

CONTINUED:

BOBBY (cont'd)

Seriously.

CINDY

Yes.

BOBBY

Yes you have or yes you haven't?

CINDY

Yes...I haven't. I mean I have...I have been...Why are you looking at me like that?

BOBBY

I'm not looking at you like anything.

CINDY

Oh, Okay

EXT. LIQUOR MART - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

Cindy pushes the cart hurriedly, stolen shades on her head.

CINDY

Let's go

Dean sits on the fender of their minivan, smoking.

Cindy moves fast, loads in the bags next to their luggage, slams the hatch closed and snatches the keys from Dean's hands.

CINDY (cont'd)

Come on, let's go.

INT. MINI VAN - LATE AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

Cindy drives the car along a windy, mountain road. A little too fast for Dean's comfort.

DEAN

What you thinking? What's on your mind?

Cindy thinks about it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

You're never going to guess who I saw at the liquor mart.

DEAN

Richard Greico?

CINDY

No but good guess.

DEAN

Jon Bon Jovi?

CINDY

Bobby Ontario.

DEAN

The fuck was he doing there?

CINDY

I dunno... I mean... buying liquor I guess.

DEAN

Jesus! How come your just telling me now?

CINDY

Cause I'm telling you now.

DEAN

How come you didn't tell me while we were there?

CINDY

I don't know cause I was flustered and I'm telling you now.

DEAN

You talked to him?

CINDY

No... I mean like, "hi, by, how are you..."

DEAN

How are you?

CINDY

Yeah he asked me how I was

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

And you told him?

CINDY

I mean I didn't want to but we were stuck there in the same store buying things together at the same time. I wish you'd seen him then you wouldn't feel so bad. He's fat...

DEAN

What do you I care?

CINDY

I don't know

DEAN

What do I care if he's fat or not. What does that mean? Make me feel better?

CINDY

I don't know! Cause he's a loser!

DEAN

What does that have to do with me? Whether he's a loser or he's fat or not? What the fuck do I care?

CINDY

What!?

DEAN

What are you saying that for? That would make me feel better he's fat? So what if he's in good shape I shouldn't feel good?

CINDY

I said the wrong thing. I'm nervous okay?

DEAN

What do you mean your nervous?

CINDY

I feel funny, because you feel funny

DEAN

You're nervous cause I feel funny? What does that mean.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

Look. I feel like I said the wrong thing... I feel like I shouldn't have said anything.

DEAN

Really? That's an option? You run into Bobby Ontario and it's an option not to tell me?

CINDY

I feel like you're upset and I upset you and I'm sorry. And I said the wrong thing

DEAN

Baby you do whatever you want

CINDY

Okay. I'm sorry

Cindy puts her hand on Dean's. He pulls his away.

Frustrated sighs...

Cindy pulls the car over.

DEAN

What are you doing?

CINDY

I gotta pee.

The car stops on the shoulder of the two lane highway. Cindy gets out of the car.

DEAN

Where this person's house!?

CINDY

Fuck you

DEAN

Fuck me

EXT. ROADSIDE - DUSK - PRESENT DAY

Cindy jogs across the road into a wooded area.

She disappears into the woods. Cars pass behind her, headlights flood the night.

(CONTINUED)