

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is dark. Sammy comes in, her hair a little wet, and turns on the light. She goes to the telephone.

There's a NOTE in Terry's handwriting: "BOB CALLED."

TERRY (O.C.)  
Where were you?

Sammy jumps, startled. Terry is in the kitchen doorway.

SAMMY  
Nowhere. I had dinner with my boss.

TERRY  
Kind of a late dinner, ain't it?

SAMMY  
Yeah. How was Rudy?

TERRY  
Fine.

SAMMY  
Did the plumber come?

TERRY  
Yes, the fucking plumber came.

SAMMY  
Terry -- Give me a break!!!

Pause.

TERRY  
What's the matter with you?

SAMMY  
Nothing. I'm just tired.

TERRY  
You want to smoke some pot?

SAMMY  
No I don't. Why, you got some?

EXT. PORCH. NIGHT

Sammy and Terry stand side by side on the porch, passing a joint back and forth. It has stopped raining but the trees

and roof are still dripping. The crickets are chirping loudly.

SAMMY  
So... Bob asked me to marry him.

TERRY  
Wow. (Pause) Are you going to?

SAMMY  
I don't know. If he'd've asked me this time last year I would have probably said yes. But the minute he said it, I don't know, I felt like somebody was trying to strangle me.

TERRY  
Well... bad sign.

SAMMY  
I know. (Pause) Plus, Terry...  
(Whispers) I fucked my boss...!

TERRY  
What?

SAMMY  
I know! And his wife is six months pregnant.

TERRY  
Jesus Christ, Sammy...!

SAMMY  
I know, I know.

He passes her the joint. She declines. He puffs away. The water drips off the porch and the crickets chirp. She puts her head on his shoulder. He puts one arm around her and puffs away with the joint in his free hand.

SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Terry, I'm sorry I got so mad before. I just don't want him, you know -- terrified of "telling," if there's --

TERRY  
Uh, well, that's not really his problem, Sammy.

Sammy straightens up.

SAMMY  
Oh really? What's his problem?

TERRY  
His problem is that he's like totally sheltered because you treat him like he's three, instead of eight, so that's how he behaves.

SAMMY  
Oh yeah? And how do you think he should behave?

TERRY  
I think he shouldn't have to run and tell his Mommy every time he does something she might not like, for one thing.

SAMMY  
Uh huh. And what do you --

TERRY  
(On "and")  
I mean I took him to play pool! It was a little clandestine thing we did for fun! It wasn't like a big secret, I mean who cares? I was actually trying to be nice to him. But he's so freaked out that he disobeyed your orders that he has to fuckin' squeal on me and I have to listen to your fuckin' shit all day when I didn't even fuckin' do anything!

SAMMY  
First of all, he didn't tell me anything: Darryl did. OK? Second of all, I don't really give a shit if you took him to play pool: I was mad at you because you left him standing at the bus stop in the rain. But no, I don't want you telling him not to squeal, because I don't want him put in that position!

TERRY  
(Losing ground)  
Well... that... is a perfect example of what I'm talking about.

SAMMY  
You are in idiot.

They stand apart now. Silence.

TERRY  
Darryl told you?

SAMMY  
Yes!

They stand there. The rain gutters drip.