

Being Molly Dingle

by
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As we FADE IN, we seem to be floating on a female voice, MOLLY'S VOICE, the wind swirling us through a small country town. We drift past:

A romantic gazebo at Town Square. A butcher wearing a bloody smock in front of his shop, a glazed ham under one arm. A tree swing, and two children carving their names on the trunk. It could be 1955 or 2005.

MOLLY'S VOICE

So this is where I've spent my thirty-one summers, in a sleepy village tucked away in a quiet corner of Pennsylvania, somewhere between Amish country and Hershey Park.

The voice carries us over a rickety covered bridge, a wheat field, and past a horse-drawn buggy with an Amish man at the helm.

MOLLY'S VOICE

A few miles to the north, the spiritually devoted are raising barns in the name of Jehovah.

And the voice pulls us up through the clouds, and down to a residential street, where several kids are playing stick ball.

ANGLE ON

One kid with a GIANT CHOCOLATE BAR that's standing on end like a surfboard, almost as tall as he is. There's chocolate smeared all over his face. He waves a tiny smudged hand.

MOLLY'S VOICE

A few miles to the south, you can actually buy a chocolate bar the size of a Hyundai. The two-door coupe, not the wagon.

(a beat)

It's a place where people know their neighbors, factory jobs are revered, and high school football still matters. People live here. They die here. They fall in love. And their hearts break. That last one happens every day.

And suddenly the VOICE has a FORM, as we DRIFT INSIDE:

A MODERN SUPERMARKET

Where Molly (31) is at her register, scanning groceries. Her hair is pulled tight in a pony tail, not a wisp out of place.

She's clearly pretty in that unassuming small-town way, and might even be beautiful if she smiled more often.

She holds up a carton of milk.

MOLLY

I think relationships should have expiration dates stamped on them, you know, like on a carton of milk. That way, you could break it off before it turns all chunky and sour and gross. Because that's where most relationships are headed.

We see that Molly is actually talking to a customer in line, an OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN

I can't drink milk. It makes me gassy.

MOLLY

Love can be cruel like that, Bernice.

(a beat)

Don't get me wrong. Having someone love you isn't so terrible. I mean, it's better than a kick in the head. The problem is, they usually want you to love them back. And that's when things get complicated.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Pouring down rain. Molly standing on the sidewalk - bathed in neon - drenched head to toe. Crying in the rain, screaming at the sky.

MOLLY

You think this doesn't hurt me?
You think I like being this way?
Well, I don't. I hate it. I really hate it.

We PULL CLOSE and FREEZE on her face, distorted anguish.

MOLLY'S VOICE

I mean, look at me. I look like a crazy person.

(a beat)

Maybe I should back up.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Young Molly and her mother on the front porch, watching as a pick-up truck drives away.

MOLLY'S VOICE

When I was ten, I watched my dad get in his pick-up and disappear into the morning fog. Said he was going down to the store, that he'd be back in a few minutes. But we knew he wasn't coming back. I can still hear the sound of his tires on the gravel driveway.

(a beat)

A few years later, I found out he was living in Slidell with a dental hygienist named Beverly.

(a beat)

According to my therapist, actually my ex-therapist, this is why I have a hard time trusting men.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Leonard Blitzwig - an awkward eight-year old with horn-rimmed glasses, extends a heart-shaped box of chocolates to Molly.

LEONARD BLITZWIG

I love you Molly. Will you be my valentine?

While his words are still hanging in the air, young Molly SHRIEKS, and runs away. The chocolates fall to the ground.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Poor Leonard. I hope I didn't traumatize him too badly. I wonder what he's doing today.

Leonard looks at the camera:

LEONARD

My stage name is Buck Naked. I work in porno.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A moving truck parked in front of a blue house. People carrying in furniture.

MOLLY'S VOICE

That was the summer Jack moved into the old blue house across the street.

Young Jack comes up behind Molly, wearing a ridiculous hunting cap with ear flaps. He looks at her snowman.

YOUNG JACK
His nose is crooked.

YOUNG MOLLY
Excuse me?

YOUNG JACK
Your snowman. His nose is crooked.

YOUNG MOLLY
Your nose is crooked.

YOUNG JACK
Shut-up.

YOUNG MOLLY
You shut-up.

Jack takes off his hat, puts it on the snowman's head. Perfect.

YOUNG JACK
I'm Jack.

YOUNG MOLLY
Molly Dingle.
(pausing)
There's a dead otter down by the creek. Wanna go poke it with a stick?

JACK
Okay.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Molly on the porch swing, reading a book called *Preparing for the SATs*.

MOLLY'S VOICE
We weren't like the other kids, and that's probably why we were best friends. I was the only 5th grader studying for the SATs...

Jack pads up the porch steps.

YOUNG JACK
Wanna go spit on cars from the overpass?

Molly looks up from her book.

YOUNG MOLLY
Stop being so obsequious.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Jack in a suit and tie, sits behind a desk like a late-night talk show host. Next to him, two kids in lawn chairs.

MOLLY'S VOICE
And Jack was busy playing talk-show
with the neighborhood kids.

The first kid - red haired and freckled - CHUGS SODA from a bottle. His face grimaces, contorts. In a few seconds, the bubbly brown fluid GUSHES out his NOSE.

The other kid - nearly cross-eyed - HOLDS A CUP under the first kid's NOSE, fills it up with the RECYCLED SODA, and GULPS the whole thing down.

MOLLY'S VOICE
Timmy Steiner could make Dr. Pepper
come out his nose, and Frankie
Farnsworth would drink anything for
a quarter.
(a beat)
A lethal combination.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

Jack, now a freshman with a bad 80's haircut, saunters up to Molly who has enormous METAL BRACES on her teeth and frizzy permed hair. She speaks with a slight lisp.

TEENAGE JACK
What's shakin' bacon?

TEENAGE MOLLY
Nada tostada.

Jack holds up a concert ticket.

TEENAGE JACK
I got an extra *Wang Chung* ticket.
You wanna go tonight?

TEENAGE MOLLY
Cool.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A high school graduation ceremony. The PRINCIPAL, reads names over the loudspeaker and hands out diplomas.

PRINCIPAL

Daly, Jackson.
 (applause)
 Dingle, Molly.
 (applause)
 Farnsworth, Franklin.

Jack - in cap and gown - walks to the podium and collects his diploma. Molly is right behind him.

MOLLY'S VOICE

By our senior year, we had it all figured out. We were going to college together. The ultimate life-experience.

(a beat)

We were gonna read all the important books, from Kierkegaard to Kerouac, Nietzsche to Nabakov, and have pretentious late-night coffee house discussions with exotic bohemian-types from far away places like Istanbul, Latvia and Van Nuys.

(a beat)

And we'd spend our summers traveling. Rome, Athens, Prague - and we'd drink cheap red wine and write bad poetry until the sun came up.

(a beat)

You see, college was my ticket out of Pottersville. My ticket to a better life.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Molly's mother stacking boxes of toothpaste on a low shelf.

MOLLY'S VOICE

So we enrolled in classes. Got our room assignments. Everything was set.

(a beat)

Then one hot afternoon near the end of summer, my mom collapsed at work. Right there in personal hygiene.

(a beat)

At first they said it was exhaustion.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A funeral service. Maggie is now six years old, and Molly holds her hand. Jack and his family watch in silence.

MOLLY'S VOICE

But nobody ever dies from exhaustion.
And in six months, she was gone. Just
like that.

(a beat)

Jack went off to college. I stayed in
Pottersville to take care of Maggie.
To take care of the house. To take
care of everything.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

A stuffy PTA meeting. CAMERA PANS ACROSS painted female faces
in Laura Ashley jumpsuits and sweater vests, until it STOPS on
Molly. She's dressed late 80's metal, in a Guns-N-Roses
t-shirt, ripped jeans and BIG hair. She snaps her gum.

MOLLY'S VOICE

In a matter of days, I went from
keggars to kindergarten, SAT scores
to soccer mom. Talk about a mind
fuck.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Molly (20) and Maggie (8) greet Jack at his airport gate. He
wears a Columbia University sweatshirt.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Jack would come home for holidays and
summer vacations. I lived for those
visits. He was my connection to the
outside world...

INT. COLUMBUS, OHIO - TV STATION

Jack the weather man. He taps the large map with his weather
pointer, and the ENTIRE BACKDROP COLLAPSES around him. Smoke
and dust everywhere, fleeing crew members.

MOLLY'S VOICE

After college, Jack got a job at a
small TV station outside of Columbus.
Things were bumpy at first, but then a
strange thing began to happen...

EXT. TV STATION - DAY

A U.S. Mail truck parked outside. Several postal workers
carry huge bags of mail into the station.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Jack started getting thousands of fan letters from teenage girls, a previously untapped demographic for evening news, and a lucrative slice of the advertising pie. Suddenly, every squealing 7th grader was watching the six o'clock news and Jack was becoming a local sex symbol. And the Networks were just licking their chops.

CUT TO:

INT. WAKE-UP AMERICA STUDIO - NEW YORK CITY

Jack is now the host of *Wake-Up America*, a national morning talk-show on a major Network. He sits on a couch next to perky co-host KATH RAMSEY.

Behind them, a large window overlooking Times Square, where hundreds of adoring fans gather behind police barricades, holding up WE LOVE YOU JACK signs and banners.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Jack moved to New York to host the *Wake-Up America* show and the ratings went through the roof.

(a beat)

Wake-Up America became the number one morning show in the country, and Jack became a star.

INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM

Molly and Maggie huddle on either side of a telephone receiver, listening.

MOLLY'S VOICE

At first he called a lot, you know, to tell us about his exciting new life. How he drank espresso with Cameron Diaz in the Piazza di Spagna, and spent a weekend in the Hamptons with Keith Richards and Haley Joel Osmond.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - POTTERSVILLE - DAY

Jack's parents - Bud and Kitty - standing in their yard next to a REALTY SIGN that says SOLD.

MOLLY'S VOICE

But the phone calls came less and less frequently. And when his parents retired to Boca, there was no reason for Jack to come back to Pottersville. No reason at all.

(a beat)

That was five years ago.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Molly flips off the light in her check stand, removes her cash drawer, and meanders her way to the back of the store.

Several shoppers say hello as she passes. Friendly chit-chat, and then she disappears behind an EMPLOYEES ONLY door.

INSIDE EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM

Molly removes her smock, folds it into a neat little square, and places it inside a small locker. Across from her is SALLY, dressing for her own shift. She's got spiky hair, and a look best described as New Age trailer park chic.

SALLY

Just tell me. Did he call again?

Molly shoots a look. Sally backs off.

SALLY

Okay, okay.

Sally downshifts.

SALLY

Are you excited about Thursday?

It doesn't register. Molly looks a question.

SALLY

Gary? My brother in-law?

Molly's eyes flash. Oh shit.

SALLY

You forgot.

MOLLY

I didn't forget.

(a beat)

Blind dates are the worst.

SALLY

Come on, you promised. He's been talking about it for weeks.

The store manager - MR. STALIN - approaches the two women. He's barrel-chested, maybe 40, like he might have been a Marine. He doesn't look happy.

MR. STALIN
Sally, we need you out front.

Sally gets up to leave.

SALLY
Call you later, Moll.

Mr. Stalin looks over to Molly

MR. STALIN
You need to clock out. And maybe you could save the slumber party gossip for your own time.

MOLLY
(under her breath)
I'll clock you out.

MR. STALIN
What's that?

MOLLY
Nothing.

Molly slides her time card into the machine - KERCHUNK - and she exits.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Molly loads two bags of groceries into the back of her muddy pick-up. She notices two guys on ladders, hanging a WELCOME HOME JACK banner across Main Street.

She climbs into the cab, fires up the big Ford engine, and pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Molly pulls into her driveway, next to a beat-up El Camino with a bumper sticker that says *Gas Grass or Ass, Nobody Rides for Free.*

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY

We follow Molly as she carries the groceries through the tidy house to the kitchen, sets them on the counter.

RANDY - 30's - on the couch watching TV. Feathered mullet, clean-shaven. Looks like he belongs at a construction site or a Billy Ray Cyrus concert. Or both.

ON THE TV

The local news. The friendly NEWS ANCHOR addresses the camera:

NEWS ANCHOR

In other news, convicted killer and real-life Hannibal Lector, *Cannibal Keith Coogan*, who is serving 227 years for murder, was once again denied parole by the Wyoming State Board.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Molly now standing in the kitchen doorway sipping a bottled beer, eyes fixed on the TV. Randy stands up, faces Molly.

His t-shirt says FREE MUSTACHE RIDES in large bold print.

RANDY

Get it? It's funny, huh?

MOLLY

Randy, you don't even have a mustache.

RANDY

So.

Molly's younger sister MAGGIE, now 18, enters with her pierced and tattooed boyfriend COLLIN.

COLLIN

Cool shirt.

RANDY

Thanks.

Molly looks over to Maggie.

MOLLY

Did you pick up your cap and gown?

MAGGIE

Uh-huh.

MOLLY

Well let's see!

MAGGIE

Not now.

MOLLY

Come on, don't be a fuddy-duddy.

Maggie disappears into the bathroom. Molly walks over to an imperceptibly crooked FRAMED PICTURE on the wall, straightens it.

ON MAGGIE

As she emerges from the bathroom in graduation cap and gown. She's definitely not thrilled.

MAGGIE

Happy?

MOLLY

You look so... Grown-up. I wish mom could see you.

Molly stands, adjusts the cap on Maggie's head.

MOLLY

Hey Maggs, did you hear from the college yet? You're supposed to get your room assignment this week.

Maggie shakes her head *no*.

MOLLY

We should call them if we don't hear anything by Friday.

MAGGIE

(snapping)

Could we just talk about this later?

She turns and storms out of the room. Collin shrugs in Molly's direction, follows Maggie out of the room.

Molly looks over to Randy.

MOLLY

What was that about?

RANDY

Who knows.

(a beat)

You hungry? I got some chicken fingers and noodle salad.

Puts his arm around Molly, steers her into the kitchen.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NEW YORK CITY

Jack on the set of *Wake-Up America*, interviewing an ACTION MOVIE star, who looks a lot like Jean-Claude Van Damme:

JACK

The movie is called "Die Slowly and Screaming" and it opens all over the country next Friday.

(a beat)

Let's check in with Ernie, who's outside Studio 4B in beautiful midtown Manhattan. What's going on, Ernie?

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO

ERNIE SNOPEs, the portly weather man, stands in front of a metal barricade, separating him from a group of screaming fans.

ERNIE SNOPEs

We've got a special birthday girl today... Miss Verna Helgendorf from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

INSERT PHOTO

Of a really old woman wearing a huge sombrero.

ERNIE SNOPEs (V.O.)

Verna is 103 years young today. She enjoys needlepoint, soft foods, and Jesus.

BACK ON ERNIE

Talking to the camera.

ERNIE SNOPEs

Happy birthday Verna, from all of us at Wake-Up America.

(motions to the crowd)

Now let's check in with the *Jack Pack*.

Ernie turns to a CRAZED WOMAN in the crowd. She holds a sign that says MARRY ME JACK.

ERNIE SNOPEs

Hello there, young lady. Where are you from?

CRAZED WOMAN

I'm from Figgitt, Arkansas. I love you Jack!

The entire CROWD SCREAMS together.

CROWD

We love you Jack!

ERNIE SNOPEs

Love is in the air. Jack and Kath,
back to you...

BACK IN THE STUDIO

Kath talks to the studio camera, flashes her girl-next-door smile.

KATH

That's our show for today. George
Hamilton will be in for Jack all
next week.

(a beat)

Join us Monday for celebrity chef
Emeril Lagasse, thirteen year-old
mayor Harlan Crawford, and Martha
Stewart will show us how to baby
proof your kitchen with style.

JACK

Have a great weekend everyone.

The DIRECTOR approaches, wearing a headset.

DIRECTOR

And... We're out. Great show
everyone!

Kath's demeanor suddenly shifts.

KATH

Oh fuck off, Steve.

A burly stage manager - STAN - plods over to Kath, fumbling to
unhook her microphone and battery pack. She swats him away.

KATH

Would you just. Ugh, stop touching
me. Even your fingernails are sweaty.
(stands, removes her mic)
Let me do it, you ape.

Stan now unhooks Jack's microphone. Jack reaches into his
jacket pocket, produces a small wrapped gift.

STAN

What's this?

JACK

It's for Stanley Jr. Kid's got a
birthday this week, right? What's
he gonna be, eight? Nine?

STAN

Nine, on Saturday.

JACK
Man, that's great. He's growing up
so fast.

STAN
Too fast.

Jack pats Stan on the shoulder.

JACK
You're a good man, Stan. Give
Sheila my best.

STAN
Thanks Jack. Have a good vacation.

Jack turns to leave. The show's slick PRODUCER cuts him off.

PRODUCER
Have you seen the overnight numbers?
You're killing. I love this guy.
(yelling)
I love this guy!

Before Jack can respond, the slick Producer has walked away.

OFFICE CORRIDOR

Jack walking down the hall towards his office. His assistant
CARLY follows him, reading from a list of notes.

JACK
Hey Car, whatcha got?

CARLY
Regis called again. He wants you
to do *Celebrity Millionaire*. A guy
from GO called about a photo shoot.
And somebody from *Dharma and Greg*
wants you to do a cameo.
(looks at her notes)
Oh, and a lady from the high school
called. Said someone would meet
you at the airport.

She hands him some papers.

CARLY
Here's your airline tickets. Hotel
reservations under your name.
(a beat)
Where is Pottersville, any way?

JACK
About a million miles from here.

INSIDE JACK'S OFFICE

Gorgeous view of mid-town Manhattan. Carly helps Jack remove his jacket, lays it across the leather couch.

CARLY
Don't forget the party tonight.
(hands him the invitation)
The Elixir Lounge, eight o'clock.

JACK
(loosens his tie)
Do I have to go?

CARLY
Yes. It's a Network thing. All
the brass will be there.

Jack walks around to his desk, picks up a FRAMED PHOTO OF MOLLY taken a few years back. He looks down at it, the smallest hint of sadness in his eyes.

JACK
All right. What are you doing
tonight?

CARLY
Donald is taking me out to dinner.
And there's a Fellini movie at the
Angelika.

Jack smiles. Must be nice.

EXT. WAKE-UP AMERICA STUDIO - NEW YORK CITY

Jack exits the building. Several women all converge on him, asking for autographs. He signs every one, with a smile.

A black town car is waiting. The driver - KUMAR - opens the door for Jack. Jack smiles and climbs inside.

INT. TRENDY NIGHT CLUB - LATER

A swanky TV Network party. People schmooze, champagne flows. Several recognizable TV personalities mingle in the background.

Jack is cornered by TODD, a guy with a fake-n-bake tan, perfect hair and manicured sideburns.

Jack feigns interest, nods his head at all the right moments, but is really looking BEHIND Todd at a GORGEOUS WOMAN at the bar.

JACK
So you're an actor?

TODD

(nods)

I did a *Will and Grace*. And a *Caroline in the City*. Small parts, you know. My big break was an Immodium AD commercial.

JACK

Oh yeah?

TODD

I'm sure you've seen it. The one where the guy's got diarrhea and he's riding a donkey down the Grand Canyon.

JACK

You were the donkey man?

Todd nods, proud.

JACK

That was amazing. I really thought you had diarrhea.

TODD

Yeah, it's some of my best work.

Ernie Snopes, the weather man from *Wake-Up America* approaches. He looks at Todd.

ERNIE SNOPEs

You mind if I steal him away?

Before Todd can answer, Ernie steers Jack away.

ERNIE SNOPEs

Jack-o, there is some Grade A tail here tonight. Prime cut.

Jack again eyes the GORGEOUS WOMAN at the bar. Ernie notices.

ERNIE SNOPEs

You like that? She's a Victoria's Secret model. Panties and shit. Used to date Charlie Sheen.

(a beat)

I'd give my left nut for a taste of that.

JACK

Could you excuse me for a second?

Jack turns, walks towards the men's restroom.

INSIDE THE RESTROOM

Jack at the sink, splashes water on his face.

Behind him, the door swings open, and the gorgeous woman from the bar - TRISH - enters the restroom. He sees her in the mirror standing behind him.

Jack - surprised - turns to face her. She steps close to him, then GRABS him ROUGH and plants a LONG, SLOW KISS on his lips.

TRISH

Miss me?

JACK

Not really.

TRISH

Liar. I could feel you watching me out there.

JACK

Every guy in Manhattan is watching you. Some of the women too.

TRISH

Yeah, but they're only looking at my ass. You're different. You look at the whole me.

Someone BANGS on the bathroom door. Trish whips her head around.

TRISH

(loud through the door)
Give me a Goddamn second!

JACK

You wanna get out of here?

TRISH

Yeah, this party's a stiff.

More BANGING on the door. Jack turns to leave, Trish grabs him by the arm.

TRISH

Wait. There's a photographer here from Vanity Fair. Can't let him see us leaving together.

(a beat)

You go first and get us a cab.
I'll be five minutes behind you.

She gives him a quick kiss on the lips.

TRISH
See you downstairs.

She UNLOCKS the bathroom door, brushes past the guy who was outside knocking. Flashes her dazzling smile.

EXT. WATERFRONT - LATER

A beautiful night. Jack and Trish walking along the riverfront, the magnificent New York City skyline behind them.

JACK
I hate sneaking around. I don't understand why we can't date like normal people.

TRISH
I told you. My publicist doesn't think this is the right time for me to announce a relationship.
(a beat)
When pilot season is over, we'll send out a joint press release. Then the whole world will know.
(kisses him)
Promise.

She stops, takes in the magnificent view of the city.

TRISH
God, I'm so bored in this city.

JACK
Bored? This is *New York City*.

She brushes this off, turns to him excited.

TRISH
Let's do something crazy.

JACK
Like what?

TRISH
I don't know. Let's go to a strip club and get a lap dance. Let's swim naked in the East River.
(turns to Jack)
I know - Let's drop acid and fuck in Central Park.

He stops and looks at her for a moment.

JACK

I was thinking we could get Chinese food and go to a movie. You know, like regular people.

TRISH

But we're not regular people.

No we're not. Jack turns his back to the City.

JACK

Let's just go home. I've got an early flight tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly's Friday night ritual. It's not late, but she's already in her jammies - sweat pants and a Pittsburgh Steelers jersey.

She meanders into the kitchen, takes a tub of ice cream from the freezer, grabs a large soup spoon from the drawer, and heads back to the couch.

She picks up the remote control, ZAPS on the TV. Clicks past *Baywatch*. A sitcom with a talking puppet. *Antique Roadshow*. And stops on an infomercial for the Red Devil grill.

Man, that's a cool grill. Even makes waffles.

Molly watches for a few seconds, then keeps clicking until she stops on WALKER TEXAS RANGER. Perfect.

She sets the remote on the table, gets comfy, and takes big bite of ice cream.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jack on the bed, scribbling onto a note pad. Wadded-up balls of paper all around him. He rips off another page, crumbles it, and tosses it onto the pile.

Trish enters the bedroom, sees the mess.

TRISH

How's the speech coming?

JACK

Terrible. Everything I write sounds like an After School Special.

TRISH
You'll be fine.

Trish disappears into the bathroom. Jack talks loud so she can hear him:

JACK
What advice would you give to a bunch of graduating high school kids?

A brief pause, and she pops her head out of the bathroom, her hair now in pigtails.

TRISH
Smoke a lot of cigarettes. Stay thin at all costs.
(a beat)
And don't fuck anybody who can't help your career.

Jack's horrified reaction.

TRISH
I'm kidding. What do you think I am, a monster?

Trish emerges from the bathroom in a LONG ROBE.

TRISH
If you want to know what to say to these kids, you need to know what they're thinking. You need to get in touch with your adolescent mentality.

JACK
How do I do that?

TRISH
Maybe this will help.

She opens the robe, revealing a NAUGHTY SCHOOLGIRL outfit, taking a page from Britney Spears. Very sexy.

JACK
Oops, you did it again.

Trish smiles and crawls onto the bed...

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Remnants of the schoolgirl outfit scattered across the bedroom. Jack packs for his trip. He closes his suitcase, grabs his jacket. Trish drinks orange juice from a champagne glass.

TRISH

Sure you don't want me to go with you? I could wear my Wranglers and Prada chaps.

JACK

It's okay. Go to your thing in Milan. I'll be fine.

TRISH

That's a relief. I was afraid you'd have me out there cow-tipping with the yokels.

Jack leans in, gives her a quick kiss.

JACK

Call you when I get back.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Jack in the back seat. His driver KUMAR speaks with an unidentifiable accent:

KUMAR

You are going to see a woman, no?

JACK

I'm giving a speech at my old high school. Why?

KUMAR

Because you're wearing after shave. You never wear after shave.

Jack looks out the window.

JACK

There's an old friend. A woman. But I haven't seen her in a long time.

KUMAR

Ahh.

JACK

She won't return my calls. Probably won't see me when I get there. Any advice?

Kumar turns around to face Jack.

KUMAR

If she has small breasts, tell her you're an ass man.

EXT. FOOD BARN SUPERMARKET - DAY

Molly on her break. She sits on a bench in front of the store reading a book called Kierkegaard and Existentialism.

A young African American child sells candy bars from a cardboard carry box. He approaches several people as they enter the store, gets rebuffed by each.

Dejected, the child sits on the bench next to Molly. She lowers her book.

MOLLY

Whatcha got there?

KID

Candy bars. If I sell ten boxes, I win a trip to Disney World.

MOLLY

Cool. How many have you sold?

KID

Hardly any.

MOLLY

You should try outside the Cineplex. People always like candy at the movies.

KID

That's a good idea.
(standing)
Do you want to buy one?

MOLLY

Well, I'm not really hungry...

The kid's face sinks. Molly reaches into her pocket, produces a ten dollar bill.

MOLLY

So I better just get three.

The kid smiles, hands her the chocolate bars.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A commercial jet landing.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Jack strolling down the jetway, carries a suitcase and an old BOX under his arm. An awkward teen, KEVIN, holds a cardboard sign that says JACK DALY.

KEVIN
 Mr. Daly, I'm Kevin Chalmas,
 President of the William Taft
 High AV Club. It's an honor to
 meet you.

Jack smiles. He likes this kid already.

JACK
 It's just Jack. You can call me
 Jack.

KEVIN
 (reaching for the bag)
 Let me get your bag, Mr. -- Jack.

Kevin struggles with Jack's heavy bag.

AIRPORT PARKING LOT

Jack and Kevin approach a late-model car.

JACK
 Sweet ride. That a Taurus?

KEVIN
 (nodding)
 My dad's. Pretty shameful.

JACK
 My dad had a Taurus too.

Kevin smiles.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Kevin and Jack in the car, as they drive into downtown
 Pottersville.

KEVIN
 I mean, in the AV club, we're all
 basically geeks. And we know it.
 We're gamers and trekkies and tech
 heads. And you were too. Heck,
 you started the AV club. You're
 our inspiration.

They pass under a WELCOME HOME JACK banner strung across
 Main Street. Jack cranes his neck to see it:

JACK
 Is that for me?

KEVIN

(nods)

We don't get many celebrities
around here.

(a beat)

I heard you dated Jennifer Love-Hewitt.
Is that true?

JACK

Where'd you hear that?

KEVIN

Chat room.

JACK

Well, it's not true. I met her at
a party once. She was really nice.
But that's it.

KEVIN

How'd she look?

JACK

Super hot. Are you kidding me?

Kevin smiles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Kevin sets the suitcase on the bed, hands Jack the room key.

KEVIN

If there's anything you need while
you're here, anything at all, I can
get it for you. Except I can't buy
liquor. But I know a senior with a
fake ID who can score.

JACK

Okay.

Kevin extends a slip of paper.

KEVIN

Here's my number. Call any time of
day or night.

(a beat)

I share a line with my sister, so
she might answer the phone. Just
ask for me. Kevin.

JACK
No problem. Thanks, Kevin.
(a beat)
Actually, you mind giving me lift
somewhere?

INT. FOOD BARN SUPERMARKET - DAY

Molly in the produce department. Wearing gloves, neatly stacking tomatoes. Jack approaches from behind.

JACK
What's shakin' bacon?

MOLLY
Nada tos...

She starts to respond instinctively, then catches herself. Turns to see Jack. She smiles -- Then catches herself again.

MOLLY
What do you want?

JACK
I... I don't want anything. I just
wanted to say hello.

Molly doesn't answer. Just keeps stacking tomatoes.

JACK
I tried to call you. To tell you
I was coming to town.

Still no answer.

JACK
How's Maggie? You must be so proud
of her. I can't believe she's...

Molly cuts him off.

MOLLY
Look, I'm working here.

JACK
Okay. I just thought. Maybe we
could get together. I'm here all
week.

MOLLY
I'm busy.

JACK
C'mon, Moll. I know it's been a
while, but...

MOLLY

You can drop the wounded friend routine, Jack. We haven't really been friends in years. Not really.

(a beat)

Now, I have to get back to work.

Dejected, Jack turns to leave.

EXT. FOOD BARN SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT

Jack climbs into the passenger side of Kevin's Taurus.

KEVIN

How'd it go?

JACK

On a scale of one to ten, I'd say about a three.

KEVIN

Wait a second. Is one the highest or is ten the highest?

JACK

Ten is the highest.

KEVIN

Then a three isn't very good.

JACK

No it isn't.

EXT. HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Molly's mud-splattered pick-up truck screeches to a stop in front of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Molly marches down the hallway, stops at Jack's door. She POUNDS HARD with her fist. And POUNDS again.

A couple of seconds later, Jack OPENS the door.

JACK

Hi, Mol...

Molly pushes her way into the room.

INSIDE THE ROOM

MOLLY

You've got some nerve, Jack. You don't call for five years, and then you just show up and expect everything to be fine? I mean, who do you think you are?

WIDER - Jack motions to Kevin, sitting on the bed playing SEGA on the television.

JACK

Molly, do you know Kevin Chalmas?

Molly looks over, sees Kevin sitting with a game controller in his hand. She's slightly embarrassed.

MOLLY

Oh, hi. Sorry. I didn't realize.

(a beat)

I know Kevin. We had a bake sale to raise money for the AV club.

(to Kevin)

Hi.

KEVIN

Your cupcakes kicked ass. Got us a sweet mixing board.

MOLLY

Thanks.

Jack faces Molly.

JACK

I've got an idea. You can yell at me here in the room, or I could buy you a cup of coffee and you could humiliate me in public, which might actually be more gratifying.

Molly smiles, for the first time in a long time.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Jack and Molly walking together, sipping coffee from paper cups.

MOLLY

I'm sorry I blew up at you. It's just, when I saw you...

JACK

It's okay. I should be the one apologizing.

Molly slugs him playfully in the arm.

MOLLY

So why *did* you stop calling? I mean, we were friends, weren't we?

JACK

Of course we were. But when I got *Wake-Up America*, my life changed over night. I didn't know how to handle it.

(a beat)

Imagine if every dream you ever had suddenly came true, and everything you ever wanted was suddenly handed to you in a big golden basket.

(a beat)

It's completely overwhelming, on every level - mentally, physically, even spiritually. Every expectation I had about the world was turned upside down, and my whole sense of reality was altered.

MOLLY

So it's like *The Matrix*?

JACK

Just like *The Matrix*. Minus the alien feeding tube.

Molly smiles again. They round the corner, past the butcher shop. The butcher waves a bloody cleaver, Molly waves back.

JACK

(looking around)

Things seem pretty much the same since I was here last.

MOLLY

Yeah, not much has changed. Except there's more Starbucks.

They walk past a Starbucks.

MOLLY

There's one for every person in town. It's great, you never have to wait in line.

Jack smiles. They continue walking.

MOLLY

You did miss some excitement last spring.

(a beat)

Olaf Gundersen went on a three-day whiskey binge, drove his Rambler through the middle of the Dinky Donut shop and out the other side.

(snorts to herself)

Should've seen it - an old man in a jacked-up muscle car, covered in raspberry glaze, speeding out of town. They caught him down the road in Logan's Mill, dragged his ass back for arraignment. Poor guy just wanted to get out.

Jack looks over to Molly, his gaze narrows.

JACK

What about you -- Are you going to get out of this place? With Maggie almost out of school, you can do whatever you want. The whole world is wide open.

MOLLY

Oh, I don't know. I've got seven years at the store, and the money is okay. Two weeks paid vacation. Medical and dental, 401K. I think I'm a career grocer.

They stop in front of Jack's hotel.

MOLLY

Here we are.

JACK

Here we are.

(a beat)

Look, could we get together for dinner? Would that even be possible?

Molly takes her time answering, like she really has to think about it. She doesn't.

MOLLY

All right. Dinner. Why don't you come by the house tomorrow night. I know Maggie would love to see you.

JACK

That's great.

Jack turns, enters the hotel. Molly smiles and continues walking.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Molly at the check stand, chatting with Sally in the next stand over.

SALLY

Well fuck me to tears and slap me for crying. You went on a date with him?

MOLLY

It wasn't a date. We just got coffee.

SALLY

Coffee is never just coffee. Coffee is sex.

MOLLY

It is?

SALLY

(nodding)

You should let me do your charts.

MOLLY

You know I don't believe in that stuff.

Mr. Stalin approaches. He doesn't look happy.

MR. STALIN

Hi Molly. Do you have a second?

MOLLY

For you Jim, I've got three seconds.

MR. STALIN

Ahh, it's Mr. Stalin in the workplace, if you don't mind.

MOLLY

Right. Sorry. Mr. Stalin.

INSIDE MR. STALIN'S OFFICE

He looks at Molly, then down at her feet, and back up disapprovingly.

MR. STALIN

What color are your socks?

MOLLY

Does it matter? I'm behind a counter all day long and no one can see my feet.

Mr. Stalin just stares at her, waiting for an answer.

MOLLY

They're brown. Dark chocolate brown.

Mr. Stalin produces an EMPLOYEE HANDBOOK from his desk drawer, flips to an ear-marked page.

MR. STALIN

According to uniform guidelines as stated in section 13-A of the official Employee Handbook, all employee socks must be black. Not brown. Not chocolate. Not fudgie cake.

(a beat for emphasis)

Black. Like the night.

MOLLY

(under her breath)

Like your soul.

MR. STALIN

What was that?

MOLLY

Nothing. I'll change my socks.

Molly turns to exit. Mr. Stalin gets in one more jab:

MR. STALIN

You realize I have to document this incident.

What a prick. Molly bites her lip, turns and exits.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly opens the front door. Maggie gives Jack a big hug. He stands back, looks her up and down like a proud older brother.

JACK

Last time I saw you, you were just a little french fry. Now look at you... Almost a college girl.

MAGGIE

You look good, Jack. Even better than on TV.

JACK
Thanks. And congratulations. Ohio State is a terrific school.

MAGGIE
Yeah. Well.

JACK
Although I'm not sure what a Buckeye is. Do you know?

Maggie shakes her head, smiling.

MAGGIE
I think it's a big dog. Or some kind of a deer.

Randy enters from the bathroom. He's not wearing a shirt, pants unbuttoned. He looks over to Molly.

RANDY
You seen the plunger? I clogged up the shitter again.

Randy looks around, sees Jack.

MOLLY
Jack, this is Randy. Our roommate.

Jack goes to shake his hand, but Randy instead GRABS and HUGS him.

RANDY
Hey man, I'm in showbiz too!

JACK
Really? What do you do?

RANDY
I'm a costumed greeter at Hershey Park. I work the Beer Garden and the *Chocoholics Anonymous* meetings.

JACK
Nice gig.

RANDY
It's pretty sweet.
(a beat)
How'd you get on TV any way? You go to school for that?

JACK

I got a degree in broadcast communications, but the diploma doesn't mean much. It's all timing and luck.

RANDY

I hear ya. I got a double AA over at the community college and it ain't done squat for my career.

JACK

What'd you major in?

RANDY

Origami and gun repair.

Molly interrupts.

MOLLY

Shall we?

Goodbyes all around. Molly and Jack exit.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Molly and Jack in a small booth at a local greasy spoon. They're eating enormous burgers and milkshakes.

MOLLY

It's funny. When you're a kid, you have all these ideas about how you think your life is going to turn out.

Molly swirls a french fry in some ketchup.

JACK

Your life isn't so bad.

MOLLY

You're right, it's not bad. It's just... odd. I'm thirty-one, and I've got a maniacal boss, a moody eighteen year-old, and a pornography addict living in my garage.

(a beat)

At least you've got some semblance of a normal life.

JACK

You think my life is normal? My apartment costs twenty-four thousand dollars a month. *A month.* And my neighbors are Starr Jones and Henry Kissinger. Then I go to work, and that's where things get weird.

Jacks a chug of his shake, wipes his milk mustache.

JACK

Last week I interviewed Yasser Arafat and Puff Daddy in the same half-hour segment, and then I made boysenberry scones with Martha Stewart. After the show, we all ate scones together. Me, Martha, Puff Daddy and Arafat.

(a beat)

How normal is that?

Molly shrugs.

MOLLY

Arafat likes scones?

JACK

Loves them.

The WAITRESS approaches with a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

Can I warm that up for you?

JACK

Sure.

MOLLY

Thanks.

The waitress pours coffee, then turns to Jack, a little shy.

WAITRESS

I hate to bother you, but could I trouble you for an autograph? We watch your show every morning.

JACK

It's no trouble at all.

The waitress hands Jack her order pad and a pen. Jack eyes the waitress's NAME TAG, then scribbles on the pad and hands it back.

WAITRESS

Thanks. Thanks so much.

JACK

Thank you, Connie.

The waitress turns and leaves. Molly looks at Jack.

MOLLY

That's so weird.

JACK

What?

MOLLY

People asking for your autograph.
I mean, it's you. You're the kid
who wet his bed at Science Fiction
Camp.

JACK

I didn't wet my bed. I had extreme
night sweats.

MOLLY

Night sweats that smelled like
urine.

JACK

At least I didn't faint in the
middle of *Dirty Dancing* because
of Patrick Swayze's overpowering
hunkiness.

MOLLY

Hey, I was sick that day. I had a
fever.

JACK

A fever in your pants.

Molly glares playfully at Jack. He takes a bite of his
burger. Molly picks at her plate.

MOLLY

So really, what's it like?

JACK

It's good, just like I remember.
Juicy. Lots of meat.

MOLLY

Not the burger, you geek. Being famous. You're like, a step away from being a movie star. Or a game show host.

(a beat)

What's it like?

JACK

It's terrible. Everyone either acts like they love you because they want something from you, or they resent you for being successful. You don't know who your real friends are, and you have no privacy. It's a nightmare.

MOLLY

Really?

JACK

No, not really. I'm the luckiest guy in the world.

She noodles around her plate, not looking up.

MOLLY

Must be great for meeting chicks.

JACK

It's incredible. Beautiful women approach me all the time with these outrageous propositions. Women who wouldn't give me the time of day if I had any other job.

MOLLY

So these women will have sex with you not because you're funny or handsome or smart or even because they like you, but because you're on a TV show?

JACK

Basically.

MOLLY

And I thought *my* life was pathetic.

(a beat)

At least the guys trying to get me in the sack actually like something about me. Maybe it's only my tits or my ass, but at least it's me.

JACK

Yeah, that's not pathetic at all.

MOLLY
Shut-up.

JACK
You shut-up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN POTTERSVILLE - LATER

Molly and Jack walking past various shop windows directly towards us, getting closer as they talk.

JACK
I heard you were dating Nate Clemmons
a while back.

MOLLY
Yeah. He's a nice guy and all,
but...

JACK
But what?

MOLLY
The man is a bean farmer. A farmer
of beans.

JACK
What kind of beans?

MOLLY
Garbanzo, mostly. Biggest producer
in the tri-state area. They call
him the garbanzo king.

Jack nods.

JACK
So if you got married, you'd be
the garbanzo queen?

MOLLY
Yeah.
(a beat)
How about you?

JACK
I've been seeing someone. For
about a year now. Trish.

MOLLY
Really?

JACK
Yes. Is that surprising?

MOLLY

It's just. You never mention her on the show. And you didn't bring a date to the Emmys. And Cosmo called you *America's Most Eligible Bachelor*. What is it, like a big secret or something?

JACK

It's complicated.

MOLLY

I guess.

They continue walking.

JACK

So you watch the show?

MOLLY

No. Sometimes.

(a beat)

You can stop smiling now.

Molly and Jack continue walking past us, and out of sight.

EXT. WILLIAM TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

The school day in full swing. Yellow buses parked out front. Students milling about. A sign says CLASS OF 2002. Various tables set-up, with placards like "Sober Graduation" and "Grad Night Sign-Up."

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Jack shaking hands with the now grey-haired PRINCIPAL TEITELBAUM. Jack carries his BOX under one arm.

PRINCIPAL

I trust your accommodations are satisfactory?

JACK

The room is great. And Kevin has been a big help.

(a beat)

Actually, I'm on my way to see him now.

PRINCIPAL

All right. We'll see you on Saturday.

Jack turns and exits.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS

Jack meanders his way through the campus, carrying the box under his arm. Various students greet him along the way:

STUDENT #1
'Sup, Holmes?

STUDENT #2
Hey famous dude!

STUDENT #3
Yo Regis! Your show is kickin'!

ANGLE ON

Jack walking past a long row of lockers, around a corner to an OPEN DOOR. A sign outside the door reads AUDIO/VISUAL LAB.

Jack enters the AUDIO/VIDEO LAB.

INSIDE THE AUDIO/VIDEO LAB

High tech computer equipment everywhere. A sweet mixing board. Video cameras. Movie projectors. Editing bays. A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* poster on one wall, an *X-Files* poster on another wall. A geek paradise.

Kevin sits in one corner, staring at a computer monitor.

KEVIN
Hey Jack. What are you doing here?

Jack takes the lid off THE BOX, removes several spools of SUPER 8 FILM.

JACK
I was wondering if you could help me out with something...

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Molly at the mailbox flipping through a stack of letters. She stops at one, excitedly rips it open. She scans it with her eyes, then scampers up the steps to the house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Molly enters, closes the front door behind her. Maggie lays on the couch watching MTV.

MOLLY

Maggs? You got a letter from the University. They said they never got your housing payment. I gave you that check weeks ago.

MAGGIE

I didn't mail it.

MOLLY

Did you forget?
(looks at the letter)
That's okay, we can still make the deadline.

MAGGIE

Don't bother. I'm not going.

MOLLY

You're what?

Maggie sits up, looks at Molly.

MAGGIE

I'm. Not. Going.

MOLLY

What do you mean you're not going.
This is what you wanted.

MAGGIE

This is what you wanted. It's what you've always wanted.

A lengthy pause.

Molly's eyes on Maggie. Reading her. Like a book.

MOLLY

This is about *him*, isn't it?

She doesn't answer. Molly pushes.

MOLLY

Isn't it?

MAGGIE

He loves me. And I love him.
(a beat)
You wouldn't understand.

Maggie turns and tries to walk away. Molly grabs her arm.

MOLLY

You don't understand. Love isn't real. It's an illusion. It's like a rainbow -- It's there for a few minutes, and it's beautiful. Then you blink, just for a second, and it's gone.

(a beat)

And then you're just standing there by yourself in the rain.

MAGGIE

I hope I never become like you.

Maggie turns and exits, slamming the front door behind her.

MOLLY

Ah Hell.

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jack working on his speech, balls of wadded paper strewn around the room. Molly paces, oozing manic energy. She stops, straightens a crooked picture, then continues her rant.

MOLLY

Maggie's not going.

JACK

Going where?

MOLLY

College. She says she's not going.

JACK

Why not?

MOLLY

She's in love. With a local boy. A damn carpenter.

JACK

That's not so bad. I'm pretty sure Jesus was a carpenter.

Molly stops, faces Jack, hands on her hips.

MOLLY

Not so bad? How can you even say that?

JACK

I don't know. Is she happy?

MOLLY

What does that have to do with it?
She's just a kid. Her whole life
is in front of her.

(a beat)

I just want her to have the best
of everything.

Jack puts his arm around Molly, steers her to the bed.

JACK

Why don't you sit down and relax
for a minute.

Molly sits on the edge of the bed. Jack goes to the fridge
in his MINIBAR, opens the door and looks inside.

JACK

You want a drink? A Snickers? An
eight dollar bottle of water?

MOLLY

M & M's. Plain.

Jack hands her a small bag of candy, sits next to her on
the bed. Molly chomps on M & M's.

MOLLY

She's just going to throw it all
away.

Jack grabs a bottled water and takes a deep chug.

JACK

You said he does carpentry work.
Is he any good?

MOLLY

Sure. He's worked on some houses
in town. And he did a nice job on
our deck.

(a beat)

Why?

JACK

Ohio State is in Columbus.

Molly nods.

JACK

What if I could get Collin a job there. At the TV station. They're always looking for stage hands.

(a beat)

Then Maggie could go to school, he'd be just across town, and you wouldn't have a heart attack. Everybody wins.

MOLLY

You could do that?

JACK

The station manager owes me a favor. Let me see what I can do.

INT. SUPERMARKET - EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Molly sits across from Sally. A large ASTRAL CHART spread out before them. She tucks a few stray hairs behind her ear.

SALLY

Oh. Oh my. This is very interesting.

MOLLY

What? What's it say?

SALLY

You both have Virgo rising, and you share five of the same planetary houses, in a near-identical configuration.

MOLLY

English, Sal. What's it say in English?

SALLY

Your compatibility is off the scale and the sex should be hotter than Kentucky asphalt in July.

MOLLY

Are you sure?

Sally nods, points to the chart.

SALLY

It's written in the stars. And stars don't lie.

Molly reaches out, touches the planetary chart. Behind them, Mr. Stalin approaches:

MR. STALIN

I don't want your black magic
voodoo in the employee lounge.
(motions to the table)
Now get this crap out of here.

Mr. Stalin turns and leaves.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maggie and Collin enter the house. Molly and Jack are seated
at the kitchen table. There is a large plate of cupcakes.

MAGGIE

What's going on. Did somebody die?

MOLLY

Just listen.

MAGGIE

If this is about school...

MOLLY

Please. Just listen.

JACK

I talked to a buddy of mine at
a TV station in Columbus, and
he said he could get Collin hired
as a stage hand and even pull some
strings to get him in the union.
It's good money. Steady work.
There's a real future in it.

MOLLY

And it's right across town from
the University.

Maggie looks at Jack.

MAGGIE

Really? It's a good job?

Jack nods. Maggie turns to Collin, her eyes wide.

MAGGIE

That's great! Isn't that great? I
can go to school, and you can work
nearby. It's perfect!

Maggie turns and hugs Jack.

MAGGIE

Thank you, Jack.

Everyone is smiling -- Except Collin.

COLLIN

But baby, I thought we were gonna stay here. We already talked about it.

MAGGIE

I know, but this sounds like a really good opportunity. For both of us. If you get in the union, you're set. We're set.

COLLIN

I don't know. Can we talk about this later?

Maggie's demeanor does a 180.

MAGGIE

No, we're going to talk about this right now.

COLLIN

Well, I don't know if I want to go to Columbus, okay? Why don't we just stay here, like we planned.
(looks into her eyes)
You know I love you baby.

He moves close to her, puts his arms around her just like he's done a hundred times, each time causing her to melt.

But not this time.

MAGGIE

Wait a second, Col. I was willing to stay in this town for you, so we could be together. But you won't go to Columbus for me?

COLLIN

Come on baby...

MAGGIE

Don't "come on baby" me.
(temperature rising)
You can fuck right off.

Collin looks at her for a second, then turns and storms out of the house, SLAMMING the door behind him. Molly and Jack are speechless.

Maggie turns to Molly.

MAGGIE
Are you happy now?

Maggie turns and storms out of the kitchen.

RANDY enters - fresh from work - dressed in his silly oversized HERSHEY'S KISS COSTUME, complete with the POINTY SILVER HAT.

RANDY
What. Did somebody die?

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Molly taps lightly on Maggie's door. And again. She hears a faint voice from the other side.

INSIDE MAGGIE'S ROOM

Molly enters the dark room, sees Maggie laying on the bed. Molly sits on the bed next to her.

MOLLY
You okay?

MAGGIE
I'm sorry for yelling at you. I appreciate you guys trying to get Collin a job and all.
(pauses)
It's just, I really love him. And I've never felt this way before.

MOLLY
I know.

MAGGIE
God, he's such a jerk.

Molly runs her hand reassuringly through her sister's hair.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits on the bed, eating ice cream. Molly models clothes, as she gets ready for a date.

JACK
No one goes on blind dates any more. You know why? Because the world is filled with psychos.

MOLLY
It's too late. I can't cancel.

JACK

You don't know anything about this guy. He could be a serial killer, for all you know. A criminal. Or a tobacco chewer. He probably carries around one of those spit cups.

MOLLY

He doesn't carry a spit cup.

(a beat)

I have to go. I promised Sally.

Molly turns to Jack, modeling her outfit. He looks at her shirt, squinting. His nose wrinkles.

JACK

Something's not right. Try the blue shirt.

Molly steps into the bathroom, takes off her shirt, buttons up the blue one. Turns back to Jack.

JACK

Okay. Now what about the shoes?

Molly disappears into the bathroom. Jack takes a bite of ice cream.

She enters from the bathroom, dressed, hair slicked, looking beautiful. It shows on Jack's face.

JACK

(lowering the ice cream)

Wow. You look good, Moll. Really good.

MOLLY

Yeah?

JACK

Yeah.

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jack and Kevin playing SEGA on the TV. A half-eaten pizza. Jack drinks a beer.

JACK

You have a girlfriend, Kevin?

KEVIN

No, but I felt-up Nancy Snodgrass behind a dumpster at Wacky Waterworks.

JACK
Was she pretty?

KEVIN
She was okay. Nice tits for a
sophomore.

A KNOCK on the door. Jack gets up to answer it. Molly enters, flustered.

JACK
What happened to your date?

MOLLY
I'm never dating again.
(to Kevin)
Hey Kevin.

Kevin looks up from his game.

KEVIN
Hey.

JACK
So what happened?

Molly obviously wound-up. She's pacing as she talks.

MOLLY
I meet him at this bar for drinks.
There's talking, there's laughing,
everything is fine.
(a beat)
Then he asks if I want to see where
he works.

Jack listens intently, slightly amused.

MOLLY
Sally said he worked for the D.A.'s
office. So I'm thinking, cool. He's
gonna take me down to City Hall, give
me the VIP tour.

JACK
So what's the problem?

MOLLY
We're in the car, driving across
town, and I say, "You must get some
really interesting cases working
for the D.A." He just looks at me
like I'm crazy, and says:

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR

George - burly - looks at the camera:

GEORGE

I don't work for the D.A., I work
for the for the USDA. I grade meat.

BACK TO:

MOLLY IN JACK'S ROOM

Hands on her hips.

MOLLY

The guy inspects meat for a living.

JACK

You're shitting me.

MOLLY

I shit you not.

(a beat)

He took me to a slaughterhouse.
Grabs my ass next to a hoof and
snout bin, like all that carnage
is supposed to get me hot.

Molly takes a deep breath, looks over to Jack.

MOLLY

Look, I hate to end the night on a
bad date. You want to get a drink
or something?

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Pool tables. Smoky. A jukebox cranking classic rock.
Foreigner. Boston. Freebird. Awesome.

Molly and Jack at a small table in the back. Several empty
beers, a bottle of whiskey and two shot glasses in front of
them. They're buzzing good.

MOLLY

You're a big star. So tell me...
(whispers)
... have you slept with anybody
famous?

JACK

Besides Tony Danza?

Molly smiles. Wow, it's a great smile.

MOLLY
 Seriously... Have you?

JACK
 Oh sure. But I don't recommend it.

Molly's gaze sharpens. Why the Hell not?

JACK
 Celebrities think they have to put
 on a show in the bedroom. Especially
 actors. They're the worst. It's
 like they're nailing a monologue or
 something. Half the time I feel like
 I should applaud afterwards.
 (a beat)
 Sure, it's fun for a while, but it's
 kind of -- I don't know -- hollow.

Hmmm. Molly picks at the label on her beer bottle.

MOLLY
 I slept with a celebrity once,
 more or less.

JACK
 You more or less slept with him?

MOLLY
 He was more or less a celebrity.
 (a beat)
 The five-time Quaker State Tractor
 Racing champion, actually. Best
 in Central Penn.

JACK
 They race tractors?

MOLLY
 Oh sure. If you can ride it, you
 can race it.

Molly pours herself another shot, shoots it like a pro.

EXT. GAZEBO - TOWN SQUARE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Molly and Jack in the gazebo in town square.

MOLLY
 You want to hear something
 scandalous?

JACK
 Absolutely.

MOLLY
I dated my boss.

JACK
The maniac?

Molly nods.

MOLLY
But he wasn't my boss at the time.
He worked at a different store.

JACK
What happened?

MOLLY
We met at the company Christmas
party. They throw a bash at the
Bowl-a-Rama every year.
(a beat)
He was having trouble picking up
a spare on a seven-ten split. So
I gave him a few pointers, and he
bought me a beer. *Totally improved
his game.* We dated for a few months,
and everything was fine.
(pauses)
And then he gave me a drawer.

JACK
Okay. Rewind.

MOLLY
You know, a drawer. In his dresser.
To keep some clothes in for when I'd
sleep over.

Jack turns, looks at Molly. Disbelief.

JACK
You dumped him because he gave you
a drawer?

MOLLY
That's how it starts. First it's
one drawer. Then two. Then the
whole dresser. Now the guy's giving
me furniture.
(a beat)
Once they start giving you furniture,
it's over.

JACK
You need help.

MOLLY

Gets worse. He said he loves me.
Said it's time to take our
relationship to the next level.

(a beat)

They always want to go to the next
level. What's wrong with this level?

Jack shrugs.

JACK

So what did you say back?

MOLLY

Nothing. I freaked-out. Felt
like I couldn't breathe. I just
left him there, naked.

JACK

Naked?

MOLLY

A few months later he transferred
to my store, and I've been facing
the wrath of Jim Stalin ever since.

JACK

Stalin? There's your problem. You
can't go out with anyone named
after a fascist dictator.

MOLLY

It's just a name. It doesn't mean
anything.

JACK

Great. Then I'll set you up with
my friend Dave Hitler.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - OUTSIDE JACK'S ROOM - LATER

Jack and Molly stagger down the hallway and stop at his door.

JACK

Remember that one summer I was home
from college? We stayed up all night
drinking wine coolers and talking
about the existential meaning of that
crazy Guns-N-Roses video.

MOLLY

November Rain.

JACK
Remember? Axel is about to marry
Stephanie Seymore, and then it starts
raining at the wedding. And there's
a chick-fight. And then she's
just.... Dead.

MOLLY
She totally died in the rain.

Jack looks at Molly, about to make his move.

JACK
I totally wanted to kiss you that
night.

Jack leans in to kiss Molly - She's frozen with shock. Their
lips are about to touch...

WHEN A MAN - DOUG DELANEY - emerges from the elevator and
YELLS to Jack, destroying the MOMENT:

DOUG
Jack? Jack Daly?

Jack pulls back from Molly. She looks away, a little
embarrassed.

JACK
Yes?

DOUG
It's Doug DeLaney. I sat behind
you in woodshop, senior year.

Jack doesn't remember.

DOUG
Remember? I lost two fingers and
a thumb on the circular-saw.

He holds up his HAND -- Sure enough, he's MISSING the digits.

JACK
Oh yeah. You were in band, too.
(a beat)
So how are you?

DOUG
Good. Not really playing the
guitar any more.
(a beat)
You think I could get your John
Hancock?

JACK

You bet.

Jack signs the autograph, hands it back to Doug.

DOUG

Thanks. Thanks a lot.

Doug turns and exits. Jack looks back to Molly, now just a bit awkward.

JACK

Do you want to come in?

MOLLY

Uuh. okay.

Jack opens the door, they walk into the room laughing.

INSIDE THE HOTEL ROOM

There sitting on the bed, is TRISH. She is unpacking lingerie items from an enormous SUITCASE.

JACK

Trish? What are you...

She approaches Jack, kisses him on the lips.

TRISH

The weird kid let me in. I sent him home.

(a beat)

I decided to bail on Milan. Thought I should come support my fella.

Trish extends her hand to Molly.

TRISH

And you must be Molly. Jack has told me so much about you.

MOLLY

He has?

Jack turns to Molly.

JACK

Molly, this is Trish. Trish Vandalay.

Molly recognizes Trish - the semi famous model - and realizes the awkwardness of the situation.

MOLLY
Oh. Hi. Hello.

TRISH
I have a fabulous idea. We should
have dinner together. Tomorrow
night. The three of us.

OFF BOTH MOLLY AND JACK'S expressions:

TRISH
Unless...
(a beat)
Did I interrupt a moment here? I
should've called first.

Molly downplays, Jack backpedals.

MOLLY
No. Not at all. Of course not.

JACK
There's no moment.

TRISH
(to Molly)
Great. Then tomorrow night?

MOLLY
Um. Okay. I'm off at six.

TRISH
Fab. We'll pick you up.

Molly - bewildered - moves to the door and exits.

IN THE HOTEL HALLWAY

Molly walks to the elevator, then stops and BANGS her head
against the wall, frustrated and a bit embarrassed.

MOLLY
(banging her head)
Stupid. Stupid. Stu...

Just then, the CHAMBER MAID - pushing her cart - rounds the
corner and sees Molly. Molly is now beyond embarrassed.

MOLLY
Hey.

CHAMBER MAID
Hi.

And the maid keeps walking.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Molly frantically trying to clean up the house. Randy on the couch watching a DIRTY MOVIE. We hear SEX SOUNDS.

ON THE TV

We catch images of a catamaran BOAT, a beautiful WOMAN, a bunch of guys dressed as CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, and what may or may not be a DWARF dressed like a PIRATE.

A TITLE fades up on the screen and reads:

MCHALE'S GRAVY

Starring Buck Naked, Seattle St. James, and Hugh G. Wang.

SUDDENLY, the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

WIDER - Molly has flipped off the TV.

MOLLY

Dammit Randy. I told you - No porno in the living room. Now pick this stuff up. We've got people coming over.

RANDY

Don't be so uptight. The physical expression of love is a beautiful thing.

MOLLY

Making love is a beautiful thing. A gang bang on a Hobie Cat with eighteen construction workers and a lazy-eyed pirate dwarf is not.

RANDY

(raising his beer)
Touche'.

The doorbell RINGS. Molly looks at her watch.

MOLLY

Dammit.
(turns to Randy)
I have to finish getting dressed. Can you entertain them for a few minutes?

RANDY

No problem-o.

MOLLY
Just be cool, Randy. I don't want
you to embarrass me.

RANDY
I'm the king of cool, mama.

Molly disappears into the back bedroom. Randy opens the
front door.

Trish and Jack enter. Trish is wearing a MICRO-MINI SKIRT
that barely covers her bits. Randy looks her up and down.

RANDY
Hey, I seen you in one of those
panty catalogues. Baby, you are
thick all the way around.

TRISH
Thank you. I think.

RANDY
(to Jack)
What's up, Hoss?

IN THE BEDROOM

Molly pulls a sweater over her head, smoothes back her hair.
Maggie on the bed watching TV. Molly turns to her.

MOLLY
Is this okay?

MAGGIE
You look great.

The two sisters move to the door, and PEER out into the
living room.

From their POINT OF VIEW, we see Trish in her TINY SKIRT,
legs that go on forever.

MAGGIE
I've never seen a skirt that short.

MOLLY
I think I can see her ovaries.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Jack, Randy and Trish making small talk.

JACK
(to Trish)
What do you feel like eating?

TRISH

Is there a sushi bar in town?

RANDY

Sushi? Round here we call that bait.

Molly approaches the group.

MOLLY

We've got a Chinese place run by Armenians. A Mexican place run by Chinese, and a steak house run by a paranoid schizophrenic. Take your pick.

JACK

How's the steak house?

MOLLY

I'm not sure. The owner spends all his time in a hollowed-out tree stump down by the creek.

Jack looks over to Molly.

JACK

What about that place you used to work?

MOLLY

That's not a good idea.

TRISH

I'm sure it's fine.

INT. CHOO-CHOO MAGOO'S - THEME RESTAURANT - NIGHT

This place is like *TGI Fridays* on acid. Waiters in 1920's Barber Shop Quartet uniforms. Singing clowns. A nightmare.

AT THE HOSTESS STAND

The PERKY HOSTESS talks to Molly.

HOSTESS

How's things at the Food Barn? We sure miss you around here.

(to the Jack & Trish)

Molly made the best smoothies east of the Mississippi. We even named one after her when she left.

(points to a drink menu on the wall)

The Dingle-berry Zinger.

Molly lowers her head.

MOLLY
Kill me now.

The perky hostess looks up, smiling.

HOSTESS
Your table is ready. Follow me.

AT THEIR TABLE

Trish and Jack sit next to each other, Molly opposite them. They each have ridiculously OVERSIZED MENUS adorned with dancing fruit and wacky cartoon figures.

The waiter takes their order. He hates his job.

MOLLY
I'll have the Kickin' Chicken Ceasar Salad and an order of Mushroom Poppers. Oh, and a Razzmatazz Slushie with a bendy straw.

The waiter nods and moves on to Jack.

JACK
I'll start with the Bar-b-que Beef Riblet Niblets, and I'll have the Ragin' Cajun Fiesta Basket. And give me a side of Super Slaw.

WAITER
Regular or Mount Everest?

JACK
Everest.

WAITER
You got it.

Trish looks at the menu, then up to the waiter.

TRISH
Is everything deep-fried? Never mind. I'll have a small house salad. No cheese. No olives. No dressing. Tall water with lemon. No ice.

The waiter nods and walks away, scribbling onto his pad.

A moment of AWKWARD SILENCE. Then Molly shifts into small-talk.

MOLLY

So. Being a model must be exciting.

TRISH

It's all right, I suppose. I get paid a lot of money to stand around in my underwear. The travel is nice, and I get to keep all the clothes. But the real challenge is maintaining your bikini line and keeping your nipples hard for a thirteen-hour photo shoot.

(a beat)

I'm really focusing on acting now.

Another model-turned-actress. Great.

TRISH

(nods)

I read for a sitcom last week. I hope I get it. It's a really intellectual and thought-provoking role. A real stretch for me as an actor.

JACK

Oh yeah?

TRISH

It's about a robot assassin who travels back in time to kill a man who will one day father a great rebel leader. But when she goes to kill him, she can't do it and they fall in love, get married and adopt several ethnically diverse children.

JACK

Are you the robot assassin?

TRISH

I wish.

(a beat)

I'm the wacky neighbor.

Molly takes a big sip from her Razz-matazz slushie.

MOLLY

So how did you two meet, any way?

JACK

It's kind of funny. When I first moved into my building, Henry Kissinger invited me to a party with him. Turns out it was Christy Turlington's birthday party.

MOLLY

Henry Kissinger goes to model parties?

JACK

He tears it up.

Trish interjects.

TRISH

I've been friends with Christy since rehab. Any way, I knew who Jack was, but we'd never met. We don't really travel in the same circles.

(a beat)

So that night at Christy's, I saw him standing there with Hank. And I walked right up to him and made the most obscene proposition right on the spot. Granted, I had about fourteen Manhattans in me...

Molly leans in, like she's about to hear a secret.

MOLLY

What was your proposition?

TRISH

Let's just say it involved a bottle of Stoli, my Swedish friend Ingrid, and the number *tois*.

MOLLY

Holy cow.

TRISH

But here's the best part. Jack turned me down flat. Oh sure, he was nice about it. He's always nice. But he actually said no. I couldn't believe it.

MOLLY

Me either.

Jack jumps in.

JACK

So a month later, I'm in Starbucks, and who do I see ordering a non-dairy mocha Frappuccino?

TRISH

And we've been together ever since.

BEHIND THEM, three CLOWNS begin singing.

MOLLY

I think it was Victor Hugo who said
"Love is the only ecstasy..."

TRISH

"...everything else weeps." I love
that quote.

MOLLY

You've read Victor Hugo?

TRISH

Well, I did go to Oberland.

Molly can't hide her surprise.

TRISH

I know. You thought models were
stupid. A lot of people do.

MOLLY

No, I just...

TRISH

It's okay. I mean, who'd think a
small-town grocery clerk would have
read the French classics? So we're
even.

MOLLY

Even Steven.

Molly stands.

MOLLY

I need to use the ladies room.
Could you excuse me?

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Molly at the sink, drying her hands. Trish enters, stands
next to her at the sink. She primps herself in the mirror
while she talks to Molly.

TRISH

I just want to thank you, Molly.

MOLLY

For what?

TRISH

Jack's a little -- confused right
now. About a lot of things.

Molly doesn't follow.

TRISH

Sometimes men need a diversion.
Even good men. Gives them time
to clear their heads.

MOLLY

What's that got to do with me?

TRISH

Don't you see? You're Jack's diversion.
And in a few days when his head is clear,
he'll come back to New York where he
belongs. And you and this cowpoke town
will just me a nice memory.

MOLLY

You don't know what Jack wants.

Trish turns to face Molly.

TRISH

And you do?

Trish looks Molly up and down.

TRISH

Look at you. You're middle America.
You're soccer mom. You're minivan.
You're Jean Nate' and fanny packs.

Trish steps up to Molly, just a bit too close.

TRISH

He made more money last week than you
made all last year. He's traveled to
places you never even heard of.

(a beat)

You're thirty years old and you work
in a supermarket. And you've already
got those little lines around your
eyes.

(a beat)

Whatever you're trying to sell him, I
guarantee he can find in a younger and
prettier model.

Trish looks at herself in the mirror, applies lipstick to her
perfect lips and smoothes back her perfect hair. She turns
to Molly.

TRISH

See you back at the table.

Trish exits. Molly looks at the tiny lines around her eyes.

BACK AT THE TABLE

Molly approaches Jack and Trish. She removes her jacket from the back of her chair.

MOLLY

I need to go home. I'm not feeling well.

JACK

Are you sure? The mushroom poppers just came out.

MOLLY

Yeah. I'll call you tomorrow. Or something.

Molly turns and exits. Trish gives a sarcastic "bye-bye" wave.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - LATER

Maggie sitting on the couch, huddled under a blanket. She eats ice cream from the carton with a huge spoon.

Molly enters through the front door, exasperated.

MAGGIE

How was dinner?

MOLLY

Clowns were singing as I stared into the true face of evil.

(a beat)

Your basic Fellini nightmare.

MAGGIE

Sounds... Scary.

Molly flops on the couch next to Maggie.

MOLLY

Yeah. What are you doing?

MAGGIE

Wallowing. Collin is avoiding me.

MOLLY

Can I wallow with you?

MAGGIE

Sure, pull up some blanket.

Maggie takes a bite of her ice cream, looks over to Molly.

MAGGIE

Did you ever hate me?

This hits her like a ton of bricks.

MOLLY

What?

MAGGIE

After mom died. Did you ever hate me? I mean, if it weren't for me, you could've gone off to college and had a really great life somewhere.

Molly turns, looks directly into Maggie's eyes.

MOLLY

Now listen to me. I may have been frustrated by the situation, but I never ever blamed you or resented you in any way. Not even for one second.

MAGGIE

Are you sure?

MOLLY

(nods)

We Dingles have to stick together. We're all we've got.

The two sisters hug, teary-eyed. Randy enters the room, sees the tender embrace.

RANDY

You guys goin' lesbo? Sweeeet.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jack and Trish sitting on the bed.

JACK

That was weird. I hope Molly's okay.

TRISH

The poor thing.

Trish quickly changes the subject, now UPBEAT:

TRISH

I have good news.

Trish pushes Jack back onto the bed, climbs on top of him. She looks down at him, her gorgeous hair falling all around.

TRISH

My publicist has shifted strategy. He thinks if you and I go public with our relationship, it will actually be better for my career.

OFF Jack's expression.

TRISH

That means we can send out a joint press release announcing we're a couple. He's already worked-up a draft.

(enthusiastic)

Isn't that great?

Jack rolls Trish off of him, stands, and walks across the room. He looks back at Trish, propped on her elbows on the bed.

JACK

This doesn't feel right. This whole thing.

(pauses)

I think you should go home. Go back to New York.

Trish moves to Jack, kisses him on the cheek. She knows when to back off.

TRISH

You're right. I shouldn't have come here. You need this time to yourself.

(puts her suitcase on the bed)

I'll catch the red-eye. Call me when you get back to the city.

EXT. MOLLY'S PORCH - THE NEXT DAY

Molly waters several hanging plants with a garden hose, water dripping onto the porch. Jack approaches.

MOLLY

Shouldn't you be off somewhere feeding mice to the Dragon Lady?

JACK

Trish is gone. I asked her to leave.

MOLLY

That's too bad.

Jack brushes this off.

JACK

Come with me. I want to show you something.

MOLLY

It was really nice seeing you Jack. Really. We had some laughs. And it was great. But this is starting to get into a weird area, and I just don't need any complications in my life right now.

Jack holds out his hand to Molly.

JACK

Just come with me. Please.

She thinks for a second, and then she does.

EXT. JACK'S OLD HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Jack leads Molly by the hand, across the street to his old house, and directly to the OLD OAK TREE that now towers over the front yard.

MOLLY

What are we doing here?

JACK

Do you remember when my dad planted this tree?

MOLLY

(nods)

You can still see the rope marks from the old tire swing.

Jack kneels down, looks at the base of the TREE TRUNK. He brushes away some bark and moss with his hand.

JACK

Here, look.

Molly leans down and looks where he's pointing.

There, barely visible with the passage of time, is a CARVING in the tree that reads:

JACK & MOLLY 4-EVER JUNE 6, 1984

ON JACK

Smiling at Molly.

JACK
See, it's still here.

The front door of Jack's old house swings open. An old woman, MRS. FINKELSTEIN, steps onto the porch. She waves a broom threateningly.

MRS. FINKELSTEIN
What are you doing in my yard? I'm
calling the police!

Molly grabs Jack by the hand. They run across the street, laughing like children.

Behind them, Mrs. Finkelstein swings her broom, SCREAMING OBSCENITIES in Yiddish.

ON MOLLY'S FRONT PORCH

Jack faces Molly.

JACK
I'm sorry about Trish. I know she
can be abrasive.

MOLLY
Detergents are abrasive. That
woman is a barracuda.

Jack looks at the ground, stammers for a second.

JACK
And about last night. In the
hallway, when I tried to k...

MOLLY
Forget about it. The whiskey got
the best of you.

Did it? Jack's not so sure. Molly turns to go inside, then turns back to Jack.

MOLLY
You want to go for a ride?

Like you wouldn't believe.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - AMISH COUNTRY - DAY

Molly's truck drives past a cornfield, a windmill, an old farmhouse, a horse-and-buggy.

They turn onto a smaller road, and then pull into the small downtown of *New Holland, PA.*

EXT. STOREFRONT - DAY

Molly and Jack climb out of her truck, walk towards a store whose sign reads EZEKIEL'S QUILTS.

JACK

We drove all the way out here for a blanket?

MOLLY

Not a blanket, a quilt. Nobody beats the Amish in quilting.

INSIDE THE STORE

Piles of gorgeous hand-made quilts. Molly approaches EZEKIEL, a fifty-ish man in traditional Amish dress: The hat. The beard. The clothes. He looks up from his work.

MOLLY

Hey Zeke. I hope it's not a bad time. I would've called first but...

The Amish don't have phones. Ezekiel smiles.

EZEKIEL

Miss Dingle. Always a pleasure.

MOLLY

(motions to Jack)
This is Jack Daly.

EZEKIEL

Good to meet you.
(to Molly)
I'll go fetch your quilt. I think you'll be pleased.

Ezekiel disappears into the back room. Jack looks at Molly.

JACK

You know that guy?

MOLLY

I dated his son a while back.

JACK

You dated an Amish guy?

MOLLY

(nods)
All I need is a Mormon and a Quaker to complete the set.

Ezekiel approaches, holds up a BEAUTIFUL QUILT. Molly looks at it, feels the material with her fingers.

MOLLY
It's beautiful. Just beautiful.

EZEKIEL
I'm so pleased, child.

Molly opens her wallet, hands some cash to Ezekiel.

MOLLY
Thank you Zeke. She's going to love it. Give my best to Jacob.

Molly and Jack exit the shop.

OUT ON THE STREET

Molly carries her quilt. She and Jack walk past several Amish shops to the truck.

MOLLY
Jacob. That's Zeke's son. Kind of a messy break-up.
(motions to a pie shop)
You wanna get some rhubarb pie?

JACK
Don't change the subject.
(whispers)
Did you have sex with him?

MOLLY
I'm not going to answer that.

JACK
You *did*. You had sex with the Amish.

MOLLY
Not all of them.

A group of Amish children run past them, laughing.

JACK
So... How was it?

MOLLY
It was okay, I guess. Pretty standard. But not because he's Amish, though.

JACK
Then why?

MOLLY
I'm having a little *trouble* in that
department.

JACK
Which department?

Molly looks around, then says discreetly:

MOLLY
I have a difficult time...
(whispers)
.....Letting go.....
(louder)
....at the crucial moment.

JACK
You don't orgasm?

A family of Japanese tourists turn and stare at Molly. She steps off the curb to her truck, puts the quilt in the back.

MOLLY
Not usually. I can't focus. I get
distracted.

JACK
By what?

A long pause.

MOLLY
My dead grandmother.

JACK
Explanation please.

MOLLY
I'll be getting in the groove, and
it feels like I'm getting close...
Then I look over and there's my
Nana sitting in a chair, with the
newspaper on her lap, working on a
crossword puzzle. And that kills
it. Brings me right back down to
earth.

JACK
Is it always like that?

MOLLY
It varies. Sometimes she's doing
the Jumble.

Molly climbs in the cab of her truck.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The wooden frame of a partially completed house. Guys in hard hats everywhere. COLLIN hammers nails into a support beam.

Molly climbs out of her truck, a small paper bag in her hand. She approaches Collin. He stops hammering, stands up.

MOLLY

Hi.

She hands him the paper bag.

COLLIN

What's this?

MOLLY

Lunch. I made you a sandwich.

COLLIN

(looks in the bag)

Thanks.

Collin turns to go. Molly stops him.

MOLLY

Maggie misses you. She loves you.

COLLIN

I love her too.

MOLLY

Then go to Columbus.

COLLIN

Look, I'm just a guy in a small town. I barely graduated from high school. I hammer nails for a living, and I drink beer on the weekends. That's my life.

(a beat)

But Maggie, she's got a future. She doesn't need me holding her back. I'm dead weight.

The FOREMAN yells to Collin.

COLLIN

I gotta get back to work.

And he jogs back to the site.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY

Molly and Jack climb out of her truck. She looks at a LIST in her hand.

MOLLY

We've got a lot of stuff to do for this graduation party. Everything's got to be perfect.

JACK

I'm here to help.

They mosey to the store entrance. Jack takes the list from her.

INSIDE THE GROCERY STORE

Molly pushes a cart, Jack looks down at her list.

JACK

I'm a little disappointed, Moll. Figured your grocery list would be more organized.
(waves the list)
This is chaos.

Molly snatches the list from him.

MOLLY

The items are in sequential order, corresponding to their aisle and department, working across the store from right to left.

A blank look from Jack. Molly takes a couple of steps to her right, enters the first aisle.

MOLLY

Why is Gatorade first on the list? Because as you enter the store and move to your right, the sports beverage aisle is the first stop in your natural progression.

Molly stops, points to a shelf: Jugs of Gatorade.

MOLLY

Boom. There's your Gatorade. Right where it's supposed to be, according to the list.
(waving the list)
This'll shave twenty minutes off your shopping time, guaranteed.

Molly loading gallons of Gatorade into the cart. Jack watches her in awe.

FREEZER DEPARTMENT

Molly at the freezer, tossing tubs of ice cream into the cart. Jack watches.

JACK
Trish is closed-off in a
lot of ways.

MOLLY
More than me?

Molly drops the last ice cream tub into the cart, closes the freezer door. They continue to the cereal aisle.

JACK
No one is more closed-off than you.
You're like that mime trapped in
the invisible box.
(motions to the shelf)
Grab some Fruity Pebbles.

Molly takes a box off the shelf, tosses it in the cart. Jack looks at her, pleading his case.

JACK
I want someone who isn't afraid to
express her feelings. Someone who
will take a risk. Someone who will
peel back the layers of fear and
shame and cynicism and stand before
me naked, screaming that she loves
me at the top her lungs, for the
whole world to hear.
(picks up a box of donuts)
You still like Chocodiles?

MOLLY
You frighten me. And yes, I still
like Chocodiles.

Molly pushes the cart, Jack follows reading her list. They continue down the aisle chit-chatting, turn the corner, and disappear from view.

CHECKOUT LINE

Molly and Jack waiting in line. Molly reaches over to the magazine rack, snatches a TABLOID NEWSPAPER.

INSERT TABLOID

A large photo of a convicted serial killer - CANNIBAL KEITH - wearing a Hannibal Lector-style restraint mask and a tuxedo. He is holding hands with a mousy woman, wearing a wedding gown.

Headline reads: "Killer Cannibal Keith Takes Jailhouse Bride. Exclusive photos inside."

WIDER - Molly's shocked expression.

MOLLY

The cannibal is married, and I can barely get a date. That's perfect. Just perfect.

Molly pays the clerk.

JACK

It's no big deal. Lots of prisoners get married.

MOLLY

It's not just *any* prisoner, it's Cannibal Keith. The guy killed fourteen people and boiled their skulls to make soup.

(a beat)

I can be a little bitchy sometimes, but I never devoured human flesh.

The BAG BOY looks up.

BAG BOY

Paper or plastic?

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack and Molly loading the groceries into the back of her pick-up truck.

JACK

Wait a second. You're telling me you believe in UFO's but you don't believe in God? That's insane.

Molly heaves a case of beer into her truck.

MOLLY

You think we're the only intelligent life form in the universe? That's just arrogant. I mean, we're the planet who invented parachute pants, the Pet Rock and line-dancing. How smart can we be?

(a beat)

I've seen photographs of aliens. I've seen the crop circles. But I've never seen proof of God.

(a beat)

I'd just like a little proof, that's all.

Jack loads the last of the bags, turns to look at Molly.

JACK

But the proof is everywhere. What about the miracle of childbirth?

MOLLY

Monkeys have babies, and they don't believe in God.

JACK

They might.

Molly stops, looks directly at Jack, hands on her hips.

MOLLY

You think the monkeys have a God?

Jack nods.

MOLLY

Who is the monkey God, Jack? Who is the monkey God?

Jack shrugs "I don't know," climbs into the truck.

EXT. MOLLY'S TRUCK - TRAVELING SHOT - DAY

Molly's truck cruises on a country road, drives past several rickety farmhouses and grazing livestock.

Molly and Jack's conversation continues as a VOICE-OVER:

MOLLY'S VOICE

I used to pray a lot. At first about my dad. That he would call or come home. And then about my mom. That she wouldn't be sick any more.

(a beat)

When she died, I just stopped. Just didn't see the point.

A pause, and then:

MOLLY'S VOICE

You ever pray?

JACK'S VOICE

Of course.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Like where? In Church?

JACK'S VOICE

Wherever. In bed. While I'm driving. In the grocery store. Depends. You can talk to God just about any where.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

The truck turns onto Molly's street.

MOLLY'S VOICE

You talk to God in the grocery store?

JACK'S VOICE

Sure.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Does he answer back?

JACK'S VOICE

I don't actually hear a voice, if that's what you mean. But the answers are always clear.

The truck pulls to a stop in Molly's driveway.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Molly turns off the ignition, looks at Jack.

MOLLY
What kinda stuff do you pray about?

JACK
I dunno. Typical stuff. If I'm
having a problem or something.
(a beat)
I pray for people I know.

MOLLY
You ever pray for me?

JACK
Oh sure. All the time.

Molly looks at him, touched. And they climb out of the truck.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Molly and Jack decorating for Maggie's graduation party. Jack stands on a chair, hanging a GRADUATION banner in the living room. They banter as Molly directs traffic:

JACK
You think men are more complicated
than women? You're nuts.

MOLLY
(squints at the banner)
A little to the right.

Jack moves the banner.

MOLLY
Back just a little bit.

Jack moves it back.

MOLLY
Good.

Jack climbs off the chair.

MOLLY
Maybe I'm nuts, but I've spent most of
my life trying to understand men, how
they think, why they act the way they
do. And you know what I've come up
with? Dick. Absolutely dick.

The FRONT DOOR opens and Maggie enters, reading a letter.

MAGGIE

It's official. My new roommate's name is...

(trying to get it right)

Xiang Ling Chao. She's a bio-chem major.

MOLLY

Cool.

JACK

You never forget your first college roommate.

Maggie turns, scampers up the stairs. Molly looks at Jack.

MOLLY

Most people think women are emotionally volatile. And we are. But at least our mood swings follow a cycle. Hell, you can mark it on your calendar. But men -- There's no pattern to your behavior. It's chaos.

JACK

That's not true.

MOLLY

I've never seen a woman's emotions hinge on the outcome of a football game, that's all I'm saying.

Jack ponders this. She's got a point.

INT. JACK'S HOTEL/MOLLY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN. Jack and Molly in their respective beds watching TV, TALKING ON THE PHONE to each other. Jack scribbles notes onto his pad, balls of paper everywhere.

JACK

Go to the Discovery Channel. There's a thing on Sharks.

Molly CLICKS to the channel. On the TV SCREEN, a great white shark attacking a seal. Bloody. Vicious.

MOLLY

This is why I don't swim in the ocean.

JACK
That's one thing about Trish. She's not afraid of *anything*. She'd swim with sharks in a second.

MOLLY
(under her breath)
That's because they won't eat their own kind.

JACK
I heard that.

They watch TV in silence for a few seconds, then Jack speaks:

JACK
You know what really bothers me about Trish?

MOLLY
Nuh-uh.

JACK
She never calls me at work. Never. Everyone else gets calls from their girlfriends or wives. But she never calls. Says she doesn't want to bother me. But when you care about someone, you want to be bothered by them. Otherwise you'd say "Don't bother."

MOLLY
I used to call you at work all the time. Did it bother you?

JACK
Yep.

MOLLY
Good.

JACK
(smiles)
Yeah.

MOLLY
Goodnight Jack. See you in the morning.

JACK
'Night.

Molly FLIPS OFF her light. A few seconds later, Jack FLIPS off his. And the screen is dark.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - GRADUATION DAY - MORNING

Maggie gets dressed for her graduation. Molly puts the cap on her head, positions it just right. Then they turn and face Randy - wearing only speedo briefs - who is holding a camera. They pose, and he SNAPS the picture.

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM

Jack getting dressed. He buttons his shirt, slips his tie around his neck.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - GRADUATION STAGE

Kevin - the audio/video master - sets up the PA system for the graduation ceremony.

EXT. CEMETARY

Molly and Maggie - now fully dressed in her graduation cap and gown - stand in front of their mother's grave.

Molly pops a bottle of champagne, then pours two long-stemmed glasses. She hands a glass to Maggie, they TOAST each other, then raise their glasses to their mother.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - GRADUATION STAGE - DAY

Molly, Randy, and Sally seated in the bleachers with all the proud parents.

ON THE FIELD

All the graduating seniors in fold-up chairs. Maggie turns and waves to Molly.

ON THE STAGE

A ROWDY SENIOR is wrapping up his speech. Principal Teitelbaum casts a watchful eye.

ROWDY SENIOR

In conclusion, I'd like to thank my
mom and dad, my crew - Tommy, Hooch,
and Boner - we made it guys - and
the biggest mac-daddy of all, God.

(pumps his fist in the air)

See you all at Pugsley's tonight!
Fourteen kegs and a freezer full
of Jell-O shots. Taft High rules!

The Principal approaches, and steers the rowdy senior away from the microphone. The CROWD goes wild.

PRINCIPAL

Thank you, Toby. Spirited as usual.

(a beat)

And now, I am proud to present a graduate from the class of 1989 and Taft High's Favorite Son.

Please welcome Mr. Jack Daly.

Huge APPLAUSE from the crowd. Jack steps to the microphone. He gets a thumbs up from Kevin.

JACK

First of all, I want to thank Principal Teitelbaum and the Taft High alumni association for inviting me to speak here today.

(a beat)

I'm going to keep this short, because I know how boring these speeches are, and I don't want the beer to get flat at Pugsley's.

More CHEERS from the crowd. Jack removes his speech from his shirt pocket.

JACK

So in the interest of time, I thought I'd cut through all the motivational rhetoric and just tell you the secret to success. So here it is.

(a beat)

Go. Be. Happy. It's really that simple. Just go and find the thing that makes you happy, and do it every day for the rest of your life.

(a beat)

Go dancing every chance you get. Laugh with your friends. Tell your parents you love them. Cry at the movies. Make love in the rain.

The CROWD cheers. Jack looks DIRECTLY at Molly, like the next bit is meant for her.

JACK

Live your life without fear. And love. Love with abandon. And let yourself be loved. And follow your heart wherever it may lead you. Whether it's across the street, or across the ocean to the other side of the world.

JACK (CONT'D)

John Lennon said "Love is the answer"
and I'm pretty sure he was right.
Good luck, my friends, wherever your
hearts may lead you.

(a beat)

Now go. Go be happy.

The CROWD erupts in a chorus of CHEERS, and the COMMENCEMENT
BEGINS.

THE GRADUATION STAGE A FEW MINUTES LATER

Principal Teitelbaum, announcing names and handing out
diplomas.

PRINCIPAL

Crawford, Anthony.

(applause)

Denehy, Marie

(applause)

Dingle, Margaret...

Maggie gets to the podium, receives her diploma, then turns
to the audience and holds it high in the air.

ON MOLLY in the audience.

She stands, screams and applauds. Turns to hug Randy next to her.

MOLLY

Way to go, Maggs!

ON JACK, seated on the stage.

He stands and applauds, smiling proud.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - GRADUATION PARTY - LATER

The graduation party in full-swing. A giant spread of food.
Music on the stereo. People laughing, chatting, drinking beer
and champagne, eating clam dip and fresh shrimp.

Sally's TAROT CARDS are spread on the coffee table. She's reading
Randy's cards. Kevin roams around with a VIDEO CAMERA.

It is warm and friendly, and obvious that these people care
about each other.

IN THE KITCHEN

Molly sets a tray of appetizers on the buffet table. Jack in
the kitchen behind her, preparing an exotic dish. He rifles
through various cabinets.

JACK

Where do you keep your spices?
I need some curry.

Maggie comes up behind him, opens a cupboard door.

MAGGIE

Here.

She points inside the cabinet to several NEAT ROWS of spice jars.

MAGGIE

She arranges them by country of
origin.

(points to a bottle)

Curry. It's Indian. Filed under *I*,
which also stands for *insane*.

Jack smiles, shaking his head. Molly looks over.

MOLLY

What?

ON THE PORCH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A gorgeous warm summer night. Sally and Randy are smoking
and chatting with Molly and Jack.

MOLLY

All right, let me ask you this.

(a beat)

Why are all men obsessed with
Catholic School girls?

SALLY

Yeah, what's that about?

Sally takes a drag off her cigarette, exhales.

JACK

Well, you can start with the short
plaid skirts.

RANDY

And the thigh-highs. Don't forget
the thigh-highs.

SALLY

I went to a Catholic school, and we
didn't even wear thigh-highs. That's
just in rock videos and porno movies.

RANDY

(smiles)

Exactly.

Kevin enters, still holding the video camera.

JACK

And the white knee-high socks. Oh,
and pigtails.

KEVIN

Yeah, pigtails are key.

Molly takes a swig of her beer.

MOLLY

I still don't get it. I mean, do
you know any women who have Alter
Boy fetishes?

JACK

It's the whole religious thing.
They're supposed to be all innocent,
you know, because of God. But they're
not innocent. They're naughty.

RANDY

And naughty girls need to be
spanked.

Oh brother. Molly just rolls her eyes.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Maggie is opening gifts. She takes the ribbon off a large
box, opens the lid, and removes the HAND-MADE QUILT. She
turns to Molly, who is smiling.

MAGGIE

It's beautiful. I love it.
I absolutely love it.

And the sisters hug.

MOLLY STANDING ON THE COFFEE TABLE

She TAPS a spoon on the side of her wine glass to get
everyone's attention - CLINK CLINK CLINK.

Everyone in the room turns to look at her.

MOLLY

I want to propose a toast to my baby
sister, the *college girl*. Maggie,
although you can be a colossal pain
in the ass sometimes...

The crowd laughs.

MOLLY

I love you with all my heart, and
I am very very proud of the person
you are, and excited for all that
you will accomplish in your life.

(raises her glass)

Here's to you, my little Magpie.

The entire crowd raises their glasses and toasts the cheer.

IN THE BACKGROUND

The front door opens and COLLIN enters. He carries a large bouquet of flowers.

Everyone in the room turns to look at him. Maggie approaches him. He hands her the flowers.

COLLIN

Sorry I didn't call you back, but
I've been busy packing.

(a beat)

I got this great job in Columbus.

MAGGIE

Really?

COLLIN

(nods)

Maybe we could hang out when you
get to school.

And she kisses him. Everyone in the room claps. Molly smiles, and Jack puts his arm around her.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Jack and Randy waiting in line for the bathroom. Jack's a little drunk.

JACK

You ever been in love, Randy?

RANDY

I thought I was once. She was this
Hella-fine Greek girl, Constantina.

(reflecting)

My stomach was doing flip-flops.
I was sweating. Dizzy. Nauseous.
Turns out I had food poisoning.
Got some bad clams at the seafood
buffet. Practically shit myself
at the Red Lobster.

Kevin approaches with the video camera. He shoots Jack and Randy, then turns and POINTS THE CAMERA across the room.

THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA VIEWFINDER we see:

Molly standing by the buffet table, swirling a CARROT STICK in some creamy dip. She's talking to someone, smiling and laughing. She tucks a few stray wisps of hair behind her ear.

She's beautiful. She's real.

Molly turns around and hands the CARROT STICK to a smiling four year-old girl, who happily crunches away.

THE VIDEO CAMERA turns back to JACK, TIGHT ON HIS FACE. He's just staring at Molly, unaware he's being filmed. God she's beautiful.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY

The BATHROOM DOOR opens, and a FAT GUY exits. Randy enters the bathroom, and the STENCH hits him. He turns and yells at the guy:

RANDY

What'd you do in here, gut a pig?

And closes the door behind him.

LATER IN THE LIVING ROOM

The party has died down, most of the people have gone. Randy is passed-out on the couch. Molly and Jack are cleaning up.

Maggie and Collin - hand in hand - approach Molly.

MAGGIE

We're heading over to Pugsley's.

MOLLY

Have a good time. Be smart.

Molly and Maggie hug.

MAGGIE

Thanks for everything Molly.

COLLIN

Yeah, thanks for everything.

And they head out the door.

ON THE PORCH - LATER

Molly and Jack sitting on the porch swing. They pass a bottle of whiskey.

JACK

My life has been so crazy. It's been non-stop.

(a beat)

This is the first vacation I've had in three years.

MOLLY

And you came here? You should fire your travel agent.

Jack looks around.

JACK

I really miss this place.

(looks at Molly)

I miss a lot of things.

Molly takes a swig from the bottle, wipes her mouth with her sleeve. She looks over at Jack.

MOLLY

You wanna hear something funny? Sally did our astrological charts and compared them. She's crazy. Yeah.

JACK

Compared them for what?

MOLLY

You know, general compatibility. Complementary personality traits. Stuff like that.

(a beat)

Oh, and there was some, um, sex stuff.

JACK

Some what?

MOLLY

Sex stuff. Physical compatibility. (motions to the bottle) Gimme that.

Jack extends the bottle. Molly takes another deep pull.

JACK

So are we... physically compatible?

MOLLY

According to the chart, yeah,
we're supposed to be. Probably
doesn't mean anything.

JACK

Probably not.

(a beat)

I should probably get back to
the hotel.

MOLLY

Oh. Okay.

Molly stands, hits her head on a LOW-HANGING PLANT.

MOLLY

Dammit, that hurt! I'm such a
klutz.

JACK

Let me see...

Jack moves her hand away from her forehead.

JACK

You're gonna have a nice little
bump. We better put some ice on
that.

IN THE KITCHEN

Molly sits on the kitchen counter. Jack at the freezer,
looking inside. He turns to Molly, a frozen HOT POCKET
in his hand.

JACK

Hold this to your forehead.

MOLLY

A ham and cheese Hot Pocket?

JACK

Nobody filled the ice tray.

Molly holds the frozen Hot Pocket to her head.

JACK

Okay, let me see.

Molly takes the Hot Pocket from her head. Jack leans in close, gently KISSES her forehead.

Molly again holds the Hot Pocket to her forehead.

MOLLY

Can I ask you a question?

JACK

Shoot.

MOLLY

You lived in that house across the street forever. How come in all those years, through high school, through college, even after college...

(pauses for emphasis)

How come you never once brought a girl home to meet your parents?

Jack looks deep into her eyes.

JACK

I didn't need to -- My girl was already home.

Molly kisses him on the lips. Deep, passionate. Molly pulls back, her hands on Jack's face.

MOLLY

Jack, this is so weird.

JACK

Should I stop?

MOLLY

You better not.

Molly pulls him to her. Another passionate kiss.

The Hot Pocket drops to the linoleum with a THUD.

INSIDE THE BEDROOM

Molly and Jack standing, locked in a passionate embrace. Hands everywhere. A lifetime of familiarity.

Molly falls backwards onto the bed, pulling Jack on top of her.

ON THE BED - A SHORT TIME LATER

They're making love. Molly's eyes closed. The heat of passion. She's getting close...

Then she OPENS her eyes, looks over, sees her DEAD GRANDMOTHER in a chair, newspaper on her lap, doing the crossword puzzle.

Just when it looks like Molly has lost the CRUCIAL moment...

Her Grandmother STANDS and WALKS OUT of the room. Jack notices Molly's momentary distraction.

JACK
Are you okay?

MOLLY
Yeah. Very okay.

They continue kissing. Molly's EYES CLOSED, lost in rapture...

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - LATER

His clothes strewn about the room, hers folded neatly over a chair. They're in bed. She's nestled against him, her head resting on his bare chest. It's one of those quiet moments.

JACK
My parents are getting divorced.

Molly looks up.

MOLLY
Bud and Kitty? No way.

JACK
Thirty-seven years of marriage, and she leaves him for a shuffleboard instructor. Ramone.

MOLLY
I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

JACK
The worst part is that I've never seen her so happy. She's like a totally different person.

Molly lays her head back on his chest. After a second, asks softly.

MOLLY
What's the worst thing you've ever done?

JACK

I killed a drifter in his sleep.

Molly gives him a *Come on, be serious* look.

JACK

Let's see. I didn't call my best friend for five years. That was pretty bad.

Yeah. Pretty bad.

JACK

Oh, and you know those mail-order music clubs - Get ten CD's for a penny? In college I stole someone's package from the mailroom.

MOLLY

So you're a bad friend *and* a thief.

JACK

(laughing)

I was so broke that year I gave them out as Christmas presents.

(a beat)

What about you. What's the worst thing you've ever done?

She swallows.

MOLLY

I hated my mom for dying.

Jack rolls Molly onto her back, runs his fingers through her hair, looks deeply into her eyes, and kisses her gently.

The tender kisses become hungry and passionate...

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Molly in bed, peaceful, still half-asleep. She reaches across the bed for Jack, but he's not there. She opens her eyes, sits up in bed. She's alone in the room.

Molly wanders through the house, checking each room, until she gets to the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Jack at the stove making breakfast - eggs frying, coffee brewing. Molly comes up behind him, kisses him gently on the neck.

MOLLY

I thought you left.

Jack pours a cup of coffee, hands it to her, and kisses her sweetly on the lips.

JACK

Nope.

(a beat)

But I do have to pack.

Molly moves away from Jack, a little cool.

MOLLY

So you are leaving.

JACK

Well, yeah. I have to be back in New York tomorrow.

Molly moves to the door, now ice cold.

JACK

Can we talk for a minute? I want you to...

Molly cuts him off mid-sentence.

MOLLY

I have to go to work. Feel free to hang around. Take off whenever you want.

(a beat)

I gotta go.

Molly exits. Jack stands there alone in her kitchen, looking like the victim of a hit-and-run accident.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Molly at her register. She talks across the aisle to Sally.

SALLY

I shouldn't have stayed so late.

My head is killing me.

(pops two aspirin)

What time did Jack leave?

MOLLY

He didn't.

SALLY

He didn't leave?

Molly shakes her head "no." Sally realizes what she's really saying - Her eyes get WIDE.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dark clouds rolling in. Kevin's car pulls in front of Molly's house. Jack pads down the steps, rumpled, still wearing his clothes from the night before.

He opens the passenger door and climbs inside.

INSIDE KEVIN'S CAR

Jack looks over to Kevin.

JACK
Thanks for the lift.

KEVIN
No prob.
(looks at Jack)
So you stayed the night, huh?

Jack nods. Kevin looks at him, eyes wide.

KEVIN
You are a God. Teach me your ways.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Molly on her break. Sally sits on the bench next to her, smoking a cigarette. Their conversation continues.

The sky darkens on the horizon.

SALLY
It's so romantic. It's like a
fucking fairy tale or something.
(a beat)
So, is it serious?

Molly looks right at Sally, just a bit too adamant.

MOLLY
Of course it's not serious. I've
known him my whole life.

CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

Light rain sprinkles on the windshield. Kevin looks at Jack.

KEVIN
So, what happens now? Is it serious?

JACK
Of course it's serious. I've known
her my whole life.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

Molly at her check stand, scanning groceries. She looks up
at the CUSTOMER.

MOLLY
Do you have your club card?

The customer checks his wallet, then shakes his head "no."

CUSTOMER
I don't have one.

SUDDENLY, Jack appears in line BEHIND the customer, and
extends his own CLUB CARD to Molly.

JACK
Here, use mine.

Molly takes Jack's card, scans it, and hands it back to Jack.

CUSTOMER
Hey thanks.

JACK
No problem.

The customer pays Molly and exits. Jack steps up to the
register.

MOLLY
What are you doing?

JACK
I'm leaving tomorrow. Can we
please talk?

MOLLY
You're holding up the line. There's
paying customers here.

Jack turns to the candy rack, takes several ENTIRE BOXES of
CANDY BARS and dumps a HUGE PILE onto the conveyer.

JACK
There. I'm a customer.

Molly looks at him for a second, then starts scanning each
candy bar.

JACK
You are amazing. Last night was
amazing.

The woman behind Jack in line gives a VERY INTERESTED look.
Molly continues to scan candy bars.

JACK
And the thing is...

MOLLY
Don't say it.

JACK
The thing is... I love you. I don't
when it happened. Maybe I've always
loved you. Maybe I fell in love
with you this week. But I love you.

Molly starts to BREATHE a bit heavier.

MOLLY
No you don't.

Molly rings up the last of the candy bars. The register
screen reads \$42.75.

MOLLY
Forty-two seventy-five.

Jack grabs a HUGE STACK of TABLOID MAGAZINES from the rack,
drops them on the conveyor. Molly starts scanning each one.

JACK
Come to New York with me.

MOLLY
I can't go to New York.

JACK
Why not? The only thing keeping
you here is yourself.

MOLLY
Everything is so easy for you,
Jack. While you were shotgunning
beers with your frat bro's and
cramming for midterms, you know
what I was doing? I was here,
helping Maggie with geometry
homework and carpooling to soccer
practice.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

If you want to know how many kids you can fit in a minivan or how to calculate the circumference of a cone, then I'm your girl. But I'm not going to New York. I'm not going any where.

Jack pauses for a LONG second - like he's about to make a LIFE-ALTERING decision. And then he does:

JACK

Then I'll stay.

MOLLY

What?

JACK

I'll stay in Pottersville. My contract is up at the end of year. We're renegotiating now, but I could just walk away. I'll get a job here in town. At a local station.

(a beat)

I'll do it.

MOLLY

Are you psychotic? I don't want you moving back here for me. I don't want you doing anything for me.

Molly's breathing is BELABORED, like she might hyperventilate. She scans the last of the tabloid newspapers, looks at Jack.

MOLLY

Ninety-four sixty-three.

Jack takes his wallet, peels off a HUNDRED DOLLAR bill, slaps it on the counter, and exits in a huff.

MOLLY

Jack. Jack!

Mr. Stalin steps up to the register. He doesn't look happy.

MR. STALIN

This *is* the Express Line. You should really enforce the fifteen item rule.

EXT. JACK'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Pouring down rain. The NEON SIGN of the hotel casts an eerie GLOW on the sidewalk. There's a truck parked in front of the hotel, but it's hard to see in the dark.

Jack approaches the hotel on foot, drenched. He carries a brown paper bag with a bottle of booze in it. He's already had a few drinks.

ON THE PARKED TRUCK

The CAB LIGHT comes on, as the door opens and MOLLY emerges. Jack sees the figure through the hazy rain.

She calls to Jack.

MOLLY

Jack? Hold on a second.

JACK

(squints)

Molly?

MOLLY

Where have you been? I've been waiting out here since...

JACK

Look, I have to pack.

MOLLY

Please Jack. This is hard for me.

He turns to walk away. Molly grabs him by the arm.

MOLLY

What do you want me to do? Just tell me.

Jack steps close to Molly, looks her in the eyes.

JACK

Tell me you'll come to New York.
Tell me to stay in Pottersville.
Tell me you love me. Tell me anything.

MOLLY

I... I... I can't.

(a beat)

I'm afraid of leaving. I'm afraid of staying. I'm afraid of falling in love. I'm afraid of being alone.

(a beat)

I'm tired of being afraid.

JACK

I'm on the ten-thirty flight tomorrow morning. I hope you're on it with me.

Jack turns, walks up the steps to his hotel, opens the door and disappears inside.

ON MOLLY

Standing on the sidewalk beneath the HOTEL SIGN - bathed in neon - drenched head to toe, yelling like a crazy person.

MOLLY

(yelling)

You think this doesn't hurt me?
You think I like being this way?
Well, I don't. I hate it. I really hate it.

You can't tell her teardrops from the rain.

EXT. AIRPORT - THE NEXT MORNING

Planes taking off and landing.

INSIDE THE AIRPORT

Jack and Kevin hug goodbye. Jack walks through the metal detector, to the TICKETED PASSENGERS ONLY area. Kevin waves goodbye, then turns and heads back to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM

Molly in bed, but she's not sleeping. She hasn't slept all night.

She looks over at the clock: 9:15AM

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - CHECK IN DESK

Jack hands his ticket to the PRETTY GIRL behind the counter. She smiles, hands him back his boarding pass.

He looks around for Molly. No luck.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM

Molly looks at the clock again: 9:45AM.

MOLLY

Dammit.

She THROWS the covers off, FLIES out of bed, SLAMS on her tennis shoes, PULLS on a Pittsburgh Pirates baseball cap, and DASHES out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - BOARDING AREA

People boarding the plane. Jack waits, looking for Molly. He checks his watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY

Molly's truck speeding down the freeway. She takes an Airport Exit.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - BOARDING AREA

More people boarding. Jack checks his watch again.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CURBSIDE

Molly's truck SCREECHES to a stop at the curb. She jumps out of the cab - still in her pajamas and tennies - and runs into the terminal.

INSIDE THE TERMINAL

Molly runs to the METAL DETECTOR, and tries to pass through. The BURLY SECURITY GUARD stops her.

SECURITY GUARD

Ticket please.

MOLLY

I don't have a ticket. I'm just trying to get to the boarding area.

The security guard points to a large sign above his head:

TICKETED PASSENGERS ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry, ma'am.

Molly turns, runs back to the TICKET COUNTER. She cuts in front of an old man, pushes her way to the counter, slaps down her credit card.

MOLLY

I need a ticket. Fast.

TICKET AGENT

All right. Where will you be traveling today?

MOLLY

Any where. Just make it quick.

CUT TO:

BOARDING AREA

The AIRLINE STEWARD is about to lock up the gate. Jack looks around anxiously. Checks his watch. No Molly. He turns and BOARDS THE PLANE.

Just then, MOLLY rounds the corner, TICKET in her hand, only to see:

The AIRLINE STEWARD closing and LOCKING THE GATE.

MOLLY

Wait, I need to see someone on that plane!

AIRLINE STEWARD

I'm sorry miss. You're too late.

Molly looks out the big WINDOW, sees the plane PULLING AWAY from the terminal.

FADE TO BLACK.

A TITLE READS: THREE MONTHS LATER

The Guns-N-Roses song *November Rain* comes up LOUD and plays over the next few scenes.

INT. MOLLY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Fresh coffee brewing. Molly stares at the toaster, in a daze. Randy enters, stumbles to the coffee maker with a newspaper under his arm, pours himself a cup.

He's wearing a half-shirt and underwear. When he turns his BACKSIDE to us - we see he's actually wearing a THONG.

The toast pops up.

EXT. OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Maggie, backpack slung over her shoulder, meanders her way through the crowded college campus. She talks on a cel phone, smiling.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDIO/VIDEO LAB

Kevin splicing bits of SUPER 8 film together from Jack's box. He pops a VIDEOTAPE into a deck.

EXT. TRENDY NEW YORK CITY RESTAURANT - DAY

We're looking in through the front window, and we see Jack and TRISH at a table. We can't hear what they're saying, but she's obviously upset. She stands, rips off a few more choice words, then grabs her coat and storms outside.

ON THE STREET

Trish turns, looks at Jack through the front window, and gives him THE FINGER.

INT. COLUMBUS TV STATION - DAY

Collin at his new job, wearing jeans and a carpenter's tool belt. He's on a break, talking on a cel phone too...

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

The CAMERA PANS ACROSS a rack of tabloid newspapers, past various covers boasting stories like: *Three-Breasted Woman Gives Birth to Siamese Triplets* and *Lose Weight Fast on Oprah's All-Mayonnaise Diet*.

The CAMERA continues past a tabloid with JACK on the cover. He's unshaven, in dark glasses, heading into a courthouse. Headline reads: *Jack Daly's Stalker Arraigned! Exclusive Photos Inside*.

CAMERA PANS ACROSS to Molly at her register. She's scanning groceries, staring straight ahead, her movements mechanical like those creepy robots in Disneyland's old *Hall of Presidents*.

EXT. STREET - MOLLY'S HOUSE

Kevin's Taurus pulls in front of Molly's house. He climbs out of the car carrying a VIDEOTAPE CASSETTE in his hand, scurries to the mailbox, and drops the tape inside.

INT. TRENDY CLUB - NETWORK PARTY - NIGHT

Jack at another Network party. Ernie Snopes has him cornered by the shrimp puffs. Jack looks like he'd rather be eating a crap sandwich.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Molly trudges to the mailbox. She removes a stack of mail, including the VIDEOTAPE. She eyes it curiously.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE

Molly under a blanket watching *Walker Texas Ranger*, eating ice cream from the container. Molly reaches for her glass of wine, and sees the VIDEOTAPE on the table.

She picks it up, walks over to the VCR, and pops it in.

ON THE TV SCREEN

GRAINY SILENT HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE, where the following scenes have been cut together:

MOLLY'S BACKYARD BIRTHDAY PARTY. Young Molly and Jack, ten years-old, wearing paper party hats. Lot's of other kids, including Frankie Farnsworth, Timmy Steiner, and Leonard Blitzwig. There's a huge birthday cake, candles blazing.

CHRISTMAS MORNING AT JACK'S HOUSE. A huge decorated tree, tons of opened presents, wrapping paper everywhere. Molly and Jack are wearing red Santa's hats.

IN JACK'S GARAGE. Jack sits behind a desk, play-interviewing a short plump kid. The kid is standing, bends over, and holds a LIT CIGARETTE LIGHTER next to his ass. A strained expression on his face. A second later, the lighter FLAME IGNITES, and a STREAM OF FIRE shoots away from his buttocks.

HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR PROM. The year is 1988. Jack has a crazy NEW WAVE HAIRCUT, the sides shaved, the back long, the top spiky. His tux is powder blue. Molly has HUGE TEASED ROCKER HAIR, one long WHITE LACE GLOVE, and a dress that looks like something out of Stevie Nick's closet. He pins on a corsage.

MAGGIE'S GRADUATION PARTY. This footage is from THREE MONTHS AGO. We see Molly toasting Maggie, champagne glass high in the air. We see Maggie and Collin kissing. We see Molly BY THE BUFFET TABLE, handing a carrot stick to a young child.

And we see Jack watching Molly, A LIFETIME OF EMOTION DANCING IN HIS EYES.

BACK TO YOUNG MOLLY'S BACKYARD BIRTHDAY PARTY. There's a huge birthday cake, candles blazing. Molly smiles at the CAMERA, then leans in and BLOWS OUT THE CANDLES.

THE TV SCREEN GOES BLACK.

And THE MUSIC ENDS.

INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Randy on the couch, drinking his coffee. He ZAPS on the TV, clicks past several shows, then stops on WAKE-UP AMERICA.

TIGHT ON TV SCREEN

The show in progress, hosts JACK AND KATH on the couch. Jack talks directly to the studio camera:

JACK

That's our show for today. Join us tomorrow for British Prime Minister Tony Blair, the comedy of Carrot Top, and the musical stylings of Megadeth.

KATH

See you tomorrow everyone.

WIDER - and we are now

ON THE WAKE-UP AMERICA SET

The DIRECTOR, wearing a headset, approaches Jack and Kath.

DIRECTOR

And... We're out. Great show everyone!

Kath looks off set to LOUISE - a mousy woman - and SNAPS her fingers to get her attention.

KATH

Louise? Louise, honey. Over here. Why do you always look lost? Never mind. Find me a Gin and Tonic. Pronto.

LOUISE

It's nine-o'clock in the morning.

KATH

What are you, my goddamn mother?

Louise turns away.

KATH
Imbecile.

OFFICE CORRIDOR

Jack walking down the corridor. His assistant Carly follows him, reading from a list of notes.

JACK
Whatcha got, Car?

CARLY
Whoopie called. She wants you to do *Hollywood Squares*. The District Attorney called. They need you to sign another affidavit. And Your mother called. Her bunions are acting up again.

JACK
Anyone else?

Carly sees his pain.

CARLY
She didn't call. I'm sorry.

Jack enters his office, closes the door behind him.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Molly at her register, gives change to a customer. The customer thanks Molly, then exits. Mr. Stalin approaches.

MR. STALIN
Did you get the new memo? I put one in your box.

MOLLY
I don't know. Which memo?

He holds a up a type-written memo.

MR. STALIN
The new dress code memo. The one that says all name badges must be affixed to the apron string, and not directly to the uniform shirt or blouse.
(points to Molly's shirt)
It's clearly in the memo, and your name badge is clearly pinned to your blouse.

MOLLY

I guess I didn't read it yet. We get so many memos, it's hard to keep track.

MR. STALIN

If you'd check your box at the end of every shift, then there wouldn't be a problem.

MOLLY

I'll fix my name badge.

MR. STALIN

Yes you will.

Mr. Stalin turns, starts to walk away. Then he stops, turns back to Molly:

MR. STALIN

You realize I have to document this incident.

He turns and walks away, a slight wicked smile on his lips.

ANGLE ON Molly's face. She's seething, but she doesn't say anything.

And then... SHE SNAPS.

MOLLY

(loud)

Hey, I'm not finished with you!

We FOLLOW Mr. Stalin as he walks away from Molly, PRETENDING not to hear her.

Suddenly - MOLLY'S VOICE BOOMS over the store PA SYSTEM.

MOLLY'S VOICE

Don't you walk away from me, you mean little worm!

Mr. Stalin STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS, turns back to Molly.

MR. STALIN

What the...

From his POV, we see Molly now on the customer-side of the check-out counter, speaking into the bendy INTERCOM MICROPHONE, her voice BOOMING throughout the store.

MOLLY

Let me explain something to you.
Stealing from the register is an
incident. Being rude to a customer
is an incident. Urinating in the
salad bar is in incident. Pinning
your name badge to your shirt is
not an incident.

Everyone in the store is now looking at Molly.

She is holding a copy of the EMPLOYEE HANDBOOK, methodically
ripping out pages and shredding them, and throwing the bits
into the air like CONFETTI.

MOLLY

So you can take your black socks,
and your name badge, and your lousy
seven-ten split and stick it where
the sun don't shine.

(a beat)

And don't think I didn't know you
were wearing my lingerie when we were
dating, because *I knew*.

Jim Stalin looks around nervously.

MR. STALIN

That's a lie. All lies.

MOLLY

Why else were my panties all
stretched-out, reeking of Old Spice
and ass?

Mr. Stalin looks over to Sally.

MR. STALIN

Call security. Now...

Molly walks right up to him.

MOLLY

Don't bother. I quit.

She drops her apron at his feet, turns and exits.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT

Molly storms out of the store, past the young African-American
boy who is back selling candy bars from a cardboard carry box.

CANDY KID

I sold about a zillion candy bars
outside the movie theatre, just
like you said.

Molly stops, turns back to the kid.

MOLLY

How many more do you need to sell
to win your trip?

CANDY KID

These last two boxes. By tomorrow.

Molly pulls a FIST OF CASH from her pocket, extends it to
the kid.

MOLLY

Gimme all of them. Every last one.

The kid's eyes LIGHT-UP. He hands her the two boxes of candy.

CANDY KID

Thanks! Thanks a lot!
(turns, runs away yelling)
I'm going to Disney World! I'm
going to Disney World!

INT. AIRPORT TICKET COUNTER

Molly jogs up to the ticket counter - carrying only the two
cardboard boxes of candy - and slaps her credit card on the
counter. The same TICKET AGENT as last time.

TICKET AGENT

Did you have a particular destination
in mind, or should I throw darts at a
map?

MOLLY

New York City.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Molly in coach class, nervously eating one of her candy bars.
She looks out the window, sees the NEW YORK SKYLINE below.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Molly climbs out of a cab, and ALMOST gets hit by a car as
she crosses the street. She looks around in awe:

Towering skyscrapers. The RUSH of Manhattan traffic. Horns
blaring. People yelling. Chaos.

IN FRONT OF THE WAKE-UP AMERICA STUDIO

Molly walks past a GROUP OF WOMEN hoping to catch Jack for an autograph.

She walks up to the STUDIO ENTRANCE, enters the lobby.

INSIDE THE LOBBY

A huge GUARD sits behind a reception desk, cameras and monitors everywhere.

GUARD
Can I help you, miss?

MOLLY
I need to see Jack Daly. It's important.

GUARD
Do you have an appointment with his office?

MOLLY
No, but I'm an old friend. Can I go up and see him?

Just then, the GROUP OF WOMEN enters the lobby and approach the guard.

WOMAN #1
We're old friends of Jack's too.

WOMAN #2
We're all old friends. Is he coming down?

The guard steps from behind his desk, motions to the exit.

GUARD
I'm going to have to ask you to wait outside behind the barricade.

MOLLY
You don't understand. I really am his friend!

WOMAN #2
Me too! Me too!

Molly puts her hand on the guard's arm. Alarmed, he reaches down, UNSNAPS his MACE CANNISTER

GUARD

You touch me again, I'll mace your
crazy ass.

The guard escorts Molly and the group of women outside.

EXT. STREET CORNER - PAY PHONE - DAY

Molly feeding quarters into a pay phone. She looks at her
address book, then dials a number. We hear the OPERATOR'S
RECORDED MESSAGE:

OPERATOR'S MESSAGE

We're sorry. You have reached a
number that is no longer in service.
Please check your number and try
again.

Molly hangs up the phone, then moves to the street corner to
hail a cab.

EXT. JACK'S POSH APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Molly climbs out of a cab, approaches the building DOORMAN.

MOLLY

Hi, I'm an old friend of Jack
Daly's. I need to go up and
see him.

DOORMAN

Name.

MOLLY

Jack Daly.

DOORMAN

Your name.

MOLLY

Oh. Molly Dingle.

The doorman produces a clipboard, scans it with his eyes.

DOORMAN

Sorry, you're not on the list.

MOLLY

What list?

DOORMAN

He's had some problems with pushy lady fans, showing up here all hours of the night. Trying to sneak in the building. So there's a list of people who are allowed to ring his apartment. And you're not on the list.

MOLLY

Can I leave him a note?

DOORMAN

Sorry, it's against policy.

As Molly turns away, a man who looks just like Henry Kissinger walks past her and enters the building.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Molly on the bed in her small hotel room, watching TV and talking on the phone. She's wearing an "I Love New York" t-shirt because she didn't bring any other clothes.

There are CANDY BAR WRAPPERS all over the bed.

ON THE TV

A commercial for a new SITCOM about a ROBOT WIFE, her human husband, and their ETHNICALLY DIVERSE children.

WIDER - Molly on the phone.

MOLLY

(on phone)

I went to his work. I went to his apartment building. All his phone numbers have been changed. He's got more security than the Pope.

(a beat)

I don't know what to do.

Molly aims the remote and CLICKS channels. Click. Click.

And she stops on a WAKE-UP AMERICA promo for TOMORROW'S SHOW, where we see HUNDREDS OF FANS - THE JACK PACK - gathered outside the studio.

ON MOLLY

Her eyes get wide.

MOLLY

(on phone)

Maggs, I gotta go.

And she hangs up the phone, eyes fixed on the TV.

EXT. WAKE-UP AMERICA STUDIO - TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

Jack and Kath wearing aprons - on the KITCHEN SET - as they taste the food that the GUEST CHEF has just prepared.

JACK

This is outstanding.

KATH

It's like a little piece of Heaven
in my mouth.

Jack turns to the camera.

JACK

Let's check in with Ernie, who's
outside Studio 4B in beautiful
midtown Manhattan. What's going
on, Ernie?

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO IN TIMES SQUARE

Ernie Snopes stands in front of a metal barricade, separating him from a GROUP OF SCREAMING fans.

ERNIE SNOPEs

It's a gorgeous Fall morning here
in Times Square, the air a crisp
fifty-two degrees.

He turns, faces the SCREAMING CROWD.

ERNIE SNOPEs

We've got a huge crowd today, so
let's check in with the Jack Pack.

Ernie approaches a FANATICAL WOMAN, holding a hand-painted "Marry Me Jack" sign.

ERNIE SNOPEs

Hello there, Miss. Where are you
from?

FANTATIC WOMAN

I'm from Nome, Alaska. Hi mom!!

Ernie moves down the line to a group of squealing
TWELVE YEAR-OLD GIRLS.

ERNIE SNOPEs

And where are you from, girls?

TWELVE YEAR-OLD GIRL
 We're from Mira Mesa Junior High
 in San Diego, California. I wanna
 give a shout-out to my girls Marisa,
 Shanisa and Laticia. Whassuuup!!

Ernie moves DOWN THE LINE, skipping past several people,
 until he STOPS AT MOLLY. She's wearing A LONG TRENCH COAT.

ERNIE SNOPEs
 This young lady has been out here all
 morning. What's your name, Miss?

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR

We see Molly talking into Ernie's microphone.

MOLLY
 I'm Molly Dingle, from Pottersville,
 Pennsylvania.

CUT TO:

MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM

Randy on the couch, eating a bowl of cereal. He sees Molly
 on the TELEVISION, picks up the phone and DIALS Maggie.

RANDY (ON PHONE)
 You ain't gonna believe this!

BACK TO:

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO IN TIMES SQUARE

Molly talking into Ernie's microphone.

MOLLY
 Jack, I know you're watching. I just
 want you to know that I'm sorry, from
 the bottom of my heart.

CUT BACK TO:

INSIDE THE STUDIO

Jack reading his notes, not paying attention. His assistant
 Carly taps him on the shoulder.

CARLY
 Jack, do you know that person?

Jack looks at the VIDEO MONITOR. He sees Molly...

JACK
Oh my God.

BACK OUTSIDE IN TIMES SQUARE

Ernie listening intently.

MOLLY
Not long ago, you said that you
loved me. I can only hope and
pray - because I've been doing a
lot of praying lately - that a
small part of you still does.
I guess what I'm trying to tell
you...

Molly UNBUTTONS the TRENCHCOAT, and THROWS IT OPEN like a
FLASHER.

From Ernie's EXPRESSION, we can tell she's NAKED underneath.

MOLLY
... Is that I love you!

She turns to the crowd.

MOLLY
And I want the whole world to know!

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE STUDIO

Jack stands, in shock.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

The director knocks over his coffee onto the console.

DIRECTOR
Dammit. Camera two! Go to
camera two!

CUT TO:

MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM

Randy eating his cereal. He dribbles milk down his shirt.

RANDY
Awesome!

CUT TO:

MAGGIE'S DORM ROOM

Maggie and Xiang Ling Chao under her quilt, eyes wide.

MAGGIE
Oh. My. God.

BACK TO:

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO IN TIMES SQUARE

Security guards rush Molly. One guard covers her with his jacket.

MOLLY
I love you Jack! I love you!

The guards dragging her away from the crowd.

A SMALL SIDE DOOR BURSTS OPEN

Jack flies out into Times Square. He sees Molly being dragged off. He hops the GUARD RAIL, and runs to her.

Molly sees him, breaks free from the guard. They RUSH TO EACH OTHER and embrace.

JACK
Are you insane!?

MOLLY
Completely. Do you still love me?

JACK
Completely.

MOLLY
I love you too.

They kiss. The CROWD ERUPTS IN A CHORUS OF CHEERS. And then the security guards close in. We hear Molly's voice:

MOLLY'S VOICE
They dragged me off in handcuffs and arrested me for indecent exposure. Jack posted bail and took me home, which was actually kind of romantic. Deep down, every girl wants a guy who'll bail her out of jail.

MOLLY'S VOICE CONTINUES OVER THE FOLLOWING SCENES AS THEY DISSOLVE IN AND OUT:

ARTSY NEW YORK CITY NEIGHBORHOOD. Molly's truck double-parked in front of an Asian market, hazards flashing.

She and Jack muscle a funky couch up the steps, past the market to a small apartment upstairs.

INSIDE MOLLY'S NEW APARTMENT. Molly and Jack decorating her small pad. Jacks paints with a roller, Molly unpacks a box.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. People filing out of a classroom. Mix through the crowd to MOLLY, with a back-pack slung over her shoulder. Just another college student.

MOLLY'S VOICE

So I moved to New York. A little place in SoHo, above a Chinese market.

(a beat)

Jack wanted me to live with him, but I wanted my own place. My own everything. And for the first time maybe ever, I feel like I'm actually *being* Molly Dingle, which is a exciting and scary, in all the best possible ways.

BACK IN POTTERSVILLE. Sally on the bench in front of the store, smoking a cigarette. She's talking to the young African-American boy, who is wearing enormous Disneyland MOUSE EARS.

IN A QUIET ROOM, Mr. Stalin checks himself out in a full-length mirror. He's wearing a woman's bra and panties.

MOLLY'S HOUSE. Randy on the porch swing, two women who look like they might be STRIPPERS sit on either side of him. He's got a big shit-eating grin on his face.

MOLLY'S VOICE

I hear things are pretty much the same back in Pottersville, which is comforting because some things shouldn't change at all.

(a beat)

Randy is taking care of the house for me. He's got a couple of roommates and keeps-up the place pretty good.

IN NEW YORK CITY. Molly and Jack at a NETWORK PARTY - the kind Jack used to hate. He and Molly smile and laugh with each other, sharing a private joke.

Molly and Jack in a darkened MOVIE THEATER. The light from the screen flickers on their faces, as they eat noodles from a CHINESE TAKE-OUT CARTON.

Twilight. Molly on the roof of her apartment, high above the Chinese market, sipping a glass of wine. She leans against the handrail, tranquil, staring out across the bustling city. Wisps of her hair dance in the gentle breeze, but she doesn't mind.

MOLLY'S VOICE

As for me and Jack, I know we'll be friends forever. There's no doubt. Will our relationship last? Who knows. But we're happy today, and that's better than a kick in the head.

Jack comes up behind her, slides his arms around her waist, and kisses the back of her neck. Together they soak in the magnificent view that stretches out into the horizon and beyond, with no foreseeable end in sight.

FADE TO A WHITE SCREEN

as simple BLACK-LETTERED CREDITS dissolve in and out.

THE BEGINNING