

ONE FELL SWOOP

Close on: A DYING PALM TREE set against an overcast sky.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Love is a mirage...

INT. OFFICE BOARDROOM - AFTERNOON

That dying Palm Tree is actually potted and located in the corner of a generic looking OFFICE BOARDROOM.

SCOTT (O.S.)
A temporary feeling... A fleeting moment...

SCOTT, a good looking 30 something lawyer in a tailored suit, speaks with the cool/calm of a Kennedy across the table to LINDA, a 40 year old woman who wears her heart on her Barney's bought sleeve, and her annoyed lawyer CHARLES (50).

SCOTT (CONT'D)
This is what I might say if I wanted to convince you, Linda -

CHARLES
Address me, not my client.

Scott looks at Linda with a certain type of charm you just can't teach. Linda eats it up and motions to Charles "It's ok."

Scott continues.

SCOTT
It's what I might say, Linda, to convince you that the enemy isn't Bill here...

Scott points to his client BILL (40) who probably practiced his frown in the mirror this morning.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
But, that the real enemy is love itself. Great when we have it, but when we don't?
(beat)
We're not in that mirage anymore. Suddenly, we're in the desert. And, that "desert" can be a number of things. A familiar fragrance. A nostalgic song. Or, it can be an actual space. Like a house.

Charles almost jumps out of his Joseph A. Bank suit.

CHARLES

If this is some speech intended to convince my client to give up her house -

SCOTT

What I just said isn't what I'm actually saying. It's just what I might say if I were to want your client to subconsciously think that the things she has are really just reminders of the one thing she doesn't have.

(beat)

Love.

CHARLES

What is your -

SCOTT

Point? This guy..
(points to Bill)
He's not a good husband.

Bill perks up, confused.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Not only that, but if I was Linda, I'd want to bury him into the ground too.

Linda nods "Yes."

SCOTT (CONT'D)

"Hey, I'm 40. Nobody gets me, so I think I'll start watching Entourage, buy a Porsche, and cheat on my wife with a 19 year old stripper named Cassidy."

BILL

(suddenly nervous)

Hey, what are you -

SCOTT

(waves him off)

So cliché. Yet, it happens over and over again. Sure, I happen to see it more than most. But, outside of work, I've also witnessed it first hand. My dad? A prick just like Bill. My parents went through a brutal divorce and I found myself right in the middle.

Charles rolls his eyes, but Linda is interested.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

After my Mom won the house, we moved back in. She was going to sell it, but... she was busy. And, maybe deep down, as much as she'd deny it, the house still had sentimental value to her. So we stayed... It's funny what you remember.

(beat)

She used to work late and so most of the time the babysitter would order a pizza, but the sitter was more concerned with watching Aerosmith videos on MTV than she was eating with me. So, I'd sit there with my two slices of cheese, alone in that kitchen where we used to be a family... I'd watch VHS tapes of Full House over and over again. Maybe because we didn't have cable, or maybe I was just trying to remember what it was like to not feel so... empty. Not that living in that house was entirely to blame. But, sitting in that kitchen every night probably didn't help.

Charles has had enough.

CHARLES

(sarcastic)

Great speech. I'm sure you're a hit at conventions.

(beat, stands up)

Linda, are you ready?

But, Linda doesn't move. Baited. And, Scott keeps eye contact with her, going for the kill.

SCOTT

This whole process sucks.
Especially for kids.

Scott looks at Bill. He looks at Linda.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

How old is Jeffrey? Ten?

LINDA

Nine.

SCOTT

If I could only go back to when I was nine I might have had some things to say to my parents. Especially to my mom.

Linda is curious.

LINDA

What would you say?

Scott thinks about this as if he doesn't already know what to say.

SCOTT

Can you please just figure this divorce thing out so we can move on? I know Dad's a prick and that you really aren't getting along right now, but the longer you don't move forward, the longer I'm reminded of something I no longer have.

Tears come to Linda's eyes. Scott slides a piece of paper across the table...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

This right here is a reminder of what you do have.

Linda accepts the paper. Looks at it deeply...

POP!

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - LATER

A bottle of Champagne opens in Bill's victorious hands.

BILL

I'm sure it was tough going through that divorce shit when you were a kid, but what doesn't kill you...

Scott sits behind his desk, half listening to Bill, but mostly scrolling through FACEBOOK.

SCOTT

My parents never got divorced.

Bill sits on that for a second. And, he lets out a boisterous laugh.

BILL

You savant sonofabitch!

(beat)

Thought for sure she was gonna fight me to hell on the house. Said she wanted to keep it for "sentimental" reasons. I mean, look I feel bad about the way things ended. But, that shit's in the past. She'd only waste away in there. Me? I'm gonna rip out all the carpeting. Put in hardwood floors. And, that ugly pink tile in the foyer? I see black and white marble. Guarantee I make a killing when I flip it!

Scott politely smiles and nods while Bill pours a glass of champagne.

SCOTT

Great. That's great.

But, really, Scott thinks this guy's a fucking douche.

BILL

I see a few more bottles of this in my future too!

Bill sets a glass of champagne on Scott's desk and then he pours one for himself.

BILL (CONT'D)

I've been thinking... We should hang out sometime. Doesn't have to be work related. Could stop at Flash Dancers sometime for a couple of...

Bill simulates squeezing two large breasts with his hands -

ON SCOTT: "Is he really about to - "

BILL (CONT'D)

Steaks! What'd you think I was gonna say!? Food's top notch there. But, so is the pussy.

SCOTT

Yeah, that'd be great, Bill. Unfortunately, my schedule is so completely crazy right now.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But, yeah, that'd be great to go to a strip club with you. And, eat there.

ON COMPUTER: Via G Chat there's a message to SANDRA that just says "Help."

And, within seconds there's a knock at the door, followed by SANDRA (40's), his homely secretary, who peaks her head in.

SANDRA

So sorry to interrupt, but Scott, your six o'clock just hit reception.

SCOTT

Oh, right. Thank you Sandra.

She nods "Of course!" and leaves.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Bill, I'm so sorry. Totally forgot about this one.

BILL

No problemo. Let's kill these glasses and I'll hit the road.

SCOTT

I would love to. But - This sounds totally lame. I have a rule against drinking at work. Kinda like a combining the two different worlds type of thing.

BILL

(deflated)

Oh, ok, well -

SCOTT

That's great you brought a bottle of champagne with you, though. To my office.

Bill packs up his things, trying to find more vigor -

BILL

You take er easy for all us sinners!

Scott shoots a fake smile.

CUT TO:

SCOTCH gets poured into a glass -

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - LATER

Scott. Drinking scotch. At work. Still on his COMPUTER.

ON COMPUTER: Facebook photos of a 30 something guy named NEALY DALTON and his FAMILY (Woman and Small Child) eating ice cream in the park on a sunny day. Incredibly happy.

Scott stares at this like an alien might stare at a birthday cake...

A knock at the door.

SCOTT

Come in.

Door opens and in walks Scott's boss, RAYMOND, a 25 year old man in a 50 year old's body.

RAYMOND

(re: scotch)

Thought I smelled a treat.

SCOTT

You want?

RAYMOND

I would but I gotta pick up my kid from - Ah, fuck it. A quick one.

Scott pours him a glass.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

From what Bill said, quite the performance earlier.

SCOTT

Easy crowd.

Raymond finishes the drink in one gulp, then looks at Scott.

RAYMOND

I'm all about unconventional if it gets it done. That last part? Key.

SCOTT

It is.

Raymond sets down the glass and heads for the door.

RAYMOND

Be careful.

SCOTT

Of what?

Raymond doesn't bother to answer. He leaves.

And, Scott just sits there. Drinking alone. Staring at his computer. And, with a few clicks, he's now on the website URBAN DADDY. A bar called "Death and Co."

While the sun sets out the window...

LAUREN (V.O.)

What do you do for fun?

INT. DEATH AND CO. BAR - NIGHT

A date-y / cocktail-y mix of post work YOUNG PROFESSIONALS drinking, socializing, trying to take the edge off the day.

Scott sits at the BAR, an Old Fashioned with no straw in his hand, next to LAUREN, (28) who sips a vodka soda. She's probably the most physically attractive woman there.

SCOTT

What do I do for fun?

She nods, curious.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Well, meeting strangers from the internet is high up on the list.

But, she might not be the most aware. The joke totally goes over her head and he rebounds.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No, that was a joke. To be honest, I'm not a big fan of that question.

LAUREN

You don't like to have fun?

SCOTT

Let's say I answer with something like: "I enjoy playing tennis."

LAUREN

I love tennis!

SCOTT

No, I didn't mean that I -

LAUREN

I love to play when I'm not working. Problem is, I work so much that sometimes when I'm not working I'd rather just wear pj's, eat sushi and catch up on The Bachelor. Do you like staying in as much as you like going out?

Scott takes that in. Maybe a little disappointed.

SCOTT

Wait, sorry, what do you do again?

LAUREN

I work in PR.

(rehearsed)

My company specializes in domestic and international-based juvenile products and media placement in both traditional and digital channels.

SCOTT

Cool, so what does -

LAUREN

Most recently I've been focusing on this company called Sippy Squared. It's a sippy cup for kids, but also with a sippy cup for grownups attached. Two sippy cups in one.

(clearly rehearsed)

So, when baby sips her juicey, mommy sips her coffee!

SCOTT

Great, so, how does that -

LAUREN

Five percent of the proceeds go to dying babies in Africa, which is really important to me because I want to like stop them from dying. They're so cute and so, wait you're a lawyer, right?

Scott needs a second to process all of that.

SCOTT

I am.

LAUREN

Have you ever seen Lincoln Lawyer with Matthew McConaughey? He's so hot in it! So much hotter than he is in Dallas Buyer's Club. That movie's so depressing and gross!

Scott's good at hiding it, but he basically hates this fucking girl.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Wait, you never answered my question.

SCOTT

What question?

LAUREN

Do you like staying in as much as -

SCOTT

Going out. Right. Yeah, I'm not a big fan of that question either, to be honest.

Lauren tries to get a read on him.

LAUREN

Are you being mean?

SCOTT

Mean? No, it's just... "What do you do for fun?" "Do you like staying in as much as going out?" Why do we feel the need to ask each other these rehearsed questions? Can't we just talk a little spontaneously first and then if we pass a tennis court on our way home later, maybe the whole tennis convo comes up naturally, without -

LAUREN

Woah, you think you're taking me home?

SCOTT

It was hypotheti -

LAUREN

Because I am not that kind of girl.

SCOTT
I didn't say I wanted to take you
home.

LAUREN
Oh no?

She sips her vodka soda until we hear the "sluuurp" sound.
She smiles at him. Intrigued.

Bartender looks at them: "Want another drink?"

Lauren looks at Scott for guidance.

Scott's gaze tilts towards Lauren's breasts.

Then, back at her face. And, then back at the Bartender.

SCOTT
Let's do another round.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Scott and Lauren aggressively make out, Lauren is up against
the WALL to a BUILDING.

LAUREN
(in between kissing)
This is my place.

SCOTT
Uh huh. Should we go up?

She pauses.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
What?

LAUREN
I barely -

SCOTT
Know me?

She nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Well, I barely know you. But, from
what I do know, I like. And, right
now I'd also *like* to continue
spending time with you.

Lauren eats up that slice of bullshit and KISSES HIM WITH A FURY. Retrieves her key from her purse and opens the door. Stops. Kisses him again.

INT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Scott leans back on the couch, his eyes fluttering. It's clear that he's in the middle of getting a blowjob.

LAUREN (O.S.)
(as she does so)
I don't usually do this. Not on a first date anyway.

SCOTT
(could give a fuck)
Sure. Great. That's -

She perks her head up.

LAUREN
I'm not that kind of girl... Ok?

SCOTT
(desperate)
If I typed that girl into thesaurus.com, you'd be an antonym of that girl.

Her head jolts back down. He sighs, relieved.

Until -

LAUREN
Let's go outside.

SCOTT
Outside?

LAUREN
The balcony.

She rushes towards her SLIDING GLASS DOOR, opens it and steps out onto the BALCONY.

Scott doesn't want to go out there, but he also doesn't want to get blue balled, so he reluctantly follows her.

EXT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Lauren, still fully clothed, takes in the cool Manhattan breeze.

LAUREN

I love Manhattan in the spring
time.

She sits on the Balcony RAILING and Scott looks a bit nervous. She notices.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I sit here all the time, relax...
Come here.

Scott looks at the city below. They're a good fifteen stories up.

SCOTT

Get down from there first.

LAUREN

I want you to go down on me.

SCOTT

Come over here and we can -

LAUREN

Nope. Right here.

She spreads open her legs and touches herself. And, suddenly, Scott feels a little less anxious.

SCOTT

Okay.

And, he goes for it. Kisses her. She kisses him back. They're ferociously making out.

He stops. Looks at her. She grins... her drunk/glossy eyes want him to take off her pants.

He takes a step back. Grins back at her. Just as he's about to reach for her pants button -

LAUREN

I want you lick my pu -

SNAP!

The railing BREAKS AND SHE FALLS BACKWARD, SCREAMING!

Scott desperately tries to grab her.

SCOTT

Lauren!

But, she's too far gone, she's SOARING TO HER DEATH,
SCREAMING ALL THE WHILE.

Scott YELLS and SCREAMS into the night, but to no avail.
And, as the loud CRASH is heard from down below, his face is
stricken with complete horror. Shock. A certain type of
hysteria that up until now, he's never experienced.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Nervous hands are shaking. Scott's.

He sits in the corner by himself as COPS mill about. Nearby,
the SLIDING GLASS DOOR is blocked with the "Police Line Do
Not Cross" tape.

RANDOM COP taps him on the shoulder.

RANDOM COP
Why don't you go home, get some
sleep.

Scott's lifeless eyes consider this. And, Scott
lackadaisically gets to his feet.

But, as he does so -

The DOOR OPENS to REVEAL: Lauren's PARENTS, STEPHANIE
MOFFETT (50'S) and HARRY MOFFETT (50'S). A regular looking
suburban couple in the midst of an irregular situation.

Stephanie's eyes are stained with tears while Harry's eyes
are dry. Numb. Like he's trying to be "strong".

Stephanie and Harry RUN TOWARDS THE SLIDING GLASS DOOR.

RANDOM COP (CONT'D)
Hey! You can't go out -

But, they cross the tape anyway and go onto the BALCONY.

THROUGH THE SLIDING GLASS DOOR Scott can see them inspecting
the site. Harry yells and screams while Stephanie breaks
into tears at the broken railing. How can this be real?

Seconds later, in a daze, Harry and Stephanie leave the
BALCONY and re-enter the APARTMENT, completely unaware of
what to do with themselves.

Stephanie notices something on the FLOOR.

STEPHANIE
What's that?

Several COPS look at her, confused.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
That! Look at that!

She POINTS TO THE HARDWOOD FLOOR. A hardwood floor that's been cloaked with mud. Dirt. The remnants of the outside city.

RANDOM COP
I'm sorry m'am, we -

STEPHANIE
She just washed it last night! On her hands and knees! Right before The Bachelor!

Harry reaches out to comfort his frantic wife.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Stop! We need to - I need to -

But, she spins around and opens the cabinet, chaotically pulling out a bucket, towel and soap.

HARRY
Stephanie -

STEPHANIE
It's filthy, Harry!

HARRY
Stephanie, please.

Stephanie fills up the bucket with the soap and water, but, Harry intervenes.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Here. Let me. I'll do it.

Harry takes the bucket from her. The rag. He gets down on his hands and knees and begins to wash the floor.

COPS watch with pity. This guy who's stoically washing the floor of his dead daughter's apartment.

Scott desperately wants to leave this nightmare, but Harry's blocking the only exit, now knee deep in Murphy's Oil Soap.

Scott's eyes scramble for a way out. And, in an accidental moment, they catch Harry's.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This isn't how you imagined it'd turn out tonight, right?

Scott doesn't know what to say.

SCOTT

Sir, I'm so -

HARRY

Sorry for my loss, or sorry you couldn't get your rocks off?

Harry puts down the cleaning supplies and gets to his feet. Two COPS intervene.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm ok, I just want to talk.

They back off and let him go.

HARRY (CONT'D)

When she was a baby, when she first started to talk, she couldn't say the word "milk" when she was hungry. She'd say "Mook." Or, "Mookie."

(beat)

And, over the years that grew to be her nickname... My little "Mookie"... We still called her that. To this day.

(deep into Scott's eyes)

To you, though... she was just a girl in a bar. An opportunity to score... You buy her shots? Get her nice and boozed up!?

Harry gets in his face like he might throw a punch and the COPS intervene, holding him back.

While Scott stands there, devastated. As if for the first time ever he has no idea what to say.

SCOTT

If there was anything I could've... I tried to save her, but -

(crying)

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry.

Harry backs off and hugs Stephanie. The two of them slowly make their way out the door. Leaving Scott alone with his tears. And, the cops. And, that big bucket of soapy water.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

A rainy / overcast day in New York City.

INT. RAYMOND'S OFFICE - MORNING

Close on: Scott, looking like shit in a wrinkled suit, stares out the window.

Down below on the street, CARS MOVE, PEOPLE SCURRY - NO ONE EVER STOPS...

RAYMOND (O.S.)

Scott, you have to realize... you didn't do anything wrong.

An AMBULANCE SIREN breaks Scott's stare. And, he looks at Raymond who's sitting at his desk, reading something on the computer.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

(reads the computer)

Lauren Moffett, 28, brought Scott Sumner, 32, back to her apartment on East 17th St. near Third Ave after they had drinks at, blah, blah, blah... here we go - Moffett sat on the metal railing at about 12:30am. Sumner told detectives that he suddenly heard a loud crack. The metal railing broke, sending her backwards where she fell over two hundred feet to the sidewalk and died instantly.

(beat, still reading)

Police... here we go... Police don't suspect foul play.

SCOTT

Who gives a shit if they don't suspect foul play?

RAYMOND

You should give a shit.

SCOTT

The look on her face as she - the look on her parents faces...

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have even been there in
the first place!

Raymond gets up and slowly glides towards him.

RAYMOND

Because you were trying to fuck a
first date? The balcony railing
broke. I'm sure the building is
late on their exterior inspections,
which isn't your problem. It's
theirs.

Raymond puts his arm around Scott like a mentor.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Now, let's -

SCOTT

(backing away)

Forget about all this and get back
to work? Grind away so I can make
you more money?

RAYMOND

All I'm trying to do is help you.

SCOTT

Why? Because I'm good at what I
do? I'm good at talking.
Convincing people. But, what's it
all for? So guys like Bill can
beef up their assets? A new pool
house in the hamptons?

RAYMOND

You do it for *you*.

Scott doesn't say anything. Marinating on too many thoughts.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You have you. You protect you.
The rest?

(beat)

Smoke and mirrors.

Scott backs away from him.

SCOTT

I quit.

RAYMOND

You what?

SCOTT
I can't do this anymore.

RAYMOND
What are you gonna do?

SCOTT
I don't know. Something...
something helpful.

RAYMOND
You know how many unemployed law
school grads sucking down blocks of
ramen would kill for your job right
now? Especially in this economy?

Scott is too confused to speak. As if everything he's lived
by up until this point has just been for him and he's only
realizing it now. He leaves.

HALLWAY -

Scott, still a disillusioned mess, makes his way towards the
ELEVATORS as several PEOPLE poke their heads up to watch. He
runs into Sandra on the way there.

SCOTT
Sandra... I won't be working here
anymore.
(beat, off her surprise)
Thank you for... everything.

Unsure of what to do, she gives him a hug.

SANDRA
Let me know if you need anything,
ok?

He's slightly taken back, but he nods.

SCOTT
Thank you.

Hug ends and there's the "DING" of the ELEVATOR. Scott
enters alone and the DOORS SLOWLY CLOSE. Going down...

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

A ray of morning sun shines through an empty bottle of
bourbon. It sits on a coffee table next to a Macbook Pro in
an expansive Upper West Side One Bedroom.

Scott lies passed out on a couch nearby.

The place is filled with potential. What it's not filled with is any furniture besides a leather couch, a coffee table and a large flat screen TV mounted on the white wall.

The PHONE RINGS.

Scott's eyes dart open and he answers without thinking.

SCOTT
This is Scott.

INT. CAR - THAT MOMENT

Harry, Lauren's father, is on the phone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

HARRY
Scott? It's Harry. Harry Moffett.

SCOTT
(thinking)
Harry Moff - _

And, it hits him. He sits up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Oh, hi. Hello. Hello, sir, what can I do for you?

HARRY
I got your Facebook.

This doesn't register.

SCOTT
Huh?

HARRY
Your Facebook.

Scott glances at his computer and what he sees:

ON COMPUTER: The FACEBOOK PROFILE of HARRY MOFFETT, featuring a poorly lit selfie of Harry not smiling, in a car and wearing a New York Giants football jersey.

Scott scrolls down and we see a message box. Apparently, he sent Harry a long message and we see bits and pieces of it:

"I know that there's nothing I can say, sir, to ease your pain..."

"It's utterly tragic what happened and I can't imagine going through what you're going through..."

"I just wanted to let you know that the date I had with your daughter was the best date I'd ever been on..."

ON SCOTT: The realization of what he drunkenly did the night before is now making his blood boil.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hello?

Scott snaps back to reality.

SCOTT

Yes. Right. Of course. Glad that you got my -

HARRY

Are you free for lunch today?

SCOTT

Lunch?

HARRY

I didn't mean to - the other night... I told her a thousand times not to sit on the - I guess I just have some questions.

A beat.

SCOTT

Of course. Where would be good to -

HARRY

Somewhere in Times Square? A diner? My wife recommended a place. Got a pen?

Scott scrambles for a pen. Finds nothing except for a sharpie marker. Having no paper, he writes on his hand.

INT. ELLEN'S STARDUST DINER - DAY

Close on: a pair of nervous hands. The words "Ellen's Stardust Diner" are written in sharpie on one of them.

Scott sips water as Harry, across from him, stirs a milkshake.

From his jacket pocket, Harry pulls out a flask. Pours the liquor into his milkshake. Scott notices and looks around to see if anyone else noticed.

HARRY

A few months ago I took Lauren and her mother out for dinner and a show. Some musical. For dinner we go to some italian place down the street. A bowl of spaghetti and meatballs is what I had. How much do you think it was?

Scott thinks.

SCOTT

Um, \$30?

HARRY

That's what you think a bowl of spaghetti and meatballs should cost!?

SCOTT

No, not necessarily, it was just a -

HARRY

\$25. That's what it was. For Spaghetti and fuckin Meatballs.
(beat)
It's a \$15 dish. No more.

Harry takes down just about the whole milkshake with an enormous gulp. Scott watches, getting uncomfortable.

A WAITRESS drops by.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Let me ask you - how much would you pay for Spaghetti and Meatballs?

She looks at the menu.

WAITRESS

(reading menu)
\$19.50.

HARRY

It's a \$15 dish.

WAITRESS

Unfortunately, sir, we're a restaurant and not ebay.

Harry looks at the menu.

HARRY
 (reading)
 Gluten free pasta available.
 (beat, to Waitress)
 Give me a moment, please.

She nods and walks away.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 (to Scott)
 You gluten free? Everyone's gluten free now. Bread is suddenly the enemy.

SCOTT
 No, I'm not, but I don't eat much -

HARRY
 Everyone's "healthy" here, but this place is still such a shithole. Bums on the street covered in their own piss. I don't care if Guiliani cleaned it up, it's still a shithole. And, this new guy, De Blasio. What's his deal? Every ad during his campaign, there's his black kids. His black son with an afro. "Hey, my dad loves black people. Vote for me." I mean, I get it. I'm all about racial equality. At my store I had several Blacks, Latinos, even a Chinese guy. All great workers. But... exploiting your kids to further your career?
 (beat, thinking)
 I don't get it... I just don't get it.

Harry inconspicuously takes a swig from his flask. Just as -

RANDOM WAITER (O.S.)
 (via microphone)
 Now, I've... Had... the time of my liiiife... No, I've never felt like this before...

The music enters as well. It's the Bill Medley / Jennifer Warnes song. The DIRTY DANCING theme. Suddenly, it's being sung Karaoke by a RANDOM WAITER.

RANDOM WAITER (CONT'D)
 Yes, I swear... It's the truuth...
 And I owe it all to youuu...

RANDOM WAITRESS joins in.

RANDOM WAITRESS
 (via microphone)
 Cause, I've... Had, the time of my
 liiiife... And I owe it all to
 youuuu...

Music blasts. The Waiter and Waitress are really getting into it, crooning the audience as best they can.

The sparse lunch crowd begins to clap their hands and cheer.

SCOTT
 I guess every hour the waiters here
 sing and dance, mostly to like big
 love ballads or musical theater
 stuff.

Harry doesn't say anything. He's in a trance.

The Waiters continue, really putting on a show. But, as they get more and more into the song, Harry appears to get more and more affected.

Scott notices. It's like the music is breaking Harry's heart, but he continues to watch anyway.

RANDOM WAITER
 Just remember...

RANDOM WAITRESS
 You're the one thing...

RANDOM WAITER
 I can't get enough of...

RANDOM WAITRESS
 So I'll tell you something...

RANDOM WAITER
 This could be love.
 Because...

RANDOM WAITRESS (CONT'D)
 This could be love.
 Because...

It's all too much for Harry to bear. He runs for the door, an emotional mess just as -

RANDOM WAITER
 (belting out the chorus)
 I've had the time of my
 liiife...

RANDOM WAITRESS (CONT'D)
 (belting out the chorus)
 I've had the time of my
 liiife...

Scott follows him outside.

EXT. ELLEN'S STARDUST DINER - SIDEWALK

Scott tries to catch up to Harry, but Harry doesn't stop.

SCOTT
 Are you ok?

Finally, Scott catches up to him.

HARRY
 Leave me alone!

Scott backs off. Harry stops walking, catches his breath,
 but there are too many emotions -

HARRY (CONT'D)
 That song... she used to blast it
 all the time when she was little!
 She'd blast it and dance with her
 stuffed animals and I'd tell her to
 turn it down! I'd yell at her!
 (beat)
 Come on, Dad! When I grow up I'm
 gonna fall in love with a handsome
 man just like Johnny Castle and
 we're gonna get married and have
 kids and dance! We're all gonna
 dance all the time!
 (beat)
 And, now she's... Just like that.

Harry lets himself fall to the sidewalk, his back up against
 the brick wall. TOURISTS BUSTLE BY, CAR HORNS BLARE... This
 is Times Square at its most cramped.

SCOTT
 I can't imagine what you're -

HARRY
 That night, after dinner, you went
 back to her place looking to sleep
 with her, right?

SCOTT
 No sir, I -

HARRY

I've been a guy on a date before.
Just be honest. What were you two
doing when it happened?

SCOTT

(beat, uncomfortable)
Um, we were... talking. Just -

HARRY

What was the last thing she said?

SCOTT

(beat)
The last thing she said? Hmm..
well, she mentioned how much she
loves the springtime in the city.
And then the railing... it gave way
and I tried to -

HARRY

I'm not interrogating you.
(beat)
That fucking balcony... it wasn't
sound. Those... motherfuckers!
(beat, thinking)
Did you mean what you said in the
Facebook?

Scott looks at Harry. This mess of a man who's been
completely broken down, desperately searching for the
slightest bit of comfort.

SCOTT

I did. Yes. It was the best first
date I'd ever been on. We just had
such a... connection.

HARRY

I've racked my brain for an
upside... There just isn't one -
there's nothing... If there's
anything at all, I'd just like to
think her last moments... That her
last night had some sort of
meaning.

Harry looks like he might cry, but he stops himself. Masking
it by massaging his temples.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna head back to Jersey.

SCOTT
You're gonna drive? What about
that liquor milkshake you had?

HARRY
I'm fine.

Harry gets to his feet, but almost stumbles over.

SCOTT
Sir, you're not -

HARRY
Really, I'm -

Harry pukes and Scott tries to dodge, but he's not quick enough and it lands all over Scott's pants.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Ugh, maybe I'm not fine. Sorry.

Scott shakes some of the puke off, trying to hide his disgust.

SCOTT
No worries. I'll drive you home
and then I'll catch a train back to
the city.

HARRY
There's some cleaner in the car for
the -

Harry points to Scott's puke stained pants and Scott tries to nod a "thank you."

EXT. NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ - SUBURBS - DAY

A pleasant Middle Class Suburb. The hustle and bustle of Manhattan is replaced by silence that's occasionally broken up by a barking dog. Or, a kid playing.

Or, an SUV pulling into a DRIVEWAY...

EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Scott gets out of the driver's seat and opens the passenger side, helping a stumbling Harry get to his feet. They walk into the HOUSE.

INT. MOFFETT HOUSE - BEDROOM

Harry, still fully clothed, plops down on the BED. Scott looks at Harry. Then takes a look around the room.

SCOTT

Well... I'm gonna head out.

But, Harry is already snoring. Completely passed out.

Scott takes a step towards the DOOR, but he's stopped in his tracks by an OBESE BLACK CAT named BORIS who's staring at him like "Who the fuck are you?"

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Scott looks at Harry. Not budging. It RINGS again.

He looks around. "Ok..."

FOYER - SECONDS LATER

Scott makes his way downstairs and towards the FRONT DOOR. He stops and looks around the house some more. But, no one's there. He opens the DOOR.

DOORSTEP -

A middle aged suburban MAN and WOMAN are holding casserole dishes.

WOMAN

Hello, is Stephanie or Harry in?

SCOTT

Um, not at the moment.

WOMAN

Who are you? The boyfriend?

Scott looks at the food.

SCOTT

I'm the... Here, I can take that.

WOMAN

We're so sorry for your loss.

MAN

If there's anything we can do...
Please let them know we stopped by?

SCOTT

Of course. Thank you. Thank you very much.

Scott closes the DOOR. Holding what looks like a platter of mac and cheese and some kind of pie.

KITCHEN -

Scott bends down to put the dishes in the FRIDGE. Closes the door. Stands up. He looks to his left and -

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Jesus!

He jumps back in fear. Standing in front of him is...
LAUREN???

LAUREN

If you drugged my dad and you're looking for valuables, I'd recommend the 35 inch Toshiba in the living room that my parents bought from Walmart like three Black Fridays ago. Oh! I think my dad also has all of Clint Eastwood's movies on blu ray. Plus, my mom has several of those Thomas Kincade Christmas themed paintings that light up?

Scott looks at her some more. Her hair's shorter. Notices a few tattoos. On her neck, on her wrist. Her style is more 'hipster chic' than Forever 21 and she has much more of an "I don't give a fuck" type of vibe about her.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Judging from my dad's lunch plans today, plus that he's been hitting the sauce pretty hard lately, and from the way you're looking at me now, though I'd say you're the dude that was with her that night.

Scott is trying to piece this together as the Front Door OPENS, followed by footsteps.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Jane?

Scott mouths the words "Jane?"

JANE

Yeah mom?

Scott notices a framed photo on the wall nearby. Lauren, Stephanie and Harry. And, apparently Lauren's twin sister JANE. He finally puts it all together.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Can I fix you something to eat?

JANE

The Thompson's brought over some food.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

It's about time they did. When her mother passed away we were there that night with a platter of rigatoni. Not two days later. But, that ni -

Stephanie turns the corner and stops dead in her tracks once she sees Scott.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Oh.

SCOTT

(nervous)

Hi, m'am. Sorry to disturb you, I gave your husband a ride home from the city, but I'm going to be on my way now and please let me know if there's anything I can do.

After a beat of taking that in, Stephanie slips out of her mood and some of her natural hospitality shines through.

STEPHANIE

Please stay for dinner.

(to Jane)

What'd they bring?

JANE

Some sort of enriched flour casserole dish. And, for dessert, what was it?

Jane looks to Scott.

SCOTT

Oh. I'm not sure. Apple pie?

JANE

Apple pie.

INT. MOFFETT HOUSE - LATER

Close on: that Apple Pie... and next to it is a half eaten mac and cheese platter.

Stephanie, Harry, Jane and Scott sit quietly at the table, eating. They're all eating the mac and cheese except for Jane who's eating a salad.

Harry takes a big gulp of water. Stephanie notices and rolls her eyes, but no one sees her. She then looks at Jane's plate.

STEPHANIE

Janey, have some mac and cheese, will you? There's no meat in it. I thought you still ate cheese?

JANE

I do eat cheese. And, meat. Just not gluten.

Now Harry rolls his eyes.

STEPHANIE

Well, at least have some juice. You need your fruit, honey. Vitamins.

Stephanie pours her a glass. Jane looks at it, disapprovingly.

JANE

What's in this juice?

STEPHANIE

Apples. It's apple juice.

JANE

Twelve hours ago it was a frozen block of corn syrup in the back of the freezer. Now it's apple juice?

HARRY

Here we go...

JANE

I don't mean to be a bitch, but your juice isn't juice.

STEPHANIE

(passively mad)
Fine.

Jane observes her mom.

JANE

Now you're mad. Because I won't drink the juice? Why does this offend you? Did you make it?

STEPHANIE

(defensive)

I'm not mad.

HARRY

First it was the jail free chicken -

JANE

Cage free.

HARRY

Then it was the endless rallying for Obama.

(imitating her)

Here's to change. Change for the future.

(beat)

One thing I'd like to change is my goddamn property taxes, but you don't know about that do you? You don't own a home?

JANE

How are we talking about politics right now?

HARRY

And, now it's the gluten. Gluten this, gluten that. Can't you just be a normal person for once?

JANE

Maybe *I* should fall off a fucking balcony.

Stephanie gasps.

HARRY

Why would you say that?

JANE

You'd rather it was me than her. Just say it.

Stephanie starts crying.

HARRY

Look what you're doing to your mother!

Scott coughs as he drinks the juice. Wrong pipe.

Jane storms off while Harry comforts Stephanie. But, quickly Stephanie's gone as well.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Stephanie...

She doesn't stop. The sound of ONE DOOR SLAMMING echoes throughout the house. Shortly after... the sound of ANOTHER DOOR SLAMMING.

Harry sighs as Scott nervously munches on mac and cheese.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I never know what to say. I always say the wrong thing... I just wish I knew what to...

Harry pulls out a folded up piece of paper from his wallet, unfolds it.

HARRY (CONT'D)

The day after she died I started writing some thoughts down on this paper... For the eulogy. So far, it's just some scribbled notes about her... I wanna honor her. I wanna say something that helps bring us together... That's not possible. It'll never be possible. But, maybe it'd help?

(beat)

I just don't know how to do that. I don't know what to say. If I only knew what to say.

Scott watches him. Feeling inspired.

SCOTT

I can help you.

HARRY

Huh?

SCOTT

I'm a lawyer. Most of my job is giving speeches. Writing speeches. I can help you write the eulogy if you want?

HARRY
You'd do that?

SCOTT
Of course.

A beat. Harry is appreciative.

HARRY
Thank you.

But, suddenly Harry looks at his watch.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Shit, I need to get ready for the
viewing.
(beat)
Welcome to come.

SCOTT
Oh, I wouldn't want to impose.

HARRY
Not imposing.

SCOTT
Plus, I don't have a suit or -

HARRY
I got a sportcoat you can wear. I
insist. Please. And, maybe at
some point tonight you could help
me a little with the eulogy.

SCOTT
(not great)
Great, of course. Thank you.

INT. HARRY'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Harry drives, while Stephanie, Jane and Scott sit in complete silence. Scott is in the BACKSEAT wearing Harry's sportcoat that's too big around the waist and too short in the sleeves. He looks ridiculous. And, he knows it.

EXT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - EVENING

Jane and Stephanie walk ahead of Scott and Harry towards the ENTRANCE when Harry catches a look at Scott's ill fitting sportcoat.

HARRY
 (not sarcastic)
 Fits you good.

SCOTT
 Yes, it does. Thank you, sir.

Before they enter, Harry turns back to Scott -

HARRY
 Stop calling me sir. I puked
 bourbon milkshake on you. Call me
 Harry.

INT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - EVENING

Dark, flowery carpeting meets light patterned wallpaper meets generic "safe and hopeful" artwork.

This is probably every funeral home you've ever been in.

Also... this isn't the passing of an elderly grandma, but rather, someone who was in their prime, struck down in an instant. And, this type of grief is present on everyone's faces.

Harry and Stephanie stand near the CLOSED CASKET, greeting people, while Scott has now found himself standing at the front of the line.

There are two large PHOTO COLLAGES on both sides of the CLOSED CASKET. Lauren's life. Documented as best as two 36x48 pieces of cardboard can.

Scott takes in these photos... Birthdays, Holidays, photos of Lauren as an adorable child eating ice cream in the summertime.

There's an entire person here. Not just some lame PR girl he was trying to fuck one night.

Jane is in a lot of these PHOTOS as well... But, just judging from the photos, it appears that THEY WERE MUCH CLOSER AS KIDS.

Scott looks away. It's time to move on and so he takes a few steps away from the CASKET where he scans the room. Not one person that he knows.

Scott meanders out of the VIEWING ROOM and down the -

HALLWAY -

Where RANDOM MOURNERS mill about... Scott passes them, his eyes wander until he begins to hear the sound of a TV. What sounds like a BASKETBALL GAME. He approaches the -

LOUNGE -

Where he finds a few RANDOM RELATIVES / GUYS scattered about at various tables. Some eat and some just watch TV. But, none of them are talking. They mindlessly stare at the game, surrounded by a pretty lame looking spread of poorly crafted finger sandwiches, fried chicken ? and a large platter of macaroni salad.

COUSIN JOE (20's), a blue collar-y dude in a poorly fitted suit is closest, so Scott talks to him, desperate to blend in.

SCOTT
(to Cousin Joe)
'Melo look good?

COUSIN JOE
Got like thirty points and it's early in the 3rd but we're losing by ten. The fuckin guy shoots every time he has the ball. Now, LeBron? There's a guy that'll make the people around him better. Like MJ.

SCOTT
(stares at the tv)
Yeah.

A RANDOM RELATIVE (30's) nearby takes a big bite of macaroni salad.

RANDOM RELATIVE
Ain't bad.

COUSIN JOE
Yeah, Aunt Kathy's macaroni salad is fucking dope. Haven't had it in years.
(thinks out loud)
Shit, last time might have been Lauren's college graduation.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Carmelo helping or hurting us?

Scott turns around and there's TOMMY, a middle aged, gruff looking, broad shouldered guy, now standing next to him watching the game.

COUSIN JOE

The guy's one for fifteen from
beyond the arc.

TOMMY

Selfish ball is what that is. Ya
know who wasn't a selfish player?
Bob Cousy. John Stockton. Steve
Nash.

Scott ponders that semi racist comment. Cousin Joe nods in
agreement as Tommy gets a read on him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Barbara's kid, right?

COUSIN JOE

I'm Joe.

TOMMY

Tommy.

COUSIN JOE

I remember you.

They shake hands. Which brings Tommy and Cousin Joe to
Scott.

COUSIN JOE (CONT'D)

(to Scott)

You work with Lauren?

SCOTT

Um, no. I -

TOMMY

You're the guy, right?

SCOTT

The -

TOMMY

Who was with her that night.

SCOTT

Yes. I was with her.

Cousin Joe isn't sure how to take this. But, Tommy instantly
turns cordial.

TOMMY

You and Lauren fell in love that
night, right?

SCOTT
Um, well, I don't know about
falling in -

TOMMY
I think it's beautiful. And,
respectful that you came out here.

Scott isn't sure if he's being sincere or if he's fucking
with him.

SCOTT
Thanks.

Tommy smiles at Scott. Perhaps a little bit too long.

TOMMY
I'm Tommy. A close friend of Harry
and Stephanie's.

Scott respectfully nods.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Hey, can I talk to you for a
second?

SCOTT
Sure.

They step out of the room.

TOMMY
Harry and Stephanie don't smoke
anymore. Matter of fact, no one
here smokes. And, I go out for a
smoke by myself, I feel guilty for
going. You mind joining me?

SCOTT
Of course.

TOMMY
Follow me.

Scott follows Tommy down the HALL and towards a SIDE DOOR.
Tommy walks outside into an -

ALLEY -

Scott follows him out and as soon as the DOOR CLOSES, Tommy
blindsides him by getting him into a choke hold and slamming
him up against the brick wall.

SCOTT
What are you doing!?

TOMMY
I have a series of questions and
you're gonna give me the straight
shit! No beating around the bush.
You got me?

SCOTT
Yes. Ok. Yes, I -

TOMMY
Did you murder her?

SCOTT
Did I murder her!? No! No way!

TOMMY
Did you push her off the balcony?

SCOTT
No! The police already noted the
broken rail -

TOMMY
I don't care what the police did!
Right now, Tommy's doing shit. So,
I'll ask you one more time. Did
you have anything to do with her
death? Anything at all? And, if
you lie to me I will hunt you down
like the weasel that you are. I
will hunt you down, kill you with
my bare hands and I'll go to your
funeral. I'll make friends with
all your weasel family members and
once you're in the ground I'll dig
you up. I'll cover your goddamn
corpse in lighter fluid and I will
watch you burn, you WEASEL BASTARD!

SCOTT
Jesus Christ!

TOMMY
Gimmee an answer!

SCOTT
(now borderline crying)
No! No sir!
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We were talking, she sat on the railing and I asked her not to do that, but she did it anyway and then all of a sudden it broke and she fell! And, I tried to save her, but I couldn't. There was nothing I could do and -

Tommy lets him go.

TOMMY

Ok... alright, settle down. It's ok...

Tommy pats him on the back, straightens up Scott's jacket, trying to comfort him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I just... Me and Harry, we go back forty six years. He's a fuckin brother to me. That girl... she was the light of their life. Goddamn tragedy.

Tommy whips out a flask. Takes a pull. And, then he hands it to a stressed out Scott.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Here. Take a hit.

Scott, his hands shaking, accepts the flask and takes a long pull. Hands it back to Tommy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You alright?

Scott nods.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Let's get back out there. You being a man and coming here means a lot to Harry and Stephanie. And, I know it means a lot to Lauren. She's a goddamn angel now. Watching over us.

Scott follows Tommy back inside and into the -

INT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

But, as they're about to return to the VIEWING ROOM, Scott stops.

SCOTT
Tommy, I'll see you in there. I'm
going to run to the bathroom.

Tommy nods and continues into the VIEWING ROOM.

Scott turns around. He's not going to the bathroom.

EXT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - SIDE ENTRANCE

Scott looks around to see if anyone is there and once it's clear, he takes off, desperate to get the hell out of there.

JANE (O.S.)
Personally, I would've opted for
the tv, but hey, if the baggy but
short sportcoat suits your fancy,
by all means.

Scott stops. Turns around. Jane sits in the corner, smoking a cigarette.

SCOTT
Huh? I'm not -

JANE
Leaving?

SCOTT
I just came out to get some fresh
air.

JANE
(re: cigarette)
You want?

He nods. She hands him one, gives him a light.

JANE (CONT'D)
So, I hear you're a lawyer?

SCOTT
I am.

JANE
That specializes in -

SCOTT
(blurts out)
Convincing spouses to give up their
assets so that it betters my
asshole clients.

Before Jane can fully react, Scott changes the subject.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
What do you do?

JANE
I teach yoga.

SCOTT
Oh, cool.

JANE
Have you ever done yoga?

SCOTT
No.

JANE
So, how do you know if it's cool?

SCOTT
"Oh, cool" is just something you say. A polite reaction.

JANE
I've had about enough polite reactions these past few days to last a lifetime.

SCOTT
Were you and your sister close?

JANE
We were. Despite living so far away from each other.

SCOTT
Where do you live?

JANE
San Francisco.

SCOTT
Oh -

JANE
Cool? Before you offer up more politeness, have you ever been there?

SCOTT
I was actually going to say "Oh. Have you ever seen Full House?"

She almost smiles. Maybe a bit surprised at his sense of humor.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I've never been there.

As she takes a drag, Jane looks like she needs to vent, but she's hesitant. She's not sure about him. She's not even sure about herself right now.

She exhales.

JANE

My sister would send me these texts all the time like "You should call Mom. She misses you." Or, "when was the last time you talked to dad?" Like she's some kind of family coordinator or something. Making me feel like shit for living my own life. And, now she's gone and since I've been back these past few days I'm getting it from all angles. I leave my parents house to get a coffee, I'm bombarded with calls from them. And, it's only gonna get worse next week when I go back to California.

SCOTT

They just lost their daughter. I couldn't imagine being in their position.

Jane takes a long, hard look at him.

JANE

Will you stop it with your "I'm just a good guy trying to do the right thing," bullshit?

SCOTT

Um -

JANE

I know who you really are.

SCOTT

And, who is -

JANE

A bro who was just trying to close.

SCOTT

You have no idea who I -

JANE

You're right, I don't. So, what the fuck are you even doing here? You *didn't* know her. You *don't* know my parents. And, you *don't* know me.

Jane stands up, flicks out her cigarette and heads for the door.

Leaving Scott alone and at the end of his cigarette. Left to ponder this odd situation.

INT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The place is slightly less crowded now...

Scott couldn't go through with leaving. Not before he finds Harry. And, there he is. In the corner of the ROOM.

Scott approaches him.

SCOTT

Harry, I'm going to catch a train back to the city, thank you very much for your hospitality.

HARRY

Okay.

But, most of Harry's attention is on a nearby conversation Stephanie is having with a middle aged black man named LUTHER.

SCOTT

What's the best way for me to get your jacket back to you? Would it be easier if I -

He finally looks at Scott.

HARRY

You being a lawyer and all, you probably have some insight about... I can't talk about this... can't think about this here. These building assholes...

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

every time I start thinking about it I get so fuckin - I told her all the time not to sit on the railing. But, it shouldn't have broke! Cops said they don't think it was up to code. I can't think of this here. I need to honor her... celebrate her... I need to focus on writing the eulogy.

(beat)

You free tomorrow? In the afternoon? There's a second viewing tomorrow night, so if we could go over it before then, that would be helpful.

Shit. Scott wasn't expecting Harry to remember that. But, he's also a great liar.

SCOTT

Sure, that'd be great.

Harry nods a "thank you."

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Scott, now in an impeccable suit, sips a cup of coffee, the sun shining in from outside. He presses a button on his phone and puts it to his ear.

INT. RAYMOND'S OFFICE - MORNING

Raymond lounges back in his chair, answers the phone.

RAYMOND

Yeah?

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Scott was going to start talking, but he suddenly can't.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Close on... Lauren's screaming face in slow motion as she falls backwards...

Scott tries to grab her arm. Then, her hand. Then, her shirt. But, she slips away... her eyes registering that soon she will be no more.

Scott, powerless, yells and screams as he watches her fall to her death...

BACK TO:

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Scott's hand shakes as it holds the phone.

INT. RAYMOND'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RAYMOND

Hello???

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Visibly shook, Scott hangs up.

Fuck.

INT. NJ TRANSIT TRAIN - DAY

Scott focuses on something in his hands. It's one of those pamphlets you find in the lobby to a funeral home. "How to deal with death," etc. Or, in this case, "Helping Yourself After a Sudden Death."

Close on an excerpt... "There's no such thing as a conventional way to grieve. Honor your reactions. This is your loss and these are your reactions. You have every right to experience these reactions."

INT. MOFFETT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Scott sits in a chair opposite Harry, holding a Voice Recorder. In dead silence. That type of midday suburban silence.

Scott hits record...

SCOTT

Harry, pretend this isn't even here. Whenever you have a thought you can start talking and we can take it from -

HARRY

You always hear that old saying...
 People don't change. Things don't
 change. They stay the same. Well,
 they're wrong... things change.
 People change. You can't stop it.
 That's it. No matter how much of a
 handle you think you have on it.
 Your life. The routine... And,
 then so quickly everything changes.
 At the drop of a hat. In one fell -

Right in the middle of the room, their obese cat BORIS
 suddenly begins taking a giant shit.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ughh, Boris! You sonofabitch!
 Look at him! He's laughing at me!
 That little cocksucker!

Harry jumps up and runs after the cat who, in running away,
 continues to shit, the shit following him around the room.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Goddamnit!

Scott hops up.

SCOTT

Harry, want a hand?

HARRY

No, I got it.

Harry gets the cleaning supplies and begins cleaning.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This is what I do. I clean up cat
 shit. In between that, the
 laundry, then I cook dinner. My
 golden years...

The sound of the GARAGE DOOR. Footsteps... and the door
 opens.

Jane.

Harry looks up at her and instantly his mood softens.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hey Janey.

JANE

Hi Dad. You hungry?

She holds up a bag of food.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

Harry, Jane, Scott and Stephanie sit at the table eating salads. As Stephanie and Harry chew...

HARRY

Not bad... For rabbit food.

STEPHANIE

It's good, dear. Very good.

JANE

Glad you like it.

A beat. As they eat...

STEPHANIE

So, how is this eulogy writing going?

HARRY

Hard to get much done when there's a giant cat shitting all over the house every twenty minutes.

STEPHANIE

(sarcastic)

I'm sure that it's every twenty minutes.

JANE

I've been to funerals where there isn't even a eulogy given.

HARRY

We're doing one.

STEPHANIE

So, Scott... you're a divorce lawyer?

SCOTT

I am.

STEPHANIE

I'm sure that's a very lucrative career.

HARRY

Doesn't all boil down to dollars and cents, Steph.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sure he also helps a lot of people in their time of transition.

Scott doesn't think so, but he politely smiles.

JANE

Yes, thank you Scott. For helping us during our time of transition.

HARRY

Ah, Janey.

SCOTT

No, she's right. Thank you very much for the meal. I should go.

He gets up.

HARRY

Scott, sit down.

(to Jane and Stephanie,
but really more to
Stephanie)

He's going to help me finish writing the eulogy. Is that ok? How many times do I sacrifice what I want to do, and do whatever you tell me to do?

STEPHANIE

Oh, give me a break.

Jane looks at them. Feeling the tension.

HARRY

When was the last time I even saw a movie I wanted to see? Something that didn't have Diane Keaton, or Meryl Streep, or what's her name? Kate Hudson in it? Fluffy romantic stuff. All we ever -

STEPHANIE

So don't go! No one's forcing you to go!

The idea of them having a blow up right now is not something Jane wants to happen. She's thinking... until -

JANE

Remember when we used to go to the drive in?

Instantly, their moods change. They smile, reminiscing.

HARRY
We'd put the top down. That old
Chrysler...

STEPHANIE
I loved that car.

JANE
I still remember going to see
Ghostbusters 2.

HARRY
That was the first movie you both
stayed awake the whole time for.

STEPHANIE
And, your sister. She got scared
and -

JANE
(laughs)
Puked all over the car!

Harry and Stephanie laugh. As if the previous fight didn't
even happen.

JANE (CONT'D)
And, the puke was bright neon green
because she drank like three Ecto
Cooler juice boxes that day.

HARRY
Such a weak stomach, that one.

JANE
And, then there was that time at
the dentist.

STEPHANIE
Yes, as the dentist was bringing
the drill to her mouth -

JANE
Like a stream! It was a stream of
blue puke. Because she used to eat
those blue popsicles from the ice
cream man.

STEPHANIE
It went right in his face!

JANE

And, then she ran to the bathroom
but the puke was still streaming
out! It was like bright blue puke
streaming down the hallway!

Harry laughs along with them and Scott watches this cute little family moment. The first of which we've seen. He looks at Jane... she really is adorable when she wants to be.

EXT. NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ - SUBURBS - EVENING

A vibrant sunset illuminates houses in its wake, which brings us to...

INT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - LATER

A large collection of FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS surround the CLOSED CASKET...

HARRY (O.S.)

Lauren loved flowers... and reality
tv... truth is, I didn't know what
she was thinking half the time...

Nearby, Harry is aimlessly talking to Scott and Scott has the tape recorder set to record.

HARRY (CONT'D)

She was all about those handbags.
The expensive ones... How someone
could spend thousands of dollars on
a purse... well... She was always
reading those trashy magazines. I
mean, God forbid she ever read a
book. She wasn't dumb. No, no.
But, maybe a little ditzy? Is that
word still... Anyway, my wife and
her were very close... She'd often
come in for the weekend. We'd go
to the mall. They'd run around,
store after store. I'd find a
bench and I'd just sit there. All
day. Look at the people...

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Excuse me, Harry?

Harry turns and there's the FUNERAL DIRECTOR, a middle aged black woman who bears a very kind/genuine/calm smile.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

If we may, can we speak for a moment before people begin to arrive? It'll be quick.

HARRY

Okay.
(to Scott)
I'll be right back.

SCOTT

Sure, of course.

Harry leaves with the Funeral Director, while Scott remains standing there by the FLOWERS.

TIME LAPSE:

Scott stands in the same position, but gradually PEOPLE are arriving.

More and more PEOPLE arriving.

More and more PEOPLE until the ROOM is now FULL.

Still with no sign of Harry, Scott makes his way out of the VIEWING ROOM. But, as he's doing so -

KRISTY (O.S.)

Omigod, you're him. Scott?

Scott looks and there's KRISTY (mid 20's), cute and well dressed.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

I'm Kristy, I worked with Lauren. She told me all about you that day. We got green juices at Organic Avenue and she showed me your profile. She was so excited to meet you.

Scott takes that in as Kristy goes for a forced hug.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Did she say anything about me that night?

Nearby, Jane, having witnessed this, rolls her eyes.

Scott notices. His eyes happen to catch Jane's for a second. They have a quick moment. "Is this girl for real???" Jane looks away. Scott looks back at Kristy.

SCOTT

Um...

MONTAGE - A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

Scott, in the LOUNGE sits next to Cousin Joe, watching basketball.

COUSIN JOE

Wait, how did you and Lauren meet again?

Scott is being questioned by AUNT KATHY (60'S) in the VIEWING ROOM.

AUNT KATHY

Did you hear about that Craigslist killer?

RANDOM OLD GUY rants to Scott in the HALLWAY.

RANDOM OLD GUY

The owner of that building ought to be sent to the gas chamber for this. When I was your age, people were *accountable*. Now everyone just wants to pass off work to someone else.

Scott attentively nods.

RANDOM OLD GUY (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, when I was in 'Nam, I saved four grown men from drowning off the coast of Da Nang. You couldn't save her?

Random Old Guy chugs a little plastic cup of water and heads out. Leaving Scott just standing there by himself.

EXT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - ALLEY

The doors open and out goes Scott looking for refuge. He looks around. No one's there.

He pulls out his cellphone. Thinking for a beat...

He presses a button and puts it to his ear. Ringing... Ringing... Until -

SCOTT'S MOM (V.O.)

Hello?

SCOTT

Hi Mom.

SCOTT'S MOM (V.O.)

Scott? Hi honey! I was just thinking about you! Everything's good here. We got a new fridge last week. Same one they have on Iron Chef, can you believe it!?

SCOTT

Oh, wow. That's -

SCOTT'S MOM (V.O.)

Weather's been good. Kinda cloudy, but good. I heard it's been really nice in New York! Hope your job's going well and will you please meet a nice girl this summer so I can have some grandchildren photos to put on my new fridge!?

SCOTT

Yeah, well, about that. Something happened recently and -

SCOTT'S MOM (V.O.)

I'm just kidding, honey. I don't want to bother you, I know you're busy. Thanks for calling, I'll talk to you soon, bye!

She hangs up.

And, Scott just stands there for a moment. But, he shakes it off as if this type of behavior is common.

He presses another button on his phone and puts it to his ear. Ringing...

NEALY (V.O.)

Scottie!?

SCOTT

Hey Nealy.

NEALY

How's the life of my last remaining bachelor buddy going?

SCOTT

Well, something happened the other -

NEALY (V.O.)
 (yelling at something in
 background)
 What!?

NEALY'S WIFE (V.O.)
 (in the background)
 Bobby needs his diaper changed!

NEALY (V.O.)
 (to his Wife)
 Hun, I've been changing diapers all
 week. Can you please do it?

NEALY'S WIFE (V.O.)
 Ninety percent of the diaper
 changing is done by me! Ninety
 percent!

NEALY (V.O.)
 Hun, don't -

NEALY'S WIFE (V.O.)
 It's fine, Nealy! I'll do it like
 I always do.

NEALY (V.O.)
 (back to Scott)
 Scottie, sorry bud. Dad duty
 calls. Can I call you later?
 Maybe this weekend?

SCOTT
 Yeah, sure. No problem.

NEALY
 Alright, later buddy.

SCOTT
 Later.

And, they hang up. Scott stands there for another
 disillusioned beat.

INT. QUEENS, NY - SANDRA'S APARTMENT

Scott's ex secretary, Sandra, sits in a tiny kitchen, eating
 dinner with her five year old SON when her PHONE RINGS.

She gets up to answer.

SANDRA
 Hello?

EXT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - ALLEY

Scott, on the phone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

SCOTT

Sandra, it's Scott. Sorry to bother you.

SANDRA

(caught off guard)
Oh, hi Scott. No worries at all.
What can I do for you?

SCOTT

Yeah, there's just something I wanted to talk to you about...

SANDRA

Sure, what is it?

SCOTT

Yeah, it's just...

She's waiting...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I feel like...

SANDRA

Yeah?

SCOTT

The palm tree in the boardroom...
It's dehydrated. Can you remember to water it for me? I know it's an odd request, but I've always had this sentimental thing going on with it.

ON SANDRA: "Yep... totally odd."

SANDRA

Oh, no. Not odd at all. I'll be sure to water it.

SCOTT

Thank you.

SANDRA

My pleasure.

SCOTT
Ok, well... bye Sandra.

SANDRA
Bye Scott.

Scott hangs up. And, he just stands there alone in the ALLEY. BRICK WALLS on both sides of him.

INT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - LATER

Scott makes his way back inside, his eyes scanning the area until -

JANE (O.S.)
Want to play a game? It's called Suburbs or City.

Scott turns to find Jane standing nearby.

SCOTT
How do you play?

JANE
You just look at people and say whether or not you think they live in the suburbs or in a city. I'll start.

Jane points to a THIN WOMAN down the HALLWAY.

JANE (CONT'D)
City.

She points to a HEAVYSET WOMAN.

JANE (CONT'D)
Suburbs.

She points to ANOTHER HEAVYSET WOMAN.

JANE (CONT'D)
Suburbs.

And, another -

JANE (CONT'D)
Definitely suburbs.

SCOTT
You're just pointing to overweight people and saying that they're from the suburbs.

JANE

Only trying to lighten the mood. Lauren would want me to do that at her funeral. I'm sure you know her personality inside and out though, since you shared such a *connection* with her that night.

SCOTT

I didn't -
(beat, stops himself)
Nevermind.

JANE

What?

Scott tries to walk away, but Jane follows him. Reading him all the while.

JANE (CONT'D)

You didn't like my sister. Not even a little bit.

Scott stops. He can't keep this up anymore. And, whether it's her candor, his own self-resentment, or that he's just desperate to confide in *someone* -

SCOTT

No! I didn't! I was just trying to "close" that night. A bro who was just trying to close, is that what you called me?

She looks around to see if anyone heard him. Doesn't look like it.

And, she points to a nearby DOOR.

JANE

Go out there.

He does as she says, she follows, and they enter an -

EMPTY STAIRWELL -

JANE (CONT'D)

Before you walk out that door and out of our lives, I want you to tell me the truth. The moment before she died, what were you doing?

SCOTT

About to go down on her.

She takes that in.

JANE
Ah, just getting a little pussy,
huh?

He sighs.

JANE (CONT'D)
A lil' bite to eat.

He sighs again and then uncomfortably swallows.

JANE (CONT'D)
What were her last words? And, you
better not say some lie about how
she loves the springtime.

SCOTT
(beat)
I want you to lick my pu -
(beat)
She was going to say pussy, but
then the railing broke and -

Jane takes a step and KICKS HIM HARD IN THE BALLS. He goes down.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Jesus!

She looks at him jostling around on the ground and gets angrier. She KICKS HIM AGAIN.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Ugh!! I thought you wanted me to
be honest!

JANE
You know how many assholes like you
my sister dated!? Time and time
again, the same lame douchebag that
fucks her and never calls her
after! The same guy who thinks
he's hot shit because he has a
luxury doorman apartment, reads
Urban Daddy and doesn't use a straw
because Ryan Gosling said it was
gay in Crazy, Stupid, Love!

She's about to wind up again for the ultimate ball kick, but Scott raises his hands in mercy as if he were about to get slain on a battlefield...

SCOTT
 I'm not that guy!
 (catches his breath)
 I'm worse.

She stops, curious.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 That last night... her last night..
 was spent with a guy who will say
 anything to get what he wants.
 And, usually what I want is some
 sort of power over someone or
 something. Leverage. I've been
 doing it since I was a kid. Just
 lying my face off. It's the only
 thing I'm good at.

(beat, realizing)
 I've even been lying about still
 being a lawyer. Earlier this
 morning? I quit. Basically told
 my boss to fuck off and then I came
 here.

(beat)
 So, now I'm unemployed, still got a
 mountain of debt from law school
 and pretty soon I'll need to think
 up another lie so that I don't get
 evicted from my "luxury doorman
 apartment."

(beat, getting emotional)
That's the truth.

Jane wasn't expecting to see what looks like true
 vulnerability. She doesn't kick him.

Scott slowly gets to his feet. And, without another word, he
 leaves.

EXT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Scott stands by himself and in the distance there's a CAB
 approaching. As he watches, something comes over him and -

FLASHBACK:

EXT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Close on... Lauren, in slow motion, falls further and further
 down, her terrified eyes looking directly at us -

Directly into SCOTT'S EYES.

Scott, shaken to his core, screams into the night for *someone, anyone* to hear.

But, soon there's the loud CRASH! from down below and Scott stares at her lifeless body from fifteen stories up.

Cars HIT THEIR BRAKES and HONK THEIR HORNS. Like little model cars on a little model train set.

Scott rushes to the BALCONY DOOR, but he trips on something. He looks towards the ground to see what caused it, but before we see it -

HONK HONK!

BACK TO:

EXT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT

A CAB waits for Scott. HONKS a few more times before Scott snaps out of his daze.

Scott looks at the CAB. And, then he looks back at the FUNERAL HOME...

INT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM

Scott strides into the VIEWING ROOM with purpose. Scans the place. There she is. Jane's talking to a RANDOM RELATIVE and Scott walks right up to her. Taps her on the shoulder.

SCOTT
 (to Random Relative)
 Excuse me. Sorry to interrupt.
 (to Jane)
 Can I speak to you for a second?

JANE
 Why are you still here?

A beat. Random Relative watches this. Confused.

SCOTT
 Paying my respects. I just have a question for you.

Jane eyes him down, trying to get a read on him.

EMPTY STAIRWELL -

Scott and Jane enter that same EMPTY STAIRWELL as before.

JANE

What part of "Get the fuck out of our lives" didn't you understand?

SCOTT

Tell them. Go ahead. Tell them what really happened the moment before she died.

JANE

I will!

SCOTT

No, you won't. Because you know it's a mistake. I might be an asshole, but I didn't force her hand that night. She wanted it.

JANE

(fed up)

Ok -

SCOTT

But, none of that matters now. What matters is comforting those who need comforted.

(beat)

I know you and your sister were close.

JANE

No, you don't. You don't -

SCOTT

I'm so sorry you lost her. I'm so sorry. There's nothing I can say to comfort you.

JANE

So, why are you -

SCOTT

Not everyone grieves the same way. I told your dad I'd help him write the eulogy and I'm gonna see that through. Why?

(beat)

Here's some more truth.

(beat)

Sometimes people need a liar.

Scott walks away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 (as he's walking)
 If you need me I'll be in the
 lounge eating Aunt Kathy's macaroni
 salad. Cousin Joe said it's
 "fucking dope."

Jane has certainly never been in this situation before.

LOUNGE - LATER

Sure enough, Scott sits by himself eating a big plate of macaroni salad, watching a basketball game on TV.

Jane appears in the DOORWAY.

JANE
 Come with me.

SCOTT
 (as he chews)
 Should I wear a cup?

EXT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT

Close on: a joint being lit. Jane takes a long drag.

JANE
 Back in high school smoking pot was
 about the only thing my sister and
 I had in common.

SCOTT
 Very "high school" of you guys.

JANE
 She did it to fit in with people.
 I did it just to tolerate them.

SCOTT
 So, she was the stereotypical
 popular type and you were the artsy
 and jaded / misunderstood twin?

JANE
 That's an apt surface level
 observation.

SCOTT
 But?

JANE

Popularity has its stages. I, for one, was the coolest kid in grade school and middle school. My sister? Her only friends were her American Girl doll collection. But, in 9th grade, like a teen idol fallen from stardom, I became uncool.

SCOTT

Why the sudden change?

JANE

Maybe I started to feel bored with everything? I felt different than everyone else. Or, maybe they just didn't think I was "cool" anymore.

(beat)

My sister, on the other hand... She wanted to fit in pretty badly, so in cliché fashion, she joined the cheerleading squad, started drinking and smoking pot. Soon enough she started hanging with Anna Collins, our town's most popular Mean Girl. And, they remained friends for awhile. Even when Anna coined my sister the nickname "Chunky Salsa" because my sister had something called Polycystic Ovary Syndrome, which meant that she bled sometimes in between periods. And, when Brad Davis fingered her Junior year, he told Anna that she bled on him. Anna, like a good friend, then began calling my sister "Chunky Salsa" behind her back and quickly the name spread which resulted in my sister bawling her eyes out one day in the cafeteria.

SCOTT

Wow.

JANE

But, what'd Lauren do afterwards? Ran right back into her arms. And, she stayed there until recently when -

Jane stops.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Why am I telling you this? You
 don't - fuck it.

She passes him the joint.

SCOTT
 Let me guess. Anna's inside right
 now? And, you don't want to see
 her, so that's why you -

JANE
 I don't run away from my problems.
 I embrace them.

SCOTT
 Okay.
 (beat)
 Have you ever, like, confronted
 this chick Anna about any of -

JANE
 I need to get back.

Jane walks away. Back towards the FUNERAL HOME.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Wait like five minutes and then go
 back through the side entrance.

She keeps walking.

And, Scott takes a look around the PARKING LOT. Not the best
 place to be high as a kite. He shakes his head, trying to
 get rid of the cobwebs. A deep breath. Lets it out...

**EXT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - SIDE ENTRANCE - FIVE
 MINUTES LATER**

Scott carefully approaches, but in the distance he hears -

TOMMY (O.S.)
 I'll kill him. I'll fucking kill
 him.

Scott, high and paranoid, stops dead in his tracks. Hides
 behind a tree.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 That weasel bastard. The nerve of
 him to - What'd he say?

Scott peaks through and sees Tommy talking to Harry.

HARRY

That he can't imagine what I'm going through.

TOMMY

He can't imagine? Well, one thing he could've "imagined" is doing his fucking job and keeping up with the building inspections! That Rat Weasel Schmuck!

Scott breathes a sigh of relief. Not talking about him.

HARRY

I asked him if the structure was inspected recently. He said something like "My team is fully cooperating with the investigation and we'll have all details asap." And, I said it's pretty clear the structure was not sound. The police determined that pretty quickly and so did I when I went there afterwards and saw it.

TOMMY

He's gonna try to settle this out of court. Pay you a bunch of money to keep your mouth shut.

HARRY

Yeah.

Beat. Then -

TOMMY

I have his address.

HARRY

So do I. They're on Park Ave.

TOMMY

No. I mean, his actual address. Where he sleeps.

HARRY

Tommy, what'd you do?

TOMMY

I know a guy.

HARRY

Who? Who do you -

TOMMY

Relax, Hare. Lenny Danile's cousin
Wiz.

HARRY

Wiz? Wiz who?

TOMMY

Chris Wisniewski. He's a PI. He's
legit. And, he owes me a favor so
he said he'd -

HARRY

What are we gonna do? Go to his
house and murder him in cold blood?

TOMMY

You tell me.

HARRY

Tommy!

TOMMY

I don't have the reigns here, Hare.
I'm just Rudolph with a bright
shiny nose.

Harry thinks about this...

HARRY

I would love nothing more than to
beat the living shit out of this
guy with my bare hands. Just beat
him into rubble. But, what's that
gonna -

Tommy puts up his hand to "Ssh" him.

TOMMY

We're being watched.

HARRY

What makes you think that?

TOMMY

Hunter's intuition.
(yells out)
Behind that tree. I know you're
there, come out with your hands up.

Fuck. Scott puts his hands up and leaves cover. They see
him.

HARRY

Scott?

SCOTT

I just came out for a smoke! I didn't hear anything, I swear!

Tommy eyes him down, suspiciously.

TOMMY

Part of me thinks he was hired by the owner of that building.

HARRY

Hired by who?

TOMMY

The building guy!

HARRY

Why would you -

TOMMY

All's I'm sayin' is there's a lot we don't know!

HARRY

We're all here to pay respects to my daughter, so can we all please go back inside and do just that?

They obediently nod and head back inside.

INT. FRANK O'NEILL FUNERAL HOME - LATER

The place is starting to clear out. Several people remain scattered about, talking.

ANNA COLLINS (late 20's, conventionally pretty and pregnant) talks to Jane. From the looks of this exchange you'd never be able to see the animosity that Jane has for her.

Scott inconspicuously watches.

Then he looks over and sees Harry and Stephanie in the distance. Stephanie is talking to Luther, the guy from the night before, while Harry talks to Cousin Joe.

But, Harry's attention is on Stephanie and Luther's conversation, uneasy about him, like the night before.

Scott slowly makes his way towards them as Luther hugs Stephanie and turns his attention towards Harry. Luther wears his grief openly. In much contrast to Harry who keeps it hidden.

Cousin Joe shakes Harry's hand and leaves. Luther now occupies the floor with Harry and Scott casually observes.

LUTHER
Harry, how are -

HARRY
I don't know how you find the time to get away from the store.

LUTHER
Ah, the store. I want to be here to support you guys.

HARRY
How's business?

LUTHER
Really good. We've surpassed our expectations since March.

HARRY
Winter is when things get tricky. Gotta plan for the worst.

LUTHER
Very true I imagine. You know, I could use someone with your expertise there. Should you ever want to -

HARRY
I'm enjoying my retirement just fine.

LUTHER
Or, if you ever want to just come in to take a look around.

HARRY
I keep pretty busy. But, I'll remember that.

Luther courteously nods. This conversation's about reached its peak.

LUTHER
Harry, please let me know if there's ever anything I can do.

Harry nods in receipt as Luther warmly pats him on the shoulder and leaves.

Harry stares at his shoulder where he touched him. Brushes himself off.

HARRY
(under his breath)
Fuckin asshole.

Scott notices that Harry is now alone and he walks over.

Immediately, Harry's attitude turns upbeat when he sees Scott.

HARRY (CONT'D)
There you are. Please save me from these assholes.

SCOTT
Who?

HARRY
Like it's a big social event. Come on down, pay your respects. But, what am I gonna do? Cause a scene at my daughter's... I'll keep my cool.

For as much as he's heard Harry vent/rant recently, Scott still isn't quite sure what to do in that situation.

SCOTT
Oh, Harry, the eulogy. When would be a good time to -

HARRY
(checking watch)
It's already getting late.

SCOTT
I can stay late. I don't mind.

Harry rubs his face. He's fried.

HARRY
I just don't know if my brain can function right now.

SCOTT
Or, I could drop by early tomorrow.

HARRY
 (thinking out loud)
 Funeral's at ten tomorrow. You'd
 have to leave the city pretty
 early...

Scott, out of the corner of his eye, watches Jane, still
 talking to Anna. Like they're old friends.

SCOTT
 I could stay in a hotel somewhere
 around here and then possibly meet
 you in the morning to go over -

HARRY
 A hotel? Why don't you stay the
 night at our place. In the guest
 room.

SCOTT
 I wouldn't want to impose.

HARRY
 Not imposing. And, in the morning,
 before the funeral we could run
 through the eulogy. I think best
 first thing in the morning. That
 would be helpful.

Scott continues to inconspicuously watch Jane and Anna...

SCOTT
 Sure, that'd be great, thanks.

INT. MOFFETT HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER

A made up bed that probably hasn't been slept on in months.
 Scott, still in his suit, sits silently on top of the covers,
 looking at his phone.

ON PHONE:

The FACEBOOK PROFILE of ANNA COLLINS...

Her profile pic... Before her baby bump, she's dressed as
 "Slutty Snow White" at some sort of Halloween Party.

She lives in New Brunswick, NJ, but as for the rest: "To see
 what she shares with friends, send her a friend request."

There's a knock at the door. Scott puts his phone away.

SCOTT

Yes?

Door opens and there's Stephanie holding a blanket.

STEPHANIE

It can get pretty cold in here.

SCOTT

Thank you.

She sets the blanket on the bed and stands there a moment. Not really sure what she should do.

"I guess I'll sit," crosses her mind and she does just that, in a nearby rocking chair. Eyes the blanket.

STEPHANIE

Come to think of it, that blanket was Lauren's favorite. She'd use it almost every time she came home. She loved having a blanket, no matter the weather. You probably didn't know that.

SCOTT

No, I -

STEPHANIE

You didn't know her... You didn't know her but you were there.

(beat)

What are you afraid of?

He isn't sure what to say.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

This is what I'm afraid of. It's already happened.

Stephanie wipes her eyes. Looks at him.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

She showed me your photo. Before she went out with you. Said that so far you met her checklist.

SCOTT

Really? Her check -

STEPHANIE

Tall with a full head of hair, blue eyes. A good job and you live in Manhattan.

SCOTT

Oh, that was her -

STEPHANIE

We talked everyday. Often, two or three or four times. Phone calls. Text messages. The day she died.. I didn't talk to her. We had a fight the night before. I guess it wasn't a fight. An argument. Such a silly argument.

(beat, thinking)

She was complaining about working a lot of hours and not having time to clean her apartment. She got home late that night, she cleaned and called me. Said she was thinking of getting a cleaning lady. I told her to be careful about where she's spending her money. I said something about me working all the time while raising her and Jane and me still doing all of the household chores myself. She got defensive... she just wanted someone to vent to that night... why didn't I just shut up and listen!? Why did I make it about me!?

(beat, holding back tears)

The last thing she said to me was "Mom, the delivery guy is here and I'm gonna watch The Bachelor." But, she said it in such a way... so dismissive... If I could just get that phone call back...

She can't stop the crying, it pours out.

Scott's eyes uncomfortably dart around the room. Until, just out of instinct, he gets up and hugs her...

She hugs him back, needing someone to hold...

SCOTT

It's none of my business and I can't imagine what you're going through, but she didn't mention the argument at all. One thing she did say was that she really likes living close enough so that you two could still go shopping together on the weekends.

STEPHANIE
(perks up)
Really?

He nods convincingly.

She hugs him again. Finds the power to stand up.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
If you want, leave your suit
hanging outside of your door and
I'll press it in the morning.

SCOTT
Thank you.

She makes her way out.

When she's outside the door in the hallway Scott can hear
pieces of a muffled convo.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
Where are you going?

HARRY (O.S.)
Just for a drink with Tommy.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
A drink with Tommy?

HARRY (O.S.)
I won't be back too late.

No response. And, then..

Another knock at the door.

SCOTT
Come in!

Door opens and there's Harry holding a small bag. He holds
it up.

HARRY
Got you a pair of sweats in case
you need them. A toothbrush. And,
a razor. You could use a shave.
Everyone's got the five o'clock
scruff these days. Like that
Bradley, what's his name. The
Hangover guy.

Harry sets the bag down on the bed.

SCOTT
Thank you, Harry.

HARRY
I'm heading out for a quick beer
with Tommy. Won't be able to sleep
if I don't. If I wake you up
around seven can we go over the
speech?

SCOTT
Of course. I can wake up as early
as need be.

HARRY
Night, kid.

SCOTT
Night.

Harry leaves and Scott is again left by himself in this
strange place.

INT. MOFFETT HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Scott takes a moment to take a long look at himself in the
mirror.

"What the hell am I doing here right now???"

But, it's interrupted by a CRASH from downstairs. He runs
out to see what it is.

KITCHEN -

Scott finds a broken LAPTOP COMPUTER on the ground.

The culprit?

Jane paces around the KITCHEN, figuratively pulling her hair
out.

SCOTT
You ok?

JANE
Better than my laptop.

Scott glances at it. Although the screen is cracked, he can
still see...

ON SCREEN:

Anna Collins' FACEBOOK PROFILE, status update: "And he will raise you up on eagle's wings, bear you on the breath of dawn, make you to shine like the sun, and hold you in the palm of his hand. @Laurenmoffett"

Scott takes that in as Jane still paces.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (re: status update)
 She even "checked in" at the fucking funeral home. There are so many things wrong with - Why am I even getting upset?

SCOTT
 Look, it's none of my business -

JANE
 Will you stop it with your - Just say what you want to say.

SCOTT
 You need to confront her.

JANE
 Confront her how?

Scott looks at the CRACKED LAPTOP again. He scrolls down.

SCOTT
 Her address is listed on her Facebook page.

JANE
 I know where she lives.

SCOTT
 Okay.

A beat. Jane is thinking.

JANE
 So, I just show up at her door and tell her how much of a cunt she is?

SCOTT
 Say whatever you want to say. As long as you say something.

Jane takes a seat at the TABLE, holding her head in her hands.

JANE
 What's the point?

SCOTT

If it's not a problem, it's not a problem. But, if it is?

(beat)

I heard you don't run away from those.

Jane looks at the computer, cracked and in pieces on the floor.

A beat.

She looks at Scott. Unavoidable dread.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATER

A very loud and angry rap song blares as Scott drives while Jane sits shotgun, sipping on a water bottle, singing along, knowing every word.

JANE

Make a left here.

He makes a left.

JANE (CONT'D)

Stay straight and then make another left at the stop sign up ahead.

Scott continues driving until they reach the stop sign. He turns left...

JANE (CONT'D)

Pull over on the right side there.

He pulls over and she turns down the music.

JANE (CONT'D)

She came up to me tonight. Offered her condolences. "Let me know if you need anything," is what she said when she left.

(beat)

What purpose does that line serve other than making the person who says it feel instantly better about themselves? Like, oh. I've contributed. Did a good deed like a good Christian.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

But, what if I called her tomorrow and said "You know, we could really use a hand cleaning out her room. My parents spent so much on the funeral that we can't afford to hire movers. Could you devote your day and possibly more than that to help us organize my dead sister's belongings? You said to call if we needed anything."

Jane takes a long sip from the water bottle. Scott notices.

SCOTT

To me, I see a water bottle I think Gatorade. To you? Apparently it's vodka rocks.

Jane takes a deep breath.

JANE

Whatever happens here...

She looks him in the eye.

JANE (CONT'D)

You're my wheel man. Shit goes down, I need you to be all Ryan Gosling in Drive - like. Cool?

Scott nods. They have a moment.

She steps out.

EXT. ANNA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's the type of TOWNHOME PLAN where all of the house are identical. Split level homes that are inhabited by 20 / 30 something new families and retirees looking to downscale.

As she approaches, Jane sees that the lights are on. She sets foot on the FRONT PORCH. Peeks inside the window. She can see Anna sitting on the couch watching TV.

Jane looks at the DOORBELL. Her fiery confidence has dwindled into vulnerability as she contemplates what the hell she's doing.

She looks down at her feet. Under them is a doormat with a worn picture of a HONEY BADGER that says "Honey Badger don't give a shit!"

Fuck it. It's on. She rings the doorbell.

From inside she can hear Anna's footsteps trudging to the door.

Seconds later... Door opens and there's Anna.

ANNA
Jane? Hey girl, what brings you here?

Jane glares at her.

JANE
Stop it with your bullshit.

ANNA
Excuse me?

JANE
Spending an hour at a viewing doesn't reconcile years of incredibly shitty behavior.

ANNA
What are you -

JANE
I just want to know at which point with whoever you first told about her death, did my sister become a punch line?

ANNA
A punch line? Jane, that's so far from the -

JANE
Something like: "Hey, I hope you ate all of your Tortilla chips already." "Why?" "Because, Chunky Salsa... she's dead."

ANNA
That nickname was from like ten years ago.

JANE
How about two years ago? Her boyfriend Billy?

From behind Anna are her husband BRIAN's footsteps.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Honey, what's going on? Who is it?

Brian, about 30 and overweight, with boyish good looks, comes to the DOOR.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What's up? There a problem?

JANE

How long have you guys been married? A year? But, you were engaged two summers ago, right? When the whole "handy" thing happened?

BRIAN

'Fuck are you talking about?

JANE

Your wife jerked off my sister's ex while she slept in the next room. Yeah. Fucked Lauren all up. Like a dagger to the heart. Pretty much disintegrated whatever remaining confidence she had in the dating game.

BRIAN

I don't know what's going on here, but you need to leave.

BACK AT THE CAR -

Scott watches on pins and needles...

DOORSTEP -

ANNA

Jane, honey, I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

Jane can't help but laugh.

JANE

Even to this day, you are still so completely full of fucking shit.

(beat)

I read your message. The Facebook apology you sent where you so very cleanly apologized as you reminisced about your days puking in the ladies room listening to Nelly.

(beat, off Anna's surprise)

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

We may have been opposites in a lot of ways, but my sister and I were closer than you think.

BRIAN

Wait, that was true?

Anna, unwilling to apologize for this, suddenly gets angry.

ANNA

It's not my fault she had low self esteem. And, it's definitely not my fault she was dumb enough to sit on a fucking balcony railing that wasn't sturdy!

Jane loses it. Slaps her in the face. Hard. Completely shocking Anna.

BACK AT THE CAR -

Scott sits up. "Fuck."

DOORSTEP -

Brian jumps forward.

BRIAN

Don't touch my wife!

Brian grabs Jane and pushes her, sending her backwards and almost off the porch.

BACK AT THE CAR -

Scott throws open the CAR DOOR and without thinking, he just runs towards them like a bat out of hell. As if all of the crazy shit that's happened to him over the past few days is suddenly surfacing right here.

DOORSTEP -

Brian sees Scott running towards him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Who's this faggot?

Brian gets in a fighting stance and runs towards Scott.

Scott doesn't stop, they're both running towards each other, poised for a brawl.

JANE

Scott, don't!

Jane watches in agony.

They meet. And, Brian winds up, swinging for the fences with a huge haymaker.

Scott ducks. Successfully missing the hit. And, he counters. He nails Brian twice in the face, sending him to the grass, in sloppy but effective Floyd Mayweather fashion.

ANNA

Brian!

Anna runs towards her husband who's on the ground, his face bruised along with his pride.

Jane looks at Scott. They look at the car.

And, they run the fuck out of there.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Scott and Jane hop inside and Scott feverishly starts the ignition. Puts the car into DRIVE. And, they speed the hell out of there...

Once they're a few houses away, they look at each other.

They BUST OUT INTO LAUGHTER, their adrenaline pumping, hearts racing, their spirits triumphantly victorious...

Jane turns up the music, singing along. Something of the "Notorious Thugs" persuasion.

Loud. Raucous. Celebratory. Scott now joins her in singing.

INT. THE ALE 'N WICH PUB - NIGHT

A run of the mill irish pub on a slow night.

Scott and Jane stand at the BAR, waiting for the BARTENDER to get their drinks.

Scott looks over at Jane.

SCOTT

(faux bro)

Sup? You come here often or?

She looks at his deadpan face. She laughs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 (still in character)
 I'm just a good dude lookin' for a
 good girl.

She laughs again. And, she looks at him. Getting a read...

JANE
 At first, I didn't know what to
 make of you.
 (beat, then)
 Maybe I still don't. But, at least
 your sense of humor is shining
 through.

SCOTT
 (remaining in character)
 I do what I can. Just lovin' babes
 and livin' that party life.

She can't help but laugh again. He's cracking her up.

JANE
 You're kinda hilarious. Anyone
 ever tell you that?

Scott plays if off, but deep down he likes that she *gets* him.
 Bartender returns with their drinks.

MONTAGE:

Scott and Jane take shots like a couple of seasoned pros.

Scott and Jane play a heated game of pool.

Scott and Jane are dancing / singing to more 90's hip hop,
 laughing all the while. (Possibly a solid opportunity for
 some "Mo Money Mo Problems," with Scott jokingly throwing
 money up in the air and then embarrassedly collecting it).

END MONTAGE

EXT. THE ALE 'N WICH PUB - BACK PORCH

Scott and Jane smoke a cigarette on a bench, looking up at
 the clear night sky.

Scott takes in these surroundings. The peaceful stillness of
 it all...

SCOTT
 Sometimes it's nice to just sit
 somewhere...
 (MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I always feel like I'm moving. Or, if I'm not moving, that I should be moving.

JANE

And, then there's the guilt. For not accomplishing anything.

SCOTT

But, what is an accomplishment? Getting money for some asshole and the money you make for one asshole turns into more money you make for other assholes? Until suddenly, *you, yourself*, are an asshole?

Jane exhales slowly and looks at him.

JANE

I was wondering why you're such an asshole.

He laughs. She laughs with him for a moment, but then turns pensive...

JANE (CONT'D)

When I'm with my parents I feel like an asshole. This domineering person who's trying to change them into being what I want them to be.

(beat)

Lauren would kinda balance me out, I think.

(beat)

Such a dysfunctional situation.

Scott takes that in. A beat.

SCOTT

At least you have a situation. I'm an only child, and my dad passed away when I was young. My mom was pretty busy working when I was growing up. Didn't see her much. And, now she lives with some dude in Connecticut. Which really isn't that far away, but I haven't seen her in... I guess it's been a few years. She says she doesn't want to bother me. So, she doesn't call or do anything.

Jane thinks about that.

JANE

Do you want to see her more often?

SCOTT

I don't know. Sure.

JANE

So, confront her.

He smiles.

SCOTT

I'm gonna need a bigger water
bottle.

She laughs. And, she looks upwards... lost in the night sky.

JANE

So much of my time here in this
town I spent wishing I could spend
less time with my family. That I
could just up and leave.

(beat)

My parents, Lauren... just leave
them all behind. I always thought
they were so... narrow minded.
That I was smarter than them.
There were other people in the
world out there that would "get" me
for who I really was.

(getting emotional)

Lauren never wanted to leave me...
I'd come back and she'd be so
excited. She'd always want to come
and visit me out west... for the
longest time I wondered why?
Doesn't she realize how different
we are?

(beat)

That didn't matter to her...

Scott listens intently. She looks at him.

JANE (CONT'D)

I want to hate you. I want to
blame you for what happened. It's
not your fault, but I want to blame
you.

Scott doesn't say anything. Lets her continue...

JANE (CONT'D)

I can't. When it comes down to it, you're just a guy that wants to fuck. You see an attractive girl and you want to fuck her.

SCOTT

(sarcastic)

You know me all too well. Just a "guy that wants to fuck."

JANE

You said it yourself. That night. You were just trying to "close."

SCOTT

Look, I'm sure your sister had a ton of great qualities and I only knew her for a few hours, but right away it was like I was on some job interview. "What do you do for fun?" "Do you like staying in as much as you like going out?"

(beat)

A bombardment of these rehearsed questions like she was seeing how conveniently I could fit into her life. And, she's not the only person I've dated who was like that. But, that's just not what I'm about.

(beat)

Whatever happened to two people just talking? I mean really talking?

Jane nods, understanding.

JANE

I guess I can see that.

(beat)

She had this criteria that she wanted guys to meet. Questions she was going to need answers to. Like "What do you do for fun?" "Do you like staying in as much as you like going out?" Other generic stuff... I think it never really served the purpose of narrowing down her search as much as it made her feel like she had some power.

Scott hadn't thought of it like that before.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sounds like that's not something you have a problem with, though.

SCOTT

I wouldn't say that.

JANE

No?

(jokes)

Well, tell me more about yourself, Scott. What do you do for fun?

He half smiles.

SCOTT

I don't know.

And, he takes a long drag, thinking about this...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

My friends are all in serious relationships, the people I work with are middle aged men or forty something women with kids and the majority of my time I spend alone... staring at Facebook photos of old friends who aren't alone. Friends who used to be like me, but who no longer are.

(beat)

You go on dates to see if maybe there's someone out there who will make you feel like you're a *part of something*. That you're not just some sort of alien staring at a bunch of happy humans inside of a snow globe.

(beat)

But, with each disappointment you start to accept more and more that maybe you're just meant to be on the outside looking in. Maybe you're just meant to be alone.

Jane just stares at him. Moved by this.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(vulnerable)

Too dark? Sorry, that was too -

She breaks out of her trance.

JANE
No, no, not at all.

He looks at her some more and she nervously looks away. She looks around the PORCH AREA. No one else is around.

JANE (CONT'D)
Looks like now we're both all
alone.

He checks out the scene. Yep. And, he looks back at her.

She looks back at him.

Now, neither can look away. Lost in each other's eyes.

They kiss...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Scott and Jane are in the backseat, passionately having sex. From the looks of it, they're parked on a neighborhood street, but their attention isn't out there. It's on each other. It's not just a drunk hook up. It's two people deeply enjoying the company of each other.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - LATER

Scott and Jane, half naked in the back seat.

He looks at her. A pleasant smile. As if right now, he'd rather be nowhere other than right there at that very moment.

INT. CAR - DAWN

Scott's eyes open. It's getting light out. Jane pops up.

JANE
Fuck. We gotta go. We gotta go
right now.

In a panic, she throws on her clothes and he begins doing the same.

EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE - DAWN

The CAR is in neutral and they push it slowly into the DRIVEWAY. Scott gets in and puts it into PARK and they quickly, but quietly enter the BACK DOOR.

INT. MOFFETT HOUSE - BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Creeping inside, Scott and Jane can hear the sounds of Harry snoring.

There he is. On the LIVING ROOM COUCH.

SCOTT
(panicked whisper)
Why is he down here?

JANE
(even more panicked
whisper)
You have to make it to the guest
room without them seeing you.
Please hurry. But, be quiet.

He nods. But, when he turns he accidentally BUMPS INTO A CHAIR.

Harry pops up.

HARRY
(half asleep)
Hello?

Jane freezes. So does Scott.

Harry, sits up on the couch, wipes his eyes, still not awake.

Realizing they have a moment before he comes to, Jane motions for Scott to go into the nearby DINING ROOM and he does so, tiptoeing all the while.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Jane?

JANE
Hey Dad.

Harry, without thinking, stands up. Takes a step. But, he quickly stops.

HARRY
What the...

He bends down to observe something.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What's that smell?

JANE
Huh?

HARRY
You gotta be... Did I?

Harry is slowly realizing that today isn't beginning exactly how he'd like.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!!!

JANE
What is it!?

Jane rushes over and notices that he has stepped in a pretty large pile of cat shit.

JANE (CONT'D)
Sorry Dad! I'll get you some paper towels.

HARRY
That little bastard!

Jane rushes to get some supplies as the sounds of someone COMING DOWN THE STAIRS are heard.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
Harry? What's going on?

DINING ROOM -

Upon hearing Stephanie's voice, Scott silently freaks out, realizing he has nowhere to hide.

FOYER -

Stephanie, in her robe, hurries down the stairs and RIGHT TOWARDS SCOTT, who has pressed his body up against the DINING ROOM WALL, perfectly still, praying she won't see him, as if she were the T Rex from Jurassic Park.

Stephanie, wiping her groggy eyes, walks RIGHT PAST SCOTT and into the -

KITCHEN -

Where Harry sits at the table, pissed as can be, cleaning his shit laden foot.

HARRY
(to Stephanie)
The cat shit everywhere and I stepped in it!

Harry takes off his sock.

STEPHANIE

Ok, relax. We'll clean it up.

HARRY

We'll? You mean I'll. I'll clean it up. Like I always do.

STEPHANIE

Stop it, will you?

HARRY

It's all I do! All I fuckin do!

Jane hurries over to the LIVING ROOM, supplies in hand.

JANE

Easy Dad, I'll help clean.

HARRY

When have you ever done one goddamn thing to help this family? Other than leave your cat here when you went off to California to be some New Age Yogi!?

Jane stops.

JANE

Woah. Okay...

HARRY

I do the dishes, the cooking, the cleaning, the yardwork. I take care of the cars, I run errands. And, I do all of that when I'm not stuck cleaning up after this shitty cat that was yours, Jane, to begin with!

STEPHANIE

Don't yell at her!

DINING ROOM -

Scott listens from his faux hiding place...

KITCHEN -

HARRY

This is not how I pictured my retirement!

STEPHANIE

Retirement!? Let's talk about your retirement! Why you retired. Or, why you had to retire.

HARRY

Hold it over my head like you always do!

STEPHANIE

You held it over our heads! Your debt!

Jane is confused.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

And, if it wasn't for Luther -

HARRY

I never asked Luther for a dollar!

STEPHANIE

But, if he didn't take over your lease and help with your debt, where would you be? In jail! That's where!

HARRY

If I was in jail at least I wouldn't have to get sick to my stomach each and every time I drove past my business to see that prick reaping the benefits of something that I built from the ground up!

STEPHANIE

He saved your ass! But, you're too proud, or maybe too racist to see that!

HARRY

Racist!? You couldn't be farther from the - How many blacks did I hire at my store!? Or Mexicans!? Or Chinese!? Christ, the fuckin funeral director is black!

STEPHANIE

Give yourself a big pat on the back!

HARRY

Luther saw an opportunity to make money and he took that opportunity!
(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

You fawn over him like he's some goddamn hero that saved the day, but underneath that hero I promise you there's a conniving bastard just trying to make a buck!

STEPHANIE

He's a good man, Harry!

HARRY

So go fuck him! Or, maybe you did and that's why he's such a "good man"!

Stephanie slaps him in the face. Harry looks like he might kill her.

Jane gets in between them.

JANE

Stop it! Please!

DINING ROOM -

Concerned, Scott moves to where he can see what's happening.

KITCHEN -

The tension is sharp as a knife.

Harry and Stephanie, both out of breath, stare daggers at each other while Jane stands in between them. Her eyes move back and forth, desperate for answers.

JANE (CONT'D)

Will someone please tell me what's -

STEPHANIE

Thousands of dollars of *our* money! *Our* retirement fund! That dream house in Boca!? It's nothing but a dream! Because your father can't balance his fucking check book!

Harry loses it. Grabs a coffee cup and smashes it against the wall.

Jane and Stephanie jump back in fear.

SCOTT

Harry!

The doorbell RINGS.

Stephanie runs away from Harry and towards the FRONT DOOR where through the GLASS we can see what looks like a COP.

Stephanie opens the door and there stands the broad shouldered COP.

COP
Morning, M'am. I'm looking for a
Harry Moffett?

STEPHANIE
What's this about?

HARRY (O.S.)
Go away!

Cop hears this and takes a step inside the HOUSE.

COP
Excuse me, M'am.

STEPHANIE
(to Harry)
What did you do!!!???

KITCHEN -

Harry's hand / wrist is now gushing blood.

JANE
(terrified)
Daddy!

Scott rushes over to Harry and wraps his wound with a towel.

SCOTT
Gonna be ok, Harry.

COP (O.S.)
Harry Moffett, you are under arr -

Cop stops mid-sentence when he sees the bleeding Harry.

COP (CONT'D)
Keep pressure on that. We'll get
you to the hospital.

Stephanie falls back against the wall, in tears.

STEPHANIE
Harry!!!??? What did you do!???

Harry falls back against a chair... Blood seeps through the white towel...

HARRY

I did what I *had* to do! What a *man* would do!!!

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

A bustling hospital.

Scott turns the corner and sees Harry sitting in one of those sectioned off curtain spaces. That same Cop from earlier is talking to him.

But, within a few seconds, Cop leaves. Cop politely nods to Scott as he passes him.

Scott approaches Harry who just stares straight ahead, not acknowledging him. Completely defeated. His hand bandaged.

SCOTT

Hi Har -

HARRY

(sarcastic)

It's my lucky day. That asshole isn't pressing charges.

(beat, thinking)

He's lucky I didn't kill him. I was going to... I felt his nose break on my hand and I thought about Lauren. Would she want me to do this?

SCOTT

What happened?

HARRY

They leave?

Scott nods.

SCOTT

I called a cab.

Harry still stares straight ahead. Completely numb. Disillusioned.

HARRY

That moment you first hear it. They're crying... this brand new living thing... so small... she's crying and it's up to you and you alone to protect her. To make sure she doesn't cry.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

(thinking)

You spend your whole life doing whatever you can do to keep your kids together. But, then you realize that all along, they were the one's keeping you together.

Harry's face starts to shake. He's trying to fend off tears with every ounce of his body. And, that reluctance to cry suddenly needs somewhere to go.

Harry glares at Scott.

HARRY (CONT'D)

YOU...

Scott watches him, unsure what's going on.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This whole thing... if you hadn't... FUCK!

Harry lunges at Scott, hitting him square in the face with his good hand.

Scott takes the solid punch and falls hard to the floor. Blood begins pouring from his nose.

Several NURSES rush over to detain Harry who instantly changes as he watches Scott, now on the floor...

HARRY (CONT'D)

Aw, I'm sorry kid! I'm so sorry!
It's not your fault!

INT. CAB - MORNING

Scott and Harry ride in the back of a CAB, a bandage now over Scott's nose.

Scott looks over at a still numb Harry, as if he's trying to work up the courage to tell him something.

Deep breath.

SCOTT

Harry?

HARRY

(stares out the window)
Yeah?

SCOTT
There's something I need to tell
you.

Harry doesn't say anything. Just continues to stare out the
window.

HARRY
It's about your daughter.

Harry looks at him, confused.

SCOTT
I have feelings for her. Strong
feelings. And, I know it's a crazy
situation, but I can't deny the way
I feel about -

HARRY
I know.

SCOTT
You know?

Harry nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
How did you -

HARRY
When I was 19 I spent the summer at
the shore. Waiting tables.
Sleeping on couches. Talking to
girls... Time of my life... There
was one girl I met on the boardwalk
one night. Tricia Steinbeck. I'll
never forget her.

(beat)

It took me a few different times of
seeing her where I finally got the
balls to talk to her. But, one
night I went for it... Best night
of my life.

(beat)

The next morning she had to drive
back home to Bethesda where she was
from, but we made a plan to see
each other again in two weeks
exactly where we met. 7pm on the
pier... So, two weeks go by and I'm
beyond excited. I show up at the
pier. I wait all night. She never
comes. And, I'm devastated...

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

the next day I happened to be reading a newspaper, which is odd because at 19 I never read the paper, but I happened to pick one up that day. And what I saw... "Woman killed in Car Crash on Route 50." It happened about five miles outside of Ocean City. That woman? It was her. Tricia Steinbeck.

SCOTT

Jesus.

HARRY

Goddamn tragedy.

(beat, then)

Was she on her way to meet me? Who knows. And, even then, would things have worked out between us? A lot of questions... I couldn't bring myself to go to the funeral, but a few weeks later I found out her address and I drove there. Just drove all the way to where she had lived with her parents. No idea what I was doing. Just sat in my car and stared at her house all night and then drove back to the beach. But, a week later I returned. Same thing. Parked in front of their house and just sat there. Wondering what it would have been like to see her there. In the yard. In her house.

(beat)

I continued to go every few weeks and every few weeks I'd notice that their mailbox was cracked. They never bothered to fix it. So, one day, right before summer was over I showed up with a brand new mailbox that I had built myself out of solid oak. Son of a bitch cost me most of the money I made waiting tables, but I just felt like I had to do it. I had to do *something*.

(beat)

I didn't do that for her parents. I did it for her, and I only knew her one night. And, I love my wife. But, the feeling I had that night with Tricia... I can't describe it... Endless possibility.

(beat, looks at Scott)

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Knowing Lauren experienced
 something like that with you... in
 some way that's comforting.

Scott takes that in. There's no way he can now tell him what
 he had really wanted to tell him.

So, he just hands Harry the TAPE RECORDER.

SCOTT
 There might be something you can
 use here.

HARRY
 Can you give it? The eulogy?

SCOTT
 What?

HARRY
 I'd fall apart as soon as I got up
 there. I need to be strong. Need
 to be strong for Stephanie and
 Jane.

SCOTT
 There has to be someone more
 qualified.

HARRY
 The way you feel about Lauren is
 the way I want her to be
 remembered.

Scott can't say no. He looks Harry in the eye.

SCOTT
 Of course, Harry. I'll do it.

Harry nods a "thank you."

INT. CHURCH - BATHROOM

Scott, his nose still bandaged, fixes his tie in the mirror
 as the CHURCH ORGAN plays from outside.

SCOTT
 (to himself)
 Jane. Hey. Can we..
 (beat)
 Jane. Hi. About last night. I
 had a..
 (beat)
 (MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Look, I know this is a fucked up situation, but I had a great time last night, and you make me feel...

He pauses. Takes a deep breath. Gaining some confidence.

EXT. CHURCH - ENTRANCE

The organ continues to play as PEOPLE enter...

Scott sees Jane standing near the ENTRANCE.

Jane turns and they make eye contact. Scott smiles warmly, but Jane doesn't reciprocate. Her eyes are cold, angry, scared and apologetic all at once.

Scott takes a few steps in her direction.

SCOTT

Jane, can we talk for a -

But, she quickly turns her back on him and towards CALEB, a 30 something, good looking bearded guy in a linen suit who rushes in and sweeps her up in a hug.

CALEB

Baby, I'm so sorry I'm late. There's no service at the foot of the Atlas Mountains and then I was stuck in customs, and -

She kisses him with a fury.

JANE

I'm just so happy we're together.

Scott watches this, completely perplexed as -

A hand pats him on the shoulder.

He turns around. There's Tommy.

TOMMY

About time he showed up.

SCOTT

Who?

TOMMY

Jane's husband. I don't care he was overseas, he should have been here.

That's definitely not what Scott expected to hear.

Jane and Caleb enter the CHURCH, Scott watching them all the while.

HARRY (O.S.)
Tommy. Stop it.

Tommy respectfully nods and enters the CHURCH as Harry lags behind. Harry looks at Scott.

HARRY (CONT'D)
See you in there?

Scott absently nods and Harry makes his way INSIDE.

And, Scott continues to watch Jane and her husband... She squeezes his hand tight and he squeezes back as they make their way down the aisle and into a pew... TOGETHER.

Scott just stands there... The small shred of optimism he had left, it's disintegrating in silence as he watches Jane kiss this stranger who apparently isn't a stranger. He watches her put her head on his shoulder. As if last night meant nothing. And, maybe he was ignorant and selfish to think otherwise.

Scott continues to look at these PEOPLE... Again, he's found himself on the outside looking in. And, maybe that's exactly where he's supposed to be.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone has taken their seats and the service is about to start.

Harry, Stephanie and Jane are in the same pew, but there's a large gap between them and Harry. Still mad at him.

Harry looks around. "Where's Scott?"

RAYMOND (V.O.)
So, you finally came to your senses...

INT. RAYMOND'S OFFICE - MORNING

Raymond lounges back in his chair, on speaker.

SCOTT (V.O.)
You were right.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - MORNING

Scott stands by himself, on the phone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

SCOTT

I'll be in later this afternoon.

RAYMOND

Copy. And, hey. No hard feelings.
But, next time? Stick to a chick
who doesn't like heights.

ON SCOTT: "Did he really just say that???"

Raymond hangs up. So does Scott. Up ahead is a CAB coming
Scott's way.

But, suddenly Scott can't move -

FLASHBACK:

EXT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Lauren's lifeless body can be seen on the street from fifteen
flights up. Cars HIT THEIR BRAKES and HONK THEIR HORNS.
Like little model cars on a little model train set.

Scott, shaking, screams into the night for *someone, anyone* to
hear.

SCOTT

Help!!!

As he rushes to the BALCONY DOOR, he trips on something. He
looks down and on the ground there's LAUREN'S PHONE.

He picks it up.

ON PHONE:

DAD: "Hope u had a good day honey Perfect spring night to
enjoy your balcony Just do me a favor and don't sit on the
railing ok? Call mom when u can Love u"

Scott's heart breaks...

DRIVER (V.O.)

Ground Control to Major Tom?

BACK TO:

EXT. CHURCH - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Scott snaps out of it and looks at the CAB in front of him. On top of the roof is an AD for:

MIRAGE TANNING. "No matter the weather, come in and feel better!"

CABBY

You ain't the only one that needs a ride now.

Scott takes that in. And, he takes a step, but just as his foot touches the ground -

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

Scott's foot touches the CHURCH MARBLE...

The PEOPLE turn around.

There's Scott. All alone in front of this group of mostly strangers, but he couldn't go through with leaving. He's here. And, apparently just in time for the Eulogy.

A few whispers. Murmurs. Scott ignores them and makes his way towards the front.

He sees Harry and nods in respect. Harry nods back.

Scott gets to the Lectern. Clears his throat. He looks out at the people...

SCOTT

For those of you who don't know me, which, that's probably most of you... I'm Scott. I was the guy who was there the night Lauren died. We were on a first date.

(beat, thinking)

It's completely and utterly tragic what happened. The situation has played over and over again in my mind a thousand times. What could I have done to save her? I shouldn't have been there in the first place. If I wasn't there that night, would she still be here?

(beat)

I only knew her for one night.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Which would make me completely unqualified to talk about all of her great qualities. So, I'll talk about what I do know.

(beat)

Sometimes dating really sucks.

Out in the crowd he gets a few odd looks from people.

But, he keeps going.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's emotionally taxing. You try to keep your past mistakes away from the present, but nothing is ever in and of itself. So, going into a first date there are always expectations. Doubts. Don't want to get those hopes up too high because chances are they won't measure up to this "idea" you have in your head. But, suddenly you spend a little bit of time with a new person and you realize that maybe they aren't too good to be true. Maybe life actually can be better than what it had been up to that point. You step into a whole new world of possibility. You forget about that doubt. Those past mistakes. The only thing that matters is prolonging your time with this new person who, somehow you've very fortunately found yourself sitting across from.

Scott makes eye contact with Jane. She looks back at him. Her eyes betraying the guy who's sitting next to her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But, then -

He looks away from her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

In one fell swoop, it's over. And, you don't know why... And, you're back to feeling what you felt before. That doubt. The feeling that life will probably never be that good again. This experience was nothing but a cruel joke. A mirage in the desert...

Harry looks at Stephanie. He's very discreet, but he inches slightly closer to her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I've gotten the opportunity to spend some time with Lauren's family over these past few days. And, family is something I don't know much about. Most of what I do know came from watching TGIF with a box of pizza and a babysitter.

(beat)

Over these past few days I've learned a lot about what it is to be there for someone. About how you deal with losing them. Things can't be fixed and tied up with a nice little bow the way Danny Tanner did every Friday.

Scott looks at Stephanie. She looks back at him, vulnerable but appreciative.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I've learned that Lauren loved blankets. That she always had a blanket around the house or around her apartment, no matter if it was cold or warm. If I had to guess, I'd say that it probably made her think about her mother. That sense of security.

Stephanie wipes a tear from her face. Jane looks at her mom. She holds her hand. Stephanie squeezes back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I found out that when she was little she used to repeatedly watch Dirty Dancing, dreaming about one day meeting a guy like Patrick Swayze's character.

(beat)

I'm glad I could deliver.

A few small laughs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I can't dance and we just had the one night, and not to get corny, but clearly I'm about to... I had the time of my life that night.

Again, he looks at Jane as he says this...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I don't know for a fact that she did too, but my gut tells me that her last night meant something to her. Maybe it wasn't the time of her life... but, it was a good night.

A tear rolls down Jane's face.

Meanwhile, Harry finds it harder and harder to keep his own emotions at bay.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

My grief pales in comparison to the grief you're feeling right now. I had several hours. You had twenty eight years. So, I imagine that it's a lot harder for you, her family and friends to accept the state of your lives after what happened than it is for me to accept the state of my life.

Harry looks at Stephanie. Tears steadily building in his regretful eyes. She looks back at him. Possibly opening up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

That cruel joke... That mirage in the desert. It hurts me. And, if it hurts me, then it must be crushing you.

Harry looks at Jane, his face filled with sorrow. She looks back at him. Her father who she'll always love.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But, if you can try, then I can surely try... to remember the mirage not as a mirage. Not as something we no longer have. But, rather, something we *do* have. Something we'll *always* have. Someone who reminds us how great life can be when we spend it *together*.

That about does it for Harry. He can't hold them back any longer. He breaks into tears.

Stephanie and Jane see him. They stare at him as if they've never seen him cry before.

This man who's finally letting it all out. Who's finally realizing that maybe crying isn't a sign of weakness, but sometimes rather a sign of strength?

In a quick moment, they slide towards him and they hug. All three of them. Crying. Hugging. *Together.*

Scott notices this and it chokes him up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's been an honor getting to know you. Lauren, may you rest in peace... thank you.

Scott steps off of the LECTERN and he heads for the exit...

As he goes, the PEOPLE WATCH HIM... Tommy, Cousin Joe, Aunt Kathy, RANDOM RELATIVES and FRIENDS...

Harry, still crying and hugging his family, looks up to catch a glimpse at Scott...

Scott looks back. A brief moment between them. But, just like that... he's gone.

CUT TO:

A DYING PALM TREE set against a BRIGHT BLUE SKY...

INT. OFFICE BOARDROOM - DAY

That same DYING PALM TREE is getting LIFTED UP and CARRIED OUT of the BOARDROOM...

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Scott carries the PALM TREE like a baby, past EVERYONE in the OFFICE who stand by, watching, confused.

Raymond spins into the HALLWAY, not yet seeing Scott.

RAYMOND (O.S.)

Where's my boy? Just want to welcome you -

But, Raymond stops dead in his tracks upon seeing that Scott is carrying the PALM TREE.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

(jokes)
Now you're a custodian?

Scott ignores Raymond and walks right past him. After a confused beat, Raymond walks alongside him.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 Scott? You want one of these I'll
 have Sandra deliver one to your
 apartment.

But, Scott ignores him again, still walking.

Raymond tries to mask it with a laugh. He looks around.
 EVERYONE IS WATCHING...

A little desperate to hide his embarrassment, Raymond gets in Scott's face.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 Put the goddamn tree down.

Scott doesn't. He continues to walk. Ignoring him.

Raymond tries to grab it, but Scott dodges him and in the process, Raymond slips and falls on the floor. Now, really embarrassed.

But, Scott doesn't stop. Raymond hops to his feet and chases after Scott as they arrive at the ELEVATORS.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 Who do you think you are!?

Again, Scott ignores him and just presses the button to the ELEVATOR as Raymond continues to talk...

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 You little shit... You need me.
 (beat)
 Don't think you can find a job
 easily somewhere else!
 (beat)
 And, what about your clients!?
 What about this company!?

Scott faces Raymond. Looks him dead in the eye. Finally opening his mouth...

SCOTT
 You have you. You protect you.
 The rest?
 (beat)
 Smoke and mirrors.

And, with that, the ELEVATOR "DINGS." DOORS OPEN.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Sandra, thanks for everything.

Sandra, who is watching nearby, awkwardly nods her head
"Sure."

And, Scott, DYING POTTED PALM TREE IN HAND, gets inside that
elevator. Leaving Raymond... his old life, in the dust.

CUT TO:

That same DYING POTTED PALM TREE set against the BRIGHT BLUE
SKY, only now it's bobbing up and down...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET

Being carried through the streets of NEW YORK CITY by Scott.

Slowly he gets smaller and smaller, we're getting farther and
farther away. Scott blending in with the people around him.
Until, he and the Palm Tree are just a piece of the puzzle.
A part of something much larger...

END