



Scripts.com

Passion Fish

By John Sayles

It's all so strange.
All I remember is that
I wasn't happy...
was I?
- Scarlet...
- You keep calling me that.
It sounds like
some other person.
Isn't there anything
that you can remember?
There is something.
It's moRe like a dream
than anything that really happened.
I'm walking down a hallway.
It's dark...
and it's so quiet
I can hear my footsteps echoing.
The hallway is very long.
It seems never to end.
While I'm walking, I have this feeling
that when I reach the end of the hall...
I'll find something.
It's very frightening at first...
but if I can stand up to it and face it,
it could be something wonderful.
- But I can't remember my dreams.
- That's my close-up.
Maybe I just don't want to.
He gave her my fucking close-up.
Is something wrong?
I thought that was
the call button.
Do you know where you are?
Yeah.
I'm in the tucking hospital.
- I was here yesterday, wasn't I?
- You've been here tor a while.
My legs tell asleep.
I wanted to get up.
Do you know who you are?
she's the one with the amnesia.
Not me.
ust help me sit up, all right?
You had surgery yesterday.

We put the rods on your spine.
Do you remember?
I'm going to call Dr. Miles. He'll
give you something to calm you down.
No, I don't need to be calmed down.
I need to be helped up.
You did something to me,
didn't you?
You gave me a shot
and my legs went to sleep.
- I'm going to call Dr. Miles.
- No!
just give me a straight tuckin' answer!
What did you do to me?
I think he's on the floor.
I'll get Dr. Miles. He'll give
you something to calm you down.
No. What happened to my legs?
Sometimes the medication
makes it hard to remember.
What am I doing here?
What is wrong with me?
Scarlet, it's good to see you
out of the hospital.
Scarlet, it's good to see you
out of the hospital.
- How are you feeling?
- Fine, DR. Buckner.
Try to hold your position
without using your arms too much.
Now turn your head to the lett,
very slowly.
I'm right here.
I'm not gonna let you drown.
I knew there was a catch.
Look at Carlos. He's doin' ten reps
already with weights on his shoulders.
Carlos is a tucking monster.
Carlos belongs in a circus.
You're just as good a candidate
tor rehab as he is.
Right. Can you take me
back to my room now?
- No.

- My shoulders hurt.
Are you gonna make me stay here?
Go back to your room if you want.
You know the way.
It you had some upper body strength,
you wouldn't have any trouble with that.
Fuck you!
Fuck you too, Carlos!
- Who are you?
- I'm Dr. Kline.
- A shrink.
- I'm a psychologlst.
- You've got the voice.
- Do I?
I was under analysis
tor seven years.
I see. I'm going to ask you
some Questions about yourselt.
You gonna make me walk?
No, May-Alice.
You gonna make it so I can pee
without sticking plastic inside me?
I'm not a urologist.
Then go peddle it somewhere else.
Okay, I want you to raise
yourselves up on your elbows.
That's it. Not too much
side to side with the head.
Now push your body back to where your
elbows are underneath your shoulders.
That'll give you the leverage.
Hey, that's really good, Chuck.
I want you to roLI to the leFt...
ReALly slowly now,
under coNtrol.
Go right to the supine elbows position.
use your momentum.
Don't lie back.
From the elbows we extend the arms,
keeping balance.
Walk it up to a sitting position.
Wondertul.
Okay, leaning toward, those of you
with your legs still crossed...

I just want out
of this fucking boot camp.
It's like a fraternity here: all
these gang members shot in holdups...
motorcycle casualties,
hang gliders.
I want to go home.
No. Home home, down there.
You're my business manager. You're
supposed to know about this stuff.
Square it with
the insurance company...
and get me outta here.
- Scarlet.
- We read all about your tragedy.
- We were so shocked.
- You're one of our favorites.
Could you sign this?
Thank you so much.
You're gonna make a wonderful comeback.
I just know it.
Hold it there as long as you can.
Is that as much as you can do?
I don't have any
upper body strength.
We're gonna get you some.
- Car accident.
- Fucking taxicab.
I was getting out of one,
another one sideswipes it.
Hit me, took the door right off.
Fucking kamikazes.
Don't let me push this down.
I was going to have
my legs waxed.
New York City.
- It says you're some kind of actress.
- some kind.
- I was on daytime.
- Daytime?
Soap operas.
Some of my patients watch those.
Yeah, we always got
lots of letters from shut-ins.

What brings you
down to Louisiana?
I heard what a brilliant
therapist you were.
Might not be New York City,
but we do all right.
Can even get your legs waxed here,
if you want.
I have a house here.
Vacation house?
No. I grew up here.
Jett Davis Parish.
Could've fooled me.
I spent a fortune
losing my accent.
Okay, there's two kinds of therapy
I'm gonna work on with you.
One is to strengthen the muscles
you still have control over...
keep your back lined up right,
increase your range of motion.
The other is to promote
circulation and tone...
in the areas
you've lost the use of.
I'm not the
wheelchair Olympics type.
May-Alice, you're a T-10
complete spinal lesion.
Whatever movement and sensation you've
lost because of that isn't coming back.
But the rest of your body, the rest of
your life is whatever you wanna make it.
Right, Coach.
I don't know what you were like
before the accident.
You mean my
pre-morbid personality?
Ooh, you've been reading
the literature.
You got a standing frame
at this house?
My business manager said
he bought everything in the catalog.

You have to use it.
I want you to stand one hour a day.
- sure.
- IF you're going to be my patient...
I know the whole routine,
and I'm not buying into it.
I don't want you coming to my house.
I don't want your pep talks.
This visit is just something...
that my business manager cooked up
with the insurance company.
Am I gonna meet this guy,
this business manager?
I'm out of business.
No ramp.
The house has not been prepared.
I figured we'll sort of
work our way into it.
An old house.
Not that old.
Old houses are dirty.
I had my business manager call
to get it cleaned.
There should be a ramp.
- That hurts.
- You must be clean.
I'm clean enough.
It hurts.
You think this is pain?
At home I do
one hundred abortions.
Illegal. No drugs.
That is pain.
You eat now.
What exactly is this?
Kasha. Big tiber.
Is good for stool.
Yeah. It looks like it might
have something to do with that.
That's what it's all about.
- It was a computer error.
- Computer error?
Isn't somebody supposed to check dosages
before the prescriptions are filled?

Do you know how many patients
a day we treat here?
I don't care how many.
The only one I care about is Scarlet.
A little cleaning?
It's important
that we have clean walls.
I'll be climbing them soon.
Can you hear this?

Is 3:

- I'll turn the volume down.
- Is night.
You must sleep.
I got the rest
of my life to sleep.
Eat.
I'm not hungry.
Is good breakfast. Eat.
I'm not hungry.
I'm not even Awake.
No eat, no TV.
Weren't you in

Ilsa:

Eat.
I call agency.
They send new person tomorrow.
Before I found Him, I used to
get really depressed and all.
Before I found Him, I used to
get really depressed and all.
Like I'd try to go on a diet...
and I'd starve myself and like
throw up a lot and everything, you know.
But then the minute I went off the diet,
I gained back all the weight I'd lost.
And I'd feel so weak
and worthless...
and, you know, like...
- Pudgy.
- Pudgy! Yes!
But then I found Him,
And it like clicked in my head...

that He loves you
whether you're...
like pudgy or skinny,
or short or tall...
or really smart
or kinda stupid...
or all healthy and athletic,
or like...
Crippled.
Physically challenged, you know?
- I'm sorry.
- You hate this job?
No, it's not that.
I mean, I do hate this job,
but that's not what's so terrible.
You got problems
with your boyfriend?
Yes.
Well, you shouldn't let some big dope
get you all hysterical.
But he's not a dope.
He's not even American.
What's his name? Derek?
No.
- jean-Claude?
- No.
Paulo?
Yes.
Do you know that Blake?
Differant show.
I hate her.
How's about Lucinda?
Lucinda?
On the stories.
Do you know her?
A differant show.
Raven? Dominique?
- Differant show.
- It's on the same network though.
she comes on right after you.
There's not like a room where
they store us all in between shows.
What about that Erica?
Morgan City, which is like

the lowest pit oF hell, you know?
I was stuck there tor about
two or three weeks...
until I met this guy Blackout,
this biker.
You like bikes?
Blackout got these disability checkS
trom the government, you know.
'Cause he was in this
psychological drug experiment thing...
when he was in the army,
and somethin' went wrong.
You know what it's like
to sleep with somebody that's got...
like a ten-inch hunting knite
strapped to his thigh?
But you know,
he was an okay guy really...
as long as he
stayed on medicatlon.
Boy, it he skipped a dose or two,
that was like...
And besides, he had to go back
in the hospital to get a retit...
on this steel plate that,
you know, he had in his head.
And that's when I met
this guitar player.
You know, heavy metal?
Well, this is way beyond that.
I know this guy that got electrocuted
once when he was working out on the rig.
He told me that he sees exactly the same
kind ot blue flashes when Dwaine plays.
You ever been electrocuted?
I'm Chantelle.
Didn't think they'd
send another one.
How long have you been
without somebody?
I dropped the remote.
I think it's behind the couch.
You really oughta have
a ramp out there.

Breakfast.
Oh, shit.
I haven't been taking my...
Ditropan.
- I had an accident here.
- I'IL help you wAsh up.
Listen, Sharelle.
Chantelle.
You got any problems...
personal problems...
L don't wanna hear 'em.
You been doin' this long?
No.
You?
You are a nurse, aren't you?
Yeah.
I just haven't done
this caretaker thing betore.
I mean, staying over
at somebody's house.
Well, I'll tell you, Shondelle,
it's a snap.
Chantelle.
All the things I can't do,
you do 'em tor me.
These days,
that's just about everything.
Can't go anywhere by myselt.
I can't cook anymore.
I can't work anymoRe.
I can't shit
without a suppository.
I can't have sex I can feel...
unless I really
get into blowjobs.
Sorry.
You're probably some big Christian,
and I just put my foot in my mouth.
It's none ot my business
what you put in your mouth, Ms. Culhane.
Chantelle, huh?
What'd they tell you about me
at the agency?
You're a T-10.

What else?
You have your own money, so the pay
was better than the state cases.
Did they tell you
I was a bitch?
On wheels.
You tound my umbilical cord.
Do you have any way to call me
it you need anything?
I just turn the volume way up.
Look, I got no idea what
the last one left you up there.
I'll be tine.
Good night, Ms. Culhane.
I don't usually wet myself.
Don't worry about it.
Do you need me
to cut that up For you more?
I can't deal with grapetruit
in the morning.
We don't have any eggs.
I've got 'em on the list.
I can't deal with
breaktast at all.
There's still a car
out back, isn't there?
- Big brown thing?
- Good.
Last one took it into Laf ayyette a couple
times. Atraid she might have sold it.
Is there anything you need
betore I go?
L can change the channels myselt.
should I help you in the bathroom
betore I go?
I was the best voider
in my rehab group.
Thought they would give me
a tucking medaL or something.
Your bathroom's
not set up too well.
Keys should be in the car.
Try to get back
as soon as I can.

- Don't kill yourself.

- You neither.

Oh, God.

You ain't from around here.

I can tell.

Yeah.

And you are.

I can tell.

somebody's in a bad mood.

Must've walked what?

ThRee, tour miles?

What do you do

for this lady you work for?

I take care of her, I guess.

White lady?

- Mm-hmm.

- Old?

Are you a detective?

- You a nurse?

- I was, almost.

The pay must be real good

to get a tine-lookin' young lady...

to live out with some

sickly old white woman.

Pay's all right.

- I hope you stay workin' around here.

- Look.

It you're trying to be charmin',

don't be wastin' it on me.

What is that smell?

- That's horse, darlin'.

- You put a horse back there?

I take care of 'em.

Put shoes on their hooves.

Train 'em tor their owners.

You're giving me griet

about workin' tor a white woman.

Is this the town?

Most oF it.

Where you want me to leave you?

Right here Is good.

Right.

You want me to tind some gas

when you're back out?

I can manage, thanks.

- Sugar.

- What?

sugar Ledoux. That's me.

You have got to be kidding.

Well, my real name is ulysses.

Like ulysses in the ballad.

What's your name?

- Chantelle.

- Chantelle what?

Chantelle who's got no time tor
French-talkin' Louisiana cowboys.

You dance, Chantelle?

No. Not anymore.

Excuse me.

- Could I buy one ot those cans?

- Them are mine.

- You don't work here?

- Well, nobody work here.

Old Abe there owns the pumps,
but he mostly drinks and sleeps.

Leave the box out tor people
to put the money in. He's sleepin' now.

So they just leave the money
for what they take?

- You're not trom here, are you?

- No.

And your car's broke down
somewhere without no gas?

Wait one minute.

I'II take you there, put some in.

I also have a lot oF stuFf
over at the liQuor store.

We go by there, pick 'em up.

Shit!

Propane guns keep the birds ott
the rice seed. It's that time of year.

This used to belong to Mr. Culhane.

Lived out by the lake.

- It's his daughter's now.

- Word is, she's stuck in a bed.

She's paraplegic.

Well, how's she doin'?

I just started out there.

The place could use some work.
It wasn't set up
tor somebody in a chair.
I'll do the carpentry,
a little plumbin', tix your root.
- I'll talk to her.
- You'll wanna have this car looked at.
I'll tell her you said hi.
Nah. She won't remember me.
I'm really sorry I'm so late.
I need a glass ot wine.
Car broke down.
Didn't have any gas in it.
With ice.
I had a really terrible day.
Mine was a scream.
If you'd just bring the bottle over,
I can pour my own.
- I'm not your waitress.
- What are you then?
I'm going to get
the rest of the groceries.
It you want a drink,
I'll be in the kitchen.
- I can't make it out there.
- Where's your chair?
You're all sweaty.
I couldn't get into it in the bathroom.
It was easier to come out here.
You tell?
- What are you doing?
- I need to look at your legs.
- I didn't hit hard.
- I need to look at your legs.
No!
Please. You might be hurt.
You got aig bruise
under your hip.
Nothing's broken,
but let me take you for x-rays.
- No.
- There's no way tor me to be sure.
No! It's my tucking body!
I said no!

I'm not very good at this, am I?
Yeah, I know.
I've been thinkin' about
a career change myself.
I thought that you
drove back in to the agency...
and told them you were Quitting.
I need this job.
- I'll get you some dinner.
- Could you help me...
pull up my pants First?
Hello there.
Anybody home?
Can I help you?
I was wonderin'
if May-Alice might be in.
No one seems to answer
your telephone.
I was somethin' of
an atterthought in the tamLly.
May-Alice's tather was already
in high school when I was born.
What tlme does May-Alice
usually rise?
About noon.
Sensible girl.
Noon suit me just fine.
But as long as
there's real estate...
to be bought and sold
in CresceNt City...
I have no rest.
Real estate...
that's what our dreams come to.
Can I help you tind something?
I'm pokin' around, aren't I?
I lived here tor a spell...
atter May-Alice's parents
passed on.
Bachelor days.
If you're lookin' tor the bottles,
I threw all that away.
I see.
There wasn't so much lett.

We got some white wine cold here.
That might be pleasant.
My brother, May-Alice's tather,
was an amateur tlyer.
He was quite a sportsman,
actually.
His house was once tilled
with his trophies on every wall.
until i was compelled to donate them
to the local museum of natural history.
Their eyes seemed to follow me
from room to room.
They were flyin'
down at the Keys...
tor the bonetishin', I believe,
not the Marlin.
May-Alice's tather was
a great admlrer ot Mr. Hemingway.
He flew everywhere
huntin', tishin'.
- Her mother went along?
- Whither thou goest, I shall go.
At the service,
three people rose...
to comment on what
an excellent pilot my brother was.
Not my drink, I'm atraid.
luilt this myselt.
When I was younger...
photography was Quite
an obsession of mine.
You ever seen the work
of Mr. E.j. Bellocg?
I don't think so.
Well, it's very striking.
Anyhow...
photography remained
an avocation...
not a way ot life.
Improves with age.
My triend jason got his tirst taste
ot tinancial independence...
And it was gone
wlth the proverbial wind.

He inherited money?
The only thing Jason's in line
to inherit is a Naugahyde dinette set.
You remember he was
somethin' oF a potter?
Well, he came up
with a scheme...
to manufacture
homoeRotic delftware.
Go on!
Dinner plates with little Dutch boys
painted in compromisin' positions.
Perversion is rampant
in our society.
You're etter ott without him.
I keep tellin' myselt that.
I was so sorry to hear about
your attliction, May-Alice.
I always wanted you
to be the one who went Away...
and became Famous
and was always happy.
Now this.
Reeves, if you start to cry,
I'm gonna throw my drink at you.
That's my uncle Reeves.
Isn't he great?
He's real literary.
Reeves has been literary
ever since he was a boy.
Didn't go down real big
in my family.
Takes all kinds.
He gave me his camera.
Isn't that sweet?
But you were insane
toward the end...
making up all kinds
of crazy stories...
sleeping with other men on the side,
and then accusing...
- What is this?
- I'm taking them out with us.
- Us?

- us. You and me.
- Out?
- Outside.
uh-uh. I don't like
the sound of this.
You need strength
in your upper body.
Really? Why is that?
Because I'm not takin' you to the potty
every four hours, wipin' your butt.
And pretty soon you're gonna be too weak
to do it tor youRself. How's that?
When was the last time
you were outside?
They used to park us on the roof
at the rehab hospital.
You need sun.
Ralsins need sun.
Altalta needs sun.
- Do you swim?
- Not willingly.
Can you swim in this lake?
You mean, with the snakes?
Maybe I can find you a pool.
Let's see what you can do. Here.
That's what I can do.
Now push me back inside.
Push yourself back inside.
Don't pull that motivational crap on me.
I wanna go back in!
I'll have lunch ready
when you get there.
Chantelle, get back here!
You get back here!
I wanna go back inside.
- It's uphill!
- so's life!
Damn it!
Here's some hot tea.
Water gets lively
this time ot year.
Saw some tish.
Couple ot herons too.
Are there really

snakes out there?
Were when I was little.
We kind of ignored 'em.
Kids aren't scared of anything.
I was scared of stuff.
Are you gonna do something
to get stronger?
And why do you think
I need to be stronger?
Because the next one
may not be so nice as me.
Right.
And you're
Florence fuckin' Nightingale.
You got a telephone
anytime you wanna get rid of my ass.
But if I'm going to stay...
I have to be able to do my job.
Are you gonna try it?
Don't leave me places.
Hello.
May-Alice.
Oh, shit.
We're so glad
to find you at home.
- We've been naughty about not visitin'.
- And we weren't sure it...
We weren't positive
you'd remember us.
That's the character she played,
Precious, not May-Alice.
You do remember us,
don't you, darlin'?
Hello.
Chantelle, these are my old friends,
Ti-Marie and Precious Robichaux.
Chantelle is my assistant.
- Pleased to meet you.
- Hello.
- Would you like to stay for lunch?
- We'd love to.
We've been following
your program.
Everybody is so proud of you.

There are so few people from here
to be recognized on a national level.
unless, of course,
you read the sports pages.
Edward reads them
out loud to me.
Edward is her husband.
Twenty years next May.
Precious has inertia
contused with romance.
And Ti-Marie changes husbands
like Edward changes automobiles.
A new one every four years.
Anthony lasted five.
It took you a year to find him
to serve the papers.
Of course...
we're very provincial compared to
the goings-on on your TV program.
- What was it called?
- The Young And The Stupid.
- Was that it?
- It's a joke, Precious.
What do these people
eat for lunch?
- You never married, did you?
- Once.
And were you blessed?
- Pardon?
- Children?
she wants to know
if you had children.
I don't need an interpreter, Ti-Marie.
I do speak English.
- I never had children.
- What a shame.
- And now you can't.
- Precious, slow down, darlin'.
I thought about havin' them, but
I never really did anything about it.
You were always
so eccentric at school.
she means different.
I knew you'd do somethin'

original with your life.
Didn't we always used to say, "I
wonder how May-Alice is gonna end up"?
Now you know.
Well, what have we here?
We haven't unpacked
the china yet.
Movin' is such a bother.
You haven't moved
in 20 years, Precious.
Well, I can empathize, can't I?
Could you bring some wine?
She is such a jewel.
Wherever did you find her?
Did her people
work for your parents?
she works for an agency.
You don't see as much
colored help these days.
- It was the '60s, the riots up north.
- Right.
How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm
after they've turned Chicago?
Did they burn Chicago too?
It's a joke, Precious.
Well, ours down here
have certainly caught...
the "attitude."
Precious and Edward
have a Guatemalan woman.
- Spanish.
- She speaks Spanish.
She's from Guatemala.
Oh, it's warm.
I thought it was gazpacho.
I wasn't expectin'...
Campbell's?
just a little surprised.
Excuse me.
My husband, Edward,
can't tolerate truly hot soup.
- He's very sensitive.
- Edward? Sensitive?
You are so critical of him

just because he's faithful and steady.
steady?

He's practically comatose.

- Edward is in perfect health.

- It's a joke, Precious.

Chantelle, I just thought of
somethin' else we need at the market.

I remember

when we were here last.

Your parents, God bless 'em,
were still with us.

- some sort of soiree.

- A slumber party.

Yes, I remember now.

Laurel Pettione was there,
and Stacy Lee Ellis.

And who was that girl?

- That one with the hair?

- We all had hair, Precious.

No, the one with the hair...

who we were so awtul to.

She wore it in that

enormous braid down heR back...

like some sort of peasant woman.

That was me.

Oh, May-Alice...

It couldn't have been you.

It was a picture I had otoan Baez.

Took me hours to get the same eFtect.

Perhaps I misremember.

I'm thinkin' of someone

we just tortured.

That was me.

Ms. Culhane?

It's 2:

It's time For your injections.

Right.

My injections.

Oh, dear.

Have we overstayed our welcome?

It I don't have the spasms,
they only take about an hour.

- We were just passing through anyway.

- And now we know where you are.
Do you think I'll need
the restraints today?
They've been set up.
Excuse us, please.
That was her
with the strange hair...
wasn't it?
I teel like I've been
picked clean by buzzards.
You hadn't seen them in a while?
Not since I boarded with 'em
at Grand Coteau.
I thought that soup bit
was brilliant.
You just open the can and heat it up.
What's so brilliant about that?
Well, I thought, you know...
you were tryin' to
help me get rid ot 'em.
- I can't cook.
- sure you can.
Is there some Rule all black people
gotta know how to cook?
Darlin', down here there's a rule
that everybody got to know how to cook.
- You wanna watch with me?
- What is it?
Bette Davis and joan CrawFord pretendin'
they're the Robichaux sisters.
You thought I looked bad.
Chantelle, do you have to
wear that uniform all the time?
- I thought you wanted it on.
- It's so "nursy."
I am a nurse...
not an assistant.
I don't know what else to call you.
You're not my servant.
Thank you.
You're not my baby-sitter
or my housekeeper.
I'm not your triend.
You can go out at night

if you want.
No. I'm fine out here.
Must be so boring for you.
It's a job.
It's supposed to be boring.
"Oh, no, Ms. Culhane.
It's never boring working for you."
It you want me
to be that way, I'll try.
No.
You have to be totally
straight with me, okay?
Whatever you got on your mind,
I wanna hear it.
Yeah?
Yeah.
You drink too much.
No, I don't.
Is this the one where
she teeds her sister the rat?
Somebody is poundin' on my house
with a large, blunt object.
He's been doing that
for a long time now.
Who's he?
He's the guy that I hired to build
a ramp and to fix up the bathroom.
You told me you wanted to,
and I think he's given a good price.
Why'd he have to start so early?
It's past noon, Ms. Culhane.
- Could you call me May-Allce?
- You mean when your friends aren't here?
I mean all the time.
Whatever you want.
How long have
I been wearin' these?
Since Monday.
- I kind of gross you out, don't I?
- Is this a trick question?
Rennie.
Hi.
- It's Rennie, right?
- Yeah.

- Yeah, it's me.

- Wow.

- How are you?

- I'm fine.

I'm older.

How are you?

so, you're a carpenter?

Yeah. Some of this,

some of that.

Oh, Chantelle wondered if you wanted to
come inside and have somethin' to drink.

Lemonade, iced tea.

- Sure.

- Great.

- You have a family, I guess.

- Oh, yeah.

- How many kids?

- Five.

Wow.

I didn't realize

people had that many anymore.

us coon-asses do.

You still go out on your daddy's boat?

I suppose you got your own now.

That's mostly what I do.

Take tourists out on the swamp

and point out the alligators and snakes.

Beats chasin' around an oil patch,

like my daddy.

Five kids.

I know your wite?

I don't see how you'd have met.

Well...

thanks.

Later you might wanna show me

what you need in the bedroom.

We got all these rails and things

from the gimp catalog...

but I never got 'round

to havin' them installed.

Well, I'll take a look at it.

You know, that's a real nice boat

you got sittin' out tront.

Hasn't been run in 20 years.

Well, oughta have somebody
check it out someday.
Why didn't you tell me
it was him?
Was he somebody special?
At least he's not in jail.
Did you go to school with him?
He's from betore
I went ott to Grand Coteau.
He was real wild.
We all had crushes on him.
But he was, you know...
His daddy wore alligator teeth around
his neck and had all these tattoos.
Rennie'd come over
and sell tish bait to my daddy.
White trash?
It was more complicated
than that.
They was the real
swamp Cajuns, darlin'.
Rennie Boudreau.
Five kids. jesus.
I look like shit, don't I?
Hi. May-Alice
isn't here right now.
If you want to leave a message,
wait till after the beep...
and leave your phone number.
May-ALice is always here.
They know that.
And what if it's for you?
I won't be gettin' any messages.
What if the car takes longer
than a day to tix?
stay over, I guess.
Be a nice break for me.
I should tell them
to leave the time they call.
Hi. May-Alice has
crawled into a hole to die.
It you'd like to leave a message,
Forget about it.
Hello?

Is Chantelle here?
No. She went to town.
You the lady she working tor?
Yes.
I don't know when
she's going to be back.
You atraid ot me?
Don't be.
- Is she okay?
- Chantelle?
sure. She's fine.
Happy?
Well, happy? I don't know.
I mean, she seems okay.
she lives upstairs.
I don't know it she's happy.
No reason you would.
I just live with her
24 hours a day.
Was she expecting you?
No, I don't think
she really wants to see me.
It's nice to live
near the water.
Yeah. I suppose it is.
You can't teel anything...
in your bottom half?
That's the general idea.
Yeah, I telt that once.
Yeah, it started in my teet.
And then it moved to my knees.
And I remember thinking
how when...
it reached my heart,
I'd be dead.
What happened?
I just did some more of whatever
it was I was all messed up on...
and it shot me right past
into somewheres else.
Did she tinish with the detox?
Yes. I think so.
When she make up her mind
to do something...

you do not want to be
in her way, Chantelle.
I've noticed.
Well, you know, that's good.
she's keeping it straight.
I don't think I want to
wait around for her.
Don't mind me.
I just ain't ready to do this.
When you see Chantelle,
you tell her...
I'm sorry.
Who do I say came to call?
Bad news.
She'll know who you mean.
It's Chantelle
who don't have tlme tor me.
- Sugar.
- Yeah, you're right.
Only thing good here's breaktast,
and that's long over.
What are you doing here then?
Coftee machine busted
overR at work.
Come on with me,
get you some real tood.
I have to be somewhere.
You got time to burn, girl.
That car of your white lady's sittin'
at the Bourgeois Brothers garage.
Them boys is slower
than a three-legged mule.
Can't tell you what to do
with the rest of your life, Chantelle...
but I know you don't want to be spending
no five hours ot it in here.
How's thAt for you?
It's tine.
That there on top
is court bouillon.
I made that myself.
So, all the women up north so hard
to get next to, or is it just you?
ust me.

Hey, darling.

Albertine, say hi to Chantelle.

- Hello.

- Hi. Nice to meet you.

Albertine's my tirst girl.

She stays with me
most ot the summer.

You've got more?

Yeah, by Albertine's mama,
which was my first wiFe.

I had her and a boy, Henri.

Henri just got him
a scholarship to LSu.

Then with my second,
I had Cecile and Eugenie.

They live over
by Breaux Bridge now.

Don't see enough ot them.

Then, let's see.

- Rosalynn.

- Ah, Rosalynn, yeah.

I had Andre, Delia and Lorenzo.

Lorenzo just startin' up
school now.

Whose horse is this?

Man who gonna put his top stallion
on one ot my mares.

- You're gonna let him do that?

- I'm getting paid, darlin'.

Kind of blood line his stallion got,
cost me a fortune for that semen.

You gonna do that
just like in the cowboy movies?

I'm a blacksmith.

You're a black somethin',
all right.

- Are you following me?

- ust giving you some space, darlin'.

- I don't know how.

- Ain't nothing to it.

You have to show me how to do it.

Show me how!

No, don't be sorry.

ust don't be so suspicious.

The man been married 25 times,
got more kids than a field got corn.
How am I supposed to trust you?
I never asked you
to trust me, darlin'.
ust want you to be with me...
have some tun.
I already had enough fun
to last me a lifetime.
Will you spend the night with me?
You don't have to like it.
You probably live in the swamp,
right?
You got dead raccoons and shit
hanging on your house.
The Lord can't hate anyone.
How can He hate a small child?
That doesn't explain it.
He only...
Wow.
Oh, Reeves, I love you.
I'm sorry.
I made love to women
who wasn't satisfied before...
but you're the tirst
that come out and cried about it.
No, it's just me.
I been wondering
what you taste like.
Yeah?
MoRe salt than sugar so f ar.
I'm sorry. I just don't think
it's gonna happen.
Not tonight.
Yeah.
Well...
you kind ot took the wind
out ot my sails anyway.
- Poor baby.
- I got teelings, too, you know.
Is that right?
IF I'm lyin', I'm dyl'n'.
Could I stay right here tonight?
Mm-hmm.

What's that name of yours,
the real one?

ulysses.

Like that guy in the story that...
went to fight the Trojan wars
with an army.

And he's the only one
that make it back allve.

A survivor.

He was that.

May-Alice!

- Don't come in.

- Are you all right?

Shut the door first.

I'm printing.

- You get in late?

- It's morning.

Really?

I stayed all night.

- They didn't tinish the car.

- No sense of time in here.

I see you've been busy.

I don't need a sermon.

Do you think you can get
through a day without a drink?

- Sure.

- Okay.

Twenty-four houRs,
starting right now.

You have enough problems
with your liver and kldneys...

You're the addict, not me.

What do you mean by that?

He was here?

In the afternoon.

I hope he didn't scare you.

He wouldn't hurt anybody.

I'm glad to hear it.

He didn't seem too healthy.

Turn that light on, would you?

Shoot.

This is the only part

I can't remember how to do.

I cleaned up.

Finished detox a month ago.
Maybe the tixer's worn out.
Am I tired?
I lied to the agency.
I gave them my records
from back in Chicago...
and told them I'd been oft
in Europe for two years.
Luther had some restaurants.
He owned a blg car.
It was tun living high.
It was exciting.
And then we got to Freebasing...
and all ot it just fell away.
What stopped you?
I guess I didn't want to die.
I need this job.
You're not fired.
And...
I'm not gonna drink today.
I may as well go to bed.
How you teeling?
Like shit.
How did you do it?
At tirst I was in the hospital.
There's no plAce to score.
It's back in the real world
that's hard.
This isn't the real world.
I know.
People who been cutting your grass
all these years had any sense...
they'd have brought this inside.
You got you some rust.
A couple, three parts, though,
I could have her running.
Did Chantelle ask you
to tix this?
No, I just thought I'd do it.
Why, you live by the water,
you want a boat.
so how's your Daddy
these days?
He's dead.

Oh.
Yeah, he started him a fight
in Smokeys over at the Sabin Pass.
Couple ot roughnecks put him away
in a parking lot.
That's the way he lived it.
I'll have her running someday,
I'll take your triend and you out...
show you the neighborhood.
sure.
You never did
like it much down here.
The place is all right.
I just had problems with
who people expected me to be.
You okay? You seem a little upset
about something.
I'm tine.
I'm trying to...
I've started a diet.
It makes you cranky,
raises your blood sugar...
and all that.
so did you ever get away trom here?
Drafted.
Sent me to the Philippines,
guard ammunition on the way to the war.
All ot us are real proud
of how you did on the TV.
sure.
You know, I never did
see your program.
Arlene won't have it in the house.
A critic.
No television, no radio,
no liquor, no card playing.
Can't slng a song
unless the Lord's name's in it.
That's serious.
She took rellgion between
the second and third babies.
Her people were like that, but she'd
Run otf trom them when I met her.
she got the kids

in it with her now.
They pray for me a lot.
Was I snotty to you
when we were kids?
Well, you weren't much
ot anything to me.
You know, we kind ot
just looked at each other.
I think you were real nice
to the people you knew.
You were difterent, you know,
but you were real nice.
Then how'd I get like this?
I'm laying cement at Landrys today.
I'll be by in a couple oF days.
Bye, Rennie.
All right. Game's over.
What gAme?
- Where'd you put all the liQuor?
- I threw it out.
- It's in the trash?
- I poured it out.
- Bottles Are in the bin.
- You poured it out?
The recycle people don't want
nothin' lett in the bottles.
Look, Chantelle,
I Am not ready tor this.
When I get stronger,
I'll Quit drinking.
If you keep drinking,
you will not get any stronger.
Okay.
The deal was 24 hours, right?
I've already done that.
- Ernie's closes by 9:00.
- I'm not getting you any more.
What?
You want it,
you get it yourselt!
I can't drive.
That's something to work toward.
Don't hand me
that condescending bullshit!

ust go and get me
some tucking wlne!

- Listen to you.

- You listen to me. I hired you!

- I want you to do what I tell you!

- Dream on, girl.

- Who made you the tucking warden?

- Who made you Queen ot the whole world?

You sit around,

teeling sorry tor yourself...

you miserable, TV-watching,

dried-up old witch!

You can't go more than a day without a
drink, and you're not even a drunk yet.

You're just tucking spollled.

Most mornings I wake up,

I wanna get high so bad I can't breathe.

Cocaine is different.

Bullshit!

What do you know about it?

- Where are you going?

- I am going away trom you.

I don't want to be around your shit
anymore, understand? Away from you!

You've been cooking.

Gotta do something

to keep busy.

Smells good.

Sit.

Nice plates.

I broke most ot the other stutf.

You did a number on them.

That's okra gumbo there.

You can start with some ot that.

Thank you.

I was gonna make biscuits,
but couldn't tind the lard.

Yeah?

Iced tea or Kool-Aid?

- May-Alice.

- Yeah?

- We've got compAny.

- Who is it?

- They say they're from daytime.

- Damn.

Dawn.

Oh, baby,

it's so good to see you.

You tracked me down.

Florida junket. They expanded it
to New Orleans this year.

Oh, May-Alice, Nina.

This is Nina Crossley.

- she's playing you.

- Yeah, Scarlet.

- I'm back in the story.

- Vance thought it was time.

I'm pregnant.

I'm sorry.

Have a seat, please.

Oh, no, scarlet is pregnant,
on the show.

Oh. Wow.

I'm taking Lamaze classes.

You know, me, personally,
as a preparation.

I had a hysterectomy.

Oh. I'm sorry.

On the show. scarlet.

My third season.

A hysterectomy?

They took the crib
and left the playpen.

Oh. Something my mother
used to say.

- Was she from the south?

- she was from the south side.

Maybe that's why the baby
had to be by Zon-Dar.

I haven't been keeping up lately.

Zon-Dar?

- He went back to his planet.

- Ah.

Well, this is a great surprise.

Have a seat.

Would you like something to drink?

Yes. Do you have
sassafras tea?

- Oh, she read that someplace.
- A wine spritzer?
We don't have anything alcoholic.
I'll just go and bring out
a bunch of stuff.
Chantelle isn't my maid
or anything.
Oh, I'm sorry.
I thought she was
a tammy retainer.
Right.
May-Alice, this country is so...
it's so laden, you know?
Laden? With what?
Oh, just atmosphere and portent.
It's like the air
is thick with...
What's it thick with?
Humidity.
Right. It's liquid and heavy
with history and tradition.
It's fecund.
Well, it must be great
for the soil.
This land,
deep and inviolate...
paid for in blood...
infused with the life spirit
of those...
who would endure on its face.
Standing in mute
and eternal reproach...
to the cheap
intransigent babble...
of the towns that fester
in its nether parts.
This land...
whispering with overripe breath...
its tale of original sin.
That's amazing.
Who wrote that?
I forget.
That's why I've never had kids.
After surviving me as a mother,

they'd grow up And write...
more of that
twisted gothic shit.
May-Alice, I think you'd
make a great mother.
Damn, I couldn't keep
a pet turtle alive.
And when I was married,
it was to that...
that "actor."
He was on the show.
amie? On a soap?
- He played Zon-Dar.
- He got you pregnant?
He's got a sperm count of two.
Does this place have a name?
- You mean Lake Arthur?
- Arthur?
Arthur, like the king. May-Alice
is turning back into a cracker.
Actually I meant the house.
Does your family have a name for it?
You mean like Belle River?
Well...
- Does your apartment have a name?
- 14G.
Jeffrey calls our apartment
in the Hamptons Uncle Tom's Condo.
Excuse me.
Feel terrible.
Here I am,
sitting in your backyard...
having a nice time.
I'm the one who stole your part
and had an affair with your ex-husband.
Now I'm carrying his baby.
An affair?
Oh, not in real life.
Oh, no. No.
She...
He was taken.
Taken?
He's grown a lot
since you knew him.

At least that's
what I thought anyway.
You poor baby.
How'd it come out?
He went back to his planet.
Can I help you with anything?
I'm fine.
Kim doesn't eat meat...
and Nina is just going to open it up
and scrape out the mayonnaise.
What about you?
I eat anything.
So...
you trom around here?
- Chicago.
- Really?
Me too. Cooley High.
Du Sable.
- Where'd you live?
- Euclid Street.
Pill Hill.
Father must have been a doctor.
I'm trom out of Cabrini Green.
- It's a long way out.
- Yeah.
So, how is she doing?
see for yourselt.
I don't think
I could handle it.
Are you and her good friends?
We spent a lot of time together.
Work, you know.
Yeah.
You two seem to get along
pretty well.
We spend a lot ot time together.
I did Blanche.
I did Laura.
I did Alma in Summer and Smoke.
I did Frankie
in Member of the Wedding.
- Where was this?
- Minnesota, in school.
Oh, Minnesota, huh?

One more year on daytime,
save my money...
I am going to Quit.
I'm gonNa go back to class
and I'm gonna do theater.
- I think I've heard this one before.
- I've said that one before.
i didn't ask tor the anal probe.
Four years starving
in New York...
doing showcases
I had to pay tor myself.
That was my tirst big break.
My tirst feature,
this zero-budget movie...
about people who are taken up
into alien spaceships...
and given physicals
against their will.
I go in tor the audition,
and the director...
is really intense
and mysterious...
and he has me sit
with my eyes cLosed...
and free-associate, right?
We do these improvs
about the aliens...
representing our most primal tears.
And it's great.
Finally some real acting.
And they tell me before I leave
that I've got the part.
Only I don't know what it is yet,
but I'm so thrilled...
because it's this Feature.
It's not a student Film
or anything.
The agent gives me my script,
and L go through it...
Looking tor Margaret,
the part that they say I have.
And I've got my yellow
underliner marker in my hand...

only it's drying out.
Finally I find only one page
with the corner folded over.
I'm in this therapy group
of these people...
who have had
these alien physicals.
And I've got only one line.
"I didn't ask for the anal probe."
Not much to build
a character on.
But I'm a professional, right?
I prepared.
I had back story on this woman.
I knew that she had been
to the hairdresser...
before she came
to the therapy group.
I knew that she didn't trust that guy
who sat next to the fuchsler.
I knew that she
turned the TV set on...
the minute she got to her apartment,
just for the sound of it.
I even had my boyfriend...
my boyfriend at the time...
with a thermometer, you know,
for the sense memory, right?
I was loaded for tucking bear.
So finally it comes time
to shoot the scene.
They do one take of the wide shot,
and they stop before my line.
I was terrified...
that they were gonna cut it.
They move in for reaction shots,
close-ups.
Mostly things that mean that I
have to go and sit outside...
because the camera is set up
where my chair is.
By the time they get to me,
the crew is grumpy...
because it's late and they're non-union

and don't get paid extra for overtime.
The lead actor is gone.
He's got his shrink appointment.
And I'm... I'm alone.
I'm staring
at this piece of tape...
stuck to a stand
next to the camera.
The director says...
"Okay, let's try it a few times
without cutting...
and show me a few
different colors."
I didn't ask for the anal probe.
That was it.
You come back up,
you let me know right away.
- You promise?
- I promise.
Take care.
Bye, Chantelle.
I need a drink.
That's too bad.
When do you think I'll be strong enough
to have just a little?
Never.
You miss it much?
- Drinking?
- Acting.
It was the only thing
I was ever good at.
Yeah?
I think I need help dressing.
Do my legs look weird?
- A bit pale.
- More than the rest of me?
No, not really.
shorts.
It's what I'm wearing.
Of course.
Do you have any I could borrow?
Yeah.
Look at this. Think you
can do anything with this?

I'm not a hairdresser.
You have friends. Women friends
help each other with their hair.
My friends don't have
your kind of hair.

- Right.
- We don't have time for cornrows.

Why am I doing this?
Why do I give a shit?
Because he likes you.
You think he does?
He asked you out on his boat.

- He asked you out too.
- He's not after me.
He's not after me either.
He's just asking us out
to be nice.
He asked you out.
He asked me to come along.

- Now, if you don't want me to...
- No! You have to come.

Oh, I feel like
I'm fucking 13 years old.

- I am pathetic.
- You're not pathetic.

Or maybe he just wants us
to see his boat.
Men like that,
to show women their machines.
Or maybe he really is after you.
You are pathetic.

- Are we lost?
- No.
- How can you tell?
- I've been coming here all my life.

Look.
Oh, yeah.
I saw one of those take off
with a two-toot mud snake in its mouth.
My daddy almost
swallowed his tobacco.
It meant something to him?
Yeah, everything
meant something to him.

He hAd all ot them
coon-ass superstitions.
Catch something in his traps,
whAtever it was... turtle, gator, possum.
He'd cut open the stomachs,
see what was inside, tell the tuture.
- Are there a lot of snakes in here?
- This is cottonmouth heaven in here.
- I'll tind some tor you.
- Don't go out of your way.
I never went out on any boat.
It's not my tather's style,
the nature stutt.
Ot course, maybe
it he had had sons.
You had sisters?
He wanted boys.
All he got was me.
Tough on your mother.
I lost her when I was 14.
Diabetes.
Are you still close
to your f ather?
I got married
right out ot high school...
and he didn't want me to.
So when we split up, it was like,
you know, "I told you so."
And who needs thAt, right?
And later on...
when I hooked up with Luther...
well...
- We don't talk anymore.
- Lunch.
- That's nasty looking.
- she's from Chlcago.
Well, let's check out what
the future's got in stoRe for us, huh?
What's that mean?
Is it good?
Passion tish.
Hold out your hands.
It's real bad luck not to.
Squeeze that little tish tight now.

Think about somebody

you want some Lovin' from.

- You're makin' this shit up, right?

- Oh, no.

Ever since there been Cajuns,
they been squeezing the passion tish.

Some says you gotta
swallow them raw.

I don't need it that bad.

What is this island, Rennie?

- Does it have a name?

- Oh, yeah.

Mise're.

- Misery.

- Nice.

The story is some slave woman
went crazy out here.

Lost her only child to pneumonia,
run oft fRom her peopLe...

holed up out here.

TrappeRs come by
in their pirogues.

They hear heR moaning and crylng
about her lost baby.

- Isle ot Misery. You okay?

- Mm-hmm.

- What'd she live on?

- Oh, bird's eggs.

Fish.

Everything out here that tlies,
walks, hops or crawls has got a use.

It's all good eatin'.

Something broke?

Yeah.

Can you fix it?

It's gonna take a little time.

I'm real sorry about this.

No hurry.

Sure, we'll teed the bugs
while you Fix it.

Well, I got just the thing
for that.

You better do this.

It keeps the mosquitos otf your legs.

- Looks like tun.
- Help yourself.
Now are we lost?
No matter where you're at,
there you is.
Your kids must love
being out here with you.
Arlene won't let 'em come.
Says the devil lives out here. That's
why the trees won't grow straight.
- You getting cold up there?
- We're tine up here.
just fine.
I'm really sorry about all this.
I loved it.
It was wondertul.
A thrill a minute.
You want to make a call
trom the house?
Your wite.
She knows where I am.
She's not worried.
Right. Well, good night.
Good night.
Good night.
His wife's not worried.
Should she be?
Why worry about some cripple who's got
a treezer compartment tor a pussy?
Don't be like that.
Look at me. I'm pititul.
My paLms are all sweaty.
They smell like fish.
Passion tish.
May-Alice!
May-Alice, I tound her!
It's okay!
You okay?
I was dreaming.
You were in it.
You were on that island.
And you had
this little girl with you.
Don't dream that anymore,

okay?
It's a dream.
It's time to go.
We're gonna have to get you a car
with hand controls.
I haven't driven in 20 years.
Hey, I lived in New York.
I took taxis.
Besides, I'd look
like tucking Robocop.
Jesus, there's Rennie.
You want me to pick you up anything
while you're in session?
I don't know.
Some more Film.
I wish she'd open up a little more.
she's carrying
a lot of weight around.
- You've gotten a little more flexible.
- What?
Especially in your neck and shoulders.
Try to cross your chest.
she's been all over me
about my drinking.
Give me some resistance.
I used to have a few glasses
of wine with dinner...
another while I learned my lines
for the next day, then fell asleep.
- The rest of the time I was working.
- The other one.
- When I had the whole day to face...
- You're getting stronger.
If I ask her for a drink now, she won't
give it to me, like she's the boss.
You think it's something
you can handle on your own?
How's your bowel function?
Fine, if I eat
at the same time every day.
I almost feel like
we could be friends.
Only there's so much garbage
in between us.

Any shortness of breath?

- Pain in the lungs?

- Mm-mmm.

- So what do you think?

- I'm not done yet.

I mean about her... Chantelle.

I'm a physical therapist, May-Alice,
not a marriage counselor.

- Right.

- You've been doing your standing?

- Doc?

- Don't call me Doc. Call me Louise.

Did you ever fall in love
with a married man?

I gotta go!

Sugar!

Oh, hi.

I'm Chantelle.

I remember.

Sugar said that you
were at the track.

Albertine, when your parents broke up
and Sugar wasn't around...

were you mad at him?

Both of them.

Did you stay mad long?

I figured they're just people.

They got their problems, I got mine.

- You got problems at your age?

- I'm workin' on some.

Chantelle?

- ChAntelle!

- Yeah?

Could we drive on the right side
of the road for a minute?

Sorry. I spaced out.

So what did you do

while I was with Louise?

just killed time.

Hello.

I'm calling for Chantelle.

This is her father speaking.

It's 5:

Denita and I would like
to visit you this weekend.
Please give me a call.
Denita?
My daughter.
Chantelle is such a wonder
in the kitchen.
I wasn't much of a cook to begin with,
and then with my mistortune, well...
- You like that, darlin'?
- It's got Rice in it.
That's what makes it boudin.
We've never had someone
in the family work as a cook.
Oh, we do share the cooking.
Mine just doesn't taste like much.
It's just so nice to tinally
have you here in person.
Chantelle talks about you so much...
I teel Like I already know you.
You ever do any gardening,
Dr. Blades?
- Can't say that I have.
- Me neither.
Don't think my tamily ever put anything
in the ground that wasn't a drill pipe.
My grandf ather was a tarmer.
Yeah?
sharecropper. Alabama.
He must have had some stories.
None that he cared to pass on.
Do you think you'll continue
to employ my daughter?
As long as she'll have me.
Did she tell you I have
legal custody ot Denita?
She never got into the details.
The court gave her to me when...
when Chantelle was unfit
to be a mother.
Right.
Denita's got some school left this year,
but tor her vacation...
I was wondering...

A house, a place for her
to run around.

Well, I'm not going anywhere.

- Real alligators?

- Yeah, real ones.

There's a man that's a friend of ours
who knows all about where they live.

Maybe sometime he'll take you out
to see all that.

- How big is it?

- The lake?

This one spreads
all the way out to the ocean.

You've never seen the ocean,
have you?

That's something we'll have to do.

I have been missing you so much.

I messed up.

I got caught...
in something bad.

And I lost you, Denita.

You didn't forget about me?

Do you remember what Mommy
was like when she was sick?

Yes.

You're not ever gonna see me
like that again. I promise.

Went on down to New Orleans

Just to see the zydeco queen

From La Rie'ge to the Thibodaux

Everybody, we're doin' the zydeco

I went on down to New Orleans

Just to see the mighty black queen

When I got there

I didn't know

That kings would live

to do the zydeco

Devil's music.

I love it.

Last time I saw you, before you
went north, was at one of these.

Yeah?

I must have sneaked over
with Darcell Moutant.

- My daddy didn't approve.

- Yeah.

And I never got the nerve up
to ask you to dance.

Right.

And then I heard
you had gone away for good.

Well, my dancing days are over.

How's your family?

They're fine.

Yeah?

You don't have to have a job to do
or something to fix...

to come over and visit.

Yeah?

Maybe I'll do that, then.

Do it soon, okay?

You're being entertained
by John De Latorest and the Split Boys.

You're being entertained
by John De Latorest and the Split Boys.

We're gonna do a little something
called "The Poor Man's Two-Step."

Excuse me, young lady.

May I have this dance?

This is the part
that's like magic.

Okay.

Cute guy.

Did you get his phone number?

You got pictures of alligators?

No. I'm gonna get me some.

They make great subjects.

They'll hold still for hours
if they're not hungry.

- It's nice, isn't it?

- Mm-hmm.

Of course, it's easier to get a smile
out of an alligator...

than it is to get one
from your mother.

But I'm fine now.

I really am.

I'll be calling you and your lady

at the end of the school year.
Can't I come up?
I don't think you should
be back in Chicago.
- You're not the damn parole board.
- I am Denita's legal guardian...
for as long as I think
it's necessary.
This seems like
a good place for you.
You show me you can hold on here,
we'll make some plans for Denita.
Good-bye.
Bye-bye, Daddy.
Thanks for bringing her down.
Excuse me.
Where can I find Lake Arthur?
It's right under my nose, huh?
Actually, I'm looking for somebody.
May-Alice Culhane.
We do a big blitz about
in response to the flood of mail...
May-Alice Culhane
is returning to daytime.
What about Nina?
she's been gone for weeks.
We sent scarlet to the Mayo Clinic.
We have hatched a great plan
to bring you back in.
We found a scene from before where you
leave Rhonda in the living room set...
and you actually walk
over to the door.
- So we shoot a couch scene on the set.
- Right!
You're back from the clinic,
no improvement.
Then we cut to the tape of you
actually walking to the door.
You go outside, we cut back to her,
watching from the doorway.
And I still have amnesia,
and I'm pregnant?
Bear with me a second.

We hold on Rhonda,
then there is the sound...
Of screeching brakes.
Edna called you.
No, I'm just guessing.
Go on.
There was a screech of brakes,
Rhonda screams.
Cut.

Monday's show:

you're on a stretcher...
lights flashing around you.
The driver of the car
that hit you steps toward.
- Guess who it is.
- Max.
- Edna did call you.
- No, really. Go on.
Max ran me over, and...
And he says, "scarlet, my God."
But I don't recognize him
because of the amnesia.
No, you recognize his voice...
because the impact of the car
cured the amnesia.
- A traumatic blow like that...
- Can reverse the effects...
of what happened when I was pushed
down the elevator shaft.
Exactly. So Max is there.
And I remember him,
but now I'm paralyzed.
Right. That and...
Well, Edna had to
go beyond that.
Go beyond?
See, they're doing a wheelchair thing
with Brenda St. Clair on Santa Fe.
So we thought,
you've lost the amnesia...
and you recognize Max's voice, but...
I'm blind.
see, it works as a metaphor

tor scarlet's...
I'm paralyzed
and I'm fucking blind.
- It opens up so many possiiLities.
- Sure.
I can run into walls with my chair,
knock over props.
Have Max take me back...
so that twit jessica can get it on
with him while I'm in the room!
None ot this
is chiseled in stone yet.
Why not put me in a coma?
Total tucking veg.
Then shoot a few angles
of me in bed...
and I can come down here
and phone in voice-over, Vance.
Brain death. Think ot the metaphoric
possibilities in that.
- I'd have to check with EdnA.
- You do that.
This is a chance that's not
gonna come around again.
You better think about it.
I'm at the Ramada in Laf Ayette.
Call me.
Chantelle, right?
uh-huh.
she seems really good,
don't you think?
I guess.
I mean, she hasn't gained
a lot ot weight or anything.
Think I have a shot with her?
A shot?
TaLking her into coming back
to the show. I think she's ready.
Ask her.
You know, I might need an ally
on this, Chantelle.
she'd have to come up right away.
It's her lite.
Can't have her going to seed

down here, can we?
Guess he's not staying tor dinner.
Help me on board, okay?
I want to go out.
We have to taLk.
Yeah.
Vance asked me
to come back to daytime.
- You could do it.
- Yeah.
I could.
so, what did your tather say?
He thinks you're
a good intlucence on me.
shows how much he knows.
I can't believe I still have to do
whatever he says, like I'm 13 years old.
I played the f aithful daughter
in Lear once.
What's her name?
Cordelia.
There's not much you can do
but play it straight...
till it's over.
Haven't spent auly down here
since I lit out.
It gets pretty steamy.
I'll bet it does.
You think he'd let Denita
stay with you this summer?
I have to have a job.
You've got a job.
In New York City?
He wouldn't go for that.
What's New York City
got to do with it?
It's where your show is.
Back to daytime? Pshaw.
Darlin', it's either Friday nights

at 10:

You turned him down?
It I'm gonna be here...
I need you workin' for me.

Bullshit.

If I'm lyin', I'm dyin'.

Then we're stuck

with each other.

Well, for the time being.

- Chantelle?

- Yeah?

You are gonna have to

learn how to cook.