



JOE

What did you do?

WALTER

I'd rather not say.

*They drink their beers.*

WALTER (cont'd)

Must be hard work -- roofing. Keeping people dry.

JOE

Pays the bills. And I get to stand on people's houses.

WALTER

I would like that. But not the heat. Not the weather. Not the noise -- and all those tools. Not the *work* part of it. I'd complain. I'm pretty sure I'd complain. You probably don't complain.

JOE

I learned something a long time ago, Walter: no one -- and I mean *no one on earth* -- wants to hear how *busy* you are, how *tired* you are, or what happened to you at the *airport*.

*They drink their beers.*

WALTER

Are you going to kill me, Joe?

JOE

I don't think so.

WALTER

That's wonderful. As I was driving over here -- I started to think that maybe you were ...

JOE

... laying a trap?

WALTER

Yes.

JOE

An ambush.

WALTER

Something like that.

*(beat)*

Are you?

JOE

Did you think I'd just "let it go"?

WALTER

What I thought was ... I thought you were dead.

JOE

I'm not dead.

WALTER

That much is clear. But Becky kept insisting you were -- and so I didn't fear a living guy who might kill me. I feared, you know, a dead guy who might just ... *haunt me for awhile.*

JOE

Oh, I can still haunt you, Walter. You can count on that.

*Pause. They drink.*

WALTER

So ... when did you know?

JOE

Little things. Becky's clothes started to smell like fresh pine. Red dirt on the tires of her car. Receipts to the ferry in the glove box.

WALTER

*(impressed)*

Joe, you're a regular dick.

JOE

I'm gonna let that one go, Walter.

WALTER

And what now? How do you plan to tell her?

JOE

I don't.

*(off WALTER'S look)*

She has her secret. Now, I have mine.

WALTER

You can't be ---

JOE

You owe me this much, at least. I want to see what happens next. How she plans to keep pulling this off.

WALTER

But what about the kids?