

HARVEST MOON

EXT. FARM-SUNRISE

The sun is just peeking over the edge of the horizon, revealing the hundred year old farm house, the weathered barn, the mid-season fields and the small, mossy pond.

INT. BEDROOM- MORNING

The room is dark, the sun visible through the window as it slowly rises into the sky. JEAN, a short, attractive, woman in her late twenties/early thirties turns off an alarm as she leans over the bed. She is dressed and ready for the day. She shakes, GABE, a thin man in his late twenties/early thirties.

JEAN

Gabe. It's time to get up.

GABE

Pink's a nice color honey, but don't you like the green?

JEAN

You're asleep, Gabe. Wake up.

Gabe moans as she shakes him again. Gabe opens his eyes and sits up.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Good.

Jean turns and leaves. Gabe looks at her and then the clock. He groans and falls back into bed.

INT. BATHROOM- MORNING

SARA, an attractive woman in her late twenties/early thirties is brushing her teeth as NICK, a stocky man the same age, steps from the shower and wraps himself in a towel. Nick takes his toothbrush.

NICK

Can I have the toothpaste?

SARA

Sure.

Sara takes the toothpaste tube and squeezes it all over Nick's toothbrush and his hand.

SARA (CONT'D)

Is that too much?

NICK

No. That's fine.

SARA

Good.

Sara spits into the sink and leaves the room.

INT. GABE AND JEAN'S BEDROOM- MORNING

The alarm is going off. Gabe hits it with his hand.

GABE

I swear I was only going fifty-five,  
Officer.

Gabe moans and falls asleep again.

INT. HEN HOUSE- MORNING

Jean is walking through the hen house, moving chickens to the side and taking their eggs. She shakes the egg of her hand as one breaks.

EXT. FARM AND HOUSE- MORNING

The sun has just fully risen beyond the horizon and is casting it's golden rays upon the worn and weathered farm house. Jean walks from the barn to the house carrying a milk bucket and a basket of eggs. She walks up the steps of the back porch and opens the screen door.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN- MORNING

Jean comes into the kitchen and sets the eggs on the counter. Sara is setting the table while Nick cooks a breakfast of pancakes and eggs. Nick takes the milk from Jean.

NICK

Thanks.

JEAN

Sure. Where's Gabe?

SARA  
You know how he is.

NICK  
Probably fell asleep in the shower  
again.

SARA  
You're the one who takes his time  
in the shower.

Nick looks at Sara.

JEAN  
I kicked him twice before I went  
out to the barn. I swear, I can  
never get him out of bed.

Jean starts to head toward the hallway when Gabe walks in  
looking as though he just woke up.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Speak of the devil.

Gabe kisses Jean before slumping into one of the chairs at  
the kitchen table.

GABE  
Morning.

JEAN  
Lose your toothbrush?

GABE  
Toothpaste makes the eggs taste  
funny.

Sara sets a plate in front of Gabe. Jean goes to help Nick  
bring the food to the table.

GABE (CONT'D)  
(To Sara.)  
Morning Sara.

SARA  
Morning. I'll skip the kiss, thank you.  
Sleep well?

GABE

I was doing fine until the sun came up. I just don't understand this whole "crack of dawn" thing. The cows and chickens are going to be there at eight o'clock just the same as they are at five-thirty.

JEAN

What are you complaining about? I was the one who had to find my way to the barn in the dark.

GABE

I know, and tomorrow it'll be my turn.

Nick sets the last plate of food down on the table and begins serving everyone. He looks at Gabe's messed up hair.

NICK

Nice hair.

GABE

Thanks, I worked on it all night.

NICK

You know, if you got some sleep once in a while getting up wouldn't be such a problem

Nick serves Jean and Sara. He tries to kiss Sara as he places the pancakes on her plate, but she turns away, apparently oblivious to his attempt.

GABE

I haven't adjusted to going to bed when the sun goes down. Besides, I was on the phone with Rich. He and Marla broke up.

JEAN

You're kidding me.

SARA

That's awful. They seemed so happy together.

Nick sits down at the table and serves himself.

NICK

Did he say what was wrong?

JEAN

Did she dump him, or did he dump her?

GABE

She dumped him.

JEAN

Hot damn.

NICK

You're excited?

JEAN

Rich is a pig. Marla should have dumped him years ago.

GABE

I get along with him fine.

JEAN

Are you trying to prove my point or make one of your own?

Gabe looks at Jean for a moment.

GABE

Neither.

Jean and Gabe glare at each other over their pancakes for a moment.

SARA

I always thought Rich was a nice guy. Marla was the one who seemed to be a little cold to me.

NICK

Did he say why they broke up?

GABE

He mentioned a few things.

Gabe stuffs a bite of pancake into his mouth.

JEAN

Like what?

GABE

General things.

SARA

Were they fighting about something?

GABE

He said something about fighting.

NICK

What was it about?

GABE

He wasn't really clear about that.

JEAN

He must have said something.

GABE

He was vague.

SARA

He didn't mention details or anything?

GABE

He didn't want to talk about it.

NICK

What did you talk about for  
three hours last night?

GABE

Things.

JEAN

What things?

GABE

Just things.

JEAN

What are you hiding?

SARA

Don't start in on him.

JEAN

I'll start in on him if I want.  
You're hiding something. What  
is it?

GABE

What is this, the Inquisition?

JEAN

Did he hit her?

GABE

For God's sake, no. Of course he  
didn't hit her.

JEAN

Then what happened?

GABE

He had an affair. There. Are you happy?

They sit in silence for a moment.

JEAN

I knew he was an asshole.

SARA

We don't know what happened, Jean.

GABE

I knew you would twist this around.

JEAN

Twist it around?

GABE

He's my friend you know.

JEAN

It's not my fault you have no taste in friends.

They are silent for a moment again. Nick looks to Sara in a vain attempt to lighten the mood.

NICK

Should we be insulted?

Sara ignores him.

SARA

(To Gabe)

Why didn't you want to tell us what happened?

GABE

Rich asked me not to. He's still trying to patch things up with her and he doesn't want any more strikes against him.

Gabe looks at Jean.

JEAN

Apparently, Marla didn't need my help to figure out Rich is a jerk.

SARA

That's not fair. We don't know what went on between the two of them.

NICK

Sara's right. I don't think we should judge them.

JEAN

I'm not judging them, I'm judging him.

GABE

Either way, forget I said anything about it. Rich is hoping they'll get back together soon and it would be really uncomfortable if they were over and they thought everyone knew.

They are silent for a moment, but only a moment.

SARA

Why do you think he did it?

JEAN

Because he's a slime.

NICK

It happens to a lot of people.

JEAN

It doesn't just happen.

SARA

But why would he want to?

NICK

Maybe he was bored. Maybe he loves this other woman. It was a woman wasn't it?

GABE

Yes it was a woman. Can we drop this now? Can we just go out and plow the chickens or milk the corn or what ever the hell it is we're supposed to do today and forget I said anything about it?!

The others look at Gabe after his outburst. They each put a bite of food in their mouth as they speak.

NICK

Fine by me.

SARA

I won't mention it.

JEAN

What adulterer?

GABE

Good.

Gabe places a bite of pancake in his mouth and they all stare at each other in silence. Only Nick smiles.

EXT. BACKYARD OF HOUSE- DAY

A PARENT is standing next to a tree. As with all the second character monologues it is presented to the camera in pseudo-documentary style; as though there were an interviewer standing off to the side.

PARENT

If I had known at the time she would waste not only the hard earned money I spent to put her through school, but her entire career and our family reputation as well, I would have disowned her when she graduated high-school. As it is, I'm out sixty thousand dollars, and I've lost my only daughter. I haven't lost her in the sense that I can't call her up and talk to her; she calls me every week. I've lost her in the sense that she's no longer the child I and her mother/father raised. We all expect our children to grow up, but we never figure they won't grow up just the way we want them to.

INSERT: HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE

Sara as a small child is opening a box of tinker-toys. She is excited as are her parents.

PARENT (CONT'D) V.O.

I can still see her sitting on my lap the Christmas morning she opened her first set of tinker toys.

PARENT(CONT'D)V.O.

Her eyes just lit up and she started building a bridge between the sofa and the coffee table.

CUT TO:

Same type of footage with Sara as a child building with the tinker toys.

PARENT(CONT'D)V.O.

She was just seven years old. I remember thinking to myself, "This girl is going to be a civil engineer."

EXT. PARENT'S BACKYARD- DAY

The Parent is still talking.

PARENT(CONT'D)

Well, so much for dreams. You never expect that at the age of twenty-nine your daughter will come and tell you that, not only does she not want anything to do with the life you planned for her, but that she's hated it up until that point. I can't imagine anything more devastating. Don't get me wrong, I don't blame myself.

INT. THEATER- NIGHT

Nick is on stage acting in a play while Sara sits in the front row.

PARENT(CONT'D)V.O.

I blame that no good actor that she's shacking up with on that farm. What's his name? Nick. Sounds like an actor. Who ever heard of something so asinine?

EXT. BARNYARD- DAY

Nick, Sara, Gabe and Jean are in the barnyard trying to get the tractor started by pushing it.

PARENT(CONT'D)V.O.

Four well educated college graduates, up and quit their good paying jobs

PARENT(CONT'D)V.O.  
to run a farm. A farm for Christ's sake!  
I grew up on a farm. I know how  
hard it is.

EXT. BARNYARD- DAY

Sara is feeding the chickens while Jean is feeding the pigs.

PARENT(CONT'D)V.O.  
And not one of them would know the  
difference between a pick ax and a  
pole cat. It just makes me so sad  
to see Sara throwing her life away.

INT. BARN- DAY

Nick is showing Sara how to milk the cows and getting both  
of them covered in milk.

PARENT(CONT'D)V.O.  
Not just her life but \$45,000 a year  
at the largest engineering firm in the  
state, to grow carrots with some third  
rate actor who's milking his gullible  
friend for a free place to stay and three  
squares a day!

EXT. PARENT'S BACKYARD- DAY

The Parent is still talking.

PARENT(CONT'D)  
If you had any idea how many  
times I've wanted to do something  
like that. Quit my job and  
all the shit that goes with it  
and start life over again.  
But that's not the way the world works.  
I just don't want to see my daughter  
get hurt because she's doing  
what she believes in.

The Parent sighs.

EXT. FIELD ON THE FARM- DAY

Nick and Gabe are hoeing one of the crops. Gabe occasionally kills one of the crops instead of the weeds. They have both built up a sweat in the heat of the sun. They are each working on a different row of what ever crop it is and Gabe is several feet behind Nick. Gabe stops working and looks up at Nick.

GABE

Is this absolutely necessary?

NICK

Yes.

Gabe returns to work for a moment and then stops.

GABE

Aren't we about due for a break soon?

NICK

Not yet.

Gabe returns to work for a moment and then stops.

GABE

If we're not due for a break, are we due for a pause?

NICK

Fine.

Nick stops working and takes his hat off, wiping his brow. He looks out over the field to a lone twisted oak tree.

NICK(CONT'D)

This land is really beautiful. Everything about it is beautiful. The way it looks. The way the earth feels beneath your feet and in your hands. I always hated living in the city. As a kid I used to dream about having a farm like this. Just the smell of it gets me. I hate the smell of concrete and sewers. If only I didn't have to drive back for the acting jobs.

GABE

It's okay. It loses some of the charm when you grow up here. After a while it's just dirt and trees. I'd probably enjoy it more if I weren't fighting with Jean all the time.

NICK

I wish Sara and I would fight  
sometimes. We seem to be engulfed  
by this halo of boredom.

GABE

Are you two okay?

NICK

As okay as we're likely to get.  
You know, the first time I ever had  
sex was under a tree like that.

Nick points at the tree.

GABE

Really? What was his name?

Gabe laughs at his joke. Nick continues to stare at the  
tree.

NICK

It was Rich.

Gabe stops laughing as he realizes what Nick has said. He  
turns to look at Nick.

GABE

You slept with my roommate?

NICK

I wouldn't exactly call it sleeping.

GABE

Rich? I lived with him for two  
years. In the same room.

NICK

Why do you think we had to do it  
under a tree?

GABE

He's one of my closest friends.  
We did everything together.

NICK

Apparently you didn't do everything  
together.

GABE

What about Marla?

NICK

This was before he met Marla. There wasn't really anything between us. Besides, he had a crush on you.

GABE

Me?

NICK

Come on, you had to of noticed. Remember how he was always walking around the house with his shirt off?

GABE

I thought he was just feeling warm.

NICK

Well, he might have been, but it certainly wasn't from the air temperature.

GABE

I never had any idea that he was-- that you.

NICK

It's no big deal. Forget I said anything about it.

GABE

Forget. How am I supposed to forget? What about, Sara?

NICK

What about her?

GABE

Is she some kind of decoy.

NICK

I didn't mistake Sara for a man.

GABE

What's that mean?

NICK

Use your head, Gabe.

Gabe lets all this new information sink in for a moment.

GABE

I can't believe you didn't tell me?

NICK

I didn't want to upset you.

GABE

So why tell me now? I looked like I needed to be upset today?

NICK

I don't know. I think we're getting to be really close. Living together on the farm, seeing each other everyday. I just wanted you to know. I've been wanting to tell you for a while and now seemed as good as any. Besides, you brought it up.

GABE

So, what do I do now that I know?

NICK

Nothing. I just wanted you to know, that's all.

GABE

Does Sara know?

NICK

Of course. You want to get something to drink?

GABE

No. I think I'll keep working.

NICK

You sure?

GABE

Yeah, I think I got my second wind.

NICK

I'll bring you back something from the house.

GABE

Thanks.

Gabe distractedly returns to work as Nick walks back to the house.

EXT. PORCH OF AN OLD FARM HOUSE OR IN FRONT OF A SMALL TOWN  
HARDWARE STORE- DAY.

A TOWNSPERSON is sitting in a chair. The Townsperson leans  
forward.

TOWNSPERSON

It just ain't right, the four of  
them living in that house like that  
and not a one of 'em married. 'Course  
it'd take two of 'em to be married  
I suppose, but it ain't right none  
the less. I shoulda known that  
Gabriel would turn out like this.  
He always was a bit odd. Always  
read'n books while the other boys  
were playing ball. Never figured  
him for the farming sort. Always  
struck me as being too lazy. Hell,  
he wouldn't know a plow blade from  
a polecat. It's a shame too, 'cause

INSERT: Black and white photos from the fifties of a small  
town, high school yearbook photos, the grandparents farm,  
etc..

TOWNSPERSON (CONT'D) V.O.

his grandparents was really decent  
folk. Good farmers. I grew up with  
his grandmother. Went to high school  
together. I know they must be roll'n  
over in their graves about what's  
going on at that house. I suppose

END OF INSERT MATERIAL.

TOWNSPERSON (CONT'D)

that kind of thing happens all the  
time in the city, but this here is  
a small town and we like it that way.  
There's certain things you expect in  
a small town and this just ain't one  
of 'em.

INSERT: Photos of people getting married, married couples  
from television in the fifties, photos of men and women from  
fifties magazines, etc..

TOWNSPERSON (CONT'D) V.O.

You expect folks to get married  
and raise a family and do things  
the right way. You don't expect  
'em to go shacking up in groups  
of four. God didn't put animals  
on the ark four by four, and it  
don't take four to tango.

INSERT: Photos from the sixties of hippies smoking weed by  
a lake, people playing music, photos from magazines in the  
sixties, etc..

TOWNSPERSON (CONT'D) V.O.

Reminds me of that group of hippie  
freaks we had out here in the sixties.  
Started themselves a commune.

INSERT: Photos from the early seventies. Sex drugs, rock  
'n roll, etc..

TOWNSPERSON (CONT'D) V.O.

They were doing all kinds of strange  
drugs and there were all kinds of  
weird sexual goings on. I can only  
imagine what kinds of things those  
four are up to.

INSERT: Gabe's farm as seen through binoculars. Gabe,  
Sara, Jean and Nick are on the back porch.

TOWNSPERSON (CONT'D) V.O.

They only live just across the field.  
Hell, if I wanted to I could stand  
on my back porch and look right  
out into their living room.

END OF INSERT MATERIAL.

TOWNSPERSON (CONT'D)

Not that I'd want to mind ya. I'm  
a good God fear'n Christian and  
I don't want anything to do with  
such things and this sounds just  
like those hippies. Ever notice  
how the words commune and communist  
both start the same way. It ain't  
no coincidence if you ask me and  
what's happening out at that  
farm just ain't natural.

The Townsperson leans back in the chair.

EXT. BARN YARD- DAY

Jean and Sara are weeding the garden. Both of them are occasionally pulling the plants instead of the weeds out of the ground and throwing them to the side.

SARA

I called my mom last night.

JEAN

Your parents still threatening to disown you?

SARA

Yes, but I'm sure they'll come around sooner or later.

JEAN

Well, at least they care enough to be pissed.

SARA

Maybe your parents care too much to say anything.

JEAN

Bullshit. Their reaction would have been the same if I'd of told them I was going to become a prostitute instead of a farmer. My mother would blink and say, "I'm sure you know what's best," and my father would say "Well, at least it'll pay the bills."

SARA

Okay, so your parents are assholes. It could be worse.

JEAN

How?

SARA

It could be hereditary.

JEAN

If you only realized how good you've got it with your parents. God, if only I could convince my parents to hate Gabe. At least my mom's new husband hates him. He thinks Gabe lacks motivation.

SARA

You two still fighting?

JEAN

Do we do anything else?

SARA

Nick and I haven't been getting along very well either.

JEAN

Really? What's wrong?

SARA

I think he wants to have an affair with you.

Jean looks at Sara.

JEAN

How do you know?

SARA

The way he looks at you.

JEAN

You're imagining things.

SARA

No. I'm positive. He wants to screw your brains out.

JEAN

Well, I'm not interested.

SARA

That's easy to say now.

JEAN

No, I mean it. That's one of the problems that Gabe and I are always fighting about. Lately I just haven't been interested in sex. In fact, lately I haven't been interested in anything besides my photography. That's part of the reason I came along when Nick talked Gabe into taking over the farm. I was hoping this would ignite some sort of passion in me again.

SARA

So, you won't sleep with him?

JEAN

No, I won't sleep with Nick.

SARA

Good.

JEAN

God, I wish I could talk Gabe into having an affair. At least then he'd stop bothering me for sex. You wouldn't want to take Gabe off my hands for a while would you?

SARA

Gabe's nice, but I want things to work out with me and Nick.

JEAN

Are you two fighting about something?

SARA

Nothing besides the fact that he won't have sex with me?

JEAN

He won't have sex with you?

SARA

Won't even talk about why he won't. He just keeps saying that he doesn't feel like it.

JEAN

How long has this been going on?

SARA

Since we came to the farm.

JEAN

Maybe he's just tired.

SARA

I caught him masturbating.

JEAN

Really?

SARA

Yes.

JEAN

Where?

SARA

In the shower.

JEAN

Yuck. I use that shower.

SARA

We all use that shower.

JEAN

Well, I suppose at least it wasn't the living room.

SARA

I think you're missing the point. It's not that he doesn't feel like having sex, but that he doesn't feel like it with me. He'd prefer a bar of soap and his own callused hand.

JEAN

I don't know what to tell you. Maybe he just doesn't enjoy the way you do it.

SARA

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

JEAN

Nothing. People get bored with doing things the same way every time.

SARA

You want to start that argument again?

JEAN

No.

SARA

Fine. Just don't sleep with Nick.

JEAN

I'm not sleeping with anybody.

SARA

Well, that'll be a change.

JEAN

Pardon?

SARA

Nothing.

They continue working in silence.

EXT. POND- DAY

Nick is walking beside the pond drinking a glass of lemonade.

NICK

I don't know what it is. Sara is the nicest person I've ever met and I know I love her, but lately all I can think about is making love to Jean.

EXT. PARK- DAY

Nick and Sara are sitting by a river feeding bread crumbs to the ducks.

NICK(CONT'D)V.O.

I remember the first time I told Sara I loved her. We were sitting in a park by the river feeding the ducks. She looked so beautiful by the water. I told her I loved her and she just looked at me. She said I was sweet, but that she knew I would get bored of her eventually.

EXT. POND- DAY

Nick is still walking beside the pond.

NICK(CONT'D)

I never believed her until now. I don't know what's wrong with me. Sara is constantly after me to have sex and I just don't have any interest.

INT. NICK AND SARA'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Nick and Sara are making love. Sara is on top and Nick is looking bored.

NICK(CONT'D)V.O.

The first couple of times I went ahead with it, but I knew she could tell I wasn't into it. I love her, I think she's attractive, but the thought of having sex with her just makes my stomach turn. I don't mean it makes me ill, it makes me feel like I'm betraying her.

EXT. POND- DAY

Nick is still walking beside the pond.

NICK(CONT'D)

I think I may have fallen out of love with her. I suppose an unwillingness to have sex with someone is an indicator that you're not in love with that person. Then what does that say about Jean. I'd have sex with Jean in the middle of church with my grandparents watching if she asked me.

INT. BARN- DAY

Nick stands in the doorway of the barn watching Jean as she milks one of the cows. He has a faraway, longing look.

NICK(CONT'D)V.O.

Every time I see her all I can think about is undressing her and making love right there. It doesn't matter whether she's taking her pictures or feeding the chickens or milking the cows, I just want to make love with her right then and there.

EXT. POND- DAY

Nick is still walking next to the pond.

NICK(CONT'D)

I think there must be something wrong with me. I've never felt like this before. Maybe once. That time in college when I was playing Hamlet and Polonius swept me off my feet. I don't know if this is love or just some sick obsession. And I feel awful for Sara, because I'm sure she has no idea what's going through my mind when we all sit at the tabletogether.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Nick, Sara Gabe and Jean are at the dinner table. Sara is talking excitedly, but Nick only has eyes for Jean, who is picking at her teeth.

NICK(CONT'D)V.O.

She'd kill me if she knew that while she was talking about how she just loves the farm and how her life is so much better that all I can think about is pressing my lips against Jean's neck and--

EXT. POND- DAY

Nick is standing next to the pond.

NICK(CONT'D)

And Jean doesn't seem to notice. I'm sure she doesn't feel anything more for me than she does for Gabe. Which is the only thing that gives me hope. God, I make myself sick. Gabe is telling me how things aren't going well with he and Jean and instead of being concerned for the both of them I keep hoping this means they'll take separate bedrooms. I feel like such a complete and utter ass, but I don't know what to do. Hell, I can't even masturbate without feeling guilty now. Something's got to happen soon, or I'm just going to loose it.

Nick takes a drink of his lemonade.

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Gabe is looking through a magazine when Jean comes into the room. She sits down on the couch and picks up a book. Gabe slowly gets up and goes to stand behind her. He bends down to kiss her neck.

GABE

You wanna make love?

JEAN

Don't start with me.

Jean gets up.

GABE

I just asked a simple question.

JEAN

That's not a simple question.

GABE

Well, it's not like I was expecting you to say yes.

JEAN

You act like it's a trial to go without sex for a little while.

GABE

Maybe if you told me why.

JEAN

I don't know why. Maybe it's because I find you disgusting.

GABE

What the hell kind of thing is that to say?

JEAN

That's not what I mean. I don't find you disgusting.

GABE

No need to take it back. If you find me disgusting, you find me disgusting. I'll just move into the barn.

JEAN

Don't get melodramatic.

GABE

I think I have a right to be melodramatic. Suddenly you don't want to have anything to do with me and I don't have the faintest idea why. Everything I do is wrong. How am I so different from when we started.?

JEAN

It's not that you're different, it's that I thought you were somebody else.

GABE

Who did you think I was, Nick?

JEAN

What do you mean by that?

GABE

Nothing. It's just that Nick is so obviously perfect and I'm so obviously not.

JEAN

Well, if you know it, why don't you do something about it?

GABE

I am.

JEAN

What? I don't see you trying to change.

GABE

Maybe you're just not paying attention to me anymore.

JEAN

I pay very close attention to you. That's why I can't stand to be around you.

They stare at each other for a moment.

GABE

You don't mean that.

JEAN

No. I don't. I hate to see you wasting your potential.

GABE

I'm not wasting it, I'm trying  
to figure out what to do with it.

JEAN

That's not the way it looks to me.

GABE

So that's it?

JEAN

Yes. Basically.

GABE

So, in other words, to win you back  
I have to figure out what to do  
with my life.

JEAN

I'm not a game, Gabe, you can't win  
me. And it's not about figuring out  
what you want to do with your life,  
it's about applying yourself. To  
something. To anything.

GABE

I can see that. I haven't exactly  
given this farming thing my full  
effort.

JEAN

Any effort.

GABE

I just can't stop thinking of  
it as being beneath me. You'd  
think with my grandparents having  
been farmers it would be easy,  
but it's just so hard to see it  
as being worthwhile.

JEAN

Then why are you here? Why did you  
give up accounting?

GABE

I don't know why I'm here. Maybe  
I'm trying to talk myself into  
doing what I really want.

JEAN

And what's that?

GABE

Write.

JEAN

Then why don't you do it?

GABE

That's easy for you to say. You and Nick are the only people I've ever known who did what you wanted to do. I know you were working for an ad company, but at least you were doing something you liked. I've always envied you for that.

JEAN

Really?

GABE

Yes.

Jean goes to Gabe and hugs him.

JEAN

You have to make an effort sometime, Gabe.

They embrace a moment.

GABE

This wouldn't happen to mean--

JEAN

No.

Jean pushes him away and leaves.

GABE

Well, I was just asking.

Gabe stares after her.

INT. GABE'S STUDY- LATE DAY.

Gabe is sitting at the desk writing in a small book. This monologue may be intercut with various types of sports footage to create pauses in the scene. The sports footage (football, hockey, basketball, etc.) would have no dialogue, just the grunts of the various men involved.

GABE

I never could keep a regular journal. The only time I ever write in this thing is when something's bothering me. Ever since I was a kid I've wanted to be a writer. I never had the courage to really try it though. Fear of failure, I guess. This journal is as close as I come. You'd think I'd have been writing in it about Jean and I, but I haven't. Fighting with Jean has become such a part of my life that it seems almost normal. Routine even. The problem is, I'm so upset I don't know how to put things into words. What the hell are you supposed to say when your best friend tells you after six years that he's bi-sexual? That he had sex with your roommate. I took showers with those guys. Not that I'm some kind of raging homophobe or anything. I don't mind that he's bi-sexual; what he does is his own business. What I mind is that he never told me. I probably would have still taken showers with him, but knowing would have-- you know. Not that I would want to take a shower with him. Nick's an attractive guy and all, but that's just not me. Guys just don't interest me. Sure, I can look at a guy and say he's attractive. It's doesn't threaten my sense of masculinity. I have no problem with that. Just because I think Nick is attractive doesn't mean that I'm attracted to him. There are a lot of men I think are attractive. That doesn't mean anything. Fine, I've had a couple of strange dreams, but everybody has those kinds of dreams, right? It's perfectly normal to day dream about having sex with your best friend. Well, one of them was a day dream. The rest of them were completely unconscious. Okay, maybe it was two day dreams and a couple of dreams a week, but it all started when we moved to this Goddamn farm. It's the farm's fault. I knew farming would be bad for me. What are you supposed to do when you've been straight all your life and

GABE (CONT'D)

suddenly you find yourself wanting to sleep with your best friend more than your girlfriend. I don't know what to do. You know?

Gabe looks out the window.

INT. SARA AND NICK'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Nick and Sara are in the dark.

SARA

Why not?

NICK

I just don't feel like it.

SARA

That's what you always say.

NICK

What do you want me to say?

Sara reaches over and turns the light on.

SARA

Something that will tell me what's wrong.

NICK

Jesus, Sara, you act like I'm crazy just because I don't feel like having sex for a little while.

SARA

A week is a little while. A month might be a little while. Six weeks is a long time, Nick. It's not normal!

NICK

So I'm not normal.

SARA

You're normal. You don't love me any more.

NICK

Of course I love you Sara.

SARA

No you don't.

NICK  
Yes, I do.

SARA  
No you don't.

NICK  
Yes I do.

SARA  
Then prove it.

NICK  
How?

SARA  
Make love with me.

NICK  
Sara--

SARA  
See, I told you. You're not in  
love with me.

NICK  
Just because I don't want to  
make love doesn't mean I don't  
love you.

SARA  
People who are in love with each  
other have sex, Nick. It's what's  
called a healthy relationship.

NICK  
This is absurd. I'm going to sleep.

Nick rolls over and Sara stares at him. She begins  
caressing him.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Stop, Sara. I'm trying to sleep.  
I don't feel like it.

Sara sits up.

SARA  
Well, I guess you only feel like  
it when you're in the shower  
by yourself these days.

NICK

That's not fair.

SARA

I suppose it was just the spur of the moment. I suppose you just couldn't wait until later. No, I would have been around later.

NICK

Don't do this, Sara.

SARA

Nick, I caught you masturbating and when I asked you if you'd like some help you said, no, you'd rather finish yourself. How am I supposed to feel when you'd rather jerk off in the shower than have sex with me?

NICK

It had nothing to do with you.

SARA

Yes, you seemed to be handling it fine by yourself.

NICK

It just would have taken so long to make love right then.

SARA

You didn't seem to have too much trouble finishing in a timely fashion.

NICK

Not that it probably makes any difference, but for your information, I didn't finish.

SARA

That's supposed to make me feel better? Who's to say you didn't finish later. You did go to bed before I did. Tell me, Nick, did you satisfy your carnal urges before I came to bed or did you just suffer with them?

NICK

I can't believe we're having this conversation.

They sit in silence a moment. Sara places a hand on his shoulder.

SARA

I'm sorry.

NICK

I know. I promise I'll try to work this out, you just have to give me a little time, that's all. I do love you, Sara. I just need some time to figure some things out. Okay.

SARA

Okay.

They hug.

NICK

Let's go to sleep.

Nick reaches over and turns off the light.

EXT. FIELD- DAY

Sara is walking through a field.

SARA

The one thing I admire about Jean is that when she's pissed about something she has no qualms about letting you know it. I try, but I just can't do that. And I am pissed. He totally disregards everything about me. If it weren't for the fact that he's so Goddamn perfect for me I think I'd leave him. Of course I won't. I need him too much.

INT. SARA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM- NIGHT

Sara, as a young girl of thirteen or fourteen is lying in bed and staring out the window at the moon that shines through the trees.

SARA (CONT'D) V.O.

When I was a little girl I always dreamed of marrying a man like Nick. So capable and so sure of himself. I'd lie in bed at night staring out the window at the trees and try to imagine what he would look like.

EXT. CITY STREET- DAY

Sara is looking through the window of a book store when she spots Nick leaning over a table, inspecting a book.

SARA (CONT'D) V.O.

The first time I saw Nick I could tell he was the one. Of course I knew he'd never be interested in me.

EXT. FIELD- DAY

Sara is walking through the field.

SARA (CONT'D)

At least not for long. I can understand why he might feel that I'm not perfect for him. We don't really have anything in common besides this farm. And wouldn't you know it, the first time we start to have something in common is the first time things start to go wrong. My whole life has been like this. When my parents finally bought that fabled pony I broke my leg and couldn't ride the damn thing. And as soon as my leg healed the horse accidentally ate rat poison and died. Nick is just like that horse. God, I'm not making any sense at all.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF AN APARTMENT- NIGHT

Nick and Sara are making love, rolling around and enjoying all of the furniture they can.

SARA (CONT'D) V.O.

I always thought we had a good sex life. We didn't have sex all the time, but it wasn't rare or anything. I'll admit I don't like having sex that often.

EXT. FIELD- DAY

Sara is walking through the field.

SARA (CONT'D)

Not that I don't enjoy sex, just that I don't like having it everyday. I don't see anything wrong in going a week without making love. That's just the way I am and I thought he liked me that way. I don't know why he suddenly doesn't find me attractive.

EXT. BACKYARD- DAY

Sara, Gabe, Nick and Jean are in the backyard having a barbecue. Nick is flirting with Jean and she is flirting back.

SARA (CONT'D) V.O.

I know he wants to sleep with Jean. And the problem is, I know I can't trust her not to. That's just the way she is. That's the way she's always been.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Gabe and Jean are having a fight when Sara walks into the room.

SARA (CONT'D) V.O.

Which just makes me feel sorry for poor Gabe. I don't think he has any idea what's going on. He's such a sweet guy, I don't know why Jean is so hard on him.

EXT. FIELD- DAY

Sara is standing in the field.

SARA (CONT'D)

But then, she's hard on everybody. Everybody but Nick. Of course how could she be hard on Nick. He's perfect. That's what I like about Gabe. He makes no bones about being mediocre. Maybe I should take him off of Jean's hands.

Sara smiles as she looks away.

EXT. POND- LATE DAY

The air is hanging moist and still over the pond. The water takes on a slight gold-yellow shimmer as the sun begins its decent from the sky.

EXT. PORCH- SUNSET

Jean is setting up her camera to take photos of the sunset. Sara is reading the paper and Nick is reading a play. Gabe comes out of the house and sits on the edge of the porch railing with a glass of tea or a beer. He looks around a moment, all of them enjoying the silence.

GABE

What the hell is a polecat?

NICK

I don't know.

SARA

I think it's some kind of tractor.

GABE

No, that's a Bobcat.

JEAN

Is it an animal?

NICK

A bobcat's an animal.

GABE

I don't know. This old man at the hardware store asked me if I knew what a polecat was.

SARA

Did you ask him what it was?

GABE

No, I just said "yes" and left.

NICK

I think it's an animal.

GABE

You think it's a farm animal?

JEAN

I'm sure if we had a polecat  
we'd know it.

SARA

Not necessarily. Maybe it's another  
name for some common animal.

GABE

Like a cow?

NICK

Maybe it's just a cat that likes  
poles.

SARA

Maybe it's a Polish cat.

JEAN

Why doesn't somebody just look it  
up in the dictionary.

NICK

You think it'd be in the dictionary?

JEAN

Of course it would.

GABE

Why don't you look it up?

JEAN

I'm busy.

GABE

That's right. Your photos. How could  
I forget?

JEAN

What's that supposed to mean?

GABE

Maybe if you weren't taking  
pictures all the time we wouldn't  
be so far behind on the farm work.

JEAN

Like you have a lot of room to talk.

GABE

I do my fair share.

JEAN

Oh, please.

NICK

I don't think that Jean's  
photography detracts from her  
share of the work.

SARA

Of course you'd say that.

NICK

What do you mean by that?

SARA

Exactly what I said. You're  
always taking Jean's side.

NICK

That's not true.

SARA

Well, you're always helping her with  
her work.

NICK

So?

GABE

Nick helps everybody with their work.

JEAN

Well, if he'd stop doing your work  
and started doing his own maybe  
we'd have the crops in by now.

GABE

He doesn't do that much of my  
work.

JEAN

He does enough.

NICK

I can't just let the work go undone.

SARA

Well, if you stopped doing their  
work maybe we'd have a little more  
time to spend together.

NICK

Well, maybe if I stopped doing your  
work, I'd have some time to spend  
by myself.

SARA

You want to spend time by yourself?  
Fine!

Sara gets up and leaves.

GABE

Maybe we should all just spend a  
little time alone.

JEAN

I don't see any problem with that.

GABE

Good, then for once we're not  
arguing about something.

Jean takes her camera and goes in the house.

NICK

I'm going for a walk.

Nick steps off the porch and Gabe watches him walk away.

EXT. PARK- DAY

MARLA, a young woman in her late twenties, is sitting on a park bench. She is a friend of the farming four. A title below her may indicate her name. This monologue maybe intercut with the following images and or similar images: Hot-dogs being bitten into, sausages being cut, bananas being diced, the Hindenburg on fire, a skyscraper being demolished, the light dying in a flashlight, long balloons being popped, a tree being cut down, and an oil tanker on fire, etc..

MARLA

When I found out that Rich was  
sleeping around with that little  
slut, I just felt really, really  
awful. It's like our whole  
relationship was one big lie. I  
know this isn't exactly fashionable,  
but I'm really big on fidelity.  
It's not that I'm jealous or anything.  
If he wants to sleep with some little  
nymph that's fine with me, but it  
was understood that he wouldn't.  
I don't mind him thinking about  
other women, or looking at other  
women, it's not even the act of him  
having sex with another woman that

MARLA (CONT'D)

really bothers me; it's that he's completely betrayed my trust. I'm not possessive. It's not the fact that he's mine and someone else has had him. That's really not the point. The point is that he lied to me with his penis. Not that his dick actually did the lying, but that his dick is what he used to commit the lie. I remember all those stories about the handsome prince from when I was a girl. That was Rich when we first met. In the fairy tales they never mention the prince screwing the chambermaid behind the princess's back. If I had read those kinds of stories when I was growing up I would have known enough to stay away from Rich. And what I don't understand is why someone would want to have sex with somebody when they know that person is lying to someone else the entire time. Maybe she was lying to him, I don't know. Anyway, that's what I really admire about all of them moving out to that farm together. They must just be constantly swimming in all that love and companionship and this overwhelming sense of community and all. God, I envy that. I really do. I mean, how can you possibly have a sense of companionship when you're being lied to, much less when you're the one doing the lying. I'm not bitter or anything, but I really hope he gets a disease and it rots and falls off. I really do.

Marla sits back on the bench.

INT. KITCHEN- LATE DAY

Jean is at the sink doing the dishes when Nick enters through the back door.

NICK

Did I miss dinner?

JEAN

We waited for you, but our hunger got the better of us.

NICK

I was working on a monologue  
and I lost track of time.

JEAN

We saved you a plate. It's in  
the fridge.

Nick goes to the refrigerator and removes a plate of food

NICK

Thanks. Where is everybody?

JEAN

They're somewhere around the  
house.

NICK

How'd you get stuck with doing  
the dishes?

JEAN

I volunteered. I just wanted some  
time to think. We had such a big  
family growing up that the only  
time I had to myself to think was  
when I was doing the dishes. It's  
therapeutic.

NICK

I can eat on the porch if you like.

JEAN

No, that's okay. I don't mind the  
company. Thinking's not doing  
me any good anyway.

NICK

What are you thinking about?

JEAN

Gabe and I.

NICK

Is something wrong?

JEAN

Something. I just don't know what.

NICK

You want to talk about it?

JEAN

I don't want to bother you.

NICK

It's no bother. You are my friend.

JEAN

But you're his friend first.

NICK

I wouldn't say that.

Jean stops what she is doing for a moment.

JEAN

I'm starting to think that maybe I should end things with Gabe.

NICK

Really?

JEAN

It's just not working out between us the way I thought it would. It's not moving to the farm either. It's everything.

NICK

Everything?

JEAN

Yes, everything, but some things more than others. I know this is hypocritical of me, but I really think he's avoiding his potential. Like he's intentionally trying not to be the best he can be.

NICK

Not everybody's cut out to be a farmer.

JEAN

It's not just that. Everything he does is half-ass. He didn't like accounting, but then he never really tried either. It just drives me crazy that he's going through life without even trying to find his niche. I'm not much better, but at least I'm trying to figure out where I fit in and at least I'm making an effort.

NICK

So, that's why you want to break up with him?

JEAN

I'm just thinking about it.

NICK

Well, maybe you should try a trial separation.

JEAN

On the farm?

NICK

You could move into the spare bedroom.

JEAN

Whose side are you on, anyway?

NICK

I'm not on anybody's side. I just want what's best for the both of you and if you're not happy and he's not happy, then maybe you should try something different.

JEAN

He told you he's not happy.

NICK

No, that's not what he said.

JEAN

What did he say?

NICK

You want some help with those dishes?

JEAN

Sure. What did he say?

Nick starts helping Jean with the dishes.

NICK

He just said something about the two of you having problems.

JEAN

What did he say specifically?

NICK

He wasn't specific. He just said the two of you were fighting a lot.

JEAN

Why am I'm asking you what he's thinking. I should be asking him. We just never seem to talk. I don't know why.

NICK

Because you're both so stubborn.

JEAN

Maybe that's it.

NICK

The problem with Sara and I is that we talk too much about our problems. Most of them anyway. Does she ever talk to you about us?

JEAN

Sometimes. She was talking about you today.

NICK

What did she say?

JEAN

She said you want to have an affair with me.

Nick freezes for a moment. Jean notices.

NICK

Really? That's a strange thing to say.

JEAN

Is it true?

Nick looks at Jean. She holds his stare. Simultaneously they move to kiss each other, first tentatively and then with great passion, Jean holding Nick's head in her soapy hands. Nick drops a handful of silverware. They break away from each other.

NICK

This is wrong. I can't do this.

JEAN  
You're right. I'm sorry.

Nick bends down to pick up the silverware.

NICK  
No, it's my fault.

JEAN  
No, it's my fault. I kissed you.

Jean bends down to help Nick.

NICK  
No, I kissed you. It's my fault.

JEAN  
No, I kissed you first.

NICK  
I kissed you first.

JEAN  
I kissed you first.

NICK  
This isn't a competition.

JEAN  
Fine, you kissed me first.

NICK  
That's what I said.

They look at each other a moment and then kiss again. Nick breaks away and stands up. Jean follows him.

NICK  
We have to stop this.

JEAN  
Yes.

They continue kissing.

NICK  
I'd better leave.

JEAN  
Good idea.

They continue kissing. Nick tries to break away and they kiss as he walks to the door and steps outside. The kiss one last time and, Nick leaves. Jean turns away from the door.

JEAN

Shit!

Jean leans back against the refrigerator.

MONTAGE OF MISE-EN-SCENE SCENES:

THE SUN COMING UP AND GABE BRINGING EGGS AND MILK FROM THE BARN.

NICK DRIVING THE TRACTOR IN THE FIELDS.

SARA AND GABE WORKING IN THE BARN YARD. SARA WATCHES GABE WHO IS SHIRTLESS.

ALL FOUR OF THEM HAVING DINNER

SARA DRAFTING AT A TABLE IN THE LIVING ROOM.

NICK SQUEEZING PAST JEAN IN THE HALLWAY AS SHE, DRESSED IN A TOWEL, EXITS FROM THE BATHROOM.

GABE AND NICK PLAYING CATCH IN THE YARD AND TACKLING EACH OTHER. GABE WON'T LET GO AND NICK TRIES TO CONVINCJE JEAN TO PLAY.

THE SUN COMING UP WITH NICK BRINGING IN THE EGGS AND MILK.

NICK AND GABE IN THE BARN WITH THEIR SHIRTS OFF. GABE WATCHES NICK.

SARA AND JEAN IN THE BARN.

ALL FOUR OF THEM EATING OUTSIDE.

NICK WATCHING FROM THE TRACTOR AS JEAN TAKES PHOTOS IN THE FIELDS. SARA WATCHES THEM BOTH.

THE SUN SETTING ON ALL FOUR OF THEM AS JEAN AND GABE FIGHT. GABE GOES IN THE HOUSE AND JEAN WALKS INTO THE YARD. SARA AND NICK LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

SARA GIVING NICK A MASSAGE IN BED AND HIM REFUSING HER ADVANCES.

JEAN AND GABE IN BED AND HER REFUSING HIS ADVANCES

THE SUN COMING UP AND SARA BRINGING IN THE MILK AND EGGS.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. BACK PORCH- DAY

Nick and Gabe take seats on the back porch. Nick splits the cookie and gives Gabe half.

NICK

You're sure?

GABE

What's not to be fine about?

NICK

Some guys might be a little uneasy.

GABE

I'm not uneasy. I'm fine. Why would I be uneasy?

Gabe takes a drink of his milk.

NICK

You know. You might think I-- you know.

Gabe spills some milk down his chin.

GABE

Why would I possibly think that?

NICK

Well, it could be true. You are an attractive guy, Gabe.

Gabe coughs on his cookie. Nick pats him on the back.

NICK (CONT'D)

Honest, Gabe. Are you okay with it, because I don't want it to affect our friendship.

GABE

I'm fine.

NICK

Good.

Nick takes a satisfying bite of his cookie and a long drink of milk while Gabe takes a tentative nibble at his cookie and casts a sideways glance at Nick.

EXT. CEMETERY- DAY

The PASTOR is placing flowers near a grave. He stands up and dusts his hands off as he walks away from the head stone and back toward the church at the front of the cemetery.

PASTOR

When you're the only Pastor in a small town you tend to see things in a different light than most people. When you're also the only Black person in that small town you have an even more interesting perspective. Most men of God in my position would be furious about those folks on that farm. Four people living under one roof without the benefit of holy matrimony would be enough to send the average preacher into a fit of fire and brimstone sermons, warning his flock from the pulpit of how the Devil's handiwork was happening in their own backyard. But, as I said, my unique perspective allows me to see things a little differently. The way I see it, those four are exactly what our little town needs. People in small towns become insulated. They start to forget that not everyone is just like they are. People are different. When my superiors first gave me this assignment I thought they were crazy. Who in their right mind would send a black minister to preach to an entirely white, and might I add, very rural congregation? Now, of course, it makes perfect sense. The people were suspicious and maybe even a little afraid, but that soon passed. They had no choice but to look at me the same way they look at their neighbors. If you can't trust your pastor, who can you trust? Which isn't to say that I don't think they'd panic if I brought my whole extended family to visit next Sunday, but simply to say that their world has been expanded a little. Which is exactly why I like the idea of those four on that

PASTOR (CONT'D)

farm. Not only am I going to invite them to next Sunday's service, but I've already asked the ladies from the crafts and baking club to each make them a little treat. Sort of a peace offering if you will. I may even ask one of them to read the Benediction. Now, none of this is to say that I wouldn't like to see them married, but as long as they're going to be living in sin I might as well make the best of it. You should hate the sin, not the sinner, and if you can, use that sin to your own advantage.

The Pastor smiles.

EXT. POND- EARLY EVENING

Jean is sitting on a blanket reading by the last light of the sun. Nick walks down from the house and stands next to her, holding a glass of lemonade. Jean looks up.

NICK

I thought everybody was gone.

JEAN

No. Sara and Gabe went into town to see a movie. I decided I felt more like reading.

NICK

I've been meaning to apologize for the other day. I don't know what I was thinking.

JEAN

That's okay. I was hoping we could just forget about it.

NICK

Yeah, I think that would be best.

JEAN

So, what are you up to tonight?

Nick enters the room and sits next to Jean.

NICK

I don't know. Maybe I'll watch some T.V.. You want to help me run lines?

JEAN

No, I'm not very good at that kind of thing. When's the play again?

NICK

Three weeks.

JEAN

How is Sara doing with the sets?

NICK

Fine. I think she's glad to be building something again.

They are silent for a moment.

JEAN

You want to play cards?

NICK

I'm not very good at cards.

JEAN

What the hell do people do on farms anyway?

They sit in silence for a moment. They look at each other. Jean stands up.

NICK

Leaving?

JEAN

I was thinking I'd go get myself a glass of lemonade.

NICK

Here, have mine. I haven't drank out of it yet. I'm not really thirsty anyway.

JEAN

Thanks.

Jean sits down. She takes a drink of lemonade and spills some. They laugh and she wipes her face.

NICK

You still have some on your face.

JEAN

Where?

Jean tries to wipe the lemonade off. Nick reaches out a hand and touches her face. His hand lingers a moment and they look at each other. Nick suddenly stands up.

JEAN

What's the matter?

NICK

Nothing, I was just thinking I should go get the television warmed up. You know how long that thing takes before you can get picture out of it.

JEAN

That's right I forgot. I guess I'll just finish my book.

Nick starts to leave as Jean returns to her book. Nick pauses at the door.

NICK

What are you reading?

JEAN

It's a book of poetry. I used to read a lot of poetry when I was in school. I'm thinking of doing a photo for each of the poems in the book.

NICK

That sounds really interesting. You mind if I read it when you're done?

JEAN

Sure.

NICK

You really shouldn't read in this light.

JEAN

I'll be fine.

Nick starts to leave. He stops.

NICK

You sure you don't want to watch T.V.?

JEAN

No. I hate T.V..

Nick starts to leave again and stops.

NICK

You want some more lemonade?

JEAN

No. Thanks though.

Nick turns to leave.

NICK

If you change your mind about  
the T.V. let me know.

Nick turns to leave again.

JEAN

Jesus Christ, Nick, just sit down  
and kiss me and let's get it  
over with.

Nick turns back.

NICK

What?

JEAN

We don't have all night. Gabe and  
Sara will be home any time.

NICK

What are you talking about?

JEAN

What do you think I'm talking  
about?

Nick sits down.

NICK

Are you sure?

JEAN

No, so you'd better make a move  
before I change my mind.

Nick hesitates as he moves toward Jean. Frustrated, Jean  
grabs Nick and pulls him to the ground in a passionate  
embrace.

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Gabe and Sara coming in quietly through the front door.

SARA

You think they're still up?

GABE

No. They're probably in bed already.

Sara sits down on the couch. Sara starts rubbing her neck.

SARA

I've never sat that close to  
the screen before.

GABE

I didn't realize there would be that  
many people there. I'd forgotten that  
people actually go out at night.

Gabe goes and sits beside Sara, rubbing her neck for her.

SARA

Thanks. I'm so glad we went out.  
It's nice to do something that  
doesn't involve the farm.  
I really love this place, but  
sometimes I think I'm going to  
go nuts out here in the middle  
of no where.

GABE

I feel that way all the time.

SARA

I can't see how you could grow up  
here and not love it.

GABE

That's probably the reason I can't  
stand it. I saw all these same  
people when I was a kid and their  
lives are still just the same.

SARA

I like that. I like knowing that  
some things don't change.

GABE

Stagnation is not a healthy thing.

SARA

You see stagnation and I see something constant and vital.

GABE

You say tomato and I say turnip.

SARA

Do you really hate it here that much?

GABE

No, I suppose not. I did grow up here. The place does hold a lot of memories for me. It's just that I always imagined that by now I would be someplace else and instead I'm right back where I started.

SARA

Where did you want to end up?

GABE

I have no idea. You know? None. Well, maybe one. You must know what I mean. You quit your job too.

SARA

True, but I love to design. I just can't stand working for somebody else. That's why I do the sets for Nick's plays. It's not for him, it's for me.

GABE

I wish I had something like that. Maybe I do and I just won't admit it. I got my degree and I had a good job in a nice city. What else could I want in life?

SARA

Somebody to share it with?

GABE

Yeah, I suppose. Some how Jean doesn't seem to fit that role.

SARA

What kind of person are you looking for?

GABE

I don't know. I've been thinking a lot about that lately.

SARA

So have I.

GABE

So, what are you looking for?

SARA

I don't know, but the more I think about it, I don't think it's Nick.

GABE

Really. He seems so perfect though.

SARA

That's just it. I don't want perfection. I want somebody just as imperfect as I am. Somebody like you.

GABE

I don't know if I should be flattered or insulted.

SARA

Lately, I've been finding myself very attracted to one of my best friends.

GABE

So have I.

SARA

Gabe.

GABE

Yes.

SARA

Will you make love with me?

Gabe freezes. Sara turns to him.

SARA (CONT'D)

I've been thinking a lot about you these past few days, Gabe. It's just something I've been feeling. You've been feeling it too haven't you? It is me you've been thinking about isn't it?

Gabe looks at Sara.

GABE

Sure.

SARA

Good.

Sara begins kissing Gabe, who is hesitant and reluctant at first, but he then gives in to Sara's persistent affections as she shuts the light off.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Jean is getting a beer from the refrigerator. She will eventually sit down at the table where she will work on her photos while talking..

JEAN

I realize I must look like the world's biggest hypocrite after everything I said about Rich and Marla. I may be no better than he is, but Rich is still an asshole in my book. Have you ever been so completely and utterly annoyed with every aspect of your life that you'd screw your best friend's lover just to keep from going crazy? It makes no sense. I won't have sex with Gabe because I don't find myself attracted to him anymore, but I'll do it with Nick and I find him less attractive than Gabe. The worst thing is that even though sex with Gabe was never that exciting,

EXT. POND-SUNSET

Nick and Jean are having sex next to the pond. Jean looks bored.

JEAN(CONT'D) V.O.  
 at least I could get satisfied. With Nick we were in such a hurry and worrying so much that Gabe and Sara would come home that it wasn't even worth it.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Jean is still taking.

JEAN(CONT'D)  
 There's nothing more depressing than having an illicit affair to relieve frustration and then having to finish yourself off later. One of the questions I always have to ask myself is why I bother to have sex with people at all when I can give myself much better orgasms than they can. And I don't know what to do now. I can't tell Gabe, and I don't know what to tell Nick. "Thanks but I was really just bored." He's sure to want do it again. And I probably will. I don't know what's wrong with me. When I get in a situation like that my brain just suddenly shuts off and my hormones take over.

INT. DINING ROOM OF JEAN'S OLD HOUSE- EVENING

Jean is younger. She and her boyfriend are making out on the dinning room table, surrounded by dishes and silverware. Jean's mother walks past the doorway to the kitchen, oblivious to what is happening on the table.

JEAN(CONT'D) V.O.  
 It's always been like that. The first time I had sex was on the dinning room table-- while my mother was making dinner. My boyfriend and I were supposed to be setting the table and we just got carried away.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Jean is still talking.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I'd say I was thinking with my dick, but I don't have one. For some reason the phrase "thinking with your clitoris" just doesn't seem to carry the same weight in our society. And what about Sara? I promised her I wouldn't sleep with Nick. Isn't that a strange euphemism? To sleep with somebody. Like you're really doing any sleeping. And it's always used illicitly. Like in an illicit situation you've got the time to sleep afterwards. Hell, there's barely anytime for foreplay. I'm sure she thinks we're having sex. I know she doesn't trust me. Hell, that may be part of the reason I did it. Then again, Gabe trusts me and that didn't seem to stop me. I just can't win. Affairs are supposed to be exciting and all I want to do is throw up. And worst of all I can't believe we were so stupid we didn't use any protection.

Jean takes another drink of her beer.

INT./EXT. THE VOID OF THE AFTERLIFE- NO TIME

Gabe's GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER sit on a small love seat in the midst of the black void. They are dressed in their farming clothes. Throughout the dialogue, which is delivered to the camera, there are images projected behind the two. The first image is of the farm.

GRANDMOTHER

An absolute outrage, that's what it is.

GRANDFATHER

It's not that bad.

GRANDMOTHER

It's a sinful disgrace.

The next image is of the kitchen.

GRANDFATHER

Well, it's not as bad as when your brother, Jake got drunk and pissed all over the dining room table.

GRANDMOTHER

Jake can't handle his drink, we all know that. This is completely different. Four unmarried people should not be living together under one roof.

The next image is of Gabe, Sara, Jean and Nick sitting on the porch.

GRANDFATHER

Their young.

The next image is of Nick and Jean having sex in the corn field.

GRANDMOTHER

They change beds more often than they change clothes.

The next image is of Gabe and Sara having sex in his study.

GRANDFATHER

You remember what it was like to be young.

GRANDMOTHER

We never did anything like that when we were that age.

The next image is of the Grandmother and Grandfather when they were young in the back of a Chevy truck.

GRANDFATHER

No, but I sure as hell thought about it.

GRANDMOTHER

You're impossible.

The next images are: a) Gabe and Jean by the pond, b) Nick and Sara on the porch, and c) The young Grandmother and Grandfather in a soda fountain.

GRANDFATHER

They're still at the stage in their lives when they don't know what they want. You and I were lucky. We found each other early on. Things are more complicated now days.

The next series of images are of Gabe and Sara awkwardly trying to undress and make love in the living room, each getting tangled in the other's clothes.

GRANDMOTHER

That doesn't excuse their behavior. Hoping from bed to bed like there was no tomorrow. It's disrespectful. They don't have any respect for anyone, much less each other. Did you see what Gabe and that young harlot were doing in the living room. My living room!

The next image is of Grandmother and Grandfather taking each others clothes off in the living room.

GRANDFATHER

I remember a time when we did something pretty similar. Before my hip when out.

GRANDMOTHER

But we were married!

The next image is a home movie of Gabe when he was young running around the yard in his diaper while chased by Grandfather.

GRANDFATHER

Well, we knew the risk we were taking when we decided to leave Gabe the house and farm.

GRANDMOTHER

I never should have let you talk me into that. We could have left it his mother. We'd have been better off leaving it to the cows!

The next image is another home movie montage of Gabe working on the farm.

GRANDFATHER

Gabriel needs something like this.  
The responsibility is good for him.  
You can see how he's changed. Getting  
up early in the morning, putting in  
a hard days work. It's what he's needed  
all his life. It's good for all of  
them. Hell, their whole generation  
could use to inherit a farm.

The next image is of Gabe looking at Nick as they work.

GRANDMOTHER

I know. It just worries me. And  
the way he looks at that Nick boy,  
worries me too.

The next image is of a group of sheep looking at the camera.

GRANDFATHER

I'm just counting my blessing he  
ain't like your bother Harold and  
he ain't staring at the sheep.

GRANDMOTHER

That only happened once.

The next image is of a very ugly and stupid looking man  
holding up a beer and looking at the camera.

GRANDFATHER

Thank god for the sheep. Harold  
was the ugliest man I ever saw.  
His nose was as big as my hand.

The next image is of the farm at sunset.

GRANDMOTHER

Stop that. It was not. Nobody  
cares about that.

GRANDFATHER

Well, I don't exactly agree with  
all their doing, but I don't think  
it'll kill 'em, and they might just  
learn something.

The next image is of the pond at sunset.

## GRANDMOTHER

I'm dead set against it, and the only thing I think they're likely to learn is what piece of furniture in my house is the most comfortable to going at it like jackrabbits.

The next image is of two rabbits looking at the camera.

The Grandmother frowns and the Grandfather allows himself a sly smile. Grandmother looks at him and slaps him in the arm. He laughs. The final image behind the two is of them sitting on the love seat in the parlor and kissing.

## EXT. FIELD- SUNRISE

The sun has fully risen into the sky and is illuminating the farm with its golden (are there any other kind) rays.

## INT. KITCHEN- MORNING

Nick is sitting at the Kitchen table eating a bowl of cereal.

## NICK

Love is such hell. How could I sleep with my girlfriend's best friend and my best friend's girlfriend? I suppose I should just be thankful that they're the same person. This must be love, because I feel like shit. How can I face Sara? How can I face Gabe? And how can I stand to be in the same room with Jean? What if it happens again? What if it doesn't happen again? I want to do the right thing. If only having sex with Jean was the right thing to do. Sara's going to hate me, Gabe will want to kill me, and Jean--. I don't know what Jean thinks about all this. Maybe she feels the same way I do. Maybe she regrets it. Maybe she'll never want to speak to me again.

EXT. POND- SUNSET

Jean and Nick are lying next to each other on the blanket, Nick looks pleased with himself while Jean looks disgusted. Nick looks over to Jean and the smile slowly fades from his face.

NICK (CONT'D) V.O.

She didn't say anything afterwards.  
She just stared up into  
space. And then she went to  
bed. What am I supposed  
to think?

INT. KITCHEN- MORNING

Nick is still talking.

NICK (CONT'D)

Does that mean she's feeling  
guilty, but she liked it and  
wants to leave Gabe, or does  
that mean she didn't like it?  
I don't know what to do. Do I  
risk what little relationship I have  
left with Sara and try to convince  
Jean to leave Gabe, or do I forget  
it ever happened and go crawling  
back to Sara? And what good would  
that do me? The fact is, I'm in  
love with Jean and I'm not in love  
with Sara. If only Sara wasn't in  
love with me. Thank God at least  
I don't have to worry about Gabe.  
That would really complicate  
things.

Sara comes in and Nick gets up from the table.

SARA

You're up already?

NICK

I was going to do a little  
work on the tractor.

SARA

Well, have fun.

NICK

You too.

Nick gives Sara a small, quick, and uncomfortable kiss and then leaves through the back door. Sara gets a bowl and sits at the table.

SARA

The most amazing thing about all of it is that originally I was going to sleep with Gabe just out of spite; just to get back at Jean, but even as I was saying the words to him, asking him to make love to me, I realized that I really was in love with Gabe, or that at least I like him a whole lot. It suddenly made sense to me why I had always wanted to be around Nick. Because Nick was always around Gabe. It's so strange how things like this can suddenly become crystal clear to you. I don't know what I ever saw in Nick. Not that he's not a wonderful person, but where as I get this excited nervous feeling in my stomach when Gabe holds me, it was always a nervous sick feeling in my stomach with Nick. I was always so worried that I wasn't going to be a good enough lover, that I was going to do something wrong, because everything he did seemed to be so right.

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Gabe and Sara are on the couch trying to have sex. Gabe is fumbling with his clothes and with Sara's. In an effort to get his pants off, he falls off the couch.

SARA (CONT'D) V.O.

With Gabe it's not like that at all. I wasn't worrying about making mistakes because I could see all the mistakes he was making and that put me completely at ease. I didn't even really mind the fact that I didn't climax, just because there didn't seem to be any pressure on me to do so.

INT. KITCHEN- MORNING

Sara is still talking.

SARA (CONT'D)

The hardest thing in the world is to have an orgasm when you know that someone is waiting for you to have one and wondering why it hasn't happened yet. And he was very apologetic about being premature. The best thing about it all is that now we know that the next time will be better. When you make love for the first time and it's amazing, that just puts all the more pressure on you to be amazing the next time. Sooner or later it's bound to be disappointing. With unexceptional lovemaking you've got somewhere to go, something to try for. Perfection doesn't leave any room for improvement. And with Gabe there's just so much room for improvement. I haven't been this happy in a long time. I just wish I knew how to tell Nick. I wonder if Jean suspects anything.

Sara looks at her bowl of cereal and smiles.

EXT. POND- DAY

Gabe sits next to the pond writing in his journal.

GABE (V.O.)

The work of a farm is sweet,  
succulent and back breaking.

EXT. BARN-DAY

Nick and Gabe are tending to the animals and throwing hay.

GABE (V.O.)

Even as it crushes you under  
its unending weight, it uplifts  
you, refreshes you, and fills  
your spirit.

EXT. FIELD- DAY

Jean is driving the tractor through the fields, plowing the earth.

GABE(V.O.)

It pushes you to look inside  
places of yourself that you  
forgot had existed or never even  
never knew were there.

EXT. BARN YARD- DAY

Sara is tending to the chickens while Nick and Gabe paint the barn.

GABE(V.O.)

Peering inside those nooks and  
crannies of your soul you find  
a new and different person, one  
who barely resembles the frail-  
shelled stick-drawing you were before.

EXT. FIELD- DAY

Gabe is walking through the field checking the corn.

GABE(V.O.)

You have been intoxicated by  
the life of one who grows things.

EXT. GARDEN- DAY

Sara and Nick are picking vegetables while Jean weeds. Gabe comes up and joins them.

GABE(V.O.)

Mesmerized by the smell of wet hay,  
the sound of the animals, the sweat  
of your own skin in the hot sun,  
the feel of a young plants leaves  
between your fingers...  
The musky smell of manure-- No.  
The furid feel of the fields. No.

EXT. POND - DAY

Gabe is still by the pond scribbling in his journal.

GABE

There's no such word as furid. The  
glorious rays of the morning sun.  
Oh, who the hell am I kidding?

Gabe throws the journal down in disgust.

INT. BARN- LATE DAY

Jean and Nick are in a post-coital dazed, sprawled in the hay. Jean is looking up into the rafters and Nick is looking at her.

NICK

Jean.

JEAN

Don't tell me you love me, Nick.  
Because if you tell me that, you'll  
expect me to respond the same way,  
and I don't think you want to put  
me in that position.

NICK

Oh.

JEAN

Don't take it personally.

NICK

Why would I take it personally?

JEAN

Good.

They are silent for a moment.

NICK

Let's just say hypothetically I  
was in love with you.

JEAN

Let's not get hypothetical, Nick.

NICK

Okay.

They are silent for a moment.

NICK (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell Gabe?

JEAN

I suppose I have to tell him eventually.

NICK

I think I'm going to tell Sara.

JEAN

It's your decision.

NICK

Tonight.

JEAN

That soon?

NICK

You think I should wait?

JEAN

I'm sure she already knows.

NICK

You think so?

JEAN

Women notice these things.

NICK

Do you think Gabe suspects?

JEAN

Gabe's so concerned with himself that he never pays attention to anyone else.

NICK

Do you think he'd ever cheat on you?

JEAN

He doesn't have the balls.

NICK

I don't think Sara would ever cheat on me.

They are silent for another moment.

NICK (CONT'D)

You want to do it again?

JEAN

Sure.

NICK

You can go first this time.

JEAN

Thanks. Position one or two?

NICK

Two's fine. I like two.

Jean and Nick begin to roll around in the hay.

EXT. PARK BENCH- DAY

RICH, the friend of the farming four, stands on a bridge over a river.

RICH

They say you never knew what you had until it's lost. I don't think that's true, or I wouldn't feel this bad. We met in this park.

EXT. PARK- DAY

Rich is trying to get his kite out of a tree when Marla walks up to him and offer to help.

RICH(CONT'D)V.O.

It was in April. I was trying to get my kite out of that tree over there. She came over and asked me if I wanted a hand.

EXT. PARK- DAY

Rich and Marla are walking through the park talking and smiling.

RICH(CONT'D)V.O.

We never did get the kite out of the tree, but we spent a great first day together.

EXT. PARK- DAY

Rich is still on the bridge talking.

RICH(CONT'D)

You see, if I hadn't known how much she meant to me, I could convince myself that I had just made a stupid mistake and that I made it in part because I didn't know. But, I did know how much Marla meant to me and I cheated on her anyway. I was openly saying that the most important woman in my life, the most important person, wasn't as important as a one night stand with some woman I barely knew  
(MORE)

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM- NIGHT

Rich turns the light on and looks over at a woman he is in bed with. She is asleep. She is not Marla.

RICH(CONT'D)V.O.

and couldn't care less about. After you do something like that you have to ask yourself what your priorities are. What's really important to you.

INT. APARTMENT- DAY

Rich and Marla are fighting. She is screaming and he is trying to calm her down and apologize.

RICH(CONT'D)V.O.

Once I admitted that Marla was what's important, there was no way I couldn't tell her. Everyday that I didn't tell her would be just one more day that I was silently saying that she wasn't important. And I knew that when I told her, she would leave me. It was like some vicious catch-22. There was nothing I could do.

EXT. POND- DAY

Rich is still on the bridge talking.

RICH(CONT'D)

The worst part about the whole thing is that I still don't know why I did it. Why do people do things like this? This kind of thing happens all the time. Right now there's somebody out there cheating on the person they love. And what for? Five or ten minutes of hurried humping with somebody you don't even care about is not worth a relationship. Then why do it? There's got to be some answer. I'd always prided myself on not being the kind of guy who thought with his dick. And there I was. Of course, it's not your dick that's the problem. Your testicles are what create all the hormones. It just doesn't make sense; you've got those two little plum sized organs and your brain is so much bigger. I guess size really doesn't matter. Anyway, that's what I really admire about all of them out there on that farm. They know what they got and I don't think any of them would ever do anything to risk it. At least I sure hope not, because this loneliness shit is no fun.

Rich puts his hands in his pockets.

EXT. FIELD OF WHEAT- DAY

Gabe and Sara are lying in the wheat in a post-coital stupor. They are both staring up into the sky.

SARA

Gabe?

GABE

Yeah?

SARA

I think we're getting better, don't you?

GABE

Yeah.

SARA

You want to do it again?

GABE

I think I need a minute.

SARA

Are you going to tell, Jean?

GABE

Do I have to?

SARA

We can't keep making love in the fields. Eventually it's going to snow.

GABE

We could move to the barn.

SARA

We have to tell them.

GABE

I know.

They are silent for a moment.

SARA

Gabe?

GABE

Yeah?

SARA

Are you happy?

GABE

I guess so.

SARA

You don't know?

GABE

I'm not sure. How am I supposed to be happy about cheating on Jean?

SARA

Well, I'm happy.  
(Pause.)

Gabe?

GABE

Yeah?

SARA

Am I as good a lover as Jean?

GABE

In what way?

SARA

How many ways are there?

GABE

Yeah. I guess so. You don't get pissed when I'm early. Am I as good as Nick?

SARA

Definitely. Well, not performance wise, and some time your enthusiasm is a little low, but you always make me feel like I know what I'm doing.

GABE

I guess that's good. Are you going to tell, Nick?

SARA

I'd love to.

GABE

I don't know how to tell Jean. Maybe we should just forget about all this.

Sara rolls over on top of Gabe.

SARA

No. We can't do that. This is right. I'm so happy and you're happy. How could this be wrong.

GABE

I don't know if I'm happy, Sara.

SARA

Well, at least you're not depressed.

GABE

I'm confused. That's not much better.

SARA

Well, part of you is happy.

Sara looks down between them.

GABE

It has a mind of it's own, Sara.  
It gets happy every morning for  
no reason what so ever.

SARA

Happy is happy. Looks like you're  
ready to try for fourths.

Sara smiles and kisses Gabe.

INT. GABE AND JEAN'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Jean and Gabe are getting into bed. They climb under the covers and Jean shuts her light off, the room going dark. After a moment, Gabe turn his light on.

JEAN

Turn the light off.

Gabe turns the light off. After a moment he turns it on again.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong with you?

GABE

Yes.

JEAN

Then get a doctor to look at it  
and turn the damn light off. We  
have to get up early tomorrow.

Gabe turns the light off. They are silent for a moment.

GABE

I have something to tell you.

Silence.

JEAN

Yes.

GABE

I don't know how to start.

Jean turns her light on.

JEAN

What?

GABE

I've done something.

JEAN

Really? How surprising.

GABE

I don't know how to tell you this.

JEAN

That's obvious.

GABE

I'm not sure how to say it.

JEAN

Well, you're doing fine so far.

GABE

This is important.

JEAN

I certainly hope so.

GABE

I...You see I...How do I say this?  
I...think I... Well you see it  
happened quickly and I wasn't  
really responsible...Well, I  
am responsible, but not completely.  
I mean, it wasn't my intention...  
I had no idea.

JEAN

If you're trying to tell me that  
you're the idiot who knocked my  
glass unicorn off the shelf and  
shattered it, well I already  
guessed that and if I was really  
pissed I'd have stuck the pieces in  
your underwear. It's no big deal.  
I hated the damn thing. My father  
gave it to me because he loves  
Tennessee Williams. I'm not  
pissed, so relax and go to sleep.

GABE

Oh. Good.

Jean turns her light off and the room goes dark.

GABE (CONT'D)

I love you.

JEAN

That's nice.

Gabe rolls over and goes and the two go to sleep.

EXT. THE FARM AND FIELDS- DAY

The clouds are racing through the sky and the wind is causing waves the run through the wheat and corn. In the distance, the farm looks quiet. A hawk flies over head, spiraling through the air in an effortless glide.

EXT. FIELD- LATE DAY

Nick, Gabe and Rich are walking through the field with beers in their hands. They walk in silence for a moment.

RICH

I suppose Gabe told you about what happened with Marla and me.

GABE

I kind of mentioned it.

NICK

We dragged it out of him.

RICH

That's all right. I don't mind at all. The more people who know the better. It's kind of like alcoholism; If you can't say what your problem is, then you can't start to fix it. I'm an adulterer. Simple as that.

NICK

The two of you seem okay now.

RICH

Well, okay in a relative sense. We're talking and seeing each other, but she hasn't completely forgiven me.

GABE

What do you mean?

RICH

We don't sleep together anymore.

GABE

Oh.

RICH

Not that I blame her. I wouldn't want to sleep with me either. And, actually, in some ways things are better like this. It's almost like we were starting over again. Only this time I'm not worried about when we'll have sex. I don't know that we'll ever have sex again.

NICK

How can you have a relationship like that?

RICH

I not saying we will. Maybe we'll end up friends. I'd be perfectly willing to accept that.

GABE

How do you be friends with an ex-lover?

RICH

It's not all that hard. Maybe it's not all that easy either. My case is different. I'm in love with her, so I'll take what I can get.

NICK

So, why did you do it if you're in love with her?

RICH

I wish I knew. Followed my dick a little too far, I guess. Come on, you can't tell me you guys haven't ever thought about cheating on Jean and Sara.

NICK

No.

GABE

Never.

RICH

Well, you're lucky men, because I'll tell you something; you never want to betray the most important person in your life. You not only have to live with how much they hate you for it, but how much you hate yourself.

Rich takes a swig of his beer.

RICH (CONT'D)

So, how's life on the farm for the two of you. Are you happy? With Sara and Jean, I mean?

GABE

Who me? Yeah, I'd say I'm happy. As happy as you can be with Jean.

RICH

She's a tough one. She doesn't like me very much.

GABE

Sure she does. You just have to get to know her.

RICH

I've known her for six years, Gabe. I introduced the two of you, remember?

GABE

No, she doesn't like you very much.

RICH

Right now she's probably listing off reasons to Marla why she should dump me.

GABE

I think you're paranoid, Rich.

RICH

What about you, Nick?

NICK

Nah, I don't think you're paranoid.

RICH

No, are you happy with Sara?

NICK

Sure, I'm happy. Why wouldn't I be?  
Things could always be a little  
better, but by and large I think  
I'm as happy I can imagine myself  
being with Sara.

RICH

That's good. It's nice to see other  
people happy.

The three of them continue to walk through the field.

EXT. BACK PORCH- LATE DAY

Sara, Jean and Marla are sitting on the back porch drinking  
beer.

JEAN

I don't see how you can do it.

SARA

Leave her alone, Jean.

JEAN

You finally got smart and  
dumped him and then you up and  
take him back.

SARA

Marla, knows what she's doing.

MARLA

I had to take him back. I'm in  
love with him.

JEAN

That's where you went wrong in the  
first place.

MARLA

It's really affected him.

JEAN

I'm sure it has. He fucks somebody  
else and the you take him back when  
you find out. I'm sure his ego has  
gained a lot from it.

MARLA

I don't think it will ever happen  
again. If I did, I wouldn't have  
taken him back.

JEAN

But, you don't know. That's just it. You have to trust him.

MARLA

If I couldn't trust him, there'd be no point is being with him.

JEAN

You trusted him before and look what that got you.

SARA

You trust Gabe, don't you?

JEAN

Sure, but that's different.

SARA

How is that different?

JEAN

Gabe would never cheat on me. He doesn't have the guts.

SARA

But, what if he did? What if he were cheating on you?

JEAN

With who?

SARA

I don't know. Somebody in town, maybe.

JEAN

We don't know anybody in town.

SARA

But, say we did, and Gabe was cheating on you with some woman in town.

JEAN

Then I'd dump him.

MARLA

What would you do if Nick cheated on you, Sara?

SARA

I'd let who ever he screwing have him. If he's sleeping with some slut, then he deserves what ever disease she gives him.

MARLA

Well, Rich made a mistake and I'm willing to forgive that.

JEAN

How can you sleep with him after that?

MARLA

I don't.

SARA

You don't sleep together.

MARLA

No. I'm making him wait.

JEAN

Wait for what, another bimbo to come along?

MARLA

No; until I feel safe again. I don't want to sleep with just anybody. I want to feel that there's something special there. You know what I mean.

SARA

Sure.

JEAN

Oh, completely.

Jean and Sara both take a drink from their beers and cast glances at each other.

MONTAGE OF MISE-EN-SCENE SCENES:

THE SUN IS RISING ON A NEW DAY AT THE FARM

JEAN IS THROWING HAY IN THE BARN WHEN NICK APPEARS IN THE DOOR WAY. HE GOES TO HER AND THE TWO OF THEM FALL INTO THE HAY.

NICK IS COMING OUT OF THE BATHROOM IN A TOWEL AND GABE HAS TO SQUEEZE PAST HIM. GABE LOOKS BACK AT NICK AS HE WALKS DOWN THE HALL. GABE LEANS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL.

GABE IS SITTING AT THE TABLE WHEN SARA COMES IN. SHE PUTS HER HAND IN HIS SHIRT AND GABE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

TWO PEOPLE ARE MAKING LOVE, BUT IT ISN'T QUITE CLEAR JUST WHO IT IS, OR EVEN WHAT SEX THEY MIGHT BE.

THE FOUR ARE ALL SITTING IN THE LIVING ROOM WATCHING TELEVISION AND READING. IN TURN, AND WITHOUT ANY OF THEM NOTICING, GABE LOOKS LONGINGLY AT NICK, NICK LOOKS LONGINGLY AT JEAN, SARA LOOKS LONGINGLY AT GABE AND JEAN LOOKS AT GABE THEN SARA, THEN NICK AND THEN MAKES A FACE AS THOUGH SHE HAS INDIGESTION.

GABE AND SARA ARE IN BED AND GABE IS STRUGGLING WITH A CONDOM WRAPPER, TRYING UNSUCCESSFULLY TO GET IT OPEN. EVENTUALLY SARA OPENS IT AND HANDS GABE THE CONDOM. GABE SMILES SHEEPISHLY.

JEAN AND NICK ARE KISSING BEHIND A TREE THAT IS BEHIND THE HOUSE. GABE AND SARA ARE KISSING BEHIND THE BARN THAT IS BEHIND THE TREE.

THE FOUR OF THEM SITTING ON THE PORCH AT SUNDOWN. SARA GOES IN THE HOUSE. AFTER A MOMENT, GABE FOLLOWS HER.

SARA AND GABE ENTER THE BATHROOM AND BEGIN TO UNDRRESS AS THEY KISS PASSIONATELY. GABE HEARS SOMEONE COMING AND THE TWO OF THEM CLIMB IN THE SHOWER AND CLOSE THE CURTAIN. NICK AND JEAN ENTER THE ROOM AND BEGIN TO KISS AS THEY DISROBE. NICK TURNS THE WATER ON. JEAN OPENS THE CURTAIN TO REVEAL GABE AND SARA GETTING WET. THE FOUR OF THEM STARE AT EACH OTHER.

EXT. FRONT PORCH- LATE DAY

All four are gathered in the living room. Gabe and Sara are in robes, and Nick and Jean have put most of their clothing back on. They are all silent for a moment not wanting to look at each other.

JEAN

Well, somebody has to say something.

GABE

You're welcome to go first if you want. I don't think there's an established protocol for this sort of thing.

They are all silent again.

JEAN  
Fine. I'm sorry.

Silence.

GABE  
That's it?

JEAN  
What do you want me to say? I'm  
sorry.

NICK  
No, I'm the one who's sorry.

GABE  
Everybody's sorry. That's not the  
point.

SARA  
I'm not sorry.

JEAN  
What is the point?

NICK  
You're not sorry?

GABE  
The point is, you slept with Nick.

SARA  
No, I'm not sorry in the least.

JEAN  
Are you denying that you slept  
with Sara?

GABE  
No, but that's not the point.

NICK  
I can't believe you said that.

JEAN  
How can that not be the point?

SARA  
I'm in love with Gabe.

NICK  
Well, I'm in love with Jean.

JEAN

And Gabe's in love with you.  
Who cares. Can we all stop talking  
at once and pay attention to  
each other?

Gabe is staring at Jean. Nick looks at Gabe. Sara looks at  
Gabe.

SARA

Is that true?

Gabe remains silent.

JEAN

He's been fawning over you for  
the past week and a half.

NICK

Gabe?

GABE

I can't believe you told them.

JEAN

It's nothing to be ashamed of.  
We've all done enough to be  
ashamed of lately.

GABE

How could you know?

SARA

It's true?

JEAN

I read your journal.

GABE

You read my journal?

JEAN

It was laying on your desk.

GABE

I can't believe you read my  
journal. And then when you read it  
and you knew this, you went ahead  
and slept with Nick anyway!

NICK

Maybe you should calm down, Gabe.

GABE

Calm down? She read my journal,  
and she slept with my best  
friend, you I might add. The only  
way it could be worse is if she  
had slept with Sara too!

Sara snaps a look at Jean. Gabe looks at her.

GABE (CONT'D)

Oh, God, you slept with Sara too?

Sara looks from Jean to Gabe to Nick and Back to Jean.

SARA

You promised you wouldn't say  
anything.

JEAN

I didn't say a word.

NICK

When did this happen?

JEAN

It was a long time ago.

SARA

It just happened.

JEAN

It wasn't anything serious, so  
we didn't think there was any need  
to tell either of you.

Nick is looking at Sara.

SARA

Don't look at me like that.  
It shouldn't come as much of  
a surprise to you.

NICK

It just never occurred to me.

SARA

It was a one time thing.

GABE

What the hell, am I the last  
one to know about everything?

JEAN

Why should I tell you, Gabe?  
You wouldn't have been able to  
accept it without seeing it  
as a challenge to your  
underdeveloped manhood.

SARA

You don't have to be an asshole  
about it.

JEAN

I forgot, you're going to stick  
up for him now that you're screwing  
him.

SARA

I'm not ashamed of that fact.

NICK

I can't believe you didn't tell me.  
At least I was honest with you.

SARA

You call sleeping with Jean honest?

NICK

I slept with Jean, yes.

GABE

Well, who hasn't slept with Jean.

JEAN

Fuck you, Gabe.

GABE

That'd be a change, wouldn't it?

NICK

Can we stop insulting each other  
and figure out what we're going  
to do about this?

SARA

What do you suggest, we switch  
bedrooms and pretend everything's  
the same?

NICK

I don't know. Maybe we should  
consider that possibility.

JEAN

I'm not moving in with you,  
Nick. This is as good a time  
as any to end it.

NICK

I don't think it's a good time.

JEAN

I'm not in love with you, Nick.

NICK

Does that matter?

JEAN

Yes, Nick it does.

GABE

Okay, I'm waiting. Go ahead.

JEAN

I'm not in love with you either,  
Gabe.

GABE

Thank you. That wasn't as bad as  
I thought it would be.

SARA

I can't believe this is happening  
to us.

GABE

Hold on, it's going to get worse.

SARA

What do you mean?

GABE

I'm not in love with you either,  
Sara.

SARA

I hadn't thought that you were.

GABE

Well, that's a relief.

SARA

But that doesn't mean we can't make  
other happy.

NICK

It doesn't really work that way,  
Sara.

SARA

You don't have to be spiteful about it.

NICK

I'm not trying to be spiteful.

SARA

Well, I'm not in love with you  
either.

JEAN

I have something to say.

GABE

I don't know if I can deal with  
anymore revelations today.

JEAN

I'm moving out.

NICK

That won't solve anything.

JEAN

Well, it's a start.

NICK

You don't have to move out because  
of me. I'll move out.

JEAN

You can move out if you like, but I'm  
not changing my mind. I'm moving out.

NICK

Don't do that. I'll move out.

GABE

The two of you can stay. I'll  
move out.

JEAN

You can't move out. It's your  
farm.

GABE

Damn.

SARA

Why don't we all just move out and  
forget that we were ever friends  
and that we ever cared for each other!

Sara storms into the house.

JEAN

Sounds like a good idea to me.

Jean walks into the house.

NICK

I think I need to go for a walk.

Nick gets up walks off the porch.

GABE

Shit.

Gabe sits there in his chair and shakes his head.

A MONTAGE OF SORTS:

EXT. DRIVEWAY- DAY

The Parent (Sara's) is getting in a car.

PARENT

I only wish Sara had been the  
one to move out.

EXT. CHURCH- DAY

The Pastor is shaking hands with people as they exit the  
church.

PASTOR

This might just be a sign from  
God, showing them the proper path.  
Experiences like this turn people  
to religion every day. I think  
I'll stop by the farm and say hello.

INT./EXT. THE VOID OF DEATH- NO TIME

Gabe's grandparents are sitting behind an image that is a collage of words like; sex, adultery, fornication, evil, damnation, harlot, slut, Casanova, womanizer, etc.

GABE'S GRANDMOTHER

It's just what I expected. I feel so betrayed.

GABE'S GRANDFATHER

Why should you feel betrayed. I'm not fooling around. I can't fool around; I'm dead!

EXT. CITY STREET- DAY

Rich and Marla are standing next to each other by a small shop.

RICH

I feel sorry for them. I really do.

EXT. PORCH OF AN OLD HOUSE- DAY

The Townsperson sits in an old chair on the porch.

TOWNSPERSON

I only have one thing to say:  
Communists!

EXT. CITY STREET- DAY

Rich and Marla are standing next to each other by a small shop.

MARLA

I always said Jean was a hypocrite.

EXT. BACK PORCH- DAY

Sara is sitting on the back porch, smiling.

SARA

The look on Nick's face was worth everything.

EXT. BARN DAY

Nick is working on the tractor.

NICK

I think I may have made a mistake.

INT. GABE AND JEAN'S BEDROOM- DAY

Jean is packing her suitcase.

JEAN

This is probably the best thing that ever happened to me.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Gabe is at the sink washing vegetables.

GABE

Things work out, but I don't know if they always work out for the best. Maybe if I paid more attention to them while they were working out, they would. Jean's gone to live with her Grandmother. I can't decide if I'm happy or sad. On one hand, we won't be fighting anymore, but on the other hand, I miss her. And then there's Nick and Sara. I wish I could figure out why exactly it was I slept with Sara. It's not because I wanted to. Well, maybe part of me wanted to, but the thought never crossed my mind until she asked. Not that I don't like Sara. I've always liked Sara. Maybe that had something to do with it. I knew she wasn't sleeping with Nick and I wasn't sleeping with Jean, and when you get right down to it, Sara is just such a nice person, I couldn't hurt her feelings by saying no; and let's face it, I was sexually frustrated. Now she's in love with me. I honestly don't know what I feel for her. By all rights, I should still be in love with Jean. Hell, by all rights I should want to kill Nick. And he

GABE (CONT'D)

should want to kill me. I don't know how to face him. I still can't stop thinking about him now and again, but then I'm thinking about Sara too. And Jean. Jean. You know I don't know if I should be pissed at her because she slept with my best friend, or because she slept with him before I could. That goes for Sara too. Jean slept with everybody before I could. Hell, if it weren't for masturbation I wouldn't have a chance. Not that it's a competition. Jean was always saying that I see personal things as competitions and that I look at everything else like I've already lost. She may be right in a way. But, the thing is, at least the thing I'm really having trouble with, is how do you sit in a room with a bunch of people, your best friends, when you know that everybody in the room has slept with everybody else. Or, almost everybody. I haven't slept with Nick yet. Yet? It's the farm. It's got to be the farm.

Gabe turns back to the sink and the vegetables. Nick enters the kitchen from the porch. He has a book in his hand.

NICK

There you are.

GABE

Here I am.

NICK

I was just wondering if I could get you to give me a hand learning some lines. I've got an audition to read for this part and I want to have the lines down before I go.

GABE

Isn't that cheating?

NICK

Not technically.

GABE

What is it?.

Nick hands Gabe the book.

GABE  
Not Shakespeare again.

NICK  
Oh, you love it. Start there.

GABE  
I hate Shakespeare.

NICK  
Oh, but you love to do the voice.

GABE  
Fine.

Gabe reads the lines from the book and Nick acts them out. Gabe affects a stage voice that he slowly loses while Nick plays it straight.

NICK  
If I profane with my unwortheiest  
hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle  
fine is this,  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims,  
ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with  
a tender kiss.

GABE  
Good pilgrim, you do wrong your  
hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows  
in this;  
For saints have hands that  
pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

NICK  
Have not saints lips, and holy  
palmers too?

Nick comes closer to Gabe.

GABE  
Aye, pilgrim, lips that they must  
use in prayer.

NICK

O, then, dear saint, let lips do  
what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn  
to despair.

GABE

Saints do not move, though grant  
for prayers sake.

NICK

Then move not, while my prayers'  
effect I take.  
Thus from my lips by thine my sin  
is purged.

Nick kisses Gabe. Gabe is shocked.

GABE

Then have my lips the sin that they  
have took?

NICK

Sin from my lips? O trespass  
sweetly urged! Give me my sin  
again.

Nick moves to kiss Gabe again. Gabe puts his hands up.

GABE

I don't think we need to act it  
out. I think we should stop.

NICK

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have  
done that. I don't know what I  
was thinking.

GABE

Well, neither do I. Maybe we  
should just forget that it happened  
and you can get Sara to help you  
with the lines.

NICK

Look, Gabe, I don't know how to say  
this, but ever since the other day  
I've been thinking a lot about you.

GABE

Thinking?

NICK

Yes.

GABE

What kind of thinking?

NICK

The same kind of thinking you've been doing.

GABE

I don't think I want to hear this.

NICK

I've thought about this a lot the past two days. I've always been attracted to you, I just didn't think you were a possibility, and when Jean dumped me, well, she dumped us both, I realized that if you were feeling the same way I was feeling then there was no reason we shouldn't act on it.

Nick moves to kiss Gabe and at the last moment Gabe moves away.

GABE

What am I supposed to say? Two days ago you were sleeping with my girlfriend.

NICK

And you were sleeping with mine.

GABE

True.

Nick goes to kiss Gabe again, and again at the last moment, Gabe runs away. Nick moves around the table to meet him.

GABE (CONT'D)

This is moving too fast for me.

NICK

Things happen fast in the country.

GABE

I need time to think.

Nick stops in front of Gabe, pinning him to the table.

NICK

I can understand that.

Pause.

GABE  
So I'll get back to you on this?

NICK  
Take your time.

GABE  
Okay.

NICK  
I think I'll go work on my lines.

Nick kisses Gabe again as he leaves. Gabe winces.

NICK (CONT'D)  
It'll get easier.

Nick leaves.

GABE  
I don't know whether I want it to.

Gabe looks after Nick.

EXT. CITY STREET-DAY

Jean is walking down a street with a bag of groceries in her arms.

JEAN  
I'm glad I left. Normally I don't have a problem sitting in a room and knowing that I've had sex with everyone there; particularly when there's only three people in the room, but when they're all your best friends and they all know that you slept with each of them it's hard not to feel a little weird. I'm not ashamed of having slept with them, but people get so personal about sex. If I had played tennis with all of them nobody would give a shit, but because I had sex with them they all get uptight. The most frustrating thing is that if I had it to do over again, I probably wouldn't have sex with any of them.

She comes to an apartment building and walks up the steps, unlocking the door.

INT. HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

Jean opens the door and starts walking up the stairs.

JEAN

Why do we have sex with people when we don't really want to? I think it has something to do with fear. Maybe insecurity is a better word. You have this empty feeling in your life and you think to yourself "if I sleep with this person that empty feeling will go away, that vacuum will be filled and my life will finally start to fall in place." And when sleeping with that person fails you think, "maybe the next one." Only it's never the next one, because it doesn't have anything to do with sex. There's only one person who can fill that vacuum and it's not even the person you fall in love with.

Jean comes to a door and unlocks it.

INT. JEAN'S GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN- DAY

Jean opens the door and enters the apartment and begins putting the groceries from her bag away.

JEAN

I care about Gabe, sure, but I wasn't in love with him. I tried to convince myself that I was, but I know now that I wasn't. Nick was out of plain boredom and Sara; I just didn't want to hurt her feelings by saying no. She was curious and I figured it was better that she do it with me than with some woman she didn't really know or couldn't trust, or who didn't care about her. Not to say that she couldn't have found somebody like that, but they might have been looking for more than Sara's curiosity would be willing to give. I don't even know if I can face

JEAN (CONT'D)

hem all again. So, that's that.  
I'll stay here with my grandmother  
until I can find a place of my own  
and see if I can get my job back with  
the ad company I worked for. But,  
the most important decision  
is that I'm swearing off sex and  
love. In that order. I mean, hell,  
with some good friends for conversation,  
and a little knowledge of your own  
anatomy, who needs romance?

Jean takes a sip of tea.

INT. SITTING ROOM- NIGHT

Gabe is sitting on the love seat reading when Sara enters.  
She stands in the doorway. Gabe looks up.

SARA

Can I talk to you?

GABE

Do we have to?

Sara sighs and enters the room.

SARA

We have to talk sometime Gabe.

GABE

What do you want to talk about?

SARA

About us.

GABE

Okay. You go first.

Sara sighs again.

SARA

This doesn't have to be so  
difficult.

GABE

Can you think of a way to make  
it easier?

SARA

Fine, I'll just say it. Gabe,  
I want to sleep with you.

Gabe looks at Sara. They hold the stare for a moment.

GABE

That's it?

SARA

What more do you want me to say?

Gabe thinks about this for a moment.

GABE

I'm not in love with you Sara.

SARA

I know. I'm willing to accept that.

GABE

I don't know if I'm willing to accept that.

SARA

That's what I'm counting on.

GABE

That's not what I meant.

SARA

Look, Gabe, you don't have to be in love with me to sleep with me.

GABE

I know that. I've slept with you before, remember?

SARA

Yes, I do. That's what I mean. You weren't in love with me then, so why should it be a problem now?

GABE

Because things are different now.

SARA

The fact that you don't have to cheat on Jean to sleep with me should make it easier.

GABE

That's not what I mean.

SARA  
Is this about Nick?

GABE  
Let's not talk about Nick.

SARA  
This is about Nick, isn't it?

GABE  
I said I don't want to talk about  
Nick.

SARA  
Forget about Nick.

Sara leans close to Gabe and puts her hand on him.

GABE  
It's not about Nick. You're my  
friend, for God's sake.

SARA  
Then that should make it easier.  
It was easy before.

GABE  
No it wasn't.

SARA  
Then it'll be easy this time.  
We've got experience on our  
side, Gabe.

GABE  
I don't want to have this  
experience, Sara.

SARA  
Why did you want it before?

Gabe looks away, unable to come up with an answer.

GABE  
Why can I never win an argument?

SARA  
Because you're a loser, Gabe, and  
that's the sexiest thing in the  
world.

GABE  
It's not sexy, it's pathetic.

SARA

I like the fact that you're pathetic.

GABE

I'm supposed to be flattered by the fact that you're attracted to my flaws?

SARA

Your flaws are the most prominent thing about you, Gabe.

GABE

I can't believe I'm being seduced with insults.

SARA

Then it's working?

GABE

I can't sleep with you and feel good about it, Sara.

SARA

I'm not asking you to, Gabe. I'm not even sure I'll feel good about it.

GABE

What?

SARA

I just know it's the right thing to do. I feel it.

GABE

I don't want to hurt you, Sara.

SARA

You'll hurt me more by turning me down than by sleeping with me.

GABE

I can't say anything to that.

SARA

Then don't say anything.

Sara turns Gabe's face to hers and kisses him. He resists at first, but then relaxes.

EXT. JEAN'S GRANDMOTHER'S STOOP- DAY

Jean's GRANDMOTHER sits on the stoop of her apartment, painting at an easel.

GRANDMOTHER

I never thought I'd say this about one of my grandchildren before, but Jean is really cramping my style. I don't pretend to be a very particular woman, but there are certain things at my age that I have become accustomed to.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT- DAY

Jean's Grandmother comes into the apartment with several women friends to find Jean asleep on the couch in her underwear and a bra. Jean's Grandmother frowns and the women look both shocked and disgusted.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D) V.O.

How in the name of all that's mighty can I invite one of the gentlemen from Wednesday night social in for tea when my granddaughter is lounging around in what she so loosely refers to as her underwear?

EXT. STOOP OF GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT- DAY

Jean's Grandmother is still talking.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

The situation is just impossible. I've become used to being independent. I like living by myself and having only myself to look after.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT- LATE DAY

Jean is lounging in a chair while her Grandmother is cooking in the kitchen. Jean's Grandmother goes to set the table and has to remove a pair of dirty socks from it.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D) V.O.

Now I'm always picking up after her, making meals, waiting on her hand and foot.

EXT. STOOP OF GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT- DAY

Jean's Grandmother is still talking.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

I had to wait thirty-five years for my husband to die, God rest his soul, and I don't have any desire to go back to that way of life. I had enough of it when Herbert was alive and Jean's mother was growing up, I don't need a recap before I die. And she's so mysterious about why she had to leave the farm.

EXT. BACK PORCH OF FARM- SUNSET

Gabe, Nick and Sara are sitting on the porch reading. In turn, they each look at the other without the other noticing. It is obvious they miss Jean.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D) V.O.

As though I can't guess. At my age there isn't a lot that I haven't seen, or heard, or done myself. They should have known that four people can't live together without somebody getting confused about whose bed they're in.

EXT. STOOP OF GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT- DAY

Jean's Grandmother is still talking.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

And that's the other thing  
that bothers me. I can tolerate  
her treating me like a child;  
I get enough of it from everybody  
else that I can only expect  
it from her. What I can't  
tolerate is her assumption  
that just because she doesn't  
have a sex life anymore that I  
don't. I'm not saying that I'm  
not a respectable woman, but I  
do enjoy the company of a man  
now and again. But, with Jean in  
the house, there's just no chance  
of that.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT- EVENING

Jean's Grandmother is having tea at the table with an  
elderly gentleman when Jean walks into the room wearing only  
a long sleeve shirt. She goes to the refrigerator, opening  
it and bending over to peer inside, giving her grandmother  
and the guest a clear view of her butt. The elderly man  
coughs on his tea.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D) V.O.

Not that I could care less  
what she thinks about what  
I do in my own house, but the  
gentleman I've been seeing of  
late is a bit stodgy and doesn't  
warm to the thought of running  
into my young granddaughter  
on the way to the bathroom the  
next morning.

EXT. STOOP OF GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT- DAY

Jean's Grandmother is still talking.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

He's such a shy fellow, I'm  
just afraid he'll skiddaddle  
before-- well, you know what  
I mean. I'm just at my wit's  
end about what to do. I've  
looked in the Bible for guidance,

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

but there isn't much by way of instruction for choosing between a gray haired Romeo and your one and only granddaughter.

The Grandmother leans back in her chair.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Sara and Gabe are sitting on the couch. He is reading and she is knitting. Jean is sitting in a corner chair reading and Nick is reading in another corner chair. Gabe looks up from his reading.

GABE

I've been thinking.

JEAN

Don't hurt yourself.

GABE

I was thinking that maybe we should put up a play.

JEAN

A play?

GABE

Yeah.

NICK

That sounds like a great idea. This town could use some culture.

SARA

What play would we do?

GABE

I was thinking maybe I could adapt A Midsummer Night's Dream.

SARA

We could do it here on the farm.

GABE

That's what I was thinking.

NICK

I could talk some of my friends into acting in it.

JEAN

You want to adapt A Midsummer Night's Dream?

GABE

Well, Shakespeare's done most of the work already. I'd just be touching it up here and there.

JEAN

I thought you hated Shakespeare.

GABE

Not that much.

NICK

I knew you liked it.

SARA

I think it's a great idea.

NICK

So do I. Sara could do the sets. You could do the publicity, Jean.

JEAN

And you'd direct, I suppose?

NICK

Well, you wouldn't want Gabe to do it.

GABE

What's that supposed to mean.

NICK

Nothing. I just have more experience.

JEAN

Where are people going to sit? Have you thought about that. You don't want them squatting in the goose shit by the pond do you?

GABE

I already thought of that. I talked to the Pastor and he said he'd be willing to lend us as many folding chairs as we need.

JEAN

Why would the church lend us chairs?

GABE

I kind of told him we'd start attending service if they did.

JEAN

You what?

GABE

It was the only way to talk him into it.

JEAN

I'm not going to church.

SARA

It'll be good for you, Jean.

JEAN

I hate church.

NICK

I hear they have some really good after service dinners.

SARA

They seem like nice people. They did send us all those baked goods.

NICK

You think they'd have more of that apple pie after service?

JEAN

This is not what I was expecting when I decided to move back.

GABE

It's not our fault your grandmother threw you out.

JEAN

She didn't throw me out. She asked me to leave.

SARA

Well, I think Gabe's idea is a good one.

NICK

So do I.

JEAN

The two of you would.

Nick gets up.

NICK

Why don't you sleep on it. Maybe you'll change your mind by morning.

JEAN

I doubt it.

Nick goes and puts his hand on Gabe's shoulder.

NICK

Come on. Let's go to bed.

Gabe starts to get up.

SARA

Hey, wait a minute. I have him tonight.

Gabe sits back down.

GABE

She's right. This is Sunday.

NICK

No. I traded you last Friday for this Sunday.

GABE

He's right. You did trade last Friday for tonight.

SARA

That's right. I forgot. I'll trade you two Tuesdays for tonight.

NICK

No deal.

SARA

I was willing to trade when you wanted to. You should be willing to trade when I want to.

NICK

I don't want to trade for a week night.

SARA

Fine, I'll trade you Friday.

NICK

Two Fridays.

SARA

One Friday and a Thursday.

GABE

I'm not a baseball card. Do I have  
a say in this.

Nick and Sara look at each other.

NICK & SARA

No.

JEAN

If you two are going to keep  
fighting over him, I'm going to  
be sick.

GABE

You're just jealous.

JEAN

Jealous of sleeping with you; the  
human ice cube.

GABE

My hands are not that cold.

SARA

They are kind of chilly.

GABE

I happen to have a circulation  
problem. There's nothing I can  
do about it.

NICK

I hadn't noticed.

JEAN

That's because you're so damn hairy.

NICK

I'm not that hairy.

SARA

You are kind of fuzzy.

GABE

I'd say you have a fair amount  
of fur.

NICK

Maybe I should shave.

GABE

We could break out the combine.

SARA

We could hook it up to the polecat.

GABE

I'm telling you, it's not a tractor.

SARA

It could be.

NICK

I still think it's an animal.

JEAN

Do we have to start this again?

GABE

Fine. I'll look it up. But, I'm telling you, it's not a tractor.

Gabe gets up and goes to the bookshelf.

JEAN

So, what would I have to do for publicity?

SARA

You'll do it?

JEAN

I'm considering it.

NICK

Come on. It'll be fun.

GABE

Found it.

Gabe walks over to the others.

GABE (CONT'D)

Polecat: One; any of several  
Old world carnivores with offensive  
anal sent glands. Two; Skunk.  
I told you it wasn't a tractor.

SARA

It could have been.

NICK

I knew it was an animal.

JEAN

I'm going to bed. I'll see you in  
the morning.

Jean shuts of the light next to her. She slaps Gabe on the  
shoulder as she passes him.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Sleep tight stud muffin.

SARA

Friday, Thursday and Wednesday afternoon.

NICK

Deal.

Nick and Sara shakes hands. Nick bends down to kiss Gabe  
good night.

NICK

Night.

GABE

Night.

Nick heads for the stairs, shutting of a light. Sara turns  
off a light and takes Gabe's hand as they stand up.

GABE

Maybe I should start asking for  
Sundays off. It is the Lord's day.  
A day of rest.

SARA

Come on.

Sara tugs at Gabe's hand and pulls him towards the stairs as  
he shuts the last light out.

THE END