

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

by

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Adapted from the short story by Flannery O'Connor

"A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND"

FADE IN:

1 INT. DINING ROOM/LIVING ROOM - MORNING.

A normal 1950's era Dining Room/Living Room. BAILEY (30s) sits at the table reading the sports section and eating cereal. His children, JOHN WESLEY (8), and JUNE STAR (6) are sitting on the floor reading the comics. The MOTHER (same age as Bailey), is sitting on the sofa, feeding apricots to the BABY out of a jar. The GRANDMOTHER (Bailey's mother) is standing next to her son. Her hand is on her thin hip and the other hand holds a newspaper.

GRANDMOTHER

(shaking the newspaper at
Bailey's head)

Now look here, Bailey, see here,
read this. Here this fellow that
calls himself The Misfit is a loose
from the Federal Pen and headed
toward Florida and you read here
what it says he did to these
people. Just you read it. I
wouldn't take my children in any
direction with a criminal like that
a loose in it. I couldn't answer to
my conscience if I did.

Bailey doesn't look up from his reading. The Grandmother turns her attention to the Mother.

GRANDMOTHER

The children have been to Florida
before. You all ought to take them
somewhere else for a change so they
would see different parts of the
world and be broad. They never have
been to east Tennessee.

Mother doesn't seem to hear the Grandmother remarks.

JOHN WESLEY

If you don't want to go to Florida,
why don'tcha stay at home?

JUNE STAR

She wouldn't stay at home to be
queen for a day.

GRANDMOTHER

Yes and what would you do if this fellow, The Misfit, caught you?

JOHN WESLEY

I'd smack his face!

JUNE STAR

She wouldn't stay at home for a million bucks. Afraid she'd miss something. She has to go everywhere we go.

GRANDMOTHER

All right, Miss, Just re- member that the next time you want me to curl your hair.

JUNE STAR

My hair's already curly.

The Grandmother gives up.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

2 INT. CAR - MORNING.

The family sitting in the car about to leave. Bailey is driving, Mother is holding the baby in the passenger seat, Grandmother sits in the middle of the back seat with John Wesley and June Star on either side of her. No one is talking. Then a MEOW of a cat is heard.

BAILEY

(confused)

Mom, did you pack the cat?

GRANDMOTHER

I didn't want Pitty Sing to be left alone in the house for three days. He would miss me too much and I was afraid he might brush against one of the gas burners and accidentally suffocate himself.

BAILEY

I don't want to go to a motel with a cat.

GRANDMOTHER
Would you rather the house blow up?

Bailey says some words under his breath and reluctantly starts the car.

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)
What's the Mileage?

BAILEY
What?

GRANDMOTHER
The mileage, what is it?

BAILEY
55,890...

The grandmother writes down the mileage on a notepad.

BAILEY (cont'd)
What's that for?

GRANDMOTHER
I just thought it'd be interesting
to see how many miles we traveled.
What time is it?

INSERT:

THE CAR CLOCK. It reads 8:45.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. CAR - MORNING.

The clock now reads 9:15.

BACK TO SCENE.

The grandmother takes off her white gloves and puts them away in her purse.

GRANDMOTHER
I think it'll be a good day for
driving, neither too hot nor too
cold. Bailey, the speed limit is
fifty-five miles an hour.

BAILEY
I'm going fifty-five.

GRANDMOTHER

You know the patrolmen hide themselves behind billboards and small clumps of trees and speed out after you before you have a chance to slow down.

BAILEY

Yes, mother.

GRANDMOTHER

(amazed by the scenery)

Oh, look at the scenery!

John Wesley and June Star keep their attention on their comic books and don't pay attention to the grandmother. Mother is almost sleep with the baby in her arms.

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)

It's so beautiful. The crops make it look like rows of green lace-work on the ground. And the trees are sparkling.

JOHN WESLEY

Let's go through Georgia fast so we won't have to look at it much.

GRANDMOTHER

If I were a little boy, I wouldn't talk about my native state that way. Tennessee has the mountains and Georgia has the hills.

JOHN WESLEY

Tennessee is just a hillbilly dumping ground, and Georgia is a lousy state too.

JUNE STAR

You said it.

GRANDMOTHER

(folding her thin fingers)

In my time, children were more respectful of their native states and their parents and everything else. People did right then. Oh look at the cute little pickaninny!

Grandmother points out the window at a small BLACK CHILD (8 or so) standing on the side of the road. The children look over at him also.

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)
Wouldn't that make a picture, now?

JUNE STAR
He didn't have any britches on.

GRANDMOTHER
He probably didn't have any. Little niggers in the country don't have things like we do. If I could paint, I'd paint that picture.

The children exchange comics.

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)
Do you want me to hold the baby?
You look tired.

The mother hands the baby to the grandmother, who bounces the baby on her knee. She kisses the bald head of the baby.

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)
(noticing a graveyard outside)
Look at the graveyard! That was the old family burying ground. That belonged to the plantation.

JOHN WESLEY
Where's the plantation?

GRANDMOTHER
Gone with the wind, ha ha.

short pause.

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)
Would you kids like to hear a story?

the kids don't answer.

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)
(very dramatic)
Once, when I was a maiden lady, I had been courted by a Mr. Edgar Atkins Teagarden from Jasper, Georgia. He was a very good-looking man and a gentleman and he brought me a watermelon every Saturday afternoon with his initials cut in it, E. A. T. Well, one Saturday, Mr. Teagarden brought the watermelon and there was nobody at
(MORE)

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)
 home and he left it on the front
 porch and returned in his buggy to
 Jasper, but I never got the
 watermelon, because a nigger boy
 ate it when he saw the initials, E.
 A. T.!

John Wesley giggles at the story. June Star does not.

JUNE STAR
 I wouldn't marry a man that just
 brought me a watermelon on
 Saturday.

GRANDMOTHER
 I would have done well to marry Mr.
 Teagarden because he was a gentle
 man and had bought Coca-Cola stock
 when it first came out. He died
 only a few years ago, a very
 wealthy man.

JOHN WESLEY
 I'm hungry.

JUNE STAR
 Me too.

BAILEY
 Let's stop at this restaurant up
 ahead.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF RED SAMMY'S BARBECUE.

The family car pulls into the parking lot. They all get out. The children see a gray monkey about a foot high, chained to a small china berry tree, chattering nearby. The monkey jumps back into the tree and gets on the highest limb as soon as the children jump out of the car and run toward him.

RED SAMMY is lying on the bare ground with his head under a truck. He peeks out to see who pulled up.

The family walks into the restaurant.

5 INT. RED SAMMY'S BARBECUE - CONTINUOUS.

Inside is a long dark room with a counter at one end and tables at the other and dancing space in the middle.

the family all sit down at a board table next to the nickelodeon and RED SAM'S WIFE, a tall burnt-brown woman with hair and eyes lighter than her skin, takes their order.

The children's mother puts a dime in the machine and plays "The Tennessee Waltz".

GRANDMOTHER

This song always makes me want to dance. Will you dance with me, Bailey?

Bailey just glares at her.

The grandmother sways her head from side to side as if dancing with herself.

JUNE STAR

Play something fast so I can tap.

The children's mother puts in another dime and plays a fast number and June Star steps out onto the dance floor and does her tap routine.

RED SAM'S WIFE

Ain't she cute?
(leaning over the counter)
Would you like to come be my little girl?

JUNE STAR

(stops dancing)
No I certainly wouldn't. I wouldn't live in a broken-down place like this for a million bucks!

June Star runs back to the table.

RED SAM'S WIFE

(stretching her mouth politely)
Ain't she cute?

GRANDMOTHER

(whispering to June Star)
Aren't you ashamed?

RED SAM enters. His khaki trousers reach just to his hip bones and his stomach hangs over them like a sack of meal swaying under his shirt.

RED SAM

Quit lounging on the counter and
hurry up with these people's order.

Red Sam makes his way to a table near the family and sits down. He lets out a combination sigh and yodel.

RED SAM (cont'd)

(wiping his sweating red face
off with a gray handkerchief)
You can't win, You can't win. These
days you don't know who to trust.
Ain't that the truth?

GRANDMOTHER

People are certainly not nice like
they used to be.

RED SAM

Two fellers come in here last week
driving a Chrysler. It was a old
beat-up car but it was a good one
and these boys looked all right to
me. Said they worked at the mill
and you know I let them fellers
charge the gas they bought? Now why
did I do that?

GRANDMOTHER

Because you're a good man!

RED SAM

(struck by the answer)
Yes'm, I suppose so.

Red Sam's Wife brings out the orders and sets them on the table.

RED SAM'S WIFE

It isn't a soul in this green world
of God's that you can trust. And I
don't count nobody out of that, not
nobody

GRANDMOTHER

Did you read about that criminal,
The Misfit, that's escaped?

RED SAM'S WIFE

I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he didn't attack this place right here. If he hears about it being here, I wouldn't be none surprised to see him. If he hears it's two cent in the cash register, I wouldn't be a tall surprised if he-

RED SAM

(interjecting)

That'll do. Go bring these people their Co'-Colas.

She goes off to get the orders.

RED SAM (cont'd)

A good man is hard to find. Everything is getting terrible. I remember the day you could go off and leave your screen door unlatched. Not no more.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON.

The family is back on the road. Grandma is asleep in the back seat between the two children. She is snoring. She snores so loud that she wakes herself up.

GRANDMOTHER

Where are we now?

BAILEY

Outside of Toombsboro.

GRANDMOTHER

There used to be an old plantation around here that I visited as a young lady. The house had six white columns across the front and there was an avenue of trees leading up to it and two little wooden trellis arbors on either side in front where you sat down with your suitor after a stroll in the garden.

Bailey says nothing.

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)
 (craftily to the children)
 There was a secret panel in this house. and the story went that all the family silver was hidden in it when Sherman came through but it was never found . . .

JOHN WESLEY
 Hey! Let's go see it! We'll find it! We'll poke all the woodwork and find it! Who lives there? Where do you turn off at? Hey Pop, can't we turn off there?

JUNE STAR
 We never have seen a house with a secret panel! Let's go to the house with the secret panel! Hey Pop, can't we go see the house with the secret panel!

GRANDMOTHER
 It's not far from here, I know. It wouldn't take over twenty minutes.

BAILEY
 No.

The children begin to yell and scream that they wanted to see the house with the secret panel. John Wesley kicks the back of the front seat and June Star hangs over her mother's shoulder and whines desperately into her ear that they never had any fun even on their vacation, that they can never do what THEY want to do. The baby begins to scream and John Wesley kicks the back of the seat so hard that his father feels the blows in his kidney.

BAILEY (cont'd)
 (shouting)
 All right!

Bailey violently pulls the car over to the side of the road.

BAILEY (cont'd)
 Will you all shut up? Will you all just shut up for one second? If you don't shut up, we won't go anywhere.

GRANDMOTHER
 (murmuring)
 It would be very educational for them.

BAILEY

All right, but get this: this is the only time we're going to stop for anything like this. This is the one and only time.

GRANDMOTHER

The dirt road that you have to turn down is about a mile back. I marked it when we passed.

BAILEY

(groaning)

A dirt road.

7 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

Bailey makes a U-turn and starts heading back.

8 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS.

GRANDMOTHER

I love everything about this house. The beautiful glass over the front doorway and the candle-lamp in the hall...

JOHN WESLEY

I'll bet the secret panel is in the fireplace.

BAILEY

You can't go inside this house. You don't know who lives there.

JOHN WESLEY

While you all talk to the people in front, I'll run around behind and get in a window.

MOTHER

We'll all stay in the car.

9 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

The car turns onto the dirt road. It's a rough ride. Pot holes are everywhere. The dirt road is hilly and there are sudden washes in it and sharp curves on dangerous embankments. All at once they would be on a hill, looking down over the blue tops of trees for miles around, then the

next minute, they would be in a red depression with the dust-coated trees looking down on them.

10 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS.

The family is bumping along the road.

GRANDMOTHER

I remember the times when there were no paved roads and thirty miles was a day's journey.

BAILEY

This place had better turn up in a minute, or I'm going to turn around.

GRANDMOTHER

It's not much farther.

Just as she says that, Pitty Sing (the cat) jumps out of the basket the grandmother had it in and onto Bailey's shoulder. Bailey jerks the wheel and...

11 EXT. DIRT ROAD GULCH - CONTINUOUS.

The car goes tumbling over the gulch on the side of the road, landing right-side-up. The children are thrown to the floor of the car and their mother, clutching the baby, is thrown out the door onto the ground; the grandmother was thrown into the front seat. Bailey remained in the driver's seat, with the cat around his neck.

12 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS.

As soon as the children see they could move their arms and legs, they scramble out of the car.

JUNE STAR

(delighted)

We've had an ACCIDENT!

The grandmother is curled up under the dashboard. Bailey takes the cat off his neck and throws it against a pine tree. Bailey gets out of the car...

13

EXT. DIRT ROAD GULCH - CONTINUOUS.

Bailey walks around to care for his wife. She is sitting against the side of the red gutted ditch, holding the screaming baby. She only has a cut down her face and a broken shoulder.

JOHN WESLEY
(delighted)
We've had an ACCIDENT!

JUNE STAR
(disappointed)
But nobody's killed.

The grandmother limps out of the car, her hat still pinned to her head but the broken front brim standing up at a jaunty angle and the violet spray hanging off the side. They all sit down in the ditch, except the children, to recover from the shock. They are all shaking.

MOTHER
(hoarsely)
Maybe a car will come along.

GRANDMOTHER
(pressing at her side)
I believe I have injured an organ.

The road is about ten feet above and they can see only the tops of the trees on the other side of it. Behind the ditch are more woods, tall and dark and deep.

In a few minutes they see a car some distance away on top of a hill, coming slowly as if the occupants were watching them. The grandmother stands up and waves both arms dramatically to attract their attention. The car continues to come on slowly, disappears around a bend and appears again, moving even slower, on top of the hill they had gone over. It was a big black battered hearse like automobile. There were three men in it.

It comes to a stop just over them and for some minutes, THE DRIVER looks down with a steady expressionless gaze to where the family is sitting, and didn't speak. Then he turns his head and mutters something to the other two and they get out. One is a FAT BOY in black trousers and a red sweat shirt with a silver stallion embossed on the front of it. He moves around on the right side of them and stood staring, his mouth partly open in a kind of loose grin. The other, a SKINNY BOY, had on khaki pants and a blue striped coat and a gray hat pulled down very low, hiding most of his face. He came around slowly on the left side. Neither spoke.

The driver gets out of the car and stands by the side of it, looking down at them. He is an older man than the other two. His hair is just beginning to gray and he wears silver-rimmed spectacles that give him a scholarly look. He has a long creased face and didn't have on any shirt or undershirt. He has on blue jeans that were too tight for him and was holding a black hat and a gun. The two boys also had guns.

JUNE STAR

We've had an ACCIDENT!

The grandmother had the peculiar feeling that the bespectacled man was someone she knew. He moves away from the car and begins to come down the embankment, placing his feet carefully so that he wouldn't slip. He has on tan and white shoes and no socks, and his ankles are red and thin.

THE DRIVER

Good afternoon, I see you all had you a little spill.

GRANDMOTHER

We turned over twice!

THE DRIVER

Once. We seen it happen.
(to the Skinny Boy)
Try their car and see will it run,
Hiram

JOHN WESLEY

What you got that gun for? Whatcha gonna do with that gun?

THE DRIVER

Lady, would you mind calling them children to sit down by you?
Children make me nervous. I want all you all to sit down right together there where you're at.

JUNE STAR

What are you telling US what to do for?

MOTHER

Come here.

BAILEY

Look here now, we're in a predicament! We're in . . .

GRANDMOTHER

(shrieking and jumping to her feet)

You're The Misfit! I recognized you at once!

THE MISFIT

(smiling)

Yes'm, but it would have been better for all of you, lady, if you hadn't of reckernized me.

Bailey turns his head sharply and says something to his mother that shocks even the children. The old lady begins to cry and The Misfit reddens.

THE MISFIT

Lady, don't you get upset. Sometimes a man says things he don't mean. I don't reckon he meant to talk to you thataway.

GRANDMOTHER

You wouldn't shoot a lady, would you?

THE MISFIT

(poking the ground with the toe of his shoe)

I would hate to have to.

GRANDMOTHER

(almost shrieking)

Listen, I know you're a good man. You don't look a bit like you have common blood. I know you must come from nice people!

THE MISFIT

Yes'm, finest people in the world. God never made a finer woman than my mother and my daddy's heart was pure gold

The fat boy walks around behind the family with his gun at his hip.

THE MISFIT (cont'd)

(squatting down)

Watch them children, Bobby Lee, you know they make me nervous.

The Misfit observes the family huddled in front of him.

THE MISFIT (cont'd)

(looking up)

Ain't a cloud in the sky. Don't see
no sun but don't see no cloud
neither.

GRANDMOTHER

Yes, it's a beautiful day. Listen,
you shouldn't call yourself The
Misfit because I know you're a good
man at heart. I can just look at
you and tell.

BAILEY

Hush! Everybody shut up and let me
handle this!

THE MISFIT

(drawing a circle in the dirt
with his gun)

I pre-chate that, lady.

HIRAM

(under the hood of the car)

It'll take a half a hour to fix
this here car.

THE MISFIT

Well, first you and Bobby Lee get
him and that little boy to step
over yonder with you.

(to Bailey)

The boys want to ask you something.
Would you mind stepping back in
them woods there with them?

BAILEY

(voice cracking)

Listen, we're in a terrible
predicament! Nobody realizes what
this is.

Hiram pulls Bailey up by the arm. John Wesley grabs hold of
his father's hand and Bobby Lee follows. They walk off
toward the woods and just as they reach the dark edge, John
Wesley turns and supports himself against a pine trunk.

JOHN WESLEY

(yelling)

I'll be back in a minute, Mamma,
wait on me!

MOTHER
 (shrieking)
 Come back this instant!

GRANDMOTHER
 (turning to the Misfit)
 I just know you're a good man.
 You're not a bit common!

THE MISFIT
 (after a second)
 Nome, I ain't a good man. but I
 ain't the worst in the world
 neither. My daddy said I was a
 different breed of dog from my
 brothers and sisters. 'You know,'
 Daddy said, 'it's some that can
 live their whole life out without
 asking about it and it's others has
 to know why it is, and this boy is
 one of the latters. He's going to
 be into everything!'
 (he puts on his black hat)
 I'm sorry I don't have on a shirt
 before you ladies. We buried our
 clothes that we had on when we
 escaped and we're just making do
 until we can get better. We
 borrowed these from some folks we
 met.

GRANDMOTHER
 That's perfectly all right. Maybe
 Bailey has an extra shirt in his
 suitcase.

THE MISFIT
 I'll look and see.

MOTHER
 (screaming)
 Where are they taking him?

THE MISFIT
 Daddy was a card himself. You
 couldn't put anything over on him.
 He never got in trouble with the
 Authorities though. Just had the
 knack of handling them.

GRANDMOTHER
 You could be honest too if you'd
 only try. Think how wonderful it
 (MORE)

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)
 would be to settle down and live a
 comfortable life and not have to
 think about somebody chasing you
 all the time.

THE MISFIT
 Yes'm, somebody is always after
 you.

GRANDMOTHER
 Do you ever pray?

THE MISFIT
 (shaking is head)
 Nome.

There is a GUN SHOT from the woods, followed closely by
 another. Then silence. The grandmother's head jerks around.
 She could hear the wind move through the tree tops like a
 long satisfied breath.

GRANDMOTHER
 Bailey Boy!

THE MISFIT
 I was a gospel singer for a while.
 I been most everything. Been in the
 arm service both land and sea, at
 home and abroad, been twice
 married, been an undertaker, been
 with the railroads, plowed Mother
 Earth, been in a tornado, seen a
 man burnt alive once.
 (to the mother)
 I even seen a woman flogged.'

GRANDMOTHER
 Pray, pray, pray, pray...

THE MISFIT
 I never was a bad boy that I
 remember of, but somewheres along
 the line I done something wrong and
 got sent to the penitentiary. I was
 buried alive.

GRANDMOTHER
 That's when you should have started
 to pray. What did you do to get
 sent to the penitentiary that first
 time?

THE MISFIT

(looking up)

Turn to the right, it was a wall.
Turn to the left, it was a wall.
Look up it was a ceiling, look down
it was a floor. I forget what I
done, lady. I set there and set
there, trying to remember what it
was I done and I ain't recalled it
to this day. Once in a while, I
would think it was coming to me,
but it never come.

GRANDMOTHER

Maybe they put you in by mistake.

THE MISFIT

Nome. It wasn't no mistake. They
had the papers on me.

GRANDMOTHER

You must have stolen something.

THE MISFIT

Nobody had nothing I wanted. It was
a head-doctor at the penitentiary
said what I had done was kill my
daddy but I known that for a lie.
My daddy died in nineteen ought
nineteen of the epidemic flu and I
never had a thing to do with it. He
was buried in the Mount Hopewell
Baptist churchyard and you can go
there and see for yourself.

GRANDMOTHER

If you would pray, Jesus would help
you.

THE MISFIT

That's right.

GRANDMOTHER

Well then, why don't you pray?

THE MISFIT

I don't want no help. I'm doing all
right by myself.

Bobby Lee and Hiram came ambling back from the woods. Bobby
Lee is dragging Bailey's shirt behind him.

THE MISFIT (cont'd)
 Throw me that shirt, Bobby Lee.

Bobby Lee throws him the shirt and the Misfit puts it on.

THE MISFIT (cont'd)
 (to the grandmother)
 I found out the crime don't matter.
 You can do one thing or you can do
 another, kill a man or take a tire
 off his car, because sooner or
 later you're going to forget what
 it was you done and just be
 punished for it.

The mother begins to make heaving noises as if she couldn't
 get her breath.

THE MISFIT (cont'd)
 Lady, would you and that little
 girl like to step off yonder with
 Bobby Lee and Hiram and join your
 husband?

MOTHER
 (faintly)
 Yes, thank you.

THE MISFIT
 Hep that lady up, Hiram. And Bobby
 Lee, you hold onto that little
 girl's hand.

JUNE STAR
 I don't want to hold hands with
 him. He reminds me of a pig.

Bobby Lee blushes and laughs and grabs her by the arm and
 pulls her off into the woods after Hiram and her mother.

The grandmother watches them walk into the woods.

GRANDMOTHER
 Jesus. Jesus.

THE MISFIT
 Yes'm. Jesus shown everything off
 balance. It was the same case with
 Him as with me except He hadn't
 committed any crime and they could
 prove I had committed one because
 they had the papers on me. Of
 course they never shown me my

(MORE)

THE MISFIT (cont'd)
 papers. That's why I sign myself
 now. I said long ago, you get you a
 signature and sign everything you
 do and keep a copy of it. Then
 you'll know what you done and you
 can hold up the crime to the
 punishment and see do they match
 and in the end you'll have
 something to prove you ain't been
 treated right. I call myself The
 Misfit because I can't make what
 all I done wrong fit what all I
 gone through in punishment.

There is a PIERCING SCREAM from the woods, followed closely
 by a GUN SHOT.

THE MISFIT (cont'd)
 Does it seem right to you, lady,
 that one is punished a heap and
 another ain't punished at all?

GRANDMOTHER
 Jesus! You've got good blood! I
 know you wouldn't shoot a lady! I
 know you come from nice people!
 Pray! Jesus, you ought not to shoot
 a lady. I'll give you all the money
 I've got!

THE MISFIT
 (looking past her and to the
 woods)
 Lady, there never was a body that
 give the undertaker a tip.

There are two more GUN SHOTS.

GRANDMOTHER
 Bailey Boy, Bailey Boy!

THE MISFIT
 Jesus was the only One that ever
 raised the dead, and He shouldn't
 have done it. He shown everything
 off balance. If He did what He
 said, then it's nothing for you to
 do but throw away everything and
 follow Him, and if He didn't, then
 it's nothing for you to do but
 enjoy the few minutes you got left
 the best way you can by killing

(MORE)

THE MISFIT (cont'd)
 somebody or burning down his house
 or doing some other meanness to
 him. No pleasure but meanness.

GRANDMOTHER
 (dreary)
 Maybe He didn't raise the dead.

THE MISFIT
 I wasn't there so I can't say He
 didn't. I wish I had of been there
 (hitting the ground in anger)
 It ain't right I wasn't there
 because if I had of been there I
 would of known. Listen lady, if I
 had of been there I would of known
 and I wouldn't be like I am now.

the grandmother has a look of realization on her face.

GRANDMOTHER
 Why you're one of my babies. You're
 one of my own children!

She reaches out and touches his shoulder. The Misfit jumps back as if a snake had bitten him and SHOTS her three times through the chest. Then he puts his gun down on the ground and takes off his glasses and began to clean them.

Hiram and Bobby Lee return from the woods and stand over the ditch, looking down at the grandmother who half sat and half lay in a puddle of blood with her legs crossed under her like a child's and her face smiling up at the cloudless sky.

Without his glasses, The Misfit's eyes were red-rimmed and pale and defenseless-looking.

THE MISFIT
 Take her off and throw her where
 you thrown the others.

Pitty Sing is rubbing against the misfit's leg. The misfit picks him up.

BOBBY LEE
 She was a talker, wasn't she?

THE MISFIT
 She would of been a good woman if
 it had been somebody there to shoot
 her every minute of her life.

BOBBY LEE

Some fun!

THE MISFIT

Shut up, Bobby Lee. It's no real
pleasure in life.

FADE OUT.

THE END