MY SO-CALLED LIFE

"Father Figures"

Written by
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Episode #59303

2nd DRAFT - 2/7/94
Blue Pages - 2/11/94
Pink Pages - 2/15/94
Yellow Pages - 2/16/94
Green Pages - 2/24/94
Goldenrod Pages - 3/24/94
CAST
ANGELA CHASE
PATTY CHASE
GRAHAM CHASE
DANIELLE CHASE
RAYANNE GRAFF
RICKIE VASQUEZ
BRIAN KRAKOW
JORDAN CATALANO

GUEST CAST
CHUCK WOOD
CATHY KRZYZANOWSKI
MS. MANDEVILLE
WAITRESS
ANGELA (Age 8)*

KID 1
KID 2
BRIAN'S MOM

SETS

INTERIORS
LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL
-English Classroom
-Hallway
-Girls' Restroom

CHASE HOUSE
-Entrance Way/Living Room
-Kitchen
-Angela's Bedroom
-Graham & Patty's Bedroom
-Dining Area
-Upstairs Hallway
-Living Room
-Downstairs Entrance Hall
-Living Room/Stairway Area
-Staircase
-Entrance Way
-Entrance Hallway/Stairs
-Living Room/Entrance Hall

EXTERIORS
CHASE HOUSE
-Front of House

SIDEWALK
-Between Brian's/
Angela's Houses

BRIAN'S HOUSE
-Driveway

LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL
-Playing Field

GREASIEST RESTAURANT IN TOWN

WOOD & JONES PRINTING
-Reception Area
Missing page:

A page or part of a page of the only available US copy is missing here. This situation is not unusual; many of the scripts held in the libraries or files of major studios and production companies have missing material, a fact that clearly illustrates the expendability of the screenplay once the true text, the film itself, has been made.
CONTINUED:

He drops his briefcase.

GRAHAM
(calling out)
Anybody...? I'm home...

Rayanne's face appears next to Angela's...

RAYANNE
(sotto voce)
You never said he had stubble...

ANGELA
He doesn't. Usually.

Angela moves away from the doorway, past Rickie, who grabs a peek at Graham, then moves away from the doorway, grabs his jacket. NOTE: They now speak more quietly, an unconscious response to the father's presence...

RICKIE
(to Rayanne)
So I'm going, I'm getting the Third Street bus, you coming?

Rayanne tears herself away, opens a cabinet, forages as...

RAYANNE
No... Amber'll pick me up later.
(to Angela)
Okay?

ANGELA
Sure...

RICKIE
Okay, see ya...

Rickie exits...

INT. ENTRANCE WAY/LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Graham looks up from some mail...

RICKIE
Hi.

Hi.

GRAHAM
RICKIE
Well... Bye.

Bye.

GRAHAM
INT. KITCHEN -- SIMULTANEOUS

As Angela finds some crackers and juice, Rayanne once again peeks out the kitchen doorway...

RAYANNE
Oh look, Rickie and your Dad are bonding...!

ANGELA
Come on...

RAYANNE
They are, they're... exchanging fashion tips!

Angela tosses a cracker at her friend. They BREAK UP, all at once look up, there in the other doorway is...

THEIR P.O.V: GRAHAM, stubble and all.

GRAHAM
So. Is this the famous Rayanne?

RAYANNE
(almost shyly)
Is this the famous... Angela's Dad?

Graham moves to Angela, starts to kiss her cheek, she draws back...

ANGELA
Dad...! Your whiskers scratch...

GRAHAM
Oh, sorry...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- AN HOUR LATER

PAN: A COUNTER STREWN WITH THE EVIDENCE OF COOKING. Angela leans against the table, stirs a bowl of batter, looks on as, at the stove, under Graham's supervision, a thrilled Rayanne manages to flip a fritter...

RAYANNE
Oh MY GOD, I did it...

GRAHAM
Good! Okay, turn your flame down...

(as she does so)
You're in the zone now... The next batch'll be even better.

(CONTINUED)
Graham notices some small shift in Angela's posture, it prompts him to turn to his daughter...

GRAHAM (cont'd)
You feel like something else? I can make you something else...

ANGELA
(shrugs)
No, I'll have fritters...

RAYANNE
I am so hungry.
(buzzed, to Graham)
Do you ever get like hypnotized, by food?

GRAHAM
Are you kidding? "Hypnotized by Food" is my Indian name.
(to Angela, to include her)
Want to flip one?

ANGELA
Rayanne can do it...

GRAHAM
Oh wait, I gotta call my brother...

As he dials...

RAYANNE
(to Angela)
I cannot believe I'm cooking something not in a pouch...

GRAHAM
(into the phone)
What a weird sounding beep, Neil, listen, that guy Earl, who I did that rush for? He laid two tickets on me for the Dead concert Thursday night...

RAYANNE
(reacting to this)
OH MY GOD...!

GRAHAM
(reacts to her reaction, but continues...)
...so save the date. Call me back.

He hangs up. Rayanne is... beyond impressed.
RAYANNE
You’re into the Dead. That explains... so much.

GRAHAM
(glancing at Angela)
Oh yeah...?

RAYANNE
(to Graham)
The like undercurrent of connections! Between Angela and me! See, my mom’s going to the Dead show Thursday! She’s a former wharf rat, the Grateful Dead is this thing we totally share, I mean before she had me? My mom lived in a bus for like months. With a girl named Poptart.

GRAHAM
Angela’s not big on the Dead.
(to Angela)
Am I right?

Angela shrugs, and...

RAYANNE
You will be. After you hear our bootleg stuff!
(to Graham)
My mom has this tape she got from this guy, maybe you know him? Mike? In Boulder, Colorado? It’s Palo Alto ‘71. They close with "Cosmic Charlie."

GRAHAM
I know. I was there.

RAYANNE
GET OUT OF HERE!

She SHRIEKS in the process of flipping another fritter. It goes flying. Graham catches it, then...

PATTY (O.S.)
Nice save.

They turn

PATTY stands in the doorway. She looks somewhat grim.

(Continued)
PATTY
(to Graham)
May I speak to you for a moment?

A suspended moment, as Angela looks from Graham to Patty...

ANGELA’S VOICE
With my mother? I can like list her faults. To basically anyone who’ll listen. As opposed to my father. Who I like cannot say bad things about. Out loud.

Then Graham follows Patty out...

INT. CHASE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

...as Graham wipes his hands on a dishtowel, and Patty takes off her jacket and heels...

PATTY
Okay, bear with me, I’m upset...

GRAHAM
Look, I know how you feel about her but... she’s actually not a bad kid...

PATTY
Who, that Rayanne person...? Please, that’s the least of my worries...

GRAHAM
Good, ’cause Angela wants her to stay to dinner and...

PATTY
Fine, I could care less, I... look, we got a really upsetting letter...

She hands him an already opened letter.

GRAHAM
(as he takes the letter)
Oh man. The IRS?
(before he can bring himself to read it...)
Not the "A" word...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PATTY
I can’t believe we’re being audited. I mean that Wood & Jones Printing is.

GRAHAM
(reading)
"Your federal income return has been selected for examination"
(looks up)
Oh man, is this scary. They must get Stephen King to write these.

PATTY
I called my Dad, he’s coming over later so we can figure out --

GRAHAM
You told your Dad about this before you told me...?

PATTY
Honey, look at the date. Ninety two. That’s the year he got sick, the year I took over... Oh, he was not pleased.

GRAHAM
Well of course not, he’s been caught red-handed!

PATTY
Graham...! He was flat on his back in the hospital spring of ’92! If anyone’s to blame, it’s me, I helped him prepare that return...

GRAHAM
Yeah, ’cause he’s too cheap to hire an accountant.

(beat)
Just promise we’ll handle this our own way.

He turns, there’s Angela...

ANGELA
Handle what?

PATTY
Nothing, we’re being audited... not us, exactly, Wood and Jones...

GRAHAM
Which of course is us...

(CONTINUED)
ANGELA
Why, did you... lie about something?

GRAHAM
Why are you looking at me?

PATTY
Nobody lied, it can happen to anyone, they pick people at random...

GRAHAM
Except I will lay even money Grandpa lied.

Patty shoots him a look...

ANGELA
So can Rayanne still stay for dinner?

GRAHAM
Yes!

ANGELA
(neutral, polite)
Just checking.

She exits.

GRAHAM
You hear that? "Just checking." You notice that tone she takes with me now?

PATTY
I didn’t notice anything...

GRAHAM
Something’s not right, between her and me. She acts... distant. With this sort of... silent contempt.

PATTY
Graham. She adores you. And I’ve got dibs on her silent contempt, okay?

INT. LIVING ROOM/ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT

Angela pretends to do homework, while covertly observing
HER P.O.V: Danielle cuddled against Graham, on the couch.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

**DANIELLE**
(rubs his cheek)
Daddy, I like it when you don't shave.

**GRAHAM**
You do?

**DANIELLE**
I like how it feels...

Angela slams her book shut, stands...

**ANGELA**
I can't concentrate in here...

She exits up the stairs, just as Patty emerges from the little office, holding papers...

**PATTY**
Finally! I found a copy of the return...

**SFX: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR**

Patty turns, goes to answer the door... WE SEE

**PATTY AT AGE 7 (PATTY/7) run up to the front door...**

The door opens, revealing: **CHUCK WOOD**, Patty's Dad. We are back in the present. Chuck is mid-sixties. Somewhat ornery. But lovable. He brushes past Patty as...

**CHUCK**
You got a rain gutter out there about to fall off.

**GRAHAM**
This just in.

**CHUCK**
...Hit somebody in the head... next thing you know you'll have a lawsuit on your hands...

**PATTY**
We know, Dad...

(CONTINUED)
9 CONTINUED: 2

DANIELLE
Hi Grandpa...!

CHUCK
Hey there cookie...
(she runs up and throws
her arms around his neck)
Okay, that's enough...

Danielle exits up the stairs as

10 THEY MOVE INTO THE LIVING ROOM

Chuck looks around...

CHUCK
Place is lit up like a Christmas
tree, you know that? You got every
damn light in the house blazing...

Self-conscious, Patty clicks off one lamp. Annoyed, Graham
clicks it back on...

PATTY
Dad, you want something? Fruit,
or...

CHUCK
(re: her papers)
What's that you got there...

PATTY
It's a copy of the '92 return.

Chuck takes it, looks it over...

CHUCK
Ran my own business thirty years,
never got audited...

PATTY
(crushed)
Dad it's... they pick people at
random...

CHUCK
Never picked me at random.

PATTY
Well, anyway they do, and...

(CONTINUED)
10 CONTINUED:

Chuck MUMBLES SOMETHING we can’t quite make out...

GRAHAM
(This annoys him no end)
What was that, Chuck?

PATTY
What did you say, Dad?

CHUCK
Never mind. Not worth repeating.

PATTY
(re: The return)
They do say, if a small business, like us, takes kind of a...
noticeably large deduction...
that’s hard to justify...

CHUCK
Who would do that?

PATTY
(hesitant, but)
Well, here, Dad, look at this...
(shows him the return)
The car. You took off eighty-nine percent.

CHUCK
It was a business car!

PATTY
Well... I know. But... that’s the sort of deduction you’d have to...
back up. With a log or something. You know? Daddy...?

CHUCK
(rising)
Well...! There’s my girl...!

THEIR P.O.V: ANGELA...

Chuck moves past Patty to her...

CHUCK (cont’d)
Hiya honey bunch...

Angela moves to meet him, he gathers her up into a bear hug.
Angela and Chuck LAUGH DELIGHTEDLY AND ADLIB GREETINGS...
Patty and Graham look on wistfully, almost jealously... each longing to be on the receiving end of that warm and loving greeting.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE
ACT 2

FADE IN:

11 INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- DAY

A Guidance counselor, an interesting, extremely committed, slightly eccentric woman named CATHY KRZYZANOWSKI talks to Jordan Catalano, who is flanked on either side by HIS BUDDIES...

KRZYZANOWSKI
Okay, Mr. Catalano, hand it over...

JORDAN
Hand what over...

KRZYZANOWSKI
You’re a good kid, okay? Now, give me the walkman...

JORDAN
I don’t have a walkman...

KRZYZANOWSKI
I will return it to you at the close of school... Okay? Come on, you’re not a bad kid...

As Rayanne, Rickie and Angela walk past them...

RAYANNE
CATALANO! GIVE HER THE STUPID WALKMAN!

* (they continue on as...)
Man. People are so rude.

Beat. In the b.g. we see Jordan hand over the walkman as...

RAYANNE (cont’d)
So not to shock you but your Dad’s attractive.

ANGELA
(embarrassed, covering)
Oh, I’m sure...

RAYANNE
Not that I’d ever attack him or anything. But I wouldn’t leave me alone with him either.

RICKIE
Oh, so, when I was leaving? There he was, right? So I’m like: hi.

(MORE)
RICKIE (cont'd)
And he's like: hi. And then I'm like: Well, bye. And he's like...

RAYANNE
(interrupts, out of excitement)
I don't mean just physical, he's nice. You just... have a really nice Dad, he's really nice.

ANGELA'S VOICE
When someone compliments your parents? There's like nothing to say. It's like a stun-gun to your brain.

RICKIE
Plus his stubble is the perfect length...

ANGELA
He doesn't have stubble, he ran out of disposable razors that morning, he was all disturbed over it...

RAYANNE
Oooo. In Touch With His Emotions Dad.

ANGELA
(laughing, but...)
SHUT UP!

She's arrived at her next class, Rayanne calls to her as she and Rickie continue down the hall...

RAYANNE
Ignore Angela, she can't help herself, she's the product of a two parent house-hold!

INT. CHASE HOUSE -- DINING AREA -- NIGHT

Patty and Graham sit at the table, going though a mountain of documents. Danielle moves through, on the phone...
12 CONTINUED:

DANIELLE
I know, my mom's been on the phone
like forever, we're getting
audited...

Patty closes her eyes in humiliation. Danielle exits.

GRAHAM
(looks up from papers)
I talked to Neil. He says we're
crazy to do this without an
accountant. Just because it's
against your father's religion to
trust anyone...

PATTY
(beat, then...)
You're right, you're right, we
shouldn't go into a thing like
this unprepared... but I know him,
Graham, he'll never agree to...
look we'll just have to get our
records straight, get our story
straight...

GRAHAM
What story?! Look, I don't know
what kind of trouble your Dad's
gotten us into, but if they found
something... we're gonna have to
pay up!
(beat)
Where's Angela?

PATTY
Locked in her room with that
Rayanne person, why?

GRAHAM
I just... wondered. She hasn't
said two words to me all week...

PATTY
Join the club... oh, I almost
forgot: We have a time. Are you
listening? To meet with the IRS
Lady. This Thursday. 4:00.

GRAHAM
Well, that's easy to remember, same
day as the concert.

Patty freezes.

PATTY
What?

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
I never mentioned that Earl gave me
two free tickets to the Dead
concert?

PATTY
You're kidding. Tell me you're
kidding.

GRAHAM
Honey, come on. It's the Dead,
honey...

Patty drops to her knees, mock-begging, laughing yet...

PATTY
Graham, please, please tell me
you're not going to top off our
audit with a rock concert...
Please, Graham...

GRAHAM
(a beat)
So you don't want me to go?

SFX: HONK OF CAR HORN OUTSIDE

Patty and Graham lock eyes...

PATTY/GRAHAM
(It's become an in joke
between them)
It's... Amber Vallone!

GRAHAM
(goes to front door,
calls out)
She'll be right out!
(exiting)
I'll get Rayanne...

13 INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Angela opens her door, Graham enters... Rayanne is flying
around the room like a maniac searching for something...

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
Hi honey bunch.
(Angela sort of shrugs.)
Rayanne, your mom's here.

RAYANNE
I just gotta find my sock, cause
it's Rickie's...

GRAHAM
So... which day is your Mom gonna
see the Dead?

RAYANNE
Thursday! Her and her honey.
She'd never let'em hit Pittsburgh
and not go.
(finds the sock, waves it)
YEEES!

Graham smiles, looks to Angela, she won't meet his eyes...

GRAHAM
(almost to get Angela to
look at him)
So would you two like to go with
them? To see the Dead?

RAYANNE
OH MY GOD Angela?!
(to Graham)
But wait, you really wanted to go!

GRAHAM
No, I've got too much work.
Anyway... I'm too old for that
stuff.
(To Angela)
So what do you think, would you
like that?

ANGELA
(looks to Rayanne)
Sure.

Rayanne hugs Graham, a surprised, child-like hug...

RAYANNE
Thank you. I mean it thank you so
much! 'Night Ange...
(to Graham, almost shyly)
'night...

(CONTINUED)
13 CONTINUED: 2

GRAHAM

'Night.

Rayanne exits. there's a beat, then...

GRAHAM (cont'd)
I know you're not... wild about the
Dead, like Rayanne is, but...

ANGELA
No, it's... fine.
(beat)
Where are the tickets?

GRAHAM
Oh. Here.

He hands them over, hesitantly... like he just realized the
whole idea is... flawed, somehow. But it's too late.

ANGELA
(off his look)
What?

GRAHAM
Nothing.

He now has no choice but to leave her room. He does.

14 INT. CHASE HOUSE - PATTY & GRAHAM'S BEDROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

Graham enters. Patty is on the bed, surrounded by receipts,
record books and assorted junk...

PATTY
I found all these receipts I forgot
I had! Also a dirty book, that
little pearl earring I was so upset
about, and a birthday card I never
sent my mother.

GRAHAM
What book?

She tosses it to him. As he starts to look through it...

PATTY
I want it back.

GRAHAM
I've decided to skip the concert.

(CONTINUED)
14 CONTINUED:

PATTY
Thank Goodness.

GRAHAM
I gave the tickets to Angela and Rayanne.

PATTY
(looks up...)
Seriously.

GRAHAM
It'll be fine, it turns out Rayanne's mother is going.

PATTY
Well of course Rayanne's mother is going, and Heidi Fleiss is probably going to meet her there, but that doesn't mean Angela should go!

GRAHAM
Patty, listen...

PATTY
(overlapped)
And to top it all off... it's a school night! I mean, could you have had a more completely terrible idea?!

Graham collapses face up on the bed. Miserable.

14A PAN TO: THE DIGITAL CLOCK beside him... it flips forward to 12:07 A.M., the numbers glow in the (now) darkness...

PAN BACK TO: GRAHAM, now undressed, under the covers, stares up at the ceiling, wide awake.

GRAHAM
(softly)
I'll get the tickets back. I didn't think it through, I was... Are you still awake...?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Patty, in bed next to him, also stares up at the ceiling, miserably awake.

PATTY
Just my brain.
(beat)
I feel so ashamed. 'Like I've been bad. And the government's gonna ground me.
GRAHAM
Angela is really acting weird
towards me. You know?

(Continued)
PATTY
I think I'm gonna have to tell my Dad to butt out of this.

GRAHAM
Like she's... holding something against me or something...

PATTY
(sits up)
But how can I question his judgment?! He built a business out of nothing, he's a rare individual...

Graham picks up a clicker, clicks on the T.V. as...

GRAHAM
Patty, you're ten times smarter than your Dad about business, don't you know that?

PATTY
(re: T.V; with emotion)
Turn that off. I can't watch that guy, I miss Johnny.

GRAHAM
I know.

PATTY
You felt for Johnny. Married to all those JoAnnes. Think of him... all alone, on some Godforsaken Malibu beach. No guests. God, I miss him.

(beat)
Look, I'll call him tomorrow and take him to lunch. At that new place with the fountain, that does the non-fat cooking. Mom's been wanting me to take him there.

GRAHAM
That's a great idea.

PATTY
And it'll be on my turf, on my terms, and I'll wait for the just the right moment and I'll say --

CUT TO:
15 INT. GREASIEST RESTAURANT IN TOWN -- DAY
A greasy, fatty burger sizzles on a grill...
CLOSE UP: PATTY

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PATTY
Chili-fries?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: PATTY AND CHUCK, lunching...

CHUCK
Come on, taste one. When's the last time you had a chili-fry?

PATTY
I... couldn't say.

CHUCK
Well, you gotta admit, this tastes a helluva lot better than that place you suggested. With the no-fat, no-cholestral, no flavor... no thanks!

A WAITRESS appears...

WAITRESS
Dessert?

PATTY
Not for me...

CHUCK
Melba, bring her a piece of that banana cream pie.

Waitress leaves as...

PATTY
Dad, I don't want pie...

CHUCK
Well, I may have a little bite...

PATTY
Dad! You're not supposed to have any sugar!

CHUCK
It's banana! It's all-natural!

PATTY
Look. About the audit, Dad, I think it's important to--

CHUCK
Oh, I almost forgot! My driving log.

He takes out said log. Patty stares at it, stunned.

(CONTINUED)
PATTY
You kept a driving log...?

CHUCK
You see it there, don’t you?

The waitress plunks the pie down in front of Patty...

WAITRESS
Banana cream pie...

Chuck takes a bite of it as...

PATTY
Dad. Not that you... did, but I
mean, they can tell if you’re...

CHUCK
Patricia... it’s perfectly legal.
Reconstructing what happened. Best
of my ability.
(takes another bite)
I spoke to her.

PATTY
To the IRS agent?! Dad, we
agreed...

CHUCK
I had a very nice chat with her.
She has no objection to us doing
this without an accountant.

PATTY
Of course not, she was probably
thrilled! Dad, they want to...
trip you up, they have all kinds of
techniques...

CHUCK
You know, I can handle the IRS.
What I can’t handle is my own
daughter telling me what to do.
(his takes another bite, 
points to the pie)
You don’t know what you’re missing.

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL -- ENGLISH CLASSROOM -- DAY

No teacher present. KIDS (including Angela and Brian) TALK
or LAUGH, some (like Brian) read, others are simply
wandering out as Ms. Krzyzanowski, the Guidance counselor,
enters...

(CONTINUED)
16 CONTINUED:

KRZYZANOWSKI
(over much chatter)
Excuse me... Excuse me? Whose
classroom is this?

(Continued)
KID1

Mayhew.

KRZYZANOWSKI

And where is --

KID2

She is outta here!

(LAUGHTER)

She could not deal, whatta

wimp...

KID 1

Hey aren't you guidance?

KID2

(overlapped)

We need guidance, Ms.

Krzyzanowski...!

ANGELA

(overlapped)

See, Ms. Mayhew --

KRZYZANOWSKI

Okay, one at a time, yes, girl with

the red hair...

ANGELA

It's Ms. Mayhew's class, but... I

think she quit...

KRZYZANOWSKI

Who has been teaching this class?

BRIAN/OTHERS

Mr. Renaldi.

KRZYZANOWSKI

Mr. Renaldi is a Spanish teacher.

This is English.

(Beat...)

Where is Mr. Renaldi now...?

(They shrug.)

What did Mr. Renaldi do the last
time he was here?

KID 1

Showed a movie.

KRZYZANOWSKI

What movie.

"Alive."

(continues)
From out in the hall WE HEAR: "You nocturnal emission!"
Jordan saunters in, looks vaguely surprised to see Ms. Krzyzanowski.

KRZYZANKOWSKI
Mr. Catalano? Join us.
(he does so, unthrilled)
Okay, I'm gonna pair you off, and each of you will write three sentences about the movie "Alive," and you will trade papers, and diagram each other's sentences, and I will sit here and watch, because my life is so empty.

Angela sneaks a look at Jordan as Ms. Krzyzanowski begins to pair off people who stand or sit next to each other. Between Jordan and Angela is Kid 2.

Brian tries to casually edge towards Angela, but is paired with someone else...

KRZYZANKOWSKI (cont'd)
(pointing)
Okay, you and you, you and you, you and you...

Kid 2 suddenly bends down to re-tie her sneaker, and...

KRZYZANKOWSKI (cont'd)
(to Angela and Jordan)
...You and you...

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

The class works in quiet pairs.

FIND: JORDAN AND ANGELA, trading papers. Jordan looks over her sentences. Then he looks them over again. And again.

ANGELA'S VOICE
I couldn't believe that Jordan Catalano was actually trying to diagram my sentences.

Angela quickly diagrams his sentences; sits back.

ANGELA'S VOICE (cont'd)
His sentences were really short.

JUMP CUT TO:
18 INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Angela watches as Jordan stares down at her sentences. He hasn’t moved. She SIGHS. He doesn’t look up. She rummages noisily through her shoulder bag... pulls out the two Grateful Dead tickets. She examines them like there’s vital information printed there. Finally...

Jordan looks up from his as yet un-diagrammed sentences.

ANGELA
(as though he asked)
Tickets.
(beat)
For the Grateful Dead concert.
(beat)
Not that I like the Grateful Dead that much.

ANGELA’S VOICE
You know how sometimes the last sentence you said like echoes in your brain? And it just keeps sounding stupider? And you have to say something else just to make it stop?

Jordan starts to turn back to his sentences...

ANGELA
I just remembered: I owe you thirty dollars.
(She now has his complete attention.)
For my I.D. I don’t have it on me, but...

Silence. Jordan is thinking. Then...

JORDAN
Scalp your Dead tickets.

ANGELA
Really?
(beat)
I mean, I don’t know anyone who would... buy them.
(beat)
Do you?

19 INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - GIRL’S ROOM -- DAY

Deserted save for Rayanne, Rickie and Angela. Rayanne is upset...

(CONTINUED)
RAYANNE
You SCALPED our TICKETS?!

ANGELA
Shhh... Rayanne...

RICKIE
You want me to talk to him...?
Maybe he hasn’t sold’em yet...

ANGELA
It just seemed... I mean, you’re always saying we should think of ways to get money...

RICKIE
You want me to? Talk to him?
Cause I’m willing to do it...

RAYANNE
(overlapped, to Angela)
What are you talking about, why are you talking about money? WE HAD DEAD TICKETS!
(quietly, with emotion)
You don’t sell Dead tickets.
People give people Dead tickets.

ANGELA
I’m sorry, I didn’t... think, I just...

RAYANNE
Your Dad gave those tickets to both of us. Which includes me.

THE BELL SOUNDS.

RAYANNE (cont’d)
(fighting tears)
I gotta go. I gotta go to Home Ec.

She runs out. Rickie and Angela turn to each other...

ANGELA
Oh my God.

RICKIE
She must really be upset.
(beat)
Why’d you do it? To like have a reason to talk to Jordan?

(CONTINUED)
ANGERLA
(a discovery)
Not... completely.

RICKIE
Then why?

PUSH IN: ON ANGELA... who pushes the answer away...

(Continued)
ANGELA
I don’t know.

PULL BACK: ANGELA’S NOW ON THE COUCH, pretends to read a
book as she observes
HER FATHER, as he goes thru a bunch of documents scattered
across the coffee table... Behind him, Patty paces on the
phone...

PATTY
...But Dad... Dad, the meeting
should be at the IRS office! But
you don’t know she has an
appointment with a chiropractor in
this neighborhood, she may have
told you that just to get a look
at our... What. Okay. Say good
night to Mom.

Patty hangs up the phone.

They lie in bed. On their backs. Worried.

PATTY
I’m so scared...

GRAHAM
It’s okay. Prison’s not that bad.
And I’ll wait for you.

PATTY
Now he’s got that agent coming
here. It’s exactly what all the
books say never to do.

(beat)
I can’t get him to listen...

GRAHAM
(caresses her...)
Patty, you order people around all
day long. People like me.

PATTY
Our lunch was such a... disaster!
He forced me to order pie... And
I actually ate it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
PATTY (cont'd)
I mean, what is wrong with me, why
do I become an eight year old
around him...?!

As he continues to caress her...

PATTY (cont'd)
(vulnerable, yet
pleasantly surprised)
So my rotten day is like...
foreplay?
21 CONTINUED:

GRAHAM
I like it when you're... when you actually... need me...

PATTY
Of course I need you...
(kiss)
Did you talk to Angela about the concert?

GRAHAM
I will. I promise.

They continue their embrace...

22 INT. STAIRCASE -- SIMULTANEOUS

Angela, dressed for bed, moves silently down the stairs...

23 INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She looks through the papers on the coffee table. Nearby is her father's briefcase... impulsively she opens it, searches through it with growing intensity... then grabs his suit jacket, plunges her hands into the pockets, when...

DANIELLE O.S.
What are you looking for?

Angela whips around, her sister enters the room.

ANGELA
(a furious hiss)
Get out of here!

Danielle stares knowingly at her, then exits. Angela sinks to the couch, looks at the profusion of papers...

ANGELA'S VOICE
I didn't know what I was looking for, some kind of... proof, maybe, of something terrible... something that would make it make sense... for me to hate him...

She looks up with a GASP, there's
GRAHAM. in the doorway. Beat.

ANGELA
I lost...part of my homework.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

GRAHAM
Did you find it?

ANGELA
No.

She swiftly brushes past him, exits.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO
ACT 3

FADE IN:

24 INT. CHASE HOUSE -- ENTRANCE WAY -- DAY

Patty opens the door for MS. MANDEVILLE, THE IRS AGENT. She is African-American, and great at her job. She has no visible need for a chiropractor.

25 INT. CHASE HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Chuck, Patty, and Graham watch anxiously as Ms. Mandeville admires a clock. The clock reads 4:03 P.M.

GRAHAM
It was my Grandmother's.

PATTY
She was completely dotty, of course. It's... practically worthless. Keeps good time though.

MANDEVILLE
(with a friendly smile)
Then it's not worthless.

JUMP CUT

THE CLOCK: It now reads 5:15 P.M.

Documents abound. Patty puts down a folder...

PATTY
So you see I was the one who actually prepared the return...

CHUCK
Ms. Mandeville...?
(she turns to him)
I don't know if your records indicate this but... I'm a veteran.

MANDEVILLE
So?

CHUCK
I just didn't want to... conceal anything. I'd also like to state for the record that during the fiscal year in question I was felled with a near fatal heart attack and was later found to be sick... with the diabetes.

(CONTINUED)
25 CONTINUED:

MANDEVILLE
Well, you look fine now.

CHUCK
Well, I don't think I should be penalized for bouncing back like I did...

MANDEVILLE
(politely)
Why are you bringing this up, Mr. Wood?

CHUCK
No reason.

CUT TO

26 INT. CHASE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY - DANIELLE
huddles on the stairs, eavesdropping while

27 INT. CHASE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

28 THE CLOCK READS 6:17 P.M.
Graham, Patty and Chuck look exhausted, Ms. Mandeville, still fresh as a daisy, stands up...

MANDEVILLE
Well, we covered a lot of ground...
(hands Chuck back his driving log)
Thank you... this was very helpful.

CHUCK
You can keep it if you like...

MANDEVILLE
That won't be necessary.

Mandeville reaches for her purse.

PATTY
Are you... in any pain?
(beat)
I heard you had to visit your chiropractor.

The two women lock eyes for a beat...

(CONTINUED)
MANDEVILLE
Yes, he fixed me right up. Thanks.

GRAHAM
Oh God.
(turns to Patty)
I never talked to Angela. About the concert.

A beat as Patty and Graham hold a look. Then...

MANDEVILLE
Anyway... we'll be seeing a lot more of each other... promise me you'll keep that in mind, Mr. Wood, no gallivanting off to some Caribbean vacation...

CHUCK
What? I've been to the Caribbean exactly once, in fifty six.

MANDEVILLE
You're telling me you don't take lavish vacations...? Because I got the distinct impression...

CHUCK
What? Lavish? My wife won't fly! She gets seasick! Lavish!? (proudly)
I've never been to Europe!

MANDEVILLE
But you told me yourself, you do take plenty of time off...

CHUCK
Have to. Have to get away. We take plenty of motor trips, always have... Weekend trips to the mountains...

MANDEVILLE
Oh, that sounds fun, and what car do you generally use?

CHUCK
Oh, the wagon.
(Beat. Whoops)
I mean... either car. Uh, the compact, usually.

There's silence, then...

(CONTINUED)
PATTY
(taking charge, to
Mandeville)
Okay, here's what we're gonna
do...

CHUCK
Look... This has nothing to do
with...

PATTY
(overlapping)
We're gonna pay whatever taxes we
owe...

CHUCK
What?! What did you just say?

GRAHAM
Chuck... come on...

PATTY
Dad, please, just --

CHUCK
Just what?! Stand here and watch
while you... sell me down the
river?!

PATTY
Dad, I'm trying to help you,
okay...?

CHUCK
Help me?! I don't need your help!

PATTY
(to Mandeville)
Do we have an agreement?

Mandeville
(shakes her hand as...)
We absolutely have an agreement.

CHUCK
What the hell -- Patricia!
(she turns)
Who the hell do you think you
are?!

Patty looks at him... and is completely humiliated.
PATTY
Daddy, please...

CHUCK
(quietly)
Who the hell do you think you are?


INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY/STAIRS -- MINUTES LATER

At the front door, Patty and Graham show Ms. Mandeville out...

PATTY
(thrown, but...)  
I... thank you, you've been very patient. I'm just sorry --

All at once Angela blows in from the back entrance... starts immediately up the stairs as...

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
Angela...! I have to --

ANGELA
(without stopping)
Dad I can’t talk right now...!

She disappears up the stairs. Graham and Patty exchange a look, the Graham follows up the the stairs as...

PATTY
(to Mandeville)
I’m sorry you had to... witness that... business. Between my father and me...

MANDEVILLE
That’s small potatoes compared to what I’ve witnessed.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- ANGELA’S DOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Graham knocks on Angela’s door. It opens. He steps inside...

INT. ANGELA’S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

GRAHAM
We’ve got a problem. It’s my mistake, I should have checked with your mother first, but the thing is... I can’t allow you to go to that concert tonight.

ANGELA
What?

GRAHAM
The thing is... Your mother’s just not comfortable with it, so, I’m sorry... you better just give me back the tickets.

Angela stares at him, totally cornered.

ANGELA
Why do you need the tickets?!

GRAHAM
Why do you need them if you’re not going?!

(beat)
Just give 'em to me.

(CONTINUED)
ANGELA
Rayanne has them!
(beat)
And she'll be here any second to
pick me up...!

GRAHAM
Look, I'm sorry...

ANGELA
No I'm sorry, Rayanne is
counting on me to come, I won't
do this to her!

GRAHAM
Angela... Look, let me call
Rayanne, I'll explain it to her... *

ANGELA
Dad this was your idea!

GRAHAM
I make mistakes! I'm not
perfect!

ANGELA
Oh believe me. That's become
really clear.
(she looks out her
window)
There she is...

She runs out of the room...

32 INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY/STAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

Angela flies down the stairs, past Patty and out of the
house as...

PATTY
Angela...?!

Graham comes down the stairs...

PATTY
What the hell is going on?!

GRAHAM
Did she get into Rayanne's car?

Patty looks out the door... closes it.

(CONTINUED)
PATTY
She's gone.
(furious)
I can't believe you let it go this long...

GRAHAM
Patty, I forgot, I --

PATTY
(turns on him)
Why can't you just admit the truth?! You want her to go to that stupid concert!

GRAHAM
Alright! I admit it! Okay?! I saw the Grateful Dead when I was fifteen years old and it was one of the eight best nights of my life! It's something I wanted to give her.

Patty stares at him coldly, then starts up the stairs...

GRAHAM (cont'd)
That's right, leave! Just like he does!

PATTY
(on the steps)
You leave my father out of this!

Patty MUMBLES SOMETHING as she continues upstairs.

GRAHAM
What?! What did you say?!

PATTY
It's not worth repeating.

She exits up the stairs.

33 EXT. FRONT OF BRIAN'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Brian emerges from his house lugging a garbage bag. All at once he stops...something catches his eye. He drops the garbage bag and walks over to

His parents car, parked in the driveway. He opens the back door. There's ANGELA, huddled in the back seat. Freezing and embarrassed.

(Continued)
ANGELA
Hi.
(he gets in the car.
turns to her, then...)
It wasn’t locked, and I just can’t
go home right this second and there
was no where else to go and I’m
freezing.

BRIAN
(after a beat)
Are you like meeting someone in
here?

ANGELA
That’s so un-funny.

BRIAN
(beat, not looking at
her)
What about... my room?

ANGELA
What about your parents?

BRIAN
They won’t even notice. They’re
balancing their joint checking.

ANGELA
My parents are getting audited.

BRIAN
Mine are probably getting a
citation for like best penmanship
on a tax return or something...

ANGELA
Could I maybe just... stay in your
garage? For awhile?

BRIAN
How come you can’t go home?

ANGELA
(SIiGHS, then)
My Dad thinks I’m at a Grateful
Dead concert and he’d be really
upset if he knew I wasn’t.

BRIAN
Wow. Your Dad is so different from
my Dad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BRIAN (cont’d)

(beat)
Look, it’s my garage, I think I have a right to know... does this involve Jordan Catalano?

Beat. Then she gets out of the car, slams the door...

EXT. SIDEWALK BETWEEN THEIR HOMES -- NIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER

She walks swiftly down the sidewalk... He follows...

BRIAN
Angela...! Wait...!
(She stops...)
Did you ever think I could actually be doing something? That does not involve you? I mean, that I may not just be sitting around, in case you decide like that moment that you need my garage?

ANGELA
(turns to him)
So what were you doing?

BRIAN
(he shrugs...)
Nothing.
(they walk a bit. She shivers...)
You want my sweater?

ANGELA
(a hesitation)
Okay.

They stand a little ways apart. He takes off his pullover. Throws it at her. It kind of hits her in the face.

BRIAN
Here.
(Then, as she puts it on...)
Try not to sweat into it.

ANGELA
Why do you have to say things like that?

BRIAN
Why do you have to --

(CONTINUED)
BRIAN'S MOM (O.S.)
(calls from the house)
BRIAN -- THERE'S ANOTHER BAG OF
GARBAGE HERE!

BRIAN
I KNOW!

He turns away in embarrassment as...

ANGELA'S VOICE
What's really horrible? Is being a
witness while someone's parents
orders them around. It ruins the
conversation.

ANGELA
Wait so... what were you saying...?

BRIAN
Nothing, just... you shouldn't act
one way towards a person when you
need something and then --

But suddenly Angela is no longer listening, because she is
staring at...

HER P.O.V: GRAHAM, in front of their house, examining the
detached rain gutter. Graham takes a step back from it, then
turns...

HIS P.O.V: Angela, next to Brian. Both, even at a distance,
look tremendously guilty.

GRAHAM stands there, staring at his daughter, struggling to
absorb the completeness of her betrayal.

ANGELA stands on her side of the street, caught, ashamed.
Instinctively she takes a step towards him, to explain...

He immediately turns, and goes quietly into the house.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE
ACT 4
FADE IN:

35 INT. CHASE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Morning. At the counter Graham pours himself juice... turns to Danielle... about to pour out juice into a second glass...

GRAHAM
Danni... juice?

DANIELLE
Not that pulp kind...

GRAHAM
Oh, right.

ANGELA
I’ll take some...

Graham puts the juice and the glass down... and moves off, as though Angela hadn’t spoken. Angela pours herself some juice. Patty enters...

GRAHAM
(to Danielle)
You left your scottie sweater in my car, honey bunch...

DANIELLE
Thank you, I was searching...

They exit. Angela pours her glass of juice down the sink.

PATTY
Angela...!
(she looks up)
Orange juice doesn’t grow on trees.

ANGELA
(miserable)
It sort of does.
(beat)
Did you see? How he’s being?

PATTY
Don’t call your father "he."

ANGELA
Mom, he didn’t want me to go to the concert, so... fine, I didn’t go!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PATTY
But you let him think you were
going, and you sold tickets you had
no business selling, and you were
less than forthright to say the
least...!

ANGELA
Well, why can’t he say that?
Instead of acting like I don’t
exist?
    (beat)
Dad not even wanting to look at me
is just like... the worst feeling.

Patty goes to her daughter, strokes her hair.

PATTY
I know.

EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS -- PLAYING FIELD -- DAY

Angela comes running up to Rickie and Rayanne, who are
crossing the field together...

ANGELA
Finally! I was looking everywhere
for you guys...

Rayanne totally ignores this... turns to Rickie...

RAYANNE
Anyway. Yeah. So... I’ll see you at
lunch...

Rayanne walks off without acknowledging Angela.

ANGELA
I can’t believe she’s this mad...

RICKIE
I know! See, I can see it from
your side, but I also see it from
her side. And from my own side.
Even though I don’t really have a
side.
    (beat)
Why’d you do it? Were you mad at
your Dad, or...

ANGELA
What? Who said that?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICKIE
Well, with my Dad? Who's technically my uncle but... he raised me, so... Anyway, if he gives me something, and I'm mad at him? I can't open it.
(beat)
But it's different, cause... I'm somewhat afraid of my Dad. I mean, in the past? My Dad has broken down my door.

ANGELA
(after a beat, softly)
My Dad always knocks.

RICKIE
I had a feeling.

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - GIRLS ROOM -- DAY

Angela enters, notices TWO GIRLS, smoking. Methodically she looks under the door of each stall until...bingo. She sees HER P.O.V: RAYANNE'S FEET.

ANGELA
(sotto voce)
Rayanne...?

The smoking girls GIGGLE, WHISPER. Angela wants to die of embarrassment but... what else is new?

ANGELA (cont'd)
(sotto)
Rayanne...?
(beat)
I feel terrible, okay? And I have to go to Health in a few minutes.

The smoking girls grind their butts out and leave, still GIGGLING. Long Beat. Then...

RAYANNE (O.S.)
Why?

ANGELA
Why do I feel terrible?

RAYANNE (O.S.)
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
ANGELA
Because! Of what I did. That you
didn’t get to go to the concert.

SFX: TOILET FLUSHES.

Rayanne emerges from the stall, goes right past Angela to
the mirror.

RAYANNE
No, I went. It was great. They
played "Staggerlee."
(she takes out her makeup)
Amber and Rusty took me. Rusty ran
into this guy he knew from Vietnam,
who was in a wheelchair? He had an
extra ticket.
.puts on lipstick
He had a sexy upper bod, too.

Rayanne turns to regard Angela coolly. Her expression changes
when she sees the effect she’s had on her.

RAYANNE
God, making you feel bad is too
easy. It takes the fun out of it.
(to her own surprise,
Rayanne fights back tears
as...)
Look, I mean, your Dad probably
gives you stuff... all the time,
so it’s no big thing to you. But
to me... the fact that he... did
that...
.composes herself, goes
back to her makeup...)
Face it, I’m envious. I’m a
green-eyed monster.

ANGELA
You don’t know everything about my
Dad.
.(beat)
Remember the night we never got in
to Let’s Bolt? I saw him, around
the corner form our house. He was
talking to this girl. Like in
her twenties.

RAYANNE
So?

ANGELA
So... so... I don’t know!

(CONTINUED)
RAYANNE
Look, I'm lucky. My Dad's had like eight different girlfriends since he left. So I'm used to it.

(beat)
But, Angela...? Whatever your Dad may be doing, with whatever girl... which we don't even know that he is... He is still the type of Dad that will lay two Grateful Dead tickets on you. Out of nowhere.

(beat)
I mean, that's what matters.

INT. WOOD & JONES PRINTING -- RECEPTION AREA -- NIGHT

An office with a lot of character... Patty, last to go home, gathers her stuff, stops, sees

PATTY'S P.O.V: HER FATHER, NEAR THE ENTRANCE WAY. It's hard to say how long he's been there. He looks around, the way a person who used to know every square inch of a place looks around. Then he picks up some printed material, looks it over...

PATTY
Daddy...?

He turns, startled.

PATTY (cont'd)
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

CHUCK
My God, Patricia, you want to give me another heart attack?

(beat, she comes closer to him)
What the hell are you doing, working this late?

(to change the subject, re: Printed material)
What's all this...?

PATTY
It's my... master plan, Dad. I want Wood & Jones to enter the world of highspeed copiers.

(beat)
Did you... read it? What do you think?

(CONTINUED)
CHUCK
Well, that's an awful lot of money
to spend in one fell swoop...

PATTY
That's exactly how I felt, Dad!
Then it came to me: Lease it.
That way it only costs about eight
grand a month, which isn't peanuts,
but Daddy... it looks like
offset. People won't have to go
to an offset printer, they can come
to us... we'll keep more stuff in
house...

CHUCK
(not convinced)
How are you gonna advertise it?

PATTY
I don't want to advertise, I'd
rather put the money into another
sales rep. Develop
relationships.

CHUCK
Well, I guess you got it... all
figured out...

PATTY
(awkward silence)
Daddy, I could work sixteen hours a
day and it wouldn't be enough, you
know how late I work. I know you
came here to make up with me.

CHUCK
Me...? I'm still waiting for an
apology.

PATTY
Well, you'll be waiting awhile.
(deep breath. It's
difficult to continue,
but she plunges on...)
Dad, I have... opinions, I have to
have'em and stick to 'em, make...
decisions. I have to, you asked
me to when you asked me to --

CHUCK
(interrupting)
I never asked you to --

(CONTINUED)
PATTY
(cuts him off)
No, Dad, you have to hear this!
(beat)
When you asked me to take over,
when you asked me to run this
business. Maybe you didn’t... know
what you were asking. God knows I
didn’t.
(MORE)
PATTY (cont’d)
And I sometimes miss... how it used
to be. When I never... questioned
you. But... I’ve turned some kind
of corner with it, and I can’t turn
back.

CHUCK
(after a silence)
Well, all that’s your own
business.

PATTY
(in tears now)
But why... does there have to be...
this distance between us...?

CHUCK
Well, it’s not my doing.

He steals a look at her. Awkwardly pats her shoulder...

CHUCK (cont’d)
Alright now, it’s alright...
(they look at each other)
she’s about to kiss him,
but... he pulls away)
Careful, I didn’t shave today.
Didn’t have to. Only good thing
about being retired.

PATTY
I don’t care...

CHUCK
(moves away as)
When you were little, I’d go to
kiss you good night and if I hadn’t
shaved... you’d pull away, tell me
my whiskers were too rough.

PATTY
Well, they were, then.

CHUCK
That’s what it is to raise a girl.
Walk on eggshells half the time.
(beat)
You hungry?
(she nods)
Come on, I’ll buy you a piece of
pie.

He takes her briefcase for her, turns to go... she picks up
her coat, stares after him...
Missing page:

A page or part of a page of the only available US copy is missing here. This situation is not unusual; many of the scripts held in the libraries or files of major studios and production companies have missing material, a fact that clearly illustrates the expendability of the screenplay once the true text, the film itself, has been made.
PATTY (cont'd)
(he turns away, to conceal his emotion...)
Graham. Listen to me...
He almost can't look at her, he might cry, he can't cry...

GRAHAM
I don't want to lose her...

PATTY
But you have to. For a while. You have to let her push you away... and not punish her for it.
(beat)
All she's doing is pushing you off your pedestal. And she's right to do it; she needs to do it. She's right on schedule. Not a thousand years late, like I am.

GRAHAM
What do I do...?

PATTY
You stand your ground. And you let her know that, no matter how hard she pushes you away -- you'll still be there.

She goes to him... He hugs her... hard.

GRAHAM
I love you...

PATTY
Oh, I love you. So much.

EXT. CHASE HOUSE -- DAY

WE HEAR MUSIC FROM A RADIO... gee I don't know, either something from "Workingman's Dead," or "Whiter Shade Of Pale," or some other song we can't afford...

Graham adjusts the volume of his radio, then turns back to his work. He is up on a ladder (the type of ladder that two people can stand on) repairing the rain gutter. As he struggles to do this himself, he notices...

GRAHAM'S P.O.V: BRIAN, wearing headphones, roller-blading aimlessly, covertly watching him.

(Continued)
GRAHAM
(on an impulsive)
Hey...!! You wanna give me a hand with this...?
(Brian stops, stares...
Graham indicates with gestures...)
THIS! WANNA... COME OVER HERE?
FOR A SECOND? GIMMEE A HAND...?

Brian looks blanker, if anything. Indicates that he has head phones on and can’t hear. Skates off as...

GRAHAM (cont’d)
(mumbles to himself)
Gee, thanks. "Like to help sir, but I’m too busy picturing your daughter naked..."

41 INT. CHASE LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Angela slumps on a couch, bored and miserable. She looks up... there’s Patty carrying a soda... she holds it out to her.

PATTY
Take this out to your father.

42 EXT. CHASE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Angela approaches her father, still up on the ladder. She looks up at him, holds out the soda...

ANGELA
Mom said I should give you this.

GRAHAM
Put it down there.
(She does. She starts to leave, but...)
Give me a hand with this.

ANGELA
Now?

GRAHAM
Yeah, now. Come up here...
(she climbs up, is next to him and...)
Hold it in place while I drill...

She does so, he uses an electric screwdriver. Then...

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM (cont'd)
Want to use this thing? Get out
some of that pent up anger?

ANGELA
You're the one that's angry.

He hands her the electric screwdriver, she drills under his
watchful guidance. She examines her work, as...

GRAHAM
So whatcha get for the tickets?

ANGELA
All together... one twenty. But...
I owed this guy thirty dollars.

GRAHAM
Really. And why was that?

ANGELA
Dad, I can't go into it, it's too
stupid and... complicated.

GRAHAM
So that leaves ninety bucks.
Profit.
    (means business)
You better declare that as income.

ANGELA
Declare it to who?

GRAHAM
To me.
    (beat)
Get my point?

Angela, chastened, nods. Graham goes back to working.

ANGELA
So... Rayanne said the concert was
really good.
    (re: Radio)
Can I turn this off?

Graham shrugs. As she does so...

GRAHAM
So what do you like to listen to
these days...?
ANGELA
I don't know.
(beat)
Smashing Pumpkins. Rage Against
the Machine. Porno For Pyros.

GRAHAM
Ah yes. I love their Christmas
album...

ANGELA
Stone Temple Pilots... Billie
Holiday...

GRAHAM
You like Billie Holiday...?

ANGELA
Yeah, her early stuff, before her
voice got too hoarse...? You know
what I mean?

GRAHAM
(and he does)
Absolutely...

ANGELA
And I like some of the classics,
like, you know. The Doors.

GRAHAM
I like the Doors.

ANGELA
I know...

And as they continue this conversation, we

PULL BACK: To see them, in the morning light, balanced on
their respective sides, fixing what needs to be repaired...

FADE OUT

THE END