

CONTINUED: (3)

J-R
I'm sorry. *What was that?*
(pulling it together)
Huh. Things moving too fast, I guess.

June smiles kindly and stands. She places a hand on his. It is a warm and simple gesture.

JUNE
It'll slow down, honey. ...I'll see you in a month or so. I gotta go pack.

Stilled by her, J-R can do no more than nod. She exits.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. MEMPHIS-- A MONTH LATER -- DAY 64

The leaves are brown and the trees are bare. We are on a handsome suburban Memphis street. A MOVING VAN parked in front of A PRETTY TWO STORY HOME.

CUT TO:

65 INT. NEW HOME / KITCHEN -- DAY 65

Her belly swollen, VIVIAN sorts silverware in a new kitchen. In the bg., REBA CASH unpacks pots and pans. MOVING MEN cross through frame. Roseanne (bigger) plays at their feet.

VIVIAN
When was the last time you heard him moving around up there?

CUT TO:

66 INT. UPSTAIRS STUDY -- DAY 66

VIVIAN OPENS THE DOOR and finds J-R ASLEEP ON A COMFY CHAIR. Sealed boxes lie all around him. There is a little some pills on the cushion of his chair. She looks at one of them.

VIVIAN
I thought you were gonna help me today.

J-R
(wakes, looks around)
Oh... I'm sorry.

She steps forward and sits in his lap.

VIVIAN
...You head out tomorrow.

J-R
...So.

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VIVIAN

So you better start living life with us when you come home before you have to leave again.

J-R

...Maybe I'll get Bob to push my dates.
(touches her hair)
I'm happy when I'm here with you.

VIVIAN

You sure about that?

J-R stands, leaving Vivian in the chair. He crosses to the window, looking out at the Mayflower truck.

VIVIAN

See those bags, John?

TWO LARGE MAIL BAGS lie slumped in the corner of the room.

Those letters in there are ten to one from girls. Ten to one. And they're obscene. Reba's been trying to answer some of them.

J-R laughs.

Half of them ain't even seventeen! And they're sending pictures for you to look at while you're "doin' time" at Folsom!

J-R

(chuckles)

Man. There was this night when we was in Biloxi when this girl comes up to Carl Perkins and--

VIVIAN

I got something in the oven and I don't want to hear about the tour, okay?

(smiles)

That's my new rule. When you come home, we get right down to talking about regular things.

J-R

(spins, angry)

MAN ALIVE! GET OFF MY BACK, WOMAN! You don't appreciate NOTHING! You get all the money. You bought your dream house. You got the car. What do you want from me?!

(CONTINUED)