Blue Valentine

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Official White Script 4/5:  96 Pages

Writer's Guild of America: RO7380 - 00
EXT. RURAL SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN - PRESENT DAY

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

    FRANKIE
    (barely audible)
    Me-gan!

INT. PERIERA HOME - PRESENT DAY

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

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

    FRANKIE
    (hushed)
    Get up, Get up.

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

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

    DEAN (waking)
    What’s the matter baby?

She sniffles. He notices.

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

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

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

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

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

    DEAN (cont’d)
    Megan!

(CONTINUED)
Dean carries Frankie to the front yard. They look around.

FRANKIE
When's she going to get back?

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

FRANKIE
No!

Dean’s optimism is infectious. Frankie nods slowly.

DEAN
You’ve got five of them.

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Okay we’ve got to be quiet when we wake up mommy okay.

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

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

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

FRANKIE
I want to get next to mommy.

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

Cindy
No!NO!

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
We’re tigers!

CINDY
I’m sleeping! Stop! It’s too early.

DEAN
We’re tigers!

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

They pin her arms above her head and ‘furber’ her armpit.

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

Cindy prepares instant oatmeal. A tea kettle whistle blows.

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

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

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

CINDY
Here comes your oatmeal. Alright picky.

DEAN
You ready to eat?

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

Frankie takes a tiny bite and makes a sour face.

FRANKIE
I don’t like it...

DEAN
Why don’t you like it.

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

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

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

CINDY

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

DEAN

What do you mean use a spoon?

CINDY

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

DEAN

We’re eating like leopards. Hey that’s mine!
CINDY
Show your daddy how you use a spoon.
You’re a big girl now huh you know how to use a spoon.

DEAN
What do you mean you’re a big girl.
You’re a big girl now sweetheart so don’t have any fun.

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Stick it on your face.

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

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

FRANKIE
No! Dad was doing it!

CINDY
I know your dad was doing it. Come on kiddo.

DEAN
I was doing it!

FRANKIE
Daddy you made me in trouble!

DEAN
I’m sorry!

CINDY
Let’s go, let’s go, we’re late we’re late.

INT. PERIERA HOME - FRANKIE’S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cindy takes a special 4th of july dress out of the closet.
CINDY
Do you wanna wear this one?

Frankie sits on her little bed. Nods.

FRANKIE
Yes

CINDY (softens)
Okay but we gotta be fast. Ready? ONE!
TWO!

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

CINDY (cont’d)
You’re going to do it! You did it in eight!

EXT. PERIERA HOME - MORNING - PRESENT DAY

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

CINDY
Whoopsies! Silly mommy

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

FRANKIE
I love you like crazy.

DEAN
Oh, really? Cause I love you like CRAAAZZZZY!!

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

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

Dean pulls his head out of the window.

(CONTINUED)
FRANKIE
See ya at the recital dad!

She starts to back up.

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

CINDY
I got it.

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

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Watch out for this guy...Watch out for this fucking asshole!

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Hey fuck you! Why don’t you slow down you fucking jackass! Motherfucker! You’re gonna kill somebody asshole!

INT. CLINIC - DAY - PRESENT DAY

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

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

FEINBERG
Hey there you are.

Cindy places the flyers in her folder in a rush.

CINDY
Oh hi! Sorry...I’m almost done here.

(CONTINUED)
FEINBERG
Did you get a...do you have a second?

CINDY
Yeha sure.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CLINIC - DAY - PRESENT DAY

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

CINDY
Is it your first baby?

PATIENT
Yeah. So exciting

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

PATIENT
No.

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

PATIENT
We want to know.
CINDY
Yeah... having the baby is surprise enough, huh? Let’s see...

Cindy is transfixed on the monitor.

CINDY (cont’d)
It’s a girl!

PATIENT
Really?

CINDY
Is that good news?

PATIENT
It’s great news.

CINDY
Good.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - UNFINISHED HOUSING TRACK - PRESENT DAY

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

INT. VAN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

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

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Pat Benatar blasts loud, “WE BELONG”

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

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

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Dean waits, wondering where his wife is.
INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

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

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

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

DEAN
What’s wrong?

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

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

CINDY (holding back tears)
I found Megan.

The children begin singing “My country Tis of thee.”

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

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

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

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

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

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

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

FRANKIE
Yay! Did you find Megan?

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

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

Cindy buckles her seatbelt.

EXT. HELLER HOME - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

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

FRANKIE
Pa!

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

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

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

CINDY (To DEAN)
Aren't you coming up?

Dean gives a sour look and lights a cigarette.

DEAN
I can't smoke around the oxygen tank.

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

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

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

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

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

        FRANKIE  
        Bye Dad!  
        DEAN  
        By buddy. Hey, I love you.  
        FRANKIE  
        I love you.  
        DEAN  
        Have fun okay buddy.  
        FRANKIE  
        Okay.  
        DEAN  
        You remember what to do when Pa snores right?  
        FRANKIE  
        Cover his mouth and hold his nose.  
        DEAN  
        That's my girl. Go have fun!

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

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
Alright, run to mama. Come on you can do it! Come on sweetie pie.

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

CINDY (cont’d)
Yayyyyy, that was great. That was great. Alright you ready to go inside?

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

JERRY (O.S.) (TO CINDY)
So what’s with him, you two fighting again?

CINDY (O.S.)
We’ll talk about it later...

FRANKIE (O.S.)
Why isn’t daddy coming in?

CINDY (O.S.)
I don’t know.

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

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY/MOVING COMPANY - MORNING.

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

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

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

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

Dean shakes hands with the boss, Jamie Benatti.

DEAN
Mr. Benatti, good to meet you.
JAMIE
So what kind of job are you applying for?

There is a long pause.

JAMIE (cont’d)
Driver...helper..packer?

DEAN
Whatever, one that pays.

JAMIE
DO you have any experience at all?

DEAN
Sure.

JAMIE
Where have you worked?

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

JAMIE
But you’ve never had any moving experience?

DEAN
No.

JAMIE
So I guess that’ll be “no experience.”
Okay. Where are you from.

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

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

DEAN
Florida.

JAMIE
And how long have you been here?

DEAN
2 years.

(CONTINUED)
JAMIE
And where are you living?

DEAN
I live in Brooklyn.

JAMIE
Can you get here everyday?

DEAN
Yeah, I’ll get here.

JAMIE
I need you here by 7am.

Dean thinks about it...

DEAN
I’ll get here.

INT. HOME #1 - MORNING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean hefts three large boxes on his back.

MARSHALL
Ready? There you go. Good job!

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

DEAN
You’re a man amongst men. No homo!

INT. STAIRWELL - MORNING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

MARSHALL (O.S.)
Sit up son! Sit up, sit up!

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
MARSHALL (cont’d)
Don’t worry about it, you aint a professional yet.

MOVING MONTAGE: HOME #2

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

DEAN
How do you meet girls?

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

OTHER MOVER
He honks the horn

MARSHALL
I gets out the truck.

OTHER MOVER
Or he screams out, like, “chocolate thunder.”

They all laugh.

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

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

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

DEAN
But it seems like girls get to a place where they just kidna pick the best option or something.
Marshal nods his head in approval...

DEAN (cont’d)
I know girls that married they’re like.
“Oh he’s got a good job.” I mean they
spend their whole life looking for Prince
Charming and then they marry the guy
who’s got a good job and is gonna stick
around.

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

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

DEAN
Thanks Jamie...

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

- Dean puts $300 in an envelope, seals it, and writes “THANKS
PAL.” He slides the envelope under Jake’s door.

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

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

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

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

DEAN
What do you mean when you get old?

MARSHALL
It’s gonna be a long time... another
fifty years at least.
INT. BROWNSTONE. MORNING.

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

MARSHALL
Man it look like world war three in this motherfucker.

Jamie elbows in with rolls of tape and contractor bags.

JAMIE (TO DEAN)
Box everything in the kitchen, bag everything upstairs, let’s get the truck loaded, up to Pennsylvania and back by tonight.

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

EXT. BROWNSTONE. MORNING.

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

- Dean and Charley heft an old couch into the dumpster.

- Barren home reveals a sagging floor. Ghostly impressions on walls where pictures used to hang.

- The truck takes off, leaving a full dumpster behind.

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

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

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

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

MARSHALL
This is a small, small room here.

DEAN
How’s all the stuff gonna fit in here?

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

DEAN
What happens to all the other stuff?

JAMIE
Not out problem.

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

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

DEAN
I don’t understand what you’re trying to
say.

MARSHALL
We got another job to do, we gotta go.

Jamie walks in, in no mood to waste time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Do you wanna sit down in the chair. Here let me get this out of your way.

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

DEAN (cont’d)
You got it? Okay Walter I gotta go or I’m gonna get in trouble but let me show you a few things okay?

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

DEAN (cont’d)
That’s you shoes, see?

(CONTINUED)
Marshall sticks his head in the room, impatient...

    MARSHALL
    Yo, Dean we gotta go alright?

    DEAN
    Okay, okay.

    MARSHALL
    I’ll meet you in the truck.

Marshall leaves the room. Dean continues...

    DEAN (TO WALTER)
    He’s not the boss of me, by the way. All your stuff’s in here thats your pants, sweaters, shirts.

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

    DEAN (cont’d)
    Hey Walter is this your wife?

Walter nods.

    DEAN (cont’d)
    She was a beautiful woman! Umm.. Okay, nice to meet ya.

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

    WALTER
    Thank you.

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

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

INT/EXT. PERIERA HOME – BACKYARD – PRESENT DAY

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

He’s digs a hole, buries the family dog back yard.
INT/EXT. PERIERA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dean sits at the table, drinking a beer. He is sobbing.
Cindy attempts to console him.

    CINDY
    I’m sorry, I know.

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

He downs the rest of his budweiser.

    DEAN (cont’d)
    I’m just fucking tired.

LATER.

Dean lays back on the couch, beer in hand, watching old home movies:
Frankie crawls around in the grass, trying to get Megan to go into her dog house.

    FRANKIE (ON VIDEO)
    Come on girl!

    DEAN (ON VIDEO)
    Maybe we made it too girly.

    FRANKIE (ON VIDEO)
    She doesn’t like it girly.

    DEAN (ON VIDEO)
    I know...

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

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

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

    CINDY
    Can you take the trash out.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
Sure. You remember where we put that...

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

DEAN (cont’d)
I got an idea.

Dean grabs the phone and dials.

DEAN (on phone) (cont’d)
Hello, I want to see if I can reserve a room for the night... tonight. I have a gift certificate... What’s our options? They have cupid’s cove.

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

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

DEAN
(to phone)
What else... that’s it?

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

CINDY
I’m on call tomorrow I can’t go.

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

Cindy looks at her watch.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN (cont’d)
Now do you want the Cupid’s Cove or do you want the future room. Make a decision baby please.

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

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

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

CINDY (cont’d)
You’re crazy

DEAN
(to phone) Thanks. (calling out to Cindy)
Pack you bags baby we’re going to the future!

INT. LIQUOR MART - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

- Cindy jerks out a grocery cart, pushes it, scans the aisles of the massive liquor store.
- Tucks two bottles of champagne under her arm.
- she tries on different pairs of sunglasses at the display when...

BOBBY (O.S.)
Is that Cindy Heller?

Cindy turns and sees BOBBY ONTARIO, her college sweetheart.
The brief encounter reeks of embarrassed politeness.

CINDY
Bobby Ontario?

BOBBY
How are you?

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
I"m good. How are you?

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

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY
Dean fills his tank wishes he could light the cigarette that is dangling from his lips.

INT. LIQUOR MART - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY
Cindy pushes her cart down the aisle along side Bobby, 30 years old, fit.

BOBBY
So how bout you?

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

BOBBY
Here’s good, here’s good. Ahh... married?

CINDY
(nods)
Married.

BOBBY
That’s crazy. Lucky guy.

They turn a corner in the store...

BOBBY (cont’d)
Have you been faithful to him?

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

BOBBY
Yeah well you know...

Awkward.
BOBBY (cont’d)

Seriously.

CINDY

Yes.

BOBBY

Yes you have or yes you haven't?

CINDY

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

BOBBY

I'm not looking at you like anything.

CINDY

Oh, Okay

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

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

CINDY

Let's go

Dean sits on the fender of their minivan, smoking.

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

CINDY (cont’d)

Come on, let's go.

INT. MINI VAN – LATE AFTERNOON – PRESENT DAY

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

DEAN

What you thinking? What’s on your mind?

Cindy thinks about it...
CINDY
You’re never going to guess who I saw at the liquor mart.

DEAN
Richard Greico?

CINDY
No but good guess.

DEAN
Jon Bon Jovi?

CINDY
Bobby Ontario.

DEAN
The fuck was he doing there?

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

DEAN
Jesus! How come your just telling me now?

CINDY
Cause I’m telling you now.

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

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

DEAN
You talked to him?

CINDY
No... I mean like, “hi, by, how are you...”

DEAN
How are you?

CINDY
Yeah he asked me how I was

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
And you told him?

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

DEAN
What do you care?

CINDY
I don’t know

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

CINDY
I don’t know! Cause he’s a loser!

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

CINDY
What!?

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

CINDY
I said the wrong thing. I’m nervous okay?

DEAN
What do you mean your nervous?

CINDY
I feel funny, because you feel funny

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

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
Look. I feel like I said the wrong thing... I feel like I shouldn’t have said anything.

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

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

DEAN
Baby you do whatever you want

CINDY
Okay. I’m sorry

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

Frustrated sighs...

Cindy pulls the car over.

DEAN
What are you doing?

CINDY
I gotta pee.

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

DEAN
Where this person’s house!?

CINDY
Fuck you

DEAN
Fuck me

EXT. ROADSIDE - DUSK - PRESENT DAY

Cindy jogs across the road into a wooded area.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

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

He walks over to Cindy.

CINDY

Hi

BOBBY

What are you doing?

CINDY

Research.

BOBBY

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

CINDY

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

BOBBY

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

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

BOBBY (cont’d)

Come over. Come on.

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
I can’t.

BOBBY
You know you want it.

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

She wheels away from him.

CINDY (cont’d)
(calling out)
Call you later.

BOBBY
Yeah. Whatever!

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

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

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

GLENDA
Ope - I thought you were your Dad.

CINDY
Just us.

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

GLENDA
How was the beauty parlour?

GRAMMA FRANCIS
Oh lovely, Just lovely.

GLENDA

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
What did it feel like when you fell in love?

GRAMMA FRANCIS
Oh dear. I don’t think I found it.

CINDY
Even with grandpa?

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

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

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

CINDY (V.O.)
I don't ever want to be like my parents. I know that they must have loved each other at one time right? Did they just get it all out of the way before the had me?

Suddenly, Jerry pounds his fist into the table.

JERRY
Are we s’pposed to eat this garbage??!!Huh?!!

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

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

JERRY
I want you to enjoy your Goddamn dinner!

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

CINDY (V.O.)
How do you trust your feeling when they just disappear like that.

INT. HELLER HOME - CINDY’S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 6 YEARS EARLIER
Cindy studies, pulling an “all-nighter.”

GRAMMA FRANCIS (V.O.)
I think the only way you can find out is to have the feeling.

INT. BUS - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER
Cindy rides the bus to school, listening to music on her headphones.

GRAMMA FRANCIS (V.O.)
You’re a good person Cindy, I think you have the right to say “yes I do trust...”

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - CLASSROOM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER
Class dismissed. We see Cindy gather her belongings. She brushes by Bobby Ontario on her way out of the classroom. They exchange a coy look.

GRAMMA FRANCIS (V.O.)
“...I trust myself.”

INT. BOBBY’S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - 6 YEARS EARLIER
A gold necklace dangles from Cindy's neck. Her arms secure her weight on the bed.

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

CINDY
What? What what?
BOBBY (breathless)
Shit.

CINDY (realizing)
Fuck!

BOBBY
I”m sorry.

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

IN THE BATHROOM - BOBBY’S

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

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. DAY. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Cindy walks briskly pushing her Gramma in a wheelchair.

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

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

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

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

- Cindy eats a meal with her grandma.
- She helps her change clothes and get ready for bed.

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

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

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

Cindy turns the page.

GRAMMA FRANCIS
I want a cigarette.

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

GRAMMA FRANCIS
I need a cigarette

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

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

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

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

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

DEAN
Excuse me can I talk to you for a second?

Cindy peeks the door open a crack.

CINDY
Why?
DEAN
You think I stole that money don’t you?
Yeah you do.

CINDY
No.

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

CINDY
Okay I got it.

DEAN
I make money.

CINDY
I got it.

She tries, again, to close the door.

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

Laughter. There is an attraction here.

CINDY
Good to know. Okay.

DEAN
What’s your name?

CINDY
Go away.

DEAN
Go away?

CINDY
Go away.

DEAN
That’s a weird name.

More laughter.
DEAN (cont’d)
Hold on a second, I wanna give you something.

He pulls out his business card.

DEAN (cont’d)
Look at that. That’s my business card.

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

DEAN (cont’d)
I don’t have a phone... or a phone number... but if you call this number right here... and ask for me... they’ll tell me you’ve called.

CINDY
Great.

She begins closing the door.

DEAN
Who should I say is calling?

Cindy shuts the door in his face.

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

INT. FANTASUITES - MOON ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

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

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

CINDY
Was this the only one that they had?

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

CINDY
I’m making a drink.

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

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

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

    DEAN
Cool bed huh? Check this out.

He presses a button.

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

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

Dean makes a loud barking noise.

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

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

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

INT. JERRY’S HOUSE- NIGHT- PRESENT DAY

Phone rings

    JERRY
Hello? Yeah hold on.

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

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

    FRANKIE
Hi mom. Yes.
JERRY

INT. FANTASUITES - FOYER - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

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

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

Dean gets the phone.

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
(makes farting noise)
Are you tooting? Frankie!

INT. FANTASUITES - BATHROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

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

INT. FANTASUITES - FOYER - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

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

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
What are you doing?

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

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
Gettin’ all wet and naked... I'm gonna go order some food, you want some?

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

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

CINDY (cont’d)
What are you doing?

Dean pulls back the shower curtain and steps in.

DEAN
What does it look like I'm doing?

CINDY
Dean.

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

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

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

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

DEAN
I wasn't done.

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

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

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

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

CINDY
Okay.

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

INT. FANTASUITES - HALLWAY - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

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

INT. FANTASUITES - FOYER - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Dean opens the door to find Cindy blowing dry her hair. He walks by without saying a word to her.

CINDY
What are you so grumpy about.

DEAN
Oh I don’t know? I don’t know why...

DEAN (cont’d)

Dean digs a CD out of a carrying case.

CINDY
Do you want a drink?

DEAN
Yes please.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
They cheers – “clink”

They each take a drink.

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

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

EXT. HELLER HOME - LATE AFTERNOON - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

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

    BOBBY
    Hi how are you?

    GRAMMA FRANCIS
    Fine thank you

    BOBBY
    (to Gramma)
    Your Gramma aren’t you. It’s great to meet you.
    (to Cindy)
    Cindy come on could you talk to me for five minutes please.

    CINDY
    I don’t want to talk to you anymore.

    BOBBY
    Gramma you know you have an amazing granddaughter?

    GRAMMA FRANCIS
    Of course I do.

    BOBBY
    (to Gramma)
    She’s amazing.
    (to Cindy)
    Cindy I got these for you. Will you please take them?

    (CONTINUED)
He tries to give her the flowers. She won’t take them. He forces her to take them.

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

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

She gets inside, shuts the door on him.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG. DUSK. 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

DEAN (V.O.)
I don’t know I just feel like I should stop thinking about it but I can’t. I think I’ve seen too many movies you know, love at first sight.

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

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

DEAN
(asks receptionist)
Anyone call?

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

INT/EXT. Truck- AFTERNOON - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

DEAN
What do you think about love at first sight? You think you can love somebody just by looking at ‘em?
MARSHALL
By looking at ‘em?

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

MARSHALL
Yeah like you’ve seen her before and you just know her...

DEAN
Yeah.

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

DEAN
Yeah I don’t, right?

MARSHALL
Right.

DEAN
I felt like I did though.

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

DEAN
I’m too much in my head, right?

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

INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

DEAN (V.O.)
No she was just like visiting her grandmother.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
So why don’t you go back to that grandmother and ask her where she lives.

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

DEAN (V.O.)
I should go back, right?

MARSHALL (V.O.)
Yeah. If you like her, yeah

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

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

DEAN (V.O.)
She just seems different you know? I don’t know.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
Wait. How different?

Dean gets off the train.

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

INT. BUS - DAY. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

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

MARSHALL (V.O.)
Yeah.

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

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

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

DEAN
Hi. Do you know what happened to Walter?

(CONTINUED)
GRAMMA
Who?

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

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

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

EXT. BUS STOP. AFTERNOON. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

Cindy runs to make the bus.

GRAMMA (V.O.)
Cindy.

She boards the bus.

INT/EXT. BUS - LATE AFTERNOON*

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

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

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

DEAN
Do you think I could sit down because all these other seats are taken?
CINDY
Okay...

DEAN
Hey, thanks...

She moves her bag off the seat. Dean sits.

DEAN (cont’d)
You know I just talked to your grandmother...

Cindy looks taken aback.

DEAN (cont’d)
That sounds weird, huh?

CINDY
Yeah.

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

CINDY
Yeah, you know what happened to that guy Walter?

DEAN
No, what happened to that guy Walter?

She makes a slice across her throat.

DEAN (cont’d)
You gotta do it like that?

CINDY
What do you expect?

DEAN
What do you mean?

CINDY
They’re old! Do you want to live like that?
DEAN
In that home?

CINDY
Yeah.

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

CINDY
Walter’s a dummy for dying?

DEAN
Yeah.

CINDY
What are you gonna do, wise guy?

DEAN
Not do it... Are you gonna die?

CINDY
Definitely.

DEAN
Hmm? What’d you say?

CINDY
I said definitely.

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

CINDY
What are you gonna do?

DEAN
Just not do it.

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

DEAN (cont’d)
I went out there to give him this. Isn’t that nice?

CINDY
Is that him?
DEAN
Yeah, and his lady. Isn’t he handsome?

CINDY
Look at her she’s so pretty.

DEAN
So she’s probably nuts then...

Cindy is confused by this line of rationale.

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

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

DEAN
What’s an insult about that?

CINDY
That I’m crazy and I’m not funny.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
Cindy laughs. Dean does not.

CINDY (cont’d)
You don’t think that’s funny?

DEAN
No. I’m sorry.

Dean starts laughing.

CINDY
I do.

EXT. TOWN STREETS – DUSK TO DAWN

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

DEAN
You get along with your grandma huh?

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

DEAN
I’m never getting married.

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

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

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

CINDY
It’s alright.

DEAN
Where you wanna go?

CINDY
I wanna go away to school.

DEAN
What are you gonna study?

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
Medicine.

DEAN
Really??

CINDY
Yeah really!

DEAN
Yeah right!

CINDY
Yeah right?

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

CINDY
What do I look like?

DEAN
Girls like you are super-models.

EXT. BRIDAL SHOP. NIGHT – 6 YEARS EARLIER
Dean strums the chords of his ukulele.

DEAN
You got any, like, talents?

CINDY
Like hidden talents?

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

She finishes and they high-five each other.

DEAN
That was rad. Can you dance?

CINDY
I can tap.

DEAN
You can tap dance?

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
Can you?

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

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

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

They end the scene in an embrace.

INT. FANTASUITES - FUTURE ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

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

DEAN
You’re not gonna eat that?

CINDY
Why don’t you do something...

DEAN
What do you mean?

CINDY
I don’t know.

DEAN
What does that mean? Why don’t I do something?

CINDY
Isn’t there anything you want to do?

DEAN
Like what?

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

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

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

DEAN
For what?

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

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

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

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

CINDY
It doesn’t ever disappoint you?

DEAN
Why? Why would it disappoint me?
CINDY
Because you have all this potential.

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

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

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

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

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

Cindy laughs.

DEAN (cont’d)
That’s funny, huh? What’s funny about that?

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

DEAN
What are you doin, you wanna fight me?

CINDY
Yeah I wanna fight you.
LATER. ON THE SPINNING BED.

Cindy and Dean wrestle. They are very drunk.

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

DEAN
Okay, there you go...

CINDY
On your back, on your back motherfucker!

They both laugh.

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

DEAN
Cheers, you’re the best.

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

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

CINDY
Dean claps his hands. Cindy wakes up, momentarily.

DEAN
I gotta go pee my diddy, I’ll be back.

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

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

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

CINDY
You okay?

DEAN (FROM THE BATHROOM)
I may or may not have fallen, come here, come here come here!! Hey beautiful come here! This is funny...

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Come here, you saucy little minx!

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

DEAN (cont’d)
You’re so beautiful... You wanna have another baby with me? You wanna make another baby with me? I wanna have another baby with you.

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Do you... you want to have another baby? ... I want another child.

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

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

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

CINDY (cont’d)
Stop...

DEAN
Stop what? Shut your beautiful mouth.

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

She pulls his hair hard.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN (cont’d)
Ow! What are you doing? Would you cut it out? Stop it, stop it! What are you doing? Why are you doing that? It hurts!

Cindy covers her face with her hand.

DEAN (cont’d)
What do you want, how much rejection am I supposed to take? I deserve affection. I’m good to you and to Frankie and I don’t deserve this!

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

DEAN (cont’d)
That’s how you want it? This is how you want it?

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

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Baby I can’t do it like this, I can’t fucking do it like this.

CINDY
Stop... stop...

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

DEAN
Is that what you want?

CINDY
Stop it.

DEAN
You want me to hit you?

CINDY
Stop it.

DEAN
What’s the matter with you?

CINDY
Fucking stop it!

DEAN
You want me to hit you?

CINDY
Yeah hit me.

DEAN
Is that what you want?

CINDY
Yeah, that’s what I want.

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

CINDY
Yeah that’s what I want baby, “hit me.”

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

She rolls out from underneath him and stands. She wraps her dress around her body and slips into the bedroom. Dean continues berating her--
DEAN (cont’d)
Okay! I don’t give a shit how much you want it, I’m not gonna do it, okay, I’m not gonna do it! You want me to hit you? I’m not gonna do it! I love you.

INT. FANTASUITES - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

DEAN
Open the door! Open the door! Hey!

EXT. CITY. NIGHT. 6 YEARS EARLIER.

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

INT. TAXI. NIGHT - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

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

CINDY
Thank you very much.

DEAN
Come on! Why not?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
She holds Dean’s face in her hands.

    TAXI DRIVER
    I will not have you trying something
    that’s wrong in my car!

    DEAN
    What’s wrong?

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

INT. CHEAP MOTEL. 5AM - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

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

INT. AUDITORIUM CLASSROOM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

INT. COLLEGE - BATHROOM - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

A minute passes. She discovers she’s pregnant.

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

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

Bobby comes over and snatches it away from her. Now he knows
what’s going on.
EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - PARKING LOT - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER *

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

DEAN
You okay?

CINDY
Yeah, you okay?

DEAN
Yeah, you okay?

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
You’re not gonna tell me?

CINDY
I don’t know what you want me to say!

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

CINDY
I don’t know what to do.

DEAN
You’re not gonna tell me?

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

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
Stop! Stop, stop! No, no no, stop!!!

DEAN
You gonna tell me?!

CINDY
Stop! Come down!!

DEAN
You gonna tell me?

CINDY
Just come down!! I’m not kidding you!!

DEAN
You’re not gonna tell me what it is?

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

CINDY
Please come down!! Please stop.

DEAN
You want me to go over the edge?

CINDY
No, I want you to come down!

DEAN
Tell me what it is.

CINDY
Come on, its dangerous!

DEAN
You gonna tell me?

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

He jumps back down. She retreats from him.

DEAN
Is it mine?

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
I don’t know. I don’t know.

DEAN
You don’t know?

CINDY
Maybe...

DEAN
Maybe?

CINDY
Probably not.

Dean has to take a minute to gather himself.

DEAN
What are you gonna do?

CINDY
What am I gonna do?

DEAN
What are you gonna do?

CINDY
I don’t know...

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

CINDY
I don’t know.

She begins walking away from him.

DEAN
(calling out)
You don’t know?

INT. ABORTION CLINIC - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

NURSE
You’ve opted for vacuum-aspiration abortion today.

(MORE)

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

CINDY
Okay.

NURSE
At what age were you when you first had intercourse?

CINDY
...Thirteen.

NURSE
Okay... That’s not unusual.

She types in into Cindy’s file.

NURSE (cont’d)
How many sexual partners would you say you’ve had from when you first began?

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

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

Cindy nods. She’s about to cry.

NURSE (cont’d)
And is that partner supportive to you?

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

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

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

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

(MORE)

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

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

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

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

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

Cindy does.

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

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

    CINDY
    Stop, Stop...

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

Cindy regains her composure and sits up.

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

Cindy nods very quickly.
DOCTOR (cont’d)
Alright, I’m going to step out.

NURSE
Do you wanna put your things back on?

CINDY
Can I see my friend?

INT. ABORTION CLINIC – WAITING ROOM – DAY – 6 YEARS EARLIER
The waiting room door opens, Cindy exits.

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

INT. BUS – NIGHT – 6 YEARS EARLIER
Darkness passes. Cindy lies against Dean in the back of the bright bus. Her head rests on his chest, hands holding his encircling arms. She is wearing the locket around her neck. Dean caresses Cindy's earlobe. Her eyes are closed.

DEAN
Let’s do it. Let’s be a family. Let’s be a family.

Cindy hugs him, tightly...

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

DEAN
I love you.

CINDY
I love you too.

INT. FANTASUITES – BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING – PRESENT DAY
Darkness disturbed by beeping. Cindy awakens, dishevelled from the night before. She lifts her cell phone off the bedside table and squints to make out the text.

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

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

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

She tapes the note to the TV.

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

INT. FANTASUITES - LATER - PRESENT DAY

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

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Hello?

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

DEAN (cont’d)
OK. Thank you

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

He checks the bathroom, the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)
Then, he finds the note on the TV...

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

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

INT. HELLER HOME - EARLY MORNING - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
Cindy picks up the phone with a worried look. Dials.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

BOBBY

Hey.

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

BOBBY (cont’d)

Hey, I’m looking for Dean.

DEAN

Yeah, I’m Dean.

BOBBY

Oh, ok.

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

BOBBY (cont’d)

Your little boy’s gonna call me daddy now.

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

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

INT. HELLER HOME - MORNING. 6 YEARS EARLIER

Sitting atop her bed, Cindy dials a number on the phone, leans back, waiting anxiously for an answer...
INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

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

BOBBY
You fuckin piece of shit, bitch!

TROY
Yeah, fuck him up, little pussy!

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

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

He reaches for the receiver...

INT. CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

A MEDICAL ASSISTANT answers the phone--

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

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

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

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

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

DR. FEINBERG
Alright, I’ll be in in a minute.

Feinberg stops, leans against the wall, shifting gears--
DR. FEINBERG (cont’d)
Oh, hey, you know what I was thinking? I realize it might be hard for you to move the whole family up to Riverdale cause your daughter’s still in school and everything and I thought maybe you get an apartment.

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

DR. FEINBERG (cont’d)
You know, work during the week, drive home on the weekends. Wouldn’t have to worry about being lonely. We could hang out together, get dinner sometimes.

(awkward beat)
Anyway that was not a proposition... it was just... uh...

CINDY
I’m married.

DR. FEINBERG
Just trying to uh... just trying to help.

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

DR. FEINBERG
Yeah, I know, look, anyway, I’ll, uh, see you in a minute.

Feinberg pushes past her and hurries away.

INT. CLINIC - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

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

MIMI
(on phone)
I can’t do that over the phone, I can’t do that over the phone. Hold on one second.

(to Dean)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Sir, could you just fill that out and when you’re done bring it back up to me?

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

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

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

Mimi hangs up the phone.

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

He hands her back the clipboard.

MIMI  
Okay, and who is your wife?

DEAN  
Cynthia.

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

Mimi stands up and walks to the office.

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

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

CINDY (O.S.)  
Who?

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

Cindy hurries to meet Dean at the reception desk.

CINDY  
(to Dean)  
Hi...

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
Oh, there you are.

CINDY
What are you doing here?

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

CINDY
No, just surprised to see you.

DEAN
So this is where the smiles happen. This the smile room? Huh?
   (Cindy starts walking away)
You take off, you leave me, you tell me what’s going on? I was so goddamn worried, I thought something mighta happened to Frankie! I dunno what the hell happened.

CINDY
   (to Mimi)
Meems, can you give me a few?

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

DEAN
You just take off like that?
   (to Mimi)
Yeah, Meems, can you give her a few?
   (back to Cindy)
I don’t know if there’s an emergency...
You’re just gone!

CINDY
Frankie’s fine. Come on, let’s go.

DEAN
Well, good to know.

MIMI
Cindy, I’m here if you need me

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
(to Dean)
Hey, come on, let's go, can you give me a hand with these?

MIMI
Don't let him brainwash you.

Dean turns to Mimi, annoyed--

DEAN
Don't let him brainwash you?

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

CINDY
Can you give me a hand?

Dean follows her outside into the parking lot...

EXT. CLINIC - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

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

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

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

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

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

CINDY
Can you drive?

DEAN
What?

CINDY
I said can you drive?!

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

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
Take the keys, go home.

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

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

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

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

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

CINDY
Just go home!!!

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

Cindy storms inside through the sliding doors...

INT. CLINIC - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

Back inside...

MIMI
(on phone)
I’ll be with you in just one second, okay?

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

MIMI (cont’d)
Are you okay? Is he gone?

(Continued)
CINDY
I fucking hate him.

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

MIMI
(to Dean)
Why don’t you just give her a couple of minutes. NO! Dean you can’t come back here. Dean, you can’t be back here.

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

DEAN
(to Mimi)
It’s okay, you’re okay...

CINDY
I can’t do this, I can’t take this shit.

DEAN
Come outside with me for one minute.

CINDY
I can’t take this shit anymore.

DEAN
Just come outside.

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

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

DEAN
Come outside and talk with me...

CINDY
I’m up to here, I’m done, okay? I’m done!

DEAN
Let’s go outside...

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

(CONTINUED)
Dean enters Cindy’s office, goes to close the door behind them--

DEAN
I’m closing the door.

CINDY
Don’t close the door.

Cindy tries to stop him--

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

CINDY
Mimi...

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

Dean shuts the door. Cindy is furious--

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

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

CINDY
You fuckin asshole...

DEAN
I’m a fuckin asshole?

CINDY
I’m so out of love with you. I’ve got nothing left for you, nothing, nothing. Nothing. There is nothing here for you. I don’t love you...
DEAN
Don’t say stuff you can’t take back.

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

DEAN
I couldn’t drive you crazy unless you loved me...

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

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

DEAN
Are you gonna hit me?

CINDY
That’s why I don’t fucking talk to you.

DEAN
Are you gonna hit me?

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

DEAN
I’m the bad guy?

CINDY
Yeah, asshole!

She pushes him.

DEAN
Okay.

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

DEAN
Don’t say that shit about being a man.

(CONTINUED)
CINDY
I am, I am. I can handle it.

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

CINDY
Yeah, what is that?

DEAN
What does it mean?

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

CINDY
You’re scaring us, you’re scaring us.

DEAN
Don’t say that stuff. “Be a man!” What is that shit?

CINDY
Don’t bully people.

DEAN
I’ll be a man. You want me to be a man?

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Here, is this what men do?

CINDY
Oh, just stop it.

DEAN
I’m a big man!

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

MIMI
Get out.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
Look at me, I’m a big man! I’m being a man!

CINDY
No, I’m the man!

DEAN
Talking doesn’t work, talking doesn’t work...

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

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

FEINBERG
Excuse me! Excuse me!

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

FEINBERG (cont’d)
What are you doing?!

DEAN
I’m being an asshole.

CINDY
Stop!

DEAN
Who are you, by the way?

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

DR. FEINBERG
Hey, take it easy, I’m a doctor, I work here. I’m Dr. Feinberg.

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

DR. FEINBERG
Excuse me?

DEAN
You’re the guy emailing my wife--

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
I’m gonna hit you in five seconds if you don’t get out.

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

DEAN
I’m gonna hit you in five seconds...

DR. FEINBERG
Mimi, call the cops.

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

DR. FEINBERG
Think about your wife, will you?

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

CINDY
You fucking son of a bitch!

DEAN
I’m sorry...

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

DEAN (cont’d)
Just get up. What the fuck’s the matter with you? You got a glass jaw or something? You can’t take one hit? It’s one hit!

MIMI
What’s the matter with you?!
In a daze, Feinberg crashes back onto the floor. Cindy losses it, starts hitting Dean as Mimi struggles to pull Feinberg back up...

CINDY
Oh my God, you fucking son of a bitch!

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

CINDY (cont’d)
I fucking hate you!

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

FEINBERG
That’s enough, you two, break it up.
That’s enough.

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

FEINBERG (cont’d)
Just leave, please! Cindy, would you get out of here? You are done here, get out!

Cindy cries out hysterically as Dean glares at Feinberg--

CINDY
I’m trying to take him! I’m trying to take him!

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)
This is between you and me, motherfucker, don’t you fucking blame her for that shit!

FEINBERG
Yeah, you’re going to jail my friend.

DEAN
I’m going to jail?

(CONTINUED)
Cindy grabs Dean’s wrist, and successfully manages to drag him away...

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

MIMI
Get him the hell out of here!

Dean follows obediently as Cindy pulls him toward the exit.

EXT. CLINIC - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

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

CINDY
Give me the keys.

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

CINDY (cont’d)
I fucking want a divorce!

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

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

CINDY (cont’d)
Where are you going?! What the fuck are you doing!?

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

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

EXT. STREET – DUSK – 6 YEARS EARLIER

Dean walks down the middle of a quiet suburban street, holding flowers in his hand.
INT. HELLER HOME - DAY

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

    DEAN
    Mr. Heller.

    JERRY
    You must be Dean.

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

He points at his beat-up face, jokingly.

    JERRY
    Very funny, come in...

    DEAN
    Thank you.

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

    CINDY
    Let me see, let me see...

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

    CINDY (cont’d)
    Does it hurt?

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
GLENDA
Don’t listen to him.

DEAN
Well, I hope so.

JERRY
You hope so.

DEAN
Yes sir, I mean I’m pretty serious.

Dean takes a bite of spaghetti...

JERRY
What do your folks do, Dean?

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

GLENDA
What does he play?

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

GLENDA
So you don’t see your mother?

DEAN
No I don’t.

GLENDA
Why? Not that it’s my business...

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

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

(CONTINUED)
JERRY
You graduate from high school, Dean?

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

GLENDA
Cindy’s studying, she’s uh...

DEAN
I know.

GLENDA
It’s exciting.

DEAN
She’s about the smartest person I ever met.

(to Cindy)
How’s it going?

CINDY
It’s good.

DEAN
Yeah?

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

DEAN
What’s her name?

CINDY
Professor Comstock.

DEAN
(bursts out laughing)
Comstock!!

JERRY
What’s so funny about that?

(continues)
DEAN
Teachers, they just always have these names you know? It’s never like… I don’t know… They always have these names. Comstock.

CINDY
Is that funny?

GLENDA
What course is that?

CINDY
It’s a biology course.

GLENDA
That’s good.

JERRY
Cindy wants to be a doctor.

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

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

INT. STAIRWELL - LATER
Cindy leads Dean upstairs, towards her bedroom...

INT. CINDY’S ROOM - NIGHT - 6 YEARS EARLIER
Dean and Cindy sit inches apart on her bed...

DEAN
I know I’m not good enough for you.

CINDY
Stop it.

DEAN
It’s true, I’m not.

(CONTINUED)
CINDY

Stop it.

DEAN

Baby, it’s true.

CINDY

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

DEAN

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

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

DEAN (cont’d)

I got you a present. That’s it. Boom!

He holds up a CD.

CINDY

Oh, baby, did you make it?

DEAN

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

Cindy puts the CD in her stereo. Presses play.

“You and Me” by Penny and the Quarter’s begins to play.

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

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

EXT. HELLER HOME - DAY - PRESENT DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
Frankie charges down the walkway, greeting Cindy--

CINDY
Baby! Hi! Look at you.

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

DEAN
Hi.

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

JERRY
Are you OK?

CINDY
I don’t want to talk to you.

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

DEAN
I can't play right now, okay?

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

JERRY
What’s going on, Dean?
(no response from Dean as he goes inside)
Hey, leave her alone...

Dean shuts the front door behind him and locks it.

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

JERRY (cont’d)
Hey! You can't lock me out of my own house! I don’t have my oxygen out here!

INT. HELLER HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - PRESENT DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
You know, it’s not just us, we got a little girl we gotta think about.

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

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

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

CINDY
I am thinking about Frankie.

DEAN
You’re not thinking about Frankie.

CINDY
I am.

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

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

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

CINDY (cont’d)
(crying)
Don’t...

DEAN
(sucking back his tears)
I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. Baby, I’m sorry.

CINDY
I can’t do this anymore!
The look of sheer desperation across Dean’s face...

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

CINDY
I don’t know what to do.

DEAN
Tell me how I should be.

CINDY
I don’t know.

DEAN
Just tell me, I’ll do it, I’ll do it.

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

DEAN
Just tell me and I’ll do it.

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

DEAN
Don’t say that, baby...

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

DEAN
I can stop.

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

CINDY
No!

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

CINDY
No, no, no...

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

CINDY’S ROOM – 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

EXT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE – DAY – 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

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

INT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE – DAY – 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

CINDY
What are you thinking?

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

Dean presses his lips to her hand...

INT. HELLER HOME – VARIOUS – CONTINUOUS – PRESENT DAY

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

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

CINDY
I’m sorry.

(CONTINUED)
DEAN
Now this is my worst, okay this is my worst, but I’m gonna get better. You just got to give me a chance to get better.

INT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

JUSTICE
Come here please. Please face one another...

BACK INT THE KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

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

CINDY
I’m sorry...

DEAN
I love you so much...

INT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER

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

CINDY
I give you this ring...

JUSTICE
As a symbol...

CINDY
As a symbol...

JUSTICE
Of my solemn vow...

CINDY
Of my solemn vow...

JUSTICE
And everlasting love...

CINDY
And everlasting love.

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

Cindy and Dean embrace with a long, deep kiss.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS
Cindy disentangles herself from Dean’s arms, pulling herself away...

DEAN
Baby, baby...

CINDY
You’ve got to just give me some space.

She leaves the kitchen.

INT. MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - 6 YEARS EARLIER
Wiping tears of happiness from their eyes, a youthful, bright looking Cindy and Dean leave the courtroom...

EXT. HELLER HOME - DUSK - PRESENT DAY
Dean walks out the front door, passes Jerry on the porch. He crosses the lawn to the sidewalk.

Fireworks crackle nearby.

JERRY
Hey Frankie, come back!

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

FRANKIE (SCREAMS)
Daddy!

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

DEAN
Frankie, you got to go back, okay?

(CONTINUED)
FRANKIE
Daddy, Daddy!

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

CINDY
Where is she?

JERRY
She ran after Dean...

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

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

FRANKIE
Just come back!

DEAN
You want to race?

FRANKIE
Okay.

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

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

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

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

CINDY
Oh sweetheart, it’s okay, no, no, don’t cry, it’s okay. Who’s my big girl?

FRANKIE
I love him.

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

(CONTINUED)
In the background, Dean fades into the distance.

Fireworks explode in the night sky.

THE END