

REMEMBER ME, XXX DEBBIE

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The sun is past its zenith but there's still plenty of sunshine left in the day. Warm rays bathe a tidy front yard. Neatly mown lawn. Colourful flower beds.

The house has several windows open, as is the front door, letting the summer breeze filter through.

Emerging onto the porch is 'DOM' (Domingo, male, 35), followed by GEORGE and MARGO (both 67). The men are dressed casually. Margo, on the other hand, looks ready for a dinner date; pump shoes with low heels, knee-length skirt, handbag.

They follow the garden path around the front of the house.

GEORGE

Thanks for the lunch, Dom. I'm sorry we can't stay longer, but it's five hours getting back home.

DOM

Oh, I get it. That's quite a drive.

GEORGE

Yeah. We came up on the interstate, but we thought we'd take the coast road going back. Y'know, for old time's sake.

DOM

Oh yeah, yeah. That'll add another hour, easy.

DOM'S WIFE (35) hurries out the front door behind them, wanting to catch up. She wears casual weekend clothes.

She clutches a white envelope.

Dom turns the corner of the house -- suddenly stops, astounded by what he sees in the driveway.

A car -- a classic car from the 70s -- is parked in front of the garage. Its polished paintwork gleams in the sunlight.

DOM (CONT'D)

Wow! You came up in this? What a beauty. She looks brand new!

GEORGE

Margo, is he talking about you?

He winks at Margo. She doesn't get the humour.

DOM
(admiring the car)
You must have gotten some looks!

George chuckles. Still looking at Margo.

GEORGE
She always does!

Again, Margo doesn't get it. Or if she does, she chooses not to respond.

DOM
What is it, a Plymouth?

GEORGE
1975 Plymouth Valiant. Bought her
in '81. Second hand but mint
condition. Been treasuring her ever
since.

Dom peers in through the side window. A portable boom box CD player sits on a towel on the back seat.

DOM
That doesn't look original.

GEORGE
That's for Margo. Music for the
road. The built-in radio only does
A.M.
(pause)
Here, look at this.

George opens the driver's door and reaches inside, releasing the hood. He scoots around to the front and proudly raises the hood high.

The engine bay is spotless.

DOM
Oh man! How do you do it?

GEORGE
Well, I was a mechanic for forty
years. That kind of helps. She's
kept in the garage. Low mileage.
But every now and then she gets a
long drive to stretch her legs.
Like today. You take care of a car,
she takes care of you.

Dom's wife catches Margo's attention. She hands her the white envelope.

DOM'S WIFE

Here. For you.

She gives Margo a hug. Margo is taken by surprise, doesn't reciprocate.

MARGO

Oh -- Um, we have to go. Henry will be waiting for us.

George has closed the hood. He helps Margo into the passenger door, assisting her with the lap belt on the bench seat.

Finished, he backs out and walks over to the couple.

INT. CAR - DAY

CLOSE on Margo: She reaches into her handbag, flips down the visor to reveal a mirror, re-applies lipstick -- suddenly stops. She examines her face as though noticing the wrinkles around her eyes for the first time.

-- All the while, muffled voices of conversation come from outside the car:

GEORGE (O.S.)

Well... Okay then... Must go... Do this again real soon.

DOM (O.S.)

Next time we'll come down... Take care.

Still CLOSE on Margo: She tidies her hair.

George hops into the driver's seat, closes the door, leans forward and whispers to the car:

GEORGE

Okay, Baby. Let's give him a show!

George twists the ignition key, watching Dom's face as he does so. The engine turns twice before it catches, roaring to life -- VROOOM!

George smiles with pride.

Dom grins -- two thumbs up!

But next to him, his wife looks sad.

EXT. ROADSIDE OF SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

George backs the Plymouth out the drive and into the street, stops in the middle of the road while he adjusts the choke.

INT. CAR - DAY

With the car stationary, Margo waves goodbye.

The couple wave back. Dom has an arm around his wife.

MARGO
(to George)
Oh look -- Look at that!

George changes to forward gear. Releases the clutch, smooth as butter. The car accelerates.

GEORGE
I can't. I'm driving.

MARGO
The woman was crying. Crying!
Imagine the slightest thing like a
simple goodbye setting you off. How
peculiar. Her parents should have
raised her with some mettle.

The Plymouth drives away, leaving the couple behind in the rear view mirror. The couple watch the car depart, Dom's wife leaning into the man's shoulder.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The Plymouth drives past pleasant residential homes.

A Give Way sign brings the car to a halt.

INT. CAR - DAY

George turns to the back seat and fiddles with the boom box. It starts to play 'Spanish Stroll' by Mink DeVille --

*Hey Mr. Jim, I can see the shape you're in.
Finger on your eyebrow
And left hand on your hip.
Thinking that you're such a lady killer.
Think you're so slick.*

Well alright!

The way is clear. George drives through the intersection.

Margo holds the white envelope in her lap. She opens it.
Pulls something out. Examining it, she smiles contentedly.

GEORGE

What is it?

MARGO

A photo.

GEORGE

That one from the photo album?

MARGO

Yes. It's a nice one.

GEORGE

She gave it to you? We have plenty
of photos at home.

MARGO

Not this one -- Debbie's fifth
birthday.

*Now he's a razor in the wind,
And he's got a pistol in his pocket.
They say the man is crazy on the Coast,
Lord there ain't no doubt about it.*

Well alright!

GEORGE

I think he's a nice guy.

MARGO

Who?

GEORGE

Dom. Domingo. It means 'Sunday' in
Spanish.

MARGO

George. Did you forget? I taught
Spanish for a term when the
principal was short staffed. And
when we really needed the money.

GEORGE

Now *that* I remember. God, those
treatment clinics were expensive.

MARGO

And my Spanish was so terrible! But the students didn't know. How could they? They were so much worse. Absolutely useless! Worse than useless!

GEORGE

You told them that?

MARGO

Indeed I did. They didn't know to be insulted, because I told them in Spanish. 'Todos ustedes son tan inútiles.'

George laughs. Margo sees him laugh and joins in.

Rosita!

¿dónde va con mi carro, Rosita?

Usted sabe que le quiero

pero usted me quita todo...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The Plymouth turns onto the main road and is whisked away by the traffic.

ya me robaste mi televisión y mi radio

ahora se quiere llevar mi carro...

no me hagas ir, Rosita,

iven aquí!

estése aquí al lado, por favor

They join the flow of vehicles heading out of the city.

INT. CAR - DAY

Margo has her window down, letting the breeze cool her face. The highway is busy.

MARGO

So many cars! I hope we get home early. I still have work to do.

GEORGE

Oh?

MARGO

Yes. Student papers to mark.

GEORGE
Y'know, maybe don't worry about it.

MARGO
How can I expect students to take
homework seriously if I don't do my
own?

George changes the subject.

GEORGE
The traffic will get lighter once
we turn off at the crossing.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The traffic is as heavy as ever. But at least it is speedy.

The boom box plays 'Summer Breeze' by Seals and Crofts --

*See the curtains hangin' in the window
In the evening on a friday night.
A little light-a-shinin' through the window,
Lets me know everything's all right*

*Summer breeze makes me feel fine,
Blowin' through the jasmine in my mind.*

Trucks, cars, and the occasional motorbike, speed through the
hazy heat rays shimmering over the asphalt.

INT. CAR - DAY

Margo suddenly jumps up, alarmed.

MARGO
It's gone! It's gone!

GEORGE
What's gone?

MARGO
The envelope! Where is it?

GEORGE
Don't panic. It must be here
somewhere.

MARGO
No! No! The photo! It's flown out
the window!

GEORGE

What?

MARGO

The window! It must have flown out!
When I wasn't looking. Nooo!

GEORGE

Well... it's too late now. It's
lost. We can't go back.

Margo frowns. George sees her facial expression.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. There's other photos.
Or we'll get another copy.

Margo isn't consoled.

MARGO

(sad)

You don't understand. It had
Debbie. Debbie and Henry.

EXT. HIGHWAY TURNOFF - LATE AFTERNOON

The Plymouth exits the highway, turning onto a smaller side road. The sun is noticeably lower, the shadows longer.

The boom box plays 'Sundown' by Gordon Lightfoot --

*I can see her lyin' back in her satin dress
In a room where you do what you don't confess.
Sundown, you better take care
If I find you bin creepin' round my back stairs.*

The landscape turns rural. Farmland surrounds them. Big, round hay bales dot the pastures. It is hay cutting season. Tractors are working late, backlit by the sun, making the most of the fine weather.

EXT. ROAD ENTERING TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

The Plymouth passes a road sign that reads 'WELCOME TO BIRCHWOOD.'

EXT. CARPARK - DINER - LATE AFTERNOON

The Plymouth turns in from the street. Lots of free spaces.

INT. DINER - DUSK

The building itself is tired, but the decor is family-friendly, bright and airy. It is still a bit early for the evening crowd. Only a few customers.

George and Margo have a window seat, their booth framed by a view of the golden sunset.

They have finished their meals. Margo tips over a pork chop with her knife.

MARGO

I want to take this home. Henry will like this. How about yours?

GEORGE

Umm... Well, okay.

A WAITRESS comes over to check on them.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Can you put these aside in a bag for us? Just the meat. We'll take it with us.

WAITRESS

Sure.

The waitress clears the table. Walks away.

George has a sneaky smile. He pulls out a hip flask. A furtive glance left and right; then he tips a little brandy into Margo's glass of Coke.

MARGO

George! Not too much. If I go home smelling of alcohol there'll be trouble.

GEORGE

No one will know.

Pours some in his own glass. Margo giggles.

MARGO

They'll know. Parents always know.

George's cheeky grin falters -- momentarily -- before resuming.

GEORGE

Just a little drop. For a special occasion.

MARGO
What occasion?

He slides the flask back into the pocket it came from.

GEORGE
Don't you remember this place?

Margo looks around.

MARGO
No.

GEORGE
Are you sure? I mean, it's changed
somewhat in forty plus years. But
not too much.

Margo draws a blank. George smiles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
This is where I proposed to you. We
sat in this booth. Well, maybe not
this exact booth, I think this is
new. But one right about here.

Margo has another look-around. She looks doubtful.

MARGO
This place?

George has an idea.

GEORGE
Wait a sec.

He rises and walks to a juke box at the far side of the room.
Checks the song list. Drops in a coin and makes a selection.

He quickly returns to the table and sits down, watching Margo
as the song begins.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I remember this was on the radio.

The music starts: 'Baby I'm-a Want You' by Bread --

*Baby, I'm-a want you.
Baby, I'm-a need you.
You're the only one I care enough to hurt about.
Maybe I'm-a crazy, but I just can't live without
Your lovin' and affection, givin' me direction...*

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No?

Margo shrugs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Well, I just thought...

Margo reaches across the table, places her hand on top of his.

MARGO

And it was a nice thought.

They listen to the song together.

EXT. DINER - EVENING

Through a large window we can see inside, where George and Margo are seated at their table. Not talking, simply enjoying the moment together, enjoying the song.

*Used to be my life was just emotions passing by,
Then you came along and made me laugh and made me cry.
You taught me why.*

Overhead, the last vestiges of light deepen the sky's orange aura to a dark magenta.

INT. DINER - CASHIER'S DESK - NIGHT

The CASHIER hands George's card back to him, along with the receipt.

CASHIER

And don't forget this.

He holds out a cardboard takeout container.

GEORGE

Oh yes. Um... for the dog.

He takes the container.

CASHIER

Bye now.

George nods and smiles.

OUTSIDE LADY'S RESTROOM

George ambles over to wait by the door.

Opposite the restroom is a large window with a view of the carpark. Exterior street lamps provide good illumination. A few people stroll past.

George peers out, consternation on his face.

He returns to the cashier.

CASHIER'S DESK

The Cashier is still there.

GEORGE

When my wife comes out of the restroom, make sure she waits for me here. I'll be back in a few minutes.

CASHIER

Okay.

GEORGE

Don't let her go anywhere.

CASHIER

No sir.

George exits the restaurant.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Plymouth is surrounded by three young punks (male, 18/19/20 years old). Droopy track pants, hoodies, sneakers. One has shoulder length hair, another wears a beanie. The third sits astride a beat-up mountain bike.

George strolls up behind them.

GEORGE

Evening fellas. Would you mind stepping back from the car?

LONG HAIR

Hey, Mister. This is some ve-hicle ya got here. We was just admirin' it.

BEANIE

Yeah. What is it, like antique?

LONG HAIR

It's not antique, dork! It's a classic. Ain't that right, Mister?

GEORGE

Yeah, that's right. And please don't touch the paintwork.

BEANIE

Oooh! Sorry if our hands are too dirty for your classic!

BIKE BOY has wheeled around to the side window. Presses his face up to the glass.

BIKE BOY

Well, lookie what we have here! There's some kind'a stereo player in the back. What's it do?

LONG HAIR

It's a C.D. player. Mutt, you got some C.D.s dont'cha?

BEANIE

Yeah. And nuthin' to play 'em on.

LONG HAIR

Mister, does the stereo work?

GEORGE

Never mind that. Just don't touch the car, alright?

BIKE BOY

What if I just touch this?

He flicks the radio antenna with a finger, making it wobble back and forth.

GEORGE

Okay guys. C'mon, that's enough.

LONG HAIR

We'll say what's enu--

MARGO (O.S.)

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

The punks all reflexively step back.

Margo stands tall, just a few yards behind them.

She walks over to the car. The punks stand aside, allowing her through. She turns to face them.

MARGO (CONT'D)
I think you boys have some place
better to be. You! --

She jabs a finger at Long Hair.

MARGO (CONT'D)
It's time for a haircut. Is there a
reason you want to look like Mary
Tyler Moore?

Beanie sniggers.

LONG HAIR
Who?

MARGO
(to Beanie)
And you, pull up your pants. The
crotch is so low it looks like
you've got diapers underneath.

Beanie self-consciously tugs at his waistband.

BIKE BOY
Listen, lady. I think you should
show some res--

MARGO
SHUSHHH!

She narrows her eyes at him.

MARGO (CONT'D)
I knew both your brothers. Do you
plan on following in their sorry
footsteps? At least your sister
made something of herself. Joined
the army didn't she?

BIKE BOY
Huh?

BEANIE
I didn't know you got a sister.

George runs around to the driver's door. Opens it. Throws the cardboard takeout container into the back seat. It hits the control panel of the boom box.

It starts to play 'That's the Way (I Like It)' by KC & the Sunshine Band --

Oooh ooh ooh, ooh ooh ooh, oooh oooh oooh!

MARGO

And don't forget end-of-term grades
are coming up. If you plan on
making it to senior year I suggest
you start revising now!

From inside the car, George has crawled through to the passenger side. He flings open the passenger door behind Margo.

GEORGE

Margo! Margo! Get in the car!

BEANIE

This bitch is off her rocker.

That's the way, uh-huh, uh-huh, I like it!
Uh-huh, uh-huh!

George pulls Margo into the passenger seat. She sits down, pulls the door shut.

LONG HAIR

Don't think you're gettin' away
that easy, lady!

The punks approach the car.

George starts the engine --

*When you take me... by the hand,
Tell me I'm... your lovin' man!*

-- backs out of the parking space. Brakes hard. Shifts into forward gear.

Margo winds her window down as the punks crowd towards her.

George floors the pedal. The Plymouth shoots forward --

MARGO

(out the window)

NOW GET HOME! IT'S A SCHOOL NIGHT!

-- hurtles out of the carpark, the three punks left behind in the exhaust.

EXT. ROAD ENTERING TOWN - NIGHT

The Plymouth speeds past the 'WELCOME' sign, in the opposite direction.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Nocturnal calm.

The Plymouth cruises a gently curved road, leaving the farms behind, entering forest country. Low hills are in the distance.

The night sky is clear and the stars are bright.

We hear 'Vincent' by Don McLean --

Starry, starry night...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The windows are down. The breeze is pleasant in the warm night.

Paint your palette blue and grey...

MARGO

I like this song.

GEORGE

Yeah. You know, it's not actually about a starry, starry night. It's about a painting called 'Starry Night.' The one by Vincent Van Gogh, the guy who cut his ear off.

MARGO

Why did he do that?

GEORGE

Because he was losing his --
(hesitates)
-- mind.

Margo is silent.

MARGO

George, do you think he knew? That he was losing his mind?

GEORGE

I don't know.

MARGO

Because nothing would be worse.
Losing your mind and knowing it was
happening.

*Now I understand what you tried to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity...*

George glances at Margo. She is looking at the night sky, her expression unreadable.

EXT. ROAD THROUGH LOW HILLS - NIGHT

The Plymouth drives through a cutting. When it passes out the other side it enters a coastal bay. They cruise past a crescent beach with a gentle, low surf.

A luminous, full moon climbs the horizon, its reflection splintering the sea.

*For they could not love you
But still your love was true.
And when no hope was left in sight
On that starry, starry night,
You took your life, as lovers often do.*

INT. CAR - NIGHT

George pulls over and parks on the beach's edge, facing the sea. He turns off the engine but leaves the headlights on.

MARGO

Oh my gosh! So beautiful. Turn off
the music, George. Let's listen to
the ocean.

George reaches back and presses 'stop.'

Margo closes her eyes and allows the breathing of the surf to fill her senses.

Then she is suddenly alert. She kicks off her shoes and throws open the door.

MARGO (CONT'D)

C'mon, George! Let's get closer!

She leaps out of the car and runs into the sand. The Plymouth's headlights pick her out like a ghostly vision in the dark.

GEORGE

Margo, wait! It's getting cool!
Take your coat!

He rummages around the back seat, grabbing Margo's overcoat.
He knocks the boom box, causing it to play the next track,
'Moonlight Feels Right' by Starbuck --

*The wind blew some luck in my direction,
I caught it in my hands today.
I finally made a tricky French connection,
You winked and gave me your okay...*

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

George chases Margo down the beach, holding out the coat. She playfully kicks sand at him. When it sprays in the air it sparkles in the car's headlights.

GEORGE

Margo! Here, put this on!

Margo laughs. Runs into the surf, holding her skirt up.

George runs back and forth on the sand, being careful to stay out of the lapping waves. He holds the coat aloft.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Look out! Be careful, you don't
know what might be in the water!

*Moonlight!
Feels right
Moonlight!
Feels right*

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Margo sits on the hood of the car, the headlights beaming out on either side. George dries her bare feet and cleans off the sand with the towel that was under the boom box. Her head is tilted back, observing the stars.

The surf sighs rhythmically in the background.

George finishes, leans on the hood, looking at Margo. She lies down on her back, looking straight up at the heavens.

For a long time they say nothing.

MARGO

Do you remember when Haley's Comet was in the sky, and we both made a wish, and we kept them secret, and then four years later we told each other what our wishes were?

GEORGE

We'd both made the exact same wish.

MARGO

Yes. And it came true.

GEORGE

Just goes to show, wishes can work. That wish was my last resort. I never said so, but I was ready to give up. All those years of trying.

MARGO

So many years. Every time we went back to the clinic, it felt like... like...

GEORGE

I know -- like the future was slipping away.

(pause)

But then everything changed. You looked good pregnant. So happy. And before long, there was Debbie.

MARGO

Yes.

They watch the stars some more.

MARGO (CONT'D)

We should be getting home. It's not fair to keep Julianna late.

George takes this in. Sadness in his eyes.

GEORGE

Julianna. Yeah.

George helps Margo down from the hood.

MARGO

Oh my! I have bare feet!

GEORGE

It's okay. It's from running in the sea.

MARGO
(disbelieving)
The sea?
(then)
Oh, I know! Henry, you naughty boy!
You've run off with my slippers
again. George, help me find Henry.

GEORGE
Henry is... umm. Henry's back at
home.

MARGO
He is? Well, we need to hurry then.
He'll be waiting for his evening
walk.

EXT. ROAD THROUGH GLADE - AERIAL - NIGHT

The moon's luminosity highlights trees on either side of the
road.

The Plymouth drives at a relaxed speed, its engine purring
softly. It negotiates the road's gentle curves, headlights
picking out reflective lane markers.

We hear 'Time in a Bottle' by Jim Croce --

*If I could save time in a bottle
The first thing that I'd like to do...*

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Margo is curled up on the bench seat, shoulders slumped over,
her head resting against the door pillar.

*Is to save every day
'Til eternity passes away
Just to spend them with you...*

MARGO
I remember hearing this song on the
radio for the first time. It made
me think, is the past something
real or is it just a memory?
Because if the future is something
you imagine, then maybe the past is
too. Maybe everything is your
imagination.

GEORGE
You mean like a dream?

MARGO
Exactly. Life is one big dream.

EXT. RIVERSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Leaving the trees behind, the night sky opens up above the Plymouth, revealing a canopy of stars as broad as the eye can see.

*But there never seems to be enough time
To do the things you want to do
Once you find them...*

A shooting star flashes past.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

George is excited.

GEORGE
Did you see that? Quick, time to
make a new wish!

No response.

He looks at Margo. Her eyes are closed.

MARGO
(drowsily)
Hmmm?

*I've looked around enough to know
That you're the one I want to go
Through time with...*

GEORGE
That's okay. I made one for both of
us.

He returns his attention to the road, a smile on his face.

EXT. RIVERSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

The Plymouth presses on into the night.

*If I had a box just for wishes
And dreams that had never come true...*

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CITY - NIGHT

The countryside gives way to an urban landscape of low commercial buildings.

*The box would be empty
Except for the memory
Of how they were answered by you.*

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Plymouth drives through lit up streets.

Passes low-rent industrial properties. Enters a more residential area.

EXT. PRIVATE DRIVE - NIGHT

The Plymouth turns off the main road, passes through a pair of open wrought-iron gates. The driveway is a treelined semicircle.

The car ends up at a complex of single storey buildings. Compactly designed. Modern. There's an obvious reception foyer, lit up.

EXT. RECEPTION CAR PARK - NIGHT

Exterior courtesy lights invite George to park directly opposite a concrete forecourt leading to the glass doors of the foyer.

He turns off the engine, exits the car, and steps onto the forecourt just as two people emerge through the doors. They wave hello.

ROSCOE and ELIZABETH (male/female, 30-ish), both dressed in pale blue tunics and matching pants, approach George.

GEORGE
Sorry to keep you late.

ROSCOE
No, not at all. No problem.

Elizabeth dips to get a better look inside the car.

ELIZABETH
How was she?

GEORGE

Good. She's been napping the last half hour.

The passenger door opens. Margo puts a bare foot out.

Elizabeth and Roscoe head towards her.

ELIZABETH

Hello Margo.

ROSCOE

Did you have a good day?

Margo stands and looks around.

MARGO

Where is this?

GEORGE

We're home. We made it home.

ROSCOE

(to Margo)

How was Deborah? She doing all right?

MARGO

Who?

ROSCOE

Deborah. Your daughter. She got married recently. Bought a new house.

ELIZABETH

(to Margo)

Debbie.

MARGO

Oh, Debbie! Yes. But I have to go home now. Julianna will be waiting. It's getting late.

Elizabeth looks at George. Who?

GEORGE

She was the girl next door. She used to babysit Debbie for us.

George takes Margo by the elbow.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We are home. We're here. This is
where you live.

Margo looks around again.

MARGO
I don't know this place.

She peers at George's face.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Who are you? Have you seen Henry?

GEORGE
Margo, it's me! George! And this is
Elizabeth and Roscoe. You know
them.

Margo looks them up and down.

MARGO
No, I'm sorry. I don't know either
of you.

She turns to George.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Who are you again?

George is lost for words.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Is Debbie here? It's time we got
going. It's way past her bedtime.

George tries to lead her towards the foyer entrance.

MARGO (CONT'D)
GET AWAY FROM ME!

George is shocked. Lets her go.

Margo scurries towards the corner of the building. She looks
all around, looking for anything familiar. Elizabeth rushes
after her.

ELIZABETH
Margo, Debbie's inside. Come with
me. Let's go see her.

MARGO
Inside?

Elizabeth guides her back to the forecourt, past a sign:

LAKEVIEW CARE HOME

ELIZABETH

And Henry too. He's in there
waiting for you.

Margo perks up.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(to George)

She's just tired. Have you got her
coat and things?

George hurries to the Plymouth, opens the rear door, reaches into the back seat and comes out with Margo's coat, shoes, and handbag.

Elizabeth takes the coat and drapes it across Margo's shoulders. Roscoe takes Margo's other things.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(to Margo)

There's still some people up. We
can watch a bit of 'Price is Right'
before going to bed.

MARGO

Oh yes. Bob Barker. I like him.

Elizabeth leads Margo towards the entrance.

ROSCOE

(to George)

She's fine. They often get a bit
confused around this time of night.

GEORGE

I... yeah. It's just... she never
forgot who I was before.

George hands a CD case to Roscoe. It has colourful cover art, emblazoned with the title "Hits of the 70s!"

ROSCOE

Did it help?

GEORGE

Oh yes. We listened to it all the
way there and back. She loved it.
We both did.

ROSCOE

Great! I thought it might. Music
from back in the day, all those old
songs. The memories they bring back
are familiar and comforting.

He watches Elizabeth take Margo to the building.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

I think the trip was good for her.
Maybe try it again. Look out for
the rain.

GEORGE

Pardon?

ROSCOE

Rain. They say it's gonna rain
soon.

He raises a hand -- Bye -- runs to the foyer entrance,
catching up with Elizabeth and Margo.

George stands alone beside the Plymouth. He watches the
others disappear inside the building. He takes a deep breath.

He turns, is about to close the rear passenger door when he
spots the cardboard takeout container. He reaches inside and
grabs it, carries it to a trash bin, tosses it in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

George settles behind the steering wheel, pulls the door
shut. He sees the corner of something white poking out from
under the bench seat. Reaching down, he retrieves it.

It is a white envelope. He pulls out a photograph. Holds it
over the dash where the reception's exterior courtesy lights
provide good illumination through the windshield.

The photo shows a five year old girl in a party dress posing
on a swing set, a large German Shepard sitting next to her.
It is a sunny day, but not half as sunny as the girl's bright
smile. Even the dog's face looks cheerful.

George studies the picture for a few seconds.

He flips the photo over. On the back is a woman's handwriting
in black sharpie:

Remember me

xxx Debbie

Outside, the exterior courtesy lights go out, casting the photo into darkness. Then the interior foyer lights go out too.

In the dark, George puts the photo away.

He turns the ignition key. The engine cranks but fails to catch. He tries again. Still no luck.

GEORGE
(desperation)
Please, please, Baby. You can do
it. Don't fail me now. Just a
little bit longer.

He makes a silent prayer.

One more try. The engine gasps, and then suddenly roars to life -- VROOOOMM!

George drops his forehead onto the steering wheel. *Thank you, thank you, thank you.*

He reverses out, stops, changes to forward gear.

EXT. RECEPTION CAR PARK - NIGHT

The Plymouth slowly drives away, following the curving road, disappearing into the dark.

It starts to rain.

FADE OUT.