

NOTE: Our story begins in springtime ... late in May.

FADE IN:

AN ANIMATED CARD --

SWEETPEA, a young woman, absentmindedly and softly, sings to herself, SWEETPEA'S SONG, [Song # 1], OVER an ANIMATED, BOUNCING-BALL, SING-A-LONG display of the song's lyrics.

SWEETPEA (V.O.)

(singing)

*Ready, steady, hometown girl ...  
Somebody's gonna love ya 'cause ya  
got that smile ... Oh, yeah!*

INT. SWEETPEA'S STUDIO/EFFICIENCY KITCHEN - EVENING -  
CONTINUOUS

SWEETPEA (24) continues HUMMING the tune through the scene.

CAMERA ON Sweetpea's hands and forearms only, working over a kitchen countertop. Long-sleeve flannel PJ's. Conservative length nails with red polish.

On the countertop are separate piles of rubber bands and paper clips. An exacto-knife. Masking tape. Stapler.

Also, a dozen Louis L'Amour PAPERBACK western novels, some with 'USED' stickers.

Also, an upright, silver-finish, 5X7 PICTURE-FRAME housing a photo of a happy family threesome -- smiling thirty-ish MOM and DAD and a nine-year-old GIRL.

Also, a MOUNT RUSHMORE souvenir ceramic COFFEE MUG with its handle broken off.

Also, an ANT FARM.

Sweetpea uses rubber-bands to divide a paperback into multiple sections of a few pages each.

From another paperback, one with some pages already removed, she uses the exacto-knife to cut out, in a couple of swipes, a few more pages, which she taps on the countertop, then staples together.

She places the rubber-banded book into her overly-large PURSE, already containing a half-dozen other westerns. The stapled pages go into the purse's side pocket.

Moments later ... no longer humming ...

Sweetpea pours root beer from a CAN into the MUG then nudges the ICE CREAM BALL from a 'drumstick' cone into the mug.

A microwave BEEPS and she removes from it a CORN-DOG on a stick on a paper-plate. She sets it down and squeezes mustard onto it.

She grasps the mug and the CAMERA FOLLOWS it upwards to her make-up free face. She takes a sip.

Sweetpea is attractively plain. Her shoulder-length auburn hair is rather 1950's. Her expression is noticeably blank.

EXT. CAPE BRETON VILLAGE FISHING BOAT PIER - SUNSET

A ray of sunlight illuminates GORDON (60) as he jumps from a commercial fishing BOAT onto a dock, sea-legs wobbling some. Stocky-ish, he wears a peacoat and stocking cap and carries an overnight-bag.

As Gordon walks away, BILLY (30), a large, bearded man with bearing, jumps from the boat and inaudibly calls out to him.

Gordon turns, walks back, exchanges a one-armed-hug with Billy, then proceeds from the dock.

EXT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - LATER

Nearly dark, now, as Gordon ascends a narrow village road leading to ...

... THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL, overlooking the ocean and from which emanates lively Cape Breton Celtic MUSIC.

INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Inviting, lively and a full house this Saturday night. Patrons, all ages, eat, drink, chat, play darts.

A three-piece BAND plays on the small raised platform that serves as a STAGE, adjoined by a small DANCE FLOOR.

Gordon enters, removes his cap. Regular-length, slightly-unkempt gray hair. Sheepish smile. Twinkle in his eye.

A couple of excited SHRIEKS from the far side of the room.

GODIVA and BRIT, two (16) year old girls, scramble across the place, dodging tables, in Gordon's direction.

GODIVA AND BRIT  
(together, excitedly)  
Gordon!

Reaching Gordon, the irrepressibly celebratory girls each grab an arm and peck a cheek.

Godiva is goth-light, dark make-up, black hair, but no piercings.

Brit is more conventional in appearance.

BRIT

You're back!

GODIVA

We're saved!

Gordon smiles.

As suddenly as they appeared, they disappear back to the table-top SHUFFLEBOARD they're playing with a couple of boys.

Moments later ...

Gordon takes a seat at a small table near the stage.

Moments later ...

GORDON'S POV of two large, penny-loafered-feet on the floor in front of him. He looks up to behold ...

...the looming figure of DUNCAN (26), a six-and-a-half-foot tall Mongolian man, dressed college-student-preppie.

A smile, small bow, handshake from Duncan. Then, he wordlessly returns to his darts.

From the bar, WANDA (35), in a peasant-dress, catches Gordon's attention and signals an inquiry.

Gordon nods affirmatively.

Later ...

The band departs the stage to scattered light applause.

Wanda serves Gordon a meal of scottish egg, sliced tomatoes, fries, black coffee and water.

WANDA

(nodding at stage)

I'm on.

Moments later ...

Guitar in hand, Wanda takes the stage, sits on a stool.

A SPOT-LIGHT detaches her from reality as she sings, solo, the SONG, A POEM OF ITS OWN, [Song # 2].

WANDA (CONT'D)

(Singing)

*I've been looking at faces--How they  
change over time--I've been seeking  
an answer--Reading between the lines.*

(new verse)

*Precious babe in our arms--In the  
woods it is born--Will we hold it  
and mould it--Into a poem of its  
own?*

TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS

WANDA (CONT'D)

*So, let it walk with the sunshine--  
Knowing this much is mine--Down a  
road that's less taken--Hey, it's  
apple pickin' time!*

(new verse)

*And, take down from the shelf--That  
old Song of Myself--And, Dance with  
the poet--Yeah, he's some kind of  
Elf!*

EXT. OMAHA CITY MOTEL - DAWN

SUPERIMPOSE ON SCREEN : 'OMAHA'

A cheap, 1950's two-story motel on the edge of downtown.

A second-floor DOOR opens, but no one appears.

The door closes.

After a four-count, it opens again and THOMAS (33) appears on the threshold. His body language and the dishevelment of his business-casual attire indicates despair.

He retreats back inside and the door closes.

Then, it immediately opens again and Thomas exits, closes the door behind him and resolutely proceeds down the walkway.

EXT. SUE'S FARM - DAWN

A quaintly neat farm with a utilitarian air is illuminated by the red hues of sunrise.

The FARM HOUSE is a three-story wood-sided Victorian with two sleeping HOUNDS on a large, covered front porch.

A four-foot-high welded-wire fence, within which there's an impressive vegetable GARDEN, surrounds the house proper.

Also, a spotless six-year-old PICKUP on a gravel drive.

A HORSE mills about.

EXT. SUE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

SUE (45) emerges from the house carrying a large PURSE, a brief CASE, and a medium-sized brown paper SACK. By her dress, she appears every bit the executive secretary she is.

The dogs jump on her. Uselessly, she reprimands them.

EXT. SUE'S FARM - MOMENTS LATER

Followed by the celebratory dogs, Sue proceeds to the welded-wire fence where her horse waits for her.

She takes two cookies from the sack, gives one to the horse and a half each to the dogs, then speaks to the dogs.

SUE

You two need to stay out of trouble,  
today.

Moments later ...

She shuts the gate behind her. The two dogs high-tail it to, and escape through, a hole they've dug under the fence. They run full steam to meet up with Sue at the PICKUP TRUCK.

SUE (CONT'D)

Not again! What is it with you guys?  
I give up! I totally give up!

Moments later ...

Sue's departing truck is chased by the barking hounds until it crosses the cattle guard onto the road.

INT. SWEETPEA'S BATHROOM - MORNING

SIDE-VIEW of Sweetpea applying make-up at MIRROR.

Sweetpea wears a KNEE-LENGTH, dark-green DIVIDED-PANTS-SKIRT, belt, LONG-SLEEVE BLOUSE and all-black TENNIS-SHOES with WHITE SOCKS. This is her attire throughout the story, though the COLORS will vary.

CAMERA MOVES to reveal that the mirror is covered by a NEWSPAPER-SHEET with a two-inch-HOLE cut out in it, allowing only a small portion of Sweetpea's face to be seen at a time.

EXT. OMAHA INTERSECTION - MORNING

Stopped at a red light, Thomas wipes a tear from his cheek.

EXT. OMAHA CITY BUS - MORNING

Through window, we see passenger Sweetpea reading a paperback.

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVE-THRU BANK - MORNING

Sue's pickup pulls up to an 'AUTO-TELLER' station.

Sue places a plastic baggy of cookies in the tube-canister and dispatches it to ...

... her niece CHERYL (27), the bank-teller, who waves from behind glass and speaks over the teller-speaker.

CHERYL'S VOICE OVER SPEAKER

Hi, Aunt Sue! Thanks!

(beat)

How's it going with Robert-John?

SUE

(gesturing)

Don't ask!

Sue blows Cheryl a kiss and drives off.

INT. TRIBBLE INTERNATIONAL SOY BEAN FOYER - MORNING

Wall-mounted digital CLOCK turns from 8:01 AM to 8:02 AM.

Sweetpea is at her post, the RECEPTIONIST'S DESK, which has two levels, an upper countertop and a lower work-surface.

She puts her reading material into place for the day. Rubber banded book, opened, into the middle drawer. The stapled pages go under the computer keyboard.

Sue enters through the corporate plate-glass double-doors and heads for the receptionist's desk.

SUE

Good morning, Sweetpea!

(raising paper sack)

Cookies!

Sue reaches over the countertop and places a plastic baggy of cookies in front of Sweetpea.

SWEETPEA

(awkwardly)

Thanks.

Sue notices the open-book in the middle drawer.

SUE  
(non-accusingly)  
Whatcha reading?

SWEETPEA  
(a 'gig-is-up' look)  
Ah ... I'm not actually sure.

Guiltily, Sweetpea holds up the paperback book.

SUE  
(reading the title)  
'Rustlers of West Fork.' Neat! My  
husband loved westerns. I've still  
got boxes of them. I'll grab some  
for you ... if you like.  
(turning to business)  
Robert-John is coming in, this  
morning, Sweetpea. Let me know as  
soon as he walks through the door.  
Okay?

SWEETPEA  
(awkward look)  
Uh ...he called.

A pause as Sue interprets Sweetpea's hapless expression.

SUE  
Don't tell me! Golf!

SWEETPEA  
The Community Chest Scramble.

SUE  
(exasperated, not  
that angry)  
I told him he needed be here!  
(beat)  
Call Mr. Chambers -- on the board,  
Sweetpea. Tell him what's up and  
give him Robert-John's cell number.  
They can arrange their own pow wow!

The receptionist's PHONE 'beeps' and Sweetpea answers it.

SWEETPEA  
Tribble International Soy Bean. How  
may I direct your call?  
(listens, then to Sue)  
It's Japan.

The dejected Thomas enters through the corporate glass doors.

SUE

Okay. Thanks, Sweetpea.

(noticing Thomas)

Oh, Thomas! Is it yesterday or tomorrow in Japan? I never know.

Thomas, traversing foyer, intensely halts and turns to Sue.

Sue is taken aback by Thomas's dishevelment and despair.

THOMAS

(grimacing)

Ten at night ... still today.

Thomas exits the foyer into the office area.

SUE

(concerned, to Sweetpea)

Sweetpea. Ah ... will you go ... I've got to take this call. Go get Thomas. Tell him to come to my office. Okay?

SWEETPEA

Me?

SUE

If you don't mind. Yes. Thank you.

Before she can go, the receptionist's phone BEEPS, again.

SWEETPEA

Tribble International Soy Bean. How may I direct your call?

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas proceeds across room, co-workers taking no notice.

Sweetpea tentatively follows, some distance behind.

INT. THOMAS'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea arrives to find Thomas slumped forward in his chair.

Oblivious to Sweetpea, Thomas begins to quietly weep.

Sweetpea's face goes blank as she observes Thomas's breakdown.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SWEETPEA'S CHILDHOOD LIVING ROOM - DAY

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD SWEETPEA sits on the floor coloring a coloring book. Her hair is unkempt. A dingy nightgown over her jeans.

SWEETPEA'S FATHER (37), an older version of the man in the photo on her countertop, is in an easy chair. A white-collar worker, he wears slacks, white shirt, loosened tie. His eyes are red, a tear rolls down his cheek as he watches TV.

Sweetpea turns her attention back and forth from the coloring book to her father, seemingly oblivious to her presence.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Sue treks through the room. An employee stops her and they have a brief, routine exchange, after which, she continues.

INT. THOMAS'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Arriving, Sue first notices that Sweetpea seems to be in some kind of TRANCE.

Then, seeing Thomas, she kneels by his side.

SUE

What's wrong? What's happened,  
Thomas?

Thomas, unable to speak, shakes his head.

SUE (CONT'D)

Come with me, Thomas ... to my office.

An office worker peeks in at the situation and respectfully backs away. There is a bit of a murmur in the room, now.

THOMAS

(quietly, desperately)  
I can't do this! I can't do this!

SUE

What, Thomas? What?

Thomas does not respond.

SUE (CONT'D)

Listen, the back stairs are right here. Let's go down to my truck. We'll get some coffee.

(to Sweetpea)

Sweetpea, fetch my coat and purse and meet me in the parking lot, okay?

SWEETPEA

What?

A look from Sue.

INT. TRIBBLE INTERNATIONAL SOY BEAN FOYER - LATER

Sweetpea enters the foyer from Sue's adjoining office carrying Sue's coat and purse.

She stops and thinks, then she retrieves her own light-jacket and purse from behind the receptionist's desk.

EXT. CORPORATE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea proceeds across parking lot with purses and coats to Sue's pickup, at an isolated spot with both DOORS open.

INT/EXT. SUE'S PICKUP - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea reaches Sue's pickup and stands by the open driver's side door, where Sue is seated.

Thomas sits slumped beside her, in the passenger seat.

SUE

I'm so sorry, Thomas. I really am.  
The break-up of a family is just ...  
a very profound thing. It shakes  
you to the core. But you will survive  
it. Everyone does. Somehow.

THOMAS

(quietly, intensely)  
I worked ... and I worked ... and I  
worked! I did everything I was  
supposed to do!  
(beat)  
Oh, God! My kids! I can't do this!

SUE

You can -- and you shall, Thomas.  
You'll always be their father! They  
love you a great deal. I could see  
that at the picnic.

Sue, now aware of Sweetpea, turns to her.

SUE (CONT'D)

Thomas is taking the day off. And,  
so am I. We'll be at the farm.  
(an afterthought)  
I need some help with the garden.

Sue notices that Sweetpea has retrieved both their purses.

SWEETPEA

(flatly)  
I could help, too ... if you like.

Sue gives Sweetpea a look, grasps the steering wheel with both hands, looks forward and sighs.

SUE

We'll put it down to three cases of spring-fever. I'll call Francis and tell her the show's all her's, today. She'll like that. Jump in, Sweetpea.

EXT. SUE'S VEGETABLE GARDEN - MORNING

Serious gardener Sue, in jeans, on knees, thins carrot shoots. Sweetpea stands by wondering if she is expected to pitch-in.

EXT. SUE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Thomas slumps, rocks in porch swing, two HOUNDS at his feet.

EXT. SUE'S VEGETABLE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Sue's CELL, on the ground, chimes.

SUE

Get that, will you, Sweetpea. And if it's You-Know-Who, tell him I'm busy. Which I am.

Sweetpea fumbles with the cell, then awkwardly converses.

SWEETPEA

(reflexively)  
Tribble Interna ... ah ... hello?  
(listens)  
No. She's at the farm.  
(listens anxiously)  
I guess I'm at the farm, too.  
(listens)  
She's pretty busy ... I think.  
(listens, stressing)  
No, I'm not that busy.

SUE

(standing)  
That's okay, Sweetpea. Give it here.  
(taking the phone)  
Hello, Robert-John?  
(listens)  
An eagle?  
(not meaning it)  
That's wonderful. Listen. Jim Chambers wants to speak to you about next week's audit.

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

(beat)

And, you need to call Japan ...

(listens)

No. Mr. Aki will only talk to you...  
the boss-man! Their contract expires  
next week. This needs taking care  
of ... pronto!

(listens)

An eagle is not a birdie. Yes, I  
understand that.

Sue hangs up.

SUE (CONT'D)

Actually, I don't. I swear, Sweetpea!  
If his daddy was still around...!  
Family businesses!

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Sue's kitchen is large, old fashioned and reflective of her  
passion for cooking.

In the center, a large TABLE. Sweetpea sits reading a  
paperback at one end. Thomas sits, dejected, at other end.

Sue places a quiche on the table, sits, serves her guests.

SUE

Quiche Lorraine.

(beat)

Go on, Thomas.

THOMAS

I'm walking to my car ... in the  
parking lot ... going home ...

SUE

Yesterday.

THOMAS

... and there's this 'no neck' sitting  
on my hood with a big smile on his  
face. He says, "You Thomas  
Goodrich?" I said, "Who are you?"  
He just laughs and hands me this.

Thomas pulls divorce PAPERS from his back pocket, flings  
them sliding across the table to fall to the floor by  
Sweetpea, who startles some, then, retrieves them and lays  
them back on the table.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Sorry.

SWEETPEA

No problem.

SUE

Divorce papers.

THOMAS

Yes.

Thomas's CELL chimes. He pulls it from his jacket, hanging on chair, sees it's his wife, answers it, desperately speaks.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Lauren ... listen ...

(listens)

Wait! Just listen to me. I'm coming home, okay?

(listens)

No! This is ridiculous! I need to come home, tonight! Dakota's social studies project is due tomorrow and I've got to glue the ...

(listens)

But, we've got to glue on the presidents' heads. You don't understand!

(listens)

Please, Lauren! Let me come home!

Lauren has disconnected. Thomas sets the cell down.

Sue gets up and rubs Thomas's back.

SUE

What did she want?

THOMAS

Money.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - DAY

A 16-foot diameter, broken-down old CAROUSEL with a seriously warped, misshapen platform that is partially lying down on the ground, sits in an open, grassy area.

Godiva, on a pony, and Brit, on the edge of the platform, take turns puffing on a PIPE, trying to blow smoke rings.

Carrying TEXTBOOKS, leaving for school, Duncan appears.

DUNCAN

(sternly)

Did you clean your room?

GODIVA  
 (saluting)  
 Yes, Sergeant-Major!

Duncan frowns at the pipe.

BRIT  
 It's Gordon's, Duncan! Pipe tobacco!

GODIVA  
 Captain Black!

Duncan takes the pipe, smells it, then smiles.

DUNCAN  
 Smells good. But not so good for  
 you.  
 (now serious)  
 I've got a history class. Tell Gordon  
 the Finns telephoned, this morning.

GODIVA  
 What?

DUNCAN  
 The Finns ... from Finland! They're  
 coming!

EXT. SUE'S FRONT PORCH - AFTERNOON

Sweetpea reads in a chair.

Sue, winded from gardening, ascends steps, sits by Sweetpea.

EXT. SUE'S GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Thomas dejectedly hoes weeds with two hounds at his feet.

EXT. SUE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

SUE  
 I'll take you home after dinner and  
 pick you up for work in the morning.  
 It's too far to go all the way back  
 to the office to get your car.

Sweetpea stresses, realizing Sue does not know that she takes  
 the bus to work and has no car.

SWEETPEA  
 (being conversational)  
 Ah ... your farm is quite nice.

SUE  
 Do you like it? I need the country.  
 The quiet. You know, my husband  
 grew up on this place. Six hundred  
 and forty acres ... one square mile.  
 It's all leased out, now ... except  
 for my five acres, here

SWEETPEA  
 (pronouncing 'Louis'  
 as *lou-is*)  
 Your husband liked to read 'Louis'  
 L'Amour?

SUE  
 (pronouncing 'Louis'  
 as *loo-ee*)  
 Yes, he did. It's pronounced 'Loo-  
 ee,' by the way. The French way of  
 saying Louis.

SWEETPEA  
 'Loo-ie' L'Amour. He was French?

SUE  
 No, I'm sure he was American. French  
 name, though. You read a lot, don't  
 you, Sweetpea?

Sweetpea is uncomfortable with her 'reading issue.'

SWEETPEA  
 I guess...ah...I enjoy a good yarn.

SUE  
 Good! I'll definitely dig up some  
 of Lester's old westerns, later.

Thomas's CELL, on porch table, chimes and Sue retrieves it.

SUE (CONT'D)  
 That's Thomas's.

Sue answers it and, immediately, LAUREN'S VOICE explodes  
 from it. Sue has to hold it at arms length. They both have  
 no difficulty hearing Lauren's tirade.

LAUREN'S CELL-PHONE VOICE  
 Do you know what, Jerk-face? You  
 are what is known as a  
 (spelling)  
 'L-O-S-E-R ... loser! And don't  
 think your children don't know that!

Sweetpea covers her ears, closes her eyes.

Seeing Sweetpea's distress, Sue moves down the porch, continuing to hold the phone away from her.

LAUREN'S CELL-PHONE VOICE (CONT'D)

You need to send me the money from  
the credit union. Today! Do you  
hear me? God, how did I ever marry  
such an asshole!?

Sue breaks in.

SUE

Lauren! Lauren! This is Susan  
Johnson. Thomas is not available.  
(listens)  
Yes. He's staying here at my place.  
(listens)  
I'm sorry, but, I'm not listening to  
that kind of language!

Sue punches off.

SUE (CONT'D)

(to herself)  
Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow!

Sue heads back towards ...

... Sweetpea who is now rocking in her seat, eyes closed,  
hands over her ears, softly SINGING, *My Country, 'Tis of  
Thee*, to herself.

SWEETPEA

*My country tis of thee ... Sweet  
land of liberty ... of thee I sing  
... Land of the Pilgrim's pride ...  
land where my fathers died ...*

Sue PATS Sweetpea's back which causes her to EXPLOSIVELY  
STARTLE.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

(desperate, panicked)  
No! It's me, Sweetpea! Sweetpea!

Sue is taken well aback by Sweetpea's reaction.

SUE

I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Sweetpea!  
(pause)  
I know that sort of talk can be pretty  
upsetting.

Sweetpea, recovering, looks longingly at her paperback.

SWEETPEA

(flatly)

It's really not a problem.

EXT. GORDON'S CAPE BRETON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Sunny day. Small beach below a craggily embankment with large boulders. Mid-sized waves roll in and out.

A WHITE HORSE moseys, alone, along the surf line, then stops.

A SEAGULL alights on the wet sand near the horse's feet and the horse looks down at it.

EXT. SUE'S FRONT PORCH - LATER

Sweetpea reads as Sue leans against a porch post looking out at Thomas, in the garden. She speaks to Sweetpea.

SUE

Tell me about your family, Sweetpea.

Sweetpea masks internal stress.

SWEETPEA

I guess you could say my family was pretty regular.

The SOUND of an approaching all terrain vehicle.

Sue studies Sweetpea a bit before turning to see, from HER POV ...

WALTER (50), on an ATV, pulling up to the gate.

SUE

There's Walter.

Moments later ...

Walter, an air of refinement about him, dressed casually, though expensively, ascends the steps.

WALTER

Bon après midi, Madame et Mademoiselle.

SUE

Hello, Walter. Say hello to Sweetpea ... our receptionist.

WALTER

Sweetpea?

A quick, rather cynical raised eyebrow at Sue.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 (not meaning it)  
 What a lovely name!

SUE  
 I'll fetch cola-floats for everyone.

WALTER  
 Cola floats! Sounds 'delish,' Sue!

Sue nods, drawing Walter's attention to Thomas, in the garden.

EXT. SUE'S VEGETABLE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Walter approaches Thomas.

WALTER  
 Just a picture-perfect day -- don't  
 you think? I do believe summer will  
 soon be upon us.

Thomas does not respond.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 Sorry. I'm Walter. Sue's neighbor.  
 Is it Tom or Thomas?

THOMAS  
 Thomas.

WALTER  
 Wonderful. Sue called me, earlier,  
 Thomas, and ... well, I'm a physician,  
 you see. She thought, perhaps, you  
 could use an assist getting through  
 this ... sticky patch.

THOMAS  
 (stiffening)  
 Pills.

WALTER  
 Might not be such a bad strategy ...  
 for a time. Make no mistake about  
 it, you are in a kind of shock.

Walter takes a PILL CONTAINER from his coat.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 Diazepam. Follow the directions.

EXT. SUE'S FRONT PORCH - LATER

Sue, Thomas, Walter have finished their cola-floats.

Sweetpea noisily vacuums her last drops with a straw.

WALTER

(standing)

Sue, I thought we might have a look  
at that air-conditioner we put in  
your sun room window, last year.  
You may be needing it soon.

SUE

Oh .. okay.

WALTER

(taking her arm)

Come on ... it'll just take a minute.

Sue and Walter leave the porch.

Thomas and Sweetpea, left alone, exchange awkward glances.

SWEETPEA

(holding up her book)

I'm reading 'Looie' L'Amour.

EXT. THE SIDE OF SUE'S FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Walter stops, turns towards Sue, puts his hands on her waist,  
pulls her to him, and kisses her on the cheek.

WALTER

Good to see you again, Sue!  
It's been a long, cold, lonely winter!

SUE

(not upset, but  
breaking free)

How does the AC look?

WALTER

Looks great. As do you!

SUE

Call me sometime. Make a date.

WALTER

I did. I've tried.

SUE

Take me to the symphony.

WALTER

I shall!

SUE

Thanks for coming over, Walter.

WALTER

I told you before ... I make house calls.

Suddenly, Sue's two BARKING hounds surround Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(grimacing)

What's this?

SUE

They showed up on my doorstep New Year's Day. I think somebody dumped their Christmas gifts in the country.

Walter, not an animal lover, forces a smile.

INT. SUE'S ATTIC ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Amongst lots of this and that, Sue locates a box marked, "LESTER'S BOOKS," and sets it on the floor, opening it to verify its contents.

She sits on a chest and reflectively looks out the window at her place--and Lester's place. She speaks softly, to herself.

SUE

Oh, Lester! I do still miss you!

INT. SUE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Thomas, in pajamas, sits upright on an extended convertible sofa watching TV, straddled by the two hounds.

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea stands at table poking through the box of paperbacks.

Sue is on her LAP-TOP computer at the other end of the table.

A jingle SOUND from the lap-top.

SUE

(excitedly, to herself)

Well, hello sailor!

Sue rises, opens a cabinet door and checks her hair before a mirror, before sitting back down at the computer, where she adjusts her mounted WEBCAM.

SUE (CONT'D)

Sweetpea! It's Gordon ... my friend from Cape Breton Island ... in Canada! He's back from sea!

SWEETPEA  
 (lost for words, then)  
 Where did he go?

SUE  
 Fishing!

Sweetpea moves to stand behind Sue.

DUNCAN'S IMAGE appears on the computer screen, making adjustments to the webcam at his end.

SWEETPEA  
 Is that him?

SUE  
 No. I don't know who that is.

Duncan departs and GORDON'S IMAGE sits in front of screen.

SUE (CONT'D)  
 There he is!

GORDON'S COMPUTER VOICE  
 Hello?

SUE  
 Hello, Gordon! How was the fishing?

GORDON'S COMPUTER VOICE  
 Oh, not so bad!

SUE  
 Two weeks at sea is a long time!

GORDON'S COMPUTER VOICE  
 Billy's my nephew. He needed an extra hand. Mostly, I played cook.

SUE  
 Say howdy to Sweetpea, Gordon. She works with me.

GORDON'S COMPUTER VOICE  
 Howdy, Sweetpea! Where are you?

Intrigued by Gordon, Sweetpea leans into the picture.

SWEETPEA  
 (too loudly)  
 What kind of fish did you catch?

GORDON'S COMPUTER VOICE  
 Cod fish.

SWEETPEA

(making conversation)

Ah ... that's very interesting. We have fish here, too ...in Nebraska ...lakes and ... ponds, mostly, I guess.

SUE

Listen, Gordon. I need to take this girl home. Can we connect in an hour or so?

GORDON'S COMPUTER VOICE

Rigthy-oh. Good-night, Sweetpea!

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Sue drives. Sweetpea strains to read in the dark.

SUE

I'll pick you up at seven-thirty.

INT. SUE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas sleeps in the darkened room, straddled by hounds.

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sue types at her lap-top in the now darkened kitchen.

EXT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Silhouetted against a sky full and bright with stars is GORDON'S TRAILER, a 1960's vintage, 30-foot AIRSTREAM.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Gordon, wearing an old sweater, pecks at his lap-top.

GORDON'S COMPUTER SCREEN: SUZYQFARMGIRL52: Just like that! You want me to drop everything and come up to visit you!?

Gordon types.

GORDON'S COMPUTER SCREEN: GORDON3467: Yes.

GORDON'S COMPUTER SCREEN: SUZYQFARMGIRL52: Does your trailer have a guest room? I do like my privacy, you know.

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sue sitting at lap-top.

SUE'S COMPUTER SCREEN: GORDON3467: I also have a seven bedroom house on 23 acres, by the sea. I never told you that?

Sue raises her hands up in disbelief.

SUE  
(to herself)  
Incredible!

She leans forward and speaks to herself as she types.

SUE (CONT'D)  
No, sir! You did not tell me you  
had a seven bedroom house sitting on  
twenty-three acres ... by the sea!

Sue leans back in her seat, thinking, reflecting. She leans forward and types.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

GORDON'S COMPUTER SCREEN: SUZYQFARMGIRL52: I'll think about it.

INT. SWEETPEA'S STUDIO/EFFICIENCY - NIGHT

Wearing a HEAD LAMP, in the dark, Sweetpea reads in bed.

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

Thomas, wearing an ill-fitting robe, drinks coffee and munches toast in front of Sue's lap-top, dogs at his feet.

Dressed for work, Sue enters, puts hands on Thomas's shoulders.

SUE  
Don't worry about work, today. Do nothing. Rest. Watch TV. You're here for the duration, okay? I'll have Charlie set you up to go virtual for awhile.

THOMAS  
Thanks.

SUE  
Hey, it's nice to have a man about.

EXT. SWEETPEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING COMPLEX - MORNING

Heavy rain.

Sue's pickup pulls into the large complex and parks.

Sue gets out, opens an umbrella, runs into the complex.

EXT. OUTSIDE SWEETPEA'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Sue, wet, knocks, and immediately there is a loud CRASH from inside the apartment which causing Sue to startle.

Sweetpea's exclaiming voice from inside ...

SWEETPEA (O.S.)  
Oh! Bumbuldy-Knot!

Sue waits, but the door does not open. Sue knocks again.

SWEETPEA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(frustrated)  
Who is it?

SUE  
It's me ...Sue. Is everything okay?

A pause.

SWEETPEA (O.S.)  
What do you want?

Sue gets a look on her face.

SUE  
I'm a little early. I'm sorry. I thought I'd just come up.

SWEETPEA (O.S.)  
(confused)  
Come up?

SUE  
Do you want me to wait in the truck?

Short pause.

SWEETPEA (O.S.)  
I don't know.

The door opens just enough for Sweetpea's head to poke out.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
(sheepishly)  
Hi.

SUE  
I though you might not be able to find my pick-up truck in the rain.

SWEETPEA  
Do you want to come in, or something?

SUE

Sure.

SWEETPEA

(not yet opening door)

Well, I've been straightening, so  
... ah ... it's kind of a mess.

INT. SWEETPEA'S STUDIO/EFFICIENCY - CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea opens door, backing herself into a galley KITCHEN.

Sue, entering, registers genuine shock at what she beholds.

SWEETPEA

It's a studio-efficiency. I'm really  
into efficiency.

SUE

(under her breath)

Oh, Sweetpea!

Awkward pause.

SWEETPEA

Would you care for a pop-tart?

SUE

(distracted)

No, dear ... but thank you.

SWEETPEA

I'll just finish getting ready.  
Make yourself at home.

Sweetpea disappears into bathroom, just a few steps away.

Treading carefully, Sue ventures forth.

The place is a veritable warehouse of stuff of all kinds averaging three-feet in height. There is no trash, no food wrappers, no dirty dishes, and the like. Just stuff. Mostly, 'purchases.'

There are boxes of canned goods, stacks of used paperbacks, piles of clothes, some with price tags, an unopened microwave carton, perhaps 20 cases of root beer.

A treadmill, rendered useless by items piled high upon it. Even some power tools, unopened, in their boxes. Anything and everything!

The only floor visible is a path from the kitchen to the opened convertible SOFA, which is totally covered up, seemingly un-sleep-able.

Moments later ...

Back in the kitchen, Sue surveys Sweetpea's 'book-surgery.'

She picks up the FRAMED FAMILY PORTRAIT PICTURE and studies it. Then, she notices the ant-farm.

On the kitchen floor, a large BAG with THREE unopened GIANT-COMMERCIAL-CHRISTMAS-MESH-STOCKINGS of candy and toys sticking out. She pulls one out.

Moments later ...

Sweetpea appears at the kitchen entry.

Sue holds a Christmas-socking and a SALES-RECEIPT.

SUE  
(non-accusingly)  
You bought this two years ago!

SWEETPEA  
(strained nonchalance)  
I got a real good deal on those  
particular items. Less than half  
price ... I think ... I guess.

Sue notices, on the living-area wall, a POSTER of the very same image from the 5X7 picture-frame.

SUE  
Is that your mom and dad? It's a  
lovely portrait.

SWEETPEA  
(cheerily, in a way)  
Yep! That's my family!

SUE  
You had freckles as a child.

SWEETPEA  
That's not me. That's my sister ...  
Molly. She was cuter than a bug!

SUE  
She's older than you?

SWEETPEA  
Yes.

SUE  
What's she doing, now?

SWEETPEA

She's not actually alive, now. At nine years of age, she was hit by a train and went to meet her maker.

Sue has to recover some.

SUE

Oh! I'm so sorry! How old were you ... at the time?

SWEETPEA

I was a bun in the oven ... as they say ... at the time.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - MORNING

RAIN and THUNDER.

Sue, deep in thought, drives, as Sweetpea seemingly reads.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SWEETPEA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Outside, a THUNDERSTORM rages.

NINE-YEAR-OLD SWEETPEA'S POV of the the same 5X7 Silver-Framed-Portrait of her 'family' being held in her HANDS.

She is in her bed, fully clothed, covers up to her waist, studying the 'happiness that once was' in the photo.

Suddenly, LOUD HAIL.

Sweetpea puts picture back under bed, runs from the room.

INT. SWEETPEA'S CHILDHOOD HOME HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea runs down the hall and enters her parents' bedroom.

INT. SWEETPEA'S CHILDHOOD HOME PARENTS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the dark, Sweetpea slips into bed with her MOTHER (38), who is sleeping alone.

Sensing Sweetpea, Mother sits up, switches on bedside light.

SWEETPEA'S MOTHER

(in a panic)

What are you doing? What's going on? Please, get out of my bed!

Sweetpea looks up at her mother and does not move.

Sweetpea's mother gets out of bed, shaken and distraught.

SWEETPEA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

You have your own bedroom! Please  
go back ...

The ceiling light comes on.

Sweetpea's father, hair mussed, in pajamas, stands at the door, awakened from wherever it is he sleeps.

SWEETPEA'S FATHER

What's wrong?

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sue is on the phone, standing at her desk.

SUE

I understand, Dave, but we need that  
letter-of-credit on file before the  
order can ship.

Another line beeps.

SUE (CONT'D)

(still to Dave)

Great! Call me Thursday. Or e-mail  
me. That would be better. Bye.

She takes the other line.

SUE (CONT'D)

This is Sue.

(listens)

Hi, Jim.

(listens)

Robert-John? No, not yet. I expect  
him anytime, though.

(beat)

Jim, how's your son?

(listens)

Good. I'm glad he's better.

INT. TRIBBLE INTERNATIONAL SOY BEAN FOYER - LATER

Sue enters foyer from her office.

Sweetpea, at the reception desk, is obviously reading.

SUE

Nothing from Robert-John, Sweetpea?

SWEETPEA

(slightly startled)

No.

SUE

'A' 'W' 'O' 'L.' !

(beat)

I found his cell phone on his desk.  
See if you can reach him at the  
Country Club ... and try his mother's,  
too.

SWEETPEA

Okay.

(then, shyly)

I very much enjoyed my stay at the  
farm. It was like a real vacation.  
If you ever need any help with ...  
straightening up or anything ...

SUE

(sincerely meaning it)

It was nice having you, Sweetpea.  
Come out anytime you like.

SWEETPEA

(mea culpa)

I do not actually have a car. I  
take the bus to work.

SUE

(absorbing it, then)

But, I thought ...

Sweetpea's PHONE beeps.

SWEETPEA

(saved by the beep)

Tribble International Soy Bean. How  
may I direct your call?

(listens, then to Sue)

It's Mr. Tribble.

Sue takes the HEAD-SET from Sweetpea's head and uses it.

SUE

(deadpanning)

Robert-John, I can't talk, right now  
... the building's on fire and ...

(listens, then,  
incredulously)

Fort Worth!?

(listens)

Stop! Stop! Stop!

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)  
 You are in Fort Worth, Texas!?  
 (listens)  
 At the Colonial Golf Tournament!?  
 (she snaps)  
 That's it! I'm through! Do you  
 hear me? Enough is enough! You  
 need to get your Mother in here!  
 I'm through doing her job for her!

Sue slams the head-set down, boiling.

Sweetpea's hands reflexively move toward her ears, then she  
 opens her middle drawer and starts to read her western.

Sue puts the head-set back on.

SUE (CONT'D)  
 Robert-John? You do know I'm leaving  
 on vacation, next week.  
 (listens)  
 You didn't? I'm sorry. I'll be out  
 of the country, I'm afraid.  
 (listens)  
 Cape Breton Island... Nova Scotia  
 ... if it's any of your business!

Sue notices Sweetpea's distress.

SUE (CONT'D)  
 (to Sweetpea)  
 Oh, Sweetpea ... how would you like  
 to go to Canada with me? I know  
 you've earned some vacation time.  
 (listens, then to  
 Robert-John)  
 Who is Sweetpea?!  
 (a slow burn)  
 Sweetpea is your receptionist! She  
 has been with us for three years!  
 (beat)  
 And, by the way, the board of  
 directors are expecting you for lunch,  
 today ... at the Sheraton ... downtown  
 Omaha ... Nebraska!

EXT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB AND GRILL - DAY

Gordon, in working-man's garb, on a bench by the entry-door.

His CELL-PHONE chimes and he retrieves it from a pocket and  
 reads a TEXT MESSAGE ...

... CELL-PHONE SCREEN: "I'M COMING ... SUE"

A TAXI pulls into the parking lot and Gordon raises to meet it and puts away his cell.

ANDREW (60), youthful, dapper, stylish trench coat and hat, and DORY (58), his wife, in complementary attire, exit taxi.

Taxi-driver opens trunk, removes a single piece of LUGGAGE.

Dory hugs Gordon and Andrew shakes his hand.

Dory kisses Andrew good-bye and gets back in the taxi which, then, drives off.

Gordon puts Andrew's bag in the back of his parked small SUV, then the two of them enter the establishment.

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

At table ... Sweetpea, reads. Sue sips beer, a little drunk. Thomas is on the lap-top, studying a map of North America.

THOMAS

It's a long way to Cape Breton.

SUE

How long a ways?

THOMAS

Over two thousand miles.

SUE

The farther the better! Or is it further? Is there a difference?

THOMAS

I believe there is.

SUE

I appreciate you driving us, Thomas.

Thomas's CELL, on table, chimes, and both Thomas and Sue reach for it. Sue beats Thomas to it and answers it and Lauren's RAGING VOICE is heard by all.

Used to the routine, Sweetpea covers her ears.

Sue turns it off, sets it down, shakes her head in disbelief.

EXT. OUTSIDE SUE'S FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Sue's pickup truck-bed is loaded with baggage.

Sue and Walter sit on the opened tailgate.

Sweetpea, ready to roll, sits sideways in Sue's Pickup's narrow back seat, reading.

Thomas and his kids, all under 10, play with Sue's dogs. With his kids, he is a different man.

LAUREN (31) sits in a large, ostentatious SUV they could not afford, waiting rigidly and impatiently.

WALTER

Astonishing! Just like that you up and leave! And the symphony! Two tickets!

SUE

I'm sorry, Walter. I'll pay you back.

WALTER

Oh, fiddlesticks!

From the house, Sue's niece, Cheryl, walks into the scene.

SUE

(to Cheryl)

Thomas filled in the hole under the fence. But, if the dogs get out, don't worry. They won't go far.

WALTER

I can come over and inject them if need be.

SUE

(to Cheryl)

Thanks again for everything. And, don't worry too much about the garden.

WALTER

(to Sue)

I've pledged my support. We'll not let you down.

CHERYL

Steven and I are really looking forward to ... going rural. Maybe the farm can work some magic for us.

(sly smile)

You just have a good time ... okay?

Cheryl taps on truck window and waves good-bye to Sweetpea.

Sue's CELL, by her side, chimes, and she answers it.

SUE  
 (mouthing to Walter)  
 Robert-John!  
 (listens to phone)  
 No. I told you ... I don't fly  
 anymore. We're driving. Bye.

Moments later ...

Thomas kisses his kids and loads them into the SUV as Lauren exits the vehicle.

Lauren, all smiles, waves to Sue and the others.

Then, clandestinely, she clinches Thomas's belly-fat with her thumb and forefinger and violently twists it.

THOMAS  
 (bending over in pain)  
 Stop, Lauren! Will you please stop!

Thomas breaks free, masking what's happening from the others.

LAUREN  
 (smiling)  
 I've got a boyfriend, now. Did you  
 know that?

Lauren looks for a reaction from Thomas, but there is none.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
 (now, vicious)  
 You are such a jerk!

INSTANTLY, Natalie MacMaster's SONG, VOLCANIC JIG, [Song #3], plays OVER the FOLLOWING ON-THE-ROAD MONTAGE:

-- EXT. SUE'S FARM - MORNING -- Sue's pickup pulls out and hits the road.

-- INT. SUE'S PICKUP - MORNING -- Thomas drives. Beside him, Sue thinks. Sweetpea, sideways in the back, reads.

-- EXT. SUE'S PICKUP - MORNING -- The Iowa countryside. Silos. Corn fields. Billboards.

-- EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER BRIDGE - DAY -- Sue's Pickup crosses the bridge over the river.

-- INT. SUE'S PICKUP - DAY -- Sue sleeps. Thomas drives. Sweetpea reads. Outside, Illinois. More corn fields and silos. More population density.

-- EXT. INTERSTATE LEADING INTO CHICAGO - AFTERNOON -- Sue's Pickup enters the city, the CHICAGO SKYLINE looming.

-- INT. WILLIS TOWER OBSERVATION DECK CHICAGO - AFTERNOON  
Sweetpea and Thomas stand apart at the viewing rail. Sue,  
terrified, stands back, against an interior wall.

Thomas points out something to Sue, who wanly smiles.

Sweetpea is more interested in the tiny cars and tiny people.

-- EXT. MICHIGAN ROADSIDE MOTEL - NIGHT -- Sue's Pickup pulls  
into a vintage, one-level motel.

-- INT. SUE'S AND SWEETPEA'S MICHIGAN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT --  
Sue's perfectly packed open SUITCASE is on a luggage stand.

Sweetpea's opened, LARGE NYLON TRAVEL BAG is on the floor, a  
scrambled mess.

Sue, in a robe, sits in front of her lap-top at a desk.

Sweetpea, fully dressed, shoes on, reads in bed, snacking  
from one of her Christmas STOCKINGS.

-- INT. Thomas's MICHIGAN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT -- Thomas sits  
in PJ's examining the black and blue BRUISE on his belly.

-- EXT. BLUE WATER BRIDGE U.S.A/CANADA BORDER - DAY -- Sue's  
Pickup crosses the Blue Water Bridge, between Port Huron,  
Michigan and Point Edward, Ontario, Canada.

SHOT of 'WELCOME TO CANADA - BIENVENUE AU CANADA!' Sign.

END OF MONTAGE -- MUSIC STOPS.

EXT. ONTARIO FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Sue's Pickup pulls in and cues up at the DRIVE-THRU.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - MOMENTS LATER

At the remote ordering station ...

FAST FOOD SPEAKER  
(loud, indecipherable)  
Welcome to... *garble-garble*... Would  
like to try...*garble-garble* ...

It is so loud that Sweetpea reflexively covers her ears.

Sue studies the posted menu.

SUE  
(to Thomas)  
A number two with a cola.

THOMAS  
 (to the machine)  
 Two number two's with colas.

Sweetpea's mood is elevated. She climbs over Thomas's seat back and extends herself out the window. A comical sight.

SWEETPEA  
 I would like ... ah ... a junior sized burger. Oh! Could you make it two regular sized burgers. Plain. Just meat and bread. No Pickles, please. Ah ... and a strawberry milk-shake and a side-cup of water. And onion rings. No catsup for the onion-rings, please ... and extra napkins ... and ... ah ... thank you very much.

The speaker garbles back indecipherable nonsense and Sweetpea, covering her ears, retracts back inside the pickup.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - MOMENTS LATER

Driving, Thomas extracts his burger and sips his drink.

Sue's routine is more lady-like.

In the back, Sweetpea gives her ONION RINGS, one-by-one, a close examination. She removes one from the carton, deems it unworthy, and disposes of it into the sack. Another onion ring passes inspection and goes back with its mates.

Moments later ...

She unwraps a burger, inspects it, then opens it up to discover ... PICKLES. Her eyes widen in silent panic. She quickly checks the other burger, but the result is the same.

SWEETPEA  
 (making an announcement)  
 Pickles!

SUE  
 Oh, you got pickles? Give 'em to me  
 ... I love 'em.

SWEETPEA'S POV of green stained BUNS.

EXT. ONTARIO FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The pickup pulls in and parks.

Thomas gets out with Sweetpea's bag and carries it inside.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE-UP of Sweetpea's enigmatic face.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SWEETPEA'S CHILDHOOD HOME KITCHEN - DAY

SWEETPEA'S MOTHER, at table, watches a SOAP on a TV.

By her, SEVEN-YEAR-OLD-SWEETPEA opens a BOLOGNA SANDWICH, then reaches for a JAR of pickle slices and accidentally knocks it over. It rolls around, CRASHES to floor, shatters.

Sweetpea's mother stares at the floor for a time. Then, she returns to watching TV.

Pickle juice drips from table onto Sweetpea's dingy jeans.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - LATER

Back on the road, Sweetpea reads and eats her new burger.

INT. SUE'S AND SWEETPEA'S ONTARIO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sweetpea is IM-ing with Gordon on Sue's lap-top.

Sue enters carrying a BUCKET of ice.

SUE

Tell Gordon, Thomas says we'll arrive  
around noon on Tuesday.

Moments later ...

Sue sits up against bed's headrest sipping whiskey over ice.

Sweetpea reads screen and kind of laughs, though too loudly.

Sue is pleased to see Sweetpea laugh.

SUE (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming along, Sweetpea.  
I'm so glad you're here.

Sweetpea furrows her brow.

SUE (CONT'D)

We're in Canada! Can you believe  
it?!

EXT. DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - 8:00AM - SUNDAY

Pickup moves slowly down a nearly deserted major boulevard.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

SUE

It's seems so European.

(to Sweetpea)

Parlez vous Francais, Sweetpea?

Sweetpea looks up from her book.

SUE (CONT'D)

They speak French in Montreal. Did you know that? Maybe Louis L'Amour was from here.

Sweetpea furrows her brow, looks out the window.

Thomas searches for an opened place for breakfast.

SUE (CONT'D)

Croissants and café au lait ... that's what I want!

Spotting a possibility, Thomas makes a sudden turn down a side-street, where a number of vehicles and people are about.

EXT. MONTREAL CITY SIDE-STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Sue's Pickup approaches parked trucks with opened tailgates, containing equipment, some of which lies about on the street. Workers hang about.

THOMAS

What's all this?

SUE

I don't know.

(beat, then pointing)

There ... up on the right, Thomas ... a cafe!

EXT. MONTREAL SIDE STREET SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Sue, Thomas and Sweetpea, book in hand, walk down a sidewalk in the direction of the cafe.

Getting closer, Thomas understands what's up.

THOMAS

They're shooting a movie.

EXT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

A dozen people stand outside, peering in the cafe window.

SUE  
 (to a bystander)  
 Pardon me, are they open for business?

BYSTANDER  
 (distracted)  
 No.  
 (beat)  
 Lionel Drake is in there!

SUE  
 Lionel Drake!? Really?

Oblivious to the commotion, Sweetpea has worked her way up to the storefront window, where she studies the posted menu.

Then, she opens the cafe door and enters.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea enters, and ...

Immediately, Assistant Director MICHAEL (35), standing by the entry, takes her by the arm, leads her in and speaks to her in a COCKNEY ACCENT.

MICHAEL  
 (exasperated, relieved)  
 It's about time, sunshine!

Michael shouts to the rear of the cafe.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 I've got 'er, Jonathan! She's 'ere!  
 (to Sweetpea)  
 Tell me, love. Do you know the  
 meaning of seven o'clock?

SWEETPEA  
 (ever the literalist)  
 Yes.

Moments later ...

Michael sits Sweetpea down at a bistro TABLE.

MICHAEL  
 (again, to the rear)  
 Ten minutes, Jonathan. Jus' give us  
 ten minutes.

At the rear of the cafe, Director JONATHAN (40) waves acknowledgment, then inaudibly speaks to ...

... GIRL FRIDAY (25), black T-SHIRT, 'GIRL FRIDAY' printed on it, holding a clip board.

Girl Friday goes to sit opposite in a booth from LIONEL DRAKE (33), A-list movie star, playing a hand-held video game.

GIRL-FRIDAY  
(French-Canadian accent)  
Ten minutes, Lionel.

LIONEL  
(not looking up)  
Yep. Gotcha.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Sue and Thomas look for Sweetpea, then Thomas spots her.

THOMAS  
There she is. She's inside.

SUE  
What?

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

FREDDY the makeup man places a chair in front of Sweetpea, sits, and begins cleaning her face with a damp sponge.

FREDDY  
(while working)  
You made it.

SWEETPEA  
You're making a film and you think  
I'm in it, right?

FREDDY  
(focusing on task)  
Mmmm. That would be an affirmative.  
I like your color.

SWEETPEA  
You've made a mistake. I'm not a  
movie star. We came here for  
croissants and café au lait.

Freddy glances down at a note pad on the table.

FREDDY  
You're not Ramona Raven?

Lionel appears, waves at fans outside, then looks down at Sweetpea. Not really mad ...

LIONEL  
You're late. I was going to attend  
Mass, this morning.

SWEETPEA  
Sorry.

FREDDY  
She's not the girl. She's a customer.

LIONEL  
(keeping his cool)  
Get Jonathan.

Freddy departs.

SWEETPEA  
Are you a movie star?

Lionel absorbs her ignorance of Lionel. Takes Freddy's seat.

LIONEL  
I'm Lionel.

SWEETPEA  
I'm Sweetpea.

LIONEL  
(weirdly, smiling big)  
Perfect!

Later ...

Sue and Thomas sit the table with Sweetpea, who now wears a SWEATSHIRT emblazoned with 'UCLA.' Her hair is different.

Girl-Friday sits with them, too, doing paperwork.

GIRL-FRIDAY  
You're Canadian, right?

SWEETPEA  
No. Nebraskan.

GIRL-FRIDAY  
Merde!  
(thinking, then)  
We can deal with this. We'll put  
you down as ... "Hollywood Crew"

Thomas, above it all, rolls his eyes.

INT. CAFE - LATER

Sweetpea is on her mark in front of a refrigerated DELI CASE.

Jonathan, Girl-Friday by his side, directs Sweetpea.

JONATHAN

(Australian accent)

All right, Sweetpea. You're an American college student visiting Paris and you ...

SWEETPEA

(interrupting)

Paris?

JONATHAN

Yes. The scene is in Paris, darlin'. We're just shooting it in Montreal.

Sweetpea furrows her brow.

Sitting nearby, Sue has a look of concern on her face.

Moments later ... still rehearsing ...

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Then, you answer him by saying, "Yes, I'm from Kansas, but I'm going to film school at U.C.L.A. And, he says, "Good, then you'll just love this." He takes a gun from his coat and ...

SWEETPEA

(interrupting)

A gun?

INT. CAFE - LATER

Sweetpea is still on her mark in front of the deli case, behind which stands a MALE-EMPLOYEE-CHARACTER.

A CREW MEMBER claps a CLAPPER BOARD, then moves away.

Amazingly, Sweetpea is a THOROUGHLY CONVINCING actress.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Action!

MALE-EMPLOYEE-CHARACTER

*Bonjour!*

SWEETPEA/CHARACTER

(brightly)

*Bonjour!*

MALE-EMPLOYEE-CHARACTER  
*Comment allez vous?*

SWEETPEA/CHARACTER  
*Très bien, merci.*

SWEETPEA/CHARACTER indecisively looks over the pastries.

LIONEL/MALCOLM enters, stands next to her, notices her sweatshirt.

LIONEL/MALCOLM  
 (southern accent)  
 Hey, Sweet--Pea! You're not an American, are you?

SWEETPEA/CHARACTER  
 I'm from Nebraska ... but I'm attending film school at U.C.L.A.

LIONEL/MALCOLM  
 (maniacal smile)  
 In that case, you'll just love this!

Lionel/Malcolm takes a GUN from his COAT, raises it above his head and fires it straight up ... a BIG BANG.

Sweetpea's character startles and cowers, wide-eyed in fear of Malcolm, who now coldly looks down at her.

LIONEL/MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
 (to Sweetpea)  
 Don't you just love a party?

SWEETPEA/CHARACTER  
 My father's a millionaire ... maybe even a billionaire!

LIONEL/MALCOLM  
 (laughing)  
 But all I want is a doughnut!

JONATHAN (O.S.)  
 Cut!

Light applause from the crew.

Jonathan enters the picture ...

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
 Good onya, Sweetpea! Wouldn't have time for a close-up, would-ya?

EXT. CAFE - LATER

Above it all, Thomas is off by himself.

Lionel, smiling, surrounded by fans, signs autographs, his PA, JORGE (28), standing by.

A few feet away are Sweetpea, Sue and Girl-Friday, who hands an envelope to Sweetpea.

GIRL-FRIDAY

When you have the chance, get this signed and notarized and mailed back.

(beat)

You were great, by the way!

SUE

(beaming with pride)

You were wonderful, Sweetpea! You're in the movies! Can you believe it?!

Sue hugs Sweetpea, who, back to normal, stiffens and furrows her brow.

Lionel appears, hugs Sweetpea, then turns to Jorge.

LIONEL

Jorge! We need some snaps, here!

Moments later ...

Lionel, positioned, posing, between Sweetpea and Sue.

Sue signals Thomas to join them, but he waves it off.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

(to Sue, smiling, not really interested)

Hi. Who are you?

SUE

Sue.

LIONEL

(smiling at camera)

Great!

Jorge takes some snaps ... then ...

Jorge sees something down the street, gets a CONCERNED LOOK.

He SIGNALS Lionel, directing his attention to ...

... TIMBER TREEFALL (28), super-model, coming up the sidewalk with a MIDDLE-AGED-MAN in a business suit.

Seeing the woman, Lionel is suddenly STRICKEN WITH FEAR and hides behind Sue and Sweetpea.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

(loudly)  
 Damn it!  
 (to Sue)  
 Do you have a vehicle?

SUE

(confused)  
 Yes. It's down the street.

The pickup is in the other direction from approaching twosome.

LIONEL

I need to make an exit--*tout de suite*.

SUE

What?

LIONEL

We have a developing situation, here.  
 A Breach-Of-Promise thing.  
 (smiling)  
 Not a biggie.

They move as a unit down the street, Lionel staying low.

SUE

(calling to Thomas)  
 Thomas! Come on! We've got to go!

Thomas, bewildered, follows.

Suddenly, the jig is up and Timber Treefall POINTS at Lionel.

TIMBER TREEFALL

(Romanian accent)  
 There he is!  
 (to the Business Suit)  
 Hurry!  
 (crying out to Lionel)  
 You Bastard!

Lionel transmutes into action-hero-mode and takes command!

LIONEL

They're on to us! Go! Go! Go!

Sue, Sweetpea and Lionel break into a run. Even Thomas quickens his pace.

The Middle-Aged-Man runs after them, waving a SUMMONS.

SUE  
(discombobulated)  
It's the pickup truck!

LIONEL  
It's the pickup truck! Everyone in  
the pickup!

Arriving at Sue's Pickup ...

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
Get in! Get in!

Sue is shaken. Sweetpea takes it all in stride. Thomas is getting angrier by the moment.

Sue, Sweetpea get in front with Thomas, at the wheel.

Lionel jumps up in the truck-bed, and standing, pounds on the cab roof.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
(dramatically)  
I'm in the back! Let's roll!

The pickup pulls out, weaves some, moves down the street.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - LATER

Montreal suburbs.

Lionel is now up front with Sue, who, in the middle, holds an opened ROAD ATLAS.

Sweetpea is in the back, reading.

Thomas sullenly drives.

Lionel, weirdly smiling, looks down at the road atlas in Sue's lap and speaks to Sue.

LIONEL  
Did you know that Nova Scotia means  
New Scotland in French?

Thomas rolls his eyes.

THOMAS  
(muttering)  
Latin!

Moments later ...

LIONEL

(mostly, to himself)

I can't go back to the hotel. It'll be crawling with paparazzi. What I need is to get back to the good old USA.

SUE

(studying atlas)

How about Quebec City? Could we drop you there?

LIONEL

I'll need hard currency. Jorge's got everything. Have you got a cell?

Moments later ... Lionel uses Sue's CELL.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Jorge?

(listens)

No. Stay where you are. They'll be tailing you, for sure.

(listens)

Beautiful!

(smiling, to Sue)

The Mountie's have got my passport!

(to Jorge)

Maybe I should head north, over the pole ... for Russia.

Thomas rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

So ... What's your business in New Scotland?

THOMAS

(muttering)

We're off to see the wizard!

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - AFTERNOON

The space is jammed-full of interesting things, bric-a-bac, rugs, a harp, bookcases, some comfy-chairs, sofa, TV.

A very LARGE DINING TABLE with EIGHT CHAIRS.

Duncan, on bass side, and Godiva, at an elegant upright PIANO.

ANDREW sits nearby holding a FIDDLE. He is fit, well groomed, youthful, not a single gray hair-- ala 'Perry Como.' Nice slacks, cardigan sweater.

Brit sits across the room at the HARP.

Gordon, at the table, holds sticks over a table-top xylophone.

ANDREW  
Everybody ready?

BRIT  
No! Wait.

Brit plucks a harp string or two, sorting her part out.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
Okay. Say when.

ANDREW  
(Lawrence Welk)  
A one and a two and a...cha cha cha

Duncan starts it off, playing a 'one-fingered' bass harmony for the song, HEART AND SOUL, [Song # 4].

After a time, Godiva begins a 'one-fingered' melody part.

Then, Andrew, a PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN, and it shows, joins in, fiddling.

Brit, concentrating, then joins in on the harp.

Finally, Gordon joins in on the xylophone.

After some time, there is a KNOCK at door, and they stop.

Duncan rises to answer it.

GODIVA  
(mock alarm)  
Don't answer it, Duncan! It might  
be the Finns ...

BRIT AND GODIVA  
(in unison)  
... from Finland!

EXT. QUEBEC MOTEL - DAY

The truck is parked around the back.

Thomas sits on the opened tailgate.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Lionel slouches inside, avoiding detection.

Sue's cell chimes on the front seat. Lionel answers it.

LIONEL

Hello?

(listens)

Sorry. She's not available.

(listens)

I know a little. What's the entrée?

(listens)

I'd go with the chardonnay.

(listens)

You bet!

EXT. QUEBEC MOTEL - LATER

Sue and Sweetpea return on foot from shopping, with BAGS.

Lionel jumps out and cheerfully greets them.

LIONEL

Hey, you two!

SUE

I got your toiletries and things.  
Pre-paid cell phone. Three-hundred  
Canadian dollars. It's all I could  
get out of the ATM.

(holding up room key)

And, your room key.

LIONEL

Outstanding!

INT. LIONEL'S QUEBEC MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Thomas stands near the half-open door.

Lionel, on the bed, smiles at who knows what.

Sweetpea reads in a chair.

LIONEL

(to Sweetpea)

Whatcha reading?

Sweetpea holds her paperback up for Lionel to see.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

(mispronouncing both

'Louis' and 'L'Amour')

'Son of a Wanted Man' by Louis

L'Amour.

Sue enters from bath.

SUE

It's been nice meeting you, Lionel.  
You've got my cell number, right?

LIONEL

(to everyone, no-one)  
Random acts of kindness! How they  
feed our soul!

Lionel rises and gives Thomas an unwanted man-hug.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Take care, man.

THOMAS

Uh ... you, too.

Lionel makes a 'Finger-Gun' at Sweetpea.

LIONEL

And, I'll be seeing you in the  
pictures!

Lionel hugs Sue and speaks to her.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

By the way, Robert-John called.

A look from Sue.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

I took care of it.

EXT. WELCOME TO NEW BRUNSWICK SIGN - DAY

Sue's Pickup enters New Brunswick, passing welcome SIGN.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - LATER

Sue drives while Thomas sleeps sideways in the back.

Sweetpea, up front, a Christmas stocking between her legs.  
She glimpses her image in the side-mirror and turns away.

INT. NEW BRUNSWICK COFFEE BISTRO - DAY

At a table, Sue and Thomas, both with coffee and sandwiches,  
and Sweetpea, with an exotic drink concoction and cookies,  
and focusing on the lap-top set in front of her.

SUE

(to Thomas)

Lester's grandfather built the house  
in the 1920's.

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

His great-grandfather had settled  
the place in the 1880's.

(pause)

I loved watching Lester work ... the  
way he'd mount the tractor, start it  
and get it going--all in one, flowing  
motion. I love that about men who  
work...physically. Their efficiency.

THOMAS

What happened?

SUE

I was up in the attic-room.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SUE'S ATTIC ROOM - DAY

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD-SUE'S HANDS sorting through a box.

SUE (V.O.)

I'd not been in there before. I  
found a box of old pictures and  
keepsakes. Lester's grade-school  
awards, class photos ... a lock of  
his baby hair.

SUE'S POV looking out at LESTER (21) working on the tractor  
in the hot sun.

SUE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Out the window, I could see my husband  
working on his dad's old tractor,  
just for the fun of it. I remember  
thinking how lucky we were.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. NEW BRUNSWICK COFFEE BISTRO - CONTINUOUS

SUE

I went back to digging through the  
box. There was a boom. It was a  
hot day and Lester had somehow  
punctured a tire and it blew up and  
caught him just right, or just wrong.  
(pause)

We'd been married eight months. He  
was twenty-one and I was nineteen.  
Twenty-six years ago.

Sue shows Thomas her simple wedding BAND.

SUE (CONT'D)  
 (to Sweetpea)  
 Is that Gordon?

SWEETPEA  
 Yes. We're having an instant-message  
 conversation.

THOMAS  
 (to Sue)  
 And, Gordon?

SUE  
 You're driving me two-thousand miles  
 to meet a sixty year old man who  
 lives in a trailer.

SWEETPEA  
 (staring at computer)  
 There are three Maritime Provinces:  
 New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince  
 Edward Island ... made famous by the  
 Anne of Green Gables stories.

EXT. NEW BRUNSWICK MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sue, in the dark, in bed, wide awake, on back, in thought.

EXT. CANSO CAUSEWAY BRIDGE, CAPE BRETON - DAY

A STRANGER takes a snap of our threesome with the 'WELCOME  
 TO CAPE BRETON' SIGN behind them, then hands camera back.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - LATER

Cape Breton scenery rolls by.

Their arrival looms. Sue is nervous. Sweetpea, in her own  
 world, reads. Thomas, eyes red, depressed, drives.

EXT. QUEBEC COUNTRYSIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

A TAXICAB motors along a four-lane highway.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

MOHAMMED (40), drives. Lionel, in back, leans forward.

LIONEL  
 It's all about the face and intimacy.  
 Answer me this, Mohammed: On any  
 given day, how much time, cumulatively  
 speaking, do you spend actually  
 looking at your wife's face?

MOHAMMED

(Pakistani accent)

Not too much time. I can tell you  
that for sure!

LIONEL

Exactly my point. Way too intimate.  
In one movie, though, you'll stare  
at an actor's face for a longer time  
than you will your own wife's face  
... in possibly an entire year!

MOHAMMED

I'm glad she's not in the movies. I  
can tell you that for sure!

LIONEL

It's the basis for all celebrity, my  
friend.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - DAY

OVERCAST SKIES ... over a 23-acre spread separated from a  
craggy COAST by a two-lane, shoulder-less road.

Below the road, there is a cove with a small beach ...  
Gordon's Beach.

The HOUSE is surprisingly large, three-level, wood-sided,  
aged, in decent repair.

A large expanse of open-ground in front of and around house.

A nondescript gravel-drive connects the house with the road.  
There is no gate.

A Mexican-styled CABANA with a fiber-glass-roof sits some 30  
feet from the house. Under it, on a concrete slab, are tables  
and Adirondack chairs.

Gordon's AIRSTREAM TRAILER sits 300 feet from the house and  
away from the the sea.

A medium-sized metal BARN/SHOP sits 500 feet from the house.

A single, docile WHITE HORSE mills about.

The CAROUSEL sits 150 feet from the house.

A small wooden horse BARN.

The place has a relaxed, lived-in air and patina.

Sue's pickup turns into the place and stops near the cabana.

Thomas emerges from truck, walks towards cabana where Niko (50) and ESSI (48), the Finns, sit, looking like tourists.

Hauntingly beautiful Celtic piano MUSIC emanates from house.

Brit and Godiva, attached to I-pods, wave from the carousel.

EXT. CABANA - CONTINUOUS

Niko rises to greet Thomas.

NIKO

Hello!

THOMAS

Is this ... ah ?

NIKO

Gordon's?

Thomas nods.

NIKO (CONT'D)

Yes, indeed! And you are from  
Cornhuskers?

THOMAS

Ahm ... Nebraska.

NIKO

Of course ... Ne-bras-ka! The Corn-  
husker State! I am Niko and this is  
my wife, Essi. We are from Finland!

THOMAS

Finland? Ah ... I'm Thomas.

Thomas turns and signals the pickup they've arrived.

INT. SUE'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

SUE

(excited and anxious)

Can you believe it, Sweetpea? We  
made it! We're here!

Sweetpea lowers her book and looks about the place.

EXT. CABANA - MOMENTS LATER

Sue, Sweetpea, Thomas, Niko and Essi stand near the cabana.

Duncan, as always, preppie head-to-toe, emerges from the house and heads for the CABANA. An exchange-student, he manages Gordon's household, running a tight ship.

DUNCAN

(smiling and bowing)

Welcome, everyone! Welcome to you,  
one and all! Good to be seeing you!

(pointing at each)

Sue ... Thomas ... and Sweet--pea!

Duncan's demeanor changes and he authoritatively calls out to Brit and Godiva, signaling them to come in.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Hey! You two!

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - LATER

Each carrying an item from Sue's Pickup, Duncan, Sue, Thomas, Sweetpea, Godiva and Brit enter and pass by Andrew at the PIANO, headed for the stairs.

Andrew continues playing the beautiful music as he speaks.

ANDREW

Hey, y'all! I'm Andrew. Go settle  
in. Formal introductions, later.

ANDREW'S MUSIC continues OVER a MONTAGE of Sue, Thomas and Sweetpea settling into their three separate rooms:

-- INT. Thomas's GUEST BEDROOM - DAY -- Thomas, on bed, opens his wallet and looks at a picture of his kids.

-- INT. SUE'S GUEST BEDROOM - DAY -- Sue removes her personal recipe JOURNAL from her suitcase and places it on the dresser.

She pensively gazes out her window at the sea.

-- INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - DAY -- Sweetpea stands looking down at her opened, jumbled travel bag on her bed.

She digs and removes the framed-portrait of her parents and Molly and sets it on the dresser.

She dig's around again, locates her ANT-FARM, and places it on the dresser, too.

She sets the bag on the floor and crams it under the bed.

She takes a paperback from her purse, sits on bed, reads.

MUSIC and MONTAGE END.

EXT. CABANA - AFTERNOON

Seated are Sue, Thomas, Andrew, Niko and Essi and Sweetpea, who periodically glances at her book.

Godiva and Brit play CROQUET out in the field.

Nearby, the Horse grazes.

ESSI

(to Sue)

We met Gordon on the internet ... in  
the Transatlantic-Tango chat-room.

SUE

The Tango?

NIKO

It's the national dance of Finland,  
you know!

A curious look from Sue.

Moments later ...

Andrew points out the VILLAGE, a mile down the coast.

ANDREW

See the white house on the hill,  
there ... as you go into town? That  
was Gordon's house. Mine was just  
the other side. My wife, Dory, lived  
in the blue one, down the road.

SUE

Where do you live, now, Andrew?

ANDREW

Nashville, Tennessee.

SUE

Nashville?

ANDREW

I'm a studio musician.

SUE

The piano? You play beautifully!

ANDREW

The fiddle.

NIKO

Country and western, Andrew?

ANDREW

Yes. Right now, though, I'm working  
with a Celtic band -- getting back  
to my Cape Breton roots, some.

THOMAS  
(nodding at carousel)  
What's that all about?

ANDREW  
The carousel? I was wondering myself.  
It wasn't here last year.

THOMAS  
I guess I'll have a look.

Thomas moseys off to the carousel.

SUE  
Is your wife with you, Andrew?

ANDREW  
Oh, yes. We make the annual  
pilgrimage home, now. Dory stays at  
her sister's, in town. You'll meet  
her, tonight. I crash at Gordon's.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas inspects the carousel. He pushes on it, but it won't  
budge as one side is embedded in the ground.

Getting on his knees, he looks underneath.

Moments later ...

Thomas's POV of Godiva's head dropping into view, underneath,  
on the other side.

GODIVA  
Hey, Thomas! Do you think you could  
fix it?

Brit's head joins Godiva's.

BRIT  
Please make it work, Thomas!

EXT. CABANA - CONTINUOUS

Andrew points out to the trailer.

ANDREW  
You know he lives in that trailer,  
out there.

SUE  
I do. Yes.

SWEETPEA  
 (suddenly interested)  
 What?

SUE  
 (laughing)  
 You didn't know that, Sweetpea?

ANDREW  
 (nodding to the road)  
 Speak of the devil.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

An old PICKUP pulls in with Gordon sitting on the tailgate.

It slows to a rolling stop and Gordon slides off, holding a five-gallon plastic BUCKET.

A wave out the window from the driver as the truck departs.

Everyone except Sweetpea stands. Duncan exits the house.

Brit and Godiva make a hoopla out of Gordon's arrival.

BRIT AND GODIVA  
 Wooo hooo!

Gordon waves to the girls, then walks to the cabana.

Thomas starts back in from the carousel.

Horse moseys in, too.

EXT. CABANA - MOMENTS LATER

GORDON  
 (his shyness showing)  
 Hello! Hi. You made it!

Gordon sets the bucket down.

Sue steps forward and hugs Gordon, who shyly reciprocates.

SUE  
 Hello, Gordon.

GORDON  
 We meet at last.

SUE  
 We're so glad we came. It's such a  
 ... different world, up here!

Niko and Essi shake Gordon's hand.

Sweetpea stands, inches herself forward, extends her hand to Gordon and they shake.

GORDON

Hello, Sweetpea! It's lovely to meet you in person. Did you enjoy your journey?

Awkwardly, Sweetpea does not let go of Gordon's hand.

SWEETPEA

Well ... ah ... I suppose so ... the maritime provinces ... are very ... very ...

(she freezes, then)

Nova Scotia ... New Brunswick ...  
... Prince Edward Island ...

Gordon warmly clasps her with both hands.

GORDON

Yes ... they're quite ... maritime-y!

They separate.

Gordon locates Thomas and salutes him in greeting.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Good day to you, sir! And welcome!

THOMAS

That's some toy you've got out there!

GORDON

A carnival came to town. And when that thing broke down ... they just left it. So, I took it.

(turning to Andrew)

Hello, Andrew.

ANDREW

Do any good?

GORDON

Not too badly.

Gordon shows everyone three live LOBSTERS in the bucket, then hands it to Duncan.

DUNCAN

(smiling down at them)

Lobsters! Incredible!

EXT. CABANA - LATER

Sue, standing alone, near the cabana, watches Gordon trudge off to his trailer, followed by HORSE.

INT. GORDON'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

TIGHT on a large kitchen KNIFE in Duncan's HANDS as it ascends to reveal Duncan's face. He is in tears.

Duncan plunges knife into a live LOBSTER on a butcher block, killing it.

EXT. CABANA - EVENING

Andrew sits on a small, back-less, two-man bench fiddling Cape Breton Celtic tunes.

The cabana is well and half-hazardously illuminated by multicolored 'Christmas lights.'

Nearby, Gordon lays out on a large barrel-type GRILL fish, lobsters, clams, meats, vegetables.

Sue stands by Gordon's side, inaudibly making suggestions.

Brit and Godiva, on the cabana slab, playfully, do their best with Celtic dancing.

Twenty feet from the cabana, Thomas and Duncan stand before a small BONFIRE, beside which, also, Niko and Essi sit in Adirondack chairs.

Separately, by the fire, Sweetpea sits and reads between the odd glance about.

THOMAS  
Mongolia?

DUNCAN  
Mongolia.

THOMAS  
Mongolia.

DUNCAN  
Outer.

THOMAS  
It's a country, right?

DUNCAN  
A sovereign state.

ESSI

What do you think of Cape Breton,  
Thomas?

THOMAS

(rather to himself)  
Cold. Damp. Dark. Perfect.

NIKO

Then you must come to Finland, my  
friend. For you, it will be paradise!

Moments later ...

A car pulls up and DORY, Andrew's wife, gets out.

Andrew rises and greets her with a peck.

DORY

(patting him on back)  
What's cookin', Gordon?

Gordon nods and smiles, acknowledging her arrival.

SUE

Your better half, Andrew?

ANDREW

Yes. But, not by much.

DORY

Hi, I'm Dory. And, you're Sue?

Moments later ...

Andrew is back to fiddling.

Sue and Dory pull up chairs on either side of Sweetpea.

DORY (CONT'D)

(across the fire)  
Hello, Niko and Essi!

The Finns, sipping beers, smile and wave back.

DORY (CONT'D)

Hello, Sweetpea. I'm Dory.

Sweetpea awkwardly smiles and waves in response.

DORY (CONT'D)

I just love your name, by the way!  
How did you get it?

SWEETPEA

The nurse, at the hospital, where I  
was born ... she named me.

Sue privately reacts to this revelation.

DORY

Do you know what my name means? A  
boat. A narrow, flat bottom boat --  
with a high bow and flaring sides!

SWEETPEA

The sweet pea is a flowering plant  
native to the eastern Mediterranean.

DORY

Really?

SWEETPEA

(making conversation)

The eastern Mediterranean is  
considered the birthplace of western  
civilization.

Sue and Dory are politely attentive.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

Ah ... there's Greece, of course  
...and Turkey ... I guess.

(frowning her brow)

My grandmother says that on my  
father's side, I am of Scotch-Irish  
descent ... a noble, warrior people.

Sue and Dory wait for her to go on, then ...

DORY

Well, you've certainly come to the  
right place, Sweetpea. There's plenty  
of Scots and Irish, both, up here.

SUE

How do you like being home, Dory?

DORY

Oh ... it's Cape Breton, I guess.  
You're from Nebraska, right? I just  
adore your part of the world! So  
wide open. I get such a feeling of  
freedom in the west. A couple of  
summers ago, Andrew went on tour  
with a band and I tagged along.  
They played a Fourth of July concert  
at Mount Rushmore.

(MORE)

DORY (CONT'D)

It was so dry and warm! We slept  
outside on our balcony.

At the mention of Mount Rushmore, Sweetpea furrows her brow.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. MT. RUSHMORE VIEWING AREA - DAY

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SWEETPEA stands at a rail viewing the monument.

SWEETPEA'S FATHER sits behind her on a bench, depressed.

Sweetpea turns and runs excitedly back to her father.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SWEETPEA

Which one is George Washington, Daddy?  
Which one is George Washington?

She sits by her father, who then rises and walks forward.  
Undeterred, Sweetpea follows after him, taking his hand.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Is it that one, Daddy? Is that one  
him?

SWEETPEA'S FATHER

The one on that side, there.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SWEETPEA

Who's the one with the glasses?  
He's funny, I think.

SWEETPEA'S FATHER

Theodore Roosevelt.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SWEETPEA

Thank you so much for bringing me!  
I love you so much, Daddy!

INT. SWEETPEA'S FATHER'S CAR - DAY

Sweetpea's Father drives as Sweetpea, in the back, pours  
soda from a can into her new Mount-Rushmore-Souvenir-Mug ...  
the same one from her countertop - then reads her comic book.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. CABANA - MOMENTS LATER

By the fire ... Thomas and Duncan ...

THOMAS  
What are you studying?

DUNCAN  
Elementary school education.

Suddenly, Brit enters screaming like a banshee, falls to the ground and latches onto Thomas's ankles.

BRIT  
Save me, Thomas! Save me!

Godiva enters and nails Brit with a water balloon, getting Thomas some, too.

GODIVA  
Yaa-haa!

Brit rises and chases Godiva out of the scene.

BRIT  
I'll get you!

DUNCAN  
(to Thomas)  
They give me lots of practical  
experience.

THOMAS  
Who are they?

Later ...

Sweetpea stands by herself in front of the fire.

Sweetpea moves to stand behind and near Gordon, by the grill.

Gordon senses Sweetpea's presence, gestures her to join him.

He hands her the tongs and fork and inaudibly instructs her.

Sue watches. Her love for Gordon takes root.

Moments later ... by the fire ... Sue and Dory ...

DORY  
So ... I'm sorry, but, I've got to  
ask. Gordon's never invited a single  
lady up for a visit. He's always  
got guests, its seems ...but ... How  
did you two meet?

SUE

Well, I was selling some of my dad's stuff online ... after he'd passed away. Gordon bought a signed, first edition copy of a James Herriot book.

DORY

No kidding.

SUE

My dad got it at a shop in Canterbury, in England. He took me there after my husband died.

DORY

Mmmm ...

SUE

Farm accident. Anyway, I don't know why ... but I put a little note in with the book -- telling Gordon the story about how I came to have it. Well, he emailed me back to say he appreciated the info ...and ... well ...

DORY

And, the rest, as they say, is history.

By the Grill ...

Gordon leaves Sweetpea to it and sits on the bench next to Andrew, who continues fiddling as Gordon taps his foot.

EXT. CABANA - LATER

Under the cabana, Thomas, Duncan, Brit, Godiva eat together.

THOMAS

(to Brit)

So ... that would make you Gordon's cousin's husband's grand-niece.

BRIT

Correctamundo!

GODIVA

(raising hand)

And friend! Spending a year under the tutelage of swami Gordon.

BRIT

Have you ever been to Saskatchewan, Thomas?

THOMAS

No.

GODIVA

'Tis a very flat place ... our place.  
But, we do love it ... I guess.  
(to Brit)  
Don't we?

EXT. QUEBEC/MAINE USA BORDER CROSSING STATION - NIGHT

Mohammed's lonely Taxi pulls forward to the check station.

A U.S. BORDER AGENT leans down, looks into the taxicab.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The agent nods at Mohammed, looks back at Lionel, gets a look on his face ... seeing Lionel, smiling, in the back, dressed in a RED and BLACK LUMBERJACK jacket with dark smudges on his face.

EXT. USA BORDER CHECKPOINT - MOMENTS LATER

The taxicab turns around, headed back into Canada, passing a 'Bienvenue au Canada!' SIGN.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - MORNING

Thomas stands thinking, blankly staring at the carousel.

EXT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Gordon emerges from trailer and PATS the waiting Horse.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

At the table, Dory and Andrew are having breakfast. Sue just has coffee.

Sweetpea, carrying a book, appears and Andrew, a gentleman, rises to greet her.

EVERYONE

Good morning, Sweetpea.

Breakfast is laid out on a buffet. Sweetpea serves herself.

DORY

(to Sue)

Did you know that Andrew and Gordon are blood brothers?

(to Andrew)

Show her your hand, Andrew.

Andrew displays his right palm as he sits back down.

DORY (CONT'D)

See that scar? Gordon's got one just like it. Jabbed with a broken pop bottle. Andrew can't even hold his bow properly.

Duncan enters with pot of fresh coffee and a cup for Sweetpea.

DORY (CONT'D)

Good golly, Duncan! This isn't the Ritz, you know!

DUNCAN

(smiling, departing)

Got to earn my keep. If I don't work, I'll develop a big guilt complex!

SUE

Do you have children?

DORY

Eight. Four boys ... four girls.

SUE

Oh my!

ANDREW

We're Catholic, you see.

DORY

Andrew had 'em all square-dancing, one summer! Zuzu was just four, I think. What a hoot!

Andrew has a memory pang.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Gordon, followed by Horse, arrives.

GORDON

Hello! Good morning!

Thomas schooches out from under carousel and sits up.

THOMAS

I can see what the problem is. It's rusted out in lots of places and there's metal fatigue, too.

GORDON

Is there any hope?

THOMAS

If the platform could be jacked up and leveled, it could be welded back together... probably ... somehow.

GORDON

(pointing)

In that metal barn out there ...

THOMAS

Yeah.

GORDON

It's full of all kinds of tools and equipment It was all there when I got the place.

Thomas gives Gordon a look, then looks at the carousel, then looks out to the barn.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Have you had breakfast?

THOMAS

Not really hungry.  
(indicating the barn)  
Is it locked?

GORDON

Oh no.

Niko and Essi walk into the scene.

NIKO & ESSI

Good Morning!

GORDON

Good Morning, Niko ... Essi.

NIKO

(assessing carousel)  
How sad!

ESSI

We're visiting Prince Edward Island, today, Gordon!

NIKO

We'll be back, tomorrow, my friend.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

LONG SHOT of Gordon and Horse headed from carousel to the house and Niko's and Essi's car departing.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Back with Andrew, Dory, Sue and Sweetpea, all sitting.

ANDREW

(to Sue)

... two months before high school graduation, we're in literature class and Mr. Lieber is blathering on about the romantic poets. Suddenly, Gordon stands up and says, "Mr. Lieber, what you're saying is a total load of horse manure!"

DORY

Always good for a laugh, our Gordon!

ANDREW

The whole class just froze and Lieber started to kind of shake. I think he teared up, poor guy. Then Gordon walks out of the classroom ...

DORY

... And out of the school and up to the steel mill and gets hired on that same day.

(beat)

Kiss good-bye one high school diploma!

Gordon enters through the door and goes to table.

DORY (CONT'D)

Good morning, Gordon. How's trailer life?

GORDON

(sitting)

A simplified existence.

(beat)

Good morning, everyone!

DORY

(to Sue)

Two months later, we took him out to the highway and sat there while he hitched a ride ... headed for California.

ANDREW

The land of milk and honey.

DORY

Andrew was angry.

GORDON  
 (to Andrew)  
 Were you?

DORY  
 I cried.

GORDON  
 Did you?

Dory rolls her eyes.

DORY  
 (to Gordon)  
 I'm taking Sue--and Sweetpea, too  
 (turning to Sweetpea)  
 ... if she'd like ... into town,  
 tomorrow.  
 (to Sweetpea)  
 Maybe, you could buy a souvenir coffee  
 mug or something.

SWEETPEA  
 Ah ... okay ... I guess.

DORY  
 (to Gordon)  
 So, I'm spending another night, here.

Gordon, smiles, nods.

GORDON  
 (to Sue)  
 Have you had breakfast?

SUE  
 I was waiting for you.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - AFTERNOON

Andrew, on the HARP, plays the SONG, LOCH LOMAND, [Song #5].

ANDREW'S MUSIC CONTINUES OVER A MONTAGE:

--EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - DAY -- Sue leans against a large, smooth boulder at the base of the embankment, exhilarated, hair blowing, looking out to sea.

SUE'S POV of Gordon walking along the surf. He turns and smiles and waves at Sue.

--EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - DAY -- Brit and Godiva foot-race across the field to the road where mail is being delivered.

--EXT. CABANA - MOMENTS LATER -- Brit and Godiva walk back passing the cabana, carrying mail. They smile and wave to Sweetpea, who is reading under cabana.

Sweetpea kind of smiles and kind of waves back.

--EXT. METAL BARN - DAY -- Thomas scrounges around a disordered assortment of tools, equipment, building material.

END MONTAGE AND HARP MUSIC.

EXT. CABANA - LATER

Sweetpea reads ... until her attention is caught by a SEAGULL flying high above ... and for some time, she watches it.

Lowering her gaze, her eyes widen finding that the HORSE is standing just THREE-FEET-AWAY, statue-like, staring at her.

She tries to read, but Horse's gaze discombobulates her.

Finally, she can only stare back and they COMMUNE for a time.

EXT. CABANA - NIGHT

Gordon and Sue sit together under the Christmas lights.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea stands by a window, looking out, rather intently, at Gordon and Sue under the cabana.

Dory, knitting, sits in a comfy chair by the TV, on which, quietly, the EVENING NEWS is on.

Thomas plucks softly on the harp.

Duncan does schoolwork at one end of the table.

Andrew performs a card trick for Brit and Godiva at the other end of the table. He pulls a card from a deck and shows it.

BRIT

(eyes bugging out)

No way!

GODIVA

How did you do that? Really! How did you do it?

Moments later ...

Sweetpea takes a seat in a comfy chair, by Dory, reading.

Sweetpea looks up to see on the TV the STILL IMAGE of LIONEL DRAKE in the role of SIR LANCELOT. Her expression does not change as she watches the news story.

TELEVISION PRESENTER TV VOICE

The R.C.M.P. have confirmed they are seeking the whereabouts of the film-star, Lionel Drake ...

Now, a TV IMAGE of TIMBER TREEFALL.

TELEVISION PRESENTER TV VOICE

... stemming from his failure to appear at court proceedings involving a Breach-Of-Promise lawsuit filed by Romanian super-model, Timber Treefall.

Sweetpea dispassionately returns to her book.

EXT. CABANA - CONTINUOUS

Gordon puffs on his pipe and speaks to Sue.

GORDON

There's an apple orchard 'round the other side of the cove. I didn't even know it was there till after I bought the place. It was an auction.

SUE

What a nice surprise!

GORDON

Two acres.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Back with Andrew, now standing, and Brit and Godiva.

ANDREW

I must inform you, that as you are under the roof of Gordon, you are obliged ... and obligated ... to participate in ... the sacred and ancient tradition of ... the playing of ... the game of ... spit!

BRIT

Cool!

ANDREW

Duncan! Thomas! Sweetpea! Please have a seat at the table. No one can escape the game of Spit!

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Dory?

DORY  
No way, Jose! I nearly got my wrist  
broken, last year.

GODIVA  
Wicked!

Sweetpea furrows her brow.

EXT. CABANA - CONTINUOUS

SUE  
Poor Thomas. He's in so much pain.  
I wish I could help him, somehow.

Gordon looks out at the carousel.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

The CAROUSEL is silhouetted against the starry night sky.

EXT. CABANA - CONTINUOUS

SUE  
And, then, there's Sweetpea ...  
(pause, random thought)  
She's never seen the ocean, before.

Gordon smiles, nods. They sit for a time.

GORDON  
And, then, there's Sue.

SUE  
(gesturing up)  
Did you build this thing?

GORDON  
The cabana? Yes.

SUE  
You're very handy. Lester was handy.  
My dad was handy.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - LATER

Andrew, Sweetpea, Godiva, Brit, Duncan, Thomas and even Dory,  
who's joined in, engage in a madcap speed-game of SPIT.

Brit, Godiva and Dory play standing. The others sit.

SPIT is played thus: Each player deals in front of themselves five stacks of five cards, face down, then turns the top card up. The rest of a player's cards are the 'spit' pile.

When 'spit' is called, each places the top 'spit stack' card in the middle to start a pile (six players means six piles) onto which everyone can lay cards.

The object is to get rid of all of one's cards. When a card is played, the next card is turned up. On a '4' a player can lay a '5' or a '6'... on a jack, a queen or a '10' etc.

If one places a card down before you do, sorry, out of luck.

Only one hand can be used.

When no one is able to play a card, then it is time for 'spit' to be called again and each player places another card from their spit stack out in the middle.

The game begins ...

                          ANDREW  
                          (calling out)  
                          Spit!

Everyone, as fast as they can, places a card in the middle.

They play for a time, placing cards on the piles.

Godiva uses two hands.

                          ANDREW (CONT'D)  
                          (reprimandingly)  
                          One hand only!

                          GODIVA  
                          (intent, frustrated)  
                          Jeeze!

The action continues.

Andrew is beaten to it by Duncan at getting a card down.

                          ANDREW  
                          You're too fast, Duncan.

Sweetpea seriously concentrates on the competition.

Thomas is loosening up, some.

                          DORY  
                          (beaten to it by Thomas)  
                          You rat!

Duncan is having the time of his life.

Improvise!

Moments later ...

The action had stopped ... time for a new 'spit card.'

BRIT  
(calling out)  
Spit!

All play a new spit card. The action resumes.

GODIVA  
(beating out Duncan)  
Yaa! Haa!

Sweetpea remains intent throughout.

Improvise!

EXT. GORDON'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Sue stands on the stoop watching Gordon trek back to his trailer, then she turns and enters the house.

INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sweetpea, in her PAJAMAS, in bed, using her head-lamp, reads.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - MORNING

Up early, Thomas pushes a wheelbarrow of cinder blocks and jack stands from the metal barn to the carousel.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO VILLAGE - MORNING

Dory's car passes by The Barb'ry Allen Pub & Grill.

INT. DORY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dory drives. Sue is up front. Sweetpea reads in back.

DORY  
That's The Barb'ry Allen. The local  
... 'establishment.'

Sweetpea furrows her brow and gives it a good look-see.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - MORNING

Gordon is on his lap-top at the table.

Andrew comes down stairs with a large JIG-SAW puzzle box.

Gordon closes his lap-top as Andrew takes a seat.

Andrew slides the box to Gordon, who then examines it and sees that the puzzle picture is Van Gogh's, ROOM AT ARLES.

GORDON  
Three-thousand pieces.

EXT. VILLAGE PUBLIC SPACE - MORNING

Dory, Sue and Sweetpea walk from a public space, adjoining shops and a street, towards the fishing boat pier.

A car goes by and honks and Dory waves back.

EXT. CAPE BRETON VILLAGE FISHING BOAT PIER - MOMENTS LATER

Dory, Sue and Sweetpea move down the pier.

Billy, Gordon's nephew, works at something on his boat.

DORY  
Hey, Billy! Say hello to Sue and  
Sweetpea!

Billy smiles and waves back.

Dory turns to look back at the village.

DORY (CONT'D)  
Well, this is it! The old home town!

SUE  
It's just lovely! So quaint.

EXT. VILLAGE CURIO AND SOUVENIR SHOP - LATER

Sue and Dory approach Sweetpea, who is window shopping.

DORY  
(to Sweetpea)  
Are you going inside?

SWEETPEA  
Ah ... do you think they have mugs?

DORY  
I'm sure they do.  
(pointing across street)  
We'll be over at the 'Hysterical'  
Society, okay?

SUE  
(laughing)  
The Historical society, Sweetpea.

DORY

Yeah. Come on over when you're done.

EXT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Dory opens the entry door for Sue and they enter.

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Dory and Sue enter.

ALFRED (80) is behind a reception desk.

DORY

Hey, Alfred! How goes it?

ALFRED

Hello, Dory.

DORY

You work here, now?

Later ...

Dory catches up on things with Alfred.

Sue studies Victorian-era photo-portraits on a wall.

Later ...

Sue comes upon an opening to a small room where a man, VINCENT (25), stands at a table going through the contents of a 12" X 24" X 12" cardboard box. He wears a corduroy jacket with elbow patches, glasses and jeans ... a tad geek-ish.

Vincent looks up, sees Sue, and speaks.

VINCENT

I don't know where to start. Can you help me?

SUE

I'm afraid I'm just a tourist ... visiting. I don't work here.

VINCENT

Sorry. My gran died last month and she left all this stuff to the museum. They want me to arrange some of it in a display case.

Later ...

Sitting side by side, Sue and Vincent sort through piles of photos, letters, memorabilia. Sue holds up an old photo.

SUE

Who's this handsome man, Vincent?

VINCENT

That's my gran's first husband, Max  
... before she married gramps. His  
troop ship got torpedoed in 1941 on  
its way to England -- for the war.  
I think he was a farmer from down  
near Halifax.

(beat)

But for his misfortune, I would never  
have been born.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - MORNING

Gordon and Andrew, in silence, work puzzle, sip tea.

Duncan appears, takes a seat, pours himself tea, and  
wordlessly joins in.

EXT. VILLAGE PUBLIC SPACE - MORNING

Dory, Sue and Sweetpea, with SHOPPING BAG, stand by a bench.

SUE

I need to find a food shop. Gordon  
and I are having a picnic this  
afternoon in his apple orchard.

DORY

Follow me! Jasper's is just around  
the corner.

SUE

Sweetpea?

SWEETPEA

Ah ... I think I should probably  
rest, awhile.

Sue has a maternal pang and hugs Sweetpea.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - MORNING

Thomas unloads a hydraulic jack from the wheelbarrow.

EXT. VILLAGE PUBLIC SPACE - MORNING

Sweetpea, alone on the bench, reads.

She lowers her book and takes in the setting: Boats,  
seagulls, fishermen, lobster traps, the sounds, the smells.

THREE BOYS, aged ten, carrying fishing GEAR and a five gallon BUCKET, appear and unabashedly size Sweetpea up.

BOY ONE

Who are you?

Sweetpea does not respond.

BOY TWO

Wanna see what we caught?

Sweetpea nods and BOY TWO sets the bucket down before her and she looks down to see two good-sized fish.

BOY THREE

(pointing)

I caught that one. It's a striper.

BOY ONE

What are you reading?

Sweetpea hands him the paperback.

BOY ONE (CONT'D)

Hey! Look at this!

BOY TWO

Cool!

SWEETPEA

You can have it. I think I've read it.

BOY ONE

Wow! Thanks!

SWEETPEA

I'm Sweetpea ... from Nebraska.

INT. VILLAGE GROCERY - LATER

Carrying a nearly full shopping basket, Sue peruses the options in a refrigerated case and selects some prosciutto.

Later ...

At the checkout counter, a middle-aged female CLERK removes the prosciutto from the basket.

CLERK

(mispronouncing it)

Pros-ci-ut-to?

SUE

Prosciutto. Italian ham. Uncooked.

A look from the clerk.

EXT. VILLAGE PUBLIC SPACE - LATER

Carrying bags, Sue and Dory arrive and find Sweetpea missing.

Then, Sue spots Sweetpea sitting out on the pier with the boys, legs dangling, fishing.

SUE

There she is!

EXT. CAPE BRETON VILLAGE FISHING BOAT PIER - CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea sits between Boy One and Boy Three, fishhook in one hand, live bait in her other hand.

BOY THREE

Want me to hook it for ya?

SWEETPEA

(focused)

Ah ... no problem ... I think I can...

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - DAY

Godiva and Brit watch Thomas jack up an edge of the carousel.

Thomas stacks two cinder blocks under the edge, then adds a small wood block of top of it and lowers the jack.

INT. DAISEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dory's sister DAISY (47), Dory, Sue and Sweetpea sit around a coffee table, with a small pile of photographs.

Daisy locates a photo and holds it up for Dory to see.

DAISY

Here it is, Sis.

Daisy hands it to Sue, who studies it.

SUE

Look at Gordon's hair!

(beat)

Is that the Golden Gate Bridge?

DORY

Yep. How about Andrew? Isn't he a hoot!

SUE

That's Andrew?

DORY

We went out to visit Gordon in San Francisco ... in 1972, I think. He took us down the coast ... Big Sur ... L.A ... all the way to Mexico ... it was a real adventure!

Sue hands the photo to Sweetpea who studies it intently.

DAISY

And, that's where Gordon wound up, right?

DORY

Yeah ... well, later he did.

SUE

California?

DORY

Mexico.

SUE

Mexico?

DORY

For seventeen years.

Sweetpea furrows her brow.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - AFTERNOON

Light Rain.

Sue walks from house to carousel holding a picnic basket.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

At the booth, on his lap-top, Gordon sips tea and listens to the BBC World Service online.

COMPUTER BBC RADIO VOICE

... responding to the allegations, the Italian Prime Minister stated that under no circumstances will he offer his resignation.

(beat)

You're listening to the World Service on BBC Radio ... In other news, there are reports that the American Film Star, Lionel Drake, has made an unsuccessful attempt to escape Canadian justice via a hot air balloon.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Thomas, half underneath, does not notice Sue's arrival.

SUE  
Hello, Thomas.

Thomas comes out from underneath and sits up.

THOMAS  
Oh ... hi ... This whole side here  
... it's pretty well shot ...  
(standing up)  
But I think I can weld some braces  
under it. It'll need some kind of  
balancing, too.

Sue gives Thomas a one-armed hug and takes a brown lunch  
SACK from the picnic basket, handing it to Thomas.

SUE  
I made you lunch.

THOMAS  
Thanks.

SUE  
It's raining, you know.

INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea sits at her window, with four souvenir ceramic coffee  
MUGS lined up on the sill, looking out at ...

EXT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

... SWEETPEA'S POV of Sue, picnic basket in hand, as she  
arrives at Gordon's trailer and knocks on the door. Then,  
the door opens and Sue enters.

INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea leans down and removes one more souvenir MUG from a  
bag and places it beside the others. It has 'I #HEART# Cape  
Breton' printed on it.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - LATER

Gordon and Sue sit opposite in trailer BOOTH, eating, the  
PICNIC having been moved inside.

GORDON  
Sorry about the rain. We can have  
our picnic, tomorrow, maybe.

Gordon takes a bite of bruschetta toast.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
What's this?

SUE  
Bruschetta. Do you like it?

GORDON  
Yes, I do. Crunchy.  
(looking out at Thomas)  
He's getting wet.

Later ...

SUE  
So, after sowing wild oats into your thirties, you wound up on Andrew's couch.

GORDON  
The summer of 1980.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. ANDREW'S NASHVILLE FRONT PORCH - MORNING

OVER YOUNG-GORDON'S shoulder, a FOUR-YEAR-OLD-BOY sits across a table playing a card game of WAR with Gordon. They simultaneously lay cards down - both sevens.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD-BOY  
War ... Gordon! It's War!

Porch screen-door opens and YOUNG-DORY pushes two more kids out, perhaps six and eight, carrying textbooks.

GORDON (V.O.)  
When 'back to school' rolled around,  
I knew it was time to get a move on.

GORDON'S POV of the school kids headed down walkway and turning onto sidewalk. Then, we see, across the street, 'Gordon's trailer' parked on the curb and attached to a similar vintage STATION WAGON.

A 60-something WOMAN places a FOR SALE SIGN on the trailer.

GORDON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Then, suddenly, there it was, across the street--for sale--the Airstream!

EXT. LOREDO, TEXAS - MEXICO BORDER CROSSING - DAY

The station-wagon, pulling the Airstream, approaches the MEXICAN ENTRY CHECKPOINT.

GORDON (V.O.)  
I figured I'd give Mexico a try.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

SUE  
Seventeen years, Gordon!

GORDON  
Well, there was the year in Argentina.

A scrutinizing look from Sue, then she makes the connection.

SUE  
The tango.

Gordon shrugs his shoulders.

SUE (CONT'D)  
(deadpanning)  
It takes two, you know.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Brit and Godiva, at table, work on the PUZZLE.

The movie, 'THE PHILADELPHIA STORY' is on the TV.

Sweetpea descends the stairs, carrying a paperback.

GODIVA  
Hey, Sweetpea!

SWEETPEA  
Hey.

BRIT  
Wanna help?

SWEETPEA  
What?

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

The rain is coming down harder. Thomas continues to work.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - LATER

Sweetpea, absorbed, works on the puzzle.

Godiva's attention is drawn to the movie on TV.

GODIVA

Who is that guy?

SWEETPEA

(looking up)

He is Cary Grant.

BRIT

I've heard of him! Which one is he?

SWEETPEA

He's the one with dark hair. Jimmy, or James, Stewart is the taller man. The woman is Katherine Hepburn ... a personal heroine of mine.

GODIVA

Jeeze, Sweetpea! How do you know all that stuff?

BRIT

(back to the puzzle)

I'm working on the 'chairs.' Pass me all the chair pieces.

After a few moments, a musical DOG FOOD COMMERCIAL comes on the TV, playing the SONG, MY DOG MURPHY, [Song # 6].

TV SOUND MALE VOICE

(singing)

*My dog Murphy ... He was short and black and curly ...*

Immediately, Brit and Godiva rise and DANCE and SING along with the song.

TV SOUND, BRIT AND GODIVA ALL TOGETHER

*... Party poodle ... but don't let it fool-ya. Eyes that talk ... Ears that stalk ... Sniff the Wind ... Find a Friend ... Cold wet nose ... On my toes! ... For fourteen years, He's known my fears. Shared his joy, now that's my boy!... My dog Murphy .... Short Black and Curly ... partly poodle, but don't let it fool-ya.*

The ad ends and Brit and Godiva return to the puzzle.

BRIT

(to Sweetpea)

That's Gordon's song! Did you know that?

SWEETPEA

Gordon's song?

BRIT

He wrote it. With some woman ...and they sold it to that dog food company for their commercial. You've got it in the states, too, right?

SWEETPEA

Yes.

GODIVA

Gordon says that song bought him this house.

Sweetpea furrows her brow.

EXT. GORDON'S SMALL WOODEN BARN - AFTERNOON

Seriously RAINING, now, as the Horse moseys into a small barn, escaping the rain.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Gordon and Sue, still in booth, sipping tea.

GORDON

Do you like the seaside?

SUE

Did you live near the seaside in Mexico?

GORDON

No. I avoided it.

SUE

And, now, you've returned.

GORDON

Yes.

SUE

I do like the seaside.

(pause)

You've got quite a thing going on here ... your lifestyle ... it's so ... organic. If that makes any sense.

GORDON

I'm not very organized. I've always struggled.

KNOCK at the door.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Come in!

The door opens and Andrew, in his trench coat and hat, and the quite wet Thomas, enter.

ANDREW

I thought Thomas, here, needed rescuing.

Gordon tosses a nearby dish towel to Thomas.

Andrew removes his coat and hat, then opens a cabinet door and takes down a half-full fifth of scotch.

GORDON

(to Thomas)

How goes the project?

THOMAS

(drying his face)

I've got it all up off the ground .. on jack stands and blocks.

ANDREW

On behalf of all the mechanically declined, Thomas, I salute you ...

(raising the bottle)

Drink?

THOMAS

Why not.

ANDREW

Sue?

SUE

No thanks ... too early.

(to Gordon)

Gordon?

ANDREW

Gordon opens a bottle of twenty year-old single-malt on Christmas Eve ... and finishes it off New Year's Eve. The rest of the year he's ... a Methodist.

EXT. GORDON'S SMALL WOODEN BARN - CONTINUOUS

The Seagull alights near Horse, getting out of the rain.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - LATER

Thomas and Andrew on one side of the booth, Gordon and Sue, opposite, playing a card game of hearts.

ANDREW

There was a knock at the door and there he was ... the prodigal ... after seventeen years ... and seventeen Christmas cards. I nearly slugged him. Seriously. But, he had that stupid grin on his face.

SUE

I'd of hit him.

ANDREW

We were having a barbecue, that day ... for everyone who'd worked on an album with Lucielee Hardy.

SUE

(impressed)  
Lucielee Hardy!?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. ANDREW'S AND DORY'S NASHVILLE HOME POOL AREA - DAY

LUCIELEE HARDY, big-hair, sun-dress, by the POOL, laughing and talking with off-screen Gordon.

ANDREW (V.O.)

Gordon and Lucielee got to talking about their childhood dogs ...

INT. ANDREW'S NASHVILLE HOME MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Lucielee at piano and Gordon at an adjacent table, writing.

ANDREW (V.O.)

... and the next thing you know ..... they're in my music room ... writing that 'dog song' together ...

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

ANDREW

... that they then sold to the dog  
food company.

SUE

(genuinely surprised)  
What song?

GORDON

(looking at cards)  
I hope you're not thinking of shooting  
the moon, Thomas.

THOMAS

That is for me to know ...

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Cloudy, but no longer raining.

Sue, alone, by the boulder, TOWEL and kit BAG beside her,  
undresses down to a one piece swimsuit and shivers some.

Moments later ...

Sue wades knee-deep into the surf.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - EVENING

Andrew instructs Brit on playing the harp.

Essi and Sweetpea work on the puzzle.

Thomas, Godiva, Niko and Duncan play Parcheesi.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sue cooks over Gordon's kitchen stove.

Gordon sits at the kitchen table on his lap-top.

GORDON

Stanislaw, in Poland, says hello.

SUE

Does he now?

GORDON

Yes.  
(looking up, smelling)  
Smells good ...

SUE  
Beef Wellington.

GORDON  
Oh my.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - LATER

Gordon, Sue, Sweetpea, Duncan, Thomas, Niko, Essi, Brit and Godiva dine the table, not disturbing the in-progress puzzle.

Sue's wonderfully prepared Beef Wellington is well received.

ANDREW  
Flaky ... very flaky, Sue.

SUE  
There's no higher compliment, Andrew.

Sweetpea spies where a puzzle piece goes and puts it in place.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Tinny Chinese MUSIC.

Mohammed and Lionel, in a jump-suit and sunglasses, a bandage on forehead.

They peruse a buffet, filling their plates.

With tongs, Lionel curiously examines an EGG ROLL.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - EARLY MORNING

Thomas crosses field on way out from house to carousel.

Brit and Godiva burst out of the house and run after him.

INT. GORDON'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sue teaches Duncan to make biscuits. She places butter chunks into a mixing bowl of flour and uses her fingers to mix.

SUE  
I always just use my fingers. You don't want to mix it in too much, though, just enough to make it pebbly.

DUNCAN  
Pebbly?

SUE  
(holding some dough)  
Like this.

Later ...

Duncan uses a glass to cut the dough into rounds as Sue checks one round for thickness.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - LATER

Overcast skies.

Demeanors strictly-business, Brit and Godiva help Thomas.

Thomas jacks up a depressed section of the platform.

Brit, underneath the platform, does the same at another place.

Godiva pulls tight on some mason's string tied to the opposite side of the platform, checking for flatness. She also checks a SPIRIT-LEVEL, on the platform, for levelness.

GODIVA  
(announcing loudly)  
Getting better all the time!

BRIT  
Toss me another one-by-four, Godiva.

Godiva tosses an eight-inch long 1X4 board under to Brit.

Gordon and Horse arrive from the trailer.

GODIVA  
What do you think, Gordon? Does it  
look level to you?

GORDON  
Not bad. Not bad at all.  
(beat)  
Have you all had breakfast?

BRIT (O.S.)  
(from underneath)  
No, sir! The 'guv-nor'... 'ee don't  
feed us 'noffing' ee's a mean and  
cruel one, 'ee is!

Thomas cannot contain himself and laughs out loud.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - LATER

Gordon, Sue, Niko, Essi, Andrew and Sweetpea line up at the BUFFET, near the table, filling their breakfast plates.

Duncan, carrying a basket of biscuits, followed by Sue, enters from the kitchen.

ANDREW  
What's this?

DUNCAN  
Sue's biscuits!

Niko takes a biscuit from the basket and bites into it.

NIKO  
Gordon, you need to marry this woman  
immediately and open up a bed and  
breakfast!

Later ...

All at the table as Breakfast winds down.

ESSI  
(to Sue)  
Today, we are off to Halifax!

SUE  
How exciting!

Gordon finishes his coffee and rises.

GORDON  
Get your coat, Sweetpea. I want to  
show you something.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - LATER

Brit, on her knees, passes welding equipment to Thomas, who is under the carousel.

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - MORNING

Still overcast.

Gordon adroitly descends the embankment to the beach followed by Sweetpea, who has to use her hands some.

Moments later ...

Gordon stands on the beach looking out to sea.

Sweetpea enters the scene, stands a few feet away from Gordon, and looks out to sea, too.

Later ...

Further down the beach, Sweetpea walks along the surf-line, moving in and out, avoiding getting wet.

Gordon walks parallel to Sweetpea, higher up, on dry sand.

Sweetpea stops, turns, looks up at Gordon, then a wave almost takes her by surprise and she leaps away from the water.

Gordon shrugs and smiles.

Later ...

Sweetpea, now barefooted, walks back and forth along the surf-line, kicking at it some.

Gordon sits up and away on dry sand.

Sweetpea scoops up some water, tastes it, shouts up to Gordon.

SWEETPEA

It's salty!

Later ...

Sweetpea, standing at the surf-line, gazes intently out to sea ... thinking ... processing. Then, some surf blows in her face and she wipes it away.

Later ...

Gordon and Sweetpea, her shoes back on, ascend the embankment at the other side of the cove.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Thomas, fully underneath the carousel, WELDING MASK in down position, welds a brace to the bottom of the platform.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - LATER

Sweetpea follows Gordon down a road, bordered by a dilapidated fence and with wild flowers on both sides.

EXT. FIELD OF BLOOMING WILD FLOWERS - LATER

The SUN is now brightly shining.

Gordon and Sweetpea cross a meadow full of wild flowers.

EXT. PERIMETER OF GORDON'S APPLE ORCHARD - LATER

On the perimeter of the ORCHARD, Gordon sits on a roughly made concrete platform used in the apple harvest.

Sweetpea arrives and stands near him.

The APPLE BLOSSOMS are in full, spectacular bloom.

SWEETPEA

Are there apples?

GORDON  
Not until September.

EXT. GORDON'S APPLE ORCHARD - LATER

A series of 'CUT TO:' SHOTS of SWEETPEA in the ORCHARD:

-Sweetpea walks alone down a row of trees, engulfed in blossoms.

-She crosses over to another row. Trees and blossoms everywhere. Everywhere!

-She walks some more, then stops and surveys the setting, turning completely around.

-She stands holding handfuls of soil, then rubs her hands together, letting the soil dribble to the ground.

-She walks some more. Deep internal processing.

-Sweetpea stops at a tree and takes hold of a twig of blossoms. She smells it. She thinks. She smells the blossoms, again. She picks a petal and puts it into her mouth, tasting it. Then, she takes it out of her mouth. She thinks.

-Sweetpea stands, staring blankly at nothing.

-Sweetpea stands, looking up at a tree. A tear rolls down her cheek.

-Walking, again, tears stream down her face.

-Walking, again, but now, faster, with some determination, with some purpose, with a bit of an attitude. She wipes tears from her face with the back of her hands.

EXT. PERIMETER OF GORDON'S APPLE ORCHARD - LATER

Gordon still sits on the concrete platform, legs dangling, Sweetpea walks into the scene and, very much composed, gets up on the platform, sitting side-by-side with Gordon.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - AFTERNOON

Gordon, Sue, Sweetpea, Andrew, Thomas, Duncan, Niko, Brit and Godiva all have lunch sandwiches at the table while also working on the puzzle.

THOMAS  
(deadpanning)  
If they hadn't cut it up all into pieces, this wouldn't be necessary.

GODIVA  
 (not looking up)  
 Good one, Thomas.

BRIT  
 (not looking up)  
 I need more 'bed post' pieces.'

Sweetpea shoves a couple of pieces in Brit's direction.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
 Thanks, Sweetpea.

SWEETPEA  
 No problem.

EXT. SAINT LAWRENCE RIVER SHIPPING PIER - AFTERNOON

A docked RUSSIAN SHIP is being loaded.

Lionel stands by the GANGWAY talking animatedly with a Russian SEA CAPTAIN, who repeatedly shakes his head and gestures.

SEA CAPTAIN  
 Nyet! Nyet! Nyet!

Nearby, Mohammed leans against his taxi, eating a pastry, holding a paper cup of tea, reading a newspaper.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY AT GORDON'S - LATE AFTERNOON

Sweetpea alights from the stairs onto hallway landing and heads for her room, passing a CAT, on the way.

She stops, turns, watches the cat go down the stairs.

INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea enters her room, flips on the light, and closes the door. Then, her attention is suddenly captured by her DRESSER.

BEGIN SONG, THE CAPE, by Guy Clark, [Song # 7] over a MONTAGE:

--INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER -- Sweetpea stands, transfixed by the dresser.

-- Moments later ... Sweetpea takes her TRAVEL BAG from under the bed, places it on the bed, stands and stares down at it.

-- Moments later ... Sweetpea sits on the bed, next to travel bag, then looks down at a paperback western in the bag.

-- Moments later ... Sweetpea sits on the bed holding an unopened PAPERBACK ... staring at it.

-- Later ... Sweetpea stands in front of the DRESSER. Then, she slowly opens a drawer, which is empty.

-- Moments later...Sweetpea stands staring at herself in a full-length MIRROR. Then, she spreads her arms out, as if to fly.

-- Moments later ... Still in front of the mirror. She makes a 'finger-gun,' points it straight up, fires it and blows away the 'smoke,' and shakes her head at her own silliness.

-- Later ... Sweetpea places a folded article of clothing into the dresser drawer. Then, another ... and another.

-- EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON -- Sue, again, wading into surf, but now continuing on, plunging into sea.

-- EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON -- Thomas working in the rain on the carousel.

-- EXT. MEXICAN DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY --Gordon's Station Wagon/Airstream rolls down a MEXICAN HIGHWAY.

-- EXT. CAPE BRETON MUSIC SHOP - FLASHBACK - DAY -- From behind, a YOUNG-ANDREW (10) stares into a shop window at a FIDDLE.

-- INT. A MONGOLIAN YURT - FLASHBACK - DAY -- DUNCAN thumbs through a BROCHURE entitled 'COLLEGE IN CANADA'

-- EXT. CAPE BRETON COASTAL ROCK CLIFF - FLASHBACK - DAY -- Brit and Godiva cling to one another, gathering courage. Then, separately, one after the other, they leap into the ocean.

-- INT. SWEETPEA'S BEDROOM AT GORDON'S -- A drawer of neatly folded clothes is closed by Sweetpea's hands.

END SONG AND MONTAGE.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - EARLY EVENING

Andrew plays a lilting tune on the piano.

Gordon, Sweetpea and Sue work on the puzzle.

Thomas, at end of table, studies welding techniques on a lap-top.

Brit and Godiva stampede down the stairs, followed by Duncan, who is carrying textbooks.

BRIT

Duncan's dropping us at The Barb'ry  
Allen while he's at class.

GORDON  
 (not looking up)  
 Sweetpea. You go, too.

SWEETPEA  
 What?

ANDREW  
 (rising from the piano)  
 Mind if I join you?  
 (to Sweetpea)  
 Come on, Sweetpea! The Barb'ry  
 Allen's a gas!

GODIVA  
 (delighted by term)  
 Yeah, it's a gas, Sweetpea!

ANDREW  
 Thomas?

THOMAS  
 No thanks.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - SUNSET

A beautiful sunset, clearing skies.

Duncan's car passes the returning Finn's and they wave out windows to one another.

INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - EVENING

Half-full, this week-day night.

In the rear, Andrew chats and dines with old friends.

At a table, Duncan, Brit, Godiva and Sweetpea dine on burgers, fries, sodas.

Sweetpea checks her plain burger for pickles.

Brit holds Duncan's STUDY GUIDE, prepping him for a test.

BRIT  
 Henry Hudson.

DUNCAN  
 English. Sailing for the Dutch, he  
 attempted to find the Northwest  
 Passage and a route to China, or ...  
 (smiling)  
 ...possibly Mongolia. He discovered  
 Hudson Bay.

GODIVA

Now that's a coinkydink!

BRIT

John Cabot.

DUNCAN

Giovanni Caboto. Italian. Sailing for the English, in 1497, he was the first European since the Vikings to voyage to North America ... setting foot on, it is believed, Cape Breton Island.

BRIT

He did? Really?

GODIVA

(delighted by name)

Gi-o-van-ni!

Duncan checks his watch, stands, grabs the study guide.

DUNCAN

Time to go.

Sweetpea stands, shakes his hand, and with food in mouth ...

SWEETPEA

Good luck on your test, Duncan!

INT. GORDON'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas crosses the road, headed for the beach.

INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - LATER

Andrew, with fiddle, takes the stage to the light applause of recognition by a few patrons.

At the table ... Godiva, Brit, Sweetpea continue their meal.

Andrew plays a melodic Celtic tune over the din.

At the table ... Godiva SPOTS Vincent, across the room, eating alone, reading a book.

With her eyes, Godiva alerts Brit to Vincent's presence and the girls exchange knowing looks. Godiva speaks to Sweetpea.

GODIVA

We'll be right back.

Godiva and Brit skip over in the direction of Vincent's table.

Moments later ... Vincent looks up from his book as Brit and Godiva take a seat on either side of him.

BRIT  
Hey, Vincent!

Godiva grabs Vincent's BOOK while Brit gathers up his food and drink. They both stand and Godiva speaks to Vincent.

GODIVA  
Won't you join us?

The girls abscond with Vincent's dinner and book back to Sweetpea's table as Vincent, only mildly put-out, follows.

Moments later...Brit, Godiva and Vincent sit with Sweetpea.

GODIVA (CONT'D)  
Vincent, meet Sweetpea. Sweetpea,  
meet Vincent.

BRIT  
He's a geek.

GODIVA  
Though, I must say, a very amusing  
one.

Vincent smiles awkwardly at Sweetpea.

GODIVA (CONT'D)  
What are you reading, Vincent?

VINCENT  
Science fiction.

BRIT  
As I was saying ... he's a geek.

GODIVA  
Sweetpea's visiting from Nebraska.  
She's a flat-lander ... like us.

BRIT  
Hey! No one's at the shuffleboard!

GODIVA  
(rising)  
Okay, listen, you two lovebirds,  
we're gonna go play some shuffleboard.

BRIT  
Don't take any wooden nickels!

Brit and Godiva grab the rest of their food and depart.

Sweetpea and Vincent sit in awkward silence until ...

SWEETPEA

Do you have nickels in Canada?

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Thomas walks along the beach, under a starry night sky.

INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - LATER

Andrew continues fiddling.

Sweetpea, alone at table, reads Vincent's book's back cover.

Vincent arrives with more fries, sets them on table, stealthily moves his chair a tad closer to Sweetpea and sits.

SWEETPEA

(handing book back)

Very interesting.

At the Shuffleboard ...

Brit and Godiva, a team, at opposite ends of the table, enthusiastically trounce a couple of guys.

Brit takes a shot and her 'weight' scurries down the table and knocks an opponent's 'weight' into the gutter.

GODIVA

Yes!

Brit and Godiva pantomime high fives from afar.

Back with Sweetpea ...

Sweetpea and Vincent read and munch fries.

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Lying on his back, Thomas witnesses a shooting star.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

An impressive country dinner is laid out on a COFFEE TABLE by the two comfy chairs where Gordon and Sue sit.

Sue anticipates Gordon's reaction to her fried chicken.

GORDON

Perfection! Seriously, I've never had better.

SUE

Try the baked squash.

INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB AND GRILL - LATER

Dory, Daisy, Daisey's husband Ray, and Duncan all enter the pub together.

Andrew nods from the stage acknowledging their arrival.

Dory points out the 'reading' pair, Sweetpea and Vincent.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sue and Gordon, in comfy chairs, talk.

SUE

From the time I was a little girl,  
all I ever wanted was to be a farmer's  
wife. On my bed, I'd line us all  
up. Raggedy Ann and Andy ... me and  
my husband. And the little ones.  
We had a bunny ... and a bear ...  
and a mouse. That was our family.  
When I was fourteen, I won a blue  
ribbon for buttermilk biscuits at  
the state fair.

GORDON

Seriously?

SUE

Seriously.  
(pause)

Now, I want you to tell me about  
Mexico ... and all points south.

Gordon turns his attention to his meal.

SUE (CONT'D)

I'm an executive secretary, Gordon  
...I get to the bottom of things.

INT. BARB'RY ALLEN PUB AND GRILL - LATER

Wanda, now on the stage, backed by a fiddler and an Irish  
drummer, performs the Iris Dement song, SWEET IS THE MELODY,  
[Song#8].

After a few bars ...

SONG CONTINUES OVER a MONTAGE:

--INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - Andrew and Dory,  
accomplished and graceful, alone on the dance floor.

--INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - Brit and Godiva embrace, celebrating their shuffleboard victory.

--EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - NIGHT -- Thomas, on the beach, talking on his CELL phone.

--INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - Andrew and Dory are joined on the dance floor by Daisy and Ray.

--INT. NEW BRUNSWICK BEER/POOL HALL - NIGHT -- By a POOL TABLE, Lionel, dressed in commercial fisherman's garb, leans on a cue stick, swigging from a bottle of beer, smiling.

Mohammed, in a billiard chair against the wall, sips hot tea from a porcelain cup and saucer.

Lionel sets the beer down. He calls a difficult shot, pointing with his cue stick. He shoots and pockets his ball. Smiles.

Moments later ...

A Canadian RED NECK, nearly lying on the table, as the shot requires him to stretch, shoots and misses badly. Then, he immediately passes out on the table ... dead drunk.

Lionel furrows his brow.

Moments later ...

Lionel takes out his cell phone and punches a number.

--INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - NIGHT -- Gordon and Sue work on the Puzzle at the table. Then, Sue answers her CELL, which is sitting on the table.

--INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT -- Chelsea, wearing an apron, and STEVEN, in overalls, have a romantic candle-lit dinner.

--INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - Sweetpea and Vincent, at their table, read and munch fries. Then, their hands accidentally collide over the fries and they both blush.

--EXT. OMAHA SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT -- Walter and a 30-ish TROPHY-GIRLFRIEND, dressed to the max, enter Symphony Hall.

--EXT. CABANA - NIGHT -- Niko and Essi, under covers, in bed, look at pictures on their camera from their day-trip.

--INT. ROBERT-JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT -- A GOLF BALL on an expensive oriental rug. Then, a putter strikes the ball and it rolls straight into an artificial golf-hole.

MONTAGE AND SONG END.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - NIGHT

Gordon walks back to his trailer as Duncan's SUV pulls in, returning from the pub.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY AT GORDON'S - LATER

As Sue approaches the bath, Brit exits and they nearly bump.

SUE  
Oh, Sorry. Is it free?

BRIT  
Yes. Good night.

SUE  
Good night.

EXT. CANSO CAUSEWAY BRIDGE, CAPE BRETON - MORNING

A STRANGER takes a snap of Lionel and Mohammed, arms around shoulders, smiling, with the 'WELCOME TO CAPE BRETON' SIGN behind, then hands the camera to Mohammed.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - AFTERNOON

Bright and Sunny.

Thomas, welding MASK in up position, and Gordon work together as Brit and Godiva stand by.

Gordon holds a 12 foot long, 3-inch diameter, metal pipe horizontally in place on the carousel platform. It reaches almost to the center of the carousel and extends some five feet out from the outer edge.

THOMAS  
I'll weld it in six places.

GORDON  
That should do it.

Thomas flips down the welding mask.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
(warning)  
Don't look girls.

BRIT  
(mock fear)  
It's the death ray, again! Take cover!

The girls dramatically scramble for cover.

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Sue suns herself, alone, on a blanket, leaning against a boulder. A wine bottle by her side, a cup in her hand. It's good to be alive.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - LATER

Thomas finishes his welding, shuts off the torch and raises his mask as Gordon looks on.

Godiva and Brit delightedly APPLAUD.

VINCENT'S CAR pulls up, parking 20-feet from the carousel.

Vincent emerges from car, removes an exotic KITE from the back seat and shyly walks towards the carousel.

GODIVA  
(delighted)  
It's Vincent! He's come a calling!

Brit and Godiva shoot off for the house, calling out.

BRIT AND GODIVA  
Sweetpea! Sweetpea!

Vincent approaches Gordon and Thomas.

VINCENT  
Hello ...

GORDON  
Ah ...

VINCENT  
I'm Vincent ... ah ... Broaddus.

GORDON  
Broaddus. Oh, yes, I know your people. Ah ... Grace ...?

VINCENT  
Yeah, that was my gran. She died last month.

THOMAS  
A kite?

VINCENT  
Yes.

Thomas moves to have a closer look at the kite.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I made it from scratch. It wasn't a kit. The wood is ash.

THOMAS

(touching wooden spars)  
You made these ... ?

VINCENT

They're called spars. All I used was a knife and a small hand saw and sand paper. It's real silk. An ancient design.

GORDON

Very impressive, Vincent!

VINCENT

We were going to fly it on the beach.

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Sue, still on blanket, closes her eyes, breathes it all in.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - LATER

Sweetpea arrives with Brit and Godiva. Vincent greets her.

VINCENT

Hi.

SWEETPEA

Hi.

Vincent hands her the kite. She cautiously handles it.

VINCENT

I brought some punch ... and stuff.

Vincent jogs back to his car.

Gordon smiles at Sweetpea, who blushes.

SWEETPEA

I guess I kind of got a boyfriend.

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - LATER

Sue sips wine, then notices Vincent and Sweetpea arriving down on the beach, some thirty yards away.

SUE'S POV of the following ...

-Vincent carries the kite and Sweetpea carries a BLANKET and a THERMOS and a small KIT BAG.

-Vincent looks about, determining the spot's worthiness.

-He sets the kite down, takes the blanket from Sweetpea and battles the wind getting it spread out.

-The kite blows away and they both chase after it.

-Vincent catches it.

-Sweetpea successfully gets the blanket laid out and sets the kit bag and the thermos on it to hold it down.

-Vincent hands the kite to Sweetpea.

-He tosses sand in the air, checking wind direction.

-Sweetpea tosses some sand in the air and gets some in her eyes. Vincent comes to her aid and places his hand on her shoulder. Sweetpea startles some, but quickly recovers.

Sue is emotionally moved, then, Back to SUE'S POV ...

-Vincent takes STRING and a KITE/CONTROLLER/HANDLE from the kit bag and attaches them to the kite.

-The wind blows out, so they walk down to the water's edge with the kite.

-Sweetpea holds the kite as Vincent walks back up the beach, letting out string as he goes.

-He stops and signals Sweetpea to hold the kite up high, as he is ready to run-with-it.

-Vincent takes off as Sweetpea lets go and immediately the kite is successfully airborne.

-Suddenly, something SNAPS inside Sweetpea and she breaks into an incredible CELEBRATORY DANCE OF JOY! She runs in circles! She flings her arms up! She jumps up and down!

-Unable to contain herself, she kicks at the surf, then stomps around in it!

Tears of joy well up in Sue's eyes and she claps her hands.

Sweetpea runs up to Vincent and hugs him.

Vincent hands the kite over to Sweetpea. She freezes some, then grows more confident. Vincent gives a pointer or two.

Sweetpea senses Sue's presence and turns and locates her on the embankment. Sweetpea waves and smiles at Sue.

Sue shields her eyes and happily waves back.

Sweetpea gives the kite back to Vincent.

The kite is way up, brilliant colors in a deep blue sky.

Sweetpea jogs up to stand some fifteen feet from Sue.

Sue and Sweetpea gaze at one another, until ...

...Sweetpea speaks forthrightly, in a raised voice, above the wind and sea.

SWEETPEA

Things have been pretty complicated,  
for me...the last few years.

(beat)

I wish--that when I was a kid--my  
parents had taught me more about ...  
functioning ... in the world. And,  
not just the big stuff ... the small  
stuff, too.

(beat)

My mother left us when I was nine  
... whereabouts unknown... to this  
day. My father suffered from clinical  
depression and couldn't work. When  
I was seventeen, he died ... of a  
broken heart, I guess.

(beat)

They loved my big sister, Molly, so  
much, you see. Her loss was just  
more than they could bear.

(beat)

I understand! I do understand! It  
isn't easy--being a person ... for  
anyone!

(beat)

But, I very much needed them to love  
me, too ... as best they could ...  
given the circumstances. They should  
have done that ... seeing as how I  
was there.

SUE

(voice cracking)

Yes ... they should have done that.

Sweetpea takes a couple of steps forward.

SWEETPEA

I've decided to make ...some changes.

(beat)

Gordon says I cannot do it all by  
myself ... that the help of others  
will be required.

SUE  
I think he is right, Sweetpea!

SWEETPEA  
Will you help me? And, will you be  
my friend?

SUE  
Yes, I will, my darling!

SWEETPEA  
Good. Gordon's going to be my friend,  
too.

Tears stream down Sue's face.

Sweetpea looks up at the kite, then turns back to Sue ...  
beaming ... with a BIG SMILE.

Sweetpea starts to run off, then stops and turns back.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
Oh ... I forgot. If you and Gordon  
should ever decide to marry ... and  
find yourself in need of a ready-  
made, grown-up, god-daughter ...

Sweetpea spreads her arms wide in self-promotion.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
Well, here she be!

Immediately, the Bruce Guthro song, performed by Aselin  
Debison, DANCE YOU CHOOSE, [Song #9] begins.

Sweetpea turns and runs down beach towards Vincent and kite.

SONG CONTINUES INTO AND OVER THE NEXT SCENE.

EXT. GORDON'S CAROUSEL - AFTERNOON

Still bright and sunny.

Gordon and Thomas work together harnessing Horse to the PIPE,  
extending from the carousel. Finishing the job, they stand  
back.

Godiva and Brit sit on carousel ponies, raring to go.

Sue, Sweetpea, Vincent, Andrew, Dory, Essi, Niko, and Duncan  
standby ... eagerly watching in anticipation.

Gordon takes the Horse's tether ... and leads it ... and  
Horse moves ... and the carousel turns!

Brit and Godiva inaudibly whoop it up.

Everyone inaudibly applauds.

Before our eyes, Thomas takes an emotional leap forward.

Sue hugs Thomas and kisses his cheek.

Sweetpea shakes his hand, followed by Andrew and Duncan.

Dory gives Thomas a two-handed back-slap.

Mohammed's TAXI pulls up, stops. Then, Lionel, smiling, and Mohammed exit.

Dory turns, sees Lionel and nearly faints.

Sue smiles widely upon seeing Lionel.

Later ... Duncan leads Horse while Dory with Andrew and Niko with Essi and Lionel with Mohammed ride the carousel.

Godiva and Brit do cartwheels nearby.

Later ... Godiva and Brit both sit on Horse as Lionel leads it, while Sweetpea and Vincent ride together on the carousel.

Later ... Sweetpea leads Horse as Sue and Gordon ride side-by-side on carousel.

END SONG.

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK:

After a three-count, Sweetpea softly sings, SWEETPEA'S SONG.

SWEETPEA (V.O.)

(singing)

*Ready, steady hometown girl ...*

EXT. GORDON'S APPLE ORCHARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bright, shiny, fantastically red apples ready for picking from the tree on a gloriously sunny autumn day.

On ladder, Sweetpea's forearms appear, as she continues singing ...

SWEETPEA

(singing)

*... Somebody's gonna love ya 'cause  
ya got that smile ... Oh, yeah!*

She picks an apple and places it into a shoulder-bag.

At the orchard's perimeter ...

Gordon stands at the concrete platform shifting baskets of apples.

Sue emerges from the orchard carrying a full basket of apples.

FADE OUT:

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#### SONG INDEX

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Song # 7: THE CAPE, by Guy Clark (No Rights Obtained)

Song # 8: SWEET IS THE MELODY, by Iris Dement (No Rights Obtained)

Song # 9: DANCE YOU CHOOSE, by Bruce Guthro, performed by Aselin Debison. (No Rights Obtained)