EMOTION SICKNESS

by Bob Saenz
FADE IN:

EXT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

People hustle in and out of the building.

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY -- DAY

Two people, SALESMAN 1 AND SALESMAN 2, walk down the wide hallway with their coffee cups in hand.

SALESMAN 1
So, did they win or not?

SALESMAN 2
Win? They're not even supposed to keep score anymore. It's all about "playing the game", not winning. That way everybody wins. Or nobody loses. Either way, we have to protect the little non-achievers.

SALESMAN 1
Jeez, I hate that crap. Don't the kids keep track of the score anyway?

SALESMAN 2
Of course they do. But the "you have to be fair" types are always there to remind the children that competition is bad.

SALESMAN 1
Yeah. That'll prepare them for real life.

They walk by a glass conference room. Sitting in the room around a big table are three people. BOB SIMON, 50's, sits across from two very stern looking men. Bob appears to be talking.

The Salesmen slow down and look. Salesman 1 chuckles.

SALESMAN 1 (CONT'D)
I know exactly what Bob's saying right now.

SALESMAN 2
Yeah? What?

Salesman 1 changes his posture and slumps a little.

SALESMAN 1
"I'm sorry. My fault. I'll take the blame. Just tell me you still like me. Tell me you love me."

They both laugh, shake their heads, and walk down the hall.
INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Bob leans over the table to the men.

    BOB
    Again, I'm really sorry. I take the blame for this.

INT. OFFICE - BOB'S CUBICLE -- DAY

Bob types on his computer. Salesman 1 sticks his head over the cubicle wall.

    SALESMAN 1
    Hey. You get out of there unscathed?

Bob looks up.

    BOB
    I hope so. I couldn't save the deal with Allied and they were counting on it.

    SALESMAN 1
    I saw how that came down. Mission beat our price. There was nothing you could do. Those guys know that.

    BOB
    Nah. I'm sure it was something I did. I screwed it up somehow.

    SALESMAN 1
    That's bullshit.

    BOB

His phone rings and picks it up.

    BOB (CONT'D)
    This is Bob.

Salesman 1 walks away shaking his head.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Down the street walks Bob, head down, newspaper under his arm. His cell phone rings. He answers it.

    BOB
    This is Bob.

He listens a second.

    BOB (CONT'D)
    Call me Bob.

(MORE)
BOB (CONT'D)
I hate Mr. Simon... Well yes, you're right, Mr. Simon is better than "Simple"... Wait a minute. Who is this?

A moment.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh shit. You're the new one? What? No. I'm not signing anything... No way...

A Homeless Man, TOM KELLY, 50's, approaches Bob, his hand out. Bob waves him off. He back into the phone.

BOB (CONT'D)
Look, she's still my wife and I still love her. This is fixable.... What do you mean, or else?

More listening.

BOB (CONT'D)
Did I tell you what happened to the last attorney that threatened me? He was electrocuted.

Tom follows, listening in. Bob continues on the phone.

BOB (CONT'D)
Well, no. I didn't have anything to do with it, but the next time you put a basketball hoop up on your garage I hope you don't notice the power lines either.

Tom continues to follow Bob down the street.

BOB (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I told you. I'm not signing anything until I talk directly to her. Tell her I'm going to St. Luke's Hospital later. She can meet me there. Or at my motel.

Bob turns a corner. Tom follows. Bob sees this and waves him away again.

BOB (CONT'D)
Go away.

Bob listens to the phone.
BOB (CONT'D)
(into phone)
No. No... I wasn't talking to you, but yeah, you know, that works for you too.

Bob hangs up. Tom moves in front of him, cutting him off, his hand out.

TOM
Lawyers and ex-wives. Damn nuisance, huh? Be easier to just kill 'em.

BOB
What?

TOM
Hey, you got any money? I'm starving here. Help a guy out, ok?

Bob stops and looks the man over. His eyes get wide.

BOB
Tom? Tom Kelly?

Tom looks Bob over.

TOM
Yeah. You look familiar too.

His eyes light up.

TOM (CONT'D)
I knew I knew you from someplace.

He points at Bob.

TOM (CONT'D)
Simple Simon.

BOB
Jesus.

Bob looks up to the sky.

BOB (CONT'D)
What did I do?

Tom puts his dirty hand on Bob's shoulder.

TOM
It's old home week. Can you spare some cash for an old friend? You look like you're doing ok.

Bob squirms away from him.
TOM (CONT'D)
Just ten bucks. Or twenty, maybe?

Bob stares at him.

BOB
Wow. Tom. Tom. What happened to you? You were the big cheese in High School.

TOM
Best time of my life. No responsibility.

He moves close to Bob.

TOM (CONT'D)
Responsibility is the shits. That and ex-wives. You should be happy yours is dumping you before she destroys you.

Bob backs away.

BOB
You know Tom, I always told anybody who'd listen that my wife was the only thing that kept me from living in the gutter.

TOM
Hey. That's low.

BOB
Yeah, sorry.

TOM
Do you got any money or not? For an old friend?

BOB
We weren't friends. In fact, I believe it was you that pulled my--

Tom interrupts, waving his hands.

TOM
That was a long time ago. Water under the bridge. C'mon man. Help a guy out.

Bob reaches in his pocket and pulls out three dollars, looks at it, and hands them to Tom.

BOB
Three bucks. This is all I got.

Tom looks at the cash, then pockets it.
TOM
She probably left you 'cause you're a cheap son of a bitch. Thanks for nothing, Dickhead.

He walks away. Bob yells after him.

BOB
It wasn't because I'm cheap.

Tom ignores him. Bob walks off.

EXT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- NIGHT

It looks like any other small bar. Some old Christmas lights hang around the door. The sound of live music comes through the open door.

Bob swings into the bar without hesitation.

INT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- NIGHT

Music is louder as Bob walks in and plops himself on a barstool at the old wooden bar. The female bartender, GAIL, 30's, walks up to him with a smile.

GAIL
Hey, Bob.

She looks up at the clock on the wall. It reads 6:15.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Little early tonight.

BOB
Hi Gail. Yeah, family emergency to get to later. Could I get a beer?

GAIL
Comin' up. Everything ok?

Bob spreads the newspaper open on the bar.

BOB
Nothing big. Medical thing with a relative.

Gail looks at him in puzzlement for a second then grabs a glass and draws the beer.

GAIL
Serious?

BOB
One can hope.

Gail steps back a second at his answer.
GAIL
I can't figure you out.

She hands him his beer.

GAIL (CONT'D)
You've been coming in here for a month and I don't really know anything except your name, if it is your name-

BOB
I'd make up a better one than Bob.

GAIL
- that you're pretty hard on yourself-

Bob looks down at the bar.

GAIL (CONT'D)
- that you're an good tipper -

He looks back up and half smiles.

BOB
At least you don't think I'm cheap.

She taps his ring finger.

GAIL
- And that lately your wedding ring is gone.

She smiles broadly, winks, and waits for a response. He shrugs.

BOB
I'm not happy about it, but I'm thrilled you noticed. You just don't wanna go there. Way too much baggage.

GAIL
Oh c'mon.

BOB
There's less baggage in the cargo hold of a 747.

She smiles knowingly and nods to herself.

GAIL
Well, just a thought.

He looks down at his beer. Someone down the bar waves for her attention. He takes a drink from his beer and looks up to where she was.

BOB
I appreciate the thought-
Gail is down the bar serving another man and happily talking to him.

    BOB (CONT'D)
    Well shit.

He takes another drink and stares into space, eyes glassing over.

Suddenly, there's a woman's scream. Bob looks up to see a masked man, holding a machine gun, standing in the doorway. Dressed all in black, the man fires the gun, mowing everyone in the bar down in a bloody mess.

Gail screams, takes two quick rounds to the chest, and goes down behind the bar. Bob watches this all without moving from his seat. The gunman moves further into the bar, right by Bob, mowing down the band and everyone else in sight.

With everyone dead, the gunman plants himself next to Bob at the bar, gun still smoking. Bob looks around the room, then at the gunman. The gunman drops his gun down on the bar and pulls the mask off. Bob looks at him and cringes.

    BOB (CONT'D)
    Dad?

Bob's DAD, a vital 85, grabs Bob's beer.

    DAD
    Hey kiddo, mind if I have the rest of this?

Dad drinks the beer down then looks down the bar.

    DAD (CONT'D)
    Where's that bartender? The cute one.

He winks at Bob.

    DAD (CONT'D)
    Wouldn't mind having some of that.

    BOB
    You shot her.

    DAD
    Oh. Yeah. Well. It's ok, I know the owner here. Justin.

He looks at Bob.

    DAD (CONT'D)
    You seen Justin?

Bob points to a body in the corner.
BOB
Right there. You know, this is the first time I've ever seen you screw up a relationship with a restaurant owner.

Dad looks at Justin's body, then shrugs.

DAD
Worth it. We needed the time alone. We never get any.

BOB
What do you want?

DAD
Well, I really want to discuss this great investment opportunity with you.

Dad gets serious.

DAD (CONT'D)
I need to borrow ten thousand dollars. No lose situation.

Bob's mouth drops open.

DAD (CONT'D)
Ok. So how much can you spare?

Bob picks the gun up off the bar and shoots Dad right between the eyes. Dad teeters on the barstool for a second and falls off it, onto the floor. Bob picks up the his beer and drinks the last bit on the bottom, then slams it on the counter.

GAIL (O.S.)
You want another one?

Startled, Bob looks up at Gail standing in front of him. The band plays and everyone in the bar is happily going on with their business.

BOB
Uh, no. I'd better go. My father's in the hospital.

GAIL
Oh no. I'm so sorry.

BOB
Don't be. We're not that close. But thanks.

Bob reaches in his pocket and has nothing. He cringes.
BOB (CONT'D)
I don't believe this. I gave my cash away. I'm sorry.

GAIL
Go. Go. Beer's on me.

Bob smiles back.

BOB
Thanks Gail. I'll get you next time.

GAIL
Promises. Promises.

He smiles at her, grabs his paper, and gets up to leave.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Bob walks down the street. He spots the Tom ahead on the sidewalk begging from a couple. Bob crosses the street quickly.

He hits the opposite sidewalk and walks down it. As he gets to an obviously abandoned storefront, an arm reaches out and grabs him from behind. He turns to see Gail there.

BOB
Gail? How'd you get here?

Gail smiles.

GAIL
I thought you might need a friend tonight.

BOB
Honestly, and I mean this, thanks. But--

GAIL
No buts. I have something for you. Something I think you need.

Bob looks at his watch. It reads 6:30.

BOB
I'm really in a hurry. My dad--

GAIL
-- can wait. I'm not taking no for an answer here.

She opens the door to the abandoned store.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Trust me.
She guides Bob into the store and closes the door.

INT. ABANDONED STORE -- NIGHT

Inside the empty store are a dozen lit candles in a circle in the middle of the room. Seeing this, Bob steps back.

BOB
Whoa. How'd--

GAIL
-- yours it not to reason why, darling. Yours is to relax and let me help you.

BOB
Well, I don't understand... and you're scaring me a little.

GAIL
No need to be scared. Sit down. We'll talk about it.

Bob slowly sits on the floor. Gail sits down next to him. She holds out her hand.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Give me your hand.

He hesitates. She grabs his hand, holding it gently in hers.

GAIL (CONT'D)
You said something a few minutes ago that finally convinced me you were the one.

BOB
The one what?

GAIL
You said something about all the emotional baggage you carry.

BOB
It was a joke.

GAIL
Really?

BOB
Kind of a joke.

She shrugs.

BOB (CONT'D)
Where's all this going?
GAIL
To the fact that I'm choosing you.

Bob opens his mouth to speak, but she puts her free hand over it.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Shhh. I'll explain. And believe me, I didn't believe it at first either.

INT. THRIFT STORE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

Gail, overweight, dirty hair, and disheveled, walks around in the semi-busy thrift store. She picks up an old sweatshirt and holds it up in front of her. She looks at the price. She hesitates for a few seconds then puts it back.

A man, GERALD, 50's, wearing a thriftshop employee badge, watches her from across a display. He waves to her.

She looks behind her to see if he's waving at someone else.

GERALD
No. You.

GAIL
I didn't take anything. You can check.

Gerald walks over to her. He smiles.

GERALD
You're in a lot of pain aren't you?

GAIL
What?

GERALD
I can take it away.

GAIL
Are you hitting on me?

She yells.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Could somebody help me here?

She looks around and no one else is in the store.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Where'd everyone go? What is this?

He grabs her hand. She tries to pull away. He holds on.

GERALD
Stop it, Gail. You know I mean you no harm, don't you?
GAIL
How'd you know my name?

GERALD
I know the weight you carry. The emotions that burden your every thought and affect every aspect of your life.

GAIL
I'm gonna yell rape in a second if you don't let go of me.

He smiles and speaks softly and calmly to her.

GERALD
No, you're not. You're going to listen to me and change your life. No more pain.

She looks at him and begins to cry.

GAIL
How?

GERALD
By passing something to you that saved me.

INT. ABANDONED STORE -- NIGHT

Bob sits transfixed by her words. Gail leans in to him.

GAIL
And now that I'm well, I'm passing it to you.

BOB
Hey, I tried those self help books before if that's it. They're a waste of time.

GAIL
It's not a book.

BOB
Ok. Then what? Some religion? A cult? I'm not into that stuff. I'm not shaving my head.

Gail laughs.

GAIL
It's not a cult. It's nothing organized. Did you ever wonder about those people who had everything together even though they had horrible childhoods? Scarred lives?
BOB
Sure. I call 'em damn lucky.

GAIL
Then get ready to be damn lucky.
C'mon. Get up and get ready.

She pulls him up to standing, closes her eyes, and begins to shake a little, holding tight to his hand.

BOB
What the hell?

She shudders, then her body lights up and glows, getting brighter and brighter.

EXT. ABANDONED STORE -- NIGHT

The light from Gail's body starts to light up the sidewalk in front of the store.

INT. ABANDONED STORE -- NIGHT

Gail's body gets brighter and brighter. Bob tries to pull away, but she holds on tight. Suddenly, there's a huge flash as the light passes from her into Bob, knocking him down to the floor.

Then it's over. No light, just the candles illuminating the room. Bob looks up at her.

BOB
What the hell was that? Am I possessed or something now? Did you just put some demon in me?

Gail reaches down to help him up.

GAIL
No. No demons. At some point in your journey, you may think so, but no.

BOB
Well, I don't feel any different.

He double takes.

BOB (CONT'D)
What journey?

GAIL
You get the relive the seminal moments of your life.

BOB
What?
GAIL
The moments that shaped you. Made you what you are. The ones that added that baggage. To put them behind you. To put things right with yourself. That's my gift.

BOB
Uh. Can I give it back? I don't want to do that.

GAIL
Neither did I. But it works.

BOB
What works?

GAIL
Until you're clear of all your pain, every time you make physical contact, touch anyone from your past who contributed to it, you'll be taken back. Get to re-live those events. See them with clearer eyes.

BOB
Oh c'mon.

GAIL
I didn't believe it either until it happened. You won't be able to change history, only yourself.

Bob steps back from her.

BOB
This is nuts. You're telling me you went back in time and unburdened yourself of your past... and came back to tend bar?

GAIL
It's not about changing what you are, just who you are. I've never been happier.

BOB
Good for you. I think you're crazy.

GAIL
You'll understand. I promise. Each trip will make you better man. Now, I need to get back and you need to go to the hospital.

A wind blows through the store and the candles go out. Bob looks at them, then back to Gail. She's gone.
EXT. ABANDONED STORE -- NIGHT

Bob stumbling out and looks around.

BOB
Ok. That was weird.

He looks at his watch. It reads 6:31. He shakes his wrist and looks again.

BOB (CONT'D)
This can't be right.

He looks across the street at the bar. Gail walks out the front door and waves.

Bob stares at her for a moment, then turns and walks off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Bob, in a daze, walks down the street, not really paying attention to his surroundings.

As he gets to a corner, Tom springs out in front of him.

TOM
Hey! Simple. You go to the ATM and get more cash?

Bob recoils from him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Look buddy, it's obvious that in the life lottery you came out better than me. So whata you say?

Tom puts his arm around Bob's shoulder.

The ground begins to shake a little. Bob looks around him. The buildings and street begin to liquefy. They wobble and collapse, swallowing Bob and Tom up.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH GYM -- NIGHT

A junior high dance is in full swing. A five piece rock band plays mid 60's classics, poorly. Some of the kids bop around on the dance floor. Most of them aren't dancing. Girls line one side of the gym, the boys the other.

The door to the gym opens and a 13 year old boy, Bob/13, stumbles in. He looks at his surroundings, spinning around and couple of times taking it all in.

He looks down at himself, then back up at the gym.

BOB/13
Holy shit.
A teacher, Mr. CARLYLE, 30's, standing nearby, turns and looks at Bob.

**MR. CARLYLE**
Simon! You looking for a suspension? Watch your language.

Bob stares at the teacher.

**BOB/13**
Mr. Carlyle? Jesus, I thought you were dead. I mean, you're dead.

Mr. Carlyle grabs him by the arm and starts to drag him out of the gym.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH GYM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Carlyle stands outside with Bob.

**MR. CARLYLE**
Did you just threaten me in there? I can expel you for that.

**BOB/13**
Look. I'm confused. Half hour ago I was in a bar having a beer--

**MR. CARLYLE**
Are you out of your mind young man? Let me smell your breath--

Two girls walk by, both in mini skirts and boots. One, exceptionally cute, GLORIA MONROE, 14, turns and smiles at Bob. His eyes light up.

**BOB/13**
Oh my God. Gloria? Gloria?

**GLORIA**
Hi Bob. You goin' in?

**MR. CARLYLE**
He's going nowhere right now. And you, young lady, have Miss Gomez measure the length of that skirt. It looks too short to me.

**BOB/13**
It looks great to me.

Gloria smiles. Mr. Carlyle swats Bob in the arm.

**BOB/13 (CONT'D)**
Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing? You can't hit me.

Mr. Carlyle grabs him and shakes him.
MR. CARLYLE
What in the world is wrong with you?

Bob points at Gloria as she walks into the gym.

BOB/13
I saw her at our 25th reunion. She looked great. Not all fat and old and tired like most of my class. And I was an idiot. Never talked to her. Too afraid she wouldn't remember me... or maybe too afraid she would remember me.

Mr. Carlyle lets him go.

MR. CARLYLE
What are you talking about?

Bob snaps out of it. He looks Mr. Carlyle up and down.

BOB/13
And you, you killed yourself because you were gay. I didn't find that out until years later. At the same reunion, actually.

MR. CARLYLE
Ok. I've had enough.

Bob looks around at everything again and hits himself in the head. He looks Mr. Carlyle in the eye.

BOB/13
What year is this?

MR. CARLYLE
You know very well. 1968.

BOB/13
You don't know gay then, do you?

Bob moves closer to Mr. Carlyle.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
Don't kill yourself. In a few years it's going to be ok to be a homosexual. Just hang in there.

Mr. Carlyle, startled, back away from Bob, fake coughs loudly, then looks around to see if anyone has heard. He half smiles at Bob.

MR. CARLYLE
Ok. I'm sure it was a misunderstanding on my part. You go in and have a nice time.
Bob laughs.

BOB/13
Your secret is safe with me. Don't sweat it.

Bob walks through door to the gym. Mr. Carlyle steadies himself against the gym wall.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bob looks at himself in the mirror. He marvels at the 13 year old face.

BOB/13
Jesus, I was a geek.

He studies himself in the mirror.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
1968? Shit. What am I?

He figures in his head and on his fingers.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
13? Maybe?

The bathroom door slams open and TOM/14 and a few of his friends invade the room.

TOM/14
Hey, Simple. Shouldn't you be in the Girl's bathroom?

All of Tom's friends laugh.

BOB/13
Enjoy your life now, dickhead. At least I'm not gonna be begging on the street in 40 years like you.

Tom shoves Bob.

TOM/14
Take your skinny arms and get the hell out of here.

Bob balls his fists up, then lets them go, lowers his head, and heads out of the bathroom.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Bob walks out of the boy's bathroom.

BOB/13
This is bullshit. I still can't defend myself.
He listens to the music coming from the gym. He looks at everything. Fear envelopes his face.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
Oh my God. This is the dance. The fucking Junior High dance. No way. No fucking way.

He thinks a moment.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
I know how to handle this.

He runs down the hallway.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH -- NIGHT
Bob runs away from the school. The lights, the gym, the sounds from the dance get further away.

He stops to catch his breath.

The world around him begins to liquefy and soon it swallows him up.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT
Bob stands there with Tom. He steps back, looking around. Tom smiles at him.

BOB
Get away from me, you psychopath.

Bob turns and runs back toward the bar.

INT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- NIGHT
Bob runs into the bar, sees Gail and runs to her. He leans over the bar.

BOB
You wanna tell me what the hell that was?

She closes her eyes and concentrates a second, then looks back at Bob.

GAIL
Yeah. A failure to understand. You have to face your traumas.

BOB
I don't wanna do this. That was too real.

GAIL
It was real. And you have to do this.
BOB
No way. Forget it.

GAIL
Bob, honey, you need to learn the rules. You're only back here momentarily so you can get ready to do it again. And again, until you face it.

BOB
What?

The bar begins to liquefy.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH GYM -- NIGHT

A junior high dance is in full swing. A five piece rock band plays mid 60's classics, poorly. Some of the kids bop around on the dance floor. Most of them aren't dancing. Girls line one side of the gym, the boys the other.

The door to the gym opens and 13 year old Bob stumbles in again.

BOB/13
Oh my God.

Bob stops in the doorway, looking around him.

MR. CARLYLE (O.S.)
In or out, Mr. Simon?

Bob spins to see Mr. Carlyle.

MR. CARLYLE (CONT'D)
In or out. Make up your mind.

Bob looks at him again and smiles warmly.

BOB/13
I'm coming in. You, on the other hand, should come out.

MR. CARLYLE
I beg your pardon?

BOB/13
I always liked you. I thought you were a nice man and a good teacher. So do me a favor and listen to me.

Bob moves closer to him.
BOB/13 (CONT'D)
In the future, I will work with and have friends who are gay, sorry, homosexual. So, hang in there. You can pave the way for future generations who will be publicly gay. Don't blow it by giving up.

He leans in.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
You'll have died for nothing.

Mr. Carlyle is stunned.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
I think this is a dream anyway.

Bob heads out onto the dance floor. Mr. Carlyle stands frozen.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH GYM -- MOMENTS LATER

Bob stands in the middle of the dance floor. Bodies of awkward junior high students gyrate around him. He scans the room and finds something. He smiles and heads straight to Gloria, who stands against the girl's wall with her friends.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tom and his friends, JOHN and BRIAN, laugh.

TOM/14
We need to pants somebody tonight.

JOHN
Eddie Stewart. That little prick threw up on my locker.

BRIAN
Yeah. Eddie Stewart is gonna come to a dance. He's allergic to the world.

JOHN
Who then?

Tom smiles.

TOM/14

JOHN
He's ok. I got P.E. with him. He's ok.

TOM/14
Not after tonight. Everyone's gonna see how tiny his dick is.
BRIAN
How do you know how big his dick is?

Tom punches him.

TOM/14
Shut up.

Tom walks out of the bathroom.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH GYM -- NIGHT

Bob stands with Gloria in the gym.

BOB/13
Hey, thanks for talking to me.

GLORIA
It's ok. You wanna dance or something?

BOB/13
No.

She looks surprised.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
Yes. I mean, yes, I do. But not now. I need you to do something for me. There's not much time and I need you to trust me.

GLORIA
You ok? I never heard you talk like this. Or this much.

BOB/13
It's complicated. Oh, and by the way, you're gonna look fantastic when you're 50. So don't worry about that.

GLORIA
I don't understand.

Bob looks over her shoulder and sees Tom scanning the room. He shields himself behind her.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
What's going on?

BOB/13
Tom Kelly and his goons are looking for me so they can pants me. I'm not letting them do it again.

GLORIA
Again? When did they do it before?
BOB/13
About 45 years ago.

He ducks behind her again.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
I need you to distract him. Flirt with him.

GLORIA
Why? He doesn't even like me.

BOB/13
Yeah right. You are and always were the sexiest girl I ever knew in my youth. Use it on him.

GLORIA
You're so strange.

She smiles brightly.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
You think I'm sexy?

BOB/13
More than you know.

GLORIA
Will you dance with me after?

Bob closes his eyes and sighs.

BOB/13
Do you know how many times I dreamed you'd ask me that?

GLORIA
Ok. Then watch this.

She's off across the gym.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH GYM -- NIGHT

Tom stands with John and Brian, searching the room.

TOM/14
He's here. I saw him.

Gloria walks up.

TOM/14 (CONT'D)
What do you want?

She smiles.

GLORIA
You.
She looks Tom straight in the eyes. Her eyes shine. Tom looks at his friends.

    TOM/14
    Get lost. Go find him.

They hesitate.

    TOM/14 (CONT'D)
    Go!

They take off. He turns back to Gloria.

    TOM/14 (CONT'D)
    You wanna dance with me?

    GLORIA
    I wanna make out with you.

Tom swoons a little.

    TOM/14
    Is this for real?

She sticks her tongue out and runs it over her lips.

    GLORIA
    Oh yes.

She runs her hand through his hair.

    TOM/14
    'Bout time you saw how bitchin' I am.

He puts his arm around her and drapes it on her chest. She giggles.

    BOB/13 (O.S.)
    Hey Tom! You getting hot?

Tom spins around. Bob is on his knees in front of Tom.

    BOB/13 (CONT'D)
    Let's cool you off.

Bob grabs Tom's pants and yanks them down, exposing him. Gloria screams, then points and laughs. The music stops, the entire gym floor stops moving, and turns to look. There's huge laughter.

Tom looks down and screams. Bob stands and laughs.

    BOB/13 (CONT'D)
    Oh shit, if I'd known you had no dick, I wouldn't have done this.
Tom, pants around his ankles, runs screaming from the gym. Bob and Gloria watch. A hand grabs Bob's collar from the back.

MR. CARLYLE
You're in big trouble young man.

Mr. Carlyle looks at the crowd, who is now silent.

MR. CARLYLE (CONT'D)
Go back to what you were doing or this dance is over.

The music starts and everyone goes back to dancing and talking. Mr. Carlyle starts to drag Bob out of the gym. Bob fights him, breaking free.

BOB/13
Don't you do this to me. I finally have a chance to dance with Gloria Monroe and I'll beat the crap out of you if you try to stop me. You have no idea what you're dealing with here.

Mr. Carlyle stands amazed.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
I'll be back after I dance and you can expel me if you want.

Bob starts to walk away, then turns back.

BOB/13 (CONT'D)
Hey, and everything I said to you earlier is true. All of it. Take it to heart.

Mr. Carlyle doesn't move. He smiles.

MR. CARLYLE
Thanks.

Bob turns and heads for Gloria.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH GYM -- NIGHT

Bob walks up to Gloria and grabs her hand and pulls her to the center of the dance floor.

GLORIA
How did you get away from Mr. Carlyle?

BOB/13
We have an understanding.
The band is in the middle of a slow dance song. Bob grabs Gloria and pulls her close, snuggling in. They dance. She nuzzles his neck. The song ends.

They dance without the music for a moment then he kisses her. A beautiful kiss. The walls and floor start to liquefy, swallowing them up.

INT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- NIGHT

Bob sits at the bar again. Gail stands across from him smiling.

BOB
You could have at least let me finish the damn kiss.

GAIL
I don't have any control over that.

BOB
Was it real? Will she remember that kiss, or was this all for my satisfaction?

GAIL
Do you feel better about that moment in your life? That's the important question.

BOB
I don't know. If it was real, then yeah. I really do.

He smiles at her.

BOB (CONT'D)
Can I get a beer?

GAIL
No. You're due at the hospital.

She points to the clock. It reads 6:40. He shakes his head.

BOB
How is this possible?

GAIL
I don't know. All I know is, you need to continue your journey. No beer.

She points to the door.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Go see your father.

Bob thinks a moment.
BOB
Oh. Hell no. I'm not reliving any of that. No fucking way.

GAIL
You have the control. It all starts with a physical touch, doesn't it?
Do what you need to.

Bob rises.

BOB
Do I thank you or sue you?

GAIL
You get better. Now go.

Bob sighs and walks out.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Bob stands at the front entrance. He starts in, stops, turns and walks a few feet away, stops again, then turns back and walks inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAD'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Bob walks in. Sitting in a chair watching Dad in the bed is ANGIE, a very pretty, 48 year old woman. She sees Bob and gets up, smiling.

ANGIE
Bob! Hi.

BOB
Hey Angie.

Bob looks at Dad in the hospital bed.

BOB (CONT'D)
How's he doing?

ANGIE
Not so good.

Bob looks at Dad again.

BOB
He looks so small-

Angie walks over and moves in to hug Bob. Bob moves to her, stops, and backs away before touching her. She reacts.

BOB (CONT'D)
No. No. Nothing personal. I'm not touching anyone right now. I'm...
I'm... getting a cold or something.
She smiles.

ANGIE
Ok. I understand.... He'll be happy to know you came.

BOB
Yeah, I guess. You doing ok?

ANGIE
Yeah, not a great way to spend our 20th anniversary though.

BOB
Wow. It's your anniversary? Congrad....

He stops himself.

BOB (CONT'D)
Twenty years? Wow. Sorry...

ANGIE
It's ok. We'll celebrate it after he's better.

Bob walks closer to Dad's bed and looks down at him and then at Angie.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
It's his kidneys. They stopped working.

BOB
Do they know why?

ANGIE
Did a bunch of tests. I haven't heard anything back yet.

Angie brightens up.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Oh. Oh. Your brother's around here someplace. I think he went out to make a call.

BOB
Mark? Here? He's not in Singapore or Botswana or Wichita?

Angie smiles.

ANGIE
He's here.

BOB
Amazing.
Bob walks to Angie.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go look for him. I have
my cell if you need me.

She hugs him before he can stop her. The walls and room
begin to liquefy.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

They're swallowed up.

INT. GOLF RESORT - GOLF SHOP -- DAY

BOB/30 stands at the counter. Two young golf pros, JAY and
KENNY stand behind the counter, oblivious of Bob's presence.

JAY
Yeah man. And she's cute.

KENNY
Nice tits, too.

JAY
He's gotta be at least, what? 65?
And she's--

Bob looks around the shop and down at himself. He rubs his
hand over his face.

BOB/30
28.

They spin around and see him there.

BOB/30 (CONT'D)
28. She was 28. Two years younger
than me.

JAY
Damn. Your gonna be step-mom's
younger than you?

KENNY
Hey Bob. Sorry. Didn't see you there.

BOB/30
He's 35 years older than she is.
He's older than her mother. He was
63 when he married her.

JAY
Married? They're married already?
Shit. I thought it was tomorrow.
BOB/30
No. Uh. It's tomorrow. Sorry.

KENNY
You ok with him marrying her?

BOB/30
Well, like everything else involving him and women, I thought he'd screw her over. But, you know, she's been good for him, I guess. It's lasted 20 years.

KENNY
Are we still talking about your dad?

DAD/65
What was he saying about his dad?

They spin and see a 65 year old Dad, who looks at least ten years younger. He carries a paper bag.

BOB/30
Nothing. Just commenting on how glad I am that you're settling down.

DAD/65
I'm not settling down. I'm still sowing those wild oats, baby.

He laughs a big booming laugh. Everyone in the golf shop turns and looks. Dad elbows Bob out of the way, setting the bag on the counter. He smiles at Jay and Kenny.

DAD/65 (CONT'D)
I brought you guys something.

Bob cringes. Dad reaches into the bag and pulls out two bottles of wine. Jay grabs one and looks at it.

JAY
Wow. Opus One?

DAD/65
1980. Great year. One for each of you. Thanks for taking care of me.

KENNY
Thanks Oscar. This is way too much.

JAY
Yeah, thank you.

Dad laughs.

DAD/65
It's nothing.
Dad turns and announces to the whole room.

DAD/65 (CONT'D)
It's nothing for my good friends.
See you at the bachelor party.

He laughs too loud again. He grabs Bob by the arm, hard, and starts to move him out of the golf shop.

DAD/65 (CONT'D)
I need you to run an errand for me, now.

Bob laughs.

BOB/30
The wedding present. God, I was an idiot.

DAD/65
So? I forgot to get Angie a wedding present. That's what you're for.
Go pick something up for me. Jewelry will do.

Bob seethes.

BOB/30
You remembered to get a couple of golf pros you hardly know 400 dollar bottles of wine, but you forgot your wife?

DAD/65
Just do it, stupid. And since when did you question what I do?

BOB/30
Since now. I never stood up for myself. Even at this age.

Dad ignores him.

DAD/65
And where'd you get that price for the wine? Out of your ass, as usual?

EXT. GOLF RESORT - GOLF SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

They come out through the door. Bob pulls away from Dad.

BOB/30
You're right. Out of my ass. I forgot what year this was. 88? 89? Ok... it must have been a hundred dollars a bottle even in the late eighties.
What're you talking about?

I'm talking about the fact that you respect everyone but me.

I don't have time for this. Hustle and get her something nice. Have it wrapped.

He turns and walks away.

Why was I here? Why was I still putting up with this as an adult?

Jay walks out of the Golf Shop and up to Bob, holding the bottle of wine.

Boy, your dad is the best.

He's always been good at buying friends.

Huh?

Bob catches himself.

Buying stuff for friends. He always knows what to get.

So what are you gonna do until the bachelor party tonight?

Bob thinks for a second.

Not shopping. I think I'll play some golf. Can you set me up?

You bet.

The ground begins to liquefy.

Oh c'mon. Not even 18 holes?

They're swallowed up.
INT. FANCY RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Seated around a big table are ten men. Dad/65, Jay, Kenny, and Bob/30 are among them. The eight others are in their mid-twenties.

Bob sits across from Dad on the other side of the large table. He's jarred at this sight. He quickly looks around at everything.

BOB/30
Oh man. That wasn't it? The fucking present thing wasn't it?

Jay, seated next to him, looks at him like he's crazy. Bob rubs his face in frustration. Dad hits his wine glass with a spoon to get everyone's attention.

DAD/65
I want to thank all you guys for coming tonight for my bachelor party.

All the golf pros voice their approval and applaud. Bob sits mute, taking it all in.

DAD/65 (CONT'D)
- and for supporting Angie and me tomorrow. I wish all of you could be my best man.

More applause.

DAD/65 (CONT'D)
So as my way of saying thanks.

He reaches down and pulls up a Tiffany handled bag.

DAD/65 (CONT'D)
There's one for each of you here.

He passes the bag to Kenny, who pulls out a small wrapped box and passes the bag on. He removes the ribbon quickly and opens the box, pulling out a silver money clip.

KENNY
Wow, thanks Oscar. This is too much.

Dad revels in the attention. The bag gets to Bob and he just passes it to Jay.

JAY
Take yours, man.

BOB/30
I've been here before. There isn't one in there for me.
JAY

Really?

Bob nods, "Yes". Dad hits the glass again for attention and raises it.

DAD/65
This is to all of you-

Bob puts his head in his hands.

BOB/30
Oh God. Here it comes.

DAD/65
- I wish you were all my sons.

Applause. Dad scans the table taking it all in and sees Bob. He points.

DAD/65 (CONT'D)
Oh ok. You can be my son, too.

He laughs too loudly at his joke. Bob watches Dad for a second and looks at the golf pros all laughing along. He stands.

BOB/30
I gotta get some air.

Bob walks out.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT -- NIGHT


JAY
Hey, we thought you left.

BOB/30
Last time I sat there and took it. Not this time. I didn't want to listen to any more of his crap or watch him devolve into the drunk I know he is right now.

JAY
That's pretty harsh. You're his son.

BOB/30
You're right. He gave me permission to be his son tonight.

Jay shakes his head.
BOB/30 (CONT'D)
I also know I need to take him back to his child bride. If I don't, I'll have to do this over and over until I do. So if you'll guide him out, I'll get my car.

Jay turns and walks back in.

EXT. GOLF RESORT - BUNGALOWS -- NIGHT

Bob/35 with Dad/65 slung over his shoulder, walks to a bungalow. He lets Dad down, sitting him in a chair on the porch. He's still as drunk as he can be.

DAD/65
You shouldn't have let me get this drunk before the wedding.

BOB/30
Nothing is ever your fault is it? I didn't pour the wine down your throat.

Dad gets angry.

DAD/65
Don't you talk to me that way.

He takes a swat at Bob and misses.

DAD/65 (CONT'D)
Worthless.

BOB/30
Shut the hell up.

Dad takes another drunken swipe and misses.

DAD/65
Who the hell do think you are talking to me that way?

BOB/30
You want me to just leave you out here? One more word and you sleep here.


DAD/65
Where is she? Isn't she there?

BOB/30
If I remember correctly, she's in the bathtub. Hold on. It's gonna take a minute.
Bob bangs on the door again.

BOB/30 (CONT'D)

The door opens and ANGIE/28, wet, in the bathrobe, stands there. Young and pretty.

ANGIE/28
I was in the tub.

BOB/30
I know. Sorry.

She looks at Dad, who has passed out, and shakes her head.

ANGIE/28
Can you bring him in?

INT. GOLF RESORT - BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

Bob/30 has Dad/65 over his shoulder again. Angie/28 closes the door behind them.

ANGIE/28
You wanna put him on the bed?

BOB/30
I got a better idea. Something I should have done before.

INT. GOLF RESORT - BUNGALOW - BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bob/30 walks into the bathroom, Dad/65 still over his shoulder. Bob dumps him into the full tub of water. He sinks down, not waking up. Only his head, resting on the end of the tub, remains above water. Angie/28 watches in horror.

ANGIE/28
Why did you do that?

Bob turns to her.

BOB/30
I officially give him to you. He's all yours.

Bob grabs her hand.

BOB/30 (CONT'D)
I always liked you. And how you lasted 20 years with this, I'll never know.

She looks puzzled.

ANGIE/28
20 years?
BOB/30
I'm leaving. I'm going home. He's got ten more important best men coming anyway.

ANGIE/28
I don't understand...

Bob points to Dad.

BOB/30
I should have left him there. I think sometimes I am as stupid as he thinks I am.

ANGIE/28
He doesn't think you're stupid.

BOB/30
I appreciate your thought, but when someone calls you "stupid", instead of your real name for years, you tend to believe it after a while.

Bob walks out of the bathroom and sits on the sofa arm.

BOB/30 (CONT'D)
But watching him again tonight and knowing what was coming, I saw it really didn't really matter if I was there or not. He needed to be feel important to strangers. To be the big man. It's his pathology. He didn't ignore me because I'm me. He ignored me because I can't get him a free tee time at Pebble Beach. You have no idea how liberating that is.

Bob stands.

BOB/30 (CONT'D)
This was actually a much better experience this time. Gail was right. I learned something.

ANGIE/28
I don't understand. But please don't go. I'd like you to stay.

BOB/30
This has nothing to do with you.

She starts to cry.

BOB/30 (CONT'D)
You're the best thing that ever happened to him.
Bob hugs her. The walls liquefy.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Bob and Angie stand hugging.

ANGIE
Thank you. What a nice thing to say.

She wipes a tear from her eye. Bob looks around the hospital room, reacclimating himself. He smiles at Angie.

BOB
I'm gonna go look for Mark.

ANGIE
You are coming back, aren't you? I'd like you to stay.

BOB
Whoa. Deja vu.

ANGIE
What?

He steals a look over at Dad, very still in the bed.

BOB
I'll be back.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

MARK, 63, looking older than he is, stands in front of the hospital, a blue tooth on his ear.

MARK
I'm sorry. I can't take care of it until I get back-

He turns and sees Bob standing a few feet away, watching. He nods and half-waves.

MARK (CONT'D)
Yes, I know. Pittsburgh on Tuesday, then Copenhagen and then I'll be back in Kansas City week after.

Bob laughs.

MARK (CONT'D)

He hangs up and looks at Bob.

BOB
Pittsburgh and Copenhagen?

(MORE)
BOB (CONT'D)
The territory for this new job must be pretty big-

Mark looks embarrassed.

MARK
It's not a new job. I didn't get the new job. Age discrimination. No one wants to hire a 60 year old white man.

BOB
Mom told me you got laid off from your old job.

MARK
Yeah. I thought I was gonna get downsized, but I got to stay.

BOB
Let me guess. For less money.

MARK
Yeah, but I held out for less benefits too.

Mark pulls the blue tooth from his ear.

MARK (CONT'D)
You wanna get some coffee?

BOB
Yeah, ok.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA -- NIGHT

Bob and Mark sit at a small table in the mostly empty room. Coffee cups sit on the table in front of them.

MARK
I'm in such a financial hole I'm not sure I can get out.

BOB
That happens when you spend more than you take in.

MARK
I don't need lectures from you. How 'bout some brotherly love here?

BOB
Give me a break. We haven't been close for a long as I can remember. A nod at holidays, when we saw you.
MARK
That's not true.

BOB
Yes it is. But it started before that. Shit. You disappeared on me after Juliet...

Mark's eyes glaze over.

MARK
God. Juliet. That was so long ago. Like another life. And Mom and Dad sent you and Polly to Grandma's so fast after, that I didn't have a chance to say anything to you.

BOB
I still think about it every day.

MARK
You gotta let it go.

Mark looks him in the eye and reaches out and touches Bob's hand. Bob cringes.

BOB
God damn it.

He looks at the walls. Nothing. He pokes Mark's shoulder. Nothing.

BOB (CONT'D)
Hmm.

MARK
What was that?

BOB
Remember the time you and your friends ditched me at the movies when I was about 8?

MARK
Uh. No.

BOB
Well, it scared the hell out of me. I thought you were gonna do it again.

MARK
What? Ditch you? Here?

BOB
No not here. At the movies.

MARK
You're not making any sense.
Bob looks around the room.

BOB
Guess it wasn't as traumatic as I thought.

POLLY (O.S.)
Remember when you and your friends dug a hole about six feet deep and put me in it and left me. I think I was about 5. That was traumatic.

Bob and Mark turn to see POLLY, 40's, standing behind them.

MARK
I don't remember that either.

POLLY
That's because it was brother Bob who did that to me.

Bob smiles.

BOB
I remember that. Pretty funny.

She puts her hand on his shoulder.

POLLY
Nice.

Bob cringes again, waiting. Nothing.

MARK
You in pain or something?

BOB
No. I guess I'm ok with you two. Psychologically speaking.

Polly shakes her head.

POLLY
You're so strange.

She looks at both of them.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Anyway. You guys seen Dad yet?

BOB
I have.

MARK
Me, too.
POLLY
You guys think you could come up with me anyway? Mob rule?

Mark slides his chair out to get up.

MARK
Yeah, sure.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Bob, Mark, and Polly stand around Dad's bed. He's still motionless. Angie sits in a chair at his side.

POLLY
He doesn't look real.

BOB
He looks so small.

POLLY
Yeah. I guess that's it.

Suddenly, a host of alarms start to go off in the room. Bob looks all around.

BOB
What'd I do?

A couple of NURSES run into the room. Angie springs up from the chair.

ANGIE
What's going on?

Over the loud speaker comes a voice.

HOSPITAL VOICE

One of the nurses grabs Mark and moves him out of the way.

NURSE
You'll all have to leave. Now. Please.

A DOCTOR comes into the room, followed by the someone pushing the crash cart.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Polly grabs Angie's hand and starts to pull her out.

ANGIE
No. No. I need to stay.
DOCTOR
Everybody out. Now!

BOB
I didn't touch anything.

Polly pulls Angie from the room. Mark grabs Bob and pushes him out. The door closes behind them.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Polly, Angie, Mark, and Bob stand mute at the door for a second.

ANGIE
What just happened in there?

MARK
I think his heart stopped.

ANGIE
Oh my God. Oh my God.

She collapses against Mark. He holds her.

POLLY
If it was going to happen at least it's here where they can do something about it.

Mark, still holding Angie, looks around at all the bustle in the hallway.

MARK
We're not going to do any good standing here. Let's go find a waiting room.

Mark, Angie, and Polly walk off. Bob is left standing alone in the hall.

BOB
I didn't touch anything.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mark and Angie sit on a sofa and Polly sits in a chair. Bob paces in the room. Polly's cell phone rings. She grabs and looks at it.

POLLY
Oh no.

BOB
What? Who is it?

Her phone stops ringing. Mark's cell phone rings instantly. He looks at it. He laughs and looks at Polly.
MARK
Ok. I get it now.

BOB
What's going on?

Mark's phone rings two more times and stops. Immediately, Bob's cell rings. He looks at it and makes a face.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh no. Not me.

Angie looks at all of them. Bob's phone rings a couple more times and stops. Polly's rings again. Bob laughs. Mark puts his hands on his face. Polly flips her phone open.

POLLY
Hi Mom.

Angie rushes to the door.

ANGIE
I'm going to get some air.

BOB
Good idea.

Angie walks out. Polly speaks into the phone.

POLLY
Yes, he's in the hospital and it's not looking good.

She listens. Mark and Bob look at each other.

POLLY (CONT'D)
No, they're not going to cut his balls off. It's not that kind of emergency.

Mark and Bob stifle laughs. Polly listens.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Yes Mom. She's here. She's his wife.

A second.

POLLY (CONT'D)
No. I won't do that.

She looks at her brothers and rolls her eyes.

POLLY (CONT'D)
No. I won't ask her to leave so you can see him. It's not gonna happen.

She listens for a second and holds the phone out to Bob.
POLLY (CONT'D)
She wants to talk to you.

Panic fills Bob's face. He holds his arms out.

BOB
Tell her I'm not here.

POLLY
She said she heard you mocking her.
Take the phone.

BOB
Shit.

He grabs the phone and listens.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh my God.... Yes, I'm sorry I swore.  
I won't swear again.

A moment.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh fuck no. You can't talk to Maggie.

He holds his hand over the phone and looks at Polly and Mark.

BOB (CONT'D)
Ok. Which one of you geniuses told 
her about my marriage?

Polly makes a face. Bob stares daggers at her and gets back 
on the phone.

BOB (CONT'D)
No you can't... No. You can't do 
that either... No, I won't.

Bon shakes the phone violently in frustration.

POLLY
Hey. That's my phone.

Bob puts it back to his ear.

BOB
Yes, ok, I'll come and see you. Can 
I come on Saturday? I have to work.

He listens.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh. For God's sake. You can't wait 
one day? Ok. I'll call in sick.

A pause.
BOB (CONT'D)
Yes. Tomorrow. Only if you don't
call her. You call her and I'm never
coming again. Ok?

He listens.

BOB (CONT'D)
No. They didn't have to cut his balls
off.

The Doctor comes through the door. Bob see him.

BOB (CONT'D)
I gotta go Mom. I'll see you tomorrow.

He snaps the phone shut.

DOCTOR
Angie said you were in here.

MARK
Is Dad ok?

DOCTOR
He's stable. It appears he had a
mild heart attack.

POLLY
Is he going to be ok?

DOCTOR
I can't say that for certain, but
he's stable now and we're keeping a
close eye on him. We'll know more in
a few hours. You all need to go get
some rest.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Bob and Polly stand out front.

POLLY
I'm sorry. I told mom about you and
Maggie in a moment of weakness.
Forgive me. I keep forgetting she's
so crazy.

BOB
You escaped it early, that's why.
And she was gonna find out about
Maggie sooner or later.

Mark walks out of the front door and joins them.

BOB (CONT'D)
You see dad?
MARK
No. But Angie's gonna stay for a while. She'll call if anything happens.

Mark puts his arm around Bob.

MARK (CONT'D)
And you, you have fun at Mom's.

Bob's face contorts.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL -- NIGHT
A small seedy looking motel.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - ROOM -- NIGHT
Bob lies in bed, the TV on with no sound. He looks at an album of photographs. The bathroom door opens and MAGGIE, an attractive woman in her 50's, stands in the doorway. Dressed in seductive lingerie, she smiles at Bob.

MAGGIE
I hope you haven't been waiting long.

Bob stares at her. He smiles.

BOB
You know I'd wait forever for you.

She walks to the bed, looking around at the room.

MAGGIE
You could've picked a nicer place.

BOB
What?

MAGGIE
This place is kind of a dump.

BOB
What did you expect? After you threw me out I'd go stay at the Four Seasons?

MAGGIE
You have no pride. A man who respected himself would at least stay somewhere semi-nice. Not a place that has hourly rates.

BOB
Are you really here?

She thinks for a moment, then shakes her head.
MAGGIE
No. I don't think so.

BOB
So, you're my imagination.

She pokes herself in the arm.

MAGGIE
Yeah. I guess I am.

BOB
And you're still busting my balls?

MAGGIE
I'm only telling you what you already know.

Bob stands and walks to her. He puts his arms around her.

BOB
What I want to hear is that you'll take me back.

He sighs.

BOB (CONT'D)
You're right though. I really am pathetic. I imagine you like this...

He gestures to her, then turns away.

BOB (CONT'D)
And I can't even do that right. I'm sorry.

He turns back around and she's gone. He sighs again and sits on the bed, head in hands.

The bathroom door opens again, a woman stands silhouetted in the doorway.

BOB (CONT'D)
You came back?

Gail steps forward through the bathroom doorway.

BOB (CONT'D)
How do you do that?

She shrugs her shoulders.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm glad you're here. We need to talk.
GAIL
I thought you could use a visit.
It's been a crazy night.

BOB
You'd know. You were responsible for
most of it.

She nods and looks around the room.

GAIL
We gotta get you out of here. This
is terrible.

BOB
You sure this thing you got me into
is going to work? With everything
else that's going on, I'm kinda
overwhelmed here.

Gail sits on the only chair in the room.

GAIL
You have to give it time. It builds.

BOB
To what? I have to go see my mother
tomorrow and I'm gonna have to bob
and weave the whole time so she
doesn't touch me.

GAIL
The whole idea is to face these things
and deal with them. Cleanse yourself.

BOB
Easy for you to say. You've never
dealt with my mother.

There's a knock at the door. Bob looks at Gail.

GAIL
I have no idea.

BOB
I thought you knew everything.

Bob walks to the door and opens it. Standing here is Maggie.
Bob steps back, looking over his shoulder into the room.

BOB (CONT'D)
Maggie. I can explain. It's not
what you think.

Maggie starts into the room. He jumps out of the way so she
won't touch him.
MAGGIE
What's not what I think?

Bob turns and looks at the empty room. He swings and looks at the closed bathroom door. She sees him do this.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Ooo. I get it. You want me to think you've got a woman in here.

She shoots him a look.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I think we're past making me jealous.

BOB
No. Really. I can explain. She's just--

MAGGIE
-- oh c'mon.

She walks to the bathroom door.

BOB
Don't.

She opens the door and looks into the empty bathroom. She sighs and turns to him.

MAGGIE
Every time I start to feel sorry for you--

Bob walks over and sticks his head in the bathroom and looks around. He walks over and looks under the bed. There's nothing there.

BOB
She was here.

MAGGIE
Stop it. Ok? Enough.

Bob gives up and sits on the bed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I need you to sign some papers.

BOB
I don't want to sign any papers. I wanna come home.

MAGGIE
Please. Don't.

BOB
Tell me you don't love me.
She spins a 360 on her feet. She stares at him for a moment.

MAGGIE
I can't. I do love you. But you're impossible to live with.

BOB
I'm not.

MAGGIE
You don't share with me. You bottle up all your thoughts. I wanted to share them with you. To be your partner.

BOB
We are partners.

MAGGIE
No. We're not. I didn't even know you had an older sister until your mother told me after we were married ten years.

He hangs his head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I can't live with your blaming yourself for everything that goes wrong. Anywhere. Everywhere.

BOB
I know. I'm sorry.

She makes a face.

MAGGIE
See? That and your damn insecurity. I've spent years telling you I love you and you've spent years not believing it.

She looks him in the eye.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm telling you now and you don't believe me.

BOB
I know I don't deserve you.

MAGGIE
I'm tired of having to prove myself every time I show affection. You're absolutely right. I deserve more.

She pulls some papers out of her purse and throws them on the bed.
MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Sign these and get them back to my lawyer, ok?

He remains seated.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
And I'll always love you. You have no idea what you've missed out on. You know why? Because at the end of the day, all you think about is yourself.

She turns to leave. Bob jumps up and grabs her arm, looking around the room for the walls to liquefy. Nothing happens. He puts his arms around her and holds her.

BOB
C'mon. C'mon.

He looks all around the room.

BOB (CONT'D)
Let's go. Now.

Nothing. Maggie pulls away.

MAGGIE
Stop it. Just stop it.

She walks out of the room and closes the door behind her, leaving him standing alone in the middle of the room.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL -- NIGHT

Maggie walks to her car and gets in.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - ROOM -- NIGHT

Bob picks the papers up from the bed. The bathroom door opens and Gail walks out. Bob turns and looks at her.

BOB
Where did you go? You could have helped me with Maggie. Explain it.

GAIL
I can't explain it to her. This is for you only.

BOB
Then explain it to me. I practically tackled her and nothing happened. No trip to memory lane. No nothing. I needed to go back with her and fix everything.

She grabs him by the shoulders.
GAIL
Bob. Listen to me. You can't fix anything but yourself.

He pulls away from her.

BOB
Then what the hell good is it?

GAIL
I'm begging you. Let it happen naturally. If you're meant to go back and revisit times with your wife, it'll happen at the right moment, not when you want it to.

She kisses him on the forehead. He sighs and visibly slumps.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Get some sleep. You have rough day tomorrow.

She takes his hand and leads him to the bed. He doesn't resist. She lays him down and and uses her hand to close his eyes. Then she's gone.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE -- DAY

A nice suburban home. Bob stands at the front door. He steels himself and rings the bell. MOM, all 85 years of her, answers the door. Long white hair, too much make-up, and very wobbly.

MOM
Bobby.

She reaches for him and he backs away. She gives him the evil eye.

MOM (CONT'D)
You don't want to hug your mother? Did she turn you against me?

BOB
She? She who?

MOM
That bitch with your father.

BOB
Oh c'mon. No. Of course she didn't. I have a cold. Ok? And I'm not getting dragged into this. I didn't come here to talk about Dad.

Mom glares at him for a second, then relents.
MOM
No, you didn't.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Bob sits on the couch in the cluttered living room. Piles of papers, junk mail, and magazines litter the room. Pictures of Mark, Bob, Polly, and multiple pictures of Dad, line the walls. Mom walks in with two cups of coffee.

MOM

She sets his coffee on the table in front of him.

BOB
You left it on again?

MOM
Yeah.... no. It was defective.

BOB
You're gonna have a fire one of these days. Do you have homeowner's insurance? Polly said you forgot to pay it and it lapsed.

MOM
Damn insurance company. It was their fault. Polly lies. She's a liar.

Bob stands up. He points to all the papers.

BOB
How do you keep track of anything?

MOM
I have a system.

Bob picks up a bill from the stack closest to him and looks at it.

BOB
This one says they're shutting off your garbage pick-up. You know that?

He looks at it carefully.

BOB (CONT'D)
Jesus, Mom. This is five months old. Did you pay it? I know you have the money.

MOM
I don't generate that much garbage anymore. The garbage men were stealing my roses.
BOB
Get some help. Please.

He thinks a second.

BOB (CONT'D)
I gotta go. I told myself I wasn't going to do this again.

MOM
I wanted to know what's going on with you and Maggie. But that's ok. I'll just talk to her.

Bob thinks again, then slowly sits back down.

BOB
Ok. You win. But you have to promise me you won't call her. Ever. That's the deal. Ok?

MOM
Were you satisfying her sexually?

BOB
Oh my God.

MOM
Some women need to be pleased regularly, son. Were you doing your duty? Or did she deny you? Was she one of those?

BOB
Are you insane?

He lets those words hang there for a second.

BOB (CONT'D)
Of course you are.

MOM
My mother had me surgically altered when I was a child so I could never be pleased to completion.

Bob pops up out of his seat.

BOB
Stop it!

MOM
That wasn't why your father strayed. We had terrific animal sex. He would have cheated whether I could orgasm or not. It's in his DNA.
BOB
Oh God, no. No. Stop. Stop the sex talk. Stop the Dad talk. Stop it.

MOM
He's not married to her, you know.

BOB
What?

MOM
The bitch. They aren't legally married. I can prove it.

BOB
You and dad haven't been married for 35 years. Stop waiting for him.

MOM
We were never married.

Bob's mouth drops open.

MOM (CONT'D)
He's still married to his second wife. They never got divorced.

BOB
His.... second... wife?

MOM
Oh yeah. Your father was married twice before we got married. He got served with divorce papers from his second wife when you were about three years old. So our marriage wasn't any good. He never signed the papers so he's not married to the bitch either.

She gives him a big smile.

BOB
All these years and you've never told me any of this. Does Mark know?

MOM
Know what?

Bob howls in frustration, then stops abruptly.

BOB
What about Juliet?

MOM
She knew. That girl knew everything. Everything. My damn mother told her everything. It was hell around here-
Mom stops talking. Bob can see her thinking.

**MOM (CONT'D)**
Forget I said that. It didn't happen.

Bob stares at her for a moment.

**BOB**
You know, it's time.

**MOM**
What are you talking about?

**BOB**
Time to clear the air.

Bob moves to her and grabs her hand.

**BOB (CONT'D)**
Let's do this.

The walls begin to liquefy. He looks at it and grins. They are swallowed up.

**INT. AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY**

BOB/8, a small 8 year old boy, stands with a very attractive MOM/37. They stand facing a large desk with STAN HARRIS, 40's, sitting behind it. Bob/8 looks down at himself.

**BOB/8**
Damn. I'm pre-puberty.

Stan looks at him.

**STAN**
What did you say, young man?

Bob/8 looks at him.

**BOB/8**
I said I don't have any pubes yet.

Mom/37 hits him in back of the head. Bob reacts, but contains himself.

**MOM/37**
Where did you learn language like that?

He looks around the room. Headshots line the wall.

**BOB/8**
Oh jeez. I remember this.

He points at Stan.
Bob/8 (CONT'D)
You're some kind of talent agent.

He looks at Mom/37.

Bob/8 (CONT'D)
And you brought me here against my will so you could live your own dreams of stardom through me. And I didn't say a word in protest. I never did.

He looks back at Stan.

Bob/8 (CONT'D)
It was one of the most embarrassing days of my life. You were an ok guy, but I have zero talent and it was bad for both of us. I cried for like 12 hours afterward from sheer embarrassment.

He turns to Mom.

Bob/8 (CONT'D)
You never asked me what I wanted.

Mom/37
What are you doing? Shut up! You're going to ruin everything.

Bob/8
Like the time you wanted to make me an Olympic swimmer? All I wanted to do was play little league. But you, you couldn't get any glory for yourself out of that.

Mom/37 swings to hit him again. He ducks it.

Bob/8 (CONT'D)
Don't you hit me again.

Stan
Oh, I think we're done here. Please leave my office. Now.

Mom/37
No. No. He's a natural. He could be the next Ronny Howard. I'll do anything it takes.

Bob laughs. She looks at Stan.

Mom/37 (CONT'D)
Look. He has a rebellious sister. He's just copying this from her. I'm sure that's it. She won't be an influence in the future, I promise.
BOB/8
Oh my God. Juliet's alive. She's alive.

Bob turns toward the door.

BOB/8 (CONT'D)
I'm going home.

MOM/37
Come back here. Do you have any idea what you're running out on?

Bob turns and smiles at her.

BOB/8
Yes I do. Big time. If you want a star in the family, it's gonna need to be you.

He walks out the door.

EXT. AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Bob/8 walks out into the lobby. He raises his arms in victory.

BOB/8
Yes!

The walls begin to liquefy.

BOB/8 (CONT'D)
No!! I wanna see Juliet!

They swallow him up.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - BOB'S ROOM -- DAY

BOB/16 sits on his bed, a bright red Fender Mustang Guitar strapped on. The cord from the guitar leads to a small amp. A guitar chord book lays open on the bed next to him. Bob looks around the room and at the guitar.

BOB/16
Oh shit. Look at this.

He strums the open strings of the guitar. The loud sound reverberates around the room.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
Damn. This was such a bitchin' guitar.

Bob looks at the chord book and fixes his fingers into a "C" chord and strums. It's muted, but right. He grins.
The door to his room swings open and Mom/45, still quite good looking, storms into the room. She stares at the guitar.

MOM/45
Where did you get that?

He looks at the guitar.

BOB/16
This I know without thinking about it. I bought it with my own money. My own money. That's what I got that stupid horrible job at Arby's for.

He stands and glares at her.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
And you took it away from me. Today. You took it away today. And I let you take it. Like an moron.

He holds the guitar tight.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
And then you took all my rock and roll albums and I never saw any of them again.

MOM/45
That crap will rot your brain.

BOB/16
Just as much as listening to Dean Martin rotted yours, honey.

MOM/45
How dare you!

He moves closer to her.

BOB/16
I never learned how to play the guitar because of you. I never got to be in a garage band. I never played Stairway. Do you have any idea how much that hurts?

MOM/45
I'm trying to be a good mother here.

BOB/16
Just because you spit me out from between your legs doesn't make you a Mother.

She takes a swing with her open hand to slap him, but he deflects it, knocking her away.
BOB/16 (CONT'D)
You're never hitting me again either. Not with your hand. Not with that stupid plastic baseball bat. Not ever again. You hear me?

She stares at him for a second, seething.

MOM/45
What is wrong with you? You have no idea what I've been through to raise all of you.

BOB/16
What? What the hell are you talking about? You haven't been through anything. We never caused you any problems. Did any of us ever get arrested? Did we drink? Take drugs? Were any of us disrespectful?

MOM/45
You are. Your sister was. And she was on the pot.

BOB/16
Juliet? That's bullshit. How can you say that now?

MOM/45
She was selfish.

BOB/16
You'd know about selfish.

She points at him.

MOM/45
That day. That day. It was you we argued about. It was you that sent her out of the house. It was you.

He moves backward and slowly sits on the bed, stunned.

BOB/16
Holy shit. Finally. You know, my whole life, my whole life, I have been waiting for you to say that to me. My whole life I've been waiting for you to blame me...

He hangs his head.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
... like I've blamed myself.

Tears well up in his eyes.
BOB/16 (CONT'D)
For almost 50 years I haven't gone one day without second guessing it.

Wiping his eyes, he stands and stares at her.

MOM/45
Juliet was a mess. I did everything for her I could...

BOB/16
That's a lie. You did nothing. You had no idea who she was or what she wanted. It was always about you. If it wasn't about you, you weren't interested.

MOM/45
You son of a bitch.

Bob gives her a thumbs up.

BOB/16
Now you got it.

Furious, Mom rushes at him, her fist held high to hit him. He starts to react, but before he can do anything the walls liquefy and they're swallowed up.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Bob stands in the living room again, Mom's hand in his. She pulls it away.

MOM
Let's do what? I don't want to go anywhere. We need to talk about your marriage.

Bob looks around the room. He looks back at his Mom.

BOB
Where's my guitar? I know you still have it somewhere in this mess. I know you. I want it back. Now.

Mom, shocked, takes a step back.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm not kidding. I'm not leaving here without it.

INT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- DAY

A hard shell guitar case is placed on the bar. Gail watches from behind the bar as Bob unlatches the case and opens it. Inside is a bright red Fender Mustang.
GAIL
You bought a guitar?

BOB
Yep. 40 years ago. Took delivery today.

GAIL
That's a long wait.

He says nothing.

GAIL (CONT'D)
You wanna talk about it?

INT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- DAY

Gail and Bob sit in a booth.

GAIL
I can't. I can't tell you. I know I was surprised too by what I was sent back to relive.

BOB
There were so many more traumatic times with my mom. Violent and crazy times. I'm amazed I didn't go there.

GAIL
Do you feel better? Did you release some of those old demons?

BOB
Yeah. Yeah. I think I did.

GAIL
And you got your guitar back. Good for you.

Bob stands.

BOB
And now, in the spirit of the day, I'm gonna go find homeless Tom, give him a few bucks, then I'm gonna go to hospital and grab my dad's hand. Get this shit over with. Tell both my parents off on the same day.

GAIL
Bob. No. That's not the idea. You need to understand who they are, who you are, forgive them, and move on.

BOB
You never said anything about forgiving anybody.
He looks her in the eye.

BOB (CONT'D)
When I was 11 years old, I went camping with some friends for a weekend. I didn't tell my parents. I just went. I wanted to scare them into appreciating me.

GAIL
What happened?

BOB
When I got home I waited for the yelling and the tears and the happiness that I was ok. Imagine my surprise when they had no idea I had even gone. Either one of 'em.

Gail sighs.

BOB (CONT'D)
When you do something like that to a kid, it's unforgivable. Add to it all the other shit and you'll understand that forgiveness isn't an option here.

GAIL
And you have an opportunity to deal with it and let it go. Take it. You can't change the past, only your understanding of it.

BOB
You keep saying that and I'm not sure if that's true. I got my guitar back. That changed the past.

He picks up the guitar case.

BOB (CONT'D)
Now it's time give Tom some money and go see my dad. Then go play my guitar. See ya.

He walks off. Gail shakes her head.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- DAY

Bob puts the guitar case into his car. He stands and pulls some bills from his pocket. He looks down the street both ways. No Tom. He shrugs, puts the money in his pocket, and gets into the car.
INT. HOSPITAL - DAD'S ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Bob walks into the room with the nurse. Dad lies very still in the bed.

NURSE
(softly)
He's sleeping.

BOB
And you can't tell me what's wrong with him?

NURSE
No I can't. He is sleeping comfortably though. Other than that, I'm prevented by federal law from disclosing anything else. You'll have to ask his wife.

BOB
She's not here.

NURSE
I'm sorry.

BOB
Yeah. Story of my life.

She doesn't respond. Bob grabs a chair and slides it to the side of the bed.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'll just sit here for a while.

He sits in the chair. The Nurse walks out of the room. Bob watches Dad, the only sounds in the room are the beeps of the monitors hooked to him.

After a moment, Bob calmly reaches out and grabs Dad's hand.

BOB (CONT'D)
Let's see where this takes us, shall we?

The walls instantly liquefy and swallow the room.

INT./EXT. BOB/16'S CAR - PARKING LOT -- DAY

Bob/16 sits in his huge '62 Ford Galaxy 500. The car is running and stopped at a grocery store parking lot exit to the main road, waiting for traffic to clear.

He looks around, then at the car itself.

BOB/16
Galaxy 500. Next best thing to a bus
He smiles, reaching for the gear shift on the steering column.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
Three on the tree. Damn.

He's startled by a pounding at the driver's side window. He looks over to see 17 year old CONNIE BARISH, pounding her fists on the window and yelling at him.

CONNIE
Tell your father to leave my mother alone! You tell him.

BOB/16
Oh shit.

A car pulls up behind him and honks for him to move. Connie bangs on the window again, hard.

CONNIE
Tell him to leave her alone. Leave her alone. He's breaking my father's heart.

Bob stares at her. Tears roll down her cheeks as she screams at him.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
He's destroying my family. Help me. Tell him to stop. You tell him to stop.

The car behind them honks again. Bob cranks down the window. Connie stares at him. He looks her in the eye.

BOB/16
Last time you did this I put my head down, drove away, and didn't say a word to you. It was a chicken shit thing to do.

She looks confused.

CONNIE
Last time?

BOB/16
I never told anyone about it. And I didn't sleep for a month afterwards. Well, not this time. This time I'll do what I laid there awake and wished I'd done.

The car behind honks again. Bob yells to the WOMAN in the car behind him.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
Hey. Put a sock in it.
She honks again. Bob shuts his car off and puts on the parking brake. He gets out of the car and looks at the Woman in the car behind his. He motions to her.

**BOB/16 (CONT'D)**

Drive around. We have a crisis here.

The Woman drives around and stops, rolling down her window.

**WOMAN**

You hippies are all alike.

Bob laughs.

**BOB/16**

Hippies? Jeez.

He looks at the Woman.

**BOB/16 (CONT'D)**

Look lady, my dad is screwing her mom and she's upset about it. You can be nice about it or you can be a douche.

**WOMAN**

I'm calling the police.

**BOB/16**

Be my guest.

Bob turns back to Connie. She's laughing. The woman drives off.

**CONNIE**

Are you for real?

**BOB/16**

You wanna get in? We can talk.

She opens the passenger door and gets in. Bob pumps his fist in victory.

**EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY**

The Galaxy 500 is parked in the lot. Bob/16 and Connie sit in it, talking. Suddenly, she reaches out and hugs him. They stay locked in the hug for a few moments, then she gets out of the car.

She waves to him as he starts the car and drives off.

**CONNIE**

Thank you.
INT. BARISH HOME -- DAY

Dad/45 and HARRIET BARISH, a pretty woman in her 40's, sit on a sofa in the living room. She nuzzles up next to him.

HARRIET
You're so wonderful. How can your wife be so awful to you? I don't understand.

DAD/45
She's a sick woman. She can't help the way she is. The cancer's affected her so many ways. It's why I can't leave her right now. It'd be cruel.

She kisses him.

HARRIET
It's ok. I'll take care of you.

She hugs him. He slyly smiles at himself.

The doorbell rings. She starts to get up. Dad/45 pulls her back.

DAD/45
Let it go.

It rings again, followed by heavy knocking. Harriet looks at Dad/45.

HARRIET
It might be Connie home early. Go into the bathroom for a sec, hon. I'll send her to the store or something.

DAD/45
Ok.

He gets up and walks out. She goes to the door and opens it. Standing there is Bob/16.

HARRIET
Hello. Can I help you?

BOB/16
You sure can. I'm here looking for my asshole father.

HARRIET
Excuse me?

BOB/16
Your boyfriend? The man you're cheating on your husband with?
HARRIET
I don't know what you're talking about. I'm going to ask you to leave.

BOB/16
You can ask, lady, but I think I'll come in.

She tries to close the door. He stops her. She blocks the doorway, but Bob pushes right by her into the room. He yells.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
Hey Oscar, you can come out. I know you're here.

He turns to Harriet, still yelling for his father's benefit.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
Connie told me you were here.

Harriet expresses genuine shock. Dad/45 storms into the room.

DAD/45
What the hell are you doing here?
Get out of here. Now.

He grabs Bob and starts to push him out. Bob pulls free.

BOB/16
I'm not going anywhere. I'm not the one who's wrong.

DAD/45
Look. Go home. I'll be over in a little while. I can explain. This isn't what it looks like--

BOB/16
-- Do you think I'm an idiot...? Well, yes, you do, don't you?

He gets in Dad/45's face.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
'Cause that's the way you've treated me my whole life.

He turns to Harriet.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
He tell you he loved you? He tell you he couldn't get a divorce?

DAD/45
Shut the hell up.

Bob turns to Dad/45.
No. You shut the hell up or I'll kick your ass.


Gasping for breath, Dad/45 sits on the floor in shock. Bob points at him.

You move and I'll beat you to death, you understand?

He turns and looks at Harriet. She's shaking with fear.

I'm doing this because your daughter begged me to.

He points to Dad/45.

This man told you he loved you, didn't he? He swept you off your feet. He told you my Mom was a cancer patient and he couldn't leave her. Well.... welcome to the club. You now join dozens of women past present and future in a not so select group.

What?

You're a conquest. A body. A notch in his sword. The minute you leave your husband for him, he'll be a ghost. He's a serial adulterer. He dazzled you into not seeing that.

She starts to cry.

Oh... and my Mom may be crazy as a loon and abusive as hell, but she doesn't have cancer. Never did.

Harriet collapses on the couch.

You son of a bitch.

That's exactly what I am. A bastard, too.
He looks back at Harriet.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
Actually, he's not even married to my Mom. He never divorced his second wife.

Dad/45's mouth drops open. Bob bends down to Dad/45.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
I'm not an idiot. Do you have any idea what it's like to find out your father, your own father, is a liar and a cheater?

DAD/45
It's not like that-

BOB/16
The hell it's not. It makes you question everything you believe. It makes you question everything you see and feel. And instead of dealing with it, I've let it affect my whole life. I believed I was as stupid as you said I was and not worth anyone's love or attention. That any love I got couldn't be real.

Bob grits his teeth.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
Even after I was married. Now I've lost my wife because of it.

DAD/45
What are you talking about?

He stands and looks at Harriet on the couch.

BOB/16
And you, you're breaking your husband's heart. He loves you. Your daughter loves you. Don't throw your family away for this jerk.

He points to Dad/45.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
Don't be like him. Don't just think about yourself.

He stops and looks at the ceiling.

BOB/16 (CONT'D)
Oh my God. I just said to you what Maggie said to me.
The walls liquefy instantly, swallowing the room up.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAD'S ROOM -- DAY

Bob sits in the chair, Dad's hand in his. Tears roll down his cheeks. Dad opens his eyes and looks over at him.

DAD

Bobby?

Bob's head jerks up. He looks at Dad and wipes his eyes.

BOB

Hey. How you feeling?

DAD

You get the number of the bus that hit me?

BOB

You scared the hell out of Angie, you know.

Dad looks him over.

DAD

But not you.

BOB

No. Not me. I know you can't be killed by conventional means.

Dad weakly smiles.

DAD

If you weren't worried, why are you here?

BOB

Truthfully? For myself. To clear some things up. I'm not gonna lie to you.

DAD

What things?

BOB

Don't matter now. I got what I wanted.

Dad shifts in bed and groans.

DAD

This is the first time in my life I've felt my age. I don't like it.
BOB
Happens to everyone.Everybody gets old.

DAD
Not me.

Bob shakes his head.

DAD (CONT'D)
You catch the ass on that night nurse?

BOB
Don't. Don't ruin a real moment between us with that same old crap.
I'm through with it. Trust me. You don't want to go there if you ever want to see me again.

Dad's eyes narrow.

DAD
You ass. Don't you talk to me like...

BOB
Bye Dad.

Bob abruptly stands up and turns away to leave. Dad catches himself.

DAD
Wait. Wait. Don't go. Please.
I'm sorry. Don't go. I'm sorry.

Bob hesitates, then turns and sits back down.

BOB
You're sorry?

DAD
Yes. I was out of line.

Bob stares at him in wonder.

BOB
Wow.

DAD
The nurse said your mother's been calling every day to see if I died yet.

BOB
You don't have to die to make her happy. Just lose your balls.

Dad laughs loudly, followed by a coughing jag. The Nurse comes into the room. Bob moves so she can check him.
BOB (CONT'D)
Hey. I need to go anyway.

The nurse puts an oxygen mask on Dad.

BOB (CONT'D)
Bye Dad. I promise I'll be back.


EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Bob walks out of the hospital. He immediately pulls out his cell phone and hits speed dial.

BOB
Maggie? Hi. It's me. Look, I'm really reassessing my life here and I'd like to talk to you. Just talk. If we're not going to be together anymore I need some closure. Please call me.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT -- DAY

Bob, in his car, pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Bob's car rolls down the street.

INT. BOB'S CAR -- DAY

Music pumps from the stereo. Bob sings along. He passes a convenience store and sees Tom walk out of it and stop to talk to another man who is walking in.

BOB
Tom. Baby. This your lucky day.

He pulls a twenty dollar bill out of his pocket and lays it on the passenger seat.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Bob's car makes a u-turn and heads back toward the store.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - PARKING LOT -- DAY

Bob's car pulls in and parks right in front of the store.

INT. BOB'S CAR -- DAY

Bob's grabs the twenty off the seat and opens the car door.
EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - PARKING LOT -- DAY

Bob, money in hand, gets out of the car and looks around for Tom. He spots Tom walking at the far end of the lot. Bob starts out to catch him.

BOB
Hey! Tom!

Bob waves the bill as he walks quickly a few more steps. He stops abruptly. Across the lot, Tom uses a key fob to open the doors of a new luxury SUV. Bob, frozen in place, twenty dollar bill held out, watches him.

Tom throws the convenience store bag into the SUV and hops in. He starts it up, backs up, then throws it in drive and roars out of the lot right by Bob, without even seeing him.

BOB (CONT'D)
What the hell?

INT./EXT. BOB'S CAR -- DAY

Bob drives, following Tom's SUV.

INT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- DAY

Gail hands a beer to a male customer sitting at the bar.

GAIL
Here you go.

He nods back to her as he sips from it. She wipes down the bar. Bob walks in and goes face to face with her.

BOB
Guess what?

She closes her eyes for a second, then opens them.

GAIL
You got some of your problems with your father resolved?

BOB
Right. Kinda. But Wrong...

GAIL
Ok. I'll bite.

BOB
I changed the past and it followed into the future. I changed it.

GAIL
The guitar doesn't count. She would have had it whether you went back or not.
BOB
I'm not talking about the guitar.
I'm talking about Tom Kelly. The
homeless guy from high school?

GAIL
What about him?

BOB
He's not homeless anymore.

GAIL
What?

BOB
I saw him get into a big new SUV and
drive off...

GAIL
C'mon. He couldn't borrowed it from
someone or stolen it. That doesn't
prove anything.

BOB
I followed him home to his nice ranch
style house. Where his name was on
the mailbox and the letters inside
were addressed to him.

GAIL
What? That's not possible.

BOB
I saw it with my own eyes. Hey,
and my dad said he was sorry to me.
He never said that before either.
Ever.

GAIL
There has to be some rational
explanation. Honest.

He flexes his arm muscles.

BOB
This is great. Maybe I can go back
and fix my marriage or maybe...

He stops, his eyes get wide, and his jaw drops.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

He wobbles a little. He looks seriously at Gail.

BOB (CONT'D)
I can save Juliet. I can save her.
GAIL
Bob. No. You can't.

BOB
No. No more advice from you. You're wrong. That's why I got this thing. This gift. To save her.

GAIL
No. No. Please.

BOB
I gotta go.

He runs from the bar. She puts her head in her hands.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mom sits on her sofa reading. The doorbell rings and rings. She gets up and heads to the door. There's pounding on the door.

BOB (O.S.)
Mom! Mom! Open the door!

She unlocks and opens the door. Bob rushes in, turns, and grabs her arm.

BOB (CONT'D)
Mom. Have you still got those locks of hair from all of us? The ones from our first haircuts?

MOM
What are you talking about?

He grabs her shoulders and looks her in the eye.

BOB
If I ever meant anything to you, if you care about me at all, you'll get me Juliet's lock of hair.

MOM
I guess--

BOB
No guessing. Get it!

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - HER BEDROOM -- DAY

She opens an old scrap book and pulls out four envelopes, one with each kid's name on it. Bob's grabs the one with "JULIET - first hair cut" printed in big letters on it.

He holds it in his hands for a moment, slowly opening it. He looks inside, looks at Mom, and then reaches in and grabs the hair, pulling it out.
BOB

Please.

The walls liquefy instantly and they're swallowed up.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

BOB/10 stands in the kitchen, hands out, protecting himself from MOM/39, who is wildly swinging a plastic baseball bat at him, hitting him wherever she can.

BOB/10
Son of a bitch! Ow! Ow!

MOM/39
When I tell you to do something, you do it. And don't you dare swear at me.

She continues to hit him. All he can do put up his arms and block the blows.

BOB/10
Stop it. Damn it. Stop it!

She pulls the bat up to hit him again and a female hand grabs the bat from her hand. Mom turns and see Juliet, a very pretty, slight, 18 year old girl, standing there holding the bat.

MOM/39
You stay out of this.

JULIET
You're not going to hit him again. You understand?

MOM/39
I'm just trying to scare him and teach him a lesson. It doesn't hurt-

JULIET
You think not?

Juliet swings the bat and hits Mom hard in the arm with the bat. She screams and holds her arm in pain.

MOM/39
Ow! Shit! Owwwww!

JULIET
You're right. It doesn't hurt.

Bob laughs.

BOB/10
Wow.
Mom grabs for the bat. Juliet throws it across the room.

JULIET
Don't you hit him again.

MOM/39
You're in big trouble young lady. Wait until your father gets home.

JULIET
Glad you brought that up.

She turns to Bob, who is slackjawed and staring at Juliet. She smiles at him.

JULIET (CONT'D)
Bobby, I need to talk to Mom... What are you staring at?

BOB/10
You. You look incredible. I'm so happy to see you again.

JULIET
Since this morning?

Bob rushes and hugs her tight.

BOB/10
You can't go anywhere today. You can't leave this house. Promise you won't leave the house.

JULIET
Everything's ok. I'm gonna make sure she never hurts you again.

Mom yanks Bob away from Juliet.

MOM/39
You're gonna stay out of my business. Ever since you turned 18 you think you're something special. Trust me, you're not.

Juliet's eyes steel.

JULIET
Believe me. I know I'm not special. In fact, I have no idea who I am.

Bob pulls away from Mom.

BOB/10
Stop this. Both of you. If you knew this was the last time you'd ever speak you wouldn't do this.
Mom grabs Bob's arm. Hard.

BOB/10 (CONT'D)

Ow.

She pulls him out of the kitchen and down the hall. Juliet follows.

JULIET
Stop it. Stop it. Leave him alone.

Bob tries to pull away, but Mom is too strong.

BOB/10
Oh hell no. I know what you did. You locked me in the bathroom.

Bob pulls and kicks, but to no avail.

BOB/10 (CONT'D)
Hey, let go of me. Let me go.

Mom opens the bathroom door and throws Bob in. She closes the door and uses an outside child latch to lock it. Bob pounds on the door.

BOB/10 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey. Let me out of here!

Mom stands defiantly in front of the bathroom door. Juliet yells to Bob.

JULIET
I'll let you out in a little while. I promise. But this may be for the best. Mom and I need to talk alone.

BOB/10 (O.S.)
No! No! Let me out. You don't understand!

He continues to pound on the door. Mom and Juliet walk down the hall back to the kitchen.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- DAY

Bob/10 pounds on the door. He stops.

BOB/10
I don't fucking believe this.

He steps over and looks at himself in the bathroom mirror.

BOB/10 (CONT'D)
Last time you were in here you waited to be let out. Not this time.
He suddenly runs and rams the door with his shoulder. He bounces off harmlessly. He grabs his shoulder.

BOB/10 (CONT'D)
Ow. Shit.

He sits and looks around the bathroom.

BOB/10 (CONT'D)
Ok genius. You're 65 pounds of little kid. You gotta use your head.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Mom/39 and Juliet stand in the kitchen.

MOM/39
My mother told you what? She's crazy, you know.

JULIET
She had pictures of the man. She had wedding pictures.

MOM/39
God damn it.

JULIET
Leave God out of this. You got enough trouble.

Mom just stares at her.

JULIET (CONT'D)
Tell me the truth. Now. Who's my father? Is Daddy my real father?

Mom swallows hard.

JULIET (CONT'D)
You owe me this.

Mom looks down.

MOM/39
Your father's name is Norbert Johnson. He was my second husband.

Shock registers on Juliet's face.

MOM/39 (CONT'D)
But he's only your biological father. Oscar raised you.

JULIET
Bullshit. I raised myself. If I admit to you guys, it'd be like admitting I was raised by wolves.
MOM/39
Watch your mouth, young lady.

JULIET
What are you going to do, hit me?
Try it. C'mon. I dare you. I'm not defenseless like Bobby.

MOM/39
What do you want from me?

JULIET
The truth. For once in your life, treat me like I'm a thinking person.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- DAY
Bob stands on an upside down garbage can and is using a nail file to wedge the pin out of the upper door hinge. He's almost got it out. After a couple more moments work, he gets it out.

BOB/10
One down.

He hops down and starts on the bottom hinge.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY
Mom stands looking at Juliet. She has tears in her eyes.

MOM/39
I would have told you. Before you got married.

JULIET
Yeah. You've made marriage so attractive.

Mom slaps her.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- DAY
Bob/10 pulls out the other hinge pin and starts to pry the door open.

BOB/10
C'mon.

It doesn't budge. He looks around the bathroom and spies the plunger next to the toilet. He smiles.

BOB/10 (CONT'D)
Come to Papa.

He picks it up, wedges the handle under the door, and pulls up on it. The door pulls out a little.
BOB/10 (CONT'D)

Yeah.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Mom/39 tries to grab Juliet's hand.

JULIET
Don't touch me!

MOM/39
But honey, you don't understand--

JULIET
-- No honeys. Give me some credit for some intelligence. I understand everything. Thank God for Grandma.

MOM/39
She had no right--

JULIET
-- to tell me the truth? To tell me about myself and who I really am? To tell me about my parents?

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY -- DAY

Bob/10 stops in the hallway and listens.

JULIET (O.S.)
To tell me about you and Oscar not really being married?

MOM/39 (O.S.)
I thought we were. Your father never divorced his second wife--

JULIET (O.S.)
He's not my father. I thought we cleared that up. Norbert?

Bob's face registers shock.

MOM/39 (O.S.)
I was seven months pregnant with you when I married your father.

BOB/10
What the hell?

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Juliet steadies herself on the counter and stares at Mom/39.

JULIET
You told me you dated Daddy for two years. Another lie?
MOM/39
No. I wasn't a lie. It's complicated.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY -- DAY

Bob/10 leans against the wall.

BOB/10
Oh my God.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

JULIET
Oh my God. You were cheating on Norbert with Daddy. You're both alike.

MOM/39
You take that back.

BOB/10 (O.S.)
All those years you cried and moaned and had us feel sorry for you that he cheated on you and you did it yourself? With him?

Mom and Juliet turn and look at him. He points at Mom.

BOB/10 (CONT'D)
I never want to hear another word from you about Angie.

MOM/39
Who's Angie?

BOB/10
Who the hell is Norbert?

MOM/39
How'd you get out of the bathroom?

BOB/10
Physics.

MOM/39
I've had as much from you as I'm gonna take.

BOB/10
No you haven't. I got more. I want answers. What the hell is going on around here?

Bob looks at Juliet. She has tears streaming down her face.
JULIET
I can't take any more of this. I gotta get out of here. I'm sorry, Bobby--

She starts out of the room.

BOB/10
No! No!

Bob starts after her and is grabbed by Mom.

MOM/39
Let her go. It's better.

Juliet leaves.

BOB/10
No. No! You'll die if you go!

Bob struggles against Mom's grip, kicking and yelling. Mom throws him to the floor. The front door slams.

BOB/10 (CONT'D)
You killed her. You... killed her. It had nothing to do with me. It had nothing to do with me. You bitch.

MOM/39
Shut your mouth.

She kicks at him. Bob hops up off the floor. He opens a counter drawer and pulls out a large kitchen knife. He points it at Mom.

BOB/10
She getting away. I have to stop her. Gimme your car keys.

MOM/39
Put that down. Are you crazy?

Bob growls at her.

BOB/10
Don't make me choose between you and her. Get your keys now.

EXT. MOM'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Bob/10 rushes out of the house, knife in one hand, car keys in the other. He opens the door to Mom's 1963 Impala and gets in. Mom/39 runs out of the front door after him.

INT. MOM'S IMPALA -- CONTINUOUS

Bob/10 slides into the front seat and locks the door. Mom/39 arrives and pulls at the door.
She has a visible cut on her arm.

MOM/39
Open this door. Open this door!

Bob ignores her. She pulls and pounds at the door and window. His feet don't touch the pedals. He reaches under the seat and slides the seat forward.

BOB/10
C'mon baby, start. I wasted 10 minutes in there.

His feet barely touch and he can hardly see over the dash. He starts the car.

EXT. MOM'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The car starts to back out of the driveway. Mom/39 holds on to it.

MOM/39
Bobby! Stop! Stop!

Bob/10 guns it in reverse and Mom is forced to let go or be dragged. The car pulls out into the street and peels out.

Mom runs after the car, but he leaves her in the dust. She stops and stands in the middle of the street, gasping for breath.

INT./EXT. MOM'S IMPALA -- DAY

Bob/10, his head barely seen over the dashboard, speeds along the street, weaving in and out of cars. As he passes, other drivers notice him and react.

INT. JULIET'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Juliet stares forward, driving on auto-pilot, tears streaming from her eyes.

INT./EXT. MOM'S IMPALA -- CONTINUOUS

Bob/10 continues to speed. Coming onto traffic stopped ahead, he veers onto the sidewalk, takes out a newspaper rack, and moves back into the street, ahead of the other cars.

BOB/10
Homestead and Stevens Creek.
Homestead and Stevens Creek.

A police car slides around a corner and comes up behind him, putting on it's lights and siren.

BOB/10 (CONT'D)
Crap.
Bob hits the gas. The Impala roars away. The police car speeds up and follows as they both weave through traffic.

Bob looks around, as best as he can.

**BOB/10 (CONT'D)**


The Impala turns left across traffic, barely missing a couple of cars, jumps the sidewalk, and shoots into the park, the police car in pursuit.

Roaring through the park, the Impala cuts down bushes. As the car rams through a hedge, it comes out onto a playground. Kids play on swings and slides.

**BOB/10 (CONT'D)**

Oh shit.

He skids the car to a stop before he hits anyone. The kids and parents scatter. The police car comes through the hedge and slides to a stop, just nudging the back of the Impala, pinning it against a retaining wall.

**BOB/10 (CONT'D)**

No. No.

The POLICEMAN gets out of his car and walks to the Impala's driver's door. He hits the window with his hand.

**POLICEMAN**

Out of the car. Now.

He looks through the window and sees Bob/10. Bob half smiles at him.

**POLICEMAN (CONT'D)**

What the hell?

Bob slides across the bench seat, opens the passenger door, and gets out running.

**POLICEMAN (CONT'D)**

Hey!

The Policeman takes off after him.

**INT./EXT. JULIET'S CAR -- DAY**

Juliet speeds down the road. As she wipes her eyes, she goes right through a red light. A large truck enters the intersection at the same time. She reacts with a scream.

**EXT. HOLLENBECK PARK -- DAY**

Bob/10 runs through the park well ahead of the policeman.
The Policeman, on his radio, yells instructions as he runs after Bob.

POLICEMAN
We're gonna come out on Homestead, near Travis. He's wearing jeans and a green shirt.

A VOICE comes back over the radio.

VOICE (filtered)
Repeat. How old is the perpetrator?

POLICEMAN
I don't know. Nine? Ten?

VOICE (filtered)
You kidding?

POLICEMAN
No! And he's getting away.

The Policeman runs after Bob.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Bob/10 comes out of the park, makes a right, and runs down the sidewalk. Further down the street, he can see cars stopped in the street. Past them, smoke billows up. People are getting out of their cars.

BOB/10
Oh God. No.

As he gets to a corner, a police car skids up and stops right in front of him. He slams into it. A little dazed, he heads around the back of it, only to be blocked by a LARGE POLICEMAN, legs apart, blocking his way.

LARGE POLICEMAN
Stop! Now.

Bob wastes no time. He runs and slides right through the Large Policeman's legs, hops up on the other side, and continues to run.

He runs down the block to the next intersection and stops cold at what he sees. He goes down to his knees and screams.

The Large Policeman grabs him, pulling him up.

LARGE POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
You're in real trouble kid.

Bob points out into the street.

BOB/10
Help her. Help her!
The Large Policeman looks up to see the accident, drops Bob, and runs out into the street. Sirens sound in the distance. Bob lies crumpled on the street, crying. People run by to the accident.

The buildings liquefy, swallowing the whole scene up.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - HER BEDROOM -- DAY

Bob stands with Mom. He holds the strands of Juliet's hair in his hand. He looks around the room, dazed and out of breath.

MOM
What's this all about?

Bob sits on the bed. He looks at Mom.

BOB
I couldn't save her. I was too late. Next time I know what to do.

MOM
Save who? What next time?

BOB
The next time I go. It wasn't successful. I'll go back in a minute.

MOM
What are you talking about?

He rubs his face.

BOB
I know about Norbert. I know he was Juliet's father. I know about your affair with Dad while you were married to him.

Mom gasps.

MOM
I don't know... I don't know what you're talking about...

BOB
Yes, you do. And I know it wasn't me you were arguing about when Juliet left that day. It was that.

MOM
Your Grandmother is at fault there. She opened her big mouth--

He springs up.
BOB
First you blame me and screw my whole life up because of it. Now you blame Grandma? You're unbelievable.

Mom starts to cry.

MOM
I can explain...

BOB
That's ok. You've done enough. My advice to you is to take a good long look in the mirror.

MOM
That's not very nice. I'm your mother.

BOB
No it's not. But neither is letting someone think he killed his sister so you didn't have to admit your own sins.

She slowly sits on the bed, crushed.

BOB (CONT'D)
Juliet was right. We were raised by wolves.

Bob looks around the room and then down at the hair in his hand.

BOB (CONT'D)
I don't understand. It should've happened by now. I should be back there.

He walks to the wall and puts his hand on it.

BOB (CONT'D)
C'mon. I need to go back and save her.

Nothing. He pounds on the wall.

BOB (CONT'D)
C'mon! Send me back!

He looks up and pleads.

BOB (CONT'D)
Send me back! I can save her. Send me back!

He collapses against the wall and slides down to sitting. He starts to cry.
BOB (CONT'D)
It's not fair. I have to go back...

He puts his head down and cries. Mom sits on the bed watching him.

EXT. BOB'S CAR -- NIGHT

Bob's car pulls up in front of the bar. Bob gets out and heads in.

EXT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- NIGHT

Bob is just about to go inside when a hand grabs him from behind and spins him around.

BOB
Hey!

Tom stands in front of him, smiling. Dressed in grubby clothes with his hand out.

TOM
How 'bout it, Simple? You got any money for me today. For old times sake.

Bob grabs him by the collar and slams him into the wall.

BOB
You son of a bitch. I saw you get into a new SUV and I followed you to your house. What the hell is going on?

TOM
Let go of me and I'll tell you.

Bob lets him go.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's a scam, baby.

He looks to see if anyone is listening.

TOM (CONT'D)
And it's a gold mine. I take in a couple a hundred tax free dollars a day, then change and go home. I set my own hours and I'm my own boss.

BOB
You never were homeless?

TOM
Did I ever say I was homeless? I can't be responsible for what you think.
Bob shoves him against the wall.

BOB
Get out of here before I tear your arms off and beat you to death with 'em.

TOM
Hey. Chill out.

BOB
I could call the IRS.

TOM
I'm out. I'm gone. Never bother you again. Ok? Ok? We cool?

BOB
Get out of here.

Tom runs off down the street. Bob watches him go.

INT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- NIGHT

Bob walks in and sits at the bar. A hand slides a beer in front of him. Gail stands there. He looks up at her.

BOB
Hi.

GAIL
Hi.

BOB
I couldn't save her.

GAIL
I know.

BOB
I got to see her again. She was so beautiful. So smart... So young.

GAIL
I know.

BOB
But I couldn't change the past. Only see it for what it really was. I couldn't save her.

Bob smiles.

BOB (CONT'D)
She saved me.

Bob takes a swig from the beer.
BOB (CONT'D)
I would say I was sorry for not believing you, but I think I'm through saying I'm sorry for a while.

GAIL
You've said it enough for a few lifetimes I think.

He stands, leans over the bar and kisses her on the forehead.

BOB
Thank you for your gift.

She nods, smiling. He sits back down.

BOB (CONT'D)
I've been driving for hours kinda trying to absorb it all.

GAIL
I went to the beach and sat for hours.

BOB
I did come to one big realization.

GAIL
Yeah?

BOB
Yeah. None of the crap I let block my path to seeing my own self worth was ever really there. None of it.

GAIL
That's not quite true.

BOB
It is. Don't get me wrong, my parents are really screwed up people. But they aren't screwed up because of anything I did. They were screwed up way before I existed.

GAIL
Everyone has the same problem. It's hard to imagine your parents as people. Flawed people.

Bob sighs.

BOB
Well, there's flawed and then there's Olympic Gold Medal flawed. I've wasted my life convinced I couldn't measure up to anyone, because I couldn't measure up to them.

(MORE)
BOB (CONT'D)
And now I find out they didn't give a shit one way or another about anyone but themselves.

She puts her hand on his.

GAIL
So. You ready to forgive?

BOB
Dad, maybe. Mom, never.

GAIL
Forgive doesn't mean forget. Or accept.

BOB
Let me think about it--

Bob's head quickly turns to the left and he looks at a man sitting at the end of the bad. The man drinks a beer and stares straight head.

BOB (CONT'D)
Wow. That guy's really hurting.

Gail smiles.

GAIL
Your time with the gift is over.

Bob looks back at her.

BOB
No way. I still have to fix my marriage.

GAIL
You have to tools to do that already. If you can feel another's hurt and need, you're ready to find someone to give it to.

BOB
Really?

GAIL
Really. You'll know when the right person comes along. It may take a while or happen right away. I waited weeks for you.

BOB
I just don't feel like I'm done. I need my wife back. I want my wife back.
Bob spins to see Maggie standing behind him.

BOB
Maggie. How long you been here?

MAGGIE
Just got here-

BOB
But how?

He looks at Gail.

BOB (CONT'D)
You use your power to get her here?

GAIL
No. The phone.

Maggie sits next to Bob and looks him in the eye.

MAGGIE
Your phone message really shook me up. You used the word "closure". There was no fear or desperation in your voice or words. I was worried.

BOB
I meant 'em.

MAGGIE
Then Gail called and explained the whole thing to me.

Bob looks at Gail, then back at Maggie.

BOB
And you believed it?

MAGGIE
Shouldn't I?

Gail cuts in.

GAIL
I told her about you coming to the marriage encounter group and how I was your sponsor and how I thought you two should talk seeing that I thought you'd made such a breakthrough.

MAGGIE
You went to a self-improvement course? For me?
BOB
No honey. For me.

He grabs her hand.

BOB (CONT'D)
All I want from you is some time.
And a date.

MAGGIE
A date?

BOB
Yeah. Dinner and a side trip.
Tonight.

MAGGIE
That's all?

BOB
Am I in a position to ask for more?

MAGGIE
No. Not really. But the fact that you realize it is stunning.

She kisses him on the cheek.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Ok. You got a date.

She looks at him for a moment.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What's the side trip?

INT. HOSPITAL - DAD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

OVER MUSIC: Maggie and Bob sit next to Dad's bed. Angie stands behind them.

They engage in animated conversation. A YOUNG NURSE comes into the room and takes care of Dad. Angie and Maggie talk, Bob watches the nurse do her job.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAD'S ROOM -- LATER

OVER MUSIC: Bob and Maggie say their good-byes, hugging Angie, Maggie kisses Dad, Bob shakes his hand and waves to him.

Bob and Maggie walk out of the room. Angie sits down next to Dad and takes his hand.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Bob and Maggie walk out of the hospital doors. She grabs his hand.
MAGGIE
I've never seen you like that with your father. You were relaxed...

BOB
As opposed to?

MAGGIE
Tense. Not relaxed. Looking for a exit strategy. The only way I've ever seen you with him?

BOB
Hey. His problems are his problems. Not mine. Just like mine aren't his.

She pokes him in the arm.

MAGGIE
What did you do with my husband when you took over his body?

Bob laughs.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You still living in that dump?

BOB
I am.

MAGGIE
You wanna come home?

Bob walks a few steps with her silently. He stops.

BOB
Yes, I want to. But no, I can't now.

MAGGIE
What?

BOB
No. I still have some work to do. Give me a few days.

MAGGIE
Can I see you?

BOB
Love to take you out again tomorrow night.

She snuggles into him.

MAGGIE
Promise?
EXT. SMALL DOWNTOWN BAR -- NIGHT

Bob walks Maggie to her car in the bar's parking lot. She hugs him and they kiss. She gets in her car and drives off, leaving him alone in the lot.

He turns to leave and bumps into Gail. He laughs.

    BOB
    You ever going to tell me how you do that?

    GAIL
    You already know.

He thinks for moment.

    BOB
    Yeah. I guess I do.

He hugs her.

    BOB (CONT'D)
    How do I thank you?

    GAIL
    Buy me a beer?

    BOB
    Done.

They walk back into the bar.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The Young Nurse walks down the hallway. Nurses and Aides work in the nurses station and move in and out of rooms.

All the lights suddenly dim. She looks around her. No one is there.

    YOUNG NURSE
    Hello?

No answer.

    YOUNG NURSE (CONT'D)
    Hello? Where is everyone?

    BOB (O.S.)
    You're in lot of pain aren't you?

She swings around to see Bob standing there, smiling.

    YOUNG NURSE
    Excuse me?
BOB
Emotional pain. Hurt and rejection.
It's eating you up.

YOUNG NURSE
Please. I don't understand. Where is everyone? Who are you?

BOB
Someone who can help you.

YOUNG NURSE
Please. You have to go. I'll call security.

He takes her hand.

BOB
You don't want to do that. You know I'm not here to hurt you. All I want you to do is listen to what I have to say.

Tears start to come out of her eyes. Bob smiles.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

A few lights are on, but most of the windows are dark. A couple of cars drive by on the road in front. Two hospital employees walk out the front door and go their separate ways.

On the fourth floor a glowing light begins to build until the there is a huge flash, then everything returns to normal.

Another car rolls slowly down the street.

FADE OUT:

- END -