

WHO HAD A SHARE IN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - SUNRISE

E. 57th St., Sutton Place

INT. LONGACRE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A tiny room with low ceiling, lit by two digital clocks in the walls, one reads 6:11 one reads 9:11.

GERT LONGACRE and BRIAN LONGACRE sleep in a fold-out bed that almost fills the room.

The other furnishings are ultra small kitchen appliances and handles in the walls to indicate built in drawers.

Brian wakes, eases from Gert's comfortable embrace and reaches overhead to a handle in the low ceiling.

As he tugs on the handle a compartment half opens and he adroitly pulls out a handsome pair of shoes. He quietly closes the compartment.

Brian slides out of the bed and slides open a window.

The gentle sound of a rake over dry leaves enters the room.

Gert, still asleep, smiles and begins to snore quietly.

Brian quietly opens one of the built-in drawers, takes out a compressed plastic packet (shirt size) and exits through a sliding door, into a tiny bathroom.

Sudden WHINE of a leaf blower, outside.

Gert sits up, wakes up in a panic, looks around, regains her calm, keeps her head low.

She fumbles to fold up the sheets and blanket while still sitting on the bed.

With pillows and folded items, she inches out of the bed, lifts and folds the bed back into a couch.

She takes storage bags from a ceiling compartment, squashes the folded items into a bag, opens another narrow compartment in the wall and pulls out a vacuum cleaner hose.

With precise, minimal movements she vacuums the air from the storage bag, seals it into a compressed packet.

Hardly moving, hardly even breathing, she squashes the pillows into a bag, vacuums the air out of them, slips all of the packets in a ceiling compartment and then guides the vacuum hose back into the wall.

Gert, standing in the nearly empty room, carefully stretches her arms from side to side.

A loud BANG, a few more BANGS -- the wood in the wall behind Gert bulges toward her.

Storage packets fall from the ceiling.

Gert, alarmed then angry, takes a few deep breaths then shoves the fallen items back into the ceiling.

She regains her composure, unlocks the apartment door, exits into a hallway.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

High ceiling, wide hallway, this building was a mansion from 1930 before being converted into apartments.

Gert takes a deep breath and, reluctantly, lifts her fist to knock on her neighbor's apartment door. She hesitates, looks sadly at her right fist and turns it back to face her.

Before Gert can bring herself to knock -- the door pops open, reveals an irate EDRA MASKING dressed in dancer's rehearsal attire.

Edra takes an angry, defiant, elegant pose.

Behind Edra, her 4 year old son, SERGE, on the floor, kicks the wall that connects to the Longacre's apartment.

The WHINE of the leaf blower grows louder, drowns out Gert's voice -- her face and her gestures appear polite but urgent.

Edra, sour faced, brushes Gert away.

Suddenly, Brian, wrapped in a bath towel, stands behind Gert.

Edra's manner changes instantly, to warmth and friendliness.

Brian squeezes Gert's hand and resumes (unheard) a more friendly discussion with Edra.

Gert exits. Edra smiles.

INT. LONGACRE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Gert quickly opens a compartment in the wall, pulls out a packet of clothes, hurries into the bathroom, hurries out again with the opened packets of Brian's clothes.

She looks around, puts the clothes and shoes on the couch, returns to the bathroom.

SOUNDS OF SHOWER RUNNING

Brian returns, smiling, gets dressed.

MOMENTS LATER

Brian exits.

Gert emerges from bathroom, wears blouse and trousers -- and a shower cap.

She opens a compartment in the ceiling, retrieves shoes, puts them on, sees her reflection in a little mirror on the wall, pulls off the shower cap.

She wrings out the shower cap over the tiny kitchen sink -- listens, hears something outside --

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

A MAN sprays the building with water from a garden hose.

INT. LONGACRE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gert pulls the window half shut, knocks on the window.

EXT. STREET

The man aims the hose at another part of the building.

INT. LONGACRE'S APARTMENT

Gert re-opens the window and calls out --

GERT

What --

EXT. STREET

The man, surprised, looks up, absently spraying Gert with the hose as he strains to hear her.

INT. LONGACRE'S APARTMENT

Gert, soggy from the waist up, moves away from the window.

Brian returns, closes the window, laughs, goes back in the bathroom.

Gert examines her wet top, sighs, looks up at the compartments in the ceiling with sudden weariness and loathing.

Brian re-emerges, texting.

Gert returns to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gert's pajama top hangs from a hook: she puts it back on, in place of the wet top, winks at herself in the mirror.

INT. LONGACRE'S APARTMENT

In the kitchenette area, Brian takes a packet of dried fruit from a drawer, pours some in his mouth, takes a juice box from the small refrigerator, swallows some juice followed by another swig of dried fruit.

Gert stands at his side, she twists her hair and holds it with a clip, accepts the fruit and the juice box as Brian passes them to her. She gulps a bit of each, offers them back to Brian who shakes his head.

Gert seals up the fruit, squeezes it back into a drawer and replaces the juice in the refrigerator.

Near the apartment door, Gert opens a closet, retrieves her blazer, his jacket and her large purse.

With their jackets on they now seem too big for the small room but they manage. Gert tests the weight of her purse and pats it.

Brian opens the apartment door, leans out, snaps his fingers.

BRIAN
Roll-out rolls!

Gert slaps her forehead. They hurry back to the kitchenette, bumping into each other.

From the refrigerator Brian retrieves CANISTERS OF ROLLS, passes them to Gert who pulls a plastic bag from her purse and carefully places each canister in the bag.

Brian closes the refrigerator, tosses the last canister to Gert which BURSTS mid-air.

Brian and Gert freeze -- bits of raw dough hang from the walls and the low ceiling but not on them.

They head for the door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

When it's dry we can scrape it.

GERT

When it's dry.

They close the apartment door behind them.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mist in the morning air.

Gert and Brian, eyes straight ahead, walk quickly along the city sidewalk along side many other people.

A loud, metallic CRASH. Nobody moves.

Gert and Brian gasp, lean slightly toward each other -- take a step -- resume walking with smaller, quicker steps.

A police car stops in the intersection, lets out a POLICE OFFICER who begins directing traffic. He tilts his head to the side and calls out.

POLICE OFFICER

Crane smashed a couple of parked cars, nobody hurt.

He motions for Gert and Brian to keep walking.

The mist in the air changes to tiny drops of rain.

EXT. SEMINAR TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brian and Gert arrive at the townhouse, Brian opens the door, they squeeze through, together.

INT. SEMINAR BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Brian and Gert hurry down a flight of stairs.

A well dressed man and woman wait impatiently at the foot of the stairs -- MAX LONGACRE and LEAH GRAHAM-LONGACRE.

Max looks agitated.

Leah looks bored.

Max nods a greeting to Brian and Gert and pushes clipboards into their hands.

The two couples proceed down a corridor --

INT. SEMINAR KITCHEN

Leah and Gert enter. This is a big room with big, old fashioned appliances. Gert goes to the oven, set the temperature.

GERT

We're lucky to get this place! I wish we could rent it for all our seminars.

LEAH

If your husband would listen to my husband and my husband would listen to me...

Leah snaps rubber bands into pans, hanging from the ceiling.

GERT

Max looks nice -- you pick out that suit for him?

Gert turns on the faucets of the wide double sink. She soaps and rinses her hands, luxuriously.

LEAH

Listen to me, I'm sick to death of seminars. Every, every, every time I ask a group "What's the worst thing could --

Leah hiccups.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Happen" they say "duh, end of the world." No imagination, no --

She hiccups, makes a face of exasperation.

GERT

Worst thing is if we have no snacks
for the attendees.

Gert and Leah unpack the refrigerator roll canisters, pop them open, onto cookie sheets, into the oven.

Leah glowers, now aggressively ignoring Gert who seems unconcerned.

INT. SEMINAR ROOM ONE - MOMENTS LATER

In a dim room a sulky group of eight MEN AND WOMEN, seminar attendees, sit around an oval table.

Brian, Gert, Leah and Max wear name tags, hold clipboards, stand at the room's corners.

Max steps forward.

Leah hiccups.

ATTENDEE ONE

Oh, Leah! Drink water real fast!

The others around the table nod and agree enthusiastically.

Leah sighs deeply, Max and Brian gesture that all remedies have been tried, to no avail.

Leah exits, apologetically, followed by Max.

Gert approaches the table, smiles, glances at her clipboard, addresses the glum people at the table.

GERT

For this exercise, imagine being
members of a city council!

She walks around the table, makes eye contact with each attendee as she nears him or her.

Having something nice to look at and listen to, the seminar attendees slowly relax.

GERT (CONT'D)

I would like each of you...

She hands out small pieces of paper and pencils.

GERT (CONT'D)
To write a few words... to describe
this imaginary city...

O.S. Hiccups.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Leah mouths a silent scream, shakes Max by the shoulders.

Max nods but pulls away from her. Leah repeats her act, more emphatically.

INT. SEMINAR ROOM ONE - MOMENTS LATER

Gert stands at the head of the table.

Brian sits in a corner, facing the group.

The attendees keep their attention on Gert.

Her voice is cool and soothing.

GERT
Water shortage in the city, how did
it happen? How will you handle it?

Max reenters, with SEAN DEPANO and a stack of booklets, Max signals to Gert and addresses the seminar attendees.

MAX
It's my pleasure to introduce our
featured speaker, Dr. Sean DePano,
author of "Pain, Pain, Go Away!"

Max distributes booklets to the people at the table.

DEPANO
Pain, pain, go away. Let's learn
how to get rid of pain today.

ATTENDEE TWO
Sometimes pain is important, you
can't just eliminate pain.

DEPANO
I'm talking about the kind of pain
that serves no useful purpose.

ATTENDEE THREE
Who's to say --

DEPANO

The kind of pain that's just no
good to anybody!

Max applauds.

Gert and the attendees applaud too, but uncertainly.

DePano smiles and begins his talk.

DEPANO (CONT'D)

Let's us *color* pain. Let's us
paint pain.

Brian and Gert exit, noiselessly.

INT. ANOTHER SEMINAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Another FEATURED SPEAKER stands in the center of MEN AND
WOMEN in business attire.

The Speaker holds a can of blue paint and pours the paint
slowly, into a tray on the floor.

FEATURED SPEAKER

Those negative, negative feelings
are being pulled back into the
colors of the earth...

The attendees step back, uncomfortably.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Gert goes right to the oven, peeks in at the rolls as they
rise and expand.

Leah carries a box of mirrors, she follows Gert.

LEAH

This is what's bringing clients in -
my "Face Down Your Fears" exercise!
You get that, right?

A bell on the oven rings.

Gert gets the rolls then puts four trays on the table. She
puts a dish of jelly packets in the middle of each tray then
surrounds each dish with a circle of rolls.

GERT

I thought it was more of a "meet
your fears". Meet and greet.

Depano, very angry, enters followed by Max.

DEPANO

(blustery)

I will not have it! The entirety
of my professional reputation is --

He stops for a breath, Max jumps into the pause --

MAX

We're here to encourage discourse!

He opens the refrigerator then slams it shut.

DEPANO

So what does he ask? "Is life
worth living? What? Does that?
Supposed to encourage!

GERT

(graciously)

It won't happen again, Dr. Depano.
Please accept our apologies.

Depano warms to Gert's smile.

DEPANO

Of course I don't blame you, Gert,
dear, of course, not you...

He exits, with a last sharp look to Max.

MAX

Note to self, pimp out Gert more
often. There's no problem she
can't make all better!

Leah rolls her eyes.

Brian enters, pretends to choke Max.

BRIAN

"Gert dear" when we give up the
business of helping mankind with
seminars we can fall back on the
pimp-ery and the tramp-ery.

GERT

As long as we take turns.

BRIAN

Secret of a happy marriage! Leah?

Leah makes scary faces in multiple mirrors.

(O.S) Applause. Max and Brian exit back to the seminars.

GERT
Face your fears and six more show
up. Right there in the fun house
mirrors --

LEAH
You don't live in a fun house. A
weird house maybe. Sorry.

Leah tries to see her profile in the mirrors.

GERT
Okay, I don't live in a fun house.

FEATURED SPEAKER (O.S.)
Feel the colors, hear the colors --

Gert straightens the jelly packets.

GERT
(quietly)
I live in a no fun house.

Gert holds two trays, Leah puts down the mirrors takes the
other trays and exits.

GERT (CONT'D)
On the other hand, I wore a pajama
top to work. What a gal, huh?

Gert exits.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Brian, Gert, Leah and Max carry bags and boxes to a two door
car, parked on the street.

GERT
(apologetically)
It just that people's ideas about
marriage differ --

BRIAN
Fine, well, fine, it's just that we
should get our stories straight
before the seminar.

Leah hiccups.

MAX

Anybody who doesn't accept that a marriage could be over at any moment doesn't understand marriage.

BRIAN

Maybe "doesn't appreciate the idea of marriage". More like.

GERT

That's more like it!

LEAH

Look, I know what I'm doing. You want to come along for the ride, just keep out of my way.

Max shoves a last bag into the trunk, slams it shut.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Brian and Gert climb into the back seat, Max gets behind the wheel, finally, Leah gets into the passenger seat.

Leah groans and sighs. Max starts the engine and pulls out into traffic dangerously abruptly.

MAX

On to McGeehee Beach at duh beautiful Jersey Shore. They got lots of buildings we could use.

LEAH

Not. Another. Basement.

Max mumbles bitterly.

Leah jerks her phone at various no-service angles, sends icy glares to Max and to her phone.

Brian and Gert exchange looks, they've seen this all before.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The car travels through angry traffic and tedious traffic then follows green signs with big arrows that read: "Garden State Parkway" and "Exit 98".

EXT. STREET - LATER

Road sign: "Now Entering The Municipality Of McGeehee Beach, McGeehee County, NJ established 1889. You're Welcome!"

EXT. WEST PINE - MOMENTS LATER

Afternoon, sunny.

The car stops in front of a hundred year old mansion, perfectly maintained, on the beach front.

BEBE MALSBURY exits the mansion, descends the front stairs and stands next to a "For Sale or Rent" sign in the sand and beach grass that is the front yard.

BeBe smiles, dazzlingly.

Max parks the car. BeBe struts over, pauses twenty feet from the car, waits, smiling.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

LEAH

What's with the Miss Universe.

MAX

Oh, that's... the real estate lady, they're all like that around here.

Max exits the car, Gert follows, pushes back the driver's seat to climb out.

Brian slides across the back seat, grabs the open door and the car roof, hoists himself up, looks at West Pine.

BRIAN

You got to be kidding.

Max beckons Gert and Brian to join him.

MAX

Think "retreat" as in retreat, seminar, beach. Beach!

Gert points to the ocean, behind stately West Pine.

GERT

Beach! Right on the beach!

BeBe patiently watches their reactions and waits until Leah finally exits the car.

BeBe, infinitely gracious, smiles, approaches them with arms extended as if to embrace them all.

Brian and Max, trance-like, move toward the glamorous woman.

BeBe reaches one hand toward West Pine and one toward Leah, who, surprised by the gesture, accepts her hand.

In a rich and pleasant voice, BeBe speaks --

BEBE

Doll babies! I'm BeBe! Just let me show you around West Pine. It's awful, isn't it, just huge, I know, but so lovely.

BeBe leads them toward the front door.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Come and have a cold drink inside, aren't you all so gorgeous! And this girl, oh, I know a beauty when I see one!

BeBe, arm-in-arm with Leah, nears the entrance to West Pine, Brian and Max follow.

Gert, fascinated by the surroundings, veers away from them, as if to go past the building, right to the coastline.

BEBE (CONT'D)

You too, honey, inside first, then the beach.

GERT

How do you build a house right on the sand?

BeBe's smile fades and then brightens as if she had been hoping someone would ask that question.

BEBE

Sand... is practically indestructible!

BRIAN

It must be a pier foundation, right?

BeBe smiles again, pleased that she's in such learned company. Everybody looks down at the sand, in wonder.

BeBe readjusts her sales pitch, one more time.

BEBE

And the sand goes way, way, way! Down. Into the solid, solid rock.

Gert, Brian, Max and Leah hang on her every word. BeBe needs a big finish.

BEBE (CONT'D)
 And then the Earth's *molten core*!
 Are you interested in the school
 system... no?

Brian and Max shrug.

BEBE (CONT'D)
 Of course not, you're all just kids
 yourselves!

Gert shields her eyes to look out further over the ocean.

BeBe guides Brian, Max and Leah up a stone stairway, to the front door of West Pine.

BeBe's pose suggests authority over all of creation.

Gert follows, reluctantly.

INT. WEST PINE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

BeBe leads them into the mansion.

Leah dances across the marble floor.

BEBE
 Oh, the McGeehees were real
 American Royalty, this room is
 going to be perfect...

BeBe stretches out her arm toward an archway that opens into a dining room with ornate furnishings.

Leah dances everyone into that room.

INT. WEST PINE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LEAH
 Was this their *summer home*?

BEBE
 Oh, this was their *September House*!

Everyone shows appreciative surprise.

Leah embraces Max and dips into a ballroom dancer's swoon.

LEAH
My palatial estate!

Brian frowns, tries to look unimpressed, inspects the enormous room.

BRIAN
We're not really... *old money*...

BEBE
Nobody is anymore! And it's definitely a *young vibe* around here. It's the beach! Practically a party all the time!

Gert walks quickly through the rooms, toward the back.

BEBE (CONT'D)
Just perfect for your seminar groups. Lease by the month if you want to just try it out --

Gert pulls open the back door.

BEBE (CONT'D)
Yes, that's the back door, right on the beach, here...

EXT. BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Gert walks across the back porch, down the steps and onto the sparkling sand.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Everyone follows Gert, they all shield their eyes at the tremendous glare on the sand and the water.

Deep breaths, the roar of the ocean.

The wind blows through hair and clothes.

Everyone loses footing on the sand -- there's an atmosphere of fun, suddenly, as they look around, realize they're really at the beach.

Gert keeps walking, entranced by the smells and sounds. Something catches her eye, holds her attention.

She heads up a hill, past beach grass and pine trees -- and stares at another old house, modest compared to West Pine, more inviting -- about three hundred feet away.

Gert looks unabashedly enchanted.

BeBe hurries to catch up and bring Gert back to the group.

BEBE

That's just East Pine. Tough
little bird, East Pine is...

Along with the grass and pine trees, a few shoulder high,
fiercely weathered rocks jut from the sand near East Pine.

Between breaking waves, swirls of sea foam hush across the
shells and sand.

Gert gazes at East Pine and reaches for it, with both arms.

GERT

I want that. East Pine.

A wave crashes unexpectedly high up on the sand; Max and Leah
shriek and run back toward West Pine.

GERT (CONT'D)

I want to buy it and live there.

BeBe glances back to Brian who squints, looks confused.

BEBE

It's for sale, yes. Rules are...
buyers have only twenty four hours
to negotiate, start to finish.

BeBe shrugs, with a comforting smile.

BEBE (CONT'D)

So... sh! You think about it and
then we'll start the clock.

GERT

I'd like to buy. Now.

Gert walks quickly toward East Pine, Brian runs to catch up
with her, BeBe walks between Gert and Brian, speaks to Brian.

BEBE

I was saying, it's an unusual
situation...

Gert runs up the porch steps at East Pine, BeBe opens the
back door, Gert, Brian and BeBe enter.

INT. EAST PINE - CONTINUOUS

The back door opens to a small foyer.

Gert thrills at the sight.

Visible from the foyer are a sitting room , a big, old fashioned kitchen, and a parlor, all welcoming.

These rooms are separated only by archways so there's a feeling of openness.

Other open doors on the main floor show glimpses of a large dining room and a study.

In the sitting room there's an elegant wooden stairway that curves invitingly toward the second floor.

Gert looks at Brian and smiles, radiantly happy.

Brian shrugs and smiles back.

BeBe looks back toward West Pine and sighs.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

On the bottom step of West Pine's back steps, Max and Leah stand, looking in the direction of East Pine. They frown.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING COMPLEX - A LITTLE LATER

Sign reads "Hamilton Olive Enterprises"

BeBe leads Gert and Brian up the sidewalk into this building.

INT. HAM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hamilton Olive, a dapper businessman, sits behind a desk in his office, expectantly.

He stands as BeBe, Gert and Brian enter.

BeBe walks over to Ham who extends his arms to hold her.

BeBe disengages his attempt by shaking both of his hands.

BEBE

Hamilton Olive, may I present Gert
and Brian Longacre, they want to
buy East Pine!

HAM
Call me Ham!

Ham directs them toward two chairs in front of his desk, Brian indicates that BeBe should sit, he will stand.

Brian moves slightly away from the desk.

Ham closes one eye, studies Gert, turns slightly and then peers at her with both eyes half closed.

BeBe waves a hand to break his gaze when he seems to be enjoying the view too much.

Abruptly, Ham addresses Gert.

HAM (CONT'D)
You officially want to begin the
twenty four hours? Clock starts
now, unless you say no!

GERT
I want to buy the house.

Ham studies Gert, again, then abruptly stands.

HAM
I'll be a moment.

Ham exits through a door behind his desk chair.

BRIAN
Maybe he went to get the clock.
That starts...

BeBe smiles, diplomatically.

BEBE
East Pine was willed to two
sisters; Deruda and Galhula
McGeehee.

Gert listens closely.

BEBE (CONT'D)
Galhula lives in Europe, now, and
I'll try to get her on the screen,
here...

BeBe takes a tablet computer from her purse and types for a moment as she continues to speak.

BEBE (CONT'D)

I'll represent Galhula, if she
can't be reached but I expect she
can... and Ham will represent
Deruda, in any event, because she
is deceased.

Ham returns, dressed now in a woman's business suit, wig,
make-up and appropriate accessories.

BeBe waves to Ham and addresses the tablet screen.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Galhula! It's BeBe! A young lady,
here, wants to purchase East Pine!
Would you like to meet her?

On the computer screen a chic looking elderly woman smiles
back at them.

GALHULA

Lovely, dear, what shall I call
you?

Gert smiles eagerly toward the image.

GERT

I'm Gert, Gert Longacre.

Gert pronounces her own name softly, richly.

On the screen, Galhula folds her hands up to her chest
then opens them, pointed toward Gert.

GALHULA

And I am Galhula. It's a very
great pleasure to meet you, Gert.

Galhula pronounces both names softly, richly.

Gert speaks directly to the screen.

GERT

Galhula, I love your house!

GALHULA

It's not too big for you?

Gert points to Brian.

GERT

My husband is here...

Brian leans over Gert's shoulder and waves, momentarily.

GERT (CONT'D)

We'd use the rooms downstairs for our work, we run creative retreats. Seminars, I mean...

Galhula nods, encouragingly.

GALHULA

I'd like to know that you won't knock it down, East Pine, I mean.

Gert sits up straight.

GERT

Never, never ever. I'd never let anything happen to East Pine.

Galhula smiles.

Gert looks at BeBe and then speaks to the screen again.

GERT (CONT'D)

I'm prepared to make a down payment of one hundred thousand dollars, today, if you like...

Gert opens her purse and takes out what looks like a passport case, with a zipper all around it. Gert opens the case and holds it up to the computer screen.

GALHULA

What are they, stamps?

GERT

With a certificate from the insurers, this is only about half but the whole collection is worth over a hundred thousand, but of course, you can verify all that...

Ham reaches over the desk with a stern look on his face.

Gert passes the case to BeBe, who looks over the contents and holds it up for Ham to see.

Ham sits back in his chair.

HAM

Stamps? Stamps?

GALHULA

I don't like the idea of my taking your life's work from you, dear.

GERT

My dear Aunt Marion left them to me... she liked them because they were portable. That's why she got them, for me, when she died.

GALHULA

You were her favorite?

Gert nods and smiles.

GERT

Her only. But she was my favorite. And she used to love to visit the ocean, when she was younger --

Ham throws one hand in the air.

HAM

When she was alive, you mean!

GALHULA

Then it's all settled, Gert will buy East Pine for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

Ham grabs the tablet and spins it around.

HAM

You mean, as a down payment!

GALHULA

I mean in full, case closed.

BeBe zips the stamps collection closed, smartly, retrieves her tablet from Ham.

GALHULA (CONT'D)

Gert and Brian, I hope you're very happy at East Pine, and don't forget, now, you promised not to knock it all down, yes?

GERT

Yes! Never.

Brian crosses his heart and smiles.

Ham stands, hand on hip.

HAM

Galhula! That house is worth three million, at least!

Ham gestures toward BeBe in angry desperation.

Gert stutters, apologetically.

GALHULA

I said, sold!

BEBE

I never argue with a sale.

Ham sits down, smooths his skirt, takes a smug pose.

HAM

Knocks you and your commission over
a barrel into little pieces, BeBe!

Gert, Brian and Galhula each look as if trying to picture
this sequence of events.

BeBe smiles as if, somehow, this wouldn't be the first time
it happened.

EXT. EAST PINE STREET SIDE - LATER

Gert walks around East Pine to the back door --

EXT. EAST PINE BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Gert walks faster and her step lightens; when she gets to the
porch steps she's on the balls of her feet as if she can
hardly stay on the ground.

Brian and BeBe follow her, trying to keep up.

BRIAN

I feel like we owe you your full
commission on what the house is
worth.

BEBE

You'll get over it.

BRIAN

So what's wrong with this house,
toxic dump? Hauntings?

BEBE

Deruda was killed, right on this
beach, but I doubt she haunts it,
anyway I think Ham's got dibs on
all things Deruda.

Brian nods, searches for the right thing to say.

BEBE (CONT'D)
When Ham represents a client --

BRIAN
He really represents a client.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A group of LOCAL MEN with chain saws and axes face a clump of pine trees near East Pine.

Gert runs toward the trees and the men, her feet sink into the sand each step she takes.

She struggles to run, her shoes fall off, she keeps going.

The men watch her, curiously. One of the men, JIM WILL, takes a few steps toward Gert.

GERT
Please don't touch the trees. I'm
the new owner. Hello.

JIM
They're just clones.

Jim indicates the trees behind him. The other men watch Gert, somewhat blankly.

JIM (CONT'D)
Most of their kind got the blight,
anyway, it's got to be done.

The men along side of Jim shift their tools, impatiently.

JIM (CONT'D)
Unless you want much more damage.
Those are your choices.

GERT
Have these been tested?

Gert, barefoot, stands between the trees and the men.

JIM
Hey, you want tests, you'll get
tests, but that's your expense.

GERT
Of course! Yes, I want the tests.

JIM
 (laughs)
 Well alright, young lady. But you
 might want to think about your
 neighbors...

A few other TOWNSPEOPLE approach, all eyes are on Gert.

JIM (CONT'D)
 My name's Jim Will. I'm on the
 Town Council.

Jim extends a hand, Gert shakes it. The men behind Jim begin
 to disperse, reluctantly.

JIM (CONT'D)
 You need an okay by Town Council,
 but I can call an emergency meeting
 right now, if you want.

GERT
 Oh, thank you.

JIM
 Sure, we're only trying to help,
 here, you know. You're Gert,
 right? Ham's client?

Jim nods toward BeBe.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Hi there, Sugar Plum. And that's
 the husband? What's his name,
 Brian?

Jim and Brian shake hands, smiling.

INT. EAST PINE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

As the back door opens, sunlight bounces on the wooden walls.

Gert, BeBe, Brian and Jim enter East Pine. Gert walks on her
 tip toes holding her breath.

BRIAN
 Shoes!

GERT
 Oh oh!

BRIAN

We're going to need a few things,
you want me to pick up a few pairs
of shoes for you?

BEBE

Isn't he an angel!

GERT

Thank you, my darling.

Gert throws her arms around Brian's shoulders.

BRIAN

I shall return with wonderful
things!

BEBE

You need help at the shoe store,
Brian?

BRIAN

Help? Maybe just making up my
mind. I love ladies' shoes!

GERT

Brian's a shoe man.

BEBE

That's your business? I thought --

BRIAN

I wish!

Brian and BeBe exit, wave to Gert.

Gert and Jim slowly tour the first floor of East Pine.

INT. EAST PINE SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JIM

Haven't been here since my wife and
I sold the place back to BeBe. Let
it go for one million two! That
just kills me.

GERT

I love it. I just love it.

JIM

We have a place in town, now, but
we still keep that little dump,
there, on the beach.

Jim points to one of several bungalows, visible through the kitchen window.

GERT

You used to own East Pine?

JIM

And then the old McGeehee Land Deed
got stirred up by the lawyers.
Then BeBe lost it back to Galhula.

GERT

BeBe owned East Pine?

Gert touches the back of a rocking-chair.

JIM

When old Robert Chambret shot
Deruda, supposedly Deruda drew
first...

Gert listens, continues to happily explore the rooms.

She touches cabinets with her finger tips, admires dishes and glassware. Everything in the place is old but clean.

JIM (CONT'D)

Of course nobody ever saw Deruda
with a gun, and if she did have a
gun, why'd she try to kill her
sister with poison?

GERT

Deruda tried to kill Galhula? No!

JIM

And so the town ended up having to
pay off the McGeehees...

Jim's cell phone rings (the cannon fire and bells section of
The 1910 Overture.) Jim answers --

JIM (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

He pockets his phone and says to Gert.

JIM (CONT'D)

Ready? Let's go. Get your bag.

Jim exits with Gert.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Jim holds shoeless Gert's arm as they trudge across the sand and past the beach grass.

GERT
So BeBe had to sell East Pine back?

JIM
The town took it back.

Gert gasps, stops still. Jim pulls her onward.

JIM (CONT'D)
With the law suit and all, the old wills and what-not got dragged out.

GERT
Because somebody shot Deruda?

JIM
(bitterly)
Robert Chambret.

Jim indicates across the street to ROBERT CHAMBRET, a tall man walking with difficulty, leaning on a cane.

JIM (CONT'D)
Used to be on the police force.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jim guides Gert across the street to a small brick building with "McGeehee Beach Community Center" over the doorway.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

In an unfurnished room with concrete floor, folding chairs lean against one wall, hooks on another wall hold fireman's coats and foul weather gear.

A few MEN AND WOMEN set up chairs and a minimal podium.

Jim leads Gert to a chair and then he takes his place behind the podium.

JIM
Thanks, everybody for dropping what you were doing to attend this emergency session.

Everybody looks at Gert curiously, a few smile politely.

JIM (CONT'D)

Our newest neighbor, Ms. Gert Longacre, has some concerns about the pine trees on her property.

Murmurs of disapproval surround Gert.

Jim nods to the ten or twelve people in attendance, indicates that this problem is under control.

JIM (CONT'D)

Our last botanical survey shows certain strains of blight on the outer edge of dormancy.

The local people lean forward.

TOWNSPERSON

Dangerous!

Murmurs of agreement. Everyone looks at Gert.

GERT

When was that survey taken?

Everyone looks to Jim.

JIM

Eight years ago. Next one's due in two years. Unless you're willing to assume the cost yourself, costs seven hundred fifty dollars!

TOWNSPERSON

That was eight years ago.

JIM

True, might be another fifty or so. Is that what you want?

GERT

Nothing will be done until the survey is completed?

A murmur of agreement circulates.

GERT (CONT'D)

Well, yes, then.

Jim slaps the podium, people stand, refold the chairs.

JIM

Oh! Don't forget the first round
of the annual Sand Sculpture
Contest starts Tuesday!

Townspeople chat happily for a few moments and exit.

Jim exits with Robert Chambret and a few other people, all
talking, casually.

Gert looks around the empty room, exits.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

BeBe joins Jim's group, speaks to Robert.

Robert scowls in Gert's direction, turns with difficulty, and
walks back to one of the bungalows.

INT. EAST PINE - LATER

Gert walks from room to room, happy and completely at home.

Gert opens the front door for Brian as he struggles with
packages, holds a shopping bag up, triumphantly.

BRIAN

Shoes!

Gert throws her arms around his neck, both laugh, happily.

GERT

Are Max and Leah with you?

BRIAN

They're driving back to the city.
They both think we're crazy! So
we've got this place to ourselves!

They gleefully carry the shopping bags into the house.

INT. EAST PINE MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Gert wakes up in a big bed, half asleep, she stretches
luxuriously, smiles blissfully.

Brian, in runner's shorts and T-shirt, sits on the edge of
the bed, ties his running shoes.

Shopping bags are open on the floor and in a chair.

GERT
You did some good shopping,
yesterday...

BRIAN
You bought a house!

Gert giggles, sleepily gazes around the room, finally,
notices Brian's attire.

GERT
Oooo... you gonna run on the beach!

BRIAN
On the boardwalk. Next town over.
I'm not crazy enough to run on the
sand first thing in the morning!

Brian exits.

Gert sits up, stretches.

GERT
Oooo... run on the beach!

She gets out of bed, walks around the room, touches the
furniture as if it all had deep significance to her.

She looks out a window, happily.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Someone walks slowly, head down, across the sand. It's Jim,
with a metal detector.

EXT. CHAMBRET BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Framed by an open window, Robert, in profile, works at a
laptop keyboard.

Shoulders hunched, Robert concentrates on the bright screen.

INT. CHAMBRET BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Robert sits at a small desk, determinedly plays a tetris
style game. He looks out the window, repeatedly,
increasingly more irritated.

With difficulty, he stands, peers through the window, scowls
at Jim and the buzzing metal detector.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Jim laughs, looks up at Robert and waves.

Jim does a pantomime of careful taps on the sand as if hunting for explosives.

INT. CHAMBRET BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Robert turns away from the window, further irritated that he was caught looking.

(O.S.) Jim's laughter rises over the sound of the ocean.

Robert returns to his game, hunches over the screen as colored balls fall into columns.

(O.S.) EXPLOSIONS... Kaboom Boom Kaboom!

Robert leaps up, half falls, runs to the window.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Jim tosses a few firecrackers toward the ocean, they explode. He laughs and shakes the metal detector in the air.

INT. CHAMBRET BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Robert, pale and trembling, holds onto the chair, regains his senses, scowls, squints angrily, returns to his game.

INT. EAST PINE MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gert watches the scene on the beach with mild interest, returns to the happy task of exploring East Pine.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

Dusk, some townspeople walk to the building. Gert and Brian hold hands and slowly join the group.

A WOMAN calls over to Brian.

WOMAN
You're losing your sand.

Several people look at Brian, accusingly.

Jim approaches.

JIM

Erosion.

Attention turns to Jim, who makes a gesture to encompass the entire shoreline.

Gert and Brian move closer together.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

People snap open and set up the folding chairs, Brian and Gert try to help, get in the way.

Jim goes to the podium, everyone else sits.

JIM

First round of Sand Sculpture begins tomorrow. First group starts at 1400 hours, low tide. Ten minutes, boom, judge's decisions are final.

MAN FROM TOWN

(to Brian)

You talk to Ham about entering. Get to know everybody!

Brian smiles, encouraged by the neighborly overture.

Jim taps the podium.

JIM

As you've probably all heard by now, the emergency study shows no active fungus in the trees around East Pine.

Gert and Brian sigh with surprise and relief, and look around smiling.

Robert yells from a seat in the back of the room.

ROBERT

Which doesn't mean they're safe!

JIM

Of course not.

ROBERT

There's still a threat of blight, which makes them a danger to other species of trees.

Murmurs from the seated folk.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 (disgustedly)
 Clones! You ask a scientist --

JIM
 -- they say trees on the shoreline
 can destroy the root system of all
 the other vegetation.

TOWNSPERSON
 Ultimately leading to erosion.

BRIAN
 We don't want that.

Murmurs of relief spread among the townspeople, the atmosphere becomes friendlier.

JIM
 I guess that's about all, then!

Everyone casually begins refolding and stacking the chairs, chatting among themselves.

Brian and Gert stand, someone takes their chairs, smiling, they smile back, uncertainly.

Everyone exits.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A clap of thunder, the sky darkens. Rain pours, suddenly: everyone hunches over and hurries away into the darkness.

EXT. TOWN STREET - MORNING

Heavy rain falls. A sign "Sand Sculpture Contest Postponed call Hamilton Olive" is posted in a store window.

LATER

Rain continues, Gert struggles with an umbrella as she runs along the sidewalk, past offices and shops.

She stops at a small grocery store, tries to close the umbrella but the spokes stick out like crazy bird wings.

Gert enters the grocery store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Old fashioned store, narrow aisles, too much merchandise.

Gert stands at a pharmacy/greeting cards counter -- her umbrella sticks out of a shopping basket, over her arm.

She picks up a greeting card, reads it, unsmiling.

Jim, with a basket, squeezes down the narrow aisle.

JIM

You believe there's a whole line of cards called "Sorry I had to truck you over"?

Gert drops the card, looks around.

GERT

Hi, Jim, no. Yes, I believe it.

JIM

Sand Sculpture this afternoon!

BeBe joins them in the crowded aisle.

BEBE

Sand sculpture in the rain?

Jim smiles broadly at BeBe.

JIM

I hate to leave such pretty girls, but I gotta get going.

Jim pushes off to another part of the store.

Gert turns, bumps into the unexpectedly modern self-service check out line.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Please move your sorry I had to truck you over card away from the scanner.

Gert, flustered, drops a bag of flour to the floor.

BeBe picks up the flour, hands it to Gert.

BEBE

You didn't get that card for me!

Gert, off kilter, shakes her head.

GERT

I guess I kind of owe you for, I mean, you didn't, full commission --

BeBe's face shows cartoonish horror at hearing forbidden words, then she laughs and Gert laughs, too.

They finish shopping quickly.

BeBe efficiently scans her purchases and credit card through the automated check-out and then assists Gert through the process, too.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Rain continues. BeBe and Gert stand under a store's awning.

BEBE

Come on with me. You don't have anything frozen, right?

BeBe pulls Gert into a coffee shop, a few doors down from the grocery store.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Along with a counter, SALESPEOPLE and CUSTOMERS, there is a small stage with tables and chairs in front of it.

On stage, a MAN with a wireless microphone finishes a comic routine and waves to polite applause.

BeBe leads Gert to an empty chair and exits.

Gert looks around, orients herself, puts her groceries on an empty chair.

She buys coffee at the counter, returns to her seat.

MOMENTS LATER

Bebe, with a hand held microphone, goes out onto the stage with tiny faux-running steps.

There's hearty applause, cheers and whistles.

BEBE

Hi, I'm BeBe! I'll be your Real Estate Agent! Yes, I'm in Real Estate and you are all my clients and my potential clients.

BeBe is at ease on stage, she has fun with exaggerated facial expressions and girlish poses.

BEBE (CONT'D)
I live dangerously, see, I've got
you all intermixed!

BeBe uses a higher, squeakier voice, as her customers.

BEBE'S HIGH VOICE
Why do all the clients look so mad?

BeBe silently, exaggeratedly mouths "I don't know!"

BEBE
A Real Estate Agent plays a major
role in people's lives... it's like
being God! Or... the guy who
decides which rats go into which
parts of the mazes.

BeBe sees Gert in the audience and waves to her, happily.

BEBE (CONT'D)
Why do rats always think they want
a big yard for their kids to play
in... how 'bout just a nice
retractable roof?

BEBE'S HIGH VOICE
Oh, it's got to be ocean view --

BEBE
Well, see, there's no cheese at all
in the ocean view maze...

BEBE'S HIGH VOICE
Oh, we don't care... right sweetie?

BeBe keeps up a dazzling smile for the appreciative audience.

BEBE
The first time the rat gets in the
maze he doesn't know anything, he
just looks around, taps on the
little walls...

BEBE'S HIGH VOICE
What's that, solid plexiboard? Peg
board? We're really looking for
something with a little more
sawdust.

BEBE

Some Real Estate Agents lie to their clients. No, really, they do. Telling lies is the last thing I'd do. Well, it's one of the last things. It's low on the list.

BeBe bends and turns, slightly, takes a quick sip of coffee from a table, prances back to center stage. The little audience loves her.

BEBE (CONT'D)

I showed a woman a house and I knew the indoor sprinkler system was possessed by demons. She said "Why is there mold on everything?" I said, "That's live velvet... that's how it grows!"

BeBe Poses, Jack Benny-like, hands open, near the face.

BEBE (CONT'D)

She said, "Why's everything look wet?" I said, "It's all polished. Really shiny... brocade... and shag rugs".

BeBe shakes her head, a little sadly.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Whatever room her husband went into, a jet of water shot right in his face. I said, "Look, it likes you!"

EXT. TOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rain pours down. Through the coffee shop window, the customers applaud and laugh appreciatively for BeBe. Gert sits happily among them, looks like she belongs.

LATER

Rain has stopped but the sky is gray.

Gert and BeBe carry their grocery bags, walk toward their homes, chatting comfortably.

Gert stops in front of East Pine, BeBe keeps walking.

GERT

You want to stop it?

BEBE
Million things to do, bye now!

BeBe hurries away, toward West Pine.

Gert sets down her grocery bags to get keys from her purse.
She looks back toward the Community Center.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Jim, Robert and many of the other townspeople exit the Center
as if a meeting had just ended.

INT. EAST PINE UPSTAIRS - LATER

In the second floor hallway, Gert stands on a ladder and
wipes the stained glass above a bedroom door.

Brian sits on the floor, papers and index cards around him.

BRIAN
Why don't you wear the sandals with
the twisty straps that I gotcha?

GERT
I'm on a ladder.

BRIAN
I could get 'em. Want me get 'em?

Gert flicks a little water from a soapy sponge toward him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Okay, seminar scenarios divide into
Sudden Disaster and... Gradual
Disaster. The Graduals tend to go
off track.

Brian taps the ladder.

GERT
Well, it's hard to keep a class
zoned in on "the wheels fall off"
one at a time...

BRIAN
You're telling me...

GERT
Look how the waves shine in this
little beauty!

Brian's phone rings (The Eye Of The Tiger).

BRIAN

Brian Longacre here. Hold on there. I'm... I'm so sorry. Edra... wow.

Brian holds the phone away from his ear, a voice yells.

EDRA ON THE PHONE

What kind of person does that? Is your wife... insane?

Brian and Gert regard the phone, thoughtfully. Brian puts the phone near his face, again, speaks into it.

BRIAN

I'm so sorry. Edra. Could you hold on a minute?

Brian stands, covers the phone with his hands.

GERT

Edra? Our former landlady slash unpleasant neighbor?

Brian nods, frowns, looks embarrassed.

BRIAN

Okay. There was an accident. The storage bags. Exploded.

Brian holds the phone near Gert, they both look into the phone's tiny screen.

PHONE SCREEN VIDEO:

Edra attempts to push closed the door of the Longacre's apartment. Portions of plastic bags puff out into the hallway. Edra leaps out of the way, in horror.

INT. EAST PINE UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Gert steps down the ladder. Brian covers the cell phone with his hands.

BRIAN

You want me to go try to --

Gert gulps laughter and tears.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

See if I can take care of --

GERT
Please. Please...

BRIAN
Oh man, there's the Sand Sculpture
Contest this afternoon...

GERT
You deal with her and that... I'll
find out about the Sand Contest.

BRIAN
Yeah, it seems like it's pretty
important to people around here...

GERT
And I'll figure out how to make the
Gradual Disaster Seminars more fun.

Brian peeks under his hand at the phone screen.

BRIAN
'Cause, it looks pretty bad...

Brian takes the phone to his ear again. He nods
encouragingly to Gert, gives her a thumbs up.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Edra? I'm on my way... this
afternoon, great. You're a doll.

Brian smiles triumphantly at Gert.

Gert, relieved, returns to cleaning transom windows.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Small, numbered flags are set at four foot intervals on the
sand, about ten feet from the water's edge.

A large crowd of people with plastic pails and shovels gather
around Ham and Jim.

JIM
Contestants with numbers one
through ten... start, now!

People run to their tracts of sand, begin to dig and sculpt.

HAM
You got ten minutes! If I say "go"
you're out, if I say "in", you move
on to the next round, tomorrow!

TOWNSPERSON
 (to Gert)
 I'm in the next group! You?

GERT
 Group after that.

Gert joins the excited giggles and cheers around her.

TOWNSPERSON
 First round is anything you want,
 you know what you're gonna do?

Gert looks over as elaborate and detailed shapes are sculpted from the damp sand, with dry sand flying everywhere.

TOWNSPERSON (CONT'D)
 See? Each group moves up the beach
 as the tide comes in!

Robert, BeBe and Jim each work feverishly on tall sand structures. One at a time the unsteady sculptures collapse.

ROBERT
 Pyramid shape! Got to have a wide
 support, goddamn it!

LATER

Gert kneels in the sand, works quickly, excitedly, forms a wide gargoye face, in the sand.

She looks at her work, amazed and delighted.

Ham walks by, taps Gert on the shoulder.

HAM
 In!

EXT. EAST PINE STREET SIDE - DAY

Rain falls, steadily.

Max and Leah stand in the rain on the front porch.

Brian opens the door, greets them warmly.

INT. EAST PINE - MOMENTS LATER

Max and Leah look tired, strained. Brian welcomes them in, takes their wet coats.

From the staircase, Gert waves to Max and Leah and continues up the stairs with two WOMEN.

WOMAN ONE

Gert, you're moving to the next round! But your next sculpture should be taller!

WOMAN TWO

Oh yes, taller, with a wide base, we want you to win!

WOMAN ONE

East Pine is really a beautiful place! You must love it!

WOMAN TWO

Exquisite woodwork, such detail!

GERT

(excitedly)
Wait 'till you see the transoms over the doors upstairs!

In the foyer Max and Brian exchange bemused looks.

Leah shivers, looks unwell.

LEAH

Okay if I go get myself some water?

BRIAN

Sure, you want me to --

Leah dashes into the kitchen.

Brian looks confused and concerned, Max shrugs.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

Max looks away, sighs, shifts his weight, uneasily.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What.

Max runs his hands over his face, through his fingers he says, in a flat voice.

MAX

She wants a baby.

Brian brightens, momentarily.

MAX (CONT'D)
It's not going so well.

Brian thinks this through.

Gert returns down the stairs with the two women, guides them toward the drawing room.

When the door opens it is evident a seminar is in session.

SEMINAR FEATURED SPEAKER (O.S.)
What is it about... a purple cow...

Gert closes the door on the seminar. She greets Max and Leah. The two couples stand in a loose huddle at the foot of the stairs.

Leah, with tears in her eyes, looks from Gert to Brian and back again.

LEAH
We would never ask except... I'm
... starting early menopause! I'm
running out of time!

BRIAN
Oh!

GERT
What?

Max pulls them all a little closer, and a little further from the drawing room door.

MAX
We don't want to ask, but we really
need your help.

A moment of confused silence.

Leah stifles a few hiccups, then sighs, soulfully.

LEAH
(tearfully)
Only... because Brian and Max are
brothers.

Gert and Brian nod, not understanding.

Leah hugs herself.

LEAH (CONT'D)
(pitifully)
Baby! I want a baby!

Brian and Gert flinch, look at Leah's tummy.

The four of them move, as a unit, into the kitchen, pull chairs together, sit in a tight circle.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MAX

We've been doing all the fertility clinic stuff, it's so so expensive you can't even believe it.

BRIAN

Clinic? You're going to a clinic?

Gert regards Leah uncertainly.

LEAH

(sobbing)

It's just that you are Max's own brother. Our own.

Gert tries not to look impatient.

Brian tenses up, expecting to hear the worst.

MAX

If you could, if you could... co-sign a loan with us...

Brian, greatly relieved, smiles, hugs everybody.

BRIAN

Just co-sign a loan!

GERT

Just?

INT. BANK - DAY

Max and Leah sit with Ham Olive at his desk at the bank. The nameplate on the desk reads "Roving Vice President."

A low gate surrounds each executive's desk. Ham opens the gate to let Max and Leah out and Brian and Gert in.

BRIAN

You're leaving? Don't you have to be here for this?

Max shrugs, wearily.

LEAH

Um. If you want us to stay of course we will... we can...

HAM

No! They're done! Who needs them!

In the now jovial atmosphere, Max and Leah exit.

Brian and Gert sit in chairs that are a little too small, in front of Ham's desk.

HAM (CONT'D)

Okay, pretty straight forward, Brian, you are, basically, saving your brother's marriage, making it possible for them to have a baby.

Ham regards Brian with great admiration.

BRIAN

I'd do anything for my brother!

HAM

Fortunately, I'm kind of an expert on this artificial in vitro stuff --

BRIAN

How's that?

HAM

Oh, you'd be surprised... anyway, in my experience, it's best to avoid putting all of your eggs --

Ham looks around, leans in confidentially.

HAM (CONT'D)

The all E in one B mistake. Many eggs. Single depository.

BRIAN

So... diversify?

HAM

Try and follow along --

BRIAN

Shouldn't Max and Leah be here?

HAM

They're got enough on their plates!
Ease off there, big brother!

BRIAN

I'm concerned... I can't help --

HAM

I can help! Last thing those kids
need's more pressure, that's why we
give them six months at least.

BRIAN

Well... sure...

HAM

I know it's a lot of money, but
here's the thing, the odds are much
better if the pressure is off.

BRIAN

Seriously? Statistically?

HAM

The security of your investment
absolutely increases as the dollar
amount increases.

BRIAN

We were thinking ten thousand?

HAM

Times four, listen, you co-sign,
the risk is negligible, your
property is worth... twenty times
that, or whatever, so --

GERT

Co-sign for... forty?

HAM

Ff ff ff forty! Thought you were
asleep there, Miss Gertrude!

BRIAN

I was actually thinking it could
increase our credit rating --

HAM

Like nobody's business. Like you
wouldn't believe.

BRIAN
Co-signing means we'll have
benefits without risk.

Silence in the bank, suddenly.

HAM
Well, not no risk, of course. But
virtually ...

Ham and Brian nod to each other and look happily to Gert.

GERT
No risk? Just tell me. Could the
bank call in the loan?

BRIAN
Banks want to lend money!

Brian and Ham laugh.

GERT
Just tell me if there's any risk
for East Pine!

Ham waves off Gert's concerns.

HAM
Listen I would invest in a deal
like this. No brainer.

Gert grits her teeth, anxiously.

HAM (CONT'D)
You two. Married! Stable! A
solid part of this community. The
bank loves you!

Ham sits back in his chair and puts his thumb in his mouth to
make a pop sound. Then gives two thumbs up.

In another part of the room Jim Will shakes hands with a bank
employee and exits, quietly.

At a corner desk, Robert Chambret, deep in conversation with
a BANK EMPLOYEE, keeps an eye on Gert and Brian.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Brian and Gert enter, people are already seated, Robert
stands at the podium.

ROBERT

Two hundred thousand per fifty foot lot! Groundling Development will pay if we're unanimous. With!

Robert glares at each person in the room, with special intensity toward Brian and Gert.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

A separate option to invest for each of us.

Robert grips the podium as if to rip it in half.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The real estate market is falling! Fast! I say take the Groundling offer before we lose that, too!

Murmurs of approval from the seated townspeople.

TOWNSPERSON

And Groundling Development's environmentally friendly.

JIM

Twenty first century green.

ROBERT

Their money's good as anybody's, let's vote, now, be done with it!

GERT

Vote on what, we didn't hear.

ROBERT

Vote to sell before all our properties fall into the ocean!

GERT

(disbelieving)
Sell? You're all going to sell?

ANOTHER TOWNSPERSON

We are, you've got to, too!

GERT

We're not selling East Pine!

Glares from all sides, directed at Gert and Brian.

ROBERT

You'd rather see it washed into the sea instead of knocked down? You can't be that stupid!

JIM

The instability of the geological --

ANOTHER TOWNSPERSON

On top of everything else, Groundling Development *is* saving the Rain Forest.

NEXT TOWNSPERSON

Extracting venom from sea urchins for diseases!

JIM

And every structure in the new development will be made from sustainable resources.

BRIAN

So, they're rebuilding? How's that help the erosion?

JIM

And all of the materials from the now standing structures will be recycled into historic buildings!

BRIAN

(agitated)
How's that help the erosion?

TOWNSPERSON

You're the one with the beach collapsing right under your feet! That East Pine is practically underwater!

Gert stands, fighting mad. Brian restrains her.

ROBERT

Refurbish historical buildings!
Woodrow Wilson's beach house!

ANOTHER TOWNSPERSON

Orphan diseases!

Jim stands, with forced calm he beckons Gert and Brian to retake their seats.

JIM

The important thing to remember...

Gert and Brian sit, everyone's eyes are on Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)

There are indications! That certain buildings within ten miles of the coast are in... immediate danger of collapse! McGeehee Hospital! McGeehee Food Pantry! McGeehee -

ROBERT

Center for Animal Rescue!
Preserve!

Robert triumphantly strikes the podium.

Everyone looks at Gert, still strident, and at Brian, less certain he is in the right.

JIM

(gently)

Those indications are all but certain, *these places won't survive another hurricane.*

ROBERT

(heartily)

We're in for a big one. Or a Nor'Easter. Big one o' those, too.

TOWNSPERSON

Okay then, where do we sign?

The townspeople rise, form a line and approach the podium.

Brian whispers to Gert, who shakes her head. Brian whispers again, Gert closes her eyes, in pain. Brian whispers again, nods, squeezes her hand.

Brian nods toward the podium.

A gush of relief, scattered applause and laughter circulate among the townspeople.

The line of people moves along quickly, the townspeople sign the document on the podium.

Robert congratulates everyone.

Brian, holding Gert's hand, approaches the podium. Gert does not move, her face goes blank.

From the podium, Robert groans, menacingly.

Jim grabs Gert's arm but is unable to move her.

(O.S.) Thunderclap. Jagged white lightning accompanies rolls of loud thunder.

Robert crouches behind the podium, in terror.

Alarmed townspeople scatter, run outside.

BRIAN

Are they crazy? Everybody runs out
into the storm?

JIM

They want to get home! Come on Mr.
Robert Chambret --

Jim holds open the door as rain blasts inside.

JIM (CONT'D)

We can tip-toe through the mine
fields!

Robert, pale, trembling, follows Jim outside. He looks back at Gert with loathing and stabs a finger in her direction.

The room goes white with lightning.

Brian puts his arm around Gert, they exit into the storm.

INT. EAST PINE STAIRS - DAY

Brian and Max carry boxes and suitcases up the stairs to a second floor bedroom.

Leah and Gert follow with armloads of clothes on hangers.

LEAH

You guys, you're just so great...
we really appreciate this.

BRIAN

It makes the most sense...

Brian glances down the steps, waits for Gert's response, there is none.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I mean, why spend money on rent
somewhere when we've got rooms
here, right?

GERT
(quietly)
Of course we're still paying rent
on that apartment in the city...

BRIAN
God no, *way too tiny for them.*

Gert processes this information as Leah adds more clothes on hangers to the ones in Gert's arms.

Leah runs up the stairs, suddenly, carrying nothing.

LEAH
Let me see the room we're getting!

From upstairs she calls out.

LEAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What about this carpet?

Gert raises an eyebrow.

GERT
What about it.

LEAH (O.S.)
Nothing... it's okay. I guess.

Gert continues up the stairs, unsmiling.

INT. MAX AND LEAH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Max and Brian sit on the floor, winded, Leah stands in front of the open closet.

Gert enters with garments in her arms.

GERT
You've got a lot of --

All eyes are on Gert, Leah braces for a fight.

GERT (CONT'D)
Of room in here. I'm sure you'll
be happy.

She puts down the items she's carrying, exits.

MAX

We really appreciate it, guys.

Leah hiccups a few times.

LEAH

I know all I need is to relax,
that's what the doctors say.

Brian and Max stand, look at the piles of clothes, etc., on the bed and the floor.

MAX

Could Leah take a nap in one of the
other rooms, maybe?

BRIAN

Oh, sure, right across the hall is
the North Side room.

Leah smiles, adoringly, at Max and at Brian, then exits.

INT. NORTH SIDE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Leah enters, closes the door behind her, turns on the television, sits on the bed.

She makes a call on her cell phone.

LEAH

We're all set for tonight, yes, on
the beach... did you read the
testimonials on my web site? Oh,
you're too kind...

EXT. BEACH - TWILIGHT

A scattering of people are on the beach, Jim and Gert rake the sand and shovel stray bits of garbage into trash bags.

JIM

You've been lucky so far, but from
now on the contest gets tougher.

GERT

Well...

JIM

Oh, well, if you're not serious
about it... but from now on they
tell you what to sculpt. Not many
of you left...

Max and Leah sit on the sand, further down the beach.

Max struggles and finally lights a small bonfire. He holds a video camera on Leah who wears a sarong, headdress and chunky jewelry. Battery powered candles surround her.

Leah gazes into the camera and speaks in low tones.

LEAH

Dear Emily and Adilaide -

MAX

Emile. Emile and Adilaide.

LEAH

Dear friends. By the energies of the four winds I send your negative forces far, far into the infinite.

Leah pours different colored sands through paper funnels onto the beach forming shapes.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Into the sand. Deep, deep, into the earth -

Gert grabs a shovel, runs over to the fire, dumps wet sand on it, extinguishes it, quickly.

GERT

You can't have fire on the beach!

Gert gathers the charred remnants into the shovel and carries them into the ocean.

MAX

Come on! We're in the middle of something, here --

LEAH

I need tranquility!

MAX

Okay, we're off the air.

LEAH

I can't just go "off the air"! I'm in the middle of something!

MAX

Look, Gert, we're trying to help some people!

Gert turns over more shovelfuls of sand.

LEAH

I'm doing traditional blessings
with sand paintings. Ancient.
It's Norse! And Native American!
I've done the research!

MAX

There are these people who
requested a blessing, so she's
doing it. To help them!

GERT

No fire.

Gert walks back to where she was before, resumes raking.

Leah brushes away the design she made in the sand. Max gives her a signal to re-start.

LEAH

Dear friends. Even in this special
place, we face oppression... but
we'll go on...

Leah smiles comfortingly, into the camera and pours more sand through funnels, into designs.

INT. DINING ROOM AT EAST PINE - DAY

Rows of bakery donuts fill trays on the table. Brian, Max and Leah sit around the table, eating or playing with the fancy donuts.

BRIAN

We're losing our bookings, this was
a total bust.

Gert enters with a coffee urn.

GERT

This is decaf but --

LEAH

No, I'm not pregnant yet!

Max pulls his hands down his face, despairingly.

Gert puts the urn on the table, pours a cup of coffee.

Max and Leah exit, heads down, stifling sobs.

BRIAN
You ask her if she's pregnant?

GERT
No. Am I supposed to?

BRIAN
Something is, it's like we're
making them uncomfortable here.

GERT
Yeah. The nerve of us...

Gert goes back into the kitchen.

BRIAN
Can't you just freeze the donuts?
It's not like we're never going to
have a seminar again.

GERT (O.S.)
Lead on, MacDuff.

Brian pulls his hands down his face.

GERT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You know what?

Gert enters the dining room, in her arms is big, old
fashioned waffle iron.

BRIAN
What's that, an ancient copy
machine?

Gert sets the waffle iron carefully on the dining room table.

GERT
From *the Norse!*

Gert and Brian giggle, quietly.

Leah reappears, at the room's other doorway.

LEAH
I was going to offer to help you
clean up...

Gert and Brian fumble, embarrassed.

BRIAN
That's okay, we're just... just...
you go rest, sweetie.

Leah stares accusingly, then exits.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Gert and BeBe rake the sand.

BEBE
Three hours until your next round
of competition. Excited?

GERT
'Spect to die any minute.

BEBE
Sheeesh... five thousand dollars be
nice, anyway...

GERT
(blurts out)
You know what? That's just a down
payment on the interest on the loan
that now the bank wants back. I
hate banks.

BEBE
Well, yeah.

She sighs, glances back at West and East Pine.

BEBE (CONT'D)
So, you lose a house. I've lost
lots of houses --

GERT
That's not going to happen.

BEBE
Well, okay then.

BeBe rakes a circle around a sand heap.

BEBE (CONT'D)
Everybody blames Real Estate for
the economy crash. I'm old
fashioned, I always just blame the
Communists.

GERT
Leah and Max blame me for
everything, lately.

BEBE

What was your name before you got married?

GERT

Longacre. Brian's family name is pronounced Bludggruh but it's spelled Blaahh.

BEBE

So he *had to get married...*

GERT

So he took my name. They all did.

BEBE

Well... it's a great name. For a real estate agent!

Gert laughs, flicks a wad of sand toward the ocean. They rake parallel lines.

GERT

You see that... that video?

BEBE

That Edra?

Gert's shoulders droop, defeated.

GERT

Our apartment exploded.

She laughs, tries not to.

GERT (CONT'D)

That's not funny.

More giggles.

BEBE

Just the compression storage bags, right? Although those pictures and that blog of hers makes it sound like you did it on purpose.

They both scoff and laugh.

GERT

You know what? She's the one who told us to get those storage --

Gert drags her rake across the sand.

GERT (CONT'D)

It was her stupid space saver idea -

The anger on her face changes to bewilderment and sadness.

BEBE

Oh. People rewrite history all the time. Why'd you keep that place anyway, you're never there.

GERT

Brian wanted...

BEBE

His get-away place?

GERT

I guess.

BEBE

Oh poo. Have a party. If you win just have a big old party.

Gert looks puzzled.

BEBE (CONT'D)

The sand sculpture contest!
Otherwise them terrorists win!

GERT

Oh, can't you see them with lots of plastic storage bags...

They quiet their laughs which turn to chortles and giggles again --

GERT (CONT'D)

I hate it that Edra got the last laugh. I hate it that I hate it.

BeBe kicks damp sand from the rake then gives it a few twirls like a drum majorette.

BEBE

Well, hate it for me, too. I'm off to West Pine to deal with an invasion of chipmunks.

Big laughs again, from both of them.

Gert abruptly stops laughing, stops BeBe's rake mid twirl.

GERT

Don't put out that sticky tape!

BeBe lowers the wattage on her smile.

GERT (CONT'D)
You'll get... they rip their feet
off to escape --

BeBe looks at West Pine with surprise and then shame.

BEBE
I put out a whole bunch of that
tape.

Gert grabs her by the arm, they hurry to West Pine.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Gert and BeBe carry shoe boxes out onto the jetty.

BEBE
At least they're intact... I'm
sorry they're all dead...

At the end of the jetty, Gert and BeBe sit on the rocks and
dump unmoving, small creatures into the water.

The women watch the water, then return to the shore.

BeBe takes an empty shoe box from Gert. Suddenly, BeBe
chokes on a sob and tears stream down her face.

BEBE (CONT'D)
I'll put out a little house for...
for their surviving relatives...

The noise of the ocean becomes very loud.

The beach sand looks especially fragile.

LATER

At ten flagged intervals, contestants work on their
sculptures. An excited crowd watches at a polite distance.

Gert completes a three foot tall sand pine tree using a fancy
drip technique to extend the length of the branches.

HAM
Not very original.

Gert sits up straight, proudly.

HAM (CONT'D)
But you're in.

Ham's critical gaze lightens. He enjoys looking at Gert, as do lots of people in the crowd.

Gert glances up, over the roofs of the houses: she's the only one facing west.

GERT
Beautiful sunset...

HAM
We're here to work, people!

EVENING

The beach is nearly empty, Gert, Leah and Max sit on the sand in the twilight.

Gert looks out over the ocean.

Leah and Max watch Jim and Brian, nearby, scan the sand with metal detectors.

Jim and Brian make their way toward the others.

BRIAN
Guess why we're losing so much seminar business. Tell them, Jim. Listen to this, Gert.

JIM
I was telling Brian, here -

Jim shuts off his and Brian's metal detectors.

JIM (CONT'D)
You could be up against those "Imp Lore" Seminars at the school auditorium, on the weekends.

GERT
No. People don't go to that. Get rich quick?

JIM
Self help, more like.

GERT
Why should that compete with us?

MAX
We're self help, bottom line. That's what we do.

GERT
No! That's not what we do! I mean
we don't help anybody to --

JIM
(laughing)
Well, there's your problem!

GERT
We encourage thinking!

She looks around for support.

GERT (CONT'D)
We... challenge people to... think
in new ways!

BRIAN
That's true. And if it helps,
that's a bonus.

JIM
What a racket.

Max and Leah laugh. Brian and Gert look confused.

LEAH
Somebody's got to find out what
they're selling.

JIM
Go yourself! Go tonight!

Max and Leah nod at Jim.

BRIAN
Waste of time.

GERT
They should come to us.

INT. DINING ROOM AT EAST PINE - NIGHT

Brian, Gert, Max and Leah sit at the table, eating waffles.

Max and Leah wear Imp Lore buttons; they smile, proudly.

MAX
The whole operation is incredible.

LEAH
Unbelievable! Way, way beyond
anything we've got going.

BRIAN

No way.

MAX

Nothing like that "what do you do
if the levees break" or whatever -

Leah grabs for another waffle from a stack on the table.

LEAH

The whole thing is, you get
established in the community.

Leah and Max eat hungrily.

LEAH (CONT'D)

It's seed money! And it works.
You pay to get in but you get it
all back. Guaranteed!

MAX

It's unbelievable!

Brian shakes his head and carefully places a spoonful of
jelly on a waffle.

BRIAN

No way they're better than what we
do. No way.

INT. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sign on the wall: IMP LORE

Jim and Robert sit at desks on either side of the entrance;
they check names off of lists and greet PEOPLE signing in.

Both Jim and Robert are jovial and gracious, almost
competitively so.

Through the open door in the -

AUDITORIUM

EILEEN GEDDITS, a woman in a wheelchair, moves to the center
of the stage. People in the room quickly sit in rows of
chairs, near the stage.

All eyes are on Eileen, she speaks authoritatively -

EILEEN

Hello there, I'm Eileen Geddits --

Applause from the assembled group, full attention on Eileen.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 Thank you all for joining us, here,
 at Imp Lore. If you're new to us,
 or if you just forgot who we are...

INT. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Jim waves to Brian and Gert.

JIM
 There's a good looking couple!

Brian and Gert, unable to sneak out unnoticed, move slowly up to the sign-in desk.

ROBERT
 (pleasantly)
 Come on over, sign in, kids!

Brian and Gert move a little bit toward Robert.

JIM
 Sure, that's how you find out who
 your friends are... what's he got
 that I don't have anyway...

Jim and Robert laugh but both earnestly extend pens toward Brian and Gert.

BRIAN
 One of us to each of you?

ROBERT
 Whatever works!

Jim stands, slightly, pulls Brian over. Robert glares at them then says to Gert -

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 While Mr. Smiles there takes your
 money, you're missing all the
 introductory speeches, inside!

Gert smiles but stays back.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 Oh no, she's a' frozen in her
 tracks again!

Robert throws his arms in the air, mockingly.

Jim moves away from his desk, puts an arm around Gert, walks her back to Brian who reads papers at Jim's desk.

JIM
I'll get you in, there's nothing to it, you know how this works, right?

BRIAN
What do we have to pay?

ROBERT
You know, if they split it, it might be better in the long run...

JIM
Sure, if that's what they want...

At the other end of the auditorium, Eileen continues to address the assembled group.

EILEEN (O.S.)
Because the idea here is, to get a lot more.

Brian and Gert square their shoulders and quickly read the papers on Jim's desk, together.

ROBERT
See, you're holding them up!

JIM
Take your own time, kids.

Gert tries to listen to the speaker on stage.

BRIAN
So, we pay seven hundred dollars to get these "round dollars" and we get real money back when we leave?

JIM
Guaranteed. So long as you complete the two hour session. Which will fly by. You'll probably want to stay longer.

ROBERT
Most people do.

JIM
It's fun, I think it's fun, if you don't like it -

He shrugs, smiles at the improbability of this.

ROBERT

Just get going if you're going to
do it, otherwise -

Brian takes out a credit card, Jim slides it through a scanner, hands it back to Brian along with a pile of "round dollars".

Brian signs a receipt, Brian and Gert enter the -

AUDITORIUM

A PARTICIPANT bumps into Brian who turns suddenly and knocks over a display table.

Gert and Brian struggle to fix the table and display.

On stage, Eileen continues to speak.

EILEEN

Although I can stand and walk just
fine, this wheelchair is a tool
that suits my purpose, because,
right now --

Several PARTICIPANTS approach Gert and Brian, indicate by signs that the collapsed table is a lost cause and they should take their seats.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

-- if I walk without it, I'd be in
a lot of pain, and so later on --

Gert glances up at Eileen, who pauses a moment and smiles at Brian and Gert, as they work their way through a row of seats to reach two empty one.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

It's not so much a miracle cure as
it is pain medicine kicking in.

Brian and Gert sit.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

You can only win, here. Your round
dollars can be turned in for real
dollars, dollar for dollar, if you
complete all the levels of this
seminar tonight. Simple as that.

Brian tries to read through the papers that Jim gave him, Gert glances back and forth from the papers to the stage.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 Sell an idea to somebody in The
 Panel's Circle -

Eileen makes a sweeping gesture toward a few PARTICIPANTS
 milling around on the side of the room.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 How? Get "listen time" from the
 Panel, offer a price or a trade
 or... whatever you want!

Brian and Gert, as well as everyone else in the room, now pay
 full attention to Eileen.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 Just get somebody in the Panel to
 give you their complete attention
 for a specified number of minutes!

Some participants take notes.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 Negotiate as much as you want, but
 each assignment is timed, you've
 got to think fast and V.A.S.!

AUDIENCE MEMBERS
 Volley! Adapt! Strike!

Some Imp Lore PERSONNEL set up chairs in a semicircle behind
 Eileen, on stage. Others, including Jim and Robert, sit in
 the semicircle.

EILEEN
 These folks are also participants
 in the Imp Lore system, they've all
 been where you are now. You can
 learn a lot from them and you will
 have that chance!

Murmurs of excitement circulate through the audience.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 The first round of interviews is
 all buy-and-sell. The first thing
 for sale is time.

PANEL MEMBER ONE in the semicircle stands, on cue.

PANEL MEMBER ONE
 You can buy two minutes from a
 Panel Member or a Vendor, and
 discuss --

Panel Member One indicates the left and right sides of the auditorium, where other semicircles of chairs are rapidly being set up.

PANEL MEMBER ONE (CONT'D)

-- whatever you want! Discuss what the Vendor has for sale, or ask questions. They don't have to answer and the answers don't have to be right, after all --

Everybody in the on-stage semicircle shrugs and laughs.

PANEL MEMBER ONE (CONT'D)

-- no information police here! But there are referees.

EILEEN

If you think something is going wrong, or is out of hand, somehow, you can raise your hand, anytime.

She waves a hand and flutters fingers.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

But a referee costs you time! And time is money! So try to settle disputes, if you can, or... not! It's all up to you!

Robert and Jim stand, as if to speak, but Eileen continues.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

(excitedly)

Expect to make quick decisions, to plan and to revise plans...

Everyone in the room is quiet, all eyes on Eileen.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

To be happy to be right, to be happy to be half right, to be happy to be almost sure you're almost wrong!

Eileen stands and walks away from the wheelchair, easily.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

It's going to be an incredible evening, that I can guarantee!

Eileen sits back in the wheelchair, moves down a ramp, off the stage. Jim steps down from the stage and speaks through a hand held, wireless microphone.

JIM
Here's your chance to show your
stuff!

Brian and Gert watch as participants talk to Panel Members
and Vendors.

Brian and Gert move toward VENDOR ONE who is having a
friendly conversation with a participant.

When there's an opening, Brian and Gert approach.

BRIAN
We're new kids, I guess...

VENDOR ONE
No problem!

BRIAN
What... what do we need to know?

VENDOR ONE
(jovially)
For two hundred round dollars I
tell you anything you want to know!

Brian and Gert try to look like they know what's going on.

VENDOR ONE (CONT'D)
(conspiratorially)
You just wait it out! Move from
person to person, pay for time,
learn what you can, how am I doing
so far?

Brian hands Vendor One a round dollar marked "one hundred".

VENDOR ONE (CONT'D)
It's usually two hundred a minute -

Brian hands over another round dollar.

VENDOR ONE (CONT'D)
Eventually you get the chance to
offer your own product. You sell,
somebody buys or everybody buys --

Brian and Gert listen.

VENDOR ONE (CONT'D)
Believe in yourself! Nobody can do
it for you!

BELL RINGS

The participants retake their seats, Brian and Gert follow.
Jim, friendly, confident, calm, addresses the group.

JIM
Who learned something they didn't
already know?

Friendly laughter from all over the room.

JIM (CONT'D)
I know everybody here is an
entrepreneur, you've all got great
ideas... let's hear one.

PARTICIPANT A
The child drive! Baby-sit by
endlessly driving children around -

ROBERT
Are we there yet? Are we there
yet?

PARTICIPANT A
First class SUVs! Videos!
Headsets!

Jim points to someone else and someone else.

PARTICIPANT B
Build your own land fill --

PARTICIPANT C
Cork lined boots --

JIM
Everybody! This is free
advertising!

Jim points to Brian and then to someone else.

BRIAN
Healing! Pain healing by...

ROBERT
Pain healing? Snake oil.

PARTICIPANT A
Sounds iffy.

PARTICIPANT D
You're getting into medical
territory.

PARTICIPANT C
Whole big ball of bees' wax.

JIM
You need insurance...

BRIAN
No! It's... what... guided
imagery!

EILEEN
What's the point? Pain comes back,
right? So what are you selling?

PARTICIPANT D
Captive market, though...

PARTICIPANT B
Kind of below board, belt, below
the belt. Captives...

PARTICIPANT C
Pain relief's one area that's
totally been done to death.

EILEEN
(laughing)
See, Brian? You learned something.

JIM
What's the value?

Jim points to some other eager participant.

Brian speaks quietly to Gert.

BRIAN
What's the value? Are they
kidding?

JIM
More ideas! Fast!

PARTICIPANT E
Overhead games! Make use of
ceiling space!

PARTICIPANT B
Works with my gravity repellent,
maybe.

LATER

Some of the Vendors have now set up more elaborate displays and booths.

BELL RINGS

Participants eagerly hurry to chosen Vendors' booths.

Gert and Brian cautiously stand outside of a booth labeled "How To Present Your Winning Ideas", they enter.

VENDOR TWO

Four hundred round dollars each.

BRIAN

Just one of us could try...

VENDOR TWO

It's worth it for both of you to stay. You need this.

BRIAN

That way, we don't miss anything...

GERT

Do we have eight hundred round dollars?

VENDOR TWO

I can sell them to you.

BRIAN

And we can cash them in, at the end...

Vendor Two nods, tries to be patient, others want to pay him to enter the booth.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

This is important, I think...

GERT

Right. Or we can just leave...

VENDOR TWO

Give up? Stay to the end, cash in!

BRIAN

Let's do this eight hundred thing.

Brian tries to peer into the booth, Gert tries to peer around the outside.

Brian hands Vendor Two a credit card, he and Gert enter the booth.

LATER

Gert and Brian exit the booth with Imp Lore flags. They look confused, leave the flags at another table.

LATER

Gert and Brian sit across a desk from Robert Chambret; on the desk are a line of digital clocks that read "9:11".

GERT

Because it's always nine eleven.

ROBERT

Because everybody forgets the war is still on!

BRIAN

Oh, come on. Nobody forgets.

Robert gathers his strength, he's angry.

GERT

And, um, it tells the real time, too? Robert?

ROBERT

Of course it tells the real time, what are you, stupid?

LATER

Gert and Brian rush out of a booth, jar the doorway as they push their way out -- upset nearby displays.

They try to compose themselves.

GERT

I must have heard wrong.

They huddle, consider this possibility.

GERT (CONT'D)

Eat live flesh? Warm bone marrow?

Brian tries to think this through.

BRIAN

Well... people will do it... so as an idea... it's probably doable...

GERT

How low are we setting the bar,
here? I want our round dollars
back!

Gert shoots her hand up into the air.

GERT (CONT'D)

Referee! I want a referee!

Two men with "Referee" on their badges approach.

BRIAN

It's just going to cost more!
It'll cost us more time!

Eileen casually walks over, guides Gert and Brian over to
some chairs, waves away the referees.

EILEEN

Big trouble?

GERT

They were... advocating something
illegal!

BRIAN

(evenly)

They did say there's a place where
it's not illegal...

EILEEN

Or they were going to... lobby?

BRIAN

Lobby to find someplace!

EILEEN

Whatever it is, if it's not for
you, just move on!

BRIAN

That's what we're going to do.

GERT

You're walking pain free?

EILEEN

Free enough. Keep going!

Eileen punches Gert in the shoulder and walks away.

LATER

Panel Member Two stands in the middle of seated participants.

PANEL MEMBER TWO
The ready-to-go producers can buy
into the Seller's Dream Package!

A quiet but frenzied buzz circulates among the participants.
People sit up, ready to pounce.

Brian and Gert exchange looks of renewed determination.

PANEL MEMBER TWO (CONT'D)
If you've got a product you know
will sell... be ready! Who's got a
sure fire product!

PARTICIPANT C
Welcome mat foot baths!

PANEL MEMBER TWO
Who's ready to invest!

Participants wave their hands, Panel Member Two points to
three in the crowd -- they and Participant C run happily to a
desk in a side area.

PANEL MEMBER TWO (CONT'D)
Who's got the next sure-fire!

Gert opens her mouth to speak, someone yells out first --

PARTICIPANT D
Men's eyebrow pencils *and pens!*

PANEL MEMBER TWO
Who's ready to invest!

Even more participants wave to be included, three selected
run off with Participant D.

PANEL MEMBER TWO (CONT'D)
Who --

Gert stands suddenly, Statue of Liberty pose.

GERT
Sure-fire seminar kit! Game. Kit.

PANEL MEMBER TWO
What? Okay, anybody to invest?

No takers among the crowd.

PANEL MEMBER TWO (CONT'D)
Tell them what they're missing!

GERT
It's a kit of cards and exercises
that we've used, it really works --

PANEL MEMBER TWO
How much do you believe in your
product? How much will you invest
in yourself?

BRIAN
Three shares!

PANEL MEMBER TWO
Good for you, you're in!

Gert and Brian look at each other, run to a side area. They watch as the rest of the participants continue breaking into groups until all of the chairs are empty.

Brian grits his teeth, looks around for somebody to yell at. Then he notices a spot on his sleeve, rubs at it, shows it to Gert, she rubs at it, too.

BELL RINGS

Excited participants return to their chairs, still buzzing about their ideas.

Panel Member Three addresses the group.

PANEL MEMBER THREE
Go to your next groups!

The participants scatter, eagerly. Gert and Brian remain.

Panel Member Three looks at them with pity.

PANEL MEMBER THREE (CONT'D)
(reluctantly)
"Hot Ticket" or "Anything Goes".

BRIAN
Hot Ticket.

Panel Member Three directs them to one of the side areas. Brian and Gert quickly pay to join that group.

LATER

From the side area, brainstorming participants retake seats in the center area, ready for the next big thing.

Brian and Gert sit down, they looks upset.

BELL RINGS

Some people return to the side areas, others stay in noisy bunches in the center area.

Jim, Robert, BeBe and a few other self assured looking people now sit at tables on one side of the room.

Lines of people stand in front of each table.

Gert and Brian join the shortest line, it leads to Jim.

GERT
(whispering)
Forcible dream transference?

BRIAN
I think... it's a metaphor...

GERT
They said forcible -

BRIAN
I wish we could get caught up, if we hang in there, we can cash in.

GERT
And what... break even?

BRIAN
No, we can still sell something, we've got time, but we've got to make it happen!

Just as they are about to reach Jim --

BELL RINGS

JIM
(laughing)
Don't lose any time!

Brian leads Gert back to the center area.

The chairs are no longer in rows, loose clusters of people chat, jovially. Participant G drops some round dollars, others help her retrieve them.

PARTICIPANT F
You're doing alright for yourself!

PARTICIPANT H

What's your secret!

PARTICIPANT G

A guy gave me two hundred round dollars for a sloppy kiss!

Gert takes a tiny step back.

BRIAN

What guy?

PARTICIPANT B

He'd probably pay three hundred for a kiss from this one.

Participant B indicates Gert who the group regards with pleasant laughter.

PARTICIPANT D

I sold a lady my undershirt for a hundred round dollars. I don't know what she wanted it for.

Gert brightens suddenly --

GERT

Okay, here's where somebody says, well, what *wouldn't* you do for money, right?

Gert nods encouragingly at the group.

Participant A turns to Gert and in a friendly tone says --

PARTICIPANT A

I'll give you a thousand round dollars to watch you brush your pretty teeth real slowly...

GERT

Okay, is that sarcasm? Because sarcasm is unproductive in communication, especially --

Participant A really enjoys watching Gert speak -- he begins massaging the corners of his mouth with his index fingers --

Gert moves away from him, pretends that she heard someone else call her.

Brian follows the conversation with interest, when Gert hurries away Brian tells Participant A --

BRIAN
We'll be right back --

Brian reaches for Gert's arm, she flinches.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
He didn't mean anything... come on,
what are you, the "new schoolmarm"?

GERT
(embarrassed)
I didn't mean to --

BRIAN
Let's just talk to those people,
they can help us --

BELL RINGS

Everybody takes a seat, the room is quiet.

Robert, looking dapper and friendly, addresses the group.

ROBERT
So... what's the good word?

PARTICIPANT C
(excitedly)
I've got two buyers and another
idea bubbling on the burner!

ROBERT
Bubbling on the burner! You
rascal.

PARTICIPANT B
There's not enough time between
bells! I could have had another
couple of buyers --

ROBERT
You've got to move fast! Who's
having more fun than they thought
they would?

Laughter and applause from the group. Hands wave, Robert reaches out and squeezes a lady's waving hand.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
What's the good word?

PARTICIPANT J

You can't lose! I just smelled
somebody's armpits for three
hundred round dollars!

ROBERT

Well... you can't lose!

Brian turns in his chair, responds to something someone in
the row behind them said.

BRIAN

You got to get rid of your dead
weight, once you learn that -

Gert turns to hear what's being said --

The people behind her look smug. Brian laughs a little, then
they all laugh.

Brian winks at Gert, then looks straight ahead where Robert
is speaking.

ROBERT

(pleading)

Ideas! New ideas!

Gert stands up suddenly, looks for an exit.

Robert points to her excitedly, looks disappointed when he
sees who it is.

That's the last straw.

GERT

A sure fire system!
To... hide! The...
Murdered... Dead!

A murmur of interest in the room... someone else stands up --

Gert talks louder.

GERT (CONT'D)

Untraceable! We burn the bodies.
In a kiln, in my crafts room and --

Brian looks up at Gert in amazement.

GERT (CONT'D)

Reduce the corpses to bits of ash!
And bone!

Brian's look changes to "who is this woman?".

GERT (CONT'D)

Then we... freeze the bits of *ash* and *bone* and pulverize them with hammers.

Brian's had enough, he clears his throat.

PARTICIPANT J

Then what.

PARTICIPANT G

For DNA all you need is a strand.

PARTICIPANT E

Yeah, that would be just a lot of evidence.

GERT

Here's the part... I mix the ash bits into beach sand which I have tons of! Beach sand!

PARTICIPANT H

So now they know where to dig!

GERT

And I melt the sand and ash --

Silence in the room. Brian stands, smiles, gives a "nothing to see here, folks" wave to everybody.

GERT (CONT'D)

And turn the molten mixture into glass, which I then fashion into stemware.

Brian sits down, might as well enjoy the show.

PARTICIPANT F

Stemware? So bogus, guaranteed to break.

ROBERT

Breakage means more evidence.

PARTICIPANT E

Sweetheart, you think you're getting away with this but you're going to get caught.

Eileen steps in, beside Robert.

EILEEN

Everybody, what's the difference
between good judgment and bad?

AUDIENCE

This too will pass!

Gert sits back down. Brian hunches beside her. All of the
other participants stand, stretch, move away.

GERT

(quietly)
How was that worse than chewing on
live prey or dream rape?

BRIAN

You didn't really sound convincing.

GERT

You're disappointed. That I'm not
a good liar.

BRIAN

All that time you took, going on
and on, that cost us round dollars.

Robert leans down to the them, hand open. Brian counts out
two hundred round dollars and one actual hundred dollar bill.

ROBERT

Two more. Little missy here had a
whole lot to say!

Gert counts out the rest of the money from her purse.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'm a retired Police Officer. I'm
keeping my eye on you!

Robert exits, laughing.

Gert looks at Brian, she's baffled.

Brian laughs at Gert's confused expression, he pats her
shoulder, wearily.

BRIAN

We've got to back somebody's
winning strategy. You lost a lot,
just now, but we can recover if we
jump on somebody else's --

GERT

We're the one's with the great ideas! Much better than these --

BRIAN

Just think before you yell something out!

Brian catches his reflection in a window, fixes his hair.

Gert stares at him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What? Something in my teeth?
Nose? What?

GERT

We're better than this! Let's get out, write it off.

BRIAN

We are halfway to a real winner!
We're surrounded by cash!

GERT

This isn't our game, we don't belong here.

BRIAN

It's one more hour! Leave now and we lose, stay and we can win big!

From the front of the room Eileen calls out --

EILEEN

Do I see some gloomy faces out there! Oh oh oh!

Murmurs and laughter through the group as everyone sits down again to hear Eileen speak.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Somebody not getting what you want!

Eileen makes an exaggerated pout.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Kids do that, they pout! And whine! And beg! And are relentless! And win!

Laughter among the crowd, there's a relaxed, cozy, friendly atmosphere now.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

How many times you see somebody
play with a new baby and say hey,
this kid's strong! Strong! Why?

PARTICIPANT D

Hate. Babies hate fingers in the
face. And talk, they hate that.

PARTICIPANT C

They love that! They want more!

JIM

They have no reason to stop.

EILEEN

They have no reason to stop!

PARTICIPANT A

Nothing holds them back!

EILEEN

Their strength is total, the sum
total of their being is one action.

PARTICIPANT B

Poop!

EILEEN

Poop, cry, grab, hit, eat.
Consume!

ROBERT

How do you tap into that kind of
strength...

Eileen's voice becomes more sing-song.

EILEEN

Get what you want. Pick up a
phone. Somebody can give you what
you want, who will give you what
you want.

Gert's eyes suddenly fix on a poster on the wall.

POSTER: "Seven Days, Seventy Thousand Dollars!"

Photographs of smiling people are stapled to the poster.

One of the photographs shows Leah and Max smiling, holding a
big cut out number seven and many round dollars.

Gert blinks, uncertain what she's seeing.

The participants listen intently to Eileen, except for Gert, who moves closer to the poster.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

What do they say, beg, borr --

AUDIENCE

Borrow and steal!

EILEEN

Borrow, you have to pay back.
Steal and risk who knows what. How
do you beg? How do you get what
you want?

PARTICIPANT A

Like a baby?

EILEEN

A young child knows who to target!
Knows who wants and needs the child
to be happy! Or quiet.

JIM

Happy or quiet.

EILEEN

Somebody wants that for you, who is
it? What is it that will make it
happen? How will you do it?

PARTICIPANT C

Give me a phone!

EILEEN

I think you all know somebody to
call, right now.

Eileen stands, victoriously.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

If you secure five thousand dollars
in the next two minutes, I will
give you twenty thousand round
dollars. Go!

Gert pulls Brian away from the group, makes him look at the poster. His face shows momentary confusion, then he looks at Gert with great impatience. They speak in angry whispers --

BRIAN

Alright, don't looks so proud of
yourself!

GERT
I'm... They lied --

BRIAN
So, they lied!

GERT
Look at the date! This was when we
first got the loan for them!

BRIAN
Look, it doesn't matter, now! Get
your lawyer on the phone, there's
more to your Aunt's estate --

Gert moves to leave, Brian holds her arm.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Just get him to text an intention
to liquidate any remaining --

GERT
I gotta clear my head... I gotta
get out of here.

Brian shakes her by the shoulders.

BRIAN
Five thousand gets us twenty
thousand. Then we're right back
in! Forget Max and Leah!

GERT
Why did they move in with us? Why
did they keep lying to us! I know
it doesn't matter!

Gert's lower lip trembles pre-crying, she's mortified,
presses her hands over her mouth.

Brian speaks more gently.

BRIAN
We'll ask them. Later!

GERT
Brian, this isn't just -- these
people are dangerous!

BRIAN
Just give me an hour. Less than
that, just ---

GERT

We can think of something else,
we'll make money some other --

Brian's had enough.

BRIAN

You got what you want! You got
that big sandbox of a house!

GERT

(uncertainly)
We'll get what you want...

Brian squints as though about to cry.

BRIAN

You would hurt me like this? You
would do this... to me?

GERT

What am I doing?

BRIAN

I, we need that money from your
lawyer. We need that!

Gert looks back at the poster. She makes the call on her
phone.

In the background, whoops and cheers from the participants.

Gert looks around, sees they're all looking at Eileen.

EILEEN

Alright, now get six thousand, for
twenty five thousand round dollars!

Brian's mind is racing, he tries to listen and calculate --
coax and not look angry.

GERT

(sarcastically)
Don't you want to wait and see if
she goes up to thirty thousand?

Gert and Brian look at each other as if they were strangers.
Then, Gert looks embarrassed, Brian looks focused.

BRIAN

(charming)
I know you're smarter than I am,
but maybe I can get a foothold in
something big. With your help --

Gert types into her phone keyboard.

GERT

I just sent a copy of my request to
the lawyer... to your phone --

She grinds her teeth when her lip starts trembling, again.

GERT (CONT'D)

-- and he's going to send the okay
to both our phones. Okay?

A beep from Brian's phone confirms this, he nods, reviews the message, speaks while still reading.

BRIAN

I can work with that. So.

Brian checks his phone again, then looks up, smiling.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you still want to leave now, you
can. I mean -- Come on. Jim or
somebody will walk with you.

GERT

No prob'.

Brian pushes ahead of Gert, grabs Jim by the shoulder.

BRIAN

Jim, I need you to help me out --

Robert approaches them.

ROBERT

(laughing)
Gotta get rid of the dead weight.

Brian laughs, lightly pushes Gert toward Robert and Jim then hurries back to the other participants.

Gert pretends to laugh, too.

GERT

Whee... I'm the Imp Lore imp.

Robert and Jim laugh, walk with her toward the exit. Gert lets them get ahead of her. She turns her head back, just a bit when she hears Brian's voice call out --

BRIAN

Eileen! I'm in for two shares!

BELL RINGS

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The light from the street lamps makes only small holes in the darkness.

Robert and Jim stand outside the auditorium building, chatting casually with a few participants who are taking a cigarette break.

Gert walks steadily toward her home.

Her phone rings (Charles Trenet singing "La Mer"), she looks at it, answers too loudly --

GERT

Hello?

Voices ahead and behind her respond with "hellos" and laughs.

Gert lowers her voice.

GERT (CONT'D)

Brian? No, I'm not mad. I do understand.

Headlights of a car going by show Gert walking, head down. She straightens her posture.

GERT (CONT'D)

Yes. Win or lose. I'm surprised, too, that you're doing better without me. Right.

She closes her phone, looks straight ahead, walks fast in the darkness -- almost trips on the curb outside of her house -- Stops. Sits down on the curb.

She opens her purse, takes out her keys, drops them. She holds out her right hand and is annoyed to see it shaking.

Voices of Jim and Robert approach, in the darkness.

Gert stays put on the curb.

JIM (O.S.)

The guy in the drugstore says my medicine encourages thoughts of suicide.

ROBERT (O.S.)
How do they decide when it's
encouragement?

JIM (O.S.)
So he says if twelve noon is
thinking "kill yourself" where am
I on the clock?

They are just passing by where Gert sits in the dark.

Jim listens a moment.

JIM (CONT'D)
I say twelve oh one, as far away as
you can get, right?

ROBERT
He give you the medicine?

Robert leans heavily on his cane as he walks.

JIM
He says the right answer is six
thirty.

ROBERT
Geographically, maybe. Area per
inch. What's the medicine for?

Gert walks quietly from the curb to East Pine's front door.
The men have passed by but she still hears them.

JIM (O.S.)
Sinus.

ROBERT (O.S.)
Sea air's better anyway. You don't
have to worry about suicide, you'll
just drown.

Gert lets herself into East Pine, closes the door behind her.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Townspeople enter the building, Gert enters, alone.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Jim stands at the podium, before the assembled townspeople.

JIM
 So. Groundling Development Company
 went belly-up.

Worried murmurs from the crowd.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Everyone who had a share in can
 apply for a claim against... the
 other... claim holders...

Groans from the townspeople.

Someone turns, leans toward Gert, says quietly to her --

TOWNSPERSON
 You were right, all along!

No reaction from Gert to the news.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Townspeople exit, slowly, Gert exchanges casual greetings
 with a few people, hurries home.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Gert crosses the street in the middle of the block, in view
 of East Pine's front door. She stops for a moment to step
 over a puddle.

ROAR of an engine, Gert looks around as a car races down the
 shoulder of the street -- she leaps to the curb.

A chunk of wood, thrown from the speeding vehicle, hits her
 in the back -- she falls to the ground.

LATER

In the darkness, a police car with lights flashing, idles in
 front of East Pine. A POLICE OFFICER helps Gert out of the
 passenger seat, walks her to her front door.

Gert looks shaky and sore. She smiles, thanks the officer,
 shakes his hand, waves good-bye.

From out of the darkness Jim runs to Gert's front door.

The Officer turns to Jim.

POLICE OFFICER
I told her if there's any more
trouble at all to call us.

JIM
They know who did it? City Kids?

Jim and the Officer shake their heads. Gert opens the front door, stands in the doorway.

JIM (CONT'D)
She's alright. Gave you a bad
scare, though. Lousy city kids.

POLICE OFFICER
I'll keep an eye on things.

JIM
You want somebody to stay with you?

GERT
(hoarsely)
I'm fine, thanks, thanks everybody.

POLICE OFFICER
You go on in now. Let's hear that
door bolted shut.

Gert waves, goes inside, the door is shut and locked.

INT. EAST PINE - MOMENTS LATER

Gert leans against the inside of the door, wraps her arms around her ribs, takes a deep breath, regains strength.

She quickly walks to each of the other doors and checks that they are locked. Her steps sound firm and steady on the floors and carpets.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Rain falls on the empty beach.

INT. EAST PINE - NIGHT

Gert, smiling, carries a cup of tea to the sitting room, curls up on a big chair, clicks on the television.

Outside a squeal of tires, a crash, breaking glass.

Gert drops the remote control, stares at a talking face on the television in confused fear.

There's a bright glow outside, Gert runs to the window, looks up toward the stars.

O.S Sounds of screams, yelling.

Gert looks away from the stars, toward the bungalows.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

People run toward Jim Will's bungalow, which is on fire.

Gert exits East Pine, runs toward the fire, takes out her cell phone.

Everybody outside has a cell phone and is yelling directions to police and fire departments.

Gert pockets her own phone, embarrassed.

She jogs toward Jim's bungalow, where Jim, inside, sprays the contents of a fire extinguisher toward flames.

Outside the bungalow a group of ladies dump wastebaskets of sand through the bungalow's broken window, in the direction of the fire.

LADY

Oh, thank God! It's Gert! She's young and strong!

Gert, amazed by the reception, picks up a waste basket, overcomes her bruises and helps bail sand into the bungalow.

A suspiciously loud cackle sounds, from inside.

Gert grabs the women nearest to the window and pulls them away from the house.

GERT

(yells)
Take cover!

Strings of small firecrackers jump around and burst inside the bungalow. Everybody stops, looks around, Robert leans from his own bungalow window, laughing.

Everybody resumes rescue efforts, Gert, nervously, included.

Sirens gain volume as fire trucks arrive.

FIREMEN (townspeople in fire gear) enter the bungalow.

Mostly everybody else gathers near the fire truck as flashing lights strobe the sand and water.

TOWNSPERSON

Molotov cocktail! And Jim with
those fireworks! City kids
throwing Molotov cocktails!

From inside the bungalow a fireman speaks.

FIREMAN

No, you can't stay here, tonight.

Through the open door stands the wreckage of charred furniture and carpets, and piles of wet sand.

Townspeople begin to exit the site. Jim, inside the broken window, reaches for a chair which falls apart in his hands.

Chuckles and smirks from a few people.

Gert calls into the bungalow.

GERT

There's empty rooms over at East
Pine, Jim.

FIREMAN

There you go. We'll help carry...
whatever you need.

Jim and some firemen gather salvageable items. Gert leads them back to East Pine.

EXT. EAST PINE - MOMENTS LATER

Menacing lights flash from inside East Pine. The lead fireman kicks the open door further open.

INT. EAST PINE - CONTINUOUS

The television, still on, is the source of the flashing lights. Gert clicks it off, mortified.

INT. EAST PINE UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Gert hurriedly leads Jim and the firemen upstairs, opens a bedroom door.

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim and the firemen pile the salvaged items onto the bed, chair and floor. The room now looks uninhabitable.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gert calmly opens another bedroom door.

GERT

Jim, you can sleep in here.

INT. GUEST ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Jim enters, sits on the bed, starts to undress, stares straight ahead. Gert and the fireman exit toward the stairs.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

FIREMAN

Jim might be a little in shock.

INT. EAST PINE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The fireman smiles at Gert, shifts his weight, suddenly nervous, as if about to kiss her good night.

FIREMAN

Well, I got to go.

GERT

Well, thanks for everything.

The fireman exits, smiling.

The fire truck departs with a low siren moaning. Gert, alone, looks out on the now empty street.

In the distance, the sound of a speeding car squeals suddenly and zooms away.

Gert closes the door and switches off the light.

INT. EAST PINE UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Gert hurries up the stairs, Jim stands in the guest room open door, a small light in the room behind him.

JIM

I found some pajamas. Guess I'll have to be here a few days, okay?

GERT

Sure, Jim. Did you call your wife? You want me to call her?

JIM

She's visiting our daughter, and our house in town's closed up, so -

GERT

Sure. Jim? You think there's a connection? Me getting hurt? Your bungalow set on fire?

JIM

You mean somebody thought you'd be at my bungalow?

GERT

No, I mean... it can't all be directed at me, after all...

JIM

I'm... going to sleep now.

Jim closes the guest room door.

Gert, in the dark now, flips on a light in the hallway then flips is off again and moves quickly toward her own room.

INT. EAST PINE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

RUMBLING SOUNDS in the distance. Gert wakes up, gets dressed. The clock on the night stand shows 3:11. Heavy rain pelts against the windows.

Gert looks out a window, excitedly.

She stretches her arms out, luxuriously, shows no pain.

INT. EAST PINE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gert stirs batter in a bowl, pours the batter into the big old fashioned waffle iron.

She sips coffee from a mug and watches the waffle iron until steam billows out.

She opens the waffle iron, adds the waffle to a stack in a plate, pours more dough into the iron.

Outside, the wind swirls, sand hits the windows, branches hit the outside of the house.

INT. EAST PINE DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Gert runs to the other downstairs rooms, pulls closed the inside shutters.

She runs back to the kitchen, just in time to save the waffle and add it to the stack.

The wind outside seems about to lift the house from its pier foundation. Gert dashes upstairs.

INT. EAST PINE UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Gert closes inside shutters in the hallway, passes Jim's room, peeks in, he's asleep with the shutter closed -- she pulls his door shut, quietly.

The lights go out then blink then come back on again.

Gert runs to close more shutters.

Through a window she sees BeBe, in rain gear, on the beach, struggling against the wind.

LIGHTNING. Big waves crash against the shore -- only a few feet of sand separate the ocean from East Pine.

INT. EAST PINE BACK DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Gert struggles to open the door for BeBe to enter. The howling wind overpowers their voices until the door is shut.

BeBe drops her coat and umbrella on the way to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BeBe, soaked and trembling, yells, unnecessarily.

BEBE

Power's out at West Pine! And
windows broke! I'm soaked!

Gert pulls out a chair at the table for BeBe and passes her a waffle. BeBe takes a bite, calms down. Speaks normally --

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Gert races across the wet beach, stops, looks around (what am I doing?) ...resumes running.

The storm rages, the back door of the Chambret bungalow swings open, bangs against the outside wall, shatters.

INT. CHAMBRET BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Gert runs inside and up the stairs. A step cracks under her feet, she holds the railing, that breaks, too, behind her.

Wind tears through the bungalow.

UPSTAIRS

Robert, exhausted, distraught, holds onto the window frame.

He seems stunned but not surprised to see Gert standing next to him.

ROBERT

(yells)

See, if I can just reach that big
branch, I can swing my legs over.

The dark branches of a big pine tree rise and fall a few feet outside of the open window.

There's a moment of quiet as the ocean pulls ominously away from the shore.

Wind shakes the bungalow.

Robert stares at the branches but clings to the window frame.

GERT

(screams)

I'll lift you out, you grab that
branch with your strong right arm.

Gert holds onto him, gets both of his legs outside, squeezes herself next to him on the window sill.

Robert grabs a branch when it slashes toward the bungalow and Gert propels both of them into the tree.

EXT. PINE TREE - CONTINUOUS

Robert flails trying to keep a hold on a branch.

Gert finds a seat across two swinging branches, she still supports most of Robert's weight, he can't get a foothold.

GERT
(screams)
We have to climb down! I'll help
you!

Robert, exhausted, laughs. Spasms of pain overtake him.

ROBERT
Can't. Hurts too much!

Gert looks him in the eye and yells, as calmly as possible --

GERT
All of the pain --

ROBERT
What?

GERT
All of the pain goes into the tree,
washes straight down, into the
ground.

Robert stops trembling long enough to look at Gert as though she were insane.

GERT (CONT'D)
The pain is bright, bright blue and
green... and white! It wants to go
back to the ocean!

Robert gulps hard and stares into her eyes.

GERT (CONT'D)
The ocean wants it back! There it
goes!

Gert climbs down to the next branch, pulls and slides Robert along with her.

GERT (CONT'D)
That's the blue pain, the blue pain
pours down to the ground, back into
the ocean.

They continue down the tree.

GERT (CONT'D)
That's all the green pain, all the
green pain is gone...

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

They get to the ground, Robert collapses.

GERT
You know, we might as well keep
going.

Gert stands and helps to hoist Robert to his feet.

GERT (CONT'D)
Good strong springs in your legs.

They take a few difficult steps.

GERT (CONT'D)
(exhausted)
Good springs, bouncy and bright!

ROBERT
I used to know a stripper like
that.

GERT
That's it! That's the one!

They continue across the beach in the direction of East Pine.

Behind them, a loud ripping CRASH, the Chambret bungalow
collapses into rain soaked ruins.

INT. EAST PINE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

From a chair near the window, Leah studies the tableau of the
plastic raincoat and the over-opened umbrella on the floor.

She looks up, slightly, as the bedraggled Gert and Robert
make their way through the door and up the stairs.

Leah rolls her eyes and dunks a waffle in a cup of coffee.

INT. NORTH SIDE ROOM - DAY

Robert (band-aids on his face and hands) sits up in bed,
pillows against the headboard, plays a computer game.

Leah sits in a chair, along side the bed, playing the same
game with her own laptop.

Robert laughs, menacingly, as sounds from his computer
indicate accumulating points.

Leah scowls, types rapidly.

LEAH
Haha, beat that.

O.S. BOOM

Robert flinches, his laptop flies into the air, wires tangle, Leah's laptop falls to the floor.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Hey! Goon ball. What a jerk.

Leah hiccups and stands to look out the window --

OUTSIDE

Jim jumps around on the beach, laughing.

BACK TO SCENE

Leah rolls her eyes at Robert and then sets the computers back where they were.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Hey, the sky is falling in, get used to it. Anyway, you and jerk-boy out there were, like, in a war right?

Robert concentrates on his computer, Leah starts to leave.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll go annoy somebody else --

ROBERT
Stay. Just, sit... don't go.

Leah poses, half standing, waits for a reason to stay.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(wearily)
Years... and years ago, Jim and I were GIs. You ever see soldiers clearing mine fields? On TV?

LEAH
Sure. Oh, is that what he's always looking for on the beach? So, *he's* the nut job, right?

ROBERT

We were at Fort Monmouth, learning how to clear mine fields. You know, learning how. Testing us.

LEAH

Did they use real mines?

ROBERT

Mostly not. But it was understood that there were some live mines mixed in with the test ones.

LEAH

That's insane. That's crazy.

ROBERT

It was wartime. Like now! We knew we had to be ready for anything.

Leah goes back to setting up her computer on her lap.

LEAH

So, didn't you... get used to it?

ROBERT

Almost! You get used to being wired out and having nerves all stretched out..

Leah plays a game on her computer.

LEAH

So you had metal detectors, right?

ROBERT

Well... Jim did, of course. Some of us got those fork things...

LEAH

Divining rods? Oh, cool!

Robert stares out the window.

ROBERT

And others got, I got... nothing. I was supposed to figure out *the grid, the probably grid* by observation.

LEAH

From a way's off?

ROBERT

There's an idea, from a way's off!
Of course not, from right there.
Each of us would have two minutes
to clear a path from end to end --

LEAH

Did it work? Could you do it?

ROBERT

Sure, I could do it... we had to.
Most days --

FLASHBACK - EXT. BEACH - DAY

Mine field test area where YOUNG JIM, in 1960's army
fatigues, steadily proceeds across a thirty foot square field
using a metal detector; young GIs on the sidelines shoot
rubber bands at him.

YOUNG ROBERT walks rigidly across the sand, sweating,
scowling... a "pop" and a burst of smoke make him freeze.

He starts again, moves slowly, as if over ice, more smoke, he
starts over again.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

Robert exhales, resumes playing the computer game. Leah
keeps playing, too.

LEAH

You ever, like, have a bird or
something land on your grid, while
you were trying to clear it?

ROBERT

Anything unlucky enough to wander
in... one time... one time this
little white dog...

LEAH

Maltese?

ROBERT

Jim told you!

LEAH

No he didn't! I've seen wild
Maltese dogs around here!

ROBERT
 Those little white yappy things?
Feral Maltese?

Leah blinks at him, coldly, not wanting to be challenged.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 Anyway... this dog jumps out of
 nowhere and what am I supposed to
 do? Dog's going to trigger
 something --

LEAH
 What do they weigh, like, nothing?

ROBERT
 (annoyed)
 So this dog's looking at me and all
 of a sudden I imagine him ripped
 apart and me ripped apart with him.

Leah looks out the window.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 (angry)
 And then I'm seeing all kinds of
 junk under the sand, dead scallops
 and whale bones... and I --

Robert suddenly holds onto the bed as if he might fall out.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 Every step I take I see different
 stuff and when I see a mine
 underground I just go another way.

LEAH
 Uh huh.

ROBERT
 So, I get to the dog, pick him up,
 he's *shaking* like a leaf and I'm --

Robert relaxes his grip on the bed, looks exhausted.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 I'm only halfway across the grid!
 So there's me and the dog going --

LEAH
 Did you finally get across?

ROBERT
Well, I didn't die, thanks for asking.

LEAH
But the dog did?

ROBERT
Dog was fine. He just ran off, somewhere, soon as I set him down.

LEAH
God, I hope I never get drafted, I'd be a really bad soldier. Why didn't anybody just shoot the dog?

Both computers beep, perkily.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Evidence of the storm litters the beach; Jim's scorched bungalow and Robert's bungalow wreckage blend in with the wind heaped dunes and driftwood.

A few valiant townspeople rake an undamaged section of beach between East and West Pine.

Jim and Robert set flags in the sand in preparation for the final round of the sand sculpture contest -- a crowd begins to gather.

Jim points toward a sturdy looking doll house set among the pines and wild rhododendrons on BeBe's property.

JIM
Was that always there?

ROBERT
(exasperated)
Nothing is where it should be.

They examine the doll house for a moment, shake their heads and look around the beach, keeping a watchful eye out.

Several people assemble a make-shift stage; Ham offers instruction to them and to others, setting up computers and video equipment at a table.

Leah fiddles with some of the electronic equipment.

HAM

You see, our remaining five contestants will be judged, along with the others, via the video.

Gert and four others test the heavy, damp sand at each of their stations.

JIM

Ham, you don't have a vote, right?

HAM

(impatiently)

I'm just here to connect the dots! Anyway, I've got to meet Galhula's train, coming in from the airport!

Gert looks up, startled.

HAM (CONT'D)

Yes! Galhula! Maybe she wants all of her houses back, I don't know.

Leah wanders away from the group. Gert hurries to catch Ham as he walks away.

HAM (CONT'D)

No, I don't think she wants East Pine back, the scene of her sister's brutal death.

Ham exits the beach. Robert, about to throw a coffee cup at him thinks better of it, skulks away.

A sudden blast of wind disrupts everyone's activities, they all rush to secure the table and equipment.

Leah explores the enormous sand dunes that nearly cover what once was Robert Chambret's bungalow.

As she climbs up a twelve foot dune, the firm wet sand collapses. As she struggles to find footing she disappears into the sand.

JIM

We're going to have to set up some tents, here, to protect the computers.

People scurry to find and set up tents.

ROBERT
 (announces)
 We just got a message from the
 National Judges... the theme for
 today's contest is Triage! No,
 wait, it's Trios!

Gert and the other contestants exchange looks of surprise and excitement. Gert cocks her head as if she heard something in the distance, she looks around.

GERT
 Where's Leah?

BeBe's arrival diverts the crowd's attention.

GERT (CONT'D)
 Robert? You see Leah?

Robert feigns shock and excessive innocence, then follows Gert as she begins a quick search around the beach.

ROBERT
 She probably got bored with this
 hick-town stuff...

GERT
 What?

ROBERT
 Hick-town --

Gert strains to hear something.

Suddenly, Robert raises his arms, trembling; he stands very straight and walks firmly toward the ruin of his bungalow.

Gert runs past him, to the sand dunes, scans the expanse of sand, frantically.

With his arm out straight and his index finger pointing he indicates, dramatically, one section of dune.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 There!

From that spot in the dune, faint hiccups...

Gert tramps into the dune, pulls away armloads of sand, determinedly wrestles Leah free from the sand.

Leah stands, gasps, hiccups -- Robert and Gert embrace her.

Jim runs toward them.

JIM

Hope you've got an idea for your sculpture, Gert, countdown's about to start, come on!

LEAH

Go on, I'm fine. Just don't tell anybody how stupid I was.

ROBERT

I've got her, I'll look after her.

Gert looks uncertain but they wave her away.

Gert returns to her competition area.

Leah leans against Robert. They walk, together.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What you need's a nice cup of coffee, we'll get coffee and then we can throw the empty cups at Jim.

The contestants on the beach work diligently on their projects, computer screens show other competitors on other beaches, hard at work, also.

Jim's amplified voice echoes through the sound system.

JIM

Only twenty minutes remain!

Gert concentrates on her work.

LATER

The main components in Gert's grouping are complete; a headless turkey, "cleaned", ready to be cooked, stands defiantly, holding a duck (also featherless and headless) under its wing.

Gert stands as she carefully builds the last figure onto the turkey's shoulder. A headless but jubilant chicken emerges from clumps and drips of sand.

On the beach and on the video screens the other contestants struggle with their efforts.

Other people relax on the beach, Leah and BeBe lead a small group in an impromptu hula.

Jim's amplified voice suddenly echoes everywhere. He's frantically waving his cell phone.

JIM (CONT'D)

Ham just called! Galhula is
furious! She wants everything
back! The whole town!

The townspeople shriek in horror and disbelief.

TOWNSPERSON

We paid her off when Robert
Chambret shot her sister! We paid
plenty!

Much agreement from the crowd, angry agreement. Jim turns
off the amplifier, his normal voice sounds hollow --

JIM

Ham said she's driving in now and
he can't stop her!

A roaring engine sounds near.

Down the street, a car races toward the beach. People stare
in disbelief, nobody moves.

Robert takes a few difficult steps across the sand,
trembling. He stares at one spot in the sand, walks heavily
toward it, drops to one knee, digs out a gun.

FLASHBACK - EXT. EAST PINE BEACH - NIGHT

Galhula, frightened, runs out East Pine's back door,
collapses on the stairs.

Deruda follows, kicks Galhula and laughs.

From the side of the house, Robert, in police uniform,
approaches.

ROBERT

Deruda! Now, calm down a minute,
what is going on here, ladies?

GALHULA

She... she tried to *poison me*.

Galhula crawls to the sand and spits, bitterly, wipes her
face with her hand.

DERUDA

That idiotic nervous stomach of
yours! Just when I thought I'd be
rid of you! You *spit it up!*

Deruda kicks Galhula then pulls a gun from her pocket, points it at Galhula.

ROBERT
Stop right there! Don't make me
hurt you, Deruda!

Deruda turns and glares at Robert.

DERUDA
You... wouldn't... dare!

Deruda points her gun at Robert, fires and misses.

Robert shoots Deruda, she falls into the sand, dead.

GERT
She was going to kill me!

ROBERT
I didn't mean to shoot her!

GALHULA
She was going to kill me! And kill
you! She's... always had a temper!

END FLASHBACK

JIM
That's not Galhula driving!

Ham, dressed as Deruda, careens the car down the street as frightened but angry Galhula tries to grab control of the steering wheel.

The car speeds toward East Pine.

Robert aims the sandy gun at the car and shoots one tire and then another tire. The car hits a curb, stops.

The people on the beach, not sure what just happened, slowly move toward the car.

Galhula reaches across Ham, opens the driver's side door and pushed Ham out.

Jim walks to the passenger side, opens the door for Galhula who exits the car, gracefully.

LATER

As the sun goes down BeBe, Jim, Leah and Gert sit in the sand near the table with the computers.

Other people mill about, casual again. There are little bursts of volume in conversations and laughter.

Several police vehicles are parked in the street.

Robert talks to two POLICE OFFICERS, Ham sits on the sand with his wrists crossed although he's not handcuffed.

Galhula chats with a few ladies.

Jim, Leah, BeBe and Gert sit together on the sand.

JIM (CONT'D)

Turns out Galhula never did sue the town. Ham Olive made that all up.

LEAH

What a scam! How'd he get away with it?

JIM

Galhula had set up a fund for community development, old Ham just put the money he got from the town -

BEBE

From the threat of lawsuits! Make believe lawsuits!

JIM

And Galhula was contributing to the fund, herself, from overseas --

BEBE

And we all were cutting corners this way and that to pay off what we thought were --

LEAH

And he had all that money, all the time...

GERT

He did.

Gert shakes her head in disbelief.

BEBE

Come on, Gert, you can meet Galhula for real.

BeBe and Gert approach Galhula who smiles graciously, delighted to see them.

Gert, BeBe and Galhula start to walk toward East Pine -- they cross paths with Robert who is holding onto Deruda's coat collar -- and Ham, who has slipped out of the coat and hides his face behind his hands, wrists crossed.

HAM

I don't know what came over me!

GALHULA

That's alright, dear. You're forgiven.

ROBERT

More than you deserve!

Jim runs toward them and tackles Ham to the ground. Robert pulls Jim off, Gert and BeBe help Ham to his feet.

Jim has to be held back by Robert.

JIM

Galhula, you've got to press charges against him!

GALHULA

It's all settled, now, dear. The town will be repaid, and Ham will...

BEBE

Go for counseling.

JIM

How could you do that to us?

Ham shrugs, shamefaced.

GALHULA

Oh, I know... when there's money involved it's all too easy...

ROBERT

But what he did... *to us* --

GALHULA

There, there, dear. We can't change the past, I know.

Galhula links arms with Gert and BeBe, they continue toward East Pine. Galhula calls out to Robert --

GALHULA (CONT'D)

Whatever I can do... to make up for
the inconvenience this has caused
all of you... I intend to try.

EXT. EAST PINE BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The back door opens. Brian, Edra and her small son, Serge,
stand in the doorway.

BRIAN

I was just picking up some of my
stuff.

GERT

(calmly)
Well, that's fine.

Leah, with a laptop in her arms, runs up from the beach.

LEAH

Gert, you won! "Tur-duck-en Mania"
won!

Attention shifts to Gert's winning sculpture in the dark on
the beach and then to the picture of it, on the computer
screen. The words "First Prize" flash on the image.

Sounds of excitement and congratulations, all around.

Robert, Jim, Leah, BeBe, Galhula and Gert enter East Pine;
Brian and Edra greet everyone at the door.

Ham walks quietly to his car, retrieves another of Deruda's
jackets from the trunk, hurries on foot down the street.

EXT. EAST PINE STREET SIDE - MORNING

Brian and Gert sit on the front steps together, reading legal
documents.

Max finishes packing his car and Brian's car.

Brian pockets some of the documents, salutes Gert --

BRIAN

The best thing that ever happened
to me!

Edra and little Serge sit in Brian's car, waving.

Brian beams and waves to them.

EDRA AND CHILD
Thanks for the waffles!

Brian opens his car door, gets inside, hugs Edra and Serge, drives away.

Gert waves as the car horn beeps farewell.

Leah exits East Pine, walks to Max's car. Leah and Max hug.

MAX
Call my lawyer if there's anything else that you want...

LEAH
I'm all good.

MAX
This thing with Brian and his new shoe company, it's too good to pass up. But if you change your mind...

A car marked Environmental Protection Agency pulls up; an EPA AGENT gets out, walks straight back to the beach. He carries a metal sign with a long metal spike for sticking in the sand.

Max gets in his car and drives away.

Gert follows the Agent.

EXT. EAST PINE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The Agent tries to hammer the official looking sign into the sand.

BeBe runs from West Pine to the beach, Galhula follows.

Robert exits East Pine's back door, walks out to where Jim stands on the beach with a metal detector.

JIM
Hello, I'm Jim Will --

AGENT
You own property, here?

Jim, Gert, Robert and BeBe nod.

AGENT (CONT'D)
You'll all have to vacate. Another property, further west, has been granted a right of existence.

ROBERT

What's that to us.

AGENT

The threat of erosion on this beach presents a danger to that other property. Ruling's in their favor.

The Agent finally gets the sign to stand in wet sand, near the water. He takes a camera from his pocket, starts snapping pictures of the two wrecked bungalows, East and West Pine and the surrounding beaches.

GALHULA

What nonsense.

The Agent shrugs.

AGENT

Your lawyers can fight it, but you're not going to win.

GALHULA

What about... those snail darters or something like that?

AGENT

Believe me it would take a pretty big "or something like that" to --

A small wet creature climbs over what remains of Gert's sculpture; the Agent notices, gets a picture.

The Agent looks up from his camera and watches...

The creature looks like a fish but then walks on all fours. It shakes itself, improbably.

BEBE'S HIGH VOICE

From the water!

ROBERT

Maltese?

BeBe points as a wave deposits another small thing on the sand -- this soggy creature shimmies then crawls then scurries to follow the path of the other, over the headless turkey, across the beach.

GERT

Well. I'd call that something.

The Agent pulls his sign out of the sand, takes some papers from his pocket, tears them up.

Gert puts out her hands and takes the debris.

AGENT

Good bye and good luck.

Galhula and BeBe escort the Agent part way to his car, Leah joins them.

Jim and Robert scan the shore line for creatures.

Robert continues his search along the sand, up the steps, back into East Pine.

Jim remains on the beach, scanning further, across the ocean.

BeBe and Galhula chat happily, walk back to East Pine's back door, Leah runs ahead, disappears inside.

She reopens the door, hold up a dish of waffles.

Galhula and BeBe laugh, hurry to join Leah, their voices can't be heard over the roar of the ocean.

Gert smiles, looks excitedly around the beach.

She gazes, joyfully, at the ocean and the shoreline as she makes her way up the steps to her home.

Galhula holds the screen door open, greets Gert with much happiness and stands aside to let her back in.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END