

"CITY OF TREES"

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FADE IN:

INT. SEATTLE SEAFOOD COMPANY - BACKROOM - DAY

SPLAT!

The ugliest fish you've ever seen slaps onto the prep counter.

BOBBY BURNHAM, 37, a scruffy, every-man look, grabs a filet knife, carves up the fish. He's dressed in orange rubber overalls and rubber boots.

He slides fish guts into a 5-gallon plastic bucket, and puts the handsomely cut meat into a plastic tub of ice.

Bobby grabs another monkfish, drops it on the cutting surface.

RAYMOND TANAKA, 66, enters.

RAYMOND

I'm gonna need you to do the buying tonight. My kid is sick.

BOBBY

Ray, I've got shit to do.

RAYMOND

Like what? As far as I can tell, you got no life.

Bobby ponders this. Raymond's not wrong.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

Look, your job is to do what I tell you, even if it means getting up at two a.m. Just be there.

Raymond tosses Bobby a set of keys, turns to exit.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

And don't let Cisco roll you. His shit is never better than a two-plus.

Raymond is gone.

BOBBY

Fuck me.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobby lies in bed staring at his cracking ceiling. He rolls over. His digital clock glows 1:59AM.

The clock advances to 2:00AM, and -- BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Bobby switches it off, sits up, rubs a hand over his face.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

A dingy space, living room and kitchen all interconnected. DVDs and VHS tapes of movies line Bobby's apartment. A thrift store desk sits in the corner with stacks of movie scripts.

Bobby's pours coffee from an old glass coffee pot into a thermal mug. His beat-up flannel and stained jeans have seen better days.

He grabs a clipboard and a vinyl zippered pouch from the desk. Inside the pouch: a thick stack of \$100 bills. Bobby rezips it, heads out.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bobby exits the building into a drizzle. Goes to a white refrigerated van with a logo for SEATTLE SEAFOOD COMPANY. "73" has been painted in huge numbers on the back doors.

The door SQUEAKS a protest at the rain and the ungodly hour.

INT. VAN - DAY

Bobby waits at a stop light, staring at the rain bouncing off one of the side mirrors.

HONK!

Bobby looks up. The light is green. He offers a wave to the driver behind him, drives on.

EXT. WHOLESALE FISH MARKET - DAY

Bobby pulls into a parking lot full of similar-looking refrigerated vans, navigates to a spot and parks.

He grabs the clipboard and money pouch from the passenger seat and gets out, leaving the engine running. He starts through the lot, passing men bundled up for the damp.

He enters an area of twenty different stalls, all stocked with different types of fish.

Bobby goes into a stall with whole tuna on ice. CISCO, 35, nods him a greeting. He's got a bright orange oil marker tucked into his hat. A KID HELPER, 16, stares at his phone.

BOBBY

Hey Cisco.

CISCO  
Where's Ray?

BOBBY  
Sick kid.

CISCO  
That man has more sick kids than all of  
India.

BOBBY  
Can we just do this?

CISCO  
You're the boss. Got some fine one-  
minus yellow fin for you today.

Bobby takes out stainless steel sashibo tuna grader from his jacket pocket. He plunges the sashibo into the tuna, and exams the meat that's extracted.

BOBBY  
That's two-plus tops.

CISCO  
Lookit that fine red hue. That's shit's  
nearly translucent.

BOBBY  
C'mon, man. You know how Ray is.

CISCO  
I got kids to feed, brother. Go on down  
to Harborside if my deal ain't kosher  
by you.

Bobby ponders it. It's 2:30 in the morning, and he should be sleeping instead of doing his boss's job.

BOBBY  
Fine. Whatever. Gimme four boxes.

CISCO  
Now we're talking!

Bobby pulls \$2,500 from the pouch, gives it to Cisco. Cisco counts it, writes "73" on the boxes with his oil marker.

CISCO (cont'd)  
(to a helper)  
Four boxes to seventy-three!

The Kid Helper grabs the boxes and shifts them to the side.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Bobby goes from stall to stall repeating the routine with salmon, monkfish, scallops. He'd rather be anywhere else.

INT. VAN - WHOLESALE FISH MARKET - NIGHT

Bobby dozes in the driver's seat. Rains still comes down.

CLANG! A longshoreman's fishhook bangs against the window.

BOBBY  
(rolling down window)  
The fuck, Cisco!

Cisco cackles.

CISCO  
You're gonna need a lifetime of beauty  
rest to fix that face.

BOBBY  
Thanks. 'M I good to go?

CISCO  
Yeah, yeah. You good.

Bobby reverses out of his spot, drives off.

EXT. SEATTLE SEAFOOD COMPANY - NIGHT

The rain has stopped. The van splashes through a puddle down a back alley. Bobby pulls to a stop next to a delivery entrance.

Waiting for the van is ANGEL, 17, dressed in orange rubber overalls and rubber boots. Bobby gets out.

ANGEL  
'Sup, Bobby.

BOBBY  
Hey Angel.

Angel gives him an elaborate handshake, which Bobby fumbles.

ANGEL  
You ain't never gonna get with the  
ladies with those moves.

Angel goes to the back of the van, starts unloading.

BOBBY  
Guess I'll die alone then.

Bobby goes inside.

INT. SEATTLE SEAFOOD COMPANY - DAY

BACK ROOM

Cardboard boxes of supplies are stacked against the walls. Orange rubber overalls hang on hooks next to small lockers.

Bobby slides into overalls, puts on rubber boots. Ray enters.

RAYMOND

You get the tuna?

BOBBY

Yeah.

Bobby nods at the clipboard next to him. Raymond scans it.

RAYMOND

One minus? The fuck, Bobby? I told you not to go above two plus.

BOBBY

It was either that or go to Harborside.

RAYMOND

Well now I've got to take the difference outta your pay.

BOBBY

Hey, I was doing you a favor --

RAYMOND

No, you were doing your job, and not very fucking well.

Raymond exits.

Bobby shakes his head. He puts on a smock, goes into --

THE PREP AREA

The small room is populated with a long teflon prep counter, stacks of plastic tubs, an array of knives, and an industrial stainless steel fridge.

Bobby hooks his suspenders over his shoulder as Angel brings in a stack of plastic tubs with the tuna he just bought.

BOBBY

Just put 'em over there.

He nods toward the end of the prep counter. Angel drops the tubs and leaves. Bobby opens the top one, pulls out a tuna, starts carving it up.

Angel comes back in with more tubs. He sets them down. He glances over his shoulder, and slides a CD into an old boombox. Hip-hop leaks out of tinny speakers.

ANGEL

Check this shit out. My new beats.

Angel starts to groove to the music.

ANGEL (cont'd)

C'mon Bobby. Show me what you got.

BOBBY

I've got the tango, waltz, and foxtrot.  
Take your pick.

(off Angel's look)

A girl back in high school was a dancer. I wanted to impress her.

ANGEL

No shit? How'd that work out?

BOBBY

(matter of fact)

I'm a fucking fishmonger is how it worked out.

Raymond enters through the swinging door, nods at Bobby.

RAYMOND

Ice is here.

BOBBY

(to Angel)

Take over here.

STORE FRONT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Bobby shovels crushed ice into display cases.
- B) Bobby and Angel arrange fish in display cases.
- C) Bobby stabs hand-written signs on sticks into the ice. The signs indicate fish type and cost.

EXT. SEATTLE FISH COMPANY - BACK ALLEY - DAY

A gray sky over the Seattle skyline in the distance. Bobby lugs out trash bags, tosses them in a dumpster.

The CREAK of the back door opening. Raymond is there.

RAYMOND

Let's go, man! Need you up front.

Bobby stops a moment considering his options.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

Bobby, c'mon man!

BOBBY

(to himself)

Fuckin' A.

Bobby follows Raymond inside.

INT. SEATTLE FISH COMPANY - STORE AREA - DAY

The store front is crowded with people. Raymond is ringing people up.

Two DRUNK SISTERS, 22 and 24, in matching pink formal dresses, who have obviously been up all night, stumble in.

Drunk Sister #1 looks around, sipping from a large Coke cup. Drunk Sister #2 is on her phone, not paying attention.

DRUNK SISTER #1

(to her sister)

I don't think this is the place.

DRUNK SISTER #2

Of course it is.

Bobby walks in, steps up to an open cash register.

BOBBY

I can help whoever is next.

The Drunk Sister #1 steps up.

DRUNK SISTER #1

How does this work?

BOBBY

You pick whichever fish you want.

DRUNK SISTER #1

Umm...

BOBBY

The tuna is good. Picked it out myself.

DRUNK SISTER #1

(to sister)

Do I like tuna?



Bobby's phone RINGS. He checks the screen, silences it.

DRUNK SISTER #2  
Jesus, Cara. Just pick a fish. This  
place is gross.

DRUNK SISTER #1  
Fine. tuna.

BOBBY  
Great. Choose whichever one you want.

Drunk Sister #2's attention snaps from her phone.

DRUNK SISTER #2  
Aren't you going to throw it?

This isn't the first time Bobby's heard this.

BOBBY  
That's the other place. Over at Pike's.

Raymond looks over.

DRUNK SISTER #1  
(to her sister)  
Told you.

DRUNK SISTER #2  
We came here for you to throw it.

BOBBY  
I don't --

Bobby's phone RINGS again. He pulls it out of his pocket,  
looks down at it.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
I'm sorry. I need to...  
(into phone)  
Hi... When? Okay... Are you there?

RAYMOND  
Bobby.

DRUNK SISTER #2  
(to Bobby)  
Hey, I'm talking to you!

RAYMOND  
(to Sisters)  
I'm really sorry about this...

BOBBY  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, I'll get the first flight out.  
 No, Dad, just stay there with her!

Bobby hangs up.

RAYMOND  
 Bobby, these ladies need your help.

BOBBY  
 (taking off smock)  
 I gotta go.

RAYMOND  
 You can't just leave in the middle of  
 the day.

DRUNK SISTER #2  
 Do you guys throw the fish or not?

BOBBY  
 Look, I've gotta --

RAYMOND  
 Bobby, you leave now, you got no job.

BOBBY  
 I guess I got no job.

He drops his smock on the counter, heads for the door.

DRUNK SISTER #1  
 Hey...

RAYMOND  
 I'm docking your pay for those  
 overalls!

BOBBY  
 (to Sisters)  
 Ask Raymond. He tosses fish like a  
 motherfucker.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOISE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Bobby exits the terminal, carrying a small duffel bag. He follows a sign that reads "RENTAL CAR SHUTTLE".

EXT. RENTAL CAR COMPANY - NIGHT

Bobby walks down the aisle of cars. Finds his car, tosses his bag in the back.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Out the window: strip malls, light traffic.

A sign reads: "WELCOME TO BOISE, THE CITY OF TREES."

He passes the old 9th Street Bridge spanning the river -- a pedestrian bridge with red steel trusses and a wooden deck. It almost looks like it's from another time in the yellow glow of the street lamps.

EXT. ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Bobby pulls in past a St. Joseph's sign. He parks, walks toward the entrance. Then breaks into a jog.

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

HALLWAY

The BEEPING of medical equipment sounds loud in the relative quiet. Bobby talks with a DOCTOR, 50.

DOCTOR

She double-dosed on her Fentanyl. Your father found her lying on the floor of their kitchen. We set the break, but...

Bobby doesn't follow -- *But what?*

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Has she updated you? About her prognosis?

BOBBY

I mean, she's told me her oncologist couldn't give a timeline.

DOCTOR

You should really speak with her.

Bobby looks down the hall toward his Mom's room.

HOSPITAL ROOM

The TV BLARES -- some talking-heads news program.

Bobby's MOM, 69, sits up in bed, a plate of barely-touched food in front of her. Her arm is in a sling. She looks tiny, her hair thinning.

Bobby's Dad, 71, snoozes in a chair, a walker beside him. He's got hearing aids, but still only hears half of what's said.

BOBBY  
(giving her a kiss)  
Mom, how're you doing?

MOM  
You really didn't need to come. They're making a big deal about nothing.

BOBBY  
The doctor outside said --

Mom starts COUGHING -- deep, phlegmy.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Should I get...?

MOM  
I'll be fine.

Mom's coughing wakes Dad. He looks dazed.

BOBBY  
Hi, Dad.

DAD  
What're you doing here?

BOBBY  
You called about...

Bobby looks to his mother. She shakes her head -- *He doesn't remember.*

BOBBY (cont'd)  
I... heard about Mom's tumble.

Dad's response -- a blank stare.

MOM  
How was your flight?

BOBBY  
I just talked to your doctor. He said --

MOM  
He's not my doctor.

BOBBY  
Fine. The attending physician.

MOM  
Did you get some dinner? I have some  
left-over chicken I didn't eat.  
(frowning at the tray)  
It's not very good.

BOBBY  
(frustration rising)  
Jesus, Mom. Can you just tell me what  
Dr. Cho said?

Mom digs through her purse on the table beside her.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Mom!

MOM  
I'm looking for -- Here it is.

She gives Bobby a business card.

MOM (cont'd)  
She said I should call this woman.

On the card -- "Janice Wykoff. Intake Coordinator. City of  
Trees Hospice. Compassionate Caring Comfort".

Bobby looks from the card to his mother, her looming death  
darkening his face.

MOM (cont'd)  
Oh, and can you get this stuff for me?

She pushes a hand-written grocery list into Bobby's hands.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Bobby drives through the quiet streets speaking to JULIA, 35,  
his sister, on his car's speaker phone.

BOBBY  
Mom offered to pay your way.

JULIA (V.O.)  
Dad'll need that money. It's fine. What  
did Wayne say?

BOBBY  
He won't return my calls.

JULIA (V.O.)  
Someone needs to get him out there.

Bobby turns into a mostly-empty grocery store parking lot.

BOBBY  
I've called him, like, a hundred times.  
You call him if you think you can do  
any better.

JULIA (V.O.)  
I'm not criticizing.

There's a beat where neither knows what to say.

JULIA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
So you'll be there to pick us up on  
Thursday?

Bobby parks.

BOBBY  
Yes, Thursday. 5:03pm. I got it.

JULIA (V.O.)  
Okay, thanks. See you soon.

BOBBY  
Give the kids a hug for me.

The line goes dead. Bobby sighs, gets out.

INT. STORE - NIGHT

It's late. Only a few patrons at this time of night.

Bobby stares at the list, pushing a grocery cart with antibiotic ointment, tissues, a toothbrush, toothpaste. He's crossed off a few things from the list. Next up: red wine.

BOBBY  
(to himself)  
Jesus, Mom.

He crosses the wine off the list, looks at the next item:  
Depends - Flex Fit.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
(to himself)  
Fuck me.

INCONTINENCE AISLE

Bobby looks over his shoulder, turns the cart into the aisle.  
There's a wall of adult diapers, more than a dozen varieties.

A SECURITY GUARD, built like an NFL lineman, strolls up.

SECURITY GUARD  
(sympathetically)  
Oh, yeah. Been there, man.

BOBBY  
No, I...

SECURITY GUARD  
I usually go with the max strength.

BOBBY  
(consulting the list)  
I'm supposed to get the... flex-fit?

SECURITY GUARD  
That's good too. Hold on a sec.

The Security Guard pulls out his radio. The PA system crackles.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)  
(on store's speakers)  
Customer service associate to  
incontinence. Customer service  
associate --

BOBBY  
No! No. It's fine. Here it is. Right  
here. This one's perfect.

Bobby grabs a bag from the shelf.

NICOLA (O.S.)  
Bobby?

Bobby turns. NICOLA KOWALSKI, 37, plastic grocery basket in hand, smiles at Bobby. She's pretty, wearing Thai fisherman's pants and a yoga-type top.

BOBBY  
(surprised; recovers)  
Hey! I mean, hi.

Nicola hugs Bobby tightly.

NICOLA  
What're you doing in town?

SECURITY GUARD  
You sure I can't get someone --

BOBBY  
(to Security Guard)  
No! Yeah... I mean, thanks.

The Security Guard leaves.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
You always hang around grocery stores  
at eleven p.m.?

NICOLA  
We're out of Cuties.

She lifts her basket. The only thing in it is a mesh bag of mandarins ("Cuties" is the brand).

BOBBY  
Uh huh. You come to the grocery store  
at eleven o'clock on a Tuesday night  
for oranges.

NICOLA  
Not oranges. Cuties. Here.

She rips open the bag and hands one to Bobby. It has a sticker with a smiling cartoon mandarin that reads "Hello Cutie."

BOBBY  
Is that allowed?

NICOLA  
(smiling)  
You haven't changed at all.  
(nodding at the diapers)  
Well, maybe some changes...

BOBBY  
I -- They're not for me. It's my Mom.

Bobby turns away, his face betraying the gravity.

NICOLA  
Is everything...?

He turns back to Nicola.

BOBBY  
Do you have a few minutes?

EXT. CITY OF TREES HOSPICE FACILITY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bobby's rental car sits facing a large brick building. A sign reads "City of Trees Hospice. Compassionate Caring Comfort."

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Bobby and Nicola stare out at the building.



BOBBY

You ever been in one of these places?

NICOLA

Once, with my grandmother.

BOBBY

It's weird. An entire building full of dying people.

They sit in silence a moment.

BOBBY (cont'd)

There's a meeting tomorrow with the intake coordinator. I'm trying to imagine the conversation. Like, talking about my Mom's death with her right there. And my Dad, who can't remember that she's dying.

Nicola takes his hand. Bobby smiles at her.

A YOUNG WOMAN exits the building, a dance bag slung over her shoulder.

BOBBY (cont'd)

(smiling)

I remember that performance you did at that old people's home. The look on their faces when you busted into that modern dance. I think they thought you were having a seizure.

NICOLA

I was good! And it's good for people to experience new things.

(remembering)

Thanks for coming. That was sweet of you.

BOBBY

You made me come!

NICOLA

Some people say they'll show up and then never do.

Nicola looks over at Bobby.

NICOLA (cont'd)

I can come if you want. To the meeting tomorrow.

BOBBY

I want.

Nicola leans her head on his shoulder.

EXT. OLD 9TH STREET BRIDGE - DAY

The sun rises behind the bridge and trees lining the river.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bobby's mother sits propped up in bed. Dad sits next to her. Bobby and Nicola stand opposite DR. CHO, 40, and JANICE WYKOFF, 45, the hospice intake coordinator.

DR. CHO

Frances, the Fentanyl can manage some of the pain, but the tumor load in your lungs is increasing exponentially. You've fought very hard, but...

Dr. Cho shakes her head. Mom tears up.

JANICE

No one can make the decision for you Mrs. Burnham. Admission to hospice rests solely with the patient.

DAD

Can someone tell me what's going on?

JANICE

And you -- and your family -- need to know that once you enter hospice all treatments cease.

MOM

I already stopped treatments.

This is the first time Bobby has heard the news.

BOBBY

What?

MOM

About a month ago.

BOBBY

Were you going to tell any of us?

MOM

I'm sure I told you.

BOBBY

(to Janice/Dr. Cho)

I don't understand. Why would the treatments end?

JANICE

All treatments -- radiation, physical therapy, cognitive therapy -- anything designed to prolong a patient's life ceases when they enter hospice.

BOBBY

You keep saying that.

JANICE

Saying what?

BOBBY

"Patients." You make it sound like she's going to get better.

DR. CHO

(gently)

Well, no. She's not going to get better.

DAD

I thought she just fell.

BOBBY

(to Dr. Cho)

That's what I'm saying. Why is she calling her a "patient" if she's not going to get better?

Nicola grabs Bobby's hand, gives it a squeeze.

MOM

Bobby...

DAD

(confused)

Frances...?

JANICE

I know this may sound like giving up, but --

MOM

Bobby, this is my decision.

(to Janice)

Do you have the paperwork with you?

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Bobby and Nicola eat limp sandwiches.

BOBBY

It's just... She's so fucking selfish.

NICOLA

It's her choice. She's dying, Bobby.

BOBBY

You think I don't know that?

NICOLA

So what do you want?

BOBBY

I want her to tell me what's going on. She acts like it doesn't affect anyone else. She could at least apologize.

NICOLA

For what?

BOBBY

For everything!

NICOLA

And what if she doesn't?

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

On stage SUZIE, 12, hula-hoops like a motherfucker. She does a final move, hurling the hoop high into the air, catching it around her neck as it comes back down. She bows. The crowd of parents and students go crazy.

MRS. BECKER, 57, takes the mic.

MRS. BECKER

A big hand for Suzie.

Suzie lingers onstage, basking in the applause.

Mrs. Becker nods to the wings. A TEACHER comes out, escorts Suzie offstage.

MRS. BECKER (cont'd)

Next up, Bobby Burnham is going to read us a story he wrote in Mrs. Dinkelman's English class.

YOUNG BOBBY, 9, walks on stage. He's visibly nervous. He unfolds a piece of paper, steps to the mic.

YOUNG BOBBY

This is a story I wrote in Mrs. Dinkelman's class. Oh, I -- I guess, Mrs. Becker already said that.

Bobby clears his throat.

YOUNG BOBBY (cont'd)

Once upon a time there was a little blind boy who wished he could see the world. He asked his brother, "Can you help me climb up this tree?" His brother came over and the boy jumped on his shoulders and climbed into the tree. He climbed a while and stopped to rest. Then he climbed up higher, then stopped again to rest. He kept doing it until he got to the top. When he got there, an owl was sitting on a branch. She said, "What're you doing up here?" The blind boy said, "I want to see the world." The owl, she said, "Well, now that you're here, what do you see?"

From the audience, a TITTER. Young Bobby clears his throat.

YOUNG BOBBY (cont'd)

Um... The... The boy said, "I can hear the wind and the trees and the birds that are chirping." The owl said, "Now climb down and tell me what you can see down there." So the boy felt his way down the tree to where his brother was. The owl called down, and asked the boy what was at the bottom. The blind boy said, "I can hear the wind and the trees, the birds that are chirping, and my brother who is laughing."

A HUSHED EXCHANGE in the audience, getting LOUDER. Young Bobby looks out at --

His Mom, 44, and Dad, 46, exchanging words. His mom is DRUNK.

YOUNG BOBBY (cont'd)

I, uh...

Bobby refocuses on the paper in his hand.

YOUNG BOBBY (cont'd)

The owl said, "Now you know. When you're at the top of the tree, you can see the world, but you've got no one. When you're at the bottom of the tree, you may not know your place in the world, but you'll never be alone."

His mother releases a pent-up GUFFAW.

Young Bobby looks up from the paper. His Mom tries the suppress her laughter.

DAD  
 (whispering)  
 Frances, please.

MOM  
 I'm sorry, but...

YOUNG BOBBY  
 And, uh, the owl... I mean, the blind  
 boy, he learned...

Young Bobby looks down at the words he's written, looks up at his Mom trying to suffocate her laughter. His face breaks into a million pieces.

He runs off stage.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Bobby stares at a framed AWARD on the wall as he talks on the phone. The award reads:

*"The Academy of Film congratulates Robert Burnham, Jr. upon being selected a 2004 Academy Mikell Finalist."*

There's an image of a gold statue on top. At the bottom are two signatures and a large gold seal. It looks impressive.

BOBBY  
 (into phone)  
 I've been trying to get a hold of you.

WAYNE (V.O.)  
 Yeah. Sorry. I've been busy.

BOBBY  
 The docs are saying a couple weeks. A  
 month at most.

WAYNE (V.O.)  
 Yeah.

On his dresser are stacks of MOLESKIN NOTEBOOKS. Bobby picks one up, pages through it. Smiles.

BOBBY  
 She wants you and Sun-hee to come out.  
 They'll pay your way.

WAYNE (V.O.)  
 Bobby...

BOBBY

It'd mean a lot to her. And Dad. Look, you can stay at their place, and we'd all --

WAYNE (V.O.)

Bobby, I'm not coming.

Bobby returns the notebook to the stack.

WAYNE (V.O.) (cont'd)

I know it's not what you wanted to hear, but I've got a lot going on here. My business is --

BOBBY

Jesus, Wayne. This isn't the time to protest your so-called "childhood mistreatment."

WAYNE (V.O.)

It never stops you.

(beat)

Look, I gotta go but let me know if there's anything I can do from here.

The line goes dead. Bobby shakes his head, doing all he can to contain his growing rage. His eyes fall on the stack of moleskin notebooks.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Bobby stands before a shelf of notebooks. He finds the one he's looking for -- a MOLESKIN NOTEBOOK that matches the ones he had growing up. Grabs it, and turns down the aisle.

INT. HOSPICE FACILITY - ROOM 119 - DAY

The TV is on in the corner, volume muted. Bobby's father sits next to the bed where his wife sleeps. She looks tiny.

Bobby, at a desk loaded with flowers, writes in the new moleskin notebook.

DAD

What're you working on?

BOBBY

Just... writing.

Bobby CROSSES OUT what he was writing. Turns to a fresh page.

DAD

I remember you used to write all the time.

BOBBY

Mm hmm.

DAD

Whatever happened with that movie script? The one you won the award for?

BOBBY

That was years ago, Dad.

Dad looks down at his wife asleep in bed.

DAD

Your Mom was always proud of that.

(beat)

You know I had to ask her out three times before she finally said yes? We were in college.

BOBBY

Mm hmm.

DAD

Her Dad died of a heart attack her sophomore year. I remember the day outside Keenan Hall. She was wearing a yellow dress with little white daisies on it. They were her favorite.

(looks down at Mom)

We'd been dating for a little while -- but she always kept me at arm's length. When her dad died, everything changed. I was there for her, and I think she realized I'd always be there.

A KNOCK comes on the door. Nicola enters with a plate of cookies and some Cuties.

NICOLA

I figured you guys needed treats.

DAD

(nostalgia gone)

I'll have one of those cookies.

EXT. HOSPICE GROUNDS - DAY

Bobby and Nicola walk the grounds.

Bobby peels a Cutie. He eats it as they walk.



NICOLA  
How're you doing?

BOBBY  
Shitty.

Nicola realizes it's an impossible question to answer.

NICOLA  
Sorry.

BOBBY  
It's just... Nothing is ever one thing.

Nicola gives him a look -- *I don't follow.*

BOBBY (cont'd)  
I dunno, it seems like you've figured your shit out.

NICOLA  
In my experience, no one ever figures their shit out.

BOBBY  
From the outside, I'm sure you and your family look perfect. I can picture it... the perfect soccer mom with two perfect girls, and the husband with the perfect teeth.

NICOLA  
His teeth are crooked, and I am NOT a soccer mom.

Nicola takes a section of Cutie from Bobby's hand.

NICOLA (cont'd)  
Look, family is hard. I got married when I was twenty-four. You always assume you're going to grow together. But then you wake up one day and realize the other person isn't growing shit, and he hates gardening.  
(beat)  
But there's something unconditional about family we're born into.

BOBBY  
Love is always conditional. Even family. Maybe especially family.

NICOLA  
Uh-uh. You're wrong.

BOBBY

Name one thing. Dogs don't count.

Nicola takes the last section of Cutie from Bobby's hand. Staring straight at Bobby, she places the section on her tongue, pulls it into her mouth.

NICOLA

I love the shit out of this Cutie.

Bobby watches her lips. Her tongue licks away the juice. The moment hangs there until -- Nicola bursts out laughing.

BOBBY

Fuck you. C'mon. We should get back.

Nicola leans into him as they turn and head back.

INT. CITY OF TREES HOSPICE FACILITY - ROOM 119 - NIGHT

JULIA, 35, talks on the phone. Her kids, MAURA, 8, and CAMERON, 6, fight over an iPad. Cameron wears a classic Mexican wrestling mask. Suitcases are piled in the corner.

Dad watches TV. Mom sleeps in the bed next to him.

JULIA

(into the phone)

I understand that, but how do I make a change if I haven't been granted power of attorney?

She fishes a prescription med bottle from her bag, pops a pill in her mouth.

MAURA

No! It's my turn!

CAMERON

You got to pick the last one. Mom said I was next!

JULIA

(to kids)

Hey! I'm on the phone. And your grandma's sleeping.

MAURA

Did not! You picked the last three.

Julia's Dad points a cell phone at the TV.

DAD

I can't get this to work.

Julia fetches the TV remote, substitutes it for the cell phone in her father's hand.

JULIA  
(to Dad)  
Try this one Dad.

DAD  
Oh.

CAMERON  
Mom!

JULIA  
(into phone)  
I just need to cancel their services.

Julia's Mom moves her legs and MOANS.

DAD  
Someone help your mother.

Cameron starts to CRY.

CAMERON  
MOM!

DAD  
Julia!

JULIA  
Dad! I know.

Bobby and Nicola enter.

BOBBY  
(surprised)  
Hey! You're here.

JULIA  
(pissed off)  
Yeah, no kidding.

INT. HOSPICE FACILITY - HALLWAY

Julia and Bobby stand outside their mother's room.

JULIA  
You were supposed to pick us up!

BOBBY  
Shit. I'm sorry.

JULIA  
Why weren't you with Mom?

BOBBY

Dad was here. I can't be here every second.

(beat)

They just started her on morphine.

JULIA

That's good. I guess. Is that good?

BOBBY

She's not in pain.

JULIA

What the fuck.

They look at each other for a second. Julia hugs Bobby.

JULIA (cont'd)

It's good to see you.

BOBBY

Gross. Stop it.

She hugs him tighter.

JULIA

C'mon, Bobby. Don't you want hugs from your sister?

BOBBY

Dad! Julia won't leave me alone!

DAD (O.S.)

What's that?

Maura and Cameron appear in the doorway, see the love-fest. Nicola leans in the doorway.

MAURA

Uncle BB, me next!

CAMERON

Me too!

BOBBY

(peeking in the mask)

Who's in there?

Cameron takes off the mask.

CAMERON

It's me!

BOBBY

Hi Bear. Hi Meerkat.

Bobby picks them up in his arms.

DAD (O.S.)  
If you're talking to me, I can't hear you.

JULIA  
He tried to use his cell phone to change the channel on the TV.

BOBBY  
You should see when he tries to use the microwave to go back in time.  
(to kids)  
It's so good to see you guys!

MAURA  
You're squeezing too hard.

BOBBY  
Oh, you love it.

Maura and Cameron GIGGLE. They do love it.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julia slumps on the couch, her phone in front of her face.  
Bobby comes in, jacket over one arm, holding his notebook.

BOBBY  
Kids are asleep.

JULIA  
Thanks.

BOBBY  
I'm going to head back to Mom's.

JULIA  
They said they'd call if anything changed.

Bobby shrugs. He doesn't know what else to do. Julia looks around the room at the stacks of junk.

JULIA (cont'd)  
We really need to do something about this stuff.

BOBBY  
I threw an old pad of paper away. Had like three sheets left on it. Dad picked it out of the trash.

JULIA

We'll have to get him out of the house.

Julia's phone DINGS. She glances at the screen.

JULIA (cont'd)

Gabe.

BOBBY

All right. See you in the morning?

JULIA

Sure thing.

Bobby leaves.

ON JULIA'S CELL SCREEN

GABE (TEXT)

*How're the kids?*

Julia taps a reply.

JULIA (TEXT)

*Eh. It's not easy on them*

GABE (TEXT)

*Should they spend less time there?*

JULIA (TEXT)

*With my mom?*

GABE (TEXT)

*Hospice. All those dying people*

JULIA (TEXT)

*No one to watch them but me. You  
couldn't come, remember?*

GABE (TEXT)

*About that...*

Julia watches the three dots, shaking her head, knowing what's coming.

GABE

*Need to push my flight back. Work shit.*

Julia stares at the screen, the fury in her rising.

GABE (cont'd)

*I'm rly sorry.*

JULIA (TEXT)

*Seriously?*  
 (beat)  
*It's HER, isn't it?*

GABE

NO

JULIA

*Whatever. Come whenever you want.*  
*That's what you always do.*

Julia tosses the phone to the other side of the couch.

Her phone DINGS repeatedly with more texts from Gabe.

JULIA (cont'd)

(to herself)  
 Fuck this.

Julia heads upstairs.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/JULIA'S BEDROOM

Julia creeps into the bedroom. The kids snooze, draped over each other.

She goes to her purse, digs around but can't find what she's looking for. Exits the bedroom.

BATHROOM

Julia stands at the medicine cabinet, plucking out prescription bottles, reading the labels, then putting them back. She's looking for something specific.

She goes through the drawers, looking at bottles until she finds one she wants: "FRANCES BURNHAM. FENTANYL. TAKE 1 TABLET BY MOUTH EVERY DAY."

She empties the bottle into her palm -- 2 pills. Stares at the pill bottle, little white discs in her hand.

KITCHEN

Julia grabs a plastic plate from the cupboard, a crayon drawing transferred to it: A HAPPY FAMILY -- parents and three kids -- and a house with a yellow smiley-face sun.

At the bottom is a kid's signature: JULIA.

Julia puts the plate on the kitchen table.

She grabs a juice box from the fridge, a large knife, and unwraps the straw, cutting it in half, throwing away the bendy part.

She searches the cabinets, comes out with a mortar and pestle.

Julia drops the Fentanyl pills in the mortar. She crushes them to a fine powder.

She pours the crushed Fentanyl on the happy family plate, makes a line of the dust with the knife, and SNORTS the drug through the juice straw.

She takes a breath, waits for the drug to wash over her.

Julia takes out her phone, taps on the CONTACTS app, and goes to the name EVA.

She taps "Call" icon.

JULIA  
 (into phone)  
 Hi, Eva. This is Julia Burnham, the  
 wife of the man you're currently  
 fucking.

INT. HOSPICE FACILITY - ROOM 119 - DAY

Morning light comes in the window over Bobby, who is scrunched up in the chair, asleep. Mom's raspy breathing fills the room.

Julia enters, watches the pair sleeping. Bobby wakes.

BOBBY  
 Hey.

JULIA  
 Morning.

BOBBY  
 What time is it?

Bobby stands, stretches.

JULIA  
 A little after seven.

Julia kisses their unconscious mother on the forehead.

JULIA (cont'd)  
 Hi Mom.  
 (to Bobby)  
 How'd she do?

Bobby shrugs -- *she's dying.*



JULIA (cont'd)  
I got a text from Wayne last night.  
Well, I texted him, and he texted back.

BOBBY  
And?

JULIA  
He said if Dad asks, we can just tell  
him that he was too upset to come.

BOBBY  
He's making us cover for him?

JULIA  
He posted a thank you to Facebook.

Bobby gives Julia a look -- *Let's hear this.*

JULIA (cont'd)  
(reading on her phone)  
"Thanks to all my family who are taking  
care of my mom while I can't be there."

BOBBY  
He said he can't be here?

JULIA  
He's trying, Bobby. He did thank us.

BOBBY  
Oh, he -- Really?

Bobby opens the window, leans out. There's no one outside.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
I JUST WANTED TO SAY THANKS TO EVERYONE  
FOR ALL YOUR HELP! THANK YOU, EVERYONE!

JULIA  
(glancing at her mom)  
Jesus, Bobby. Would you rather have him  
here?

BOBBY  
God no. He'd have to control it all.  
And Dad, for whatever reason, is a  
trigger for him.

Julia opens her mouth to say something.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
What?

JULIA  
You know Dad gave him \$15,000 for his  
business?

Bobby shakes his head.

JULIA (cont'd)  
Wayne needs more help than we do.

BOBBY  
Jesus, Julia! He's a grown-ass man.

JULIA  
So what do you want him to do?

BOBBY  
I dunno, but I can be pissed that he's  
not here, and not want him here at the  
same time!

Bobby walks out.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Bobby showers, a big mound of lathered shampoo on his head.

The water stops.

BOBBY  
(yelling)  
Hello?!

Nothing.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Shit.

Bobby gets out, checks the sink. Nothing. He grabs a towel.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Bobby, towel wrapped around his waist, turns the faucet.  
Nothing.

BOBBY  
What the fuck.

He goes into the --

LIVING ROOM

Out the window, a Water Worker (GARY), 35, walks back to a  
truck with a TREASURE VALLEY WATER sticker on it.

EXT. BURNHAM HOME - DAY

Bobby awkwardly runs after the Worker, holding the towel around his waist.

BOBBY

Hey. Hey!

The Water Worker keeps walking.

GARY

(he's heard it before)

Yes, I shut off your water.

BOBBY

People live here! Old people. Children.

GARY

(turning to Bobby)

Look, all you have to do is go to the downtown office and pay the bill.

Bobby recognizes him.

BOBBY

Gary? Sheppard?

A flash of recognition on Gary's face.

GARY

Oh, shit. Hey, man. I thought you were in Los Angeles.

BOBBY

(sheepish)

Oh, yeah. I was. But...

GARY

So you're living with your folks now?

BOBBY

No, I --. I'm in Seattle. Look, can we...? Can I just pay you?

GARY

Sorry, man. I can't take payments.

Gary consults his hand-held computer.

GARY (cont'd)

Annnnnnd it looks like it's been twelve months since the bill's been paid.

BOBBY

It's been a year?

GARY  
That's what the computer says.

Gary climbs into his truck.

GARY (cont'd)  
Just go to the downtown office. They'll  
get you squared away. Good to see you  
again, Robbie.

He drives off.

BOBBY  
It's Bobby.

EXT. TREASURE VALLEY WATER - DAY

Bobby exits the building, gets into his car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Bobby pulls out of the parking lot, tapping out a message on  
his phone as he drives.

BOBBY (TEXT)  
*No water at the house.*

A second later, the phone rings -- JULIA.

JULIA (V.O.)  
What happened?

BOBBY  
They hadn't paid their water bill in a  
year. We're lucky it didn't get shut  
off before this.

JULIA (V.O.)  
Is it back on?

BOBBY  
They're working on it. It might be  
tomorrow.

JULIA (V.O.)  
Jesus, Bobby.

BOBBY  
Look, if you think you can do any  
better, be my guest.

JULIA (V.O.)  
How much was it?

BOBBY  
 Nine-hundred seventeen dollars.

JULIA (V.O.)  
 What?? How much do they have?

BOBBY  
 I dunno. Around ten grand total.

JULIA  
 What're we gonna do?

BOBBY  
 I'll start going through their bills.  
 Who knows what else they owe.

JULIA (V.O.)  
 Jesus.

BOBBY  
 Yeah.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Bobby digs through a cabinet. He pulls out one of his mother's fentanyl prescription bottles. He rattles it -- empty. He looks at it for a moment, then tosses it in the garbage.

He reaches back into the cabinet, fishes out bright yellow rubber cleaning gloves.

LIVING ROOM

Bobby, now in the rubber gloves, stands in the center of piles of magazines, mail, random household junk.

BOBBY  
 All right, mother fuckers.

Bobby dives into the nearest pile.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bobby has sorted the debris into more than a dozen boxes marked in Sharpie with BILLS, MEDICAL, LEGAL, MISC. There are even more garbage bags filled with trash.

He picks up a box marked MAIL, starts opening the envelopes.

His phone RINGS.

BOBBY  
 What's up?

Bobby's face drops.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Bobby speeds down a quiet two-lane road, shedding the rubber gloves between hitting the SYNC button on the steering wheel. He hits it once, twice... Nothing.

BOBBY

C'mon...

He HAMMERS the button until --

SYNC (V.O.)

Sync. Please say a command.

BOBBY

(to himself)

Finally.

(to Sync)

Phone.

Nothing.

SYNC (V.O.)

Sync. Please say a command.

BOBBY

Phone.

Nothing.

SYNC (V.O.)

You can say phone, navigation, USB, music-

BOBBY

FUCKING PHONE! God dammit! Fuck you!

Bobby blows through a stop sign and --

SMASH!

Bobby CLIPS the back end of a car moving through the intersection, sending both cars spinning out.

Bobby comes to a stop on the shoulder. He MOANS but is unhurt.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Fuuuuuck.

SYNC (V.O.)

Phone.

BOBBY  
 (to the Sync voice)  
 Fuck you.

Bobby's phone RINGS -- JULIA.

JULIA (V.O.)  
 Where are you?

BOBBY  
 I'm on my way. How's she doing?

A KNOCK on the window. The anger-flushed face of a PISSED OFF DRIVER, 55, is right there.

PISSED OFF DRIVER  
 You almost killed me!

Bobby looks over at the car he hit. It doesn't look good, but it doesn't look like anyone is hurt.

JULIA (V.O.)  
 They said it could be minutes.

BOBBY  
 I'm on my way.

PISSED OFF DRIVER  
 What the hell is the matter with you?  
 You high or something?

JULIA (V.O.)  
 What's going on over there?

BOBBY  
 Nothing. I just --

PISSED OFF DRIVER  
 How'm I gonna get to work?

JULIA (V.O.)  
 Bobby!

BOBBY  
 Okay! I heard you!

Bobby tosses his phone to the passenger seat, peels out.

PISSED OFF DRIVER  
 Hey! You can't --!

But Bobby is already gone.

EXT. CITY OF TREES HOSPICE FACILITY - DAY

Bobby SCREECHES to a stop at a NO PARKING sign, runs inside.

IN THE LOBBY

Bobby blows past the Volunteer at the desk.

VOLUNTEER

Sir! You have to --

Bobby runs down the hallway, the room numbers flashing by.

IN ROOM 119

Bobby bursts in.

BOBBY

I'm sorry! There was a --

Julia sits in a chair typing on her iPad.

JULIA

It's okay. She's okay.

Bobby looks to the bed. His Mom sleeps soundly.

BOBBY

(in disbelief)

What?

Bobby goes to his mother.

JULIA

A new nurse came on and looked at mom.  
Said her symptoms -- mottling in her  
legs, coldness in her feet --  
Apparently they're indicators that  
someone's...

Julia looks to her Mom, shakes her head.

JULIA (cont'd)

I realized he doesn't know her  
baseline. Mom's always cold.

BOBBY

I wasn't here.

JULIA

She's okay.



BOBBY  
(his anger rising)  
Which nurse was it?

Bobby heads toward the door. Julia grabs his arm. Bobby shakes her loose.

JULIA  
It's not going to do any good --

IN THE HALLWAY

Bobby storms to the nurse, HUGH, 58.

BOBBY  
Hey!

Hugh turns.

I nearly killed myself getting here  
because you said my Mom was dying! How  
hard is it to get that one thing right?

HUGH  
Robert, right? You're Frances' son?

Bobby nods.

HUGH (cont'd)  
Robert, I know this is hard. Believe  
me. Sometimes the signs point one way,  
and we do our best to keep the family  
up to date, but your mom simply wasn't  
ready yet.

BOBBY  
Look, just --

HUGH  
I lost my Mom three years ago. There's  
so much we have to let go of. Just know  
the Lord will take her in his time.

Bobby shakes his head.

JULIA  
Bobby, c'mon.

Julia tugs his arm. Bobby finally relents. They head back into their mother's room.

IN ROOM 119

Bobby goes to Mom's bedside.

BOBBY  
So she's doing okay?

Julia shrugs, gives him a look -- *Well, she's dying.*

BOBBY (cont'd)  
I'll stay with her tonight.

JULIA  
You spent the night last night.

BOBBY  
It's fine. I'll see you in the morning.

JULIA  
Okay, I've got to go get Dad and the kids -- I left them in the cafeteria -- but I'll be in early tomorrow.

Julia leaves. Bobby settles into the chair next to the bed. His mother looks small, smaller because she doesn't move.

Bobby pulls out his notebook, jots in it for a bit. He glances over at the window. On the sill is one of the Cuties Nicola brought over.

INT. NICOLA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nicola rinses dishes before putting them into the dishwasher. Her husband, STEVE, 39, clicks on his laptop at the table.

NICOLA  
Why do we wash the dishes before we put them in the dishwasher?

STEVE  
(not paying attention)  
Uh huh.

NICOLA  
We basically wash the dishes, then we wash them again. It's literally water down the drain. Doesn't make any sense.

STEVE  
Yeah, I dunno.

NICOLA  
It's just --

STEVE  
Nicola, I'm --

He gestures down at his laptop -- *I'm busy.*

NICOLA

What are you even --?

She spins his laptop toward her. He's playing computer poker.

NICOLA (cont'd)

This is what's so important that you can't have a conversation with me. At least you could've been surfing porn.

STEVE

Really? You'd rather have me watching porn?

NICOLA

Just forget it.

Nicola goes back to washing the dishes. Steve takes his computer to another room.

Nicola sighs, leans against the sink. Her phone DINGS.

A text from Bobby -- a PHOTO of a Cutie with a sticker of a happy cartoon mandarin that reads "Hi Cutie."

Nicola smiles, grabs a Cutie from a bowl on the table.

She sends a photo of a Cutie with a sticker that reads "The Sweetest." Then taps a message --

NICOLA (TEXT)

*Why do we wash the dishes before we put them in the dishwasher?*

She hits send, waits. The three dots appear --

BOBBY (TEXT)

*Why r you doing the dishes? Make Steve do that shit.*

NICOLA (TEXT)

*Right?! Fight the power!*

BOBBY (TEXT)

*Start a muthafuckin revolution, yo.*

NICOLA (TEXT)

*We need a name. Citizens Against Washing*

BOBBY (TEXT)

*Working Against Senseless Handwashing*

NICOLA (TEXT)

*WASH. I get it. Clever.*

Nicola smiles. From upstairs --

ELAINE (O.S.)

Mom!

Nicola taps on her phone.

NICOLA (TEXT)

*What about Fuck The Dishes?*

BOBBY (TEXT)

*Yes. Let's. Fuck the Dishes forever!*

Nicola giggles.

ELAINE (O.S.)

Mooooooooom!

STEVE (O.S.)

Are you going to --?

Nicola shakes her head -- Steve is clearly closer.

NICOLA

(irritated)

Am I --? You're right there. Can't you just...?

STEVE (O.S.)

She called for you.

NICOLA

(acquiescing)

Fine.

NICOLA (TEXT)

*Gotta go. Duty calls.*

IN ROOM 119 - NIGHT

Bobby puts down his phone. He writes in his notebook and eats the Cutie.

Hugh, the nurse, comes in, gently grabs Mom's wrist and checks her pulse.

HUGH

(to Bobby's Mom)

Hi Frances. How you doing?

(to Bobby)

She's defying the odds. I'll give her that.

BOBBY

She's good at that.

Hugh goes to the white board, replaces his name with "Karema."

HUGH  
I'm off in twenty minutes. Karema will  
be taking over.

BOBBY  
Okay, thanks.

Hugh goes to the door.

HUGH  
You want the light on?

BOBBY  
You can dim it. Thanks.

Hugh dims the light and closes the door behind him.

Bobby continues scribbling in his notebook. Mom's raspy  
breaths are loud in the quiet.

Bobby looks at his Mom.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
I don't know what I'm supposed to do.  
Am I supposed to talk to you?

Her breathing STOPS.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Mom? MOM!

Bobby rushes to the door, throws it open.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Hugh! Can someone --!

Hugh hurries to Bobby's mother.

She's breathing now. Raspy, but it's there.

Hugh takes her pulse, feels the temperature on her feet.

HUGH  
This'll happen -- that staccato  
breathing -- until she's ready to go.

BOBBY  
I thought...

HUGH  
It's okay. Nurses will be right outside  
if you need anything.

Hugh leaves. Bobby settles back into his chair.

Bobby watches his mom, her breathing: raspy and inconsistent, stopping, then returning. It's maddening.

BOBBY  
 (frustrated)  
 Jesus.  
 (to his mother)  
 Sorry.

Bobby pulls out his phone, types. He sets the phone on the window sill and taps the screen.

The sound of OCEAN WAVES fills the room. They combine with his mother's rasps to create something almost serene.

MONTAGE - INT. HOSPICE FACILITY - ROOM 119 - DAY

A) INT. HOSPICE FACILITY - ROOM 119 - DAY - Nurse Kareema replaces his name on the white board with "HUGH".

B) INT. HOSPICE FACILITY - ROOM 119 - NIGHT - Bobby sleeps in the chair next to his Mom's bed.

C) Julia on the phone. The kids fight over the iPad. Dad holds Mom's hand.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby lies on his bed fully clothed. He checks his phone on the nightstand: 12:03 AM. He dials a number.

BOBBY  
 Hi, this is Robert Burnham. I'm calling  
 about my mother, Frances Burnham...  
 Okay... No. We'll be in in the morning.  
 I just wanted to check on her. Thanks.

Bobby puts his phone on the nightstand. Checks to make sure the ringer is on -- DING! Checks it again -- DING! DING!

He lies back, closes his eyes.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby bolts upright almost before the RING! of the phone breaks the silence.

BOBBY  
 (into phone)  
 This is Robert.

Bobby's listens. His face cracks.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Mm hmm... Okay... Okay, thank you.

He hangs up, takes a breath. Goes into the hallway.

HALLWAY/JULIA'S ROOM

Bobby walks down the hall to Julia's room, creaks open the door. She's asleep. The kids are draped over her. Bobby reaches out for Julia's shoulder.

BOBBY  
(whispering)  
Julia...

She sits up before he touches her.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
They just called.

JULIA  
What time is it?

BOBBY  
2:30. Well, 2:33.

IN THE HALLWAY

They stand outside Julia's door.

JULIA  
I thought they were going to let us  
know when things changed.

BOBBY  
I know. The nurse checked on her about  
a half hour ago. When she went back...

JULIA  
What time did she...?

BOBBY  
2:17.

JULIA  
How do they know what time it was if  
they weren't even there?

BOBBY  
I dunno.

JULIA  
That doesn't make any sense. Are they  
just guessing?

BOBBY  
(exasperated whisper)  
I don't know, Julia! One of us  
should've been there.

JULIA  
We thought we'd have time to get there.  
They told us we would.  
(sighing)  
Alright, well if you take Dad over  
there, I'll stay here with the kids.

BOBBY  
I...

JULIA  
Bobby?

Julia sees the look on Bobby's face.

BOBBY  
I can't. I can't --

JULIA  
Okay. It's fine. I'll take Dad to see  
her. Are you good staying here with the  
kids? Get them up and showered in the  
morning.

BOBBY  
There's still no water.

Julia looks like it's about all she can take.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
I'll take care of it.

Julia hugs Bobby. The pair hold their embrace, just them and  
the quiet.

EXT. OLD 9TH STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Birds fly over the red steel trusses against a sunrise sky.

Bobby and Julia walk down the bridge's wooden deck. Maura and  
Cameron charge ahead, pushing Dad in his wheel chair.

JULIA  
Meerkat, slow down!



MAURA

Yeah, okay!

BOBBY

(looking toward Dad)

So how'd he take it?

JULIA

As well as can be expected.

Julia takes a leaf from the railing, drops it. It spins, floating to the water. They watch as the current swallows it.

JULIA (cont'd)

I remember when we were kids, and we marched here with Mom.

BOBBY

The whole bridge shook.

Bobby stomps on the bridge, and the wooden deck RUMBLES. Cameron runs over.

CAMERON

What're you doing?

BOBBY

Marching.

He stomps again, one leg, then the other. Maura pushes Dad over. The kids start marching, jumping up and down, giggling. Pretty soon they're all stomping and laughing.

JULIA

Grandma had us march in a parade here when we were your ages. To say women deserved equal rights with men.

MAURA

You had to march?

BOBBY

Well, it wasn't like army marching. More like... enthusiastic walking.

JULIA

Mom must've been, what? Thirty-five?

BOBBY

In my head, she was old, you know?

JULIA

(slightly offended)

She was my age.

BOBBY

Everyone looks old when you're a kid.

Bobby's phone DINGS. He checks it.

BOBBY (cont'd)

That's the guy. You want to...?

Bobby hooks his thumb in the direction he's heading. Julia knows it's the crematory.

JULIA

Nooooo. No, it's okay. You can take care of that. We can push grandpa. Right guys?

MAURA/CAMERON

(protesting)

Mooooom!

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Bobby drives, pulls up to a stop light. On the pole is a concert poster.

"BUILT TO SPILL - THURSDAY AT 9:00PM"

Bobby snaps a photo of the poster, pulls up a text to Nicola.

BOBBY (TEXT)

*Our youthful indiscretions come back to haunt us.*

He sends the message with the photo. After a moment -- DING!

NICOLA (TEXT)

*Srsly? Indiscretions?*

Another DING.

NICOLA (TEXT) (cont'd)

*Did you know 'BONER' is another word for 'indiscretion'? I looked it up.*

The light turns green. Bobby smiles, rolls forward.

A sign appears in his windshield -- ADA CREMATORY. Bobby's expression sobers. He turns in.

EXT. BURNHAM HOME - NIGHT

Bobby pulls up in front of the house and stops. He sits there, staring out into the darkness.

He comes back to present, glances down. Beside him is a white gift bag with fancy rope handles.

He sighs, grabs the bag.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - NIGHT

Bobby enters. The house is quiet.

BOBBY

Hello?

Julia pokes her head out of the kitchen doorway.

JULIA

Shh. Everyone's asleep.

BOBBY

Whatchya doing?

JULIA

Celebrating.

She holds up a beer bottle. Bobby doesn't follow.

JULIA (cont'd)

The water came back on!

BOBBY

Thank god.

JULIA

C'mon. You can help me in the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Kitchen cabinets are open. Pots and pans are piled in boxes. As they talk, Julia and Bobby empty cabinets and drawers into boxes, clean old childhood drawings off the fridge.

JULIA

(pointing to the bag)

Whatchya got?

Bobby hesitates. Julia realizes what it is. Tears well up in her eyes.

BOBBY

It's a lot heavier than I would've --

JULIA

Stop! I don't want to know.

Julia takes the bag anyway, feels its weight, peeks inside. She pulls out a nondescript black plastic box.

JULIA (cont'd)  
It feels like it should be fancy.  
Should we get a different...?

BOBBY  
Urn?

JULIA  
It feels weird to say the word out  
loud. It makes it... real.

BOBBY  
Yeah.

JULIA  
Should we show Dad?

BOBBY  
God, no.

Julia nods at an open cabinet full of alcohol bottles.

JULIA  
What do you think? Use it for the  
reception?

BOBBY  
Is it still good?

JULIA  
Like there's any chance liquor would've  
lasted in this house long enough for it  
to go bad.

BOBBY  
(laughing)  
Good point.

It feels good to laugh about something, anything.

Bobby pulls old Christmas cards from the fridge, glances at the plastic box with their Mom's ashes.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Sometimes it feels like all we're doing  
is dying.

The shift in conversation doesn't quite thread for Julia.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
It's different. You have kids. I look  
at what I've done with my life.  
(MORE)

BOBBY (cont'd)

Sometimes I feel like I'm so close to becoming a real person. It's like that scene at the end of "Pinocchio". The fairy comes in and turns Pinocchio into a kid and he's like, "I'm a real boy!"

JULIA

Bobby, you're not making any...

BOBBY

Wayne has Sun-hee. Someone who, for some fucked up reason, loves him. And he gets all pissy because he thinks Mom and Dad love him less.

JULIA

Did it ever occur to you that it's wrong that the second born is "junior?"

Bobby doesn't follow.

JULIA (cont'd)

You're the second-born, and you got Dad's name. Can you imagine being Wayne, growing up like that?

BOBBY

Like it's gotten me anywhere.

Bobby tosses some old papers in the garbage.

BOBBY (cont'd)

I'm thirty-seven years old. I've never been married. I have no kids. The one good thing that happened to me, the Mikell, I fucked up. You get to a point where you realize there's one common denominator in the equation.

JULIA

Marriage isn't easy, you know? Sticking it out. There're times you're not sure if it's worth it.

BOBBY

Hey, you've at least had the opportunity to fail. I haven't even had that.

JULIA

Or you've just had more practice at it than the rest of us.

She smiles at Bobby. Bobby laughs.

Bobby throws away a kid's drawing stuck to the fridge.

JULIA (cont'd)

Wait!

BOBBY

What?

JULIA

That was Wayne's. He gave it to Mom when he was like nine.

Julia fishes it from the trash.

JULIA (cont'd)

We can't throw everything away.

BOBBY

He gave up his chance to have a say.

JULIA

He told me he was concerned for his mental health.

BOBBY

Wayne. Said that. About himself?

JULIA

It wouldn't be the first time.

BOBBY

He came out and said, "I'm concerned for my mental health?"

JULIA

I don't know what he said exactly.

BOBBY

There are some things you pull your shit together for. "Your mom is dying," is one of those things. It's what I'd do.

WAYNE (O.S.)

What's what you'd do?

WAYNE, 41, stands in the doorway, suitcase in hand. He's got greasy hair combed back, a goatee, and tattoos.

EXT. BURNHAM HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mid-day light on the finely manicured lawn. The house is silent.

A jogger comes, goes.

A breeze blows autumn leaves across the lawn.

The sound of vehicles in the distance growing closer. THEN --

Two State Police vehicles, lights flashing, SCREECH to a stop in front of the house.

Four STATE POLICE OFFICERS get out, draw their weapons. Two head to the front door, two fan out around the sides.

#### BOBBY'S BEDROOM

TEEN BOBBY, 17, sits on his bed, writing in a moleskin notebook.

The DOOR BELL RINGS, followed by the BARK of the family dog. Bobby continues writing.

A BANGING comes on the front door.

TEEN BOBBY  
(not looking up)  
Someone gonna get that?

#### JULIA'S BEDROOM

TEEN JULIA, 15, watches out her window as one of the Police Officers creeps through the yard, weapon drawn.

TEEN JULIA  
Mom...

#### BOBBY'S BEDROOM

The PHONE RINGS. Bobby puts a 90s cordless model to his ear.

TEEN BOBBY  
Hello?

The dog BARKS again.

DAD (O.S.)  
C'mon boy. Back.

TEEN BOBBY  
(smiling)  
I had a good time last night too.

Bobby picks up TWO TICKET STUBS for BUILT TO SPILL from his night stand.

TEEN BOBBY (cont'd)  
What? No, I didn't forget.

Bobby looks at the clock next to his bed: 11:12 AM.

TEEN BOBBY (cont'd)  
 (to himself)  
 ShitShitShit.

He springs for his dresser, grabs his wallet.

TEEN BOBBY (cont'd)  
 Uh huh. Just walking out the door.

The SOUND of the FRONT DOOR OPENING.

STATE POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)  
 Robert Burnham, Sr.?

DAD (O.S.)  
 Yes. Can I help you?

MOM (O.S.)  
 What is it? Is everything alright?

Julia appears in Bobby's doorway.

TEEN JULIA  
 (whispering)  
 Bobby.

TEEN BOBBY  
 (into phone)  
 Look, Nicola, the longer you talk, the  
 later I'll be. Yeah. Ten minutes. I  
 promise.

Bobby hangs up.

TEEN JULIA  
 (hushed)  
 Bobby!

TEEN BOBBY  
 What?!

Julia jerks her head in the direction of the front door.

STATE POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)  
 Is there anyone else here?

DAD (O.S.)  
 Our son, Bobby Jr., and our daughter,  
 Julia.

STATE POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)  
 Is everyone okay?

Bobby and Julia exchange glances, bust it to the hallway.



## HALLWAY

Bobby and Julia hit the railing that overlooks the front door. Below is their Mom, 49, and their Dad, 51, talking to the two State Police Officers.

MOM

Everyone is fine. What is this about?

STATE POLICE OFFICER #1

Are you the parents of Wayne Burnham?

DAD

He's our oldest.

MOM

I swear to God, if he --

STATE POLICE OFFICER #1

Mrs. Burnham, we thought you were all dead.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

## BOBBY'S BEDROOM

Bobby wakes to the SOUND OF A DISTANT ENGINE. He sits on the edge of his bed, rubbing his eyes.

## KITCHEN

Bobby pours himself a cup of coffee. The GROWL OF AN ENGINE is louder now. Bobby goes into the --

## LIVING ROOM

Bobby goes the window. Outside, Wayne is mowing the lawn. He sees Bobby, gives him a wave.

## KITCHEN - LATER

Bobby sits at the table drinking coffee. Dad sits at the table eating a bowl of Cheerios. Julia comes in followed by Cameron -- in his Mexican wrestling mask -- and Maura.

JULIA

What do you guys want for breakfast?

MAURA

Cheerios!

Cameron softly rams his head into the fridge.

DAD  
 (nodding at Cameron)  
 Why's he doing that?

JULIA  
 It's a wrestling move. He almost gave himself a concussion last week, so we told him he had to do everything half-speed.

BOBBY  
 (to Cameron)  
 Sweet move, homie.

CAMERON  
 (not stopping)  
 Thanks.

Maura shakes the box of Cheerios. It's empty.

MAURA  
 Grampa ate all the Cheerios.

JULIA  
 We'll just have to have some of the corn flakes.

MAURA  
 Ugh.

CAMERON  
 I don't like corn flakes!

JULIA  
 Bear, you've liked corn flakes from the day you were born.

Julia pours cornflakes for the kids. Bobby comes over.

BOBBY  
 You see Wayne mowing the lawn?

JULIA  
 I didn't even know he knew how a mower worked.

Bobby gives a shrug -- *Maybe he has changed.*

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wayne sits on the couch. In front of him is a large box marked "UNPAID BILLS". He opens an envelope, scans it, writes a check, sticks it in the envelope, then goes to the next one.

Bobby comes in.

BOBBY

How's it going?

WAYNE

Nearly done with this stack.

BOBBY

You got through all those?

Wayne nods.

WAYNE

Listen, I was thinking we could all sit down later to talk about Mom's funeral.

BOBBY

We're not doing a funeral. Just a memorial service.

WAYNE

What's the difference?

JULIA

Mom didn't want some religious service. Dad made that clear.

WAYNE

(a jab)

From what I hear, Dad's not clear on much.

BOBBY

(defensive)

Dad's doing fine.

WAYNE

Julia told me he doesn't know what day it is, and the funeral is in four days, so if you guys --

Wayne stops himself.

WAYNE (cont'd)

Look, I know sometimes I... go off. But I want you to know that I heard you. I'm here. You tell me what you want me to do, and I'll do it.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Bobby passes the entrance to the living room. Wayne is sitting close to his father. They're talking and laughing.

Wayne writes on a YELLOW LEGAL PAD as his father talks. Wayne shows the paper to his father. Dad nods. Wayne claps him on the back.

Bobby watches their closeness.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julia and Bobby sit on the couch. Julia taps on her phone.

JULIA  
What about this?

A cheesy 90s song -- along the lines of Whitney Houston's "I Will Always Love You" -- fills the room.

BOBBY  
Uhh...

JULIA  
Fine.

Julia ends the song. Wayne comes in, beers in hand.

WAYNE  
(handing them beers)  
Let's get this party started!

BOBBY  
Wayne, we're planning a memorial service.

WAYNE  
I think we all know Mom would approve.

JULIA  
(looking at her phone)  
What about this one?

An overly sentimental song from the 1950s fills the room.

BOBBY  
No.

WAYNE  
No.

Julia frowns, stops the music.

JULIA  
Well, you guys pick something then.

WAYNE  
Didn't she like Joan Baez?

BOBBY  
She's lame.

WAYNE

She was the sixties. I mean, her and Dylan.

BOBBY

The Beatles were the sixties.

WAYNE

You weren't even alive in the sixties.

Bobby checks his phone.

JULIA

Oh, wait! I got it.

Julia taps the phone and the room is flooded with the N.W.A. song "Gangsta Gangsta".

Julia jumps up, dances around the room with her beer.

JULIA (cont'd)

Aw, yeah. This shit my jam!

BOBBY

(mocking)

This shit your jam? When did you ever listen to N.W.A.?

JULIA

There're a lot of things you don't know about me.

(rapping along)

"Since I was a youth, I smoked weed out / Now I'm the mutha fucka that ya read about / Takin' a life or two that's what the hell I do / You don't like how I'm livin well fuck you!"

Wayne gets up, clinks bottles with Julia, and starts to move to the music.

WAYNE

MC Wayne got your back, yo.

BOBBY

(checking his phone)

MC Wayne? You guys are pathetic.

JULIA

Awwwww yeeeeaaaaah!

JULIA/WAYNE

"With a right left, right, left, you toothless / And then you say goddamn they ruthless!"

Julia grabs Bobby's hand.

JULIA  
Don't be a stick in the mud.

BOBBY  
I'm not...

JULIA  
C'mon...

Bobby stands with a sigh, then busts out some SERIOUS moves. He knows every word of the song.

JULIA (cont'd)  
Aw, shiiiiit!

The party hits full effect. Julia takes out a pipe. She takes a hit, passes it to Bobby. He lights up, hands it to Wayne.

WAYNE  
I can't.

BOBBY  
C'mon, man!

WAYNE  
Seriously, Bobby. N.A. I can't touch that stuff.

JULIA  
Yeah, but you're drinking.

Wayne shows her the beer bottle. Non-alcoholic.

BOBBY  
No shit.

JULIA  
(raising her bottle)  
Here's to being sober!

Julia's phone DINGS. She looks at the screen.

JULIA (cont'd)  
Fuck.

WAYNE  
Who is it?

JULIA  
Gabe.

WAYNE  
Oh, man. Fuck that guy!

JULIA

Seriously. You know he sent some girl a dick pic?

BOBBY

What??

JULIA

I found it on his phone. I mean, how stupid can you be?

(epiphany)

You know what? One of you should send him a dick pic! See how he likes that shit!

WAYNE

Bobby! You do it!

BOBBY

No fucking way!

JULIA

C'mon, Bobby. Do it! Send my husband a dick pic!

BOBBY

Like, what's the process for taking a dick pic? You take a bunch, then load them on your computer and are like --

(pretending to type)

Dick pic dot jpeg. Done.

WAYNE

Or, wait, is it --

Wayne pretends he's staring at a computer screen, frowning.

WAYNE (cont'd)

Nope. Nope. Nope. Yes!

(pretending to type)

Dick pic underscore GOOD dot jpeg!

BOBBY

All my dick pics are good, bitches!

The siblings dance and sing. Julia and Bobby hit the pipe again. The love flows.

JULIA/WAYNE/BOBBY

"Cause I'm tha type o' n\*gga that's built ta last / Fuck wit me I'll put a foot in ya ass / See I don't give a fuck cause I keep bailin' / Yo, what the fuck are they yellin!"

Bobby checks his phone again. Julia snatches it from him.

JULIA  
Why do you keep checking your phone?

BOBBY  
Nothing. Just give it.

JULIA  
You're here with us? What more do you need?

Julia cranks the music. They dance and sing along. Bobby sneaks another look at his phone.

EXT. NEUROLUX BAR - LATER

People line up to get into the club. A poster out front reads "BUILT TO SPILL - TONIGHT!"

INT. NEUROLUX BAR - NIGHT

On the stage, BUILT TO SPILL is crushing it. The audience throbs along with the music.

Bobby rushes in. Looks around for Nicola.

He looks at his phone, taps on Nicola's name. No new messages.

ON STAGE

DOUG MARTSCH, 50, lead singer, finishes a song. The throng cheers. Martsch steps up the mic.

MARTSCH  
Always good to be playing in our home town. We've got a couple more for you.

He launches into "The Wait" -- a slow-ish song. The crowd sways to the music.

NICOLA (O.S.)  
(over the music)  
HEY!

Nicola is there, a big smile on her face.

BOBBY  
You're here!

NICOLA  
And you're here! I wasn't sure if you were going to come.



BOBBY  
At least we didn't need to use fake  
ID's this time.

NICOLA  
I need a beer!

BOBBY  
Me too!

Nicola signals the BARTENDER.

NICOLA  
(to the Bartender)  
Two IPAs.

The Bartender drops down two pints. Nicola gives him cash.  
They cheers.

BOBBY  
What're we cheersing to?

NICOLA  
Youth! Foooor-evah!

They drink.

BOBBY  
(nodding at the band)  
When was the last time you saw them?

NICOLA  
When I was seventeen.

BOBBY  
Hey, that's the last time I saw them!

NICOLA  
(playful)  
Wait, you were here?

BOBBY  
Wait, YOU were here? I'm sure I  
would've seen you.

NICOLA  
What are the odds? That we'd run into  
each other here twenty years after we  
were both last here. It's fate. We  
should probably do shots.

AT THE BAR

Nicola grabs Bobby's hand, wiggles her way up to the bar.

NICOLA  
(to bartender)  
Two shots of Jager!

BOBBY  
We really are reliving our youth.  
The bartender slides the shots across the bar.

BARTENDER  
Have fun.  
They down the shots. Bobby makes a face.

BOBBY  
Dear god.

NICOLA  
It's good, huh?

BOBBY  
If you say so.

The music shifts to jangly guitar, then the drums kick in. Doug Martsch starts into "Fly Around My Pretty Little Miss." The song is joyous. You can't help but want to dance.

NICOLA  
Oh, my God!

BOBBY  
What?

NICOLA  
Shut up! You put this on the first mixed tape you ever gave me.

BOBBY  
(innocently)  
I did?

Nicola grabs Bobby by the hand, pulls him into the throng.

They bounce around to the beat. Nicola turns circles around him. She leans in, takes a selfie of them with her phone.

They look at the photo together: two people in love who won't say it out loud.

Nicola sends the photo to Bobby with a "<3".

They go back to dancing. As the song continues they draw closer and closer, a product of the alcohol, the song, the memories, and the longing they both hold.

Pretty soon, it's as if everyone else has faded away. The bouncy danciness has given way to a slow sway between them, connected by an invisible thread between them.

INT. NICOLA'S SUV - NIGHT

Nicola and Bobby make out. She's in the driver's seat, Bobby in the passenger seat. It's carnal and awkward.

NICOLA

Wait.

Nicola climbs on top of him, takes off her shirt. Bobby pulls her face down to him, kisses her. His hands on her.

It's a narcotic, the pull they feel. It's teenage lust and something more -- a deeper fulfillment of their connection.

Nicola stops, looks down at him. She shakes her head, and smiles. It's wrong and right all at the same time.

She leans down and kisses him hard. Bobby pulls his shirt over his head. There's no stopping them now.

EXT. BURNHAM HOME - DAY

A quiet sunrise over the house.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - BOBBY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bobby is dead to the world, asleep. Wayne bursts in.

WAYNE

Get up.

Bobby jolts upright.

BOBBY

What? What is it?

Wayne holds out an opened letter.

WAYNE

What's this?

BOBBY

I have no idea what you're looking at.

WAYNE

Twenty-three hundred for dentures?

Bobby takes the paper. It's an invoice from the dentist.

BOBBY

That's what these things cost.

WAYNE

So you and Julia decide to blow two grand on fake teeth for Dad without even talking to me?

Bobby stands, throws on jeans and a t-shirt.

BOBBY

Wait a minute, Dad gave you \$15k for your web design business, and you question me for using his money FOR him?

WAYNE

Web development.

BOBBY

You weren't here! You gave up your right to give input when you didn't show up.

Bobby storms out of his bedroom, into --

THE HALLWAY

Wayne is close on Bobby's heels.

WAYNE

I'm here now. How can you justify spending this kind of money when they've barely got enough as it is?

Julia appears in her bedroom doorway. Maura and Cameron peek out from behind her.

JULIA

Guys...

WAYNE

Stay out of this, Julia.

Bobby continues down the hall, Wayne in close pursuit.

BOBBY

For Dad to qualify for title nineteen assistance, he has to spend all his money. I thought that him being able to chew his food was money well spent.

WAYNE

You want to put him on welfare?

BOBBY

You have the money to pay for a private nursing facility? Because I don't.

Bobby hits --

THE STAIRWELL

WAYNE

Suddenly you're an expert on finances, nursing homes, title nineteen, AND dental health? You put mom into hospice where they denied her food and water. You let her die. And now you're doing the same thing with Dad.

Bobby spins to Wayne.

BOBBY

That's what hospice is! And if you don't like what I'm doing with Dad, feel free to take the reigns.

Bobby continues into --

THE KITCHEN

Bobby gets a glass from a cupboard. He grabs a bottle of juice from the fridge and fills the glass.

WAYNE

I'll question anyone, not just you. All you have to do is show me facts, opinions of experts, anything that can show what you're doing isn't just you guessing at shit. And if you think I'm singling you out, you should've asked Mom how many times I called her out when her reasoning was "compromised." And we both know her reasoning was often compromised.

BOBBY

Jesus Wayne, MOM IS DEAD. What good does it do to --

WAYNE

I tried to help her while you and Julia just stood around and made excuses. Dad's fucked up things his entire life. I'm not going to let him fuck up his death too!

A THUD and a CRY come from upstairs. They turn to look at the ceiling. Bobby races from the kitchen.

IN DAD'S BEDROOM

Bobby bursts in. There's a BLOOD SPOT on the wall. Dad lies on the floor in his pajamas, BLOOD TRICKLING from his forehead.

BOBBY

Dad!

Bobby rushes over to him. Dad MOANS.

Wayne appears in the doorway. Julia and the kids right behind.

WAYNE

Jesus.

Julia pushes Wayne out of the way. Rushes to her father.

BOBBY

(to Wayne)

Call an ambulance!

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Bobby, Wayne, and Julia talk to their Dad's NURSE.

NURSE

The kidney stones are problematic, but more problematic is the UTI. Your father is on the verge of sepsis.

JULIA

Jesus.

Julia glances through an open door to a room where her father sleeps, bandage on his head.

NURSE

We've got him on fluids and antibiotics. If his condition doesn't improve, the doctor will put him on a vasopressor.

WAYNE

Is there something we should've been doing?

BOBBY

Why don't you say what you mean?

JULIA

Jesus, Bobby, he's not saying anything.

WAYNE

Someone must've been doing something wrong to lead to this.

Bobby shoots Julia a look -- *I think he's saying something.*

WAYNE (cont'd)

(to Nurse)

Am I correct?

NURSE

Well, if your father already has trouble caring for himself, and if he's not eating right or drinking enough fluids...

WAYNE

So the people caring for him could've prevented this?

NURSE

Technically, yes, but... Listen, we'll keep him here for a couple days and get the UTI cleared up.

WAYNE

Thanks. You've been very helpful.

(to Bobby and Julia)

Maybe we should go see Dad.

EXT. BOISE - DAY

Leaves swirl down from autumn trees. In the distance is the Old 9th Street Bridge.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julia walks through the living room carrying a full laundry basket, phone to her ear.

JULIA

(into phone)

Yeah, we'll be there in about an hour.  
How's he doing?

She pauses at photos on the table. Different scenes of the family when everyone was younger.

She picks up a PHOTO of her parents at a party from when they were in their 40s. Dad is smiling but Mom looks uneasy. Between them is an older man, 68. It's Julia's GRANDFATHER.

INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG JULIA, 12, sleeps soundly.

The door flies open. Julia's Mom, 46, is on her, dragging her out of bed before Julia knows what's happening.

YOUNG JULIA

What? What's going on? Mom!

MOM

What did I tell you?

YOUNG JULIA

I don't -- Mom, you're hurting me!

INT. BURNHAM HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Julia stumbles into the kitchen.

MOM

I asked you to do one goddamned thing.  
And could you do that?

Julia thinks it's a rhetorical question.

MOM (cont'd)

No! The answer is no! Well, you're  
going to do it now.

Mom turns her to the dishwasher. Julia -- stunned -- begins to unload it. She can barely reach the cabinet's upper shelves.

Mom lights up a cigarette.

MOM (cont'd)

I swear to God, you're all crazy! You  
think you have it tough because someone  
asks you to contribute to this house.  
You don't understand hardship. Hardship  
is your father-in-law getting drunk at  
a party trying to put his hands on you  
while you're husband does nothing.  
That's hardship.

YOUNG JULIA

Mom...

Mom takes a puff on her cigarette.

MOM

Hurry up. It's late.



INT. BURNHAM HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Julia searches the sink cabinet. She rattles pill bottle after pill bottle. Empty.

JULIA

Shit.

Frantic, she digs through the drawers until she finds a piece of paper -- an old prescription.

MAURA (O.S.)

Mommy?

Julia spins around. Maura and Cameron stand in the doorway.

MAURA

Cam vomited.

CAMERON

I vomited.

JULIA

I know, Bear. Let's see what we can do for you.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Julia walks the aisles holding Cameron's hand. Maura drags behind. Julia approaches a PHARMACY WORKER.

JULIA

Nausea medication?

PHARMACY WORKER

Aisle two. Over by the wall.

JULIA

Thanks.

Maura continues to lag.

JULIA (cont'd)

Meerkat? Please?

MAURA

This is booooooring.

JULIA

I know. We'll be outta here soon.

IN AISLE TWO

Julia scans the shelves of nausea medication.

CAMERON

Mommy, I don't feel good.

JULIA

I know, Bear.

She plucks a box off the shelf. She eyes a hanging sign that reads "PRESCRIPTION DROP OFF".

Julia puts the nausea medication in her basket, heads for the prescription counter.

MAURA

Mooooooooom. You said...

JULIA

I know. I just have to get a prescription filled. Then we'll go.

AT THE PRESCRIPTION COUNTER

Julia and the kids wait in line. PHARMACIST DONALD, 33, helps a customer.

JULIA

How you doing, Bear?

CAMERON

I'm sick.

JULIA

(sympathetic)

I know.

A spot frees up at the counter.

PHARMACIST DONALD

Can I help you?

Julia steps up with the kids.

PHARMACIST DONALD (cont'd)

(recognizing her)

Julia?

JULIA

Uh huh...

PHARMACIST DONALD

It's Donald.

Julia wracks her brain.

PHARMACIST DONALD (cont'd)  
 Donny. Hamilton. I was two years behind  
 you at Boise High.

JULIA  
 (faking it)  
 Oh, yeah. Donny. How are you?

PHARMACIST DONALD  
 Good. You know. Wife. Kids. Living the  
 dream. I see you've got two little  
 ones.  
 (to kids)  
 How're you guys doing?

MAURA  
 Fine.

CAMERON  
 I'm sick.

PHARMACIST DONALD  
 Well, let's see how we can get you  
 fixed up.

Donald reaches for the prescription in Julia's hand.

PHARMACIST DONALD (cont'd)  
 If you... The prescription. I can get  
 started on it for your boy.

JULIA  
 Oh, no. This is --

Donald grabs the prescription, looks it over.

JULIA (cont'd)  
 It's for my mom.

MAURA  
 But grandma is --

JULIA  
 Do you guys want some candy?

MAURA  
 Yes!

PHARMACIST DONALD  
 This is expired.

Pharmacist Donald types into his computer.

PHARMACIST DONALD (cont'd)  
 And, I'm sorry, but our records  
 indicate your mother passed away  
 yesterday.

JULIA  
 It's for my Dad. He's...

CAMERON  
 Mom...

PHARMACIST DONALD  
 I'll need a prescription for your  
 father then.

JULIA  
 (hushed)  
 My father has Alzheimer's and his wife  
 of fifty years just fucking died,  
 Donny, and all I need is something to  
 help him.

PHARMACIST DONALD  
 I think you'd better wait here.

Donald starts to leave.

JULIA  
 Wait, Donny --

CAMERON  
 MOM!

JULIA  
 WHAT?

Cameron pukes at her feet.

JULIA (cont'd)  
 Oh.

Julia wipes off her son's face with her sleeve. Donald looks  
 from Julia to the kids and back.

PHARMACIST DONALD  
 (sighing)  
 You know what, just... Go.

JULIA  
 Let's go, kids.

Julia drops the basket, hurries the kids to the exit.

INT. JULIA'S CAR - DAY

Julia cries softly, her head on the steering wheel.

Maura, in the back seat, leans forward, rubs her mom's arm.

MAURA

It's okay, Mom. It's okay.

JULIA

Thanks Meerkat.

CAMERON

What's wrong with Mom.

MAURA

She's mad because you puked.

JULIA

Maura!

Julia's phone rings -- WAYNE.

JULIA (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hey. Yeah. Ah, I totally forgot. I'm on my way.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Bobby walks toward Wayne's bedroom. The door is cracked.

Bobby pushes the door open.

WAYNE'S BEDROOM

Some old road signs, a velour Led Zeppelin poster, a beaten blue trunk, and a desk lined with painted D&D figurines.

Bobby sits at the desk and picks up one of the figurines: a wizard with golden smoke billowing around him. Bobby chuckles.

He picks up a PHOTO of him and Wayne from when they were kids. They're goofing around, big smiles.

Bobby notices the YELLOW LEGAL PAD on Wayne's desk, the paper Wayne was writing on when Bobby saw him with their Dad.

On it are the names of various business entities, including Intermountain Bank and TD Ameritrade.

Bobby's parents' birth dates and social security numbers are written on the paper. Below that is a series of words and dates next to the note "account challenges."

Next to each business name is a URL and PASSWORD.

BOBBY

Fuck.

OFFICE

Bobby sits down at the desk, types on the computer.

ON COMPUTER MONITOR

"INTERMOUNTAIN BANK" shows at the top with "WELCOME ROBERT AND FRANCES BURNHAM" and account information.

Bobby clicks through the accounts, scanning for something.

Bobby stops on an entry --

"Internet banking transfer - \$9,900 - Wayne Burnham".

"ACCOUNT BALANCE: \$88.00"

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Julia talks to her DAD'S DOCTOR, 47.

DAD'S DOCTOR

He should be released tomorrow.

JULIA

His confusion... It's gotten a lot worse.

Julia glances through the open doorway to Dad's room. Cameron sleeps curled up in a chair, blanket over him. Maura watches the iPad. Wayne holds up his phone to his Dad, recording him.

DAD'S DOCTOR

Well, yeah, with your Mom's death... that added stress would certainly exacerbate his dementia symptoms.

JULIA

He remembers things from when was younger.

DAD'S DOCTOR

That's natural. Those memories that have been with us longer are easier to recall.

Julia's attention comes back to Wayne, still recording their father. Julia looks over at Dad. He looks confused.

JULIA  
Will you excuse me?

Julia goes into --

DAD'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Wayne watches the video he has just shot.

JULIA  
What're you guys --?

WAYNE  
Shh.

VIDEO ON THE PHONE

Dad sits in his hospital bed.

WAYNE (O.S.)  
And what day is it?

DAD  
You mean the date?

WAYNE (O.S.)  
Sure.

DAD  
What, it's... April... twentieth?

WAYNE (O.S.)  
It's October, Dad.

BACK TO ROOM

Julia looks from the video of her father to Wayne.

JULIA  
What is this?

WAYNE  
Shh.

BACK TO THE VIDEO ON THE PHONE

WAYNE (O.S.)  
Do you know who the president is?

DAD  
(annoyed/sarcastic)  
Abraham Lincoln.

WAYNE (O.S.)  
Close. And do you know where Mom is?

Dad hesitates, uncertain.

DAD

I think she... I don't know. Did she go to the store?

WAYNE (O.S.)

Mom died, Dad. On Tuesday. It was cancer.

DAD

I... I don't remember that.

BACK TO ROOM

WAYNE

Dad, we need to find you a place to stay. Bobby's talking about sending you to a home where people don't know you. Is that what you want?

Dad begins to weep.

DAD

Your Mom died?

She drags Wayne toward the door.

JULIA

We'll be right back, Dad.

HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Julia spins Wayne toward her.

JULIA

What is wrong with you?

WAYNE

You guys enable his helplessness. Shame is effective, so I use it.

JULIA

And so your answer is to humiliate him? And multiply his grief by showing him what he's become.

WAYNE

There's research on this stuff. Alzheimer's patients have a better chance to remember things if they see themselves as part of the story.

JULIA

You've got to be kidding.



WAYNE

It's bad enough he's got to experience this Groundhog's Day bullshit, now you guys want to put in a home with minimum-wage idiots who couldn't hack it as real nurses.

JULIA

You're an asshole.

Julia goes back into --

DAD'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Wayne follows her in.

JULIA

Dad, Wayne is upset. Don't pay him any attention. Bobby will be by later.

She scoops up Cameron and grabs Maura by the hand.

WAYNE

Julia!

JULIA

C'mon kids.

Julia brushes past Wayne back into the hallway. Wayne follows.

HOSPITAL HALLWAY

WAYNE

Somebody had to do something. You and Bobby -- Julia!

Wayne watches her go.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - DAY

Julia bangs open the door.

JULIA

Bobby!

The kids follow. Bobby appears at the top of the stairs.

MAURA

Uncle BB, Cam puked in the Rite Aid!

CAMERON

(moaning)

Mom...

JULIA

Go lie down, Bear. You guys can go watch the iPad in our room.

The kids go upstairs.

BOBBY

You get my text?

JULIA

Wayne shot video of Dad all... confused.

BOBBY

Do I even want to know why?

JULIA

He said something about how it helps people with Alzheimer's.

BOBBY

Jesus. I'm assuming you didn't see my text?

Julia pulls out her phone. Her face falls.

JULIA

Are you sure?

Bobby nods.

JULIA (cont'd)

What're we going to do?

BOBBY

I don't think we have much of a --

The front door OPENS. Wayne saunters past them into the kitchen. The sound of the FRIDGE DOOR OPENING, then the PFFFFT! of bottles opening.

Wayne returns, offers beers to Bobby and Julia, who refuse. He set their beers aside, sips from his NA beer.

WAYNE

We gotta talk about Wayne, right? He fucks everything up. We never know what he's going to do next. We have to act now before he royally screws this family for good.

(beat)

I know you think I don't love them. But this isn't about love -- this about taking care of them.

(MORE)

WAYNE (cont'd)

They haven't been able to do shit for themselves for years, and whenever I tried to do anything, you both said I was being too harsh, wanted to run their lives for them. What's worse? Giving them the help they need, even if it means some tough love, or letting them live -- and die -- like this?

(beat)

You guys told me I needed to be here. But then you get pissed when it's me that shows up. As if you suddenly expect a different version of me to walk through the door. Whose expectations are fucked up? Mine? Who knows you're not really going to do the hard things and accepts that? Or you guys? Who expect me to be someone I'm not?

(beat)

Look, the service is in two days. Can we just sit down to make sure we have a goodbye that Mom would've wanted?

Bobby shakes his head.

JULIA

Wayne, we expect you to change because we believe that maybe once, just once, you'll step outside yourself and realize that people don't live life on your terms. Just because you read something from a medical website doesn't make it true for every goddamned person on the face of the planet. Yes, Mom and Dad have made mistakes, but they're their mistakes to make. Just like we've all gotten to live our own mistakes. Just like you've gotten to live your mistakes.

WAYNE

Right. You're talking about when the cops showed up at the house. Subtle.

BOBBY

Jesus, Wayne, we know about the money. You cleaned out their bank account!

WAYNE

Dad doesn't --

Bobby gets in Wayne's face.

BOBBY

Dad needs that money to live!

WAYNE

You said he needed to spend all his money! So which is it?

JULIA

This is hard enough as it is. You being here just makes it harder on everyone.

WAYNE

This is such bullshit. You guys --

BOBBY

You have no idea how good you've got it! A family that forgives and forgives no matter how much you fuck up, and wife that, for some reason, does the same.

WAYNE

(a warning)

Don't...

JULIA

Bobby...

BOBBY

(to Julia)

No, I'm tired of his bullshit. No one else matters. It's Wayne against the whole goddamned world.

(to Wayne)

Did you even tell her you spent, like, a year in a lunatic asylum. I mean, does it ever occur to you, like, "Holy shit! I'm married. Someone married me?"

WAYNE

You mean how is it possible that I'm married and you aren't?

BOBBY

I mean you're an asshole! You're going to pack your shit and get out, and pay back every penny of Dad's money.

Wayne looks from Bobby to Julia, a pregnant beat. Then he turns and silently walks up the stairs.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julia stands at the window gazing outside.

A taxi pulls to a stop in front of the house. Wayne loads his suitcase in the trunk and climbs into the back seat. After a moment, the taxi pulls away.

EXT. OLD 9TH STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Sunrise over the red steel trusses of the bridge. The leaves on the trees beyond explode with fall colors.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Bobby pushes his father in a wheelchair through the sliding glass doors. Dad's head is still bandaged.

DAD  
Is your car...?

BOBBY  
It's right over there, Dad.

Dad looked to the dented up rental.

DAD  
You get in a fight with it?

BOBBY  
Something like that.

Bobby's phone DINGS with a new message.

EXT. OLD 9TH STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Bobby and Nicola stroll across the leaf-strewn bridge.

BOBBY  
For a while it felt good. Like families are supposed to feel.

NICOLA  
Bobby...

BOBBY  
I mean, we all danced to N.W.A. That's family, right?

NICOLA  
Bobby, Steve saw the photo.

BOBBY  
What?

NICOLA  
The one we took at Neurolux.

BOBBY

It was just, whatever, two friends at a concert. Big deal.

NICOLA

He saw the heart I put in the message to you. He saw the Cuties.

BOBBY

Seriously. He's pissed about oranges?

NICOLA

Bobby, I fucked you! God, I'm such an asshole. All I can think about is when my mom left my dad when I was little. My dad just fell apart. And I was so angry at her. I don't think I've ever really forgiven her, even thirty years later. I can't bear for my girls to think about me like that.

BOBBY

And what if, when they're grown, one of them comes to you and says she's profoundly unhappy in her marriage. You'd tell her to just stick it out?

NICOLA

Look, I have to make the best decision I can for where I am today, not a million years from now.

BOBBY

You have an opportunity to break your girls out of bullshit constraints. The stupid fucked up norms that tell us how we're supposed to live our lives. You're better than that.

NICOLA

Oh, now you're telling me how I'm supposed to live too? I mean, Jesus Bobby. What were we going to do? Were you going to move here? What would you do? You work in a fish restaurant. You had your chance twenty years ago, but decided to go to L.A. instead.

BOBBY

It's not a restaurant.

NICOLA

It's a fantasy, Bobby! I can't share custody and only see them half-time.

(MORE)

NICOLA (cont'd)

And you have no idea what it would mean to have an instant family, two girls who are suddenly part of your life.

BOBBY

And I still want it. You. Them. The rushing around to organic gardening club, the first-chair violin recitals, the slamming doors, the blame and contempt. I want it all.

Nicola pauses, looking at Bobby. His conviction is compelling. She just might --

Nicola's phone DINGS!. She looks at it.

NICOLA

Shit. That's Steve. I've gotta go.

She walks off. Bobby watches her go.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lined up in the middle of the table are styrofoam containers with store-bought fried chicken, mashed potatoes, and peas. Bobby, Julia, and the kids sit around the table with Dad at the head, gauze on his forehead.

Cameron, in his Mexican wrestling mask, plays with an action figure. Bobby is DRUNK, his face in his phone. He gulps from his beer more than he eats his food.

JULIA

(to Bobby)

Did we do the right thing?

BOBBY

(distracted)

What?

JULIA

With Wayne.

DAD

Where is Wayne?

JULIA

He had to leave, Dad.

Cam flings a pea with his fork across the table at Maura.

MAURA

Stop it.

BOBBY

(answering Julia's question)  
Are you serious? Fuck him.

JULIA

Bobby!

BOBBY

(to kids)

Guys, some day you're going to realize that life is just a bunch of hollow promises only intended to break you down. Don't grow up. It's way easier.

JULIA

(to kids)

Uncle BB is just upset that Uncle Wayne had to leave.

Another pea flies across the table, hitting Maura in the face.

MAURA

Cam, stop it!

CAMERON

I didn't do anything.

JULIA

Both of you, stop it.

BOBBY

(not looking up from  
his phone)

Here's the lesson kids: don't open your heart to anyone. I mean *anyone*. Lock that shit up tight.

JULIA

Alright, just stop it. And would you put your phone away. We tell the kids no devices at the table.

Bobby stops on the PHOTO Nicola sent him from the Built to Spill concert. The one with the <3.

Cameron gets in Maura's face with his action figure.

CAMERON

Pew! Pew!

MAURA

Cam!

Julia looks at Bobby on his phone.

JULIA

Bobby.

He opens a new text to Nicola, attaches the photo, hits send.



Bobby stares at the phone, waiting for the three dots.

JULIA (cont'd)

Bobby!

Cameron drives his action figure into Maura's plate of food. Peas going flying everywhere, revealing --

Julia's CHILDHOOD SUNSHINE PLATE.

Julia takes one look at it, officially loses her shit.

JULIA (cont'd)

Cam! Just stop it! And take off that stupid mask!

Julia yanks the mask off his head. Cameron starts CRYING. Maura stops mid-bite and stares at her Mom.

DAD

Julia?

JULIA

This family! You're all crazy!

Julia storms out. Bobby goes to Cameron.

BOBBY

It's okay buddy. It was my fault for using my phone.

The front door OPENS, SLAMS shut.

INT. JULIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Julia drives through the streets staring out blankly.

She gets to a stoplight, lost in thought at everything that's transpired.

JULIA

FUCK!

Julia sighs. Turns and sees a sign taped to the light pole:

"12 EASY STEPS 2 FREEDOM". A 1-800 phone number is at the bottom with the words "NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS."

JULIA (cont'd)

Fuck you.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby sits on the couch watching TV, drinking a beer. The front door opens.

BOBBY

Hello?

Julia appears in the doorway.

JULIA

Hey.

BOBBY

Everything all right?

JULIA

Yeah. Sorry about that. How's Cam?

BOBBY

He's okay. Sleeping.

Julia slumps on the couch next to Bobby, rests her head on his shoulder.

JULIA

For a second I thought maybe we'd pull it off.

BOBBY

Which?

JULIA

Being a family.

Bobby scoffs.

JULIA (cont'd)

Why is that so ludicrous an idea?

BOBBY

You have some story-book version in your head. Those don't exist.

JULIA

Maybe you're right.

Julia stands.

JULIA (cont'd)

Alright, I'm cooked. See you in the morning.

BOBBY

G'night.

Julia heads up the stairs. Bobby finishes off his beer. Heads for the --

KITCHEN

Bobby rattles around the fridge, looking for another beer.

BOBBY

Shit.

INT. PENGILLY'S SALOON - NIGHT

Bobby sits at the bar drinking from a large mug of beer. He watches the patrons.

Bobby finishes his beer, holds up the empty to the Bartender.

BOBBY

Another. And a shot of Makers.

Bobby turns back to the patrons. It feels like the bar is populated only with couples. So many people in love.

The Bartender drops another mug of beer in front of Bobby and a shot of whiskey. Bobby takes a big gulp from the beer.

A MAN, 30, and WOMAN, 28, come up next to Bobby, arm-in-arm.

MAN

These seats taken?

Bobby doesn't respond.

The Man exchanges glances with his girlfriend.

MAN (cont'd)

Do you know if --

BOBBY

Be my fucking guest.

Bobby downs the shot, tosses cash on the bar, and storms out.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Bobby sits in the driver's seat, staring out into the night.

The arm-in-arm couple walk past, leaning into each other.

A sudden rage fills Bobby. He punches at the steering wheel, pounding it until his hands are red.

BOBBY

WhyWhyWhyWHY!

He finally relents, rubs the outside of his hands that have taken the brunt of the punishment.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Fuck.

EXT. BURNHAM HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Bobby stumbles up the front stairs, unlocks the door.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - NIGHT

Bobby drops his keys on the front table. Julia's VOICE comes from upstairs.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Bobby follows Julia's voice to the closed office door.

JULIA (O.S.)

I don't care. I don't care if it was  
Eva's work number... Fuck, Gabe. You  
finally show up and then decide to stay  
in a hotel? Your children are here... I  
don't care anymore. Just decide. If not  
for me or the kids, then for  
yourself... Oh, FUCK YOU, GABE!

The door bangs opens. Julia's husband, GABE, 38, rushes past Bobby.

GABE

(to Julia)

I knew this was a bad idea.

(to Bobby)

Your sister is quite the piece of work.

Gabe is gone down the stairs. Julia sees Bobby in hallway.

JULIA

And you! You're not the only one in  
that equation!

BOBBY

The fuck did I do?

JULIA

Eavesdropping on a private conversation  
for one. Jesus, this whole goddamned  
family is falling apart, and you're  
screwing some high school sweetheart.

BOBBY

We're not --! Look, I'm not the one  
who's been raiding mom's pill bottles.

Julia is stunned that Bobby knows.

JULIA

And you're so god-damned perfect? Now Wayne's left again when things were finally --

BOBBY

He stole from our parents, Jule! Jesus, I'm here! I'm the one who's always here! And might I remind you, we both told him to leave.

JULIA

What planet are you on? You ran off to LA to become a big writer after you won some stupid award. And then what? You couldn't cut it there and ran away again. And just because you show up doesn't make you present.

BOBBY

You live in fucking Canada, and I'm the one who's not here? Don't put this on me.

JULIA

Yeah, and then you had to bring up Sun-  
hee and the asylum.

BOBBY

Oh, like you didn't wonder! That poor girl. She can barely even speak English. I mean, for real.

JULIA

You're really that petty.

BOBBY

What?

JULIA

You've fucked up every good relationship you've ever had, and so you have to tear down everyone else's happiness.

BOBBY

Yeah, I thought, "How can I fuck up everyone's life?" Jesus, Jule. If you have to know, that thing with Nicola is done. And it's not like it was planned.

Julia pushes him against the wall with a THUD!

JULIA

Does every guy have that line coded into your DNA? "It wasn't planned." What is that shit?

MAURA (O.S.)

(from behind a closed bedroom door)

Mommy...

JULIA

Great. And now you woke up the kids!

BOBBY

Nothing is ever on you, is it? I came in and heard you yelling. And, yes, I stopped. You know why? Because I was worried about you. Forgive me for caring! Did it ever occur to you that Gabe cheated on you because you're a controlling cunt?

MAURA (O.S.)

Mommy?

Maura stands in the doorway.

BOBBY

Ah, shit. Jule...

Julia scoops up Maura, goes back into the bedroom.

JULIA (O.S.)

Hey Meerkat. It's fine. Your uncle is just upset.

BOBBY

Julia... Fuck.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby stuffs clothes into his duffel bag, except they won't all fit. He keeps stuffing but the bag isn't getting any bigger. He HURLS the bag across the room, almost hitting --

DAD

I've never seen anyone with so much hate for luggage.

BOBBY

Dad! Sorry. I didn't...

Dad, gauze still on his forehead, lowers himself into a chair with a GRUNT. He looks around the room.

DAD

You know your grandfather built this house. 1957.

Bobby collects his now scattered clothes.

BOBBY

I guess the 'handy' gene skipped me.

DAD

I was sixteen when we we built this room right here. I put up this wall.

He pats the wall.

DAD (cont'd)

Your grandfather, he came over, and it didn't take him more n' a few seconds to declare "It's a half-inch out of plumb." I was just happy I hadn't brought the entire house down. My father -- everything had to be done his way. Maybe I've been too soft at times, but I spent my life trying to do better by you kids.

Bobby sits on the edge of his bed next to his father.

DAD (cont'd)

Your brother, Wayne, he's like your grandfather. And then some. I didn't understand my dad, and I don't think I'll ever understand your brother, but he'll always be my son. For you, you get to make your own choice.

Dad pats Bobby on the knee.

BOBBY

Thanks Dad.

DAD

What's the story with your Mom?

BOBBY

Mom... she -- Mom passed away four days ago.

DAD

She died four days ago?

Tears well up in his eyes.

BOBBY

Her cancer came back.

Dad glances at the Mikell finalist award on the wall.

DAD

You know she's the reason you took writing classes. And you all took pottery classes and music lessons and art classes. She and I didn't have much when we were young, but she insisted on those classes for you kids. Your mom was so proud, when you won that award and went off to California.

BOBBY

I didn't win, Dad.

DAD

The only person who cares about that is you. Look, I know things didn't go exactly how you planned, but you made your own way. That's all she wanted for you kids.

BOBBY

She never said anything.

DAD

That was never her way.

(beat)

I loved her very much. We had a good life.

Bobby pats his father's knee.

BOBBY

(going along)

We did.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Bobby drives through the quiet streets, his duffel bag next to him on the passenger seat. The sound of the tires on the asphalt, the hum of the engine are almost trance-like, when --

A THUD comes on the windshield.

Bobby stops short. Out on the hood, something's there, twitching.

Bobby gets out. A tiny, wounded DWARF OWL flutters helplessly.

Bobby tries to capture it but the owl flits out of his grasp. Tears start to come.



BOBBY

I don't... What am I supposed to do?

It slows, dying on the hood of his car.

He leans on the hood staring at it's lifeless form. He begins to sob.

BOBBY (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

His sobbing is untethered. Deep, ugly, raw. He wipes the snot from his nose, tries to catch his breath.

He cups the owl's body, carries it to a spot under a tree, and covers it in autumn leaves.

As he stares at its motionless form, a light bulb goes on. Life. Death. You've only got one shot. It's not too late.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Bobby careens through the streets, a man on a mission.

EXT. NICOLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby pulls to a stop in front of Nicola's house. Her SUV is parked out front. The house is dark.

He looks out into the night. There's nothing there. He turns back at the house. Nothing.

Bobby glances at the clock. Now that he's here, his resolve has met with the real world: it's 1:03AM, and he's sitting outside the house of a married woman.

BOBBY

(shaking his head)

What am I...?

Bobby slides the key into the ignition, ready to leave, but in the house --

A light POPS ON.

Nicola appears at a window, sees Bobby. She moves from the window toward the front door.

A moment later, the front porch light comes on.

Bobby gets out, walks toward the house. The front door opens.

It's Steve.

STEVE  
Can I help you?

BOBBY  
Fuck me.

Nicola rushes out to the porch.

NICOLA  
Steve!

Bobby hurries to the car. Steve steps off the porch, moving toward Bobby, a blur of rage.

STEVE  
I said can I fucking help you!

Bobby moves toward his car, goes for his car door handle, but Steve is on him.

Steve spins Bobby around, CLOCKS him in the face. Bobby SLAMS against the car.

STEVE (cont'd)  
You came to our fucking home!

Nicola runs over.

NICOLA  
Steve, stop it!

Nicola punches at Steve's back, tries to get him off Bobby, but not before Steve lands ANOTHER PUNCH.

Bobby slides down the car onto the asphalt.

BOBBY  
Fuuuuuck.

Nicola drags Steve back toward the house, turns back to give Bobby a look -- *Please go.*

Bobby, slumped against the tire, drips blood.

EXT. BURNHAM HOME - DAY

A quiet fall morning. A jogger goes past. Cracked leaves blow across the lawn.

A police car rolls up. A BOISE POLICE OFFICER get out.

INT. BURNHAM HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Julia sits on her bed in a black dress. She's staring at the "12 EASY STEPS 2 FREEDOM" poster she saw on the light pole.

Gabe pops his head in the doorway. He's threading a tie around his neck.

Julia quickly folds the poster.

GABE  
Twenty minutes?

JULIA  
Perfect.

GABE  
(exiting)  
Kids! T-minus twenty minutes!

Julia goes to the door, watches Gabe in the bathroom showing Maura and Cameron how to knot Cam's tie.

GABE (cont'd)  
Then you go through the tunnel, and under the bridge, and then give a little pull. There. Now you look like a real gentleman.

Cameron is THRILLED. Even Maura admires the way he looks.

The door bell RINGS. Julia turns.

EXT. BURNHAM HOME - DAY

Julia opens the door, has a quick conversation with the Boise Police Officer. He leaves.

INT. ECONO INN ROOM - DAY

Bobby exits the bathroom fresh from a shower. His face looks like shit. He puts on black pants and a white shirt.

He goes to the mirror, sliding a tie around his collar when --

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Bobby goes to the door. The Boise Police Officer stands there. For the first time we see his face: it's Steve.

BOBBY  
Now wait...

STEVE  
(stone-faced)  
I have an arrest warrant for Robert Burnham, Jr.

BOBBY  
 (not following)  
 I don't...

STEVE  
 I have a report of you leaving the  
 scene of an accident on the morning of  
 Oct. 17. Hill Road and Cartwright.

Bobby remembers the panicked trip to the hospice facility, the  
 accident.

BOBBY  
 Now wait, that was... My mom's memorial  
 service is today. Can we --?

STEVE  
 We don't send meeting requests.

BOBBY  
 Let me at least...

Bobby looks down at his shoeless feet.

STEVE  
 Hurry up.

Steve watches Bobby struggle to get his shoes on.

STEVE (cont'd)  
 (impatient)  
 Will you --

BOBBY  
 Yeah, almost...

Bobby is finally ready. Steve cuffs Bobby with an unexpected  
 gentleness.

STEVE  
 Not too tight?

Bobby shakes his head. Steve grabs him by elbow, and walks him  
 out of the room. Bobby's NOTEBOOK is left behind on the  
 nightstand.

EXT. ECONO INN - PARKING LOT - DAY

The patrol car sits near the office, lights flashing.

Steve opens the back door, grabs Bobby's head, and loads him  
 into the back seat with surprising care.

STEVE  
 Watch your head.

BOBBY  
(defensive)  
If you plan on --

STEVE  
(almost pleading)  
Bobby, I'm just trying to do my job. So  
please -- shut the fuck up.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Bobby leans against the wall, staring off into space.

BOISE POLICE OFFICER #2 comes in.

BOISE POLICE OFFICER #2  
Robert Burnham! You've made bail.

Bobby stands and goes to the door. There is a BUZZ and the  
door slides open.

BOISE POLICE OFFICER #2 (cont'd)  
This way.

The Officer leads him down the corridor toward another door.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Bobby exits into the lobby area, glances around.

Wayne is there, dressed in a black suit.

BOBBY  
Wayne?

WAYNE  
I heard you got yourself arrested.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Bobby drives. Wayne rides shotgun.

WAYNE  
You look like shit.

BOBBY  
Yeah.

Businesses flash past the windows as they cruise in silence.

WAYNE  
Don't I even get a thank you?

BOBBY  
 (disbelief)  
 You're asking me to thank you?

WAYNE  
 Look, I'm trying. I'm here, aren't I?  
 (giving directions)  
 Take a right.

BOBBY  
 Being here is the price of admission.  
 You're not special for being here.

WAYNE  
 Oh, and you're the expert now.

BOBBY  
 (admitting it)  
 No. I'm not.

They drive for a while in silence.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
 Wayne, I don't know how to say this  
 other than you either don't get the  
 emotional shitstorm you cause, or you  
 do and don't give a fuck.

WAYNE  
 This is what families do. They fuck up  
 and forgive. I have a suit here in the  
 car for you. We can go straight to the  
 funeral. We still have time. Take Elm  
 street. It's faster.

Bobby rolls his eyes at the directions.

BOBBY  
 The memorial service was supposed to  
 start at 11:00. It's nearly 1:00.

WAYNE  
 They're waiting for us. I told the  
 officiant you'd been arrested -- turn  
 left here -- but that I was going to  
 bail you out, and we'd be there just as  
 soon as we could. It's just here on the  
 right. Bobby. BOBBY! IT'S HERE!

Bobby SWERVES to a SCREECHING STOP at the curb next to the  
 Funeral Home. He grabs Wayne by the shirt and shakes him.

BOBBY  
 I know where the fuck the funeral home  
 is, Wayne! I grew up here too!

WAYNE

Get off, dickhead! I was trying to help!

Wayne breaks Bobby's grip, lashes out awkwardly, misses.

BOBBY

Do you have any idea what we all gave up for you?

It's the most awkward fight ever -- two men trying to fight in the front seat of a car.

WAYNE

No one told you to give up anything!

BOBBY

You've been taking advantage of Mom and Dad since we were kids! I mean, did you think we wouldn't notice the was gone?

Bobby lands a punch across Wayne's jaw.

WAYNE

I deserve that money!

BOBBY

Nobody deserves shit, Wayne!

WAYNE

You don't understand! I survived that day in spite of them!

INT. BURNHAM HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Teen Bobby, 17, and Teen Julia, 15, eat fast food at the kitchen table. Mom, 49, leans against the counter drinking coffee smoking a cigarette.

TEEN JULIA

So what're we supposed to do when Dad comes back with Wayne?

MOM

What do you mean? You're not supposed to do anything.

TEEN JULIA

No, I mean what if Wayne is all --

Julia makes a contorted face, tongue out.

MOM

Oh, for Christ's sake Julia.

The SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING. Everyone turns.

Dad, 51, comes in alone, tosses his keys on the counter.

MOM (cont'd)

Well?

DAD

Nothing.

MOM

What do you mean nothing?

DAD

I mean I went to every place I could think of -- The Depot, Carson Burgers, his friend Ian's -- and he wasn't at any of them. Then I just drove around aimlessly thinking maybe I'd see him, but nothing.

Mom lights up a new cigarette.

MOM

How do you get thrown out of art school? I mean, really.

TEEN BOBBY

Seriously.

DAD

Bobby, we don't need your commentary.

MOM

Bobby's right. How many chances are you going to give him, Robert?

The PHONE RINGS. Dad answers.

DAD

Hello?... Yes, I'm his father. I'm sorry, who --

Mom snatches the phone.

MOM

Who is this?... Yes... He's where?

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Wayne, 21, sweating, tears streaming down his face, stands at the check-out counter. He paces, a REVOLVER at his side. This is a small-town library -- just the LIBRARIAN, 51, an OLD MAN, 76, and a MOTHER, 25, with her TWO KIDS.



The Mother hugs her kids to her. The Old Man eyes Wayne.

Wayne mutters, the words are an anchor used to bring you back when you're having a bad acid trip. It's not working.

WAYNE

*Picture yourself in a boat on a river.  
Picture yourself in a boat on a river.*

The Librarian, phone to her ear, nods at Wayne.

LIBRARIAN

I've got your mother on the phone.

WAYNE

No, I want to talk to my dad.

LIBRARIAN

He'd like to to speak with  
his father. Uh huh... I  
see... Mrs. Burnham, if you  
could --

WAYNE

(pacing)  
*Picture yourself in a boat on  
a river. Picture yourself in  
a boat on a river.*

LIBRARIAN

(into phone)  
Ma'am, your son is here with a weapon.  
The situation is rather delicate.

WAYNE

What's going on? What's she --

LIBRARIAN

(into phone)  
No. No, please don't --

Long pause.

WAYNE

What?

The Librarian slowly lowers the phone back to its cradle.

LIBRARIAN

She hung up.

WAYNE

No no no no... What do you mean she --?

Wayne drops to his knees, sobbing. The Old Man steps toward him. Any thoughts of disarming Wayne dissipate when Wayne turns the revolver on HIMSELF.

LIBRARIAN

Please --

WAYNE

What did she say?

LIBRARIAN

Just... give me the gun.

WAYNE

WHAT DID SHE SAY?!

LIBRARIAN

She said they didn't want to speak to you.

WAYNE

No no no no. *Picture yourself in a boat on a river. Picture yourself --*

He COCKS the revolver.

The doors BURST open. A flood of POLICE OFFICERS enter.

POLICE

DROP THE WEAPON! GET DOWN ON THE GROUND! ON THE GROUND!

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

Bobby stares out the windshield as Wayne talks.

WAYNE

Look, I fucked up, I understand that, but I literally called them for help. Mom said she was done with me, and Dad did nothing to change her mind on that.

(beat)

They turned their backs on me. I don't owe them anything.

BOBBY

You act as if Dad hasn't done penance for that every day since. And Mom, well, the time to forgive her has passed.

WAYNE

As if you've forgiven her?

Wayne is right, but it's not the point.

BOBBY

You dropped six tabs of acid! SIX! And then showed up at some random library waving a gun around! Is that Mom and Dad's fault too?

(MORE)

BOBBY (cont'd)  
 You've been carrying this around,  
 inflicting it on everyone, for years!  
 Acknowledging the fact that you were an  
 asshole doesn't give you the right to  
 continue being one. And Dad --

WAYNE  
 You're not listening to me. THAT MAN  
 RUINED MY LIFE!

Outside, a couple hurries into the funeral home.

BOBBY  
 (quietly)  
 It's never going to end.

WAYNE  
 So, what? Now you don't want me at the  
 funeral again?

BOBBY  
 I'm just... tired, Wayne. I mean, what  
 do you want? What can I do? Just tell  
 me. I'm serious.

WAYNE  
 You take everything too seriously.  
 We're brothers. This is what brothers  
 do.

Something in Bobby shifts, a climactic change. The emotion is  
 gone from his voice.

BOBBY  
 Mom and Dad, we've used them -- each  
 other -- as excuses our entire lives.  
 But we're never going to get beyond  
 this moment. You and me. We live it  
 over and over again. We use the fact  
 that we're brothers to make it all  
 acceptable. *Brothers fight. Brothers  
 fuck up. Brothers forgive.*  
 (beat)  
 We might be blood, but we're not  
 brothers, not really.

For the first time, Wayne looks worried, realizing that things  
 are forever changed.

WAYNE  
 Bobby, wait --!

Bobby gets out. He walks alone to the funeral home doors.  
 Wayne watches him go.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The scene plays out in slow-motion, no dialogue.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) An explosion of daisies around the room. Photos of Mom through the years.
- B) Mourners in black sit in folding chairs.
- C) Julia stands at the podium, reading from prepared notes.
- D) Bobby's father shifts uncomfortably, checks his watch. Bobby pats his father's arm, smiles and nods, reassuring him.
- E) Gabe sits with Maura and Cameron.
- F) Wayne sits off to the side by himself.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Bobby talks with mourners.

BOBBY

Thank you so much for coming. It would've meant a lot to her.

Wayne comes up.

BOBBY (cont'd)

(to the mourners)

Will you excuse me?

Bobby turns to walk away.

WAYNE

Bobby.

BOBBY

(over his shoulder)

I can't do this.

WAYNE

Bobby!

BOBBY

Just give it a rest, Wayne!

WAYNE

Look, that day, when the police showed up and thought you were all... I knew I had fucked up. Mom and Dad had given me chance after chance.

Bobby stops, turns.

WAYNE (cont'd)

The acid trip turned bad, and I didn't think I could come home. At some point, I stopped to pick up a hitchhiker. I told him I did something terrible to my family. I knew that I had broken Mom and Dad's trust. He, obviously, misinterpreted. But I wanted to tell you, I know what I did. I know what I do.

(beat)

Anyway, I brought this for you.

Wayne holds out Bobby's NOTEBOOK.

WAYNE (cont'd)

I meant to give it to you earlier, but things got, well, you know.

BOBBY

How'd you...?

WAYNE

The manager at the motel is a buddy.

Bobby takes it, his face flushing.

BOBBY

Look, the stuff in here...

WAYNE

I read it. A little of it. It's good. I mean, it's true. That's what matters.

Bobby isn't sure how to respond.

BOBBY

I... Thanks.

Wayne turns to go.

WAYNE

Oh, I did make one suggestion.

Bobby opens the notebook, flips the pages to Wayne's flowing handwriting --

*"CITY OF TREES" by Robert Burnham, Jr.*

WAYNE (cont'd)

Just don't make me look too bad, okay?

Bobby watches as Wayne jogs away, arms upraised.

EXT. OLD 9TH STREET BRIDGE - DAY

The sun rises over the bridge.

Leaves swirl through eddies under the bridge. Bobby leans against the railing, looking over. Julia stands next to him.

JULIA  
I feel bad leaving you.

BOBBY  
You need to get back. It's fine.

JULIA  
I know, but still.

Julia looks at Bobby, tears in her eyes.

BOBBY  
It's gonna be fine, Jule. Seriously.

JULIA  
You're sure you're going to be okay here with Dad?

BOBBY  
Anything I was doing in Seattle, I can do here. And it's kinda nice, once you get used to being back in the town you grew up in.

DAD (O.S.)  
What're we waiting on?

Dad sits in a wheelchair near the railing. He holds a simple ceramic urn with his wife's ashes.

JULIA  
The kids and Gabe. They're right here...

Maura and Cameron come running across the bridge. Gabe follows. Julia wipes her eyes.

JULIA (cont'd)  
Okay, guys. C'mon. It's time to...

Bobby leans down to his father.

BOBBY  
Dad, do you want to say anything?

His father tears up, shakes his head. Bobby takes the urn.

Maura and Cameron hug Julia at her waist. Gabe wraps his arm around her shoulder.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Goodbye, Mom.

Bobby pours the ashes into the swirling river below.

MAURA/CAMERON  
G'bye Gramma!

They watch in silence as the ashes dissipate into the water.  
Julia grabs Maura and Cameron in her arms, kisses them.

CAMERON  
(protesting)  
Mom!

Julia turns to Bobby, her eyes welling up all over again.

JULIA  
Oh...

She hugs him. Bobby goes limp. Julia smacks his back.

JULIA (cont'd)  
Bobby!

BOBBY  
Dad! Julia hit me!

DAD  
What's that?

Bobby wraps her up in a bear hug.

JULIA  
(to Bobby)  
We'll be back to see you guys next  
summer.

BOBBY  
I'm gonna hold you to that.

DAD  
If you're talking to me, I can't hear  
you.

JULIA  
(to Bobby)  
I love you.

BOBBY  
Love you too.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
C'mon. You guys are gonna miss your  
flight.

Bobby grabs his father's wheelchair. Julia and Gabe walk side-by-side. The kids race ahead, swishing through the autumn leaves that blanket the bridge.

JULIA

Meerkat, grab you brother's hand,  
please!

The family walks on, heading into the rising sun.

FADE OUT.

THE END.