

FADE IN:

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

While half-listening to NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO, ANN FELDMAN, a slim woman about five feet six, in her early sixties but younger-looking and attractive, is packing jeans and shirts into a large cardboard box, topping it off with artist supplies: tubes of paint, brushes, etc.

Her tiny Brooklyn studio apartment is minimally furnished, more like an office than a living room: a Murphy bed, a small desk holding a laptop, a filing cabinet with a laser printer on top, bookcases filled with books, a small marble-top table, a leather love seat and reclining armchair, and a 15-inch TV.

Standing against one wall is a gym-quality stationary bike. There are no knickknacks, only a few framed lithographs and black/white photographs on the wall.

A large window at one end of the eighth-floor room shows a stretch of Brooklyn skyline.

The apartment has a small entry, and a minuscule kitchen and bath.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Ann attempts to weigh her packed and sealed carton on a tiny bathroom scale, but is unable to pick it up. She rubs her left shoulder which appears to pain her. Finally she abandons the carton and opens her filing cabinet.

From her filing cabinet Ann takes out two thick files labeled FINANCIAL and WILLS. She begins feeding the contents of the first -- six-page monthly financial reports-- into a PAPER SHREDDER set over a wastebasket.

A loud BUZZER gets her attention and she turns off the shredder.

Picking up the intercom phone by the front door, Ann speaks without waiting for the doorman, FRANK, to announce her visitor, since she's expecting him.

ANN
He can come up.

FRANK (O.S.)
(shouting into a rusty
connection)
Okay, Miss Feldman.

Ann hangs up the phone, pushes the cardboard box aside with her foot and conceals the paper-shredding stuff behind it.

Then, while bracing open the front door and looking down the hall toward the elevators, she speed-dials a number on her cordless phone.

INT. HALL -- MOMENTS LATER

SIDNEY, Ann's white-haired lawyer, exits the elevator and starts down the hall toward her. Seeing her, he smiles and waves.

Ann, listening to the voice on the phone, waves back.

TELEPHONE ROBOT (O.S.)

(filtered)

As of the close of business June 1,
your total portfolio value is
1,137,509 dollars and 24 cents.

Ann switches off the phone. She and Sidney embrace in the doorway, then enter her apartment.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Ann pulls a chair back from the marble table which is next to the window. The skyline view, bathed in sunlight, acts as a backdrop.

ANN

Have a seat. Sidney, you look great.
Instant decaf?

SIDNEY

Sounds fine. Sugar, no milk.

ANN (O.S.)

Comin' right up.

Ann disappears into the tiny kitchen. O.S. sounds are heard as she POURS water into the kettle.

SIDNEY

(in a raised voice)
Ready to leave for the Cape?

ANN (O.S.)

The Vineyard.

SIDNEY

(shaking his head)
I always forget.

He looks up as Ann comes out of the kitchen and sits down at the table opposite him.

ANN

Yes, another fascinating summer on Martha's Vineyard, chasing squirrels away from the birdseed and avoiding ultra-violet rays.

SIDNEY

Do you have friends there?

ANN

None at all. So, tell me: How's semiretirement?

SIDNEY

Great. I play with the grandchildren and make house calls.

Sidney takes papers out of his briefcase and hands them to Ann.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Your will, *Madame*.

ANN

Merci, Monsieur.

Ann glances through the pages of the will.

SIDNEY

You're giving away a lot of money. Are you sure your assets cover everything?

ANN

Unless the economy collapses and real estate goes to hell. This place is worth ten times what I paid for it ten years ago.

SIDNEY

You got it for twenty, if I recall.

ANN

Yes. You told me to offer that guy seventeen, but I didn't have the heart.

They hear the kettle WHISTLING. Ann gets up and goes into the kitchen.

SIDNEY

(calling to her)

Did you make your money writing novels, or is it family inheritance?

ANN (O.S.)
(calling)
Uno segundo....

She returns carrying two mugs. These she puts on the table, then sits down opposite him.

ANN (CONT'D)
I made essentially no money writing.
My largest book advance was a thousand dollars, and that was thirty years ago. My family inheritance went to my father's third wife. She kept him drugged and had him put everything in her name.

SIDNEY
Not much you could do if he signed it away.

ANN
In any case, I didn't intend spending my life in litigation -- no offense meant.

SIDNEY
(smiling)
None taken. So where *did* your money come from, if I may ask?

ANN
I moved around a lot. I'd buy an old house in some beautiful spot -- Southern France, Santa Fe -- fix it up, live there five or ten years, then sell it and move on. I wasn't speculating, but it had the same effect. Property values were skyrocketing and interest rates on tax-free bonds were sky high.

SIDNEY
You did well for yourself, Ann.

ANN
I've been able to live where I wanted, write what I wanted, remain single, and now I can leave my money to worthy causes.

SIDNEY
I notice you left nothing to your sister. You told me you were considering it.

ANN

I changed my mind. She walked out of my life thirty years ago. Why should I leave her anything?

SIDNEY

No reason.

ANN

She and her kids can't sue my estate, can they?

SIDNEY

They can sue, but as they're not mentioned in any of your previous wills, they wouldn't win. Of course they'll have to be notified of your death. Do you know where they live?

ANN

Haven't the foggiest.

SIDNEY

Then they'll have to be located by a private detective when the time comes.

ANN

Fine. You *do* have the originals of my former wills, right?

SIDNEY

Yes. But you know, Ann, I worry about you.

ANN

Don't. I've made all those wills but I'm still alive, contributing absolutely nothing to humanity.

SIDNEY

You write books. *That's* contributing.

ANN

No more. I haven't written anything for two years. *Finis, finito.*

(taking up the will)

Lemme me take one more look.

(looking through it rapidly)

UNICEF, Docs Without Borders, National Public Radio, United Negro College Fund, Planned Parenthood, environment, 'vironment, 'vironment.

(she looks up, smiling)

See? The world is better off without me.

SIDNEY

Nonsense.

ANN

Well, I'm ready to sign.

SIDNEY

Do we have a witness?

ANN

(getting up)

My neighbor across the hall. She lost her job *months* ago, so she's home writing screenplays. She'll probably get them all produced and she's not even a *writer*.

INT. HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Ann steps across the hall, BUZZES a doorbell and a smiling young woman named MELISSA opens the door.

ANN

Showtime.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Ann, Sidney and Melissa sit at the table as Sidney finalizes the will and holds it out to Ann.

ANN

You keep the original.

SIDNEY

Okay.

He hands her the copy and he and Ann get to their feet.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

(kissing Ann on the cheek)

Well, enjoy the Cape...uh...the Vineyard.

ANN

Thanks. And you have a good summer.

SIDNEY

(shaking Melissa's hand)

Nice meeting you.

Ann sees Sidney out the door, then turns back to Melissa.

ANN

Instant decaf?

MELISSA

No thanks.

ANN

You said you had something to ask me.

MELISSA

I do. I've been thinking about selling my apartment and buying a smaller one.

ANN

Oh, no! You have a *gorgeous* apartment.

MELISSA

My problem is, how do people *live* in small places? How do *you* do it?

ANN

(chuckling)

It's all I need. I hate to clean, I hardly ever entertain, *and* I spend five months a year in a house on Martha's Vineyard.

MELISSA

(sourly)

I have my whole family to entertain.

ANN

Mainly, I was influenced by reading Thoreau in college. His message was "Simplify."

MELISSA

You're amazing. I couldn't do without *any* of my stuff.

ANN

Sounds normal to me. By the way, how's the screenplay going?

MELISSA

(despondently)

I don't know.

ANN

I wouldn't know how to *begin* a screenplay. Have you sold any?

MELISSA

I haven't even *finished* any.

ANN
Well, at least you're writing. That's
more than I'm doing.

MELISSA
I'd rather have a job.

ANN
(smiling)
I'd rather write a novel.

They get to their feet, then suddenly Ann remembers something.

ANN (CONT'D)
Oh, listen, would you give me a hand
weighing that carton? I've got a
torn rotator cuff or bursitis or
something.

MELISSA
Sure. If I can.

Ann positions the scale and they pick up the carton and
balance it on the scale. While Melissa holds it, Ann looks
at the scale.

ANN
Twenty-nine.

They let down the box.

ANN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

MELISSA
(going toward the
door)
Well, have a great summer.

ANN
You too.

They kiss on the cheek, Melissa goes out and Ann closes the
door after her.

ANN (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Maybe I *should* write a fucking
screenplay. At least they're *shorter*
than novels.

INT. ELEVATOR -- MORNING

Ann, wearing sweat pants, T-shirt and rubber flip-flops,
carries down bagfuls of recyclables -- newspapers, cans and
bottles.

INT. BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Ann exits the elevator, puts the recyclables in bins, then re-enters the elevator. The door closes behind her.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

The CAMERA is still on the elevator door. It opens and Ann steps into the lobby wearing jeans and a jeans jacket, sneakers, a backpack and tummy pack, pulling a rolling black suitcase. FRANK, the middle-aged Latino doorman, greets her.

FRANK
(effusively)
Miss Feldman! How *are* you, Miss Feldman? You're leaving now? When will you be back, Miss Feldman?

ANN
(wickedly, gesturing)
Maybe never! There are sharks -- *big fish* -- where I'm going. They could eat me alive!

FRANK
(moaning)
Oh, no, Miss Feldman. You'll come back. I know it.

ANN
If I do, it'll be in October. Bye-bye, Frank. Have a great summer.

FRANK
You too, Miss Feldman. Goodbye.

They shake hands warmly and she exits to the street.

EXT. HENRY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Pulling her suitcase, Ann crosses busy, gentrified Montegue Street and continues briskly down Henry Street, turning right toward the HIGH STREET SUBWAY STATION.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO HIGH STREET STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

As Ann arrives at the stairs leading down, she picks up her suitcase and struggles it down one stair, but it's very heavy for her. She sees a BLACK STRANGER also about to descend.

ANN
(indicating her suitcase)
Would you mind...?

He takes the suitcase and hurries down the stairs, with Ann following.

INT. HIGH STREET SUBWAY STATION -- CONTINUOUS

They go through the turnstiles. Ann sees with horror that the extremely lengthy DOWN escalator isn't running.

ANN

Oh, gosh...

BLACK STRANGER

No problem.

INT. SUBWAY STAIRWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The man runs the suitcase down the long stairway, Ann hurrying after him.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM -- MOMENTS LATER

The uptown train is already there as they reach the platform. Ann jumps into the closing door, blocking it, and he hands her the bag.

ANN

Thanks!

The door closes and the train starts off. The man turns to a downtown train arriving on the opposite track.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY SUBWAY STATION -- LATER

Ann disembarks from the train and pulls her suitcase up the long ramp to the bus station level.

INT. HALLWAY TO BUS STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann walks briskly along the hallway.

INT. BUS TICKET OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

There's no line. Ann goes up to a ticket window and hands her credit card to the TICKET SELLER.

ANN

One ticket to Woods Hole, please.

TICKET SELLER

One-way or round trip?

ANN

(seeming flummoxed by
the question)

Ummm...

The ticket seller looks at her inquiringly.

ANN (CONT'D)
 (determinedly)
 One-way.

TICKET SELLER
 One-way?

ANN
 Yes.

INT. BUS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

From Ann's POV we look around the busy station with its newspaper stand, etc.

INT. BUS TICKET OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

TICKET SELLER
 (handing Ann her ticket)
 Eleven thirty, gate seventeen. Have
 a good day.

ANN
 Thank you. You too.

INT. BUS -- LATER

Ann, seated in the bus with her backpack and a copy of the NY Times on the seat next to her, looks out the window as the bus leaves the depot and heads uptown.

They travel through Central Park.

As they leave the city, Ann reaches for her newspaper.

Hearing a PASSENGER's CELLPHONE RINGTONE, she rolls her eyes.

PASSENGER (O.S.)
 (in a loud voice)
 Hi, Joan. Yeah, we're just leaving
 the city. We'll be in Prov in about
 three hours. See ya there, Hon.

Ann shakes her head as she opens her paper.

EXT. BUS ON ROAD -- LATER

The bus rolls through the countryside passing ROAD EXIT SIGNS: STAMFORD, NEW HAVEN, and finally PROVIDENCE.

INT. BUS -- CONTINUOUS

Ann and the other passengers look up as they hear the BUS DRIVER make an announcement.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)
(on the intercom)
Your attention, please. Passengers
to Boston will change at Providence.
Passengers to Hyannis will remain on
this bus. Those of you going to
Falmouth and Woods Hole will remain
on this bus and change at Bourne.

INT. BUS -- LATER

Ann, now seated in a front seat, watches through the front window as the bus approaches the Bourne Bridge.

EXT. BOURNE BUS STOP -- MOMENTS LATER

The bus pulls into the bus stop where the bus to Woods Hole is waiting.

EXT. BOURNE BUS STOP -- MOMENTS LATER

The bus driver loads luggage and the wind blows hard as Ann waits with other passengers to board the bus to Woods Hole.

A car drives up and a tall, large-boned, full-bodied woman, Dr. CORINNE "CORY" WYATT, emerges from the passenger seat. She's in her mid fifties, with long red hair, wearing a black skirt, stockings, low heels, white blouse and black jacket. Reaching through the rear car door, she takes out an open basket filled with stuff, then leans toward the front window.

CORY
Thanks. Call me tomorrow and let me
know how he's doing. Bye-bye.

Ann, after her bag is stowed under the bus, hands her ticket to the DRIVER and boards the bus. Cory, her hair blown about by the wind, boards after her, carrying her basket.

INT. BUS -- CONTINUOUS

Cory takes a seat across the aisle from Ann, places her basket on the window seat next to her, and the bus starts off.

EXT. BUS -- AFTERNOON

The bus rolls along the highway.

INT. BUS -- CONTINUOUS

Ann, looking out the window, hears a CELLPHONE RINGTONE. She rolls her eyes.

CORY
(speaking in a loud,
firm voice)
This is Doctor Wyatt.

The words have gotten Ann's attention and she's instantly intrigued. She sneaks a peek at the woman across the aisle who is holding her cell phone with a hand that has a bandaged finger.

CORY (CONT'D)

Hi, Jane.

(listens)

Again?

(listens)

Sure. I can come over this afternoon.

DRIVER (O.S.)

(on speaker)

Folks, I just got word that the Steamship Authority has canceled the Martha's Vineyard ferries...

CORY

Hold on.

BUS DRIVER

...for the rest of the day due to high winds. Sorry about that.

ANN

(softly, to herself)

Shit.

CORY

(softly, her hand
over the phone)

Crap.

(into the phone)

Jane, I won't be able to make it today; I'm on the mainland and they just canceled the ferries. Think he can hold it till tomorrow?

(chuckles)

Sorry, that wasn't funny. All right, tomorrow at one. Bye-bye.

Ann turns to speak to Cory, but Cory is dialing a number, so Ann waits.

CORY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hi, Terry. They've canceled the ferries, but I'll be home tomorrow on the first boat. See you then.

Cory puts away her phone as Ann turns toward her.

ANN

Were you planning on taking the ferry?

CORY

Yes, I was. I've been on a day trip to Bourne. Now I don't know *what* I'll do.

ANN

I was wondering...you have a cell phone...I mean, you could maybe call a motel in Woods Hole and reserve us rooms before they're all taken. My name's Ann Feldman, by the way.

CORY

Hi, Ann. I'm Cory Wyatt. I can get the number of a motel there, but I don't have a credit card on me.

ANN

I do. No problem.

EXT. BUS -- CONTINUOUS

The bus rolls toward Woods Hole along the highway.

INT. BUS -- MOMENTS LATER

Cory, the phone at her ear, turns to Ann.

CORY

They only have a double room left. Two beds. A hundred fifty.

ANN

I think we should grab it. Is that okay with you?

CORY

(not enthusiastically)
I guess.

ANN

(reaching in her bag)
Let me have the phone. I'll give them my credit card number.

Cory hands Anne her cell phone.

EXT. MOTEL -- EARLY EVENING

Ann and Cory get out of a taxi and Ann pays the driver. They walk through the strong wind and enter the motel lobby.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann unpacks a few things while Cory, who has no luggage except her basket, looks through the window at the wind whipping the trees.

Suddenly remembering, she takes out a checkbook and begins writing a check, then pauses.

CORY

You told me your name, but...

ANN

Ann, with no E, Feldman.

CORY

Do you mind if the check's postdated?
I have to straighten out my account.

ANN

That's fine.

Ann continues arranging her things while Cory finishes writing and hands her the check. Ann puts it in her bag without glancing at it.

ANN (CONT'D)

I heard you talking on the phone
before. I take it you're a doctor.

CORY

Yes. A veterinarian.

ANN

(stops what she's
doing and stares)

Really? What's your specialty?

CORY

Reptiles and cats.

ANN

Wow! I love cats. I had a cat I
loved more than anything in the world.
(looking at her watch)
It's almost seven. If it's not too
early for you, let's go eat.

CORY

Fine with me. I'll just tie up my
hair.

(making a pony tail)

By the way, what do *you* do?

ANN

Well, I *was* a novelist, but I ran
out of ideas about two years ago.
It's a long story -- no pun intended.

CORY

Should I know your name? Are you
famous?

ANN

No. I had some critical successes
years ago, but now I mostly *self-*
publish novels that nobody reads.

Putting on their jackets, they go out the door.

EXT. WOOD'S HOLE MAIN STREET -- EVENING

They walk along the street in the fierce wind. Despite the wind, Cory walks very slowly and Ann, hurrying along, finds herself some paces ahead. Turning, she goes back to Cory.

ANN

Sorry. I'm a fast walker.

CORY

I'm not. I coddle myself.

Selecting a small restaurant, they go inside.

INT. RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann and Cory, both wearing reading glasses, sit at a table looking at menus. As the WAITER arrives, and puts bread on their table, Cory gets a call on her cell phone.

CORY

(looking at the caller
ID)

A client!

(to the waiter, swiftly)

A bowl of clam chowder, a medium
sirloin with fries, and a glass of
white wine.

(into the phone)

This is Doctor Wyatt.

She listens to the caller, nodding attentively, while Ann orders.

ANN

A house salad for me, and soda water
with a twist of lemon.

The waiter jots down the order but stands a moment, intrigued by Cory's phone conversation which captures Ann's attention too. As usual, Cory speaks in a loud, firm voice when talking to clients.

CORY

(on the phone)

He needs a full-spectrum light.

They can't metabolize without that.

No. An aquarium light won't cut it.

He needs a *full-spectrum* light.

(MORE)

CORY (CONT'D)

(pause)

Not a problem. Bye.

The waiter, impressed, goes off as Cory puts away her phone.

CORY (CONT'D)

(to Ann)

I just talked myself out of a job.

ANN

How so?

CORY

(buttering a piece of
bread)

I told that guy over the phone how
to cure his iguana.

ANN

An *iguana*? That is sooo exotic.

CORY

Nah, iguanas are for amateurs. *Real*
reptile people like monitor lizards.
I used to have the sweetest monitor
lizard.

ANN

Sweet! Those things are *wild*, and
huge. I've seen them on TV.

The waiter arrives with Cory's wine and Ann's soda as Ann is saying this. Putting them down, he waits a few seconds, hoping to hear more of the conversation, but they thank him and he leaves.

Cory raises her wine glass.

CORY

Cheers.

ANN

(clinking her soda
glass against it)

Cheers.

They sip their wine and Cory eats more bread, which Ann eschews.

CORY

I got Bump -- that was his name,
Bump -- when he was a baby. They
grow about five feet from nose to
tail.

(MORE)

CORY (CONT'D)

Friends of mine had never touched a reptile so I'd put Bump on their laps. They loved him. Monitor lizards peel all the time. They'd sit and peel him.

ANN

Jesus!

CORY

At the same time I had Bump I had a cat. They got along fine, but when Bump was out I'd put my rabbit back in her cage. Monitor lizards eat mice and I was worried he might eat the rabbit.

ANN

You let a monitor lizard run around *inside*, where you *lived*? Don't they *shit*?

CORY

About once a month. Didn't matter. Monitor lizards are animals, not people. Animal crap's no problem.

ANN

Good God!

As Ann says this, the waiter arrives with the soup.

WAITER

(having heard Ann's exclamation)

Did I miss something?

ANN

(smiling)

Yes. It was fantastic, but you'll never know.

WAITER

(he sets down their soup)

Darn.

As the waiter goes off, Ann and Cory begin eating.

ANN

Do you have an office on the Vineyard?

CORY

No. I only do house calls.
(MORE)

CORY (CONT'D)

I was just in Bourne treating a constipated cat. Meanest cat I ever worked on. It was tranquilized *and* in a cat bag and it *still* got my finger.

Holding up her bandaged finger, she mimics a violent hissing sound and slashing fangs.

CORY (CONT'D)

Pffft!

ANN

(impressed)

Wow! That *was* a mean cat.

CORY

Well, no cat likes a finger up its ass, but some are nicer about it.

ANN

(chuckling)

I wouldn't know.

CORY

I'm seeing another constipated cat tomorrow. With my luck he'll crap tonight and his owner will cancel on me.

ANN

You should write your memoirs. Put "Constipated Cats" in the title and it'll be a best seller.

CORY

(chuckling)

I thought you were going to say "best smeller."

EXT. WOOD'S HOLE MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

People escaping the wind hurry about, some entering the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT -- LATER

Ann has finished her soup and salad and is sipping her wine. Cory slowly and methodically eats her steak and fries. Customers blow in with the wind and go out into it.

CORY

(sitting with her
back to the room)

Would you mind signaling the waiter to bring me another glass of wine?

Ann catches the eye of the waiter and pantomimes "another glass of white wine for her."

ANN

It's a good thing we got in here when we did. I guess a lot of these people are in the same boat...or *not* in the same boat.

(suddenly getting an inspiration)

Hey! I've got an idea!

(making quotation marks with her fingers)

"Ferryboat Down!" Bob meets Sally when a gale shuts down the Steamship Authority.

CORY

(dryly)

Write it, as long as I'm not Bob.

ANN

Nah, romance fiction isn't my genre. Too commercial. I write books no one reads.

INT. RESTAURANT -- LATER

Cory has finished her steak and is cutting in half her last fry. By now the restaurant has become crowded.

ANN

(anxiously)

People are waiting. Maybe we should ask for our check and let someone else have our table.

CORY

I haven't finished my wine.

ANN

(sitting back)

Oh, sorry. Tell me, do you have a large practice?

The waiter puts their check tray on the table.

WAITER

I'm not trying to *rush* you, doctor.

He waits a moment for someone to pay, then leaves. After he's gone Ann puts her credit card on the tray.

ANN

He can wait. Tell me about your practice.

CORY

A couple of years ago I had an office on the mainland and a major practice. I was working six or seven days a week, running all over. Then one morning I couldn't get out of bed. I'd had a nervous breakdown.

ANN

Good grief.

CORY

I had to give up my practice and go on disability. Now I live on the Vineyard with my sister.

ANN

On disability for what?

CORY

Depression. I've been hospitalized five times.

ANN

My God! And I thought I was depressed.

The waiter comes back and takes the check tray, giving them a severe glance as he turns away.

ANN (CONT'D)

(to Cory)

Don't rush. Take your time. Anti-depressants don't help?

CORY

I've tried every kind there is, in every combination. Nothing works. Psycho-therapy doesn't work.

ANN

What about shock therapy - ECT? I heard on Public Radio that it isn't horrible like it used to be. They sometimes use it when all else fails.

CORY

I'm thinking about ECT. Maybe in October. It takes three weeks and I'd have to pay someone to take care of my cat. I don't trust my sister.

(taking a sip of wine)

Why are *you* depressed?

ANN

(chuckling)

I think Jews are *born* depressed, which is one reason I never wanted to get married and have kids. I didn't want to pass along that gene.

CORY

I never wanted to get married or have kids either, not since I was twenty.

ANN

But I think the main reason I'm depressed is that Jews are born with a mission -- a duty -- to contribute something good to mankind. Writing has been my mission since the age of five. I'm not writing now, so I'm utterly depressed.

CORY

Would you call that Jewish guilt?

ANN

I guess so. Guilt is why so many Jews are politically liberal and give to charities, and vote.

CORY

So you're saying Jews are *born* liberal?

ANN

Yeah. Liberal and depressed. A few years ago I was diagnosed with cancer.

CORY

How awful!

ANN

No, no. I was delighted -- *thrilled*. I'd always wanted to kill myself, and now I had a socially acceptable reason. I'd pray at night: *Please* let it be fatal. And I'm an *atheist*!

CORY

(chuckling)

Who isn't? So what happened with the cancer?

ANN

Unfortunately they found it early -- in stage zero -- and cured it. So here I still am.

CORY
Have *you* tried anti-depressants?

ANN
Yeah. Last year. After a while
they didn't work. I was constantly
planning my demise.

CORY
Have you ever *tried* to kill yourself?

ANN
No. If I try, I'll succeed.

CORY
Me too.

The waiter brings back Ann's credit card and she signs and
puts a tip on the tray.

WAITER
(stiffly)
Thank you.

The waiter leaves. Cory drains the last drops of wine from
her glass and takes out her checkbook.

CORY
How much do I owe?

ANN
It's on me. Let's go see what's on
TV. By the way...
(taking Cory's check
from her wallet she
hands it to Cory)

CORY
(surprised)
What's this?

ANN
(getting to her feet)
Your former check. The motel room's
on me too.

CORY
(shamefacedly taking
the check)
Thank you.

As soon as Cory starts to get up, a BUS BOY begins clearing
their table.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Ann and Cory have been watching a movie. Ann turns off the TV as the credits roll.

ANN
What crapperoo.

CORY
Write a better one. Call it
"Ferryboat Down." I'm serious.

ANN
Yeah, or "Summer of the Constipated
Cats."

CORY
Do you have friends on the island?

ANN
No. The only island people I ever
talk to are veterinarians on buses.
You?

CORY
(sighing)
No. My only friend is my cat, Tiger.
He's what keeps me going.

They begin preparing for bed, showering, etc. As they partially bare their bodies, they partially bare their psyches. Ann puts on a ALL THINGS CONSIDERED T-shirt which acts as her nightgown, then takes out a tiny pill box.

ANN
Now for a sleeping pill.

CORY
What do you take?

ANN
A quarter Ambien.

Cory, dressed in her top and panties, bursts out laughing.

CORY
You have to be kidding. Twenty-five
milligrams?

ANN
Yep. Knocks me out in minutes.

Ann washes the pill fragment down with tap water.

ANN (CONT'D)

(gulping)

It's just hard to swallow such a small piece.

CORY

I usually take three Ambiens, or two Ambiens and a Trazadone.

ANN

(amazed)

Really? Ambien is so *expensive*.

CORY

Disability pays for it.

ANN

Oh.

CORY

I didn't think I'd be sleeping off-island tonight so I didn't bring any pills. Thanks for reminding me to buy a toothbrush.

ANN

Hold out your hand.

Ann shakes three tablets into Cory's hand.

CORY

Thanks. Remind me to give them back.

ANN

(smiling)

I just may....

Ann sits on her bed, watching Cory wash down the pills with water from a bottle she carries in her bag.

ANN (CONT'D)

(a bit apprehensively)

They say Ambien causes sleepwalking.

CORY

I've been sleepwalking since I was five.

ANN

Five? How come?

CORY

(sitting on her bed)

It was an abuse thing. My father.

ANN
(appalled)
He *abused* you?

CORY
Yes.

ANN
(hesitating to ask,
then softly)
Sexually?

CORY
No. He and my mother were complete
alcoholics. He was always beating
me unconscious. My mother didn't
care.

ANN
But didn't anyone -- didn't your
teachers see what was going on?

CORY
Back then people minded their own
business.

ANN
So how did you "rise above it all"
and become a vet?

CORY
I knew the only way to get away from
home was by getting a scholarship,
so I studied my head off. At
seventeen I left home with a full
scholarship, got an MS in biology,
and went to veterinary school on
student loans.

ANN
Wow! Were you able to pay them back?

CORY
Not yet. It'll take about eighty
more years, *if* my car will stop
breaking down.

ANN
I'll drink to that. Lights out?

CORY
Okay.

Ann gets up and turns off the light, then draws open a drape
so they can see out.

In bed, through the windows, they watch the blowing trees illuminated by the motel lights.

ANN

Tell me, what do you do when you sleepwalk?

CORY

Sometimes I eat stuff or go for a drive. Once I fell downstairs and broke my back.

ANN

That's *awful*.

CORY

When I was eight I tried to kill my little brother with a bat.

ANN

You *did*? *Sleepwalking*?

CORY

Yeah. But another time I tried to kill him when I was awake.

ANN

Yikes! Has he survived?

CORY

No, he died of an overdose when he was sixteen. I had nothing to do with it.

ANN

Well, if the spirit moves you tonight, please use a scalpel, not a bat. I'd hate to be bludgeoned.

CORY

(chuckling)

Don't worry; I always carry a scalpel with me. Night night. Sleep tight.

ANN

(smiling with eyes closed)

You too. Zzzzzzz.

EXT. WOODS HOLE HARBOR -- MORNING

It's a sunny day and the sea is calm. A ferry boat pulls out of the harbor, blasting its HORN.

EXT. FERRYBOAT DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Ann and Cory sit on deck chairs drinking coffee, watching seagulls hover on the wind. A WOMAN PASSENGER comes by with a little DOG on a leash.

CORY
What a darling dog.
(petting the dog)
You're such a cute little guy.

ANN
(to the woman)
And she's a veterinarian, so she
oughtta know.

WOMAN PASSENGER
(chuckling)
Thank you.

The woman walks on, looking pleased.

ANN
I was wondering... Would it ever be
possible for me to come on a housecall
with you? I'd be very interested.

CORY
Sure. You can come with me this
aft.... Oh! No! It's that
constipated cat. I'll take you some
other time.

ANN
Okay, maybe take me when you have to
see an iguana. I could write a
screenplay, *The Light of the Iguana*.

CORY
Oooh. That's awful.

ANN
(sorrowfully)
I'm such a nerd.

EXT. VINEYARD HAVEN FERRY TERMINAL -- LATER

SSA workers finish connecting the gangplank to the ship.

As cars and trucks come off the ferry, Ann and Cory descend the gangplank along with other passengers.

CORY
If my car hasn't been towed, I'll
give you a ride home.

ANN

Thanks. I'd appreciate that.

EXT. STREET TO PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann and Cory cross the street to the Stop and Shop parking lot. Cory spots her car, a beat-up, four-door "island car."

CORY

It's still there. Thank Goodness.

But as they arrive at the car they see a ticket on the window.

CORY (CONT'D)

Crap.

She takes off the ticket.

CORY (CONT'D)

I'll let the Steamship Authority pay it.

ANN

Or you could tell the judge that the windstorm was an act of God.

CORY

(tearing up the ticket)
And this is the act of an *atheist*.

ANN

Great title!

EXT. CORY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

They put their stuff in the back seat, then get into the car.

INT. CORY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

CORY

Hope it starts.

Cory turns the ignition key and after a few attempts and needlessly pumping the gas pedal, the engine starts.

INT. CORY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

WE SEE the traffic ahead from Cory's POV as she drives the car out of the lot and, works her way into the heavy ferry traffic, causing more confusion.

They approach the Five Corners, an intersection at which five streets converge, only two of which have right of way. Cory doesn't have right of way. She has a stop sign.

From Ann's POV we see a WOMAN DRIVER in a car next to them, at an angle to the traffic, talking into her cell phone.

ANN
 (rolling her eyes)
 Can you believe that?
 (shouting out the
 window)
 Hang up, lady.

The woman glances at Ann, nods, puts down the phone, and pays attention to the traffic.

ANN (CONT'D)
 Wow! Results!

EXT. CORY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Very slowly the car approaches the congested Five Corners intersection at which cars are arriving from all directions.

INT. CORY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

They haven't yet arrived at the stop sign and are moving very slowly. We see the scene ahead from Cory and Ann's POV.

ANN
 I love coming through here on my
 bike. I try to go right through
 without putting my foot on the ground.
 You can't do that with a car.

CORY
 (with an evil
 expression)
 Wanna bet?

ANN
 You have a stop sign. Cars have to
 stop.

CORY
 (advancing very slowly)
 Wanna bet?

ANN
 (looking left)
 Look! He's signaling a right turn.
 (looking right)
 She's turning left. Pedestrians are
 crossing over there. Go for it!

Cory's car slowly accelerates, turning left onto Beach Road.

ANN (CONT'D)
Good for you! Even when you're fast
you're slow...or...vice versa.

CORY
(smiling)
That I am.

EXT. CORY'S CAR -- DAY

The car continues toward Oak Bluffs along the water, past the harbor, the draw bridge, and other spots along the way.

INT. CORY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

WE SEE ahead from Cory's POV as they pass the hospital.

ANN
(pointing ahead)
Go straight there. It's a shortcut.

CORY
I never knew that.

ANN
Because you don't ride a bike.

EXT. CORY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The car turns back onto Beach Road, then turns left into a gas station. The pumps are labeled with high Vineyard prices.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

ANN
(looking out at the
gas pumps)
Good grief! What prices! I hope at
least it makes people *drive* less.

CORY
Not me. I drive when I have to.

An ATTENDANT comes to the window.

CORY (CONT'D)
Five dollars of regular, please.

ANN
(reaching into her
bag)
Get twenty.

She takes out some bills and hands them to Cory.

CORY

Thanks.

(to the attendant)

Make that twenty -- dollars, not gallons.

EXT. CORY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

The car leaves the filling station, makes some turns, and goes down a street of modest old houses, turning left onto a DIRT ROAD. Pulling over, it parks next to a wide gap in a tall, untrimmed privet hedge.

They descend from the car and Ann gets her bags out of the back seat.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

The scruffy, weedy, unmowed garden is bordered by a tall privet hedge, huge oaks, maples, and other greenery. Brown leaves from last autumn are banked against the house and shrubbery. At the back of the garden is a wooden shed.

The two-story house has a back deck made of wood and a screen porch on the side. The front of the house is on the street.

ANN

(pointing)

That's a screen porch.

CORY

(stopping and looking
at the house)

This is exactly what I'd like to have some day, but on the mainland. As far from my sister as possible, and not on a street. Cars are death for cats.

ANN

When I was a kid in LA we always let our cats outside. They never got run over. Cats around *here* never seem to.

CORY

Cats should *always* be kept inside. *If you love your cat you should keep it inside -- always.*

ANN

(shrugging)

You're the doc.

Ann half drags her suitcase up the two stairs onto the back deck, along which runs a low BENCH.

There are two doors, one with an exterior SCREEN DOOR that leads into the house, the other into a LAUNDRY CUM TOOL ROOM.

Ann pulls opens the screen door, unlocks the house door, and they step inside.

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

They enter the kitchen area of a long room with a rattan-furnished living area. At the far end is an enclosed porch facing the street, used by Ann as a writing alcove.

There is no interior sheet rock, only white-painted wall boards and two-by-fours. Pairs of two-by-sixes serve as beams to support the floor above. A few yard-sale framed prints of wild birds hang on the walls.

Off to the side of the kitchen is a door to a small bathroom. Opposite that are stairs leading to the second floor. On one side of the living room, glass double doors open onto the screen porch.

The house has obviously been closed for some time. The Venetian blinds are closed, the fridge doors held ajar with yellowed newspapers.

Walking into the living room, Cory looks around.

CORY

Great room! But only a 15-inch TV?

ANN

(shrugging)

It's all I need. It's on a rolling table.

Ann turns on the kitchen tap and water comes out.

ANN (CONT'D)

(pleased)

Well, the plumber came.

Ann closes the fridge and plugs it in, then steps briefly into the bathroom. From O.S. comes the sound of a TOILET FLUSHING.

ANN (CONT'D)

(stepping out)

Yep. The plumbing works.

The room brightens as Cory opens the mini Venetian blinds that cover its several windows. Ann opens a fuse box on the living room wall and throws the main switch.

The fridge motor HUMS. A standing lamp turns on and she goes over and turns it off.

ANN (CONT'D)
I've got to turn on the hot water.

EXT. GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

Stepping outside onto the deck, Ann opens the adjacent door. Inside WE SEE a woman's bike with straight handlebars and a wire basket on the back. The bike is squeezed between a washing machine and a tool cupboard. A rake and hoe hang on the wall.

Ann backs the bike out onto the deck, parks it, then reaches back inside and switches on the water heater.

Coming outside, Cory notices an OUTDOOR SHOWER in a corner of the deck.

CORY
Is that an outdoor shower?

ANN
Yes. It's super. I use it all summer.

A FEMALE CARDINAL flutters down to the deck bench.

ANN (CONT'D)
Hi, mama cardinal. Miss me?
(to Cory)
That's mama cardinal. The male's afraid of me, but she isn't. They probably have a nest.

Ann reaches back inside, takes a handful of black sunflower seeds from a coffee can on the cupboard, and dribbles them along the deck bench. The cardinal eats and some chickadees fly down to feed.

A squirrel creeps across the grass. Ann leaves the deck and walks toward it, clapping her hands.

ANN (CONT'D)
Outta here! Go!

The squirrel runs off and Ann returns to the deck. Suddenly birds in the trees start to CHIRP a warning. The birds below all fly up into the trees.

ANN (CONT'D)
(pausing to listen)
Hear that chirping? It means a cat's around somewhere.

Just then Ann spots a black/white CAT coming out of the woods bordering the back of the garden. It wears a collar.

Ann walks toward the cat, clapping her hands.

ANN (CONT'D)
You too. Go!

CORY
(protesting)
That's a *cat*. Don't shoo away a *cat*.

The cat steps back into the woods.

ANN
Cats eat *birds*. These birds bring their *babies* here. I spend half the summer shooing away squirrels and other people's cats.

A dark green pick-up truck passes by on the dirt road. Ann exchanges waves with the elderly black woman driving.

ANN (CONT'D)
See that truck? The lady lets me borrow it sometimes. She leaves the key in the ashtray. Listen, Cory, I'd offer you something, but....

CORY
(going toward her car)
Thanks. I have to get home. I told my sister I'd be on the first ferry.

ANN
Well, you were.

CORY
(unhappily)
Yes, and she's *expecting* me.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

About to get into her car, Cory notices a tall black fellow, TY, walking by on the street.

CHILD
(admiringly)
Who's *that*?

ANN
That's Ty. He's an ex-basketball player, on disability too. Lives across the street.

CORY
What's he on disability for?

ANN
He's a complete nut case. Bipolar.

Seeing Ann, Ty yells over to her.

TY

I thought you weren't coming back.

ANN

(shouting back)

Sorry, I changed my mind.

(under her breath)

Asshole.

(to Cory)

When I first met him I was so nice to him. His electricity had been turned off, so I cooked stuff for him. But then he'd swing into manic mode and invade my space. Don't tell me he's your type.

CORY

Black basketball players *used* to be my type. I know I'm *his*.

ANN

Great. He does carvings, root carvings. You could buy one.

CORY

(smiling)

Maybe I will.

(getting into her car)

Ta ta, my friend.

ANN

(smiling and curtsying)

Thanks for the ride...friend. I'll call you.

Cory drives off. Birds in the trees CHIRP warnings while Ann walks back toward the deck where the squirrel is now eating the seed. Ann advances toward it, clapping her hands.

ANN (CONT'D)

Outta here, stupid squirrel.

By the hedge, the black/white cat watches.

EXT. CORY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Cory's car drives past various points between OAK BLUFFS and WEST TISBURY. Finally it drives up to a house in some woods. In front is a small garden with unmowed grass.

Parking the car, Cory gets out, takes her basket, and approaches the front door.

As she comes up the porch steps the door opens suddenly, revealing her shorter, fatter sister, TERRY.

TERRY
(shouting)
Where the hell have you been?

Cory walks forward without answering her. Terry moves aside to let her through the front door into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The room is furnished comfortably but without style. Mass-produced knickknacks, including several plaster-of-paris angels, are everywhere on tables and shelves. Framed prints of Jesus and religious scenes hang on the walls.

The back wall of the room is mostly glass, inset with a glass sliding door. Through it can be seen the back garden and woods behind the house.

Cory stops and turns toward her sister.

CORY
(coldly)
I called and left you a message that
the ferries were stopped.

TERRY
You said you'd be on the first boat.
It docked over an hour ago. Where
have you been? Let me smell your
breath.

Cory bends to let Terry smell her breath, then starts toward the hallway leading to her bedroom.

CORY
(over her shoulder)
Did you feed Tiger?

TERRY
No. You didn't tell me to.

CORY
(half turning, angrily)
You could have done it anyway.

TERRY
I was going to let him outside so he
could forage for himself.

CORY
You better never do that!

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Cory goes down the hall to her room and carefully opens her bedroom door a crack. A cat's nose pokes out.

Putting down her basket, she picks up her striped cat, TIGER, then pushes her basket through the door with her foot. Going inside, she closes the door behind her.

INT. CORY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The bedroom Cory enters is simply furnished and neat with no knickknacks or pictures. There's a large flat-screen television, a desk holding an old-model Mackintosh computer, and a door leading to a bathroom.

TERRY (O.S.)
(shouting through the
bedroom door)
Don't forget! You've got a meeting
tonight.

CORY
(calling wearily)
I *know*.

After caressing and kissing him, Cory sets the cat down and picks up a dish which she fills with water from the bathroom tap.

CORY (CONT'D)
(setting the dish
down)
Mama's back, sweetheart.

TERRY (O.S.)
(shouting)
The guy was here to fix the lawn
mower. He found a nest of mice in
it.

Cory rolls her eyes as she takes out cat food.

CORY
(shouting back)
Great! You can scramble them for
your dinner.

TERRY (O.S.)
I'm telling you that the lawn mower
is now *fixed*. I want you to mow the
lawn.

CORY
I *will*. As soon as I feed Tiger.

Cory puts food in his dish and the cat eats hungrily.

CORY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Tiger. One of these days
we'll get a place of our own, faaaar
away from that mean lady.

EXT. OAK BLUFFS STREET -- DAY

Anne, wearing Capri pants and a sweat shirt, a full backpack on her back, fits a bag of groceries into her bike basket, gets on the bike and pedals off into the Campground.

EXT. CAMPGROUND -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann rides along the circular road, past the Tabernacle and gingerbread houses. She weaves her way through a large group of tourists.

ANN
(calling)
Bicycle coming through.

As she rides over a speed bump, suddenly Ann feels something is wrong with her bike. Dismounting, she sees that the chain has come off. Not knowing what to do, she turns to a male PASSER-BY.

ANN (CONT'D)
My chain came off. Could you fix it for me?

PASSER-BY
No problem.

He puts the chain back, getting his fingers greasy. Ann takes a clean tissue out of her bag and offers it to him.

ANN
Here.

He waves it away, rubbing his hands together to make the grease disappear.

PASSER-BY
I'm good.
(walking on)
Have a great day.

ANN
You too. Thanks so much.

She gets back on the bike and pedals off.

EXT. ANN'S STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann rides by a house, much larger than hers, down the street from her. In front is a FOR SALE sign.

With nearly 100 yards of mowed field and trees between that house and hers, it's still her nearest neighbor on that side.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- MOMENTS LATER

A squirrel is sitting on the deck bench. There remain only empty seed shells.

Ann turns off the dirt road into her back yard and sees the squirrel.

ANN
(stopping her bike)
Outta here.

The squirrel runs off. Ann dismounts and takes her groceries through the screen door into the house, then reappears with a handful of birdseed which she dribbles along the bench.

Instantly chickadees and other birds fly down to feed.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- LATER

Ann exits the screen door, this time wearing an old T-shirt and shorts. She carries an aluminum chaise longue. The birds are gone and the squirrel is on the bench.

Ann puts down the chaise and claps her hands.

ANN (CONT'D)
Get outta here, stupid squirrel!

The squirrel runs off a ways, then stops and looks back. Ann runs at it clapping her hands until it runs up a tree.

FAST FORWARD:

Wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat, Ann rakes up the leaves from around the house into a large bed sheet and carries bundles of leaves around the back hedge to dump them. As she works, two black children on bikes pedal past along the dirt road.

She takes the gas lawn mower out of the shed, tries four or five times to start it, then wheels it to the street. There she asks a BLACK PASSER-BY to start it for her. He does so with one pull. Ann cuts the grass all around the house.

END OF FAST FORWARD

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- DAY

Ann sits on the chaise with a yellow writing pad on her lap and a digital camera in her hand, taking pictures of the female cardinal feeding her baby on the bench.

A UPS truck goes past on the dirt road. Putting everything down, she runs into the road and hails the driver.

ANN

Hello! This is the house!

The truck backs up and the delivery man takes out her carton.

ANN (CONT'D)

(opening the screen
door)

You can bring it in here. Thanks.

The delivery man carries the carton across the garden toward her.

EXT. ANNE'S GARDEN -- LATER

FAST FORWARD:

While Ann digs up a patch of earth in the lawn for a vegetable garden, a YOUNG MAN stands on a ladder trimming the privet hedge with an electric clipper.

When all is done, Ann stands a moment looking with satisfaction at the garden, spreads some birdseed on the bench, then takes a shower in the outside shower.

END OF FAST FORWARD

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- LATER

Sitting on the chaise, Ann gets up when she hears the phone RING. Reaching in through the screen door, she takes the cordless phone receiver and returns to sit on the chaise.

ANN

Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN:

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

INT. CORY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Cory lies on her bed, stroking Tiger. Her voice is low and heavy.

CORY

Hi, it's Cory. I tried calling you before but you weren't there.

ANN

I was outside. What's up?

CORY

Nothing. Terry was really rude to me when I got home Saturday. She cut off my computer.

ANN

Good Lord. How did she do that?

CORY

I don't know. I guess if she got *really* pissed she could cut off my cell phone too. Everything's on her account. Also, that cat crapped and my client canceled on me.

ANN

That's terrible! Hmm. What to suggest... I have an idea! What you need is some gardening fun.

CORY

(suspicious)

Is that like painting a fence?

ANN

Exactly, only you'd be helping me plant some tomatoes. Tomorrow... if you're free.

CORY

(sighs wearily)

I'm free.

ANN

Okay, then. I'll take a bus and meet you at SBS at nine in the morning and you'll help me bring home the plants and a sack of fertilizer. If that cat backs up again, you can cancel.

CORY

Okay. SBS tomorrow at nine unless the cat backs up. Thanks.

END OF SPLIT SCREEN

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- DAY

Ann and Cory, an empty fertilizer bag and wooden stakes lying nearby, plant tomatoes sideways in the patch of prepared earth, staking the tips.

ANN

The beefsteak tomatoes I raised last summer were fantastic. No bugs, nothing.

CORY

Ann, I was wondering whether, *if* I have to leave my sister's, could I stay here with you for a few days?

ANN
Cat and all?

CORY
I'd keep her inside my room.

Putting down her trowel, Ann gets to her feet.

ANN
Come with me.

INT. STAIRWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Cory follows Ann up the narrow stairway and through a door.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They enter the guest room. Like the rest of the house, the small bright bedroom is a shell -- no sheet rock or ceiling, just two-by-fours and boards painted white. The old windows have no screens. The only furniture is a narrow bed with head and footboards, a dresser and a wicker chair.

ANN
This is the *guest* room. The bed was here when I bought this place. It's lumpy and too short for you.

CORY
I can sleep curled up.

ANN
The room is horribly hot during the day and noisy from the street. There are no screens on the windows so if you open them your cat would get out. At night I'd hear you creaking around on these old boards, terrified you'd sleepwalk and fall down the stairs. I just don't think it's a good idea for either of us.

CORY
In other words, you like your space and don't want guests.

ANN
In a nutshell. But the rest is true too.

Cory looks out the window as a heavy truck RUMBLES noisily by.

CORY
I see what you mean. I'd never get to sleep.

ANN

Let's go down and have some homemade
iced tea. The tomatoes can wait.

They go out the door.

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann pours cold tea from a plastic container into two glasses
and adds ice cubes.

CORY

By the way, I have to go to an A.A.
meeting tonight.

ANN

(amazed)
As in Alcoholics Anonymous?

CORY

Yes.

ANN

(incredulous)
But you're not an alcoholic. Are
you.

CORY

Of course not, but Terry -- my sister --
insists I go to a meeting every day
or she'll kick me out. She has other
rules too. That's why I asked about
staying with you, just in case.

They stare at each other.

ANN

Yikes. Maybe you'd like something
stronger than iced tea.

They both laugh.

CORY

It's a little early for a cocktail.
I'll take the tea.

Picking up their glasses, they go through the screen door.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

Cory sits down on a plastic deck chair. After sprinkling
more birdseed on the bench, Ann sits on the chaise.

Suddenly there's a chorus of WARNING CHIRPS from birds in
the trees. The black/white cat sits in a corner of the
garden, watching them.

CORY
Your cat's back.

ANN
(getting to her feet)
It's not *my* cat! Go away! Shoo!

The cat moves slowly off into the trees. Ann rejoins Cory on the deck.

ANN (CONT'D)
You know what I was thinking? I'd really be curious, as a...ahem...former writer, to go to an A.A. meeting with you. Would that be possible?

CORY
Sure. Let me know when.

ANN
But would I have to say I'm an alcoholic and that I believe in God?

CORY
You don't have to say anything. I never do. I never open my mouth. And I don't have a "sponsor," someone who takes you through the 12 steps. The religion is mostly in the 12 steps.

ANN
Could I go with you tonight?

CORY
Sure. We can go to a meeting in Oak Bluffs. Terry goes to a different one.

ANN
Is she an alcoholic?

CORY
When we were growing up she was into every drug there was, including alcohol. She used to sleep with homeless people for drugs.

ANN
Good Lord!

CORY
Then something happened -- I don't know what -- I was away at school. Suddenly she was like
(MORE)

CORY (CONT'D)
 (in a falsetto voice)
 "Oh, even *tasting* alcohol is a sin."
 (speaking normally)
 When I come home late she smells my
 breath.

ANN
 Jesus! Do you ever smell *hers*?

CORY
 (laughing)
 I wouldn't want to.

ANN
 But does she drink *now*? Or take
 drugs?

CORY
 I don't *think* so. I have no idea.
 She goes to meetings every day. I
 don't think she has a sponsor.
 (shrugging)
 I just don't know.

ANN
 You should ask her.

CORY
 (sarcastic)
 Yeah, sure. Ask her....

INT. A.A. MEETING HALL -- EVENING

The A.A. meeting hall is a large room with a few long tables
 and many chairs filled with participants. A coffee machine
 PERKS on a table next to some snacks.

Ann and Cory enter at the rear. Ty is seated across the
 room, slouched in his seat, his head down.

ANN
 (whispering)
 There's Ty.

CORY
 (whispering)
 It's the first time I've seen *him* at
 a meeting.

The meeting has already started. Some MEMBERS look around
 as Ann follows Cory inside. At the rear one member, a
 heavyset young woman, has been reading from the BIG BOOK.
 She pauses as Ann and Cory enter.

There are two vacant seats next to the READER. They sit down -- Ann in the seat next to the reader -- who then continues reading.

READER
(reading)
I started at the fifth-grade level
in school when I had been sober nearly
two years. After college I started
my own business.

Listeners around the room nod approvingly.

READER (CONT'D)
Today I publish the books I write.

Ann rolls her eyes toward Cory with a wry look.

As the reader continues, the CAMERA PANS around the room. It registers the reactions of the members, all of whom listen intently, many nodding and smiling sympathetically. Some follow the reading in books they hold.

READER (CONT'D)
Our daughter was born during my early
sobriety, and she is in High School
now. She has never seen her mother
take a drink. Our family has returned
to the spirituality of our ancestors.
We attend sweat lodges and other
ancient ceremonies with our people
on sovereign native land. We take
panels of sober natives into Indian
boarding schools and institutions,
and share about recovery.

The members nod approvingly.

The reader, having read her part, looks inquiringly at Ann, wanting to know if she should pass the book to her.

CORY
(whispering to Ann)
You don't have to.

ANN
That's okay.

Ann takes the large book onto her lap, puts on her reading glasses, and begins where the woman left off.

ANN (CONT'D)
(reading)
My life is filled with honesty today.

Ann pauses briefly -- this is serious stuff. When she continues reading her voice has a tone of deep respect.

ANN (CONT'D)

(reading)

Every action, word, prayer, and Twelfth Step call is an investment in my spiritual freedom and fulfillment. I am in love and proud to be a Native American. At an A.A. meeting on an Indian reservation I heard the words "Sobriety is traditional." I stand at the top of the sacred mountain, and I listen to the wind. I have a conscious daily contact with my Creator today, and he loves me. Everything is sacred as a result of the Twelve Steps and the love and recovery in Alcoholics Anonymous.

It's the end of the story. As Ann finishes, there are murmurs of approval. Ann passes the book to Cory who leans forward and puts it on a table. A few women come to the snack table for candy bars, then return to their seats.

The LEADER looks around the room.

LEADER

Does anyone want to share with us?

Several hands go up. He points at JULIE.

JULIE

My name is Julie and I'm an alcoholic.

EVERYONE

(except Ann, Cory,
and Ty)

Hi, Julie.

JULIE

I mean, I just wanted to say, that was a beautiful story. One thing really reminded me of something, where she says how she couldn't remember in which washing machine she put her clothes, so she decided to wait until everyone had taken out their clothes and left, and then she took whatever was left over.

Julie looks around and sees many smiling faces nodding sympathetically at her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I mean, we alcoholics always can think up a solution for every problem, but usually our answers are completely
(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)
 crazy. I mean, she decided to wait
 maybe ten hours until the Laundromat
 was empty. It's like if you burn a
 slice of toast at breakfast and then
 you decide to burn *all* the toast so
 no one will notice just that one.

Everyone smiles and nods, while Julie beams back at them.

LEADER
 Thank you for sharing that with us,
 Julie. Does anyone else have
 something to share?

Several hands go up. He points at JOHN.

JOHN
 My name is John and I'm an alcoholic.

EVERYONE
 (except Ann, Cory and
 Ty)
 Hi, John.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MEETING HALL -- NIGHT

Ann and Cory walk toward Cory's car.

CORY
 That was a good meeting. Some of
 them are awful, but that wasn't bad.
 Did it inspire you to write something?

ANN
 Too early to tell. Maybe a
 chapter...and verse.

CORY
 Like a bible for atheists?

ANN
 (laughing)
 Great idea.

They get into the car.

EXT. EAST CHOP ROAD -- DAY

Ann rides her bike along the bluffs, past the lighthouse on
 East Chop.

INT. CORY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Cory sits with Tiger in her lap, reading a veterinarian
 magazine.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Cory lies in the sun, eyes closed, wearing a one-piece bathing suit. Ann sits under a beach umbrella, further protecting herself from the sun by wearing long pants, sunglasses, a long-sleeved shirt and a hat.

Ann, who has just finished rubbing on sunblock, offers the tube to Cory whose eyes are closed.

ANN
Want some sun block?

CORY
No thanks.

Ann is about to say something, then changes her mind and puts the tube away.

EXT. WALKING TRAIL -- DAY

The two walk the narrow trail through brush, Cory in a sleeveless top and shorts. Ann follows wearing jeans, long sleeves, sunglasses and a sun visor.

They pass wild turkeys and see deer.

ANN
This is Lyme disease country. Do you wear tick repellent?

CORY
No.

ANN
You're not afraid of Lyme?

CORY
I say: bring it on.

Ann sighs and shakes her head, smiling wryly.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- DAY

The tomato plants are taller and flowering. Birds eat seed on the bench and splash in the bird bath.

Ann sits on her deck chaise with a blank legal pad on her lap. A portable radio on the deck table plays NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO. NPR is having a pledge drive. She jots the telephone number down at the top of her pad and turns off the radio.

Two black women walk by on the dirt road and exchange smiles and nods with Ann. An SUV goes by.

Suddenly, birds in the trees make WARNING CHIRPS. All the birds below fly up into the trees.

Ann sees the black/white cat walking in her direction. She gets up, gets the hose from around the corner of the house, and sends a spray of water at the cat, who runs off.

Putting away the hose, Ann returns, only to find the cat sitting in a corner of the deck, nose to the wall, its back toward her.

ANN

Shit.

She sits down and watches the cat. A moment later it turns, comes over, and without her help gets onto her lap.

ANN (CONT'D)

(sadly but with
determination)

I can't *have* a cat. I don't want to
love you. Go home.

She examines the cat's collar, seeing the name DAVE.

ANN (CONT'D)

They named you *Dave*? No *wonder* you
ran away.

Hearing his name, the cat looks at her, then rubs his cheek against her hand.

She re-examines its collar.

ANN (CONT'D)

Great. No phone number or address.
Okay, I'll look in the newspaper to
see who lost you. Now get off.

Ann gets up, obliging the cat to climb down. Taking her yellow pad, she goes into the house, not letting it follow her.

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann looks in the Lost and Found section of the local newspaper while Dave sits outside the screen door, watching her.

ANN

(to the cat)

No lost black and white cats named
Dave. Sorry. Now go home. I have
to call NPR.

Taking her credit card out of her wallet, she picks up the phone and dials the number written on the yellow pad.

ANN (CONT'D)

Yes. I'd like to pledge a hundred
dollars.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

Dave goes to a back corner of the yard and settles down by a mole hole. A mole peers out and he grabs it with a claw and eats it.

EXT. EAST CHOP ROAD -- AFTERNOON

Ann rides her bike along the bluffs overlooking the sea. Her bike basket holds a back pack. At a certain place she parks her bike, puts on the pack and starts down a steep, almost invisible path.

EXT. WATER'S EDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Arriving at some rocks by a tiny beach, Ann sits down on a boulder. She opens her pack and takes out art supplies, including a jar of water and some paper towels.

With a pencil she begins to sketch a sailboat on the water, trying to shield her work from the "prying eyes" of the CAMERA.

But the boat, moving on the water, soon shows her its stern.

ANN

Turn around, stupid boat!

She tries to draw it from the new angle, then gives up.

Taking some cerulean blue on a brush, she starts to paint the sky, then stops.

ANN (CONT'D)

(looking at her work)

Why do I even bother?

EXT. EAST CHOP ROAD -- LATER

Further along on the road, Ann is overtaken by a another cyclist, PAUL, a man about 30 years old who, in spite of wearing glasses, is fantastic-looking.

For a moment he rides next to her, glancing at her. She glances once at him.

PAUL

Beautiful day.

ANN

(showing no interest)

Yes.

PAUL

My name's Paul. Can I invite you for coffee?

ANN
(half to herself)
Does your mother know you're out?

PAUL
(not having heard)
Sorry?

ANN
I said...

Just then something happens at her feet. Trying to pedal, she realizes her bike chain has come off.

ANN (CONT'D)
(coming to a stop)
Oh, God. My chain came off.

Paul has also stopped. Perplexed, she looks at him.

ANN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry -- could you fix it for me?

PAUL
Sure.

Getting off his bike, he adjusts the chain.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You're all set.

ANN
(handing him a paper towel)
Thanks. Here.

He takes it and wipes his fingers. Ann puts the soiled paper back into her pack.

PAUL
Sure you won't have coffee with me?

ANN
I don't know. Where?

PAUL
(shrugs)
Vineyard Haven?

ANN
I guess so. I'm going there anyway.

Getting back on their bikes they continue in the direction they were going, but together.

PAUL

May I ask your name?

ANN

My name's Ann and I'm a bikaholic.

PAUL

Well, we have something in common then.

SPLIT SCREEN:

EXT. ANNE'S GARDEN -- DAY

Ann alternately sits on her chaise or walks around the garden, her cordless phone to her ear.

While talking, she watches the birds feed and bathe. An African-American couple walking along the dirt road exchanges nods with her.

INT. CORY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Cory is on her cell phone, seated in an armchair staring dully at a muted television screen showing an ANIMAL PLANET program. Tiger sits looking out the window.

ANN

(pinching a sucker
off a tomato plant)

He's gorgeous, but he can't be a day over thirty.

CORY

The perfect age for a guy.

ANN

Anyway, he said he's getting new glasses, so I figure he doesn't see me clearly.

CORY

He's not *blind*. What does he do?

Turning off the TV, Cory gets out of her chair and goes over to stroke Tiger.

ANN

(sitting on the chaise)

He's the chef at a private college in Connecticut. Lives in a tent when he's here. And he asked me to have brunch with him today. Cory, I'm having brunch with an effing *chef*!

Ann sees the squirrel sneaking across the grass toward the deck.

ANN (CONT'D)
(to Cory)
Hold on.
(to the squirrel)
Outta here!

The squirrel retreats, then pauses and looks at her.

ANN (CONT'D)
(getting up and running
at him)
Get the fuck outta here!

While waiting for Ann to return, Cory notices that Tiger has vomited on the rug.

CORY
Ohhhh.
(to Tiger)
When did you do that, poor baby?

She goes into her bathroom and comes out with some wet rags, then gets down on the floor and starts cleaning it up, holding the phone to her ear.

Ann returns to the conversation.

ANN
Hi again.

CORY
Tiger threw up. I'm getting it.
What's his name?

ANN
Who's name?

CORY
Your chef.

ANN
It's Paul, but I call him "The Catch
of the Day." Hey! Great title,
huh?

CORY
Aren't chefs supposed to be crazy?

ANN
Maybe in the kitchen. He seems normal
to me.

CORY
Let's hope he fucks as well as he
cooks.

Cory gets to her feet and tosses the rags back into the bathroom.

ANN

Hey, I'm not sixteen any more, y'know. I just *look* at a cock and I get cystitis. It's totally embarrassing to tell a guy he has to shower before sex.

CORY

Right. You can't do that on the first date. Have you got any KY?

ANN

Yeah, I bought some just in case. Anyway, as soon as he gets his new glasses he'll take one look at me and be outta here.

CORY

So? He doesn't have them yet. Seize the day!...and don't say 'great title.' I'll give you some medication if you get cystitis.

ANN

(spreading more seeds
on the bench)

Listen, even if I *wanted* to sleep with him, I'm not going into his tent, and there's no *way* we could use my bed. It was in this house when I bought it. It's old and full of lumps. Like me.

CORY

Call Comfy Beds on State Road. They'll deliver a bed and take yours away in an hour. You'll have a new bed before he arrives. But do it fast, before he gets there.

ANN

(starting to give in)

Oh, God. Should I? I mean, what do *you* care if I sleep with him or not?

CORY

I live vicariously.

ANN

(laughing)

You're an effing pervert.

(sighing deeply)

Oh, I dunno.

(MORE)

ANN (CONT'D)
 Maybe I *will* screw him. For your
 pleasure, if for nothing else.

Birds start CHIRPING warnings in the trees as Dave appears.

ANN (CONT'D)
 Hang on.
 (calling)
 Dave!

Dave hurries over.

ANN (CONT'D)
 (speaking rapidly)
 That cat's here again. He answers
 to the name of Dave. It's on his
 collar.

CORY
 Not good. A cat that answers to its
 name is like a safe without a lock.

ANN
 Yikes.

CORY
 Check out the collar. Cats in the
 wild shouldn't wear anything but a
 break-away collar.

ANN
 (speaking fast)
 Okay, I will. And I'll let you know
 what happens with the bed and Paul.
 Bye.

CORY
 Bye.

Ann hurries into the house, not letting Dave follow her.
 Cory takes Tiger on her lap and turns the TV back on.

END OF SPLIT SCREEN

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann, the phone book open in front of her, is on the phone.
 Dave sits looking in through the screen door.

ANN
 (speaking rapidly and
 very distinctly)
 That's right. A double bed, mattress
 and box springs. Firm. Not wildly
 expensive. That's good. No, I have
 a frame. Okay, my address is....

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- LATER

Ann sits on the deck chaise, arms folded, with Dave on her lap. His collar rests on the small table next to them.

ANN
I am not going to pet you. I am not
going to kiss you. I am not going
to love you.

Just then Ann sees the COMFY TRUCK turn into the dirt road and start to pass her house.

ANN (CONT'D)
Stop. I'm here!

Putting Dave down, she gets up and runs across the grass.

ANN (CONT'D)
(calling)
Here!

The truck stops and two DELIVERY MEN get out.

1ST DELIVERY MAN
We've brought your new bed.

ANN
Thanks.
(pointing at the
upstairs rear bedroom)
That's the bedroom. But I'm thinking
it may be impossible to get the bed
up there via the stairs. Want to
take a look?

2ND DELIVERY MAN
We don't need the stairs.
(pointing to the
bedroom door)
Is that door unlocked?

ANN
I'll check.

The men take a ladder from the truck as Ann goes into the house. A moment later she appears on the bedroom deck.

ANN (CONT'D)
(calling down)
It's open.

FAST FORWARD:

The men place the ladder against the upstairs deck. One climbs up with ropes and disappears into Ann's bedroom, reappearing with her mattress which they lower to the ground.

They do the same with her box springs. Then they take the new bed and mattress from the truck, hoist them up individually, take them through her bedroom door.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The bedroom, with no sheet rock on walls or ceiling, is very simply furnished: a double bed with a cotton spread, a rattan chair, and a chest of drawers. All wooden surfaces are painted white.

A metal clothes rack with hanging plastic wardrobe holds some of Ann's clothes. Along pegged strips of wood on the walls hang some shirts on hangars.

The men set the box springs and mattress on the frame. On a chair nearby are Ann's sheets, blankets and pillows.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- MOMENTS LATER

As the men load her bed onto the truck, Ann reappears in the garden, hands them a check, tips them, and waves goodbye.

END OF FAST FORWARD

No sooner has the truck driven out of sight up along the dirt road, than Paul arrives on his bicycle. Ann greets him.

ANN

Paul! Hi.

PAUL

Hi, Ann. Ready to go?

ANN

In a minute. Come in. I just have one thing to do.

She opens the screen door and Paul enters. Then, grabbing up Dave, Ann follows Paul into the house.

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Ann sits Paul down on a living room chair, puts Dave on his lap, and hands him a copy of the MV Times.

ANN

His name's Dave. I'll be right back.

Before leaving, she turns on the radio. A MOZART PIANO CONCERTO is playing.

ANN (CONT'D)

Oh. That's beautiful.

PAUL
 (turning)
 Uh...

ANN
 Don't move. I'll be right back.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

FAST FORWARD

Ann makes up the new bed.

END OF FAST FORWARD

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann enters the living room to rejoin Paul who is reading the newspaper. Dave is not there. The Mozart has been changed to LOUD JAZZ MUSIC. Grimacing, she turns it down.

ANN
 Sorry to make you wait.

PAUL
 Hey, they've opened a new restaurant
 in Menemsha. Let's check it out
 next time I'm down.
 (getting up)
 Ready to go?

ANN
 Absolutely.
 (looking around)
 Where's the cat?

PAUL
 He wanted out.

ANN
 (turning off the radio)
 I'm starving. Let's go.

EXT. LORNA'S RESTAURANT -- MORNING

Across the road from the Oak Bluff's port, Lorna's is a tiny gingerbread-style house converted into a breakfast/lunch restaurant. Above the doorway a sign says LORNA'S.

Ann and Paul arrive on their bikes and park them in a rack on the curb. He carefully locks his bike with a chain.

ANN
 (looking on)
 I never lock mine. It's a woman's
 bike with a basket. Very un-cool.
 No one would ever steal it.

They enter the restaurant.

INT. LORNA'S RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

The small restaurant is crowded. Ann and Paul enter and are greeted by LORNA, a young, attractive woman.

LORNA
Hi. I'm Lorna.

ANN AND PAUL
Hi, Lorna.

LORNA
(jokingly)
Where would you like to sit?

Looking around, they see only one vacant table. Paul points at it.

PAUL
Mmmm...how 'bout there?

LORNA
(chuckling)
An excellent choice.

They sit down and she hands them menus.

ANN
This is a darling place.

LORNA
Thank you. We opened two weeks ago.
If anything isn't right, please let
me know. I've got to be in back,
but Melanie will take care of you.

She indicates a WAITRESS who is taking an order at another table.

ANN
(smiling wickedly)
I think I should warn you; my friend
Paul here is a chef.

LORNA
Really? Wonderful. We'll have to
talk. I'll come back when you're
finished eating.

PAUL
Fine. Thanks.

Lorna goes toward the kitchen while Ann and Paul study their menus.

PAUL (CONT'D)

These are very nice choices. I'm impressed already.

ANN

Normally I avoid eggs, but eggs benedict with Canadian ham sounds yummy.

PAUL

I think I'll have the same.

INT. LORNA'S RESTAURANT -- LATER

Ann and Paul have finished eating when Lorna returns. The place is less crowded. Paul pulls over a chair from an empty table and Laura sits down with them.

LORNA

Thanks. Well, how was it?

ANN

Absolutely super.

PAUL

Excellent food. Superb. And the service too. You opened two weeks ago?

LORNA

Yes, but I started serving meals four weeks before that.

PAUL

To get out the kinks.

LORNA

Yes, to make sure everything was running smoothly before I began charging.

PAUL

Good. Two weeks is a minimum, four even better.

ANN

(amazed)

You had customers for a month before anyone had to pay for their meals?

LORNA

We had a nominal fee of three dollars. It was up to them if they wanted to tip.

PAUL

Well, the eggs couldn't have been fresher and the sauce was excellent. Do you make it here?

LORNA

We have been, but there are some really good prepared sauces on the market and I might start using one or two of them.

PAUL

You close after lunch. Have you ever considered serving dinner too?

LORNA

Yes, I have. I'd love to. But I'd need a financial partner.

ANN

I hope you find one. I love this place.

LORNA

(rising to her feet)
Well, I've got to get back there. Thank you for coming, and I hope you come again.

PAUL

We certainly will.

Lorna walks away, as the WAITRESS comes over with the check. Paul glances at it and puts down some bills.

WAITRESS

Do you need change?

PAUL

No. That's good.

With a smile and a nod she picks up the tray and goes off with it. Paul puts his hand on Ann's.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Can we go to your house?

ANN

Uh...sure.

PAUL

It's not that there's a mad rush, but I have to go back, get my stuff, and be on the three-fifteen ferry. That doesn't leave us much time. It's up to you.

He looks at her and she laughs, feeling a little awkward

ANN
Well, let's walk along the port for
a minute or two...and get to know
one another.

PAUL
(getting to his feet)
I'm all for that.

EXT. OAK BLUFFS PORT -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann and Paul walk their bikes along the sea promenade where
a few pleasure boats are docked.

ANN
I loved that restaurant. Would *you*
be interested in partnering with
Lorna?

PAUL
It's a great opportunity for someone,
but not for me. It's enough riding
herd over a bunch of crazy cooks
without worrying about everything
else too.

ANN
I thought *chefs* were the crazy ones.

PAUL
(smiling)
You talk like a cook.

ANN
(laughing)
I sure don't *cook* like one. But,
you know, maybe if *I* partnered with
Lorna...

Breaking off, she looks at him for his reaction.

PAUL
Would that interest you?

ANN
It would give me something to do
summers, now that I'm not writing.

PAUL
Still, one can't just plunge into
something like that. You'd need all
kinds of professional advice. Both
of you would.

ANN
(jokingly)
I could even waitress there, while
keeping an eye on my investment.

PAUL
It might work. She seems to run a
good operation.
(shrugging, smiling)
Or just take a waitress job. It's
less stressful and there's no risk.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- LATER

Ann and Paul park their bikes on the grass and step onto the
back deck.

PAUL
Is that an outdoor shower?

ANN
Yes.

PAUL
May I use it?

ANN
(pleasantly surprised)
Now? Absolutely.

PAUL
(moving in on her
seductively)
Will you join me?

ANN
(hesitating, looking
around)
Um, well, people coming along the
road might think...you know...

PAUL
(attempting to embrace
her)
Oh, c'mon.

ANN
(laughing, but pushing
him away)
You shower here. I'll wash up in
the bathroom.

PAUL
(releasing her)
Chicken.

ANN
(laughing)
I'll give you a towel -- and a
bathrobe so you don't freak out the
neighbors.

EXT. DECK -- MOMENTS LATER

Paul is in the shower. A towel hangs over the shower door;
a terry cloth bathrobe hangs on a nail next to it.

Turning off the water, he reaches for the towel. A moment
later he steps out with the towel around his waist and gropes
squinting for his glasses which are on the deck table. He
has a good body, perhaps a few pounds overweight.

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Paul enters the house wearing his towel just as Ann steps
out of the bathroom, a towel around her.

ANN
(taken by surprise)
I gave you a bathrobe.

PAUL
Oops. My apologies to the neighbors.

ANN
(smiling)
Yeah, sure. Upstairs.

He follows her upstairs and into her bedroom.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

PAUL
(looking around)
Nice room. Nice house.

ANN
Nothing fancy. It's pretty much as
God made it.

Ann, holding her towel around her, turns down the bed covers.

Paul tosses his towel on a chair and gets naked into the
bed, covering himself to the waist.

PAUL
(bouncing a little)
Great bed. Hop in.

Ann, looking awkward, stands by the edge of the bed with her
towel still around her.

ANN
Close your eyes.

PAUL
(closing his eyes)
Closed.

Ann looks to see if he's cheating, then slips naked under the covers, tossing away the towel.

With his eyes tightly closed, Paul pretends to be looking for her, his arms reaching out in all directions.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Can't find you.

Ann takes one of his hands and places it on her shoulder.

ANN
I'm here.

Without opening his eyes, Paul turns to embrace her, but his glasses touch her face.

ANN (CONT'D)
Ouch.

PAUL
(removing them)
Sorry.
(he embraces her again)
May I open them now?

ANN
Guess so.

Paul opens his eyes and embraces her.

PAUL
You look fabulous, and you feel so
good.

Not looking very happy, Ann returns his embrace. They kiss.

Through the screen door WE SEE the railing of the bedroom deck where the female cardinal hops, CHIRPING.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- MORNING

Ann gets on her bike, finding the bike seat decidedly uncomfortable. She tries different positions, then finally sits and pedals off down the street.

EXT. LORNA'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

Ann parks her bike and approaches Lorna's, seeing a large CLOSED sign on the door.

A SHOPKEEPER stands in front of a shop next door. It too has a CLOSED sign on it.

ANN
What's happening? Why is everything closed?

SHOPKEEPER
Sewer line broke yesterday. All these shops had to close.

ANN
Oh, no! Will they reopen?

SHOPKEEPER
I hope to, maybe next summer -- if we can get the stench out. I doubt Lorna will reopen any time soon.

ANN
Oh, *shoot*. Well, good luck.

SHOPKEEPER
Thanks.

ANN
(walking away)
Fucking island. Now *there's* a title.

EXT. FIVE CORNERS INTERSECTION -- DAY

Ann arrives at the active intersection on her bike. Ignoring the STOP sign, but carefully watching the traffic, she goes through without having to put her foot down.

Two SALESMEN in the corner bike shop with a large USED BIKES sign, have been breathlessly watching her through their window.

INT. BIKE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

SALESMAN #1
Oh, my God. She did it again.

SALESMAN #2
(shrugging)
If she gets killed it's your fault.
You sold it to her.

INT. TERRY'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

Terry applies red dye to Cory's hair as Cory watches TV.

INT. BEAUTY PARLOR -- DAY

A tall, slender, JAMAICAN WOMAN applies vegetable dye to Ann's hair and eyebrows, making her resemble Groucho.

ANN
I hear there's a hurricane approaching
Jamaica.

JAMAICAN WOMAN
(working)
Yes. It is.

ANN
Hope your family's all right.

JAMAICAN WOMAN
(working)
Yes. Thank you.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- MORNING

The tomato plants have grown taller and there are small tomatoes. Ann, wearing her wide-brimmed hat, removes some suckers. Birds fly around, eating birdseed from the bench. Clothes dry on a line reaching from the upper deck to the back shed.

Sitting down on the chaise, Ann picks up her phone and speed-dials a number.

SPLIT SCREEN:

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

INT. CORY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A coffee cup on the table near her, Cory lies curled up on her bed with Tiger, watching a LASSIE DVD on her large TV screen. A NETFLIX envelope lies by the TV.

Cory is in tears. Lassie is BARKING. Hearing her CELLPHONE RING, Cory stops the film, sits up, blows her nose and replies.

CORY
This is Doctor Wyatt.

ANN
Hi, Cory. It's me. Ann.

CORY
(collapsing back on
her pillows)
Oh, hi, Ann. I'm very depressed
today.

ANN
What's happening?

CORY

I learned that a gal I used to know died.

ANN

Oh, I'm sorry.

CORY

No, it isn't that. What makes me depressed is that I never cry when *people* die. I only cry when *animals* die. And JFK of course.

ANN

I'm the same way. Which is why I don't want to get attached to a certain cat named Dave. Hold on.

Reaching for her yellow pad and a pen, Ann jots down "A Certain Cat" and "A Cat Named Dave."

ANN (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

CORY

I never put an animal down. When I used to put down a *sick* one I'd cry so hard the *owner* had to comfort *me*.

(hugging Tiger)

Can you believe I've given mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to cats and dogs.

ANN

You have? *How?*

CORY

I put my mouth over their whole nose and mouth, and blow.

ANN

Jesus! Does it work?

CORY

Yes, it does.

ANN

When would you ever *have* to?

CORY

Well, sometimes before surgery animals react badly to the anesthetic and stop breathing. A lot of vets just let them die.

ANN

I'm not *surprised*.

CORY

I wouldn't give mouth-to-mouth to a human being. Well, maybe you. I don't want you to die. You're my only human friend.

ANN

Oh, Cory, I don't want *you* to die either. You're *my* only human friend.

CORY

(sighing)

Ann, what's *wrong* with us?

ANN

(watching Dave drink
out of the bird bath)

We had depressed mothers. Listen, Cory, I called to tell you about the Catch of the Day.

CORY

Did he return?

ANN

He did. Yesterday.

CORY

Was he wearing his new glasses?

ANN

He was.

CORY

And?

ANN

He took one look at me and fled.

CORY

You're *kidding*.

ANN

Yeah, I am. It seems he *likes* older women, but I'm not sure I like younger men.

CORY

Why *not*? Younger men are terrific! I've *always* had younger men.

ANN

Me too, but this is ridiculous. Last night he took me to a night club in Oak Bluffs to hear music he likes. I hated it. Finally I left and walked home. He stayed.

CORY

Holy moley!

Ann sees Dave walking across the garden toward her.

ANN

Cory, I gotta go. I've got a visitor.

CORY

You *are* popular. Who this time?

ANN

Just Dave, the cat. He has that
look in his eye. Can we say goodbye?
I'll call you later.

CORY

(reluctantly)

Okay. Goodbye.

Ann puts down her receiver as Dave comes up the deck stairs
and climbs onto her lap.

A puzzled Cory puts down her phone and restarts the DVD.
Lassie is BARKING.

CORY (CONT'D)

(dissolving in tears)

Lassie, I love you. Please give me
a life.

END OF SPLIT SCREEN

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

As Dave jumps onto Ann's lap, she remains motionless, then
gives in and takes him in her arms.

ANN

You win.

Getting to her feet, she carries the cat into the house.

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

When she puts Dave down, he runs into the living room and
leaps onto the rattan love seat.

ANN

(following him)

Just don't get hairs all over
everything. I hate to clean.

Sitting down next to him, she takes Dave on her lap.

ANN (CONT'D)

I do love you, pussycat ... *Dave* ...
I just can't *have* a cat. You'd hate
living in a tiny Brooklyn apartment.
I'd have to abandon you when I leave
in the fall, or when I jump off the
roof. Plus, you scare off the birds,
and I *love* birds.

She hugs and kisses him.

ANN (CONT'D)

David, thousands of people live on
this island. Why *me*?
(a thought comes to
her)
Wait. I know. Listen.

She begins to recite a poem to Dave, as if she's understanding
it for the first time.

ANN (CONT'D)

The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;/On her divine
majority/Obtrude no more./Unmoved,
an emperor is kneeling/Upon her
mat./Unmoved...something something
something./[pause] I've known her
from an ample nation/Choose one;/Then
close the valves of her attention/Like
stone.

After a pause, Ann stands up with Dave in her arms.

ANN (CONT'D)

I guess your soul chose me, pussycat,
but it chose wrong. I'm no Emily
Dickinson, but if I could write even
a *crappy* poem at this point, maybe
one of us would be saved.

Ann opens the screen door and is putting Dave outside when
he wriggles loose, turns, and runs back inside and up the
stairs.

ANN (CONT'D)

Come back!

She starts up the stairs after him.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann finds Dave on her bed. Picking him up, she carries him
out of the room.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Carrying Dave, Ann crosses the lawn to the woods behind her garden, kisses him and sets him down. Birds in the trees chirp warnings.

ANN
Go now, darling cat.

Dave sits down. They look at each other a moment, then Ann turns and walks back toward the house, as he remains looking after her.

EXT. ANN'S STREET -- EVENING

Ann rides up her street past the house with the FOR SALE sign. She sees Ty up ahead on the sidewalk. Apparently drunk, he staggers off the curb. The driver of a car HONKS at him.

Ann pauses until she sees Ty has made it safely to his cottage and through the front door.

Just then she sees another car coming down the street. It parks in front of Ty's house and Cory gets out.

About to ride up and hail her friend, to Ann's amazement she sees Cory walk up to Ty's door and, without knocking, enter.

ANN
Holy crap!

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- NEXT MORNING

Ann puts a plastic bag full of empty cans and bottles into her bike basket and rides out onto the street.

EXT. ANN'S STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Ann notices Cory's car still parked in the same spot.

ANN
(to herself)
Hmmm. I wonder how *her* twat feels today.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD BIKE PATH -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann rides along the bike path.

EXT. LANDFILL -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann climbs the stairs on the side of the recycling dumpster and empties her plastic bag into it.

INT. CORY'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

Cory drives along island roads with Ann in the passenger seat. Cory is dressed in her professional clothes, skirt, blouse, stockings.

Ann is dressed in her usual jeans, long-sleeved shirt, and flip-flops.

CORY

He's a really nice German shepherd, which is rare. German shepherds *always* bite, but I work on this one without a muzzle, he's that sweet.

ANN

Seems risky, no?

CORY

Not with Ruff -- spelled R-U-F-F.

ANN

(chuckling)

That's as bad as *Dave* for a *cat*. What did you say's wrong with him?

CORY

A bump on his thigh. It could be an abscess, or a cyst. I *love* abscesses and cysts.

ANN

(wryly)

I'm glad *someone* does. Might I ask why?

CORY

Well, when you lance an abscess it's like lava coming down a volcano. You get an emptying of pus in various stages. You can tell how long the abscess has been there by the consistency of the pus.

ANN

Sounds gross.

CORY

Nothing about animals is gross to me -- only humans are gross. Animal stuff is *interesting*.

ANN

What causes an abscess?

CORY

They're caused by a puncture wound.
An infection develops under the skin.
There's no way for the pus to escape
so it starts to branch out from the
mound, making rivers of pus under
the skin.

ANN

Then what's a cyst?

CORY

A cyst isn't an infection. Usually
it's just an abnormal sac containing
fluid or a semisolid material. The
main reason I love cysts and abscesses
is that as soon as you lance them
the animal feels complete relief.

ANN

Speaking of complete relief, I noticed
your car parked on my street the
other night.

CORY

(stiffly)
I brought Ty home from a meeting.
We had a chat. End of story.

ANN

(quickly)
Okay.

CORY

As far as my sister is concerned, I
was at your house.

ANN

No problemo.

EXT. MATILDA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

At the end of a dirt driveway, Cory pulls up in front of a
large house with a well-kept garden and opens her door.

CORY

We're here. The client is a very
nice lady named Matilda.

They get out of the car as a young woman, MATILDA, comes out
the front door to greet them. A German shepherd accompanies
her.

Cory and Ann get out of the car. Cory reaches into the rear
seat and takes out her basket of medical equipment.

CORY (CONT'D)
 Matilda, this is Ann. Ann, Matilda.
 That's Ruff, the patient.

MATILDA AND ANN
 Hi.

The dog approaches Cory, wagging his tail slowly. She strokes his head and gently feels the bump on his thigh. His head turns to show he's in some discomfort.

CORY
 Good Ruff. Yeah, that's quite a bump. But we'll take care of it. You'll be a happy dog again.

The three enter the house along with the dog.

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann, Cory and Matilda sit as Cory strokes the dog, then examines the bump on his thigh more closely.

CORY
 Good dog. Good Ruff. Hmmm. What is this? A cyst?

Pushing aside the hairs, she looks at the dog's skin, then presses the bump gently from different angles.

CORY (CONT'D)
 No, it's too hard for a cyst. I don't feel any fluid in there. So it's probably a tumor, which would mean surgery.

MATILDA
 Oh, dear. Could *you* do it -- the surgery?

CORY
 I could if I was set up for it, which I'm not. But I'll separate a few cells and look at them under the microscope. That way I'll see if they're abnormal and what kind of tumor it is.

MATILDA
 (worried)
 Could it be malignant.

CORY
 Well, the mass isn't discolored and it's not very moveable. Probably a benign tumor. Can you hold him?

Cory takes out a needle. Matilda sits down next to her and holds onto the dog to prevent it from moving.

CORY (CONT'D)
Good Ruff.

The CAMERA, behind Cory, shows Matilda's and Ann's tense faces as Cory leans forward to her task.

CORY (CONT'D)
So I put the needle in the center of
the mass...so...and...

After a moment, Cory sits back and looks at what the needle brought up. Matilda lets go of Ruff.

CORY (CONT'D)
Hmmm. What have we here? *Brown
fluid?* It must be a cyst after all.

MATILDA
Not a tumor? Thank goodness!

CORY
So what I'll do is, I'll shave it,
clean it, and lance it with my scalpel
to see what comes out. Will you
hold him again?

Cory takes out an electric razor and Matilda steadies the dog as Cory gets to work.

From a POV behind Cory, we hear the BUZZ.

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Cory turns off the razor and straightens up. The bump has been shaved. After wiping the area with antiseptic, she takes a scalpel out of her basket.

CORY
Now to lance it and see what we get.

The faces of Matilda and Ann are tense as Cory leans forward. Ruff struggles a little in Matilda's arms, then stops struggling.

CORY (CONT'D)
(seen from behind as
she works)
Wow. Paydirt at *last*. It took me a
whole centimeter to get down to the
cavity.

Matilda and Ann look on breathlessly.

CORY (CONT'D)

It has to be a sebaceous cyst. Hold tight. I'm gonna squeeze.

From behind we see Cory bear down to give a good squeeze with both her thumbs. Instantly -- like an infant projectile-vomiting -- a huge amount of stuff flies straight into Cory's face, all over her clothes, and on Matilda and the couch.

Cory wipes her lips on the back of her hand, looking around at the mess.

CORY (CONT'D)

Holy Jesus! What is *that*?

Matilda and Ann look on in horror, but Cory breaks into laughter.

CORY (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Thank God, for once my mouth was closed when I squeezed.

Ruff is wagging his tail.

CORY (CONT'D)

Yes, you feel better now, don't you. Hold him. I'll get some more out.

She bends over her work as Matilda holds Ruff.

MATILDA

Ann, there are some tissues in that bathroom.

Ann goes into the adjacent bathroom and returns with a box of tissues.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

(hopefully, to Cory)

Then it isn't a tumor?

CORY

No. It must be the mother of all cysts. *Look* at this stuff. It's pus and bits of matter. God knows how long it's been in there.

Cory wipes at her face with some tissues, then drops them and continues squeezing. After a moment she stops.

CORY (CONT'D)

Okay. You can let go. I've gotten out all I can. Now I'll flush it with water.

MATILDA
(releasing Ruff, she
gets to her feet)
I'll get some paper towels from the
kitchen.

As Matilda exits, Cory wipes her neck and arms with tissues.
Ann takes some and wipes the couch.

CORY
(to Ann)
Did it get on you?

ANN
No, I was spared.

CORY
I'm sorry this happened when you
were here. I assure you, it was a
first.

ANN
No problem. I'll put it in my next
bestseller: "The Day the Pus Hit the
Vet."

Matilda reappears with wet paper towels and starts wiping
everywhere.

MATILDA
I'll launder your clothes before you
leave. You can shower in there.
There's shampoo. Ann? Did you get
any?

ANN
I'm okay, thanks.

CORY
(laughing)
Another first. Having my clothes
washed by a client -- and having to
take a *shower*.

Looking in her basket, she takes out some implements and
gets back to work.

CORY (CONT'D)
Okay. I'll flush it out and then
give him a shot of antibiotic. The
wound looks open enough that it should
drain by itself.

Cory caresses the dog's happy head.

CORY (CONT'D)
 Good Ruff. Feeling better, aren't
 you. Sure you are.

EXT. MATILDA'S HOUSE -- LATER

As Cory and Ann say goodbye to Matilda, Ruff frolics around the yard.

CORY
 Thanks for the laundry and shower.
 Bye, Ruff.

Cory gets into the car with Ann and all wave goodbye.

INT. CORY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

ANN
 Still like cysts?

CORY
 That one was ridiculous, but look at
 Ruff. That's what being a vet is
 all about.

EXT. MATILDA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Cory turns the car around and they drive off.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- DAY

The tomato plants are taller and have some ripening tomatoes. Jeans, shirts and towels hang on a clothes line stretching from the upper deck to the tool shed.

Ann sits on the deck chaise wearing shorts. The yellow pad on her lap shows a pencil sketch of her lower legs and feet.

Suddenly she sees the squirrel walking along the bench toward her. When adjacent to her, about three feet away, he gets down on his stomach and stretches out his front paws and back legs. In this position he regards her.

ANN
 What.

They continue looking at each other.

ANN (CONT'D)
 You know who you remind me of? The
 fox in The Little Prince. The fox
 wanted the Little Prince to tame him
 so they could be friends and play
 together. Tame me, the fox would
 say.

Ann and the squirrel continue to look at each other for a long moment, unmoving.

ANN (CONT'D)
(finally)
Or maybe *you* want to tame *me*.

The squirrel continues to look at her impassively a moment, then gets to his feet, turns, and walks back down the bench and away. Ann looks after him.

ANN (CONT'D)
(calling)
Come back tomorrow at the same time
and sit a little closer. That's how
taming is done!

EXT. CORY'S HOUSE -- EARLY EVENING

Cory walks up to her front door carrying a towel and beach bag as suddenly she hears her CELL RINGTONE. She stops and digs it out of her bag.

CORY
This is Doctor Wyatt. Oh, hi, Ann.
I'm just getting home from the beach.
Terry's working late today, so I'm
playing hooky from the A.A. meeting

Hearing a CAR drive up, Cory turns and sees Terry's car.

CORY (CONT'D)
Oh, crap. She's back. I'll call
you later.

As Terry gets out of her car, Cory continues on into the house, ignoring her.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Cory walks down the hall, opening the door to her bedroom carefully, bending down to keep the cat from coming out, but no cat nose appears. She straightens up and enters the room.

INT. CORY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Cory looks around.

CORY
Tiger?

She looks all over the room, calling the cat's name, but no cat.

CORY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
What the fuck *is* this?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Cory enters the living room as Terry comes in through the front door carrying grocery bags.

CORY
Where's Tiger?

Terry seems reluctant to answer. Without a word she starts toward the kitchen, but Cory blocks her.

CORY (CONT'D)
(angrily)
Where's Tiger?

TERRY
He got out.

CORY
(almost screaming)
You're lying! You *let* him out.
Where is he?

TERRY
(trying to get past
Cory)
I tried to stop him. I ran after
him. He ran into the road.

CORY
Oh, my God!

TERRY
A car came from nowhere -- from
nowhere -- and hit him.

CORY
(screaming)
You're lying. Where is he?

TERRY
He's...gone.

CORY
(hysterically)
Where is he?

TERRY
I called the animal control officer.
He took him away.

Terry sets down her bags as Cory pushes her and keeps pushing her out the front door.

CORY
Show me *where*! Show me where he
was!

EXT. TERRY'S DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Cory pushes her sister ahead of her toward the road.

EXT. ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

They arrive at the road.

CORY

Show me!

Terry points to a smudge on the pavement.

TERRY

There. I tried to stop him, but....

CORY

(screaming)

Go the fuck away!

Terry walks back toward the house as Cory falls to her knees on the roadside, feeling the spot with her hands. Then she covers her face and weeps.

CORY (CONT'D)

Tiger, oh Tiger, my cat.

(turning to shout at
Terry)

You fucking bitch! You fucking,
fucking bitch!

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- THAT NIGHT

Wearing her ALL THINGS CONSIDERED T-shirt, Ann comes out of the bathroom and goes to the kitchen door to lock it.

Outside the screen door, looking in, is Dave. Ann pauses as they look at each other, then she gives in and opens the screen door.

ANN

(defeated)

All right. Come in.

Dave enters. As she locks the door, he races up the stairs.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

In the moonlight, Ann turns on the bedside lamp. Dave is lying on the middle of her bed. He stays steadfastly there while, with difficulty, she removes the cotton bedspread from under him, then turns down the covers.

Ann gets into bed, nudging Dave over to make room. Leaning forward, she strokes and kisses him, then lies back.

ANN
Goodnight, Dave. I do love you.

Reaching over, she turns off the lamp.

ANN (CONT'D)
Sleep tight, pussycat.

The DIGITAL CLOCK on a dresser facing the bed shows the time as 10:30. Quickly the clock moves forward until it shows 3:30.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE AND STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The CAMERA PANS from the moon in the sky to the quiet house and street. Suddenly the headlights of a car are seen coming down the street.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Lying on the moonlit bed, Dave suddenly alerts. Without awakening Ann, Dave leaves the bed and goes to the screen door leading to the upper deck.

As he can't get out there, he jumps up to an open window, steps out onto the branch of an oak tree, and disappears downward, out of sight.

Ann continues to sleep.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Ann awakens and reaches to turn on the radio, then remembers Dave is on her bed. She moves her legs but they don't encounter him. She sits up.

ANN
Pussycat?

A bird CHIRPS. Through the screen door Ann sees the female cardinal waiting on the deck railing for her to put out seed.

ANN (CONT'D)
Well, mama cardinal, if *you're* here
there's obviously no *cat* around.

Getting out of bed, Ann goes out onto the deck.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Ann looks out over the garden. On the bench below various birds wait for her to put out seed.

ANN
(muttering)
Stupid cat. Well, Dave -- you better
call!

SPLIT SCREEN:

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- DAY

Ann sits on her chaise holding her cordless phone to her ear, watching the squirrel eat the birdseed on the bench. On her lap is her yellow pad with a telephone number at the top crossed out.

INT. CORY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Cory lies on her bed, cell phone at her ear, watching Dave.

Dave sits with his nose to the crack of Cory's bedroom door, obviously wanting to go out.

CORY
(sounding very
depressed)
I thought you didn't *want* a cat.

ANN
I let him sleep with me and when I
woke up he wasn't there. The bastard
loved me and left me.

CORY
Like you did to Paul?

ANN
(utterly indignant)
What? What did you say?

CORY
I said don't worry about Dave. You'll
get over it. We always do.

ANN
(getting control)
I figure he went for a pee and got
run over, or got in trouble with a
skunk. I'm going to call the animal
control officer.

CORY
Good luck. Bye.

ANN
Bye.

Ann puts down her phone. Not moving, she watches the squirrel eat the seed.

Cory disconnects, her eyes on Dave.

CORY
 (wheedling)
 Dave. Davey.

The cat doesn't turn his head. Cory goes over, picks him up and buries her face in his fur.

CORY (CONT'D)
 (weeping)
 Oh, Tiger, come home. Please come home.

Suddenly Ann gets to her feet, clapping her hands at the squirrel who runs off a ways, then pauses.

ANN
 (running after it,
 shouting)
 We are *not friends!* You are not a
fox. I am not *Saint-Exupery!*

The squirrel runs off.

END OF SPLIT SCREEN

INT. GARDEN SUPPLY STORE -- DAY

Ann looks around the store, picks up a bag of birdseed, then turns to the SALESMAN.

ANN
 I have a squirrel problem. I spend
 the whole summer shooing this squirrel
 away from the birdseed. Squirrel-
 proof bird feeders don't work for
 me. I need a trap. Do you sell
 them?

SALESMAN
 Sure.

He shows her some traps and she indicates one.

ANN
 How does this one work?

The salesman shows her how to set the trap.

ANN (CONT'D)
 It's perfect. I'm on a bike so I'll
 borrow a car and come back for it,
 and the birdseed.

SALESMAN
 Fine.

ANN
(placing the bag of
seed on the trap)
See you later.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- EARLY MORNING

Ann comes out the screen door with the trap. She's wearing a shirt, jeans and sneakers instead of her usual flip-flops.

Placing the trap on the deck bench, she sets the spring. That done, Ann dribbles some birdseed in a line along the bench and into the trap.

ANN
(calling softly to
the squirrel)
Breakfast! Come and get it!

Ann goes into the house.

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Ann stands at the screen door looking out at the trap. The hands of the clock on the wall by the door show 6:10. On the sink counter below is a tube of red watercolor paint and a long-handled brush standing in a jar partly filled with red water.

Through the screen, Ann sees some birds arrive to eat the seed. By opening the door slightly, she scares them off. A moment later the squirrel jumps up on the bench.

The squirrel follows the line of seed into the trap and it snaps shut on him. The squirrel panics, bumping about.

Taking the paint brush, Ann carries it out on the deck.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

ANN
(approaching the trap)
We meet again.

With the paint brush she dabs red paint on the squirrel's tail to mark it.

ANN (CONT'D)
I hope this is legal.

A NOTICE APPEARS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN: DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME. IT IS ILLEGAL.

Sticking the brush back inside the door, she carries the trap across the garden as the squirrel bumps around.

ANN (CONT'D)
Allons enfant.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Ann walks to her neighbor's pickup truck. Opening the back, she puts the trap inside.

Getting in the cab, she starts the ENGINE and the truck moves forward.

EXT. TRUCK -- MORNING

Ann drives along different roads, looking for a place to dump the squirrel. She passes a sign saying KATAMA. Turning off onto a dirt way she goes a short distance, then comes to a stop. No one is about.

EXT. DIRT WAY -- CONTINUOUS

Getting out, Ann takes the trap from the back of the truck and releases the squirrel, who stands dazed.

THE NOTICE BLINKS TO GET ATTENTION.

Ann notices a bird feeder on a nearby house.

ANN
 (pointing)
 See that? It's all yours. And don't
 come back!

The squirrel moves hesitantly away as Ann puts the empty trap back in the truck.

THE NOTICE BLINKS AGAIN, THEN DISAPPEARS.

INT. A DIFFERENT A.A. MEETING HALL -- EVENING

Cory enters at the back of the hall. The meeting has already started but as she enters, the LEADER, who is speaking, falls silent and waits for her to be seated.

Cory sits down in a chair among others at the rear.

The Leader turns toward her.

LEADER
 Good evening, Sally.

No one answers. Ann looks around to see whom he might be addressing, but no one speaks up. She decides he must be speaking to her.

CORY
 My name's Corinne.

LEADER
 (sweetly, with infinite
 patience)
 You didn't say you're an alcoholic,
 Corinne.

CORY
 (crisply)
 I'm *not* an alcoholic.

A.A. LEADER
 (unkindly)
 Well, Corinne, there are all *kinds*
 of denial. *You* know that. After
 all, if you're not an alcoholic, why
 are you *here*?

CORY
 (angrily)
 Because my sister makes me come.

LEADER
 (saccharin)
 Your *sister* makes you come? You
 mean you don't *want* to be here?

Cory stands up.

CORY
 No. I don't. But don't worry, I'm
 leaving. And I won't be back.

She storms out, slamming the door behind her as everyone
 gasps and looks at the Leader who rolls his eyes resignedly.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- DAY

Ann picks a nearly ripe tomato, then goes into the house.

INT. SCREEN PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Ann enters the screen porch and places the tomato on a sunny
 ledge, in a line with other ripening tomatoes.

Looking up, she sees two large squirrels in her garden.

ANN
 Oh, God, no!

INT. TERRY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Cory and Ty sit in armchairs, sharing a bottle of soda which
 stands on a small table between them.

Dave sits on a chair looking out at the woods behind the
 house.

Cory examines a sculpture carved from a root.

CORY
This is beautiful, Ty. Thank you so much.

They hear a car door SLAM outside.

CORY (CONT'D)
(glancing out the window)
Holy crap! It's Terry. She was supposed to be off-island. Shit. When will I ever *learn*?

Terry walks in, sees Ty and goes straight toward him.

TERRY
You! Out!

Ty gets to his feet.

CORY
Ty, *don't*. Sit!

TERRY
(seeing Dave)
What's that cat doing here?

CORY
Don't you touch him.

TY
(to Terry)
She's trying to get me drunk. She's a sinful woman!

CORY
What are you talking about? There's no alcohol here. I'm driving you home.

TY
No you're not. I don't want a drunken woman driving me.

CORY
Are you crazy? I haven't had anything to drink.

TERRY
(indicating the soda)
What's that then?

CORY
Soda. We're drinking *soda*.

TERRY

Let me smell your breath.

Rolling her eyes, Cory lets Terry smell her breath.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I smell alcohol.

CORY

You fucking *couldn't* have!

Ty stands by the front door, smiling broadly.

TY

Fight over me ladies. I love that!

CORY

(turning, angrily)

What the fuck's wrong with *you*?

TERRY

(to Cory)

Take that car and I'll call the cops.
You'll be arrested for drunk driving
and that will be the end of *Doctor*
Wyatt.

CORY

What bullshit. Ty lives *miles* from
here. I'm taking him home. Ty,
wait. I'll get my bag. It's got my
driver's licence.

She exits toward her bedroom.

TY

(to Terry)

Thank you for saving my life, fat
lady.

TERRY

Get out of my house, you black trash.

TY

(taking his sculpture)

This is mine, unless you want to buy
it for two hundred dollars.

TERRY

Out!

Terry opens the front door and Ty goes out with a few
disrespectful hip wiggles. She's closing it when she sees
Dave hurrying toward the door.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You too! Out!

Dave runs out the door and Terry goes out too.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ty starts down the driveway toward the road. Terry reaches into Cory's car and removes the keys, slips them in her pocket, then walks away from the car.

Cory comes out of the house, brushes past Terry and gets into her car.

CORY (O.S.)

Fuck!

Cory gets out of the car, feels in her pockets, rummages through her bag.

CORY (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are the keys?

(turning toward Terry)

Give them to me!

(calling loudly)

Ty! Wait!

TERRY

I don't have your keys.

Turning, Terry goes into the house. Cory stands alone.

CORY

(to no one in particular)

Fuck!

INT. TERRY'S LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Cory comes in and confronts Terry.

CORY

How dare you act like that! Ty's an alcoholic. I'm trying to *help* him.

TERRY

Yeah, yeah. I know how help black guys. I told you when you wanted to move in here: I don't want black guys in my house. And why aren't you at a meeting?

CORY

You are an incredible bitch!

TERRY

Listen, before mom died I promised her I'd never again take drugs or drink -- and I'd never let you either.

CORY

You are so....

TERRY

Dad tried to beat Satan out of you, but he failed. Before he died I promised him I'd keep you away from alcohol and help you find God.

CORY

Bullshit! None of you ever gave a shit about God *or* me. The reason dad beat me was because I wasn't his kid.

TERRY

(taken off guard)

What are you talking about?

CORY

After dad died I looked at his army medical records. I'm a *doctor*, for chrissake. I know about blood types. I couldn't possibly be his daughter.

As Cory speaks, Terry stares at her with open mouth.

CORY (CONT'D)

You *were* his daughter, and that's why *you* inherited his alcohol addiction. I didn't.

TERRY

One thing I *did* inherit was this house. It's mine and I want you *out*. Tomorrow I don't want to see you here.

CORY

Noooo problem.
(looking around the
living room)
Dave?

TERRY

Your black friend *left*.

CORY

Dave is the *cat*. I'm looking for the *cat*.

TERRY

Well, then Dave's another cat who got away from you while the getting was good.

CORY
Fuck you, bitch!

Cory goes toward her bedroom.

TERRY
Remember! Tomorrow morning you are
out of here.

INT. CORY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CORY
Dave?
(looking under the
bed)
Dave?

No cat. Cory goes into her bathroom and WE SEE her through the door as she empties a bottle of pills into her hand and swallows them down with tap water.

Coming out of the bathroom, she throws herself face down on her bed.

EXT. THE WOODS -- NIGHT

Dave hurries through the trees, then across a road. He passes a family of skunks, stops to drink at a pool of water, then travels on.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- MORNING

Ann surveys her tomato plot. She notices, lying on the grass nearby, a green tomato that is half eaten. Puzzled, she picks it up and looks around.

A squirrel appears. It has a red mark on its tail.

ANN
Nooooo!

She takes off a flip-flop and throws it at him. But, to her horror, the squirrel runs right up a staked tomato plant, wrestles off a reddish tomato, and runs off with it in his mouth.

She throws her other flip-flop at it.

ANN (CONT'D)
Outta here!

FAST FORWARD:

Ann gets a bucket from the shed, then pulls off every tomato, about a dozen, and carries them into the house.

INT. SCREEN PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Ann sets the tomatoes in a row on the sill with the other ripening tomatoes.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Ann pulls all the tomato plants out of the ground and throws them in a pile while the squirrel watches.

END OF FAST FORWARD

Ann watches the squirrel run up a large oak tree. It races through the branches, stopping every now and then to shake the leaves ferociously.

A sudden calm. Then, suddenly she sees the squirrel lower itself into her line of sight. It is hanging upside down by its back feet from a branch, nibbling an acorn and letting the bits fall to the ground.

ANN

That's *it*! I've had it. I'm outta here!

Turning, she marches up the steps to the deck.

Reaching in for the phone, Ann speed-dials RICHARD ALLEN, her real estate agent, getting his answering machine.

ANN (CONT'D)

(staring at the oak tree)

Richard, it's Ann Feldman. I'm putting my house up for sale. I'll come in tomorrow and sign whatever. Let me know what time is good. Bye-bye.

EXT. EAST CHOP ROAD -- LATER -- SUNSET

Facing east, the few clouds are reddish, reflecting the sunset.

Ann walks along the bluffs to the top of the path leading down to the small beach where earlier she'd painted. A car is parked there.

Just then a WOMAN arrives at the top of the path and goes to the car. She seems in a hurry.

ANN

Nice little beach down there.

WOMAN

It is. I'm leaving and I just had to say goodbye to it.

ANN

I'm leaving too.

WOMAN

You too? That's sad. But listen, I have to run. Would you believe I've got people coming for dinner at *eight*, and I haven't even started to *marinate*?

The woman gets into her car and drives off.

Smiling thoughtfully, Ann reaches into her back jeans pocket, takes out a small spiral notebook, and jots something down.

She stands a moment looking out over the water, writes a few more words, then turns back the way she came.

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- AFTERNOON

Ann is at her desk. Her yellow pad, with a jumble of words and lines scribbled on it, lies next to her laptop computer. The monitor shows the poem that she has just copied there. She touches a key and the untitled poem prints out on her laser printer.

ANN (V.O.)

She told me she was leaving/had come
on the fly/to say goodbye/to that so
special corner/of evening, sea, and
sky./ So too had I,/for I was also
leaving,/really leaving,/eternally,
in perpetuity, and/in a manner of
speaking/this entire planet
leaving.///What meant *she* by
"goodbye"/by "leaving"?/That next
year/she'd again vacation here?/I
didn't ask./Then, getting in her
car/she laughed/and told me it was
late./She had to dash,/was cooking
dinner -- would I believe -- for
eight? -- /and hadn't yet begun/to
marinate?

As the poem ends, Ann hears a KNOCKING on the screen door. She goes to the door and sees ED SANDERS, a man of a certain age, standing outside, not looking in.

ANN (CONT'D)

Hi. Can I help you?

ED

Hi. I'm sorry to bother you. My name's Ed Sanders and I'm considering buying the house down the street.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

I was wondering if I could use your phone. I want to call my real estate guy before he leaves for the day.

ANN

Sure. Is it Richard Allen by any chance?

ED

Yes, it is.

ANN

Hold on.

Ann picks up the phone and takes it out onto the deck.

EXT. ANN'S GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

ANN

I'm putting this house up for sale with Richard. We have an appointment tomorrow.

ED

Really? Why are you selling it?

Taking a step back he tries to see more of the house.

ANN

I'm leaving the island.

ED

You are?

ANN

This is just a summer cottage. It's not winterized like the house you're considering. Winters I live in Brooklyn.

ED

Oh. I intend living here year 'round. I'm starting a project.

Suddenly Ann sees Dave running across the garden toward her.

ANN

Cat!

Dave runs to her and she scoops him up in her arms.

ANN (CONT'D)

(hugging and kissing

Dave)

You're back. Oh, you darling cat. I love you, I love you.

ED
(admiringly)
That's a great cat.

ANN
He's not mine. He's nobody's. You
wouldn't want a cat, would you?

ED
I wouldn't mind. I like cats and
there must be mice around.

ANN
Really? You'd keep him?

ED
Sure. When I decide on a house.

ANN
Great. If we're neighbors we could
share him in the summer.

ED
I'm confused. I thought you were
selling this house and leaving the
Vineyard.

ANN
Well, I *was*. It's a long story. A
lot has happened today. This is
Dave, by the way.

ED
Dave?

Dave, in Ann's arms, turns his head to look at Ed.

ED (CONT'D)
Smart cat. He knows his name, and
it's only one syllable.

ANN
(chuckling)
One awful syllable.

Reaching out, Ed strokes Dave's head and Dave seems to like
it.

ED
Y'know, I think I *will* buy that house.
Dave sealed the deal!

ANN
(under her breath)
Great title!

ED

Pardon?

ANN

I mean, you won't mind if he scares away the wild birds?

ED

(laughing)

My project here is to design a bird park. I'm an ecologist.

ANN

Wow! And you don't bring your work -- the birds -- home with you?

ED

(chuckling)

I assure you, wild birds and house cats can co-exist. It's a matter of habitat design.

ANN

And squirrels too? They eat the seed I put out for the cardinals.

ED

Have you ever considered putting up a feeding station for the squirrels, separate from the birds'?

ANN

(wonderingly)

No. I never did.

ED

As the Bible says: "Render unto squirrels the seeds which are for squirrels', and unto cardinals the seeds which are for...uh...God?"

*

ANN

(catching on, delighted)

So you're saying even birds and squirrels can co-exist?

ED

Yes, and rabbits, and fish, and you, and me, and...

Ann hands Ed the phone and motions him toward a deck chair.

ANN

Have a seat. I'll give you some privacy. When you're done, let me speak to Richard.

ED
Okay. Thanks.

Ann turns and goes into the house, carrying Dave with her.

INT. LOWER FLOOR -- MORNING

Ann puts cat food in a dish and places it on the floor in front of Dave, who eats readily. Picking up the phone, she speed-dials a number.

We hear it RINGING.

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The ringing is now Cory's CELL RINGTONE. It is faint, coming from a different room.

Terry, dead, lies in bed, mostly hidden under bloody covers. The RINGTONE leads us into the living room.

INT. TERRY'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Cory lies over an armchair in an unnatural position. Her eyes are open. She's dead. On the floor below her hand lies a bloody scalpel.

INT. ANN'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Ann stands with the phone to her ear, watching Dave drink from his water dish.

CORY'S MESSAGE MACHINE (O.S.)
(Cory's voice, filtered)
This is Doctor Wyatt. Please leave
your name, telephone number and a
message and I'll get back to you as
soon as possible.

ANN
Hi, Doctor Wyatt. Ann here. I've
got some really good news. Lewis
has returned, plus I've started
writing again, albeit crap, but it
could improve with time. I've even
met a guy. He's a tad old for me,
but interesting. Anyway, everything
seems to have resolved itself at *this*
end. Hope all is okay with you too.
Call me when you get a chance. Bye.

O.S. there is the sound of birds CHIRPING. Ann takes a handful of birdseed from the can.

ANN (CONT'D)
 (pushing Dave away
 from the screen door)
 You stay inside for a few minutes.
 You can go out later. You and me
 and the birds gotta co-exist.

Holding Dave back, Ann goes out the screen door as a small cloud of birds descends on the deck bench.

EXT. VINEYARD HAVEN FERRY LANDING -- MORNING

A cool October day. The trees have turned color. The last passengers are disembarking from the ferry as Ann, waiting to board, stands with Ed.

ANN
 (smiling)
 Well, see you when I see you.

ED
 Thanksgiving for sure, right?

ANN
 As long as your family doesn't mind.

ED
 They'll love you.

ANN
 Take care of Dave.

ED
 No fear. And you work hard on your screenplay. What's its name again?

ANN
 I have no idea!

ED
 Great title!

Chuckling, they embrace and he kisses her on the cheek.

Just then Ann's attention turns toward a disembarking FEMALE PASSENGER. Looking very much like Ann but with gray hair, she's accompanied by a MAN OF MIDDLE AGE and TWO CHILDREN.

A MAN in the crowd waves. One child tugs at her hand.

CHILD
 Grandma! I see daddy!

Ann's eyes meet the woman's. Ann inhales sharply, looking as if she's about to run and embrace her sister, but an expression of hatred comes over the other's face, stopping her. The two then look away.

The passengers board. Ann hands over her ticket and pauses before starting up the stairs.

ANN

Bye, Ed.

ED

Bye.

At the top of the gangplank Ann pauses to wave down at Ed, who blows her a kiss. She blows one back, then turns and enters the ship.

EXT. FERRYBOAT -- MOMENTS LATER

The ferryboat begins to move with a mighty BLAST of the horn. Seagulls hover in the air above the decks.

The CAMERA moves in on Ann who stands among others at the bow, looking ahead.

Hearing a CELLPHONE RING, She rolls her eyes.

FADE OUT: