

**INT. DRY CLEANING VAN - CITY STREETS - INDIANAPOLIS - DAY**

The van speeds down a highway, passing a sign: "WELCOME TO INDIANAPOLIS: YOUR HOME TOWN!" Jerry drives, pensive. Rachel stares out the window, the shock of what she's seen only fueling her rage at the whole situation.

**JERRY**

how old is he? Your son.

**RACHEL**

(in no mood to share)  
Kyle. He's nine.

**JERRY**

What's he doing on a train?

She really doesn't want to talk. BUT:

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**CONTINUED:**

**RACHEL**

He goes to a music magnet. His school's on a tour of Washington. They're playing at the Kennedy Center.

**JERRY**

wow. And you. Hm.

She turns to him. Eyes burning into the side of his head. Knows what he's thinking.

**RACHEL**

Parents weren't allowed to go... is that okay with you?

**JERRY**

Is it okay? I could give a shit.

**RACHEL**

Then what's with the qualified nod?

**JERRY**

I'm not allowed to nod?

**RACHEL**

Not if you're judging me.--

**JERRY.**

Judging?! I'm just making conversation.

**RACHEL**

You think I should have gone with him

anyway.

**JERRY**

I'm just thinking, sounds like a big deal, especially for a 9-year-old -- playing at the Kennedy Center -- I'd just think at least one parent might wanna be there to see it.

**RACHEL**

Yeah? How do you know Kyle's dad isn't there?

**JERRY**

Well, you're not wearing a ring and you haven't mentioned anyone but your son is on that train. Even the most pissed off ex-wife -- which I'm not saying you aren't -- would've mentioned it if her ex's life was threatened -- and if Kyle was going to meet his dad in DC? You would've tried to call him, too. So where is he? Kyle's dad?

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**RACHEL**

As if it's any of your business -- you know what you are --?

**JERRY**

Insightful? Intuitive? A better driver than you --?

**RACHEL**

-- you're one of those "thirties are the new twenties" man-children. You're glib and wry and find humor in people like me who are actually accountable for their lives --

**JERRY**

Okay, the most fascinating thing here? Is that you don't know the first thing about me!

**RACHEL**

I know you work at a copy store! What are you, thirty-one, thirty-two? You're obviously articulate

**JERRY**

-- love being stuck in a van with my fucking guidance counselor --

**RACHEL**

-- and I know your brother just died and

he worked for the State Department --

**JERRY**

-- you need to stop talking about my brother, I've had enough of that --

**RACHEL**

-- you're in denial if you don't think that has anything to do with what's happening right now -- but I can tell you that whatever he did, whatever he was part of has put my son in danger whether you believe it or not!!

**JERRY**

I'm not talking about this --

Damnit!!

I'm not kidding!

Stop! STOP!

SCREECH! Jerry YANKS the wheel hard, PEELING across four lanes of traffic. SKIDS to a stop by a curb, pops open the door.

**RACHEL**

**JESUS!--WHAT'RE YOU D--?'**

Jerry gets out, SLAMS his door shut

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**RACHEL (CONT'D)**

You can't leave me!

**JERRY**

Why not? My brother's a terrorist, and I'm a loser right?

He starts to walk away. Rachel desperately opening her door

**RACHEL**

Don't walk away!

**JERRY**

(throwing up arms)  
I'm done.

**RACHEL**

Please!

**JERRY**

You're on your own.

Rachel starts running after him, panicked, lead-in:

**RACHEL**

Please! PLEASE! I...I need you!

Jerry stops short. Turning around. Cupping his ear.

**JERRY**

I'm sorry? What'd you just say?

**RACHEL**

I can't do this without you.

**JERRY**

You mean without the "man-child?"

Rachel's reserves crumble.

**RACHEL**

It's the first time we've been apart, me  
and Kyle. Since the day he was born.  
And I let him get on that train--  
(almost whispering)  
-- I let him get on.

Jerry sees all the panic and horror and guilt in this woman's  
eyes. They're both in pain. Points his finger right at her.

**JERRY**

No more accusing my brother of shit you  
know nothing about, is that understood?

Rachel looks at him. Nods. Finding her voice again --

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**RACHEL**

Yes.

And so. They turn around. And get back in the van.