

STATIONS

Written by
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"STATIONS"

FADE IN:

EXT. UNION STATION -- L.A. -- MORNING

Establishing shot.

INT. UNION STATION

CAMERA PANS the lobby area and CLOSES IN on the wall clock.
It is 8:00 a.m.

INT. UNION STATION LOBBY

SANDY FLETCHER, age 21, sits. One leg bounces up and down.
CHRIS MARQUEZ, a 10-year-old boy in baggy jeans a green t-shirt, holding a Monopoly Board Game in his arm, sits down next to her. He eyes the small bag at her feet, like he might steal it.

CHRIS

Hey.

SANDY

Hey.

He looks at her; she ignores him.

CHRIS

What train you taking?

SANDY

What?

CHRIS

"What." Where you going?

SANDY

(beat)

San Diego.

CHRIS

San Diego?

SANDY

Yes.

CHRIS

Huh. Never been there. How is it?

SANDY

It's okay.

CHRIS

Oh. Why you going there?

SANDY

(beat)

Why are you asking me so many questions?

CHRIS

Because I'm a kid and kids ask questions. Like why is the sky blue, why is the grass green, what's the moon made of and who's buried in Grant's Tomb.

SANDY

Grant.

CHRIS

No shit.

SANDY

Don't swear.

CHRIS

You're not my mother. I can say whatever I want.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit, crap, dick, sonofabitch. You gonna wash my mouth out with soap now?

SANDY

(beat)

Does your mother like it when you talk like that?

CHRIS

She doesn't mind.

SANDY

Oh, I think she does.

CHRIS

She doesn't care.

SANDY

And where is she?

CHRIS

Somewhere.

SANDY

Somewhere?

CHRIS

Around here, hustling guys for money. She's good at it. She bats her eyes and wags her butt and guys give her a few dollars because she says she's hungry and needs to feed her baby.

(beat)

I ain't no baby.

SANDY tilts her head.

SANDY

Are you saying your mother is a grifter?

CHRIS

A what?

SANDY
I don't believe you.

CHRIS
Believe what you want.

They sit there.

SANDY
Where's your dad?

CHRIS
Don't have one.

SANDY
Everyone has a dad.

CHRIS
You say. I don't know who he is.
My mom don't know who he is.

SANDY
Oh.

CHRIS
(beat)
Kidding. He's a soldier and he's
in Iraq.

SANDY
Oh.

CHRIS
Well, I'm lying. He's in prison
for robbing a bank.

She eyes him suspiciously.

SANDY
Are you kidding or lying?

CHRIS
Fibbing. He's in Santa Barbara.
That's where me and my mom are
going.

SANDY
Should I believe you now?

CHRIS
(shrugs)
Believe what you want. You got a
dollar?

SANDY
A dollar?

He holds out his hand, with a big grin.

CHRIS
Yeah, give me a dollar.

SANDY
Why do you need a dollar?

CHRIS
Because I'm broke and I want some
potato chips.

SANDY
Learn this from your mom?

CHRIS
Insulting me, lady?

SANDY
No, I'm kidding.

CHRIS
So give me ten dollars.

She finds this amusing.

SANDY
I wish I could but I'm broke too.
That's why I'm going back to San
Diego.

CHRIS
Things didn't work out here?

SANDY

(beat)

Something like that.

CHRIS

Well, we can play with fake money.
Ever play Monopoly?

SANDY

Used to.

CHRIS

Wanna?

SANDY

Here?

CHRIS

Have anything better to do?

SANDY

(beat)

Let's play.

CHRIS is pleased with her answer. Big smile still on his face, he sits on the floor of the train station and brings out the Monopoly board, pieces and fake money. They pick their players and set up.

CHRIS

You can go first.

Something horrible moves across SANDY'S face. She starts to cry.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hey, you okay?

SANDY

I'm sorry.

CHRIS

You okay? What's wrong? Did I say something? Did I do something?

SANDY

No, no. I just had a...memory.

CHRIS

What?

SANDY

Nothing.

CHRIS

What?

She plays around with the stuff on the board game.

SANDY

(beat)

When I was your age, maybe younger. My mom and dad got into a big fight. My dad was a drinker. My mom gathered me up and we went to a motel and stayed the night. There was an old Monopoly game in the office and the manager let us borrow it. Me and my mom played all night. It was nice. It was nicer than being at home.

CHRIS

(beat)

That sucks.

They look at each other for a moment.

SANDY

It did. It was long ago.

CHRIS

We don't have to play.

SANDY

Let's play. It's all right.

CHRIS

You got any kids?

SANDY

Yes. A girl. She's five.

CHRIS

Where is she?

SANDY

San Diego. But I can't see her.

CHRIS

Why not?

SANDY

Let's not talk about that. Let's
just play.

They play.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

They play.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

L.A. Sheriff's officers watch them play.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

People watch them play.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

CHRIS cheers as he gets a good roll. He is having fun.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

SANDY cheers as she gets a good roll. She is having a fun
time. It looks like she seldom smiles, like it's strange for
her. Like she knows too much sadness.

CEILING SHOT

The two are done, and sit there.

ON THEM

as they sit there, waiting.

SANDY
So where's your Mom?

CHRIS
(shrugs)
'unno.

SANDY
Don't give me that.

He is upset.

CHRIS
How would I -- she can be anywhere!
Anywhere.

SANDY
(beat)
Hey.

CHRIS
Why do you care?!

He crosses his arms and makes a face. SANDY looks at the clock on the wall.

SANDY
I don't want to worry. My train
will be here in ten minutes.

CHRIS
Worry? Don't you worry, lady. I'll
be okay. I'm always okay. You just
get on your choo-choo and head on
down south, why don't you.

They sit there.

SANDY

You didn't tell me your name.

CHRIS

I didn't. No.

SANDY

What is it?

CHRIS

Why you wanna know?

SANDY

Well.

CHRIS

Why?

SANDY

Then don't tell me.

CHRIS

(beat)

Geraldo.

SANDY

Yeah?

CHRIS

Like Rivera, that dude on TV.

SANDY

Um-hm. Good name.

They sit there. He rolls his eyes.

CHRIS

(beat)

I'm lying.

SANDY

I know.

CHRIS
It's Christopher.

SANDY
Is it?

CHRIS
Um-hm.

SANDY
Christopher what?

CHRIS
(with pride)
Christopher G. Marquez.

SANDY
What does the "G" stand for?

CHRIS
G. Like, yo, G. Wassup, G.? Hey,
G. Get it?

SANDY
Really.

CHRIS
(rolls eyes)
It stands for Geraldo, lady.

SANDY
So what should I call you?

CHRIS
You can call me Chris, or
Christopher. You can call me C.
Hey, C. Whaddup, C?

SANDY
(smiles)
How bout Topher?

CHRIS
The f -- what? No.

SANDY
No?

CHRIS
I hate that!

SANDY
Why

CHRIS
Cuz.

SANDY
'k.

CHRIS
Okay.

SANDY
(amused)
I'll call you G.

CHRIS
(beat)
Sure. What's your name?

SANDY
Sandra. Sandy.

CHRIS
Yeah. You do kinda look like a
"Sandy."

SANDY
So people say.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

The intercom announces boarding onto the San Diego train.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

on SANDY and CHRIS.

SANDY
Okay, where's your Mom?

CHRIS
I said: she's around.

SANDY
I have to go.

CHRIS
So go.

SANDY
I don't want to...

CHRIS
What? What? Leave me here all by
my lonesome?

SANDY
Yeah.

CHRIS
Do I look helpless to you? Do I
look like a wuss? Do I look like
the kind of kid someone would wanna
harm or abduct or abuse? Do I look
like I can't take care of myself?

SANDY
You're right. I have to go.

CHRIS
So you said. San Diego.

SANDY
Thanks for the board game.

CHRIS
No prob.

SANDY
(stands)
Goodbye, Christopher Geraldo
Marquez.

She picks up her bag. They look at each other. She turns to go.

CHRIS
Hey.

SANDY
Hey.

CHRIS
The G is for Guillermo.

SANDY
(smiles warmly)
William.

They look at each other. She turns to go.

CHRIS
Sandy.

SANDY
Yes?

CHRIS
You take care.

SANDY
You too, kid.

He watches her walk to the terminal.

CHRIS
(softly)
Ain't no kid. Chick.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL

SANDY walks toward Track 11, where the Amtrak Surfliner going south to San Diego awaits.

Behind her, CHRIS follows. He keeps his distance.

CHRIS eyes a woman fussing with her child in a stroller. He sees a boarding ticket sticking out of a bag. He slides up, looks around, and quickly takes the ticket.

CHRIS follows SANDY up the stairs to Track 11.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACK 11

SANDY gets on a coach class car. CHRIS watches her, and then gets on a different car.

INT. TRAIN -- COACH CLASS

SANDY sits down. She leans back and closes her eyes. She opens her eyes, reaches into her bag and takes out a book and reads. She can't concentrate on the book, though.

INT. TRAIN -- OTHER CAR

CHRIS sits by himself, hugging his Monopoly board game.

INT. TRAIN

The train starts to leave Union Station. SANDY looks out the window. He seems sad, like she might cry.

EXT. TRAIN

It leaves downtown Los Angeles.

INT. TRAIN

SANDY grabs her bag and gets up. She walks down the aisle.

She goes into the other car and passes CHRIS and doesn't even see him. CHRIS tries to hide, and when she passes him, he looks at her, heading to the Café Car.

In the Café Car, SANDY gets some wine and a cup. A MAN, 30s, in a suit, drinking a beer and sitting in the Café Car, checks SANDY out. He looks at her ass. He watches her walk away. He gets up and follows her.

CHRIS notices the MAN following SANDY as the two pass him.

SANDY returns to her seat and sips her wine, looks out the window.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

SANDY is minding her own business and sipping her wine. The MAN sits down across from her, holding his beer bottle. He has a big smile. She ignores him.

MAN

Hi.

She ignores him.

MAN (CONT'D)

Hello.

SANDY

(looks at him)

Hello.

MAN

Mind if I sit here?

She shrugs. She looks at his beer bottle. She saw him in the Café Car. She knows what he's up to. She's not naïve. She's not in the mood. She sips her wine. She looks out the window. He looks at her. She turns and looks at him.

SANDY

What?

MAN

You're pretty.

SANDY

Thanks.

MAN

Very.

SANDY

That's the best you can do?

MAN

Eh?

She shakes her head and looks out the window.

MAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Your eyes.

SANDY

My eyes.

MAN

Your eyes sparkle like they were
the eyes of an angel.

SANDY grins a wicked grin. She turns and glares at him,
squinting.

SANDY

The only thing in my eyes is the
devil, and death, you slimy
bastard.

He leans back and considers her. He finishes his beer.

MAN

Very sexy.

SANDY

Jesus.

MAN

What's your name?

SANDY

What's your story?

MAN

What's your game?

SANDY

What do you want?

MAN

It's not what I want, honey, it's what you want. In my profession -- which we won't name right now -- I am considered a very good judge of character. In fact, I have been trained at profiling and reading people in the first thirty seconds of meeting them, and I must admit, not that I'm tooting my own horn, hahaha, that I am damn good at that.

SANDY

Your mother must be very proud.

MAN

She is.

SANDY

(looks at his ring)

And your wife?

He covers his wedding band.

MAN

Separated.

SANDY

That's what they all say.

MAN

We have an understanding.

SANDY

How progressive of her.

MAN

Does it matter?

SANDY

Does anything?

MAN

You're quite the sardonic one.

SANDY

So I've been told.

MAN

But it is sexy.

SANDY

So I've been told.

MAN

And what's your name?

SANDY

Wendy.

MAN

Wendy.

SANDY

Like in Peter Pan? I'm sure you've read your kids Peter Pan. It's a classic.

MAN

What makes you think I have kids?

SANDY

I'm good at profiling married men
who come on to women in public
places. Three?

MAN

Two.

SANDY

But you're separated.

MAN

I love my kids.

SANDY

You're a good father.

MAN

I'm a great father.

SANDY

My father was a pussy hound, and he
was a lousy dad. He broke my
mother's heart, chasing around
after wild --

MAN

(smiles)
Speaking of --

SANDY

(looks away)
Leave me alone, okay? Go get
another beer.

MAN

Good idea. Would you like another
wine?

SANDY

Yes. But not from you.

MAN

Don't be mean.

SANDY

Please leave me alone.

He gets up and leaves. She looks out the window.

MAN goes to Café Car and gets another beer and small bottle of wine.

CHRIS notices him going back, and follows.

MAN sits back down across from SANDY.

MAN

Here.

She looks at him and the bottle with contempt.

SANDY

No thanks.

MAN

It's still sealed. I didn't spike it.

She takes it, but doesn't drink it.

SANDY

(cold)

I'm having a bad day. A bad week.
A bad month. A bad year. I don't
need any crap.

MAN

I'm not shoveling it.

SANDY

(colder)

What do you want from me?

MAN

I believe that answer is obvious.

SANDY

Oh? A blowjob in the bathroom? A
quick -- ?

MAN

Like I said, I am good at profiling and reading people. I know a girl down on her luck when I see one. L.A. is full of them. I know a girl who works when I see one. I know when a girl needs certain things. I look at their clothes, the luggage they have, their hair, their eyes...

SANDY

I thought I had the eyes of a beautiful angel?

MAN

The bathroom is a good suggestion.

SANDY

You are disgusting. You are. I can't believe people sometimes. Some men. Men like --

MAN

Me?

SANDY

Men.

She opens the small wine bottle and pours the content in her cup.

SANDY (CONT'D)

This is red. I was drinking white.

She drinks it anyway. The MAN drinks his beer. He reaches into his jacket pocket and takes out his wallet. There is a lot of money in his wallet. He takes out five twenty dollar bills, puts his wallet away, and holds the bills out, fanned like cards.

MAN

100 bucks. 100 for you to spend ten minutes with me in the bathroom. It's better than most whores make.

SANDY

How generous of you.

MAN

I'm feeling charitable today.

SANDY

So you automatically pegged me for a whore who'd take \$100 to do you in the toilet?

MAN

Have you taken a look at yourself, honey? The answer is yes.

SANDY

Romantic.

MAN

I'm a realist.

She sips her wine. She eyes the money. A small hand snatches the money. SANDY is surprised. It is CHRIS. With the money, he sits down next to SANDY.

CHRIS

Wow, Mom! 100 bucks! How kind of this nice, kind man to help us out in our time of need!

MAN

(flabbergasted)

What -- ? Hey, brat, hand it back over.

CHRIS

You an Indian giver, Mister?

MAN

Don't mess with me, little guy.

CHRIS

Who you callin' little? You're pretty short for a grown man.

SANDY doesn't know what to make of this. She leans over to CHRIS and lowers her voice:

SANDY

What are you doing here?

CHRIS

Was just using the bathroom, Mom, when this man here started to bug me.

She plays along.

SANDY

Oh really?

MAN

This is your kid?

SANDY

Well.

CHRIS

This is my Mom, dude.

MAN

Right. What -- did you have him when you were nine?

SANDY

I started early.

MAN

(to CHRIS)

Give me that money back.

CHRIS

(voice loud)

What money? The money you offered me to go into the bathroom with you, you sick homo pervert?

MAN

(looks around)

Not funny.

CHRIS

Sex offenses never are.

MAN

You don't know whom you're messing with.

CHRIS

"Whom"?

The CONDUCTOR enters, taking tickets.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Want me to start screaming you tried to push me in the can and molest me, G? Eh, G? I suggest you get outta here before you wind up in jail...DUDE.

The CONDUCTOR gets closer. The MAN gets up and quickly leaves. SANDY looks worried.

SANDY

What are you doing here?!

CHRIS

Saving your behind. And look, we just made some bling!

SANDY

(voice low)

What are you doing on this train?!

The CONDUCTOR steps up and asks for their tickets. SANDY hands her ticket over.

The CONDUCTOR punches the ticket and puts the stub above the seat.

SANDY seems nervous, looks at CHRIS. CHRIS pulls out his stolen ticket and hands it over to the CONDUCTOR.

CONDUCTOR

This is business class, son.
You're in the wrong car.

CHRIS

Does it matter where I sit?

CONDUCTOR

Nope.

CHRIS

My Dad got me the ticket. But I
want to sit with my cousin Sandra
Dee here.

CONDUCTOR

Suit yourself.

CONDUCTOR punches CHRIS' ticket, puts stub above the seat, and walks away.

SANDRA and CHRIS sit there, and wait for the CONDUCTOR to get out of earshot.

SANDY

Where did you get that ticket?

CHRIS

Won it in the lottery.

SANDY

Tell me the truth.

CHRIS

Found it on the ground.

SANDY
(serious as she can be)
Christopher Guillermo Marquez.

CHRIS
What does it matter? I saved your
ass, didn't I? I saved you from
hooking for a lousy \$100.

SANDY looks ashamed. She puts her wine cup down. She stares
at CHRIS and he stares at her back.

SANDY
Give me that money.

CHRIS
Why?

SANDY
Give it to me.

CHRIS
No.

SANDY
Give it to me.

CHRIS
We'll split it.

SANDY
(stern)
Give it to me now, you. And give
me your ticket stub.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANAHEIM TRAIN STATION

The train pulls up.

INT. TRAIN

SANDY and CHRIS are at the exit. She hands him a \$20 bill.

SANDY

You take this, you get a ticket back to L.A., okay? I know it's only like \$8. You use the rest to buy some food or potato chips. But you go back to your mother. I'm sure she's worried about you.

CHRIS

She's not.

SANDY

I bet she is.

CHRIS

You would lose that bet.

SANDY

Just go -- go -- get back home!

She pushes him out of the exit.

EXT. ANAHEIM STATION

CHRIS runs to another car and gets back on, with other people.

INT. TRAIN

The train moves. SANDY looks pale. She walks to the Café Car.

In the Café Car, she sees the MAN sitting at a table, drinking a beer. She sits across from him.

He's surprised. They eye each other.

MAN

Well, what do we have here?

She places four \$20 bills on the table.

MAN (CONT'D)

One's missing.

SANDY

Take your money and forget about
the whole thing, or I take the
money and we go into the bathroom.

He finishes his beer and smiles.

MAN

Let's go.

INT. TRAIN CAR BATHROOM

SANDY and MAN enter. MAN closes the door and locks it. He
turns to her, unzipping his trousers.

MAN

You got the cash -- now get on your
knees.

SANDY swiftly kicks him between the legs, like she's done
this before. He falls down in pain. She keeps kicking him.

SANDY

Sick bastard! Freak! Pervert!

She keeps kicking him. There's a lot of blood. MAN is now
unconscious. She kneels down, takes out his wallet, takes
all the money. She searches his other pockets. She finds
another wallet. This wallet reveals a badge and an FBI photo
ID.

CLOSE ON SANDY

as she realizes what she's just done.

SANDY

Oh my God. Oh shit.

INT. TRAIN

SANDY leaves the bathroom and makes her way to Business Class, placing CHRIS' ticket stub above a seat. She's nervous.

CUT TO:

EXT. FULLERTON TRAIN STATION

The train pulls up. SANDY exits from the Business Class Car and CHRIS exits from another car. He watches her go into the station area, and he follows.

He watches her purchase a ticket to San Diego with the money she stole from the MAN.

He watches her sit down. Her leg bounces up and down again. She looks at the clock on the wall. It'll be an hour and a half before the next train comes.

CHRIS seems to contemplate whether or not to go sit with her again. No, not a good idea, not right now.

CHRIS goes to get some food, making sure he's out of SANDY's line of sight.

SANDY waits.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM

CHRIS looks around, spots a carry-on bag with a ticket sticking out. The owner of the bag is urinating. CHRIS craftily slips the ticket out and leaves the bathroom.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS

The next southbound train arrives. SANDY gets on one car (Business Class) and CHRIS gets on another (coach).

INT. BUSINESS CLASS CAR

SANDY sits at a table seat.

INT. COACH CLASS CAR

CHRIS sits with the board game close to his chest.

EXT. TRACKS

The train travels south.

CUT TO:

INT. BUSINESS CLASS CAR

An hour and a half later. The train leaves the Oceanside Station. CHRIS enters, looks around, spots SANDY. He smiles and joins her. She is not phased by his presence. The two stare at each other for a few moments.

SANDY

Why did I have the feeling -- ?

CHRIS

What.

SANDY

I knew you were on this train.

CHRIS

I'm predictable, huh?

SANDY

Why are you following me,
Christopher?

CHRIS

Maybe I also have business in San Diego.

SANDY

What about your mother?

CHRIS

What about her.

SANDY

She's worried.

CHRIS

She's not.

SANDY

I bet she is.

CHRIS

You'd lose that bet. But if you're so certain, how bout ten bucks? Double or nothin'.

SANDY

(beat)

We're getting off on the next stop.

CHRIS

So you can send me back again?

SANDY

So we can get something to eat. You hungry?

CHRIS

I'm always hungry.

SANDY

I'm starved, and there's this place I like to eat.

CHRIS

In San Diego?

SANDY
No. But close.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION -- SOLANA BEACH -- DAY

The train comes to a stop at the station, surrounded by large concrete walls. SANDY and CHRIS get off.

They walk up the stairs.

They cross the bridge.

They cross the street and walk toward a restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT

The two sit and have a late breakfast, pancakes and eggs and the works. The wall clock says it is 11:45 a.m.

SANDY
I could get in trouble.

CHRIS
How so?

SANDY
This could be construed as
kidnapping.

CHRIS
Ha ha! HA! No one could kidnap me.
I'd bite and scream and spit and
kick.

SANDY
That's good to hear. That you can
take care of yourself.

CHRIS
I can take care of myself just
fine, thank you.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I don't need anyone. Who needs
anyone? I don't need anyone.

They sit there.

A woman having lunch with another woman has been looking at them during this exchange. The woman gets up and approaches them.

WOMAN

Jennifer? Jennifer, hey.

SANDY

(doesn't look at woman)
I'm not Jennifer.

WOMAN

Jennifer, it's me -- Theresa. God,
I haven't seen you since -- well
since --

SANDY

You have mistaken me for someone
else.

WOMAN

Who you kidding, Jenny? What's the
matter with you? I'd know you
anywhere.

SANDY

Please, I'm not who you think I am.

WOMAN

Well...

The WOMAN returns to her friend, muttering "some people."
CHRIS looks at the WOMAN, and then SANDY.

SANDY

You done?

CHRIS

I'm stuffed.

SANDY
Let's go.

CHRIS
But.

SANDY
You have a train to catch.

EXT. RESTAURANT

SANDY pulls CHRIS by the arm.

CHRIS
What was that all about back there?

SANDY
I don't know.

CHRIS
That lady knows you.

SANDY
No she doesn't.

CHRIS
Seemed like she does.

SANDY
She doesn't.

CHRIS
Who is Jennifer?

SANDY
I don't know.

CHRIS
Are you Jennifer?

SANDY
Would you stop asking me so many
questions? Why do you --

CHRIS

I told you why.

SANDY

Yeah, you're a kid. Okay, kid, I'm gonna get you a ticket back to L.A., you're gonna get on the train, and this time you're gonna stay on the train and go back to your mother. You hear me?

CHRIS

You're shouting. How could I not hear you?

SANDY

(stops)

Oh crap.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

SANDY sees the FBI MAN exit the station, looking around. He doesn't appear to be happy. His face is bruised. He doesn't see SANDY and CHRIS, yet. SANDY grabs CHRIS' arm again and leads him in a different direction, toward where the taxi cabs are.

CHRIS

Hey, let go!

SANDY

Quickly.

CHRIS

What's with you?!

SANDY

Fast!

CHRIS

(sees MAN)

Uh oh.

MAN sees them. He yells for them to stop. He runs after them. SANDY and CHRIS get into a taxi.

SANDY
(to taxi driver)
Go! Go! We're in a hurry!

The taxi leaves. SANDY and CHRIS look back, and see the man running after them.

TAXI DRIVER
Where to?

SANDY
Garden of Innocence. Vista. Know
where it is?

TAXI DRIVER
Yeah.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

MAN almost gets in a cab to follow them, but decides against it. He goes back to the train station.

INT. CAB

SANDY and CHRIS sit in silence.

CHRIS
Where we going?

SANDY
To visit my daughter.

CHRIS
Thought you couldn't see her.

SANDY
I'm can't. In a manner of speaking.

CHRIS
Oh. Okay. What -- ?

SANDY
Don't ask questions.

CHRIS
But.

SANDY
Shush. I mean it.

CHRIS
Or else?

SANDY
Or else I will wash your mouth out
with soap.

CHRIS
Huh. I believe you too.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY -- GARDEN OF INNOCENCE -- DAY

The taxi pulls up and lets SANDY and CHRIS out. The taxi drives away. The cemetery is in the city of Vista, California, part of San Diego's North County.

ON SANDY AND CHRIS

CHRIS hugs his Monopoly game. Something about SANDY'S demeanor changes.

CHRIS
What are we doing here?

SANDY
What did I say about questions?

CHRIS
I'm gonna ask anyway.

SANDY

Sometimes when we ask, we don't
like the answers.

CHRIS

And sometimes we don't get no
answers.

SANDY

Sometimes it's better just to be
silent.

CHRIS

Yeah, well, I don't like places
with gravestones. These places are
creepy.

SANDY

This is not a creepy zone. This is
a place of sadness, sleep, and
beauty.

WIDE ANGLE

The two walk through the cemetery. SANDY seems to know
exactly where she is going. She stops at one gravestone that
has a bunch of flowers, looks around, and takes some of the
flowers and continues walking.

CHRIS

Whoa, hey --

ON THEM

CHRIS

You can't do that!

SANDY

I can't?

CHRIS

You just did.

SANDY
I did.

CHRIS
Isn't that like -- ?

SANDY
What?

CHRIS
Wrong?

SANDY
Is it?

CHRIS
What's with you?

SANDY
C'mon.

CHRIS
You're acting weird.

SANDY
How do you know how I act?

CHRIS
You're not acting like yourself.

SANDY
You don't even know who I am, kid.

CHRIS
Stop calling me kid.

SANDY
Stop acting like you know
everything.

CHRIS
I know some things...

DIFFERENT ANGLE

They've come to a stop. They are at a very small gravestone, almost embedded in the ground. This is the area where children are buried. CHRIS looks around and realizes this.

CHRIS

...and I know I don't like it here,
Sandy.

SANDY

It's okay.

CLOSE ON SMALL GRAVE STONE

The name says "WENDY SANDRA FLETCHER, BELOVED CHILD, IN THE HANDS OF GOD." There is a cherubim etched in the stone. The birth date is five years ago, the death date a day later, which is the day this story takes place.

SANDY sits down by the grave, and places the flowers down by it. She shows no emotion.

SANDY

Hi, honey. Happy birthday.

CHRIS starts to realize what is going on. He turns his head.

CHRIS

Oh man.

SANDY

Hush.

CHRIS

This is your daughter, right?
Sandy? This is why you "can't" see
her?

SANDY

I wanted to come here alone. I had
no intention of bringing you.

CHRIS

We. Yeah, we had no choice. I
guess.

SANDY

Please, Chris. I need silence. I
need to talk to her. In my head. I
don't expect you to understand. I
just need some time. And then we'll
get you back home where you belong.
Okay?

CHRIS

(beat)

Okay.

SANDY

Thank you.

CHRIS is about to say something, and stops. SANDY turns to
the grave and closes her eyes. CHRIS watches her. SANDY
mumbles to herself. CHRIS is ashamed seeing this and he
looks away. He looks at the other graves. No, he does not
like being here.

He could just walk away, run away.

He will not leave her.

He sits down.

He waits.

FAR ANGLE

on them.

CLOSE ON SANDY

She seems to pray.

OUTSIDE THE CEMETARY

A Toyota Camry pulls up. A WOMAN gets out. It is THERESA, the woman from the restaurant.

BACK TO SANDY AND CHRIS

CHRIS sees THERESA first. He opens his mouth, but says nothing. THERESA stands next to SANDY.

THERESA

Oh, Jennifer.

SANDY

Theresa.

THERESA

I knew you would be here.

SANDY

(opens her eyes)

And I knew you'd come.

THERESA

(sits down)

I saw you, I wondered why -- I mean, it's been a few years. And then I remembered what day it was. I'm sorry, Jennifer.

SANDY

I'm not Jennifer anymore.

THERESA

Right.

SANDY

I apologize about --

THERESA

Forget it. I was insulted, then confused, but...well.

SANDY
(beat)
It's been so long.

THERESA
(beat)
But like yesterday.

SANDY
(beat)
Yes.

THERESA and CHRIS look at each other.

THERESA
Hi.

CHRIS
Hey.

THERESA
Theresa. Terry.

CHRIS
Christopher. Chris.

Silence. THERESA turns to SANDY.

THERESA
Where did you get him?

SANDY
Oh. Um. He's -- he's my
boyfriend's son.

THERESA
Really?

SANDY
Yeah.

THERESA
Boyfriend?

SANDY

In L.A.

THERESA

How nice.

SANDY

Yeah.

THERESA

He's cute.

SANDY

He's okay.

THERESA

This is the guitar player?

SANDY

No. The -- drummer.

THERESA

Ah. What ever happened to the actor?

SANDY

He went back to Seattle.

THERESA

He gave up.

SANDY

He never tried.

THERESA

Few people do.

SANDY

Fewer give up.

THERESA

I hate L.A.

SANDY

It's all right.

CHRIS
I LOVE L.A.!

SANDY
He does.

The three of them are quiet for a bit.

THERESA
Look, is there anything I can do?

SANDY
You're here. Thanks.

THERESA
I saw the two of you get in a cab.

SANDY
You have wheels?

THERESA
I get by.

SANDY
Maybe a lift down to San Diego?

THERESA
Your Mom's?

SANDY
Yeah.

THERESA
Sure.

CHRIS
What? We going somewhere?

CUT TO:

INT. THERESA'S CAMRY

CHRIS sits in back. SANDY sits next to THERESA, who drives.

THERESA

Well, it is good to see you again.

SANDY

Yes it is.

THERESA

It's a somber day.

SANDY

I feel better.

THERESA

I can tell.

CHRIS

Hey. Where we going?

THERESA

San Diego.

CHRIS

I know that.

SANDY

We're gonna go see my mom.

CHRIS

You have a mom?

THERESA

Everyone has a mom.

CHRIS

Yeah. That's true.

SANDY

You hungry?

CHRIS

I said: I'm always hungry.

SANDY

My mom loves to cook.

CHRIS
And I love food.

THERESA
Growing boy.

SANDY
He is.

THERESA
Cute too.

SANDY
Well.

CHRIS
Stop calling me "cute."

THERESA
Hey, you are.

CHRIS
Am not.

THERESA
Are too.

CHRIS
Not.

THERESA
Too.

CHRIS
Not.

THERESA
Too.

CHRIS
Not.

THERESA
You want me to say you're not cute?
That you're ugly?

CHRIS
That's just mean.

THERESA
I'm not mean.

CHRIS
No, you're not so mean. And I'm
not "cute," okay?

THERESA
Okay.

CHRIS
Okay?

THERESA
Okay.

CHRIS
Okay!

SANDY
Both of you, stop!

CHRIS AND SANDY
(laughing)
Okay!

DIFFERENT ANGLE IN CAR

Fifteen minutes later. They are driving on Highway 5-South.

CHRIS
So let me guess, you two know each
other from high school.

THERESA
Junior high, actually.

SANDY
7th grade.

CHRIS

Yeah? So why did you pretend you didn't know her?

THERESA

That's a rude question to ask, Christopher, and it doesn't matter. My feelings aren't hurt.

(to SANDY)

Not at all.

CHRIS

Well, mine would be.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL HOUSE -- DAY

The house is in the Golden Hill neighborhood of San Diego. The Camry pulls up to the curb of the house.

INT. CAMRY

THERESA looks at SANDY and CHRIS.

THERESA

Here we go. Your mom's expecting you?

SANDY

Not really. Not at any specific time. But she'll be there.

THERESA

She's always there.

SANDY

It's good to know she's always there.

THERESA

You need anything, you have my cell.

SANDY
Thank you.

EXT. HOUSE

SANDY and CHRIS exit the Camry and walk toward the small house.

SANDY
Remember --

CHRIS
Yeah, yeah. I'm your boyfriend's kid.

SANDY
Right.

CHRIS
What's his name?

SANDY
Um. Christopher Senior.

CHRIS
Ugh.

INT. CAMRY

THERESA waits until the two reach the door and the door opens and there is SANDY'S MOM. She drives away.

EXT. HOUSE

SANDY'S MOM, a woman in her 50s, opens the door. She looks tired and has a glass of wine in her hand. First she looks at CHRIS, confused, and then turns to SANDY. There's a moment. MOM smiles.

MOM
I expected you later.

SANDY

I'm here now, Mom.

There's a moment when it seems like they may embrace, but they do not.

MOM

Well, you and your friend come on in. I have a glazed ham in the oven.

INT. HOUSE

Cluttered with books and magazines. There are Christmas lights and ornaments everywhere, but it's not Christmas. There's a Christmas tree, dried and dead but with twinkling lights. The TV is on, tuned to a game show.

MOM moves some magazines off a sofa.

MOM

Sit, sit.

CHRIS and SANDY sit. MOM reclines in a reclining chair.

MOM (CONT'D)

So.

SANDY

So.

CHRIS

Hi.

MOM

And who is this young man?
(joking)
Your new boyfriend, perhaps?

CHRIS

The boyfriend's son, ma'am.

MOM

Is that so?

CHRIS

That is so, ma'am.

MOM

The son of -- what is his name? He plays drums.

SANDY

He sings. Different boyfriend, Mom. Christopher. And this is his son, Christopher.

MOM

Oh, Jenny, you and all your boyfriends. I can never keep track. So why do you have his child with you? Why isn't this boy with his father?

SANDY

Mom, please.

CHRIS

Dad is busy in the recording studio.

MOM

Is that so?

CHRIS

That is so, ma'am. He's recording his first album and he's going to be a very famous, very rich rock star and the three of us are going to live in Beverly Hills and be very happy. And rich.

MOM

Is that so?

CHRIS

Yep.

MOM

Very nice.

CHRIS

It's pretty cool.

SANDY

Chris...now now.

MOM

(beat)

So.

SANDY

So.

MOM

Are you two hungry? That ham should be ready. And I have mashed potatoes. And I have candied yams.

CHRIS

Hey, I'm always hungry.

MOM

I bet you are.

SANDY

I could have a small bite to eat, Mom. Thanks.

MOM gets up. SANDY gives CHRIS a look. CHRIS sticks out his tongue.

CUT TO:

ON KITCHEN TABLE

A few minutes later. The table is set with food: the ham, a big bowl of mashed potatoes, yams, biscuits, juice, milk. MOM says grace with her eyes closed -- it is fast and she mumbles it. CHRIS digs into the food. SANDY only has a little bit.

LATER

CHRIS has eaten too much, but talks. As he talks, SANDY tries to keep a straight face.

CHRIS

...and my Dad, he's more than just some mere rock and roll singer. He also works for the government.

MOM

Oh, the government. There's security in government jobs.

CHRIS

Yeah, well, what he does for the government, it's kinda top secret.

MOM

You don't say.

CHRIS

Yeah, black ops stuff. Real top secret. So secret that not even Sa -- Jenny here knows, or I know. He can't tell us. But sometimes he runs off to foreign countries to carry out his secret missions.

MOM

Sounds exciting.

CHRIS

It is exciting.

MOM

What do you think he does in those foreign? Assassinations? Extractions? Does he steal sensitive information off big computers?

SANDY

Maybe we shouldn't go into it.

CHRIS

Um. Yeah. Too top secret. If we told you -- you might have to go into witness protection.

MOM

Well, we wouldn't want that. Especially if you'd have to kill me.

SANDY

Mom.

CHRIS

It would never get to that.

SANDY

Mom.

MOM

Would you like some desert, Jenny?
Chris? Some nice pumpkin pie?

CHRIS

Pie? Uh, sure.

SANDY

Just a little. A teeny tiny piece.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

SANDY sits on the couch while CHRIS and her MOM sit on the floor, playing Monopoly.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

CHRIS and MOM play, having a good time. SANDY is bored, looking at the TV.

MOM

Jenny and I used to play this game
all the time when she was, oh,
maybe your age, a little younger.

CHRIS

Yeah?

MOM

You remember, Jenny?

SANDY

No.

CLOSE ON SANDY

Yes, she is bored. She is also holding many emotions back.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

CHRIS and MOM continue to play.

INT. BATHROOM

SANDY sits on the toilet, peeing. She doesn't want to be
here.

CLOSE ON SANDY

Looks at herself in the bathroom mirror.

INT. KITCHEN

SANDY has another piece of pumpkin pie. She looks at the
wall clock. It's almost 5:00 p.m.

INT. LIVING ROOM

SANDY, CHRIS and MOM sits there. A car honks outside.

MOM
Oh, must be your taxi.

EXT. HOUSE

CHRIS goes out first. MOM stops SANDY and hands her some money. SANDY is embarrassed, but she needs it.

SANDY
Mom...

MOM
Hush. Take it.

SANDY
Oh, Mom.

MOM
He's a good kid. Maybe you can marry his father, and he'll be yours.

SANDY
Mom.

MOM
Go now.

CHRIS and SANDY get in the taxicab.

INT. TAXICAB

It drives way. SANDY and CHRIS sit in the back, quiet for a while.

SANDY
You're such a liar.

CHRIS
Who's talkin', Sandy. Jenny.

SANDY

(beat)

We should both have our mouths
washed out with soap.

CHRIS

(groans)

I'm so stuffed I think I'm gonna
explode.

SANDY

You eat too much.

CHRIS

I can't help it if I'm always
hungry. Aren't you always hungry?
Look how skinny you are!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO -- SANTA FE TRAIN STATION

The taxicab pulls up. SANDY and CHRIS get out.

INT. SANTA FE STATION

SANDY and CHRIS are in line at the ticket window.

CHRIS

So. Now what, chicken butt?

SANDY

We get you on the 6:00 and get you
back home to your mother. I'm sure
she's worried sick.

CHRIS

I SAID. Sheesh. She's not.

SANDY

Let's call her.

CHRIS

We can't.

SANDY

Why not?

CHRIS

Stop asking so many questions.

SANDY

Someone's worried about you.

CHRIS

No one is. I can take care of myself just fine. Like I SAID.

SANDY

Then let's call home.

CHRIS

Don't have a phone at home.

SANDY

Well, you're going back to L.A. now and that's that, little hat.

CHRIS

You coming with me, Aunt B?

SANDY

No.

CHRIS

You're staying here, I fear?

SANDY

Yes, my dear.

CHRIS

And what's here?

SANDY

This is my home.

CHRIS
You don't belong --

SANDY
No, Joe.

CHRIS
You don't want me to be alone on
that long train ride. Do you? I
mean, what if something happened to
me?

SANDY
I thought you could take care of
yourself just fine.

CHRIS
Lots of bad peeps in the world.

SANDY
(beat)
I have no idea how this happened.

CHRIS
How what?

SANDY
I'm crazy.

CHRIS
We all are.

SANDY
I could get in trouble.

CHRIS
We're always in trouble.

SANDY
Speak for yourself.

CHRIS

So why don't you want to go back to
L.A.? What are you afraid of?
What are you running away from?

They reach the ticket window.

SANDY

Two for Los Angeles.

CHRIS smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN

They sit at a table in Business Class, facing each other.

CHRIS

Aren't you worried?

SANDY

About?

CHRIS

What if we run into that creepy man
in the suit again?

SANDY

Then we'll have to deal with him
the best way we can.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Later. The train is moving.

CHRIS

So what's your real name anyway?

SANDY

Jennifer Naomi Fletcher.

CHRIS

And your daughter was Wendy Sandra
Fl -- Wendy.

SANDY

Yes.

CHRIS

What happened?

SANDY

Get your game out.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Later. They play the Monopoly board game.

They play.

The train goes.

The sun starts to set.

They play.

CAFÉ CAR

SANDRA gets a beer, and a soda for CHRIS. She looks
nervously around for the FBI MAN, but she knows he must be
long gone.

BACK TO THEM

They play.

The train moves.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

SANDY seems to be winning. She has the most motels and play
money. The two look at each other.

CHRIS

What happened?

SANDY

When?

CHRIS

Where.

SANDY

Oh.

CHRIS

Right.

Beat. They play. Two beats. SANDY sips her beer and speaks without emotion.

SANDY

I was sixteen. I went to this party. It was a wild party. There were college people there, adults. I shouldn't have been there. But I was a rebellious teenager, I never listened to my mother, I didn't listen to anybody. I thought I knew what I was doing. I thought I knew what was what, or so I pretended. But I didn't know jack. I drank too much vodka and smoked too much pot. I was out of it. I didn't know where I was. I was raped by several men. I got pregnant from that. My mom wanted me to have an abortion. I decided to have the baby. I knew this baby came to me for a reason, and it didn't matter how it happened. I wanted a baby to love and hold. Wendy. She was born two months premature and there was something wrong with one of her heart valves. She lived for twenty-four hours.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

She lived for one day. And that
was five years ago.

CHRIS doesn't know what to make of this. He's a tough kid.
He seems more confused that SANDY is showing no emotion.

CHRIS

(beat)

Man, that sucks.

SANDY

Yeah. It does.

CHRIS

Oh, man. Look, Sandy, Jenny, I'm
sorry. I'm sorry about little baby
Wendy.

SANDY

Thank you. It's okay. I'm okay
with it.

CHRIS

I can see.

They sit there.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You can cry. I won't look.

SANDY

I don't cry about it anymore.

They sit there.

CHRIS

Where's your Dad? Your Mom lives
alone. You told me about your Dad,
the drunk.

SANDY

That he was.

CHRIS

Is he dead too?

SANDY

I have no idea. He left us when I was twelve. I could care less. He was a bastard.

CHRIS

Oh. My Dad is dead.

SANDY

Are you telling the truth?

CHRIS

Yeah. He's dead. The cops shot him.

SANDY

No they didn't.

CHRIS

Yes they did.

SANDY

No they didn't.

CHRIS

They did.

SANDY

That sucks.

CHRIS

It does.

SANDY

And when did this happen?

CHRIS

Three years ago.

SANDY

I'm not sure I want to know the story behind it.

CHRIS
Suit yourself. Tell me about my
father.

SANDY
Your father?

CHRIS
Yeah, Chris Senior. The singer and
secret government agent.

SANDY
Funny.

CHRIS
Who was the drummer?

SANDY
No one.

CHRIS
The guitar player?

SANDY
No one. Same as the actor.

CHRIS
That's a lot of boyfriends.

SANDY
It's a normal number.

CHRIS
Are they the reason why you want to
leave L.A.?

SANDY
One of them is.

CHRIS
What happened? Did he hit you?

SANDY
No.

CHRIS
Was he mean?

SANDY
No.

CHRIS
Did you love him?

SANDY
(beat)
No.

CHRIS
Can't be with someone you don't
love, right?

SANDY
It just didn't work out.

CHRIS
So why run away from it?

SANDY
Who said I was running?

CHRIS
I am.

SANDY
Just shut up.

CHRIS
No.

SANDY
Yes.

CHRIS
No.

They sit there.

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION -- L.A. - NIGHT

The station is busy.

CLOSE ON WALL CLOCK

It is 8:45 p.m.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

SANDY and CHRIS leave the terminal.

CHRIS

She's somewhere around here. I'll
find her.

SANDY

You're lying.

CHRIS

I never lie.

She shakes her head, but is amused.

SANDY

And that's a lie!

CHRIS

I'm okay now.

SANDY

We'll call her.

CHRIS

We can't.

SANDY

Why?

CHRIS

She has no mouth and she can't
talk.

SANDY
Christopher.

CHRIS
Look, she's waiting for me across
the street, okay? She picks me up
there every night at 9:00. When
she gets off work. She's a waitress
at this diner down the street.

SANDY
Really?

CHRIS
Yeah.

SANDY
I'm going with you.

CHRIS
You don't need to.

SANDY
I'm going with you and handing you
to your mother and that's that,
kid.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLIVERA STREET -- NIGHT

Across from Alameda Street and Union Station. CHRIS and
SANDY sit by the fountain. People pass. SANDY gets up.

SANDY
I read somewhere that this is the
birthplace of L.A. I also read that
L.A. is the mind chakra of the
world, and the exact point of that
chakra is right here, right where
I'm standing, right where you're
sitting. How about that?

CHRIS

I don't know what you're talking about.

SANDY

She's not coming, is she?

CHRIS

Who?

SANDY

Don't play games with me, Christopher. Please.

CHRIS

No, she's not.

SANDY

Where's your mother?

CHRIS

Do you really want to meet her?

SANDY

Yes. Yes, I do.

CHRIS

Okay. You got money for a cab or you wanna take the bus?

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB

SANDY and CHRIS sit in the back, quiet, as they drive toward Echo Park.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- ECHO PARK -- NIGHT

The taxi stops. CHRIS and SANDY get out.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

They go inside, CHRIS leads.

They walk up stairs.

They walk down a hall.

CHRIS takes out a key and opens a door.

INT. APARTMENT

It is dark. There are lit candles. CHRIS leads SANDY to a bedroom.

In the bedroom, a woman in her early 30s lays on a bed, her eyes open, blinking, and staring at a ceiling. She is hooked up to machines. There are tubes going in and out of her nose and mouth.

A woman in a nurse's outfit sits by this woman. She's asleep. She wakes up, sees CHRIS, smiles at him, and goes back to sleep.

CHRIS

Sandy, allow me to introduce you to my mom, Esmerelda Marquez, otherwise known as the great living vegetable.

INT. KITCHEN

SANDY and CHRIS sit and drink sodas.

CHRIS

My mom and dad were in the wrong place at the wrong time. A shootout between some gang members on Soto Street and the cops. They were both hit by bullets -- police bullets. My dad was killed and my mom was paralyzed and vegetablized.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It was all over the news. I remember. People were pissed. There were protests about police shooting in public places. All that hospital gear and the nurse? Paid for by the city. There was a big settlement. There's a bank account in my name with \$300,000 in it. I get the money when I turn 18. With interest, I'll be a rich kid in eight years. Maybe we can get married then, huh?

SANDY

And so you live here alone with your mom like that, and the nurse?

CHRIS

Technically, I'm in the custody of my Aunt Andrea, my mom's sister. But Aunt Andrea is hardly ever here. She has a lot of boyfriends. More than you. She likes to have fun. She doesn't worry. She knows I can take care of myself.

SANDY

I see.

CHRIS

So now you know my story.

SANDY shows no emotion. She looks at the kitchen clock: 9:30.

SANDY

You're home. You're home and I feel better. I need to call a cab and get back to the station.

CHRIS

Ain't no trains this late.

SANDY
There's a 10:20 that goes back to --

CHRIS
San Diego?

SANDY
Yes.

CHRIS
Why you wanna go back down there?

SANDY
I need to.

CHRIS
Why?

SANDY
Because.

CHRIS
What's there? Your Mom? You two
aren't exactly close. And you left
San Diego for a reason before.

SANDY
I'm still going.

CHRIS
Go in the morning.

SANDY
I want to go now.

CHRIS
You can crash on the couch. It's
been a long day. Get some sleep.
Take the train in the morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM

CHRIS brings SANDY a blanket and a pillow.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

SANDY lays on the couch, under the blanket, and stares at the TV.

CHRIS comes out, wearing PJs.

CHRIS
G'night, Jennifer.

SANDY
Nighty-night, Christopher.

She lies there, without emotion, and watches TV.

She closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

MORNING

She opens her eyes. She looks at the clock: 5:55 a.m. She reaches for the phone to call a cab.

She looks in on CHRIS' mother. CHRIS' bedroom door is closed.

SANDY
Bye, kid.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB -- DAY

SANDY heads back to Union Station, alone.

INT. UNION STATION

She stands in line to get a ticket.

INT. LOBBY

She sits and waits for her train. Her leg bounces up and down.

Her leg stops.

She thinks about things.

It all hits her and she begins to cry. She has a big cry, and covers her face so no one can see.

A hand rests on her shoulder. It is CHRIS' hand.

She looks up at him. He sits down next to her. She stops crying.

CHRIS

Hey.

SANDY

Hey.

They just sit there, and then:

CHRIS

What train are you taking?

They smile at each other.

FADE OUT.

THE END