

"BUG" SIDES



4.

6 INT. BUG'S KITCHEN - MORNING

6

Bug finds DEBORAH (40s), in a nurse's uniform, laid out across the floor holding a strip of trim along the cabinets and HAMMERING, dampening the sound somewhat with a TOWEL she's draped over the nail.

DEBORAH
(not looking back at Bug)
I'm sorry I woke you, Bug.

BUG
How'd you know it was me?

DEBORAH
You don't walk anything like your brother.

That pleases Bug. She walks closer, concerned.

BUG
You think dad will really care about that when he gets back home?

DEBORAH
I wanted to do it.

BUG
Mom, did you tell Rick Boy that story about grandpa?

DEBORAH
(still in her head)
Your dad's going to remember those begonias outside. They've been dead for years.

Deborah WINCES from a pain in the hand. She rubs the palm of her throbbing hand with her now free thumb. Deborah catches the look on Bug's face - disappointment turning sullen.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, honey, my mind is everywhere. What were you asking?

BUG
(look at Deborah's hand)
Did it happen again?
(on her nod)
Woooooo! Ghost pain!

DEBORAH
Don't make fun of me. I don't make fun of the way you run.

Bug
glasse
11-
Rign-

"BUG" SIDES

5.

Maybe Deborah meant the comment in jest, but it stings Bug. Looking bruised, she presses on:

BUG

It's just - you work in a hospital. If what they say is true, if it is really a...psychotic-

DEBORAH

Psychosomatic. It's not really there. It's all in my head. I know it. But it's still real.

BUG

I know what you're about to say. You say it every time.

Deborah meets her daughter's brightly smart gaze. Smiles, affection poking through exhaustion. When she speaks, her voice FADES to Bug's:

DEBORAH/BUG

There are three kinds of things. There's always the same number of each. It balances out just like it's supposed to.

DISSOLVE TO:

7 INT. EARL'S KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

7

An OLD HAND FLIPS OPEN the lid on an old cigar box to reveal A REAL SHERIFF'S BADGE, a PISTOL with ELECTRICAL TAPE wrapped around the butt, and some CIGARETTES.

DEBORAH/BUG (V.O.)

There's what's real, what isn't, and what you believe.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 INT. BUG'S KITCHEN - BACK IN SCENE

8

Deborah sits up, wipes her brow with the muffling towel.