A POEM OF ONE'S OWN

(a comedy/drama)

By

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NOTE: Our tale begins in the spring ... late in May.

FADE IN:

INT. SWEETPEA'S STUDIO/EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - DAY

OFF SCREEN, a YOUNG WOMAN, absentmindedly, just above a whisper, sings to herself, SWEETPEA'S SONG, as the CAMERA moves about a SHOP-A-HOLIC's one-room, studio apartment.

YOUNG WOMAN(O.S.)
(singing)
Ready, steady, hometown girl ...
Somebody's gonna love ya 'cause ya
(beat)
Got that smile ... Oh, yeah!

The apartment is stacked, filled, and piled, three feet high, wall to wall, with PURCHASES: Canned goods. Clothes, some with price tags. Cases of ROOT BEER. A microwave oven, still in its box. A TREADMILL, draped with things.

Also, a power tool. Two cello-wrapped large Easter baskets. Used books. Magazines. Flat-packs. Toys. You name it!

There is no trash, nor dirty dishes, etc.

INT. SWEETPEA'S STUDIO-EFFICIENCY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A small galley kitchen. The YOUNG WOMAN now HUMS the tune.

The CAMERA shows only her HANDS and FOREARMS, as they work over a kitchen counter-top -- Long-sleeve, juvenile-ish flannel PJ's. Close-cut nails with red polish.

On the counter-top are separate piles of rubber bands and paper clips. An exacto-knife, masking tape, a stapler.

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

Also, an upright, silver-finish, 5X7 PICTURE-FRAME housing the 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, containing hot chocolate with mini-marshmallows.

Also, an ANT FARM.

The YOUNG WOMAN uses rubber-bands to divide a paperback into multiple sections, of some 30 pages each.
From another paperback, one with some pages already removed, she uses the exacto-knife to cut out a few more pages, which she then taps on the counter-top and 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 ...

The camera follows the mug, as she grasps it and raises it to her face, and we meet Sweetpea (24), the 'Young Woman.'

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 pea-coat, a stocking cap and carries an overnight-bag.

As Gordon departs, Billy (30), a large, bearded man, with bearing, jumps from boat and indistinctly calls out to him.

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

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

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

The pub is inviting, lively and a full house this Saturday night. Patrons, all ages, eat, drink, chat, play darts.

A fiddler, pianist and step-dancer perform on a small, platform stage, adjoined by a small dance floor.

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

Brit and Godiva, two (16) year old girls, shriek in delight as they scramble across the place in Gordon's direction.

Brit and Godiva
Gordon!

Reaching Gordon, they each grab an arm and peck a cheek.
Godiva is goth-lite: dark make-up, black hair, but no piercing's. Brit is more conventional in appearance.

BRIT
You're back!

GODIVA
We're saved!

Brit and Godiva, eternally celebratory, disappear back to the table-top SHUFFLEBOARD they're playing with some guys.

Moments later ... Gordon sits at small table near the stage.

Moments later ... GORDON'S POV of two large, penny loafer-ed feet. He looks up to behold ...

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

A smile, small bow, and a handshake from Duncan, before he wordlessly returns to his darts.

Later ...

Guitar in hand, WANDA (45), in a peasant dress, takes the stage. She performs solo, the SONG, A POEM OF ONE'S OWN.

WANDA (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 three-count, it opens again and THOMAS (33) appears on the threshold. His body language and the dishevelment of his business-casual attire indicate despair.

Thomas retreats back inside and closes the door. Almost immediately, the door opens again, and Thomas exits, closing the door behind him. He resolutely proceeds down the walkway.

EXT. SUE'S FARM - DAWN

A quaint, almost pristine farmhouse is illuminated by the red hues of sunrise. It is a two-story, wood-sided, Prairie-style structure, with a large front porch.

Two HOUND DOGS play near the porch steps.

A spotless, older PICKUP sits on a gravel drive.

Nearby, is a small FAMILY CEMETERY.

EXT. JOHNSON FAMILY CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA PANS FOUR DOUBLE HEADSTONES:

The first reads: HOMER JOHNSON 1859 - 1926 [and] GRETEL JOHNSON 1862 - 1898

The second reads: NESTOR JOHNSON 1889 - 1951 [and] POLLY JOHNSON 1895 - 1982


EXT. SUE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

SUE (48) emerges from house, carrying a large PURSE, a brief CASE, and a mid-sized brown paper SACK. By her attire, she appears every bit the executive secretary she, indeed, is.

Sue is immediately greeted by the dogs, who jump up on her. Uselessly, she reprimands them. She removes a COOKIE from the paper sack and gives a half to each dog.

Moments later ...

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

INT. SWEETPEA'S STUDIO APARTMENT BATHROOM - MORNING

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

'Utilitarian' ... as opposed to 'western' -- 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.

INT./EXT. THOMAS'S ECONOMY CAR/OMAHA INTERSECTION - MORNING

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

INT./EXT. OMAHA CITY BUS - MORNING

Outside POV of Sweetpea, light JACKET on, reading a book.

INT./EXT. SUE'S PICKUP/SUBURBAN DRIVE-THRU BANK - MORNING

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

Sue places a clear plastic baggy of cookies into the TUBE-CANISTER and dispatches it.

Hands on wheel, Sue extends left hand fingers, looks at her WEDDING BAND, heaves a sigh. She looks up, and waves to ... 

... her niece CHERYL (27), the bank-teller, who waves back 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
(rolling eyes, gesturing)
Don't ask!

INT. TRIBBLE INTERNATIONAL SOY BEAN RECEPTION - MORNING

Sweetpea is at her post, the RECEPTIONIST'S DESK, which has two levels, an upper counter-top 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.
Fussbudget Frances (40), FILE FOLDER in hand, emerges from her glass-walled office, which adjoins Sue's similar, though larger, office. She notices that Sue's office is empty and disapprovingly looks up at the wall-clock, which reads 8:05.

Sue enters through the corporate plate-glass double-doors.

SUE
Oh, good morning, Frances! The delinquent accounts folder, I presume? Thanks.

Frances hands the folder to Sue.

Sue removes a plastic baggy of cookies from her paper sack and gives it to Frances.

SUE (CONT'D)
And this is for you.

Unsmiling, Frances returns to her office.

Sue holds up the paper sack and moves to Sweetpea's station.

SUE (CONT'D)
Good morning, Sweetpea!
(beat)
Cookies!

Sue pulls a plastic baggy from the sack, reaches over the counter-top, and places it in front of Sweetpea.

SUE (CONT'D)
Oatmeal macadamia.

SWEETPEA
(awkwardly)
Thanks.

Sue notices the opened-book in the middle drawer.

SUE
(non-accusingly)
Whatcha reading?

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

Guiltily, Sweetpea holds up the paperback book.
SUE
(reading the title)
'Rustlers of West Fork.' Neat! My husband, Lester ... he used to read westerns all the time. He loved them. I think I've still got a box full, somewhere. I'll grab a few for you ... if you like.
(turning to business)
Well, believe it or not, Sweetpea, our fearless-leader is gracing us with his presence, this morning.
(beat)
As soon as Robert-John arrives, let me know. Okay?

SWEETPEA
(awkward look)
He ... ah ... Mr. Tribble actually called ... actually.

Sue interprets Sweetpea's hapless expression.

SUE
Don't tell me! Golf!

SWEETPEA
The Community Chest Scramble.

SUE
(exasperated)
I told Robert-John that I needed him to be here, today! I told him! ... I told his mother!

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.

Traumatized Thomas, dejected, enters through the corporate glass doors.

SUE
Okay. Thanks, Sweetpea.
(then, noticing Thomas)
Oh, Thomas! Is it yesterday or tomorrow in Japan? I never know.

Thomas, traversing the reception area towards the
back-office, intensely halts, and turns towards Sue.

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

THOMAS
(grimacing)
Ten at night ... still today.

Thomas exits, headed for the back office area.

SUE
(to Sweetpea, concerned)
Sweetpea ... ah ... will you ...
I've got to take this call. Go and
tell Thomas to come to my office.

At that, Sweetpea registers anxiety and furrows her brow. The receptionist's phone BEEPS, and she answers it.

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

INT. BACK OFFICE CUBICLE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea tentatively traverses room.

INT. THOMAS'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea arrives to find Thomas slumped forward in his chair, silently weeping ... unaware of Sweetpea.

Sweetpea's face goes blank, observing Thomas's breakdown.

FLASHBACK -- INT. SWEETPEA'S CHILDHOOD LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

SWEETPEA'S FATHER (37), older than his '5X7 portrait' - sits in an easy chair. His dress is 'white-collar worker.' Loosened tie. A tear rolls down his cheek as he watches TV.

Sweetpea's attention swings to and fro from coloring book to her father, who seems oblivious to Sweetpea's presence.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BACK OFFICE CUBICLE AREA - 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 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, could you go fetch my coat and purse and meet me in the parking lot?

Sweetpea's eyes widen. She furrows her brow.

INT. TRIBBLE INTERNATIONAL SOY BEAN RECEPTION - LATER

Sweetpea enters from Sue's office, carrying Sue's coat and purse. She stops, thinks. Then, she retrieves her own light-jacket and purse, from behind the receptionist desk.

Sweetpea exits through glass doors, just as frowning Frances steps out of her office.

EXT. CORPORATE PARKING LOT - LATER

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

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea reaches Sue's pickup and stands by the opened driver's side door, where Sue is seated.
Thomas sits slumped 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, intently)
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. 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 of 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 can put it down to three cases of spring-fever, I suppose. I'll call Frances and tell her the show's all hers, today. She'll like that. Jump in, Sweetpea.

EXT. SUE'S VEGETABLE GARDEN - MORNING

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 PHONE, 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 phone, then awkwardly converses.

    SWEETPEA
       (reflexively)
    Tribble International Soy Bean ...
    How may I ... ah ... I mean ...
    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, getting
        panicky)
    No, I guess I'm not that busy.

Sue gets up on her feet.
SUE
That's okay, Sweetpea. Give it here.

(taking the phone,
speaking sarcastically)
Is this the Chief Executive Officer?
(listens)
I give up ... tell me ... what's an eagle, Robert-John?
(listening)
Well, congratulations! ... Listen, you need to call Japan, tonight.
(listens)
No. Mr. Aki will only talk to you... the boss-man! Their contract expires in a month. 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 were still around! Family businesses!

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY
Sue's kitchen is large and old fashioned. The CAMERA pans a kitchen bookcase full of COOKBOOKS, indicating her passion for cooking.

A long kitchen TABLE in the middle. Sweetpea sits reading at one end. Thomas sits dejected, at the other end.

Sue sets lunch on the table, then sits.

SUE
Quiche Lorraine.
(beat)
Go on, Thomas.

THOMAS
So, then this no-neck, sitting on my hood, pokes me in the chest ... with these.

Thomas takes legal PAPERS from his back pocket and flings them, sliding across the table to fall to the floor near ...
... Sweetpea, who startles some, before retrieving the papers and putting them back on the table.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Sorry.

SWEETPEA

No problem.

SUE

Divorce papers.

Thomas's CELL PHONE chimes, and seeing it's from his wife, he answers it, and then desperately speaks.

THOMAS

(animated)

Lacy! Listen! I'm coming home!

(listens, then surprised)

What? I don't understand ...

(listens)

Is the knob turned to the start position?

(listens)

Well, you have to pull the knob out, to get it to start.

(listens, then desperately)

Wait! Stop! Listen to me. 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, Lacy! Let me come home!

Lacy has disconnected. Thomas sets the phone down.

Sue gets up and rubs Thomas's back.

SUE

What did she want?

THOMAS

(flatly)

To know how to start the washing machine.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE-CAROUSEL - DAY
A 12-foot diameter, rusty, broken-down children's CAROUSEL sits in an open grassy area. Its misshapen platform is partially resting/embedded on/in the ground.

Godiva, on a wooden pony, and Brit, take turns puffing on a SMOKING PIPE, trying to blow smoke rings.

Carrying TEXTBOOKS, Duncan appears and speaks sternly.

    DUNCAN
    Did you two clean up your room?

    GODIVA
    (saluting)
    Yes, Sergeant-Major!

Duncan frowns disapprovingly at the pipe.

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

Duncan takes the pipe, smells it, then smiles.

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

    GODIVA
    What?

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

EXT. SUE'S GARDEN - AFTERNOON

Thomas dejectedly hoes weeds, the two hounds at his feet.

EXT. SUE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea reads in a two-seater white wicker chair.

Thomas's jacket lies on a side table, his phone upon it.

Nearby, Sue piddles with a seedlings-garden-tray on her lap.

    SUE
    Where to you live, Sweetpea?
SWEETPEA
Well ... ah ... in a complex ...
actually ... the Ellery Park
Apartments ... complex.

SUE
(matter-of-fact-ly)
Really? Out that way?
(beat)
Why don't I just take you home
after dinner ... and then 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 that Sue does not know that she
takes the bus to work, and has no car.

SWEETPEA
Your farm is really nice, I think.

SUE
We've got -- well, I've got -- six
hundred and forty acres ... one
square mile. It's all leased out,
of course, except for my patch,
here.

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

SUE
Yes, he did. It's pronounced
'Loo-ee,' by the way. The French
way of saying Louis.

SWEETPEA
'Loo-ee' 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
Ah ... I guess I enjoy a good yarn.
SUE

Good! I'll get Lester's box of books down before you leave.

Thomas's PHONE chimes.

SUE

(Holding up dirty hands)
That's Thomas's, Sweetpea ... Can you get it?

Before Sweetpea can say hello, LACY'S RAGING VOICE explodes from the phone, in an INDISTINCTIVE GARBLE. Sweetpea becomes expressionless. Her eyes widen.

After a time, her eyes widen and the phone falls from her hand to the porch ... and Sweetpea slowly leans forward, closes her eyes, and covers her ears.

Sue retrieves the phone, puts it to her ear, then holds it away from her ear. She moves down the porch, listening to the ANGRY, INDISTINCTIVE GARBLE, until she breaks in ...

SUE

Lacy! Lacy! This is Susan Johnson. Thomas is not available, right now.
(listens)
Yes. He's staying here at my place.
(listens)
What? What are you talking about?
(listens)
Ah ... even if it is a bag-less, you still have to empty it out, sometimes.
(listens)
No. I am not saying that you are stupid.
(listens)
I'm sorry, but I will not listen to that kind of language!

Sue punches off the phone. Then, to herself ...

SUE(CONT'D)

Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow!

Sweetpea is now rocking in her seat, eyes closed, hands over her ears, softly SINGING 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, causing Sweetpea to EXPLOSIVELY
STARTLE and psychotic-ly FALL to her knees on the porch.

SWEETPEA(CONT'D)
(desperate, panicked)
No! It's me, Sweetpea! Sweetpea!
Can't you see me?! I'm right here!

Sue is momentarily stunned. Sue sits, leans forward, and
speaks to Sweetpea.

SUE
Oh, Sweetpea. I am so sorry. I know
how that kind of talk can be
terribly upsetting.

Sweetpea suddenly recovers, and sits back in the chair. For
just a fleeting moment Sweetpea makes eye contact with Sue,
before turning away.

SWEETPEA
That's okay. It's not really a
problem.

Sue's curiosity about Sweetpea spikes.

EXT. GORDON'S CAPE BRETON BEACH - AFTERNOON
A WHITE HORSE moseys along the surf line, then stops.
A SEAGULL alights on the horse's backside. The horse turns
its head around. The bird and the horse commune.

EXT. SUE'S GARDEN - AFTERNOON
Thomas continues to hoe weeds, with dogs.

EXT. SUE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS
Sweetpea reads as Sue stands, leaning against a porch post,
looking out at Thomas in the garden.

SUE
Tell me about your family,
Sweetpea.

Sweetpea masks internal stress.
SWEETPEA
I guess you could say my family was
pretty regular ... pretty much.

The SOUND of an approaching all terrain vehicle.

Sue's POV of WALTER (55), on an ATV, pulling into the place.

SUE
(to no one)
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. This is Sweetpea, our receptionist.

WALTER
Sweetpea?

From Walter, a quick, sarcastic 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!

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 I 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 Sue's arm)
Come on. It'll just take a minute.

Sue and Walter leave the porch.

Thomas and Sweetpea, left alone, exchange awkward glances.

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

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

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

SUE
(breaking free, not upset)
How does the AC look?

WALTER
Looks great. As do you!

SUE
Call me sometime. Make a date.

WALTER
I have. I've tried.

SUE
Take me to the symphony.

WALTER
I shall!

SUE
Thanks for coming over, Walter. Thomas is really hurting, I think.

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

Walter takes a PILL CONTAINER from his coat.

WALTER(CONT'D)
It's always hardest on the men. Diazepam. Tell Thomas to follow the directions.
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. Somebody's Christmas gifts, I suppose ... that they didn't want.

Walter, not an animal lover, forces a smile.

INT. SUE'S ATTIC ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Amongst this and that, Sue finds a box marked, "LESTER'S BOOKS." She opens it, verifying its contents.

She sits on a chest, looks out the window at the place.

SUE
Oh, Lester! I'm still here ... on the place.

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

At table, Sweetpea stands, poking through Lester's box.

Sue is on her LAP-TOP computer at the other end of table. A jingle SOUND emanates from the lap-top.

SUE
(excitedly, to herself)
Well, hello sailor!

Sue rises, opens a cabinet door, and checks her hair in a mirror, before sitting back down, and adjusting 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 is on the computer screen, making adjustments to the webcam at his end. The background is nondescript.

SWEETPEA
Is that him?

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

Duncan departs, and GORDON'S IMAGE appears on screen.

GORDON'S COMPUTER VOICE
Hello?

SUE
Hi, Gordon! How was the fishing?

GORDON'S COMPUTER VOICE
Oh, not so bad!

SUE
A month 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
(haltingly, awkward)
Ah ... that's very interesting. We have fish, here, too, in Nebraska. Lakes and ponds, mostly, I suppose.
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!

I.E. SUE'S PICKUP/OMAHA STREETS - NIGHT
Sue drives. Sweetpea strains to read in the dark.

SUE
I'll be waiting for you in your
parking lot at seven-thirty.

INT. SUE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Thomas sleeps in the darkened room, straddled by hounds.

INT. SWEETPEA'S STUDIO/EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - NIGHT
Wearing a HEAD LAMP, in the dark, in bed, Sweetpea reads.

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT
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, sits at his lap-top.

GORDON'S COMPUTER SCREEN: "SUZYQFARMGIRL65: Just like that! You want me to drop everything and come up and visit you!?"
Gordon types.

GORDON'S COMPUTER SCREEN: "POORGORDON_CBI: Yes."

GORDON'S COMPUTER SCREEN: "SUZYQFARMGIRL65: Does your trailer have a guest room? I do like my privacy, you know."

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
Sue at laptop.

SUE'S COMPUTER SCREEN: "POORGORDON_CBI: I also have a seven bedroom house, on 53 acres, by the sea. I never told you that?"
Sue's hands go up in disbelief.

SUE
Incredible!

Sue speaks to herself as she types.

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

Sue leans back, thinking. She leans forward and types.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

GORDON'S COMPUTER SCREEN: "SUZYQFARMGIRL65: I'll think about it."

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

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

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

SUE
Don't worry about work, today. Do nothing. Rest. Watch TV. I'll email you if we need you. You're here for the duration, okay?

THOMAS
Thanks.

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

EXT. SWEETPEA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - 7:10AM

Heavy RAIN.

Sue's pickup pulls into the large complex and parks. Sue gets out, opens an umbrella and runs into the complex.

EXT. SWEETPEA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX DIRECTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Sue's FINGER searches a posted DIRECTORY.

EXT. OUTSIDE SWEETPEA'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Out of the rain, Sue knocks. There is a loud CRASH from inside the apartment, causing Sue to startle.
Sweetpea's exclaiming voice is heard from inside ...  

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

Sue waits, but the door does not open. She 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 know. I thought I'd just come up.  

SWEETPEA (O.S.)  
(repressing panic)  
Come up?  

SUE  
Shall I 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 thought you might not be able to find me ... with the rain, and all.  

SWEETPEA  
Do you want to come in ... or something?  

SUE  
Sure.
SWEETPEA  
(not moving yet)  
Well, I've been straightening, so ... ah ... it's kind of a mess.

INT. SWEETPEA'S STUDIO/EFFICIENCY - CONTINUOUS
Sweetpea opens the door, backing herself into the kitchen.
Sue enters, and ... her 'jaw drops' at ALL SHE BEHOLDS.

SWEETPEA  
(flatly)  
It's a studio-efficiency. ... I'm kind of 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... ah...please make yourself at home.

Sweetpea escapes into the bathroom, just a few steps away.

Treading carefully, Sue ventures forth and moves about the 'jungle' of PURCHASES, surveying and absorbing the INCREDIBLE SIGHT.

Moments later ... in the KITCHEN ...
Sue observes Sweetpea's 'book-surgery.' Rubber bands, loose book pages, exacto knife, etc.
Sue picks up the FRAMED FAMILY PORTRAIT PHOTO, and studies it. She notices the ant-farm.
Atop refrigerator sit THREE unopened GIANT CHRISTMAS MESH-STOCKINGS, full of candy and cheap toys.
Moments later ... Sweetpea appears at the kitchen entry.
Sue holds one Christmas stocking, and also a SALES RECEIPT.
SUE
(non-accusingly)
You got these two Christmas's ago!

SWEETPEA
(strained nonchalance)
Ah ... those items were sixty per cent off, I think ...for a limited time ... maybe.

An awkward moment as Sue processes.

Sue turns the conversation to a living-area wall-POSTER, of the exact-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 Molly ... my older sister. She was cuter than a bug!

SUE
What's she doing, now?

SWEETPEA
She's not actually alive, right 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 am sorry, Sweetpea! How old were you ... at the time?

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

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/OMAHA STREETS - MORNING

RAIN and THUNDER.
Sue, deep in thought, drives, as Sweetpea seemingly reads.

FLASHBACK -- INT. SWEETPEA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Outside, a THUNDERSTORM rages.

NINE-YEAR-OLD SWEETPEA'S POV of the very same 5X7 Silver Framed-Portrait-of-Her-Family, being held by her two HANDS.

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

Suddenly, very LOUD HAIL beats against her window.

Sweetpea puts picture back under bed and 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
(a minor panic)
What are you doing? What's going on? Please, get out of this bed!

Sweetpea looks up at her mother, but 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 that he sleeps.

SWEETPEA'S FATHER
What's wrong?

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TRIBBLE INTERNATIONAL SOY BEAN RECEPTION - DAY

Sweetpea, at the reception desk, is obviously reading.

Sue enters reception area from her office.
SUE
(frustrated)
Nothing from Robert-John, yet,
Sweetpea? He does know, that the
board of directors' annual luncheon
is today ... at the Sheraton.

SWEETPEA
(slightly startled)
What? ... ah ... no.

SUE
'A' 'W' 'O' 'L.' ! ... I found his
cell phone on his desk, this
morning. 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 ... ah ... kind of
like a real vacation for me.
(beat)
If you ever need any help with ...
straightening or anything ... 

SUE
(sincerely meaning it)
It was wonderful having you,
Sweetpea. Come out anytime you
like. Maybe, we could cook
something up together in the
kitchen.

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. 'Saved by the beep' ...

SWEETPEA
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)
Can I call off the search party,
Robert-John?
(listens, then,
  incredulously)
Fort Worth!?
(listens)
Stop! Stop! Stop! You are in Fort
Worth, Texas!?
(listens)
At the Colonial Golf Tournament!?
(she snaps)
That's it! I've had it. Enough is
enough is enough! Do you hear me?
You need to get your Mother in
here! I'm through doing her job for
her!

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

Sue takes off the headset, fumes some, then put it back on.

SUE(CONT'D)
(ironically)
By the way, Robert-John? You do
know I'm leaving on vacation, next
week.
(listens)
You didn't? Oh, I'm sorry. I'll be
out of the country, I'm afraid.
(listens)
Nova Scotia ... Canada ... 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.

Sweetpea's eyes widen.
SUE (CONT'D)
(to Robert-John)
Who is Sweetpea?! Who is Sweetpea?!
(a slow burn)
Sweetpea is your receptionist! She has been with us for three years!

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

Gordon, in work clothes, sits on a bench by PUB'S ENTRY.

Gordon's PHONE chimes, and he pulls it from a pocket. He reads a TEXT MESSAGE.

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

The rest of the scene is a LONG SHOT.

A TAXI pulls into the pub's parking lot.

ANDREW (60) and DORY (57), exit the taxi, both nattily attired in trench coats and scarfs.

Gordon greets them both with hugs, and a peck for Dory.

Driver pulls suitcase from trunk and Gordon takes it.

Dory and Driver reenter taxi, which then departs.

Gordon puts Andrew's suitcase into his parked, old SUV.

Gordon and Andrew enter The Barb'ry Allen.

INT. SUE'S FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

At the table: Sweetpea reads. Sue sips beer, and is a little drunk. Thomas, on the lap-top, studies a road MAP.

Sweetpea sets her book, opened, pages down, on table. From her lap she takes another book, already opened, reads it.

THOMAS
It's a long way to Cape Breton.

SUE
How long a way?

THOMAS
Over two thousand miles.

SUE
Well, the farther the better! Or is it further? Is there a difference?
THOMAS
I believe there is ... yes.

SUE
I appreciate your driving us, Thomas. I'm just not a flyer, I'm afraid.

Thomas's PHONE, sitting on the table, starts CHIMING and they all three turn to stare at it.

EXT. OUTSIDE SUE'S FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Sue's truck-bed is loaded with baggage.

Sue and Walter sit on PICKUP'S opened tailgate.

Sweetpea sits sideways in the pickup's narrow back seat, reading.

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!

Lacy's large, ostentatious SUV arrives and jerkily comes to a sudden stop, parking some distance away from the house.

Thomas's THREE KIDS, all under ten, emerge from the SUV and run dashing towards the house. Lacy remains/waits in SUV.

Later ...

Thomas and his kids play with Sue's dogs by the garden. With his kids, Thomas is a different man.

From the house, Sue's niece, Cheryl, arrives at the pickup.

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

WALTER
I've pledged to her my support. We shall not let you down.
Cheryl emotionally hugs and kisses Sue.

CHERYL
I'm so glad you're going, aunt Sue
... I really am!

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

Sue's PHONE chimes. She sees that it is Robert-John.

SUE
(to Cheryl)
Robert-John.

Sue answers phone.

SUE(CONT'D)
Yes, Kimosabe.
(listens)
Your email password is mulligan ...
all lower case. And, I know what
that one means ... and you've used
up all of your mulligan's. Bye.

Later ... by Lacy's SUV ...

Thomas kisses and hugs his kids and loads them in through
the rear-door of Lacy's SUV. He looks up at Lacy, sitting
rigidly, facing forward, up in the front seat.

INSTANTLY, the instrumental, VOLCANIC JIG, plays. THEN, it
continues OVER the FOLLOWING ON-THE-ROAD MONTAGE:

-- EXT. SUE'S FARM - MORNING -- Sue's pickup crosses over
   the cattle guard, and hits the road.

-- I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING -- Thomas
drives. Sue thinks. Sweetpea, sideways in the back, reads.

-- EXT. SUE'S PICKUP - MORNING -- Traversing the Iowa

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

-- I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/HYWAY - DAY -- Sue sleeps. Thomas

-- 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, at the viewing rail, stand apart. Sue,
terrified, stands back, against an interior wall. Thomas
points out something to Sue, who wanly smiles. Sweetpea's more intrigued by the tiny cars and people below.

-- 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, opened 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 looks at photos of his kids. He takes one of Walter's pills.

-- 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.

END OF MONTAGE -- MUSIC STOPS.

EXT. ONTARIO FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

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

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/FAST-FOOD DRIVE-THRU - MOMENTS LATER

At the remote ordering station ...  

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

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 comically extends her head out of the window.
SWEETPEA
I would like ... ah ... a junior burger. Oh! Could you make it two junior burgers. Plain. Just meat and bread. And, no Pickles, please. Ah ... and a strawberry milk-shake and a side-cup of water. Also, onion rings. Two catsup packets for the onion rings, please ... and extra napkins ... and ... ah ... thank you very much.

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

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/ONTARIO HIGHWAY - LATER

Driving, Thomas munches 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 ... Sweetpea 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. She makes an 'announcement' ...

SWEETPEA
Pickles!

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

SWEETPEA'S POV of a green stained BUN.

EXT. ONTARIO FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Sue's pickup pulls in and parks. Thomas gets out and carries Sweetpea's bag into the restaurant.

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/FAST FOOD PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE-UP of Sweetpea's enigmatic face.

FLASHBACK -- INT. SWEETPEA'S CHILDHOOD HOME KITCHEN - DAY

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD-SWEETPEA, and Sweetpea's Mother, at a table.

Mother drinks beer and watches a SOAP on a TV, which sits on the counter-top. By her, are FIVE empty beer cans.
Sweetpea opens her BOLOGNA SANDWICH, then reaches for a JAR of pickle slices, and accidentally knocks it over. The jar rolls around, then CRASHES to floor, shattering.

Sweetpea's Mother LOOSES IT. She stands, shaking, and violently FLIPS the kitchen table completely upside over.

Sweetpea is left sitting, holding half a bologna sandwich.

END FLASHBACK.

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/ONTARIO HIGHWAY - LATER

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

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

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

Sue enters the room, carrying a BUCKET of ice.

SUE
Is that Gordon?

SWEETPEA
Yes. We've having an instant message conversation.

SUE
Tell him that Thomas says we'll arrive around noon, on Tuesday.

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

Moments later ... Sue sits up against her 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
Thanks for coming along, Sweetpea. I'm really glad you're here.

Sweetpea furrows her brow.

SUE(CONT'D)
Can you believe we're in Canada!?
EXT. DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - 8:00AM - SUNDAY

Pickup moves slowly down a nearly deserted major boulevard.

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/MONTREAL BOULEVARD - 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.

Driver Thomas searches for an opened place for breakfast.

SUE(CONT'D)
Croissants and café au lait ... that's what I want!
(pause, looking about)
Not much happening Sunday morning.

Moments later ... Spotting a possibility, Thomas makes a sudden turn down a side-street.

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.

A dozen people stand staring into a CAFE storefront window.

THOMAS
What's all this?

SUE
(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. Getting closer to cafe, Thomas discerns what's up.

THOMAS
They're shooting a movie.
EXT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Our three join the small crowd. Sue speaks to a bystander.

SUE
Pardon me, are they open for business?

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

SUE
Lionel Drake!? Really?

Sweetpea has worked her way up to the cafe's door, where she studies the posted menu. 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 and leads her inside ... speaking to her in a COCKNEY ACCENT ...

Michael
(exasperated, relieved)
It's about time, sweet pea!

Michael shouts to the rear of the cafe.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I've got 'er, Jonathan! She's 'ere!
(to Sweetpea)
Tell me, love. Did your mother never teach you the meaning of seven o'clock?

Sweetpea furrows her brow.

Michael sits Sweetpea down at a bistro table.

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

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

... Girl Friday (25), black T-SHIRT, 'GIRL FRIDAY' printed on it, holding a clip board. She 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
(smiling, not looking up)
Yep. Gotcha.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Looking for Sweetpea, Thomas spots her through window.

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
You finally made it.

SWEETPEA
You're making a film and you think I'm in it.

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 ... Anne Marie Bechinoe?

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

LIONEL
You're late. I wanted 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 and Sweetpea speaks to Lionel.

SWEETPEA
Are you a movie star?

Lionel absorbs her ignorance of Lionel, gets big movie-star smile, and takes Freddy's seat.

LIONEL
I'm Lionel.

SWEETPEA
I'm Sweetpea.

LIONEL
(big smile)
Perfect!

Later ...

Sue and Thomas sit at 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
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

Johnathan, Girl-Friday at his side, places Sweetpea on her mark, in front of a display CASE, filled with FRENCH
PASTRIES.

Sitting nearby, Sue and Thomas, look on.

    JONATHAN
    (Australian accent)
    All right, Sweetpea. You're an
    American college student visiting
    Paris and you ...

    SWEETPEA
    Paris?

    JONATHAN
    Yeah, the scene is in Paris,
    darlin'. We're just shooting it
    here in Montreal.

Sweetpea furrows her brow.

Sue looks concerned for Sweetpea.

Moments later ... still rehearsing ...

    JONATHAN
    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." And, he takes a
    gun from his coat and ...

    SWEETPEA
    A gun?

INT. CAFE - LATER

Sweetpea is on her mark, by the pastry case. A
MALE-EMPLOYEE-CHARACTER now stands behind the case.

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 Sweetpea, notices her sweatshirt.

LIONEL/MALCOLM
(southern accent)
Hey! 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
In that case, darlin', 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 weirdly smiles down at her.

LIONEL/MALCOLM(CONT'D)
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
Lionel, smiling, surrounded by fans, signs autographs on the sidewalk. His P.A., JORGE (28), stands by.

Above it all, Thomas is off by himself.

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, furrows her brow.

Lionel appears, hugs Sweetpea, then turns to Jorge.

LIONEL
Jorge! We need some snaps, here!

Moments later ... Lionel poses, between Sweetpea and Sue. Sue signals Thomas to join them, but he waves it off.

LIONEL
(to Sue, smiling, not really interested)
Hi. Who are you?

SUE
Sue.

LIONEL
(smiling at camera)
Great!

Jorge takes some snaps using an old POLAROID CAMERA He sees something down the street, and 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.

Sighting the woman, Lionel is suddenly STRICKEN WITH FEAR, and he hides behind Sue and Sweetpea.
LIONEL (CONT'D)

Damnit!
(to Sue)
Do you have a vehicle?

SUE
(confused, pointing)
Yes. It's ... over there.

Sue's pickup is in the other direction from the twosome.

LIONEL
I need to make an exit ... tout de suite.

SUE
What?

LIONEL
We have a developing situation here. A breach-of-promise ... something.
(then, smiling)
Not a biggie, really.

Sue quickly grabs from Jorge the photographs, then Sweetpea, Sue and Lionel 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, Timber Treefall POINTS at Lionel. The jig is up.

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

Lionel immediately transmutes into 'ACTION-HERO-MODE, and takes command of his 'team.'

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 PAPERS.

SUE
(discombobulated)
It's the pickup truck!

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

Arriving at Sue's Pickup ...

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

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/MONTREAL SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

As they get into the pickup: Sue, shaken, takes middle seat. Sweetpea, taking it all in stride, sits up front by window. Thomas, getting angrier by the moment, takes the wheel.

Lionel jumps up into the truck-bed and, standing up, pounds on the cab roof. Then, dramatically ...

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

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

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/MONREAL SUBURBS - LATER

Lionel is now sideways, in the back. Smiling, he looks over Sue's shoulder at the the opened ROAD ATLAS she holds.

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

Thomas rolls his eyes. Then, under his breadth ...

THOMAS
I don't believe this is happening.

SUE
(studying atlas)
How about Quebec City, Lionel? Could we drop you there?
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. I'll need hard currency, of course. Jorge's got all the cards.
(to Sue)
Have you got a cell?

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

LIONEL
Jorge?
(listens)
Beautiful!
(smiling, to others)
The Mounties' have got my passport!
(listens, back to Jorge)
No. Stay where you are. They'll be tailing you, for sure.
(listens)
Maybe I should head north, man, over the pole ... for Russia.
(barely repressed)
Haaaaa!

Lionel punches off the phone.

LIONEL
(smiling, to all)
So ... what's your business in New Scotland?

THOMAS
(muttering, to no one)
We're off to see the wizard!

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - AFTERNOON

The large space is jammed-full of interesting things: bric-a-bac, rugs, Victoriana, a HARP, bookcases.

Also, some COMFY-CHAIRS, a sofa, TV, and a very LARGE DINING TABLE with EIGHT CHAIRS.

Duncan sits a an elegant upright piano. He begins playing, amateurishly, but competently, the accompaniment to the traditional song, REUBEN AND RACHEL.

Andrew (60) sits nearby, holding a FIDDLE. He is fit, well
groomed, youthful, with not a single gray hair. Nice slacks, cardigan sweater -- à la Perry Como.

In a timely manner, Andrew joins in, on the fiddle -- and the fact that he is a professional musician, is made clear.

Gordon sits at the table, ready to enjoy the show.

Godiva, in a bowler HAT, and Brit, stand together, each holding a lyric sheet, one at a time, joining in singing.

BRIT
Reuben, Reuben, I’ve been thinking
What a fine world this would be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the northern sea.

GODIVA
Rachel, Rachel, I’ve been thinking
Life would be so easy then
What a lovely world this would be
If you’d leave it to the men.

EXT. QUEBEC MOTEL - DAY

Thomas sits on the opened tailgate of Sue's pickup, which is backed into a parking space in front of an OPENED ROOM DOOR.

INT. QUEBEC MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lionel lies on the bed, REMOTE in hand, surfing the TV. MISTER ROGERS comes on, and Lionel smiles and watches ... until SUE'S PHONE, lying next to him, chimes, and he MUTES TV, and answers phone.

LIONEL
Hello?
(listens)
Sorry. She's not available, right now.
(listens)
I know a little. What's the entrée?
(listens)
I think I'd go with the chardonnay.
(listens)
You bet ... Later.

Later ... 

Sue and Sweetpea enter through opened door, both with shopping BAGS. Lionel jumps up 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, I'm afraid.

LIONEL
Outstanding!

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - AFTERNOON

Reuben and Rachel song, with some acting, continues ...

BRIT
Reuben, Reuben, stop your teasing
If you've any love for me
I was only just a-fooling
As I thought, of course, you'd see.

GODIVA
Rachel, if you'll not transport us
I will take you for my wife
And I'll split with you my money
Every pay day of my life!

Brit and Godiva take a bow, as Gordon applauds.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Duncan RISES to answer it.

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

BRIT AND GODIVA
... from Finland!

INT. QUEBEC MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thomas stands in the opened doorway.
Sweetpea sits looking into her BAG, at her own purchases.
Then, she resumes reading.

Lionel, sitting on bed, smiles at 'who knows what.'

LIONEL
(to Sweetpea)
Whatcha reading?

Sweetpea holds her paperback up for Lionel to see.
Lionel pronounces Louis as 'Louise.'
LIONEL(CONT'D)
'Son of a Wanted Man' by 'Louise Lamour'
(beat)
She's great! I think she met me once.

Sue enters from the bath.

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

LIONEL
(to everyone, no-one)
Random acts of kindness! How they feed the 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, then speaks to her.

LIONEL(CONT'D)
By the way, Robert-John called.

A look from Sue.

LIONEL(CONT'D)
I took care of it.

NATALIE MACMASTER'S 'CATHARSIS' OVER AN ON-THE-ROAD MONTAGE:

-- EXT. TRANS-CANADA-HWAY QUEBEC/NEW BRUNSWICK BORDER - DUSK -- Pickup enters New Brunswick, passing 'WELCOME SIGN.'

-- INT. NEW BRUNSWICK MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT -- Sue, in the dark, in bed, wide awake, on back, in thought.

-- EXT. NEW BRUNSWICK/NOVA SCOTIA BORDER - DAY -- Sue's pickup passes by 'Welcome to Nova Scotia' SIGN.

-- I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/NOVA SCOTIA HWAY- DAY -- Sue drives.
Sweetpea is shotgun. Thomas nods off in the back.

Sue's POV of the TRIP-ODOMETER, turning from 1999 to 2000.

A Christmas stocking sits on the floorboard, between Sweetpea's legs. She struggles with a CHINESE FINGER PULL TOY, she's gotten from the stocking.

Moments later ... Sweetpea sights a MOOSE, standing just within the tree-line. She furrows her brow.

-- EXT. CANSO CAUSEWAY BRIDGE, CAPE BRETON - NEAR SUNSET --
A STRANGER takes a snap of our threesome, with the 'Welcome to Cape Breton' SIGN behind them.

END MONTAGE.

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/CAPE BRETON COUNTRYSIDE -DAY

Thomas drives. Sue is anxious. Sweetpea, in back, reads.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - DAY

DAMP, OVERCAST SKIES over ... Gordon's 53-ACRE PROPERTY.

It is separated by a two-lane, shoulder-less road, from the coast line.

'GORDON'S BEACH' sits below a steep, 15 foot high, rocky embankment. At the end of the beach, there is a small cove.

GORDON'S SEVEN BEDROOM HOUSE is surprisingly large, wood sided, aged, in good repair, with the odd rough edge.

An expanse of open-ground, in front of and around house.

A nondescript gravel drive connects the house to the road, where there is a rusty farm-gate.

The CAROUSEL sits 150 feet from the house.

Thirty feet from the house, a Mexican-styled CABANA, with a fiber-glass-roof. 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 sea.

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

A single, docile WHITE HORSE mills about.

A few chickens, in a chicken coop/run.

A small, wooden horse BARN.
The place has a relaxed, lived-in air and patina.

EXT. GORDON'S GATE BY THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas closes gate behind him and reenters Sue's pickup.

EXT. CABANA - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas emerges from the pickup, heads for cabana, 30 feet away. He notices Brit and Godiva, attached to I-pods, waving at him from the carousel.

NIKO (50) and ESSI(48), the Finns, looking like tourists, sit under the cabana. They rise to greet Thomas.

Hauntingly beautiful celtic piano MUSIC emanates from house.

NIKO
Hello!

THOMAS
Is this ... ah ?

NIKO
Chez Gordon?

Thomas nods.

NIKO(CONT'D)
Yes, indeed! And you are the Americans ... from Cornhuskers?

THOMAS
Ah ... Nebraska.

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

THOMAS
Finland? Ah ... so ... I'm Thomas.

Thomas turns and signals the pickup that they've arrived.

I./E. SUE'S PICKUP/GORDON'S PLACE - 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 as he authoritatively calls out to Brit and Godiva, signaling for them to come in.

DUNCAN(CONT'D)
Hey! You two!

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - LATER

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

Andrew continues playing 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, takes one of Walter's pills.

-- 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.

-- 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. QUEBEC COUNTRYSIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

A TAXICAB motors along a four-lane highway.

I./E. MOHAMMED'S TAXI/QUEBEC HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

MOHAMMED
(Pakistani accent)
Not very much time. I can tell you that for sure!

LIONEL
Exactly my point. Way too much intimacy! But, in a single movie you might sit, riveted by an actor's baby-blues, for a longer time than you would look at your own wife's face ... for weeks!

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

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!

Moments later ... Andrew points to the VILLAGE, three miles down the coast.

ANDREW
See the white house ... there on the hill... as you go into town? That was Gordon's. Mine was just the other side. Dory, my wife, grew up,s 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, in fact.

NIKO
Country and western, Andrew?

ANDREW
Yes. Though, right now, I'm working with a celtic band -- getting back to my Cape Breton roots, you might say.

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

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

THOMAS
I think 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 ... and I crash at Gordon's. You'll meet her, tonight.

EXT. CAROUSEL - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas inspects the carousel. He pushes on it, but it won't budge, as one side is stuck on the ground. Getting on his knees, he looks underneath.

Moments later ... THOMAS'S POV of the underside of the carousel. Godiva's head drops 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
He lives in that trailer out there, you know.

Sue smiles in the affirmative.

ANDREW(CONT'D)
(nodding to the road)
Speak of the devil.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

An old PICKUP, with Gordon sitting on tailgate, slows to a rolling stop NEAR CABANA. Gordon slides off, holding a five-gallon plastic BUCKET. Then, 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, as he 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, as Sue steps forward and hugs him. He shyly reciprocates.

SUE
Hello, Gordon.

GORDON
We meet at last.

SUE
Yes, we do.
(awkward-ish pause)
Well, I'm glad we made the trip.
Cape Breton is ... it's just gorgeous up here.

Niko and Essi shake Gordon's hand.

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

GORDON
Hi, Sweetpea! It's lovely to meet you in person.

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

SWEETPEA
Ah ... the maritime provinces ... are very ... ah ... very ...

An awkward pause as Sweetpea is lost for words. Then ...

SWEETPEA(CONT'D)
Nova Scotia ... New Brunswick ... and ... Prince Edward Island ...

Gordon warmly clasps her with both hands.
GORDON
Yes...they are quite...maritime-y!

They separate.

Gordon locates Thomas, and salutes him in greeting.

GORDON(CONT'D)
Good day to you, sir! And welcome!

THOMAS
(gesturing to carousel)
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.

Gordon turns, and locates Andrew.

GORDON(CONT'D)
Hello, Andrew.

ANDREW
Do any good?

GORDON
Not too badly.

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

GORDON(CONT'D)
We'll put these poor fellows on the grill, tonight, Duncan.

DUNCAN
(smiling down at them)
Lobsters! Incredible!

EXT. CABANA - LATE AFTERNOON

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

INT. GORDON'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Duncan removes a lobster from bucket. He is attacked, getting pinched. He manages to get the lobster onto the butcher block. He grabs a knife, and gets a look in his eye.

EXT. CABANA - EVENING
The cabana is well and haphazardly illuminated by multicolored 'Christmas lights.'

Near the cabana, Gordon lays out, on a large barrel-type GRILL ... fish, lobster, clams, meats, vegetables.

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

Nearby, Andrew, on a small bench, fiddles celtic melodies.

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
You're from Mongolia ...

DUNCAN
Outer.

THOMAS
It's a country, right?

DUNCAN
A sovereign nation-state.

ESSI
(interjecting)
What do you think of Cape Breton, Thomas?

THOMAS
(rather to himself)

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

Moments later ...

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

Andrew rises and greets her with a peck.
DORY
(pats Gordon on back)
What's cookin', Gordon?

Gordon nods, smiles, waves tongs in acknowledgement.

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
(across the fire)
Hello, Niko and Essi!

The Finns, sipping beers, smile and wave back.

DORY(CONT'D)
Howdy, Sweetpea. I'm Dory.

A small, shy wave from Sweetpea in response.

DORY(CONT'D)
I just love your name, by the way!
How did you get it?

SWEETPEA
The nurse's aid, 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
(making conversation)
The sweet pea is a flowering plant, native to the eastern Mediterranean.

DORY
Really?
SWEETPEA
The eastern Mediterranean is considered to be the birthplace of western civilization.

Sue and Dory are politely attentive.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)
Ah ... there's Greece, of course ... and Turkey ... I guess.
(furrowing 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, until ...

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
Cape Breton?
(pause)
I suppose it's the one place where I feel safe and sane, really.

SUE
I think it's magical.

DORY
You know, I just adore your part of the world! The west! So wide open and free. 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. It was so dry and warm, we slept outside on our balcony.

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

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, overwhelmed with joy, runs back to her father.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SWEETPEA
Which one is George Washington, Daddy? Which one is George?

A strained smile from Sweetpea's Father. He points ...

SWEETPEA'S FATHER
He's 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, Daddy. I love you so much!

INT. SWEETPEA'S FATHER'S CAR - DAY

Sweetpea's Father drives, as Sweetpea, in back, pours soda into her souvenir Mount-Rushmore-MUG, the same one from her counter-top, but with a handle. She reads her comic book.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. CABANA - LATER

Still standing by the fire ... Thomas and Duncan ...

THOMAS
What is your course of study?

DUNCAN
Elementary school education.

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

BRIT
Save me, Thomas! Please save me!

Godiva enters and nails Brit with a water balloon.

GODIVA
Yaa-haa!

Brit rises and chases Godiva out of the scene.
BRIT
I'll get you back, Godiva!

DUNCAN
(to Thomas)
They've been giving me lots of practical experience.

THOMAS
Who are they ... by the way?

Later ...

Sweetpea stands by herself in front of the fire, then she moves to stand behind and near Gordon, by the grill.

Gordon senses Sweetpea. He gestures for her to join him. He hands her the tongs, and inaudibly instructs her.

Sue watches and experiences a pang of emotion.

Moments later ...

Sitting 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, it seems, but ... how did you two meet, anyway?

SUE
Well, I was selling some of my dad's stuff online ... after he'd passed away ... and, Gordon bought a signed, first edition copy of Watership Down.

DORY
No kidding.
SUE
My dad got it at a shop in Canterbury, in England. We went there on the QEII together ... just after my husband was killed, in a farm accident ... a long time ago.

(beat)
Well, I placed a note in with the book -- telling Gordon the story of how I came to have it ... and he emailed me back to say he appreciated the info ... and ... 

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

EXT. CABANA - LATER
Under the cabana, Thomas, Duncan, Brit, Godiva dine.

THOMAS
(to Brit)
So ... that would make you Gordon's cousin's husband's ... grand-niece?

BRIT
Correctamundo!

GODIVA
(raising hand)
And friend!

(beat)
Just two troubled teenage girls from Saskatchewan spending one year under the tutelage of swami Gordon.

Later ...

Gordon sits next to Andrew on the bench, tapping his foot to Andrew's lively tune.

EXT. QUEBEC/MAINE USA BORDER CROSSING STATION - NIGHT
Mohammed's lonely Taxi comes to a stop at the check station.

A U.S. BORDER AGENT leans down, looks into the taxicab.
I./E. MOHAMMED'S TAXI/U.S. CHECK STATION - CONTINUOUS

The agent nods at Mohammed. He looks back at Lionel and furrows his brow.

Lionel, smiling, in the back, is dressed in a LUMBERJACK jacket. He has dark smudges on his face.

EXT. QUEBEC/MAINE USA BORDER CROSSING STATION - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. CAROUSEL - MORNING

Thomas stands, staring at the carousel, thinking.

EXT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Gordon emerges from trailer. He pats the waiting Horse.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Dory and Andrew breakfast at table. Sue just has coffee. Sweetpea, book in hand, arrives. Old school, Andrew rises.

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, puts a fresh pot of coffee on the table.

DORY(CONT'D)
Jeepers, Duncan! This isn't the Ritz, you know!
DUNCAN
(smiling, departing)
Got to earn my keep. If I don't contribute, I'll develop a big guilt complex!

SUE
Do you have children?

DORY
Four boys ... four girls.

SUE
Oh my!

ANDREW
We're Catholic, you see.

DORY
Andrew had all eight of 'em square dancing, one summer! Zuzu was just three, I think. What a hoot!
Andrew has a memory pang.

EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS
Thomas is now on his knees, looking under the carousel.
Gordon, followed by Horse, arrives.

GORDON
Hello! Good morning!

Thomas stands 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, do you think?

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

GORDON
(pointing)
In that metal barn out there ...
THOMAS
Yes?

GORDON
It's chock full of tools and equipment ... and things. (beat)
It was all there when I got the place.

Thomas gives Gordon a look.

GORDON(CONT'D)
Have you had breakfast?

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

GORDON
Oh no.

Niko and Essi appear.

NIKO
(assessing carousel)
How sad!

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

NIKO
We shall return tomorrow, mi amigo.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Back with Andrew, Dory, Sue and Sweetpea.
ANDREW
(to Sue)
Two months before high school graduation, we were in literature class and Mr. Lieber was blathering on about ... Wordsworth, or something. Suddenly, Gordon stands up and says, "Sir, I'm sorry ... but what you're saying is a total load of horse manure!"

DORY
Always good for a laugh, our Gordon!

ANDREW
The whole class froze, and Lieber started to kind of shake. I think he teared up, poor guy. Then Gordon just up and 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/arrives.

DORY (CONT'D)
Good morning, Gordon! How's trailer life?

GORDON
(sitting)
A simplified existence.
(beat)
Good morning, everyone.

Gordon pours himself coffee.

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, if she'd like, into town, tomorrow.
(to Sweetpea)
Maybe, you could buy a souvenir coffee mug or something.

SWEETPEA
Ah ... okay ... I suppose.

DORY
Good!
(to Gordon)
So, I'm spending one additional night under your roof.

Gordon smiles, nods.

GORDON
Have you had your breakfast, Sue?

SUE
No, I was waiting for you.

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - DAY

Sue sits, leaning against a large boulder at the vegetation line. By her, Gordon sits, cross-legged.
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, too. We had a bunny and a bear and a mouse. That was our family.
(pause)
When I was fourteen, I won a blue ribbon for buttermilk biscuits at the state fair.

GORDON
Seriously?

SUE
Seriously.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - AFTERNOON
Andrew, on the HARP, plays the SONG, BARBARA ALLEN.

Duncan sits at the table, doing schoolwork.

Dory lies on the couch, enjoying the music.

ANDREW'S MUSIC CONTINUES OVER A SHORT MONTAGE:

-- EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - DAY -- Sue walks along the surf-line, exhilarated, hair blowing. She looks out to sea, then turns to see, from her POV ...

... Gordon, up by the boulder, smiling back.

-- EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - DAY -- Brit and Godiva foot-race across to the road, to where the 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.

-- INT. METAL BARN - DAY -- Thomas scrounges around an assortment of tools, equipment, building material.

END MONTAGE AND HARP MUSIC.

EXT. CABANA - LATER
Sweetpea reads, until her attention is caught by a SEAGULL, circling above.
Lowering her gaze, she finds that the HORSE is now standing just THREE-FEET-AWAY and, statue-like, staring at her.

She tries to read, but Horse's gaze discombobulates her. Finally, she can only stare back ... and they COMMUNE.

EXT. CABANA - NIGHT

Gordon and Sue sit together, under the Christmas lights.

   SUE
   Lester's great-grandfather settled the place in the 1880's. The house was built by his grandfather ... in 1924.
   (pause)
   Finally, the place became our life.

   GORDON
   And now it is your life.

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

   GORDON
   Tell me what happened, Sue.

   SUE
   I was up in the attic-room ...

FLASHBACK -- INT. SUE'S ATTIC ROOM - DAY

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

   SUE(V.O.)(CONT'D)
   ... 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 the window at Lester (21), working on an antique tractor in the hot sun.
SUE(V.O.)(CONT'D)
Out the window, I could see my husband, working on his granddad's old John Deere, just for the fun of it. I remember thinking ... at that moment ... just how lucky we were.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. CABANA - CONTINUOUS

SUE (CONT'D)
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 eleven months. He was twenty-one, and I was twenty. Twenty-eight years ago.

Sue shows Gordon the simple wedding BAND on her finger.

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 table end. He pulls a card from deck, shows it.

BRIT
(eyes bugging out)
No way!

GODIVA
How did you do that, Andrew?
Really! How did you do it?

Moments later ...

By Dory, Sweetpea reads in a comfy chair. Then, she looks up to see on the TV, the STILL IMAGE of LIONEL DRAKE, long-haired, in the role of PRINCE VALIANT. Her expression
remains dispassionate as she watches the story.

TELEVISION PRESENTER TV VOICE
The RCMP have confirmed that they are seeking the whereabouts of the film-star, Lionel Drake ...

Now on TV, the IMAGE of TIMBER TREEFALL.

TELEVISION PRESENTER TV VOICE(CONT'D)
... stemming from his failure to appear at court proceedings involving a Breach-Of-Promise lawsuit filed by Romanian super-model, Timber Treefall.

Sweetpea 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 until after I'd bought the place. It was an auction, and I didn't read the property description very closely.

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 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!
(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. I wish there was some way I could help him.

Gordon looks off at the carousel.

EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

The CAROUSEL is silhouetted against the starry night sky.

EXT. CABANA - CONTINUOUS

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

They sit in silence for a time.

GORDON
And then, there's Sue.

SUE
(gesturing)
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, engage in a madcap, speed-card-game of SPIT, which requires players to use only one hand.

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

    DORY
    (calling out)
    Spit!

All players, from their own 'spit-pile,' place a card in the middle, thereby creating seven piles, upon which all players, immediately, begin, frantically, trying get rid of their cards from four other piles, in front of them ... IF they can -- Upon a 'Jack', only a 10 or a Queen can be played, etc.

After a time, Godiva uses two hands.

    ANDREW
    (reprimanding)
    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, though just a tad.

    DORY
    (beaten to it by Thomas)
    You're a rat, Thomas!

Duncan is having the time of his life.

Moments later ...

The action has 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.

EXT. GORDON'S FRONT DOOR STOOP - NIGHT
Sue stands, watching Gordon trek back to his trailer.

INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT
Sweetpea, in Pajamas, in bed, using her head-lamp, reads.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - MORNING
Up early, Thomas pushes a wheelbarrow filled with 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.

I./E. DORY'S CAR/NEAR VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS
Dory drives. Sue is up front. Sweetpea reads in back.

DORY
And that's The Barb'ry Allen. The local ... 'establishment.'

Sweetpea gives the place a look-see and furrows her brow.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - MORNING
Gordon is on his lap-top at the table.

Andrew descends stairs carrying 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 of Van Gogh's ROOM AT ARLES.

GORDON
Three-thousand pieces.

EXT. VILLAGE PUBLIC SPACE - MORNING
Dory, Sue and Sweetpea walk from a public space, adjoined by shops and a street, towards the fishing boat pier.

A car goes by and honks. Dory smiles and 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.

Dory, Sue and Sweetpea all turn to look back at the village.

DORY
Well, this is it! The old home town!

SUE
It's like a postcard, Dory!

EXT. VILLAGE CURIO AND SOUVENIR SHOP - LATER

Alone, Sweetpea window-shops. She enters the shop.

EXT. VILLAGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM - LATER

Dory opens the entry door for Sue, and they enter.

INT. VILLAGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Dory and Sue entering.

ERNEST (80) is behind a reception desk.

DORY
Hey, Ernest! How goes it?

ERNEST
Oh ... hi there, Dory.

DORY
You work here, now?

Later ... Dory catches up on things with Ernest.

Sue studies Victorian-era photos on a wall. She comes upon a portrait of an OLD COUPLE standing in front of a TRACTOR.

Later ...

Sue happens upon an opened door to a small room ...

... within which, 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, 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 of 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 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.

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

Sue studies the photo.

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

SUE
I need to find a food shop, Dory. Gordon and I are having a picnic this afternoon.

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

SUE
Sweetpea?
SWEETPEA
Ah ... I think I should probably
rest for awhile.

Sue has a maternal pang, and hugs Sweetpea.

EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Thomas unloads a hydraulic hand-jack from the wheelbarrow.

EXT. VILLAGE PUBLIC SPACE - LATER

Sweetpea, alone on the bench, reads. She lowers her book and
takes in the setting: Boats, seagulls, fishermen, lobster
traps ... the sounds, the smells.

TWO OLDER WOMEN walk by, animatedly conversing in Cape
Breton GAELIC. Sweetpea listens, furrows her brow.

Later ... 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. BOY TWO sets the bucket down before her.
Sweetpea looks down at 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 before.

BOY ONE
Wow! Thanks!
SWEETPEA
I'm Sweetpea ... from Nebraska.

INT. VILLAGE GROCERY - LATER
Sue peruses a refrigerated case, makes a selection, and places it into her hand held basket.

Later ... at the checkout counter ...
Sue sets down a nearly full shopping basket, with a baguette sticking out.
A young female CLERK takes some PROCIUTTO from basket.

CLERK
  (mispronouncing it)
Pros-ci-ut-to?

EXT. VILLAGE PUBLIC SPACE - LATER
Carrying BAGS, Sue and Dory arrive to find Sweetpea missing.
Sue spots Sweetpea sitting out on the pier, with the three boys, legs dangling, fishing.

SUE
There she is!

EXT. CAROUSEL - DAY
Brit and Godiva animatedly CHEERLEAD, as Thomas works.

BRIT AND GODIVA
Give me a 'T' ... T! Give me an 'O'
... O! Give me an 'M' ... M!
Go-o-o-o-o .... Thomas!

INT. VILLAGE COFFEE BISTRO - DAY
At a table, Sue, Dory, and DAISY (47), Dory's sister, have sandwiches and coffees. Sweetpea has a whipped-cream-topped concoction and cookies.
Daisy sorts through a small stack of photographs, then holds one 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. 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.

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.

Sue is surprised. 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

Lying serenely, fully clothed, eyes closed, on his bed, Gordon listens the BBC World Service online.
COMPUTER BBC RADIO VOICE

... responding to the allegations, the Italian Prime Minister stated that under no circumstances would 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 a daring, though unsuccessful, attempt to escape Canadian justice via a hot air balloon.

A small smile/laugh reaction from Gordon.

EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Thomas, alone, on knees, does not notice Sue's arrival.

SUE

Hello, Thomas.

THOMAS

Oh ... hi. This whole side here ... it's pretty well shot.

(standing up)

But I think I can weld some braces on the underside. It'll need some kind of balancing, too.

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

SUE

I made you some lunch.

THOMAS

Thanks.

SUE

It's raining, you know.

INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea sits at her window, with FOUR new souvenir ceramic coffee MUGS lined up on the sill, as she looks out at ...

EXT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

SWEETPEA'S POV of Sue, with BASKET, arriving at Gordon's trailer door. Sue knocks. The door opens and Sue enters.
INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea removes ONE more MUG from a bag on the floor, and places it with the others. It has 'I #HEART# Cape Breton' printed on it.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - LATER

Gordon and Sue sit opposite in BOOTH, eating their 'picnic.'

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

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, you know.
   (eats some)
   Do you like the seaside?

   SUE
   Did you live near the seaside in Mexico?

Gordon smiles, looks down at his food.

   SUE(CONT'D)
   I'm an executive secretary, Gordon.
   I get to the bottom of things.
   (short pause)
   I do like the seaside.
   (eats some)
   You've got quite a thing going on here ... your lifestyle ... it's organic ... if that's the word.

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

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

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

The movie, 'THE PHILADELPHIA STORY' is on the TV.
Sweetpea descends the stairs, carrying a paperback.

    GODIVA
    Hey, Sweetpea!

    SWEETPEA
    Hey.

    BRIT
    (indicating puzzle)
    Wanna help?

    SWEETPEA
    What?

EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Raining more than a sprinkle, now. 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, where CARY GRANT's image is on screen.

    GODIVA
    Who is that guy?

    SWEETPEA
    (looking up)
    He is Cary Grant.

Now, Cary Grant, JIMMY STEWART, and KATHERINE HEPBURN are all on screen, together.

    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 TV, with a MALE VOICE singing the SONG, 'MY DOG MURPHY.'

TV SOUND MALE VOICE
(singing)
*My dog Murphy ... He was short and black and curly ...*

Immediately, Brit and Godiva rise from their chairs, to DANCE and SING along with the song.

TV VOICE, BRIT AND GODIVA ALL TOGETHER
... Partly 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. Brit and Godiva return to the puzzle.

BRIT
(to Sweetpea)
That's Gordon's song! Did you know that?

SWEETPEA
What?

BRIT
He wrote it ... with some woman. And then 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 place, here.

EXT. GORDON'S SMALL WOODEN BARN - AFTERNOON
Seriously RAINING, now, as HORSE enters barn.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS
Gordon and Sue, still in booth, sip tea.
SUE
So, after sowing wild oats into your thirties, you wound up on Andrew's and Dory's couch ... in Nashville.

GORDON
The summer of 1980.

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 ... it was time for me to .... well ... I didn't have a clue, really.

GORDON'S POV of the school kids headed down the walkway, and then turning onto sidewalk.

GORDON'S POV moves to ... across the street ... where a WOMAN (60) places a 'FOR SALE SIGN' on a trailer -- 'Gordon's trailer!' -- parked on the curb, and attached to a similar vintage STATION WAGON.

GORDON (V.O.)(CONT'D)
(chuckling some)
Then, there appeared ... just across the street ... my new home.

EXT. LOREDO, TEXAS - MEXICO BORDER CROSSING - DAY

The station-wagon, pulling the Airstream, approaches the Mexican entry checkpoint.

GORDON(V.O.)(CONT'D)
And, I don't know why ... but I thought I should probably give Mexico a try.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS
SUE
Seventeen years, Gordon!

GORDON
Well, there was the year in Argentina.

After a moment, Sue makes the connection.

SUE
The tango.

Gordon shrugs his shoulders.

A knock at the trailer door.

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

GORDON
(to door)
All clear!

Andrew, in trench coat and hat, and Thomas, wet, enter.

ANDREW
I thought I'd just rescue Thomas, here.

Gordon tosses a dish towel to Thomas.

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

GORDON
So, Thomas. Give us an update.

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

ANDREW
On behalf of all of us ... 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, out of the rain.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - LATER
Thomas and Andrew, on one side of the booth, Gordon and Sue, opposite, play a card game of hearts.

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

SUE
I would have slugged him.

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

SUE
(impressed)
Lucielee Hardy!? 

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

LUCIELEE HARDY (48), big-hair, sun-dress, by the POOL, laughing and talking with off-screen Gordon.

ANDREW(V.O.)
It seems, Gordon and Lucielee got to talking about their childhood dogs ...

INT. ANDREW'S NASHVILLE HOME MUSIC ROOM - DAY
Lucielee at piano. Gordon at an adjacent table, writing.

ANDREW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... and the next thing you know ... they were in my music room ... writing that 'dog song' together.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GORDON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

SUE
(surprised)
What dog song?

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

THOMAS
That is for me to know ... and for you to ...

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - EVENING

Andrew instructs Brit on playing the harp.
Niko and Sweetpea work on the puzzle, at table.
Thomas, Godiva, Essi and Duncan play Parcheesi.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sue pulls a Beef Wellington from the oven.
Gordon pecks on his lap top, at the kitchen table.

GORDON
Stanislaw, in Poland, says hello.

SUE
Does he now?

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

SUE
Beef Wellington.

GORDON
Oh my.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS
Tinny Chinese MUSIC, as Mohammed and Lionel peruse buffet.
Lionel wears a jump-suit, sunglasses, and a bandage on his forehead. With tongs, he curiously examines an EGG ROLL.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - EARLY MORNING
Thomas traverses the field, on way out to the carousel.
Brit and Godiva burst out of the house, and run after him.

EXT. CAROUSEL - LATER
Overcast skies.
Brit and Godiva have become Thomas's helpers. Thomas, on his knees, jacks up a depressed section of the platform, while Godiva does the same at another location.

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

  BRIT
  Getting better all the time!
Gordon and Horse arrive from the trailer.

  BRIT(CONT'D)
  Well, Gordon ... how does it look?
Gordon gets on a knee, eyeballs the carousel's levelness.

  GORDON
  Looks pretty level to me.
  (standing)
  Have you all had breakfast?

  GODIVA
  (Eliza Doolittle)
  No, sir! The 'guv-nor'...'ee don't feed us 'noffing.' Ee's a mean and cruel one, 'ee is!

Unable contain himself, for the first time, Thomas LAUGHS.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - LATER
Gordon, Niko, Essi, Andrew, Duncan and Sweetpea are all seated for breakfast.
Sweetpea spies a puzzle piece and places it into puzzle.
From kitchen, Sue enters, and puts BISCUITS on the table.
Niko takes a biscuit and bites into it.

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

Later ... Breakfast winds down. Sue is now seated.

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.

Sweetpea looks up from her book, furrows her brow.

EXT. CAROUSEL - LATER

Brit, on knees, passes welding equipment to Thomas, under the carousel. Brit looks up and observes, from her POV ...

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

... Gordon and Sweetpea walking, headed for road and beach.

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

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

Later ... Gordon stands on beach, looking out to sea.
Sweetpea enters, stands a few feet away from Gordon, and looks out to sea, too.

Later ... Sweetpea walks about the surf-line. A wave takes her by surprise and she leaps away. Gordon, up on dry sand, shrugs and smiles.

Later ... Sweetpea stands at the surf line, looking out to sea. Some spray hits her face, and she wipes some of it away. She looks up, and sees the SUN coming out from behind a cloud. She squints. Water glistens on her face.

Later ... Sweetpea scoops some water, and tastes it. In a raised voice, over surf and wind, she calls up to Gordon ...
SWEETPEA

It's salty!

Later ... Gordon and Sweetpea ascend the embankment, at the other side of the cove.

EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. FIELD OF BLOOMING WILD FLOWERS - LATER

It is now BRIGHT AND SUNNY.

Gordon and Sweetpea cross a small field of wild flowers.

EXT. GORDON'S APPLE ORCHARD - LATER

Beautiful, sunlit APPLE BLOSSOMS, in full bloom.

Gordon, who sits on a roughly made, concrete platform, which is located on the orchards' perimeter, and is used in the apple harvest.

Sweetpea stands nearby.

SWEETPEA

Are there apples?

GORDON

Not until September.

EXT. GORDON'S APPLE ORCHARD - LATER

A series of SHOTS of SWEETPEA in the ORCHARD:

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

-She crosses over to another row. Trees and blossoms everywhere. Everywhere! She stops, absorbing it all.

-Sweetpea stands, holding two handfuls of soil. She rubs her hands together, letting the soil dribble to the ground. She looks at her dirty hands.

-Purposefully, she walks, a dirt smudge on one cheek.

-Sweetpea sits on the ground with her knees up, arms on her knees, forehead on her arms, and face hidden.

-Sweetpea stands before a tree, taking it in. She takes hold of a twig of blossoms and studies them. She smells them. She picks a petal and puts it into her mouth, tasting it.
INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - AFTERNOON

Gordon, Sue, Sweetpea, Andrew, Thomas, Duncan, Brit and Godiva all have lunch sandwiches at the table, while also working on the puzzle.

THOMAS
(deadpanning)
If they hadn't cut it all up into these little 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

Lionel and a Russian SEA CAPTAIN stand ARGUING by the GANGWAY of a SHIP. The Captain animatedly gestures.

SEA CAPTAIN
Nyet! Nyet! Nyet!

Mohammed leans on taxi, with a cup of tea and newspaper.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY AT GORDON'S - LATE AFTERNOON

Sweetpea alights from the stairs up onto the hallway landing and heads for her room, passing a CAT on the way. She stops, turns, and watches the cat go down the stairs.

INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sweetpea enters room, flips on light, closes door. Her dresser catches her attention, and she stands, thinking.

Begin song, THE CAPE, by Guy Clark, OVER the following MONTAGE:

--INT. SWEETPEA'S GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER -- Sweetpea places her TRAVEL BAG on the bed, then stares down at it
Moments later ... Sweetpea sits on the bed, next to travel bag. She looks down at a paperback, in the bag. She takes it out of bag, and holds it with two hands, pondering it.

Moments later ... Sweetpea stands in front of the DRESSER. She slowly opens an empty drawer.

-- EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - AFTERNOON -- SUE stands at the surf line in a one-piece swim suit. She wades into surf, then surges forward, plunging into the sea.

-- EXT. CAROUSEL - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON -- Thomas, in the rain, works on the carousel.

-- INT. SWEETPEA'S BEDROOM AT GORDON'S -- Sweetpea closes a drawer of not-so-neatly-folded clothes.

END SONG AND MONTAGE.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - 6PM
Andrew plays a lilting tune on the piano.
Gordon, Sweetpea and Sue work on the puzzle.
In a comfy chair, Thomas studies welding on a laptop.
Brit and Godiva stampede down the stairs, followed by Duncan, who is carrying textbooks.

BRIT
Duncan's dropping us at The Barb'ry Allen for supper, while he's at class.

GORDON
(not looking up)
Sweetpea. You go, too.

Sweetpea's eyes widen.

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
Ah ...no thanks. I've got some ... calculations to make.

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - 6PM - STILL LIGHT

Under CLEARING SKIES, Duncan's departing car passes the returning Finn's, and they wave out windows to one another.

INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - 6:30PM

Half-full, this week-day evening.

In the rear, Andrew chats and dines with old friends.

At a table, Duncan, Brit, Godiva and Sweetpea dine on burgers, fries, sodas.

Sweetpea inspects her plain burger for any irregularities.

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 ... (smiling) ... or, 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.

Her mouth full of food, Sweetpea stands, shakes his hand.

    SWEETPEA
    Good luck on your test, Duncan!

EXT. GORDON'S PLACE - TWILIGHT

Thomas closes the GATE, crosses the road, headed for beach.

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

Andrew, fiddle in hand, takes the stage, to the light applause of recognition by a few patrons.

At the table ...

Godiva, Brit, Sweetpea continue their meal.

Moments later ... on the stage ...

Andrew plays a melodic celtic tune, which blends in with the din of merriment.

At the table ...


    GODIVA
    We'll be right back, Sweetpea!

Godiva and Brit rise and skip towards 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. Brit gathers up his meal.

    GODIVA
    Won't you join us?

The girls abscond with their 'bounty' back to Sweetpea's table. Vincent, only mildly put-out, follows.
Moments later ... at the table with Sweetpea ...

Brit, Godiva and Vincent sit down with Sweetpea.

GODIVA
Vincent, meet Sweetpea. Sweetpea, meet Vincent.

BRIT
He's a geek, by the way.

GODIVA
Though, I must say ... a rather amusing one.

Vincent smiles awkwardly at Sweetpea.

GODIVA
(examining book)
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.

From the shuffleboard table - a TEENAGE BOY signals to Brit.

At the table ...

BRIT
(waving back, standing)
Hey, Godiva! We're up next!

GODIVA
(rising)
Okay, listen, you two lovebirds ... we're gonna go play some shuffleboard, so ... ah ... 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 they 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 performing on stage.

At table ... Sweetpea reads Vincent's book's back cover.

Vincent arrives, sets down a basket of fried zucchini. He stealthily moves his chair closer to Sweetpea, and sits.

SWEETPEA
(handing book back)

Very interesting.

Sweetpea looks at the basket, furrows her brow.

VINCENT

Fried zucchini.

At the Shuffleboard ...

Brit's 'weight' scurries down the table and knocks an opponent's 'weight' into the gutter.

GODIVA

Yes!

Brit and Godiva pantomime high fives from opposite ends.

At table ...

Sweetpea and Vincent read and munch zucchini.

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Thomas sits in sand, witnessing the NORTHERN LIGHTS.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Gordon and Sue in comfy chairs, a country dinner before them, laid out on a COFFEE TABLE. Sue anticipates Gordon's reaction to her fried chicken, as he takes a bite.

GORDON

Perfection! Seriously, I've never had better.

SUE

Try the baked squash.

INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB AND GRILL - LATER

Dory, Daisy and her husband, Ray, enter the pub.
From stage, Andrew waves his BOW, acknowledging them.

Dory points out the 'reading pair,' Sweetpea and Vincent.

INT. BARB'RY ALLEN PUB AND GRILL - LATER

Wanda, backed by a fiddler and a pianist, performs the song, FOREVERMORE.

WANDA
(singing)
Many years ago, did we walk and not
let go ...

SONG continues over a MONTAGE:

WANDA (V.O.)(CONT'D)
Carried along, by the motion of
song ... While fruits of love, fell
from above ... We took the vow,
that showed us how ... Forevermore
... And, I will love you.[Chorus]

New Verse.

WANDA(V.O.)(CONT'D)
Many years from now, when we stand
and take a bow ... We'll hold each
other tight ... Exit stage right
... And the angels will sing, of
love and spring ... While fruits of
love, await above ... Forevermore.

-- 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, in celebration of their shuffleboard victory.

-- INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - NIGHT -- Gordon and
Sue, in comfy chairs, sip coffee, talk.

-- EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - NIGHT -- Thomas, on the beach,
TALKS on his CELL phone, clearly with his kids.

-- 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, swigs from a bottle of beer, and smiles.
Mohammed, in a billiard chair against the wall, sips tea from a porcelain cup and saucer.

Lionel sets his beer down. He calls a difficult shot, pointing with his cue stick. He shoots and skillfully pockets his ball. He smiles.

Moments later ... A Canadian RED NECK, nearly lying on the table, as his shot requires him to stretch, shoots and misses badly. He then passes out on the table, dead drunk.

Lionel furrows his brow.

Moments later ... Lionel punches a number on his cell phone.

-- INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - NIGHT -- Gordon and Sue talk. Sue answers her PHONE, which sits on a side table.

-- INT. THE BARB'RY ALLEN PUB & GRILL - At table, Sweetpea and Vincent read, munch zucchini. Their hands accidentally, awkwardly collide over the zucchini.

-- EXT. CABABA - NIGHT -- Niko and Essi, dancing the TANGO.

-- EXT. OMAHA SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT -- Walter and a 30-ish TROPHY-GIRLFRIEND, dressed to the max, enter Symphony Hall.

-- INT. ROBERT-JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT -- A GOLF BALL on an expensive oriental rug. A putter strikes the ball and it rolls straight into an artificial golf-hole.

MONTAGE AND SONG END.

INT. GORDON'S LIVING/DINING AREA - LATER

Gordon sits on the floor, leaning against Sue's chair, facing away from her. Sue tousles his hair.

GORDON

The sinking of the Señora Loca brought a conclusion to my career as a fisherman. None too soon, though, as far as I was concerned.

(beat)

And so, it was back to the ranch ... and Francisco the mule.

SUE

Really.

(beat)

So ... new chapter ...

GORDON

Gordon stops thinking ... so much.
Gordon closes his eyes, lowers his head, and puts a hand to the side of his face. It looks as if he might cry, but then he softly chuckles to himself.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Highly overrated things ... are thoughts. Don't you think?

SUE
(dryly)
I'd never thought about it.

GORDON
Subject to becoming repetitious, as well.
(pause)
After a couple of months on the ranch, I handed Francisco's reins over to little Maria ... I'm sure he was glad of that. And loaded up the Airstream. Homeward bound.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY AT GORDON'S - MORNING
Holding a towel, wearing a robe, Sue approaches the bath, as Brit exits, dressed the same, and they nearly bump.

SUE
Oh, good morning! Is it free?

BRIT
Good morning ... yes, it is.

EXT. CANSO CAUSEWAY BRIDGE, CAPE BRETON - MORNING
A STRANGER takes a snap of Lionel and Mohammed,, smiling, the 'WELCOME TO CAPE BRETON' SIGN behind them.

EXT. CAROUSEL - AFTERNOON
Bright Sunshine.
Godiva and Brit standby watching, as Thomas and Gordon work.

A 16 foot long piece of angle iron rests upon, and bisects the platform - now ABSOLUTELY LEVEL - extending four feet from either side.

THOMAS
I'll weld it in six places.

GORDON
That should do it.
Thomas flips down his welding mask.

GORDON (CONT'D)
(warning)
Don't look girls.

BRIT
(in mock fear)
Take cover! He's got the death ray, again!

The girls dramatically scramble for 'cover.'

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Alone, on blanket, Sue suns herself, leaning against a boulder, a wine bottle by her side, a cup in her hand.

EXT. CAROUSEL - LATER

Thomas finishes welding, raises mask up.

Nearby ... VINCENT'S CAR pulls up.

Vincent gets out and takes an exotic KITE from the back seat. He 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
Eh ...?

VINCENT
I'm Vincent ... ah ... Broaddus.

GORDON
Broaddus? Oh, yes, I know your people.
(beat)
Ah ... Grace ...?

VINCENT
Yeah, that was my gran.
THOMAS
A kite?

VINCENT
Yes. We were going to fly it down on the beach, this afternoon.

Thomas moves to have a closer look at the kite.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I made it from scratch. It wasn't from 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 some sand paper. It's real silk. An ancient design.

GORDON
Very impressive, Vincent!

EXT. GORDON'S BEACH - LATER
Sue sips wine. She sights Vincent and Sweetpea arriving down on the beach, some thirty yards away.

SUE'S POV of the following ... under bright sunlight ...

-- Sweetpea carries the kite. Vincent carries a BLANKET and a THERMOS and a small KIT BAG.

-- Moments later ... Vincent battles the wind getting the blanket spread out.

-- Wanting to help, Sweetpea sets the kite down. The kite blows away, and they chase it. Vincent catches it.

-- Moments later ... The kite secured, Sweetpea and Vincent, together, successfully get the blanket laid out.

-- Moments later ... Down near surf, Sweetpea holds the kite, as Vincent tosses sand into the air, checking wind.

-- Some sand gets in Sweetpea's eyes and Vincent comes to her aid, placing his hand on her shoulder. Sweetpea startles, but she quickly recovers.

Sue is emotionally moved.
Vincent takes the STRING and a KITE/CONTROLLER/HANDLE from the kit bag and attaches them to the kite.

They both walk down to the water's edge with the kite.

Moments later ... Sweetpea holds the kite as Vincent walks back up the beach, letting out string as he goes. Vincent stops and signals Sweetpea to hold the kite up high, as he is ready to run-with-it.

Back to Sue's POV ...

-- Vincent runs off as Sweetpea lets go of kite, and immediately the kite is beautifully airborne.

-- SUDDENLY, something SNAPS inside of Sweetpea. She breaks into an amazing, CELEBRATORY DANCE OF JOY! She runs in circles! She flings her arms up! She jumps up and down!

Unable to contain herself, Sweetpea kicks at the surf, and stomps around in it!

Tears of joy stream down Sue's face.

Sweetpea runs up to Vincent and unabashedly hugs him.

Vincent hands the kite over to Sweetpea. She freezes some, then gains confidence. Vincent gives her a pointer or two.

Sweetpea senses Sue's presence. She turns and locates Sue. She waves and smiles.

Sue shields her eyes and happily waves back.

Sweetpea gives the kite back to Vincent.

Sweetpea jogs up the beach, to stand some fifteen feet from Sue.

Sue and Sweetpea happily commune for a few moments. Then, Sweetpea speaks forthrightly, in a raised voice, above wind and sea.

SWEETPEA
Things have been pretty complicated for me, the past 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.

Sweetpea pauses.
SWEETPEA(CONT'D)
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.

Sue reacts to that.

SWEETPEA(CONT'D)
They loved my big sister, Molly, so much, you see that her loss was just more than they could bear.

(beat, feeling it)
I understand! I do understand! It isn't easy... being a person... for anyone!

(short pause)
But, I very much needed them to...

(pause)
... take care of me... as best they could. Seeing as how I was there and all.

SUE
(voice cracking)
Yes, ... they could have done that.

Sweetpea takes a couple of steps forward.

SWEETPEA
I've decided to make some improvements.

(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?

Tears stream down Sue's face.

SUE
Yes, I will, my darling!
SWEETPEA
Good. Gordon's going to be my friend, too.

Sweetpea turns, looks up at the kite. She turns back to Sue - beaming - a BIG SMILE.

Sweetpea turns and runs off some, then stops. She turns back to face Sue, again.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)
(almost shouting)
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 wipes a single, joyful tear away, then spreads her arms wide in self-promotion.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)
Well, here she be!

IMMEDIATELY, THE SONG, DANCE YOU CHOOSE, PLAYS OVER THE SCENE.

Sweetpea turns and runs back down the beach to Vincent.

A SHOT of the kite, beautiful in the sky.

THE SONG CONTINUES INTO AND OVER THE FOLLOWING SCENES, THROUGH TO THE "CUT TO:"

EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR GORDON'S BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Ernest, sitting with his dog on a hillside, looks up and spies the kite in the sky, and smiles.

EXT. WANDA'S HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Wanda, hanging her laundry out to dry, looks down the coastline and sees the kite, and smiles.

Wanda points the out the kite to BOY ONE, Wanda's son, sitting against a stone wall, reading his western. He smiles.

EXT. CAROUSEL - AFTERNOON

Sue, Sweetpea, Vincent, Andrew, Dory, Essi, Niko, and Duncan standby, watching with anticipation as ...

... Gordon and Thomas work together tethering Horse to the ANGLE IRON. Finishing the job, they stand back.
Godiva and Brit sit on carousel ponies, raring to go.
Gordon takes the Horse's lead ... 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, smiling, shakes Thomas's hand.
Dory gives Thomas a two-handed back-slap.
LONG SHOT of Mohammed's TAXI pulling up to the carousel.
Lionel, smiling, and Mohammed, exit taxi and head to others.
Dory turns, sees Lionel and nearly faints.
Sue and Sweetpea smile brightly at Lionel.
Lionel spreads his arms WIDE, smiles broadly.
END SONG.
OVER BLACK. Sweetpea softly sings, SWEETPEA'S SONG.

SWEETPEA(O.S.)
Ready, steady hometown girl ...

EXT. APPLE TREE IN GORDON'S APPLE ORCHARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS
A SUNNY AUTUMN DAY.
Gorgeous red apples, ready for picking, hang from a tree.
On a ladder, Sweetpea's forearms appear, as she continues to sing ...

SWEETPEA(CONT'D)
... Somebody's gonna love ya 'cause ya got that smile ... Oh, yeah!
Sweetpea picks an apple and places it into her shoulder-bag.
EXT. PERIMETER OF GORDON'S APPLE ORCHARD - CONTINUOUS
Gordon stands at concrete platform, shifting baskets of apples.
Sue emerges from the orchard carrying a basket of apples.