm just wasting his time.

ROGER

Sounds like me and my father.

BOBBY

Your father?

ROGER

When he was alive we'd go at it like heavyweights. Over nothing. I think fathers always want the best for their children, more than they had, and if they can't help them get it, it frustrates them. They take their frustrations out on the kids, sometimes. I've tried not to do that with Gin. But we all make mistakes. The point is not to let the mistakes stand between you... us. We need to recognize them, sure, our differences too, but not let them divide us. I have a dream every now and then, where my father comes to me and we just hug. That's all, two men hugging in a dream. We don't say a word. Funny, huh?

BOBBY

He thinks my drawing's stupid.

ROGER

What does he do?

BOBBY

He's a cabinet maker.

ROGER

Like father, like son.

BOBBY

Sir?

ROGER

A cabinet maker is as much an artist as a, what's his name...? Picasso. Sure, tools are kind of brushes, wood... the canvas. What he creates is usable, touchable art. So, I'd say, you probably got some of your ability naturally right from that father of yours.

Bobby stands up.

BOBBY
I don't think so. I'm sorry. But I'm
nothing like him. I --

The door SLAMMING in another part of the house stops him.
They turn to the sound and see Ginny peek into the room.

Ginny looks at Bobby and smiles. Brian stands behind her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Well, okay, I gotta go.

BRIAN
Yeah, me too. Nice to see you, Mister
Bolton. See you tomorrow, Ginny?

GINNY
Okay.

Brian leaves.

ROGER
Brian, wait. I'll show you out.

Roger smiles, sympathetically, at Bobby, then at Ginny, cuts
between them and exits. He urges Ginny into the room and
closes the door behind him.

GINNY
I didn't see your car.

BOBBY
It's at work.

Ginny steps farther into the room, nearer him.

GINNY
Aren't you supposed to be with it?

BOBBY
Yeah, like you were gonna be home
studying. Except that I got fired and
it won't start. And no bicycle. So...

GINNY
Oh. Well, we can help you get it. You
got fired?

Bobby walks by her to the door.

BOBBY
That's okay. I can get it myself.
Don't worry about me. So, this is what
you do at night when I work? Hang out
with the thespian?

GINNY
Bobby.

Bobby slides the door open and leaves. Ginny runs after him.

GINNY (CONT'D)
What are you gonna do?

EXT. GINNY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Roger stands out on the front porch, smoking. Bobby flies past him and backpedals away.

BOBBY
Thanks, Mr. Bolton. For the talk.

Ginny runs out.

ROGER
What about your car?

BOBBY
It's okay, really. No problem.

GINNY
Bobby!

Bobby jogs away, down the street.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- NIGHT

Bobby, running harder, passes Brian on his bicycle and cuts him off. Brian nearly swerves off the curb.

BRIAN
Hey, watch it!

Bobby dashes away into the darkness.

EXT. GENTILE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Bobby, winded, runs up to the house. He stops short when he notices a strange pea-green-colored car parked in the driveway. He waits behind a tree until he sees the front door open.

The Marine Officer walks away from the house toward the car.

Bobby rushes up to him.

BOBBY
What? What is it?

OFFICER
Son, you really need to go inside and discuss this with your family.

Bobby looks toward the house.

BOBBY

I don't want to discuss this with my family. I want you to tell me what's going on.

The Officer removes his lid and starts to get in the car.

Bobby grabs him by the arm.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Tell me what's going on.

The Officer yanks his arm out of Bobby's hold. He sits in his car, looking straight ahead.

OFFICER

Your brother's... remains have been recovered and identified. We'll have them... him back stateside within the week.

Bobby steps back away from the car slowly and falls back, as if gut-punched, onto the grass.

The Officer turns to him.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

(beat)

Your mother is inside and she needs you right now. Why don't you get in there and see what you can do to help?

Bobby stares at the Officer.

BOBBY

That's it? They send some jerk to tell you. Then he tells you what to do, too. Well, I'm not a fuckin' marine, am I? So, fuck you! Why don't you just get the hell out of my driveway. Get outta here, you asshole!

The Officer shakes his head, pulls his door closed, drives away.

Bobby's gaze freezes on his house. Dee staggers toward him. She falls into his arms, crying.

DEE

They killed him. They killed my baby.

Bobby watches the Marine Officer's car drive away, as he pats his mother's head, as she keens into his chest.

EXT. CATWALK -- NIGHT

Bobby stands on the very top of the catwalk screen and bellows his regret in one, long, agonized scream out at the world.

BOBBY

NO!

EXT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- DAY

Dressed in a jacket and tie, Bobby walks out of the cottage with Vic, turns his back to lock the door, as Vic walks to the driveway.

The MAILMAN passes Vic and stands behind Bobby. Bobby turns and takes one letter from the Mailman.

MAILMAN

Have a nice day, now.

The Mailman turns and walks away, WHISTLING.

Bobby flips the envelope over. The return address is "Selective Service Administration"

Bobby opens the envelope, unfolds the letter, reads it and folds it up.

He walks around the corner to the driveway, where Vic waits in his '65 Dodge Dart. Bobby hands Vic the letter before going around to the passenger side.

VIC

Bastards.

Bobby gets in the car. They sit there without saying anything.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC -- DAY

Mac, Anne, Dee and Bobby stand on the Tarmac as a conveyor is lowered from the guts of a naval airplane.

Vic watches from behind a chain link fence.

Workers on the ground set the conveyor into place. Four Marines stand poised and saluting at the base of the conveyor.

A small box slides down the conveyor.

Dee drops her head on Bobby's shoulder and sobs.

Anne rubs her eyes.

Mac, numb, walks toward the box, as it moves down the conveyor. He rushes headlong for the box. Two Marines hold him back gently. Mac collapses to his knees.

Dee takes Anne's hand and gestures for Bobby to go to him.

Bobby hesitates, considers, then goes.

The Marines help Mac up, but he stands there, just a sack of used skin, ready to fall again. Bobby puts his arms around him and hugs him to hold him up. Mac goes limp, falls into Bobby, weeping.

Behind them a Marine covers the box with a folded flag.

Bobby walks Mac back to Dee and Anne. Dee eases Mac from Bobby and leads him away with Anne.

Bobby looks back at the plane, as the conveyor is raised back inside. The four Marines carry the box with Matt's remains, each with a hand on one corner.

EXT. A CEMETERY -- DAY

A small crowd clusters around the tented area over a draped hole in the earth. The Gentile family sit and watch a child's wooden casket box disappear into the hole.

To one side a Marine Color Guard tips his flag down and behind him six Marines fire a one-round salute. The SHOT reverberates and echoes.

Bobby looks over toward a tree. Ginny stands with her father at the edge of the small gathering.

Dee grips Mac's hand on one side and Bobby's on the other. In her lap, an American flag. Anne sits quietly, staring away.

EXT. MARINE RECRUITING OFFICE -- DAY

Bobby stands at the window, eyes an "Uncle Sam Needs You" poster.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Douga and Mr. & Mrs. Collins stand beside Rusty's bed while he eats from a tray. Rusty is looking strong, his head covered by a thinner bandage.

The door pushes open and Bobby enters.

BOBBY

Hi.

RUSTY
Long time no see.

BOBBY
Well, you've been busy.

Rusty laughs. Mrs. Collins walks up to Bobby. He starts to say something to her but she stops him with a hug.

MRS. COLLINS
Rusty told us how you risked your life
to save him. I... we want to thank
you.

Mr. Collins walks over and offers his hand for a shake.

MR. COLLINS
Thank you, so much, Bobby.

He then hugs Bobby.

DOUGA
Can I get in on this?

She stands in line for her hug, then takes it.

DOUGA (CONT'D)
You never told me you were a hero.

Bobby eyes Rusty, who dances his eyebrows.

BOBBY
I...

RUSTY
Why don't you guys let us catch up a
little.

DOUGA
Well, that's a fine how do you do!
Jus' kiddin'. I'm buyin' lunch
downstairs. Anything that doesn't look
like that.

She gestures to the hospital food, walks over to Rusty's side, pushes his food tray to the side, then kisses him on the cheek.

Douga and Mr. & Mrs. Collins stand at the door.

DOUGA (CONT'D)
You two be good, now.

MRS. COLLINS
Thank you, Bobby.
(whispers)
I am so sorry.

Mr. Collins nods. Bobby nods back. They leave him alone with Rusty, pulling the door all the way closed behind them.

RUSTY
Alone at last.

BOBBY
A kiss, huh?

RUSTY
Isn't she amazing?

Bobby nods.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
You will not believe this, but... she really digs me. I mean, I think I'm in major love. Can you believe she would go for someone like me?

BOBBY
Not really.

RUSTY
Hey!

BOBBY
She's great. Great. What do your parents think about... you know?

RUSTY
They think she's about the best thing that's happened to me since... ever.

BOBBY
Good. I'm glad. You gonna be okay?

RUSTY
As far as I know, I'll still only have one arm, but everything else should be functional.

Rusty dances his eyebrows again. A trace of a smile from Bobby.

BOBBY
It's good to see you.

Bobby reaches down to hug Rusty.

RUSTY
Yeah. Sorry about that night.

BOBBY
It was my fault. I'm sorry.

RUSTY
Well, at least you're a hero now, huh?

BOBBY
Right. A real hero. What was all that about?

RUSTY
Ah, c'mon. You know what went down.
(a beat)
So, how's it going?

BOBBY
Well, let's see. I lost my job, I'm broke, my car died, my girlfriend prefers a thespian to me, I got a notice for my pre-induction physical and my brother came home in a hatbox. Other than that, everything's perfect.

RUSTY
Matt? No. Nobody told me.

Bobby nods. Rusty reaches over with his left arm and pulls him down to him. He whispers in his ear as Bobby fights not to cry.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
I understand, brother. I do.

Bobby sits up quickly, turns away and wipes his eyes.

BOBBY
So, I've decided. I'm goin' over.

RUSTY
What?!

BOBBY
Got the notice, anyway.

RUSTY
So, you do somethin'! You fight it.

BOBBY
Aw, shit. What's the use? My number's up, man. Maybe I'll even get the bastard that got Matt. Eye for an eye.

RUSTY
Just get the hell out of here, man.
Leave me the hell alone.

BOBBY
What?

RUSTY
You heard me.

He flips his food tray at Bobby, who stands there, speechless, hospital food stuck to his shirt.

Rusty holds up his stump. He's crying, shouting through it.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

You think this is some game? You think you're John Wayne in some stupid movie or something?

BOBBY

No, I... I thought--

RUSTY

Eye for an eye. You go and you're nothing to me anymore, you understand? Nothing.

Bobby starts to say something, gives it up, leaves quietly. Rusty grabs the urinal pan from beside his bed and heaves it at the door; it CLANKS and falls.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY

Bobby slumps to the floor outside Rusty's door and listens as Rusty rants on OS.

EXT. PCC PARKING LOT -- DAY

Ginny walks alone toward her VW. Bobby comes out of nowhere and stands beside her as she puts her books on top of the car to unlock it.

GINNY

Oh, god, you scared me.

BOBBY

Sorry.

GINNY

I am so sorry about your brother.

BOBBY

I saw you at the service. Thanks.

GINNY

It was so sad.

BOBBY

Can we go somewhere?

EXT. CATWALK -- DAY

Bobby and Ginny walk up the steps to the catwalk, leaving the VW down at the base of the dead-end street.

They stop at the peak of the catwalk's arch.

BOBBY

It seems like I'm always apologizing to you for something.

GINNY

Look, I'm sorry, too. We just don't have what I thought we had...

BOBBY

Yeah. I know.

A long beat as they watch cars and trucks passing below.

GINNY

My father thinks you're great.

BOBBY

He's a good guy. God, he really loved your mother. I hope...

GINNY

What? You hope what?

BOBBY

Nothing. Well, okay. I hope I can love someone like that someday or have someone love me that way.

GINNY

Yeah. Me too.

BOBBY

What about the thespian? Brian, what about Brian?

GINNY

Brian's just a friend. Besides, I'm not his type.

BOBBY

C'mon, you're everyone's type.

GINNY

Maybe "type" was the wrong word.

Bobby thinks about it.

BOBBY

You mean?

Ginny nods.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Huh. Well, I still think you're every guy's type.

GINNY

That's really nice.

A long moment as they stare out at cars flying by below.

BOBBY
So was Hemingway defeated or destroyed?

GINNY
What?

BOBBY
Your Hemingway paper. Your father said-
-

GINNY
Oh. A little of both, I guess.

BOBBY
It sure is a strange time, isn't it?

GINNY
Yeah, it sure is.

She reaches up and covers his hand with hers against the links.

INT. BOBBY'S COTTAGE -- DAY

The TV is on "local news". Bobby pulls his sketches off the wall. He throws them all away, with the exception of the one of his brother Matt, which he sets aside on the table. There is a KNOCK on the door. He turns down the TV and goes for the door.

Bobby pulls back the curtain covering the French doors. Mac stands there rubbing his arm.

Bobby pulls the door open and steps aside. Mac walks in and looks around.

MAC
Kind'a tiny, huh?

BOBBY
Yeah.
(a beat)
Look, you want a glass of water or something?

MAC
No, I... Look, your mother said your car broke down. I brought the wagon over in case you need to go anywhere.

BOBBY
Oh... um...

MAC

They'll let me hang on to the truck for awhile. You just give me a lift home.

BOBBY

No, dad. You keep the car.

MAC

Listen, your mother... well, let's just say I'm supposed to let you take the car. You get somethin' else, you bring it back. No big deal.

BOBBY

What else did mom say?

MAC

(with a shrug)

Just about the car.

He wrestles with his collar.

MAC (CONT'D)

Look, could I get a glass of water or somethin'? Then you run me home?

BOBBY

Yeah, okay. Sure.

Bobby walks into the kitchen. Mac follows him, but stops at the table and picks up the sketch of Matt. He holds it out so he can see better and admires it.

Bobby runs the water in the glass and goes into the icebox for some cubes, all the while watching Mac.

MAC

God, that's some good sketch.

BOBBY

I finally finished it.

MAC

Well, it's... real good. That's something I could never do, draw a picture of someone like that right out of my head.

Bobby hands Mac the glass.

BOBBY

I could never build any kind of cabinet. You can have that picture, if you want.

MAC

Yeah?

BOBBY

Yeah, sure.

Mac admires it even harder.

MAC

Man, that's some good picture!

A long, awkward beat.

On the TV: "Bulletin" fills the screen. A silent, Talking Head is replaced by scenes from the Kent State riots. A girl leans over a body.

Mac takes a drink of water.

Bobby walks by the TV, into the back closet room and comes out with Matt's sword, passing the Talking Head on TV.

BOBBY

You need to take this back, too.

Mac puts the glass down and takes the sword. He sits down, the sword across his legs, on the kitchen chair.

MAC

That time I cut you and you left.
I... I... sometimes, you know...

BOBBY

It's okay. Don't worry about that.

MAC

Well, it's not right, what I did. Not right.

Mac looks up at Bobby and shakes his head.

MAC (CONT'D)

To my own son...

Bobby reaches down and grabs his father around his big neck and holds on for dear life, as Mac grunts and chokes back his tears.

EXT. GENTILE HOUSE -- DUSK

The Ford wagon pulls up next to the truck in the driveway. Mac gets out, sketch in hand and leans back into the car to say something as Dee and Annie come out to the steps and wave.

Bobby gets out, as Dee runs up to hug him. Annie hugs his leg.

DEE

You want some dinner?

BOBBY
Better not. I need to run an errand
for a friend.

He notices the disappointment in Anne's face.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Okay, why not. I've fresh out of
macaroni and cheese anyway.

They all walk in the house together.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Somethin' I need talk to you guys
about.

EXT. JERRY'S PAD -- NIGHT

Bobby walks up the steps to second floor. He stands at the door and looks around. He reaches in his pocket for the key, which is still wrapped in Stony's phone number.

EXT. STREET BELOW -- NIGHT

The black sedan is parked under a tree on the other side of the street with a clear view of the florist.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- NIGHT

Agent Rivers and AGENT CLARK, 26, sit in the front seat. Clark has binoculars trained on the apartment.

AGENT CLARK
We have lift off.

Rivers takes the binoculars from Clark and trains them on Bobby.

AGENT RIVERS
That stupid little fuck.

INT. JERRY'S PAD -- NIGHT

Dark. The light switch CLICKS on and Bobby's eyes scan the room.

The place is a mess, tables turned over, cushions torn open, books scattered everywhere, bottles broken on the floor.

BOBBY
Jeez.

In a corner, three surfboards stand, skegs to the ceiling. Bobby goes for them.

He grabs two of the boards and walks away toward the door. The third one comes crashing down. The skeg hits and pops off.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Damn!

He sets the two boards down and goes after the one that fell. He picks up the skeg and flips the board over.

In the slot where the skeg was is a plastic bag. Bobby pulls the bag out and holds it up. It is filled with tabs of acid.

Board under his arm, he runs to the window and peeks out. The black sedan.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

That bastard. Shit!

He throws that board down, picks up another one, pulls out the skeg. Same thing. Another full bag.

He throws down that board, kicks the piss out of a small trash can and anything else in his way, finally stops, walks to the sink and splashes some water in his face. He leans there and picks up the Murine bottle.

EXT. JERRY'S PAD -- NIGHT

Bobby carries the surfboards down the stairs, then loads them inside the wagon from the tailgate.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- NIGHT

Rivers pulls the glasses down.

AGENT RIVERS

The surfboards.

AGENT CLARK

You wanna take him now?

AGENT RIVERS

No, I still don't think that little pissant would know how to unload the stuff himself. Let's see if I was right. Let Betz know.

He looks through the binoculars again. Clark goes for the phone.

AGENT RIVERS (CONT'D)

What a stupid asshole. Man.

INT. JERRY'S PAD -- NIGHT

Bobby sits at Jerry's table and writes something on a piece of brown paper bag.

He pulls out Stony's number and puts it in front of him. He reaches over for the phone. He dials a number.

BOBBY
Hello? It's me, Bobby.

EXT. JERRY'S PAD -- NIGHT

Bobby hustles down the stairs. He pulls out his keys, climbs in the wagon and backs it out onto the street.

The wagon drives away.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- NIGHT

AGENT RIVERS
Okay, let's play follow the leader.
Betz on our other buddy?

AGENT CLARK
Like cheese on pizza. And they're
moving.

AGENT RIVERS
I knew it. I knew it was that other
schmuck.

Rivers smiles.

INT. STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

Bobby watches in his rearview.

BOBBY
Here we go.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

The Black sedan follows the light blue Ford station wagon into the night.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- NIGHT

AGENT RIVERS
(on mic)
So, who's got money on some
dive in colored town?

INT. BLACK SEDAN #2 -- NIGHT

Agent Betz sits in the passenger seat. AGENT KENNEDY, 33, sits behind the wheel.

They are following a psychedelic-painted van.

AGENT BETZ

(on mic)

Let's keep our wallets in our pockets
and our eyes on our targets. 10-4?

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- NIGHT

AGENT CLARK

What'd they say?

AGENT RIVERS

He 10-4'd me on that.

AGENT CLARK

Yeah.

(beat)

Hey, what gives?

He watches the wagon pull off the highway into the police station.

AGENT RIVERS

Fuck if I know.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The wagon pulls up alongside a stepvan in a dark section of the parking lot. The psychedelic van pulls up next to it.

The black sedans hang back near the entrance.

INT. BLACK SEDAN #2 -- NIGHT

AGENT BETZ

(on mic)

Okay. Let's watch'em close.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Stony gets out of the van and meets Bobby at the back of the wagon. They lower the tailgate.

INT. STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

Stony reaches in and leaves an envelope, as he pulls out a surf-board.

Bobby reaches in and stuffs the envelope inside his shirt, as he pulls out another surfboard. As it pulls out, he notices Matt's sword, still in the back of the car. He pushes it forward.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Stony pulls out the last surfboard and loads it inside his van.

Bobby slams his tailgate shut. Stony climbs inside his van.

INT. BLACK SEDAN #2 -- NIGHT

AGENT BETZ
(on mic)
Okay, let's take 'em.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- NIGHT

AGENT RIVERS
(on mic)
Sir, do we want any locals in on this one? We take 'em here we hand it to 'em.

INT. BLACK SEDAN #2 -- NIGHT

Betz looks at the police station, rubs his knotted brow.

AGENT BETZ
(on mic)
Okay, okay. We follow 'em out.
Rivers, stay with the wagon. Do not lose him.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- NIGHT

AGENT RIVERS
(on mic)
Yessir...

He clicks the mic off and grins.

AGENT RIVERS (CONT'D)
...with pleasure.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The van pulls away and turns east out of the parking lot.

The station wagon pulls away and turns west out of the parking lot.

The black sedans peel off slowly after them.

Left in the parking lot is the Stepvan, as it moves slowly under the lights of the parking lot, you can read "J & B Cabinets" on the side.

The stepvan pulls out and heads north.

EXT. HIGHWAY HEADING EAST -- NIGHT

The psychedelic van is driving slowly, too slowly.

INT. PSYCHEDELIC VAN -- NIGHT

Stony keeps driving slowly, checking his side mirrors. He spots the black sedan.

STONY
(to himself)
Okay, be cool, be cool.

INT. BLACK SEDAN #2 -- NIGHT

AGENT BETZ
I'm not sure if he knows where in the hell he's going.

AGENT KENNEDY
Maybe we should ask him.

Betz bites on his fingernail and watches the Van take a right turn.

AGENT BETZ
This corner looks familiar.

He looks to his left and sees the Police Station again.

AGENT BETZ (CONT'D)
We're just going in circles. Let's take him.

He reaches down and picks up a red light and sets it on the dash. He turns it on. The light flashes.

INT. THE PSYCHEDELIC VAN -- NIGHT

STONY
Oh, no, man. No. I'm busted. Shit.

EXT. ON HIGHWAY SHOULDER -- NIGHT

Stony stands with his hands on his head, as Kennedy watches him. Betz opens the van door.

STONY
Hey, you got a warrant?

AGENT BETZ
Yes.

STONY
Oh.

Betz pulls out a surfboard and holds it up to the lights of his sedan.

AGENT BETZ
See anything?

STONY
Nooo, sir, not me!

AGENT BETZ
Kennedy?

AGENT KENNEDY
No, sir. I have done a little surfing though, sir, and sometimes you can remove those fins.

Stony cringes, as Betz lays the board down on the side of the road.

AGENT BETZ
You can, huh? Well, let's see.

He pulls back hard on the skeep. It finally pops out in his hand. He picks the board up and holds the slot up to the light.

AGENT BETZ (CONT'D)
Well, well.

STONY
Shit.

AGENT KENNEDY
Shut up.

Betz drops the board and uses his key to pick out the paper bag material inside. He unwraps it and reads it by the headlight.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Agent Betz, I'm not sure if Jerry really was a dealer or not. I did find his drugs and trashed them back in his
(MORE)

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
apartment. I didn't know the drugs
were in the surfboards until I got
there and I don't know where Jerry
Zimmer is. Yours truly, Bobby. P.S.
This note may shed some light on the
real dealer's name. Bring it with you.

Betz scratches his jaw.

AGENT BETZ
Okay, take him and let's go.

STONY
(suddenly tougher)
Hey, man, you got nothin' on me. I'm
clean. All I got's surfboards. Is
that a crime?

AGENT BETZ
When I get a witness, you won't be so
clean. Let's go.

Kennedy hustles Stony into their car. He throws the surfboard
back into the van, slams the door shut and hops in the sedan.

Betz looks at the note one more time and smiles. He climbs
into the sedan.

INT. BLACK SEDAN #2 -- NIGHT

Betz picks up the mic.

AGENT BETZ
(into mic)
Rivers, you read? Stop the wagon.

INT. BLACK SEDAN -- NIGHT

AGENT RIVERS
(into mic)
Will do with great relish, sir.

Rivers reaches down and picks up his red light and sets it
flashing.

He watches as the station wagon pulls slowly off the shoulder
and stops on a desolate, dark stretch of road.

He reaches under his seat and picks up a flashlight.

AGENT RIVERS (CONT'D)
Okay, let's take this punk.

Clark smiles and nods.

EXT. A DESOLATE STRETCH OF ROAD -- NIGHT

Rivers and Clark walk up cautiously to the wagon. Rivers shines the light in the back, on Matt's sword.

He draws his weapon.

AGENT RIVERS
(to Clark)
He's got a weapon.

Clark draws his weapon.

They walk directly to the front of the car, weapons trained on the driver's side window. Rivers shines the light. On Dee, then on Anne, who's cradling David in her arms.

Dee's window rolls down.

DEE
Was I speeding or something, sir?

Rivers scratches his head, bewildered.

INT. JERRY'S PAD -- NIGHT

Betz pushes open the apartment door. He walks across the room and kicks over the trash can, revealing the drugs and the paper with Stony's number. He grins. He takes out the note again and reads it. He shakes his head and looks at the light.

AGENT BETZ
(off note, sotto)
Trashed the drugs. Shed some light.

He clicks off the lamp.

The black light is on. He looks at the note again. In uneven yellow print the words "Stony's stash". He smiles.

INT. J & B CABINET STEPVAN -- DAWN

Bobby drives along, checking his rearview mirror. He unwraps a hash sandwich and chomps on it with delight.

He sets the sandwich aside and reaches inside his shirt for the envelope. He tears it open with his teeth and spits the torn away part out inside the cab.

He holds the envelope against the steering wheel and pulls out a stack of \$100 bills.

He smiles and tucks the bills into his shirt pocket.

He looks over to the passenger's side; Mac SNORES peacefully, his hand flat on the box between them, as if steadying himself. Bobby looks at the hand and moves his own hand next to it.

Mac's hand is bigger, but the hands look similar.

Bobby's eyes fix on his father's face then slowly find their way back to highway ahead.

EXT. A HIGHWAY REST STOP -- MORNING

The J & B Cabinets Stepvan pulls in and parks. Bobby climbs down out of the driver's side.

Mac climbs down from the passenger's side.

They stand there five feet away from each other, then both look North, up the highway.

MAC
Oh, shit. I almost forgot.

He goes back to the Stepvan and pulls out a small cloth tote from behind the seat and a sign.

MAC (CONT'D)
Your mother put some warm clothes in here... some of Matt's things, and Annie made this sign for you.

He hands the sign to Bobby, who looks at it.

It's done in thick, pink letters with stars all around it. It reads: "I love America. But I'm going to Canada". The word "Canada" is huge, the other words small.

Bobby smiles. Mac hands him the bag. They're closer now. Bobby grabs his father and hugs him.

MAC (CONT'D)
Son.

Nothing else is said.

Mac hustles back up inside the cab. The J & B Cabinets Stepvan pulls out of the rest stop, crosses the median and turns back the other way.

Bobby watches it for a while.

EXT. A HIGHWAY NORTH -- DAY

Bobby walks along the side of road. He holds out the sign in his hand to passing cars. A car flies by him.

A noisy VW van stops. A FREAKY LOOKING GIRL leans out the passenger window.

FREAKY LOOKING GIRL
Hey, brother! I dig your sign.

She reaches back and the side door slides open. Bobby climbs in. The VW van pulls away.

INT. VW VAN -- DAY

Bobby settles into the back seat. The DRIVER, 21, looks like a football player, but wears long hair in a pony tail and a tie-dyed headband. He glances back in the rearview and looks at Bobby, as he takes a long toke on a joint.

The Freaky Girl looks back.

FREAKY LOOKING GIRL
Draft?

Bobby nods.

DRIVER
You been counseled?

BOBBY
Huh?

The Driver exhales.

DRIVER
Look, when they ask you why you're up there, you say you're visiting. And when they find out you're sticking around, you blow some smoke up their ass about how you think Canada is such a great country and you've always wanted to be a Canadian... not that you're pissed off at Uncle Sam and his oppressive war machine.

He turns back to look at Bobby, who nods.

FREAKY LOOKING GIRL
We're heading for Kent State.

BOBBY
What's there? College?

FREAKY LOOKING GIRL
Hey, man, you didn't hear what went down?

Bobby shakes his head.

DRIVER

Pigs iced some brothers yesterday.
Just like Chicago. Our wheels turn
counter friction against the machine,
bro.

He makes a fist with his left hand and passes the joint to the
Freaky Looking Girl with his right. She takes a hit and
offers it back to Bobby.

Bobby looks at the joint. A beat.

BOBBY

No, I'm good.

Bobby reaches down into his pants pocket and pulls out his
wallet and, from it, the folded up blue sheet. He tucks it
into his top pocket. He pulls the curtain back on the side
window and watches his country fly away.

EXT. ALONG LAKE ERIE/US-CANADA BORDER -- DAY

A white sedan stops and Bobby gets out. He waves as the car
pulls away, reaches into his tote bag and pulls out Matt's
"Blue Lake" baseball cap. He tucks his hair under it and
walks to a sign that reads: "Peace Bridge."

Bobby folds up his "Canada" sign and stuffs it in a trash can
against the railing.

EXT. PEACE BRIDGE -- DAY

Bobby walks along the bridge toward the Customs Booth. A
Canadian CUSTOMS AGENT stops him at the booth.

Bobby puts his bag down and pulls out his wallet. He hands
the agent his license.

CUSTOMS AGENT

You are Robert Gentile?

BOBBY

Yessir.

The Agent ducks back inside the booth and looks on a
clipboard. He looks up at Bobby, who pokes around nervously.
The Agent steps back out in front of Bobby.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Your purpose for coming to Canada?

BOBBY

A friend. Visiting a friend.

CUSTOMS AGENT

No vehicle?

BOBBY

Well, I had one, but it gave up the ghost a little while back.

Bobby smiles nervously. The Agent looks at him, a trace of a smile.

CUSTOMS AGENT

The ghost, eh? Your friend lives where?

BOBBY

In Toronto.

CUSTOMS AGENT

For how long are you staying?

BOBBY

Well, my friend is sick. So, if he gets better, not long... I hope.

The Agent hands the license back to Bobby.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Please wait here.

Bobby watches the Agent inside again, now on a phone.

EXT. GENTILE HOUSE -- DAY

A Mailman (#2) hands Anne a stack of mail. Anne quickly riffles through it. She stops suddenly, drops all the other mail.

ANNE

Mommy. Daddy. It's from Bobby!

Mac and Dee meet her at the door and they all sit on the stoop. Dee opens the envelope.

MAC

Hurry, hon. C'mon.

DEE

I'm hurrying. Jeez! Okay, here goes.
(reading)

Dear Mom, Dad and Annie...

Faces of Mac, Dee and Anne.

EXT. PEACE BRIDGE -- DAY

The Customs Agent steps out and eyes Bobby cautiously. A beat. He smiles thinly and hands Bobby some paperwork. Bobby takes it, smiles, nods and walks just a few feet beyond the

booth. He turns and looks back at the vista of America behind him.

DEE (V.O.)

Well, I made it okay with all your help. Annie, your sign worked like a charm, three rides and I was at the border. Mom, thank you for the food, the clothes and mostly for always supporting me, no matter what. Dad, I hope we can spend some time together someday and just talk. I know we need to do that.

EXT. GENTILE HOUSE -- DAY

Dee smiles, shows Mac right where it said that, continues to read, but now the voice is Bobby's.

BOBBY (V.O.)

I would have written sooner, but I didn't, just in case they were watching or whatever. Remember when everyone used to feel safe and believe in America? I want you all to know that I still do. I love my country, but I believe in my heart that this war is wrong.

EXT. PEACE BRIDGE -- DAY

Bobby glances back, then walks on.

BOBBY (V.O.)

I don't know how I feel about Canada yet, but I do know that being here feels like a prison term to me. I mark every day as one day closer to coming back home. At least, I hope I'm a day closer. I've been pretty lucky, though, hooked up with some very helpful groups up here and I've even got an interview next week for a job as a sketch artist with the Mounted Police. Can you believe it? Dad, you'll be glad to know I cut my hair to get the interview. It's just hair, right? Please tell Rusty about me and tell him I'll be writing soon and that I hope all of us will be back in the world soon. He'll know what I mean. I love you all and I miss you all very much.

Nearly across the bridge, Bobby looks up. A rainbow.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Love, Bobby. P.S. I saw the most
beautiful rainbow when I crossed the
border. It stretched from one side of
the sky to the other, south to north,
and I walked right under it. It
reminded me of all of you and Matt and
how we'll always be connected.

As Bobby walks into Canada...

NIXON (V.O.)
The people of South Vietnam have been
guaranteed the right to determine their
own future without outside
interference. As we stand here today
we stand at the threshold of a new era
of peace for the world.

EXT. A ROAD IN CANADA -- DAY

Bobby stops at a roadside and holds out his thumb. A car
slows and finally stops. Bobby runs toward it.

PRES. CARTER (V.O.)
I think it's very difficult for
President Ford to explain the
difference between the pardon of
President Nixon and his attitude toward
those who violated draft laws... I
don't advocate amnesty; I advocate
pardon. There's a difference. Amnesty
means what you did was right. Pardon
means that what you did, whether it's
right or wrong, you're forgiven for it.
I think that now is the time to heal
our country after the Vietnam War.

Bobby climbs in, and the car drives away, bound for Toronto.

FADE OUT.