

ance opens the door, shakes off and closes the umbrella before entering. He hangs the umbrella on a doorknob, then heads for the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Repeating his ritual, Chance enters the dining room, sits, turns on the TV, carefully spreads his napkin on his lap. He watches the screen for a moment, then turns, expecting Louise. She doesn't appear, so he turns back, watches TV. After a few beats, Chance hears Louise's footsteps hurrying down the stairs. She comes into the dining room, visibly distraught. Chance looks up, smiles.

CHANCE

Good morning, Louise.

LOUISE

(out of breath)

He's dead, Chance! The Old Man's dead!

CHANCE

(flatly, turns back to TV)

... I see.

LOUISE

Must of happened durin' the night, I don't know... Lord, he wasn't breathin' and as cold as a fish. I touched him, just to see, and you believe me, Chance - that's doin' more than I get paid to do... Then I just covered him up, pulled the sheet over his head...

CHANCE

(nodding)

Yes. I've seen that done.

LOUISE

Then I got the hell out of that room and called the doctor and I think I woke him probably, he wasn't any too alert. He just said, 'Yeah, he's been expectin' it and said he'd send somebody over...' Lord, what a mornin'!

CHANCE

(watches news, flashes of season's first snowfall)
... Yes, Louise, it's snowing in the garden today. Have you looked outside and seen the snow? It's very white.

A beat of silence from Louise, then anger.

LOUISE

Dammit, Boy! Is that all you got to say? More gobbledegook?

(Chance smiles, is silent)

That Old Man's layin' up there dead as hell and it just don't make any difference to you!

CHANCE

(with a smile, accepting death)

Yes, Louise. I have seen it often. It happens to old people.

LOUISE

Well, ain't that the truth...

CHANCE

Yes. It is.

Louise throws back the cover from a chair next to Chance and
-s, softening a bit toward him.

LOUISE

Oh, Lord, Chance - I don't know
what I was expectin' from you...
I'm sorry for yellin' like I did...
No sir, I just don't know what I
was expectin' ...

(Chance doesn't react,
watches TV)

... I 'spose I'd better gather up
some breakfast for you...

CHANCE

(a turn to her)
Yes, I'm very hungry.

LOUISE

(rises, looks upstairs)
Well, no more stewin' those prunes
every mornin', that's somethin', I
guess...

(she starts out, stops by
the door)
... what are you goin' to do now,
Chance?

CHANCE

(gazing at TV)
I'm going to work in the garden.

Louise gives Chance a long look, then turns to leave.

LOUISE

(as she goes)
... I'll get you some eggs.

Chance nods in approval, then changes the channel on the TV.