

Reaching the CASHIER, Sandra hands over her coupons. Will is approaching with a Newsweek magazine.

Two checkstands over, an ATTRACTIVE BLONDE WOMAN in her 50's is getting her change. Though she's Sandra's generation, she carries herself like a much younger woman, with blue jeans and sneakers.

She accidentally makes eye contact with Will as he passes. We HOLD ON the woman, who tracks Will as he reaches Sandra. It's hard to read her reaction: does she recognize him, or just find him attractive?

Will notices the gaze. The woman turns away.

Will racks his brain -- does he know this woman?

SANDRA

Before I forget, your father has papers in the basement I'd like you to go through. I wouldn't know what's important.

WILL

(distracted)

Mom, do you know who that is? Blonde hair.

Sandra looks. After a beat, the Blonde Woman turns again, semi-casually. Noticing that both Will and Sandra are looking, she smiles a little before taking her cart to leave.

SANDRA

(no idea)

Was she one of your teachers?

WILL

No. But it's weird. She seemed to recognize me.

SANDRA

(to the cashier)

Do you know who that is?

The Cashier turns to look. He can only get a profile as the woman leaves.

CASHIER

Never seen her before. Pretty, though.

A portable fan quietly WHIRRS in the corner. Turned low, the RADIO on the nightstand is playing a call-in AM sports show, just a wash of background chatter. Edward lies asleep on his back.

At the window, Josephine quietly lowers the shade. She reaches over Edward to switch off the radio. He stirs from the silence -- he wasn't fully asleep -- and sees Josephine stretched over him.

EDWARD  
(playfully lecherous)  
Hello.

She smiles.

JOSEPHINE  
Hi. How are you feeling?

EDWARD  
I was dreaming.

JOSEPHINE  
What were you dreaming about?

He tries to recollect, but it's already gone. Josephine motions, is it okay for her to sit on the bed? He nods.

EDWARD  
I don't usually remember unless they're especially portentous. You know what that word means, portentous?

She shakes her head.

EDWARD  
Means when you dream about something that's going to happen.  
(beat, gathering)  
Like one night, I had a dream where this crow came and told me, "Your Aunt is going to die." I was so scared I woke up my parents. They told me it was just a dream, to go back to bed. But the next morning, my Aunt Stacy was dead.

JOSEPHINE  
That's terrible.

EDWARD  
Terrible for her, but think about me, young boy with that kind of

power. Wasn't three weeks later that the crow came back to me in a dream and said, "Your Grampa is going to die." Well, I ran right back to my parents. My father said, no, Gramps is fine, but I could see there was trepidation. And true enough, that next morning my Grampa was dead.

He sits up a bit in bed, his strength returning.

EDWARD

For the next couple weeks, I didn't have another dream. Until one night the crow came back and said, "Your Daddy is going to die."

(beat)

Well, I didn't know what to do. But finally I told my father. And he said not to worry, but I could tell he was rattled. That next day, he wasn't himself, always looking around, waiting for something to drop on his head. Because the crow didn't tell how it was going to happen, just those words: your Daddy is going to die. Well, he went into town early and was gone for a long time. And when he finally came back, he looked terrible, like he was waiting for the axe to fall all day. He said to my mother, "Good God. I just had the worst day of my life."

(beat)

"You think you've had a bad day," she said. "This morning the milkman dropped dead on the porch!"

Josephine smiles, a half-laugh, which gets him smiling too.

A long beat. Then, deadpan...

EDWARD

Because see, my mother was banging the milkman.

JOSEPHINE

No, I understand.

EDWARD

He was slipping her a little extra cream.

She nods, a bit more of a laugh.

EDWARD

He was filling her basket. He was making deliveries around back.

As Edward continues, she can't help but laugh harder, especially as the metaphors get more vulgar.

EDWARD

He was buttering her rolls. Pumping her churn. Splashing milk in her box.

JOSEPHINE

Stop.

EDWARD

They were squeezing the cheese. Clanking the bottles. Licking the popsicle.

She's starting to cry from laughing.

EDWARD

Cracking the eggs and making an omelet.

With that, he stops. She regains her composure.

EDWARD

Spooning the sherbet.

JOSEPHINE

(interrupting)

Can I take your picture?

EDWARD

You don't need a picture. Just look up handsome in the dictionary.

JOSEPHINE

Please?

He rolls his eyes, why not.

Josephine leaves, heading down the hall to get her camera. We STAY WITH Edward in bed.

JOSEPHINE (O.S.)

I have photos from the wedding to show you. There's a great one of you and my father. I had an extra print made.

Edward grimaces, a flash of pain. Around others, he's hiding how much it hurts, but alone we can see how bad it is.

He controls his breathing, trying to push through it.

JOSEPHINE (O.S.)

I want to see pictures of your wedding. I've never seen any.

She returns with her camera. Edward smiles, doing a good job masking the pain.

EDWARD

That's because we didn't have a wedding. Your mother-in-law was never supposed to marry me. She was engaged to somebody else.

JOSEPHINE

(loading film)

I never knew.

EDWARD

Will never told you that?  
(she shakes her head)  
Probably just as well.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

He would have told it wrong anyway.  
All the facts and none of the flavor.

JOSEPHINE

Oh, so this is a tall tale?

EDWARD

Well, it's not a short one.

A devilish smile. Pushing past Edward, we settle on the whirling fan.

MATCH CUT TO:

A SPINNING PINWHEEL held by a LITTLE BOY. He's slumped over his FATHER's shoulder, being carried towards a big-top tent. We are...

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...where the second-rate carnival is parked for the moment in an Alabama field. To the left, we spot Edward, 20-ish, halfway through a bag of peanuts. He's still carrying the