

IRIS SIDE

38

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. EVENING.

38

Jacobson opens the office door and steps outside, nearly COLLIDING into Iris, who is rushing by.

IRIS
Oh, I'm sorry...

JACOBSON
No, I'm sorry, Iris...

An awkward moment.

IRIS
Well, um, have a good night.

Jacobson catches a glimpse of her face. She has a BLACK EYE.

JACOBSON
Did you need something?

IRIS
Oh, nothing. I was just... I should be getting home.

She almost leaves but then turns back.

IRIS (CONT'D)
I was glad to hear they appointed you Sheriff. Schafer needs you. *

JACOBSON
I'm... helping Sam with something. Its just temporary. Sara and I are moving end of the week.

IRIS
(surprised) Oh. Sorry to hear that. *

She checks over her shoulder, towards the pool hall.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Well, I should be turning in... *

Jacobson spies a man duck out of sight behind the pool hall. He grimaces and turns to Iris - *

JACOBSON
Did he send you? *

IRIS

(caught) He won't stop drinking.
He's so bent outta' shape. About
the Havens. A lot of us are.
Everyone's worried sick.

(beat)

He thought you might talk to me.

Jacobson shakes his head and starts away. She follows.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I misled you. I am. But I
just thought, if he found out
everything's okay, he might settle.
Maybe if you told him directly. He
respects you. I know it's all
covered by a mile of dirt... but
it's there.

Jacobson pauses and looks back to her.

IRIS (CONT'D)

He's been at it such a long time
now. I can't make him stop.

JACOBSON

(snaps) I can't fix this for you,
Iris.

She nods and looks at the ground. Jacobson regrets his words.

JACOBSON (CONT'D)

Just stay away from him when he's
like this, okay?

IRIS

He needs my help.

JACOBSON

Listen. You're better off if...
you...

(beat)

Sometimes... you just need to stay
away.

She looks back up at him, blinking back tears defiantly.

IRIS

You don't need to worry about me,
Mister Jacobson.

Then she hurries away.

Jacobson sighs regretfully and watches her disappear down the street.