
LAUREN approaches CHARLIE who is sitting on a crate.

START

CHARLIE

Just keep walking. You want no part of this.

LAUREN

Down, doggie. Like every mutt I've ever met, you only growl because you're scared.

CHARLIE

Dogs growl to protect something. I got nothing left to growl over.

LAUREN

You're a funny one, Charlie Price. I always took you for a spoiled twit waiting to have the world handed to him.

CHARLIE

Don't hand me nothin' unless you want it destroyed.

LAUREN

(Signaling Charlie to make room)

Budge up.

LAUREN sits beside CHARLIE.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Feelin' sorry for ourselves? I felt the same way when my dad died.

CHARLIE

Yeah?

LAUREN

I was so lost. After the funeral, the undertaker handed me a shoe box of his stuff and said "That's what he left." And I looked at him and said "No."

(Pointing to herself)

"This is what he left." What a body leaves behind ain't in his pocket. Sometimes it's what he inspired in others. Turn around, Charlie.

CHARLIE turns and realizes that all of the windows of the factory are now lit.

CHARLIE

What's going on? Why's the factory all lit up?

LAUREN

Go see for yourself.

INT. FACTORY:

*Puzzled, HE approaches the factory door and opens it.
...inside the WORKERS are back at their machines, busily
finishing the boots.*

CHARLIE faces LAUREN...

CHARLIE

You did this?

LAUREN

Me? No. Don. Don done it.

*LAUREN points to DON who salutes CHARLIE with a smile
and gets back to work.*

LAUREN (cont'd)

Lola challenged him to accept someone for who they are. I'd say he rather rose to the occasion.

CHARLIE

So, Don got everyone back to work just by accepting Lola?

LAUREN

No, Charlie. You. Don accepted you.

STOP