

# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

EVAN TWOHY



An idealist  
is one who,  
on noticing that  
a rose smells  
better than a  
cabbage, concludes  
that it makes  
a better soup.

- H.L. Mencken



..... declan and delores



cabin



train tracks



forest



airport



mountains



village



campground



church

**CLOSE ON:**

A frying pan of meats and vegetables.

Potatoes sizzle.

Butter bubbles.

Chopped cabbages hiss.

SMASH TO:

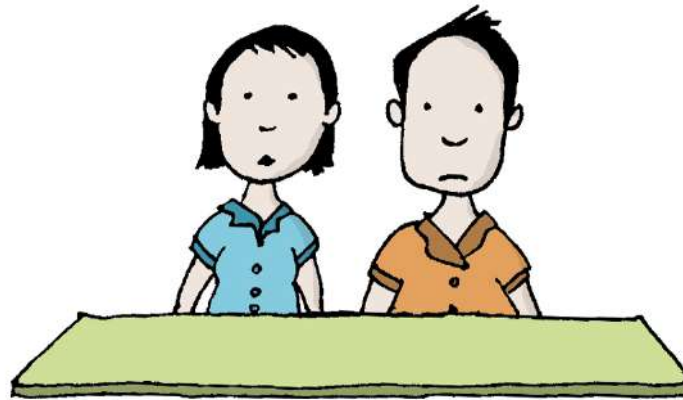
**AIRPORT HOLDING ROOM**

Concrete walls.

Grates over the windows.

Metal folding chairs.

A single overhead light.



**DECLAN** (34) and **DELORES** (33) sit at a table.  
They wear Hawaiian shirts and fanny packs.  
Two Samsonite suitcases beside them.  
They look anxious and jet-lagged.

DELORES

I'm scared.

DECLAN

Don't worry. They must be confused.  
It's just a misunderstanding,  
that's all.

DELORES

I wish they'd tell us how much  
longer we'll be in here.

DECLAN

Well, they can't keep us in here  
forever.

Declan sniffs the air.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Huh.

DELORES

What?

DECLAN

It smells like cabbages in here.

DELORES

Cabbages?

DECLAN

Smell the air. Do you smell that?  
Cabbages.

Delores sniffs.

DELORES

I don't smell anything.

DECLAN

Smell harder.

Delores sniffs again.

DELORES

Maybe a little.

DECLAN

That smell is in the soil of this country. It's in the air. It's everywhere. During the war, the only thing the people of this country had to eat was cabbage. Allies couldn't get food past the blockades. For ten straight years, the people of this country ate nothing but cabbage. It's very sad.

DELORES

I like cabbage.

DECLAN

Shh! Don't say anything about cabbage. We can talk about cabbage all we like when we're back at home, but while we're in this country, don't mention cabbage. If there's one thing the people of this country hate, it's cabbage. In fact, they've outlawed cabbage entirely. No cabbage allowed.

(MORE)

DECLAN (CONT'D)

If you want cabbage, you have to go to another country.

Delores considers this.

DELORES

Huh.

DECLAN

What?

DELORES

Nothing. That's an interesting fact about this country.

DECLAN

I read it in the in-flight magazine. They also have a church made entirely of bundled hay.

JUST THEN —

*BANG!*

The cell's metal door flies open.

A uniformed officer enters.

His furry hat is dusted with frost.

He holds a clipboard under a beefy arm.

This is **BKOFL** (45).

BKOFL

Okay!

He shuts the door behind him.

BKOFL (CONT'D)

My name is Bkofl. I am customs officer. I have just a few questions about your visit to our country, if I could please have your names.

DELORES

I'm Delores. This is my husband, Declan.

BKOFL

Delores! Declan! Let me be the first to welcome you to our country. Tell me, what is the purpose of your visit?

DELORES

It's our honeymoon! We got married in August!

Delores holds up a hand.  
A diamond ring sparkles.

BKOFL

*Gilôt!* Many congratulations to the newlyweds!

DELORES

All our friends go to tropical islands, but Declan wanted an economical honeymoon off the beaten path.

Bkofl scribbles on his clipboard.  
Then looks up with a smile.

BKOFL

Okay! Very good. I do hope you enjoy your stay.

DECLAN

That's it? We're free to go?

BKOFL

*Vlà!* You may go, after you help me with just one more thing.

Bkofl's eyes twinkle.

BKOFL (CONT'D)

The bureau has received reports of an American couple walking in the airport with cabbages in their pants. I wonder if maybe you know anything about this?

DECLAN

With *cabbages* in their *pants*?

BKOFL

This is correct, whole cabbages in their pants. You must understand, this is a crime we do not take lightly. Perhaps you have any information that might help us, any friends you might be traveling with who have cabbages in their pants?

DECLAN

No, we don't have friends who keep cabbages in their pants.

BKOFL

Delores?

Delores' cheeks are tinged pink.  
She shakes her head.

DELORES

Mm-mm. Nope.

BKOFL

Okay! Very well. If you could wait here one more minute, I will talk with my associate, Shazbor, and then you may go.

DECLAN

One more minute? But we've been sitting here over two hours already!

BKOFL

My associate, Shazbor, may want to talk with you.

DECLAN

We've already answered your questions! We don't have any cabbages in our pants or know anyone who would ever do such a ridiculous thing, and that's all there is to it!

Bkofl smiles.  
He takes a step toward the table.  
And lowers his voice:

BKOFL

Look. Declan and Delores. We can make this easy, or we can make this very hard. Me, I like to make things very easy. But my associate, Shazbor, he likes to make things very hard. Between me and you, Shazbor's baba died in the war because she refused to eat any more cabbages. "Baba," they said, "eat more cabbage or you will die." But Shazbor's Baba said, "then let me die, I can eat no more cabbage, it is too much cabbage."

Bkofl shakes his head sadly.  
A profound silence.

DELORES

Horrible. So sad.



BKOFL

As you can imagine, Shazbor gets very angry when he hears about cabbages. Very angry.

Declan opens his mouth to speak.  
But Bkofl holds up a hand.

BKOFL (CONT'D)

Let me give you some advice. If I had cabbages in my pants, what I would do is I would sign a written confession. That way, I would not have to talk to Shazbor about cabbages.

DECLAN

But we don't have cabbages in our pants!

BKOFL

If you confess, the punishment is simple. You make promises, we shake hands, you are on your way. Very simple. It is much worse to talk to Shazbor.

DECLAN

But this is preposterous! As a matter of principle, I refuse to confess to putting *cabbages* in my *pants*!

BKOFL

Very well! Shazbor will be happy to hear!

Bkofl turns toward the door.

DELORES

Mr. Bkofl?

Bkofl turns back.

DELORES (CONT'D)

What happens to us if we confess?

DECLAN

We're not confessing to anything, Delores. We have no power if we confess.

BKOFL

If you confess, what happens is you must sign a letter of apology to the parliament for your transgression.

DELORES

That's it? We just sign a letter and then we can go?

BKOFL

Vlà, and you must pay a small processing fee to the bureau.

DECLAN

Well, that's not a problem. We have money in our money pouch.

BKOFL

Also, you will also turn over any cabbages in your pants to be destroyed.

DECLAN

That's not a problem because we don't have cabbages in our pants.

BKOFL

Also you will choose which of you lives and which of you is shot in public demonstration.

DELORES

What?

BKOFL

So just a letter, a small fee, surrender your cabbages and choose which is to die. I have the forms with me here...

Bkofl unclips two forms.  
He slides them across the table.

DECLAN

Are you *insane*? We'd have to be *idiots* to sign that confession!

BKOFL

If you do not confess, Shazbor will cut off your fingertips one by one and beat you with a rusty bat.

DELORES

WHAT?!

Declan leaps up from his chair.  
He thrusts a finger in Bkofl's face.

DECLAN

This is illegal! This is a  
violation of international law!

BKOFL

I am sorry, my English is not  
perfect. Also, the processing fee  
is seventy thousand American  
dollars.

DECLAN

This is a crime! This is an  
outrage! I want to make a phone  
call to the American embassy! I  
want to talk to someone this  
instant!

BKOFL

You want to talk to Shazbor?

DECLAN

No! Not Shazbor!

BKOFL

Very good, I will get Shazbor!  
Please wait just one minute!

Bkofl yanks open the door.  
Then exits.  
The door slams shut behind him.

DECLAN

Hey — wait!

Declan runs to the door.  
He jiggles the knob.  
It's locked.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Dammit, Delores!

DELORES

What are we going to do?

DECLAN

I don't know. Maybe we can explain to this Shazbor fellow that we don't have any cabbages in our pants.

DELORES

We should have gone to Bora Bora like the Feigenbaums. Rhonda said she and Craig swam with jellyfish on their honeymoon.

Declan paces the room.  
Mulling his options.

DECLAN

If we confess, one of us will be shot in a public demonstration and the other will be lonely and poor. And if we don't confess, Shazbor will cut off our fingertips one by one and beat us with a rusty bat.

DELORES

This is terrible. For the life of me, I don't understand why these people care so much if someone has cabbages in her pants!

DECLAN

And I don't understand why they would think anyone would be stupid enough to do such a thing!

DELORES

And I don't understand why these people care so much if someone has cabbages in her pants!

A long beat.  
Delores shakes her head.

DECLAN

Well, there's no point waiting for Shazbor to kill us. We've got to think of something.

Declan cranes his neck.  
And clocks a barred window overhead.

He drags a chair under it.  
Climbs onto its seat.  
Examines the grate.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Delores — look. I think I can  
jimmy the latch. I think we can  
escape.

DELORES  
*Escape!* I don't know, Declan. That  
doesn't sound like a very good  
idea.

DECLAN  
In decision theory, the option that  
appears the riskiest often proves  
the most rational. I think I packed  
a travel screwdriver in my fanny  
pack.

Declan unzips his fanny pack.  
Pulls out a travel screwdriver.  
He makes quick work of unscrewing the grate.

DELORES  
I don't think we should escape.

DECLAN  
We don't have a lot of choices  
here, Delores.

Declan pries the grate off the window.  
And drops it to the concrete floor.  
*CLANG!*

Then, Declan pushes open the window.  
A gust of cold air floods the room.  
Outside, the sky is dreary and gray.  
The distant horizon is crowned with pines.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Okay! It's open. If we run as fast  
as we can, I think we can make it  
to that forest. Come on, Delores!  
Get up!

Declan picks up his suitcase.  
Hurls it through the window.  
Then swings a leg over the sill.

Declan turns back to Delores.  
Dolores hasn't moved.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Dolores? Did you hear me? Get up!

DELORES

But I don't want to get up.

DECLAN

Why don't you want to get up?

DELORES

Because I'm quite happy sitting here.

DECLAN

Shazbor will beat you with a bat if you don't get up.

DELORES

This chair is very comfortable.

DECLAN

Let's go, honey. I don't want you to get beaten by a rusty bat. I want to escape.

DELORES

If we escape, I can't keep sitting in this chair.

A long beat.

Delores smiles at Declan.

Declan frowns at Delores.

DECLAN

Honey? I'm going to ask you something once and only once, and I'd appreciate an honest answer because honesty is the foundation of a successful marriage.

DELORES

Of course, honey. What is your question?

DECLAN

Delores, do you have cabbages in your pants?

A long beat.

Delores stares at Declan.

Declan stares at Delores.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Why do you have cabbages in your pants?

DELORES  
I didn't say I have cabbages in my  
pants.

DECLAN  
I KNOW YOU HAVE CABBAGES IN YOUR  
PANTS!

Delores sobs.

DELORES  
You don't trust me, do you?

DECLAN  
There's no time for this. I'm going  
to escape now.

DELORES  
You don't love me and you never  
have.

DECLAN  
If you don't get up and escape with  
me right now, you will have to run  
as fast as you can to catch up with  
me.

DELORES  
I don't want to escape with someone  
who thinks I would put cabbages in  
my pants.

DECLAN  
I'll be waiting for you in the  
woods.

Declan ducks through the window.  
And lowers himself out of sight.

Alone in the cell, Delores sniffles.  
She wipes her damp eyes.

Then, at last, she stands.  
There are thirty-nine cabbages in her pants.

With great effort, Delores climbs onto the chair.  
She shoves her suitcase over the sill.  
Then hoists herself to the window.  
And squeezes herself through.

## WOODS

A dense forest.  
Pines sway in a whipping wind.

Declan runs along a snaking trail.  
Wheeling his suitcase through the dirt.

Delores wheels her suitcase behind him.  
She huffs and puffs breathlessly.  
Her pants are very heavy.

DECLAN  
Can't you run any faster?

DELORES  
I'm running very fast.

DECLAN  
We need to run faster. If we don't  
run as fast as we can, Shazbor will  
catch us and shoot one of us in a  
public demonstration.

DELORES  
You sound upset.

DECLAN  
I *am* upset.

DELORES  
In premarital small group  
counseling, Lorraine says it helps  
to take a long, deep breath and  
count to ten when we're upset.

DECLAN  
I don't want to take a long, deep  
breath and count to ten. I want to  
get out of this country.

DELORES  
I don't like your tone of voice.  
You're the one who wanted to save  
money on our honeymoon. We could  
have gone to Bora Bora like Craig  
and Rhonda Feigenbaum. We could be  
drinking mai tais in a cabana right  
now.

DECLAN  
Let's just be quiet and run.

They run between pines.  
Sneakers kicking up dirt.  
Suitcase wheels squeaking.

DELORES  
Declan?



DECLAN  
What is it?

DELORES  
Can I tell you something?

DECLAN  
No. Keep running, Delores.

DELORES  
The people of Great Britain serve a traditional breakfast dish called *bubble and squeak* made from boiled potatoes and cabbages. The people of Great Britain call it *bubble and squeak* after the sound cabbages make when boiled over a fire.

DECLAN  
Why are you telling me this?

DELORES  
Because the people of Great Britain have such a way with words, don't you think?

DECLAN  
For the next three hours, I would like very much to not speak another word about cabbages.

DELORES  
Well, what do you want to talk about?

DECLAN  
Nothing. I want to talk about nothing. I want to run and talk about nothing.

DELORES  
Have it your way. Some honeymoon this is turning out to be.

Declan ducks through thick, brambly bushes.  
Delores clenches her jaw.  
Then follows Declan into the brush.

CUT TO:

# **POLICE STATION**

WE TRACK BEHIND —  
A man in a fuzzy hat.

He walks with purpose down an aisle.  
Then turns sharply to reveal —

A severe face.  
Untamed black eyebrows.  
Cruel, unfeeling eyes.  
A big, bushy mustache.

This is **SHAZBOR** (38).



Shazbor speaks in a fictive Slavic tongue.  
He is subtitled in English.  
(Throughout, this is indicated with underlining):

SHAZBOR

Good evening, Officers of the  
Polizei. By now, you have heard  
that two American cabbage smugglers  
have escaped confinement and have  
taken shelter in the woods.

He looks sternly around the station.

Two dozen **POLICEMEN** stand at attention.  
Each wears a starchy crimson uniform.  
Each sports a thick, silken beard.

SHAZBOR (CONT'D)

I have good news and I have bad  
news. The good news is Officer  
Bkofl has been reprimanded for his  
negligence and will never walk  
again. The bad news is the cabbage  
smugglers are still at large.

Shazbor unfurls a roll of paper.  
A crude sketch of Declan and Delores.

SHAZBOR (CONT'D)

Take a good look. These are the  
faces of those who disobey our  
nation's laws. Like ruthless dogs,  
we will hunt them down. Like hungry  
rabbits, we will destroy their  
cabbages. By the time we are  
finished, these two cabbage  
smugglers will wish they never had  
the thought to smuggle cabbages in  
their pants.

Shazbor slides a bat from his belt.  
He grins toothily at his officers.

CUT TO:

### WOODS

The evening sky is dark and gloomy.  
Snowflakes drift from lofty treetops.

Declan stares at his cell phone.

DECLAN

Dammit. No reception.

He replaces it in his pocket.  
Behind him, Delores trudges slowly.  
Dragging her feet through the dirt.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Hurry up, honey. It's getting cold.  
The faster we make it through these  
woods, the better.

DELORES

If you're having such a miserable  
time on our honeymoon, why don't we  
just go back to the airport and get  
on a plane home?

DECLAN

We can't go back to the airport,  
not now. The headquarters of the  
National Polizei are located a mile  
from the airport. If we turn around  
now, we would be walking right into  
Shazbor's arms.

Declan scrabbles up a small hill.

Grasping at roots and rocks.  
Heaving his suitcase behind him.

He hoists himself to the brow.  
Squints through the dusky gloom.  
And calls down to Delores:

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Honey! Look!

Far away: a ramshackle cottage.  
Tucked between spindly pines.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
There are hundreds of abandoned  
cabins throughout this country.  
During the war, entire families  
committed mass suicide because they  
were tired of eating cabbage, and  
their properties fell into  
disrepair. I read about it in the  
in-flight magazine. Come on.

He heads down a slope.  
Toward the abandoned cabin.

CUT TO:

## CABIN

A dilapidated living room.  
Shrouded in shadows and cobwebs.  
The floor is littered with rat turds.  
A threadbare mattress leans against a wall.

Declan appears at a frosty window.  
He squints into the lightless cabin.

*CRASH!*  
Declan smashes the glass with a rock.  
He punches away shards.  
Reaches through the window.  
And opens the cabin's creaking front door.

Warily, Declan and Delores enter.  
Declan flicks a light switch.  
There is no electricity.

DELORES  
I can't see a thing.

Declan flicks on a travel flashlight.  
And shines its beam over clapboard walls.

DECLAN

It's not a four-star hotel, but at least we won't have to sleep in the cold.

DELORES

In Bora Bora, the Feigenbaums stayed at the Four Seasons Resort and Spa. Rhonda said she tried to count the palm trees from their window but lost count at three hundred and twenty-six.

Declan opens a cupboard.  
He shines his beam over tin cans.

DECLAN

White beans and pickled herrings, Delores. The people who lived here must have left these behind before committing mass suicide. What do you want for dinner, white beans or pickled herrings?

DELORES

Rhonda said the restaurant at the Four Seasons Resort and Spa in Bora Bora served locally-sourced lagoon fish.

DECLAN

I thought we agreed to an economical honeymoon. We have to save some money if we want to build that addition to our house. Besides, Bora Bora has become an overpriced and overcrowded tourist destination. We would have been miserable in Bora Bora.

Declan peels open a can of herring.  
Gingerly, he gives it a sniff.

CUT TO:

### THAT NIGHT

Delores and Declan lie on the mattress.  
Declan is fast asleep.  
A rat scuttles past his foot.

Delores is wide awake.  
She has worn her cabbage pants to bed.

She stares through the gloom at a wall poster.  
It features a painted portrait of Shazbor.  
He wears a fuzzy hat and stern frown.  
A caption reads:

CHIEF INSPEKTOR SHAZBOR  
IS ALWAYS WATCHING YOU

Delores elbows Declan.  
He grunts.

DELORES  
Declan? I can't sleep.

DECLAN  
Hm?

DELORES  
I've been trying for an hour but I  
can't fall asleep.

DECLAN  
Try thinking about all the other  
people in the world who can't  
sleep, either. All around the world  
right now, people are brewing  
coffee and driving to work and  
clipping their toenails. I find  
that thought very comforting.

Delores stares into the rafters.

DELORES  
Maybe I should sacrifice myself to  
Shazbor.

DECLAN  
Why on Earth would you sacrifice  
yourself to Shazbor?

DELORES  
If Shazbor catches us, he'll kill  
us both. But if I were to sacrifice  
myself, maybe he'd let you go home  
to America. Wouldn't you like to go  
home to America, honey?

DECLAN  
If you sacrifice yourself to  
Shazbor, he'll cut off your  
fingertips one by one.

DELORES

Maybe I don't need my fingertips.  
I'm not an elite mountain climber  
or a concert pianist. The only  
things I use my fingertips for are  
opening pickle jars and pretending  
my fingers are two worms who have  
fallen in love.

DECLAN

Please don't let Shazbor cut off  
your fingertips, Delores. I like  
your fingertips. I think your  
fingertips are ten of your finest  
features. And if you think Shazbor  
will stop at your fingertips,  
you're mistaken. Shazbor will also  
beat you with a rusty bat and shoot  
you in a public demonstration.

Delores wiggles her fingertips.  
Deciding if she needs them.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Besides, I don't know what I'd do  
with myself if I had to go back to  
America without you.

DELORES

Yes, you do. You'd do all the  
things you did before you met me,  
Declan. You'd go back to working at  
Paragon Analytics, and you'd play  
canasta with Gunther on the  
weekends, and you'd watch *Jeopardy!*  
every evening at 7:30 p.m., and  
you'd open all the wedding gifts we  
haven't opened yet. Martina said  
she bought us a stainless steel  
mandoline slicer. I bet you'd have  
a lot of fun slicing cucumbers into  
little juliennes with that  
mandoline slicer.

Declan rolls to face Delores.  
He looks intently into her eyes.

DECLAN

Tomorrow morning, we'll fill our  
satchels with cans of beans and  
we'll steal forks and spatulas from  
this cabin. We'll leave at the  
crack of dawn and run as fast as we  
can through the woods.

(MORE)

DECLAN (CONT'D)

If we escape, we escape together.  
If we get caught, we get caught  
together.

Delores nods.

She takes Declan's face in her hands.  
And kisses him.

CUT TO:

## WOODS

Morning sun dapples the forest.  
Declan and Delores trek between pines.  
Suitcases rolling over pebbles and twigs.

Declan's satchel is full of canned herring.  
His pockets are full of spatulas and forks.  
Delores' pants are full of cabbages.

DELORES

Honey? Can I ask your opinion on  
something?

DECLAN

Not now. The altitude is higher  
here than it is back home. In  
higher altitudes, the body  
increases its respiration rate in  
an effort to bring in more oxygen.  
We need to conserve our breaths.

DELORES

What if it's a very important  
question and you'll never know what  
it was?

DECLAN

Fine. What's your question,  
Delores?

DELORES

What do think the most  
disappointing dessert in the world  
is?

DECLAN

I have no idea.

DELORES

Do you want to know my answer?

DECLAN

No, I don't.



DELORES

Let's suppose you're hosting a Thanksgiving dinner for all your friends and family, and all your guests have finished eating turkey and are ready to eat dessert. That's when you stand up and say: "Excuse me, I hope everyone has saved room for dessert!" Then you go into the kitchen and you come out holding an enormous turkey. And now everyone's confused because they've just eaten a lot of turkey and they couldn't possibly eat any more. And then you say "Just kidding! It's *not* a turkey. It's a cake *shaped* like a turkey!" And everyone is okay with this, because who doesn't like cake? But then you cut into the cake with a knife and to everyone's surprise, it's not a cake shaped like a turkey after all, it's just a frosted turkey. Wouldn't that be just devastating? A frosted turkey. So disappointing.

DECLAN

Don't move a muscle.

Declan's face has gone white.  
He holds up a hand.

Beneath a pile of leaves, something gleams.  
Declan squats low.  
And brushes aside dirt to reveal —

A BEAR TRAP.  
Its steel jaws are open wide.  
Its teeth are jagged and sharp.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

It's a trap. During the war, the military placed all kinds of traps around the forests to dissuade enemy combatants from invading.

Declan picks up a stick.  
And prods the bear trap.

SPROINNNG!

The trap SPRINGS off the ground.  
Its jaws CLAMP around the stick.

DELORES  
Goodness, Declan!

DECLAN  
There are three types of traps: a leg-hold trap catches the target by its limb, ensuring the animal's pelt remains unspoiled. A Conibear trap slams shut on the animal's body. A snare trap tightens as the target tries to free itself, resulting in restraint or death by slow strangulation.

DELORES  
I didn't know you knew so much about traps.

DECLAN  
Sometimes after you go to bed at night, I read books about the North American fur trade. Come along. We must keep our eyes open and remain vigilant.

Declan takes Delores' hand.  
And helps her over the trap.

CUT TO:

### ELSEWHERE

Shazbor's officers march through the woods.  
Red jackets peeking through evening fog.  
Torches glowing through the gloom.

Shazbor tramps up the brow of a hill.  
And frowns when he reaches the top.

He whips little binoculars from his coat.  
Holds them to his nose.  
And gazes upon THE ABANDONED CABIN.

CUT TO:

### CABIN

Shazbor's men have spread through the cabin.  
Upending chairs.  
Jabbing bayonets into sofa cushions.  
Flinging open cupboards and drawers.

Shazbor stands amidst the bustle.  
Stroking his furry mustache.

An **OFFICER** approaches timidly.

OFFICER

Shazbor? We must continue. It is  
clear no one has been here for a  
long time.

But Shazbor's eyes narrow.  
His nostrils flare.

Slowly, he lowers himself to a knee.  
Pulls a latex glove from his pocket.  
And snaps it deliberately over his hand.

Then, Shazbor reaches between floorboards.  
And extracts a tiny green leaf.  
Its edges are scalloped.  
Its surface is veined.

SHAZBOR

If that is so, how do you explain  
this?

Shazbor holds the leaf to his nose.  
He grimaces at the smell.

Then peers through the broken window.  
Into the dense, endless woods.

SHAZBOR (CONT'D)

They cannot be far.

CUT TO:

## **EVENING**

Declan and Delores traipse through the woods.  
Ducking under low branches.  
Their Hawaiian shirts stained with sweat.

DELORES

Honey? I'd like to find empty  
animal den and rest for the night.  
My hamstrings are sore and my pants  
are very uncomfortable.

DECLAN

Maybe if you took the cabbages out  
of your pants they wouldn't be so  
uncomfortable and all our troubles  
would go away.

DELORES

I don't know what you're talking about. *Cabbages?* In my *pants?*

DECLAN

Oh Delores, give it up. I can see you have cabbages in your pants.

DELORES

I think sometimes you see what you want to see, Declan.

They walk through the trees.  
Birds chirp in overhead branches.  
Delores wipes her sticky brow.

DELORES (CONT'D)

What time is it?

DECLAN

I don't know.

DELORES

Check your watch.

DECLAN

This watch doesn't tell time.

DELORES

What kind of watch doesn't tell time?

DECLAN

This watch is a death watch. You enter your body-mass index, smoking habits, drinking habits and general life outlook, and the watch tells you how many days you have left on Earth. My brother gave it to me as a wedding gift.

He holds the watch to dwindling light.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

According to my death watch, I have 14,268 days left on Earth.

DELORES

You only have 14,268 days left on Earth?

DECLAN

That's correct, assuming I have no more than one glass of pinot grigio every three weeks and that Shazbor doesn't beat me to death with a rusty bat.

Delores points between trees.  
In the distance: a two-story house.  
It has a porch, chimney, and fenced-in yard.  
It doesn't look especially abandoned.

DELORES

Look, Declan.

DECLAN

Another abandoned cabin. Excellent spotting, Delores.

CUT TO:

### FRONT YARD

Declan unlatches a gate.  
He and Delores cross a moonlit yard.

DECLAN

First things first, we need to raid the cabinets for more pickled herrings and white beans. Then, we'll search the place for a map of the woods.

Declan climbs the cottage's porch steps.  
He stoops to pick up a heavy rock.  
And raises it to a window when —

THE FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN.  
AND A WOMAN BURSTS FROM THE COTTAGE.  
AN IZHMASH MBO-3 RIFLE IN HER HANDS.

Declan and Delores SCREAM.  
The woman HOLLERS in her native tongue:

WOMAN

HALT! DO NOT COME CLOSER!

She's a colossal woman.  
Her cheeks are ruddy and plump.  
Her hands are as big as hamhocks.  
This is **JELENKA** (42).

JELENKA  
WHO ARE YOU?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN  
MY YARD?!

She waves her rifle at Declan and Delores.  
 Staring suspiciously down its barrel.

Declan and Delores raise their hands.

DELORES  
 Please! Don't shoot!

DECLAN  
 We are hikers! We're from America!  
 We got lost in the woods! We speak  
 English!

DELORES  
 We thought your house was an  
 abandoned cabin!

*CLICK-CLACK!*  
 Jelenka pumps the rifle.  
 Finger poised over its trigger.

JELENKA  
 You are smuggler?

DECLAN  
 No! Not smuggler!

JELENKA  
 You smuggle cabbage?

DECLAN  
 No! No cabbage!

JELENKA  
 On news, they tell of dangerous  
 criminals in woods who smuggle  
 cabbage at night. This is you?

DELORES  
 Don't be outrageous! Do we *look*  
 like smugglers to you?

Jelenka looks Declan and Delores over.  
 She clocks Delores' massive, bulky pants.

JELENKA  
 What is in your pants?

DELORES  
*Excuse me?*

JELENKA

Your pants are big and have lumps.

DECLAN

My wife suffers from tumors that grow upon her legs. It's a terrible ailment and it is rude to comment upon them.

Slowly, Jelenka lowers her rifle.  
Her eyes dart nervously around the yard.

JELENKA

If you are not smuggler, you must not be out in woods so late.

Jelenka steps into her house.  
Motioning for Declan and Delores to follow.

JELENKA (CONT'D)

Quick. Inside now. Come. We are having chicken soup and chipped beef.

Declan and Delores share a look.  
Then follow Jelenka into her house.  
Jelenka shuts the door behind them.

CUT TO:

## KITCHEN

A cramped and cozy kitchen.  
Shelves laden with cookbooks and tchotchkes.  
The air is damp with steam.

Jelenka stirs chicken soup at a stove.  
Declan and Delores sit at a wooden table.  
**YAROSLAV** (44) and **TÍMOTEJ** (8) sit opposite.

DECLAN

Thank you for inviting us for dinner with your family, Jelenka.

DELORES

You have a beautiful little boy.

Jelenka pats Tímotej on the head.

But Tímotej is not a beautiful little boy.  
His skin is pale and gray.  
He has no eyebrows.  
He stares at Delores.

YAROSLAV

Outside, the woods are dangerous.  
Each night, smugglers come through  
woods with cabbages. They are men  
without morals. Men without souls.

DECLAN

On the airplane, I read that the  
citizens here harbor an intense  
hatred for the taste of cabbage.  
Why would it be profitable for  
anyone to smuggle cabbages into  
this country?

YAROSLAV

Vlâ, it is true: those who lived  
through war hate the cabbage very  
much. But now, those men grow old,  
and their children buy cabbage on  
the black market.

JELENKA

Young people, they do not remember  
the war. They do not know the  
memories awakened by the smell of  
cabbage. They do not respect the  
history of our nation.

YAROSLAV

This is why we teach Tímotej his  
history. Tímotej is a good boy who  
hate the cabbage.

JELENKA

Tímotej hate the cabbage even more  
than his dada, *nó?*

She pinches Tímotej's cheek.

Tímotej does not speak.  
He keeps staring at Delores.  
Delores shifts in her chair.

JELENKA (CONT'D)

Okay! Dinner is ready!

Jelenka carries a plate of beef to the table.  
She ladles broth into bowls.  
Then takes a seat.

JELENKA (CONT'D)

Now, let us pray.

They all hold hands.



They all shut their eyes.

JELENKA (CONT'D)

Father in heaven, bless our daily  
soup and our gorgeous son, Tímotej.  
Help the polizei find the men who  
smuggle cabbage on news, and may  
their fingertips be cut from their  
fingers and may they be beaten  
until their hair is wet with blood.

Amen.

DECLAN

Amen.

DELORES

JELENKA

Let us eat.

Delores opens her eyes.  
Tímotej is still staring at her.



Yaroslav spears himself a slice of beef.

YAROSLAV

Declan and Delores, please. Tell us  
something about your lives.

DECLAN

Very well. I work as an assistant  
analytics manager, and Delores  
sells custom knitwear on the  
internet.

DELORES

We just got married in August.  
We're on our honeymoon! And what a  
marvelous honeymoon it has been so  
far.

DECLAN

Very relaxing.

Tímotej stares at Delores.  
Delores takes a sip of soup.

YAROSLAV

It is good to be happy. I remember  
many years ago when me and Jelenka  
were happy couple. You remember  
this, Jelenka?

JELENKA

Vlà, vlà.

YAROSLAV

But it is not so anymore. In our  
country, we have a saying: *daylight  
is brief and soon comes the endless  
shadow*. This saying means that when  
a marriage begins, everything is  
possible. But soon, a man must buy  
house for his wife or he is not a  
good man, vlà? And soon a woman  
must birth child or she is not a  
good woman, vlà? And soon a father  
must go to lumberyard each day  
sawing logs or he is not good  
father, vlà?

JELENKA

Vlà, vlà.

YAROSLAV

And one day, a man and a woman wake  
up and they see their hair is gray  
and their middles are fat and their  
forest is full of smugglers and all  
night long they cannot sleep,  
bathed in shadow.

Yaroslav and Jelenka shake their heads.  
They gaze into the middle distance.

DELORES

What a beautiful saying.

A long and silent beat.

Declan clears his throat.

DECLAN

Tímotej, do you like trains? When I was your age, I liked trains.

But Tímotej does not answer.  
He saws his beef with a serrated knife.

YAROSLAV

Tímotej, did you hear? The American has asked you a question. What do you say, Tímotej? Do you like trains?

JELENKA

*Choo-choo*, Tímotej. What do you say?

But Tímotej only chews his meat.

JELENKA (CONT'D)

We are sorry. Tímotej is a quiet boy. Tímotej does not speak unless he has something he wants to say.

YAROSLAV

Come, Tímotej. Do not be unkind. Say something to our new American friends.

At last, Tímotej looks up sharply.  
He fixes his clear eyes on Delores.  
As if he's looking into her soul.

TÍMOTEJ

Cabbages.

His voice is quiet and sinister.

DELORES

What did he say?

YAROSLAV

He say *cabbages*.

TÍMOTEJ

Cabbages.

JELENKA

Cabbages? Why do you say cabbages, Tímotej?

DECLAN  
What are they saying, Delores?

TÍMOTEJ  
I smell cabbages.

YAROSLAV  
The boy says he smells cabbages.

Delores and Declan squirm.  
Tímotej clutches his knife in a fist.  
Declan and Delores gulp.

At last, Jelenka laughs.

JELENKA  
You must understand. In school,  
they teach Tímotej of the war. All  
day long, Tímotej learns of his  
ancestors who had only cabbage to  
eat. Now, thoughts of cabbage is  
all that fills Tímotej's head.  
Tímotej believe he smell cabbage  
everywhere. Sometimes in middle of  
night, we are awakened by his  
screams: "*Cabbages! Cabbages!*"

YAROSLAV  
*"Cabbages! Cabbages!"*

JELENKA  
Pay Tímotej no mind. Who would like  
more beef?

But Tímotej lifts a tiny finger.  
And aims it at Delores.

TÍMOTEJ  
She has cabbages.

JELENKA  
Tímotej! Do not say such things.

TÍMOTEJ  
She has cabbages in her pants!

YAROSLAV  
Now you have taken things too far!

JELENKA  
This is grave insult! This poor  
woman has tumors! Go to your room  
and give yourself fifty lashes with  
the belt!

DECLAN  
Delores? What's happening?

TÍMOTEJ  
But..Mamà!

Yaroslav lifts a palm.  
And WHACKS Tímotej in the back of the head.  
Tímotej erupts into tears.

DELORES  
Oh, dear. Oh, no. Don't do that.

DECLAN  
He didn't do anything wrong. He has  
an active imagination.

JELENKA  
To your room, Tímotej! Fifty lashes  
with the belt!

TÍMOTEJ  
Mamà!

YAROSLAV  
Think about what you have said!

Jelenka points to the door.  
Bawling, Tímotej slides off his stool.  
And sprints out of the room.

JELENKA  
We are sorry. We do not know what  
get into Tímotej. The boy gets such  
wild ideas. How crazy to think he  
smell cabbages in this house.

YAROSLAV  
Unless, of course, you have  
cabbages in your pants!

DECLAN  
Us? No! No cabbages in these pants!

DELORES  
What even is cabbage?

Everyone laughs.  
Declan is sweating profusely.

DECLAN

Well, this has been a delicious dinner, but I think it's time we say goodbye to our new friends and head out for a hike. How does a hike sound, Delores?

DELORES

I'm not done with my soup.

DECLAN

Well, finish your soup quickly, Delores! We're going on a hike!

YAROSLAV

You cannot hike now. It is night. Night is when the smugglers come.

DECLAN

Thank you both for the wonderful meal and marital advice. It was so nice to meet you and your whimsical child, but if my wife does not hike, the tumors on her legs grow larger.

JELENKA

Please, no. We beg of you. You must stay the night. It is too dangerous to go out into the woods. You do not want to risk crossing paths with a dangerous cabbage smuggler, do you?

Declan and Delores shake their heads.

JELENKA (CONT'D)

Good. You will sleep in room next to Tímotej.

SMASH TO:

### GUEST ROOM

A sparsely decorated room.  
A crucifix hangs above a chest of drawers.  
Framed embroidery on the wall reads:

DAYLIGHT IS BRIEF  
AND SOON COMES  
THE ENDLESS SHADOW.

Delores and Declan sit on a pine bed.  
Their Samsonite suitcases at their feet.

They whisper:

DECLAN  
He's onto us.

DELORES  
Who's onto us?

DECLAN  
Tímotej is onto us. He is a  
ferociously perceptive child. We  
must get out of here. It is a bad  
idea to linger too long in a house  
with someone who is convinced you  
have cabbages in your pants,  
especially in a country that hates  
cabbages.

He crosses to a window.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
I have a plan. We will climb out  
this window and run as fast as we  
can. When we're back in the forest  
and far from this house, we'll bury  
ourselves in a pile of leaves and  
fall asleep.

DELORES  
That sounds like a dangerous plan.  
Jelenka and Yaroslav said there are  
cabbage smugglers in the woods.

DECLAN  
There aren't any cabbage smugglers  
in the woods. *You* are the cabbage  
smuggler, Delores. *You* have  
cabbages in your pants.

DELORES  
*I* have cabbages in my *pants*? Oh,  
please, Declan. As if! Rich. That's  
just rich.

Declan pries open the window.  
He peers down from the house's second floor.  
Outside, wind whips through the trees.

DECLAN  
It's too far to jump. We'll need to  
fashion a rope out of curtains.

Declan yanks curtains off a rod.  
And starts tying them hastily together.

DELORES  
Honey? What do you think of the  
name *Tímotej*?

DECLAN  
I don't like it. Help me, Delores.

Delores helps tie knots in the curtain.

DELORES  
One day, if we have a little boy, I  
think I'd like to name him *Tímotej*.

DECLAN  
Why would we name our little boy  
*Tímotej*?

DELORES  
Everyone names their boys Noah or  
William or Owen or James. Very few  
little boys are named *Tímotej*.

DECLAN  
There's a good reason for that. I  
read in *Business Insider* that  
employees with easier-to-pronounce  
names are far more likely to occupy  
higher-status positions in the  
workplace. Besides, I thought we  
were naming our child Declan Jr.

Declan knots the curtains to a bedpost.  
He lowers the makeshift rope out the window.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

CUT TO:

## OUTSIDE

A second-story window creaks open.  
Declan pops his head outside.

He looks around.  
The coast is clear.

Declan pitches two suitcases out the window.  
Then climbs over the sill.  
He rappels down the wall.  
Gripping the rope with tight fists.  
Until his sneakers touch the ground.

Delores appears at the window.



She climbs over the sill.  
Squeezes her bulky rear through the window.  
And lowers herself down the rope.

CUT TO:

### WOODS

Declan and Delores dash through the night.  
Down a winding, wooded trail.  
Sneakers splashing in shallow mud.

Declan looks behind him.  
The woods are still and silent.

JUST THEN —  
Declan steps on a twig and —  
*FWIP!*  
A THICK ROPE WRAPS HIS ANKLE and —  
*ZIPPPP!*  
A WEBBED NET FALLS FROM THE TREETOPS.  
ENSNARING DECLAN.  
YANKING HIM HIGH INTO THE AIR.

DECLAN

**AUUUGH!**

THE NEXT SECOND —  
*FWIP!*  
Delores steps on a twig and —  
*ZIPPPP!*  
A WEBBED NET FALLS FROM THE TREETOPS.  
ENSNARING DELORES.  
YANKING HER HIGH INTO THE AIR.

DELORES

**AUUUGH!**

Declan and Delores flail.  
Trapped in the nets.  
Suspended upside-down.  
Six feet off the ground.  
Bodies contorted into pretzels.  
Arms pinned to their sides.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Help! I can't move! Where are we?

DECLAN

Stay calm! We have to stay calm!

DELORES

I can't feel my feet!

DECLAN

We're stuck in a Malaysian Rubber Tree Net Trap. These traps were set by the military during the war. The parliament here has a long history of positive international relations with the Malaysians, and over many years these people learned from the indigenous tribes of Sarawak how to construct effective net traps. Struggling only makes things worse.

DELORES

I feel my head filling up with blood. What are we going to do?

DECLAN

I don't know, Delores. If Shazbor finds us stuck in these traps, we'll be sitting ducks.

Declan and Delores writhe.  
Flailing against the trap's ropes.  
Grunting and groaning.

JUST THEN —

A sound in the underbrush.  
The crunch of dry leaves.  
The rustle of bushes.

DELORES

What was that?

DECLAN

Shh. Someone's coming.

DELORES

Is it Shazbor?

Declan and Delores freeze.  
Breaths held tight.  
Ears perked.  
Listening to approaching footsteps.

DECLAN

Delores? If this is the last time we get to talk before we're thrown in a gulag, I want you to know something. I want you to know I love you very much. I want you to know I'm happy I married you.

DELORES

Oh, Declan. That's such a sweet thing to say.

DECLAN

Are you happy you married me?

JUST THEN —

*SNAP!*

The footsteps are near.

Declan and Delores hold their breaths.

They stare with wide eyes as —

The bushes part and —

A FIGURE emerges from the woods.

Moonlight falls upon a small, wan face.

Two gray eyes twinkle in the dark.

This isn't Shazbor.

This is —

DECLAN (CONT'D)

*Tímotej?*

Tímotej glares up at Declan and Delores.

He wears flannel pajamas.

He holds his STEAK KNIFE in his tiny hand.



DECLAN

Dear God, he has a knife.

DELORES

Hello there, Tímotej. I like your pajamas.

Tímotej takes a step forward.

Moonlight glints off his knife.

DECLAN

Tímotej. Please. Listen. Just put  
the knife down and no one will get  
hurt.

DELORES

Please, Tímotej. Please don't hurt  
us. Not while we're on our  
honeymoon.

Slowly, Tímotej kneels in the dirt.  
He grips a wire that supports the traps.  
And saws through it with his knife.

*TWIINNG!*

The wire SNAPS —  
Rope uncoils —  
The traps loosen and —

*FWUMP!*

DECLAN AND DELORES FALL FROM THE NETS.  
LANDING IN A TANGLE OF ROPE.  
GRUNTING AS THEY SPLAT IN MUD.

Finally, they look up at Tímotej.  
The boy stands over them majestically.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Tímotej. You — you *saved* us.

Tímotej doesn't blink.  
He hasn't blinked since we've met him.

TÍMOTEJ

If our country does not learn  
compassion, we will soon be no  
better than those who once  
oppressed us. They say we must  
learn to live in shadow, but there  
is never a shadow without a light.

With that, Tímotej turns on his heel.  
And runs back toward his house.  
Ducking through brambles.  
Until he's swallowed by woods.

Declan and Delores gaze after him.

DELORES

What do you think he said?

CUT TO:

**MORNING**

Dawn's light sifts through the canopy.  
Declan and Delores lie half-buried in leaves.

Delores rubs her sleepy eyes and sits up.

She checks to make sure Declan is asleep.  
Then presses two fingertips together.  
And whispers in a tiny voice.  
Pretending her fingers are worms:

DELORES

Good morning, beautiful. I was  
thinking today maybe we could go  
for a hike inside an apple!

Declan stirs.  
Delores stops pretending her fingers are worms.  
She rolls over and spoons Declan.

CUT TO:

**AFTERNOON**

Declan and Delores hike through woods.

The trees and air have begun to thin.  
The forest is lively with birdsongs.  
Sunbeams pierce the leafy canopy.

Declan uses a branch as a walking stick.  
Jabbing it into soft dirt.

CUT TO:

**ELSEWHERE**

Shazbor's officers huddle in the woods.  
Frowning at the spent Malaysian net trap.

Shazbor takes a knee in the dirt.  
And picks up a handful of rope.

SHAZBOR

As you can see, we are dealing with  
exceptional smugglers. There are  
not many smugglers in the world  
capable of cutting themselves free  
of a Malaysian Rubber Tree Net  
Trap.

He stands tall to face his officers.

SHAZBOR (CONT'D)

But it will not be long before they  
stumble upon a West Burmese Neck-  
Snapping Trap. Not even the most  
talented smugglers can break free  
of a West Burmese Neck-Snapping  
Trap.

Shazbor laughs at the thought.  
 On cue, his officers laugh, too.  
 Slapping their knees.  
 Wiping their eyes.  
 As their chuckles rise into the tall pines —

CUT TO:

### CLEARING

A chilly evening.  
 A fire smolders in a firepit.  
 Above, a twinkling expanse of stars.

Declan and Delores sit on their suitcases.  
 Shivering in the cold.

Delores has drawn a grid in the dirt.  
 They're playing tic-tac-toe with a stick.  
 Delores marks a box with an X.

DELORES

Three in a row, tic-tac-toe!

DECLAN

Dammit!

DELORES

That's twenty-four wins for me and  
 two draws. You know something,  
 honey? This may not be how we  
 imagined our honeymoon would go,  
 but we're having fun, aren't we?

She etches a tally into a rock.  
 Declan sighs.

DECLAN

I'm not having any fun at all. I'm  
 not good at this game and I'm on  
 the run from the law.

DELORES

No one likes a sore loser, honey.  
 Besides, who cares if you're no  
 good at this game?

(MORE)

DELORES (CONT'D)

You're good at so many other things, like unclogging the sink and emergency preparedness and accepting compliments.

DECLAN

That's kind of you.

DELORES

See? And you're good at directions. You always know exactly which way we're walking. Sometimes I wish you were born in 1683. You would have made a very good pirate on the high seas if you were born in 1683. Your life would have been very exciting.

Delores draws a fresh grid in the dirt.  
She marks a square with an X.

DECLAN

I think my life is exciting just the way it is. Did I tell you that last week, Mr. Yang said I've been doing an excellent job? He said he's thinking about promoting me to senior analytics manager. That's exciting, isn't it?

DELORES

It's your turn, Declan.

DECLAN

Mr. Yang said I'd be responsible for conducting analysis and providing actionable insights to support achievement of brand objectives. It would come with a very good raise and better benefits, too.

Declan marks a square with an O.

JUST THEN —

A footfall sounds in the woods.  
Declan sits up straight.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Listen, Delores.

DELORES

I am listening.

DECLAN  
Listen harder. Do you hear that?

They listen.  
The CRUNCH of leaves.  
The SNAP of twigs.

Declan and Delores stand slowly.  
Wide eyes gleaming in moonlight.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
It's Shazbor. This time, I'm sure  
of it.

Slowly, Declan reaches into his satchel.  
He pulls out a fork.  
He clutches it in a tight fist as —

THE FOOTSTEPS GROW NEARER.  
THE BRAMBLES PART.  
AND SOMETHING STEPS INTO THE CLEARING.

IT'S ABSOLUTELY COLOSSAL.  
IT TOWERS ON TWO HIND LEGS.  
IT HAS TWO EARS.  
KNIFELIKE TEETH.  
A SHINY BLACK NOSE.  
IT'S A **KAMCHATKA BROWN BEAR**.

Delores and Declan SCREAM.  
The bear ROARS.

DELORES  
Fork him, Declan!

Declan raises his fork.  
He grits his teeth.  
And RUNS AT THE BEAR.

DECLAN  
**RAAAAAAH!**

Declan stabs the bear in the shoulder.

BEAR  
OW! WHAT THE HELL, MATE!

The bear has an Australian accent.  
Declan freezes, dumbfounded.

The bear staggers about the clearing.  
Yowling in pain.  
It drops to its knees.



BEAR (CONT'D)  
BLOODY HELL!

The bear pries the fork from its shoulder.  
Then grabs hold of its enormous head.  
AND YANKS IT OFF ITS SHOULDERS.

This, we see now, is not a bear.  
This is a man in a bear suit.  
His sweaty hair is plastered to his forehead.  
His face is contorted in pain.  
This is **NORMAN** (50).

BEAR/NORMAN  
Wanker! You stabbed me with a fork!

CUT TO:

### LATER

Declan, Delores and Norman sit around the fire.  
They eat steaming bowls of beans.

Norman still wears his gutted bearskin.  
Its severed head sits at his feet.

In the moonlight, we see Norman is handsome.  
Stubble flecks a masculine jaw.  
His voice is gruff and gravelly.

DECLAN  
I'm sorry I stabbed you with a  
fork.

NORMAN  
I forgive you. I know you only did  
it because you mistook me for a  
bear.

DECLAN  
Which reminds me, Norman, I don't  
believe you've told us why it is  
you're dressed in the skin of a  
bear?

Norman looks between Declan and Delores.  
Then lowers his voice.

NORMAN  
I'll tell you, but you have to  
promise me you aren't polizei. You  
aren't polizei, are you?

DECLAN  
We're not polizei.

DELORES  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
we're not polizei.

NORMAN  
I knew you weren't polizei. I was  
just testing you.

Norman reaches for a zipper at his throat.  
And unzips the bear suit to his navel.  
Out tumble FIVE RIPE RED CABBAGES.

DELORES  
Cabbages!

DECLAN  
You're a cabbage smuggler?

NORMAN  
That's right. Red. Napa. Savoy.  
Cannonball. If it's in the crucifer  
family, I'll smuggle it. The black  
market in this country is strong.  
You wouldn't believe how much the  
kids here are willing to pay for a  
ripe head of premium January King.  
Only trouble is, the polizei are  
onto me.

Norman pulls off his bear paws.  
He holds up his hands.  
He only has two knuckles on each finger.

Declan gasps with horror.  
Delores gasps with amazement.

NORMAN (CONT'D)  
Couple months ago, I'm entering the  
country with eight dry gallons of  
choy sum when this bloke Shazbor  
stops me at the border. Next thing  
I know, I'm locked in a gulag and  
Shazbor is cutting off my  
fingertips one by one with a paring  
knife. I manage to escape on a  
donkey cart and run into the woods,  
only to find myself face-to-face  
with a Kamchatka brown bear. Of  
course, I have no choice but to  
kill the thing with a sharp log.  
(MORE)

NORMAN (CONT'D)

And that's when I get the idea to start wearing the bear as a suit. The Kamchatka brown bear is a national symbol here. I reckon if Shazbor comes looking for me, he'll mistake me for a Kamchatka brown bear and leave me be. And that is why I'm dressed as a bear.

DELORES

Goodness, Norman. How clever. I wish I had a bear suit to wear, too.

DECLAN

Don't even think about it, Delores.

Delores smiles at Norman.  
She's a little smitten.



NORMAN

Anyway, enough about me and why I'm dressed as a bear. Why don't you tell me about yourselves. How long have you two been smuggling cabbages?

DELORES

Us? Oh, no. We are hikers with tumors. We don't smuggle cabbages.

DECLAN

That's right. No cabbages here.

NORMAN

Come now. I know a fellow cabbage smuggler when I see one.

(MORE)

NORMAN (CONT'D)

A man doesn't spend five years smuggling cabbages across foreign borders without developing the ability to identify how many cabbages someone's smuggling in her pants. If I'm not mistaken, I'd say the pretty missus here has exactly thirty-nine heads of illegal contraband in her dungarees. I know a thing or two about what's inside a woman's dungarees.

Norman winks at Delores.  
Delores blushes.

DECLAN

Well, Norman, it was such a pleasure to meet you, but dinner has ended and it's time we part ways.

DELORES

But we haven't finished talking to Norman.

DECLAN

Yes we have, Delores. Don't worry about cleaning your spoon, Norman, I'll clean it later.

NORMAN

Listen, you two. Thirty-nine cabbages is a heck of a lot of cabbages to be smuggling through these woods. If Shazbor catches you with thirty-nine cabbages in your pants, God help you. I reckon your best bet is to travel with me. I know these woods like the back of my hand.

He holds up a mutilated hand.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

There's a campground a few miles northeast where we can sleep tomorrow night. Five miles west, you'll find a train station. You can get on a train there and escape across the border. I keep a map in my bear suit. I can help you. I can show you the way.

He looks earnestly at Declan and Delores.

NORMAN (CONT'D)  
Stick with me. You can trust me.

SMASH TO:

LATER

Declan and Delores stare into glittering stars.

DECLAN  
We can't trust him.

They lie awake beside the smoldering fire.  
Nearby, Norman sleeps in his bear suit.  
He uses the bear's severed head as a pillow.

DELORES  
Why not? I like Norman. He seems  
creative and trustworthy.

DECLAN  
If there's one thing Norman does  
not seem, it's trustworthy. He's an  
international smuggler.  
International smugglers are not  
trustworthy.

DELORES  
And how many untrustworthy  
international smugglers do you  
know?

DECLAN  
Just one, Delores, and he's  
sleeping over there in a suit made  
out of a bear.

DELORES  
Open your mind and heart, Declan.  
You never know what positive things  
will happen when you choose to  
travel with an attractive man in a  
bear suit.

DECLAN  
Now listen to me, Delores. We are  
not traveling with Norman, and he's  
not especially attractive. Now, I  
have an idea. In the middle of the  
night, we'll steal Norman's map and  
run as fast as we can to that train  
station, and we'll get on a train  
and get the hell out of here by  
morning.

DELORES

Declan, have you ever noticed all your plans involve jumping out windows and stealing maps from bears? Sometimes it feels like you're running from something.

DECLAN

That's right, Delores, I'm running from a man with a rusty bat.

Delores gazes into the twinkling galaxy.

DELORES

Lorraine from premarital small group counseling said part of a healthy relationship is sharing the workload of decision-making. If this marriage is going to work, you're going to have to learn to let me make some plans sometimes, too.

SMASH TO:

## WOODS

Declan, Delores, and Norman hike along a pass.  
The ground is rocky and steep.  
Distant mountains reach for a misty sky.

Declan is carrying both suitcases.  
Behind him, Delores and Norman are giggling.  
Their chemistry is undeniable.

DELORES

Do another one, Norman!

Norman cups his hands around his mouth.  
And unleashes a booming BEAR ROAR.  
It echoes through a cool, crisp morning.

Delores claps her hands.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Incredible! One more!

Norman ROARS AGAIN.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Wow, Norman! How on Earth did you learn to make such accurate bear sounds with your mouth?

NORMAN

One time while smuggling weapons over the Zarafshans, I had to hide from the Tajik mountain police in a cave with a family of Eurasians. I learned to communicate by imitating their howls. It's easier than it looks. Just cup your hands over your mouth and pretend your cubs are endangered. Go on. Try it.

Delores cups her hands around her mouth.  
She ROARS.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Amazing, Delores. You're telling me you've never done a bear roar before?

DELORES

Never ever. How was that?

NORMAN

You're a natural. If I didn't know better, I'd have guessed you've been roaring your whole life.

Delores ROARS again.

Ahead, Declan spins around.  
Brow knit with irritation.

DECLAN

Hey! Keep it down back there! If you two keep howling like bears, Shazbor will hear us.

NORMAN

Relax, mate. If Shazbor hears us, he'll think we're bears. Don't stress, mate. I think you need to chill out.

DELORES

Yeah! Chill out, Declan.

Delores and Norman giggle.  
Declan glowers.

Then, he braces his core.  
Clenches his fists.  
And ROARS AS LOUDLY AS HE CAN.

His roar echoes off the mountains.

It's all very intense and a little weird.  
His face is crimson.

Declan turns on his heel.  
And marches on ahead.

CUT TO:

### POND

A deep, emerald pond in the mountains.  
Fringed with tall grasses.  
A waterfall cascades from tall boulders.

Declan wheels the suitcases along the bank.  
Forks and spatulas rattle in his pockets.

Behind him, Norman and Delores walk together.

CUT TO:

### CAMPGROUND

A campground in the basin of mountains.  
A few crude cabins around a firepit.  
From behind tall weeds, the waterfall hisses.

Declan, Delores and Norman sit on logs.  
They eat steaming bowls of beans.

DELORES

Norman? Can I ask you a personal  
question?

NORMAN

I'm an open book.

DELORES

In your opinion, what would you say  
is the most disappointing dessert  
in the world?

Norman scratches his stubbled chin.

NORMAN

That's a good question. I reckon if  
I had to choose just one  
disappointing dessert, I'd have to  
go with a frosted turkey.

DELORES

You would?!



NORMAN

Just a big turkey slathered in chocolate frosting. I reckon that'd be right disappointing, don't you? Cutting into a cake shaped like a turkey only to find out it's just a frosted turkey after all?

Delores beams.

DELORES

You'll never believe this, Norman, but that's my answer, too!

NORMAN

I don't believe it!

DELORES

I was just telling Declan the other day just how disappointing it would be to cut into a cake shaped like a turkey only to find out it's just a frosted turkey. Tell him, Declan!

DECLAN

It's true. Delores thinks the most disappointing dessert is a frosted turkey.

NORMAN

I reckon great minds really do think alike, don't they?

He winks at Delores.  
Delores winks at Norman.  
Declan stands from the bench.

DECLAN

Well, I think Delores and I are going to hit the hay. Good night, Norman. Come on, Delores. It's time for bed.

But Delores shakes her head.

DELORES

Go ahead, Declan. I'm going to stay up a little longer with Norman.

She shrugs at Declan.  
Declan grits his teeth.

CUT TO:

**SIMPLE CABIN**

Declan lies on a stiff mattress.  
 Wide awake.  
 Outside, Delores and Norman are laughing.

DELORES O/S  
 X.

NORMAN O/S  
 O.

DELORES O/S  
 X.

NORMAN O/S  
 O. Three in a row, tic-tac-toe!

DELORES O/S  
 Wow, Norman! You're good at this  
 game!

Declan rolls over.  
 And pulls a pillow over his head.

CUT TO:

**MORNING**

Delores and Declan sit by the firepit.  
 Declan studies Norman's crinkled map.  
 Tracing a route with his finger.

DECLAN  
 If my calculations are correct, I'd  
 say we're eight-and-a-half miles  
 from the edge of this forest. If we  
 make good time, I think we could  
 make it to the train station by  
 evening.

DELORES  
 Where's Norman? Is Norman still  
 asleep?

DECLAN  
 By tomorrow morning, we could be on  
 a train out of this place.

DELORES  
 I wish Norman were awake.

JUST THEN —  
 A cabin door swings open.

And Norman strides out, completely naked.  
Just a cabbage leaf over his crotch.

His bear suit is folded under one arm.  
His cabbages tucked under the other.

NORMAN  
G'day, mates!

DELORES  
There he is! G'day, Norman!

Delores bats her eyelashes.

DECLAN  
Norman, why aren't you wearing your  
bear suit? You should be dressed  
and ready to start hiking.

NORMAN  
Sounds good. Just give me one hour  
to air out my bear suit and then  
I'll be ready to head out.

DECLAN  
We don't have an hour to wait for  
your bear suit to air out. Put your  
bear suit on right now, Norman.  
We're heading out.

NORMAN  
This bear suit gets moist if I  
don't air it out once a week. I'm  
just going to lay it out on the  
shore of that pond while I take a  
dip.

DELORES  
I like dips!

DECLAN  
No one is taking a dip! There is no  
time for dips!

NORMAN  
Look, mate. If you've never worn a  
bear suit for three weeks straight,  
you don't know how moist a bear  
suit can get. Trust me on this one.  
I'll be in the water.

Norman heads down a rocky path to the pond.

DELORES

Honey, do you want to take a dip with Norman?

DECLAN

There's no one I have less interest in taking a dip with than Norman.

DELORES

Norman has no fingertips. I think you should be more accepting of the disabled community.

DECLAN

What is it with you and Norman anyway?

DELORES

Nothing's *with me and Norman*. What do you mean?

DECLAN

You've just been spending an awful lot of time with Norman.

DELORES

Of course I've been spending a lot of time with Norman. Norman is helping us sneak through the forest. You aren't *jealous* of Norman, are you?

DECLAN

I didn't *say* I'm *jealous* of Norman. I just think it's strange that we're on our honeymoon and you're spending half the time with a man who doesn't seem to own any clothes.

DELORES

You should listen to yourself. You're starting to sound a little bit crazy.

DECLAN

Crazy? *I'm* beginning to sound crazy?

DELORES

That's right, Declan, you're beginning to sound crazy.

DECLAN

You're the one who put cabbages in your pants and I'm the crazy one? If I'm crazy, then you, Delores, are a certifiable, verifiable, institutionalizable nutjob.

DELORES

A *nutjob*?

DECLAN

All I wanted was to go on an economical honeymoon to a country with a good exchange rate to the dollar. All I wanted was to relax in a hotel that serves a wholesome and nutritious continental breakfast. All I ever wanted was for things to be easy, and you had to put thirty-nine cabbages in your pants and ruin our honeymoon, just like you ruin everything!

DELORES

Excuse me?

DECLAN

That's right. I make reservations at a restaurant, and you find a way to make us twenty minutes late. You always clog the shower drain and you broke the French press. You delete all my *Jeopardy!* reruns off the DVR, and you overwater my succulents. And don't get even me *started* on our wedding dance.

DELORES

Our wedding dance?

DECLAN

Do you know how hard I worked on that dance? I practiced every night in our backyard. I hired a dance instructor and a choreographer. So imagine my surprise when I found out you hadn't bothered learned any of the steps, and then you had so many champagnes you couldn't tell a shuffle ball change from a flap ball change!

Delores looks like she's been slapped.  
She bursts into tears.

DELORES  
You don't love me anymore.

DECLAN  
I didn't say that, Delores.

DELORES  
But it's what you meant. What a  
horrible thing to mean.

DECLAN  
That's not what I meant. I didn't  
mean that.

DELORES  
Norman would never mean something  
like that. I'm going to take a dip!

Delores runs toward the trail to the pond.

DECLAN  
Now, come on, Delores! Come back  
here!

DELORES  
I'm taking a dip! Don't follow me!

She runs behind the swaying grasses.  
Her sobs are swallowed by the wind.

Declan scoffs.  
He checks his death watch.  
He has 14,266 days left on Earth.

Declan kicks a rock.

CUT TO:

## POND

Delores runs down a trail to the waterfall.  
Tears streaming down her face.

On the shore, Norman's bearskin is airing out.  
Five cabbages stacked beside it.

Norman floats on his back in the pond.  
Buck naked.  
Sun glinting off his tanned skin.  
He calls out to Delores:

NORMAN  
*Oi!* Delores! Is everything okay?

DELORES

Everything is *not* okay! Declan  
meant no one will ever love me  
again. Don't look. I'm taking off  
my pants.

Delores steps to the edge of the pond.  
Norman shields his eyes.

Delores reaches into her pants.  
And pulls out an armful of cabbages.

She sets them carefully on the bank.  
Then reaches back into her pants.  
And pulls out more cabbages.  
Then reaches back into her pants.  
And pulls out more cabbages.  
Then reaches back into her pants.  
And pulls out more cabbages.

She stacks all thirty-nine cabbages in a pile.

Then strips to her underwear.  
Folds her clothes on the shore.  
And wades into the pond.

Delores swims to Norman.  
And floats on her back in the cool water.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Norman? Have you ever made a big  
mistake?

NORMAN

Everyone makes mistakes.

DELORES

I mean a *really* big mistake.

NORMAN

One time, I was smuggling fifty  
bricks of cocaine in a cement truck  
full of linseeds when I discovered  
I am deathly allergic to linseeds.  
I spent three weeks in a hospital  
in Managua, and to this day I can't  
feel the tips of my ears.

DELORES

That's horrible, Norman. I have  
allergies, too.

NORMAN

We have a lot in common.

Delores gazes pensively into the sky.  
Watching the sun dip behind dark clouds.

DELORES

What if I wasn't supposed to marry  
Declan?

NORMAN

Why do you say that?

DELORES

Declan's a lovely man, and very  
punctual. But the truth is we met  
when we were young. I was still  
getting my online knitwear shop off  
the ground, and Declan was already  
a junior analytics associate. He  
made things simple. It was all so  
simple. We dated for a few years,  
and soon we were renting an  
apartment in the city and then we  
bought a house in the suburbs, and  
we got engaged and we planned a  
wedding and the next thing we knew  
we were married. But sometimes,  
late at night, I worry that there  
are things that people do that I'll  
never get to do because I'm married  
to Declan.

NORMAN

What do you want to do?

DELORES

I don't know. I've always wanted to  
swim with jellyfish in Bora Bora,  
or become a classical pianist, or  
summit a mountain.

NORMAN

You're still young, Delores, and  
beautiful. You've got a long life  
ahead of you. If you want to climb  
a mountain, you can climb a  
mountain. I'll take you mountain  
climbing. Would you like that?

DELORES

You'd do that?

NORMAN

We can climb Denali, or  
Kilimanjaro, or Aconcagua. Pick a  
mountain and we'll climb it.



DELORES  
Mount Everest?

NORMAN  
Easy! Next month, we'll pack our bags and we'll travel to Mount Everest. We'll bring carabiners and cheese sandwiches, and we'll sleep at the summit and look out on the world through binoculars. There's a pretty epic view from the summit of Mount Everest. How does that sound, Delores?

DELORES  
Epic. It sounds epic.

NORMAN  
Then it's a date.

DELORES  
Then it's a date.

Norman winks at Delores.

NORMAN  
I'm going to dive now.

He dives beneath the pond's surface.  
Kicking propulsively.  
Until he's vanished beneath the water.

Delores drifts on her back.  
Mottled sunlight on her face.

A moment later, Norman resurfaces.

NORMAN (CONT'D)  
Delores! Guess what! You'll never guess what's at the bottom of this pond!

DELORES  
Is it jellyfish?

NORMAN  
That's right! Jellyfish! Hundreds of jellyfish! Blue jellyfish and pink jellyfish and yellow jellyfish with golden tentacles. You've got to see for yourself, Delores!

DELORES  
I don't know how to dive.

NORMAN

Just hold your nose and let  
yourself fall. Let the water do the  
work.

Delores pinches her nose.  
Squeezes her eyes shut.  
Then ducks beneath the water.  
WE FOLLOW DOLORES as she sinks to —

### THE BOTTOM OF THE POND

Hair swirling.  
Bubbles streaming from her nose.  
Sinking into the depths until —

Delores' feet touch the pond's floor.  
She opens her eyes.  
And looks about the murky water.

The pond is hazy and green.  
There are no jellyfish in sight.

Dolores pushes off the pond's floor.  
Flutter-kicking furiously.  
Until she bursts through the surface of the —

### POND

And spits out a mouthful of water.

DELORES

Norman? Where are the jellyfish? I  
couldn't see any jellyfish!

Delores wipes water from her eyes.  
Norman is no longer in the water.

AND THEN —

Delores spots Norman on the shore.  
He's hurriedly pulling on his bear suit.  
He zips it halfway up his chest.  
And STUFFS IT FULL OF DELORES' CABBAGES.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Norman?!

Norman zips the bear suit to his chin.  
And yanks its fuzzy head over his own.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Norman! What are you doing?

Norman turns on his big bear feet.

And bounds up the trail from the waterfall.

DELORES (CONT'D)  
HEY! COME BACK HERE!

Delores thrashes toward the shore.  
Kicking frantically.  
Gulping down mouthfuls of water.

SMASH TO:

### CAMPGROUND

Declan is sitting on a rock.  
Glumly reading Norman's map when —

The bushes rustle.  
And Norman BARRELS across the campground.  
Bear suit lumpy with cabbages.

DECLAN  
Norman?!

Norman sprints wordlessly past Declan.  
He crashes into the underbrush.  
And disappears into the woods.

THE NEXT SECOND —  
Delores runs up the trail from the pond.  
Soaking wet.  
Pulling on clothes.  
Face crumpled in anguish.

DELORES  
My cabbages, Declan! He's stolen my  
cabbages!

Declan doesn't wait a beat.  
He leaps to his feet.  
And TAKES OFF after Norman into the —

### WOODS

Norman bounds through the forest.  
Dodging pines.  
Leaping over rocks.  
Swatting branches with his bear paws.

Behind him, Declan and Delores run.

DECLAN  
Come back here, you!

Norman leaps over a small brook.

And claws effortlessly up a hill.

Declan grits his teeth.  
Head bowed with determination.  
Fanny pack bouncing on his gut.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Those are my wife's cabbages! You  
come back here right now with my  
wife's cabbages!

Norman leaps over a fallen branch.  
Then bounds deftly around a tree.  
And charges into a thorny bush when —

**SPPPPROOING!**

A LOOP OF ROPE SNARES NORMAN'S NECK.  
A MASSIVE LOG SWINGS FROM THE TREETOPS.  
NO TIME TO DUCK.

NORMAN  
**AUUUUGH!**

THE LOG SMACKS NORMAN IN HIS BEAR HEAD.  
*CRUNCH!*  
NORMAN'S BEAR HEAD LOLLS ON HIS BEAR NECK.  
HIS BEAR BODY CRUMPLES UNNATURALLY.  
HIS BEAR KNEES GIVE OUT.  
AND NORMAN'S BODY FALLS TO THE GROUND.  
SMACKING THE DIRT.  
CABBAGES TUMBLING FROM HIS BEAR SUIT.

Declan and Delores slow to a stop.  
Chests heaving with shallow breaths.  
Declan stares in disbelief at Norman's body.

DECLAN  
It's a West Burmese Neck-Snapping  
Trap. These traps are banned in  
fifty-three countries and violate  
five United Nations conventions.

Delores approaches the sprung trap.  
She crouches beside Norman's remains.  
And shuts the bear's eyelids.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Delores. I'm sorry you  
lost your mate.

DELORES  
He wasn't my mate. I don't even  
know if he was my friend.

Delores picks up the scattered cabbages.  
And crams them back in her pants.

CUT TO:

### NIGHT

Drizzle falls from the treetops.  
Hissing on ferns and fallen leaves.

Declan and Delores trudge through the rain.  
Lost in melancholy thought.  
Delores' pants are once again full of cabbages.

CUT TO:

### CAVE

Declan and Delores crouch in an animal cave.  
Hugging their knees to their chests.  
Shivering in the cold.  
They've left their suitcases behind.

DECLAN

Honey? When we get home, I was  
thinking maybe we should upgrade  
our lawnmower.

DELORES

Oh?

DECLAN

Craig Feigenbaum said he and Rhonda  
got a new lawnmower with a 3.1  
cubic foot clipping bag, which is  
the largest clipping bag amongst  
its competitors.

They gaze into the curtain of drizzle.

DELORES

Honey? I think I should probably  
thank you.

DECLAN

Thank me? For what?

DELORES

For chasing Norman through the  
woods.

DECLAN

Don't thank me. Thank the West  
Burmese Neck-Snapping Trap.

DELORES

No. You could have Norman get away with my cabbages. You didn't have to chase him. But you did. And the reason you did is because you know just how important it is for a lady to keep cabbages in her pants.

DECLAN

I don't understand for one second why it's important for a lady to keep cabbages in her pants.

DELORES

Then that's even better.

Delores kisses Declan on the cheek.  
Then lies back on the cave floor.

DELORES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I messed up our wedding dance, Declan. I shouldn't have had so many champagnes.

She shuts her eyes.  
Declan watches raindrops pelt the forest.

CUT TO:

### ELSEWHERE

Shazbor's men trudge through the onslaught.  
Umbrellas over their heads.  
Thwacking away branches with their bats.

En masse, they stop when they see —

Norman's body face down in the mud.  
His bear suit drenched with rainwater.

SHAZBOR

It is a Kamchatka brown bear.

OFFICER

It is dead?

Shazbor squats beside the mangled bear.  
Somberly, he removes his hat.  
His officers remove theirs.

SHAZBOR

During the war, these traps were  
set the woods to protect our  
national treasures from intruders.  
(MORE)

SHAZBOR (CONT'D)

Now, these very traps are killing  
our treasured bears.

He makes the sign of the cross.

SHAZBOR (CONT'D)

Sometimes, the things we do to save  
ourselves destroy us in the end.

Shazbor scoops damp dirt in his palm.  
And scatters it over Norman's body.

His officers gather around.  
Dutifully, they collect handfuls of soil.  
And toss them over the bear's cadaver.

CUT TO:

### MORNING

The night's storm has passed.  
A dewy morning soaks the sylvan mountains.

Declan and Delores emerge from the cave.  
Rubbing sleep from their eyes.

CUT TO:

### MOUNTAINS

Birds twitter in pine branches.  
Declan and Delores walk along a craggy path.

DELORES

Declan? Why don't we ever climb  
mountains back home in America?

DECLAN

Climbing mountains is a risky  
outdoor activity, Delores. Last  
year, one-hundred Americans and  
forty-three Canadians fell to their  
deaths from mountains. I don't want  
us to be part of a statistic.

DELORES

Isn't there anything you've always  
wanted to do that we've never done  
before?

DECLAN

Of course there are. Lot of things.  
But just because there are things  
we've always wanted to do doesn't  
mean we should do them.

DELORES

And why not?

DECLAN

If we do all the things we've  
always wanted to do together, we'll  
have done all the things we've  
always wanted to do together and  
there won't be anything left for us  
to do together. And then what are  
we supposed to do?

DELORES

I suppose you have a point.

They step to the edge of an overlook.  
And gaze across a staggering vista.

A majestic panoply of clouds.  
Mountains rise from a rolling sea of pines.  
Sunkissed mountains vanish into fog.

DELORES (CONT'D)

It is a beautiful country, isn't  
it?

In a distant valley below, we clock:  
A LITTLE VILLAGE.  
Rural and quaint.  
Nestled in a copse of trees.  
Bisected by train tracks.

Delores takes Declan's hand.

CUT TO:

## VILLAGE

Declan and Delores walk through the town.  
The streets are cobbled.  
Lined with thatched cottages.  
Flowers spill from balconies.  
Flags flap in an afternoon breeze.

A few burly **VILLAGERS** stand on ladders.  
Stringing fairy lights over the street.  
Others pass in a rickety donkey cart.  
Singing a tuneless chorale:



VILLAGERS

(singing)

Burn the cabbage, burn it all!  
Death to the wicked vegetable!

Delores waves at the villagers.  
The villagers wave back.

DELORES

Hello, villagers!

DECLAN

Shh. We mustn't draw attention to  
ourselves, Delores. We can't trust  
anyone.

They approach a run-down train station.  
Then trot up concrete steps and enter the —

### TRAIN STATION

Grass peeks through concrete floors.  
Gesso peels from brick walls.  
Old Soviet agitprop shows through thin paint.

Behind a glass window sits a **BOOKING CLERK** (19).  
She smacks gum while she reads a magazine.  
She looks up as Declan and Delores approach.



BOOKING CLERK

Good afternoon. Can I be of  
service?

DECLAN

Hello there. Do you speak English?

BOOKING CLERK

A little English, *vlà*.

DECLAN

Vlâ. Good. We'd like to purchase  
two train tickets, please.

BOOKING CLERK

Where is it you want to go?

DECLAN

It doesn't matter where we go. Any  
country other than this one,  
please.

The agent adjusts her thick glasses.  
And types into a boxy beige computer.

BOOKING CLERK

Yes, we have many trains out of  
this country. Would you like direct  
train or transfer train?

DECLAN

Direct, please.

BOOKING CLERK

Would you like one-way train or  
return train?

DECLAN

One-way, for the love of God.

BOOKING CLERK

Would you like morning train,  
afternoon train, or evening train?

DECLAN

Whichever train is leaving the  
soonest, that is the train we would  
like to be on.

BOOKING CLERK

Would you like facing forwards  
train or facing backwards train?

Declan pinches the bridge of his nose.

DECLAN

Perhaps I am not making myself  
clear. We are trying to get across  
the border as fast as is humanly  
possible. It doesn't matter to us  
if we're facing forwards or  
backwards.

(MORE)

DECLAN (CONT'D)

I will sit upside-down if it means  
we get across the border in one  
piece. Do you understand?

The clerk clicks her mouse several times.  
Declan taps his toes.

BOOKING CLERK

Okay! I have one-way direct train  
to Belgrade departing at 6:31 in  
the night. Shall I book?

DECLAN

Yes, please. That's good. Two  
tickets to Belgrade, please.

DELORES

Belgrade, honey! I've always wanted  
to see Belgrade.

The clerk clicks her mouse.  
And turns to a chunky printer.

BOOKING CLERK

The train leaves in four weeks at  
8:31 in the night. I am printing  
the tickets now.

DECLAN

What did you say?

BOOKING CLERK

I am printing the tickets now.  
Please be patient, sometimes the  
printer is slow.

DECLAN

Did you say the train leaves in  
four weeks?

BOOKING CLERK

This is correct, the train leaves  
in four weeks and will be facing  
backwards.

DECLAN

No, that's no good.

BOOKING CLERK

I can look for a facing forwards  
train, but I warn you it may not  
leave so soon.

DECLAN

I don't care which way the train is facing! We can't wait *four weeks* for our train to leave. We need to be on the next train out of here.

BOOKING CLERK

This is correct, the next train out of country leaves in four weeks.

DECLAN

Well, that can't be true. There must be a train, any train, to any country that is not this country any time sooner than four weeks.

The clerk checks her computer again.  
Then shakes her head.

BOOKING CLERK

I am sorry, no train is leaving country this month. The reason for this is Buburu Kapusta.

DECLAN

*What?*

DELORES

Buburu Kapusta, Declan.

DECLAN

What on Earth is Buburu Kapusta?

The agent's eyes light up.

BOOKING CLERK

You do not know of Buburu Kapusta? Buburu Kapusta is one month national festival in celebration of how much we dislike the cabbage. In villages all across country, people gather in town square and all cabbages found by the polizei in the last six years are burned in a fire. We have a funny man named Buburu Kapusta with a cabbage for a head and we beat him with a stick. There is food and clapping for one month, and any person struck by a pussywillow stick must dance. Buburu Kapusta is such great fun.

(MORE)

BOOKING CLERK (CONT'D)

No one wants to leave country when  
it is the month of Buburu Kapusta,  
and this is why there are no  
trains.

The booking clerk smiles.  
She hands the tickets over the counter.

BOOKING CLERK (CONT'D)

You are very lucky to be here for  
Buburu Kapusta.

SMASH TO:

### EVENING

Declan and Delores sit on a curb.  
Delores licks an ice cream cone.  
Declan checks his death watch.

DECLAN

14,265 days left on Earth.

He rests his chin in his hand.

**VILLAGERS** have begun to stream into the street.  
Many wear fanciful animal masks.  
Children skip about their parents' ankles.  
Some carry hand-sewn dolls with cabbages for heads.

DELORES

Would you like a lick of my ice  
cream, honey?

DECLAN

I'm in no mood for a lick of ice  
cream.

DELORES

Are you sure? I think it's made  
from fermented sheep's milk.

DECLAN

Goddammit, Delores! Aren't you even  
the least bit concerned we're going  
to be stuck in this country forever  
and shot in a public square?

DELORES

Of course I'm *concerned*, Declan.  
But there's nothing much we can do  
about it now, is there? Besides,  
there's a national festival  
happening in every small town.

(MORE)

## DELORES (CONT'D)

No matter how bad things might be,  
I've always found my spirits can be  
lifted by a national festival.

Slowly, Declan gets to his feet.  
He points across the street.  
WE FOLLOW his finger to see —

SHAZBOR STANDING AMIDST THE CROWD.  
FLANKED BY HIS OFFICERS.  
RED UNIFORMS PEEKING THROUGH THE CROWD.

## DECLAN

Look, Delores. That's Shazbor. I  
recognize him from that poster in  
the abandoned cabin. He's caught up  
with us. Quick. Get up.

Delores crams her ice cream in her mouth.  
Declan pulls her to her feet.

By now, the street has filled with revelers.  
They wave pussywillows and ring bells.  
Singing in atonal unison:

## VILLAGERS

(singing)

Burn the cabbage, burn it all!  
Death to the wicked vegetable!

Declan and Delores duck into the throng.  
And follow the parade down the street.  
Then march around a corner into a —

## TOWN SQUARE

**VENDORS** sell link sausages and onion rolls.  
A **KLEZMER BAND** plays gusles and duduks.  
**ACROBATS** perform backflips off rubber balls.  
**WOMEN** beat a cabbage-headed effigy with sticks.  
**DANCERS** link arms as they waltz around —

A RAGING BONFIRE.

**VILLAGERS** toss cabbages into its flames.  
They ignite to spirited CHEERS.  
Sparks drift toward distant stars.

Delores and Declan weave through the crowd.  
Faces lit by the bonfire's glow.  
Declan steals a glance behind him.  
Through a sea of smiling faces, he see —

Shazbor's fuzzy hat.

Bobbing above the crowd like a buoy.

DECLAN  
Keep moving, Delores.

Declan and Delores lower their heads.  
And weave through the mob.  
Dodging elbows and shoulders.

Suddenly, a **LITTLE GIRL** runs up to Declan.  
A gnarled pussywillow switch in her hand.  
She WHACKS it against Declan's arm.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Ow!

LITTLE GIRL  
I CHOOSE YOU!

DECLAN  
Why did you do that?

Declan rubs his stinging arm.  
The little girl giggles.  
A village **ELDER** in a donkey mask approaches.

ELDER  
The child has struck you with a  
pussywillow! On Buburu Kapusta, it  
is tradition that when he is struck  
by a pussywillow, a man must find a  
woman and dance!

DECLAN  
I don't want to dance.

LITTLE GIRL  
Dance! Dance! You have been struck!

ELDER  
Dance! You must dance! Dance!

The elder claps his hands.  
Villagers gather.  
Forming a circle around Declan and Delores.

VILLAGERS  
DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! DANCE!  
DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! DANCE!

As if on cue, the band strikes up a polka.  
Flugelhornists toot their flugelhorns.  
Balalaikists pluck their balalaikas.  
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!

DECLAN

This is ridiculous. I don't want to dance. Dancing will not help us right now.

DELORES

I don't think we have a choice, Declan. I think these people want us to dance.

Declan sighs.

Then turns to face Delores.

DECLAN

Do you remember the moves?

DELORES

I think so.

Declan takes Delores in his arms.  
He places a hand on her waist.

They begin to two-step.  
Swaying to the beat.  
Their footsteps quick and agile.

This is their wedding dance.  
They know it by heart.

WE ORBIT DECLAN AND DELORES AS —  
They complete a shuffle ball change.  
Then a flap ball change.  
Then a paddle-and-roll.

The band plays faster.  
*OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!*

Delores TRUST FALLS into Declan's arms.  
Then CRAWLS between his legs.

The villagers cheer through their masks.  
Clapping to the rhythm.  
*OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!*

Declan and Delores do a Maxie Ford.  
Then a a triple twinkle.  
Then a Shirley Temple.  
Then a dazzling buena onda.

DELORES (CONT'D)

I won't let you down this time.

Declan gives Delores a spin.  
Then tosses her in the air.



And catches her in his arms.

He gives her a deep and glorious DIP.  
Then pulls her to his chest.  
And plants a passionate kiss on her lips.

They gaze into one another's eyes.  
Out of breath.  
Chests heaving.  
Waiting for the villagers' applause.

But the villagers don't applaud.  
The square is dead silent.  
The band has stopped playing.  
A hundred eyes stare at Declan and Delores.

DECLAN

What happened to the music?

Slowly, Delores looks down to see —  
A CABBAGE HAS FALLEN FROM HER PANTS.

DELORES

Oh.

SUDDENLY, A COMMOTION AS —  
Shazbor fights through the crowd.  
Bushy eyebrows knit.  
Red-coated officers in tow.

DECLAN

Delores?

DELORES

What is it, honey?

DECLAN

I think we should run.

Delores picks up the rogue cabbage.  
And stuffs back in her pants.

Declan grabs her hand.  
And yanks Delores through the square.

They shove angry villagers aside.  
And dash toward the edge of the square.  
Sneakers squeaking on cobblestone.

BEHIND THEM —

Shazbor raises a stubby finger.  
And growls through his beard:

SHAZBOR  
STOP THEM! THEY HAVE CABBAGES!

SMASH TO:

### OUTSKIRTS

Declan and Delores sprint through the village.  
 Passing cottages and grain silos.  
 Chained dogs BARKING as they run.

Delores looks behind her to see —  
 SHAZBOR'S ARMY IN HOT PURSUIT.  
 FOLLOWED BY A MOB OF MASKED VILLAGERS.  
 THEIR RUSTY BATS AND TORCHES RAISED HIGH.

DECLAN  
 This way!

Declan and Delores take off down an alley.  
 And hotfoot it down an unpaved road.  
 Kicking up clouds of dust.

Declan hurdles over a wooden fence.  
 And helps Delores scramble over it.  
 Hand-in-hand, they run.  
 And run.  
 And run.  
 And run.

Until they're out of breath.  
 Until they've reached the edge of town.  
 Until the road is overgrown with weeds.

Finally, Declan and Delores slow.  
 Before them: a vast field of grain.  
 Through dim twilight, they see —

A CHURCH MADE OF HAY.

Majestic against a twilit sky.  
 Spires and buttresses made of hay.  
 A hay roof crowned with hay gargoyles.  
 Hay windows lit from within.

DELORES  
 Why, it's that church you read  
 about in that in-flight magazine.



Declan and Delores smile at each other.  
 Then join hands.  
 And make a break for the church.  
 Dusk's light catching the bulges of Delores' pants.

SMASH TO:

### CHURCH

Delores sits on a hay bale.  
 Chin in hand.

Everything in the church is made of hay.  
 Hay pews, hay altar, hay Jesus, hay cross.

Declan stands at a window.  
 Peering anxiously into the night.

DELORES  
 Are they still out there?

IN THE DISTANCE —  
 Shazbor's men have the church surrounded.  
 Some sit in folding chairs.  
 Their torches flicker in the inky night.  
 Bkofl is amongst them, in a wheelchair.

DECLAN  
 They've set up folding chairs.

DELORES  
 I hope they don't try to come in  
 here.

DECLAN

They won't. The nuns won't let them. This church is one of the world's last bastions of peace. I read in the in-flight magazine that during the war, the church served as a provisional demilitarized zone. Any soldier seeking refuge from the horrors of armed combat was welcomed, no matter which side he was fighting for. We'll be safe as long as we stay inside this church.

DELORES

How long do you think we'll have to stay here?

DECLAN

I don't know, Delores. We'll stay here until Shazbor realizes we're not coming out and goes home.

Declan crosses the nave.  
A rope hangs from the apse.  
Declan grabs it.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

We should eat something. I wonder what the nuns are cooking for supper. I'll ring for a nun.

Declan yanks the rope.  
A large brass bell rings.  
*GONG! GONG! GONG!*

DELORES

Shazbor could be waiting out there for a long time. If he doesn't leave in a few weeks, we might miss the Feigenbaums' annual Fourth of July barbecue.

JUST THEN —

A **NUN** (55) appears at the door.  
She bows her head in somber greeting.

NUN

You rang for a nun?

DECLAN

We did, Sister.

NUN  
Are you finding your asylum  
pleasant?

DECLAN  
Quite pleasant, thank you.

NUN  
Will you be warm enough tonight, or  
do you need more hay?

DELORES  
I think we have plenty of hay.

NUN  
Vlà. Very good. May the Lord have  
mercy on your souls.



She makes the sign of the cross.  
Then turns to leave.

DECLAN  
Wait! Sister!

The nun turns back.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Please. We are very hungry.

DELORES  
We've been eating white beans and  
pickled herring for days.

DECLAN

Tell us, what are the sisters  
serving in the refectory tonight?

NUN

Tonight, we eat a warm repast of  
cornmeal and stewed meat. We eat  
simply here, but our hearts and  
souls are full.

DECLAN

Cornmeal and stewed meat sounds  
excellent, Sister. Thank you.

DELORES

We'll be right down.

The nun looks down at her feet.

NUN

I am sorry, but you may not eat  
with us tonight. Tonight's repast  
is for those who are... *clean*.

DECLAN

*Clean?*

NUN

Vlà. Your wife lives in sin. Your  
wife has cabbages in her pants.

DELORES

Cabbages? In my pants? Don't be  
outrageous!

DECLAN

Give it up, Delores.

Delores folds her arms and huffs.  
Declan crosses to the nun.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Please, Sister. We've been running  
from the polizei for many days. We  
need to eat something. Don't you  
have anything you can spare us?

NUN

I am sorry. May the Lord have mercy  
on your souls.

With a bow, the nun turns and exits.  
A sorrowful quiet hangs in her wake.

DECLAN

Well, that's just ridiculous. I've never heard of nuns who won't share their food.

DELORES

I can feel my stomach eating itself.

DECLAN

We could be stuck here for a long time, and we can't go outside or Shazbor will kill us. This is not good. This is not good at all.

Declan kicks a pile of hay.  
Delores sighs.

DELORES

You probably wish you never married me, don't you?

DECLAN

Don't say that.

DELORES

It's true, isn't it? If you'd married someone else, you could have gone to museums and eaten eggs and yogurt on your honeymoon. Instead, here you are starving to death in a church made of hay. This is all my fault, isn't it?

She buries her head in her hands.  
Her shoulders begin to rock.  
Declan puts a hand on her back.

DECLAN

Oh, Delores. Don't cry.

DELORES

I'm not crying. I have to sneeze.

Delores SNEEZES.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Goodness. I think Dr. Kane was right. I really am quite allergic to hay.

DECLAN

*What?*

DELORES

Dr. Kane told me I have very serious allergies to hay. I think all the hay in this church is making my hay allergies flare up.

DECLAN

*You're allergic to hay?*

DELORES

Isn't it funny how you and I have spent so much time together and yet we're still learning new things about each other? I feel rather lightheaded.

Indeed, Delores looks quite ill.  
She sneezes three more times.  
Her face has begun to turn green.

DECLAN

You don't look so well, Delores.

DELORES

Dr. Kane said if I'm in contact with hay for more than twenty-four I could lose my eyesight.

DECLAN

YOUR *EYESIGHT?*!

DELORES

It's a serious allergy.

She sneezes again.

DECLAN

Oh, no no, no. This is worse than not good. This is very not good. If we don't die of allergies we'll die of starvation, and if we don't die of starvation we'll die of bat. What are we going to do?

DELORES

I don't know.

DECLAN

Me, neither.

Declan sits on a hay bale.  
He bows his head, dejected.



DECLAN (CONT'D)

I've lived my whole life trying to have an answer for everything. But for the first time, I don't have a clue what to do next. I've tried everything I can think of to get us home. I'm starting to think that maybe, somehow, we weren't meant to get out of this church alive.

A long, mournful beat.

Then, Delores reaches into her pants. And pulls out a wilted cabbage.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DELORES

There's one thing we can do. If we eat all the cabbages that are inside my pants, Shazbor will never be able to prove that we ever had any cabbages at all! That way, we can walk out of this church and get on an airplane and fly home to America and there won't be a thing Shazbor will be able to do about it.

DECLAN

That's what I've been saying for days, Delores.

DELORES

I knew all these cabbages would come in handy. It's a good thing I put them in my pants.

She hands the cabbage to Declan. Then pulls another from her pants.

They raise the cabbages to their lips. And bite into them.

Declan chews his bite. And gulps it down. Then takes another big bite. Masticating furiously.

He looks over at Delores. She has stopped eating her cabbage.

DECLAN

(mouth full)

Why aren't you eating your cabbage?

DELORES

I can't eat any more cabbage.

DECLAN

What do you mean you can't eat any more cabbage? You've hardly eaten any cabbage. We have thirty-nine whole cabbages to eat.

DELORES

I don't especially care for the taste of cabbages.

DECLAN

After all this, you don't care for the taste of cabbage?

DELORES

Not *these* cabbages. These cabbages are soggy because they've been in my pants.

DECLAN

Delores, if we don't eat all thirty-nine cabbages tonight you'll go blind.

DELORES

But I don't want to eat thirty-nine wilted cabbages.

DECLAN

If you don't want to eat thirty-nine wilted cabbages, you shouldn't have put thirty-nine wilted cabbages in your pants!

DELORES

You don't love me!

Delores huffs.

Declan takes her hand.

Red spots have appeared on her skin.

DECLAN

Listen, Delores. Listen to me very closely. Do you know how the people of this country made it through the war when all they had to eat were cabbages?

DELORES

I don't want to know. I want to die of bat.

DELORES (CONT'D)

The way the people made it through the war was by pretending each cabbage tasted like another food. They pretended they were eating cabbages that tasted like pork chops and cabbages that tasted like cinnamon ice cream and cabbages that tasted like maple syrup. Watch this.

Declan holds a soggy cabbage to his lips.  
And bites into it.  
Rubbing his belly luxuriously.

DECLAN

Mmm! Delores! You'll never guess what this one tastes like. It tastes like strawberries. Like juicy strawberries with whipped cream on top. You have to try it.

Declan hands Delores the cabbage.  
Delores takes a bite.

DELORES

It tastes like cabbage to me.

DECLAN

No, it doesn't. Pretend it's something else. Anything else.

Declan snatches Delores' cabbage.  
And bites into it.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Mm. This one *delicious*. This one tastes like... like brie and saltine crackers!

DELORES

Let me try.

Delores snatches the cabbage back.  
And bites into it.  
A smile creeps across her face.

DELORES (CONT'D)

You're right, Declan. I taste it now. Like brie and saltine cracks in a hot air balloon over the South of France!

DECLAN

That's right! That's exactly right.  
Try another!

Delores pulls another cabbage from her pants.  
And bites into it.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

What does that one taste like?

DELORES

This one tastes like goat meat from  
a village in the middle of  
Bangladesh after a long day of  
hiking, and it's cooked in  
Himalayan spices and we're singing  
songs with our sherpas.

DECLAN

That's right, Delores. That's  
right.

Delores reaches into her pants.  
She pulls out an armload of cabbages.  
They tumble out into the hay.

Declan bites into one and grins.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Oh, Delores! This one tastes like  
warm moussaka with béchamel sauce  
on a cliffside restaurant on the  
Almafi coast! And we have a  
daughter, and she's eating macaroni  
and cheese!

DELORES

We have a daughter?

Declan nods.  
Delores bites into a cabbage.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Oh, yes. I can taste it now. This  
one tastes like Pizza Lunchables  
and Babybel cheese from a plastic  
Tinkerbell lunchbox!

Declan bites into a cabbage.

DECLAN

This one tastes like clam chowder  
in a roadside diner in Vermont, and  
our daughter has just taken the SAT  
and she's looking at colleges and  
her heart is set on Middlebury!

DELORES

Middlebury is such a good school!

Delores bites into a cabbage.

DELORES (CONT'D)

This one tastes like potato salad  
and fruit punch at your twentieth  
high school reunion, Declan!

Declan bites into a cabbage.

DECLAN

This one tastes like dry chicken at  
a wedding, and everyone is drunk on  
champagne and they're dancing on  
the lawn!

Delores bites into a cabbage.

DELORES

This one tastes like turmeric and  
caraway goosnargh biscuits with  
mango chili jam at a five-star  
restaurant on a trip New York City!

Declan bites into a cabbage.

DECLAN

This one's saffron and kiwi fruit  
yogurt on a beach in Sri Lanka!

Delores bites into a cabbage.

DELORES

This one's a chocolate milkshake in  
a red Corvette, and you're having a  
mid-life crisis and the top is down  
and you don't have much hair left  
on your head!

They pause for a moment.  
Delores smiles at Declan.  
There are tears in his eyes.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Declan? Are you okay?

DECLAN  
Yes, Delores.

DELORES  
Should we keep going?

DECLAN  
We have to.

Declan bites into a cabbage.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Enchiladas. This one's enchiladas  
and guacamole from a street vendor  
in Ecuador!

Delores bites into a cabbage.

DELORES  
This one's blueberry waffles at a  
roadside cafe after a funeral of a  
friend!

Declan bites into a cabbage.

DECLAN  
This one's popcorn and Milk Duds at  
an old-fashioned movie theatre!

Delores bites into a cabbage.

DELORES  
Pasta salad from Old Country  
Buffet, and we've gotten old and  
our clothes smell like mothballs!

Declan bites into a cabbage.

DECLAN  
This one's a bottle of Ensure Meal  
Replacement complete nutrition  
drink!

Delores bites into a cabbage.

DELORES  
This one's German chocolate cake at  
your retirement party!

Declan bites into a cabbage.

DECLAN

This one's sandwiches and Arnold  
Palmers on a summer day in Florida,  
and the sun is setting behind the  
golf course, and we're on the  
eighteenth hole.

Declan and Delores chew.  
Savoring the taste of the leaves.  
At last, they open their eyes.  
The cabbages are all but devoured.  
Leaves scattered everywhere.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Boy, Delores. I'm getting pretty  
full myself. I haven't eaten this  
much in a long time.

Declan and Delores smile at each other.  
Their teeth are flecked with cabbage.

SMASH TO:

## FIELD

Dawn's golden light floods the field.  
  
Shazbor and his officers are fast asleep.  
Slumped in their folding chairs.

CUT TO:

## CHURCH

Declan and Delores sleep in a pile of hay.  
Delores' face is covered in spots.

Her pants are slack and empty.  
All the cabbages have been eaten.

Groggily, Declan wakes.  
He brushes hay from his hair.  
And gives Delores a gentle shake.

DECLAN

Delores? Honey? Wake up. It's  
morning.

Delores' eyes flutter open.  
She squints into a waxing daybreak.

CUT TO:

**FIELD**

The church's front doors creak open.  
 Declan and Delores step from within.  
 Shielding their eyes from daylight.

SHAZBOR O/S  
HALT! HANDS UP!

Declan and Delores stop in their tracks.  
 And raise their hands high.

Shazbor is striding toward them.  
 Clutching his rusty bat.  
 Flanked by two **OFFICERS**.

They march up to Declan and Delores.  
 Glaring from beneath their furry hats.

Shazbor stops a foot from Declan and Delores.  
 Then looks them up and down.  
 Frowning at Delores' limp, flaccid pants.

SHAZBOR  
Frisk them.

Shazbor's **OFFICERS** crouch.  
 And frisk Declan and Delores brusquely.  
 Patting their thighs and knees and ankles.

Finally, the officers stand.  
 And shake their bushy heads.

OFFICER 1  
We are sorry, Shazbor.

OFFICER 2  
These two have no cabbages.

Shazbor grits his teeth.  
 He eyes Delores suspiciously.  
 Then nods.

SHAZBOR  
 Very well. I hope you two have had  
 a wonderful stay in our country. Do  
 let us know if there's anything we  
 can do to make the rest of your  
 trip pleasurable, and do be sure to  
 tag us in your posts.

DECLAN  
 That's it? We can go?



Shazbor nods.

He slides his bat into its holster.  
Mustache drooping with resignation.

SHAZBOR

You may go.

CUT TO:

## AIRPORT

A gate at the Belgrade Nikola Tesla Airport.  
Sleek overhead lighting.  
Beige acrylic flooring.

Declan and Delores sit in polyester chairs.  
Listening to announcements over a PA system.  
First in Serbian, then in English:

GATE AGENT V/O

*Good afternoon, passengers. This is  
the pre-boarding announcement for  
flight 39C to Cleveland Hopkins  
International Airport.*

Delores gazes out tall windows.  
Outside, the sky is mottled and dreary.  
Jetliners taxi on the tarmac.

GATE AGENT V/O (CONT'D)

*We are now inviting those  
passengers with small children and  
any passengers requiring special  
assistance to begin boarding at  
this time.*

Delores studies her reflection in the glass.  
Her pants are saggy and empty.  
She exhales a woeful sigh.

CUT TO:

## AIRPLANE

An airplane soars through the sky.  
Wispy clouds float past its windows.  
A **STEWARDESS** pushes a cart down an aisle.

Declan reads an in-flight magazine.  
Delores is asleep on his shoulder.  
Flight mask pulled over her eyes.

DECLAN  
Delores, honey?

He nudges Delores with an elbow.  
Delores lowers her mask.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
They're coming by with sandwiches.  
They have tuna fish sandwiches and  
chicken salad sandwiches.

DELORES  
I don't think I'm very hungry. I'm  
still full from our last meal.  
Which sandwich are you going to  
have, Declan?

DECLAN  
As a matter of fact, I don't think  
I'm very hungry, either.

He turns a page in his magazine.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Did you know that Serbia is the  
largest exporter of raspberries in  
the world, contributing thirty  
percent of all raspberries to the  
international market?

Delores pats Declan's knee.  
Then lowers her mask back over her eyes.

CUT TO:

**CLOSE ON:**

A frying pan of meats and vegetables.

Potatoes SIZZLE.  
Butter BURBLES.  
Chopped cabbages HISS.

**WIDE:**

Delores stands at a stove.  
Wearing a sundress and apron.  
Her cheeks and lips are rouged.

Delores stirs the cabbage stew.

CUT TO:

**BACKYARD**

A Midwestern sun hangs low in the sky.  
**COUPLES** mingle in skirts and polos.  
Nibbling at crudités off paper plates.

Declan stands at the edge of the lawn.  
His hair is neatly combed.  
His shirt is tucked into chino shorts.

Declan checks his death watch.  
He has 13,998 days left on Earth.

DELORES V/O

Declan?

Declan looks up.

Delores is crossing the lawn toward him.  
She wears a brimmed hat.  
She holds a cabbage stew in a casserole.

DECLAN

Delores. You look nice.

DELORES

Thank you, Declan. I like your shorts.

DECLAN

Thank you. I didn't have any good chino shorts in my closet, so I bought some at Bloomingdale's. When it comes to shorts, you can never go wrong with chino, I always say.

Declan opens his arms.  
He gives Delores a tentative hug.

DELORES

How are you?

DECLAN

Good, Delores. Really good, actually. I got it. I got the promotion.

DELORES

You did?!

DECLAN

You're looking at the Senior Analytics Manager of the Midwest branch of Paragon Analytics.

DELORES

That's wonderful, Declan! Just wonderful! I'm happy for you. Really.

DECLAN

I have my own office on the sixth floor near the elevators. And the benefits aren't too shabby. I put some money toward that lawnmower I was telling you about. I can cut the lawn in two-thirds the time it used to take. And the capacity of the clipping bag is unparalleled. You should come over sometime. I'd love for you to see how good the lawn is looking, if you'd like.

DELORES

I would like that, Declan. I'd like that very much.

DECLAN

How about Thursday?

DELORES

Thursday? Oh, no. Thursday's no good.

DECLAN

Friday?

DELORES

Friday's no good either. I'm afraid it will be a while before I can come over, Declan. Tomorrow, I'm traveling with my mountaineering group to Hawaii to scale Mauna Kea. I'll be back in a month, and then I'll come over to see the lawn, how's that?

They smile at each other.  
A hint of sadness in their eyes.

JUST THEN —

**CRAIG** (33) and **RHONDA** (32) approach.  
Craig wears a tribal shirt.  
Rhonda wears a colorful sarong.  
They hold cups of wine and plates of sausages.

CRAIG O/S  
Well, well, well, look who couldn't  
stay away from our barbecue! If it  
isn't Declan and Delores!

DECLAN  
Hi, Craig. Hi, Rhonda.

CRAIG O/S  
How's married life treating you?

Craig punches Declan in the arm.  
Everyone laughs.



DELORES  
Here. I brought you a dish made of  
cabbages and cubed beef. The  
British call it *bubble and squeak*.

RHONDA  
How interesting.

Delores hands Rhonda the casserole.

DECLAN  
I love your dress, Rhonda.

RHONDA

Do you? I got it during our honeymoon in Bora Bora. I saw a native Bora villager wearing it and I said, "Craig, I just have to have that dress," and we bought it off her back for just fifty French Pacific francs.

CRAIG

What a steal! Later that night, we went snorkeling in a coral garden.

RHONDA

But enough about *our* amazing honeymoon. We want to hear about *your* amazing honeymoon!

CRAIG

Remind me — where is it you went again? Somewhere cold and dreary?

Declan shakes his head.

DECLAN

Oh, no. We went to the most beautiful place on Earth.

RHONDA

That can't be true. Bora Bora is the most beautiful place on Earth.

DECLAN

We went somewhere more beautiful than Bora Bora. We went to a place like no other place on Earth. We went to a place where you can do anything you've ever dreamed of doing.

DELORES

We rode camels through a desert and hot air balloons across the sky. We played capture the flag and saw a female moose.

DECLAN

We visited sherpas, and built castles made of peonies and we danced and sang and ate every food we could think of.

DELORES

Crab tostadas and pork vindaloo and kale puttanesca and Oreo cheesecake and spaghetti squash salad and ancho chile chicken with Cuban-style black beans.

DECLAN

We ate the most incredible foods cooked by the finest chefs in the world.

CRAIG

Well, you can't say that until you've tried the little sausages we've got going around.

RHONDA

Oh, yes! You must try the sausages. They were serving them in our hotel in Bora Bora and we said, *"Oh my God, we just have to buy some of these sausages and serve them at our party!"*

Rhonda holds out a plate of sausages.  
Delores shakes her head.

DELORES

No, thank you, Rhonda. But I'm afraid I've already eaten everything there is to eat, and I'm very full. We ate an entire marriage in a single night. I couldn't possibly imagine eating another bite.

RHONDA

Well, what about you Declan?

DECLAN

I couldn't imagine it, either.

Declan and Delores share a smile.  
Rhonda and Craig share a look.

JUST THEN —

*POP POP POP!*

Fireworks BURST over the Feigenbaums' roof.  
Strobing the lawn in red, white, and blue.

RHONDA

Oh, Craig! Look! The pyrotechnics are working!

Couples trot to the edge of the yard.  
Craning their necks to watch the display.  
Arms around each other's waists.

CRAIG  
Maybe we should say a toast. Who's  
good at toasts?

RHONDA  
Oh, goodness, not me!

CRAIG  
How about — let's see — to  
*America!*

RHONDA  
That's good! To America! What a  
wonderful toast, Craig!

DELORES  
And to Shazbor!

CRAIG  
*Shazbor? What's Shazbor?*

RHONDA  
I think it's a brand of pat  .

CRAIG  
Fine by me. To Shazbor, then!

Rhonda and Craig clink plastic cups of wine.  
Then turn to face the fireworks.

Delores holds out her hand.  
Declan takes it.  
They crane their necks.  
And gaze into the evening sky.

BLACK.

