

AFLOAT

Episode 6: "Twenty-four Minutes"

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Episode 6: "Twenty Four Minutes"

FADE IN:

EXT. LEWES - EVENING, MID OCTOBER, THE PRESENT

WILLIAM "BILLY" BENTON and REBECCA "BECCA" MACEY sit beside each other in the Ultima Thule's cockpit and scan the tiny town, which is illuminated by streetlights and storefronts but is otherwise dead empty and silent.

Billy and Becca sip mugs of hot chocolate.

The town dock, a shrub-bordered walkway with benches, a 24-car parking area, and a sidewalk are between the Ultima Thule and Pilottown Road. A small cluster of buildings are to their right.

CASSANDRA "CASSIE" WILLOUGHBY INTO VIEW from the right as she walks along the sidewalk.

WILLIAM BENTON  
(nudges Becca)  
There's your buddy.

REBECCA MACEY  
Sometimes your sense of humor gets on  
my nerves, you know that?

A late model, black, Ford F150 XLT turns from Savannah Road onto northbound Pilottown Road and slows as it approaches Cassie.

The passenger-side window lowers. Twenty-six-year-old FRANCISCO "PANCHO" CRUZ leans out the window and speaks to Cassie, unheard by Billy and Becca.

Pancho wears the garb of lower, slower Delaware working class young men, including a plaid shearling jacket, T-shirt and baseball cap.

Cassie turns as if to retrace her steps; the truck stops.

Becca puts down her mug and sits forward; Billy glances at her.

Pancho jumps from the truck, grabs Cassie's arm, and turns her to face him.

Becca bolts out of the cockpit, jumps off the boat, and sprints toward Pancho and Cassie.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)

(yells)

Hey! Let go of her!

Pancho turns toward Becca. Cassie attempts to pull free, but Pancho holds tight to her arm. Cassie starts swinging at Pancho, but he holds her at arm's length.

Becca slows as she reaches Pancho and Cassie.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)

(snarls)

Let her go, asshole.

PANCHO CRUZ

(loud, over his shoulder)

Got us a hot one here Johnny. May need a hand.

Pancho yanks Cassie's arm with sufficient force to topple her to the ground. He takes a quick step toward Becca; she delivers a lightning-quick kick to his groin.

Pancho groans, grabs his crotch and goes down. As his knees near the ground, Becca delivers another kick to his jaw with sufficient force to throw Pancho backward.

Pancho rolls back and forth in great distress as blood flows from his mouth.

Billy approaches with a deliberate step.

WILLIAM BENTON

(to Becca)

Remind me to never piss you off.

Billy offers Cassie his hand and helps her to her feet; she is visibly shaken. Becca hops from foot to foot like a boxer as she hovers over Pancho, who slowly rolls onto his stomach.

REBECCA MACEY

(deliberate, cold)

Stay down, mother fucker.

Pancho moves to his hands and knees. Becca delivers another kick to Pancho's side; he collapses and holds his side.

WILLIAM BENTON

(calmly)

Enough Becca.

(to Cassie)

You know this guy?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I've seen him around but I don't know  
him.

Billy looks into the cab of the pick-up and nods in the  
direction of JOHN "JOHNNY" BENTOGLIO, whose silhouette is  
visible the driver's seat.

WILLIAM BENTON

How about the boy in the truck?

When Cassie looks toward Johnny, he gets out of the truck,  
stands on the running board, and looks over the roof. Johnny's  
attire mirrors Pancho's.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

(to Billy)

It's me.

Johnny is twenty-five, of medium height and lanky, with close-  
cropped black hair, dark eyes, and a dark complexion.

Billy and Johnny lock eyes for a beat, and then Johnny looks up  
the street for a beat. Johnny jumps off the running board and  
steps around the front of the truck.

When Johnny reaches the curb he stops and extends his hands  
outward.

JOHN BENTOGLIO (CONTINUED)

What can I say, Uncle Billy? I'm  
sorry.

Billy walks toward Johnny, who appears slightly apprehensive.  
When Billy reaches Johnny, he pauses for a beat and then hugs  
him. Johnny appears relieved and hugs Billy back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -  
SPRING AFTERNOON, THE PRESENT

Ultima Thule sails over long ocean swells under full sail in  
fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear blue skies.

ROLL CREDITS

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA

- C) The prairie west of Williston, North Dakota
- D) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades in the distance
- E) The Serenity (aka Ultima Thule) rounds Point Wilson seen from the gun emplacements at Fort Worden
- F) The snow-covered Elwha Valley in Olympic National Park
- G) The Serenity (aka Ultima Thule) plows through high seas near Cape Flattery, Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) Ultima Thule (aka Serenity) sails across the Rangiroa Lagoon
- J) Inner Harbor, Baltimore, Maryland, 1970
- K) 1985 Midtown Manhattan from an Upper West Side penthouse
- L) Homes on Pilottown Road and canal, the present, Lewes, Delaware

END CREDITS

M) Ultima Thule (aka Serenity) in the present with Billy Benton at the helm, diminishes in view as she sails under full sail toward the Atlantic's eastern horizon in fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear blue skies.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEWES - EVENING, MID OCTOBER, THE PRESENT

With his arm around Johnny, Billy ushers him toward Becca. Becca approaches.

WILLIAM BENTON

Johnny this is my daughter, Becca.

Becca, this is ...

(to Johnny)

I never get this right.

(to Becca)

My mother's brother's son's son:

Johnny Bentoglio.

REBECCA MACEY

(not pleased)

I'm related to this guy?

WILLIAM BENTON

You are. Some kind of cousin or other.

Cassie kneels next to Pancho who sits on the street with his back against the F150's rear fender. He bleeds from a cut inside his mouth. She appears to be consoling him and touches his shoulder. Pancho glances at Cassie and waves her away.

Cassie stands. Billy steps toward Cassie and Pancho. Becca and Johnny follow. Billy looks at Pancho but speaks to Johnny.

WILLIAM BENTON

Who is this buttagots?

JOHN BENTOGLIO

He's a friend. He didn't mean nothing.

WILLIAM BENTON

(to Johnny)

A man should never do anything that means nothing. If nobody ever told you that, I'm telling you now. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Johnny drops his head and nods. Billy gently places his fingers beneath Johnny's chin and raises Johnny's face.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

(fatherly)

Look at me, Johnny. You know better than to disrespect me when I'm speaking to you.

Pancho, a defeated, bloodied man, looks away from the group of four, but Becca keeps an eye on him.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

I'm sorry Uncle Billy.

WILLIAM BENTON

What's his name?

JOHN BENTOGLIO

Pancho. Well, Francisco, actually; Francisco Cruz.

(borderline assertive)

He's my friend, and I remember what you told me about friends.

WILLIAM BENTON

(slight smile)

Is that so? What did I tell you about friends?

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
Always be loyal to your friends.

WILLIAM BENTON  
I don't remember saying it, but that  
does sound like me.

REBECCA MACEY  
It does. You're always spouting  
platitudes.

Billy throws his head back, laughs, and then turns a smiling  
countenance toward Johnny.

WILLIAM BENTON  
La tua madre sa di questo amico,  
questo Pancho?

Johnny shuffles his feet and looks away from his uncle as a  
Lewes Police patrol car approaches from the right on Pilottown  
Road, passes the pickup, and pulls in behind it. The lights on  
the roof of the patrol car start to flash.

Billy walks toward the patrol car. MARTIN BROWN, a young,  
African-American officer, lowers the driver-side window.

MARTIN BROWN  
Billy! When'd you get back?

WILLIAM BENTON  
Just. How've you been, Martin?

MARTIN BROWN  
Can't complain. You don't look the  
worse for wear.

WILLIAM BENTON  
(chuckles)  
A lot of wear, Martin, a lot of wear,  
but I do appreciate the lie.

MARTIN BROWN  
So do we have a problem here or what?

WILLIAM BENTON  
Mostly "or what." Fella fell down and  
hit his mouth on the curb, I think.

Officer Brown leans out the window, looks at Pancho, leans back  
into the car, and addresses Billy.

MARTIN BROWN  
Maybe I ought to take him to the E.R.

WILLIAM BENTON

Appreciate your concern, but I think we can take care of things. Don't let us keep you.

Officer Brown leans out and looks at Pancho for a beat, scans the others, and then addresses Billy.

MARTIN BROWN

(smiles, shakes his head)

I'll leave you to it then, Mr. B.  
Welcome back.

All watch as Brown turns off the flashing lights and turns the patrol car right onto Savannah Road.

Johnny grabs a towel from the pickup cab, helps Pancho to his feet, and hands him the towel, which Pancho holds to his mouth. Billy approaches the pair.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

Look, Uncle Billy, we had a few too many beers, okay? No need to tell Mom.

WILLIAM BENTON

I won't see her before the weekend. I'm so damned old I'm liable to forget all about this.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

That won't happen.

WILLIAM BENTON

I suppose not.  
(to Pancho)  
Pancho, is it?

Pancho stands a bit more erect but is still wobbly on his feet. He conveys defiance despite the towel being held to his mouth.

Billy takes Pancho by the upper arm, gently leads him away from the others, and leans toward Pancho's ear.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

Don't be a jackass, son. You just got put on your ass by a woman twice your age and half your size, but that's okay. I'm hoping you learned an important lesson about underestimating an opponent. You have a job?

Pancho disengages his arm and takes a step back.



PANCHO CRUZ  
Why do you need to know?

WILLIAM BENTON  
I'm guessing that's a "no."

Pancho looks away and then down at his feet.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
My nephew obviously sees something of  
value in you, and I value him.

Billy focuses on Pancho's face for a beat. Pancho looks up,  
sees Billy staring at him, and assumes a more defiant stance.  
Pancho takes the towel away from his bloodied face.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
I'm going to need two guys I can  
depend on from time to time, two guys  
smart enough to know a good thing when  
it hits them between the eyes.

PANCHO CRUZ  
(defiant, loud)  
I don't break no laws.

Billy glances at Johnny and then at Pancho. Johnny looks down  
at the sidewalk.

WILLIAM BENTON  
(to Pancho)  
I suppose you mean other than what  
just transpired with that young lady.

Billy waits for his observation to sink in.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
I'm not sure what Johnny may have told  
you, but I don't make a habit of  
breaking laws either. Do you have a  
job?

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
Just lost it today.

PANCHO CRUZ  
(to Johnny)  
The whole fucking world doesn't have  
to know!

WILLIAM BENTON  
 (to Pancho)  
 That may explain things a bit. Tell  
 you what.

Billy waits a beat to be sure Pancho is paying attention.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 Why don't you and Johnny come to my  
 place tomorrow afternoon? About two  
 o'clock.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
 We'll be there.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 With Mr. Cruz?

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
 We'll be there.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Good. Now I think the best thing right  
 now is for us to take Pancho up the  
 street and have them take a look at  
 his mouth. He may need a stitch or  
 three, and definitely a pain killer.  
 I'll take care of expenses. Apologies  
 can wait for another day.

Johnny shepherds Pancho into the passenger side of the pickup.  
 Billy climbs into the back seat. Johnny runs around to the  
 driver's side, hops in, and starts the pickup.

Becca and Cassie watch the pickup drive away; Billy waves to  
 them.

Becca and Cassie face each other. Their mirrored expressions  
 convey a confused standoff.

INT. BENTON'S PILOTTOWN HOME - SAME NIGHT, FOUR A.M.

Billy's home is a very large, recently renovated and expanded,  
 two-story colonial on Pilottown Road overlooking the Canal.

Billy walks along an upstairs central hallway. He wears a white  
 T-shirt, gray boxers covered with small red hearts, and flip-  
 flops.

Billy stops at an open bedroom door, and in light coming from  
 the hallway, sees an empty bed with the covers pulled back.

He walks to the next room, tilts his head toward the closed door and listens. He opens the door slowly and looks inside.

Becca is spooning Cassie in the center of a king-sized bed. Both appear asleep. Becca's arm is outside of the covers and embraces Cassie.

Billy smiles a sly smile and carefully closes the door.

He walks to a sitting room with three joined windows that look toward the canal. The Ultima Thule, framed by the window and illuminated by a mercury lamp, is alongside Billy's personal dock on the near shore of the canal.

Billy takes a tumbler from among a cluster in a silver tray atop a server and half-fills it with expensive scotch from a bottle sitting among others on another silver tray.

He steps to the windows, sips the scotch, and stares at his sailboat.

REBECCA MACEY (O.C.)

Do you always sneak around in the middle of the night?

WILLIAM BENTON

(without turning around)

Not always.

Becca approaches Billy from behind, places her arms around his middle, and leans her head on his back.

REBECCA MACEY

But sometimes?

WILLIAM BENTON

Sometimes.

REBECCA MACEY

Why tonight?

WILLIAM BENTON

Woke up thinking about how much I'm going to miss you.

Becca steps next to Billy, stares at the Ultima Thule for a beat, and then looks up at him and points to the scotch.

REBECCA MACEY

May I have one of those?

WILLIAM BENTON

You're a grown-up. Help yourself.

Becca gives him a raised eyebrow and a smile; she goes to the server and pours two-fingers worth of scotch into a tumbler.

REBECCA MACEY  
You're not even curious?

WILLIAM BENTON  
About what?

Becca chuckles and steps to where Billy stands.

REBECCA MACEY  
About how we ended up in bed together.

They both sip scotch as they stare at the sailboat.

WILLIAM BENTON  
(sly smile)  
Not my concern. Besides, you're about to tell me.

Becca smiles; Billy looks down at her.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
Why don't we sit?

They sit on the two overstuffed chairs in the room, each angled toward the other but still facing the windows.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
I'm thinking it's been a long time for both of you.

REBECCA MACEY  
(laughs)  
Presumptuous!

WILLIAM BENTON  
Observant. I haven't been out of your sight for weeks. You've been living like a nun.

REBECCA MACEY  
And you a monk!

WILLIAM BENTON  
Strange conversation for a father and daughter.

REBECCA MACEY  
Strange daughter and a stranger father.

Both chuckle. Billy drains his glass, gets up and grabs the scotch bottle. He walks to where Becca sits, pours a splash into her glass, fills his, sits back down and puts the bottle of scotch on the floor next to his chair.

WILLIAM BENTON

I'm guessing you, Cassie, and Junior made an interesting threesome.

REBECCA MACEY

It was complicated.

WILLIAM BENTON

But you've made up.

REBECCA MACEY

I don't know. More like what you said. A long time for both of us.

WILLIAM BENTON

Maybe there was more between the two of you than you realized back when.

REBECCA MACEY

Maybe there was. Maybe I was a little too down on her earlier this evening.

WILLIAM BENTON

Maybe you were.

REBECCA MACEY

I know I was. She's a good person. Talk to her about what I said. Find out her side and judge for yourself.

WILLIAM BENTON

You trying to fix me up?

REBECCA MACEY

Why not? You have anything going on I don't know about?

WILLIAM BENTON

Don't you think I'm a little past playtime with younger women?

REBECCA MACEY

(scoffs)

Maybe when you're dead.

Billy smiles. He and Becca slowly finish their drinks as they both stare out the window.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)

You know what I think?

When there is no reply, Becca looks at Billy, who has fallen asleep. She takes the empty tumbler from his hand and places it on the floor next to the bottle of scotch.

Becca leans down and kisses her father on the forehead, stands straight for a beat, sends a sympathetic smile toward him, and places her empty tumbler on the server as she leaves the room.

INT. BENTON'S PILOTTOWN HOME - MORNING, NEXT DAY

Becca stands in the doorway to the second floor sitting room and stares at Billy who is still asleep in the overstuffed chair.

Becca is dressed casually for air travel; a Seattle Seahawks' baseball cap is on her head. A large rolling suitcase with handle extended is parked next to her; a soft carry-on is in one hand and a pocketbook is over the opposite shoulder.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY (O.C.)

Does he have a drinking problem?

Becca turns toward Cassie and smiles. They peck each others' cheek, and speak in low, conspiratorial voices.

REBECCA MACEY

Drinking is not a problem. He's very good at it. Lonely is his problem.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

From what I've seen, I'd say he could buy as many friends as he wants.

REBECCA MACEY

It's not quantity that's important to him. When you get to know him, you'll find it's quality that's important.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I'm going to get to know him?

REBECCA MACEY

You're exactly his type.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Which is?

Becca balances the carry-on on the suitcase.

REBECCA MACEY  
For one thing, you're a woman.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Not too discerning then.

Becca pulls Cassie close to her.

REBECCA MACEY  
Oh he's picky.

Becca initiates a kiss. When it ends, their faces remain close to one another.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)  
He likes women who are beautiful.

Becca kisses Cassie again.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)  
And smart.

They kiss again.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)  
And passionate.

Becca kisses Cassie again, but quickly, and then Becca playfully pushes Cassie away.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)  
But most importantly, you're going to have his daughter's seal of approval.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Do I have any say in this?

REBECCA MACEY  
Of course you do. All I hope is that you give him a chance. Just be yourself. Don't think that kissing up to him or being easy is going to work, because it won't.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
No documentation comes with this one, is what you're telling me.

SOUND of a DOORBELL RINGING.

REBECCA MACEY  
That'll be the car.

Cassie picks up the carry-on. Becca pulls and carries the suitcase as they talk and walk along the hallway and down the stairs to the front door.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)

This could be fun for you two.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I came here to get away from that kind of fun.

REBECCA MACEY

Then why didn't you send me back to my bed last night?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I don't know.

REBECCA MACEY

I think you do. You and I are love junkies in desperate need of a partner; last night was a temporary fix.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

He's old.

REBECCA MACEY

In years.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

What could we possibly have in common?

REBECCA MACEY

Find out. Look at this house, the boat, this town; that alone should get your attention. But he's not just wealthy; he's generous. It'd be a good life, better than you could've ever imagined, if you can make it work.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Do you think I'm that mercenary?

REBECCA MACEY

You probably worry that you are, but you're deeper than that. That's your challenge.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

My challenge?



REBECCA MACEY

Finding out if you can connect to the person he is and not the stuff he has.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Have I ever done that?

REBECCA MACEY

Don't know, but I have a feeling you're curious to know if you can. Just know I put a speed bump in your way.

Becca opens the front door and addresses the DRIVER.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)

Would you mind taking these to the car?

Becca and Cassie hand the driver the carry-on and suitcase.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)

(to the driver)  
I'll be right with you

The driver nods and walks to the car.

Becca and Cassie turn to one another in the open doorway.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

What speed bump?

REBECCA MACEY

I told him you cleaned out Junior's checking account. And about the cocaine.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Jesus, Becca.

REBECCA MACEY

Being open and honest is always better than praying. Least ways, that's what Billy'd say.

WILLIAM BENTON (O.C.)

Open and honest about what?

Billy approaches the doorway, smiling.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

(to Becca)

You were going to leave without saying  
goodbye?

REBECCA MACEY

I figured you needed your sleep.

Becca and Billy hug.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)

Bye-bye, Billy B. I'll be in touch.  
Soon. With both of you.

Becca gives Cassie a quick hug, a knowing look, and then skips  
down the front stoop.

Billy and Cassie watch Becca enter the open door being held by  
the driver. The door is closed; the driver gets in the car.  
Becca waves as the car pulls away; Billy and Cassie wave in  
reply.

WILLIAM BENTON

I'm about to make some coffee. How  
about a cup?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I've got to get going.

WILLIAM BENTON

Why?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Life?

WILLIAM BENTON

(chuckles)

You working tonight?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

No.

WILLIAM BENTON

Come on then, one cup. We can get to  
know one another.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Are you sure?

WILLIAM BENTON

I want to find out if you're as  
fascinating as I am. Come on. It's  
freezing out here.

Billy follows Cassie into the house and pulls the door closed behind them.

INT. BENTON'S PILOTTOWN HOME, HIS BEDROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

The room is illuminated by bright but indirect sunlight coming through the windows.

Billy and Cassie are in bed, under the covers; their bare shoulders are exposed, and they are kissing one another in the way of lovers who have just completed a satisfying romp.

Cassie pulls away, smiles, and rolls onto her back. Billy props his head on his hand and looks at her.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Becca said I shouldn't be easy.

WILLIAM BENTON

If one of us is, I think it's me.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I met you less than twenty-four hours ago.

WILLIAM BENTON

And I don't know if I have twenty-four minutes, twenty-four hours or twenty-four years left on this planet.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(quizzical look)

Which means what?

WILLIAM BENTON

I try to live like I have twenty-four minutes.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(laughs)

Like what, get laid while you can?

WILLIAM BENTON

(smiles)

Something like that.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I see something of you in her, I think.

WILLIAM BENTON

Her who?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Becca!

WILLIAM BENTON

Sweet, but who I see most in her is her mother.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I knew her.

WILLIAM BENTON

You knew Bambi?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

She was Miss Macey to me.

WILLIAM BENTON

And?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

She seemed, I don't know ...

WILLIAM BENTON

Melancholy?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

With a splash of bitters.

WILLIAM BENTON

When you met her, she wasn't the person I fell in love with.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Tell me.

WILLIAM BENTON

It's complicated.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Most good stories are.

WILLIAM BENTON

And long.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I've got all the time in the world.

WILLIAM BENTON

I don't.

SOUND of truck doors SLAMMING.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

That would be the dynamic duo.

Billy, nude, gets out of bed, pulls on sweat pants and a T-shirt, and slips his arms into an old denim shirt, all retrieved from the floor. He slips his feet into flip-flops.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

What are you up to with those boys?

WILLIAM BENTON

Benevolent munificence.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Benevolent munificence? Who says that?

WILLIAM BENTON

Old men.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Very privileged old men.

Billy smiles at Cassie in response, goes to a bookshelf on which rests a stack of old ship's logs. He extracts the one on the bottom and holds it out to Cassie.

Bare-breasted, Cassie sits up and takes the book.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(Reads title to herself)

Voyage of the Billy B.

SOUND of a DOORBELL.

WILLIAM BENTON

They can take you to get your stuff.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

You want me to come back, what, like today?

WILLIAM BENTON

Why not?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

For how long?

WILLIAM BENTON

For as long as you like.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

What's happening?

WILLIAM BENTON  
Whatever you want.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
What do YOU want?

WILLIAM BENTON  
I want people to find some happiness.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Am I one of those people?

WILLIAM BENTON  
You may be.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
You think I can find happiness in bed?

WILLIAM BENTON  
(laughs)  
That can be a place to start, but I'm  
thinking fulfillment.

SOUND of DOORBELL.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
(doubtful)  
Fulfillment is happiness?

WILLIAM BENTON  
Exactly.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Sexually?

WILLIAM BENTON  
What is it with your one-track mind?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
You're a man. I'm trying to think like  
one.

WILLIAM BENTON  
(laughs)  
I'm talking about having a reason to  
get up in the morning, about doing  
things that make waking up worthwhile.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
You think I'm not fulfilled?

WILLIAM BENTON  
Are you?

Cassie looks away for a beat and then looks back into Billy's eyes.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 (resigned)  
 No.

SOUND of DOORBELL.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 God, I love how persistent they are. I better go down. If you want, you can shower here.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 I don't think I've had a bath in years. Could I?

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Shower's quicker. The bath can wait until you come back; something to look forward to.

Billy smiles and blows a kiss, exits the bedroom, and walks to and down a broad stairway to the foyer and front door.

He opens the door to Johnny and Pancho. Both are wearing their lower, slower Delaware uniforms.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 Well done, gentlemen. Punctuality is the courtesy of kings.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
 Afternoon, Uncle Billy.

Billy nods at Johnny and looks at Pancho who sports a swollen lip and bruised chin.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Good afternoon, Pancho.

PANCHO CRUZ  
 (shy)  
 Afternoon sir.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 (to Johnny)  
 First things first. I want you to take Cassie home.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
 She's here?

WILLIAM BENTON  
 (raised eyebrow)  
 She is.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
 (scoffs)  
 She spent the night here?

WILLIAM BENTON  
 (sharp and stern)  
 Why do you find that amusing?

Johnny and Pancho exchange glances.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
 (to Billy)  
 I don't know, it's just ... I don't  
 know. I mean, what's with her? She's a  
 girl like, what, half your age?

WILLIAM BENTON  
 First, you're right: you DON'T know.

Both young men look at the floor as Billy stares them down.  
 Johnny looks up at Billy.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 Second, she's not a girl, she's a  
 woman. Third, no man should ever  
 assume he knows "what's with" a woman.  
 It's disrespectful, and if what  
 happened with you two on the street  
 last night is a sign of your true  
 colors, we can end this business  
 relationship right now.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
 (sincere)  
 Sorry.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Apology accepted. I was your age once  
 and just as stupid. Let's head to the  
 study.

Johnny and Pancho glance at each other, and then follow Billy  
 into a large study off the central hallway. The room is lined  
 with floor to ceiling shelves that are filled with books.

A massive oak desk rests toward one side of the room and faces  
 a grouping comprised of a dark-brown, leather sofa and two  
 matching side chairs; an antique Persian rug covers reclaimed,  
 darkly-stained, pine planks.



Pancho looks open-mouthed at the books as he scans the shelves.

PANCHO CRUZ  
Have you read all these?

WILLIAM BENTON  
(laughs)  
Not even close, but my father claimed  
to me once that he'd read about a  
thousand of what's there.

PANCHO CRUZ  
A thousand of these books?

Pancho walks along the shelves, gently touching the books as he  
looks at the titles.

WILLIAM BENTON  
It's what he said. Not these exact  
books, mind you, but the titles.

Billy watches Pancho as he moves along the shelves.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
Before he died, he was bedridden, and  
to kill the time, he racked his brain  
to put together a list of the books  
that he'd sold before he moved west,  
books that had belonged to my  
grandfather. He gave me the list.

Billy looks at Johnny and nods toward the sofa; Johnny sits.  
Billy and Johnny watch Pancho who continues to touch the books  
as he peruses them.

In this, and in other instances when Johnny looks at Pancho,  
there is what can only be described as an intimately loving  
cast in his eyes that conveys more than simple friendship.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
The books he sold were books he had  
read, and then we added other books to  
the list that he wished he had read.  
After he died, I went on a buying  
spree, and then over the years, when I  
saw a book on the list I didn't have,  
I'd buy it.

Billy exchanges a glance with Johnny; both smile as they watch  
Pancho who continues to peruse the books.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 (to Pancho)  
 You like books?

PANCHO CRUZ  
 Me? Not much of a reader, sir.

From a shelf behind his desk, Billy extracts a blue book with gilt letters on the spine; he steps toward Pancho and extends the book.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Here.

Pancho takes the book, looks at the title and then at Billy.

PANCHO CRUZ  
 (incorrect pronunciation)  
 Nostromo?

WILLIAM BENTON  
 (correct pronunciation)  
 Nostromo.

Pancho opens the book and pages through it. He looks at Billy.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 That, my friend, is a first edition  
 over one-hundred years old. Very  
 valuable.

Pancho looks slightly alarmed.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 I'm going to loan it to you with the  
 expectation that you'll read it, and  
 then you, Johnny, and I can talk about  
 it, okay?

Pancho exchanges a glance with Johnny, who nods back with an expression that conveys "take the damned book!"

Billy notices the looks.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 (to Pancho)  
 Johnny's read quite a few of these...  
 (to Johnny)  
 Right?

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
 That one's a beast.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 (to Pancho)  
 Not if you're as smart as I think you  
 are. Let's sit and talk business.

Billy points to the sofa. Pancho sits.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 I'm going to keep my eye on you boys.

Pancho and Johnny exchange glances.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 What I hope to see happen is going to  
 require that we listen to and follow  
 our better angels.

Johnny and Pancho exchange another glance; Pancho's expression  
 conveys, "what the hell is he talking about?"

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 I'm going to be giving you chances to  
 help people, but in ways where we stay  
 under the radar.

Johnny glances at Pancho with a doubtful look; Billy notices  
 and frowns at Johnny.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)  
 What?

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
 (palms up)  
 I'm cool.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Pancho?

Pancho closes his eyes and gives out a long exhale. When he  
 opens his eyes he looks at Billy and shakes his head slightly.

PANCHO CRUZ  
 I don't know what I'm getting into.

Billy smiles, claps his hands and rubs them together as he  
 leans forward.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Now we're talking. I don't want a  
 couple of yahoo, yes men, but I do  
 want an hour's work for an hour's  
 wage.

(MORE)

WILLIAM BENTON (CONT'D)

I'm thinking thirty dollars an hour is fair to start, and I'm going to trust that you're going to keep accurate records of your time.

PANCHO CRUZ

But for doing what?

WILLIAM BENTON

Lots of different things, like sometime within the next five days, I need you two to get the boat to the boatyard so they can haul it.

Johnny glances at Pancho and then back at Billy.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

We can do that. What else?

WILLIAM BENTON

I'm making a list of work that needs to be done around here.

PANCHO CRUZ

Like what?

WILLIAM BENTON

When I know, you'll know. There's too much to do, and I'm getting old.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

Bullshit.

WILLIAM BENTON

(laughs)

It's not that I can't do things anymore, I just don't want to! But there's something else. I want you two to keep your eyes open for shady things going on around town.

PANCHO CRUZ

What d'ya mean, shady?

WILLIAM BENTON

I'm not sure exactly. Haven't had time to think this through completely.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

You must've thought about it some.

WILLIAM BENTON

Well, things like a poor family being taken advantaged of, cops on the take, I don't know. Maybe find out what the good Reverend Romello is up to.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

You still have a problem with him?

WILLIAM BENTON

I do.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

This isn't about the family business, is it?

WILLIAM BENTON

(firm)

I've been out of that cesspool for a long time and you know it Johnny.

Johnny holds up his hand in surrender. Pancho looks from Johnny to Benton.

PANCHO CRUZ

We're not going to be doing anything illegal, right?

WILLIAM BENTON

Right. I want whatever it is we get into kept under wraps for the simple reason that true charity is anonymous. If you don't think you can handle that, tell me now.

Pancho looks down; his expression is thoughtful.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

I'm in.

WILLIAM BENTON

Pancho?

PANCHO CRUZ

I'm not sure I get it, but if Johnny's in, I'll try.

WILLIAM BENTON

I can deal with "try."

PANCHO CRUZ

Why're you doing this?

WILLIAM BENTON  
My money's burning a hole in my  
pocket.

PANCHO CRUZ  
(faux snide)  
What, you don't have a checking  
account?

Pancho watches for Billy's response; when Billy smiles, Pancho  
smiles.

WILLIAM BENTON  
(to Pancho)  
Good one.  
(to both)  
But first things first.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
You want us to take Cassie home.

WILLIAM BENTON  
So she can get her stuff.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
Damn, Uncle. She's moving in?

Billy stands and walks toward the study door.

WILLIAM BENTON  
(over his shoulder)  
Only if she wants to.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
You haven't asked her?

Johnny and Pancho follow Billy into the center hallway.

WILLIAM BENTON  
(over his shoulder)  
I just met her.

Johnny and Pancho exchange smiles.

JOHN BENTOGLIO  
So if she wants to, we bring her back  
here with her stuff. What about after?

WILLIAM BENTON  
The boatyard. Find out when it suits  
them to haul the boat.  
(MORE)

WILLIAM BENTON (CONT'D)

Until then, you can unbend the sails,  
remove as much loose gear as you can  
and put it in my garages out back.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

They know we're coming?

WILLIAM BENTON

They do, but I'd call to confirm a  
time so somebody's there to meet with  
you.

(calls out)

Cassie!

SOUND of FOOTFALLS on the stairs.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY (O.C.)

Coming!

Cassie appears wearing her waitress gear and puffy coat. She  
looks at the trio.

WILLIAM BENTON

(slightly sarcastic)

I think you both know Cassie.

Pancho shuffles his feet and appears embarrassed.

JOHN BENTOGLIO

(knowing smile)

Hey Cassie.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Hey Johnny.

(to Pancho, faux stern)

And you, young man, about last night

...

Pancho stands straight and takes off his baseball cap.

PANCHO CRUZ

Ma'am, I want to say ...

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(chuckles)

Ma'am? How old do you think I am?

PANCHO CRUZ

(unsettled)

Uh, oh.

Pancho exchanges glances with Johnny and Billy.

PANCHO CRUZ (CONTINUED)  
 (to Cassie)  
 I'm just ... I just want to say I'm  
 sorry.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 (pleased)  
 Pancho, that's very sweet of you.

PANCHO CRUZ  
 (forging ahead)  
 I got no excuse for what I did, and I  
 promise nothing like that will ever  
 happen again between me and anybody,  
 'specially you.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 (delighted)  
 I believe it, Pancho. I do. Really.

Cassie extends her hand. Initially surprised, Pancho takes it  
 and shakes it. Cassie looks toward a smiling Billy.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Johnny'll take you home.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 Haven't had a real one of those for a  
 long time.

Billy waves Johnny and Pancho out.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 (to the boys)  
 She'll be right out.

The boys exit. Billy and Cassie wait until the boys are beyond  
 earshot.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 You could have a home here. No  
 strings.

Cassie smiles slyly, raises up on her tiptoes and places a long  
 kiss on Billy's lips. He lets her decide when the kiss ends.

Cassie grabs Billy's denim shirt, and with a knowing smile,  
 gives him quick punches with both fists and releases the shirt.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 (faux annoyed)  
 There are always strings.  
 (MORE)



CASSIE WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

I've only known you for a heartbeat,  
and you have the audacity to ask me to  
move in with you.

They stare into each others' eyes for a beat.

WILLIAM BENTON

Think of me as your landlord. I'll  
rent you a room.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

With dubious benefits.

WILLIAM BENTON

Only if you want. You're in charge.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Why are you doing this?

WILLIAM BENTON

Twenty-four minutes. You could be my  
last brass ring.

Billy opens the door and stands aside as she exits. Cassie stops on the stoop, gives him a piercing glance followed by an enigmatic smile, which lasts as she walks, head down, toward the boys waiting in the pickup.

INT. GILLIGAN'S - SUPPER HOUR, SAME DAY

Billy sits at the end of the bar drinking an expensive scotch and staring out a bank of windows at Lewes' harbor.

Cassie appears in the doorway to the bar. She is wearing sunglasses, gloves, knit cap, and a scarf along with a puffy coat, jeans and boots. A large backpack, stuffed to overflowing, is on her back.

Cassie takes off her sunglasses and smiles at Billy, who lifts his scotch to her and smiles ever so slightly.

Billy gets up from his barstool. The two walk toward one another. He helps her remove the backpack and carries it to the end of the bar where he deposits it on the floor.

As she follows Billy, Cassie removes the gloves, cap and scarf and places them on the bar. Billy helps Cassie off with her coat and drops it overtop of the backpack.

WILLIAM BENTON

Johnny called and said you weren't  
interested.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 Didn't want them in my business.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 I didn't think you wanted ME in your  
 business.

Cassie smirks and sits on a barstool next to Billy's; he sits.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 I didn't.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 But you're here.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 I am.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 So how'd you know I'd be here?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 Lucky guess?

Billy smirks and takes a sip of scotch.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 You saw my bike.

Micky King approaches and stands across the bar from Cassie;  
 his expression is melancholy.

MICHAEL KING  
 Hey Cassie.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 Hi Kingster.

MICHAEL KING  
 I'm going to miss you.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 (to Cassie)  
 You going somewhere?

MICHAEL KING  
 She called an hour ago and told Hank  
 she was quitting.

Micky drops ice cubes into a glass, pours in Captain Morgan  
 Private Stock, tops it off with ginger ale, and slides it  
 across the bar to Cassie.

WILLIAM BENTON  
Where's Hank, in the office crying?

Micky chuckles and shrugs his shoulders.

HAROLD CHAPUYS (O.C.)  
The hell I am. There's more where she  
came from.

Cassie smiles and winks at Micky as she lifts the glass to him  
and takes a draught. Hank walks behind the bar opposite Cassie.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
(faux serious)  
Hank, you know there's no one like me.

HAROLD CHAPUYS  
Promise?  
(to Billy)  
No notice. Leaves me in the lurch for  
... get this ... fulfillment. What the  
hell is that?

Billy lifts his scotch to Chapuys.

WILLIAM BENTON  
Le sentiment satisfait qu'on a quand  
on réalise un rêve.

Billy downs the scotch; Chapuys looks at Billy and Cassie with  
confusion, then insight.

HAROLD CHAPUYS  
You two may be made for each other.

WILLIAM BENTON  
How so?

HAROLD CHAPUYS  
You're both nuts.

Cassie downs the Captain and ginger. Billy laughs, pulls out  
his wallet from his pocket, extracts a C-note, and puts it on  
the bar.

WILLIAM BENTON  
Hank, I'm thinking you need to work on  
your approach to customer relations.

Chapuys smiles despite his annoyance.

Billy stands and hands Cassie her coat.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

(to Cassie)

You walk?

Cassie puts on the coat.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Biked.

Billy picks up the backpack.

WILLIAM BENTON

Me too.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I know, remember?

Cassie puts on her scarf, hat, gloves and sunglasses as Billy, smiling, walks toward the front door; he grabs his coat from a hook by the door.

Micky picks up the bill from the bar, looks at it, shakes his head and smiles.

HAROLD CHAPUYS

(to Micky)

Fulfillment my ass.

EXT. GILLIGAN'S - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Cassie approach two bikes, each chained to stands near the entrance. Billy hands the backpack to Cassie.

WILLIAM BENTON

(faux bemused)

So where are you headed?

Billy helps Cassie mount the backpack on her back.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I don't know. I thought I might see if you're up for a cup of coffee.

WILLIAM BENTON

Where?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Your place.

WILLIAM BENTON

(faux annoyed)

A bit pushy, don't you think?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Maybe. I'm looking for a room to rent.

WILLIAM BENTON

What a coincidence. I have one to let.

Both unlock their bikes, put the cables around their necks and mount the bikes; both are trail bikes. Neither Billy or Cassie wear a helmet. Billy extracts a watch cap from his jacket pocket and puts it on his head.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

You go.

Billy heads onto a walkway between an inn and an adjacent condo; Cassie follows.

EXT. PILOTTOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Billy sets a brisk pace; conversation is loud enough for each to hear the other. A few vehicles pass as the bikers ride up the road.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

What did you say to Hank?

WILLIAM BENTON

You were there.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(intentionally Anglicized)

No comprende le français.

WILLIAM BENTON

I told him what fulfillment meant.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Which is?

WILLIAM BENTON

The contented feeling you get when you fulfill a dream.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Where did you learn French?

WILLIAM BENTON

If you're patient, you'll find out. No need to rush things.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 What about the twenty-four-minute  
 thing?

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Good point. French Polynesia.

Seconds pass; Billy's house is a hundred yards away.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 Is that what I'm looking for?

WILLIAM BENTON  
 What?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 Fulfillment.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 It's what you told Hank. Are you?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 I don't know.

The riders reach Billy's driveway and slow to wait for an  
 approaching pickup truck to pass.

Billy stands on the pedals and pumps, looks behind, and turns  
 his bike into and up his driveway. Cassie follows. They pedal  
 to the detached, three-car garage behind the house and  
 dismount.

INT. BENTON'S PILOTTOWN HOME - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Cassie sits in one of the club chairs in the study reading from  
 a book she has pulled from a shelf. She is wearing jeans, over-  
 sized wool socks, and a baggy sweater.

Billy enters with two mugs of steaming hot cocoa and hands one  
 to Cassie. He is in his home uniform of sweats, T-shirt, open  
 denim shirt and flip flops.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 I love books.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 And book stores.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 Book stores?

WILLIAM BENTON  
Jack London's Reading Room?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Becca tells all.

WILLIAM BENTON  
Not all. I'm just hypothesizing.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Good hypothesis, but there's no future  
in them.

WILLIAM BENTON  
In terms of a return on investment, is  
what you're thinking. Startup  
inventory is crazy expensive for  
someone who's been living on a  
waitress's income.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Yep.

WILLIAM BENTON  
What if you had a silent partner, an  
investor who doesn't give a shit about  
making a dime, someone who has a  
couple thousand books that would make  
a great starting inventory? Would  
there be a future in that?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Pretty transparent, Billy. Quid pro  
quo?

WILLIAM BENTON  
Fulfillment for companionship. I'm  
doing my best not to think like a man.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Twenty-four minutes?

WILLIAM BENTON  
Part of it.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
What's the rest?

WILLIAM BENTON  
You remind me of someone, of a  
different time when I was young and  
naïve and buffeted about by things I  
never anticipated.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Are those good things to be reminded of?

WILLIAM BENTON

Bad back then; good now.

Billy sits on the sofa, sips his cocoa, and gazes at Cassie, who sips her own and returns the gaze.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I Googled "brass ring." Cute. But I think I've made the reach too easy for you.

WILLIAM BENTON

I thought we already agreed I'm the easy one.

Cassie puts her cocoa on an end table and joins Billy on the sofa. She leans into him; he puts his arm around her shoulders, and they stare at the stacks.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Is the someone Becca's mom?

WILLIAM BENTON

We were crazy, her and me, but I've no regrets about anything we did, at least not until we forgot the reasons why we fell in love.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

How old were you when you met her?

WILLIAM BENTON

Seventeen. She was eighteen and knew a lot more about life than I did. Not that I knew this at the beginning.

Cassie moves slightly apart from Billy and looks up at his face.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

How do I remind you of her?

WILLIAM BENTON

You're unconventional and impulsive; intuitive and damned smart. And beautiful.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Billy B, are you making love to me?



Billy gives her a penetrating look accompanied by a gentle smile.

WILLIAM BENTON

And that.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

What?

WILLIAM BENTON

We'll get to "that" in time.

Cassie looks into his eyes for a beat and then leans back into him.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

You're being positive. "In time" implies twenty-four years, not minutes.

WILLIAM BENTON

God forbid an old man should be positive.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Could take me that long to figure you out.

WILLIAM BENTON

Bambi had me figured out before I even knew she knew who I was. You're just like her; it won't take you long.

EXT. HERRING POINT, DELAWARE - THE NEXT DAY

The sky is gray but bright, and the air is still but cold.

With Cassie in the lead, she and Billy ride on a paved bike trail toward the lookout at Herring Point.

Cassie wears a baseball cap and a knit band that covers her ears; Billy wears a black watchcap. Each wears jeans, a wool turtleneck, windbreaker, gloves, and running shoes.

Cassie is setting a fast pace; Billy is just barely keeping up. Conversation is loud enough for each to hear the other.

WILLIAM BENTON

You trying to kill me?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 (laughs)  
 I'm helping you get into shape.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 I AM in shape!

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 Oh really?

Cassie stands and pumps the pedals in a sprint that covers the last hundred yards across an empty blacktopped parking area and up a 50-yard paved grade to the overlook at Herring Point.

Billy shakes his head and laughs; he maintains his previous pace.

Cassie stops and straddles her bike as she stares out at a tanker approaching the Delaware Bay from the open ocean. She glances at Billy when he pulls up beside her, and then she resumes her gaze at the tanker.

Billy gazes out to sea.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 (CONTINUED)  
 I think this is my favorite spot.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 I've spent a lot of time here.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 Doing this?

WILLIAM BENTON  
 And a lot of thinking.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 About what?

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Lots of things.

Cassie and Billy dismount and lean their bikes against the split-rail fence that borders the cliff edge; they stand next to the fence, and watch a pilot boat speed toward the tanker.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
 I suspect you think about Becca a lot.

WILLIAM BENTON  
 Often. But there's a lot of other things on my mind.  
 (MORE)

WILLIAM BENTON (CONT'D)

I think men, at my age especially, think about their lives. I do, anyway, but it's probably more about whining than profundity.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Somehow I can't imagine you whining.

WILLIAM BENTON

(laughs)

Have you been paying attention?

Cassie takes Billy's hand in hers, and they stare at the sea for seconds.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

I've spent over sixty years out there.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

On the Atlantic?

WILLIAM BENTON

Not just. Freighters, tramp steamers, sailboats; even outrigger canoes in the South Pacific, but those days are long gone.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Come on, Billy. You trying to get me to feel sorry for you?

Billy squeezes Cassie's hand, releases it, smiles at her, places his hands on the top rail, and gazes seaward. Cassie does the same.

WILLIAM BENTON

These last years, maybe the last ten or so, I've been biding my time, just biding my time until I die.

Cassie looks at Billy with visible interest.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

I think it's what most of us old farts do -- bide our time -- and I hate it.

Cassie puts her arm around Billy and squeezes. He looks down at her.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

I don't know exactly when or why it started: feeling this way.

Billy puts his arm around Cassie's shoulders.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

Sort of snuck up on me, I guess. One day I realized I was getting angry at stupid stuff, like the old man in front of me at Lloyd's the other day talking mindless dribble to the checkout lady who clearly didn't give a damn.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Maybe she did.

WILLIAM BENTON

Trust me, she DIDN'T. Who gives a damn about idle chatter? Idle! Who wants to be idle?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Obviously, not you. Is worrying Johnny and Pancho about looking for trouble your way of not being idle?

Billy glances down at her and then back at the ocean.

WILLIAM BENTON

The urge to leave something meaningful behind is seductive, my friend.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

What're you leaving by worrying them?

WILLIAM BENTON

A sense of righteous indignation?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Oh, there's a lot of that going around.

WILLIAM BENTON

Mostly just a lot of talk. I don't want Johnny to end up the same selfish son-of-a-bitch I've been most of my life.

Cassie grabs Billy's arm and gently turns him toward her.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

He's going to be what he's going to be, and if he takes after you, good for him.

Billy smiles and kisses her sweetly on the lips.

WILLIAM BENTON  
Rehoboth for lunch?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Dogfish?

WILLIAM BENTON  
Dogfish Head it is.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
After you, old man.

Billy laughs. They mount their bikes, and with Billy in the lead, pedal from Herring Point lookout toward the bike trail that leads to Rehoboth Beach.

INT. BENTON'S PILOTTOWN ROAD HOME - NINE HOURS LATER

Cassie and Billy are under blankets in the big bed in the second floor master bedroom, illuminated by a dimmed light on a nightstand. Billy lies on his back; Cassie lies on her side tight against him, tucked beneath his arm.

Billy is bare-chested; Cassie wears one of Billy's old worn T-shirts. She traces her fingers in gentle circles among his silver chest hairs.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
You'd never talked to Bambi before she walked up to the boat?

WILLIAM BENTON  
I might have said hello in passing at school, but I was pretty shy when I was a teenager.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
I find that hard to believe.

WILLIAM BENTON  
(slight smile)  
Believe what you want, but I'm telling you, I was shy. And inexperienced.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
But she wasn't.

Billy turns toward Cassie and takes her hand.

WILLIAM BENTON  
Anything but. Didn't I tell you how  
much she reminds me of you?

Cassie laughs and tickles Billy; he responds by jerking away from her and laughing. She snuggles against him again.

Cassie's expression turns serious as she returns her fingers to Billy's chest hairs.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
What did your parents think of her?

Billy sighs. Cassie looks at him.

WILLIAM BENTON  
I remember being more concerned about  
what they thought of me back then.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Tell me about your father.

Billy looks at Cassie as if attempting to ascertain the sincerity of her request. He turns his eyes to the ceiling.

WILLIAM BENTON  
I almost didn't know him at all.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Okay, you have my attention.

WILLIAM BENTON  
He wasn't in my life when I was a boy,  
and then only for bits and pieces when  
I was older, but in the months before  
he died, we did spend hours together,  
trying to make up for a lot of wasted  
time.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
What do you mean by almost not knowing  
him at all?

Billy looks into Cassie's eyes.

WILLIAM BENTON  
I might never have known him if it  
weren't for this enormous and  
erroneous fantasy he had that somehow  
my mother would save him.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
From what?

Billy looks at the ceiling.

WILLIAM BENTON  
From a massive hole in his soul.

Cassie props herself up on her elbows; Billy looks at her.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Okay, that's heavy, way too heavy to  
be erroneous.

WILLIAM BENTON  
I don't think Karl ever truly found  
the peace he was looking for.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
You called him Karl?

WILLIAM BENTON  
That was his name. It'd have been odd  
to call him Rufus.

Cassie chuckles and tickles Billy's armpit; Billy reacts and  
laughs.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
You know what I mean.

Billy smiles, turns his eyes back to the ceiling, and puts his  
hands behind his head. Cassie lays her head on the pillow and  
returns her fingers to Billy's chest hairs.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
(CONTINUED)  
Tell me about him.

WILLIAM BENTON  
He was a soldier, a bartender, a  
teacher, and a policeman, but he was  
totally out to sea when it came to  
being a father. I guess that's why I  
called him Karl.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY  
Or maybe you were being just a tad  
passive aggressive.

Billy looks at Cassie with a slight frown. Cassie raises her  
head and returns the look.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(CONTINUED)

He probably wanted you to call him  
"Dad," and you knew it. I'd have  
resented my father at that age if he  
hadn't been part of my life.

Billy returns his eyes to the ceiling. Cassie's eyes reflect  
that she can see from Billy's expression that she may have  
scored a point. She settles her head on the pillow.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Given the little I've learned about  
you, I've learned enough to wish that  
I had known him.

WILLIAM BENTON

(smiles)

You would have fallen in love with  
him.

Cassie laughs.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

You probably think I'd fall in love  
with any man who showed a glimmer of  
interest.

WILLIAM BENTON

Fall into bed, maybe.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(laughs)

Oh HO!

Cassie pinches his nipple.

WILLIAM BENTON

(laughs)

Ow!

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(laughs)

That was mean!

WILLIAM BENTON

(scoffs)

So was pinching me!

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

You deserved it.



Billy pulls Cassie closer and kisses her lips. He releases her, and they resume their snuggle. Billy's expression sobers somewhat.

WILLIAM BENTON

I think most women who knew him well did love him in some way or other, but unfortunately, Mom owned his heart.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

You sound a little annoyed.

WILLIAM BENTON

Don't get me wrong, I loved my mother in a way, but she never earned that right of ownership over him.

Cassie sits up and looks down at Billy.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Now you've got my writer's blood flowing.

WILLIAM BENTON

(teasing)  
Oh, Jesus.

Cassie gets out of bed, picks up an oversized flannel shirt from the floor, puts it on, and then slips on pajama bottoms.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

Where're you going?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Where're WE going, is the question. Onward to the kitchen, old man.

WILLIAM BENTON

What the hell for?

Cassie exits the bedroom

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY (O.C.)

(loud)  
Hot cocoa!

Billy laughs.

WILLIAM BENTON

(good-natured, loud)  
A crazy woman has invaded my house!

INT. BENTON'S PILOTTOWN ROAD HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Billy, wearing a flannel shirt and sweat pants sits on the sofa in the library; his flip flops are on the floor next to the sofa.

Cassie is tucked into the opposite corner of the sofa and flips through the "Billy B" ship's log Billy had previously provided.

Both drink from large mugs.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

So he gets run out of town.

WILLIAM BENTON

I think he ran himself out of town.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Because of a woman.

WILLIAM BENTON

It was more complicated than that, but yes, there was a woman involved. Two actually.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Two?

WILLIAM BENTON

He was running from a woman in Pennsylvania to where he thought my mother might be.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Might?

WILLIAM BENTON

He hadn't seen or heard from Laura since she left him in nineteen-thirty-nine.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

So what year was this when he set out to find her?

WILLIAM BENTON

Nineteen-fifty-five.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

That's sixteen years. Weren't you born in thirty-nine?

WILLIAM BENTON

Mm-hmm.

Cassie stares at Billy, who is looking thoughtfully into his mug.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

She left him before you were born.

WILLIAM BENTON

Mm-hmm.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(astonished)

He didn't know she was pregnant with you.

Billy sips coffee and stares over the rim of the mug into Cassie's eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLAINSMAN SALOON, WILLISTON, NORTH DAKOTA - LATE EVENING, OCTOBER, 1955

The saloon is smoke-filled from cigars and cigarettes. The front wall contains two large windows on each side of a large, front door; "The Plainsman" is painted prominently on each window.

Two round poker tables, each surrounded by six battered captain's chairs, are positioned in the front of the room. Four more tables and chairs are positioned on the left side of the room opposite a long bar that runs along the right.

A series of mirrors as long as the bar is mounted on the wall behind the bar. Beneath the mirrors is a high counter on which bottles of whiskey et al are lined.

JOE GOLDEN, a middle-aged and mustachioed bartender, is at work behind the bar; he wears a white shirt with sleeve garters, a black bow tie, and suspenders.

A young woman, MADELEINE JOHNSON, and middle-aged MILDRED O'LEARY sit at one table; both wear dresses, nylons, and short, fleece-lined rubber boots.

Fifty-five-year-old, slightly paunchy and balding CLAYTON DORION sits at another table with sixty-five-year-old BILL SWENSON. Ten other MEN sit at other tables; two of the men are chatting with Madeleine and Mildred.

All of the men are attired in clothing that suggests a cold climate and their working class status.

There is a narrow opening between the end of the bar and rear wall of the saloon, and two feet from that opening are the hinges of a closed swinging door, which swings toward the bar when opened.

KARL MYERS sits on the last stool at the end of the bar. He is slumped over, his head resting on a forearm; he appears to be asleep.

Myers, forty-two, has short gray hair but needs a haircut; gray stubble covers his face. A brown-leather bomber jacket with a shearling collar is worn overtop a white T-shirt.

A half-filled bottle of bourbon and a half-filled tumbler is on the counter near Myers' head.

SOUND of distant but LOUD SIRENS begins and continues.

Myers wakes with a start. The other customers exchange surprised and worried glances and look toward the front windows. Golden pauses from drying a pilsner glass.

KARL MYERS  
(sleep-graveled voice)  
Excuse me, my friend.

Golden turns toward Myers, looks a question, and steps toward him.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)  
What's that?

JOE GOLDEN  
It ain't no fire.

Golden's eyes return to the windows.

Myers looks at the reflection of his own ice-blue eyes in the mirror, picks up the tumbler, toasts his reflection, and downs the bourbon.

Golden notices the gesture, steps to Myers, and fills the tumbler.

KARL MYERS  
If it's not a fire, what is it?

JOE GOLDEN  
I reckon you're not from around here.

KARL MYERS

Passing through. Never been this far west by car, just by train.

JOE GOLDEN

During the war?

KARL MYERS

Just so, my friend.

Golden watches Myers take a swallow of bourbon.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

Fermamout is near here, right?

JOE GOLDEN

Two miles north. We know what that siren means.

KARL MYERS

Prison break.

JOE GOLDEN

Either that or a riot or both. Most of these men will be heading up there. Surprised they haven't left yet.

The men begin to stand and exchange glances, and then all but Dorion and Swenson exit.

Myers points to the exiting men with the tumbler.

KARL MYERS

They work there?

JOE GOLDEN

They do.

Golden steps through the opening in the bar, walks to the front of the saloon, and joins Dorion, Swenson, Madeleine and Mildred in looking through the front windows at the street.

JOE GOLDEN

(to Dorion)

You're not going?

CLAYTON DORION

Called in sick this morning. I can't go up there now with half a load on.

SOUND of rear door SLAMMING into Myers' barstool.

CETAN (O.C.)

(yells)  
FREEZE!

Three men wearing prison garb run into the room. CETAN holds a revolver leveled at the group in the front of the saloon. He is a stocky, forty-something, Native American with gray hair and a malicious glare in his eyes.

MATO-SA (a.k.a. RED BEAR and RICHARD CLEMONT) stands to Cetan's right. Mato-sa is a handsome, thirty-something Native American, slight in size and stature, but athletic; he holds a shiv in his right hand.

FRANKIE LACROIX, a pale, tall, fragile-looking man wearing a terrified expression, stands behind Mato-sa and Cetan.

CETAN (CONTINUED)

(to hostages)  
TURN AROUND! HANDS ON THE WINDOWS!

All but Swenson comply; he bolts toward the door.

Cetan fires the revolver. Struck in the upper back by the bullet, Swenson is slammed into the door, drops to the floor, and dies.

CETAN (CONTINUED)

(yells)  
Anybody else?

MATO-SA

Hey Cetan.

Cetan turns to Mato-sa who points the shiv at Myers, slumped over, his head on his right forearm, his right hand inside his bomber jacket.

CETAN

(yells at Myers)  
Hey! Mother-fucker!

Myers does not move. Cetan grabs a half-full beer mug from a table and hurls it at Myers. The mug strikes the wall behind Myers, but Myers does not move.

CETAN (CONTINUED)

Mato. Wake him up, and if he don't wake up, slash his fucking throat.

MATO-SA

He ain't giving us no trouble.

CETAN  
 (screams)  
 DO IT!

Mato-sa steps toward Myers. Frankie turns to Cetan.

FRANKIE LACROIX  
 (hesitant)  
 Cetan, I'm thinking ...

CETAN  
 Don't think! And keep your pie hole  
 shut you fucking pansy.

Mato-sa is an arm's-length from Myers.

MATO-SA  
 Hey! Wake up!

Myers does not move. Mato-sa grabs Myers' right arm. Myers' hand, holding a .45 caliber, semi-automatic pistol, flashes out and slams into Mato-sa's face, who falls backward to the floor with shiv in hand.

The pistol continues its arc until it is leveled at Cetan. Myers fires.

Cetan's eyes widen in disbelief as his chest is driven back, and then they go blank as he drops to the floor, dead.

Dorion, Mildred, Madeleine, and Golden spin around in time to watch Cetan drop.

Myers points the pistol at Frankie, who pushes his palms forward and pisses his pants. Frankie glances at the spreading wet on his pants and then at Myers.

FRANKIE LACROIX  
 (near tears)  
 Please don't shoot me!

Mato-sa begins crabbing backward. Myers aims the pistol between Mato-sa's eyes and slowly shakes his head with an expression that conveys the high probability he will shoot. Mato-sa stops.

Myers gestures with the gun; Mato-sa interprets the gesture by tossing the shiv several feet across the floor.

Dorion et al stare open-mouthed at Myers as he keeps the pistol pointed at Mato-sa and steps to where Cetan's revolver lies next to his body. Myers kicks the revolver toward Dorion.

KARL MYERS

Pick it up.

Dorion steps toward the revolver.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

With a handkerchief. No fingerprints.

Dorion pulls a handkerchief from his left back pocket with his left hand and uses it to pick up and hold the revolver. Myers points his pistol toward Mato-sa and Frankie.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

(to Dorion)

Cover those two.

Dorion complies. Myers nods at Mildred.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

You. Pick up the knife.

MILDRED O'LEARY

With a hankie?

KARL MYERS

Right.

Mildred extracts a handkerchief from a clutch and complies.

Myers nods at Golden.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

You need to call ...

JOE GOLDEN

The sheriff.

KARL MYERS

Right.

Golden goes to a phone on the wall and dials the operator as Myers turns back to Frankie and Mato-sa.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

(firmly to Frankie)

You ... on the floor, face down.

Frankie complies.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

Both of you, face down, arms spread.

DO IT!



Frankie and Mato-sa comply.

SOUND of FERMAMOUNT SIREN ENDS.

Golden hangs up the phone and turns to Myers.

JOE GOLDEN  
They're on their way.

Silence pervades the saloon for seconds.

SOUND of approaching patrol car SIRENS.

Myers watches Dorion kneel next to Mato-sa and place the muzzle of the revolver against Mato-sa's head.

CLAYTON DORION  
(whisper)  
These others aren't here, there'd be a  
bullet in your skull, you bastard.

KARL MYERS  
(frowning, to Dorion)  
Hey!

Dorion turns to Myers. Myers gestures with his pistol to back off. Dorion complies and stands, but not willingly.

In seconds, flashing red light fills the saloon; the SIRENS END.

Dorion, Golden, Mildred and Madeleine all direct their attention to the front windows.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY and THREE DEPUTIES burst through the front door with guns drawn. Montgomery nods at Swenson's body.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY  
(to Deputy One)  
Check him.

DEPUTY ONE checks Swenson's carotid pulse, looks at Montgomery, shakes his head and stands.

Montgomery looks at Dorion holding the revolver and nods toward Cetan's body.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY  
You do that?

Dorion jerks his thumb toward the back of the saloon.

CLAYTON DORION

It was him.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Who?

Everyone standing looks toward the back of the saloon, which is empty.

INT. PLAINSMAN SALOON - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Sheriff Montgomery, Dorion, Golden, Madeleine and Mildred are seated around one of the poker tables in the front of the saloon. Mato-sa's shiv and Cetan's revolver lie on the table in front of Montgomery.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(somewhat incredulous)

None of you saw what happened?

JOE GOLDEN

We was all looking out the front windows, Sheriff.

MILDRED O'LEARY

All I heard was the dead one, the one with the gun, yelling at one of the others to wake him up.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Wake who up?

CLAYTON DORION

The guy who ain't here. Looked to me like he was passed out at the other end of the bar.

JOE GOLDEN

Right, excepting, obviously, he weren't.

MILDRED O'LEARY

And then there was a commotion.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

A commotion.

MILDRED O'LEARY

You know, a scuffle, some kind of smack or something.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Like a fist against a face?

JOE GOLDEN

I'm thinking it was the pistol hitting  
the Indian's face.

CLAYTON DORION

And then came the shot.

Deputy One enters the room through the back door. All eyes turn to him.

DEPUTY

No sign of him, Sheriff. It's like he  
up and evaporated.

The deputy steps to the Sheriff. Montgomery looks at Golden, Dorion, Madeleine and Mildred in turn and then looks at Golden.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

So who was this guy?

All eyes focus on Golden.

JOE GOLDEN

Don't know why you're all looking at  
me. Never saw the man before in my  
life. Told me he was just passing  
through.

Montgomery looks around the table and nods at the weapons.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

He the one who told you to pick them  
up with handkerchiefs?

The group nods in affirmation.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(CONTINUED)

(to Golden)

You know which way he was headed?

JOE GOLDEN

He said he ain't never been this far  
west afore, so I'm guessing he was  
headed west from here.

Montgomery ponders the response for a beat and then pulls a small spiral pad and pen from his breast pocket.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY  
 (to Golden)  
 Can you give me a description?

JOE GOLDEN  
 Oh hell, I don't know. About average  
 height, maybe blue eyes.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY  
 Maybe?

Montgomery looks at the others.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY  
 (CONTINUED)  
 Anybody actually get a good look at  
 the guy who may have saved your lives?

MADELEINE JOHNSON  
 (shy)  
 Well, he was about five-eleven. My  
 brother's six feet, and he wasn't  
 quite as tall as Steven, so I'd say  
 five-eleven.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY  
 (slight skepticism)  
 Five-eleven, you say.

MADELEINE JOHNSON  
 Uh huh, and he probably weighed about,  
 oh, I don't know, probably between one-  
 eighty-five and one-ninety-five. He  
 looked like he might do some  
 exercising.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY  
 (slight scoff)  
 What makes you say that?

MADELEINE JOHNSON  
 Well, I'm thinking he may be forty-  
 five or so, could a been younger. The  
 gray hair might be, you know,  
 premature, and he hadn't shaved for a  
 couple of days, but for a man that age  
 to not have any kind of a paunch, and  
 to be standing that erect, tells me he  
 probably does push-ups, sit-ups; you  
 know, exercises.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY  
 Do I? Anything else?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

(warming to the task)

He was wearing an old bomber jacket, you know, the kind some of you guys wear when it starts getting cold, ovetop of a white T-shirt and blue jeans like you'd see around here.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

You saw all that?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

I did Sheriff, but I'll tell you, them shoes he was wearing told me he weren't from around here.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(amazed)

Really?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Well, you know, if'n he was from around here he'd a been wearing boots of some kind or other, you know, like all you guys wear, but his shoes were spit-shined, black lace-ups.

JOE GOLDEN

He did say something about the War.

Montgomery leans back in his chair and ponders for a beat and then looks at the folks around the table.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Okay, maybe, no, probably, a veteran passing through on his way west.

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Or maybe a lawman on vacation. Might be why he told us to use them hankies.

MILDRED O'LEARY

Just like in the movies.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(slight scoff)

Or maybe a lawman on vacation. Anything else?

Madeleine quickly scans the faces around the table and then casts her eyes down.

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Well, there was his eyes.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

His eyes?

Madeleine glances at Golden and then looks at Montgomery.

MADELEINE JOHNSON

They was blue all right, ice-blue, but  
they was sad eyes, lonely eyes.

Montgomery leans back in his chair and casts an inquisitive but smiling look at Madeleine.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Young lady, what's your name?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Madeleine Johnson, Sheriff.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

There's never been one afore, but I'm  
wondering if you ever considered being  
a Deputy Sheriff?

Madeleine appears startled; the others at the table smile.

END OF EPISODE SIX