

"YOU CAN COUNT ON ME"

Screenplay by

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Darryl walks away. Terry stands outside the restaurant looking for Sammy.

Behind him in the restaurant Sammy is sitting at a table, talking to the waitress.

She sees Terry and gets up immediately, smiling like crazy as she threads her way through the tables toward the door.

Terry turns and sees her. He breaks into a big smile, tosses his cigarette and goes into the restaurant. Through the window we see them make their way toward each other.

Sammy throws her arms around him. He hugs her back with a big involuntary smile as the GLASS DOOR slowly CLOSES.

INT. DAWSON'S -- AT THEIR TABLE. A FEW MOMENTS LATER Terry is studying the menu, over-intently. Sammy is beaming at him.

TERRY

Sorry about yesterday --

SAMMY

I don't care --

TERRY

I was studying the bus description... and I just... I got on the wrong bus -- I mean I missed my stop --

SAMMY

I don't care, Terry. I'm just so glad to see you...!

TERRY

I'm glad to see you too, Sammy. Um... are you coming from work?

SAMMY

Um, no, it's Saturday...

TERRY

Yeah, no, it's just... you're dressed so formally...

SAMMY

Oh. No. You know, I just thought I'd -- You know I thought it was a special occasion... which it is...

TERRY

No, it's good. I thought I'd dress up too.

He gestures to his shitty clothes.

SAMMY

That's OK. You look fine.

TERRY

(A strange, unsuccessful joke)
Yeah, this is the haute cuisine of garments.

SAMMY

What?

TERRY

Nothing, nothing... Um... So how are you?

SAMMY

I'm fine.

TERRY

How's Rudy?

SAMMY

We're fine, Terry. How are you?

(Pause)

I mean --

TERRY

Yeah...

SAMMY

-- Where have you been lately, Terry?

TERRY

-- I know, I haven't been --

SAMMY

I got a postcard from you from Alaska...?

TERRY

Yeah, I was up there for a while...

SAMMY

But that was in the Fall, Terry...

TERRY

Yeah, I know I've been out of touch...

SAMMY

I was a little worried.

(Pause)

I mean --

TERRY

Oh, I been a lotta different places...
Um... I went down to Florida for a
while... I was doing some work in
Orlando... I've been all over the
place.

SAMMY

Well... I just wish you would have
let me know you were OK...

TERRY

Yeah. I didn't realize it'd been so
long...

He looks around the restaurant.

SAMMY

(Beaming again)

Are you gonna stay in town for a
while?

TERRY

Well, I don't know... I got all these
things I gotta do back in Worcester...

SAMMY

Oh...

TERRY

...Yeah, so I'm probably not gonna
be able to stay more than a day or
so...

SAMMY

Oh... Well... That's all right...!

TERRY

...I'm kind of trying to keep to a
schedule of sorts. It's a long and
worthy story but I won't trouble you
with it right now.

He twists around and looks all over the restaurant. She watches him.

SAMMY

Are you expecting someone?

TERRY

Who would I be expecting here?

SAMMY

You just keep looking around, that's all.

TERRY

No, I was just wondering if we could get some more refreshments, actually.

He laughs. Looks down. Silence. He looks up at her.

TERRY

I've actually got to confess to you, Sammy... that the reason you may not have heard from me for a little while is that I've been kind of unable to write... on account of the fact that I was in jail for a little while.

SAMMY

You were what?

A couple of people in the restaurant look at them. Terry notices but Sammy does not.

TERRY

Well, I did a little time, I guess, in Florida. For, uh, just for bullshit...

SAMMY

What?!

TERRY

It was just bullshit...

SAMMY

What did you do?

TERRY

I didn't do anything. Does it occur to you that maybe I was wronged?

SAMMY

No!

TERRY

Well, could I please --

SAMMY

Oh my God! --

TERRY

Would you please let me --

SAMMY

-- What happened?!

TERRY

I got into a fight in a bar down in Florida. Which I was not the one who instigated it, at all. But they worked up all this bullshit against me and they threw me in the pen for three months. I didn't write you because I didn't want you to get all upset about it. I just figured you'd figure I was on the road for a little while. I know it was stupid and I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to make you worry. But you know what? I can't run around all the time doin' stuff or not doin' stuff because it's gonna make you worry! Because then I come back here, and I tell you about my fuckin'... traumas, and I get this wounded little "I've Let You Down" bullshit, over and over again, and it really just -- cramps me! Like I just want to get out from under it!... And here I am back in this fuckin' hole explaining myself to you again!

SAMMY

OK -- Can you please stop cursing at me?

TERRY

I mean, I realize I'm in no position to, uh, basically say anything, ever -- But it's not like I'm down there in some redneck bar in Florida having an argument with some stripper's boyfriend and I suddenly think, "Hey! Maybe this'd be a good time to really stick it to Sammy and get myself locked up for a few months."

SAMMY

I'm sorry.

TERRY

Me too, man. I mean "welcome home."

SAMMY

Hey -- You don't write me for six

months, I have no idea where you are --

TERRY

I'm sorry --

SAMMY

-- I don't know if you're alive or
dead --

TERRY

I'm sorry --

SAMMY

-- and then you show up out of nowhere
and tell me you were in jail?

TERRY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry,
Sammy, I'm really sorry...!

to
The patrons are all either looking at them or trying not
look. Silence.

TERRY

Sammy...

SAMMY

What?

TERRY

Um... I'm in the midst of a slight
predicament...

SAMMY

What do you need? Money?

TERRY

Um... Yeah... I'm broke. I gotta get
back to Worcester tomorrow. I got
this girl there, and she's kind of
in a bad situation...? I just need
to borrow some money. Whatever you
can spare.

(Pause)

I'll pay you back... I'll pay you
back, man.

SAMMY

I really wish Mom was here.

TERRY

So do I, man.

SAMMY

Nobody knows what to do with you.

TERRY

I know how they feel, man.

Silence, except for the sounds of the restaurant.

SAMMY

Terry? Can I ask you something?

TERRY

Sure.

SAMMY

(With some difficulty)

Well -- I mean, do you ever go to church anymore?

TERRY

Come on, Sammy, can we not talk about that shit?

SAMMY

Do you?

TERRY

Um -- No, Sammy. I don't.

SAMMY

Can you tell me why not?

TERRY

Um, yeah. Because I think it's ridiculous.

SAMMY

Well -- can you tell me without like, denigrating what I believe in?

TERRY

Because I think it's primitive, OK? I think it's a fairy tale.

SAMMY

Well -- I mean, have you ever considered that maybe that's part of what's making things so difficult for you?

TERRY

No.

SAMMY

-- That you've lost hold of -- well, not just your religious feeling, but lost hold of any kind of anchor, any kind of trust in anything... I mean no wonder you drift around so much. What could ever stop you? How would

you ever know if you had found the
right thing?

TERRY

Well, uh, I'm not really looking for
anything, man. I'm just, like, trying
to get on with it.

The WAITRESS approaches with their salads.

WAITRESS

Here we go...

She sets them down on the table.

SAMMY and TERRY Thank you.

The WAITRESS leaves. Silence. Terry picks at his salad. Sammy
doesn't touch hers. She watches him miserably.