

CHRIS

JINGLE.

FLOYD KING NISSAN
PICK UP AND GO

(FRANK and CINDY gingerly lift BENNY off the ground.)

FRANK. Ladies and gentlemen, the champion Benny Perkins, down.

(BENNY catches sight of CHRIS lurking in the shadows.)

BENNY. How long you been there, son?

(CHRIS turns abruptly to leave, then stops. Instead, he steps forward.)

You fell off days ago. Ain't you got no place to go?

(Impulsively, CHRIS moves toward BENNY to speak confidentially.)

START

CHRIS. I promised my wife...my boy...I promised my son I'd be driving home in a big red truck. He thinks I'm still in the game. Minute he sees me walkin' up the driveway, he'll know... *(a beat)* I trained with your son over at Pendleton.

BENNY. 'S that so?

HANDS ON A HARBODY



CHRIS. He was a good marine. He was. I never meant to suggest otherwise. He had a lotta bad thoughts, that's all. He just wanted 'em to end. *(a beat)* I do, too, sometimes.

BENNY. You made it home, son. So you hold on.

CHRIS. I'll try, sir.

(With CHRIS's support, BENNY slowly, fitfully starts ambling off the lot.)

RONALD. Mr. Perkins?

(BENNY stops and turns to regard RONALD.)

You take care now.

(BENNY gives him a grateful nod. As he exits, he passes his sunglasses to J.D. With his final look, BENNY practically wills J.D. to win.)

(Then BENNY's gone. CHRIS lingers behind. Day shifts into night.)

STOP