

BROKEN HALOS

Winner - Outstanding Screenplays
Winner - Best Screenplay - Los Angeles Indie Film Festival
Finalist - Hollywood Screenplay Contest
Semifinalist - AMPAS Sponsored Nicholl Fellowships
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Honorable Mention - Los Angeles Underground Film Festival
Semifinalist - NYC Int'l Screenplay Competition

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EXT. TRUCK STOP -- AFTERNOON

You've seen plenty of these. Travel Centers of America. Thirty gas pumps for cars over here, diesel for 18 Wheelers over there. Every day folks filling up, getting a quick bite.

Truckers doing the same, maybe grabbing a shower or clocking in some shut eye before once again hearing the steel belts hummin' on the asphalt.

We pick up a Kenworth Cabover hauling a load as it turns in, rolls to a stop. This isn't a brand spanking new Kenworth. Rather, the equivalent of a classic car whose current owner has maintained it with care.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - TRAVIS' KENWORTH -- AFTERNOON

The brakes hiss as TRAVIS STAPLETON, 40's, puts the truck in idle and hops out of the cab.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

Spread across a Mexican blanket lay handmade bracelets, necklaces and assorted jewelry showcasing polished stones, flattened coins, novelties.

GINNY McBRIDE, 22, blonde, clear blue eyes, cautious, desperate sits next to her son, CAL McBRIDE, 6, blonde, quiet. Travis approaches, checks out the blanket in passing, enters the store.

INT. TRUCK STOP -- AFTERNOON

A Clerk hands Travis his change, places the receipt in a paper bag. Travis grabs the bag, turns away.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

Crouched, a RUGGED TRUCKER, 50's, haggles with Ginny over a bracelet. He's less interested in the crafts than he is the girl. Clutched to Ginny's arm, even Cal feels it.

Travis exits the store, stops briefly to hand Ginny a twenty dollar bill and keeps going.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY
Mister, don't you want
something?

Travis continues, waves.

GINNY (CONT'D)
(softly)
Please.

Ginny turns back to the Rugged Trucker.

RUGGED TRUCKER
This is real nice, darlin'. But
what if I were lookin' for
something a little...prettier?

Ginny stares at him, glances off at Travis.

INT. TRAVIS' KENWORTH -- AFTERNOON

Travis puts the truck in gear and spins the large steering wheel around like he's captaining a ship. As the cab turns we see Ginny and Cal through the windshield, stepping in front of the rig.

Travis stops it suddenly and throws open his door. They walk around to him.

GINNY
(tossing him bracelet)
You forgot your bracelet.

TRAVIS
Thank you.

Ginny glances at the entrance then back to Travis.

GINNY
We don't have much money but me
and my boy sure could use a
ride.

INT. TRAVIS'S KENWORTH - MOVING -- AFTERNOON

Travis and Ginny sit up front. In the back, Cal hovers by his mother's side, big grin on his face. Travis notices.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
You like this? Kinda like being
at the front of plane, huh?

Cal nods his head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What's your destination?

GINNY
My Grandma's.

TRAVIS
Her town have a name?

GINNY
Ferguson.

TRAVIS
Ferguson? I'm not gonna make it
that far today. Be lucky to
make it to Shelby.

GINNY
Shelby's fine.

TRAVIS
We hit the fork up to Ferguson
I'm going the other direction.
Is your Grandma's far past the
fork?

GINNY
You get us that far we'll be
grateful.

Travis focuses on driving. Cal checks out the cab.

CAL
You sleep in here?

TRAVIS
Most nights.

Hanging from the rear view is a baseball team
trinket. Ginny points it out to Cal. Travis notices.

GINNY
Cal loves baseball. You go to a
lot of games?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
Been a while.

On the dash, she sees a very old photo of a YOUNG WOMAN holding a BABY.

GINNY
That your family?

TRAVIS
Yes.

GINNY
You must miss them a lot, huh?

TRAVIS
Yes, I do.

Travis becomes silent, withdrawn. Ginny picks up on it, retreats.

EXT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

The truck is parked by the Office. Ginny and Cal are asleep in the passenger seat. Through the office window, we see Travis receive a motel key from the CASHIER.

INT. TRAVIS' KENWORTH -- NIGHT

Travis exits the office, gets into the driver's side, timidly wakes Ginny and Cal.

TRAVIS
Hey. Hey. Wake up.

Startled, Ginny opens her eyes, clutches Cal, takes in her surroundings. She sees the motel key, stares at Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
That's for you and your boy. Go on. Take it. I'm gonna sleep in here. I'll call you in the morning from the office when I'm heading out.

Ginny digs money from her bag.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Room's on me.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY
Why are you doing this?

TRAVIS
I'll call you in the morning.

Ginny repositions Cal and opens the door. She glances at the key, contemplates if she's gonna be safe.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(to Cal)
Cal, you and your mother have the only key to that room. I really need to get some rest. So whaddaya say you get your mom safely inside and be sure to lock that deadbolt. Don't answer the door unless she says so. Okay?

Cal extends his fist. Travis bumps it. Ginny climbs down, helps Cal to the blacktop. Travis watches as they enter the motel room and shut the door.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Don't forget the dead bolt.

Click! He hears it snap into place.

EXT. MOTEL - TRAVIS' KENWORTH -- MORNING

The driver's door opens and Travis hops out, stretches. Ginny's motel door is open. He steps over, gets a better look - a Maid's changing linens - the room vacant, no belongings.

Travis turns, searches the landscape - nothing. He heads to the office, enters. Through the window we see him speak with the MORNING CLERK, motion towards the room. The Morning Clerk shrugs.

GINNY (O.S.)
Careful. It's hot.

Travis exits the office. Ginny and Cal approach carrying their belongings as well as a couple white paper bags and two styrofoam cups.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY (CONT'D)

Morning.
(to Cal)
Go on.

Cal extends a cup.

CAL
Careful. It's hot.
(whispers)
Mommy has donuts.

TRAVIS
Thank you.

GINNY
Would you like a donut?

TRAVIS
(smiling)
Sure.

Travis pulls one from the paper bag as they head to his rig.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- MORNING

Music blasts as the Kenworth rolls by.

INT. TRAVIS' KENWORTH - MOVING -- MORNING

Cal moves his head to the music.

TRAVIS
You like this? Yeah? Wanna
turn it up?

Cal nods energetically.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Go for it. Right there.

Cal stretches as arm to the knob, cranks it to 11.
Ginny and Travis react.

GINNY
Cal!

Travis lowers it to about 8.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
(to Cal)
Good?

EXT. HIGHWAY - FORK -- DAY

The Kenworth slows at the fork.

INT. TRAVIS' KENWORTH -- DAY

Travis idles the truck.

GINNY
Let's go, honey.

Ginny grabs her bag as Cal climbs into the front.

TRAVIS
How far down is it?

GINNY
Not far. Appreciate it.

TRAVIS
(to Cal)
Hold on now.
(to Ginny)
How. Far?

GINNY
It's not that far. Really.
It'll be good for us to walk
it.

Travis glances at the baseball trinket.

TRAVIS
Lemme get you all the way
there.

Ginny starts to protest.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
If it's not that far what's the
big deal? Ferguson, right?

Ginny locks eyes with Cal, reluctantly sighs.

GINNY
It's past....Ferguson.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
 (resigned)
 Get in. Please.

Ginny and Cal climb back inside. Somewhat uncomfortable. Travis puts the rig in gear, pulls out.

GINNY
 We're fine to get another ride.

TRAVIS
 Can't let Cal get out without finishing his song. Right, Cal?

Cal's little fist appears. Travis bumps it.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

The truck creeps past houses.

GINNY (O.S.)
 There! That one!

INT. TRAVIS' KENWORTH -- DAY

Travis slows in front of a mailbox.

GINNY
 Thank you.

TRAVIS
 What's a 3 hour detour among friends?

Ginny cringes.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 You take care.

Cal crawls out.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 Hey. You forgetting something there, big guy?

Cal turns, they fist bump, he jumps out.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

Travis pulls away, honks the horn twice. Ginny and Cal regroup by a mailbox. Stare at the front door. She's nervous. Takes a confident breath. Squeezes Cal's hand, puts on a positive veneer for him, head up the walk.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - GRANDMA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Ginny and Cal stand outside. From inside, we hear joking, happy voices. Until a smiling GRANDMA MCBRIDE, 60's, opens the door. Her smile vaporizes. Ginny holds Cal tight.

GRANDMA MCBRIDE
(softly)
You shouldn't be here.

GINNY
Please. We've no one else.

She leans out, closing the door as much as possible behind her.

GRANDMA MCBRIDE
(sizing up Cal)
He's getting big.

A flash of joy hits her eyes.

GRANDPA MCBRIDE (O.S.)
Who's there?

GRANDMA MCBRIDE
(glancing into house)
It's no one, honey.
(to Ginny)
Please. You have to go before
he comes out here.

GINNY
Nana, please.

Grandma McBride straightens up, hardens. Suddenly, the door opens, revealing GRANDPA MCBRIDE, 60's, deep creases in a stoic face.

GRANDPA MCBRIDE
What's going on out here?

(CONTINUED)

He's shocked to see Ginny and Cal.

GRANDMA MCBRIDE
I was just telling them they
couldn't be here.

Grandpa McBride pulls his wife back, closes the door.
Ginny's crushed, desperately tries to hide it from
Cal.

CAL
Mom?

Ginny nods, leads Cal down the walk. Confused, Cal
stares back at the house.

INT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - GRANDMA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Grandma McBride peeks through the curtains, focuses
on Cal looking back at her. She's conflicted, begins
to tear up.

EXT. TRUCK DEPOT -- DAY

Travis backs up the Kenworth to a loading dock.
WORKER #1 guides him, stands next to the DISPATCHER.

WORKER #1
He's late. You know that right?

DISPATCHER
Yes. I do.

WORKER #1
But he skates on this.
(shakes head)
Wish I could get passes like
that. I failed a couple drug
tests.

DISPATCHER
You go through what he did,
fail as many drug tests as you
like.

WORKER #1
What'd he go through?

DISPATCHER
Just guide him in.

(CONTINUED)

Worker #1 gives Travis the stop signal. Travis parks the rig, hops out as it's unhooked from the payload, hops onto the dock.

TRAVIS
I'm late.

DISPATCHER
I know.

TRAVIS
Don't blame you if you sting me.

DISPATCHER
You're not that late.

WORKER #1
7 hours.

The Dispatcher pulls out his walkie talkie.

DISPATCHER
Becky?

BECKY (O.S.)
Yes, sir?

DISPATCHER
I got a spot check drug test coming to you. Set him up.

BECKY (O.S.)
Copy that.

The Dispatcher puts the walkie away. Worker #1 angrily removes his gloves, exits.

DISPATCHER
Travis, you give any more thought to that Canada job we keep offering you?

TRAVIS
I have. And I'm still extremely grateful. I'm just too attached to my rig here. We've been through a lot. Can't just leave her behind.

(CONTINUED)

DISPATCHER
Take her with you.

TRAVIS
I'll think about it.

Travis extends his hand, shakes the Dispatchers, heads back to his rig.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Ginny and Cal walk back down the highway the way they came. Vehicles pass, occasionally honk though Ginny makes no effort to flag them down.

INT. DINER -- NIGHT

Travis' Kenworth cab is parked outside the window. There's no load hooked to it. Ginny's asleep in the booth, head askew against the glass as if she faded from fatigue.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
You think you're a tough guy,
now huh? Yeah, you keep
nodding.

We hear a slight rustling, flicking of fingers, paper sliding. Ginny's eyes blink open. She pauses, realizes she fell asleep, bolts upright disturbing the table, instinctively pulling Cal close.

Travis sits across from them, slight grin. He and Cal are playing table top football with a sugar package. Tyler motions to the WAITRESS who nods back, grabs a plate.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I found this little guy walking
outside. Figured I'd sit with
him until you woke up.

The Waitress sets the plate in front of Ginny, removes Travis and Cal's. Ginny stares at the food, out of pride doesn't want to eat it. But she's hungry. She looks at Travis. He understands, motions to the food, winks.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm guessing Ferguson didn't work out.

GINNY

I owe you another bracelet.

TRAVIS

(reveals one on his other hand)

Cal has you covered.

She half-heartedly fists bumps her son.

INT. TRAVIS' KENWORTH - MOVING -- NIGHT

Ginny sleeps in the back. Travis drives, Cal rides shotgun. The boy's trying to keep his eyes open but he's a goner, softly leans his head against the window, dozes off.

It's late. Travis is tired. Up ahead's a sign for a Rest Stop. He flips on his blinker.

EXT. REST STOP - TRAVIS' KENWORTH -- MORNING

We're staring at Travis through the rear view mirror. His head's tilted against the glass. His eyes open and he focuses, registers concern.

He's looking at a POLICE CRUISER parked near the rest rooms. TWO POLICE OFFICERS stand talking with Cal. Cal turns, points at the truck.

Ginny pushes through from the back. Sees Cal and the cops. Travis turns to her.

TRAVIS

He's a little trouble maker.

INT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING

Cuffed behind his back, Travis sits alone on a wooden bench. Behind the counter, a few POLICEMEN and POLICEWOMEN work. From a far office, a CAPTAIN exits, waves the two Arresting Officers over, speaks softly.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

I just got off the phone with Poirier's Deputy Sheriff - HIS former Brother-In-Law. Get those cuffs off him right now.

The Arresting Officers face around to Travis.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Remember about 6 years back, that nasty call came over the radio? That ugly scene down in Poirier?

POLICEMAN #1

That's him?

POLICEMAN #2

Sir, we didn't know. We'd heard a young woman and boy were reported missing-

POLICEMAN #1

We pulled into the rest stop -

POLICEMAN #2

And the boy was just wandering around.

CAPTAIN

Any reason you can't tell me this after you uncuff him?

The Policemen walk quickly through the office, passing Ginny and Cal. The Captain approaches her as they uncuff and apologize to Travis.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Ma'am, your momma's on her way. You and this little guy just hold tight.

GINNY

What?

CAPTAIN

Be here real soon.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY
I'm not waiting for her.
(rising)
Let's go, Cal.
(to Captain)
Where do we get our things?

CAPTAIN
Ma'am, your momma-

GINNY
Are we under arrest?

CAPTAIN
You were reported missing.

GINNY
Well, I'm right here. With my
son.

CAPTAIN
Your momma asked us to keep you
here until she arrives. She's
gonna give you a ride home and
you can sort out-

Ginny begins to overload. Shakes her head.

GINNY
No. We're leaving.

She takes Cal's hand, steps away. The Captain rests a
hand on her shoulder.

GINNY (CONT'D)
Don't TOUCH me!!

She hurries through the office, looks for the exit
from the office area. Travis and the other Policemen
watch, don't quite know what to do.

Other Officers step over to cut Ginny off. Cal bolts,
climbs under desks, slips through the small swinging
door, clutches on to Travis.

GINNY (CONT'D)
I want to leave with my son.

Ginny's trapped. Stops. Locks eyes with Travis,
pleading.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

I was giving her a ride. Any chance we can just walk out this door and continue on our way?

The Captain exhales.

CAPTAIN

Give 'em a ride back to his rig.

TRAVIS

Thank you, Captain.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Travis, Ginny and Cal sit in the back of the Cruiser as it drives away from the station. Passing them on her way in is MRS McBRIDE, 40's, in a an old Ford Falcon.

Slowly, Ginny slides down in her seat with Cal. Travis mouths "is that her" to Cal. Cal's eyes dart to his mom before he mouths "yes".

INT. TRAVIS' KENWORTH - MOVING -- DAY

They're back on the road. A baseball game plays on the radio.

TRAVIS

You got a destination?

GINNY

As far from here as you can take us.

TRAVIS

Well, I'm heading to Poirier.

GINNY

That's a start.

TRAVIS

Look, I'll take you wherever you wanna go, okay? But I need to know where that is.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY
I'm working on it.

TRAVIS
You wanna tell me what you're
running from?

GINNY
People's questions. You wanna
tell me why'd you'd help a 22
year old with a 6 year old son?

Travis is quiet. Cal reaches over, turns up the
ballgame. The baseball trinket reflects light on to
Travis' face.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - **FLASHBACK** -- LATE AFTERNOON

Six years ago.

Travis and JOHN DAVENPORT, 30's, side step through a
row of fellow BASEBALL PATRONS.

JOHN
Next time, just tell me you
wanna go see a ballgame
alright? You don't have to fake
getting tickets.

TRAVIS
I'm telling the truth, John.

JOHN
(mimicking Travis)
"Oh, oh, a pair of tickets just
happened to materialize in our
mailbox, honey. Be a shame to
let them go to waste. There's
only two of them so you mind
staying home with the kid?"

They reach their seats. Remain standing.

TRAVIS
I swear to you, John. In the
mailbox.

JOHN
Travis, you're married to my
sister.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

And I'm also in line for Deputy Sheriff. I'm not calling you a liar -

TRAVIS

Yeah, you are.

JOHN

No. I'm just saying, in the future, if you wanna go to a ballgame - man up and call me and I'll fake getting tickets. Then I'll call my sister and ask if it'd be okay if Travis got a hall pass to go.

TRAVIS

That's manning up?

JOHN

Hey, YOU married my sister. You know what a ball buster she can be.

They sit down.

TRAVIS

I love your sister.

JOHN

You better. Otherwise I'm leaving my badge and gun in my dresser drawer and beating your ass.

John looks around.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where's the beer guy?

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS -- DAY

Ginny and Cal watch as train wheels flatten a series of coins. Some of the coins stay on the rails while others flip off. Ginny holds Cal, keeps him from reaching out.

Once the Locomotive passes, Travis helps pick them up.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

I've been making jewelry since
I was a kid. Never figured it'd
be something I'd do to get by.

She places a nickel, pancaked the sized of a quarter
on Travis' wrist, cocks her head to the side.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Piece of leather and maybe
pound your initials in it -
that nickel turned into a five
dollar bracelet.

TRAVIS

At least.

She puts the nickel in her bag.

GINNY

No, I don't.

TRAVIS

You don't what?

GINNY

Have anyone I can call. I have
this bag of clothes, a
cellphone I'm afraid to turn on
and a wallet with maybe \$50 in
it.

TRAVIS

I wasn't asking.

GINNY

If you can just get me to the
largest town near Poirier we'll
be on our way.

TRAVIS

What are you gonna do?

Ginny watches Cal play by the track.

GINNY

Find a church. Stay until they
ask too many questions. Get a
job. Raise my boy.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

What is it about questions you don't like?

GINNY

The answers I have to give. We've held you up long enough. I'm sure you wanna get back to your family. Cal?!? C'mon, future's waiting.

He rises, runs to her with some coins and interesting stones.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Oh, these are pretty, sweetheart. Here, help me out.

She hands him a small bag which he opens. She drops the coins and stones inside. Ginny caresses his head.

CAL

(to Travis)

Wanna go see a ballgame?

TRAVIS

It's been awhile. Like 6 years.

They head for the truck.

GINNY

That IS a beauty. Is it yours?

TRAVIS

Yes. I got her used and fixed her up, restored what she needed to get her on her way again.

GINNY

How long that take?

TRAVIS

Six years.

They reach the rig. Stand admiring it.

GINNY

She got a name?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
Tennessee Whiskey.

GINNY
Tennessee Whiskey? That's an interesting choice, my friend. How'd you come up with that?

TRAVIS
My wife's favorite song. Plus, restoring this kept me from drinking more of it.

GINNY
You in a program?

TRAVIS
I was just really sad.

He opens the door, helps Cal up.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Look, if you and your boy need a place to stay for awhile, I have a house I'm not using. You'd have your own key, can come and go as you please.

GINNY
You don't use it?

TRAVIS
Just the kitchen.

GINNY
What about your family? Won't they be around? I mean - what will they say?

TRAVIS
They won't be around. And I think my Brother In Law'll be happy someone's gonna be there so he can stop checking on it when I'm not.

He helps her into the cab, shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. TRAVIS' NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

Working class families. Trucks in driveways. The occasional fix-it mechanical project on a lawn. But trees, grass, clean, safe. Heartland. God fearing. Friendly.

On the lawn across the street, JARROD RILEY, 6, plays catch with his father, MICHAEL RILEY, 30's. Travis' Kenworth rolls down the road and pulls into the driveway across the street.

Travis parks the truck, hops down and waves as he stretches. Michael waves back, watches as Travis walks around the front of the truck, helps Ginny and Cal down then leads him through the fence to his backyard.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - BACKYARD -- DAY

Travis shuts the fence. The backyard's well manicured. Lawn cut. Bushes trimmed. Nice picnic table. However, there are some eccentricities.

A Port-A-Potty sits in the corner, what appears to be an enclosed wooden outdoor shower's built next to a sink & vanity set up. Both have a roof and industrial caliber mobile lights.

TRAVIS

I sleep in the cab and do all my bathroom stuff out here.

GINNY

Why didn't we go through the front?

TRAVIS

I don't go through there. You're more than welcome to if you like.

He heads for the backdoor. A washer/dryer is set up next to it. He slips his key in, pushes opens the door for them.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Go on in.

(CONTINUED)

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ginny and Cal enter, Travis follows behind, leaves the door open. He flips a light switch.

TRAVIS

This is pretty much the only part of the house I use. Fridge. Sink. Make coffee in the morning.

He turns the water on and off. Leans against the sink. Behind him we see his truck through the window.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Rest of the house is yours.

Ginny and Cal enter the living room, take it all in.

CAL

(softly)

Why doesn't he use the house?

GINNY

Shhh. Don't be rude.

Furniture's covered with sheets - chairs, tables, couch.

They walk around. Ginny sees one table in particular, pulls the sheet off, reveals an extremely interesting record player. It's vintage but still plays conventional albums.

Ginny lifts the lid. It clicks into place. The needle's already on an album. She turns on the record player.

Still in the kitchen, Travis hears the song come up to speed. It affects him negatively. He pushes off the sink, walks quickly into the living room and steps up to the record player.

TRAVIS

Please. I'm sorry but...

He turns it off. Closes the lid. Ginny's taken aback.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
It's been awhile since it's
played.

GINNY
How long's the furniture been
covered?

TRAVIS
Since I had the floors re-done.

GINNY
And that was?

TRAVIS
About six years ago.

Ginny nods.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm gonna head into town, get
some groceries. You and Cal
wanna explore the house, go
right ahead. Master bedroom's
through there, bathroom,
closets. There's some clothes,
use what you like or need.
Spare bedroom's over here if
you wanna set up the little
guy. Your choice. I'll go ahead
and grab enough for you both.
Anything specific you like?

Cal opens his mouth to ask for something, Ginny cuts
him off.

GINNY
Whatever you think's fine.
We're grateful for all this
thank you.

Travis nods, walks toward the back. He winks at Cal,
mouths "I got you". Travis exits through the back.
Through the windows we see him head down the driveway
and hop into a Pickup Truck out front, drive away.

INT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM/BATH -- DAY

Ginny opens the door. Perfectly preserved room. She
pulls the sheet covering the bed.

(CONTINUED)

Still made, pillows in place. She opens one closet - empty. Opens the other - women's clothes.

Gently, she removes a sheet covering a dresser/vanity. Picture of Travis with his wife. He looks just like he did in the Baseball Game Flashback.

She enters the bathroom - old fashioned tub/shower combo.

INT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM -- DAY

Ginny and Cal open the door to the spare bedroom. Well, not exactly spare bedroom. There is a bed here, more like a day bed. Across from it is a baby crib.

Cal looks up at Ginny, shakes his head "no" as in "no way you're making me sleep in a crib". She rustles his hair.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- DAY

Ginny pulls on the door. It doesn't want to open. A few more tugs and it swings wide. She and Cal step onto the porch.

There's a swing bench in front of the living room window. She and Cal sit down. She places a protective arm around him, sways the bench back and forth as the sprinklers turn on.

Across the street, Jarrod and Michael continue to play catch.

GINNY

That boy looks about your age.

Cal peers at her expectantly.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Well, go on. Just look both ways.

He runs inside the house and then darts back out with a baseball glove, kinda checks the street before reaching the other side safely.

Ginny watches him stand on the sidewalk. Michael leans over to him, they exchange greetings.

(CONTINUED)

Michael shakes his hand and points him over to Jarrod where they rotate catching and throwing the ball.

Ginny smiles and waves. She's happy.

INT. TRAVIS' HOUSE -- MORNING

The sunrise showcases new life in this home, dust covers nowhere to be seen, windows clean and clear.

A comfortable chair in a corner. The couch with a light blanket upon it. The silent record player.

The day bed clear. A long vacant crib.

An unopened box of cereal with a baseball player on the front stands next to a clean bowl with a spoon. A coffee maker perks.

Through the kitchen window, we see Travis showering. His body's hidden by the wooden door though we can make out his hands and arms as he washes his hair. A robe and towel hang over across the exposed partition.

The door to the Master Bedroom's closed.

INT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM/BATH -- MORNING

Muffled sounds of Travis' shower and the percolating coffee seep into the room as Ginny holds Cal in a peaceful sleep.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- DAY

The Kenworth's hood's up as Travis stands on a steel ladder buried inside the engine. Ginny and Cal exit the front door. She has to pull it hard to close.

Travis pauses, hops from the ladder and comes around the side as Ginny and Cal head down the walk.

TRAVIS

Hey. Everything alright?

GINNY

We're heading into town to find a job.

TRAVIS

You need a ride?

(CONTINUED)

GINNY
I looked up the bus stop. It's
a couple blocks away.

TRAVIS
It's no trouble.

GINNY
I gotta start figuring these
things out. Thank you, though.

TRAVIS
You're gonna take the little
man with you on a job hunt?

Ginny glances at Cal. Travis has a point.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(holding hands up)
I don't want to interfere. But
Cal could help me swap out
these plugs and maybe run me to
the playground if I get all my
work done on time.

Cal's eyes brighten. She concedes, kneels down,
straightens his shirt, jean jacket.

GINNY
You listen to what he says. I
get a bad report - no baseball
for a week.

She extends her fist. He bumps it. She kisses his
head, releases his hand.

TRAVIS
Let's go, big guy.

Cal walks to him, Ginny heads down the street.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Okay - we got a bunch of stuff
we need to accomplish then
we'll hit the playground.

Travis turns for the truck, stops suddenly and spins
back around to Cal, points at him.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

And hey - when it's time to go home - no crying. No crying - we get ice cream.

(extends both fists)

You good?

Cal double bumps him.

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- AFTERNOON

GREG DANIELS, 30's, pushes his 6 year old son BOBBY on a swing. Numerous other kids and parents fill the playground. In the distance, Travis parks his pickup truck.

He gets out, opens the door for Cal who immediately takes his hand, pulls him toward the other kids like a puppy at a bark park.

Nearing the swings, Cal breaks free and slips between the chains, craning his neck back at Travis.

TRAVIS

(to Greg)

Guess I'm the engine.

Travis starts pushing Cal.

GREG

We all are. Haven't seen you around. You new in town?

TRAVIS

Me? No. My buddy here is, though.

GREG

What's he got on him? 6 years?

TRAVIS

'Round there. Not sure, really. I'm supervising while his mom's out job hunting.

GREG

My fella Jacob here's version 6.9 Turns 7 in 3 months.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
 Ah, well Happy Birthday in
 three months, Jacob. You like
 baseball, Jacob?

Jacob's quiet.

GREG
 Jacob? Answer the man. Do you
 like baseball?

Jacob scrunches his nose, shakes his head 'no'. Cal's
 feet hit the sand, stopping the swing. He bolts
 towards the slide and a group of other kids.

TRAVIS
 He's kinda opinionated when it
 comes to baseball.
 (following Cal)
 Nice meeting you.

GREG
 (calling out)
 Couple of those girls he's
 about to plow into are mine.

Travis gives a thumbs up.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY STORE -- AFTERNOON

A coin operated mechanical horse kid ride's mounted
 out front. Ginny exits the automatic doors carrying a
 few sheets of paper and a uniform smock.

She pauses on the sidewalk, pulls her phone from her
 bag see the call id - MOM. The pleasant demeanor
 vanishes. It continues to ring as she contemplates
 before answering.

GINNY
 We're not going back.

We can't quite make out the other side of the
 conversation. We do, though, see how torn Ginny is
 between independence, anguish, defiance...

GINNY (CONT'D)
 Yes, I CAN take care of him. I
 just got a job.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GINNY (CONT'D)

I have a place to stay until I figure something out.

...as if she's never stood up for herself and though lacking confidence, will not back down.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I don't care. Mom? Mom? You're not hearing me.

She sighs.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Well, I'm gonna be a better mother to him than you were to me. Yeah, you've been saying you're gonna leave him for as long as I can remember. But every time I see your car, there's nothing packed in it so...

PEDESTRIANS pass her. She turns, lowers her voice.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Listen to me - I'm an adult now. I'm his legal guardian.

Her mother says something which makes her laugh.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, that part of the birth certificate's blank now isn't it? Mother? Mother, I'm hanging up. And don't you dare file another missing persons report. We're not missing. We're gone.

She hangs up, wipes her face, collects herself, stands straight, walks into the parking lot calm, confident. She has a job, place to stay, her son. She's free.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- AFTERNOON

Ginny walks up to the door, slips her key in the lock, lets herself in.

(CONTINUED)

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Ginny enters the kitchen, sets her purse down, grabs a glass and fills it with water. In the backyard, Travis plays catch with Cal, throwing him grounders and giving him tips

on how to crouch, collect the ball and throw it back in one fluid motion.

CAL

Travis? Why don't you use the house?

Ginny sighs.

TRAVIS

Well, I went through something I'm not quite over. House brings all that back to me.

CAL

Record player, too?

TRAVIS

Record player, too. One of these days I'm gonna open the lid, turn it on, listen to that album. One of these days.

He turns, sees Ginny in the window, waves, points her out to Cal.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Your mom's home. Give her a wave.

Cal waves, tosses the ball back.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(to Ginny)

Check the freezer!

Ginny sips from the glass, pivots to the freezer, opens it. There's an ice cream cup with a cone sticking out the top. She takes it out, snickers, closes the freezer, returns to the window.

GINNY

Thank you!

(CONTINUED)

Travis waves.

GINNY (CONT'D)
 (pointing at cone)
 I don't like ice cream.

Travis cups a hand over his ear.

GINNY (CONT'D)
 Never mind.

Again, Travis cups a hand over his ear.

GINNY (CONT'D)
 Never mind!

And again, Travis cups a hand over his ear.

GINNY (CONT'D)
 NEVER MIND!!!

Cal gets in on it, cups a hand over his ear, too.

GINNY (CONT'D)
 Couple of wise guys.

She puts the ice cream away and exits out the back.
 We continue watching through the window.

GINNY (CONT'D)
 (raising arms)
 I got a job!!

Both Travis and Cal raise their arms.

TRAVIS & CAL
 HOORAY!!!

They continue playing catch.

TRAVIS
 I'm rolling out early tomorrow
 morning for a few days. I left
 the Sheriff's business card on
 the fridge. He's a friend of
 mine. You have any problems,
 you go ahead and call him.

(CONTINUED)

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Cal sneaks out of the bedroom, pads softly, quietly to the kitchen, reaches up to the freezer. A magnet secures the Sheriff's weathered business card.

Cal snags the ice cream. He smiles, proud of himself. Suddenly, the engine of Travis' Kenworth grinds up, the lights turn on.

Cal drops to the ground, back against the refrigerator, ice cream cup in his hands. The Kenworth shifts into gear and Travis slowly rolls it down the driveway.

Cal rises, pads into the living room, follows along the side windows, makes his way to the couch and stares out the front. Travis glances over, waves. Cal waves back. As the truck disappears, he drops down to the couch, goes at the cup.

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Ginny's hand reaches into frame, picks up the empty cup. Cal's asleep on the couch. He wakes. Busted.

GINNY

Mmmm-hmmm.

He opens his mouth.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Nope. Not a word. Unless that word's "I'm really sorry mama, it won't happen again."

CAL

I'm really -

GINNY

Got it. Go brush your teeth.

Cal slips off the couch. Ginny straightens the blankets, glances up, sees the old Ford Falcon from the Police Station pull up to the curb. Mrs. McBride gets out, glances around.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- MORNING

Mrs. McBride strolls up the to the door. Knocks.

(CONTINUED)

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Ginny's backed against the door as her mother knocks.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- MORNING

Mrs McBride knocks again. Across the street, Michael closes his front door, walks to his car. He puts his things in the backseat. Mrs McBride calls to him.

MRS. MCBRIDE
Excuse me?!?

Michael turns to her as Ginny swings the door wide.

GINNY
Get inside.

Her mother spins back around. Ginny takes her hand, guides her into the house, waves at Michael.

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Ginny slams the door shut.

GINNY
What are you doing here?

Cal peers from around the corner.

MRS. MCBRIDE
To see my grandson.

She cranes her neck around Ginny, sees Cal, pushes past, sets her purse down and embraces the boy.

GINNY
How'd you find us?

MRS. MCBRIDE
The nice officers who picked up Cal at the Rest Stop gave me the address. Have you two had breakfast?

Cal shakes his head 'no'.

MRS. MCBRIDE (CONT'D)
How 'bout I take us all out for breakfast. Would you like that?

(CONTINUED)

Cal defers to Ginny.

GINNY

Cal, did you brush your teeth?

Cal nods.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Go get dressed, baby.

Cal darts off into the bedroom. Mrs McBride rises, returns to the living room.

MRS. MCBRIDE

You mind if I sit down?

GINNY

I hope you're not thinking of staying long.

MRS. MCBRIDE

He's my grandson. I have a right to see him.

Ginny lowers her voice, gets intense.

GINNY

No. You don't. You have no rights. What you have is one choice. You can visit with Cal for two hours and then you can leave and never come back.

MRS. MCBRIDE

Please come home, Ginny. I'll do anything to have you and Cal come back home.

GINNY

It's much, much too late for that. Now, there's a number on that refrigerator of the local Sheriff. You do anything or say anything to these neighbors, I'll call that number. He's a close friend of the man who owns this house.

MRS. MCBRIDE

Are the two of you -

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

No.

MRS. MCBRIDE

Does he know?

GINNY

We don't ask each other
questions. No one. Knows.
Anything.

(holds up two fingers)

Two hours. Two.

On the wall, the clock reads 8:00 AM.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The clock reads 10:00 AM.

Through the picture window, Ginny and Cal watch Mrs
McBride walk to her car, get in, drive away. Ginny
gently caresses Cal's head.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- DAY

Travis' rig pulls up and parks in the driveway. He
hops out, walks across the street to the Riley's

EXT. RILEY HOUSE -- DAY

Travis knocks on the door. MRS RILEY, 30's, opens the
door, greets him with a smile.

MRS. RILEY

Back again?

TRAVIS

Yes, ma'am. The little warrior
around?

MRS. RILEY

Cal?

(CONTINUED)

We hear some rustling and Cal appears from around the corner, small backpack and lunch box.

TRAVIS
You rock 1st Grade while I was gone?

Cal nods, fist bumps him.

MRS. RILEY
Not a big talker this one.

TRAVIS
Thanks for watching him after school.

MRS. RILEY
It keeps Jarrod busy so thank YOU.

Travis and Cal turn and walk away.

TRAVIS
Wanna surprise your mom?

Cal nods.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY STORE - SIDEWALK -- DAY

Approaching the front, Travis and Cal pass a group of LOCALS, early 20's, hanging outside. A couple wear PIGGLY WIGGLY uniforms, most likely just getting off work. They're flirtatious, playful, young.

Travis stops, looks inside, sees Ginny ring a CUSTOMER up on a register.

TRAVIS
(to Cal)
Might be a few minutes.

Near the door's the coin operated mechanical horse.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Ever ride one of these?

Cal checks it out.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Here...

(CONTINUED)

Travis digs a quarter from his pocket, drops it in. The horse rocks back and forth. He picks Cal up, places him astride it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hold on, now. Remember what we said about getting hurt?

CAL

Only around mommy.

TRAVIS

That's my buddy.

They fist bump. Travis glances inside. The MANAGER in dress shirt and pants takes her drawer. She pulls off her smock, walks around the counter, sees Travis, smiles.

GINNY

(through glass)

I have to punch out.

TRAVIS

We'll wait for you.

GINNY

I know.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY STORE - SIDEWALK -- DAY

The Locals and Piggly Wiggly workers are still hanging out. Cal sits still on the mechanical horse. Travis leans on it. The front doors open and a female CO-WORKER, 20's, exits ahead of Ginny.

The group yelps as she falls into the arms of Local Boy. Ginny reaches Cal.

GINNY

How was school?

Cal shrugs.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I bet.

(CONTINUED)

Laughter from the group. Ginny glances over. Really sees the kids - a Couple kissing, others smiling, a girl sharing a smoke with a boy, rite of passage and frivolous bliss a 22 year old with a 6 year old son will never experience.

Travis notices.

TRAVIS

Hey.

Ginny snaps out of it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Street Fair's tonight? You guys feel like going on the bouncy-bouncy and maybe grabbing a beer?

(to Cal)

I'll leave it up to your mom whether or not you're doing the bouncy- bouncy or having a beer.

Cal slips his hand into his mother's. She snaps out of it, turns back to them.

GINNY

Hmm? Yeah, sure. That'd be great.

They start to cross the street. Travis leans in closer, motions to the kids.

TRAVIS

I can take Cal if you want -

GINNY

I'm not leaving Cal.

She realizes how that sounded, pauses for a second.

TRAVIS

I know what you meant. All good.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. STREET FAIR -- NIGHT

Main Street's closed down to traffic. Craft and food kiosks fill the blacktop along with small rides, petting zoo and a bouncy-bouncy mesh tent filled with young kids jumping around inside.

Ginny's squatted down removing Cal's shoes. Travis stands nearby.

CAL

I don't get a beer?

GINNY

You get the bouncy-bouncy.

He looks to Travis.

TRAVIS

Hey, I just work here buddy.

CAL

Okay.

Ginny rises as Cal shoots inside, jumps around with the other kids. Ginny and Travis watch.

JOHN (O.S.)

There he is.

Travis turns, sees John and DONNA DAVENPORT, 30's, as well as their young daughter, ELISA, 8.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You been ducking us?

TRAVIS

Not at all. This is a friend of mine, Ginny. Ginny this John, Donna and Elisa Davenport. John's the Sheriff around here.

GINNY

Nice to meet you. We have your number magneted to the refrigerator.

DONNA

You work at the Piggly-Wiggly.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

I do.

JOHN

(to Ginny)

Glad you're getting this guy
outta the house. When's the
last time you were at the
street fair.

TRAVIS

Been awhile.

JOHN

Yeah, it has.

There's an uncomfortable silence. Donna's really
studying Ginny.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Welp - we gotta go. Nice
meeting you. Call me sometime,
Travis. Please.

TRAVIS

You got it.

John steers his family away. When they're a safe
distance past he leans into Donna.

JOHN

You think you could be a little
more friendly next time?

DONNA

You said she was younger than
him but c'mon, John. And how
old's that boy?

JOHN

You think maybe you can pocket
that judgmental mind of yours
for Travis? I mean - just for
Travis. You can continue to
judge and throw your opinions
at everyone else but maybe just
not my brother-in-law.

DONNA

EX. Brother-in-law.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
I take that as a no.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR -- NIGHT

An Ice Cream Sundae lands in front of Cal, a beer in front of Ginny and a beer in front of Travis.

TRAVIS
(to Cal)
Wanna trade.

GINNY
NO!

Travis winks at Cal. In the distance, we see the Piggly- Wiggly group. They've been joined by a few more folks at a table near the dance floor. A jukebox plays.

Ginny sees them. Dancing. Joking. Again, Travis notices.

TRAVIS
Cal? You mind if I dance with
your mother?

Buried in his sundae and wearing some of it, Cal shakes his head.

GINNY
I don't know-

TRAVIS
It's nothing. I don't want to
make you feel-

GINNY
(softer)
- How to dance?

TRAVIS
Don't worry, it's been a while
for me as well.

GINNY & TRAVIS
Like 6 years.

GINNY
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

Damn. The reality of this hits Travis. He's committed now. He extends his hand, takes hers and they rise. He leads her through the crowd of tables. Heads turn. Very pretty 22 year old led to the dance floor by an older guy.

They reach the dance floor.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I feel like everyone's looking at us.

TRAVIS

They're not looking at us. They're looking at you. We do one dance and you'll have every guy asking you for the next song.

Maybe she doesn't want that. But it sure is great to have a really nice person say, even indirectly, you're pretty. He takes her hand, respectfully, gently, holds her. The song turns slowly, more melodic, it's TENNESSEE WHISKEY.

She looks at him. She knows. The favorite song of the wife no longer there.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

It's okay.

She's unsure.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Really. It's okay. Unless you -

She shakes her head 'no'. They continue dancing as the song plays. This is hard for them both. She's damaged, never danced with a man before. He's wounded, hasn't held a woman in a very, very long time.

Now, though, here, they remain in this semi-charmed moment of feeling close to another. It's not perfect, ideal or dreamy. Yet it's theirs, and they're free...

(CONTINUED)

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- NIGHT

Travis' Pickup parks on the curb. He, Ginny and Cal get out. Travis walks toward his Kenworth while Ginny and Cal move up the sidewalk to the front door.

Ginny speaks softly to Cal. He bolts across the grass to

Travis with his hand extended. Travis stops.

CAL

Thank you, Travis.

Travis shakes his hand. After he releases it, Cal puts out his fist. Travis bumps it, smiles as Cal runs back to his mother.

GINNY

You gonna be around tomorrow night?

TRAVIS

Plan to.

Ginny nods, narrows her eyes. She's up to something.

GINNY

Alright then.

She puts the key in the lock, enters with Cal.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- DAY

Travis and Cal walk down the driveway toward the street. A Police Cruiser pulls up and parks, hits the siren briefly. John gets out, smiling.

JOHN

Sorry. I just love seeing people's faces when that goes off.

He joins them on the sidewalk, shakes Travis' hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to Cal)

What's up little man?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

We were heading across the street to see if his buddy wanted to go out for a bit.

JOHN

Ah, hitting the town, huh? Well, Saturday IS for the boys. Mind if I tag along?

TRAVIS

Aren't you on the clock?

JOHN

Slow news day. Hey - you mind if I knock on the door and inquire?

TRAVIS

Go for it.

JOHN

Little man - come with me.

John takes his hand, heads across the street.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Be right back.

INT/EXT. RILEY HOUSE -- DAY

Mrs. Riley opens the door. John stands imposingly.

MRS. RILEY

Sheriff?

JOHN

Mrs Riley. May I please speak with Jarrod?

He winks.

MRS. RILEY

(calling into house)

Jarrod? The Sheriff would like to speak with you.

Jarrod comes down the hall, stops by his mother.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Jarrood.

(points at badge)

I'm the Sheriff 'round these parts. Did you go to the park and play with Cal from across the street today? Please tell me the truth.

Scared, Jarrood shakes his head 'no'. John loosens up, smiles, and as he crouches down, reveals Cal behind him. Travis leans against the police car across the street, waves.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Would you like to?

Jarrood looks up at his mother. She smiles permission. John turns, heads down the walkway. Cal and Jarrood follow.

CAL

When it's time to go home, no crying and we get ice cream!

Jarrood's eyes light up.

EXT. ICE CREAM STAND -- AFTERNOON

John finishes his ice cream as Travis, Cal and Jarrood continue working on theirs. He leans back, slaps a hand on Travis's shoulder.

JOHN

How you doing, brother?

TRAVIS

I'm alright.

JOHN

Glad you didn't take that Canada job.

TRAVIS

Me, too. They keep offering it to me, though.

(CONTINUED)

In the distance, Greg, the father from the park, gets out of a car with his son, Bobby and his two little girls from the sandbox. They reach the Ice Cream Stand.

GREG
Sheriff.

JOHN
Greg. How're the kids?

GREG
(pulling out wallet)
Be better in about ten minutes.

JOHN
I bet.
(slaps hands)
Alright, boys, Sheriff's gotta
get back to work.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- DAY

Ginny strolls down the sidewalk. John's Cruiser creeps up behind her.

JOHN (O.S.)
Cal, check out how high your
momma jumps.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
John -

John hits the siren, startles Ginny. He pulls the car to the curb, gets out laughing. Travis steps from the passenger side, opens the back door for the boys.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(to Ginny)
I'm sorry.

John escorts Jarrod across the street, walks him to the front door.

CAL
We gotcha'.

GINNY
You sure did. Guess what?

(CONTINUED)

CAL

What?

GINNY

Mommy...

(reaches into purse)

...Is taking you and Travis here...

(pulls out three tickets)

...To a baseball game!

She hands the tickets to Travis. He's a bit put off.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Today's payday. Figured it was also payback day. I know it's not much. You okay?

TRAVIS

Yeah. It's just...

GINNY

Been awhile. Got it. Cal, go get cleaned up.

Cal takes off.

GINNY (CONT'D)

You mind driving?

TRAVIS

Excuse me?

GINNY

Your truck. You mind driving?

TRAVIS

What? No. Of course not.

GINNY

Is this alright? It's just a baseball game. Did I do something wrong?

TRAVIS

What? No. It's gonna be great.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Well, alright then. I'm gonna get changed.

Travis nods.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - FRONT ENTRANCE -- DAY

Travis, Cal and Ginny move with the crowd through the turnstiles. Cal holds his baseball glove. Jumps about, excited. Travis is present, but barely.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - INNER WALKWAY -- DAY

Travis glances at the tickets, looks around, leads the way. He sees a concession stand.

TRAVIS

Hang on. We're missing something.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - SEATING AREA -- DAY

A BASEBALL GREETER leads our trio down the stairs. Ginny and Cal now wear baseball hats. They shuffle across the row, finds their seats. Ginny and Cal sit.

Travis remains standing, glances up at the BEER SERVING GUY, then stares across the field at another section.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - **FLASHBACK** -- NIGHT

We believe we're in Travis' POV as we slowly narrow our focus to a set of seats, find John and Travis, realize we're in the flashback.

JOHN

Where's that beer guy? You good? You want another? Have another.

TRAVIS

I think I'm fine.

JOHN

C'mon, you're with me. And I love ya'. We all love ya'.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Gotta tell you, we were SO GLAD
Liz dumped that guy she was
seeing before you.

Travis nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Biggest worry was seeing her
name on my phone. Is she
calling to say she's pregnant
or calling to say he hit her.
And I'm ashamed to admit which
call I'd prefer hearing.

TRAVIS

That's kinda not right, John.

JOHN

I know!! The guy was a real
piece of work.

TRAVIS

How'd you feel when she started
seeing me and her name showed
up on a call?

JOHN

I was PUH-RAYING she'd say she
was pregnant. Seriously. PUH-
RAYING. 'Cause then you'd HAVE
to stick around and we could do
stuff like this.

John laughs, slaps Travis' shoulder as he stands up.
He sticks two fingers in his mouth, whistles an ear
shattering volume. It catches the Beer Guy's
attention. John waves.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Let's get two over here!!
Almost the 7th Inning!! They're
gonna cut us off!!

John sits down. The Beer Guy passes two beers down
the row. John pulls out some bills, sends them the
other way.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And hey - thanks for naming
your boy after me.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
We didn't. We named him after
you and Liz's Father.

JOHN
Technicality.
(sees beer)
Alright, coming in hot.

John takes a beer, hands it to Travis.

JOHN (CONT'D)
My sister gives you any shit
for drinking too much you're on
your own.

John sips from the other beer, gives a disarming
wink.

GINNY (O.S.)
Travis?

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - SEATING AREA -- DAY

Travis comes back to the present. Ginny's handing him
a beer as another comes down the row.

CAL
It's like a conveyer belt.

GINNY
Right!?!?

Another beer makes it's way down and she sends money
the other way.

GINNY (CONT'D)
Hey?

Travis turns to her.

GINNY (CONT'D)
Are we gonna have a nice time?

Travis takes a moment, gets it together.

TRAVIS
Of course we are.
(sits, crunches Cal's
shoulder)
Right!?!?

(CONTINUED)

EXT. BASEBALL GAME - MONTAGE -- DAY

The happiest series of shots we've ever scene at a baseball game. Runners steal bases, hitters slam homers, fans rise and spill beer, Concessions Folks sell goods, and best of all, a foul ball's hit into the crowd, Cal tracks it, his eyes opening as wide as his mouth, his baseball glove reaching up for it - however, it's not quite high enough - until Travis holds his waist, lifts him up and he CATCHES IT!!! Ginny's never seen her kid this happy.

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Water pours from the faucet. Coffee grounds land in a filter. Coffee drips into a small pitcher. Sugar's stirred in a mug.

Travis stands in the kitchen, sips the coffee. He's leaning against the counter, glancing nonchalantly into the living room, gently smiles, sets down the coffee mug.

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Travis hasn't been in this room alone in a very long time. And certainly not this close to the record player, at least not knowingly, intentionally.

He steps towards it, stands about 3 feet away. We're looking at him on one side, the record player on the other. Between them is the picture window. Travis doesn't notice, but outside, Mrs McBride pulls up and parks at the curb, exits the car, heads for the house.

Still staring at the record player, Travis steps up to it. He stares at the lid, reaches out and for the first time in a very long while - raises the lid into the place. He clicks the power on, carefully lifts the needle. The record, his wife's record, spins and just as its about to get up to speed - KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

The moment's over, he turns it off.

INT/EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- DAY

Travis opens the door. Mrs McBride stands before him.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
Good morning.

MRS. MCBRIDE
Good morning.

TRAVIS
Can I help you?

MRS. MCBRIDE
You own this house?

TRAVIS
Yes.

MRS. MCBRIDE
Ginny's my daughter. Cal's my -
grandson.

Travis takes it in, nods. This is awkward.

TRAVIS
I understand. Well, Ginny's at
work and Cal's at school.

MRS. MCBRIDE
I know. That's why I'm here
now. I came to see the man
they're living with.

TRAVIS
Uh-huh. Well, they're not
exactly "living" with me. I'm
letting them use the house.
(points to his truck)
I actually bunk out of my -

MRS. MCBRIDE
(interrupting)
Has Ginny told you who Cal's
father is?

Travis stares at her.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- AFTERNOON

Travis sits in the porch swing bench, gently swaying.
The school bus pulls up and both Cal and Jarrod get
out. Jarrod crosses the street as Cal rushes up the
walkway to Travis.

(CONTINUED)

Travis smiles, opens his arms. Cal drops his backpack and climbs up on the swing, crawls next to him. Travis stares straight ahead, gently caressing the boy's head.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- AFTERNOON

Still in the same position, both Travis and Cal are asleep. Quietly, Ginny approaches the steps, sets her purse down and sits next to Cal, slightly disturbing the swing's balance.

Travis wakes, turns to her. She mouths "sorry".

TRAVIS
We should talk inside.

GINNY
Everything okay?

Travis gently slips from Cal, sets the boy down, motions for Ginny to enter the house. He closes the door behind them.

As Cal sleeps in the foreground, Ginny and Travis speak in the living room. We barely hear them, however it's clear Travis asks about Cal and her Mother.

Ginny glances toward Cal, nods her head, then turns back to Travis. She tries to walk past but he stops her. She looks again at Cal, sits and with her face in her hands weeps uncontrollably.

Travis crouches, attempts to console her. She pushes past him, exits the front. He follows. They speak softly.

TRAVIS
You don't have to leave.
Please. I'm not asking you to
leave.

GINNY
I'm so ashamed. I don't know
what to do.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Look, I can't tell you what to do. And I'm not pressuring you to stay or go. I'm gonna take off for a bit, let you decide what's best. You are more than welcome to stay.

EXT. BAR -- NIGHT

John's Cruiser pulls up and parks.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Travis sits at the bar next to John. Both have beers. John's shaking his head.

JOHN

You know that saying "not all heroes wear capes"? Not all monsters wear masks. Some sit across from us our entire lives.

TRAVIS

I know.

JOHN

And this? This isn't your responsibility. It isn't.

TRAVIS

I'm not kicking them out, John.

JOHN

And I'm not suggesting you kick them out.

TRAVIS

Then what are you saying?

JOHN

Maybe you're trying to make up for the past. You never grieved, Travis. Not once did I ever see you break down and cry.

TRAVIS

We're men. We're not allowed.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
True, but still.

TRAVIS
After what happened to me,
everyone but you treated me
different. Avoided me like I
was the cause. Because what
someone else did to ME made
THEM feel uncomfortable. I have
an appreciation for this. I'm
not gonna be that guy. I'm not
gonna walk away from this girl
and boy 'cause it'll make me
feel better, make my life
easier.

JOHN
That hearing's coming up. You
gonna be okay?

Travis stares back at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You are going?

TRAVIS
Of course. Wouldn't miss it for
the world.

John slides his beer away, pulls Travis close, kisses
his head.

JOHN
I love you, brother.

John exits, leaves Travis at the bar.

EXT. TRUCK DEPOT -- DAY

Travis backs the Kenworth to the loading dock. Worker
#1 guides him, stands next to the Dispatcher.

WORKER #1
I, uh....I'm sorry. I asked
around about....him. You won't
get no more trouble from me.

(CONTINUED)

INT. TRAVIS' KENWORTH - MOVING -- DAY

Travis drives past the Truck Stop where he met Ginny & Cal. The bracelet she made dangles from the dash.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

Travis carefully sets a long line of coins on the rails.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

The coins bounce as the locomotive flattens them.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

We hear the engine from Travis' Kenworth approach. He passes the driveway, slows to a stop and starts to back up. Cal busts out of the house, excited to see him. He enthusiastically does his best to wave Travis into the parking spot.

Travis shuts off the truck and hops down. Ginny appears.

TRAVIS

Hey. I got you something.

He reaches into the truck, hands her a bag full of flattened coins. It makes her smile.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

GINNY

Little trouble at school. Some kids have decided to ignore him...

(to Cal)

But we don't need them now do we?

Cal shakes his head no.

TRAVIS

Cal, I was gonna clean up and head to the street fair. You have any interest at all in going with me?

Cal lights up, pulls on Ginny's arm.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 15 minutes? Can you give me
 that?

EXT. STREET FAIR -- NIGHT

The three of them walk through the crowds, check out the booths, the craft tables. Something's off, though. It's not as welcoming as before.

Crowds seem to part away from them, eyes dart back and forth, fingers point, people either smirk or are repulsed.

Ginny becomes self conscious. Looks off, down. Holds Cal closer. They know. Somehow, they know.

GINNY
 I think we should head back.

TRAVIS
 Why?

GINNY
 I don't feel comfortable.
 People are staring.

TRAVIS
 There's John.

Up ahead by the Bouncey-Bouncey, John stands with his back to us. He's helping his daughter put her shoes back on. His wife stands facing us. Doesn't move nor offer an inviting expression. She taps John, leans down and whispers.

He glances back, smiles and waves. Standing, he exchanges some words with his wife, things become tense and he shakes his head, points towards us.

He crouches down, give his kid a hug, watches her leave with his wife before walking towards Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 Everything okay?

JOHN
 Of course not. But you all're
 here so how bad can it be?
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to Cal)
How you doing big guy?

Cal gives him a thumbs up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's my man.
(to Ginny and Travis)
Anybody hungry? I sure could
use a steak and beer.

CAL
Me, too.

JOHN
Well, that settles it. Steaks
and beer all around. On me.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR -- NIGHT

John, Travis, Ginny and Cal stand in front of a group of people waiting to be seated. Ginny carefully glances at various sections. Are those people looking at her? Are they whispering about her?

A WAITRESS pulls a group of four from behind them, takes them to an open table.

JOHN
This is bullshit.

John steps out of line, approaches the HOSTESS, offers a smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hi.

HOSTESS
I told you there's a wait.

JOHN
Yes, ma'am. You did. And then a
party of four - which is the
exact number we have - was
seated before us.

The Hostess glances behind John at Ginny and Cal.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't look at them. Look at me. I'm the one you need to worry about. I'm the one who's getting angry. I'm the one who'll start clocking off Health Code Violations. And yes, I'm gonna be that asshole you hate and wanna spit in their food but by God if you do there'll be Hell to pay. So this is what's gonna happen -

Travis steps up.

TRAVIS

Hey, if its crowded we don't have to eat here.

JOHN

It's all good, brother.

Travis isn't convinced. Knows something's up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's all good. Lemme handle this.

Travis steps back. John returns to the Hostess, lowers his voice.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So this is what's gonna happen, lady. YOU are gonna take four menus and say you'll seat us right away. And 2 minutes after we're seated someone - I don't care who - is gonna bring that little boy whatever stupid fucking kid shit you offer. Coloring book. Cartoon menu. Silly fucking hat. I really don't give a shit. But you're gonna bring him something and you're gonna sell that these people behind me are the best thing to hit this restaurant since it opened. You do that and I'll tip you 50% of the bill.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm very angry right now and I apologize. Give me a moment to get back to my family.

John steps back to the group.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They're gonna do the best they can for us. But they're swamped so it may be another 10 minutes.

The Hostess steps up to them holding 4 menus.

HOSTESS

(selling it, scared
of John)

I apologize for the delay but if you follow me I'll lead you to your table.

John darts his eyes to Cal.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

(to Cal)

How are you doing tonight, sir?

Cal smiles and gives a thumbs up as she leads them into the dining room. Cal and Ginny follow first, Travis and John behind.

EXT. RESTAURANT/BAR -- NIGHT

Inside, Cal wears a silly kid's hat and shares his ice cream with Ginny. Standing outside, John smokes a cigarette next to Travis.

TRAVIS

You told her.

JOHN

I didn't know my wife had such a big mouth. Apparently - I do, too.

Travis nods, takes it all in.

TRAVIS

This isn't gonna be easy.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I'm sorry, Travis. I thought if I leveled with her she'd open her heart a bit. Which, I know now, was stupid of me. Things've been bad between she and I for a long time.

(motions to
restaurant)

All this - my fault.

TRAVIS

Who'd she tell?

JOHN

She worried about Cal playing with our kid and I said he's a little boy and it's not his fault. When I went to work she -
(does air quotes)
"Spoke in confidence" with a couple friends to get another opinion.

Inside, the Hostess arrives with the bill. Ginny tries to take it but the Hostess holds it back, points at John. Ginny reaches over, knocks on the window. John turns around as the Hostess holds up the folio. He waves.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm so, so sorry, Travis. Lemme know what I can do to make this right.

Travis stares at Cal, ice cream on his little face. Big smile. It gets to Travis.

TRAVIS

You wanna be around to help him, huh? Protect him when this thing starts coming around? You gonna be there?

Travis turns to Ginny. Her radar's up, something's not right. She mouths "you okay?". Travis nods.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be there this time.

(CONTINUED)

Travis moves toward the entrance. John reluctantly follows.

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - CAL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Travis tucks Cal in. The kid is out cold.

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Travis turns out Cal's light, leaves the door cracked. He heads to the back door, sees Ginny in the kitchen, pauses.

GINNY

Every week my father held a card game at our house. My earliest memories have the smell of stale beer, cigarette smoke and poker chips. His friends would tell him "you're daughter is soooooo pretty", tell him "you're daughter's gonna be a model". He'd sit me on his knee, let me throw his chips into the pot. As I began to develop, the looks from his friends became more disturbing. The comments I'd hear them whisper more lewd. "Has she had her first"? "Her first's gonna take her away from you". At sixteen, the boys started to buzz around. He'd slam the door in their faces, send me to my room. I could go to school and then had to come straight home. NO sports. NO clubs and certainly NO dating. My mother worked at a nursing home. Occasionally, she'd pull a night shift. My life changed on one of those night shifts. My father lost a lot of money and was jokingly asked to trade me for it. He kicked his friends out and turned on me, demanding to know if I'd lost my virginity, if I'd let a boy touch me, getting angrier as he followed me to my room.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GINNY (CONT'D)

The next morning he ignored me. I'm pretty sure my mother suspected something but we never spoke of it. She didn't get mad at him, didn't protect me. We just pretended it never happened.

When Cal was born, they instructed me to say it was one of a few boys I went to school with but wasn't sure which one. Cal and I've runaway four times. Three times they've brought us back. I'm determined, no matter what, we're not going back. We'll go to heaven before we return to their house.

TRAVIS

The day we met? That place I dropped you off at?

GINNY

My Grandparents. Blood may be thicker than water but not as thick as sin.

TRAVIS

You and Cal don't ever have to leave this house.

GINNY

You think differently of me?
You do, don't you?

Travis shakes his head.

GINNY (CONT'D)

You sure?

Travis nods. He exits, walks around to his rig.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- NIGHT

From the street, we watch as Travis hops into the cab, sits in the driver's seat. Inside the house, Ginny remains standing in the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

INT. SCHOOL RECEPTION -- DAY

His face bruised, Cal stares straight at us. He's sitting on a bench. A couple spaces away sit TWO OTHER BOYS. They don't appear to be injured.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Travis sits opposite PRINCIPAL ANDERSON, 40's.

PRINCIPAL
You're not the boy's father.

TRAVIS
No.

PRINCIPAL
You're listed on his
registration card as a contact.

TRAVIS
Yes.

Principal Anderson nods.

PRINCIPAL
Have you met Cal's father?

TRAVIS
Are we gonna get to the point
of this? He's sitting out there
with a black eye and the two
kids - I'm assuming the two
kids who gave it to him - are
sitting out there without a
scratch.

PRINCIPAL
They say he started it.

Travis winds up to speak but Principal Anderson beats him to it.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)
And though he may not have
instigated the altercation he
clearly had a hand in creating
the environment.

Travis is dumbfounded.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

How?

PRINCIPAL

We're a very small community. You should know word travels fast. Look, I'm not suggesting Cal's at fault, I'm just saying, kids can be cruel. And because of who he is, they'll pick on him. And we have a zero tolerance for fighting. Regardless.

TRAVIS

I'm gonna take him home now if that's okay.

Principal Anderson waves him off.

INT. SCHOOL RECEPTION -- DAY

Travis exits the Principal's office, stops at the bench and kneels down to Cal. Principal Anderson follows, has a word with a SECRETARY as Travis speaks with to Cal.

TRAVIS

(motions to other boys)

Are these the boys who said those things?

Cal nods.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

And they hit you when you asked them to stop?

Cal lowers his head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey. Look at me.

Cal raises his head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

The next time either of these boys -

(glances at the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Principal)

Or anyone else for that matter -
 (turns back to Cal)
 Says anything nasty, insulting
 or mean about you or someone
 you care about...

Travis takes Cal's hand, makes a fist with it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I want you to hit them as hard
 as you possibly can -
 (rises, points at 1st
 Boy's nose)
 Here....
 (points at 2nd Boy's
 nose)
 ...And here.

The office is in shock.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Wanna get some ice cream with
 me?

Cal brightens. They fist bump.

PRINCIPAL

Excuse me!

TRAVIS

Next time you call me in here
 and my boy's the only one with
 a wound, you're gonna learn a
 new definition for "zero
 tolerance".

EXT. ICE CREAM STAND -- DAY

Travis and Cal sit on one side, their backs to
 parking.

John sits opposite them. In the distance, Greg gets
 out of a car with his son, Bobby and the two girls.
 They start walking toward the Ice Cream Stand. Greg
 stops suddenly, turns the group around for the car.

JOHN

I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

John rises, jogs over to the car as Greg shuts the car door on his kids. Travis doesn't turn around, doesn't need to, focuses on Cal, the ice cream.

TRAVIS

What'd you get again?

Cal extends his ice cream, Travis takes a bite, nods his head in approval, extends his, Cal does the same.

In the background, John can be seen and barely heard having a tense conversation with Greg. Greg opens the car door, they exchange more words, he gets in, drives away.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY STORE - SIDEWALK -- DAY

We push in on the store as Travis and Cal enter frame and stop at the Mechanical Horse. Travis lifts Cal onto it, slips a quarter into the coin slot. The Horse starts moving.

TRAVIS

You good?

Cal smiles, nods. Travis turns around, peers through the window. Ginny's at her register. The aisle's closed and she's finished clearing out her work station. She's about to pull out the register when her Manager approaches.

Travis watches, sees the conversation progress. The Manager asks for the cash drawer. Confused, Ginny hands it over.

He swings it on a hip. With his free hand, he removes an envelope from his back pocket.

Ginny takes at it, listens intently. He's turned his body, is less than receptive to her response, her pleas. He starts to walk away and Ginny firmly, but not aggressively, takes his arm, accidentally dislodging the cash drawer. It falls, coins and money spilling over the floor.

Nearby EMPLOYEES rush over to help pick up the cash. The Manager waves to someone who arrives with Ginny's purse and jacket. Quite emotional, she removes her smock, takes her things and exits the store.

(CONTINUED)

Crying, she rushes past Travis into the street. A car SCREECHES, temporarily pausing her until she moves on towards Travis' truck.

The Manager steps outside, sees Travis and Cal.

MANAGER

A lot of drama with that girl.

TRAVIS

Has she ever been late?

MANAGER

No.

TRAVIS

Stolen from you?

MANAGER

Of course not.

TRAVIS

Left early? Been rude to customers? Other employees?

The Mechanical Horse stops. Travis helps Cal down. Takes his hand and leads him toward the Manager.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Cal? This man has something he wants to tell you.

(to Manager)

Go on. Tell him why you fired his mother.

The Manager's taken aback. Doesn't want to say why in front of the boy.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

He's been hearing it at school. You man enough to fire his mother because of him but not man enough to tell him why?

MANAGER

It's not that simple.

TRAVIS

Sure it is. I'll make it easy for you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

"I fired your mother because she was a victim". We can leave out what of for when he's older.

MANAGER

I need to get back inside.

TRAVIS

You need to be sympathetic is what you need. Listen, I know you expect me to say I'm never gonna shop here again. But I am. I'm gonna shop here every single day I can. And I'm gonna cash a check at the register every chance I get so you can come out and see me and Cal here. I wanna make sure you don't get off as easy as you think you're gonna.

(to Cal)

Shake his hand, buddy.

Cal extends his hand. The Manager reluctantly shakes Cal's hand.

CAL

Nice to meet you, sir.

TRAVIS

Have a nice day.

CAL

Have a nice day, sir.

Travis begins to get a little emotional.

TRAVIS

(to Manager)

You see? He's just a boy.

Travis leads Cal off the sidewalk to the truck. Ginny's waiting inside. Cal sits in the middle, Travis starts it up and drives away.

INT. TRAVIS' HOUSE -- DAY

Ginny rolls into the house followed by Cal and Travis. She's fired up, angry, upset.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Cal? Get your things together,
baby. We're gonna get going.

TRAVIS

You don't have to leave.

Ginny enters the bedroom, starts pulling out her
things, tosses them on the bed to pack.

GINNY

This community is over for us.

TRAVIS

We'll get through this.

GINNY

I'm not that strong, Travis.
I can't have everyone look at
me, judge me, every minute of
my life.

TRAVIS

They're just ignorant and
confused. They don't understand
it wasn't something consensual.

GINNY

Can we not discuss that?

TRAVIS

It's easier for them to reject
you than to take a minute to
understand. And trust me, it's
not something they'll keep
rehashing. Once they get used
to the idea and get their minds
around a tragedy they let it
alone. They WANT to let it
alone.

Ginny continues.

GINNY

Cal?!?! Are you getting your
things together?!?!

TRAVIS

Ginny? Please? C'mon...

(CONTINUED)

He reaches out to her.

GINNY

We're NOT staying. We're NOT letting them bring THAT up to me and especially not Cal whenever they want to hurt me.

TRAVIS

Then don't let them.

GINNY

I'm not. I'm leaving.

TRAVIS

It's gonna be the same every where you go. Trust me. The best thing to do is to stay here, work through the bullshit and eventually they'll stop talking about it and realize he's just a young boy and you're just a young mother.

GINNY

I want to believe you. I want to believe you SO MUCH. It's hard to trust advice from someone who's biggest tragedy was not coming back into his house for six years because he just had his floors re-done. Travis. What happened on the floors that kept you from coming back inside?

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - INNER WALKWAY- **FLASHBACK** --
NIGHT

Travis and John walk with the crowd on their way out.

TRAVIS

Every time we come to a game - they lose. Why is that?

JOHN

'Cause they suck.

Travis laughs.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

They do. But they're our suck
so we gotta keep coming back.
It's like Baseball AA. "KEEP
COMING BACK".

TRAVIS

You do realize they're a Double
A team, right?

JOHN

I KNOW, RIGHT!?!?!

John turns around, walks backwards.

JOHN (CONT'D)

KEEP COMING BACK!!! KEEP
COMING BACK!!!

Travis flips him back around.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT - **FLASHBACK** -- NIGHT

John and Travis pull up to the house in the patrol
car. Travis gets out. They're a little rowdy.

JOHN

Keep coming back?!?

He laughs. Travis turns to go, sees something odd.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You good, buddy?

TRAVIS

The front door. It's open.

John gets out. Both stand by their side of the car.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

We never leave the door open.
Afraid the kid'll crawl out.

They stare at each other. Travis makes a move.

JOHN

Hey! Stay here.

John reaches into the car, grabs his gun. He shuts
the door, moves up to the house. Travis stays by the
car.

(CONTINUED)

John takes a defensive gun position, enters the house. He pauses, looks around. We don't know what he's seeing but it's clearly not good.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
JOHN!?!?

JOHN
DON'T COME IN HERE!!!

John holsters his gun, turns around and moves out the door.

TRAVIS
What's going on?

John approaches him.

JOHN
Get in the car. Please.

TRAVIS
What happened? Are they inside?

John opens the back door and tries to get Travis in.

JOHN
In the car!!

They struggle as John overpowers him, gets him inside and shuts the door. Travis can't get out. Across the street, Michael exits his house.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Sir - I need you to call 911.

Michael stares at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
CALL 911!

John pulls out his cellphone from a pocket and dials.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hey. It's me. I need two units to my sister's house. And keep it off the radio if you can. Her husband's in the back seat.

John listens to the phone.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

John hangs up. Travis pounds on the window.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- DAY

Travis sits on the swing next to Ginny. She takes his hand.

TRAVIS

He sent the baseball tickets. Knew John well enough that of course I'd reach out and go to the game with my brother in law. Waited until we'd both left. He'd been stalking her on and off since they broke up. Calling her at work, checking out her social media. They say he left her alone when he heard she was pregnant but started up again a little after the birth. She never said a word to me.

GINNY

Why not?

TRAVIS

That's who she was. Didn't want me to worry. John kept it from me, too. Has no idea I know now.

GINNY

Travis, I'm....

TRAVIS

John and I are supposed to go to his hearing. Apparently they want the victims' family to be there, give an opinion.

GINNY

When is it?

TRAVIS

Tomorrow.

GINNY

Tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

Travis nods.

GINNY (CONT'D)
You want us to stick around
until it's done?

TRAVIS
I want you to be happy.
Whatever that is.

GINNY
Were you ever gonna tell us?

TRAVIS
I didn't want you to think of
me differently.

He half laughs. She can't help but be entertained by it.

GINNY
You didn't want us to think
differently of you? After what
we've been through?

TRAVIS
I didn't have that information.
And once I got it, figured it
wasn't a competition.

GINNY
CAL!?!?

Cal rushes out with a half stuffed backpack.

GINNY (CONT'D)
Put that down, baby. Travis
here needs a hug.

Cal drops the backpack and climbs up on Travis. Ginny stands, picks up Cal's backpack, enters the house.

INT. TRAVIS' HOUSE -- DAY

Ginny stands with the backpack. Through the window, Travis sits holding Cal. She takes the house in, the doors, the windows, the floor. It happened here. His tragedy happened right here.

(CONTINUED)

INT. PAROLE HEARING -- DAY

We're staring at RICHARD DULUTH, late 30's, average looking, fit, normal. Could be the mechanic fixing your car or UPS Delivery Man. Friendly looking, non-threatening.

Richard sits cuffed to a chair next to the Judge's stand. A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY stands next to him.

JUDGE

...At which point your brother in law phoned police reporting the incident.

Travis sits at table facing the Judge and Richard. A microphone rests on the top.

TRAVIS

That's correct.

JUDGE

Mr Duluth was arrested, tried and convicted of Voluntary Manslaughter. Currently serving 34 years. As the surviving husband and father to the victims, your presence here will inform the court as to whether or not Mr. Duluth's request for a prison transfer to be closer to his family be granted. Do you have an opinion on this matter?

TRAVIS

No, ma'am I don't.

JUDGE

You don't?

TRAVIS

No, ma'am.

JUDGE

I'm very curious, Mr Stapleton, why don't you have an opinion?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

I try not to think about Mr. Duluth. I try to focus on things before and after he entered and altered my life. I'd prefer if I never had to think about him or give an opinion about him ever again.

JUDGE

Are you saying you don't care where he's incarcerated?

TRAVIS

It makes no difference to me where he serves his time.

JUDGE

Thank you, Mr Stapleton. The court would like to hear from Sheriff John Davenport.

Travis rises and exits to the back, passing John who takes his place at the table.

JOHN

Your honor.

JUDGE

Sheriff Davenport. You were the victim's brother, correct.

JOHN

Still am, your honor. This piece of shit just changed her location to the sweet hereafter.

John and Richard lock eyes.

JUDGE

Sheriff, I'd appreciate it if you refrained from inappropriate language while in my court room.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I apologize your honor. For the record there's alotta daylight between my point of view and that of my brother in law Travis over here. I've had to watch what this man's actions have done to him. I've seen a good, open heartedly man with a new family be turned into a recluse whose ability to move past a tragedy's dictated by the tragedy itself. I mean - he can't meet a new woman without having to relive what happened to his wife. And why? Because he went to a baseball game with his brother in law? The pity and judgment people put on him? He couldn't protect his first wife so how can he protect another? Yes, I'm still angry. I'm angry my sister and nephew were taken from me. And I'm angry my brother here's been left with doubt as to whether or not he can be a protector to someone new.

(turns to face Travis)

I'm in awe of his statements to this court today. Clearly our ability to overcome or tolerate what happened six years ago's never gonna be reconciled.

(turns back around;)

(regarding Duluth)

Your honor I hold zero animosity against this gentleman and whole heartedly forgive and encourage you to release him. In fact...

John removes his badge, sets it on the table.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...You had me surrender my gun before I came in, this here's my badge so right now I'm not the Sheriff. We're just two men in a room.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to Deputy)
Go on. Uncuff him.

JUDGE
Sheriff.

JOHN
I'm just a guy named John right now.

JUDGE
Alright, we're not gonna do this. Today's hearing's about his transfer to a prison closer to his family and yourself. Do you have any reservations with that?

JOHN
Yeah, I do. I don't want him anywhere near his friends and family. I want them to think about whether or not its worth driving 6 hours each way to visit him.

JUDGE
Mr. Duluth?

Richard's uneasy, clears his throat, fidgets.

RICHARD
If I could take back my actions I would. I'm sincerely ashamed and sorry for the pain I've caused. I don't blame anyone for how I've made them feel about me.

JOHN
You ever get out - you call me. I'll be more than happy to put my gun and badge in a drawer and talk to you outside.

JUDGE
Alright, Sheriff, I think we've concluded your statement. Please excuse yourself.

(CONTINUED)

John rises. Takes a step from the chair, pauses. Calmly, he moves around the table and aggressively approaches Richard. Deputies rush forward, restrain him as he attempts to force his way towards the shackled Richard.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
SHERIFF!!

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE -- DAY

Travis pulls up to his house. A beat up old pickup's parked across the street. A couple REDNECKS, 20's are in the back, two other REDNECKS, 20's, are in the cab.

Travis shuts off his truck, exits, heads for his house. Behind him, the Rednecks hop from the back and get out of the front, cross the street.

REDNECK #1
(to Redneck #2)
This is the place, right?

REDNECK #2
Yep.

REDNECK #3
This is the guy?

Redneck #2 nods. They step onto the lawn.

REDNECK #4
Hey, buddy?!?

Travis turns.

TRAVIS
Can I help you?

REDNECK #4
Sick fuck.

Redneck #4 punches Travis in the face. The others join in, hold him, punch him, kick him. Just whaling on him. Across the street, Mrs. Riley opens her door, rushes across the street.

MRS RILEY
Hey!! What are you doing?!?!

(CONTINUED)

Redneck #3 turns, steps over to restrain her.

REDNECK #3

Teaching this guy a lesson for
what he did to his daughter.

MRS RILEY

That's not him!! He's letting
them stay here!!

Redneck #3's taken aback, releases her. She pushes
through the men, gets between them and Travis.

MRS RILEY (CONT'D)

He's not her father, you
idiots!!

She gets a good look at Travis - bad shape, blood
pours over his face, cuts over his eyebrow. The
reality of what they've done washes over the Rednecks
- regret, responsibility.

MRS RILEY (CONT'D)

Help me get him to a hospital

They pick Travis up, lead them to their truck.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- DAY

The Rednecks sit on a row of chairs. John stands in
front of them. We can't hear what they're saying but
clearly communicating remorse. John nods, steps away
toward us, enters Travis' room.

Travis sits on a bed, patched and cleaned up. Bruises
on his face, busted lip, butterfly bandage over the
eyebrow.

JOHN

Hey, pal, how you feeling?

Travis looks at him like "how you think I feel?".

JOHN (CONT'D)

Well, you look great. Listen -
it's up to you if you wanna
press charges. Pretty open and
shut. I can take them over
right now, say the word.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Let 'em go.

JOHN

Travis - they beat the shit out of you.

TRAVIS

They thought I was someone else.

JOHN

It doesn't make it okay. They can't just go around kicking someone's ass 'cause they feel like it.

TRAVIS

John.

Redneck #1 knocks on the door. He and Redneck #2 stand in the hallway

JOHN

I told you guys to wait for me.

REDNECK #1

Sir, I just wanted to apologize. We thought -

JOHN

We know what you thought.

REDNECK #2

We're gonna take care of all this.

John turns to Travis. Stares at him. John sighs, reluctant.

JOHN

You guys can go.
He's...uh...not gonna be pressing charges.

They don't move.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'd get outta here before I change his mind.

(CONTINUED)

The Rednecks push off the door, exit down the hall.

JOHN (CONT'D)

His transfer was approved.

Travis nods.

EXT. TRUCK DEPOT -- DAY

Travis signs a clipboard, hands it back to the Dispatcher. They stand for a moment. The Dispatcher studies Travis' face.

DISPATCHER

Get a makeover?

TRAVIS

Yeah, a bunch of local guys opened a new shop. Offered free beatings to the first 10 customers.

The Dispatcher laughs.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Got a minute?

DISPATCHER

Of course.

TRAVIS

I've been thinking about getting off the road. Maybe taking you up on that Managerial thing you were pitching me way back.

DISPATCHER

I can make some calls if you like.

TRAVIS

I'd appreciate it.

DISPATCHER

Alright then. You got it.

TRAVIS

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Travis heads back to his rig. Passes Worker #1 who glances at the Dispatcher. The Dispatcher slowly reaches for his walkie. Worker #1 shakes his head, minds his own business.

DISPATCHER
Excellent choice. Excellent.

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ginny's changing Travis' butterfly bandage. A few days have passed, the bruising's down. She gently places a hand on his cheek.

TRAVIS
Is it cool if I take him to the park?

GINNY
Good luck getting him off stage. He's giving a concert in the backyard.

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Ginny follows Travis into the kitchen. They look out the window. Cal's back there standing on some boxes. Baseball bat guitar in his hands, strumming away, attempting to sing. It's pretty funny.

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- DAY

Cal and Travis play in the sand by themselves on one side, a group of other kids and parents play on the other. In the background, we see a mini van pull up.

John gets out, opens the side door, helps his daughter out. They approach the sandbox and start playing with Cal.

Travis rises.

TRAVIS
Your wife gonna be okay with this?

JOHN
We'll find out.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
Cruiser in the shop?

JOHN
Nah, they gave me a couple weeks off to think about my actions at the hearing. Judge was pretty angry. Good news is we get to hang out with you guys.

John notices the other group.

TRAVIS
John. Don't.

JOHN
I can't believe they haven't come around yet. Everything better at his school?

Travis shrugs.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Ginny find another job?

TRAVIS
She will.

JOHN
We should probably get to work here, huh?

They kneel down, start digging into the sand with the kids.

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY STORE -- DAY

Travis finishes signing a check, rips it from the check book, hands it to the NEW CASHIER, 20, female.

NEW CASHIER
I need my manager to approve this.

She see the Manager helping bag groceries at another stand. He sets a bag into a cart, approaches the station, sees Travis and Cal. Yep. He's back.

(CONTINUED)

NEW CASHIER (CONT'D)
This gentleman -

MANAGER
Yes. I know.

The Manager takes a stamp to the back of the check, places his initials on it, hands it back to the Cashier.

TRAVIS
(to Cashier)
You're new here.

NEW CASHIER
Yes, sir.

She hands him his receipt, smiles.

NEW CASHIER (CONT'D)
You have a nice day.

Travis picks up his purchases, takes Cal's hand.

TRAVIS
Let's go, buddy.

As Travis and Cal walk away, the Manager whispers to the New Cashier. She turns, studies Cal and Travis.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY STORE - SIDEWALK -- DAY

Exiting the store, Travis and Cal nearly collide with a WOMAN and her YOUNG CHILD. They stop suddenly, recognize Travis and Cal. Foot traffic from the other direction stops as well. No one's crossing their path. It's disturbing.

Travis studies both sides. Cal glances at the mechanical horse.

CAL
Hey, Travis?

Travis looks from the mechanical horse to the group on both sides of him. The doors behind open and a couple pause. He's pretty much surrounded.

TRAVIS
No, buddy, we should go home.

(CONTINUED)

CAL
But we always -

TRAVIS
(snapping at him)
We're going home.

Firmly, but not violently, he leads Cal into the parking lot, gets in the truck and drives away. This isn't like him.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- DAY

Travis parks the truck, lets Cal out. Ginny's sitting on the front swing. Travis hands Cal the bags.

TRAVIS
Put those away, will you?

Cal ascends the steps, opens the door.

GINNY
Hey? Where's my hug and kiss?

He sets the bags down, crawls onto the swing, gives her a hug and kiss. As he pulls away, she doesn't release. Holds him longer, tighter. She gives him a big kiss on the cheek, nods for him to get going. He takes the bags inside.

TRAVIS
(sitting on swing)
How'd the job search go?

GINNY
Not well.

TRAVIS
You okay?

Trying not to tear up, she shakes her head 'no'.

GINNY
I, uh, think I'm gonna look into placing him in another home.

TRAVIS
I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Don't make me say the words,
Travis. It hurts too much to
say the words. I'm not strong
enough to do this and I can't
do this alone.

TRAVIS

It's gonna pass.

GINNY

Do you really think it's gonna
pass? Gonna get better? Can you
look me in the eye and convince
me? 'Cause I really, truly WANT
to be convinced.

Travis doesn't look at her.

GINNY (CONT'D)

You're getting beat up. He's
getting beat up. I can't walk
down the street without half
the town pretending I don't
exist and the other all but
spitting on me.

There's a pause, a moment of silence. Travis has
nothing to add, to say.

GINNY (CONT'D)

People like us, Travis, we're
victims. And they don't give
victims a second chance. They
only give the people that do
this to us a second chance.
They just have to repent and
say they're sorry, maybe they
even mean it. But us? Once
we're damaged - we're damaged.
There's no redemption for us.

TRAVIS

I don't want you to leave.

GINNY

Travis, you've been very
generous to us. And we're not
leaving because of you. But we
are leaving.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

When?

GINNY

Tomorrow morning. I'm gonna
pack our things tonight.

Cal exits the house carrying a bottle of soda.

CAL

Travis can you open this for
me?

TRAVIS

Sure, buddy.

Cal hands him the bottle. Travis opens it a bit.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Give it a try.

Cal squints, really tries, really tries, gets it.
Ginny applauds encouragement.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Now, make a muscle.

Cal flexes. Ginny and Travis share a moment. He
stand.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Lemme get a hug, guys.

Cal and Ginny fold into him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take off for a bit.
I don't do well with goodbyes.

GINNY

I understand.

Travis kneels down to Cal.

TRAVIS

I'm gonna go visit Sheriff
John. Lemme have a hug for the
road.

(CONTINUED)

Cal gives him a big hug. This is hard for Travis, hard for Ginny. He rises, walks off the porch to his truck. She watches him go.

EXT. BAR -- NIGHT

Travis stands at a jukebox punching in numbers. He steps back, takes a sip of his beer and sits at the bar next to John. "TENNESSEE WHISKEY" starts playing.

JOHN

That's a bold choice my friend.

TRAVIS

I miss her. I really, really miss her.

JOHN

Amazing.

TRAVIS

What?

JOHN

Six years it's the most you've ever said. And here you are playing her song.

TRAVIS

I kept hoping it'd get better.

JOHN

Has it?

TRAVIS

No. And I doubt it ever will. At first it was about managing my rage. Then it became about managing others sympathy. I heard all those whispers. "That's the guy. That's the guy those things happened to."

JOHN

Well, if it's any comfort, I think about them nearly every day. Especially now you're shacking up with Ginny and Cal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong, it's a good thing. It's cool to see you relatively happy again, man.

John clinks his beer against Travis'.

TRAVIS

They're leaving.

JOHN

Who's leaving?

TRAVIS

Ginny and Cal. They're leaving in the morning.

JOHN

They're not going back are they?

TRAVIS

No. She's gonna put him up for adoption. And then she's probably gonna disappear.

JOHN

Maybe it ain't the worst decision.

TRAVIS

It's not. It's a decision everyone in this town made for her. And you didn't help matters any. Did you really think your wife'd keep a secret? Or did you know, deep down know, she'd speak up and create the reality we're in now?

JOHN

I love you, Travis. But you're really pushing it.

TRAVIS

Just a question.

JOHN

I wouldn't do anything to hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Not even if it meant keeping
the information from me about
Duluth stalking my wife?

John stares, turns, takes a sip of his beer.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Yeah. I found that out. Didn't
say anything 'cause why would
I? I knew you probably had your
reasons.

JOHN

No one had any idea he was
capable of doing what he did.
And I have to live with it.

TRAVIS

We all have to live with it.

JOHN

If it makes you feel any
better, we're getting a trial
separation.

TRAVIS

It does, actually.

JOHN

Are you kidding me?

TRAVIS

No. I'm not. Which is why I
asked you to meet me tonight. I
don't like who I'm becoming,
how I'm evolving in this town.
I'm getting angry at people.
I'm becoming impatient with
Cal. And I'm embracing when
others go through hardship. I'm
taking that job. Gonna get off
the black top and into the
office.

JOHN

When are you thinking about
doing this?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Tomorrow morning. After Ginny and Cal leave I'm packing my bags and never looking back.

JOHN

Tomorrow morning?!?! Buddy, we're having some hard times but I don't want you to just take off.

TRAVIS

I want to take off. I want to leave. Start over fresh.

(slides papers to John)

I swung by a Notary and got a transfer of ownership for my house. I need you to sell it. I just want it gone so first decent offer close the deal. Take whatever you think's fair for yourself. Wire me the rest.

JOHN

When do we say goodbye?

TRAVIS

Soon's this song's over.

They face around towards the bar. Sip their drinks as the song plays out.

INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

Travis unlocks the backdoor, enters. He's in sweats and t-shirt. He fills the small coffee pitcher, pours it into the maker and flips the switch.

He leans backwards, looks into the master bedroom - bed made, everything clean, empty of belongings except for the baseball Cal caught at the game. They're gone.

Travis takes it all in, leans his arms against the counter and breathes. Suddenly, he begins weeping, his chest heaves and it all comes out.

He gets it together, wipes his face and stands. Looking up, he sees two figures outside on the porch swing.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- MORNING

Travis exits onto the porch. Ginny and Cal sit on the swing, packed bags on the steps.

TRAVIS
You haven't left?

GINNY
One last morning swing.

TRAVIS
(points as swing)
You mind?

Ginny slides Cal closer to her, makes space for Travis. He drapes an arm around Cal.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm taking off in a few if you
need a ride.

GINNY
Where you headed?

TRAVIS
Got a new job up in Canada.
Dispatch.

GINNY
That's awfully sudden.

TRAVIS
Yeah. I've been through a lot
the past few years. Figured I'd
start over in a town where I'm
a stranger.

Ginny nods.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
If you're heading that way, I
can give you both a ride for as
much of that road as you'd like
to travel.

GINNY
Sounds like you're giving
yourself a second chance.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

We're the only ones who'll give us a second chance. And if anyone deserves a chance at something good, its this guy right here. I'm not asking you for anything. I'm just saying, let me help take care of you both and maybe you look out for me a little.

GINNY

It ain't gonna be easy.

TRAVIS

It never is.

GINNY

It might happen again.

TRAVIS

We'll know what's coming.

GINNY

People'll judge us.

TRAVIS

Fire away.

GINNY

They'll try and hurt us.

TRAVIS

Fire away.

Ginny nods, thinks on it.

GINNY

Fire away?

TRAVIS

Fire away.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE - FRONT -- DAY

THREE MONTHS LATER

The porch swings gone, replaced with a small picnic table.

(CONTINUED)

There are new plants lining the driveway and a modern car in the driveway. The front door's open and what looks like paint cans and tarps on the floor.

Mrs. McBride pulls up and parks. Her car is full of belongings - suitcases, lamps, blankets. She gets out and approaches the front door.

MRS. MCBRIDE

Hello!?!?

YOUNG HUSBAND (O.S.)

Just a second!!

A YOUNG HUSBAND and YOUNG WIFE, 20's, appear at the doorway. Mrs. McBride's taken aback.

MRS. MCBRIDE

I'm looking for my daughter.
Ginny McBride? She lives here
with my grandson.

YOUNG WIFE

We live here now. We bought
this house three months ago.

YOUNG HUSBAND

The envelope.

YOUNG WIFE

The envelope?

The Young Husband motions to Mrs McBride.

YOUNG WIFE (CONT'D)

Oh, right!

The Young Wife pushes off the door jam, disappears into another room.

YOUNG HUSBAND

The man who sold us the house
said you might come by and
asked us to give you an
envelope. He says it's the only
information for the people who
used to live here.

The Young Wife reappears with a very small envelope hands it to Mrs McBride.

(CONTINUED)

She opens it expectantly, removes a weather business card. Her joy turns to disappointment.

It's John's weathered business card. On the front, the Sheriff's logo and his contact information. On the back, handwritten "I suggest you never call me".

Mrs McBride looks up, nods.

MRS. MCBRIDE

Thank you.

She retreats, returns to her packed up car, gets in and drives away. We stay on the house as the Young Couple returns to their renovations.

FADE OUT:

(CONTINUED)