

EARL

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN -- DAY

Two houses nestled in a thick mountain forest. One a shack, the other a nice two story home.

EARL (40s) grubby, dressed in overalls, stumbles out from behind a tree with a half empty whiskey bottle in his hand. He guzzles the rest, tosses the bottle aside.

He lifts up a chain saw from the ground, pulls the cord, revs it.

JILL (20s), very pregnant, steps out on the front porch of the two story home, watches Earl.

Her mouth drops as Earl saws through one of the large pine trees on Jill's property.

The tree barely misses the telephone lines, and falls in the road.

Earl scratches his head, turns off the chain saw.

Jill waddles down the steps of the porch.

JILL

Earl! What the fuck do you think
you're doing?

Earl peers up, steadies himself to focus in Jill's direction.

EARL

Need more fire wood. Okay?

Jill shakes her fist at Earl.

Earl gives her a finger salute.

JILL

Cut your own goddamn trees!

Earl cups his ear, pretends he can't hear.

He shrugs, yanks the cord and revs the chain saw back to life.

Jill holds her belly, staggers down the path in Earl's direction but stops short.

JILL (CONT'D)
You stupid bastard.

Earl cuts the mailbox in front of Jill's house off the post, grins at her.

The mailbox flies through the air, lands in the street with a thud.

Jill rushes back into the house as fast as she can go in her condition.

She stomps back out, holds up a cordless phone for Earl to see and dials.

JILL (CONT'D)
You're going down this time, Earl.

Earl shrugs, moves to the phone pole and saws it in half while Jill still has the receiver to her ear.

The phone pole lands, taking down wires as it goes.

Jill stares at the receiver, then throws it across the yard in frustration.

She stares at Earl in a state of shock, then down at the ground.

Her eyes widen as water pools around her feet.

Earl watches her, amused. He cackles, turns off the chain saw, pulls out another bottle of whiskey from his overalls. He tumbles to the ground.

Jill stumbles inside the house.

Earl guzzles from the bottle, wipes his lips and admires his work.

INT. JILL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jill searches through the house, finds her mobile phone. She checks the screen, "No signal"

She throws the phone in her bag, grabs a suitcase, and drags it behind her. She grabs items, stuffs them inside.

She stops, grabs her belly, checks her watch.

JILL
Shit!

Jill struggles, legs apart, out the front door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN -- MOMENTS LATER

Earl sleeps on the ground with the empty whisky bottle.

Jill stands over him with a bucket of water, slowly pours it on top of him.

Earl bolts up, spattering.

EARL
What'd you do that fer?

JILL
I need your phone.

Earl shakes his head, struggles to stand.

Jill clutches her belly again and pants.

EARL
Bad gas?

Jill gives him the eye, but continues panting. She takes a deep breath, glares at Earl.

JILL
I'm in labor, you stupid--

EARL
Don't look like you're workin' all
that hard to me.

Jill peers over in the direction of Earl's shack.

JILL
I need to borrow your cell phone.

Earl shrugs.

EARL
Never had one.

Jill rolls her eyes.

JILL
You got a car, don't you?

Earl thinks for a moment, nods.

JILL (CONT'D)
Give me a ride to town then, ass
wipe.

EARL
If'n you say so.

Earl searches in his pockets, pulls out a single key. He
stumbles back, catches himself.

Earl staggers around to the back of his shack.

Jill shuffles to her front porch, grabs the suitcase.

Earl drives down the driveway in an old beat-up tractor.

Jill watches horrified.

JILL
Fuck that.

Earl turns off the engine, waves Jill over.

Jill shakes her head in defiance. Another contraction doubles
her over.

EARL
C'mon, ain't got all day.

JILL
This is all your fault, Earl!

EARL
Fer what?

JILL
Are you that stupid? I'm not riding
ten miles to town on a old tractor.

Earl shrugs, leaves Jill where she stands, weaves back to his
shack.

Jill again doubles over, screams out.

JILL (CONT'D)
Get back here!

EARL
Make up yer mind, woman. I need a
drink.

Earl retreats to his shack, returns with a fresh bottle of
booze.

Jill watches him, astonished.

She grimaces in pain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- LATER

The tractor chugs down the road with Earl in the driver's seat. Jill stands on the back, holds on for dear life.

Earl over-steers, the tractor weaves on and off the road. Jill grimaces.

A car full of TEENS barrels down the road behind the tractor and starts to pass.

Jill peers back, waves them down with urgency.

JILL
Stop, please, help me!

The teens whizz by, wave back at Jill and laugh.

Jill's face sinks.

Earl cackles.

Jill smacks the back of his head.

JILL (CONT'D)
One word out of you, and I'll pop
your head off.

Earl cringes.

Jill again peers back. They've made progress of a whole ten feet from their home.

JILL (CONT'D)
Can't you go any faster?

The engine begins to sputter.

EARL
Nope.

The tractor comes to a stop.

JILL
What's the matter now?

EARL
Need gas.

Jill screams in agony.

Earl holds his ears, jumps off the tractor. He holds out a grubby hand to Jill.

JILL
You have any at home?

EARL
Nope.

Jill sobs. She reluctantly takes Earl's hand, steps off the tractor.

She jerks her hand away, wipes it on her shirt. She doubles over.

JILL
I can't make it.

Earl gazes at the house. He grabs Jill and hefts her over his shoulder. Jill kicks and screams.

JILL (CONT'D)
Put me down, you moron!

Earl ignores her, heads toward Jill's front porch.

Earl, now very red and out of breath, lowers Jill to the front steps.

JILL (CONT'D)
What are we going to do?

EARL
Dunno, but I need a drink.

Earl pulls out his bottle takes a big swig, offers some to Jill.

Jill slaps it out of his hand. It crashes to the ground, shatters.

Earl furrows his brow.

EARL (CONT'D)
Dammit, woman!

Jill grimaces in pain.

JILL
Help me!

Earl shakes his head, heads for his shack.

EARL
Not getting involved.

JILL
Goddammit! The baby's coming.

Jill howls in pain.

Earl kicks at the ground. He spins around.

EARL
It's Frank's problem, not mine.

Jill struggles to pull herself up the steps. She pants harder between sobs.

JILL
Go find help, Earl. Hurry!

Earl shrugs as Jill enters the house.

He heads back to the road, sits and chugs his drink.

A scream comes from Jill's house O.S.

INT. JILL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Jill lies on the couch, screams out in pain. She begins to push.

Earl enters the house.

JILL
Did you bring help?

Earl shakes his head.

JILL (CONT'D)
It's coming now! Get over here.

Earl looks down at Jill, shakes his head again.

EARL
I ain't touchin' that.

Jill waves Earl to come closer to her face. She grabs him by the ears and yanks hard.

JILL
There's no one else. Now wash up.
Argh--!!

The door opens.

FRANK (30s), dressed in a suit and tie, walks in.

He dashes across the room, grabs hold of Earl's shirt.

FRANK

What the hell are you doing in my house?!

Jill screams out.

Earl sneers at Frank, pushes him off.

He points in Jill's direction.

EARL

You got a baby to deliver.

Frank's eyes widen. He releases Earl, stares down at Jill.

FRANK

We gotta get you to the hospital.
I'll get the--

Sweat beads cover Jill's forehead. She speaks through clenched teeth.

JILL

There's no fucking time. The baby is coming.

Earl taps Frank's shoulder.

EARL

You gotta get it out.

Frank looks down at his spotlessly clean, well-groomed hands. He bustles around the room, frantically searching.

FRANK

I'll find a cloth. Just hang in there, baby.

Frank dashes out the room in a panic.

Jill pushes, looks up at Earl with pleading eyes.

JILL

You gotta help me.

Earl shakes his head, bites at his bottom lip.

EARL

No can do.

Jill shudders, collapses back against the armrest. Her eyes roll back in her head.

FRANK (O.S.)
Be there now, honey.

Earl stares at Jill, shakes his head.

He looks down at his dirty hands, spits on them, wipes them on his overalls.

He kneels beside Jill, shakes her shoulder.

EARL
You gonna push now, you hear me.

Jill nods, cringes.

EARL (CONT'D)
Now!

Earl gets down at Jill's feet, peeks under her dress. His eyes widen. He swallows hard.

EARL (CONT'D)
Nuh-huh... Cant do it.

He stands to leave. Jill screams between grunts.

JILL
Earl, if you leave me here now, so help me, I'll kill you!

Earl's lips stammer. His eyes well up with tears.

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

Earl sits on the steps of the front porch.

FRANK (30s) steps out the house. He stares down at Earl.

FRANK
What ya wan't now?

EARL
They okay?

Frank nods.

FRANK
Jill and baby are fine.

Frank stares up at the sky.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You can leave now.

Earl nods, stands.

Jill appears at the screen door, opens it.

JILL
Earl? Don't you want to see her?

Earl stops, looks at Frank.

Jill glares at Frank.

JILL (CONT'D)
He delivered your daughter
yesterday, Frank. Least you could
do is invite him inside.

Jill beckons to Earl, leads him into the house.

INT. JILL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Jill lifts her NEWBORN, wrapped in a blanket, from a pram.
She holds her for Earl to see.

Tears well up in Earl's eyes. He chokes back a sob.

EARL
Well, she's 'bout the most
beautiful thing I ever saw.

A tear rolls down Earl's cheek.

EARL (CONT'D)
I'm sure my Annabelle's baby
would've been as beautiful.

Jill lifts her brows.

JILL
Earl?

Earl wipes the tear from his cheek.

Frank enters, leans against the doorway and watches.

Earl fights back tears, wipes his eyes hastily.

EARL
Lost them both that night.

The baby coos.

Earl smiles at her, chuckles.

Jill wipes back a tear before it falls.

EARL (CONT'D)
Yep, she's gonna be a real beauty.

Jill holds the baby out to Earl.

JILL
You wanna hold her?

Jill gives him a look of concern.

JILL (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry about your loss, Earl.

Earl glances at his coarse, old hands. He wipes them on his trousers in embarrassment.

Jill settles the baby into Earl's arms.

EARL
She was the best darn milker I ever had.

Jill and Frank make a face.

Earl gazes up, remembering.

FRANK
Milder?

EARL
Cow. What'd you think I meant?

Jill's mouth drops open.

Frank glares at Earl.

Earl stares down at the baby. A smile lights up his face.

FADE OUT.