

IN-BETWEEN

Original screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HADLEYVILLE, VERMONT, TOWN CEMETERY - DAY

An old, deserted cemetery braces the Autumn wind. Dead leaves grace the headstones worn by the long harsh winters in this rural town. We HEAR a MALE TEENAGER SPEAK.

BRYAN (V.O.)

Someone once told me that life is like a sequence of bus rides. Each one more interesting and ever so crucial to the development of your soul than the last. Conversely, death is nothing more than a series of bus stops where you get on and off and wait for the next bus.

PAN the graves, entangled by weeds and vines.

BRYAN (V.O.)

And hopefully a bigger bus. A better bus. A bus with better air conditioning and softer seats. But sometimes that great big cool bus just never comes. My name is Bryan. I'm seventeen. And I've been waiting for that stupid-ass bus for what seems like an eternity.

PAN some of the newer headstones, each with respective born and died dates engraved upon them.

BRYAN (V.O.)

I guess I should explain. I, Bryan Geoffrey Stevens, am dead. Not dead in the coffin-buried-six-feet-under, worms eating-at-my-brains sense of the word. But dead in a much more complicated way.

A single autumn leaf floats down from the sky and lands on the newest headstone:

*'Here lies Bryan Geoffrey Stevens,  
Born April 15th, 1987, Died October  
1st, 2004.'*

BRYAN (V.O.)

See, I believe things tend to happen for a reason.

(MORE)

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

At least, that's what I always liked to believe. That is until that day when I finally met him.

BRYAN STEVENS, 17, lies on top of his own grave, his arms folded across his chest as he stares up at the deep blue sky.

BRYAN

Now, I know what you're thinking. Who am I to be lecturing you about life, death and all that bullshit called knowledge, right? Especially at the ripe old age of seventeen. And maybe you're right. But let me just say one thing in my defense: I've been dead a lot longer than it seems.

(slaps mosquito on face)  
And you tend to pick up a few things, not long after they nail your coffin shut and haul a few thousand pounds of dirt onto your face.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

LONG REAR SHOT of Bryan and a MAN walking down a long country road together. Huge oak trees shade both sides of the dirt road.

BRYAN (V.O.)

The thing is, I don't remember how I ended up on that road that day, or it still being fall. What I do remember, though, is him. That class-A asshole walking along beside me. I'm talking, of course, about Sam.

CLOSE ON SAM CARTER, the man walking next to Bryan. He appears to be in his early twenties, only he isn't. In fact, he's much older. He wears a faded, old, black leather jacket, haggard black jeans and leather boots. Bryan is slightly shorter than Sam, so his strides are smaller.

BRYAN

Slow down, will ya? Where's the fire?

No response.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Would it be asking too much to at  
least know where we're heading?

Again, nothing.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Do you even have a name?

Bryan looks up as Sam doesn't acknowledge him in any way,  
shape, or form.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Didn't anyone ever tell you that it  
isn't polite to ignore people?

Sam takes out a cigarette, lights it. He tosses the match on  
the ground as it DISAPPEARS behind them.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
I hate being ignored. That's cause  
of my step-father. He does it all  
the time, unless he's talking about  
his damn dick size that is. Man,  
talk about your quintessential  
asshole. Take the other night, for  
example. He comes barging into my  
room and starts bragging about how  
big it is on account of some pills  
he's taking. Do you believe that  
shit? I mean, what kind of loser  
talks about stuff like that? I'm a  
kid for God's sake. Like I give a  
shit?

Sam looks at the trees and rolls his eyes.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Man, you wouldn't have to pay me to  
wish he was dead.

Sam shoots him a condemning look and marches on.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
You remember that huge snowstorm we  
had last year? I stayed up all  
night praying he'd get stuck out on  
I-95 in that old shit box of his  
and freeze to death. Only no such  
luck. He still came home twisted  
and beat the shit outta me. God, I  
never get a break. I swear.

A single leaf floats down as Bryan nabs it mid-air. He crinkles it up and tosses it on the road behind them.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Stinking trees. I hate trees.

The leaf DISAPPEARS, only Bryan doesn't see it happen.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
That's cause I'm from Brooklyn. I mean, you hear it's a real armpit, but it really ain't. We only moved up here cause my Mom married that loser. Only there ain't nothing to do up here but think about getting laid all the time. No wonder people do it with the cows.

Sam sighs and presses on.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
I've been waiting two whole years to get that shit over with. I swear, I'm the last virgin in this town. Even my best friend Larry Steadman has gotten it more than I have. He's got some junior cheerleader he's seeing who can't seem to get enough. Man, that's what I need. I hear they go down on you the first date. You ever date a cheerleader before?

Bryan looks up at Sam. Sam quickens his pace. Bryan catches up, squinting his eyes.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Not that I'm complaining. I got a great girl. Her name is Julie. Man, I don't know what I would have done up here if it wasn't for her. We met on the Internet two years ago. You ever try that shit before? Cybersex?

(no response)  
Don't even bother. Three hours later and you're still horny as hell. You might as well just jerk off. Leave it to me to hook up with a virgin. Julie says she's saving it for after we get married. Like I can wait around for that booty? I'm seventeen-years-old.

(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
I still haven't seen her naked, not  
a goddamn nipple.

Sam flicks his butt on the road and steps over it. The butt  
VANISHES behind them.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Do you believe that shit? Man, I'm  
telling you, I have the worst luck.  
I'm better off being dead.

Bryan shoves his hands inside his pockets, mad as hell. Sam's  
left eye begins to twitch.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Only tonight's the night. I got the  
whole thing planned. We're meeting  
at my house. I even rented this  
great movie. You know, to kinda get  
you in the mood and all.

Sam walks faster as his right eye joins in.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
It's one of them Italian films.  
I've been carrying this damn thing  
around for years. The front cover  
is nearly falling off.

Bryan shows Sam a condom. Sam rubs his face, pressing on.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
It's just gotta work. I already  
tried everything else.  
(puts condom away)  
They even got this Italian chick in  
it with tits the size of  
basketballs. She keeps screaming  
something like "la piccolo" which I  
think means more, and that's when  
this second guy comes in and gets  
on top of her. He's practically  
gagging to death ...  
(feigns cough)  
...his face right in her tits, when  
this other guy leans over and pulls  
out this...

SAM  
Shut the fuck up!

Sam stops in the middle of the road, screaming at the top of  
his lungs. Bryan freezes and studies him. They exchange looks  
as Sam smooths his hair back and calmly walks on.

BRYAN  
That's it? That's all you've got to  
say to me?

Bryan catches up to Sam.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
For three hours we've been on this  
road. My voice is shot, my feet are  
dead, and that's the best you can  
come up with? "Shut the fuck up"?

Again, Sam ignores him as he keeps on walking.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
H-E-L-L-L-O? What are you like gone  
again? What is your fucking  
problem?

SAM  
My problem? What do you subscribe  
to, Screw Me Magazine?

BRYAN  
I don't see you contributing to the  
conversation. I don't know who the  
Hell you are!

Sam lights a cigarette. He flicks the match as Bryan steps  
over it, not seeing this. It dissolves behind them.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
For all I know, you could be one of  
them perverts they just let out of  
the state pen on account of they  
don't have enough money to feed  
your sorry ass.

SAM  
(continues on)  
You see? That's what I'm talking  
about. What kind of kid even thinks  
shit like that?

BRYAN  
I happen to have what's called an  
active imagination. Which, in case  
you didn't know, is a sign of  
intelligence, asshole.

SAM  
You call talking about your dick  
size smart?

BRYAN  
Oh, so you were listening after  
all.

Sam continues off as Bryan catches up.

SAM  
From now on, just keep your mouth  
shut and your sex life to yourself.

BRYAN  
What sex shit? That's my whole  
goddamn problem! I don't have any!

Sam stops in the middle of the road. Bryan stops as they  
face each other, talking, only we don't hear what they say.

BRYAN (V.O.)  
I'm not sure if Sam told me what he  
did just to shut me up, or because  
he felt sorry for me. But either  
way, it worked. Cause it was at  
that moment that I found out I  
was...

CLOSE ON Bryan's face.

BRYAN  
What do you mean I'm 'dead'? What  
kinda bullshit is that?

SAM  
Think about it, kid. Do you even  
remember how you got on this road  
or long you've been here?

Bryan looks around, shocked.

BRYAN (V.O.)  
Naturally, I refuted this bold  
accusation with all the sheer  
stubbornness and resilience that my  
youthful years allowed. But all he  
kept doing was staring ahead at  
that road, like I didn't even exist  
at all.

Bryan sits on a large rock by the side of the road. His  
forehead perspires as his face turns a greyish white.

BRYAN  
I don't feel so good.

SAM

Relax. In a few more minutes, you won't remember this.

Bryan pukes on Sam's boot. Sam look down at the vomit, pissed. He shakes it off his boot and leers at Bryan.

BRYAN (V.O.)

And that's where my story begins, and where my sad and oh-so-brief life ends. Reluctantly, Sam told me his name and how he'd been assigned to be my "guide" to the hereafter. Or "AODs" as they prefer to call themselves. Angels of Death.

Bryan rises.

BRYAN

That's impossible! I can't do this shit. I haven't even lived my life yet.

SAM

That ain't my problem.

BRYAN

Screw you, asshole! You think I'm going anywhere without knowing about sex and love!?

SAM

Trust me, kid. It's over rated.

BRYAN

What? That's what life is about you moron. Any idiot knows that!

Sam flicks another cigarette on the road. It DISAPPEARS in front of Bryan. This is the first time Bryan sees this. He rises and freaks out. He looks at Sam and backs away

SAM

Don't do anything stupid, kid. Now let's get back to that road.

Bryan dives into the field behind them. Bryan's feet graze across the grass so fast they barely touch the ground. Sam watches, fuming mad.

SAM (CONT'D)

Kids. How many times do I gotta tell 'em don't send me kids! I hate fucking kids.

Sam lights another cigarette and exhales. Bryan vanishes into the woods.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HADLEYVILLE - DAY

Bryan exits the woods and looks back to make sure he isn't being followed. He steps onto the sidewalk and continues down the street. LOCALS pass by, completely oblivious to Bryan's presence. Bryan stops as he sees TOM MCKENZIE, '50s, loading his truck with supplies.

BRYAN  
Mr. McKenzie.

Bryan runs over to Tom.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
I need a ride home. You think you can drop me off on your way home?

Mr. McKenzie ignores Bryan. Tom gets inside his truck and starts the ENGINE.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Mr. McKenzie. I said I need a ride. I gotta get home!

Tom drives off as Bryan watches shocked. MRS. SANTINO, mid-40s, approaches a hardware store as Bryan spots her. He follows her to the store.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Santino. Thank God it's you. I'm not feeling good. You think you can call my mom to come pick me up? I need to get home!

Sam appears on the corner as Mrs. Santino enters SANTINO'S Hardware Store and closes the door. Bryan watches, shocked.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Santino? Didn't you hear what I said?

Bryan reaches for the door, only his hand goes right THROUGH the door handle. Bryan backs away, horrified. It finally sinks in as LOCALS pass by. One of LOCALS walks right through -- Bryan. Sam appears next to him.

SAM  
Like I said, kid, there ain't no way outta this but with me.  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Now what do you say we get back on that road and make this easy?

BRYAN

But I'm just a kid.

SAM

It ain't important. When you add it all up, it ain't more than just a few seconds.

BRYAN

What?

SAM

What you're missing. The last few seconds of the Super-bowl, or some trophy you won. The rest of it is a total waste of time.

BRYAN

You're fucking crazy! Get away from me! Leave me the alone!

Bryan takes off again. A WOMAN, 20s, walks by as Sam as watches her ass. He looks at the diner across the street and disappears. Bryan darts behind a building shaking. He stares back at where Sam as is relieved to see he's gone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HADLEYVILLE - SHORT WHILE LATER

Bryan walks cautiously down the street. He stops in front of the local diner as looks behind him. A WOMAN, 50s, exits the diner nearly bumps into Bryan. Bryan backs off, startled.

He and sees a GIRL, 18 or so, inside the diner staring directly at him. Bryan approaches the window and looks in. They make eye contact as the girl turns away.

INT. HADLEYVILLE DINER - DAY

The girl is FAITH BISHOP. Her appearance is rather unkempt, yet attractive. She sits at the lunch counter as Bryan eyes her from the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Bryan reaches for the door handle as his hand goes THROUGH it. He watches frustrated as a CUSTOMER approaches the diner. The customer ENTERS as Bryan dashes in behind him.

INT. HADLEYVILLE DINER - DAY

The door closes as Bryan stands awkwardly inside the diner. Faith acknowledges him turns her attention back to CASSIE BISHOP, a waitress in her early '40s. Cassie, once a classic beauty, is now aged beyond her years. She waits on a CUSTOMER in a manner that indicates she's been doing this for years.

Brian lingers in the doorway as someone exits the diner. He remains fixed on Faith as she feels his eyes upon her as he approaches.

FAITH  
(back towards him)  
What are you looking at?

BRYAN  
Why is it only you see me? You're  
not one of them, are you?

Faith turns and sees Sam across the street watching them. She looks away, annoyed.

FAITH  
Like I'd be caught doing that shit.

BRYAN  
You see him too?

FAITH  
Don't be stupid, okay? If there's  
one thing I hate is stupid dead  
people. It ruins the whole point.

Bryan sits beside her. Faith leans over and sniffs him.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Only dead a few hours.

Bryan smells under his arm.

BRYAN  
You can tell that by smelling me?

FAITH  
I bet you don't know what you're  
doing here yet, do you?

Bryan looks at her confused.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(eyes waitress)  
Why did you have to pick this place  
to figure it out in? You never  
bothered coming in here before.

BRYAN  
How would you know?

FAITH  
I know everyone who comes in here.  
I've been here long enough.

BRYAN  
And how long has that been?

FAITH  
What is this, fifty questions?

Cassie tips over a bottle of ketchup. Faith catches it and places it upright. Cassie notices this, walks off.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
How is that any of your business?

Bryan turns away, worried. He stares at Sam as Faith softens.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Relax, he won't bother you in here.  
He never comes in this place.

BRYAN  
And why is that? Are you special or something?

Faith ignores him. Beat.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
So why is he after you?

FAITH  
He knows better than to pull a  
stunt like that.

BRYAN  
Are you saying there's a way I can  
get rid of this guy?

BILL PETERSON, 43, enters the diner. Bill is good-looking in a working-class kind of way. He wears a worn-out work jacket with the words "Peterson & Sons Plumbing Company" printed on it. Bill sits on the same stool where Bryan is situated. As soon as he feels the impact, Bryan bolts up.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Christ, man. What the fuck?

FAITH  
Like he can see your dead ass?

Cassie catches sight of Bill and approaches. She turns over his coffee cup and fills it with hot coffee. Bryan sits down on the opposite side of Faith, unnerved.

CASSIE  
(to Bill)  
You best order quick. I got customers waiting.

BILL  
I drive all the way over here from Brattleboro just to see your face, and that's the "hello" I get?

CASSIE  
And you'd better not be in one of them horny moods of yours again, 'cause the answer is still "no". So, what's it gonna be, the usual?

BILL  
My days of asking you out are over. I got better things to do than to keep letting you turn me down.

CASSIE  
Is that with fries, or without?

BILL  
Don't get cute. And I want hash browns!

Cassie walks off and places Bill's order with HARRY, '50s, the COOK. Bill yells after her.

BILL (CONT'D)  
In case you didn't notice, hard-working, decent, loyal guys don't exactly grow on trees in this town.

Cassie waits on another CUSTOMER at the counter.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Did I mention I was sensitive? 'Cause believe me, Cass, sensitivity in any man is a rare commodity these days. Why, you'd be lucky to have me.

She pours coffee for a CUSTOMER at a table behind them and returns to the counter with some dirty dishes.

BILL (CONT'D)

You'd think I'd at least worn you down to a lousy donut and cup of coffee by now.

Cassie grabs a donut from the tray and plops it down into Bill's coffee. It splatters on Bill's jacket.

CASSIE

There, we've dated now. You happy?

She walks off as Bill fishes the donut out, shakes it.

BILL

You're a hard woman, Cass. A damn hard woman.

Bryan watches, amazed.

BRYAN

What's he so crazy about her for? She's doesn't seem like anything special.

FAITH

She's my mother.

Bryan's mouth drops open as Cassie grabs her coat and purse. She heads over to KAREN TAYLOR, '50s, the owner of the diner.

CASSIE

I'll be back in an hour. I've got an errand I need to run.

KAREN

Again? Lunch shift is just...  
(she sees Cassie's shaking hands)  
We'll manage.

Karen walks off as Cassie heads for the door. Faith gets up and follows after her.

BRYAN

Where are you going?

Bryan chases after Faith.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

You're not just gonna leave me here with him out there, are you?

FAITH

In case you haven't noticed, we  
tend to work alone here.

Faith exits the diner with Cassie, leaving Bryan inside.  
Bryan reaches for the door again as his hand goes THROUGH IT.  
A CUSTOMER enters as Bryan squeezes by.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Faith hops into the back of Cassie's pick-up truck. Cassie  
gets into the front and starts the engine.

BRYAN

But I thought you were going to  
tell me how to get rid of this guy?

FAITH

Why would I do that?  
(looks back at Sam)  
If you ask me, you'd be better off  
going with him and getting this  
over with now.

BRYAN

And I suppose that's what you did  
when you were in my shoes, right?

Faith looks at Sam still spying on them.

FAITH

Ask him to read you your rights.  
That ought to stall him for a  
while.

BRYAN

My what?

The truck backs away from the curb as Bryan grabs onto the  
side.

SAM (O.S.)

Going somewhere?

Bryan sees Sam right behind him.

BRYAN

Why didn't you tell me I have  
rights? That I don't even have to  
put up with this abuse?

SAM  
Trust me, kid.  
(leers at Faith/annoyed)  
You don't want to take advice from  
no dead girl. She's got her own  
troubles.

Bryan leaps into the back of the truck.

BRYAN  
If I were you, I'd get a better  
line. 'Cause you're about the last  
person I'd trust!

The truck drives off as Sam watches, even more perturbed.

EXT. CASSIE'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Bryan sits in the back of the truck next to Faith. She glares  
at him, all bent out of shape.

BRYAN (V.O.)  
Looking back on that moment, I  
realize that my actions were rather  
rash. Here I was not dead for more  
than a few hours and already I  
found myself chasing after some  
dead girl whom I knew absolutely  
nothing about.

CLOSE ON Bryan's face.

BRYAN (V.O.)  
It was as if we were two outlaws,  
running away from death, sharing  
some strange new adventure together  
headed into the eternal abyss of  
Hell. And then for some strange  
reason I suddenly had this  
overwhelming feeling that maybe she  
was right. Maybe I should have just  
gone with the bastard.

Bryan eyeballs Faith. His eyes shift down to her breasts as  
Faith perceives this, galled. She tightens her sweater moving  
away from him.

FAITH  
You really are a kid, aren't you?

BRYAN  
Who you calling a kid? How old are  
you anyway? Fifteen?

FAITH  
I'm twenty-two.

BRYAN  
Bullshit. You're seventeen if a  
day. I'd stake my life on it.

FAITH  
People don't age here. Or haven't  
you figured that out yet?

Bryan's eyes widen.

BRYAN  
What are you saying that I'm gonna  
be a kid forever? You've gotta be  
shitting me!

FAITH  
Welcome to the world of In-Between.  
You still sure you want to stick  
around?

EXT. RURAL LIQUOR MART - DAY

The truck pulls off the road and stops in front of a small  
liquor mart. Cassie gets out and heads into the store.

BRYAN  
Why are we stopping here?

FAITH  
You got someplace better to be. Go.  
I'm sure as hell not stopping you.

Faith climbs out of the back of the truck. Bryan watches her,  
annoyed.

BRYAN  
Cut me some slack, will you? I just  
found out I'm dead. Would a little  
sympathy kill you?

FAITH  
(leans against truck)  
You just don't get this gig yet, do  
you?

She scopes out her mother in the store. Bryan watches her,  
curious.

BRYAN

So that stuff you were saying about my rights, is that true?

FAITH

You've got six days to figure out what you're doing here. If you can come up with a good enough reason to stay, he can't touch you.

BRYAN

So what's your reason for being here?

Cassie comes out of the store. She drops a bag full of liquor into the back of the truck.

EXT. CASSIE'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

The truck is MOVING. CLOSE ON the bag full of liquor bottles as it RATTLES next to Bryan's leg. Bryan eyes it, concerned.

BRYAN

She expecting company?

FAITH

Look. If you're planning on sticking around here, you'd better get something straight. Don't ask about other people's business. It just isn't done here.

BRYAN

I don't even know where the hell 'this' is.

Faith turns away. Bryan stares up at her mother, getting it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

So she's the reason you're here? Your mother?

FAITH

You're catching on quick.

BRYAN

So how long you been here?

FAITH

Five years.

Bryan's eyes widen, freaked. The truck pulls off the road and parks in front of an old beat up farmhouse.

## EXT. CASSIE'S FARMHOUSE - DUSK

The house is barely standing. Paint peeling off, shingles missing from the roof, the porch railings hanging on for dear-life. Cassie gets out of the truck and grabs the bag of liquor next to Bryan's leg. She makes for the house as Faith climbs out and follows her. Bryan jumps out and pursues the two women.

BRYAN

So this is where you've been living for the past five years?

FAITH

I've got a bus schedule inside if you're interested. Takes you right back into town.

Bryan follows Faith to the house.

BRYAN

Actually, it's got potential. Honest it does.  
(steps onto porch)  
For a sledgehammer.

## INT. CASSIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassie closes the door. She carries the bag into a small kitchen visible from the living room. She fixes herself a drink as Bryan watches her.

Bryan surveys the broken down furniture and empty liquor bottles scattered on the floor. Faith catches his look as she sits down in an old wing chair.

FAITH

You got something else to add? 'Cause I can still get that bus schedule right now.

BRYAN

You're not getting rid of me that easy. At least not yet, anyway.

Bryan peers out the window. Faith notices.

FAITH

Relax. He ain't gonna bother you here.

BRYAN

You said that before. Only why is that? It wouldn't have something to do with you, would it? Or her, your mother?

Bryan sits in an old broken down chair, practically falling right through it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Christ. Where did you get that? A garage sale?

A spring literally sticks out through his body as Bryan yanks it out and tosses it on the floor.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Man. Did you see that? I did that all by myself.

FAITH

You're something all right. Maybe later you can work on the rest of the upholstery.

BRYAN

Thanks for the pep talk. You gonna tell me how to get rid of this chimp or just bust my balls all night?

FAITH

I'm not the one keeping you here. Why don't you ask him? I'm sure he's dying to hear from you right about now.

Bryan glares at her, annoyed as Cassie sits on the sofa holding a glass of vodka. She nearly downs the drink and lies back on the sofa.

BRYAN

She always drink like that?

FAITH

She ain't bothering no one.

BRYAN

You're the only one who's here? Or are there any more charming people like you around?

FAITH

Why don't you take a walk and find out?

BRYAN

Man, what is with you? You always treat people like this, or is it just me you hate?

FAITH

I ain't your baby-sitter. That shit is for you to figure out.

Cassie's glass falls onto the floor. Faith picks it up and places it back on the coffee table. Cassie looks up, disturbed by this. She pulls an afghan over her and closes her eyes.

BRYAN

I can see you're working miracles here. So what gives? You trying to tell me you're here for some purpose that I'm too stupid to figure out?

FAITH

If I were you, I'd worry about your own problems. He isn't gonna stay away that long.

BRYAN

Man, even dead I can't get a fucking break.

(leans back in chair,  
exhausted)

This was supposed to be the best night of my life, and now I'm stuck in some dump with some dead chick who doesn't want to talk to me.

FAITH

And he's still whining.

BRYAN

Maybe by tomorrow this will make some sense.

FAITH

You're planning on staying here tonight?

BRYAN

Where else would I go?

Bryan props his feet on the coffee table, dead tired.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
 Relax. I'll be Oeta your hair by  
 morning. I wouldn't dream of  
 interfering with your busy social  
 life.

Bryan looks at Cassie passed out drunk on the couch. Brian closes his eyes and falls into a strange sort of half-sleep. Faith watches him. She goes back to her newspaper, concerned.

EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the tip of a cigarette as it burns in the woods.  
 REVEAL Sam as he watches the house from a distance.

INT. CASSIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY TWO

The telephone RINGS as Cassie stirs on the couch. She leans over and answers it.

CASSIE  
 Yeah?

KAREN (O.S.)  
 You were supposed to be here an  
 hour ago. We've got customers  
 waiting.

CASSIE  
 Keep your shirt on!

Cassie hangs up the phone. She jumps up, bumping into Bryan's chair. Bryan bolts upright, startled. Cassie heads down the hall.

BRYAN  
 What the....  
 (sits up/remembers)  
 Shit. I knew this was too good to  
 be a nightmare. Why should my luck  
 suddenly change?

FAITH  
 Great. Awake ten seconds and  
 already he's complaining.

Faith stares out the window and sees Sam in the woods spying. Their eyes lock as Faith flips him the "bird". She closes the shade as Sam reacts. He turns away, not pleased.

Faith sits back in her chair as Bryan rises. He jerks his head back and forth.

BRYAN

That's weird. My neck won't crack.  
It always cracks in the morning.  
Ever since I fell off that dirt  
bike.

FAITH

Your body is still adjusting. In a  
few more days, you won't be feeling  
anything anymore.

She opens the paper and covers her head in it.

BRYAN

Thanks for the update. I knew I  
could count on you to...

Bryan peeks out the window.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Christ. He's back. Doesn't this guy  
ever take a day off?

FAITH

A real prince, ain't he?

Bryan walks away from the window, upset. He eyes Faith.

BRYAN

So what are your plans? Another  
exciting day at the diner?

FAITH

Why? Looking for distractions?

BRYAN

Don't flatter yourself. It's not  
like I'm planning on following you  
around.

He sits down in the chair.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I got plenty of things to do, trust  
me.

FAITH

I bet you have.

The SHOWER stops in the b.g. Faith quickly puts the newspaper down on the coffee table. Cassie enters the living room, spotting this. Cassie goes into the kitchen, pours a drink.

BRYAN  
That was smooth.

FAITH  
I thought you said you had some place to be?

Faith focuses on Cassie mixing the drink as Bryan looks at her intently.

BRYAN (V.O.)  
I don't know what it was, but suddenly I couldn't take my eyes off her. There was just something about the way she looked at her mother that mesmerized me. It was as if no one else existed at all. It made me wonder if anyone ever looked at me like that. And then suddenly for no apparent reason, I just leaned over and...

Bryan kisses Faith full on the mouth. His lips GO THROUGH HERS as Faith jumps up, startled.

FAITH  
What the fuck? What the hell is wrong with you?

BRYAN  
(jumps up/embarrassed)  
I'm sorry. I don't know why I did that.

FAITH  
That's it! You're Oeta here!

She grabs Bryan and shoves him toward the door.

BRYAN  
I'm sorry, okay? Can't we at least talk about this?

Too late. She pushes Bryan straight THROUGH the door.

EXT. CASSIE'S PORCH - DAY

Bryan lands on the front porch alone. He reaches for the door handle as his hand goes THROUGH it.

BRYAN

Can't you see I'm not myself today?  
I didn't mean anything by it!

Faith yanks down the shade. Bryan looks back at the woods, mortified. Only Sam isn't there. He suddenly feels vulnerable and scouts a school bus coming at him from down the country road. Bryan quickly makes his way off the porch toward the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A TEENAGE GIRL, 15, stands on the road waiting for the bus. The bus stops as Bryan catches up to her.

BRYAN (V.O.)

And there it was. Waiting for that bus. Only it wasn't exactly the kind of bus I'd been praying for.

The bus stops and the door opens. Bryan ambles onto the bus, after the girl. The bus door closes. A few moments later the bus drives off down the road.

INT. HADLEYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Bryan stands awkwardly in the aisle next to the bus DRIVER. He gazes out the window and catches sight of Sam standing in the woods watching him. Sam disappears into the distance as...

BRYAN

Julie.

Bryan pinpoints -- JULIE HAWKS, 18, a beautiful, strawberry blonde, green-eyed knockout sitting in the back of the bus.

She talks to her best friend, BESS HARRISON, also 18, as Bryan approaches her. He sits in the vacant row behind them and his eyes remain glued to Julie.

BESS

(to Julie)

It's not fair. How come you get to go to a great school like Bowdoin when I have to go to some shitty state school?

JULIE

S.U.N.Y. Is a great school. Why, you'll have over a thousand guys to pick from.