

Terry enters in his work clothes. He rotates to look at his backside, and sees thick smears of yellowish gunk on the seat of his pants. He touches a spot and a filament pulls away with his finger, like chewing gum.

Terry kicks off his sneakers and strips off the pants. Standing in his boxer shorts, he retrieves his phone from the pants, dials Lisa's number and holds the phone between his cheek and shoulder. Then he balls up the pants and tosses them out of sight across the room.

TERRY

(into phone)

Lisa, hi, it's Terry.

LISA-ON PHONE

Oh, hi Terry. How are you? Are we still on for tonight?

TERRY

Oh yeah-but I can't pick you up this evening. I left some construction adhesive on the seat of my truck, you know, in those big tubes, and I parked in the sun this afternoon. The cab got so hot that some of the tubes burst, and there's this smelly crud all over the seat.

LISA-ON PHONE

Oooohh, sorry about your truck. I'm working at the coop this afternoon--why don't I pick you up after I get off, and I can drive us to the restaurant.

TERRY

Hey, that's a great idea. I'm looking forward to this.

LISA-ON PHONE

Me, too. I'm done with appointments at four. So I'll pick you up at four thirty--we can get the early bird special--it's half price.

TERRY

OK then, see you at four thirty. I promise I won't be late this time. But just in case, give me your cell number.

LISA-ON PHONE

Terry, I don't have a cell
phone. Please just be on time.

TERRY
No problem, I'll be ready. See ya
soon.

LISA-ON PHONE
See ya, byebye.

42 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Terry, with wet hair, is getting dressed, checking himself
in a mirror. He pulls a battered TWEED JACKET with leather
elbow patches out of his closet and tries it on.

The jacket is a little too large for him, and he fidgets
trying to make it hang better. He starts to take it off,
and then puts it back on again.

Then he notices a picture of his father as a skinny young
soldier--helmet, flak jacket, no shirt.

he spaces out...

43 FLASHBACK INT. A DINGY PUB - NIGHT

Young Terry and TERRY'S FATHER are seated at a small table,
hard against the wall. There are food stains on the wood
paneling; above a vintage beer tray featuring a turn of the
censh cheesecake model.

Terry's Father, a balding, heavy set guy, wears the Tweed
Jacket. He faces Terry, his elbows on the table and his
left hand covering his right fist. Terry sits with his
hands in his lap.

A waitress arrives with their order, and sets it on their
table.

WAITRESS
Taco salad, cheeseburger plate,
well. Two Bo's.

TERRY'S FATHER
Thanks, babe.

Terry's father administers artful squiggles of mustard and
ketchup, and then starts wolfing the cheeseburger.

TERRY'S FATHER (cont'd)
(while chewing)
What's with them Birds? They can't
get out of their own way.

TERRY
I dunno, I haven't been paying

attention lately.

Terry's father slugs down about half his mug, and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

TERRY'S FATHER
Never shoulda left Memorial
Stadium. They had a team back
then... Palmer, Murray, Ripkin...

He dunks a big wad of fries into ketchup and stuffs them in his mouth. Terry takes a small sip of beer.

TERRY'S FATHER (cont'd)
Oughta bring back Earl Weaver,
that's what they oughta do.

TERRY
They already tried that once.

Terry's Father ignores the remark and takes another big drink.

TERRY'S FATHER
'Member those games we use' ta go
to? That guy who always jumped up
on the dugout roof, and spell out
Orioles with his arms... and then
you came home and did it for Mom...
'member that?

TERRY
(staring at his plate)
I remember.

Terry picks at his salad. Terry's father drains his mug. The waitress comes by.

WAITRESS
How is everything?

TERRY'S FATHER
'Nuther beer, sweetheart. You,
Terry?

Terry grips his nearly full mug, swirls it, and sets it back down.

TERRY'S FATHER (cont'd)
(to the Waitress)
Just one.

The Waitress removes the empty mug and scurries off.

TERRY
(still looking down)
We're going through with it.

TERRY'S FATHER

What?

TERRY

(looking up)

Cortney's going to have the baby.

TERRY'S FATHER

Terry, I thought that was settled.

TERRY

I know, Dad, but we're going to go through with it.

TERRY'S FATHER

What do you mean, we? You're not going to do something stupid, are you?

TERRY

Dad, I promised her I would stand by her...

TERRY'S FATHER

God dammit, Terry, you're making a bad decision...

TERRY

Well, it's my decision... our decision.

TERRY'S FATHER

But you still have time, Terry. Think it over.

TERRY

No!

TERRY'S FATHER

Then let her have the goddam baby. Stay the fuck out of it. We'll settle this up, and you can go on to Auburn.

TERRY

No, I can't...

TERRY'S FATHER

Yes you can! Don't make the same dumb ass mistake I made.

The waitress brings another mug. Terry's father takes a long drink.

TERRY'S FATHER (cont'd)

Jesus, Terry, when I got back from

Nam and met your mother, and let
all that GI money go to waste...
just for a regular piece of ass...

TERRY
Dad, stop it!

TERRY'S FATHER
Son, think it over.

TERRY
(quietly)
Dad, it's too late. We got married
this morning.

TERRY'S FATHER
You stupid fool. You stupid goddam
fool!

Terry stands abruptly, knocking over his father's beer.

TERRY
Fuck you, old man! I never want to
see you again!

TERRY'S FATHER
Terry, wait, I didn't mean...

TERRY
Just fuck you! Just fucking drop
dead!

Terry turns and stomps away.

TERRY'S FATHER
Terry, wait...

44 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry sets down the photograph.

45 EXT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

A faded Mercedes diesel station wagon pulls up in front and
struggles to parallel park--first cutting too hard and
almost running over the curb; then pulling out and in again,
and stopping two feet away from the curb.

46 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry looks at his watch and starts.

TERRY
Dag!

Terry hastily grabs his wallet, keys, and cell phone and
dumps them in the side pocket of the jacket. Then he dashes

out the door.

47 EXT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry emerges from the building just as Lisa starts to get out of the car. She turns and waves over the top of the car. Terry jogs up, Lisa gets in, and unlatches the door. Terry leans in.

TERRY

Hi, Lisa, nice to see you again.

LISA

Nice to see you, too. Hop in.

Terry gets in.

48 INT. LISA'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON (TRAVELING)

Lisa is wearing shirtwaist dress. Same glasses with the broken lens. Her hair is pulled back tightly in a bun; she wears no makeup at all.

TERRY

Thanks for picking me up.

LISA

No problem. I'm glad to do it. I hope your truck will be ok.

TERRY

(laughing)

It's not a big deal. The seat was shot anyway. I'll just get a cover for it.

Lisa swings sideways, drawing her right knee up toward Terry. It pulls up the hem of her dress, revealing the entirety of her thigh. Terry notices, but tries not to stare.

LISA

Terry...

Terry begins to speak, but Lisa continues.

LISA (cont'd)

Terry, I'm so sorry for losing my cool that night. I just got scared.

TERRY

Of me?

LISA

I don't know. Maybe... maybe I was afraid of myself. But I'm not,

now.

She draws closer to him; the dress riding even higher, hiding nothing now. Then, with her eyes closed, she places her hands on his temples, fingers spread wide, and lets them flow down over the contours of his face, slowly, gently, in a continuous gesture that ends with two fingers stroking his lips. Then she swings back behind the wheel.

LISA (cont'd)

We better get going, or we'll miss the early bird. Are you getting hungry?

TERRY

You bet! I sure am.

Lisa pulls the car out into traffic. The diesel engine clatters.

TERRY (cont'd)

Hey, great car.

LISA

Oh, this is Steely.

Lisa pats the dashboard affectionately.

TERRY

Steely? Hi Steely, pleased to meetcha.

LISA

I love this car. It belonged to an old man I knew... a client. I do some geriatric work, you know. He'd call me once a week for a massage, and when I'd visit, he'd come out and help me wrestle my table out of the back seat of the car... I had one of those eensie little Civics, you know. He was such a nice man, tall and trim... you could even say handsome, in that old man sort of way.

Lisa pauses. Terry is quiet, watching her intently.

LISA (cont'd)

Then he got cancer. It spread so fast... soon he was just wasting away. Still he kept calling me. I'd do what I could do... which really wasn't really much... it seemed like his elbows would tear right through his skin. At the end, he just wanted me to sit

and hold his hand.

Lisa wipes a tear.

LISA (cont'd)

After he died, I got a call from his daughter. He'd left me his car. She told me he thought it make it easier for me to carry my table around in it.

TERRY

Some guy, huh.

LISA

Frederick Steele. That was his name. That's why I call him Steely.

TERRY

Steely.

Terry rolls down his window.

TERRY (cont'd)

Sure is hot. I'm ready for fall.

Terry wriggles out of the sport jacket and places it on the back seat. Then he gazes out the window.

49 FLASHBACK INT. A NURSING HOME - DAY

Terry's father is asleep in a hospital bed. He is rigged with tubes in his nose and in his arm. A TV is blathering. Terry enters carrying an infant.

Terry picks the remote from his father's hand and mutes the sound. Then he touches his father's shoulder.

TERRY

Dad? Dad, it's me, Terry.

Terry's father stirs, blinks, and his face comes to life. When he sees the infant, he brightens.

TERRY'S FATHER

Ho! What's that you got there?

TERRY

This is Juniper. She's one month old today.

Terry holds the infant so his father can see her.

TERRY (cont'd)

Junie-pie, say hello to your grandad.

Terry waggles the infants hand.

TERRY'S FATHER

Juniper. What in the fuck kind of name is that?

TERRY

(to the infant)

Don't pay any mind, Junie. The old fart still doesn't know how to act around women.

TERRY'S FATHER

Let me hold her, Terry.

TERRY

OK, Dad, be careful now.

Terry carefully set the infant down on his father's chest. Terry's Father stifles a groan. He manages to stroke the infant's back.

TERRY'S FATHER

Don't tell me how to handle a baby. I changed your shitty diapers.

TERRY

That's not what Ma says.

TERRY'S FATHER

Well, maybe I did it once.

(sings)

Jennifer, Juniper, la de da de dum... Where's Courtney?

TERRY

She had to start back already. They let her switch to the evening shift, so we don't need a sitter during the day.

TERRY'S FATHER

So that's it for night school for you.

TERRY

Yeah, for the time being... Ma says it doesn't look good.

TERRY'S FATHER

You got that right. Coupla weeks at best.

TERRY

I'm sorry, Dad...

TERRY'S FATHER

Don't be. In the long run, I'm lucky. Lotta guys I knew never made it much past your age. I just want it to be over quick... and painless.

TERRY

It all happened so fast...

TERRY'S FATHER

Everything in life happens fast, Terry. Look at you, already a father. Here, take her. I'm getting tired. They're giving me percocet now, lots of it.

Terry lifts the infant and fusses with it maternally.

TERRY'S FATHER (cont'd)

You made one tough choice, kid. I still don't think it was the right one, but it's done now. I hope you can live up to your decision.

TERRY

I'll try, Dad. I will.

TERRY'S FATHER

(slurring)

I know you will. Better go... I'm nodding out...

TERRY

Goodbye, Dad.

50 INT. LISA'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry is still gazing out the window.

LISA

...and their malai kofta... um-mm, it's to die for... they use this wonderful coriander, and cumin... Terry?

TERRY

(back in the moment)

Oh yeah, cumin and cinnamin, sounds delish.

LISA

Terry, are you OK?

TERRY

Sure, I'm fine... it's just that

story about the old man...

LISA

I know, I brought you down... I'm so sorry, sometimes I just chatter away... Oh, look! A parking space at the end of the street!

Lisa swerves to the right, aiming for the parking place.

LISA (cont'd)

I never did learn how to parallel park.

She turns to sharply and the right front wheel jumps the curb and then falls back down to the gutter.

CLOSE on the back seat, Terry's wallet, sunglasses, and cell phone slide out of the side pocket of the tweed jacket.

BACK TO SCENE:

LISA (cont'd)

Oh my! Poor Steely.

Lisa pats the dash again, like soothing a child that scraped its knee.

LISA (cont'd)

Let's hurry... We're still in time for early birds.

51 EXT. A SIDEWALK - LATE AFTERNOON

They get out of the car and walk west into the raking sun. Lisa pulls her sunglasses from her purse; Terry gropes in his pockets for his, and glances back to the car. He starts to say something to Lisa, but she doesn't notice and keeps walking. Terry turns and catches back up with her.

52 INT. LISA'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE IN: Terry's cellphone is ringing. The display reads: "cortney"

53 EXT. A SIDEWALK - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry and Lisa reach the restaurant. He holds the door for Lisa, and they enter.

54 INT. THE INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

The interior is noisy, dark, and crowded. Terry pauses a moment for his eyes to adjust.

Lisa recognizes the RESTAURANT OWNER, who leads her to a table. Terry is cut off by a large family leisurely exiting the restaurant. Then he sees Lisa waving to him. He

advances right in the path of a WAITER carrying a big tray balanced on his upturned hand. The waiter stops short, pirouettes, and swings the tray around, tilting it into its arc, to keep from spilling the contents.

TERRY
(to the waiter)
Excuse me.

The waiter glares at Terry without speaking, and scurries on. Lisa, having seen all this, covers her eyes with her hand and shakes her head, not quite concealing a smile.

Terry weaves across and sits down opposite Lisa.

LISA
Well, here we are.

TERRY
Yeah, here we are.

They smile uncomfortably. The Waiter arrives with menus. He and Lisa exchange a smile. Terry attempts a lame smile, too, but the Waiter responds with a contemptuous glare, spins on his heels, and leaves.

Terry and Lisa open menus. Lisa rotates her glasses from her nose to her forehead. No longer distorted, her eyes are lovely.

Terry is perplexed by the offerings. He looks up and studies Lisa's face. From Terry's POV, we see incipient crow's feet, faint wrinkles at her mouth, and some grey hairs at her temples. Lisa notices and smiles.

LISA
Do you see anything you like?

TERRY
Wow, I can't make heads or tails out of this.

LISA
Why don't I order some platters, and we can share everything?

TERRY
That would be great.

Lisa glances around for the Waiter. Terry looks around, too, and notices a series of posters across the room. Colorful, vivid images of Ganesha, Shiva, and one of Vishnu and Lakshmi on the back of Garuda.

CLOSE on the last poster.

Resuming the table shot, the Waiter appears. He ignores

Terry and addresses Lisa.

WAITER

May I take your order?

LISA

Could we have a _____, but
could you make it vegetarian?

Terry swivels his head back and forth to follow the
exchange.

WAITER

We make that in batches, so we
can't serve it without the _____

LISA

Well, could we have the _____
and some side orders of _____,
_____, and _____?

WAITER

We're out of _____. The _____ is
only available as a main _____
dish. Would you like some _____?

Terry glances back at the posters. CLOSE on poster of
Durga, with 8 arms, riding a tiger. The image remains as
Lisa replies.

LISA (O.S.)

Fine, we'll have the _____, the
_____, and _____, with two
plates.

RESUMING table shot.

Lisa smiles at the waiter, like it was no big deal.

WAITER

(with strained smile)
Yes, Ma'am.

The Waiter leaves. Again Terry and Lisa are left to
themselves.

TERRY

(gesturing toward the posters)
Soooo, what's with those
characters?

Lisa looks across at other diners, unsure of who Terry is
referring to.

TERRY (CONT'D)

The exotic looking woman and the
guy with the blue skin.

Lisa resets her glasses on her nose. Now she sees what Terry is asking about.

LISA
Oh, you mean those
guys. (laughs) That's Lakshmi and
Vishnu. Vishnu is the supreme god

LISA (cont'd)
of the Hindus. Lakshmi is his
consort.

TERRY
Like a wife.

LISA
Sort of. Vishnu has a number of
consorts.

TERRY
You gotta admire a guy like that.

Lisa frowns.

TERRY (CONT'D)
What about Bird Man?

LISA
Hah! That's Garuda, the
eagle. Vishnu gave Garuda
immortality... in return, Garuda
must serve as his carrier.

TERRY
His own private plane. I'm liking
this Vishni more and more. That
Lakshmu is pretty cute, too.

Lisa scowls.

TERRY (CONT'D)
(with a devilish smile)
You'd make a great goddess...

Lisa brightens a little.

TERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Well, maybe not... it would take
too much makeup.

Lisa is stung.

TERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I mean, not to make you pretty, I
mean... I mean, you're really
pretty and all... I just mean,

you're not into makeup and glamour
and all that, but those
goddesses... are like into it, you
know...

Lisa swallows; conflicting expressions flash across her
face.

TERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I mean...
(beat)
I like you the way you are... I
really do.

Before Lisa can respond, the Waiter arrives with their
food. The view pulls back and we can no longer hear their
conversation, but we can see them passing plates and talking
with animation.

55 INT. LISA'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE on Terry's phone, ringing and displaying "cortney."

56 INT. CORTNEY'S DEN - LATE AFTERNOON

CORTNEY, now a young adult, is standing near an ironing
board holding a phone, waiting for someone to answer. She
is in dowdy clothes, somewhat unkempt and frazzled. The
room is furnished with bargains from a furniture
warehouse. A TV is on in the background.

JUNIPER, her twiggy, red haired five year old daughter, is
lying on the floor on her belly, leafing through a big
picture book. Knees bent, she swings her feet, which brush
against the frame of the ironing board.

Cortney continues to wait for an answer, getting thoroughly
stewed. Juniper's foot kicks the ironing board and the iron
totters menacingly over her back. Cortney lunges at the
iron--she catches it just in time, burning her hand. She
drops the phone and shrieks.

CORTNEY
Damn that man! Augghhh!

Juniper, startled, leaps to her feet.

JUNIPER
Mommee!

Cortney shakes her burnt hand, and then examines it. The
burn is not bad; Cortney calms down quickly. Juniper comes
over to look. She hooks a hand in Cortney's waistband and
leans against her hip.

JUNIPER (cont'd)
(calmly)

What man, Mommee?

Cortney puts her good hand around Juniper and looks again at the injured one. Jaw clenched, she looks aside, sending daggers out of her eyes.

CORTNEY

Nobody... nobody at all...

57 INT. THE INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE on Terry, wiping his mouth with a napkin. Pulling back, Lisa and Terry are done eating. The WAITER is clearing the table.

TERRY

Wow, that was great. I gotta admit, I was a little worried at first.

LISA

I was, too. You don't think it's too wierd, I hope.

TERRY

Oh, no! The _____ was delish, and the _____... [mispronouncing everything]

LISA

You mean the _____ [correcting him]

They smile at each other, more genuinely now.

LISA (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I'll be back in a minute.

Lisa gets up and heads for the restroom. Terry gazes back at the poster one more time. REAL CLOSE on Lakshmi.

58 INT. LISA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

REPLAY... Terry reaches to Lisa, and strokes her neck, lifting her hair, and letting it fall away. He leans toward her again, but she does not lean.

LISA

I... I don't know...

He leans even farther and kisses her again. Finally Lisa begins to respond. Terry slides his right hand down her shoulder and arm, and places it on her thigh. Her legs part slightly. Their kissing becomes passionate.

Terry shifts in his chair to reach farther up her thigh, and the cat leaps to the floor. Thu-thump!

Lisa pulls away abruptly. She is flushed, and her glasses are askew.

LISA (cont'd)
You have to go now.

59 INT. THE INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

Lisa returns from the restroom and sits. Her hair is down, and she is wearing lipstick. Her painted lips are jarring against the soft naturalness of her face. She leans toward Terry.

LISA
I'm back.

TERRY
Me, too.

Lisa looks at him, perplexed.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Haha, I mean, I'm still here.

Lisa nods in affirmation. Whatever.

LISA
I thought we could have some desert
at my place. I made some muffins.

TERRY
That would be nice, really nice.

Lisa reaches across the table and takes Terry's right hand in both of hers.

LISA
They're apple walnut, my mom's
recipe.

Lisa, looking down, begins to caress Terry's hand with her left hand.

LISA (CONT'D)
Except I use grape juice instead of
sugar...

Now she strokes his bare forearm with her fingertips. Terry stiffens slightly.

LISA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
And whole wheat instead of...

TERRY

You know, I went to the park, that night you invited me to come.

Lisa pulls her hands away and sits up straight.

LISA
You did? I didn't see you.

TERRY
I know. You were really into drumming. You and that tall guy... really into it.

LISA
Mark. He told me he saw someone... someone who walked up and waved... and then went away.

TERRY
That was me.

LISA
Why did you go? Why didn't you stay?

TERRY
I dunno. You were so into it... and into that guy... Mark.

She leans in and takes Terry's hand again.

LISA
Terry... we were... friends, once.

Once more she caresses his hand.

LISA (CONT'D)
But then I found out he has a wife, and some kids... some from another wife, or girlfriend, I think... I never could get the whole story... But that's all there is to it, we're just... friends.

TERRY
A Vishnu kinda guy, right?

LISA
Hah...

TERRY
I'm sorry, I don't mean to make fun...

LISA
It was just too much for me. Too complicated... I just need someone... I need someone who...

The Waiter arrives and places the check on the table.

TERRY
Lisa, I should tell you
something...

Lisa reaches for the check. Terry smacks his hand down on it.

TERRY (CONT'D)
My treat.

LISA
No, I asked you out...

TERRY
But you wouldn't let me pay you...
for the... massage.

Terry gropes for his wallet; in a flash he remembers he left it in his jacket pocket. Terry rises as he speaks...

TERRY (CONT'D)
Dag!... I think I left my wallet in
Steely... I'll be back in a flash.

Terry begins to leave.

LISA
Wait! You'll need these.

Terry stops and half turns. Lisa fishes the keys from her purse. She gives them a little toss; Terry makes a neat off balance catch and dashes off.

60 EXT. BONIFANT STREET - EARLY EVENING

Terry jogs down the narrow sidewalk back to the car, maneuvering around pedestrians, utility poles, and other impedimenta.

He reaches the car. Sorting through Lisa's keys he hears his phone ringing in the back seat. He finally finds the right key and answers his phone.