

GONE AGAIN

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FADE IN:

INT. PETER PAN BUS - DAY

A dull-green cigarette lighter hammered out of an empty bullet shell-casing is held in a woman's hand. She nervously flips it back and forth.

TERRY O'MALLEY, a pale, fit woman in her mid-20s stares blankly out the bus window. It's a sunny April day, trees in bloom. Through her partial reflection, we see quick views along the Massachusetts Turnpike: Sturbridge rest-stop with obscene gas prices, long stretches of woods, an improvised grave for a perished motorist, State Police Station, a perched hawk, pro-hemp billboard, a small dead animal, a shrine to Mary.

We hear A BARRAGE OF GUNSHOTS AND SOUNDS OF BATTLE. As the noise slowly seeps into Terry's consciousness, she turns to see:

A LITTLE BOY in the seat next to her playing a hand-held video game. His fingers dash across the buttons, expertly intent on the violent war game. Looking back out the window, she sees a car pass with a yellow ribbon 'Support Our Troops' magnet on the back. Terry is lost in thought for a moment 'til -

MOTHER(O.S.)

Lucas, turn the sound off. You're bothering the lady.

Lucas glances up at Terry, smiling.

LUCAS

Am I bothering you?

TERRY

(flat)

It's okay.

He turns off the sound and continues playing in silence. Terry's gaze returns out the window as the bus zooms through the Cambridge tolls heading into Boston. She hears the rhythmic CLICKING of Lucas's fingers as he continues playing.

INT. BUS - SOUTH STATION - DAY

Lucas trails his mother and BROTHER as they descend from the bus. Terry follows, an army-issue duffle bag thrown over her shoulder.

EXT. BUS - SOUTH STATION - DAY

Lucas catches Terry's eye as he waits for his family's bags to be unloaded.

LUCAS

'bye.

Terry's lips tighten slightly and she nods to him. She looks to his mother, who glares back at her, unsmiling.

Terry pulls her bag close to her body, turning towards -

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

She pauses by the stairs leading down to the Red Line T, decides against it and cuts off across the highway at a brisk clip.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

Terry passes the Chinatown arch and enters a nondescript bar.

INT. CHINATOWN BAR - DAY

Dark and dingy, the bar features a clientele of glum professional drinkers, exclusively Asian. A few men note Terry's unwelcome presence then hunker back into themselves. Incongruously perky CANTO-POP MUSIC blares from the jukebox. Terry dumps her duffle at her feet as she hoists herself onto a bar stool. The BARTENDER grudgingly acknowledges her presence.

TERRY

Gimme a Bud and a shot of Jack.

The Bartender moves off silently. Terry pulls a crumpled twenty out of her pocket, smooths it out and positions it in front of her like a placemat.

When the drinks are placed before Terry, she remains motionless, studying the offering. Her change is plopped down on the bar and she doesn't budge.

Sensing the lingering bartender's stare, she glances up at him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hold your horses.

He shrugs and moves off. She picks up the whiskey, inhales its aroma, appreciates the color, and shoots it down. Her eyes narrow as she feels the warmth move through her body. She takes a long draught off the beer then plucks out a cigarette and lights it with the green metal lighter.

A SHARP WHISTLE comes from the bartender. Terry looks to see him impatiently tap an index finger against his lips. She ignores him and pulls a long drag off the cigarette. He mutters something sharp in Mandarin.

Another long draught empties the beer and Terry raps the empty bottle and shot glass simultaneously on the bar before her. The bartender glares at Terry who has the cigarette clenched between her lips. She smirks. Muttering dismissively, he refills the shot and delivers a fresh Bud.

Terry savors the small victory, sucks the cigarette down to the filter and drops the butt into the empty bottle. She downs the shot, snags a couple of bucks off the bar and makes her somewhat-wobbly way over to the jukebox.

A quartet of OFF-DUTY FIREMEN bangs noisily into the bar. JIMMY WEBER, a dark-haired stringbean, eyes Terry.

JIMMY

How ya' doin'?

No reaction as Terry proceeds to feed the bills into the jukebox. She scans the Asian songs to find one oldie from Bobbie Gentry. She punches in that selection five times.

At the bar, Terry clicks down her empty glass. The bartender reluctantly refills it.

BARTENDER

Last one.

Terry jerks her head down in a mock-Asian bow.

TERRY

Hi!

He stares at her and speaks slowly and deliberately.

BARTENDER

That's Japanese, asshole.

TERRY

"Hi?" Naw, just short for "hello."  
(another mock bow)

Hi!

BARTENDER  
(with finality)  
Last one!

He moves off but keeps an eye on Terry. Jimmy takes the stool next to her.

JIMMY  
Buy you a drink?

Terry gives him a withering look.

TERRY  
I have a drink.

JIMMY  
Buy your next drink, then.

She sucks down the shot and slaps the empty glass down in front of him.

TERRY  
Knock yourself out.

He waves to the bartender as Terry drinks her beer. The Bartender shakes off the request but Jimmy gives him a pleading gesture. He turns to Terry.

JIMMY  
My name's Jimmy.

She ignores him, shoving her change into her pocket. The Bartender looks to Jimmy as he refills her glass a final time.

BARTENDER  
That's it! She's gone.

JIMMY  
Ahh, she's cool. She's with me.

Terry stares him down, unflinching.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(extending his hand)  
Jimmy Weber.

She leaves him hanging and downs the shot. As she eases herself off the stool, Jimmy grabs her by the elbow-

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
-Hey, don't I even get a "thank you."

Terry shrugs off his grip and goes to grab her duffle. He makes a lunge for her arm, gripping it tightly. Terry jerks away and slams her elbow up into Jimmy's nose. There is a CRACK and blood flows freely.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Holy fuck!!

TERRY  
"Thank you!"

Jimmy's BUDDIES rush over. The Bartender starts yelling in Mandarin, waving Terry towards the door. Jimmy grabs up some napkins to staunch the flow of blood.

BARTENDER  
--You go, now! You go- Now!!

Terry staggers a bit as she heads for the street, misses a step and falls on her ass. One of Jimmy's pals hauls her roughly to her feet. She jerks away.

TERRY  
Hands off, pussy.

He shoves her toward the door. She whirls around and swings for his chin, misses the mark and falls down again. This time Jimmy pulls her to her feet.

JIMMY  
Chill the fuck out!

Her eyes narrow and she vomits down the front of his shirt.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Morning sun pours in through the window. Terry squints herself to consciousness through the pain of a nasty hangover. She blinks the room into view: an armchair with a man's bathrobe draped over it, some weights, dresser with framed photos, night table with a large stack of books. She crawls out of bed, clad only in her underwear. She grapples into the bathrobe. The sound of CLINKING DISHES comes from the other room.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Terry emerges unsteadily from the bedroom to see Jimmy doing the dishes. He has a bandage across his nose and two black eyes. She goes for him.

TERRY  
What the fuck am I doing here?

JIMMY

Whoa, whoa.

She shoves him against the wall but he swiftly reverses her grip and restrains her, holding her arms tightly behind her back. They are nose to nose.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Enough. Stop it!

TERRY

Let go of me.

JIMMY

You calm down and act like a human being, I'll let you go.

TERRY

(struggling)

Yeah- okay, let go.

He loosens his grip and she goes for him again. He gets her back under restraint.

JIMMY

Jesus. What the hell is wrong with you?

TERRY

I wake up naked in your bed. What the fuck?

JIMMY

For God's sake, you weren't naked.

TERRY

Where are my goddam clothes?

JIMMY

In the laundry. Jesus!

TERRY

And you just-

JIMMY

-and I just put you in my bed, alone. Though the vomit was a complete turn-on.

TERRY

Why?

JIMMY  
Why what-?

TERRY  
Why'd you bring me here?

JIMMY  
'Cause you're so damn hot.

TERRY  
Up yours.

JIMMY  
'Cause I didn't want you to get  
arrested.

TERRY  
Why not? I broke your goddam nose.  
Why do you give a shit?

JIMMY  
'Cause you're a vet. Okay?

She stops struggling and he loosens his grip on her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Support our troops- and fuck you,  
by the way.

TERRY  
I'm going.

She disappears into the bedroom then comes right back out.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Where are my clothes?

JIMMY  
-Laundry.

She spots her duffle over by the apartment door and yanks  
clean jeans and a t-shirt from it. She glances back at Jimmy  
who watches her with some amusement.

TERRY  
You got coffee?

JIMMY  
Yeah.

TERRY  
--Could I have a cup?



JIMMY

Ha! Now you want a drink from me.

TERRY

Forget it.

She heads to the bedroom with her clothes, closing the door and locking it behind her. Jimmy pours out a cup of coffee.

JIMMY

Man, you've got a bug up your ass.  
You'd think I broke your nose.

He walks over to the closed door.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Why don't you take a shower? Your  
clothes will be dry by then.

He bangs on the door.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Here's your damn coffee.

She pulls open the door and eyes Jimmy. She grabs for the coffee but he won't let it go. She tugs again, then-

TERRY

-thanks.

He releases the cup to her. She goes back into the bedroom and locks the door.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Terry supports herself with an arm against the wall of the shower allowing the water to beat down on the back of her inclined head.

Later, Terry wipes the steam from the bathroom mirror and stares into her dull, bloodshot eyes.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Wet hair pulled back behind her ears, a crisper Terry reappears. Jimmy looks up from his coffee and paper.

JIMMY

Better.

She sets her coffee cup on the kitchen table and spots her lighter sitting there. She snatches it up and shoves it into her pocket.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
That thing's old. World War One?

TERRY  
Yeah.

JIMMY  
It work?

TERRY  
Yeah - where's my wallet?

JIMMY  
Side pocket of your duffle, Private O'Malley.

She freezes, turns to face him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I thought you looked familiar.  
Those grainy photos really don't do you justice.

She glares at him.

TERRY  
Now what?

JIMMY  
What?

TERRY  
Whattaya want from me?

JIMMY  
Man, I don't want a thing from you.

TERRY  
Yeah- you'd be the first.

She shoves the clothes Jimmy washed and folded for her into her duffle then yanks out and pockets her wallet. She pulls on her boots and quickly laces them up.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Now you got a story. 'Torture Terry' broke my nose. Sell it to Fox.

She hoists the duffle on her shoulder.

JIMMY  
You don't have to go.

She throws the duffle to the ground.

TERRY  
What the fuck? What do you want  
from me?

JIMMY  
Nothing. I told you. Nothing!

TERRY  
You want an autograph? You want to  
fuck me? I could use a good fuck.

JIMMY  
I'm not the enemy, here.

TERRY  
That's good. We both know what I  
do to the enemy.

She hoists up her duffle and pulls open the front door.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
You're a fucking Saint.  
(a bit softer)  
I shouldn't have busted your nose.  
Sorry.

She pulls the door closed behind her.

JIMMY  
(quietly)  
There, that wasn't so hard now, was  
it?

EXT. JIMMY'S BUILDING - SOUTH BOSTON - DAY

Terry bangs out the front door of Jimmy's apartment building and freezes. She looks around trying to get her bearings in the unfamiliar neighborhood.

TERRY  
Where the fuck am I?

She lights up a cigarette, makes a random choice of direction, and hikes off.

## INT. SUBWAY - DAY

The Red Line train emerges from underground. Terry stands in the half-full car, her duffle wedged between her legs. Swaying a bit, she looks hot and queasy.

In the distance, are the oil tanks with the abstract painting of Ho Chi Minh that once caused a local scandal. U Mass Boston is off to the left. Ten-pin bowling off to the right. A banner hangs from a chain-link fence: WELCOME HOME PVT. APONTE. Terry eyes an assortment of South Shore types in the car: young girls wearing too much make-up, blue-collar workers in uniform, a couple of suits, students, Herald-readers sucking down Dunkin' Donuts iced coffee.

Terry wipes some sweat from her brow and glances up toward the air vent in the car. It appears to be blowing.

## EXT. DORCHESTER - DAY

Terry walks past various shops, a firehouse, an elementary school. Kids are out on the playground. Two boys shove each other back and forth 'til one of them tumbles over.

## EXT. HONEST MAN PUB - DAY

Terry stops in front of a bar that sports some vague Irish flourish on the façade. The sign reads THE HONEST MAN. She hesitates, then-

The door swings open abruptly and RALPH, a stout pink-faced man totters out. Terry turns so he won't see her face.

RALPH  
 (yelling back into the  
 bar)  
 Emerald green, my ass. That's  
 Forest Green!

MARTY(O.S.)  
 It's Emerald, douchebag. See ya'  
 later.

The man wanders away but continues the dispute.

RALPH  
 Forest Green! Calls me a  
 douchebag. He's the douchebag.

Terry takes a deep breath and enters.

INT. HONEST MAN PUB - DAY

Terry blinks as her eyes adjust to the dim light.

The empty bar is not fancy but it isn't a dump either. The tables have been pulled away from one wall to accommodate a tarp, ladder and cans of dark green paint.

Terry stands awkwardly in the middle of the room. She drops her duffle.

MAUREEN MADIGAN, known to all who know her as MO, comes out from the kitchen. She is a woman in her mid-50's, dressed in a bright floral blouse, her face a bit taut and pink from an earlier life spent drinking. She is carrying a paint tray and roller. She stops abruptly upon seeing Terry.

MO

Holy crap- you scared me. I didn't  
hear you-  
(recognizing her)  
Terry --

TERRY

Mo -

MO

When did you get back? Wait, hold  
on. Lemme get Marty.

Mo sets the tray on the end of the bar and disappears into the kitchen. Terry looks around, her gaze coming to rest on a Purple Heart Medal hanging above the mirror behind the bar. Above it is a black and white photo of a group of US Soldiers smiling on a beach in Vietnam. Then-

Out lopes MARTY O'MALLEY, pulling off a white apron. He's solid, gray and in his mid-60's - a man never caught off-balance.

He and Terry size each other up for a moment. Finally-

MARTY

What can I get you?

TERRY

A beer.

He grabs a glass and draws her a Harp.

MARTY

(lying)  
You look good.

TERRY

Uh-huh.

MARTY

Why didn't you tell me you were getting out?

No response. He sets her pint on the bar. She doesn't budge.

TERRY

What's with Mo? She working here now?

(off his glare)

What is she- your new interior decorator?

MARTY

(a moment)

-Sit down.

She goes for the beer, then retreats back to a table. She takes a long swig, feeling it go down.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You hungry?

Terry shakes her head no. He exits into the kitchen.

She drains the beer. We hear traffic noises outside- a DISTANT SIREN, HONKING. Terry fidgets a bit then unzips her duffle, yanks out a plastic bag and sets it on the chair beside her. Marty re-enters with a basket of fries.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Here-

He sets them on the bar. Again, they stare at each other. She doesn't move. He picks up the fries and brings them to her, grabbing a bottle of ketchup off another table. He waits for her to eat one.

MARTY (CONT'D)

They're good. New kind of oil. No trans-fats-- I'm making some changes.

TERRY

I noticed.

MARTY

New paint, new chairs. Stripped and refinished the bar. That's oak, you know.

TERRY

Uh-huh.

MARTY

They just opened up a Bennigan's down the road. Now, I've got competition.

TERRY

You think you're competing with Bennigan's?

MARTY

Yeah. That's why I'm sprucing the place up. Make this into a real Irish pub.

TERRY

This is a bar. You open at 10:00 a.m. to serve the local drunks-

MARTY

Hey! I'll have you know, we open at 10:30 now.

She almost smiles. He stares at her.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Eat a god-damned French fry!

She studies the basket of fries.

TERRY

(rising)

I gotta go.

She grabs her bag and almost makes it to the door.

MARTY

Shit! You gonna ask about Alice?

She pauses for a moment, keeping her back to him, then pushes out the door. Mo comes out of the kitchen and places a hand on Marty's arm. He spots the plastic bag Terry left behind on the chair, grabs it up and yanks out a plush stuffed cow. He turns it to look at the face and it suddenly emits a loud MEUUHH, startling him. He almost chuckles.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

INT. JENSON'S ROOMING HOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

A few over-stuffed armchairs with thinning upholstery, a coffee table with out-of-date magazines, and a haggard dozing boarder adorn the lobby of an old school boarding house. The obese owner-manager STIG JENSON is planted behind a dark wooden reception desk.

JENSON

How long you stayin'?

TERRY

I'll pay for the first week now.  
Okay?

Jenson nods. Terry peels off several bills from her thin bankroll and exchanges them for a pair of keys. He indicates the bigger key.

JENSON

(rote)

Front door gets locked at 11. Same key for the back door. You can pick up mail at the front desk. No overnight guests. No smokin' in the rooms. No stinky cooking. Especially curry. Got it?

TERRY

Got it.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM - DAY

BANGING, RATTLING of the lock as Terry battles with the swollen old door. A LOUD WACK and the door bursts open.

JENSON(O.S.)

Hey, whattaya doin' up there?  
Careful.

TERRY

Door was stuck.

JENSON(O.S.)

Well, you gotta finesse it.

She enters and gently shuts the door behind her. It's a dingy room with a lumpy bed, a cheap desk and a mass-produced seascape painting on the wall. She drops her bag and goes into the bathroom. We hear PEEING, then a FLUSH.



EXT. DORCHESTER STREETS - EVENING

Terry is jogging through the old neighborhood. She passes the elementary school and playground. It's empty except for a few teenagers lounging on the slide and swings, smoking. On a residential block, an old Victorian is undergoing a major rehab. A few doors down is a home untouched since the 70's with pristine aluminum siding and neatly-trimmed shrubs. A plaque reading O'MALLEY hangs by the front door.

Terry slows to a stop and peers in through a window where a 3-year old blonde-haired girl sits cross-legged on the floor watching television. Terry stands and stares. The little girl laughs and shoves a handful of popcorn in her mouth.

INT. BENNIGAN'S - NIGHT

Terry is waiting tables. She approaches a family perusing the menus.

TERRY

(flat)

Welcome to Bennigan's. My name is Terry and I'll be your server.

FATHER

Hello, Terry.

TERRY

Can I get you something to drink?

FATHER

Yes, my wife will have a diet soda.

He addresses his young SON.

FATHER(CONT'D)

Michael, tell Terry what you want to drink.

Michael murmurs almost inaudibly. Terry looks to the father for help and gets nothing, then back to Michael.

TERRY

What would you like to drink?

MICHAEL

(softly)

You tell her, Daddy.

FATHER

Come on now, you know what you want.

(MORE)

FATHER (CONT'D)

Be a grown-up and tell Terry what you want to drink.

(silence)

Come on.

Terry glances anxiously at another table waving for her attention.

TERRY

(to Father)

Can you just tell me what he wants?

FATHER

No. Michael will tell you.

Michael- speak up!

Michael begins to cry. Terry looks to the bar and sees her MANAGER taking this all in.

TERRY

I can come back -

FATHER

No! Now Michael, this is childish behavior! Stop it right now. Tell Tammy what you want to drink.

Michael cries louder as Terry looks to the father.

FATHER (CONT'D)

He wants a milk!

(to Michael)

Happy, Michael? Are you gonna act like a five-year old forever?

Terry catches the Mother's eye. A sad, apologetic smile then she quickly glances back down at the table.

TERRY

I'll get those drinks now.

INT. DORCHESTER SAVINGS BANK - DAY

Terry places a corporate check and a large stack of bills, mostly singles, on the BANK LADY's desk.

BANK LADY

Tips?

TERRY

Yeah - I'm a stripper.

Not sure if this is a joke, the Bank Lady half-chuckles as she lays out the paperwork. Terry enjoys her discomfort.

BANK LADY

Okay then, here's your account number and starter checks. Your regular checks and ATM card will be sent to you via the United States Postal Service.

(rising)

I'll be right back with your receipt.

Terry sits alone at the desk. An ELDERLY MAN fills out a deposit slip. He suddenly looks up and stares straight at her, a confused look on his face. Her jaw clenched tight, she challenges his gaze until he looks back down and enters a figure on the deposit slip. Terry relaxes and slowly exhales. The Bank Lady returns.

BANK LADY (CONT'D)

Here's your deposit receipt. Thank you for choosing Dorchester Savings Bank. Is there anything else I can do for you today?

TERRY

No - thanks.

The Bank Lady extends her hand with a genuine smile.

BANK LADY

Good luck to you.

Terry reluctantly shakes her hand.

TERRY

-thanks.

She heads for the door.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Terry steps out of the bank and freezes. Pedestrians rush by in a blur, occasionally glancing at Terry. She shifts awkwardly for several long moments, breathing rapidly, starting to hyperventilate. She digs the shell-casing lighter out of her pocket and lights up a cigarette, takes a deep drag, then hurries down the street.

INT. TERRY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Terry is rinsing her hair in the sink. On the counter is an empty box of hair dye, plastic bottle, stained rubber gloves.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM - DAY

Terry sits on the edge of her bed with a towel around her head. She is eating take-out Chinese food straight from the carton and thumbing through a crumpled news magazine from the lobby. She flips past anything journalistic, lingering on the ads. On the Newsmakers page, a story about the infidelities of an obscure pop diva catches her attention.

Suddenly, she tears up. She attempts another bite of food but starts to sob. Disgusted, she puts down the food and grabs her cigarettes and lighter off the nightstand. She wedges herself onto the radiator by the window, twisting her body into an absurd position so she can exhale her smoke out the open window without falling out.

JENSON(O.S.)  
Hey, who's smoking up there?

INT. BENNIGAN'S - DAY

We see a pair of young men from Terry's POV.

YOUNG MAN  
(staring at Terry)  
Chili Cheeseburger - medium. Onion  
rings and a coke.

BUDDY  
(also staring)  
How's the meatloaf?

TERRY(O.S.)  
It's good.

BUDDY  
Good, huh? Can I ask you  
something?

TERRY(O.S.)  
(tired)  
-yeah, sure.

BUDDY  
Is that your natural color?

He cracks up at his own hilarity. Angle on Terry to reveal a greenish-blond tint to her hair.

TERRY  
No. This was a choice.

BUDDY  
 Hey, I like it. Sets off your  
 eyes.  
 (cracks up again)  
 I'll have the meatloaf and a Bud.

TERRY  
 Yeah.

She tucks her pad into her apron.

BUDDY  
 Hey, I know you, don't I?

TERRY  
 No.

BUDDY  
 You from around here?

TERRY  
 (moving away)  
 I'll get your drinks.

INT. BENNIGAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

The DAY MANAGER heads her off.

MANAGER  
 Everything okay?

TERRY  
 Yeah, great.

MANAGER  
 Do something about the hair. It  
 puts people off their food.

She drops off the order slip and looks back at the table to see the young man and his buddy in an animated discussion, throwing glances her way.

INT. HONEST MAN PUB - EVENING

Terry, wearing a Red Sox cap, enters the half-full bar. The walls have all been painted emerald green, a considerable improvement over the smoke-stained off-white.

CLAIRE, a very pregnant young Latina, is working the bar. Terry grabs a stool and catches her eye.

TERRY  
Harp, please.

Marty spots her from the far end of the bar and moves to the tap.

MARTY  
I got it, Claire.  
(as he draws the beer)  
Jesus, what did you do to your hair?

TERRY  
(pulling her cap down)  
I'm trying to match your walls - Forest Green.

MARTY  
-Emerald Green.

TERRY  
Whatever.

He sets the beer in front of her and waits.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
-I just wanted to let you know I've got a room over at Jenson's-

MARTY  
Okay.

TERRY  
(hands him a slip of paper)  
Here's the number if you need to reach me. And I got a job?

MARTY  
Good.

TERRY  
-Waitressing.

MARTY  
Uh-huh.

TERRY  
At Bennigan's.

No reaction. Marty pockets the paper and stares at her. Finally-

TERRY (CONT'D)  
How's Alice?

MARTY  
It's about time you asked.

He holds her gaze a long time before responding.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
She's good.

TERRY  
(expecting more)  
Yeah?

MARTY  
Yeah- She liked the cow.

TERRY  
Great-

Marty just stares, giving her nothing.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
What d'you want from me?

MARTY  
Nothing. I don't want nothing from  
you.

He starts to move off down the bar.

TERRY  
(angry)  
Hey-

He stops and studies her, then draws in close.

MARTY  
I don't think you're ready.

TERRY  
What does that mean?

MARTY  
You're not ready to spend time with  
Alice. You gotta get yourself  
together first. Then, we'll see.

TERRY  
--Bullshit!

MARTY  
You got no choice.

TERRY  
I'm her mother!

MARTY  
You gave birth to her.

Terry leaps off her stool and sweeps the pint glass off the bar, smashing it against the wall. She is trembling with anger.

TERRY  
-fuck.

The bar goes quiet. Marty doesn't budge, just holds her glare. Her anger subsiding, she turns to leave. Just as she reaches the door she slams into MIKE BUTLER.

MIKE  
Whoa- watch out there.  
(recognizing her)  
Hey, Terry. Hey, good to see you.

She makes to push by him but he grabs her by the shoulders.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
It's Mike- Mike Butler. Jeez, I  
guess fame has gone to your head.

TERRY  
(looking him in the eye)  
Let me go, Mike.

MIKE  
Man, you were all over the papers.  
Your face was everywhere.

She pulls away. He tightens his grip.

TERRY  
(quietly)  
Mike.

MIKE  
You did time, huh?

TERRY  
(she stops struggling)  
Last chance.

MIKE  
(holding firm)  
You got fucked! What'd you do they  
didn't deserve? They should have  
given you a medal.



Terry breaks out of his grip abruptly, slamming him against the wall and jamming his wrist up into the center of his back. He howls out for the entertainment of the bar.

MIKE(CONT'D)  
Owww - uncle, uncle. I give, I give. Mercy!

He giggles as she releases him. Everyone in the bar is focused on her. She locks eyes with Marty, then she's gone.

MIKE(CONT'D)  
(chuckling)  
Tee O'Malley- sweet!

EXT. WATERFRONT - EVENING

Running along the river, Terry sweats heavily, pushing herself harder and harder. Her breath quickens as she breaks into a sprint, zipping past a YOUNG WOMAN with a baby stroller. She cuts through the landfill park, dashing full speed up to the water's edge. She skids to a halt and doubles over, gasping for breath. She straightens up, then jumps into the bay.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Still in her soggy running clothes, Terry hauls herself up the stairs to her room. She is clutching a CVS bag.

She passes MINNIE, an elderly resident struggling with several bags of groceries. Terry stops, then turns back to her.

TERRY  
Here, lemme help you.

MINNIE  
I'd appreciate that.

Terry wrestles two bags into her arms and starts up the stairs.

MINNIE(CONT'D)  
I usually don't mind stairs except for-

She nods to the bundles.

MINNIE(CONT'D)  
At least the climb made me give up smoking. I'm on the fourth.

TERRY  
Me, too.

MINNIE  
When did you move in?

TERRY  
I've been here two weeks.

MINNIE  
I've been here too long.

Minnie pushes through the door into-

INT. ROOMING HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

MINNIE  
Chlorine?

TERRY  
What?

MINNIE  
Your hair. Chlorine turn it green  
like that?

TERRY  
Nah, stupidity turned it green like  
that. I'm about to try again.

Terry indicates the CVS bag.

MINNIE  
(nods to door)  
I'm right here.

Terry sets down the bags.

MINNIE(CONT'D)  
I worked in a salon about thirty  
years ago, if you need any help.

TERRY  
I can manage. Thanks.

MINNIE  
Thank you.  
(extends her hand)  
My name's Minnie.

Terry softens as she takes her hand.

TERRY  
Glad to meet you, Minnie.

INT. TERRY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Terry chops aggressively into her hair with a pair of scissors. She grabs the new hair dye out of the CVS bag.

Twenty minutes later, she bends over the sink, washing dye out of her hair. She stands up to examine the results in mirror. Her hair is a headache-inducing platinum.

TERRY  
Awww, maaaaan!

INT. MINNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Minnie squeezes dye into Terry's hair.

MINNIE  
Best to go dark again. You strip away any more color and your hair is just going to die.

TERRY  
mmmm.

Minnie sets down the bottle of dye. She rips off a length of Saran Wrap and creates a plastic turban on Terry's head.

MINNIE  
We'll just let that cook for awhile.

She stares at Terry.

TERRY  
(uncomfortable)  
What is it?

MINNIE  
I was just thinking the last time I colored hair was when everyone wanted the 4-F.

TERRY  
What's the 4-F?

MINNIE  
Farrah Fawcett: Frosted and Feathered!

Terry bursts out laughing. A little too loud, a little too long. Minnie takes notice.

Half an hour later, Minnie and Terry sit sipping scotch on the rocks. Minnie is perched in an armchair. Terry sits in a wooden kitchen chair. Her wet hair is now a nice mahogany brown, very close to her original shade.

Minnie's room is cozy and warm, filled with framed pictures, a handmade quilt on the bed, a beautiful old roll-top desk. The decor reflects someone who has had to downsize an entire lifetime of belongings and memories into one room.

TERRY

(toasting)

Thanks, you saved me from the freak show.

MINNIE

My pleasure.

TERRY

You've made this place look nice.

MINNIE

All this was my husband's. He was a furniture maker.

TERRY

(Terry looks to desk)

It's beautiful.

MINNIE

He died two years ago. Cancer.

TERRY

Oh.

MINNIE

He was a difficult man but I miss him like hell.

(following Terry's gaze to a photo)

My brother, Karl. My twin actually. Fraternal, not identical. Guess that goes without saying. He's dead. Twelve years. Pancreatic cancer.

TERRY

It's none of my business. I don't mean to pry.

MINNIE  
Who's prying? I'm offering.

Terry looks at the framed portrait of a handsome young man in a Marine uniform.

MINNIE (CONT'D)  
My son, Spencer. He's gone, too.

TERRY  
Oh.

MINNIE  
Murdered-

TERRY  
God.

MINNIE  
They say "Killed in action."  
I say "murdered."

A silence then Terry abruptly sets down her scotch. She rises and moves toward the door.

TERRY  
I gotta go.

MINNIE  
How long have you been back?

TERRY  
(stopping)  
What?

MINNIE  
From the war. How long have you been back from- where? Iraq? Afghanistan?

TERRY  
How did -?  
(a pained smile)  
Iraq. Almost three years.

MINNIE  
Three years? Looks fresher than that.

Terry doesn't respond.

MINNIE (CONT'D)  
Listen, maybe we could do a movie night sometime.  
(MORE)

MINNIE(CONT'D)

I have a DVD player. You could bring the popcorn.

TERRY

I don't know - maybe.

Terry shifts uncomfortably then escapes out the door.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM - MORNING

Darkened room with morning sun peeping in through the shade. Sound of KNOCKING at the door. Then, LOUDER KNOCKING.

The sound finally penetrates Terry's sleep and she rouses herself. She clamors out of bed and wobbles to the door, opening it to reveal-

MO

Morning.

TERRY

Mo- Jesus, what're you-?

Terry sees 3-year old ALICE clinging to Mo's leg.

MO

Alice, this is Terry. Terry is Puppup's daughter.

Alice buries her face in the back of Mo's leg. Terry is in shock but can't take her eyes off Alice.

MO(CONT'D)

You wanna say 'hi?'

(to Terry)

I thought you two should meet.

TERRY

Come in.

Terry backs away from the door so they can enter. Mo steps inside, leaving the door open, as Terry rushes to clear off two chairs. She sweeps assorted magazines and take-out containers into the trash and throws a dish towel over the unwashed dishes in the sink.

MO

We can't stay long.

TERRY

Alice. Would you like a glass of milk or -- water?

Alice clutches a white paper bag and stays glued to Mo's leg.

MO  
 We brought you something.  
 (looks to Alice)  
 Go ahead, honey. Give Terry the  
 sandwich.

Alice doesn't move. Mo gently takes the bag from her and offers it to a puzzled Terry.

TERRY  
 Thank you, Alice.

MO  
 Go ahead. It's still warm.

Not taking her eyes off Alice, Terry opens the bag and unwraps a sandwich.

MO(CONT'D)  
 New menu item- Portabello mushroom  
 with goat cheese on hand-cut  
 multigrain bread.

TERRY  
 You're kidding me. This a big  
 seller over at the bar?

MO  
 The Pub- and yes, it will be! Try  
 it.

TERRY  
 Maybe later.

MO  
 It's Alice's favorite.

TERRY  
 Oh, really?

Terry feels increasingly uncomfortable and Alice starts to squirm.

ALICE  
 (to Mo)  
 Mommy, I want to go.

Mo starts to offer an explanation but Terry quickly interjects-

TERRY

When did you start working at the bar?

MO

It's been two years now-

TERRY

I guess things have changed for you.

MO

Yeah, they have. Thanks to your father.

TERRY

He know you're here?

MO

No.

Alice is dragging Mo out the door. Terry crouches down to her level.

TERRY

Thank you for the sandwich, Alice. It was nice to meet you.

MO

She's kinda shy these days. Next time will be easier.

TERRY

(flat)  
-yeah.

Terry stays crouched as Alice moves off down the hall and out of sight.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE STAIRCASE - MORNING

Terry trots down the stairs in her jogging clothes and bangs out the front door to see-

EXT. JENSON'S ROOMING HOUSE - MORNING

A LOCAL NEWS CREW and TWO PRINT REPORTERS spring to attention.

There's a din of shouted questions and snapped photos as Terry takes off at a brisk pace. The TV crew scrambles toward their van.



EXT. DORCHESTER STREET - MORNING

The news van pulls up alongside Terry as she runs along the sidewalk. A CAMERAMAN films Terry from the open side-panel of the van and a NEWSWOMAN shouts-

NEWSWOMAN

Terry, are you happy to be back home? Will you be taking custody of your daughter?

Terry abruptly veers off through a parking lot. The van screeches to a halt, nearly getting rear-ended by another car.

EXT. DORCHESTER RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

Pushing hard, Terry runs past a row of beautiful Victorian houses, some restored, others in disrepair. She looks back to make sure she's lost the press, then slows to a stop.

In a side yard, she sees a FATHER with a metal prosthetic leg and YOUNG BOY tossing a baseball back and forth. She stares until the father, sensing her presence, turns and meets her gaze.

EXT. FIREHOUSE - MORNING

Terry comes upon a Boston Herald newspaper box. She bends down to get a closer look. Through the grill she can see a photo of herself in uniform next to a grainy shot of her exiting the Honest Man. In bold type: 'TORTURE TERRY' COMES HOME.

She tugs at the locked door then reaches into her pocket and pulls out a crumpled dollar bill.

TERRY

Crap.

She spots a COLLEGE KID with a knapsack.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You got change for a buck?

COLLEGE KID

Hang on.

Terry waits as he fishes through several pockets and finally discovers two quarters and a dime.

COLLEGE KID (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, I only have sixty cents.

TERRY  
 Fine. That's fine.

She shoves the dollar into his palm and grabs the change.

She feeds the machine and rips out a paper. She pours over the article, baffled as to how to process this. She crams the paper under her arm and walks on.

INT. HONEST MAN PUB - DAY

Still in her jogging clothes, Terry strides into the pub. Pink-faced Ralph sits at the bar, nursing a Bud and chatting with Marty. Terry angles toward a stool at the far end of the bar and Marty goes to meet her.

TERRY  
 -Dad?  
 (struggling)  
 -I was thinking maybe I could take Alice for a couple hours some afternoon. Take her for lunch or something.

He studies her.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
 Maybe the Franklin Park Zoo- or the Children's Museum- I just want some time with her. I don't know her. She doesn't know me. I'd like to start fixing that. I don't think that's too much to ask.

A big speech for Terry. She holds her breath anticipating resistance.

MARTY  
 Yeah. I don't see why not.

TERRY  
 Really?

MARTY  
 Really.

Not sure how to proceed.

TERRY  
 When?

MARTY  
 Tomorrow afternoon? Daycare's  
 closed.

TERRY  
 Okay, okay. Good. I'll come by  
 the house at noon? Pick her up?

MARTY  
 Noon's good. See you then.

EXT. WOLLASTON BEACH - DAY

A breezy gray afternoon makes for a near-empty Wollaston Beach in Quincy, Mass. Terry carries Alice's shoes while the little girl scuffs along the water's edge. She comes upon a huge piece of driftwood, elaborately carved by the tide, encrusted with barnacles and wrapped in seaweed. Alice attempts to hoist the driftwood up on end. Terry silently assists by steadying the driftwood with her own hand. She is fascinated by her daughter's thrill of discovery. Alice pokes at a cluster of resilient barnacles, looks up at Terry and grins.

EXT. THE CLAM BOX - DAY

Terry is ready to place her order at the window. She looks down at Alice.

TERRY  
 What would you like to eat, Alice?

She just shrugs.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
 Hamburger? Hot dog?

ALICE  
 No.

TERRY  
 I'll get a bunch of stuff and see  
 what you like. Okay?

Alice shrugs.

A few minutes later, Terry balances a cardboard tray with a fried clam platter, crab cakes and sodas. Alice tags along behind her as they make their way to a concrete table outside the busy clam shack bordering the beach.

They sit and Terry guides Alice through her food options.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Do you want a fried clam?

ALICE  
No.

TERRY  
Shrimp?

ALICE  
Yuck.

TERRY  
Try an onion ring.

ALICE  
I don't like them.

TERRY  
Have you ever tried one?

ALICE  
No.

TERRY  
Then how do you know you won't like  
it?

ALICE  
I just don't.

TERRY  
Okay.

She starts eating.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Crab cake?

ALICE  
What's that?

TERRY  
It's like a hamburger made out of  
crab meat.

ALICE  
A crabby patty.

TERRY  
Yeah, I guess so.

ALICE  
Okay. I'll try it.

She takes a big bite and immediately screws up her face in disgust. She opens her mouth and the crab cake tumbles out onto the table. She spits out the remaining crumbs which fly all over the plate of food.

TERRY

Don't spit your food all over the place. If you don't like it-

Alice's eyes widen in fear and she starts to tear up.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Sorry. It's okay. I'll get you an ice cream or something.

ALICE

I can't have ice cream until I finish my lunch.

TERRY

You can have anything you want.

ALICE

I'm not allowed to have ice cream until I eat my lunch.

TERRY

Well. Today's special. You can have anything you want.

ALICE

No.

TERRY

Do you want a hamburger?

ALICE

No.

TERRY

Well, you have to eat something.

ALICE

I'm not hungry.

TERRY

Okay. Okay, I guess I'm not hungry either. You want to walk along the beach some more?

ALICE

No.

TERRY  
You want to go in some stores?

ALICE  
I wanna go home.

TERRY  
We could buy you a toy or something.

ALICE  
I wanna go home. I want my Mommy.

TERRY  
Okay.

She steels herself and carries the tray of food over to the trash. She pauses a moment then slams the tray through the metal opening causing a loud clang. Heads turn. She turns back to the table and sees Alice running down the sidewalk.

Terry gives chase and catches her a hundred yards down the street. She clutches Alice by the shoulders and shakes her.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Why did you run away? What's wrong with you?

ALICE  
Owww, let go.

Shakes her again. Alice tries to squirm out of her grip then starts blubbering. Terry tightens her hold on her.

TERRY  
You mustn't ever do that. You could get hurt.

Alice lets out a shrill scream.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Stop it.

PASSERBY  
Is everything alright here?

TERRY  
Stay out of this.

PASSERBY  
I'm gonna call a cop.

Alice is wailing.

TERRY  
Mind your own fuckin' business.  
Everything's fine. She's fine.

Terry scoops her up and starts walking quickly toward the subway. The wails continue.

EXT. SUBWAY STOP - DAY

Desperate for a cigarette, Terry watches Alice gradually wind down. Terry pulls a bandana out of her pocket and gently cleans Alice's face. She holds the rag to the little girl's pink nose.

TERRY  
Blow.

Alice gives several honks into the bandana. After a moment, she regains her composure and glances up at Terry. She states a simple fact-

ALICE  
You scared me.

This hits Terry hard. She draws a deep breath.

INT. BENNIGAN'S - NIGHT

Saturday night rush. The place is packed, loud and hectic. A Red Sox game is on the TV. Terry is rushing towards a table with a tray of oversized drafts when she spots Mike Butler seated alone in her section. He smiles and nods.

Terry doles out the drinks to a bunch of college kids.

TERRY  
(pad in hand)  
You ready to order?

She sneaks a look over her shoulder to see Mike, grinning broadly at her.

INT. BENNIGAN'S - MIKE'S TABLE - NIGHT

TERRY  
(placing menu in front of  
him)  
Sorry, I'm jammed right now.

MIKE  
Hey, no problem.

TERRY  
You waiting for someone?

MIKE  
Just you, honey.

TERRY  
Something to drink?

MIKE  
You tell me.

TERRY  
It might be easier if you told me.

MIKE  
What fun is that?

She grabs the list off the table and hands it to him.

TERRY  
Here.

MIKE  
Forgot my glasses.

TERRY  
--Bud, Bud Light, Coors, Coors  
Light, Sam Adams, Sam Adams Summer,  
Michelob, Hein-

MIKE  
-Bud, Bud's good. Big Bud, even  
better. If you would be so kind.

She moves off quickly to-

INT. BENNIGAN'S - BAR - NIGHT

TERRY  
Tall Bud, please.

The Bartender draws a 22-ounce draft while Terry glances over at Mike, still staring straight at her with the same frozen smirk.

Another WAITRESS flops over to the bar.

WAITRESS  
Three Cosmos and an Appletini.  
(to Terry)  
Appletini, gross!



She follows Terry's gaze over to Mike.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Jeez, that guy looks like he's in  
love with you.

TERRY  
Asshole.

INT. BENNIGAN'S - MIKE'S TABLE - NIGHT

As Terry sets the draft in front of Mike, he grabs her wrist and draws her close to him.

MIKE  
(whispering)  
C'mon, tell me the truth- that dog  
collar thing. That must have  
turned you on, just a little bit.  
Right?

She tries to pull away but he tightens his grip. She stares at him coldly then reaches under the table. Mike's face contorts in pain.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Whoa - easy, easy-

TERRY  
That turn you on, Mike- just a  
little bit?

Mike YELPS LOUDLY. In a rage, she yanks her arm straight up, bringing Mike and his chair crashing back onto the floor. He's not moving as Terry takes a step back, shaking and terrified. The Manager rushes over.

She tugs off her apron and let it drops to the floor, muttering-

TERRY (CONT'D)  
You better get him to a hospital.

Terry pushes through the crowd of patrons and vanishes out the door.

INT. BUS - DAY

Terry stares out at the Eastern seaboard as the bus zooms up the coast highway. An overpass is festooned with small American flags woven into the wire fencing.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

On the outskirts of Portland, Maine, Terry sticks out her thumb for a ride.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

THUMPING ROCK MUSIC as a red pickup truck zips along the highway.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Terry sits in the passenger seat. The music is fairly deafening. She glances over at the DRIVER, a 50-ish grizzled outlaw with a bandana tied around his head. He looks at Terry and mouths a few words. Terry strains to read his lips.

TERRY

What?

DRIVER

(barely audible)

Too loud?

TERRY

No, no - it's great stuff.

DRIVER

The Beams.

TERRY

What?

DRIVER

The band is called The Beams.

TERRY

Oh. They're good.

He grins broadly.

EXT. MEXICO MAINE - DAY

Terry descends from the cabin of the pickup. A colorful sign reads: WELCOME TO MEXICO, MAINE, ESTABLISHED 1818. She spots the junction for Route 142 as she wangles a finger into her ear canal and yawns to restore her hearing.

EXT. ROUTE 142 - DAY

Terry hikes along a wooded, remote road. In someone's front yard, inverted mannequin legs dressed in overalls protrude from the top of a rusty oil drum - a local landmark. The sound of a CAR approaching and Terry's thumb pops out.

EXT. CAMP KAWANHEE - DUSK

Terry picks her way along a dirt road, approaching a cluster of darkened cabins and a main building. She goes to the single lit window and peers inside to see BECKY JOHNSTON, a petite, wiry brunette clicking away at a laptop on her desk. Terry taps on the windowpane. Becky's eyes narrow, then relax in recognition. She gestures for Terry to meet her at the front door.

EXT. FRONT OF CABIN - DUSK

Becky swings open the door and eyes Terry.

BECKY  
Scary O'Malley.

TERRY  
Hi, Becky.

BECKY  
Who?

TERRY  
-Sticky. Sticky Johnston.

BECKY  
That's better. Come in.

With a jerk of the head, Becky invites Terry inside.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Terry studies an array of photos of girls from past summers at the camp. Her gaze comes to rest on a group of swimmers, including a 10-year old Terry, stoically holding up a trophy. Standing behind her, with a hand on Terry's shoulder, stands the female swim coach who bears a distinct resemblance to Terry.

BECKY(O.S.)  
I was sorry to hear about your Mom.  
How long has it been - five years?

TERRY  
Almost 10.

BECKY(O.S.)  
Really? You were just a kid. I'm  
so sorry.

TERRY  
Yeah-

Becky enters with two mugs of tea. She hands one to Terry.

BECKY  
Your Dad okay? Still own the pub?

TERRY  
Yeah, the pub. He loves that pub.  
What about your Mom?

BECKY  
In Reno. Retired, remarried.

TERRY  
What the hell? Reno?

BECKY  
So close to hell, you can see  
Sparks.

They study each other for a moment.

BECKY(CONT'D)  
Don't take this the wrong way, but  
after the tea, you're out of here.

TERRY  
Gee, how could I take that the  
wrong way?

BECKY  
Liability insurance is a bitch.  
You sneeze at a camper these days  
and they shut you down.

TERRY  
I understand.

BECKY  
Naked pig piles are particularly  
frowned upon.  
(off Terry's glare)  
Kinda lived up to your nickname,  
Scary. Didn't you?

TERRY  
Yeah - I'm scared shitless.

BECKY  
Whatcha' doin' here?

TERRY  
Damned if I know. I had some  
fucked up idea you could use a swim  
coach or a cook.

BECKY  
That can't happen.

TERRY  
Yeah, Becky. I figured that out.

Becky moves in close to Terry, brushes back her hair and plants a loud kiss on her cheek. They stare at each other.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
I have good memories of this place.  
My Mom loved working here.

BECKY  
We all loved your Mom. You - we  
tolerated.

TERRY  
Up yours, Sticky.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Terry hikes up a rocky trail at a fast clip.

EXT. SUMMIT MOUNT TUMBLEDOWN - DAY

Terry picks her way through the thinning tree line, cresting to the summit of Mount Tumbledown. A few hikers and campers are scattered about. She stands for a moment, breathing in a beautiful mountain lake with a small island in the middle.

Terry approaches the lake, lays down her backpack and crouches to unlace her boots. She strips down to a sports bra and shorts before wading into the chilly lake. A school of small fish scatters.

With a steady, muscular crawl, Terry swims out to the island. She hauls herself ashore, stepping cautiously over the rocky turf. She searches through the brush, checking her position against the rocks on the shore. Crouching down at a cluster of blueberry bushes, she brushes aside dirt and moss to reveal a small silver plaque affixed to the rock.

It reads: KATE O'MALLEY 1949-1998

A breeze sends a small shiver through Terry as she contemplates the plaque. After a long moment, she puts the dirt back in place, hiding the marker once more.

She sits, snacking on blueberries, soaking in the sun.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Terry strides along the dirt access road that leads from the mountain trail. She comes across a tiny graveyard behind a stone wall at the edge of the woods. American flags adorn more than half the graves. Terry stares for a moment then walks briskly on.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Terry is bundled up in her bedroll, eyes wide open, staring up at the stars that peek through the branches above her. A drop of rain, then another, then many, then the skies open up. Terry scrambles to gather up her belongings and runs deeper into the woods. She spots a Boy Scout shelter and ducks under it.

She drops her load on the wooden platform and stares out at the downpour. She draws a soggy cigarette out of her pocket and makes several attempts to light it. Giving up, she crumples the butt and tosses it. She hunkers down on the floor, drawing her knees up tight against her chest, and waits.

EXT. WELD MAINE - DAY

Duffle on her shoulder, Terry stands at the crossroads of tiny Weld, Maine: a General Store, a Diner, a Congregational Church, and the Weld Library with a Civil War Soldier's monument out front. At the gas station, a tourist fills the tank of a luxury SUV. Terry heads for the General Store.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Terry examines the contents of the shelves. She reaches into her pocket to assess her meager funds. She grabs a loaf of whole wheat bread, a block of cheddar cheese, and a bargain package of bologna.

At the register, she gazes longingly at the cigarettes.

CASHIER  
Anything else?

TERRY  
Nope, that's it.

She carefully counts out the correct amount of cash.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Terry pushes out the door and spots the bulletin board on the store's front porch: a poster for a community theatre production of Hair, vacation rentals and a scattered assortment of index cards selling and seeking goods and services. Terry removes a card looking for someone experienced at working a backhoe.

EXT. DRY POND - DAY

The GRINDING OF GEARS as Terry maneuvers a backhoe in and out of a dried-up pond, dredging out muck and rocks. She appears adept at working the machine. A FARMER in crisp overalls judges her skill from the doorway of the nearby barn. Satisfied, he goes inside.

Later that day, Terry is down in the muck, hacking furiously at the base of a dead tree with an axe. The Farmer appears, carrying a glass of iced tea and a bulky sandwich.

FARMER  
Hey, take a break.

TERRY  
(still chopping)  
Not hungry.

FARMER  
C'mon, you gotta be hungry. Give it a rest for a bit.

TERRY  
I almost got it.

FARMER  
C'mon, that tree will still be there after you eat.

Terry halts her work and lays down the axe.

FARMER (CONT'D)  
There's a spigot over by the barn, you wanna wash up.

Terry looks down at her filthy hands and arms.

TERRY

Yeah, I guess that would be a good idea.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Terry scrubs at length before the color of her own flesh starts to peek through the muck on her hands and arms.

EXT. DRY POND - DAY

Perched on a rock, Terry drains the iced tea in one long swallow and starts to devour the sandwich. The Farmer studies her.

FARMER

Not hungry, huh?

He grabs the empty glass from her and heads back to the house. Terry takes no notice.

A moment later, he returns with a fresh glass of iced tea but Terry is already back in the muck, finishing off the dead tree. She repeatedly throws her full weight against the trunk as it gives more and more and finally topples over. She grins in triumph. The Farmer sets the glass down on the rock and walks off.

EXT. WEBB LAKE - MORNING

Clutching a bar of soap and a towel, Terry creeps out from the woods to a campground by the shore of Webb Lake. The sun is just coming up and there's little activity at the various campsites. She makes her way to the outdoor shower by the beach and swiftly strips down to her underwear.

She yanks the chain on the shower and ducks under the nozzle, gasping at the cold. She releases the chain and lathers up her entire body before ducking back under the icy blast of water, huffing and scrubbing furiously.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Terry is ensconced in an armchair, a cup of coffee on the table in front of her, duffle tucked behind her. She pours through the pages of a Jackie Collins novel. Reaching for her coffee, she spots a SCRUFFY MAN installed at a table, newspapers spread out before him.



He, too, has a travel bindle stowed under his chair. He looks up and gives her a wide semi-toothless grin. Terry returns to her novel but remains distracted.

The front door bangs open and Terry looks up to see Becky Johnston enter with an armful of books. Terry makes to call out to her but stops herself. At the checkout desk, Becky glances over, nods slightly, then returns to her business.

Terry closes her book, grabs her bag and rushes into-

INT. LIBRARY RESTROOM - DAY

Terry splashes her face with water, runs her hands back through her hair, and rises to meet her own gaze in the mirror.

She is taken aback by the haggard, pink-eyed woman staring at her.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Terry lies on her side in her bedroll. Her breathing is shallow. There is a RUSTLE in the brush. Terry's eyes snap open. FOOTSTEPS, STUMBLING and LAUGHTER as A TEENAGE COUPLE share a slug off a bottle and a sloppy smooch. They move off. Terry watches their retreat then slowly closes her eyes.

INT. WELD DINER - DAY

Ragged and worn, Terry sits at the counter digging into the breakfast special. She drains her coffee and it is immediately refilled by HARRY.

TERRY  
(not looking up)  
Thanks.

A man sits on the stool beside her.

MARTY(O.S.)  
Apple pie and coffee, please.

Terry looks up to see her father.

TERRY  
Dad--

MARTY  
I came for the pie.

She smiles.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(to Harry)

Could you melt a slice of cheddar  
on it?

TERRY

I don't know how you can ruin a  
perfectly good piece of apple pie  
like that.

MARTY

(turns to face her)

Man, you look like shit.

TERRY

Thanks.

MARTY

You could use a bath. Maybe two of  
'em.

TERRY

How'd you find me?

MARTY

Wasn't that tough.

(a moment)

You already hike up Tumbledown?

TERRY

Yeah.

MARTY

Water cold?

TERRY

Not too bad.

MARTY

I would have gone with you.

TERRY

I know.

MARTY

I missed having you with me the  
last four years.

TERRY

Yeah.

MARTY  
Next year, then.

TERRY  
Okay-

Harry places the pie and coffee in front of Marty who offers Terry the first bite.

MARTY  
Sure you don't want to give it a shot?

TERRY  
Not a chance.

Just then, A DRUM ROLL is heard from outside and a drum and bugle corps begins to play WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Terry looks to her Dad with delight.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, what's the date?

MARTY  
June 4th.

TERRY  
It's the Muster.

She scrambles off her stool, tossing a few crumpled bills on the counter behind her. Marty grabs his pie and fork, takes a quick swig of coffee, and rushes after her.

MARTY  
(to Harry)  
I'll bring these back when I'm done.

HARRY  
I trust you.

EXT. WELD MAINE - DAY

Terry bangs out the front door of the diner followed by Marty, balancing his pie. There's a rough assemblage of musicians and soldiers in Civil War period dress reenacting the mustering of the troops.

TERRY  
(grinning)  
I played the pennywhistle. Five years in a row.

MARTY

I know. I was there.

She looks at him warmly.

TERRY

Of course you were.

They watch, along with various townspeople and visitors, the solemn dignity of armed and uniformed citizens being dispatched to fight for their country. The crowd is festive but respectful of a local tradition that dates back over a century.

Marty starts quietly murmuring the original Irish lyrics to the tune being played.

MARTY

Ye haven't an arm, and ye haven't a  
leg, hurroo, hurroo  
Ye haven't an arm, and ye haven't a  
leg, hurroo, hurroo  
Ye haven't an arm, and ye haven't a  
leg  
Ye're an armless, boneless,  
chickenless egg  
And Ye'll have to put with a bowl  
to beg  
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

With a short glance towards her father, Terry slips her hand into his and continues watching the muster.

INT. MARTY'S CAR - NIGHT

Marty squints at the highway through a heavy rainstorm. He glances over at Terry who is dead to the world with her face pressed up against the passenger window. She looks at peace for the first time.

When the car hits a bump, she stirs slightly then settles back into deep sleep. Her breath catches a bit with each exhale. Marty smiles.

Later, Marty pulls the car into a rest stop along Route 93 in New Hampshire. Terry blinks into consciousness wiping some drool from her mouth.

TERRY

Where are we?

MARTY

'Round Portsmouth

TERRY  
How long have I been sleeping?

MARTY  
About 3 hours.

TERRY  
Man. I gotta pee.

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT

She fumbles her way out of the car and shuffles along to the shelter by her Dad's side.

A few minutes later, Marty is standing outside when Terry returns, face washed, hair tucked back in a tie. He starts off toward the car but she doesn't budge. He stops and looks to her.

TERRY  
I hurt someone back home.

MARTY  
I heard.

TERRY  
Is he okay?

MARTY  
Ruptured testicle, minor  
concussion. He pulled through.

TERRY  
I have to go to the police.

MARTY  
He didn't press charges.

TERRY  
What?

MARTY  
He sold the story. The Herald got  
three days out of it.

TERRY  
Of course.

MARTY  
Guess he didn't want to look like  
he was beat up by a girl. Made it  
sound like a lover's spat.

TERRY  
Really.

MARTY  
Seems that you two were high school  
sweethearts.

TERRY  
Bullshit.  
(pause)  
I shouldn't go back.

MARTY  
Where else are you gonna go?

TERRY  
Anywhere. I'll get a job.

MARTY  
(very still)  
Do you want to be a part of Alice's  
life or not?

Terry appears thrown and without an answer.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
(angry)  
Well-?

TERRY  
I guess that's up to you.

MARTY  
No, it's up to you.

TERRY  
Last time didn't go so good.

MARTY  
Next time will go better.

He stares her down. Finally-

TERRY  
I got nothin' to give her.

MARTY  
That's not true.

TERRY  
It is fucking true. I got nothin'.  
There's nothin' there.

MARTY  
You can believe that. I don't.

He holds her gaze then turns silently and heads back to the car. After a moment, she trails after him.

INT. MARTY'S CAR - NIGHT

The car crosses the Leonard Zakim Bridge with its echoes of the Bunker Hill Monument. Terry breaks a long silence.

TERRY  
(quiet)  
Tell me about her.

Marty studies Terry before deciding to respond.

MARTY  
She's a pisser. Smart as a whip.  
Headstrong, demanding. Like her  
Mom.

TERRY  
Hope not.

MARTY  
Runs us ragged.

TERRY  
Us?

MARTY  
Yeah.

TERRY  
You and Mo.

MARTY  
Me and Maureen - yeah.

TERRY  
What's the deal with you and Mo  
Madigan?

MARTY  
Maureen.

TERRY  
Okay, Maureen.

MARTY  
We keep each other company.

TERRY  
She lives with you.

MARTY  
Yeah.

TERRY  
And Alice.

MARTY  
And Alice.

TERRY  
And, what else-

MARTY  
Whattaya mean, what else?

TERRY  
Since when did you need a roommate?

He throws her a warning look.

MARTY  
We're getting married.

TERRY  
Jesus Christ.

MARTY  
August 9th.

TERRY  
Shit!

MARTY  
What?

TERRY  
Mo's a goddam drunk.

He veers the car onto the shoulder of the Southeast Expressway and pulls to an abrupt halt.

MARTY  
Maureen has been sober for two years now. People change. Everything changes.

TERRY  
You think?



MARTY  
Yes, dammit - And where were you  
these last three years?

TERRY  
You know exactly where I was.

MARTY  
And why the hell were you there?

She struggles for an answer.

TERRY  
Someone took a fucking photograph!  
Shit!

She fumes in silence then grabs her duffle from the backseat  
and is out of the car before Marty can stop her.

MARTY  
Terry, get back in the car.  
Dammit, get back in the car.

He jumps out the driver's side but she's already down the  
embankment and gone.

EXT. JIMMY'S BUILDING - SOUTH BOSTON - NIGHT

Terry leans into the door buzzer until the front door finally  
opens to reveal a surprised Jimmy.

TERRY  
Can I use your shower?

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy is reading the paper when Terry emerges wearing his  
bathrobe.

JIMMY  
You hungry?

Without a word, she moves into him and starts kissing him.  
He pulls back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Hold on.

She grabs the back of his head and pulls him back into a  
kiss. He breaks away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What's with you?

TERRY  
Nothin'. What's with you? Time of  
the month?

She walks off and plops in an armchair next to her duffle.  
She pulls out her lighter.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Got a cigarette?

JIMMY  
No.

TERRY  
Jeez, what good are you?

JIMMY  
Leftover eggplant parmesan?

TERRY  
Yeah, I guess that'll do.

Later, Jimmy watches her wolfing down his leftovers. He  
sips some red wine. Her glass goes untouched. She glances  
up at him. She puts down her fork.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
It got pretty fucked up over there.

JIMMY  
Uh-huh.

TERRY  
I got pretty fucked up over there.

JIMMY  
Yeah.

TERRY  
But shit, we didn't kill anybody.  
We didn't cut off their heads.

He just looks at her. She breaks the moment by taking her  
dirty dish to the sink. She starts washing up.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Leave it.

She ignores him and places the dish and silverware in the  
rack to dry. She walks over and stands directly in front of  
him.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
So, you're a fireman, huh?

He rises, bringing them face to face. She holds her ground 'til he leans in and they kiss with abandon.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

In jeans and a work shirt, Terry works the vacuum back and forth. She glances over at two Hispanic women chattering away as one dusts and the other washes the windows. Terry moves into the next room.

Later, Terry is on her knees scrubbing out a toilet in the rest room.

INT. WHITE HEN PANTRY - DAY

Terry is grabbing a few cans of soup from the shelf, adding them to her basket. She spots a selection of magnetic "Support Our Troops" ribbons by the register. The Boston Herald screams a huge headline relating to some local sports scandal.

Pregnant Claire from The Honest Man is contemplating the ice cream freezer when she catches sight of Terry.

CLAIRE  
Oh, hi. You're Marty's daughter,  
aren't you?

TERRY  
(cautiously)  
Yeah, I am.

CLAIRE  
(extending her hand)  
I'm Claire, from the bar-- pub.

TERRY  
(takes it)  
Terry.

CLAIRE  
Your Dad's a sweetheart. Good  
boss. Cool dude.

TERRY  
Yeah.

CLAIRE  
 You should stop by. He's gonna be  
 short-staffed in about 6 days.

She pats her belly.

TERRY  
 Yeah, he'd just love that.

CLAIRE  
 Yeah, he would.  
 (eyes freezer)  
 Now for the big decision. My baby  
 has two daddies - Ben and Jerry.

TERRY  
 When are you due?

CLAIRE  
 (grabs abdomen, howling)  
 OH - OH MY GOD, RIGHT NOW. JESUS!  
 (stops abruptly)  
 Just kidding. Two weeks.  
 (grabs a pint)  
 Coffee Heath Bar Crunch, I think--  
 I'm getting so fat. So, see you at  
 the bar - pub - bar - restaurant-  
 (walking away)  
 -bistro - café - whatever - bye.

INT. JENSON'S - HALLWAY - DAY

Terry knocks on Minnie's door, sack of groceries in her arms.

MINNIE  
 You're back.

TERRY  
 Yeah - got my old room back.

MINNIE  
 Well, most prospective tenants are  
 probably still summering on the  
 Vineyard.

TERRY  
 (not getting it)  
 Yeah-- Listen, I thought maybe  
 you'd like to come over for dinner.  
 I think I'm beginning to get the  
 hang of the hot plate.

MINNIE  
Sounds good.

TERRY  
Tonight?

MINNIE  
Tonight.

TERRY  
Mexican, okay?

MINNIE  
That would be fine.

TERRY  
Well, okay. I'll see you tonight.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Minnie sits at the table, pouring out two tumblers of wine. Chopped lettuce and tomatoes and shredded cheese are laid out on a plate. Terry is warming tortillas in one pan, chicken and rice in another. She plates the food and brings it over to the table.

MINNIE  
Looks perfect.

TERRY  
Yeah, well, wait 'til you taste it.

MINNIE  
Any hot sauce?

TERRY  
Oh, damn.

MINNIE  
I'll be right back.

Minnie darts out the door. Terry nervously arranges the items on the table and tops off the wine. Minnie returns in a moment with a large bottle of Texas Pete's Hot Sauce, one-quarter full.

MINNIE (CONT'D)  
Single malt scotch and hot sauce  
are the closest I come to vices  
these days.

She settles in and heartily douses her food in hot sauce.

TERRY  
I thought older folks tend to like  
their food bland.

MINNIE  
Well, I'd rather burn out than  
rust, I suppose.

TERRY  
Ha.

She watches Minnie take a big bite.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Thanks for coming over.

MINNIE  
(chewing)  
Thanks for having me.

TERRY  
Not sure I'm fit company these days-  
if I ever was.

MINNIE  
You do alright.

They eat in silence for a few minutes.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Terry is wiping down the sinks in the Men's Room of an old office building. MUFFLED SPANISH VOICES and LAUGHTER is heard from outside. She moves into the first stall, swishes the toilet bowl several times with her brush and kicks the flusher with her heel. The water starts to swirl down but abruptly changes direction and begins flowing upwards. Terry hits the flusher again and again as the water starts overflowing the bowl and spreading across the bathroom floor. The water keeps gushing then goes from clear to a darker and darker brown color. In a panic, she jams her brush down into the bowl but to no avail.

TERRY  
Shit, shit, shit, shit!

As she backs out of the booth her foot slips in the filthy water and she falls down hard on her ass. She sits defeated, soaked and spattered with excrement.

INT. HONEST MAN PUB - DAY

Mo is chopping limes behind the bar as Marty serenades her with a Scottish folk ballad from the kitchen.

MARTY(O.S.)  
 (singing)  
 O I'll lay ye doon, love  
 I'll treat ye decent.  
 I'll lay ye doon, love  
 I'll fill your can-

Mo grins girlishly, then looks up to see Terry standing in the doorway.

MARTY(CONT'D)  
 O I'll lay ye doon, love-

MO  
 Marty?

He enters, still singing but halts upon spotting Terry.

MARTY  
 I'll treat ye decent  
 For surely he is-

TERRY  
 Dad--?

He squints at her.

TERRY(CONT'D)  
 --I need a job.

INT. HONEST MAN PUB - NIGHT

Business is the best we've seen. Certain tables definitely have their eyes on Terry and she is a topic of conversation. She whisks around behind the bar, pulling drafts, pouring shots. Mo hurries out from the kitchen with four plates of burgers and fries.

Terry serves TWO GUYS at the bar. They make eye contact, smile and nod.

GUY  
 Good to have you back.

Terry returns the smile.

GUY(CONT'D)  
 Thank you for your service.

Her smile fades and she moves off down the bar. Marty comes out from the kitchen and sets a burger and fries in front of her.

TERRY  
I didn't order this.

MARTY  
Thought you might be hungry.

TERRY  
Thanks.

She keeps working but he doesn't budge until she stops and takes a bite. She makes a face.

MARTY  
Bermuda onion. Good, huh?

TERRY  
(chewing)  
Mmm, good and - strong.

Her eyes water a bit. Marty goes back into the kitchen. Claire enters the pub and hauls herself up onto a stool.

CLAIRE  
Gold Schlagger!

Terry fills a shot glass with seltzer and a splash of ginger ale for color.

TERRY  
On the house.

CLAIRE  
(eyes seltzer)  
Spoil sport. Came in to get my last check. How's it going?

TERRY  
Like I never left- only greener.

CLAIRE  
Yeah, that new paint smell is delightful. I bet Marty is thrilled to have you working here.

TERRY  
We'll see.

Mo swings by and gives Claire's shoulder a squeeze on her way back to the kitchen.



MO

Hey, honey- still pregnant?

CLAIRE

No, this is a new one.

MO

Sure it's not a beer gut?

Off a patron's signal, Terry excuses herself and pulls a fresh draft and refills a shot. Claire watches appreciatively.

CLAIRE

Poetry in motion.

TERRY

Yeah. Look, whenever you're ready to come back, I'll clear out.

CLAIRE

Not an issue. I'm getting my realtor's license. More flexible hours and this town is going nuts with rehabs and condo conversions.

TERRY

Good for you.

CLAIRE

And my baby-daddy is tight with the Crips. Gang-banging. VP for crack sales- excellent benefits package.

(pause)

Actually, he's a nurse at the Deaconess. So, he really is tight with the crips - I guess "cripples" is the politically correct term.

TERRY

Nice. You're a classy broad.

Terry looks towards the kitchen to see Marty working the grill, plating food with fluid grace.

EXT. JENSON'S ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

From a distance, Terry spots a news van idling in front of Jenson's. She cuts down an alleyway.

EXT. JENSON'S BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Mike Butler leans against a car. As soon as he spots her, he shoves himself away from the car and walks rapidly toward her. Terry initially tenses then exhales with acceptance.

TERRY

Mike.

Without a word, he punches her in the face and she falls hard.

MIKE

Welcome home.

She spits blood, coughs and struggles back to her feet.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That squares us.

He turns to go.

TERRY

(grinning)

You punch like a girl.

MIKE

Fuck you. We're done.

He starts off again.

TERRY

Where you going, you little pussy?

MIKE

I said I'm done with you.

TERRY

Scared I'm gonna kick your ass again.

MIKE

What's wrong with you?

TERRY

What's wrong with you? No balls?

She makes no effort to block him as he punches her in the face again, breaking her nose. This time she staggers but stays on her feet. She smirks and spits blood in his face.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I should rip off your other ball.  
Finish the job.

He tackles her, punching her repeatedly. She emits a guttural laugh. Breaking off, Mike scrambles back to his feet. She rolls over on her side and up on an elbow as he backs away.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Go suck your boyfriend's dick.

He rushes her, kicking her hard in the ribs.

MIKE

Fuck you.

TERRY

(rasping)

Fuck you, cunt.

He hauls off and punches her in the face and she's out. Mike moans in pain, cradling the hand he just broke against her jaw. He stares wildly at her, panicked and spent. Once he sees that she's breathing, he scrambles off down the alley.

Moments pass and Terry stirs, slowly pulling herself up into a kneeling position. She reaches out blindly in front of her and grabs the car door. Wincing in pain, she manages to haul herself to her feet, sprawling across the car's hood, wheezing for air. She pushes herself off the car and staggers toward the door to Jensen's.

INT. JENSON'S - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Terry thuds into the forth floor hallway, banging up against the wall. She pauses to catch her breath and Minnie pokes her head out of her door. She rushes to Terry's side.

MINNIE

Oh my God, what happened?

TERRY

I need to get to my room.

MINNIE

Lean on me.

INT. JENSON'S - MINNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Minnie swabs the blood from Terry's face revealing the damage: nose broken, left-eye swollen half-shut, lip torn. Terry keeps muttering under her breath.

TERRY

I'm fine. I'm fine.

MINNIE  
You need a doctor.

TERRY  
I'm fine. I just need some sleep.

MINNIE  
You probably have a concussion.  
You need a doctor.

Minnie palpates Terry's ribs and she gasps in pain.

MINNIE(CONT'D)  
You need a doctor.

TERRY  
Yeah, maybe.

INT. HONEST MAN PUB - DAY

Terry pushes through the door and steps gingerly into the pub. Her eye is bandaged, nose taped up, and lip stitched. Mo is seated at a table, her back to the door, working on the books. By her side is Alice who looks up from her coloring and gasps.

ALICE  
(to Mo)  
Mommy?

Mo turns and jumps to her feet. Terry gestures for her to stay back.

MO  
What happened to you?

TERRY  
Fell down the stairs.

MO  
Bull.

Terry looks to Alice then back at Mo.

TERRY  
Light was burned out. I missed the top step.

MO  
Yeah - whatever you say. Sit down, I'll get you some coffee.

With effort, Terry pulls herself up onto a bar stool and notices Alice studying her.

TERRY  
Hi, Alice.

ALICE  
Hi.

TERRY  
I must look a little scary.

ALICE  
Not really.

TERRY  
No?

ALICE  
You look like Frankie.

TERRY  
Who's Frankie?

ALICE  
He's on Monster Babies.

TERRY  
Oh-

ALICE  
It's a cartoon.

TERRY  
Oh.

ALICE  
On TV.

Mo sets a cup of coffee in front of Terry and sits on the stool next to her.

TERRY  
Don't let me keep you from your work.

MO  
(quietly)  
You gonna tell me what happened?

Terry just gives her a look.

MO(CONT'D)  
What'd the doctor say?

TERRY  
Said not to fall down the stairs  
again.

MO  
Okay- fine.

Mo returns to her table and her work. Alice goes back to her coloring. Terry takes a sip of coffee. Silence. Terry takes one more sip then maneuvers herself behind the bar and starts icing beers.

EXT. HONEST MAN PUB REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Terry leans against the wall beside the dumpster, smoking a cigarette.

Marty pulls in and climbs out of his car, lugging a butcher-wrapped package of beef. He stiffens upon seeing Terry.

MARTY  
Jesus-

TERRY  
(cutting him off)  
I'm fine. Looks worse than it is.

MARTY  
Did somebody jump you?

TERRY  
Yeah- kinda.

MARTY  
Whattaya mean, kinda? Did you call  
the police?

TERRY  
No.

MARTY  
Why?

She shrugs.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck, Terry? What's this  
all about?

TERRY  
Nothing. It's over. It's not  
gonna happen again.

He steams for a moment, then Terry tries to change the subject.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
 (indicating package)  
 So, whatcha' got there?

MARTY  
 Beef. Since when do you smoke?

TERRY  
 Use to trade 'em for sexual favors  
 in the big house.

MARTY  
 (fed up)  
 No! No, this is fucked up.

He steps in very close to her and speaks quietly and intensely.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
 Alice is in the pub. Did she see  
 you just now?

TERRY  
 Yeah, she's okay. She wasn't  
 scared.

MARTY  
 No, this shit is not okay. Seeing  
 her mother with her face smashed  
 in.

TERRY  
 Alice doesn't even know I'm her  
 mother.

He gently lays his hand against her bruised face.

MARTY  
 I'm gonna file papers. I want  
 Maureen and me to have full custody  
 of Alice. I need to do this.

Terry cannot breathe. Marty leaves her standing alone by the dumpster.

INT. HONEST MAN PUB - NIGHT

Terry works robotically behind the bar. RALPH catches her eye and nods for a refill. She draws a pint and places it before him.

RALPH  
This, too, shall pass.

Terry looks confused. A YOUNG WOMAN waves at Terry from the other end of the bar. Terry goes to her.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Two glasses of Chardonnay.

Terry pours and delivers the drinks.

TERRY  
That's eight dollars.

The woman puts down a twenty. When Terry returns with the change, the woman is glaring at her.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(voice quavering)  
You're a monster.

The woman snaps up her change and wine and hurries away. Terry pauses, somewhat stunned. BRENT, a young man in a sports jacket and baseball cap, waves her over.

BRENT  
Hey Monster, I'll take a Guinness.

She glares at him warily and draws his pint. He indicates her bruises.

BRENT(CONT'D)  
Boy, I'd hate to see the other guy.

No reaction. He extends his hand.

BRENT(CONT'D)  
Daniel Brent-

She ignores the gesture and waits out the pour.

BRENT(CONT'D)  
Okay. Rude monster.

She slams the tap shut and stares him down.

BRENT(CONT'D)  
I book guests for "The Edge." "The Edge with Archie Sharpe." He's your man. He's gonna save your ass.

He pulls out a business card and places it on the bar.



BRENT (CONT'D)

He wants you to come on this Sunday. Full hour. Just you and Archie. Tell you story. Get the truth out there.

She doesn't move. He taps the business card with his index.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Think about it. Don't hide your light under a bushel. This gig's a freebie. But if I were you I'd be exploiting the shit out of this thing. News shows, speaking tour, autobiography. You're pissing away a fortune.

(smiling)

Think about it, Monster.

He slides the business card across the bar to her, gives her a wink, then goes.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Terry closes the door behind her and leans up against it without turning on the light. She stares into the bare, dimly-lit room. Reaching into her pocket, she pulls out the lighter and flips it around in her hand.

EXT. DORCHESTER SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Terry is obviously in pain in her ponderous attempt to jog. The streets are quiet as she hobbles her way through a residential area. In the distance, she sees flashing lights.

She approaches a brutal accident: a car has skidded off the highway and is crushed against a tree. The windshield is shattered and the driver's door hangs open. PARAMEDICS and POLICE busy themselves around the wreckage.

She slows to a stop as she nears the scene. A cop spots her and waves her back. She catches a glimpse of tarpaulin, battered flesh and matted hair, as the stretcher is slid into the back of the ambulance. She stands frozen, transfixed, bathed in sweat.

The ambulance pulls out. The cops move back to their vehicle. Abruptly, the flashing light is turned off and the ambulance fades away into darkness and silence. Terry doesn't move.

COP(O.S.)

Miss-

She doesn't respond. He places a hand on her shoulder, startling her.

COP(CONT'D)

You need a ride home?

TERRY

No.

COP

You sure?

TERRY

Yeah.

COP

Kinda late to be jogging.

TERRY

Yeah.

COP

You be safe, now.

He gets into his squad car, keeping an eye on Terry as she slowly turns toward home.

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Terry shifts uncomfortably in her seat on the set of "The Edge with Archie Sharpe." Attempts have been made to hide her bruises with make-up but she still looks battered and swollen. A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT wires her up with a microphone.

P.A.

You ever worn one of these before?

TERRY

No.

P.A.

Well, just speak in a conversational tone. We'll set a level in a sec.

The P.A. sees the sweat beading on Terry's forehead.

P.A.(CONT'D)

I'll get you a glass of water.

TERRY

-I think I might throw up.

P.A.

I'll get you a bucket, too.

The P.A. scurries off. Terry squints at the camera and draws a deep breath. ARCHIE SHARPE - caked in ruddy orange make-up and oozing smug machismo - approaches and thrusts out his hand to Terry. He squeezes her hand firmly, sizing her up.

ARCHIE

Terry O'Malley. You and I are gonna set the record straight. Just follow my lead and watch your language.

(pulls in close to her)

In my book, you're an American hero.

TERRY

Uh-huh.

ARCHIE

Showtime in five. You need anything?

TERRY

No. Someone's getting me a glass of water.

Archie yells out to the studio.

ARCHIE

Folks, let's get some water here for Private O'Malley.

He winks at her and disappears. Terry shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

Later, on the air, Terry sweats under the studio lights while Archie bloviates.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

These people only want one thing and that is the destruction of our way of life. Am I right, Private O'Malley?

TERRY

I don't know.

ARCHIE

Well, what was your impression of the enemy in Iraq?

TERRY

We didn't really talk to them.

ARCHIE

You interrogated enemy combatants.

TERRY

No.

ARCHIE

You prepared them for interrogation.

TERRY

Yes.

ARCHIE

You softened them up.

TERRY

We were told to give them a bad night.

ARCHIE

And this is all part of the so-called Enhanced Interrogation Techniques. The same techniques determined to be legal by our Department of Justice. These are the techniques that gather vital intelligence and save American lives. Enhanced Interrogation Techniques.

TERRY

We never called it that.

ARCHIE

Well, I'm not going to call it that either. Folks, I'm going to call it by its real name: Torture. I'm not ashamed to call it that because, let's face it, torture works. Am I right, Private O'Malley?

TERRY

I wouldn't know.

ARCHIE

Well, it does. My interviews and research prove exactly that. Torture is legal. Torture works. And the American public supports its use. Just look at the ratings for the TV show "24." America loves Jack Bauer because he gets the job done. If he has to tread on a few toes or even break a few toes to do it, we're okay with that.

TERRY

Who's Jack Bauer?

ARCHIE

Now, it's time for a little show and tell.

(calling off-camera)

Jimmy, bring out "Achmed."

A STAGEHAND rolls out a mannequin dressed in an orange prison jumpsuit strapped to an inclined board.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Now, I'm going to have Private O'Malley show us on Achmed here what is meant by the torture technique known as waterboarding.

He moves to the mannequin and grabs a bottle of water that has been placed there. He holds out the bottle to Terry who remains seated.

TERRY

We never did that.

ARCHIE

But you know how it's done.

TERRY

Yeah, I do.

ARCHIE

Well, give us a hand here. Everyone knows you like to perform for the camera--

She glares at him and doesn't budge.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Looks like Private O'Malley has retired.

(MORE)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Well, I guess your humble host just has to do everything himself.

He keeps talking while placing a cloth over the mannequin's face and dousing it with water.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

It comes down to a question of values. What's more important? The comfort of a terrorist or the lives of Americans. This is basic human nature. Achmed can't breathe right now. Achmed is scared-

TERRY

Bullshit.

ARCHIE

(topping her)

If Achmed wants to breathe, he'll tell us the truth. Simple as that.

TERRY

(rising)

That is total bullshit.

ARCHIE

Now, Private O'Malley, what did I tell you about profanity?

TERRY

You force water into some guy's lungs, he'll say anything to make it stop. Forget about the truth. You don't know what you're talking about.

He moves in close to her.

ARCHIE

I know that if I had some punk terrorist in my hands and my guys' lives were on the line, I would get the information I needed, no matter what.

TERRY

"Your guys?" Who's that? Your chauffeur and the make-up girl?

Archie is fully clenched. He moves in closer and jabs his finger toward Terry.

ARCHIE

You shut the hell up. I have skin in this game. My nephew is stationed in Basra. I lost a good friend on 9/11. Those are my guys. And I've been in combat.

TERRY

You served.

ARCHIE

I was under fire and my life was at risk.

TERRY

What branch?

ARCHIE

No branch. I was a correspondent.

TERRY

What?

ARCHIE

I was a correspondent during the war in Grenada.

TERRY

You're kidding me.

ARCHIE

No, Terry, I most certainly am not kidding you. I was under enemy fire with our troops in Grenada and my life was at risk.

TERRY

(calm and dismissive)

You're a fucking joke.

She turns to walk away from him but he rushes towards her and shoves her hard from behind. Terry takes two quick steps forward to maintain her balance then whirls around to face him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You're also a fucking coward.

She laughs in his face and he explodes.

ARCHIE

Get out of my studio. Get out of my goddam studio before I smash your face in.

TERRY  
You chicken shit.

She grabs hold of his index finger and twists it violently back to his wrist, forcing Archie to stagger backwards against the waterboarding display. Terry rips open the Velcro restraints and sweeps the mannequin to the floor. She takes Archie roughly by the lapels, slams him down onto the inclined board, and secures him tightly with the straps.

The LINE PRODUCER signals the booth to cut the live feed. CREW MEMBERS scramble toward them but Terry smashes a fallen water glass and holds the sharp edge to Archie's throat.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
(to the crew)  
Stay the fuck back.

Archie struggles as she straddles his body, locking her legs underneath the board. She presses the glass up under his chin until a small trickle of blood emerges. Archie's bucking subsides.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
(intimately)  
You're mine now. I can do any  
fucking thing I want with you.

She grabs the cloth and presses it firmly over his nose and mouth. His shouts are muffled. She grabs the water bottle from the floor and pours a short stream over the cloth forcing him to inhale water.

She removes the cloth and Archie hacks up water, gasping for air and bucking violently. She clenches her legs tighter, keeping him pinned.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Achmed can't breathe. Achmed is  
scared.

ARCHIE  
I'm dying. God, I'm dying.

TERRY  
Not yet.

She puts the cloth back over his nose and mouth and soaks it with a longer stream. When she whips the cloth away, Archie spews forth water and emits a howl of utter terror. His eyes are wild.



ARCHIE  
 (sputtering and weeping)  
 God, please, stop. I'm dying.  
 Stop.

TERRY  
 Confess.

ARCHIE  
 What? What do you want?

TERRY  
 Confess.

ARCHIE  
 I confess.

TERRY  
 To what?

ARCHIE  
 Anything. Just stop.

TERRY  
 Twin towers?

ARCHIE  
 Yes-- yes.

TERRY  
 Pentagon?

ARCHIE  
 Yes.

TERRY  
 Flight 93?

ARCHIE  
 Yes, anything.

She releases him abruptly. He lies limp and wet, blubbering, snot running down his face. A SECURITY GUARD restrains Terry who offers no resistance. ASSISTANTS rush to Archie. One of them crinkles his nose and looks down to see that Archie has soiled his pants. MURMURS of discomfort and embarrassment and a few suppressed chuckles.

Terry floats with the current as she's pulled this way and that. A crimson drop of blood hits the tile in front of her foot, then another, then a stream flowing from her nose. Her eyes roll back into her head and she crumples to the ground.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

BEEPS of a monitor as Terry blinks to consciousness. White walls, hospital Johnny, IV in her arm, tubes up her nostrils, head bandaged. She tries to bring her hand to her head but it is held in place by a handcuff that clanks on the metal bed frame. She squints down at her restraints and chuckles weakly.

MARTY(O.S.)  
You're in a good mood.

She spots her Dad silhouetted by the sun streaming through the window.

TERRY  
Hey-

MARTY  
How you feeling?

TERRY  
Okay. Head hurts.

He approaches and brushes a lock of hair off her forehead.

MARTY  
Yeah, I'm not surprised. You had some extra blood floating around up there.

TERRY  
Uh-huh.

MARTY  
You'll be okay.

She jingles her handcuffed wrist.

TERRY  
Yeah?

MARTY  
Well, that's another matter.

TERRY  
(deep breath)  
I really fucked up.

MARTY  
Yeah, you really did.

Terry takes a moment to assess her situation. Marty sits in a chair by the edge of the bed.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Still, he kinda had it comin'.

She studies him as he fights back a smile.

TERRY  
You saw it?

MARTY  
Some of it played live on TV. Then  
all of it showed up on the  
internet. Crapped pants and all.

TERRY  
Oh my God.

MARTY  
And now it's everywhere.  
Newspapers, radio, TV. They're  
having a field day.

TERRY  
Wow.

MARTY  
Some folks want you locked up  
forever. Others want to give you a  
medal.

TERRY  
What do you think?

MARTY  
You sure as hell don't deserve a  
medal.

TERRY  
I didn't mean-

MARTY  
But I don't want to see you going  
to jail. Again. You're a fuckin'  
mess but you're still my daughter.

She gives him a crooked smile.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Another shit storm- with you in the  
middle.

TERRY  
Yeah, looks like.

MARTY

You seem to have a knack for that.

(pause)

We'll just have to see how all this plays out. I've had half a dozen calls from lawyers wanting to represent you for free.

TERRY

Really.

They're both silent for awhile. Marty glances out the window.

MARTY

I'm getting married next week.

TERRY

Jesus, it's August 9th already?

MARTY

I'd like you to be there.

TERRY

You sure?

MARTY

Yes, I'm sure.

TERRY

I don't know. I don't know if they'll let me.

MARTY

Yeah, well. If they let you.

TERRY

(pause)

I'm kinda fadin' here.

MARTY

Yeah, okay. Get some rest.

He stands, shifts slightly then pats her leg before heading to the door. Terry watches him leave as her eyes drift shut.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The door BANGS open and Terry is jolted awake as an ARMY SERGEANT strides in. He plants himself at the end of her bed and takes a moment to assess her alertness before speaking.

SERGEANT  
Private O'Malley.

He holds for a response and receives none.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
(sterner)  
Private O'Malley.

She gives him a weary half-smile.

TERRY  
Yeah, that would be me.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The tubes are gone from Terry's nose and the handcuff has been removed. She stares out the window as a NURSE roughly inspects the IV in Terry's arm. Their eyes meet. The nurse makes an adjustment and Terry winces silently in pain. The nurse looks blankly at Terry who has sweat beading on her face.

NURSE  
Did that hurt?

Terry remains silent. Abruptly, the nurse turns and exits.

A moment later, the door eases open and Minnie enters carrying a small flowering cactus in a pot.

MINNIE  
Hi.

TERRY  
Minnie-

Minnie leans over and kisses Terry on the cheek. Terry's a bit flustered. Minnie holds out the cactus.

MINNIE  
I brought you this. I don't care much for flowers.

TERRY  
Thanks, Minnie.

MINNIE  
It's low maintenance. You can forget to water it for weeks.

She places the cactus on the bedside table and sits.

MINNIE(CONT'D)  
You had me worried.

TERRY  
Sorry.

Minnie takes a breath.

MINNIE  
I want you to stop hurting  
yourself.

Terry doesn't know what to say.

MINNIE(CONT'D)  
I consider you a friend. I'd  
appreciate it if you'd take care of  
yourself.

TERRY  
(still puzzled)  
Okay.

MINNIE  
You owe that to a friend. That is,  
if you consider me a friend.

TERRY  
I do, Minnie. I really do.

MINNIE  
Alright then.

She smiles.

TERRY  
I'm going away for awhile.

MINNIE  
Oh. How long?

TERRY  
Twelve months. Maybe less.

MINNIE  
I'm sorry.

TERRY  
It's alright.

Terry reaches into the drawer of her bedside table and pulls out the green shell-casing lighter.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
I'd like you to have this.

Terry gives the lighter to Minnie who studies it.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
My Dad gave it to me when I shipped  
out. His grandfather made it.

MINNIE  
Don't you want to keep it in the  
family?

TERRY  
(abruptly)  
Fuck no- sorry.  
(after a moment)  
Alice deserves better.

MINNIE  
How are you going to light your  
cigarettes?

TERRY  
I need to quit.

MINNIE  
Good. That's good.

INT. SAINT THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY

The PRIEST intones the wedding ceremony. Marty stands facing Mo at the altar. They exude a calm, confident joy. Thirty-odd celebrants are in attendance.

The door opens at the back of the church and Terry quietly slips inside. No one takes any notice of her. She scans the crowd and spots Claire, holding a pink-blanketed INFANT and sitting beside her strikingly-handsome HUSBAND. By her side is Alice who is utterly enraptured by the ceremony.

MARTY  
Maureen Claire Madigan, I promise  
you kindness, friendship, honesty,  
respect, faith, passion and good  
humor.  
I promise to work to become the  
best person I can and support you  
in that same journey.  
I promise to care for you and allow  
you to care for me.  
I promise to love you and share my  
life with you.  
(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

And I promise to let you redecorate  
The Honest Man Pub every seven  
years.

Scattered laughs from the guests. Terry sees Alice giggling with delight to be in on a joke even though she doesn't quite understand it. Claire slips her arm around Alice's shoulder and gives her a squeeze. Alice gazes up at her and grins.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Maureen Claire Madigan, I take you  
to be my wife from this day forward  
till death do us part.

PRIEST

Martin Sean O'Malley, Maureen  
Claire Madigan, I now pronounce you  
man and wife. You may kiss the  
bride.

They embrace as cheers and whoops go up throughout the church. The organist plays the recessional with more exuberance than skill. Marty takes his bride by the hand and starts down the aisle. He catches a brief glimpse of Terry as she disappears out the church door.

EXT. SAINT THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY

The church doors burst open and the wedding party tumbles out. Marty pauses on the top step, scanning the street and waiting cars, but Terry is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. HONEST MAN PUB - DAY

A green banner hangs across the front window: CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION. A town car pulls up. Marty pops out of the back seat and jogs around to open Mo's door. She extends her hand and he draws her gently to the sidewalk. Mo thanks him with a small curtsy and he responds with a gentlemanly bow. They both smile then reach back for Alice. Marty hoists her up into his arms and the three of them head into the pub.

Terry observes all this from a bench half-hidden by an ancient elm tree a hundred yards down the street. Her packed duffle bag rests at her feet and she is dressed for travel. She pulls a pack of cigarettes out of her pocket then pats around for the lighter she no longer possesses.

TERRY

shit.



She crumples the pack and drops it on the ground. Leaning over, she tightens the laces on her boots and reties them in tight double-knots. She rises from the bench, watching as more festive wedding guests stream into the Honest Man Pub. Terry hoists the duffle onto her shoulder and heads off briskly in the opposite direction. As she cuts across the street, the traffic eclipses her and she's gone.

FADE OUT:

END