

# A Blue Ridge Morning

by  
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1 EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA - DAY

1

It is a magic hour sunrise in the gently rolling Piedmonts of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

Amber light glistens across wide open fields as a gentle breeze stirs awake corn, wheat, and hay.

Horses and cattle crazing in a field . . .

Fog hovering over a pond . . .

An unpretentious white clapboard farmhouse with large porch and shuttered windows.

2 INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

2

Nineteen year old CHARLIE sleeps in a single twin bed. He wears white brief underwear, his face is youthful, and a thin patch of hair sprouts from his undeveloped chest.

His room is scarce, modestly decorated with a dresser, mirror, desk, chair, and a picture or two on the wall. A photograph on the dresser shows him as a young boy with parents. His father's grin is painfully affected and his mother, malcontent.

An alarm clock on the dresser reads 5:13 as music blares and an annoying buzzer pulsates loudly, but Charlie doesn't budge.

Charlie's father slips in to arouse him for a day of work. C.F. is in his late fifties, stout, with salt and pepper hair and moustache. Years and hard work show on his face. He gives his son a shake.

C.F.

Charlie.

C.F. reaches over to shut off the alarm and steps on Charlie's jeans laying on the floor. He picks them up and earnestly drapes them on the back of the chair.

C.F. hastily gives the window shade a 'tug-and-release.' It promptly pops open with a little spin at the top, and the bright morning sun immediately engulfs the room.

C.F. (CONT'D)

Come on, son. Up and at 'em!

C.F. WHISTLES REVEILLE.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

As C.F. leaves, Charlie slowly heaves himself up and plants his feet on the floor. He pulls on his jeans, tee shirt, socks, and shoes.

He sarcastically addresses himself in the mirror and tussles his disheveled hair.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Good morning, sunshine.

3 INT. KIDD'S KITCHEN - MORNING

3

C.F. 'burns' a big breakfast of eggs, toast, etc.

COUNTRY MUSIC plays from an old radio in the window as BACON AND EGGS SIZZLE in a large black skillet.

Charlie trudges in and plops in a chair at the table as C.F. plates the food and serves it. He takes a sip of black coffee and reacts 'yuck,' then dumps milk and several large spoonfuls of sugar into his cup.

C.F. sits down at the table with Charlie.

C.F.

You want orange juice?

CHARLIE

No.

C.F. pours it, hands it to Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

C.F.

You want to go after some fish after work?

CHARLIE

I don't care.

C.F. glances at his watch, jumps from the table, scrapes and rinses his dishes, then carefully places them in the dishwasher.

C.F.

Clean up this kitchen before you come down to the store. Don't dawdle around up here.

C.F. rushes.

CHARLIE

Okay.

The front porch screen door SLAMS. Charlie rises and changes the radio to something more youthful. He stands dazed, watching through the window as his father gets in his car and drives off.

Charlie shovels the rest of his breakfast into his mouth, then drops his dishes in the sink without even rinsing.

4 EXT. KIDD'S HOUSE - DAY

4

Charlie bolts from the house then glides onto the seat of his vintage step-side pickup truck, gently pulls close, and latches the door. He slides the key into the ignition and gives it a turn. The engine barely cranks, deteriorates, then altogether dies.

Charlie sits undisturbed for a second, then opens the door, steps out and gives the truck tender nudge. As it starts to roll, he jumps in, shifts into gear, then lets off the clutch. The truck hesitates, lurches, and then engine starts, and he drives off.

5 I/E. CHARLIE'S TRUCK - DAY

5

The truck's engine lulls Charlie as he cruises the bucolic countryside.

A continuous interior/exterior series of shots, Charlie and his truck . . .

A small winding country road. . .

Fields of corn, wheat, and neatly cut/raked hay. . .

Gently flowing river. . .

Open pastures, horses galloping behind whitewashed fences. . .

Small farms with hand built houses and barns . . .

A railroad track . . . Charlie races a train, but the train wins.

As Charlie passes a large open field, he notices a massive, black SUV stopped on the road.

Three men and two women dressed in malodorous business attire stand around as one of the gentlemen expresses and gestures with his hands and waving his arms like a dolt. Another gentleman clumsily opens some plans, dropping half of them into the dirt. Charlie slows the truck, "rubbernecks" for a second, then punches the gas pedal.

6 EXT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

6 \*

A series of establishing shots . . .

At Kidd's General Store, a large ice box and Coke machine reside near the entrance, and a sign above reads "Dalzell's General Merchandise, Established 1921." On either side, two round, Coca Cola signs bleed brownish-red rust stains onto the store's decaying white exterior.

Cars and trucks and their drivers of all sizes, shapes, and backgrounds buzz in and out like bees, buying there coffees, sandwiches, breakfasts as they head for their jobs.

An ICE DELIVERY MAN unloads and stacks bags of ice in the ice box. Charlie pulls in and parks, then helps him.

CHARLIE

Here, let me help you.

ICE DELIVERY MAN

Thanks. So, you got plans for the weekend?

CHARLIE

Nah, mostly work.

7 EXT. ALLISTON HOUSE - DAY

7

Across from the store, an immaculate green lawn, shrubbery, and gardens surround a large, white clapboard house. A matching garage with large sliding doors sits adjacent to the house, and United States flag proudly flies high above. A BMW and a 60's vintage mint condition Pontiac sit in the perfectly paved jet black driveway.

Charlie observes CHLOE, PARENTS, LITTLE BROTHER, and NANNA as they drift out of the house and across the lawn to the BMW.

He strives to comprehend the conversation, but only hears bits and pieces of a murmur. Chloe reluctantly hugs her parents and brother, then quickly disengages as they dash into the car and abandon her.

Chloe and Nanna watch the BMW depart, and as the car gets out of sight, the two turn and retreat to the house. As they walk, Nanna consoles Chloe, putting her arm around, pulling her closer. Chloe recoils, then surrenders, resting her head on Nanna's shoulder.

The delivery man glances over and discovers what Charlie's been eyeing. He gives Charlie a gentle slap on the shoulder.

ICE DELIVERY MAN

Show's over.

He holds out a receipt book and Charlie signs it.

ICE DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

15 five pound bags, 9 twenty pound  
bags.

The ice man tears off a receipt and hands it to Charlie.

A mellow gray Ford LTD falters in and settles in front of the gasoline pumps. As the car's tires cross a black cable laying across the pavement, a DING DING is heard in the store.

Charlie's slow and meandering grandfather, POP POP, with thinning white hair and a ruddy complexion hoists himself out of the relic and teeters to the pump.

A numeral "1" has been pasted next to the price per gallon meter on the obsolete pumps. Pop Pop rotates the silver crank on the pump's side. The pump clicks and whirs as the numbers on the pump reset to zero. He tussles with the gas cap and nozzle, then maneuvers it into the gas tank and begins dispensing gasoline.

As the ice truck drives away, Charlie steps to his grandfather.

CHARLIE

G'morning Pop Pop.

Pop Pop hesitates,

Then squints to see who it is.

POP-POP

Oh, hey.

Pop Pop removes the gasoline nozzle and hangs it back on the pump, then strolls towards the store.

Charlie reaches over and replaces the gas cap that Pop Pop forgot to replace, then follows him in.

8 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

8

Food, canned goods, snacks, drinks, milk, butter, cheese, eggs, meat . . .

Tools, hardware, axes, hammers, screw drivers, pliers, 2, 4, 6, and 8 penny nails, regular and phillips head screws, lag bolts, hinges, plumbing supplies, 'you name it, we got it, and we make keys too.'

Miscellaneous knick-knacks, pocket knives, watches, cheap sunglasses, handkerchiefs, socks and underwear, toys, playing cards, fishing supplies, and you can buy a permit to hunt. .

Aspirin, antacid, lip balm, soap, condoms, shampoo, laundry detergent, cigarettes, beer, lottery tickets, and lots of other unimaginable 'stuff,' . . . squeezed, wedged, pinched, and forced the modest store's 1,000 square feet.

Framed sepia photographs hung on the walls tell the store's history. A large gun safety poster warns "Never Point Your Gun At Anything You Don't Intend To Kill."

ZELDA HENDERSHOT, an attractive black woman in her fifties with slivers of silver in her hair bags items and takes money from customers. As she rings them up on an old mechanical cash register, the machine makes a ding and the cash drawer pops open.

C.F., wearing "half" reading glasses on a rope, stands behind the counter tying a fishing fly.

SHERIFF CLATTERBUCK, late sixties, dressed in a khaki uniform loafers against a drink box sipping coffee. A daunting glass eye galvanizes his cantankerous disposition and a revolver snoozes in the lazily slung gun belt drooping around his waist.

Pop Pop enters, Charlie close behind.

ZELDA

Well, there's my sunshine!

CHARLIE

Good morning.

POP POP

She's talking to me!

Amused, Zelda gives a little chuckle.

ZELDA

I love it when men fight over me.

Pop Pop reaches for a paper cup and the coffee pot. Not seeing that the coffee isn't finished brewing, he nearly burns himself.

Hot coffee spills onto the burner, making a STEAMING HISS.

Seeing that Pop Pop is flustered, Charlie rushes to rescue his grandfather from getting burned.

CHARLIE

Wait, it's not ready yet.

He gently takes the coffee pot from his hand and replaces it on the burner.

He wipes down the coffee machine dumps the grounds and brews a new pot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it.

C.F.

Charlie, I need you.

Charlie steps over to where his father is tying his fishing fly.

C.F. (CONT'D)

Hold this taut while I tie it.

Charlie does his best to secure the thread, but it doesn't quite work and the fly fouls, agitating and frustrating C.F.

C.F. (CONT'D)

Goddamnit!

C.F. broods and Charlie withdraws, dispirited by his father's disappointment.

Pop Pop pours himself a cup of coffee, then turns to chat with sheriff Clatterbuck.

POP POP

Whatcha know good?

SHERIFF CLATTERBUCK

Horn honking morons. Down near the new shopping center. They're talking about putting another traffic light in.

POP POP

Is that right?

Chloe enters and shops from a list jotted on a small piece of paper. Everyone stops and stares as she clumsily gathers in her arms, milk, bread, a few canned items, and some laundry detergent.

She is sixteen, cute, dressed in stylish "artsy" city clothes, has short, nicely cut, black hair, and a androgynous, yet cute face and perfect teeth. Charlie picks up the price marker which becomes jammed as he nervously fiddles with the mechanism.

He tries not to even glance at Chloe, but can't help noticing her smooth pale skin, teeth, and a small silver ring pierced in her nose.

Zelda observes Charlie as he restrains his interest in Chloe. Zelda "sneaks" up on him, grabs the price marker out of his hands, startling Charlie back into the moment.

ZELDA  
(To Charlie) Clean up on aisle  
seventeen.

She fixes the price marker, hands it back to Charlie, then returns to her spot behind the register.

C.F.  
Pop Pop, you already poured a cup.

Pop Pop pours yet another cup of coffee.

Pop Pop puts the second coffee on the counter.

Chloe clumsily takes her groceries to Zelda who rings her up, takes her money, and bags her groceries.

ZELDA  
Fourteen seventy three.

CHLOE  
Charge it to my grandmother's account,  
please. Alliston.

Zelda thumbs through the file of accounts and audits the Alliston slip.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Oh, Camel filter-less, please.

Zelda gives her a "are you even old enough?" Look.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Their for my grandma.

ZELDA  
Your grandma smokes Kool menthol.

Zelda tosses the cigarettes to the counter. Chloe drops them into her bag and exits.

ZELDA (CONT'D)  
Have a nice day.

Chloe walks out with the brown paper sack in her arms. As she turns from Zelda, she shoots back a "smartass-f-you" look.

C.F. picks up a fat stack of mail and removes the heavy rubber band holding it together. He thumbs through envelopes and junk mail, a few catalogues, fishing magazine, Etc.

C.F.

Junk, junk, bill, County of Albemarle,  
junk, Environmental Protection Agency,  
Virginia Department of Taxation, and  
even more junk. Boy there's lots  
going on around here. All these new  
stores opening up. Autumn Gardens. .  
. Independent senior living . . .  
here ya go, Hugh.

C.F. hands Pop Pop an assisted living brochure.

POP POP

What the hell is that?

C.F.

It's where they send old people.

ZELDA

Never mind.

C.F. laughs at his little joke.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

C.F., that's just plain facetious.

Pop Pop shows off some boxing moves.

POP POP

Old people? I can still put you down  
on the floor, and right quick!

Charlie takes empty boxes back to the store room and returns with several cases of drinks in wooden crates. As he makes his way through the store, the bottles CLANK in against the wooden cases.

As he exits, Sheriff Clatterbuck holds the door.

9 EXT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

9

Charlie finds Chloe leaning against the ice machine, smoking a cigarette.

CHARLIE

Those things will kill ya, you know?

CHLOE

Yeah, it says so right on the box.

Charlie puts the drinks crates on the ground, takes out the key to the Coke machine, turns the lock, opens the door, and begins to stock bottles in the machine.

CHARLIE  
I'm Charlie.

CHLOE  
Chloe.

CHARLIE  
How's it going?

CHLOE  
Okay.

As they chat, Charlie continues stacking drinks in the rack. The bottles make a CLANK CLANK as he loads them in.

CHARLIE  
I've never seen you here before.

CHLOE  
(motioning across the street)  
I'm staying with my grandmother across the road.

CHARLIE  
I saw you earlier.

CHLOE  
My parents, they're punishing me.

Amused and curious, Charlie nervously chuckles, then pauses from his task, giving Chloe a 'what did you do?' Look.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
I got into a little trouble.

Charlie extracts a cold drink from the machine, opens it, and offers it to Chloe.

CHARLIE  
Here. (Beat) Troublemaker.

She looks down at the drink, hesitates, then takes it from him.

CHLOE  
(unappreciative)  
Thanks.

Charlie removes and empties the change and bottle cap boxes then stacks the wooden drink racks.

Zelda TAPS three times on the window getting Charlie's attention. Charlie and Chloe pretend to ignore her.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the coke.

CHARLIE

Sure.

Charlie closes and locks the drink machine door as Chloe throws down her cigarette, rubs it out with her foot then walks towards her grandmother's house.

Charlie stands gazing at her with drink crates in his arms, but is brought back to the moment with TAP TAP TAP TAP at the window.

He turns to see Zelda's "let's get moving" big eyed stare.

He walks back into the store.

10 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

10

As Charlie enters, he continues ignoring Zelda's "lecturing look."

ZELDA

Uh huh.

POP POP

Give me one of 'em lottery tickets,  
the scratch kind, and a Red Man.

Zelda tears off a lottery ticket and hands it to Pop Pop as C.F. Tosses a package of chewing tobacco on to the counter.

Charlie cleans up the coffee area, then begins stocking shelves. He picks up a price marker to CLICK-CLICK-SNAP stamp merchandise and stock the shelves.

Pop Pop leans in just a few inches from the lottery ticket as he meticulously scratches the ticket with a quarter on the counter.

Pop Pop looks closely at the ticket, but can't read it.

POP POP (CONT'D)

Charlie, did I win anything? I can't  
see this thing.

Charlie takes the ticket from Pop Pop and looks at it, then hands it back.

CHARLIE

Sorry, you're not a millionaire today.

Pop Pop tears the ticket in half, putting it in his pocket.

Pop Pop pours a third cup of coffee and puts it on the counter.

C.F.

What would you do with a million dollars?

POP POP

I'd buy you that Cadillac you're always talking about. How much do I owe ya miz Zelda?

ZELDA

I'll put it on your account.

Pop Pop pays Zelda, puts the tobacco in his pocket, and turns to walk out.

Pop Pop catches a glimpse, but doesn't seem to recognize himself in a shiny surface. He straightens his bow tie and addresses himself in a sad, gentle, tempered voice.

POP POP

Good morning to ya.

Everyone in becomes quiet, not knowing what to say.

POP POP (CONT'D)

Welcome to Greetie's, the supermart  
...

Pop Pops voice fades as he realizes he can't remember the rest of his line.

Charlie helps him out.

CHARLIE

Supermart. . . Here are today's super deals!

Pop Pop looks over at Charlie.

POP POP

Oh yeah, that's it.

Zelda disrupts the melancholy moment.

ZELDA

Pop Pop, you look so cute in your uniform.

Pop Pop's frown disintegrates from his face, replaced by the warmth of his grin as he hears her words.

Pop Pop ambles out of the store and holds the door open for a YUPPIE WOMAN.

POP POP  
(Holds the door)  
Good morning, pretty lady.

YUPPIE WOMAN  
Hello, hayseed.

Dressed in a black business suit, she struts in as if she owns the place.

YUPPIE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm looking for Grand Cove Estates.  
My husband has this idea that we can  
live around here.

CHARLIE  
That's that new place. Continue on,  
the road bears right, just past that  
new shopping center.

A loud CRASH is heard outside. They all look out and see that Pop Pop has backed his car into the side of her BMW.

Zelda looks out.

YUPPIE WOMAN  
My car!

She runs out of the store, followed by C.F., Charlie, and Sheriff Clatterbuck.

11 EXT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

11

She's furious to see the damage.

YUPPIE WOMAN  
Old man!

SHERIFF CLATTERBUCK  
Ma'am, please calm down.

C.F.  
Pop Pop, what happened?

POP POP  
I thought I had it in first.

YUPPIE WOMAN  
This is an eighty five thousand dollar  
car.

SHERIFF CLATTERBUCK  
That's enough. Exchange insurance  
info, and take care of it.

The yuppie woman gets her information out of the car. Pop  
Pop takes out his wallet, hands his license to the sheriff.

SHERIFF CLATTERBUCK (CONT'D)  
Hugh, your license has been expired  
for two years.

POP POP  
You gonna arrest me sheriff?

YUPPIE WOMAN  
Yes!

POP POP  
Nobody's getting arrested today.

YUPPIE WOMAN  
Country bumpkins. Just forget about  
it. I'll take care of it myself.

The woman jumps in her car and tears off.

SHERIFF CLATTERBUCK  
Pop Pop, you can't be on the road  
with an expired license.

C.F.  
Charlie, why don't you drive your  
grandfather to work.

CHARLIE  
C'mon Pop Pop.

Pop Pop gets in Charlie's truck with him, and the two drive  
off.

12 I/E. CHARLIE'S TRUCK - DAY

12

Charlie and Pop Pop travel through newly finished developments  
and immense, abhorrent shopping centers.

Hefty, yet paltry houses stuffed and crammed together in  
culs-de-sac with overpriced cars and selfish SUVs boasting  
in the driveways. . .

Pop Pop surveys massive machinery pushing and mutilating the  
treeless muddy red landscapes . . .

POP POP  
Mules.  
(MORE)

POP POP (CONT'D)

(beat)

We plowed these fields with mules.

The two approach the new shopping center, and traffic is slowed to an inching crawl. At a stoplight, a police officer attempts controlling the multitude. Charlie and Pop Pop inch forward.

CHARLIE

We can take a short cut.

Charlie pulls away from the line they are stuck in and drives - to the next road and turns in.

At a stop sign, he makes another turn, then another.

They see the yuppie woman's car parked in the drive of a large, ostentatious house. She and a couple of people inspect the car's damage. Charlie recognizes, they are the same men he saw on the road earlier as he drove to work.

They pass through more culs-de-sac and more stop signs.

The environs blanket Charlie and Pop Pop with confusion, loss, and sadness.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I think I can get us out of this.

Charlie makes a turn, and they are suddenly trapped in a dead end.

Charlie turns the truck around, and they make more turns.

The two have backtracked and arrived where they began.

Worry and despair overcome Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sorry Pop Pop.

Pop Pop senses Charlie's feelings and comforts him.

POP POP

Charlie, this is not your fault.

Charlie negotiates back into the line of traffic. The light turns green, but a Mercedes creeps out beyond their red light, blocking the entire intersection.

Charlie finally maneuvers his truck through the crowded parking lot to the front door of the store.

The lot is full of the same big expensive cars and SUVs that litter nearby neighborhoods.

A SECURITY OFFICER waves Charlie to keep moving as he stops to let Pop Pop out.

CHARLIE

There ya go.

POP POP

Thanks Charlie.

Looking as if he has lost his best friend, Pop Pop gets out of the truck before Charlie sees the hurt in his face. Charlie watches Pop Pop walk away from him, not turning back to see.

The security officer WRAPS ON THE HOOD of Charlie's truck with his knuckle.

SECURITY OFFICER

C'mon Haas, you're holding up progress here.

CHARLIE

(To himself) Whatever.

(Beat)

Haas.

As Charlie begins to drive away from the Greetie-Mart, the truck stalls, and then won't turn over.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Not now.

The security officer comes over to the driver side window.

SECURITY OFFICER

What's the deal?

CHARLIE

Sorry, the battery's a problem.

Charlie steps out of the truck and raises the hood.

The security officer calls on the radio for some help.

SECURITY OFFICER

10-22, 10-99, officer 0307, I have a stalled vehicle, requesting assistance, main entrance at Greetie's.

A security truck arrives. They open the hood, take out jumper cables, hook up the battery terminals.

The Charlie reaches in and starts the truck.

They disconnect the battery cables and close the hoods.

Charlie gives the truck a good rev, then drives off.

14 EXT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY 14

Charlie drives in to the lot, shuts off the engine, and watches a man unload crates of beer from a truck. The man carefully tilts back the dolly and rolls it towards the store's door.

Charlie jumps out of the truck and hurries into the store.

15 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY 15

Charlie moves the crates of beer to the back room, leaving some out to stock the cooler.

The delivery driver hands his delivery book to Zelda who signs it. The man tears off the receipt and leaves the store with his hand-truck.

Charlie rotates out cold beer and places warm ones in the rear.

He is meticulous in the arrangement and uses Windex and paper towels to keep the cooler spotless.

16 INT. BACK ROOM - DAY 16

C.F. sits at his desk, working at a computer. He looks at charts and graphs on-line, electronic ledgers, etc.

His desk is a little messy - Books, papers, pamphlets, etc., shoved haphazardly into various slots.

C.F. makes a mess of his computer and becomes frustrated.

C.F.

Goddamnit!

(beat)

Charlie, can you help me for a second?

Charlie walks in from the front of the store.

C.F.

I've made a mess out of this.

Charlie comes around to his dad's side and leans in to look at the computer.

Charlie pulls up a chair, sits and contemplates the computer screen.

CHARLIE

Right here.

Charlie takes the mouse and makes a couple of clicks.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is the wrong one.

He makes a few more clicks.

C.F.

How do you know all of this?

Charlie is happy that his father notices his skill.

CHARLIE

From messing around with it, I guess.

Charlie is working so fast, that C.F. has no idea what is going on.

C.F.

I'm going in here.

C.F. picks up a fly fishing magazine from his desk and walks away.

Charlie begins to see, his dad has been "crunching numbers" on the store. There are various scenarios, projections, and long term business plans showing a healthy profit for the store.

The TELEPHONE RINGS, and Zelda answers.

The Zelda's tone is familiar and warm.

ZELDA (O.S.)

Kidd's Groceries. (Beat)

Girrrrli Just fine. (Beat)

Sure.

No problem. Okay.

Charlie sees, picks up, and reads through some papers and brochures on modern gas pumps, renovation ideas, marketing ideas for the store.

Zelda hangs up and calls to Charlie.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

Charlie.

CHARLIE

Yeah?

ZELDA

Mrs. Alliston's got some chores when you get a chance.

CHARLIE

(smiles to himself)

I'll go get it out of the way now.

He finishes with the computer and heads out.

17 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER 17

As Charlie walks by, Zelda shoots him a "you stay away from her" look.

He attempts to ignore her, then walks out of the store.

18 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY 18

Zelda cleans up the cups of coffee Pop Pop left behind.

The bell rings, DING DING.

The sound annoys Zelda.

The bell rings again. DING.

The bell rings, yet again. DING DING.

Annoyed, Zelda looks out and sees LESLIE ASHMORE and ANDREW MCDONALD.

ZELDA

(to herself)

Give it a break.

The two men enter the store.

LESLIE ASHMORE

Good morning.

ZELDA

(looking at her watch)

May I help you?

McDonald browses the tiny store as Ashmore talks with Zelda

LESLIE ASHMORE

Mr. Kidd around?

ZELDA

He's in the back, hold on.

Zelda takes time making her way across the store, then pushes open the door to the back room and calls out to C.F. She stands half-way between the two rooms, keeping a suspicious eye on McDonald and Ashmore.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

C.F., you've got a couple of visitors.

She turns back to watch Ashmore pick up and inspect almost every tiny item on the shelves. McDonald stands with his arms crossed, aloof, off in his own little world. C.F. doesn't answer, but a light shines from beneath the bathroom door.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

C.F.?

Zelda finally walks over, gives the door a couple of HARD KNOCKS.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

C.F., you in there?

From behind the bathroom door, C.F. answers in a muffled voice.

C.F.

Goddamnit to hell, can't I have a moment to myself?

Zelda grins, nearly chuckling.

ZELDA

Watch your mouth! You've got visitors.

C.F.

Goddamnit, what do they want?

ZELDA

Watch your mouth, I don't know what they want.

C.F.

Oh for chrissake, I'll be right out.

From behind the door, the COMMODORE FLUSHES.

Zelda turns, still grinning and pushes through the door back into the store.

ZELDA

Mr. Kidd is busy in the back office, but he'll be right with you.

C.F. walks out of the back with the Fly Fishing magazine he's been reading in the bathroom.

C.F.  
Gentleman. What can I do for you today?

LESLIE ASHMORE  
Hi Mr. Kidd, Leslie Ashmore. This is my associate Andrew McDonald.

C.F. shakes their hands.

C.F.  
C.F. Kidd. What can I do for you?

ANDREW MCDONALD  
We represent "New City Builders." We help people build their dreams.

Zelda watches and listens from behind the cash register. McDonald takes out some illustrations of development ideas. Big, boring, ugly houses on bulldozed, flat landscapes.

LESLIE ASHMORE  
Take a look at this Mr. Kidd.

Ashmore hands the drawings and photographs to C.F. How would you like to have a house like this?

C.F.  
Not bad looking. Lots of space, huh?

ZELDA  
That is one ugly house.

C.F.  
(to Zelda)  
You are so nosy.

ANDREW MCDONALD  
Twenty two hundred and sixty six square feet of luxury.

ZELDA  
Twenty two hundred and sixty six square feet of house work.

C.F.  
Zelda!

LESLIE ASHMORE  
And a garage for that big dream car you've always wanted.

C.F.

A Cadillac. That's my dream car.

Disgusted, Zelda rolls her eyes, shaking her head . . . 'now I think I've just about heard it all.'

C.F. (CONT'D)

Zelda, don't you have something else to do?

Zelda walks to the back room in a 'huff.'

C.F. (CONT'D)

Well, that's all very pretty, I'm not exactly in the market for all of that. If I hit the lottery this week, that would be a different story.

LESLIE ASHMORE

That's where we come in. Your land, according to county records . . . about four hundred acres, right?

C.F.

Four hundred and sixty four, to be exact.

ANDREW MCDONALD

Mr. Kidd, may I call you C.F.? Land is a commodity. The land around here is hot. You know Mr. Fatchette?

C.F.

Yeah, he's been a customer here for many years.

ANDREW MCDONALD

His land sold for just over six-thousand dollars per acre. A bidding war. At 143 acres, he's a wealthy man.

LESLIE ASHMORE

Let me do some math for you. Four hundred and sixty four times six thousand That's more that two and three quarter million dollars.

C.F.

Now that's real money, isn't it? That's better than buying lottery tickets, huh?

ANDREW MCDONALD

Mr. Kidd, you have in fact won the lottery.

Ashmore uncomfortably laughs.

No one else is amused by his uptight humor.

LESLIE ASHMORE

Here are some contracts. Do you have a lawyer?

C.F.

Yes, of course.

LESLIE ASHMORE

We'd like to make you an offer. Have him look over these, and give us a call when you are ready.

ANDREW MCDONALD

Look, Mr. Kidd, you can't wait around with this. You should call him right now. These types of deals don't just hang around, and we're making offers to several people.

LESLIE ASHMORE

He's right, don't let the opportunity slip you by. Don't do something you'll regret later.

C.F.

Maybe I'll give it some thought.

Ashmore picks up the fishing reel sitting on the counter.

LESLIE ASHMORE

You can do a lot of fishing with two million dollars.

Ashmore and McDonald turn to leave, as Mr. Kidd contemplates what they've said.

C.F. watches them exit, then begins reading through the papers.

ZELDA

You're not really going to consider this are you?

(beat)

What's Charlie going to say about this?

C.F.

Two million dollars. They're offering two million dollars.

ZELDA

This a family matter. Remember what whats-his-name said, don't do something you'll regret.

C.F.

Oh for god sakes, you're such a nosey nag.

ZELDA

Don't say I didn't warn you. What would Sarah say?

C.F.

She's not even here, I don't want to hear it.

ZELDA

C.F., this was her family farm and business. Her mother and father gave to the both of you, and Charlie is your son.

C.F.

What are you talking about? This is my farm, my business. My business. It's my decision, not Charlie's, and not yours.

ZELDA

Yeah. It is your decision. But you remember this. The decisions you make effect everyone around you.

C.F.

End of conversation.

Completely confronts C.F.

ZELDA

You are being very selfish. C.F., get back over here.

C.F.

What? Just who the hell do think you are?

ZELDA

I am tired of you walking away from me . . .

C.F.  
Walking away from you?

ZELDA  
. . . Walking away from your son,  
from your problems.

C.F.  
When did I ever say "I Do" to you?

ZELDA  
I'm telling you, this is going to be  
trouble for you. (Beat) That's right  
walk away. You're going to regret  
this.

C.F. stomps out of the store. Sadness blankets Zelda as she watches him exit, then hears him start up his car and speed out of the parking lot.

19 EXT. ALLISTON HOUSE - DAY

19

As Charlie pitches and leans his weight into the large garage door, its rusty rollers turn as it slowly slides open. He steps in, looking around at the neglected interior.

He sees rusted tools, machinery, expended paint cans, a ladder, a bicycle, and other miscellaneous decayed, dusty items accumulated over the years.

He removes some items blocking the lawn mower, rolls it out and inspects the gasoline level. He finds a red gas can, begins to fill the mower's tank. He struggles to start the mower, occasionally glancing to see Chloe.

He fiddles with the carburetor, and after a few pulls, it finally starts.

Charlie walks behind mower. It is hot and he is sweaty.

Charlie is in the garden digging up weeds. He is now sweaty and muddy red.

Charlie uses his tee shirt sleeve to wipe sweat from his face.

Chloe spies on him from the porch.

Charlie glances, but pretends not to see her.

He is now hot, sweaty, and muddy red as he puts the tools and machinery away.

20 INT. GREETIE'S SUPER-MART ENTRANCE - DAY

20

The Greetie's Super-Mart is big, bright, and noisy. People of all sizes and shapes work, shop, and browse the massive super-store.

C.F. enters and sees Pop Pop handing out fliers and greeting customers as they enter.

POP POP  
Welcome to Greeties.

(beat)  
Good morning to ya.

C.F. approaches Pop Pop.

C.F.  
Hey Hugh.

Pop Pop hands C.F. a flier.

POP POP  
Good morning, sir. Here, you need a shopping cart.

Pop Pop doesn't seem to know C.F.

C.F.  
Sure, thanks.

C.F. slowly pushes the cart away from Pop Pop, not sure what to think. He turns back to see the SUPER-MART MANAGER admonish Pop Pop. The manager is young, overweight, late twenties. He wears too-tight stretch trousers and a white shirt with a too-short clip-on tie.

SUPER-MART MANAGER  
Mr. Dalzelle, you've got to smile.  
Be a little happier and friendlier  
to people, got it?

Pop Pop tries to do his job, but seems completely distracted.

POP POP  
Yes sir, Mr. Fatchette, I'm doing my best.

SUPER-MART MANAGER  
Look, just pay more attention to what you're doing.

The manager turns his attention elsewhere and his clip on tie falls to the floor. He picks it up and clips it back on.

INT. GREETIE'S SUPER-MART - DAY

C.F. walks around the store, looking around with amazement.

Food, tools, candy, hardware, furniture, computers, medication, books, CD's clothing, shoes, toiletries, soap, groceries - All in bulk. Rows and rows of stacks.

Free samples of food.

C.F. picks up laundry soap, big bags of dog food, other bulk non-sense.

21 INT. CANDY AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

21

As C.F. passes through a candy aisle, a FOUR YEAR OLD girl has a temper tantrum. She screams as her MOTHER, a little dumpy, wearing too-tight clothes attempts to juggle a baby and calm the four-year-old.

FOUR YEAR OLD  
But you said I could!

She angrily smacks the child in the rear, causing even louder screams.

C.F. stoops over with his hands on his knees and addresses the child.

C.F.  
Hey hey hey, that's no way for a young lady to act.

C.F. looks up at the mother, then back to the little girl.

The child stops screaming and picks up a chocolate bar and holds it up to show C.F.

C.F. (CONT'D)  
That's my favorite too.

C.F. stands and takes a dollar from his pocket and gives to the girl.

C.F. (CONT'D)  
I hate to see a pretty girl cry.

The little girl reluctantly takes the dollar bill from C.F.

MOTHER  
What do you say?

FOUR YEAR OLD  
Thank you.

Relieved, but clueless, the mother and her children walk away, turning back to smile at C.F.

MOTHER

Thanks.

22 INT. ENTERTAINMENT/ELECTRONIC DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 22

Bins of CD's, DVD'S, computer games, televisions, iPods, cell phones, etc.

A HIP-HOP TEEN wearing baggy jeans and lots of bling and a do-rag thumbs through CD's, scanning them and listening to tracks.

C.F. picks up a Patsy Cline C.D., puts on head phones, and gives it a listen.

23 INT. SPORTING GOODS DEPARTMENT - DAY 23

C.F. looks through all of the fishing supplies, picking up and playing with several rods and reels. He finally selects a fly reel and a handful of other supplies for fishing . . . hooks, bait, line, etc.

He browses boating goods, books, electronics, and other outdoor paraphernalia.

24 INT. GREETIE'S SUPER-MART CHECKOUT - DAY 24

C.F. makes his way to the check-out with a shopping cart filled to the brim with "stuff."

After checking out, he starts to leave the store, but Pop Pop sees him.

POP POP

C.F., I didn't see ya come in.

C.F.

Yeah, I wanted to come by, check out the new store.

POP POP

It looks like you're getting stocked up for the winter.

C.F.

Yeah, just a few things I needed.

As customers enter the store, Pop Pop pauses from his conversation with C.F. to greet them. He hands them a flier and helps them with a shopping cart.

POP POP  
Welcome to Greetie's.

Pop Pop nervously looks over to see if the manager is watching him talking with C.F.

C.F.  
I won't keep you.

POP POP  
It's pretty busy today.

C.F.  
Maybe I'll see ya a little later  
this evening.

POP POP  
Take care of yourself, ya hear?

C.F. struggles to push the heavy cart out of the store. Pop Pop watches with sadness as C.F. pushes the cart towards the exit. C.F. turns to look back, and as the two lock eyes, Pop Pop smiles and they give one last wave.

25 I/E. ALLISTON HOUSE - DAY

25

Charlie stands at the kitchen door and knocks. Nanna comes to the door and lets him in.

NANNA  
Hey Charlie, all finished?

CHARLIE  
Of course.

26 INT. ALLISTON HOUSE - DAY

26

The Alliston house is filled with vintage, dark furniture, drapes, etc. The walls are painted in fifties style colors, and the floors covered in old vinyl, as if no work has been done in 50 years.

Though the house is decorated in such a dated style, Chloe's grandmother has kept it in immaculate condition.

NANNA  
Come on in, have a lemonade.

Nanna opens the door of a vintage refrigerator and takes out a glass pitcher of lemonade.

She opens the cupboard, takes out some glasses, pours one for Charlie.

NANNA (CONT'D)

There ya go.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

NANNA

(Calls out) Chloe.

Chloe comes into the kitchen where Charlie is sitting having a cold drink.

NANNA (CONT'D)

Chloe, this is Charlie. He helps me out around here.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah, you came to the store earlier.

NANNA

Chloe's staying with me for the rest of the summer. (Beat) I was wondering if you would clean up that old bike in the garage for her.

Embarrassed by her Nanna's words, Chloe becomes angry, then offensive.

CHLOE

Nanna! (Beat) What am I going to do with a dirty old bike?

NANNA

You just want to mope around here all summer or go out and have fun?

Chloe rolls her eyes.

CHLOE

A bicycle. Can't I drive your car?

NANNA

For you, a 1966 Schwinn 2 speed.

CHLOE

Two speeds?

NANNA

Go and stop.

Chloe folds her arms and retreats from Charlie and Nanna.

27 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

27

C.F. clumsily pushes into the store with his arms overloaded with "swag."

C.F.  
Zelda, they got everything over there.

He drops the armload onto the floor and cleans out his pockets onto the counter top - wallet, keys, change, lint, and a very long sales receipt.

Zelda stands staring in disbelief.

C.F. (CONT'D)  
I wanted to check on Hugh . . . see  
how he was.

Zelda picks up the sales receipt sitting on the counter.

ZELDA  
Four hundred and seventy-five dollars?

C.F. quickly snatches slip from Zelda, rolls it up, and shoves it back into his pocket.

He picks up his new fly rod and reel plays with it and as he pretends to cast and retrieve, counts the rhythm.

C.F.  
10 o'clock, 12 o'clock, 9 o'clock, 3  
o'clock.

ZELDA  
Well?

C.F.  
Well what? 10 o'clock, 12 o'clock, 9  
o'clock, 3 o'clock.

ZELDA  
How's Pop Pop?

C.F.  
10 o'clock, 12 o'clock, 9 o'clock, 3  
o'clock.

C.F.'s excitement over his new toy deflates. He becomes childlike. . . he stops pretending to cast and retrieve, and closely inspects the reel as he contemplates his answer.

C.F. (CONT'D)  
It's the perfect job for him. He  
loves people. . . Seems to really  
enjoy it over there.

C.F. finally takes his eyes off of the reel and looks to Zelda. Zelda stands looking at C.F. with misgivings. C.F. becomes defensive to her body language.

ZELDA

I can see it now. You, me Pop Pop, Charlie, all working at that Goddamned store. (Long beat) Handing him that assisted living brochure. You think that was funny?

C.F. becomes uncomfortable with Zelda's statement and quickly changes the subject.

C.F.

Zelda, in all these years we've been friends, you've never taken the Lord's name in vain.

ZELDA

(looking up to heaven)  
Forgive me.

C.F.

That's okay.

ZELDA

I wasn't asking YOUR forgiveness.

Zelda walks off to the back room.

C.F. stands looking at his reel and rod like a shamed child.

28 EXT. POND - EVENING

28

Golden sun nears the horizon as Charlie and C.F. stand on a pier that pushes about 20 feet out into a serene pond. Lily pads, cattails, and other vegetation grow along the water's edge. TREE FROGS, BULL FROGS, and CICADAS begin making their evening calls as crickets, flies, and insects buzz about. An occasional fish breaks the water's glasslike surface as it snatches its dinner from above. Charlie and his dad are decked out in their fishing gear . . . hats filled with fishing lures, homemade flies, various hooks, etc.

Fly rods and reels - C.F. with his newest purchase from the day.

Charlie removes his hat, and carefully takes out his selection, holding it up for his father's approval.

The two have entered into a duel of fishing skill.

As Charlie ties his fly onto his line, a dragonfly lands on his rod. He is careful not to disturb it.

The dragonfly takes off after a few seconds.

C.F. begins to cast his fly in a gentle casting motion.

Charlie watches for a second, then begins his casting too. The two seem in their own private world as they fish.

C.F. looks over to watch Charlie cast and retrieve.

C.F.  
Son, your pulling it off the water  
too fast.

Charlie begins retrieving the cast a little slower.

C.F. looks over again and sees that Charlie's casting has become clumsy and unrhythmic.

C.F. (CONT'D)  
10 o'clock, 12 o'clock, 9 o'clock, 3  
o'clock. 10 o'clock, 12 o'clock, 9  
o'clock, 3 o'clock.

Charlie realizes his father doesn't approve of the way he is fishing. He just stops and reels in the line, setting the rod down on the pier.

Clueless of Charlie's action, C.F. continues his fishing.

After a few seconds, Charlie picks up the reel and begins to cast and retrieve again.

His previous contentness has seemingly faded.

Charlie catches C.F. watching him again and stops his casting.

Charlie re-reels in his fishing line and sits on the pier. He pulls his knees up to his chin and holds them there.

C.F. continues fishing.

Charlie's anger visibly builds as he sits.

C.F. finally acknowledges Charlie's emotional state, stops his fishing and looks at Charlie.

C.F. (CONT'D)  
I'm just trying to teach you the  
right way.

Charlie jumps up, grabs his fishing gear and walks away from his dad.

C.F. resumes fishing as Charlie walks away.

29 EXT. KIDD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

29

Sounds of TREE FROGS AND CRICKETS fill the night air as C.F. stands at a table in the back yard cleaning his catch of the day . . . five skinny little sun perch, almost too small not to throw back.

He looks up and sees Charlie watching.

C.F.

I was getting worried.

Charlie holds up three very fat large mouth bass.

C.F. (CONT'D)

Why don't you get those cleaned up.

C.F. walks into the house, wiping his hands on a rag.

Charlie's excitement deflates and he lowers the string of fish to his side.

30 EXT. ALLISTON GARAGE - MORNING

30

The morning is bright and warm as Chloe struggles to open her grandmother's garage door. She's wearing short shorts, revealing tank top, and a small knapsack on her back.

She looks around in disgust, then carefully steps around the junk to the dirty old bicycle. She finds a rag, wipes it off a bit, then carefully maneuvers it outside, laying over in the driveway.

She closes the door, then struggles to push the bike with its flat tires.

31 EXT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - MORNING

31

Chloe settles the bike against the store, untangles the rubber air hose and attempts inflating the tires. As she begins pumping, the compressor regulator DINGS and CLICKS.

C.F.

Easy does it, you'll pop the tires.

Startled, Chloe pulls the nozzle away from the tire and looks up to discover C.F. standing over.

C.F. (CONT'D)

Here, let me help you with that.

He crouches down and tenderly takes the nozzle from her hand.

C.F. (CONT'D)  
 Ya gotta give it quick little spurts  
 like this.

He rapidly pushes and releases the nozzle onto the tire valve.  
 After a few spurts of air, he stops and checks the tire's  
 pressure, compressing the tire with his thumb.

C.F. (CONT'D)  
 Try that out.

C.F. rises and steadies the bike for Chloe. She mounts the  
 seat.

C.F. struggles not to ogle Chloe's revealed body.

Chloe pushes off, riding the bike out of the store's lot.

CHLOE  
 Thanks.

C.F.  
 Any time.

32 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

32

A series of shots - Chloe riding the bike towards along a  
 country road.

She nearly enjoys herself, but the bicycle gets harder to  
 pedal. She stops on the road, looks down, and sees that the  
 back tire has completely deflated.

She gets off the bike, turns it around, and starts to push  
 it towards home.

In the distance, Charlie's truck makes its way along a bend  
 in the road.

33 I/E. CHARLIE'S TRUCK - DAY

33

Charlie drives to Chloe pushing her bike. He slows, then  
 completely stops.

Charlie motions to the bike with his head.

CHARLIE  
 The bike.

CHLOE  
 Your dad helped me with the tires.

Charlie sees the flat tires and chuckles, "way to go, dad!"

CHARLIE  
You want a ride?

CHLOE  
I guess.

Charlie gets out of the truck and lifts the bike into the back. Chloe gets in on the driver's side and slides across the bench.

Charlie hops back in his truck, slams the door, and they drive off.

34 I/E. CHARLIE'S TRUCK - DAY

34

Charlie and Chloe ride in the truck. On the seat between them is a beekeeping hat, veil, gloves, etc.

CHARLIE  
Where are you going anyway?

CHLOE  
Nowhere. Just around.

Chloe picks up and examines Charlie's beekeeping items.

CHARLIE  
It's for beekeeping.  
(beat)  
You'll see.

35 EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

35

As Charlie guides his truck into an orchard of apple trees, two Bluetick hounds bark and howl.

Charlie's grandfather tends an apiary as thousands of bees BUZZ, flying in and out of the complex. Not afraid of the insects, he works without wearing any protection. He carefully pries open a hive's lid, smokes the bees, and gently lifts out a frame. He respectfully brushes off the bees, then hangs the honey saturated frame in a wooden box.

CHARLIE  
Come on.

As Charlie steps out of the truck the dogs greet and nuzzle at him. He attempts coaxing Chloe out of the truck, but she pulls the door closed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What are you afraid of?

Charlie dresses in his beekeeping suit. A hat with veil net covers his face.

He pulls on thick leather gloves and carefully tightens the straps so that bees can't enter and sting his hands.

Chloe can't help but chuckle and poke fun at Charlie.

CHLOE

What are you afraid of?

CHARLIE

I'm allergic. If I'm stung it's very painful. I'll have to go to the hospital

Annoyed with Chloe's remark, Charlie leaves her and walks to Pop Pop. The two work together extracting frames.

Chloe watches intently from the truck as the two carefully work, then gets out of the truck and walks towards them. As she gets closer, Charlie gives a warning.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Don't get too close. You could get hurt.

Chloe's not afraid. She calmly walks closer to the buzzing hive, and stands just a few feet from the two.

A couple of bees buzz her, and she stands her ground, not flinching.

36 EXT. TRUCK REAR GATE - DAY

36

Charlie, Chloe, and Pop Pop sit on the tailgate of the truck eating biscuits with butter and honey.

POP POP

A swarm in May is worth a load of hay. A swarm in June is worth a silver spoon. A swarm in July isn't worth a fly.

CHARLIE

Dad says I can take you over to get your license back Monday.

POP POP

That would be swell. Young lady, don't you want to try some?

It seems unsanitary to Chloe, and she reluctantly spreads butter on a biscuit, then adds some honey. She's amazed at how good it is.

One of the hounds attempts snapping the biscuit out of her hand.

POP POP (CONT'D)  
Get the hell outta here, dog.

CHLOE  
How come you don't wear one of those  
bee suits?

Pop Pop chuckles at Chloe's question.

POP POP  
I been gettin' honey from bees for  
more than 60 years. If you ain't  
afraid, they won't sting you.  
(beat)  
My daddy used to say they can smell  
fear.

CHARLIE  
That's just old county lore nonsense.

POP POP  
Maybe t'is, maybe it ain't. But if  
you ain't afraid of something, it  
can't really hurt you.

Pop Pop's comment amuses Chloe. She chuckles.

CHARLIE  
What's so funny?

CHLOE  
That sounds like something my dad  
would say. He's a shrink. He's always  
talking about stuff like that.

POP POP  
A shrink?

CHARLIE  
You know, a head doctor.

POP POP  
Oh. I guess if you got a need for  
that stuff.

CHLOE  
Not me.

CHARLIE  
Are you sure about that?

CHLOE  
Fuck you.

Chloe walks away from Charlie, gets back in his truck, and slams the door shut.

Charlie is mortified by her defensive reaction and foul language. He turns to see if his grandfather overheard the words. Pop Pop at least pretends he didn't overhear, and Charlie is relieved.

CHARLIE

I guess were going to go.

POP POP

Okay Charlie. See you later.

Pop Pop waves and calls to Chloe

POP POP (CONT'D)

Young lady, nice to meet you.

Chloe returns a sarcastic smile with no words.

POP POP (CONT'D)

(almost under his  
breath)

Foul mouthed city girl.

Charlie realizes Pop Pop did in fact hear what Chloe said, and is embarrassed even more than the first time.

Charlie's truck engine barely turns over, then starts.

Charlie drives out of Pop Pop's orchard and back onto the road.

37 I/E. CHARLIE'S TRUCK - DAY

37

Charlie and Chloe drive along the country road.

The two restrain themselves from saying a word to each other, then the silence is finally broken.

CHLOE

What?

She's still seems angry at Charlie's words, and can't understand why Charlie might be mad with her.

CHARLIE

I can't believe you said that in  
front of my grandfather.

Charlie slows his truck and turns into an abandoned rock quarry. He stops the truck and shuts off the engine.

CHLOE

He didn't even hear me.

CHARLIE

Yes he did. He's too much of a decent person to say anything.

Chloe looks at Charlie like he's out of his mind.

CHLOE

That's the most ridiculous nonsense thing I've ever heard!

Charlie sits staring off, not reacting, almost as if he didn't hear what she's said.

After a few seconds, he gets out of the truck. Chloe slides towards the driver's side exit, but he slams the door shut before she gets out.

She slides back across to the passenger side, and gets out.

38 EXT. ABANDONED ROCK QUARRY - DAY

38

A run down rusty chain link fence covered in vines and weeds surrounds the old rusted buildings . . . machinery hangs around the quarry and a railroad track runs behind old buildings and where rock was loaded into trains.

Chloe hesitates, then follow Charlie to a break in the fence. He holds it open for her.

Charlie squeezes through the break. As he pulls through, the fence catches him, scraping his shoulder.

CHARLIE

OWWWW! Shit, that hurts.

Chloe laughs at Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Are you always a bitch?

Chloe attempts to hide the pain of Charlie's comments, but she is obviously hurt.

They maneuver past junk and through brush to an open swimming hole.

Charlie stops and sits on a large stone slab. He touches the scrape on his shoulder.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Ouch, this really hurts.

CHLOE  
Well don't touch it.

Chloe takes a bottle of whiskey out of her backpack.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Here, this will help.

Chloe takes a swig, then passes the bottle to Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Where'd you get this?

CHLOE  
My grandmother.

CHARLIE  
Your grandmother gave you a bottle  
of booze?

Chloe laughs at Charlie's naiveté. Charlie attempts a swig,  
almost vomits, then makes a face of disgust.

CHLOE  
Big baby. Keep drinking, it gets  
easier.

Charlie hesitates, then takes another swig, then gives Chloe  
the bottle. She takes a swig.

CHARLIE  
So, you're a foul mouth thieving  
drunk? That's why your parents sent  
you here?

CHLOE  
My parents let me do whatever I want.  
And you?

Charlie grabs the bottle from her and takes another sip.

CHARLIE  
Well, my mom . . . my dad told me

CHLOE  
Your mom what?

Charlie takes a drink, then hands the bottle over to Chloe.

Chloe takes a drink, then returns the bottle to Charlie.

CHARLIE  
My dad, he told me . . .  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(beat)  
He said he would disown me if I ever  
drank.

CHLOE

My parents know I drink.  
(beat)  
My little brother . . . the little  
bastard narked on me.  
(beat)  
Mommy and daddy's little surprise.

CHARLIE

A surprise?

CHLOE

My parents only wanted one child.  
But, my dad knocked up my mom.

CHARLIE

Don't your parents know where babies  
come from? Even I know that. A man  
takes his "bald little mouse" and  
puts it in . . .

CHLOE

(interrupts him)  
Shut up, idiot. I know how it works.

She slaps Charlie on the shoulder, right on his wound.

CHARLIE

OUCH! Goddamn, that hurt.

CHLOE

That's what you get for calling me a  
bitch.

Chloe grabs the bottle from Charlie and takes a sip.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

My little brother. The little saint.  
Me, the big sister, can't get it  
right. Ever.

CHARLIE

Nothing I ever do is good enough for  
my dad.

CHLOE

My dad talks about everything.  
Incessantly.

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

He wants to investigate and talk about every little issue so much, that he doesn't even get it. A fucking useless shrink. He can't even solve his own goddamned problems. It's fun to watch my mom and him fight. She can never win, because he knows everything.

(beat)

. . . Your mom and dad fight?

CHARLIE

She's dead.

Chloe looks at Charlie, who stares down and off as quiet melancholy falls over the two.

Charlie looks up and sees Chloe watching him with care and inquisition.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Dad says she drank herself to death.

(beat)

I remember, she used to work at the FoodCo plant, at night.

CHLOE

Oh, TV dinner/pot pie factory? My grandma used to work there.

CHARLIE

They worked the same shift. The graveyard shift. Midnight to eight a.m. Drove together and everything. My mom made chicken pot pies. One of those machines cut her finger off.

CHLOE

No way!

CHARLIE

She was drunk. It kind of went into a pot pie. They shut everything down to look for it, but never found it.

Chloe restrains herself from laughing.

CHLOE

You're such a liar.

CHARLIE

No, I swear. I remember her finger all bandaged up.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I was about 6, and it scared the  
crap out of me when they took it off  
and her finger was gone.

(beat)

Ask your grandmother.

CHLOE

Can you imagine, eating a chicken  
pot pie and finding a finger?

The tension breaks as the two let down their guards.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Oh, here's one for you. My dad thinks  
every man is afraid of having their  
'gonads' chopped off. Some Freud  
crap nonsense.

CHARLIE

What the hell? In a pot pie machine?  
I don't see it.

CHLOE

Freud. My dad's totally into that  
stuff.

CHARLIE

You know Zelda, down at the store is  
totally into that Dr. Phil guy.

Chloe bursts out laughing.

CHLOE

My dad went to grad school with that  
jerk. My dad's totally jealous. He  
came to our house for dinner.

CHARLIE

Dr. Phil came to your house?

CHLOE

What a disaster. He is SO OBNOXIOUS!  
He and my dad tried to 'out Freud'  
each other. . . Blah blah blah!!

CHARLIE

What did you do get into trouble  
for?

CHLOE

I ran away.

CHARLIE

How original.

CHLOE  
From boarding school. (Beat)

Chloe enunciates through her nostrils with a faux British accent.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
'Sint Catherine's.' Say it with me.

Charlie mimics her.

CHARLIE  
'Sint Catherine's.'

The two say it together.

CHLOE	CHARLIE
'Sint Catherine's.'	
'Sint Catherine's.'	Is that some
	kind of Catholic school? Did you
	wear one of those little dresses?
	You know the one.

CHLOE  
It's an Episcopal school.

CHARLIE  
A what school? What about the dress?

CHLOE  
It's not a dress, it's a kilt. A  
skirt. You pervert. Episcopal. You  
know, the Episcopal Church?

CHARLIE  
The skirt.

CHLOE  
I'm Episcopalian? Church of England?  
Do you know anything?

Charlie is amused at Chloe's inquisition and just grins.

CHARLIE  
Oh, as in Henry the 8th? The Anglo-  
Saxon Kingdom of Kent and the  
Gregorian Mission of Saint Augustine?

Chloe is impressed with Charlie's knowledge.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
We do have books here. A library . .  
. you know. . . And the internet.  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Just because we live out in the sticks  
doesn't mean we're a bunch of  
uneducated rednecks.

(beat)

Where did you go?

Charlie takes a big swig from the bottle, then looks over,  
watching Chloe intently.

CHLOE

Around. All over . . . you know.

CHARLIE

Do you always just go around?

CHLOE

Yeah. Where else is there to go?

CHARLIE

Shoot, I don't know. Somewhere else  
in the world.

CHLOE

I've already been all over. My parents  
are always sending off on some trip.  
France, Germany, England. Boring!

(beat)

Amsterdam! That place rocked!

CHARLIE

Is Amsterdam a big country?

CHLOE

Amsterdam is a city in the  
Netherlands, dumbass. You know. . .  
Holland? Didn't you read any books  
on geography?

(beat)

You can smoke all the weed you want  
there. I was stoned the whole time.

CHARLIE

Why?

CHLOE

Why what?

CHARLIE

Why would you want to be stoned the  
whole time?

CHLOE

You're not going to go '12 step' on  
me, are you?

Charlie is at a loss for words. He grabs the bottle from Chloe and takes a large gulp.

CHARLIE  
No, not today.

39 INT. CHARLIE'S TRUCK - DAY

39

Charlie tries to start the truck, but the battery has run down, and the engine won't turn over.

CHARLIE  
The battery.  
(beat)  
Can you drive a stick?

Chloe looks at Charlie, like he's from another planet.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Three on a tree?  
(beat)  
Granny shifter?

CHLOE  
What are you talking about?

CHARLIE  
Do you know how to drive at all?

CHLOE  
I have a license.

Charlie shows the gears of his truck and explains how the clutch and brake works.

CHARLIE  
Push the clutch down, and when I say "let it up," take your foot off the clutch, and give it some gas.

CHLOE  
Give it some gas.

CHARLIE  
The engine will start on its own.

Then, push the clutch and brake again to stop the truck.

Chloe looks down at the pedals.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
The pedal on the left. That's the clutch.

Charlie leans with his body and gives the truck a good hard push. After a few tries, he begins to sweat, then gives up and leans on the door.

Chloe looks at him pitifully.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Why won't this fucking thing move.

Chloe laughs at Charlie. Charlie peers in and sees her foot on the brake.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Take your goddamned foot off the  
brake.

Charlie gets up and gives the truck another hard push.

Slowly, it begins to roll. He gets it up to about five miles per hour.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, pop the clutch!

Chloe lets up the clutch. The engine seems to turn, but fails to start.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Get it going a little faster before  
you pop the clutch.

CHLOE  
But you told me . . .

CHARLIE  
I know, just do it!

Charlie gets the truck rolling yet again.

Chloe pops the clutch, and the engine starts.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, stop, stop!

The truck seems to pick up speed as Charlie nearly freaks out, chasing after the truck.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Stop! Push the clutch and the brake  
at the same time, not the gas.

Chloe laughs as she makes him chase after her.

The truck gets faster, then suddenly shifts into second gear, and picks up more speed.

Charlie stops dead in his tracks, realizing Chloe knows perfectly well how drive a granny shifter.

She circles him once more and stops with the passenger side to him.

CHLOE

Hey, mister, need a lift?

Charlie is completely out of breath, sweaty, and his face is red from chasing the truck, but he can't help but laugh.

He gets into the truck, slides over next to Chloe, and the two drive away.

40 EXT. DIVISION OF MOTOR VEHICLES - DAY

40

Charlie and Pop Pop sit in the parking lot at the Division of Motor vehicles. Pop Pop is impeccably dressed in dark pin stripe suit and hat.

CHARLIE

You look nice in that suit.

POP POP

It's my favorite. I'm havin' my picture taken.

(Beat)

There might be a pretty lady in there for me.

After a moment of pondering, Charlie speaks up.

CHARLIE

You about ready?

The two exit the truck and walk in.

41 INT. DIVISION OF MOTOR VEHICLES - DAY

41

Charlie and Pop Pop walk into a large, brightly lighted DMV office. People of diverse culture and race sit waiting, while others stand in line. The office bustles with people and a numbers/announcement system dings, buzzes, and calls people like a 'well oiled machine.'

Charlie and Pop Pop step up to the 'information desk' to ask what to do.

Pop Pop gazes with amazement as Charlie speaks with the person at the help desk.

CHARLIE

My grandfather needs to renew his license.

The DMV help desk employee hands Charlie a blue ticket and some paper work.

DMV HELP DESK

He needs two current forms of ID,  
fill this out, take a blue ticket  
and wait for the number to be called,  
make sure it's blue and not red,  
you'll end up in the wrong line.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

Charlie guides Pop Pop over to a desk where they stand and fill out the forms.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Date of birth.

POP POP

November thirtieth, nineteen-hundred,  
twenty-one.

Charlie fills out the name and address for Pop Pop.

CHARLIE

Sign here.

Charlie hands Pop Pop the pen.

POP POP

Where?

Charlie places the pen's tip on the signature line and holds the paper still. Pop Pop leans in, just a couple of inches in. He lifts up his glasses and signs the form.

CHARLIE

Right here, on this line.

POP POP

Now what?

CHARLIE

We have to wait.

POP POP

How long?

Charlie checks the ticket number.

CHARLIE

(To himself) Sixty-four.

He then looks up at the blue number sign. The number "30" shows on its face.

Charlie's hope for a speedy process is deflated.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Not too long, I hope.

Charlie and Pop Pop struggle to get by other customers to a couple of seats. Most of the other customers don't bother to move nor excuse themselves, while others chit-chat on cell phones.

POP POP

Excuse me.

Charlie and Pop Pop wait and wait.

Pop Pop is intrigued by a Muslim woman sitting with her children, and can't help but stare. They make eye contact, and she becomes visibly nervous, pulling the small child sitting on her lap closer to her. Pop Pop smiles, and she gives back a disingenuous smile, then looks away. The child stares back at Pop Pop, smiles, then buries his face in his mother's clothing. The child looks up, and plays a little game of "peek-a-boo" with Pop Pop.

Others sit around texting and chatting on cell phones and playing games on their cell phones.

Nearly an hour goes by and the blue numbers are finally closer to 64.

The lighted sign with numbers shows 64 as an obtuse, bland, pre-recorded voice slowly announces "BLUE - SIXTY-FOUR" . . . BLUE - SIXTY-FOUR."

Charlie and Pop Pop make their way to the window.

An impatient clerk calls out.

DMV EMPLOYEE

Sixty-four, blue ticket!

Charlie hands the clerk the paperwork.

DMV EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

You want to renew your license?

She examines the fragile birth certificate, and Pop Pop's expired license.

POP POP

Yes ma'am.

DMV EMPLOYEE

It's been expired for a couple of years. And because of your age and all, you'll have to take a drivin' test.

(Beat)

Let's start with the eye test. Step up and tell me what you can read.

Charlie shows Pop Pop how to do it.

CHARLIE

Like this, Pop Pop.

Pop Pop puts his eyes up to the machine. As he leans in, his thick glasses hit the viewer, startling him.

He tries again.

DMV EMPLOYEE

What letters do you see?

POP POP

P-W-Q-R.

Pop Pop struggles to read the line.

DMV EMPLOYEE

How about now?

POP POP

P-W-Q-R.

DMV EMPLOYEE

Mr. Dalzelle, how long you had them glasses?

POP POP

What's that?

DMV EMPLOYEE

You can't hear very well either. How old are those glasses?

POP POP

Thirty years, I recon.

DMV EMPLOYEE

I can't let you drive. You need new glasses.

(beat)

And get your hearing checked too.

POP POP

Okay. Thank you now.

DMV EMPLOYEE  
Have a nice day.

The DMV clerk hands Charlie the paperwork and he and Pop Pop walk away, the leave the DMV office.

DMV EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
67, blue ticket!

42 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

42

Zelda rings up a customer and bags items as Charlie enters. The episode at the DMV has made him cranky.

CHARLIE  
Where's dad?

ZELDA  
He went out to run some errands.

CHARLIE  
What errands?

ZELDA  
You gotta bee in your bonnet?

CHARLIE  
The DMV was a nightmare.

Zelda stops what she is doing and pays attention to Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Pop Pop can't even see well enough  
to take the test.

The bell rings DING DING. Charlie and Zelda look out and see C.F., Andrew McDonald, and Leslie exit their vehicles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Who the hell is that?

Zelda gently pops Charlie on the back of the head.

ZELDA  
Watch your mouth.

The three shake hands and speak, then C.F. walks into the store as the other two get in their SUV and drive away.

C.F. walks into the store with some papers and brochures. He makes a beeline for the back room.

C.F.  
Hey.

The two just watch him walk by.

C.F. comes out from the back room and goes straight to tying fishing flies.

CHARLIE

Dad, who was that?

ZELDA

Yeah, C.F., who are your new friends?

C.F. gives Zelda a "shut up" look.

C.F.

They're working on that new subdivision. Wanted to know a little more about business around here.

CHARLIE

Like what?

C.F.

Oh, you know. I can't quite get this right. Charlie, come hold this line for me for a second.

Charlie walks over and helps his dad with the fly he is tying.

C.F. (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's good.

CHARLIE

What kind of stuff do they want to know about.

C.F. Some kind of land dealings. It's just too complicated to explain.

C.F. takes out a bottle of cement, and realizes it is empty.

C.F.

Oh darnit, I need some cement. I'll be back in a few.

C.F. makes a run for the door. As Charlie watches C.F. drive off, he walks into the back room.

ZELDA

Where are you going?

Charlie just gives Zelda a look . . . "You know where," and walks to the back office.

43 INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

43

Charlie pokes around at his dad's desk. He looks through various contracts and legal papers. He thumbs through a handful of brochures Cadillac, speed boats, big houses, retirement and fishing in Florida.

He bumps the mouse and the computer screen comes alive. A solitaire game appears, and Charlie clicks that closed.

A web browser sits on the desktop, still open.

Charlie starts reading the pages. They are public land purchase and sales notices.

On a note pad, Charlie sees some figures scribbled.

He gets nosy and start looking through the browser history. More fishing web sites, big car web sites, real estate, big house developments, pictures of girls in scantily clad outfits.

44 EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

44

Pop Pop roams the open fields up to the orchard from his house. It is hot, and he is sweating profusely, using his walking stick. He stops to survey the beauty of his surroundings.

He makes his way to the apiary, sets down his stick and removes his hat.

He begins to inspect and tend the bees.

He removes the lid, then lifts out a frame.

Confusion and loss seem to overcome him.

A bee stings him.

He becomes even more confused, then upset.

He drops the frame.

Another bee sting.

He swings and swats at the bees.

The bees and more bees attack him, as he panics, falling to the ground.

45 EXT. SMALL BRICK COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

45

A small red brick church with large glass windows sits alone atop a hill, surrounded by two or three mighty oak trees.

An aged wrought iron fence surrounds small cemetery just a few yards from the church's entrance.

A hearse is parked in the drive, also surrounded by many cars and trucks.

A HYMN can be heard coming from the interior.

46 EXT. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY 46

People file out of the church and mingle as Pop Pop's casket is brought out, and loaded into the hearse.

47 EXT. HILL TOP CEMETERY - DAY 47

A small family cemetery sits on the top of a small hill, surrounded by open fields, and 360° views of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The crowd has gathered as Pop Pop is laid to rest.

Charlie, C.F., Zelda, Sheriff Clatterbuck, Chloe & her grandmother, and many more . . .

The service is over, and the crowd begins to disperse.

Charlie seems lost, not knowing what to do. His father approaches.

C.F.

Son, I'm heading back to the house.

CHARLIE

Yeah. I'll be there in a little while.

Charlie's dad gives him a little pat on the shoulder, then walks away.

Zelda approaches Charlie, and puts her arm around him.

ZELDA

Baby, you okay?

CHARLIE

I'm fine.

Zelda gives Charlie a little hug, then walks away.

Charlie is left, standing alone as he looks around.

He notices and watches a honey bee buzzing and collecting nectar from the flowers at Pop Pop's grave. The bee completes his mission and Charlie's eyes follow as it flies away.

Charlie gets into his truck and drives away from the cemetery.

48 EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

48

Charlie drives his truck into the orchard apiary. He gets out of the truck, and strips off his suit jacket, tie, and dress shirt.

He stands staring as the bees fly in and out of the hives by the thousands.

He picks up his grandfather's tools, lights the smoker, and slowly approaches the honey factory.

He pries open a lid, removes a frame, and begins to extract the honey.

49 INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

49

Charlie changes from his Sunday clothes to jeans and a tee shirt.

A telephone rings twice, and Charlie hears the muffled voice of his father answer.

C.F.

(O.S.) Hello?

(break)

Yes? Oh, hello, yes.

Off screen, he hears HIS FATHER TALKING, descends a couple of stairs, then concentrates to hear what he is saying.

C.F. (CONT'D)

(O.S.) Things are well.

(beat)

Yes, very tragic. Well, my father-in-law, yes.

50 INT. KIDD'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

50

Charlie's father sits at his desk talking on the telephone.

C.F.

Well sure, Tomorrow? Ten o'clock?

Can we make it 8:30?

(Beat) Great. Come by the Store.

See you then.

C.F. hangs up the phone, Charlie quietly descends the stairs.

C.F. sits at his desk browsing his computer.

He looks up at sees Charlie watching.

C.F. (CONT'D)

Hey son.

CHARLIE

Dad, what was that about?

C.F.

Well.

(beat)

I was going to surprise you.

C.F. hesitates, struggling to find the right words.

C.F. (CONT'D)

I've . . .

C.F. pauses, then changes his words.

C.F. (CONT'D)

We've been offered a deal for the store.

CHARLIE

A deal? The store? What kind of deal?

C.F.

And the property. Save a few acres for use to build our dream house.

CHARLIE

I'm already living in my dream house. My great grandfather built this place.

C.F. turns his attention to some brochures on his desk.

C.F.

Check out this boat. We're gonna be reeling them in on this thing. You and me!

C.F. mimics the reeling action.

CHARLIE

I work my ass off around here every day. And so does Zelda. And so did Pop Pop. Were you sitting around waiting for him to die so you could sell out?

C.F.

You won't have to work so hard after this.

C.F. is so dumbfounded by the amount of money he'll receive, that he doesn't even hear Charlie's comments.

CHARLIE

Us? I can't believe you are even saying this. You never even asked me.

C.F.

We're going to be millionaires, son. I'm sorry your grandfather is gone. I planned on setting him up too.

Charlie just stares in disbelief at his father's comments.

C.F. (CONT'D)

Autumn Gardens . . . his own private room over there.

CHARLIE

You were going to let him rot in a nursing home? He's gone, you can sell off our dreams, and now, you don't have to pay for the nursing home. So you can have that goddamned boat.

C.F.

That has nothing to do with this. I wasn't planning this. It just happened.

Charlie leaves the house, slamming the door.

51 EXT. CHLOE'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

51

The house is dark with the exception of a barely glowing upstairs light. Charlie walks to the garage and brings out a large, aluminum ladder. It makes a THUMP THUMP as he leans it against the house at the lighted window.

A light in another upstairs room turns on. Charlie climbs to the window, and TAP TAP TAP on the glass. The window opens, and Chloe leans part way out.

NANNA

(O.S.) Chloe?

Chloe leans back into the house and calls out.

CHLOE

The wind blew a tree branch.

The other bedroom lights goes out again, and Chloe leans out of the window.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Where did you find this ladder?

CHARLIE

It's your grandmothers. I painted  
this freakin, house. (Beat) Twice.

CHLOE

I'll meet you downstairs in a minute.

CHARLIE

Meet me at the store.

CHLOE

You're crazy.

Chloe goes back in and Charlie descends the ladder, pulls it away from the house, losing control, and dropping it, making a big crash as it hits the lawn.

Grandmother's room re-lights for a second, then goes off.

He picks up the ladder and walks it back to the garage.

52 EXT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

52

Chloe finds Charlie leaning against the gas pump smoking a cigarette.

CHLOE

Are you try to blow yourself up?

Charlie laughs at Chloe as she takes the cigarette out of mouth and puts it out on the ground.

CHARLIE

Check this out.

Charlie jumps up and down on the black rubber cable, making the bell inside ring, DING-DING.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I have to get out of here.

(beat)

Come with me?

Charlie picks up a brick and throws it through a store window. He then takes a big rock and breaks the lock on the window bars.

CHLOE

What are you doing?

He reaches in, unlatches and opens the window, and sneaks in.

CHARLIE

Wait here.

CHLOE  
 (with excitement)  
 Cigarettes.  
 Get some cigarettes.  
 Camel.

53 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - NIGHT 53

The drink cooler's fluorescent lights cast a cool green glow in the room as Charlie fumbles around. He finds a flashlight and makes his way to the back room.

54 INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT 54

Charlie finds his father's box of cash. He stuffs the cash into a small paper sack and walks out.

55 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - NIGHT 55

As Charlie makes his way back through the store, he grabs some quart sized beer bottles from the cooler, then some cigarettes and puts them in a bag.

He finds Pop Pop's pistol behind the counter. He puts the gun in the bag, tucks the bag under his arm and exits through the window.

56 EXT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - NIGHT 56

Charlie finds Chloe anxiously waiting.

CHARLIE  
 Let's get the hell out of here.

CHLOE  
 Where are we going?

CHARLIE  
 I don't know. You are the expert on running away.

The two get into Charlie's truck. Charlie tries to start the engine, but it won't turn over. The battery is completely dead.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Your grandmother's car. Where she keeps the keys?

Guilt overcomes Chloe as she thinks about stealing her grandmother's prized possession.

CHLOE  
 She loves that car.

Anger continues burning inside of Charlie.

CHARLIE

Where does she keep the keys to the car?

Chloe hesitates, then gets out and haltingly walks towards her grandmother's house.

57 EXT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

57

Chloe exits the house and finds Charlie sitting against the hood of the car. Now excited by a rush of adrenaline, she runs to him, dangling the keys in his face. He grabs the keys from her.

They push the car away from the house into the road before starting it and driving away.

58 INT. CAR - NIGHT

58

The "tinny" A.M. radio plays music as Charlie drives with Chloe snuggled up closely by his side. Green light of the dashboard illuminates their faces as they pass Chloe's bottle of whiskey back and forth. They finish the whiskey and Charlie chucks the bottle out of the car window.

CHARLIE

That takes care of that.

Chloe opens the paper sack, removing the contents. She takes out a bottle of beer and finds the pistol.

CHLOE

What are you doing with this?

CHARLIE

We're on the lam.

CHLOE

For fuck sake, that's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

Charlie turns into the lot of a large apple packing plant.

59 EXT. APPLE PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

59

They drive into the apple packing plant and drive around.

A large, windowless building, surrounded by other buildings and various machinery, large apple crates, etc.

With the exception of a few glowing lights, it is very dark and creepy.

CHLOE  
You sure it's safe?

CHARLIE  
I think so.

They get out of the car and Charlie leads the way into the large, windowless building.

They poke around the junk, Charlie gets on a Fork Lift, starts it up, drives it around.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hop on.

Chloe jumps on, sits next to Charlie. They drive around in circles.

As they make a circle, a figure walks through the door.

CHLOE  
Shit! Charlie!

Charlie drives straight for the figure. The man attempts to run out of Charlie's way, but Charlie keeps in pursuit.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Charlie, what are you doing.

Charlie laughs at Chloe, and just before running the figure down, slams on the breaks.

The man jumps out of harm's way.

He stands up, brushing himself off and walks towards the forklift.

He reaches over and takes the key out of the ignition.

CURTIS  
Goddamnit, you asshole.

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE  
This is Chloe. I'm giving her the nickel tour.

CURTIS  
I'm Curtis.

The three walk towards the building's exit.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

My dad sent me down to see what was going on. You set the alarm off, dumbass.

The three exit the big building.

60 EXT. APPLE PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

60

CURTIS

Nice car.

CHARLIE

We stole it.

CURTIS

For real?

CHLOE

We're on the lam. You wanna come?

CURTIS

I'm driving. You two are a little drunk.

CHARLIE

No we're not. We're shit-faced!

Charlie climbs into the back seat of the car, then Chloe, then Curtis behind the wheel.

61 I/E. CAR - NIGHT

61

As Curtis sits in the car, he finds the pistol laying on the seat.

He picks it up with respect.

CHLOE

I told you, we're on the lam.

CURTIS

Are you nuts?

Curtis removes the bullets from the gun, places them in the ash tray, then puts the revolver beneath the seat.

Curtis starts the car and they drive off.

62 EXT. ROADSIDE PICNIC AREA - NIGHT

62

Curtis pulls the car into the picnic area of a roadside rest stop. Feeling sick, Charlie pushes the seat up, nearly giving Chloe a whiplash, whips opens the door and falls out, nearly losing his balance.

He stumbles off into the darkness and begins to vomit.

Chloe and Curtis laugh, then get out to help Charlie get back to the car.

CHARLIE

I am so fucked up.

CURTIS

And you stink.

They pick him up, putting his arms around their shoulders and dragging him back to the car. They slide him back into the car where he passes out cold, face down on the front seat.

CHLOE

Lightweight.

Chloe and Curtis sit on a picnic table parked in front of the car. Chloe takes out a cigarette and lights it.

Curtis begins pointing out the stars to Chloe.

Chloe just looks up at the stars with Curtis.

CURTIS

He really likes you, you know.

CHLOE

How do you know?

CURTIS

We've been friends since third grade.

CHLOE

What about you?

(beat)

Do you have a boyfriend?

Curtis is taken back by Chloe's question.

CURTIS

Is it that obvious?

CHLOE

Does Charlie know?

Curtis hesitates.

CURTIS

Don't ask, don't tell, ya know? He's clueless.

CHLOE  
Yeah . . . surprisingly, and yet  
pleasantly naive.

Curtis and Chloe have gotten close together during their conversation.

63 INT. CAR - NIGHT

63

As Charlie awakens, his eye opens and sees the pistol sitting on the floor of the car. With a giant grin on his face, he reaches over and picks it up, then sits up in the seat.

He plays with the revolver like a toy. He spins the cylinder a couple of times, then pretends like he's aiming and shooting various targets and makes fake shot sounds.

CHARLIE  
(to himself)  
Gun safety . . . rule numero uno.  
Lake sure ya know a target. Numero  
duo. Never point a gun at nothin'  
you don't intend to shoot and kill.  
"Pahkewww . . . pahkewwwwww . . .  
pahkewwwwww."

As he gazes around, in a drunken stupor and sees Curtis and Chloe and imagining they are up to "no-good" and becomes furious.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
What are you doing?

Charlie becomes hysterical and gets out the car to fight Curtis.

64 EXT. ROADSIDE PICNIC AREA - NIGHT

64

Charlie makes a bee-line towards Curtis, drops the gun, and attempts to tackle and punch him.

Chloe and Curtis are caught completely off guard.

CURTIS  
What?

Curtis defends himself and shoves Charlie, who loses his balance, grabs Curtis' shirt, and falls to the ground, pulling him on top.

Chloe pulls Curtis away from Charlie, who is now completely enraged. He flails and punches as all of his pent up anger comes to the surface.

CHARLIE

You son-of-a-bitch, how could you do  
this to me?

Charlie charges Curtis and tackles him to the ground.

CHLOE

Stop it.

Curtis rolls over on Charlie and attempts to restrain him,  
but Charlie frees a hand and punches Curtis.

Charlie is able to push Curtis off, and rolls around to tackle  
him again, then sees the pistol laying in front of him. He  
picks it up, points it directly at Curtis and pulls the  
trigger.

The gun simply makes a "CLICK."

Realizing what he has done, Charlie instantly 'sobers,' drops  
the weapon, falls to his knees and hysterically cries.

Curtis walks away, then gets in the car behind the wheel,  
and slams the door. Chloe kneels to Charlie.

Charlie becomes more hysterical, distraught, and upset.

Chloe sees Charlie's pain and attempts comforting him.

CHARLIE

How can you do this to me?

He shoves Chloe to the ground.

CHLOE

How could I do what to you? I didn't  
do anything!

CHARLIE

Do you want to fuck him? Just get  
away from me.

Chloe withdraws from Charlie. She picks up the pistol, stands,  
and walks to the car. She gets in, and they drive off, leaving  
Charlie alone. He watches as the tail lights disappear into  
the night.

After a moment, he rises from the ground and stumbles his  
way to the picnic table where he lays on his back looking up  
at the stars in the night.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

We're on the lam.

Charlie cries to himself to passing out.

65 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - MORNING

65

Charlie awakens on the picnic table and looks around with dried blood on his face and his eye is black. The sun shines through the morning fog. It is quiet and peaceful with the exception of birds and the distant bark of a dog and passing train.

Emotional and physical pain cinches Charlie as he gets up from the table and stumbles to a pond next to the rest stop. He looks into the water and sees his own reflection, then splashes his face with cool water.

CHARLIE

Ow. Shit.

Charlie slowly pushes himself from the ground and begins the journey home.

66 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

66

As Charlie makes his way home, Sheriff Clatterbuck drives towards him in his police cruiser. He stops, reaches over and pushes opens the passenger door.

Charlie gets in, shuts the door. The sheriff makes a u-turn and drives.

Charlie stares off out of the window as the sheriff talks.

SHERIFF CLATTERBUCK

Your dad's worried sick about you.

Charlie doesn't say a word.

The sheriff finally glances over at Charlie, in an attempt to get his attention and look at his face.

Charlie can't ignore the staring and finally turns and looks the sheriff in the eyes.

CHARLIE

You should see the other guy.

The sheriff grins.

Charlie's comment amuses the sheriff. Charlie can't help but grin too.

67 EXT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

67

The sheriff's cruiser pulls into the store parking lot. Charlie gets out and the sheriff drives away.

The parking lot is quiet and deserted. Charlie stands looking at the store. Cardboard and duct tape cover the window he broke. Across the street, Mrs. Alliston's car is parked in the driveway, in its exact spot. Charlie walks past the gas pumps into the store.

68 INT. KIDD'S GENERAL STORE - MORNING

68

Zelda sweeps the broken glass and straightens the mess behind the counter. As he walks in, she looks up and sees injured face.

ZELDA

Oh honey.

Zelda nearly touches the black eye but Charlie winces in pain.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

Come on.

Zelda opens the freezer and takes a bag of frozen lima beans and puts it on his eye.

CHARLIE

Lima beans. I hate lima beans.

ZELDA

Me too.

(beat)

That girl?

CHARLIE

Kind of.

ZELDA

I'm sorry sweetie.

Zelda puts her arm around Charlie and pulls him close to her.

CHARLIE

Where's dad?

ZELDA

He's fishing . . . didn't want to deal with this today.

(beat)

Give him a break. He's just trying to make things good for you.

CHARLIE

Good for me?

ZELDA  
That's just the way he is and you  
have to try and accept it.

CHARLIE  
You sound like a shrink.

Zelda laughs.

ZELDA  
Well, I was a psych major. And, I  
watch Dr. Phil.

CHARLIE  
Dr. Phil

ZELDA  
Maybe you should go up to the pond  
and talk to him.

CHARLIE  
I can't.

Zelda just pulls back and gives him a "go talk to him" look

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I'm going.

69 EXT. POND - DAY

69

C.F. sits on a the pier with his fly rod.

The water's surface is broken only with the rhythm of his  
fly smacking the glassy surface. Charlie watches his father  
fishing, then makes his way to where he's sitting.

C.F. looks at Charlie's face, seeing that his nose had been  
bleeding and his eye is black.

C.F. fishes and talks as Charlie sits and listens

C.F.  
I put lot of work in at that goddamned  
store.

CHARLIE  
I want to put in my hours.

C.F.  
You can put in all the hours you  
want, but it ain't gonna make you  
happy. Look how hard Pop Pop worked.  
Look what they did to him.  
(beat)  
I'm tired of fighting it.

CHARLIE

When I was in first grade, Mrs. Clarke asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I told her I'm going to run the store like my daddy.

C.F.

A great opportunity has come along. Part of this money is yours. We're going to finally have the chance to be happy.

CHARLIE

Happy? You bastard!

C.F.

That's what your mother called me when she was drunk.

Charlie's father grabs him by the shirt.

C.F. (CONT'D)

Where did you get the booze?

Charlie pulls back from his father and stumbles to the ground.

CHARLIE

I got it from you. I took it from your store. YOUR GODDAMNED STORE.

C.F. punches Charlie, then realizes what he's done.

C.F.

Damn, son, I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

What do you have to be sorry about?

C.F.

Why are you out getting drunk like this?

CHARLIE

I want out of here.

C.F.

What are you talking about?

CHARLIE

Because of you.

C.F.

What do you want me to do?

CHARLIE  
 Anything you want, I don't want  
 anything to do with it.

C.F.  
 I want you to be happy.

CHARLIE  
 I don't give a shit anymore about  
 this place. I just want out.

C.F.  
 It can't be this bad.

CHARLIE  
 It is this bad. You said you'd disown  
 me.

Charlie turns and walks away from his father.

70 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

70

Charlie and Zelda stand at the side of the road waiting on  
 the bus. Charlie carries a backpack and large duffel bag.

About to burst into tears, Charlie turns away from Zelda.

ZELDA  
 Your father is as stubborn as a mule.  
 But he thinks he's doing the right  
 thing.

She puts her arms all the way around Charlie and pulls him  
 near.

CHARLIE  
 I the stole the gun and the beer,  
 and took his money.

ZELDA  
 I know.

Charlie turns back to Zelda.

ZELDA (CONT'D)  
 Your friends didn't quite know where  
 to put back the gun. Of course, only  
 you and your dad know about the cash  
 stash.

How come he never said anything?

ZELDA (CONT'D)  
 Your dad is so afraid of losing you,  
 that he'd rather just let things go.

Charlie turns and sees the bus coming down the road. A few seconds go by, and he turns back to Zelda Charlie bursts out crying as he grabs Zelda She wraps her arms around him, holding him close.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

You call if you need anything, you hear me?

She wipes the tears out of Charlie's eyes and off of his face with a tissue. The bus pulls up and stops where they are standing.

Charlie picks up his bags and gets on the bus. Halfway up the stair, he turns back to Zelda

CHARLIE

Tell dad, I'm sorry.

The door closes, and the bus drives away.

Zelda watches as the bus drives out of sight. She gets into her car and drives away.

71 INT. GREETIE'S SUPER-MART - NIGHT

71

C.F. waits in a long line at the Greetie's Super-Mart, which is adorned with Christmas decor. The store is no longer pristine, but is noisy, dirty, and jam packed with impatient shoppers. CHRISTMAS MUSIC plays over the loudspeaker system, and an occasional announcement is heard.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Only 7 days, yes one week until  
Christmas! Did you buy everything  
your loved ones wanted here at  
Greetie's Super-Mart?

He gets closer to the cashier, realizing it is Zelda. He attempts to get out of line, but she sees him, smiles, and it is too late for him to escape.

ZELDA

Don't even think about trying to  
escape.

(beat)

Merry Christmas.

Zelda comes out from around he cashier's booth and gives C.F. a big hug.

She's wearing a red and white 'Elves' Christmas cap, and a button that says 'associate of the month.'

C.F.  
Merry Christmas to you. Associate of  
the month, huh?

ZELDA  
Moving on up in the world! I've put  
my name in for assistant manager.

The manager sees the exchange and walks towards the two.

Before the manager can get a word out, Zelda gives him her  
'back off,'look. The manager retreats like a dog with his  
tail between his legs.

Zelda returns to her register and begins scanning C.F.'s  
items.

ZELDA (CONT'D)  
Any word from Charlie?

C.F. shakes his head "no."

ZELDA (CONT'D)  
Oh honey, I'm sorry.

C.F. obviously doesn't know what to say and glances away.

ZELDA (CONT'D)  
Charlie's fine.

Zelda carefully takes a letter out of her purse, sitting  
below her register.

She unfolds it, takes out a photograph and hands it to C.F.

C.F.  
An Air Force man.

ZELDA  
Those computer skills, they come in  
handy.

Zelda finishes scanning C.F.'s items, putting them in a large  
bag.

C.F. takes out his wallet and swipes his credit card.

C.F. hands back the photo to Zelda

ZELDA (CONT'D)  
My Christmas present to you.

C.F.  
That's the best gift I've ever gotten.

C.F. stuffs the credit card back in his wallet, but carefully places the photograph where he can see it.

ZELDA

Floyd and I would love to see you for Christmas.

C.F.

I'm going to see my sister in Richmond.

C.F. gathers his items and leaves the store.

ZELDA

Take care of yourself.

Before leaving, C.F. stops and turns back.

C.F.

How about New Year?

Zelda approvingly smiles.

C.F. (CONT'D)

I'll call you.

72 EXT. GREETIE'S SUPER-MART - EVENING

72

C.F. Carefully makes his way across the busy parking lot, takes a key/remote out of his pocket, and presses a button. A Cadillac alarm starts to blare loudly, and the lights blink.

C.F. realizes he accidentally set the alarm of his car off, and fumbles with the remote to stop it. He then finds the right button that opens the trunk. He unloads his large bags into the trunk, then slams it tightly closed.

73 INT. C.F. KIDD'S CADILLAC - EVENING

73

C.F. takes out his wallet removes Charlie's photograph. He sits and contemplates it, then is jarred by the HORN of another shopper waiting for his spot.

C.F. replaces the photograph and puts his wallet back in his pocket.

He starts the car and begins to back out.

74 EXT. GREETIE'S SUPER-MART SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

74

C.F. backs out the parking space as someone else fights to get in before he can leave.

He sits in a long line of traffic waiting to leave the super mart.

75 INT. C.F. KIDD'S CADILLAC - EVENING

75

As he sits alone in his car he begins to cry. The camera pulls back to reveal the lonely car sitting in the line of traffic.

FADE OUT.

THE END