

INT. THE SUBURBAN - ANOTHER TIME, DUSK

Grace leans against the window in the back, in one of her darker moods. Annie switches radio stations, from Bible thumping to Farm reports. She shuts it off. Silence.

She sees a ROAD SIGN: "LITTLE BIGHORN NATIONAL MONUMENT".

ANNIE  
Grace, look!

Grace reads the sign.

ANNIE  
Would you like to see that?

GRACE  
I don't care.

ANNIE  
(overlapping)  
I don't care.

Annie's comic mimicking, throws Grace off center.

Annie turns off onto the exit. They drive by a massive casino -- it's neon sign flickering. They drive up a hill past a cafe, two Indians in high crowned Cowboy hats standing outside of the cafe. She drives up a hill towards the parking lot of the Monument...

ANNIE  
This'll be nice. We haven't seen any of the sights yet. It's history. When I was thirteen I used to love seeing things like this.

GRACE  
You were never thirteen, Mom.

Annie laughs, taking it as a joke. Grace almost smiles.

But, Annie drives up to sign only to find a CLOSED SIGN. The park was closed at six. Annie stops the car. She's hit a brick wall once more. Silence. Finally, Grace speaks with her usual sarcasm;

GRACE  
Great idea. So now what?

Beat. Annie's patience snaps;

ANNIE

How long is this going to go on?

GRACE

What?

ANNIE

You know what I mean?

(turns to the back seat)

Is this it now? Is this the way we're  
going to be from now on?

Ignoring her, Grace edges to the passenger side and exits the  
car. Annie gets out of the driver's side and walks around as  
she speaks:

ANNIE

Do you want us to turn around and go  
back home? Do you?

GRACE

What are you asking me for? You didn't  
ask me if I wanted to come in the first  
place -- now I get to decide? Forget it!

She begins to turn away. Annie grabs her arm.

ANNIE

Who do you think I'm doing this for?  
I'm doing this for you!

GRACE

Bullshit! It's about you! About you  
deciding! About you always being  
right! You always getting everything  
your way, controlling everybody --  
like we work for you or something!

ANNIE

I don't believe this!

GRACE

You just want to get away from Daddy  
and you're using me to do it!

ANNIE

That's not true! Whatever problems your  
father and I are having, have nothing  
to do with this.

GRACE

You're amazing! You act like I don't  
live in that house! Don't you think I

hear the two of you!? Don't you think  
I can tell what's going on? I'm not  
five years old, Mom!  
(Annie is stopped)  
You want to divorce Daddy and Daddy  
doesn't want to.

ANNIE  
Did he tell you that?

GRACE  
He doesn't have to! It's, like, so  
obvious you can't stand him.

ANNIE  
That's not true!

GRACE  
Then why do you want to leave?

ANNIE  
It's... it's not that simple to explain.  
I know you think it is, but it's not.  
The truth is, I don't really know what  
I want to do. I don't have all the  
answers.

GRACE  
No, you just act like you do.

Annie is choked with fury. She doesn't know whether to  
scream, cry or strangle Grace. She turns away and begins  
walking quickly, blindly, up past a grove of trees. She comes  
to a CEMETERY enclosed by a black railing. At the crest of  
the hill there's a stone monument "The Little Bighorn  
Cemetery."

In the growing darkness, she sees, scattered on the hillsides  
below her, white tombstones. A place of sorrow. A cool breeze  
ruffles her coat and she sticks her hands in her pockets.  
Frustrated, alone, at a complete loss as to what to do, what  
action to take -- Annie, for the first time in frozen,  
standing still -- and with her, comes a rush of emotion.

She sits with her back against the monument and begins to  
weep. For Grace, for Robert, herself, for the tombstones, for  
everyone.

A FLASHLIGHT shines on her face. It is a PARK RANGER.

PARK RANGER  
You okay, ma'am?

ANNIE  
(wipes face)  
Yes. Fine.

PARK RANGER  
That young lady is getting a little  
worried.

Annie realizes she left Grace alone as it got darker.

ANNIE  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry...

Annie rises and is escorted back to the Suburban by the  
Ranger. She sees:

Grace is sitting in the front seat now, waiting for her --  
like a little girl lost.

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

Annie gets into the driver's seat. Buckles up. Grace holds  
back tears.

ANNIE  
You buckled up?  
(Grace nods)  
You cold?

GRACE  
Little.

Annie reaches into the back seat and pulls a blanket out,  
handing it to Grace, making sure it covers her. Grace turns  
towards the window and closes her eyes. Annie starts the car.