

MY SO-CALLED LIFE

"Father Figures"

Written by

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Episode #59303

2nd DRAFT - 2/7/94  
Blue Pages - 2/11/94  
Pink Pages - 2/15/94  
Yellow Pages - 2/16/94  
Green Pages - 2/24/94  
Goldenrod Pages - 3/24/94

CAST

ANGELA CHASE  
PATTY CHASE  
GRAHAM CHASE  
DANIELLE CHASE  
RAYANNE GRAFF  
RICKIE VASQUEZ  
BRIAN KRAKOW  
JORDAN CATALANO

GUEST CAST

CHUCK WOOD  
CATHY KRZYZANOWSKI  
MS. MANDEVILLE  
WAITRESS  
ANGELA (Age 8)  
  
KID 1  
KID 2  
BRIAN'S MOM

\*

SETS

INTERIORS

LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL  
-English Classroom  
-Hallway  
-Girls' Restroom

CHASE HOUSE

-Entrance Way/Living Room  
-Kitchen  
-Angela's Bedroom  
-Graham & Patty's Bedroom  
-Dining Area  
-Upstairs Hallway  
-Living Room  
-Downstairs Entrance Hall  
-Living Room/Stairway Area  
-Staircase  
-Entrance Way  
-Entrance Hallway/Stairs  
-Living Room/Entrance Hall

GREASIEST RESTAURANT IN TOWN

WOOD & JONES PRINTING  
-Reception Area

EXTERIORS

CHASE HOUSE  
-Front of House

SIDEWALK

-Between Brian's/  
Angela's Houses

BRIAN'S HOUSE

-Driveway

LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL

-Playing Field

My So Called Life (Father Figures) (1994) Page 1 missing from script

Missing page:

A page or part of a page of the only available US copy is missing here. This situation is not unusual; many of the scripts held in the libraries or files of major studios and production companies have missing material, a fact that clearly illustrates the expendability of the screenplay once the true text, the film itself, has been made.

4 CONTINUED:

4

He drops his briefcase.

GRAHAM  
(calling out)  
Anybody...? I'm home...

Rayanne's face appears next to Angela's...

RAYANNE  
(sotto voce)  
You never said he had stubble...

ANGELA  
He doesn't. Usually.

Angela moves away from the doorway, past Rickie, who grabs a peek at Graham, then moves away from the doorway, grabs his jacket. NOTE: They now speak more quietly, an unconscious response to the father's presence...

RICKIE  
(to Rayanne)  
So I'm going, I'm getting the Third  
Street bus, you coming?

Rayanne tears herself away, opens a cabinet, forages as...

RAYANNE  
No...Amber'll pick me up later.  
(to Angela)  
Okay?

ANGELA  
Sure...

RICKIE  
Okay, see ya...

Rickie exits...

5 INT. ENTRANCE WAY/ LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

5

Graham looks up from some mail...

RICKIE  
Hi.

GRAHAM  
Hi.

RICKIE  
Well... Bye.

GRAHAM  
Bye.

6 INT. KITCHEN -- SIMULTANEOUS

6

As Angela finds some crackers and juice, Rayanne once again peeks out the kitchen doorway...

RAYANNE  
Oh look, Rickie and your Dad are bonding...!

ANGELA  
Come on...

RAYANNE  
They are, they're... exchanging fashion tips!

Angela tosses a cracker at her friend. They BREAK UP, all at once look up, there in the other doorway is...

THEIR P.O.V: GRAHAM, stubble and all.

GRAHAM  
So. Is this the famous Rayanne?

RAYANNE  
(almost shyly)  
Is this the famous... Angela's Dad?

Graham moves to Angela, starts to kiss her cheek, she draws back...

ANGELA  
Dad...! Your whiskers scratch...

GRAHAM  
Oh, sorry...

CUT TO:

7 INT. KITCHEN -- AN HOUR LATER

7

PAN: A COUNTER STREWN WITH THE EVIDENCE OF COOKING. Angela leans against the table, stirs a bowl of batter, looks on as, at the stove, under Graham's supervision, a thrilled Rayanne manages to flip a fritter...

RAYANNE  
Oh MY GOD, I did it...

GRAHAM  
Good! Okay, turn your flame down...  
(as she does so)  
You're in the zone now... The next batch'll be even better.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Graham notices some small shift in Angela's posture, it prompts him to turn to his daughter...

GRAHAM (cont'd)  
You feel like something else? I  
can make you something else...

ANGELA  
(shrugs)  
No, I'll have fritters...

RAYANNE  
I am so hungry.  
(buzzed, to Graham)  
Do you ever get like hypnotized,  
by food?

GRAHAM  
Are you kidding? "Hypnotized by  
Food" is my Indian name.  
(to Angela, to include  
her)  
Want to flip one?

ANGELA  
Rayanne can do it...

GRAHAM  
Oh wait, I gotta call my brother...

As he dials...

RAYANNE  
(to Angela)  
I cannot believe I'm cooking  
something not in a pouch...

GRAHAM  
(into the phone)  
What a weird sounding beep, Neil,  
listen, that guy Earl, who I did  
that rush for? He laid two tickets  
on me for the Dead concert Thursday  
night...

RAYANNE  
(reacting to this)  
OH MY GOD...!

GRAHAM  
(reacts to her reaction,  
but continues...)  
...so save the date. Call me back.

He hangs up. Rayanne is... beyond impressed.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

RAYANNE  
You're into the Dead. That  
explains... so much.

GRAHAM  
(glancing at Angela)  
Oh yeah...?

RAYANNE  
(to Graham)  
The like undercurrent of  
connections! Between Angela and  
me! See, my mom's going to the  
Dead show Thursday! She's a former  
wharf rat, the Grateful Dead is  
this thing we totally share, I mean  
before she had me? My mom lived in  
a bus for like months. With a  
girl named Poptart.

GRAHAM  
Angela's not big on the Dead.  
(to Angela)  
Am I right?

Angela shrugs, and...

RAYANNE  
You will be. After you hear our  
bootleg stuff!  
(to Graham)  
My mom has this tape she got from  
this guy, maybe you know him?  
Mike? In Boulder, Colorado? It's  
Palo Alto '71. They close with  
"Cosmic Charlie."

GRAHAM  
I know. I was there.

RAYANNE  
GET OUT OF HERE!

She SHRIEKS in the process of flipping another fritter. It  
goes flying. Graham catches it, then...

PATTY (O.S.)  
Nice save.

They turn

PATTY stands in the doorway. She looks somewhat grim.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 3

7

PATTY  
 (to Graham)  
 May I speak to you for a moment?

A suspended moment, as Angela looks from Graham to Patty...

ANGELA'S VOICE  
 With my mother? I can like list  
 her faults. To basically anyone  
 who'll listen. As opposed to my  
 father. Who I like cannot say  
 bad things about. Out loud.

Then Graham follows Patty out...

8 INT. CHASE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

8

...as Graham wipes his hands on a dishtowel, and Patty takes  
 off her jacket and heels...

PATTY  
 Okay, bear with me, I'm upset...

GRAHAM  
 Look, I know how you feel about her  
 but... she's actually not a bad  
 kid...

PATTY  
 Who, that Rayanne person...?  
 Please, that's the least of my  
 worries...

GRAHAM  
 Good, 'cause Angela wants her to  
 stay to dinner and...

PATTY  
Fine, I could care less, I...  
 look, we got a really upsetting  
 letter...

She hands him an already opened letter.

GRAHAM  
 (as he takes the letter)  
 Oh man. The IRS?  
 (before he can bring  
 himself to read it...)  
 Not the "A" word...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

PATTY

I can't believe we're being audited. I mean that Wood & Jones Printing is.

\*

GRAHAM

(reading)

"Your federal income return has been selected for examination"

(looks up)

Oh man, is this scary. They must get Stephen King to write these.

PATTY

I called my Dad, he's coming over later so we can figure out --

GRAHAM

You told your Dad about this before you told me...?

PATTY

Honey, look at the date.  
Ninety two. That's the year he got sick, the year I took over...  
Oh, he was not pleased.

GRAHAM

Well of course not, he's been caught red-handed!

PATTY

Graham...! He was flat on his back in the hospital spring of '92! If anyone's to blame, it's me, I helped him prepare that return...

GRAHAM

Yeah, 'cause he's too cheap to hire an accountant.

(beat)

Just promise we'll handle this our own way.

He turns, there's Angela...

ANGELA

Handle what?

PATTY

Nothing, we're being audited... not us, exactly, Wood and Jones...

\*

GRAHAM

Which of course is us...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

ANGELA

Why, did you... lie about something?

GRAHAM

Why are you looking at me?

PATTY

Nobody lied, it can happen to anyone, they pick people at random...

GRAHAM

Except I will lay even money Grandpa lied.

Patty shoots him a look...

ANGELA

So can Rayanne still stay for dinner?

GRAHAM

Yes!

ANGELA

(neutral, polite)  
Just checking.

She exits.

GRAHAM

You hear that? "Just checking."  
You notice that tone she takes with me now?

PATTY

I didn't notice anything...

GRAHAM

Something's not right, between her and me. She acts... distant. With this sort of... silent contempt.

PATTY

Graham. She adores you. And I've got dibs on her silent contempt, okay?

9 INT. LIVING ROOM/ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT

9

Angela pretends to do homework, while covertly observing HER P.O.V: Danielle cuddled against Graham, on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

DANIELLE  
(rubs his cheek)  
Daddy, I like it when you don't  
shave.

\*

GRAHAM  
You do?

DANIELLE  
I like how it feels...

Angela slams her book shut, stands...

ANGELA  
I can't concentrate in here...

She exits up the stairs, just as Patty emerges from the  
little office, holding papers...

PATTY  
Finally! I found a copy of the  
return...

SFX: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Patty turns, goes to answer the door... WE SEE

PATTY AT AGE 7 (PATTY/7) run up to the front door...

The door opens, revealing: CHUCK WOOD, Patty's Dad. We are  
back in the present. Chuck is mid-sixties. Somewhat  
ornery. But lovable. He brushes past Patty as...

CHUCK  
You got a rain gutter out there  
about to fall off.

GRAHAM  
This just in.

CHUCK  
...Hit somebody in the head... next  
thing you know you'll have a  
lawsuit on your hands...

PATTY  
We know, Dad...

\*

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

\*

DANIELLE

Hi Grandpa...!

CHUCK

Hey there cookie...

(she runs up and throws

her arms around his neck)

Okay, that's enough...

Danielle exits up the stairs as

10 THEY MOVE INTO THE LIVING ROOM

10

Chuck looks around...

CHUCK

Place is lit up like a Christmas tree, you know that? You got every damn light in the house blazing...

\*

Self-conscious, Patty clicks off one lamp. Annoyed, Graham clicks it back on...

PATTY

Dad, you want something? Fruit, or...

CHUCK

(re: her papers)

What's that you got there...

PATTY

It's a copy of the '92 return.

Chuck takes it, looks it over...

CHUCK

Ran my own business thirty years, never got audited...

PATTY

(crushed)

Dad it's... they pick people at random...

CHUCK

Never picked me at random.

PATTY

Well, anyway they do, and...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Chuck MUMBLES SOMETHING we can't quite make out...

GRAHAM

(This annoys him no end)  
What was that, Chuck?

PATTY

What did you say, Dad?

CHUCK

Never mind. Not worth repeating.

PATTY

(re: The return)  
They do say, if a small business,  
like us, takes kind of a...  
noticeably large deduction...  
that's hard to justify...

CHUCK

Who would do that?

PATTY

(hesitant, but)  
Well, here, Dad, look at this...  
(shows him the return)  
The car. You took off eighty-nine  
percent. \*

CHUCK

It was a business car!

PATTY

Well... I know. But... that's the  
sort of deduction you'd have to...  
back up. With a log or something.  
You know? Daddy...?

CHUCK

(rising)  
Well...! There's my girl...!

THEIR P.O.V: ANGELA...

Chuck moves past Patty to her...

CHUCK (cont'd)

Hiya honey bunch...

Angela moves to meet him, he gathers her up into a bear hug.  
Angela and Chuck LAUGH DELIGHTEDLY AND ADLIB GREETINGS...  
as \*

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

Patty and Graham look on wistfully, almost jealously... each longing to be on the receiving end of that warm and loving greeting.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT 2

FADE IN:

11 INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- DAY

11

A Guidance counselor, an interesting, extremely committed, slightly eccentric woman named CATHY KRZYZANOWSKI talks to Jordan Catalano, who is flanked on either side by HIS BUDDIES...

KRZYZANOWSKI

Okay, Mr. Catalano, hand it over...

JORDAN

Hand what over...

KRZYZANOWSKI

You're a good kid, okay? Now, give me the walkman...

JORDAN

I don't have a walkman...

KRZYZANOWSKI

I will return it to you at the close of school... Okay? Come on, you're not a bad kid...

As Rayanne, Rickie and Angela walk past them...

RAYANNE

CATALANO! GIVE HER THE STUPID WALKMAN!

\*

(they continue on as...)

Man. People are so rude.

Beat. In the b.g. we see Jordan hand over the walkman as...

RAYANNE (cont'd)

So not to shock you but your Dad's attractive.

ANGELA

(embarrassed, covering)

Oh, I'm sure...

RAYANNE

Not that I'd ever attack him or anything. But I wouldn't leave me alone with him either.

RICKIE

Oh, so, when I was leaving? There he was, right? So I'm like: hi.

(MORE)

(CO

11 CONTINUED:

11

RICKIE (cont'd)  
And he's like: hi. And then I'm  
like: Well, bye. And he's  
like...

RAYANNE  
(interrupts, out of  
excitement)  
I don't mean just physical, he's  
nice. You just... have a really  
nice Dad, he's really nice.

ANGELA'S VOICE  
When someone compliments your  
parents? There's like nothing to  
say. It's like a stun-gun to your  
brain.

RICKIE  
Plus his stubble is the perfect  
length...

ANGELA  
He doesn't have stubble, he ran  
out of disposable razors that  
morning, he was all disturbed  
over it...

RAYANNE  
Oooo. In Touch With His Emotions  
Dad.

ANGELA  
(laughing, but...)  
SHUT UP!

She's arrived at her next class, Rayanne calls to her as she  
and Rickie continue down the hall...

RAYANNE  
Ignore Angela, she can't help  
herself, she's the product of a two  
parent house-hold!

12 INT. CHASE HOUSE -- DINING AREA -- NIGHT

12

Patty and Graham sit at the table, going through a mountain  
of documents. Danielle moves through, on the phone...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

DANIELLE

I know, my mom's been on the phone  
like forever, we're getting  
audited...

Patty closes her eyes in humiliation. Danielle exits.

GRAHAM

(looks up from papers)  
I talked to Neil. He says we're  
crazy to do this without an  
accountant. Just because it's  
against your father's religion to  
trust anyone...

PATTY

(beat, then...)  
You're right, you're right, we  
shouldn't go into a thing like  
this unprepared... but I know him,  
Graham, he'll never agree to...  
look we'll just have to get our  
records straight, get our story  
straight... \*

GRAHAM

What story?! Look, I don't know  
what kind of trouble your Dad's  
gotten us into, but if they found  
something... we're gonna have to  
pay up! \*

(beat)

Where's Angela?

PATTY

Locked in her room with that  
Rayanne person, why?

GRAHAM

I just... wondered. She hasn't  
said two words to me all week...

PATTY

Join the club... oh, I almost  
forgot: We have a time. Are you  
listening? To meet with the IRS  
Lady. This Thursday. 4:00.

GRAHAM

Well, that's easy to remember, same  
day as the concert.

Patty freezes.

PATTY

What?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

GRAHAM

I never mentioned that Earl gave me two free tickets to the Dead concert?

PATTY

You're kidding. Tell me you're kidding.

GRAHAM

Honey, come on. It's the Dead, honey...

Patty drops to her knees, mock-begging, laughing yet...

PATTY

Graham, please, please tell me you're not going to top off our audit with a rock concert... Please, Graham...

GRAHAM

(a beat)

So you don't want me to go?

SFX: HONK OF CAR HORN OUTSIDE

Patty and Graham lock eyes...

PATTY/GRAHAM

(It's become an in joke between them)

It's... Amber Vallone!

GRAHAM

(goes to front door, calls out)

She'll be right out!

(exiting)

I'll get Rayanne...

13 INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

13

Angela opens her door, Graham enters... Rayanne is flying around the room like a maniac searching for something...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

GRAHAM

Hi honey bunch.  
 (Angela sort of shrugs.)  
 Rayanne, your mom's here.

RAYANNE

I just gotta find my sock, cause  
 it's Rickie's...

GRAHAM

So... which day is your Mom gonna  
 see the Dead?

RAYANNE

Thursday! Her and her honey.  
 She'd never let'em hit Pittsburgh  
 and not go.

(finds the sock, waves  
 it)

YEEES!

Graham smiles, looks to Angela, she won't meet his eyes...

GRAHAM

(almost to get Angela to  
 look at him)  
 So would you two like to go with  
 them? To see the Dead?

RAYANNE

OH MY GOD Angela?!  
 (to Graham)  
 But wait, you really wanted to go!

GRAHAM

No, I've got too much work.  
 Anyway... I'm too old for that  
 stuff.  
 (To Angela)  
 So what do you think, would you  
 like that?

ANGELA

(looks to Rayanne)  
 Sure.

Rayanne hugs Graham, a surprised, child-like hug...

RAYANNE

Thank you. I mean it thank you so  
 much! 'Night Ange...  
 (to Graham, almost shyly)  
 'night...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

GRAHAM

'Night.

Rayanne exits. there's a beat, then...

GRAHAM (cont'd)

I know you're not... wild about the  
Dead, like Rayanne is, but...

ANGELA

No, it's... fine.

(beat)

Where are the tickets?

GRAHAM

Oh. Here.

He hands them over, hesitantly... like he just realized the  
whole idea is... flawed, somehow. But it's too late.

ANGELA

(off his look)  
What?

GRAHAM

Nothing.

He now has no choice but to leave her room. He does.

14 INT. CHASE HOUSE - PATTY & GRAHAM'S BEDROOM -- A LITTLE  
LATER

14

Graham enters. Patty is on the bed, surrounded by receipts,  
record books and assorted junk...

PATTY

I found all these receipts I forgot  
I had! Also a dirty book, that  
little pearl earring I was so upset  
about, and a birthday card I never  
sent my mother.

GRAHAM

What book?

She tosses it to him. As he starts to look through it...

PATTY

I want it back.

GRAHAM

I've decided to skip the concert.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

PATTY

Thank Goodness.

GRAHAM

I gave the tickets to Angela and Rayanne.

PATTY

(looks up...)  
Seriously.

GRAHAM

It'll be fine, it turns out Rayanne's mother is going.

PATTY

Well of course Rayanne's mother is going, and Heidi Fleiss is probably going to meet her there, but that doesn't mean Angela should go!

GRAHAM

Patty, listen...

PATTY

(overlapped)  
And to top it all off... it's a school night! I mean, could you have had a more completely terrible idea?!

Graham collapses face up on the bed. Miserable.

14A PAN TO: THE DIGITAL CLOCK beside him... it flips forward to 12:07 A.M., the numbers glow in the (now) darkness...

14A

PAN BACK TO: GRAHAM, now undressed, under the covers, stares up at the ceiling, wide awake.

GRAHAM

(softly)  
I'll get the tickets back. I didn't think it through, I was... Are you still awake...?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Patty, in bed next to him, also stares up at the ceiling, miserably awake.

PATTY

Just my brain.

(beat)

I feel so ashamed. Like I've been bad. And the government's gonna ground me.

(CONTINUED)

14A CONTINUED:

14A

GRAHAM  
Angela is really acting weird  
towards me. You know?

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

14A CONTINUED:

14A

PATTY  
I think I'm gonna have to tell my  
Dad to butt out of this.

\*  
\*  
\*

GRAHAM  
Like she's... holding something  
against me or something...

\*  
\*  
\*

PATTY  
(sits up)  
But how can I question his  
judgment?! He built a business out  
of nothing, he's a rare  
individual...

Graham picks up a clicker, clicks on the T.V. as...

GRAHAM  
Patty, you're ten times smarter  
than your Dad about business, don't  
you know that?

PATTY  
(re: T.V; with emotion)  
Turn that off. I can't watch that  
guy, I miss Johnny.

GRAHAM  
I know.

PATTY  
You felt for Johnny. Married to  
all those JoAnnes. Think of him...  
all alone, on some Godforsaken  
Malibu beach. No guests. God, I  
miss him.

(beat)  
Look, I'll call him tomorrow and  
take him to lunch. At that new  
place with the fountain, that does  
the non-fat cooking. Mom's been  
wanting me to take him there.

GRAHAM  
That's a great idea.

PATTY  
And it'll be on my turf, on my  
terms, and I'll wait for the just  
the right moment and I'll say --

CUT TO:

15 INT. GREASIEST RESTAURANT IN TOWN -- DAY

15

A greasy, fatty burger sizzles on a grill...

CLOSE UP: PATTY

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

PATTY  
Chili-fries?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: PATTY AND CHUCK, lunching...

CHUCK  
Come on, taste one. When's the  
last time you had a chili-fry?

PATTY  
I... couldn't say.

CHUCK  
Well, you gotta admit, this tastes  
a helluva lot better than that  
place you suggested. With the  
no-fat, no-cholestral, no flavor...  
no thanks!

A WAITRESS appears...

WAITRESS  
Dessert?

PATTY  
Not for me...

CHUCK  
Melba, bring her a piece of that  
banana cream pie.

Waitress leaves as...

PATTY  
Dad, I don't want pie...

CHUCK  
Well, I may have a little bite...

PATTY  
Dad! You're not supposed to have  
any sugar!

CHUCK  
It's banana! It's all-natural!

PATTY  
Look. About the audit, Dad, I  
think it's important to --

CHUCK  
Oh, I almost forgot! My driving  
log.

He takes out said log. Patty stares at it, stunned.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

PATTY

You kept a driving log...?

CHUCK

You see it there, don't you?

The waitress plunks the pie down in front of Patty... \*

WAITRESS \*

Banana cream pie... \*

Chuck takes a bite of it as... \*

PATTY

Dad. Not that you... did, but I mean, they can tell if you're...

CHUCK

Patricia... it's perfectly legal. Reconstructing what happened. Best of my ability.

(takes another bite)

I spoke to her.

PATTY

To the IRS agent?! Dad, we agreed...

CHUCK

I had a very nice chat with her. She has no objection to us doing this without an accountant.

PATTY

Of course not, she was probably thrilled! Dad, they want to... trip you up, they have all kinds of techniques...

CHUCK

You know, I can handle the IRS. What I can't handle is my own daughter telling me what to do.

(he takes another bite,  
points to the pie)

You don't know what you're missing.

16 INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL -- ENGLISH CLASSROOM -- DAY

16

No teacher present. KIDS (including Angela and Brian) TALK or LAUGH, some (like Brian) read, others are simply wandering out as Ms. Krzyzanowski, the Guidance counselor, enters... \*

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

                  KRZYZANOWSKI  
                  (over much chatter)  
Excuse me... Excuse me? Whose  
classroom is this?

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

KID1

Mayhew.

KRZYZANOWSKI

And where is --

KID2

She is outta here!

(LAUGHTER)

She could not deal, whatta  
wimp...

KID 1

Hey aren't you guidance?

KID2

(overlapped)

We need guidance, Ms.

Krzyzanowski...!

ANGELA

(overlapped)

See, Ms. Mayhew --

KRZYZANOWSKI

Okay, one at a time, yes, girl with  
the red hair...

ANGELA

It's Ms. Mayhew's class, but... I  
think she quit...

KRZYZANOWSKI

Who has been teaching this class?

BRIAN/OTHERS

Mr. Renaldi.

KRZYZANOWSKI

Mr. Renaldi is a Spanish teacher.  
This is English.

(Beat...)

Where is Mr. Renaldi now...?

(They shrug.)

What did Mr. Renaldi do the last  
time he was here?

KID 1

Showed a movie.

KRZYZANOWSKI

What movie.

KID2

"Alive."

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 3

16

From out in the hall WE HEAR: "You nocturnal emission!"  
Jordan saunters in, looks vaguely surprised to see Ms.  
Krzyzanowski. \*

KRZYZANOWSKI \*

Mr. Catalano? Join us.

(he does so, unthruled)

Okay, I'm gonna pair you off, and  
each of you will write three  
sentences about the movie "Alive,"  
and you will trade papers, and  
diagram each other's sentences, and  
I will sit here and watch, because  
my life is so empty.

Angela sneaks a look at Jordan as Ms. Krzyzanowski begins  
to pair off people who stand or sit next to each other. \*

Between Jordan and Angela is Kid 2.  
Brian tries to casually edge towards Angela, but is paired  
with someone else...

KRZYZANOWSKI (cont'd) \*

(pointing)

Okay, you and you, you and you, you  
and you...

Kid 2 suddenly bends down to re-tie her sneaker, and...

KRZYZANOWSKI (cont'd) \*

(to Angela and Jordan)

...You and you...

CUT TO:

17 INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

17

The class works in quiet pairs.

FIND: JORDAN AND ANGELA, trading papers. Jordan looks over  
her sentences. Then he looks them over again. And again.

ANGELA'S VOICE

I couldn't believe that Jordan  
Catalano was actually trying to  
diagram my sentences.

Angela quickly diagrams his sentences; sits back.

ANGELA'S VOICE (cont'd)

His sentences were really short.

JUMP CUT TO:

18 INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM -- MINUTES LATER

18

Angela watches as Jordan stares down at her sentences. He hasn't moved. She SIGHS. He doesn't look up. She rummages noisily through her shoulder bag... pulls out the two Grateful Dead tickets. She examines them like there's vital information printed there. Finally...

Jordan looks up from his as yet un-diagrammed sentences.

ANGELA

(as though he asked)  
Tickets.

(beat)  
For the Grateful Dead concert.

(beat)  
Not that I like the Grateful Dead  
that much.

ANGELA'S VOICE

You know how sometimes the last  
sentence you said like echoes in  
your brain? And it just keeps  
sounding stupider? And you have to  
say something else just to make  
it stop?

Jordan starts to turn back to his sentences...

ANGELA

I just remembered: I owe you thirty  
dollars.

(She now has his complete  
attention.)  
For my I.D. I don't have it on me,  
but...

Silence. Jordan is thinking. Then...

JORDAN

Scalp your Dead tickets.

ANGELA

Really?

(beat)  
I mean, I don't know anyone who  
would... buy them.

(beat)  
Do you?

19 INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - GIRL'S ROOM -- DAY

19

Deserted save for Rayanne, Rickie and Angela. Rayanne is  
upset...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

RAYANNE  
You SCALPED our TICKETS?!

ANGELA  
Shhh... Rayanne...

RICKIE  
You want me to talk to him...?  
Maybe he hasn't sold'em yet...

ANGELA  
It just seemed... I mean, you're  
always saying we should think of  
ways to get money...

RICKIE  
You want me to? Talk to him?  
Cause I'm willing to do it...

RAYANNE  
(overlapped, to Angela)  
What are you talking about, why are  
you talking about money? WE HAD  
DEAD TICKETS!  
(quietly, with emotion)  
You don't sell Dead tickets.  
People give people Dead tickets. \*

ANGELA  
I'm sorry, I didn't... think, I  
just... \*

RAYANNE  
Your Dad gave those tickets to  
both of us. Which includes me. \*

THE BELL SOUNDS.

RAYANNE (cont'd)  
(fighting tears)  
I gotta go. I gotta go to Home Ec.

She runs out. Rickie and Angela turn to each other...

ANGELA  
Oh my God.

RICKIE  
She must really be upset.  
(beat)  
Why'd you do it? To like have a  
reason to talk to Jordan?.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

ANGELA  
(a discovery)  
Not... completely.

RICKIE  
Then why?

PUSH IN: ON ANGELA...who pushes the answer away...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 3

19

ANGELA  
I don't know.

20 INT. CHASE HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM/STAIRWAY -- NIGHT

20

PULL BACK: ANGELA'S NOW ON THE COUCH, pretends to read a book as she observes

HER FATHER, as he goes thru a bunch of documents scattered across the coffee table... Behind him, Patty paces on the phone...

PATTY  
...But Dad... Dad, the meeting should be at the IRS office! But you don't know she has an appointment with a chiropractor in this neighborhood, she may have told you that just to get a look at our... What. Okay. Say good night to Mom.

Patty hangs up the phone.

21 INT. PATTY AND GRAHAM'S BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

21

They lie in bed. On their backs. Worried.

PATTY  
I'm so scared...

GRAHAM  
It's okay. Prison's not that bad. And I'll wait for you.

PATTY  
Now he's got that agent coming here. It's exactly what all the books say never to do.  
(beat)  
I can't get him to listen...

GRAHAM  
(caresses her...)  
Patty; you order people around all day long. People like me.

PATTY  
Our lunch was such a... disaster! He forced me to order pie... And I actually ate it!  
(MORE)

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

PATTY (cont'd)  
I mean, what is wrong with me, why  
do I become an eight year old  
around him...?!

\*  
\*  
\*

As he continues to caress her...

\*

PATTY (cont'd)  
(vulnerable, yet  
pleasantly surprised)  
So my rotten day is like...  
foreplay?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

GRAHAM

I like it when you're... when you  
actually... need me...

PATTY

Of course I need you...

(kiss)

Did you talk to Angela about the  
concert?

GRAHAM

I will. I promise.

They continue their embrace...

22 INT. STAIRCASE -- SIMULTANEOUS

22

Angela, dressed for bed, moves silently down the stairs...

23 INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

23

She looks through the papers on the coffee table. Nearby is  
her father's briefcase... impulsively she opens it, searches  
through it with growing intensity... then grabs his suit  
jacket, plunges her hands into the pockets, when...

DANIELLE O.S.

What are you looking for?

Angela whips around, her sister enters the room.

ANGELA

(a furious hiss)

Get out of here!

Danielle stares knowingly at her, then exits. Angela sinks  
to the couch, looks at the profusion of papers...

ANGELA'S VOICE

I didn't know what I was looking  
for, some kind of... proof, maybe,  
of something terrible... something  
that would make it make sense...  
for me to hate him...

She looks up with a GASP, there's

GRAHAM. in the doorway. Beat.

ANGELA

I lost...part of my homework.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

GRAHAM  
Did you find it?

ANGELA  
No.

She swiftly brushes past him, exits.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT 3

FADE IN:

24 INT. CHASE HOUSE -- ENTRANCE WAY -- DAY 24

Patty opens the door for MS. MANDEVILLE, THE IRS AGENT. She is African-American, and great at her job. She has no visible need for a chiropractor.

25 INT. CHASE HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- MINUTES LATER 25

Chuck, Patty, and Graham watch anxiously as Ms. Mandeville admires a clock. The clock reads 4:03 P.M.

GRAHAM

It was my Grandmother's.

PATTY

She was completely dotty, of course. It's... practically worthless. Keeps good time though.

MANDEVILLE

(with a friendly smile)  
Then it's not worthless.

JUMP CUT

THE CLOCK: It now reads 5:15 P.M.

Documents abound. Patty puts down a folder...

PATTY

So you see I was the one who actually prepared the return...

CHUCK

Ms. Mandeville...?

(she turns to him)

I don't know if your records indicate this but... I'm a veteran.

MANDEVILLE

So?

CHUCK

I just didn't want to... conceal anything. I'd also like to state for the record that during the fiscal year in question I was felled with a near fatal heart attack and was later found to be sick... with the diabetes.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MANDEVILLE

Well, you look fine now.

CHUCK

Well, I don't think I should be penalized for bouncing back like I did...

MANDEVILLE

(politely)

Why are you bringing this up, Mr. Wood?

\*

CHUCK

No reason.

CUT TO

26 INT. CHASE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY - DANIELLE

26

huddles on the stairs, eavesdropping while

27 INT. CHASE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

27

28 THE CLOCK READS 6:17 P.M.

28

Graham, Patty and Chuck look exhausted, Ms. Mandeville, still fresh as a daisy, stands up...

MANDEVILLE

Well, we covered a lot of ground...  
(hands Chuck back his driving log)

Thank you... this was very helpful.

CHUCK

You can keep it if you like...

MANDEVILLE

That won't be necessary.

Mandeville reaches for her purse.

PATTY

Are you... in any pain?

(beat)

I heard you had to visit your chiropractor.

The two women lock eyes for a beat...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

MANDEVILLE

Yes, he fixed me right up. Thanks.

GRAHAM

Oh God.

(turns to Patty)

I never talked to Angela. About the concert.

A beat as Patty and Graham hold a look. Then...

MANDEVILLE

Anyway... we'll be seeing a lot more of each other... promise me you'll keep that in mind, Mr. Wood, no gallivanting off to some Caribbean vacation...

CHUCK

What? I've been to the Caribbean exactly once, in fifty six.

MANDEVILLE

You're telling me you don't take lavish vacations...? Because I got the distinct impression...

CHUCK

What? Lavish? My wife won't fly! She gets seasick! Lavish!?  
(proudly)  
I've never been to Europe!

MANDEVILLE

But you told me yourself, you do take plenty of time off...

CHUCK

Have to. Have to get away. We take plenty of motor trips, always have... Weekend trips to the mountains...

MANDEVILLE

Oh, that sounds fun, and what car do you generally use?

CHUCK

Oh, the wagon.  
(Beat. Whoops)  
I mean... either car. Uh, the compact, usually.

There's silence, then...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

PATTY  
(taking charge, to  
Mandeville)  
Okay, here's what we're gonna  
do...

CHUCK  
Look... This has nothing to do  
with...

PATTY  
(overlapping)  
We're gonna pay whatever taxes we  
owe...

CHUCK  
What?! What did you just say?

GRAHAM  
Chuck... come on...

PATTY  
Dad, please, just --

CHUCK  
Just what?! Stand here and watch  
while you... sell me down the  
river?!

PATTY  
Dad, I'm trying to help you,  
okay...?

CHUCK  
Help me?! I don't need your help!

PATTY  
(to Mandeville)  
Do we have an agreement?

MANDEVILLE  
(shakes her hand as...)  
We absolutely have an agreement.

CHUCK  
What the hell -- Patricia!  
(she turns)  
Who the hell do you think you  
are?!

Patty looks at him... and is completely humiliated.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 3

28

PATTY  
Daddy, please...

\*  
\*

CHUCK  
(quietly)  
Who the hell do you think you are?

\*

Beat. Chuck throws down his driving log and walks out. Patty and Ms. Mandeville look at each other. Patty looks away.

29 INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY/STAIRS -- MINUTES LATER

29

At the front door, Patty and Graham show Ms. Mandeville out...

PATTY  
(thrown, but...)  
I... thank you, you've been very  
patient. I'm just sorry --

All at once Angela blows in from the back entrance... starts immediately up the stairs as...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

GRAHAM

Angela...! I have to --

ANGELA

(without stopping)

Dad I can't talk right now...!

She disappears up the stairs. Graham and Patty exchange a look, the Graham follows up the the stairs as...

PATTY

(to Mandeville)

I'm sorry you had to... witness that... business. Between my father and me...

MANDEVILLE

That's small potatoes compared to what I've witnessed.

30 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- ANGELA'S DOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

30

Graham knocks on Angela's door. It opens. He steps inside...

31 INT. ANGELA'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

31

GRAHAM

We've got a problem. It's my mistake, I should have checked with your mother first, but the thing is... I can't allow you to go to that concert tonight.

\*  
\*  
\*

ANGELA

What?

GRAHAM

The thing is... Your mother's just not comfortable with it, so, I'm sorry... you better just give me back the tickets.

\*  
\*  
\*

Angela stares at him, totally cornered.

ANGELA

Why do you need the tickets?!

GRAHAM

Why do you need them if you're not going?!

(beat)

Just give 'em to me.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ANGELA  
Rayanne has them!  
(beat)  
And she'll be here any second to  
pick me up...!

GRAHAM  
Look, I'm sorry...

ANGELA  
No I'm sorry, Rayanne is  
counting on me to come, I won't  
do this to her!

GRAHAM  
Angela... Look, let me call  
Rayanne, I'll explain it to her... \*

ANGELA  
Dad this was your idea!

GRAHAM  
I make mistakes! I'm not  
perfect!

ANGELA  
Oh believe me. That's become  
really clear.  
(she looks out her  
window)  
There she is...

She runs out of the room...

32 INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY/STAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

32

Angela flies down the stairs, past Patty and out of the  
house as...

PATTY  
Angela...?!

Graham comes down the stairs...

PATTY  
What the hell is going on?!

GRAHAM  
Did she get into Rayanne's car?

Patty looks out the door... closes it.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

PATTY

She's gone.

(furious)

I can't believe you let it go this long...

GRAHAM

Patty, I forgot, I --

PATTY

(turns on him)

Why can't you just admit the truth?! You want her to go to that stupid concert!

GRAHAM

Alright! I admit it! Okay?! I saw the Grateful Dead when I was fifteen years old and it was one of the eight best nights of my life! It's something I wanted to give her.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Patty stares at him coldly, then starts up the stairs...

GRAHAM (cont'd)

That's right, leave! Just like he does!

PATTY

(on the steps)

You leave my father out of this!

Patty MUMBLES SOMETHING as she continues upstairs.

GRAHAM

What?! What did you say?!

PATTY

It's not worth repeating.

She exits up the stairs.

33 EXT. FRONT OF BRIAN'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

33

Brian emerges from his house lugging a garbage bag. All at once he stops...something catches his eye. He drops the garbage bag and walks over to

His parents car, parked in the driveway. He opens the back door. There's ANGELA, huddled in the back seat. Freezing and embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Hi.

(he gets in the car.  
turns to her, then...)

It wasn't locked, and I just can't go home right this second and there was no where else to go and I'm freezing.

BRIAN

(after a beat)

Are you like meeting someone in here?

ANGELA

That's so un-funny.

BRIAN

(beat, not looking at her)

What about... my room?

ANGELA

What about your parents?

BRIAN

They won't even notice. They're balancing their joint checking.

ANGELA

My parents are getting audited.

BRIAN

Mine are probably getting a citation for like best penmanship on a tax return or something...

ANGELA

Could I maybe just... stay in your garage? For awhile?

BRIAN

How come you can't go home?

ANGELA

(SIGHS, then)

My Dad thinks I'm at a Grateful Dead concert and he'd be really upset if he knew I wasn't.

BRIAN

Wow. Your Dad is so different from my Dad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 2

33

BRIAN (cont'd)

(beat)

Look, it's my garage, I think I  
have a right to know... does this  
involve Jordan Catalano?

Beat. Then she gets out of the car, slams the door...

34 EXT. SIDEWALK BETWEEN THEIR HOMES -- NIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER

34

She walks swiftly down the sidewalk... He follows...

BRIAN

Angela...! Wait...!

(She stops...)

Did you ever think I could actually  
be doing something? That does  
not involve you? I mean, that I  
may not just be sitting around, in  
case you decide like that  
moment that you need my garage?

ANGELA

(turns to him)

So what were you doing?

BRIAN

(he shrugs...)

Nothing.

(they walk a bit. She  
shivers...)

You want my sweater?

ANGELA

(a hesitation)

Okay.

They stand a little ways apart. He takes off his pullover.  
Throws it at her. It kind of hits her in the face.

BRIAN

Here.

(Then, as she puts it  
on...)

Try not to sweat into it.

ANGELA

Why do you have to say things like  
that?

BRIAN

Why do you have to --

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

BRIAN'S MOM (O.S.)  
 (calls from the house)  
 BRIAN -- THERE'S ANOTHER BAG OF  
 GARBAGE HERE!

BRIAN  
 I KNOW!

He turns away in embarrassment as...

ANGELA'S VOICE  
 What's really horrible? Is being a  
 witness while someone's parents  
 orders them around. It ruins the  
 conversation.

ANGELA  
 Wait so... what were you saying...?

BRIAN  
 Nothing, just... you shouldn't act  
 one way towards a person when you  
need something and then --

But suddenly Angela is no longer listening, because she is  
 staring at...

HER P.O.V: GRAHAM, in front of their house, examining the  
 detached rain gutter. Graham takes a step back from it, then  
 turns...

HIS P.O.V: Angela, next to Brian. Both, even at a distance,  
 look tremendously guilty.

GRAHAM stands there, staring at his daughter, struggling to  
 absorb the completeness of her betrayal.

ANGELA stands on her side of the street, caught, ashamed.  
 Instinctively she takes a step towards him, to explain...

He immediately turns, and goes quietly into the house.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT 4

FADE IN:

35 INT. CHASE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

35

Morning. At the counter Graham pours himself juice... turns to Danielle... about to pour out juice into a second glass...

GRAHAM  
Danni... juice?

DANIELLE  
Not that pulp kind...

GRAHAM  
Oh, right.

ANGELA  
I'll take some...

Graham puts the juice and the glass down... and moves off, as though Angela hadn't spoken. Angela pours herself some juice. Patty enters...

GRAHAM  
(to Danielle)  
You left your scottie sweater in my car, honey bunch...

DANIELLE  
Thank you, I was searching...

They exit. Angela pours her glass of juice down the sink.

PATTY  
Angela...!  
(she looks up)  
Orange juice doesn't grow on trees.

ANGELA  
(miserable)  
It sort of does.  
(beat)  
Did you see? How he's being?

PATTY  
Don't call your father "he."

ANGELA  
Mom, he didn't want me to go to the concert, so... fine, I didn't go!

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

PATTY

But you let him think you were going, and you sold tickets you had no business selling, and you were less than forthright to say the least...!

ANGELA

Well, why can't he say that? Instead of acting like I don't exist?

(beat)

Dad not even wanting to look at me is just like... the worst feeling.

Patty goes to her daughter, strokes her hair.

PATTY

I know.

36 EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS -- PLAYING FIELD -- DAY

36

Angela comes running up to Rickie and Rayanne, who are crossing the field together...

ANGELA

Finally! I was looking everywhere for you guys...

Rayanne totally ignores this... turns to Rickie...

RAYANNE

Anyway. Yeah. So... I'll see you at lunch...

Rayanne walks off without acknowledging Angela.

ANGELA

I can't believe she's this mad...

RICKIE

I know! See, I can see it from your side, but I also see it from her side. And from my own side. Even though I don't really have a side.

(beat)

Why'd you do it? Were you mad at your Dad, or...

ANGELA

What? Who said that?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

RICKIE  
Well, with my Dad? Who's  
technically my uncle but... he  
raised me, so... Anyway, if he  
gives me something, and I'm mad at  
him? I can't open it.

(beat)  
But it's different, cause... I'm  
somewhat afraid of my Dad. I mean,  
in the past? My Dad has broken  
down my door.

ANGELA  
(after a beat, softly)  
My Dad always knocks.

RICKIE  
I had a feeling.

37 INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - GIRLS ROOM -- DAY

37

Angela enters, notices TWO GIRLS, smoking. Methodically she  
looks under the door of each stall until...bingo. She sees  
HER P.O.V: RAYANNE'S FEET.

ANGELA  
(sotto voce)  
Rayanne...?

The smoking girls GIGGLE, WHISPER. Angela wants to die of  
embarrassment but... what else is new?

ANGELA (cont'd)  
(sotto)  
Rayanne...?  
(beat)  
I feel terrible, okay? And I have  
to go to Health in a few minutes.

The smoking girls grind their butts out and leave, still  
GIGGLING. Long Beat. Then...

RAYANNE (O.S.)  
Why?

ANGELA  
Why do I feel terrible?

RAYANNE (O.S.)  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ANGELA

Because! Of what I did. That you didn't get to go to the concert.

SFX: TOILET FLUSHES.

Rayanne emerges from the stall, goes right past Angela to the mirror.

RAYANNE

No, I went. It was gréat. They played "Staggerlee."  
 (she take out her makeup)  
 Amber and Rusty took me. Rusty ran into this guy he knew from Vietnam, who was in a wheelchair? He had an extra ticket.

(puts on lipstick)  
 He had a sexy upper bod, too.

Rayanne turns to regard Angela coolly. Her expression changes when she sees the effect she's had on her.

RAYANNE

God, making you feel bad is too easy. It takes the fun out of it.  
 (to her own surprise,  
 Rayanne fights back tears  
 as...)

Look, I mean, your Dad probably gives you stuff... all the time, so it's no big thing to you. But to me... the fact that he... did that...

(composes herself, goes  
 back to her makeup...)  
 Face it, I'm envious. I'm a green-eyed monster.

ANGELA

You don't know everything about my Dad.

(beat)

Remember the night we never got in to Let's Bolt? I saw him, around the corner form our house. He was talking to this girl. Like in her twenties.

RAYANNE

So?

ANGELA

So... so... I don't know!

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 2

37

RAYANNE

Look, I'm lucky. My Dad's had like eight different girlfriends since he left. So I'm used to it.

(beat)

But, Angela...? Whatever your Dad may be doing, with whatever girl... which we don't even know that he is... He is still the type of Dad that will lay two Grateful Dead tickets on you. Out of nowhere.

(beat)

I mean, that's what matters.

38 INT. WOOD & JONES PRINTING -- RECEPTION AREA -- NIGHT

38\*

An office with a lot of character... Patty, last to go home, gathers her stuff, stops, sees

PATTY'S P.O.V: HER FATHER, NEAR THE ENTRANCE WAY. It's hard to say how long he's been there. He looks around, the way a person who used to know every square inch of a place looks around. Then he picks up some printed material, looks it over...

PATTY

Daddy...?

He turns, startled.

PATTY (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

CHUCK

My God, Patricia, you want to give me another heart attack?

(beat, she comes closer to him)

What the hell are you doing, working this late?

(to change the subject, re: Printed material)

What's all this...?

PATTY

It's my... master plan, Dad. I want Wood & Jones to enter the world of highspeed copiers.

(beat)

Did you... read it? What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

CHUCK

Well, that's an awful lot of money to spend in one fell swoop...

PATTY

That's exactly how I felt, Dad! Then it came to me: Lease it. That way it only costs about eight grand a month, which isn't peanuts, but Daddy... it looks like offset. People won't have to go to an offset printer, they can come to us... we'll keep more stuff in house...

CHUCK

(not convinced)  
How are you gonna advertise it?

PATTY

I don't want to advertise, I'd rather put the money into another sales rep. Develop relationships.

\*

CHUCK

Well, I guess you got it... all figured out...

\*

\*

\*

PATTY

(awkward silence)  
Daddy, I could work sixteen hours a day and it wouldn't be enough, you know how late I work. I know you came here to make up with me.

\*

CHUCK

Me...? I'm still waiting for an apology.

PATTY

Well, you'll be waiting awhile.  
(deep breath. It's difficult to continue, but she plunges on...)  
Dad, I have... opinions, I have to have 'em and stick to 'em, make... decisions. I have to, you asked me to when you asked me to --

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

CHUCK

(interrupting)  
I never asked you to --

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 2

38

PATTY

(cuts him off)

No, Dad, you have to hear this!

(beat)

When you asked me to take over,  
when you asked me to run this  
business. Maybe you didn't... know  
what you were asking. God knows I  
didn't.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 3

38

PATTY (cont'd)

And I sometimes miss... how it used to be. When I never... questioned you. But... I've turned some kind of corner with it, and I can't turn back.

CHUCK

(after a silence)

Well, all that's your own business.

\*

PATTY

(in tears now)

But why... does there have to be... this distance between us...?

CHUCK

Well, it's not my doing.

He steals a look at her. Awkwardly pats her shoulder...

CHUCK (cont'd)

Alright now, it's alright...  
(they look at each other)  
she's about to kiss him,  
but... he pulls away)  
Careful, I didn't shave today.  
Didn't have to. Only good thing  
about being retired.

PATTY

I don't care...

CHUCK

(moves away as)

When you were little, I'd go to  
kiss you good night and if I hadn't  
shaved... you'd pull away, tell me  
my whiskers were too rough.

PATTY

Well, they were, then.

CHUCK

That's what it is to raise a girl.  
Walk on eggshells half the time.  
(beat)  
You hungry?  
(she nods)  
Come on, I'll buy you a piece of  
pie.

He takes her briefcase for her, turns to go... she picks up her coat, stares after him...

(CONTINUED)

My So Called Life (Father Figures) (1994) Page 47 missing from script

Missing page:

A page or part of a page of the only available US copy is missing here. This situation is not unusual; many of the scripts held in the libraries or files of major studios and production companies have missing material, a fact that clearly illustrates the expendability of the screenplay once the true text, the film itself, has been made.

39 CONTINUED:

39

PATTY (cont'd)  
 (he turns away, to  
 conceal his emotion...)  
 Graham. Listen to me...

He almost can't look at her, he might cry, he can't cry...

GRAHAM  
 I don't want to lose her...

PATTY  
 But you have to. For a while. You  
 have to let her push you away...  
 and not punish her for it.  
 (beat)  
 All she's doing is pushing you off  
 your pedestal. And she's right to  
 do it; she needs to do it. She's  
 right on schedule. Not a thousand  
 years late, like I am.

GRAHAM  
 What do I do...?

PATTY  
 You stand your ground. And you let  
 her know that, no matter how hard  
 she pushes you away -- you'll still  
 be there.

She goes to him... He hugs her... hard.

GRAHAM  
 I love you...

PATTY  
 Oh, I love you. So much.

40 EXT. CHASE HOUSE -- DAY

40

WE HEAR MUSIC FROM A RADIO... gee I don't know, either  
 something from "Workingman's Dead," or "Whiter Shade Of  
 Pale," or some other song we can't afford...

Graham adjusts the volume of his radio, then turns back to  
 his work. He is up on a ladder (the type of ladder that two  
 people can stand on) repairing the rain gutter. As he  
 struggles to do this himself, he notices...

GRAHAM'S P.O.V: BRIAN, wearing headphones, roller-blading  
 aimlessly, covertly watching him.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

GRAHAM  
 (on an impulse)  
 Hey...!! You wanna give me a hand  
 with this...?  
 (Brian stops, stares...  
 Graham indicates with  
 gestures...)  
 THIS! WANNA... COME OVER HERE?  
 FOR A SECOND? GIMMEE A HAND...?

Brian looks blanker, if anything. Indicates that he has  
 head phones on and can't hear. Skates off as...

GRAHAM (cont'd)  
 (mumbles to himself)  
 Gee, thanks. "Like to help sir,  
 but I'm too busy picturing your  
 daughter naked..."

41 INT. CHASE LIVING ROOM -- DAY

41

Angela slumps on a couch, bored and miserable. She looks  
 up... there's Patty carrying a soda... she holds it out to  
 her.

PATTY  
 Take this out to your father.

42 EXT. CHASE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

42

Angela approaches her father, still up on the ladder. She  
 looks up at him, holds out the soda...

ANGELA  
 Mom said I should give you this.

GRAHAM  
 Put it down there.  
 (She does. She starts to  
 leave, but...)  
 Give me a hand with this.

ANGELA  
 Now?

GRAHAM  
 Yeah, now. Come up here...  
 (she climbs up, is next  
 to him and...)  
 Hold it in place while I drill...

She does so, he uses an electric screwdriver. Then...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

GRAHAM (cont'd)  
 Want to use this thing? Get out  
 some of that pent up anger?

ANGELA  
 You're the one that's angry.

He hands her the electric screwdriver, she drills under his  
 watchful guidance. She examines her work, as...

GRAHAM  
 So whatcha get for the tickets?

ANGELA  
 All together... one twenty. But...  
 I owed this guy thirty dollars.

GRAHAM  
 Really. And why was that?

ANGELA  
 Dad, I can't go into it, it's too  
 stupid and... complicated.

GRAHAM  
 So that leaves ninety bucks.  
 Profit.  
 (means business)  
 You better declare that as income.

ANGELA  
 Declare it to who?

GRAHAM  
 To me.  
 (beat)  
 Get my point?

Angela, chastened, nods. Graham goes back to working.

ANGELA  
 So... Rayanne said the concert was  
 really good.  
 (re: Radio)  
 Can I turn this off?

Graham shrugs. As she does so...

GRAHAM  
 So what do you like to listen to  
 these days...?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 2

42

ANGELA

I don't know.

(beat)

Smashing Pumpkins. Rage Against  
the Machine. Porno For Pyros. \*

GRRAHAM

Ah yes. I love their Christmas  
album...

ANGELA

Stone Temple Pilots... Billie  
Holiday...

GRAHAM

You like Billie Holiday...?

ANGELA

Yeah, her early stuff, before her  
voice got too hoarse...? You know  
what I mean?

GRAHAM

(and he does)

Absolutely...

ANGELA

And I like some of the classics,  
like, you know. The Doors.

GRAHAM

I like the Doors.

ANGELA

I know...

And as they continue this conversation, we

PULL BACK: To see them, in the morning light, balanced on  
their respective sides, fixing what needs to be repaired...

FADE OUT

THE END