

WERNER

18.

Babak moves off.

Ruth stands up, about to go, then stops herself.

Babak is on his way to the door. He snatches an open cigarette pack off of a random table and walks out.

9 EXT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT 9

Babak walks, unsteadily, wiping the sweat from his brow, drunk. In the distance he sees a cowboy, walking in the field. He takes a cigarette from the back and follows.

10 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 10

Babak is in the field, trailing Werner.

START

BABAK

Mr. Sommer.

Werner, still at a bit of a distance, keeps walking.

BABAK (CONT'D)

Mr. Sommer!

Werner finally turns around. His face is stoic, and weathered. His gaze is piercing. Babak is immediately sober.

BABAK (CONT'D)

Hi.

He studies Babak.

WERNER

You hunted me down.

Babak taps the cigarette on the box, nervously.

BABAK

I just wanted to introduce myself.
I'm Bob. It's nice to finally meet
you.

He extends his hand to Werner and they shake hands. Werner eyes the cigarette in Babak's hands. He pulls out his own tobacco and papers and starts preparing a rollie.

WERNER

Bob? That doesn't sound very eye-
rain-ian to me.

BABAK
Actually, it's Babak.

Werner chuckles.

WERNER
I guess it's better than Werner.
Kids used to call me "weiner."
"Little weiner"...

BABAK
"Weiner"? Like a hot dog?

Werner smirks.

WERNER
Sure, like a hot dog.

They laugh.

BABAK
It is German?

WERNER
Full German. My dad's name. Well my
name was Friedrich, but my dad
passed when I was a year old, so my
mother decided to change my name to
his.

Babak nods. Werner licks the paper to seal the rollie.

BABAK
Oh I'm sorry. I lost my father too,
when I was nine.

WERNER
Nine? How'd that happen?

BABAK
Oh, um.....car accident.

WERNER
Hmm.

Werner sticks a cigarette in his mouth and lights it.

BABAK
My mother is the one that raised
me.

WERNER

Same here. Only I raised us two. Me and my brother. Mom went into the looney bin when I was 13.

BABAK

Oh.

WERNER

She was from Berlin. Came here in nineteen-six. Told us it was gonna be golden fields of wheat as far as the eye could see. When we got here, ground was rock solid. No rain. No good for growing nothing. We were dirt poor. She actually used to say: "Mir wurde eine Lüge verkauft".

Werner looks out at the field beyond.

WERNER (CONT'D)

"I've been sold a lie."

Babak nods slowly, looking out to the same land.

WERNER (CONT'D)

I reckon you'll be on your way soon then.

BABAK

Um, yea. I think tomorrow night we go.

WERNER

I mean out of Iowa.

BABAK

Oh. I'm not leaving. I'm studying here.

WERNER

I thought Carter was getting rid of y'all.

Babak shifts uncomfortably.

BABAK

Well, not me.

He tries to laugh it off.

WERNER

Not yet, anyway.

BABAK
No. I can't leave.

WERNER
Well that's not up to you, son.

Werner stomps out his cigarette and starts walking back.

BABAK
We're getting married.

Werner slows.

BABAK (CONT'D)
They can't touch me if we're
married.

Werner turns his ear to listen.

BABAK (CONT'D)
I love Katie, Mr. Sommer. Honestly
if it wasn't for her, I don't know
how I would have made it though all
of this uncert -

WERNER
Stop talking.

Werner walks up to Babak, real close.

WERNER (CONT'D)
I'm sure Katie's promised you this
and that. But I tell you one thing:
she's a girl who goes through a
many phases - you know what I'm
sayin'? She's naive. You know that.
You like that.

BABAK
No.

WERNER
She's not your fuckin' Green Card.

Babak looks at Werner with contempt.

WERNER (CONT'D)
You heard me?

Babak stares at Werner definantly, but says nothing. Werner
spits on Babak's shoes, then takes off back towards the
school. Babak remains in the field, frozen, clenching his
fist, crumbling the cigarette he had been playing with.

END

