

WILBUR WADE

Written

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. WILBUR'S HOUSE - DAWN

A decaying single-story home in Jacksonville. A '13 red Buick LaCrosse with a blue handicap sticker hanging on the rearview mirror is parked in the narrow driveway.

INT. WILBUR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

WILBUR WADE, 82, bald with a short white beard, puts on thick black glasses and hearing aids. He stoops, shuffling off.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur grimaces in frustration as he tries to pee.

WILBUR
... Today, Lord.

Not a drop.

INT. WILBUR'S LIVING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Wilbur taps a photo of EMILY, 70, on an end table next to a photo of Gary, 38, Eileen, 36, and Travis, 12.

INT. WILBUR'S KITCHEN - A SHORT TIME LATER

Wilbur counts pills silently from three containers, pops them into his mouth and drinks water. A KNOCK on the back door.

WILBUR
Hold your horses.

EXT. WILBUR'S BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur opens the door for ANGIE BELL, 75, sexy in her aerobic outfit, holding a plate covered with tin foil.

ANGIE
Morning, Wilbur. I made your
favorite - fried eggs and bacon!

Wilbur accepts the plate from Angie.

WILBUR
I'll eat it if it kills me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE

Oh, Wilbur. Got ya a gift too.

She pulls out a pint-size bottle from her shoulder bag.

ANGIE

A tablespoon a day will put the bounce back in your step!

Wilbur squints as he reads the label.

WILBUR

Regain your youth. Why the heck would I want to do that?

ANGIE

It'll make you feel thirty again! I bought it on the Internet. It works wonders for me!

WILBUR

That and plastic surgery.

Wilbur kicks the door shut.

ANGIE (O.S.)

You're such a tease, Wilbur.

INT. WILBUR'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur dumps the watery fried eggs, uncooked bacon and burnt toast into the garbage as:

WILBUR

No wonder her husband croaked.

EXT. WILBUR'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

As Wilbur backs up, a Lexus SUV swings behind him, HONKING.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

LINDA MCCRAY, 42, Wilbur's daughter, exits the SUV, holding a Whole Food grocery bag. She nears Wilbur, who gets out.

LINDA

Morning, Dad. I bought you a few things.

WILBUR

For chrissakes, I almost hit you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Where're you off to so early?

WILBUR

I got things to do before I meet Gary for lunch. Your brother's having financial problems again. Health food gives me gas.

LINDA

Did you take your meds?

WILBUR

I'm not a child. You don't have to check up on me everyday.

LINDA

You need a shave.

WILBUR

I need to crap too. These groceries should clean me out for a week.

LINDA

Think about going to the senior center and making new friends.

WILBUR

What the hell for? So I can attend their funerals? No thanks.

Wilbur puts the groceries in his car and gets in.

LINDA

To keep busy, Dad.

WILBUR

I'm plenty busy. It took ten minutes for me to pee and a half hour to get dressed this morning.

He closes his car door.

LINDA

Be nice to Gary, Dad.

WILBUR

Move your car!

EXT. FOUR-LANE STREET - DAY

Wilbur's Buick creeps along as traffic flies by him.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

Wilbur hands the Whole Food bag to a HOMELESS MAN, panhandling outside the bank branch.

INT. BANK BRANCH - DAY

Wilbur lays a check in front of BECKY, 25, a perky teller.

WILBUR
Tens and twenties please.

BECKY
Could you slide your bank card through, Mr. Wade?

WILBUR
I've told you a hundred times. I don't use that alphabet card. The check's good.

BECKY
Do you know your pin number?

WILBUR
My account number is on my check. Cash it or I'm changing banks.

Becky begins to process the check.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Wilbur sits on an examining table as DR. HAYES, 46, checks Wilbur's chart before he sets it down.

DR. HAYES
How do you feel today, Wilbur?

WILBUR
Dying's no fun, Doc.

DR. HAYES
Are you managing the pain?

WILBUR
Some days it's bearable. Others not so much.

Dr. Hayes writes a prescription and hands it to Wilbur.

DR. HAYES
Have you told your children yet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

Why worry them. They've got their own lives to live.

DR. HAYES

If you were my father, I'd want to know so I could spend all the time I could with you.

WILBUR

I guarantee my son doesn't feel the same way.

DR. HAYES

Tell him. He may surprise you.

EXT. MILLIE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

A family-style restaurant with a sign in the window reading: "4:30 Early Bird Special \$7.99."

INT. MILLIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur sits in a booth, tapping his fingernails nervously on the table. HELEN, 65, a waitress, approaches.

HELEN

What'll it be, handsome?

WILBUR

Chopped sirloin, medium, and beets.

HELEN

Where's your date?

WILBUR

My son who's late as usual.

HELEN

If you're interested in a real date, I have a few girlfriends.

WILBUR

Helen, I'm eighty-two. I got high blood pressure and arthritis. I can't see two feet in front of me without glasses, and I usually can't find them. I'm hard of hearing, at risk for a heart attack and a stroke. I don't know what woman would wanna put up with me. Hell, I don't wanna put up with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY WADE, 36, rushes into the restaurant, spots his father, and crosses to the booth.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Helen, my son, Gary, who has never been on time in his life.

GARY

Helen. I can't control traffic, Dad. Just coffee black. Thanks.

Gary hands Helen the menu and Helen goes.

WILBUR

You drive three hours and you don't eat. Must be important news.

GARY

It can wait.

WILBUR

Order something. I'm paying.

GARY

I packed myself a lunch. You feeling all right?

WILBUR

Sure, sure. How's your housing development?

GARY

The last hurricane set us back.

WILBUR

You got insurance, don't ya?

Gary hesitates before he shakes his head no. Dread covers his face.

WILBUR

I told you to buy insurance, Mister Know-it-all.

GARY

The premiums were too high... I'm behind on payments. The bank is looking to foreclose in a month.

WILBUR

(realizing)

You're here to borrow money again. I should've known. How much this time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilbur pulls out his checkbook.

Gary sighs. He's fought this battle too many times.

GARY

Put away your checkbook. I don't want a hand-out. I want a partner. A 50-50 partner.

WILBUR

Oh, a partner. So I put in all the money and I only get half the profits. Don't jerk me around.

GARY

For an eighty thousand dollar investment your return will make you over three hundred grand. Our model's high-end. If you would visit, you could see for yourself.

WILBUR

What's the cost per home?

GARY

Three hundred and fifty thousand.

WILBUR

You're building mansions? I built \$75,000 homes and sold more than you can count. I never asked my old man for nothing.

GARY

Times are different. We build sustainable houses with eco friendly materials.

WILBUR

What the hell are you talking about?

GARY

This is the 21st Century, not 1970.

Wilbur scoffs.

WILBUR

You were always a dreamer. It had to be bigger and better. I built homes for almost sixty years. Good homes.

Wilbur slams the palm of his hand twice on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY
(calmly)
I build eco friendly homes.

Wilbur puts his checkbook away.

WILBUR
That's all mumble jumble to me.

Gary, at a loss, stares at Wilbur.

WILBUR
I'm hungry. Where's my lunch?

As Wilbur turns Helen appears and sets Wilbur's lunch before him and a mug of coffee in front of Gary. She smiles and goes.

There's a moment of silent as Wilbur picks up his utensils.

WILBUR
How's that boy of yours?

GARY
Travis. His name's Travis. You could call him and find out.

WILBUR
I don't want to be one of those bothersome grandfathers.

GARY
So instead you ignore him. You'll never change.

WILBUR
The one who needs to change is you. It's time to stand on your own two feet. Make something of your life. You could've taken over Wade's Construction, but it wasn't good enough for you, and now it's gone.

Exasperated and hurt, Gary shakes his head.

GARY
You lost your company. Not me.

WILBUR
My company gave you a roof over your head, three square meals a day, and an education. It gave you a good life and look where it got you. You're a bum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

A bum?

Hurt, Gary takes a moment before he rises.

WILBUR

Hey? Where ya going? I need to talk to you about something.

Gary leans over the table, his pain pouring out.

GARY

You don't talk to me, you lecture me. You don't like me. And frankly I don't like the way you treat me. I know I'm not the son you wanted. Well, you aren't the dad I wanted. So we're even.

Gary throws down a few bucks down and hurries off, leaving Wilbur baffled and a tad vulnerable.

A moment later, Helen stops at the table.

HELEN

You're a lucky fella, Wilbur. Your son's a nice man.

Wilbur struggles to make sense of what just happened.

EXT. SEASIDE CONDOS - PARKING LOT - DUSK

On the Atlantic Ocean. Wilbur, a little discombobulated, parks his car outside the lines of a parking space, gets out and walks toward the condos.

INT. CONDO #114 - DUSK

Wilbur KNOCKS on the door. After a beat, it opens slightly.

HARRY PRITCHARD, 80, puffing on a cigar, wearing a noticeable toupee, pops his head out.

HARRY

Wilbur, old pal!

WILBUR

Evening, Harry. Can I come in? I got some important news I wanna talk about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
(whispering)
Can't tonight, Willie. I have a
lady friend over. She's 74, thinks
I'm 74. We're barbecuing!

WILBUR
It's real important.

HARRY
Tomorrow.

Harry closes the door. Disappointment sweeps across Wilbur's face, leaving Wilbur feeling even more vulnerable.

INT. WILBUR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wilbur sips a Budweiser before he picks up the house phone and dials. There's a look of remorse in his eyes. He waits.

GARY (O.S.)
(over the phone)
... Gary Wade.

Wilbur can't find the courage or the words.

GARY
... Hello? Who is this?

Defeated, Wilbur hangs up.

INT. WILBUR'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wilbur, his eyes welling with sorrow, opens a container of pills and pours a few into his hand. He catches his look of despair in the window's reflection. His hope fades.

WILBUR
I never do anything right.

He pops the pills and downs them with Angie's Internet pint.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wilbur, wearing his clothes, lies down on his bed and closes his eyes...

EXT. WILBUR'S HOUSE - MORNING

... Angie stands at the back door, holding a breakfast plate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE

Wilbur. I made your favorite!
Pancakes and sausages!

Linda parks in the driveway, climb out and joins Angie.

LINDA

Morning, Angie. Any sign of Dad?

Angie shakes her head no and hands Linda the breakfast plate.

LINDA (CONT'D)

He's probably sleeping in. He came
in after dark last night. A little
secret, I drove by a few times.

ANGIE

He's a lucky man. He's usually up
by seven. Hope he's all right.

As Angie goes, Linda looks a tad concerned as she slips the
key into the back door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Linda closes the door and sets the plate down on the counter,
noticing the spilled pills. Some lay on the floor with the
empty Internet pint. She picks up the pint and examines it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linda opens the curtains and SUNLIGHT fills the messy room.
She steps over a pile of newspapers.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As Linda moves toward the bedroom:

LINDA

You up, Dad?

INT. WILBUR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur lies motionless on his bed. Linda gently shakes him.

LINDA

Dad. Dad.

After a long beat, Wilbur moans. He's alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA (CONT'D)
You all right?

A disorientated Wilbur slowly opens his eyes, tries to focus.

WILBUR
Where am I?

LINDA
You fell asleep in your clothes.

Linda helps Wilbur sit up. He looks around, realizing his suicide attempt failed, then pushes Linda away.

WILBUR
Out of my way, daughter!

Wilbur throws his hand over his mouth and bolts.

INT. KITCHEN - SOME TIME LATER

A pale Wilbur, wearing thick glasses, sits at the table. Linda sets a plate of dry toast in front of him.

LINDA
You need to take better care of yourself.

WILBUR
I'll schedule a manicure for 10 AM.

Linda removes the tin foil and displays Angie's meal.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
You want me to vomit again?

LINDA
Tell Angie you don't eat breakfast.

Linda trashes the meal with the compost plate.

WILBUR
Won't do any good. That woman is determined to get me to the altar.

LINDA
What happened to your pills?

WILBUR
I was in a hurry.

LINDA
And the groceries I gave you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR
I puked them up.

Linda waves the empty Internet pint.

LINDA
What's this?

WILBUR
Juice. What's with all the questions? You becoming a police detective in mid-life?

LINDA
I'm worried, Dad... Don't you play golf with your pals on Wednesdays?

WILBUR
I think I'll skip it today.

LINDA
Grab your clubs. I get you an apple.

WILBUR
No apples. My teeth will fall out.

EXT. PUBLIC GOLF COURSE - DAY

Wilbur, carrying a worn golf bag over his shoulder, rushes to the first tee. He wears an old Braves' cap. Harry waits with BERT RILEY, 81, wearing knickers a la Payne Stewart, and MAURY SIMON, 84, his face plastered with white sunscreen. Harry puffs on a cigar.

HARRY
You got exactly ninety seconds to tee off, Willie.

WILBUR
Sorry, fellas.

Wilbur pulls out an old wooden driver, sets his bag down and tees up his golf ball.

BERT
Tell me it was a pretty lady.

HARRY
It's that floozy next door.

WILBUR
I overslept.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURY
(gesturing)
The one with the big coconuts!

Wilbur swings, hits it flush and the ball sails a 120 yards.

BERT
Same old Wilbur, short and
straight!

The men laugh, except Wilbur not at all amused.

EXT. FAIRWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Wilbur, looking haggard, lugs a pull cart with his clubs
while Harry walks at his side, towing his cart.

HARRY
What kept you up last night?

WILBUR
I'm old, Harry. Life keeps me up.

HARRY
It's Angie, huh? She wore you out.

WILBUR
Can it, Harry.

EXT. FOURTH TEE BOX - A LITTLE LATER

Wilbur tees off. This time he hits a soaring drive about 180
yards. The men take note. Wilbur looks puzzled.

MAURY
Son of a gun! That's your longest
drive in a decade!

HARRY
What'd you have for breakfast,
partner?

BERT
The little tomato next door!

A frustrated Wilbur grabs his bag and takes off in a huff.

WILBUR
Toast! I had dry toast!

MAURY
Whole wheat or seven grain?

EXT. TENTH FAIRWAY - LATER

Wilbur stands in the middle of the fairway about 220 yards from the green. He pulls out an iron and addresses his ball. Harry looks back at the tee box.

HARRY

Someone moved your ball. You can't drive 280 yards. Did you kick it?

WILBUR

No!

After a beat, Wilbur swings. The golf ball rockets into the air and lands on the green, rolling inches from the cup.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Holy crap! You're going on the Senior Senior Tour!

Bewildered, Wilbur removes his cap and scratches his head.

Harry steps to his side, narrowing his eyes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You've been using shoe polish, huh?

WILBUR

What? No!

HARRY

Or is that a toupee. Looks good.

Wilbur, confused, takes off.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Wilbur inspects his brown facial hair in front of the mirror. He lifts his cap to find a whole head of brown hair. Yikes! Freaked, Wilbur puts on his cap.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur throws his golf bag over his shoulder as Harry, Maury, and Bert tally the scores. He blows by them.

WILBUR

No lunch for me.

MAURY

He's banging that honey melon!

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Wilbur walks briskly, carrying his clubs, noticing his strong stride. What the hell is going on?

EXT. CROSSWALK - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur's stoop disappears as he moves, his shoulders back.

INT. WILBUR'S BATHROOM - DAY

Wilbur squints through his glasses as he peers into the mirror. Unable to see, he removes them. Stunned by the clarity of his vision, he moves closer to the mirror. He removes his cap, runs his hand through his thick brown hair.

He examines his face, his wrinkles faded. He looks decades younger. He steps back and flexes his arm, muscles budge. His shirt fits tight across his chest. He's buff. Something strikes him. He's off.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

As Wilbur examines the Internet pink label, the DOORBELL RINGS. Alarmed Wilbur spins around to the door.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

MAX, 40, the mailman, stands holding a registered letter.

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur looks through the peep hole and opens the door.

WILBUR

Am I glad to see you, Max. Come in.

He grasps Max's arm.

MAX

Hands off, buddy. I'm a federal employee.

Wilbur removes his hand.

WILBUR

Don't you recognize me?

Max sizes Wilbur up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Never seen you in my life.
Where's your father? I have a
registered letter for him.

WILBUR

My father's de...

MAX

Hey, Wilbur!

WILBUR

I'll give it to him.

MAX

I know your father can be
cantankerous at times, but at
heart, he's a decent fellow. I'm
sure he's glad you're here.

Max hands Wilbur the envelope and goes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur drops the mail and registered letter on the floor.

WILBUR

I am not cantankerous!

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Wilbur, fresh from the shower, wraps a towel around his waist as he enters, stopping in front of a full-length mirror. He admires his new 35-year-old physique. His curiosity piqued, he unwraps his towel and looks down. As he lifts his eyes, they widen in amazement.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Good Lord! I'm back!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Wilbur does push-ups in the living room... 48... 49... 50.
2. Wilbur bits into an apple in the kitchen, chews, and checks his front teeth. Still there!
3. Bathroom. Wilbur whizzes like a race horse.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Wilbur, wearing his usual Bermuda shorts, short-sleeved buttoned down shirt, and gym socks pulled over his calves with old man sneakers, peeks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

No sign of Angie.

EXT. WILBUR'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Wilbur pulls his cap down and hurries to his car, displaying none of his old man gait.

EXT. HARRY'S CONDO - DAY

As Wilbur pounds on Harry's door, DWIGHT, 75, approaches.

WILBUR

Harry, it's me. Open up.

DWIGHT

Harry's at the beach with his new babe.

EXT. BEACH - BIKE PATH - DAY

Atlantic Ocean. As Wilbur walks along, KIDS ride by on bikes, skateboards and scooters. Wilbur, half old man, half young man, tests his new body and breaks into a jog. He starts slow and increases his speed! It's exhilarating.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur nears Harry, rubbing sunscreen on the back of a bikini clad FIFTYSOMETHING WOMAN.

Wilbur pulls out his handkerchief and wipes the perspiration from his face.

Harry spots Wilbur and jumps up.

HARRY

Hold it right there, bud. This is my territory. Beat it.

Wilbur stops dead and lifts the bill of his cap.

WILBUR

We gotta talk, Harry.

HARRY

Listen, buster, only my friends call me Harry and since we aren't acquainted, scram.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

We've been best friends for seventy years.

BIKINI WOMAN

Let him stay. He's kind of cute.

HARRY

He's leaving, Kiki.

Harry grabs Wilbur's arm and leads him away.

WILBUR

It's me. Wilbur.

HARRY

What kind of scam you pulling?

They halt their movement.

WILBUR

No scam, Harry, it's me.

HARRY

I'm calling the cops.

WILBUR

We've been friends since third grade. Miss Lehman was our teacher. You didn't like her, so you put blue ink in her blueberry pie. She used her ruler on you that day. My Emily died seven years ago. Your Rose passed away ten years ago.

Harry leans closer, examining Wilbur's face.

HARRY

... Wilbur?

EXT. SEASIDE CAFE - DAY

Harry and Wilbur sit on the patio. Harry studies the Internet drink label.

HARRY

You tried to kill yourself by mixing your meds with this Internet drink, and instead of dying, you're thirty-five?

WILBUR

You're a doctor, Harry, help me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

I'm a retired podiatrist. Your feet
I know. What the heck were you
thinking?

Ashamed, Wilbur bows his head; he can't tell Harry the truth.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Of all the stupid things. You got
kids, grandchildren, a future.

A twinkle pops up in Harry's eyes.

HARRY

Holy Moses! You can get any women
you want now!

WILBUR

I wanna be old me again, Harry.

HARRY

From now on, you're my partner in
golf and my wing man at Happy Hour!

WILBUR

I came to you with a problem.

HARRY

You see a problem, I see an
opportunity. You're the luckiest
son of a gun and you don't even
know it.

WILBUR

(quietly)

I tried to kill myself.

HARRY

Kill yourself? You're a putz. You
pissed and moaned when you were an
old man, and now that you're a
young stud, you're still pissing
and moaning. Life is full of ups
and downs. I bet your pecker works
like a dream.

WILBUR

There are more important things in
the world besides women and sex.

HARRY

Name one.

Wilbur thinks hard, shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY (CONT'D)

Life is love, you numbskull. The love of a good woman, the love of a good friend, the love of family. With that body, you'll never be lonely again.

WILBUR

I want my body back.

HARRY

I guess you should've thought about that before you drank this potion.

WILBUR

Thanks for your help.

As Wilbur begins to rise, Harry points skyward.

HARRY

Someone did help you. He's trying to tell you life is worth living at any age. You didn't want to live life at eighty-two, so now live it at thirty-five.

WILBUR

I was born in 1942.

HARRY

The big guy gave you a second chance. Embrace it. Enjoy it.

Harry hands the label back to Wilbur.

WILBUR

Don't you want to order some?

HARRY

Are you nuts? My calendar is full till New Year's. I love my life!

INT. STARBUCKS - LATER THAT DAY

Harry and Wilbur stand before ELIZA, 25, pretty.

HARRY

Afternoon, Eliza. Grande vanilla latte. With my senior discount, that's \$2.85.

ELIZA

What will your friend have, Harry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR
Regular coffee, black.

ELIZA
No one orders black coffee.

HARRY
Try a latte. Live a little.

Wilbur displays his driver's license.

ELIZA
What's that for?

WILBUR
My senior discount.

HARRY
Will thinks he's an old man because
he acts like an old man. He's
actually 35 and available.

Harry nudges Wilbur from the counter, drops a five dollar bill and grabs their drinks.

HARRY
Keep the change, sweetie.
(to Wilbur)
You can't be telling people you're
a senior citizen.

ELIZA
See ya, Will!

Eliza winks at Wilbur, who blushes as he heads off.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur and Harry sip their coffee as they walk.

HARRY
You're practically a Neanderthal.
When a woman smiles at you, rule of
thumbs is you smile back.

WILBUR
I've never dated anyone but Emily.

TWO WOMEN walk by, turn and check out Wilbur. Harry notices.

HARRY
Oh my goodness! You're a chick
magnet!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

I can't be a chick magnet. I'm a grandfather.

HARRY

Tomorrow night we're gonna light up the town!

WILBUR

No, no, no.

HARRY

If I didn't have plans with Dorothy in 312, we'd light it up tonight. She's making her famous pot roast. Beach tomorrow at noon.

WILBUR

I hate the beach.

HARRY

Be there, Willie! You da man!

EXT. WILBUR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Angie holds yet another breakfast plate.

ANGIE

I made your favorite! French toast!

INT. WILBUR'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur, wearing mismatched shirt and shorts with his white socks pulled to his calves, tiptoes out of the room.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Oh, Wilbur!

EXT. HOUSE - FAR SIDE - SHORT TIME LATER

Wilbur slips carefully out of a window and drops to the ground in a heap. He rises and checks his legs. All good.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Harry sets up beach chairs as Wilbur nears. Wilbur stops, removes his shoe and socks. He empties the sand from both.

HARRY

It's easier if you wore sandals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

I'm 82. I don't wear sandals.

HARRY

Only in your dreams. Grab a chair
and sit.

Wilbur picks up a beach chair and opens it. Harry watches as Wilbur, still an old man, cautiously tries to sit down.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Jeez.

Harry nudges Wilbur into the chair.

WILBUR

What'd you do that for? I could've
broken a hip.

Harry plops down in his chair and tosses Wilbur the lotion.

HARRY

You're in your prime, Willie. The
old coot is gone. This is your new
life. Take off your shirt and hat.
You need a tan. Tonight you're
gonna get lucky!

Wilbur removes his shirt and applies lotion.

WILBUR

We're going to bingo?

HARRY

Yeah, bingo. We're gonna par-tee!

OFF Wilbur frowning.

INT. BEACH STORE - LATER THAT DAY

Harry rummages through a rack as Wilbur, sporting a newly
acquired glow, stands nearby.

WILBUR

There's nothing wrong with my
clothes.

HARRY

You look like an old man. You act
like an old man and that walk?

Harry mimics Wilbur's hunched over walk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

You look constipated. You're a stud now. Chest out, shoulders back. Work it!

Wilbur gives it a try.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's right! You sexy beast!

The CLERK, 18, looks on, confused by what he sees.

EXT. BANANA BOAT - NIGHT

A restaurant/bar on the ocean. Live music. Jam packed.

Wilbur, wearing a new Hawaiian shirt, baggy shorts and Vans, concentrates on his walk as he nears the entrance with Harry. There's even a dab of gel in his thick hair.

HARRY

Your name's Will and you're in investments.

WILBUR

I don't like fibbing, Harry.

HARRY

Then tell everybody you're 82 and retired with hemorrhoids. That'll get you some action.

WILBUR

What do you mean by action?

HARRY

Companionship. Intimacy. The reason men live and die.

Harry hands Wilbur condoms. Embarrassed, he pockets them.

HARRY

I hope you remember how to use them because I am not demonstrating.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

With a nautical decor. Wilbur, uneasy, trails Harry.

HARRY

Diane, you're looking especially beautiful tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As DIANE, 34, pecks Harry's cheek, she sizes up Wilbur.

DIANE
Who's your friend, Harry?

HARRY
Diane, Will.

DIANE
I haven't seen you around, Will.

WILBUR
First time.

HARRY
Maybe you could show Will around?

DIANE
My pleasure.

Diane wraps her arm around Wilbur's arm, frightening him.

WILBUR
I might need two beers.

As Wilbur steps away, Diane smacks his booty. Wilbur's eyes widen.

BAR - A FEW HOURS LATER

MUSIC ROCKS the place. Four gorgeous WOMEN, in their twenties, surround Wilbur, who has had one too many.

WOMAN
Dance with me, Will.

SECOND WOMAN grabs his other arm.

SECOND WOMAN
I asked first, Will.

CASEY, 27, blonde, drapes her arm around Wilbur's waist and blows into his ear. He reacts with a pleasant surprised look.

CASEY
Let's do the freak, Willie.

WILBUR
Huh?

Casey blows into Wilbur's ear again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR
(excitedly)
Okay.

Casey presses her body against Wilbur, moving in a sensual way. She runs her hands down his legs.

Wilbur's face reddens as he closes his eyes and tries to gain control of his new body.

CASEY
Feel the beat, Willie.

Wilbur, growing light-headed, begins moving his hips and appears to enjoy the moment. He may move like an old man, but no one sees him like that.

WILBUR
I'm feeling it!

Harry, sitting at the bar, claps as he watches Wilbur.

HARRY
Go, Will! Go, Will!

DIANE
He's got a strange sense of rhythm.
Can you fix me up?

HARRY
Sure thing.

Diane grabs Harry and pulls him to the dance floor. She imitates Wilbur's dance style.

Other women copy Wilbur's dance and men follow. It's a whole new dance craze. Wilbur does his little dance and forms a dance line. Casey presses up to Wilbur from behind. Wilbur's eyes pop open.

CASEY
You make me hot all over, Willie.

Wilbur tugs at his collar.

WILBUR
I'm getting a little worked up
myself.

EXT. WILBUR'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Casey drapes her body over a stiff looking Wilbur in the front seat.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Casey kisses and gropes Wilbur who has surrendered. Drunk, Wilbur has lost control of himself. Casey mounts him.

CASEY

I want you right here, right now.

Wilbur's expression says it all. Things are working better than they have in decades. He moans.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Hold on there, Will.

A look of panic grips Wilbur's face.

WILBUR

Oh, Lord, I can't. I don't even know your last name.

As Casey dives in and kisses his neck:

CASEY

Larkin.

A conflicted Wilbur tries to fend off this aggressive woman.

WILBUR

We need to talk, Miss Larkin.

CASEY

Talk all you want, Willie.

Casey unzips Wilbur's pants. Wilbur panics.

WILBUR

Oh my. Miss Larkin please stop.

CASEY

Keep talking. I like it dirty.

WILBUR

You're a lovely girl, but I don't believe in premarital sex.

Casey stops and looks up, slightly confused.

CASEY

You're a virgin?

WILBUR

Not exactly. Do your parents know what you're up to at night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The moment lost, Casey climbs off Wilbur.

CASEY

I'm an adult. My parents don't care what I do.

WILBUR

A nice girl like you shouldn't have intimate relations with men you don't know in a car or anywhere else. It's beneath you.

CASEY

You're a preacher, right?

WILBUR

No. I just think the man who is lucky enough to win your heart should be in love with you.

CASEY

Are you serious?

Wilbur buttons her blouse.

WILBUR

Every woman deserves to be treated with respect and dignity.

CASEY

Like a princess?

WILBUR

Exactly.

CASEY

... I like it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - A SHORT TIME LATER

Casey pecks Wilbur's cheek before she gets into a waiting Uber. Wilbur watches as Casey pulls away. Harry approaches.

HARRY

Was that Casey?

WILBUR

Yup. Modern women are really scary.

EXT. WILBUR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Linda's SUV is parked in the driveway.

INT. WILBUR'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Linda stands in the doorway. The bed hasn't been slept in.

EXT. BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Linda steps from the house as Angie nears.

ANGIE

If you're looking for your dad, he
didn't come home last night.

Linda doesn't like the sound of that.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Wilbur snores on the sofa. Harry shakes him, holding his
cell.

HARRY

Wilbur. Linda's on the phone.

Hung over, Wilbur groans and sits up, rubbing his head. He
takes Harry's cell.

WILBUR

(on the cell)
... Morning, daughter.

INT. LEXUS SUV - MORNING

Linda sits behind the wheel, relieved to hear Wilbur's voice.

LINDA

(on Bluetooth)
Dad, you're all right. I found the
house empty and I was worried.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

WILBUR

Harry and I went to... um, the
senior center. I met a nice lady.

INT. LEXUS SUV - CONTINUOUS

LINDA

That's super, Dad. Meeting new
friends is just what you need.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WILBUR

She was something special all right. Listen, Harry's got breakfast ready. Love you.

LINDA (O.S.)

Love you too.

Wilbur ends the call.

HARRY

Senior center. Good one, Willie.

WILBUR

Linda can't see me like this.

HARRY

She won't. Hit the shower. I got a big day planned for us.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Wilbur comes out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist. Harry sets a shirt and shorts on the bed.

WILBUR

We gotta talk, Harry.

HARRY

Get dressed. We'll talk later.

WILBUR

You never asked me why I tried to kill myself.

HARRY

You were lonely. It happens.

WILBUR

Last spring, when I was sick for a few weeks, it wasn't the flu... I'm dying. I wanted to tell you, but you were always busy with various women.

Wilbur sadly shakes his head no.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Wilbur. Do your kids know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

No. I was gonna tell Gary the other day, but I said all the wrong things and he left. I don't have the heart to tell Linda.

HARRY

You look perfectly healthy right now. Maybe your meds and that potion cured you.

WILBUR

Prolonged the inevitable. I can't stay like this forever. Last night was fun. I felt like a man again, but now I have to face the truth.

HARRY

Whatever you need, I'm here for ya.

EXT. WILBUR'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry pulls Wilbur's LaCrosse into the driveway.

EXT. WILBUR'S HOUSE - FAR SIDE - DAY

Wilbur, wearing Harry's clothes, climbs through a window.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Harry gets out, Angie appears in her yard. Harry waves.

HARRY

Afternoon, Angie. It's Harry, Wilbur's friend.

ANGIE

You're looking very fit, Harry.

HARRY

I walk three miles every morning on the beach. Could use some company.

ANGIE

I'd love to join you!

INT. WILBUR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wilbur picks up his mail from the floor and drops it on the sofa as Harry enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

That Angie is one special woman.

WILBUR

She's all yours. Open my mail. I'm gonna change clothes. Your shorts are a little tight.

Wilbur pulls at the crotch.

INT. WILBUR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Wilbur, in a different pair of shorts, changes shirts, Harry appears, his normal enthusiasm drained from his face. He holds the opened registered letter.

HARRY

Will, I think you should read this letter. It's personal.

Wilbur sits on the chair and puts on his socks.

WILBUR

We don't have any secrets, Harry. Read it to me.

Harry draws a breath and begins reading.

HARRY

Dear Dad...

Wilbur looks up, surprised.

WILBUR

It's from Gary?

Harry nods and continues.

HARRY

After our conversation at the diner, I realize you will never be the father I hoped for. Nothing I ever do is good enough. I'm tired of trying to measure up. In your eyes, I'll always be a bum. So you win. I have a son whom I love more than anything in this world. I need to devote my attention to him. I don't want Travis to ever feel that I don't love him. I don't want Travis and me to end up like us. I love my son too much to hurt him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's best if we don't see each other. I'll always love you. Gary.

HARRY

You called Gary a bum? What's wrong with you?

WILBUR

(shaken)

I didn't mean it.

HARRY

Sounds like you meant it. You hurt his feeling and now he doesn't want to see you. Jeez, Wilbur.

WILBUR

Emily warned me I was acting too much like my father, but I wouldn't listen.

HARRY

Call him. Explain things.

WILBUR

I can't. He came to see me about being a partner in his development, and I insulted him. Everything I've ever done with that boy has been wrong. He needs an investor and I criticized him.

It suddenly comes to Harry. He glances at the letter.

HARRY

Maybe this is the reason you're thirty-five again. To help him.

WILBUR

Help him? How?

HARRY

The big guy is giving you one more chance with your son. He won't talk to his 82-year-old father, but he might talk a 35-year-old man.

WILBUR

Look at me, I'm a stranger.

Harry waves the letter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

I'll always love you, Dad. He needs you, Wilbur. Gary needs you to make things right.

WILBUR

I don't know.

HARRY

You can right things between the two of you before you...

Harry's voice trails off. Wilbur thinks hard.

WILBUR

He wouldn't know it's me, would he?

HARRY

I didn't recognize you and I've known you forever.

Wilbur's eyes sparkle with the possibilities as he rises.

WILBUR

(realizing)

I could drive up to Union and pretend to be someone else. But he wouldn't know it's me.

HARRY

Exactly. He needs a friend and a business partner.

It begins to make sense to Wilbur. For the first time, hope appears on his face and in his voice.

WILBUR

I could be an investor and friend.

HARRY

You bet you can!

Wilbur and Harry high-five.

INT. BANK BRANCH - LATER THAT DAY

The same branch we saw as earlier. Wilbur steps to Becky at her window and lays down his check, his demeanor much kinder.

WILBUR

Twenties and fifties please.

Becky examines the check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKY

Can you slide your card for me,
Mister... Wade?

WILBUR

Um, sure. Got my card right here.

Wilbur eyes the machine as he holds up his ATM card.

BECKY

The other way.

WILBUR

I always get that wrong.

Wilbur slides his card, checks the PIN number written on his hand and punches in his code.

BECKY

Hit enter.

Wilbur hits "enter." Success! He smiles!

As Becky counts out three grand, she glances at Wilbur.

BECKY

Have I seen you before, Mr. Wade?

Wilbur stuffs the cash into his back pocket.

WILBUR

I usually go to the machine. I also
need a cashier's check.

Wilbur slides Becky a check. She peruses it.

BECKY

Eighty thousand dollars?

WILBUR

Got a big business deal.

BECKY

Who should I make it out to?

WILBUR

Just leave that line blank.

BECKY

If you lose it, anyone could fill
in their name and cash it.

WILBUR

I won't lose it, but thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilbur winks at Becky, who smiles.

EXT. BANK BRANCH - LATER

As Wilbur walks away with a cashier check, we can SEE Becky THROUGH THE WINDOW with SARAH BAUGH, 40, the bank manager, explaining what just happened.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Wilbur, using his old flip phone, paces.

WILBUR

(on his flip phone)

I know I hate trips, Linda, but we met at the senior center... She needs a ride and I said I'd drive her to see her daughter... She can't see well at night and... No number, but I'll call. Love you.

Wilbur ends the call and sighs...

EXT. HARRY'S CONDO PARKING LOT - DAY

... Wilbur sets his suitcase in the trunk of Harry's convertible Mustang while Bert sets a carton of the Internet youth potion in the trunk. Maury feels Wilbur's arm.

MAURY

I never ever had a bicep that big, Wilbur. Can I feel your leg muscle?

WILBUR

One squeeze.

Maury puts his hand on Wilbur's thigh and almost faints.

MAURY

Magnificent.

As Wilbur shakes Maury loose, Bert closes the trunk.

HARRY

The carton should hold you for awhile, Wilbur. Angie gave me the website. Make sure to mix it with your meds.

BERT

Give Gary my best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Bert, Gary won't know Wilbur's his dad. He's going incognito.

BERT

Oh right.

Harry faces Wilbur. Their eyes meet. The two old friends hug.

HARRY

Good luck, old friend.

Maury steps forward and embraces Wilbur, his hand rubbing Wilbur's pecs one more time.

MAURY

I hope it all works out.

Harry pulls Maury off of Wilbur who slips behind the wheel, waves and very slowly pulls away.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Look at that. He still drives like an old coot!

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Wilbur tools along, top down, thick brown hair blowing in the wind as vehicles pass him. Some things don't change.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Wilbur drives through the landscape of Georgia.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Union, Georgia. A small quaint town.

EXT. UNION HOTEL - DAY

Wilbur parks in front of an old renovated three-story hotel.

INT. UNION HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur lays some bills on the counter.

The DESK CLERK, 52, counts it before he gives Wilbur a key and a receipt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DESK CLERK

Third floor, Mr. Harris. Room 310.
Our dining room is open for
breakfast, lunch and supper. Enjoy
your stay.

WILBUR

Thanks, son.

Wilbur picks up his suitcase and the carton, then goes,
leaving the Clerk confused -- "Son?"

INT. WILBUR'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Wilbur sets the photo of Emily next to the bed and sits on
the bed.

WILBUR

I know what I'm doing is crazy, Em,
but I think you'd approve.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Wilbur, wearing a clean shirt, examines a menu at a table. As
he lifts his hand for a waitress, his eyes narrow.

WILBUR

(under his breath)
Oh, Lord. Eileen.

He lowers his hand and raises the menu. He peeks around the
menu at EILEEN WADE, 35, his daughter-in-law, serving the
table across the way. (We saw her in the photo in Wilbur's
living room.)

WILBUR (CONT'D)

(under his breath)
What's she doing here?

As she turns to Wilbur, he shields his face with the menu.

EILEEN (O.S.)

May I take your order, Sir?

WILBUR

Uh, I left my glasses upstairs.

EILEEN

Try these?

Wilbur reaches over the menu and takes Eileen's red glasses.
He puts them on and lowers the menu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR
Evening, Eileen.

EILEEN
Have we met?

WILBUR
Um, no. Name's on your tag. Sirloin
medium, and a side of beets.

EILEEN
Beets?

WILBUR
Beets are very healthy.

EILEEN
My father-in-law eats beets.

WILBUR
Smart man.

Wilbur hands her the menu and her glasses as OWEN GROSS, 40,
seated at the next table, waves his hand at Eileen.

GROSS
Honey, this steak is undercooked.

EILEEN
(to Gross)
One minute, Sir.

GROSS
I ordered medium and this is rare.

EILEEN
(to Wilbur)
I'll be right back.

Wilbur watches Eileen cross to Gross.

EILEEN
I can't take it back now. You ate
most of it.

GROSS
The service here is lousy.

Gross stands, tosses his napkin down and goes.

EILEEN
You can't leave without paying.

As Gross exits, Eileen hurries after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. WHITE, 74, a diner, turns to Wilbur.

MRS. WHITE
Do something, young man.

WILBUR
Who? Me?

MRS. WHITE
Yes you. You think any of us can help her?

Wilbur eyes the table of SEPTUAGENARIANS.

WILBUR
I'm not exactly young.

MRS. WHITE
You don't look a day over 35. Go!

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Wilbur cautiously approaches Eileen and Gross.

EILEEN
If you don't pay, the manager will take it out of my salary.

GROSS
Next time, get the order right.

Eileen waves her order pad.

EILEEN
You ordered rare, not medium.

The Male Diner grabs the order pad, rips off the page and tears it in half. He drops the pieces on the street.

GROSS
Right where?

Gross heads across the road.

WILBUR
How much does he owe?

EILEEN
\$16.50 plus tip. I haven't made that in tips today.

Wilbur looks at the window where the ELDERLY PATRONS punch their fists into their hands as Wilbur vacillates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR
Hey, buddy. Hold up.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gross reaches his high-end truck and opens the door. Before he can climb in, Wilbur kicks it shut.

WILBUR
You owe the lady twenty dollars.

GROSS
Who says?

WILBUR
I don't want to call the police,
but I will. Pay her.

Wilbur throws out his chest, trying to look intimidating.

GROSS
I don't want trouble.

Wilbur gestures "a sec" to Eileen and Patrons. As he turns back, Gross slugs Wilbur, knocking him to the pavement.

GROSS (CONT'D)
Loser.

Gross gets in and drives off as Wilbur rubs his jaw.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - LATER

Wilbur finishes his sirloin dinner. In between small bites, he holds an ice pack to his jaw.

Mrs. White stops at Wilbur's table.

MRS. WHITE
Next time clobber him first.

Mrs. White moves on as Eileen sets Wilbur's bill down.

EILEEN
How's the jaw?

WILBUR
Hardly feel it. Will the manager
dock your pay?

EILEEN
Afraid so. Thanks again for trying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilbur watches Eileen go before he examines his bill. As he opens his wallet, he sees a photo of Gary, Travis and Eileen. He studies it, stands and drops two twenties on the table.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wilbur downs his meds with the Internet potion, lies down in bed and turns off the lamp...

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

... As Wilbur sits at a window table, perusing a map, Eileen sets a muffin on the table. As she looks at his empty coffee cup:

EILEEN

Coffee?

WILBUR

Do you have a latte?

EILEEN

We do. Vanilla or hazelnut?

WILBUR

Vanilla to go please.

EILEEN

Need directions, Mr. Harris?

WILBUR

Call me Bill. County Road 17.

EILEEN

Two miles south, turn right. Not much out there except farms and a new development.

WILBUR

The new development's name?

EILEEN

Pine Grove. Thanks again for covering that jerk's bill.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 10 - DAY

Wilbur, wearing sunglasses, drives in a wooded area.

As he nears a lengthy white fence surrounding dozen of acres, he pulls to the shoulder. A sign reads: "Pine Grove."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilbur gets out, eyeing a three-quarter built Victorian house on a hill. There are stakes dividing two dozen lots.

A red pickup parks behind the Mustang.

EARL THOMAS, 40, wearing overalls, and TRAVIS WADE, 12, wearing a baseball cap, get out.

EARL
You lost, Mister?

WILBUR
Nice piece of property.

EARL
You looking to buy?

WILBUR
Could be. You know the developer?

TRAVIS
Gary Wade's the developer. He's my dad.

Wilbur's eyes flood with affection as he turns to the boy.

EARL
He's up at the house if you wanna meet him.

TRAVIS
What kind of a house you looking for, Mister?

WILBUR
A house with a view. You must be about eleven.

Wilbur wants to hug the boy, but refrains.

TRAVIS
Twelve. We got views of the river, mountains or town. Take your pick.

WILBUR
So you're the salesman.

Travis offers his hand. Wilbur warmly grasps his hand.

TRAVIS
Travis Wade.

WILBUR
Bill Harris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Earl circles the truck.

EARL
Follow us.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

The truck and Mustang are parked next to an old blue pickup. Wilbur follows Earl and Travis to the front porch.

TRAVIS
Dad. Dad, we got a customer.

Wilbur examines the woodwork on the porch over his shades.

EARL
Everything's handcrafted.

WILBUR
Very nice. Who's the contractor?

Gary exits, wearing a tool belt.

BUSTER, a Golden Retriever, moves slowly from the house at Gary's side. Travis pets the dog.

EARL
This is Gary Wade, the contractor
and developer. Bill...

Wilbur straightens his sunglasses, waits to be recognized, but Gary acts very matter-of-factly as he shakes.

WILBUR
Harris. Bill Harris.

GARY
You from these parts, Bill?

WILBUR
Out of state. I'm looking for
investment property.

EARL
I'll be upstairs, Gary.

TRAVIS
Buster and me are goin' down to the
creek, Dad.

Earl and Travis head off in opposite direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR
Buster and I...

Gary looks oddly at Wilbur.

GARY
My father does that.

WILBUR
Does what?

GARY
Corrects my English.

WILBUR
I got it from my mother. How many
acres do you have, Gary?

GARY
Sixty. My wife inherited the
property from her father. The lots
aren't for sale. I still have a few
weeks before the bank forecloses.

WILBUR
I'm not a developer.

Gary glances at Wilbur's plates.

GARY
You from Florida?

WILBUR
I sold my construction company and
I'm looking to invest.

GARY
I don't need an investor.

WILBUR
Sounds like you do if the bank is
foreclosing.

GARY
Excuse me, but I got a house to
finish.

As Gary enters the house, Wilbur hesitates, then follows him.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gary picks up a tool box as Wilbur enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

I have a proposition for you.

GARY

No deals.

WILBUR

You need to finish this model or you're out of business. I know construction.

GARY

What are you? Thirty?

WILBUR

Thirty-five. I started early. I could give you a hand.

GARY

I'm short on cash right now.

WILBUR

Give me a week's trial period.

GARY

Nobody works for free. You in trouble with the law?

WILBUR

No. If you're too proud to accept a helping hand, it's okay with me. If you change your mind, I'm staying at the Union Hotel.

Wilbur heads for the door as Gary reconsiders. He needs help.

GARY

... Know anything about roofing?

EXT. HOUSE'S ROOF - SOME TIME LATER

Wilbur moves slowly, like the old man he still is inside, across the roof. He hasn't done this in years. He wears a tool belt and carries a stack of shingles. He sets them down and pulls out his hammer.

Gary skims across the roof like a pro toward Wilbur.

GARY

Got a bad knee?

WILBUR

Old football injury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

How long to finish the roof?

Wilbur picks up a shingle.

WILBUR

Three days. These are high quality shingles.

GARY

People want custom houses today. Need any help, holler.

Gary moves away, leaving Wilbur eyeing the ground. As his head spins, he plops down on the roof.

WILBUR

Get a hold of yourself, Wilbur.

EXT. DIRT DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Wilbur puts the tool box into the bed of Gary's truck.

Travis runs to catch a pass from Earl, but he drops the ball. Wilbur retrieves it.

WILBUR

Can I make a suggestion, Travis?

TRAVIS

Yes, Sir.

WILBUR

Pull the ball to your chest, then tuck it in for safe keeping.

Wilbur flips Travis the football.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Throw me a pass and I'll show you.

Wilbur backs up and Travis throws a spiral toward Wilbur, who catches it with ease.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Nothing to it. Now it's your turn.

As Travis runs fifteen yards, Wilbur throws a perfect spiral.

Travis catches it. His face lights up.

WILBUR

You're a natural.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS
Did you see that Dad?

GARY
Careful.

TRAVIS
Throw me another pass, Mr. Harris.

WILBUR
Call me Bill, and only if it's all
right with your dad.

GARY
Go ahead. I gotta lock up.

Gary enters the house.

WILBUR
You like football, Travis?

TRAVIS
I'm on my school team, but I don't
play much.

WILBUR
Maybe we can change that.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gary watches from the window.

HIS POV - THROUGH AN OPENED WINDOW

Travis lining up to the left, Wilbur holding the ball.

WILBUR
Down. Set. Hut... hut.

Wilbur drops back as Travis runs his pattern. He throws.

Travis pulls in the ball on the slant and smiles.

Wilbur throws his arms into the air, signaling touchdown.

Gary continues to stare out the window as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILBUR'S HOUSE - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Thirty years earlier. Wilbur, 52, throws a tight spiral to
GARY, only 8, who fumbles the ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

Ow.

Gary grabs his fingers on the verge of tears.

WILBUR

Toughen up, boy. No whining. This is football. A man's game.

GARY

I hate football.

WILBUR

You're a Wade. Go out for a pass and don't drop it.

Mortified, Gary doesn't budge. Wilbur nudges him.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Go on, boy. Run!

Gary folds his arms across his chest and fights back tears.

WILBUR

No son of mine cries like a baby when he plays football.

Wilbur dumps the ball at Gary's feet and heads to the house, leaving Gary hurt as tears spill down his cheeks.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - **PRESENT TIME** - DUSK

Gary walks to his truck and watches as Travis runs a thirty yard pattern and easily pulls in the pass.

Wilbur applauds.

WILBUR

Nice catch, Travis.

Travis, ecstatic, runs to Gary with Buster on his heels.

TRAVIS

Did you see that catch, Dad?

GARY

Pack up. It's getting late.

WILBUR

Your team's lucky to you, Travis.

TRAVIS

They never throw me the ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

You're a born receiver. Just keep your back to the defender.

TRAVIS

Back to the defender, got it.

WILBUR

Maybe your dad can practice with you.

TRAVIS

Dad hates football.

GARY

We start at seven, Bill. Need a ride in the morning?

WILBUR

Sure thing.

Gary gets into his truck as Travis rounds the truck.

TRAVIS

Will you practice with me, Bill?

WILBUR

Right after school tomorrow.

TRAVIS

Come on, Buster.

Travis helps Buster into the truck and climbs in. He waves out the window as Gary pulls away. Wilbur returns the gesture.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Wilbur, wearing clean clothes, eats his usual sirloin.

Eileen steps to the table and fills Wilbur's water glass.

EILEEN

We got chocolate cream pie tonight.

WILBUR

No dessert for me, Eileen.

EILEEN

How long are you staying in Union?

WILBUR

A week or two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN
 (whispering)
 There are other places in town with
 better food. Cheaper too.

WILBUR
 But I wouldn't get this great
 service. See ya at breakfast.

Wilbur winks, drops some bills on the table and goes.

Eileen watches him, somewhat intrigued...

EXT. WILBUR'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

... Linda retrieves the mail and sets it on the table.

INT. WILBUR'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She moves to the back door, spots the FLASHING RED LIGHT on
 an ANSWERING MACHINE and stops. She hits the "play."

SARAH (O.S.)
 (on the machine)
 Mr. Wade, Sarah Baugh, branch
 manager at Highland Bank. Please
 stop by. We might have a problem
 with your account.
 (the MACHINE BEEPS)
 ... Sarah Baugh again, Mr. Wade.
 Please call me as soon as possible.

Linda looks puzzled.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Wilbur, in work clothes, exits the elevator.

A WOMAN, 74, walks by and Wilbur stops, checking her out. He
 likes what he sees.

After a beat, Travis enters, wearing a Falcons' jersey.

TRAVIS
 Hey, Bill. Whatcha doing?

WILBUR
 I live here, Travis. How about you?

TRAVIS
 My mom works here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eileen appears, carrying a lunch box. She hugs Travis.

EILEEN
Morning, Travis. Bill, this is my
son, Travis.

WILBUR
Travis and I are old friends.

TRAVIS
Bill works for Dad.

EILEEN
(to Wilbur)
You're work for Gary?

WILBUR
I started yesterday. Gary didn't
tell you?

EILEEN
Gary doesn't have money to pay you.

WILBUR
I'm volunteering. You have two very
nice parents, Travis.

TRAVIS
They're getting divorced.

Thrown by this revelation, Wilbur stands speechless.

EILEEN
We're separated, Travis. No one has
mentioned the "d" word yet.

WILBUR
Sorry to here that. Gary never said
a word.

EILEEN
Gary's a proud man. What's with the
football jersey, Trav?

TRAVIS
Bill's coaching me after school.

WILBUR
Giving him a few pointers.

TRAVIS
If I get better, maybe Dad will
come to my games.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

Your father doesn't watch you play?

EILEEN

Gary hates football. A father-son thing. It's complicated.

TRAVIS

Bill played football in college. He says I have talent.

A TRUCK HORN SOUNDS (O.S.). Eileen hands Travis his lunch box.

EILEEN

Have a good day, Travis!

Wilbur grabs the door. As they head outside, Travis waves. Wilbur shoots Eileen a smile and goes.

INT. BANK BRANCH - DAY

Linda sits with Sarah and Becky.

BECKY

First, I cashed his three thousand dollar check.

LINDA

You gave my 82-year-old father three thousand dollars in cash?

BECKY

I gave Mr. Wade twenties and fifties like he asked. Then I gave him a cashier's check for \$80,000.

LINDA

\$80,000!? What is going on here?

SARAH

Mrs. McCray, please. We're trying to find out.

LINDA

My father is a tightwad. He would never withdraw \$80,000. Who was it made out to?

BECKY

That's the thing. He didn't want it made out to anyone. He left it blank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

You gave my elderly father a blank check for eighty grand?

Sarah stands.

SARAH

I checked Mr. Wade's banking history, and I'm just as concerned as your are. Please follow me and I'll explain.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah steps to a desk equipped with a desktop computer.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I called your father because scam artists prey on the elderly.

LINDA

My father is no fool.

SARAH

Your father has always struck me as very capable, Mrs. McCray. That's why I checked the video.

Sarah hits a button on the computer and an image of young Wilbur with Becky fills the screen.

SARAH (CONT'D)

This man referred to himself as Wilbur Wade.

Sarah freezes the frame as Wilbur checks his PIN on his hand.

Linda narrows her eyes.

LINDA

That's not my father. He's young.

BECKY

Your father doesn't know his PIN.

Sarah points to young Wilbur's hand.

SARAH

This man wrote it on his hand.

Linda's heart sinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Oh my God. My father's been scammed.

SARAH

I was hoping Mr. Wade would come in and clear up the situation. Any idea where he is?

A troubled look grips Linda's face.

EXT. GARY'S VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

Wilbur pounds away on the roof. He has the energy of two men. Gary steps toward Wilbur.

GARY

I can't pay you overtime, Bill, so slow down.

WILBUR

I can assure you I'm not looking for overtime. I like to finish the job.

GARY

Water?

Wilbur lifts a bottle of his Internet potion.

WILBUR

Brought my own. Thanks.

He takes a sip.

WILBUR

If you'd hire a crew, this house would be finished in a week.

GARY

I can't afford a crew. I've already mortgaged everything I own.

WILBUR

Got any family who might help out? Maybe your father?

GARY

My father is the last person in the world who'd lend me money.

WILBUR

Send him a photo of the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR (CONT'D)

The quality of the woodwork is extraordinary. You're a talented man, Gary. Invite him for a visit. Trust me, he'll like what he sees.

GARY

My father has never show any interest in me. I doubt I'll ever see him again.

WILBUR

Why wouldn't you see him?

GARY

Never had a kind word for me. I appreciate your advice, but I'm not the son he wanted. He made that clear every day. Nothing I did was good enough. You know the type.

Wilbur nods slightly, his face fill with regret.

EXT. HARRY'S CONDO PARKING LOT - DAY

Linda parks next to Wilbur's LaCrosse and gets out. Confused, she stares at his car for a beat before moving on.

INT. HARRY'S CONDO - A SHORT TIME LATER

Harry opens the door to find a peeved Linda.

LINDA

Where's my father, Harry?

HARRY

I'm not his keeper, Linda.

Linda storms into the living room, scanning the place.

LINDA

His car's in your lot!

HARRY

He left it here a few days ago.

LINDA

I need to find him ASAP.

HARRY

He drove a lady friend up north. A nice lady. Is there a problem?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Yes, there's a problem. Someone stole \$80,000 from Dad's bank account.

HARRY

Someone stole money from Wilbur?
(scoffs)
Impossible.

LINDA

The bank is calling the FBI as we speak.

HARRY

The FBI? That seems drastic. Your dad went on vacation.

LINDA

With eighty thousand dollars? No way.

Linda hands Harry a photo of the alleged thief.

LINDA

The man's in this photo is the thief. Have you seen him with Dad?

Harry looks at the photograph and shakes his head no.

HARRY

No. He doesn't look menacing.

LINDA

I think he kidnapped Dad.

HARRY

Who in their right mind would kidnap Wilbur? Between you and me, Wilbur can take care of himself.

Linda snatches the photo from Harry.

LINDA

He's 82, old and frail, Harry.

HARRY

Last time I saw Wilbur, he acted much younger than eighty-two.

EXT. PARKING LOT - A SHORT TIME LATER

An annoyed Linda steps to her car, her cell to her ear.

INT. GARY'S VICTORIA HOUSE - DAY

Gary holds the ladder as Wilbur descends. Gary's CELL RINGS. He checks the number, answers it.

GARY
(on his cell)
Hey, Linda, what's going on?

Wilbur slows, drawn to the call.

GARY (CONT'D)
... I'm putting you on speaker...
Hold on... Dad's missing?

Wilbur hits the ground and busies himself with the tool box as he eavesdrops.

GARY (CONT'D)
(over speaker)
How could someone steal \$80,000
from his bank account? ... No, I
haven't talked to him. I'm the last
person he'd call... Keep in touch.

As Gary ends his call, Buster slowly approaches.

WILBUR
Everything all right?

Gary shrugs.

WILBUR
Your dog doesn't look well.

GARY
He's old. The vet wants to put him
down, but Travis loves him. I don't
have the heart . Need some water,
boy?

WILBUR
I'll get it. C'mon, Buster.

Buster follows Wilbur to the front steps. Wilbur glances at Gary entering the house before he empties the potion into Buster's bowl. Buster slurps it up.

INT. WILBUR'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Wilbur, wearing a towel around his waist, pops his meds, and downs a slug of potion while cradling his flip phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR
(on his flip phone)
Slow down, Harry...

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry paces nervously while on his cell.

HARRY
(on his cell)
The bank called the FBI. They think
some stud took your money. You have
to straighten this mess out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WILBUR
I can't come home yet. For the
first time in my life, Gary and I
are getting along. He trusts me.

INT. HARRY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HARRY
What if the FBI taps my phone? What
if they interrogate me? What if
they waterboard me?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WILBUR
No one is tapping your phone or
interrogating you or waterboarding
you. I need a week, Harry. Lie or
play dumb. Just buy me more time.
Please.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Wilbur eyes the menu as Eileen waits. 1940s MUSIC PLAYS.

EILEEN
The roasted chicken is very good.

Wilbur closes the menu and HUMS the TUNE.

WILBUR
Midnight Serenade. Glenn Miller was
the best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN

Who?

WILBUR

Glenn Miller, the band leader.

EILEEN

My grandfather listened to him.

WILBUR

Your grandfather had good taste.
Sirloin with a side of beets.

EILEEN

You sure? The roasted chicken is a
favorite.

WILBUR

I've been eating the same supper
since my wife died seven years ago.

EILEEN

You're a widower. Sorry for your
loss. If you can wait till I get
off, I'll make you supper.

WILBUR

Not necessary. Besides, aren't you
and Gary trying to work things out?

EILEEN

Gary's as stubborn as his father.
He'd never admit it, but the apple
doesn't fall far from the tree.
Meet me out front at 9:30. I'll
bring something to hold you over.

WILBUR

What if I don't like it?

EILEEN

Didn't your mom tell you to try new
things?

WILBUR

Let's do it.

EXT. MAIN STREET - A HOUR LATER THAT NIGHT

As Wilbur strolls with Eileen, she takes his arm.

WILBUR

What was that salad called?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN
Quinoa salad. It's healthy.

WILBUR
I could eat more of that.

EILEEN
I hope you like stew, I made it
before I left this morning.

WILBUR
I love stew. Is Travis waiting up?

EILEEN
Travis is spending the night with
Gary. It'll just be the two of us.

Wilbur realizes the awkwardness of the situation. He slips
his arm from Eileen and pretend to yawn.

WILBUR
Excuse me. Long day.

EILEEN
I love Gary, but if he loses Pine
Grove, we'll be in debt forever. I
won't live paycheck to paycheck. I
took the hotel job to pay our
bills.

WILBUR
Whatever happened to richer or
poorer?

EILEEN
The separation was Gary's idea, not
mine. Ever since we met, he's had
one goal in life. To be successful.

WILBUR
Not a bad goal.

EILEEN
Except he's doing it to prove his
father wrong.

WILBUR
About what?

EILEEN
Gary thinks if he's successful his
father will finally love him.

This revelation shakes Wilbur's soul.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eileen notices the change in Wilbur's demeanor.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Something wrong, Bill?

WILBUR
Bum knee. What's your opinion of
Gary's father?

Wilbur rubs his knee.

EILEEN
Gary's fighting a losing battle.
That man will never change. Here we
are. It's not much, but it's home.

Wilbur takes in the single-story house in need of some work.

INT. FAMILY ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wilbur scans the two shelves of trophies.

WILBUR
Travis is quite the athlete.
Tennis, bowling. You must be very
proud.

Eileen, wearing a blouse and skirt, sets the stew on the
counter.

EILEEN
Those belong to Gary, not Travis.

WILBUR
I thought Gary didn't play sports.

Wilbur sits on the stool next to Eileen.

EILEEN
He doesn't play team sports.
Something about his father, but
Gary's a terrific athlete.

Wilbur considers this.

EILEEN
Eat before it gets cold.

Wilbur takes a bite and nods his approval.

WILBUR
Much better than sirloin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN
Actually it is sirloin!

She laughs. He laughs.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
How's the house coming along?

WILBUR
If Gary'd hire a crew, the model could be done in a week. With a finished product, he could sign a realtor and start selling.

EILEEN
Maybe you can talk some sense into him. He's had several offers for the property. I think he should take one. We won't make much, but at least he won't have to file for bankruptcy. Bankruptcy will crush him. And if his father ever found out, Gary would be devastated.

WILBUR
Do you think Gary should give up his dream?

EILEEN
We could pay off our loans, Bill. Would you try talking to him?

WILBUR
I don't think I can do that. See, I believe in Gary's dream. He has a gift.

He touches Eileen's hand.

WILBUR
Don't lose faith. Not now. Not when it really matters.

Eileen lifts her eyes and catches Wilbur's gaze.

EILEEN
Is there anyone special in your life?

An uneasiness sweeps over Wilbur's face as he moves his hand.

WILBUR
My life? Like who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN

A woman, silly. You can't stay a widower forever. You're young and handsome and kind.

WILBUR

Oh, I don't have time for dating.

Wilbur shovels in his food.

WILBUR

(with a mouthful)

I can't believe how hungry I am.

Wilbur avoids eye contact as Eileen, enamored, watches Wilbur eat.

EXT. EILEEN'S HOUSE - SOME TIME LATER

Wilbur stands on the front steps with Eileen.

WILBUR

Best home-cooked meal I've had in years.

EILEEN

Don't run off. We could have a night cap.

WILBUR

Gary, your husband, my boss, is picking me up at 7 AM.

Eileen leans forward to kiss Wilbur, but Wilbur backs away.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

'Night. Thanks again.

Wilbur hurries off, leaving Eileen even more smitten.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur bolts down the block displaying the "Wilbur gait."

WILBUR

Help me Lord...

EXT. UNION HOTEL - MORNING

... We PAN from a banner hanging over Main Street reading: "Union Fair" to Wilbur, holding coffee and a bag of donuts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary pulls up. Wilbur hands Gary the coffee and bag.

WILBUR

Eileen says you like your coffee
black and your donuts fresh.

GARY

You know my wife?

WILBUR

I eat in the hotel where she works.

GARY

Right. Small world.

INT. GARY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Gary sips his coffee as he drives.

GARY

Has Eileen said anything about me?

WILBUR

She mentioned the fair. She said
something about going with you.

GARY

Really? With me?

WILBUR

She's your wife. Who else would she
go with?

GARY

We're separated and she barely
talks to me.

WILBUR

Has she mentioned divorce?

GARY

No.

WILBUR

Then make a date and romance her.

GARY

She say anything else?

WILBUR

No, but it's obvious she misses
you. You're all she talks about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary brightens.

GARY
Maybe I should call her.

WILBUR
Sounds like a plan.

EXT. LUMBER YARD - DAY

Wilbur loads lumber into Gary's truck. A few moments later, Gary exits the building and joins Wilbur.

WILBUR
Almost loaded up and ready to go.

GARY
Put it all back.

WILBUR
We can't finish the deck without wood, Gary.

Shame grips Gary's voice.

GARY
I've run out of credit here.

As Gary unloads the wood, Wilbur considers his options.

WILBUR
Stay put.

INT. LUMBER STORE - DAY

Wilbur stands at the counter with TOM, 55, the owner. He pulls out his wad of bills.

WILBUR
How much to keep the lumber Gary Wade needs?

TOM
Seven grand or I'm done doing business with him.

Wilbur looks at his wad, which isn't nearly enough.

EXT. WILBUR'S HOUSE - DAY

Linda's SUV is parked in the driveway with a police car.

INT. WILBUR'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

FBI AGENT LAWSON, 42, wearing a suit and tie, stands with Linda.

AGENT LAWSON
There's no evidence your father
left against his will.

LINDA
My father would not give a stranger
\$80,000. He's a cheapskate.

AGENT LAWSON
Ma'am, we're trying to identify the
man at the bank, but so far no
luck. We need to find your father.
Could he be visiting a relative?

LINDA
My only brother lives in Georgia,
but they don't speak. My father is
ornery old man.

Agent Lawson hands Linda his business card.

AGENT LAWSON
If he calls you, call me.

INT. GARY'S TRUCK - DAY

A quiet Gary drives.

Wilbur, seated in the passenger's seat, glances at the empty
truck bed before he faces forward.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

An oncoming truck passes a car and heads directly toward Gary
and Wilbur.

WILBUR
(screaming)
Watch out!

GARY
Easy there, Bill. I see him.

The truck moves back to his lane.

GARY (CONT'D)
That was scary. For a second there
you sounded like my father again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

As I see it, there's only one way out of this mess - get a partner.

GARY

It's over, Bill. It was a dumb dream just like all the other dreams I've had over the years. I owe my wife and son a better life. There's a construction company in the next county that's been after me. I'll give them a call tomorrow.

WILBUR

You can't quit now. Your model is a work of art. People will be lining up to buy one of your homes.

Gary shudders.

GARY

Now you really sound like my father. He knew how sell.

WILBUR

Maybe your father wasn't always wrong.

GARY

He was right about one thing. I'm a failure and a bum.

WILBUR

Your father called you a failure?

GARY

No, but he'd give me one of those looks. The kind that say you can't do anything right.

WILBUR

Maybe you misinterpreted his look.

GARY

My father tells it like it is. No sugar coating. Expects perfection. He never had a kind word for me and now never will.

Wilbur cringes. He really screwed up his son's life.

WILBUR

So your father was a SOB. He never complimented you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Maybe expected too much of you. But are those reasons to abandon your dream? Gary, you have a skill that I rarely have seen.

GARY

My skill won't make my dad proud of me, will it?

WILBUR

(old Wilbur's tone)

Not with that feeling-sorry-for-yourself pity it won't. Snap out it. You're still in the game.

Gary looks at Wilbur, a tad intimidated.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Let me invest. Hire a crew, finish the house and show your old man what you are capable of. For chrissakes, show him you got integrity and persistence.

GARY

God, your father must've been a royal pain in the ass too.

WILBUR

My father was a drunk. He smacked me around a little. I tried be everything he wasn't. I don't always do things right. I'm offering you a chance to make your dream come true. Do we have a deal?

Wilbur extends his hand to Gary.

GARY

I don't know. How much are we talking about?

WILBUR

Eighty thousand.

GARY

Dollars?

WILBUR

You need more?

GARY

No, um, seventy grand is enough to finish the house.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)

We're almost done with the roof.
What interest rate do you want?

WILBUR

First year, no interest. Second
year, two percent.

GARY

You're not a very good investor,
Will.

WILBUR

I'm a long term investor. One more
condition. You must keep the model
house for you and your family.

GARY

I don't know if it's possible for
Eileen and me to work out our
differences.

WILBUR

Make it happen. A boy needs to grow
up with both parents under one
roof.

Gary thinks it over, nods and grasps Wilbur's hand.

GARY (CONT'D)

Deal.

Wilbur pulls out the cashier check and waves it. Then he
gestures with his thumb.

WILBUR

The bank's that way.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gary hits the shoulder, pulls a U-turn.

EXT. UNION BANK - DAY

In Union. Gary's truck is parked in front.

INT. WILBUR'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Wilbur stands at the window, holding his flip phone as he
peers down at the bank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

(on the phone)

... Linda, Dad. I'm having a wonderful time. I'll be home before you know it. Love you.

He hangs up and grabs his hand, wincing in pain. He steps to the dresser, throws some meds into his mouth, washes them down with a swig of potion, leaving one bottle in the carton.

EXT. MAIN STREET SIDEWALK - SOME TIME LATER

Wilbur nears Gary as he exits the bank. There's a noticeable bounce in Gary's step we haven't seen before.

GARY

Just like that, I'm eighty thousand dollars richer. Amazing.

WILBUR

Cashier check is good on deposit. Glad you kept the extra ten grand just in case.

GARY

How do I thank you, Bill?

WILBUR

Hire a crew and finish the house. I'll pick up Travis from practice.

All of a sudden an emotionally grateful Gary hugs Wilbur, throwing Wilbur for a loop. Wilbur freezes.

GARY

You're the best. If I had a brother, I'd want him to be just like you.

Wilbur, moved by Gary's gesture and words, slowly wraps his arms around Gary.

Gary pats Wilbur and goes.

GARY (CONT'D)

See you later, partner!

Gary gets into his truck and drives off, leaving Wilbur struggling with his emotions.

WILBUR

My son hugged me. Wow.

INT. BANANA BOAT - DAY

AGENT TURKEL, 39, shows a photo of young Wilbur to the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

Looks like the ladies' man who was in last week. Ask the ladies by the window. They're regulars.

Agent Turkel crosses the table where Casey, wearing a blouse buttoned to her neck, sits with Diane and a WOMAN PATRON.

AGENT TURKEL

Excuse me, any of you recognize this man?

Agent Turkel displays the photo.

CASEY

That's Willie. He's a godsend!

AGENT TURKEL

A godsend? Why is that?

WOMAN

He wouldn't have sex with her on the first date. That was a first!

CASEY

He respect me and I'm learning to respect myself.

AGENT TURKEL

Does Willie have a last name?

CASEY

Never asked.

DIANE

Harry might know his last name. He introduced us.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Harry and Angie sunbathe on beach chairs with an umbrella.

HARRY

This is the life! Time to hydrate. One wine cooler for Angie and one for Harry.

Harry pops open the cooler and pulls out two wine cooler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He winks, opens the top, and hands it to Angie. As they sip:

AGENT TURKEL (O.S.)
Excuse me. Harry Pritchard?

Harry shades his eyes and looks up.

HARRY
I'm entertaining. Come back later.

Agent Turkel displays his badge.

AGENT LAWSON
Agent Turkel, FBI.

HARRY
I know nothing.

Angie giggles.

AGENT TURKEL
I'm here about your friend, Willie.
Does he have a last name?

HARRY
Willie who?

AGENT TURKEL
The man you were with at the Banana
Boat last week.

ANGIE
You took Wilbur to the Banana Boat?
I wish I had seen that.

HARRY
Not Wilbur.

AGENT TURKEL
This fella was thirty-five, six
feet tall. Brown hair.

He shows Harry the photo. Harry squints.

HARRY
Oh, that Willie. Don't know his
last name. Thomas, Taylor, Tyler.

AGENT TURKEL
Is he a friend of yours?

Angie checks out the photo as she sips her wine cooler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

I met him on the beach.

ANGIE

Handsome devil. He looks familiar.

Harry grabs the photo from Angie and hands it to the Agent.

HARRY

Every male looks alike to Angie.
What's this about?

AGENT TURKEL

Wilbur Wade is missing. We think
this man has something to do with
his disappearance.

ANGIE

Wilbur? Missing? No one in their
right mind would kidnap Wilbur.

She laughs a little more and Harry joins in.

AGENT TURKEL

When did you see him last?

HARRY

Before he left town.

AGENT LAWSON

Any idea whom he left with?

HARRY

A lady friend. Kitty, Katie, Kelly.
You mind? We were enjoying the
ambience.

AGENT TURKEL

What kind of a car was Wilbur's
lady friend driving?

HARRY

A blue car.

ANGIE

I thought Wilbur took your car?

Harry can't believe she said that. His mood darkens.

HARRY

No, no, no. My car's in the shop
over on 7th. Engine problems.

Agent Turkel doesn't buy that for moment.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Agent Turkel joins Agent Lawson in the front seat.

TURKEL

We need to find Pritchard's car.

EXT. MADISON JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

As Wilbur watches football practice, he winces slightly.

FIELD

Travis, wearing a green jersey, lines up as wide receiver. The QB drops back and throws a bomb to Travis who catches it.

SIDELINES

WILBUR

That's my boy!

FIELD

COACH, 34, blows his WHISTLE.

Travis jogs back to the huddle.

COACH

Nice catch, Wade.

Travis nods at the Coach before he looks at Wilbur who gives him a thumb's up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - A SHORT TIME LATER

An excited Travis, helmet in hand, walks with Wilbur.

TRAVIS

Coach said I'm starting tomorrow.

WILBUR

All that practice paid off. Don't forget -- keep your back between you and the defender.

They high-five near the Mustang with its top down.

TRAVIS

I wish my dad could see me play.

Wilbur and Travis get into the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

I'm sure he wants to see you play,
but he has a house to finish. Pine
Grove is very important to him.

TRAVIS

Football's important to me, but he
doesn't care.

WILBUR

He cares, Travis.

TRAVIS

If he cared, he'd come to one game.

WILBUR

I'll come to your game.

TRAVIS

Thanks, Bill, but you aren't my
dad.

INT. WILBUR'S BANK BRANCH - DAY

Sarah stands at her desk with Agent Lawson. She hands him a
piece of paper.

SARAH

The check was cashed at a bank in
Union, Georgia at 2:35 PM today.

AGENT LAWSON

Withhold the funds.

SARAH

A cashier check is good on deposit.
The funds have been released.

AGENT LAWSON

Not if the funds were stolen.
Freeze the account first thing in
the morning. That's an order.

EXT. EILEEN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

As Wilbur parks the Mustang, Eileen, wearing a dress, stands
in the yard with Buster, who runs with a little more energy.

TRAVIS

Oh, my gosh! Buster!

Travis jumps out and Buster leaps on him in a playful manner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Travis and Buster takes off, Eileen nears the car.

Wilbur smiles, knowing the reason Buster has more energy.

EILEEN
Buster's feeling much better.

WILBUR
You look lovely this evening.

EILEEN
Gary invited me to the fair.

Wilbur grabs Travis's helmet from the back seat. As he hands it to Eileen, she stares at him.

WILBUR
A date. How nice.

EILEEN
I never noticed before. You're turning gray. It's attractive.

Wilbur backs away, feigning a smiling.

WILBUR
Gotta go.

Wilbur hops into the car. As he takes off, he peers into the rearview mirror, trepidation covering his face.

EXT. FAIR - DUSK

Main Street is blocked off. TOWN FOLKS of various ages crowd the street along with booths. A BAND warms up.

Gary, wearing a pressed shirt, walks with Eileen.

GARY
The crew starts in the morning.
We'll be done by next Friday. Our
dreams are finally coming true,
Eileen.

EILEEN
Your dreams, Gary.

Gary stops and looks at Eileen.

GARY
Our dreams. We're still a family.
Pine Grove will change our lives.
Our sacrifices are paying off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something catches Eileen's eye as she looks off.

EILEEN
Look! There's Bill.

Gary turns and sees Bill escorting CAROL GEORGE, 64, an attractive realtor.

WILBUR
Evening, Eileen, Gary. Beautiful night.

GARY
It certainly is. Carol.

CAROL
Eileen, Gary. I hope you two are ready to cut a rug. This year Bill and I are taking home first prize!

WILBUR
Carol's a tad overconfident. I'm not much of a dancer.

EILEEN
I didn't know you two were acquainted.

WILBUR
I've been courting Carol. Pine Grove needs a realtor and Carol's the best in the county.

CAROL
I'd like a tour of Pine Grove in the morning, Gary, unless you've committed to another realtor.

GARY
No commitment. I'd be happy to show you around, Carol.

As the BAND STARTS PLAYING, Carol begins dancing.

CAROL
That's our cue, Bill!

She grabs Bill's hand and off they go.

EILEEN
Isn't she a little old for him?

GARY
If Carol signs on, we'll be set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eileen lacks Gary's excitement.

DANCE FLOOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wilbur and Carol, each wearing number #23, dance to Glenn Miller music. Wilbur can actually dance. This is his kind of music. Carol enjoys herself.

ACROSS THE WAY

As Gary and Eileen, each wearing #12, dance. Eileen's eyes drift to Wilbur.

GARY
Eyes on me, Eileen.

Eileen redirects her gaze to Gary.

A JUDGE taps Gary's shoulder and they're out of the competition. Gary sighs and leads Eileen off the dance floor.

GARY (CONT'D)
My fault. I'm a little rusty.

EILEEN
No, it's me. I have two left feet tonight.

They turn and watch Bill and Carol dance.

GARY
He dances like my father.

EILEEN
There is nothing about Bill that resembles your father.

DANCE FLOOR

Wilbur notices Eileen and Gary staring. He pulls Carol closer.

WILBUR
It's time to show everyone our winning dance steps.

Wilbur lets loose. This is his music and he can dance. He leads Carol gracefully to the beat of the music.

The Judge dismisses other COUPLES, who stop and watch.

Before long, only Wilbur and Carol are dancing, commanding everyone's attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the music ends, Wilbur give Carol a quick hug.

Gary applauds.

Eileen's heart sinks.

Wilbur and Carol accept their trophies, grinning from ear to ear...

EXT. PINE GROVE - MORNING

... Part of the FIVE MAN CREW work on the deck, while the others paint the trim on the house.

Gary stands with Wilbur, who wears a baseball cap, and Carol, still beaming. Her Mercedes Benz sedan is parked nearby.

CAROL

Bill wasn't exaggerating. This house is very impressive, Gary. I can sell a dozen homes by the end of the year.

GARY

That many?

CAROL

And the rest next year.

WILBUR

That's thirty houses, Gary!

GARY

I'm hoping to get three hundred and seventy-five or so for each home.

CAROL

Try Five-fifty to six-hundred per home! Maybe even six and a half. Congratulations, Gary!

Gary looks shocked.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I'll draw up the contract and we'll get to work!

EXT. FRONT PORCH - LATER THAT DAY

Wilbur stands on a ladder installing a lamp. Gary stands below, still stunned by the developments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

Thirty homes at five hundred.
That's more than I ever imagined.

WILBUR

That's a lot of profit. Looks like
someone's going to be a successful
builder!

Wilbur adjusts the lamp, slips and cuts his finger. Wilbur grimaces. His finger bleeds as he climbs down the ladder.

GARY

Let me have a look.

WILBUR

I just need a band-aid.

GARY

When was your last tetanus shot?

Gary removes his bandanna and ties it around Wilbur's hand.

WILBUR

It's been awhile.

GARY

I'm taking you to see Doc Harper.
Can't have anything happen to my
partner.

EXT. CLINIC PARKING LOT - SOME TIME LATER

As Wilbur, still wearing his hat, and Gary walk from the building, Wilbur displays his green dinosaur band-aid.

GARY

I like the dinosaur look.

WILBUR

The other option was a pink rabbit.
I hate to ask, but I need a favor.

Gary stops and faces Wilbur.

GARY

After everything you've done for
me, name it.

WILBUR

Travis's football game starts in
thirty minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

I can't make it today.

Gary turns and heads to his truck. Wilbur hustles after him, almost limping, aging by the hour.

WILBUR

Don't be a fool, Gary.

GARY

I have a house to finish.

WILBUR

You're acting like your father.
Earl and the crew know what to do.

GARY

I am not like my father!

WILBUR

So your father attended your games
as a boy?

GARY

No, he didn't have time, so I quit.

WILBUR

And now you don't have time for
Travis.

GARY

It's different.

WILBUR

Travis wants your attention just
like you wanted your father's
attention.

GARY

I hate disappointing Travis.

WILBUR

You think your father liked
disappointing you? I bet he has a
lot of regrets.

Gary never thought about it.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

No parent wants to disappoint their
kid. Prove you aren't your dad.
Come watch Travis's game. It'll
mean the world to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFF Gary's indecisive look.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Gary follows Wilbur to the bleachers. They stop, spotting Travis, #85, on the sidelines with his teammates.

GARY

Travis is wearing my father's number.

WILBUR

Good number. Wave.

Wilbur and Gary wave at Travis.

Travis lights up when he sees Gary. He enthusiastically waves back.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Smile, Gary. You're having fun.

Gary manages a smile.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Now go sit with your wife.

Wilbur points Eileen sitting in the bleachers.

Gary walks up the steps and joins Eileen.

THE FIELD - 4th QUARTER - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

BLEACHERS

Gary sits with Eileen.

EILEEN

First, you hire a crew, now you come to Travis's game. What's next?

GARY

I hired Carol. She says Pine Grove will make us wealthy. It's time to quit your job.

EILEEN

We need the money.

GARY

Trust me, we don't. I want to come home. I want us to be together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN

You sure?

GARY

I've never stopped loving you.

Gary squeezes Eileen's hand. She lay her head against his shoulder.

EXT. BELOW THE BLEACHERS - SOME TIME LATER

Wilbur, struggling with aches and pains, removes the top from his Internet potion. The bottle slips from his hand and spills on the ground. He quickly picks it up and downs the last drop. Life drains from his face.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

It's third and eight for the Eagles.

Wilbur shuffles forward, eyeing the field. He squints at the scoreboard.

HIS POV

As he ages, his vision blurs.

Wilbur turns to a BOY standing nearby.

WILBUR

What's the score?

BOY

Eagles are down by four.

WILBUR

How much time is left?

BOY

A minute. Can't you tell time, Mister?

The annoyed Boy moves away as Wilbur looks toward the field.

WILBUR

Come on, Travis.

FIELD

The same play is called that we saw earlier at practice. Travis takes off and cuts down field. The QB steps back and releases the football. It soars downfield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Travis outruns the DEFENDER and grabs the ball. He tucks it in and bolts for the end zone.

A Defender dives... misses Travis's feet. Travis scores!

The CROWD ERUPTS in CHEERS.

SIDELINES

Wilbur listens, realizing it's a touchdown. He turns to a SPECTATOR.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

What number caught that pass?

SPECTATOR

Eighty-five.

Wilbur beams as he backs away.

WILBUR

(to himself)

'Atta boy, Travis!

BLEACHERS

Gary and Eileen embrace before Gary kisses her.

FIELD

Travis looks up and sees his parents kiss. He smiles.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Wilbur creeps slowly away in his Mustang. We PULL BACK TO:

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The FINAL HORN SOUNDS (O.S.). The Eagles win!

Travis walks hesitantly toward Gary, who surprises Travis by hugging him.

GARY

Great catch, son! You're a natural.

Gary tousles Travis's hair as Travis beams!

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

The Mustang moves along at a snail's pace.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur shakes his head, trying to clear his vision. Just then, we HEAR a SIREN.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur pulls over. A Sheriff's car pulls up behind him. DEPUTY MARTIN, 33, approaches Wilbur's window.

WILBUR
Something wrong, Officer?

DEPUTY MARTIN
This your car?

WILBUR
No, it belongs to a friend.

DEPUTY MARTIN
I need you to get out of the car.
Hands behind your back.

WILBUR
There a problem?

DEPUTY MARTIN
You been drinking?

WILBUR
No, Sir.

DEPUTY MARTIN
You weaved across the center line a
few times.

As Wilbur slowly gets out, the Deputy removes his handcuffs.

WILBUR
Something was in my eye.

DEPUTY MARTIN
Turn around. You're under arrest
for suspicion of DUI and driving a
stolen vehicle.

Deputy Martin cuffs a shocked Wilbur.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Wilbur, handcuffed, sits next to the Deputy Martin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

I'm telling you the car belongs to my friend. Call Harry Pritchard and he'll explain.

DEPUTY MARTIN

You can tell it to the Judge in the morning.

WILBUR

What about my phone call?

INT. SHERIFF'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wilbur, still handcuffed, stands, holding the phone. We HEAR it RINGING (O.S.)

WILBUR

(on the phone)

Pick up, Harry... C'mon.

HARRY (O.S.)

... Harry here.

WILBUR

(on the phone)

Harry, I need your help now more than ever...

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER THAT NIGHT

... Wilbur lies on the bunk, grimacing in pain...

EXT. UNION - MAIN STREET - DAWN

... Wilbur's Buick moves slowly down the empty road.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The car parks in front of the single-story building next to Harry's Mustang.

Harry, Bert, and Maury, who wears a suit and tie, climb out.

HARRY

Room 310. Make it quick, Bert.

Bert scoots down the sidewalk toward the hotel.

Harry and Maury move to the door as Deputy Martin exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURY
Morning, Deputy.

Deputy Martin nods before he crosses the street.

Harry and Maury wait a beat before they enter the building.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Harry and Maury approach DEPUTY JACKSON, 62, sipping coffee.

DEPUTY JACKSON
Morning, gentlemen.

Maury hands Deputy Jackson his business card, as:

MAURY
Maury Simon, Attorney. You're
holding my client, Wilbur Wade.

Deputy Jackson checks the clipboard and looks up.

DEPUTY JACKSON
No Wilbur Wade here.

HARRY
Older gentleman. White beard, bald.
Dr. Harry Pritchard. Mr. Wade's ill
and we're here to take him home.

DEPUTY JACKSON
I just arrived. Wait here, I'll
check the cell block.

Deputy Jackson grabs the keys and goes.

INT. WILBUR'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Bert throws Wilbur's belongings into his suitcase. He scans the room, goes. As he closes the door, we STAY on the photo of Emily and the dance trophy on the night stand.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAWN

It's dark as Deputy Jackson opens the cell. He peers inside where a body lies on the hard bench.

DEPUTY JACKSON
Hey, you Wilbur Wade?

Wilbur slowly turns and sits up. He's 82 again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

I am.

DEPUTY JACKSON

What are you in for?

WILBUR

Don't recall. I could use a hand getting up.

Deputy takes hold of Wilbur's arm and helps him stand.

DEPUTY JACKSON

Come with me, Sir.

Wilbur has some difficulty as he walks to the door, his stoop now noticeable.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAWN

Deputy Jackson helps Wilbur lower himself into a chair next to his desk. As the Deputy sit, Harry and Maury exchange looks with Wilbur. Deputy Jackson peruses his inmate list. He shakes his head.

DEPUTY JACKSON

No Wade on my list.

MAURY

This is an injustice. This man is need of immediate medical care.

As Maury hands Deputy Jackson legal documents, Harry grasps Wilbur's arm.

MAURY

It's a court order releasing Wilbur into our custody.

Deputy Jackson reads the papers before he looks up.

DEPUTY JACKSON

I can't find any record of Mr. Wade being arrested, so he's free to go.

HARRY

We need the keys to my Mustang. Here's a copy of my registration.

Maury hands Deputy Jackson a copy of the registration and he looks it over. After a beat, he opens a drawer, removes the keys and hands them to Maury.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAWN

Bert sets Wilbur's suitcase in the trunk of the Buick while Harry helps Wilbur into the back seat.

Maury tosses Bert the keys to the Mustang. Harry gets into the Buick with Maury. The two cars slowly drive off.

EXT. EILEEN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Eileen stands with Gary, wearing a robe, at the front door.

EILEEN

I'll quit right after breakfast.

Gary kisses her before she goes. He stands for a moment, appreciating his wife and the life they have made together.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Dad! Dad! Come quick!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Travis, in a T-shirt and shorts, stands next to Buster, laying motionless on the floor.

TRAVIS

There's something wrong with Buster. He won't wake up.

Gary checks Buster's pulse. He shakes his head sadly.

GARY

... I'm sorry, Travis. He's gone.

As Travis begins to cry, Gary pulls him close and comforts him.

TRAVIS

I thought he was getting better.

INT. JAIL CELL - AN HOUR LATER

Deputy Martin stands in the empty cell with Agent Lawson.

AGENT LAWSON

Where is he?

DEPUTY MARTIN

He was here last night.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Martin, fuming, approaches Jackson, sitting at the desk.

DEPUTY MARTIN
Where's the inmate?

DEPUTY JACKSON
Who?

DEPUTY MARTIN
Harris. Bill Harris. Thirty-five.

DEPUTY JACKSON
There was no 35-year-old man in
cell this morning.

DEPUTY MARTIN
I put him in there last night.

DEPUTY JACKSON
I swear, Sheriff, there was only an
old guy in there when I came on
duty this morning.

DEPUTY MARTIN
Pull up the video.

Deputy Jackson pounds the keys on his keyboard and a view of
the cell pops up.

The men inch closer to the scene where Deputy Martin removes
Bill's handcuffs and locks him into the cell.

DEPUTY JACKSON
See I put him in the cell. Now pull
up this morning's video.

Deputy Martin taps the keys again and a video appears.

VIDEO

Deputy Jackson helps Wilbur, now 82, up from the bed and
leads him from the cell.

DEPUTY JACKSON
This gentleman was the only inmate
in the cell block.

AGENT LAWSON
He goes in a young man and comes
out an old man? What the hell is
going on here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deputy Martin, confused, just shrugs.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

Eileen stops at Wilbur's empty table.

EILEEN
(to another WAITRESS)
Have you seen Mr. Harris this
morning?

The Waitress shakes her head no.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Buick tools along trailed by the Mustang.

INT. BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Harry looks at Wilbur, who groans in pain in the back seat.

HARRY
It won't be much longer, Wilbur.

MAURY
He doesn't look good, Harry.

We STAY on Wilbur in excruciating pain.

INT. UNION BANK - DAY

We SEE Gary through the window with the BANK MANAGER. Gary vehemently shakes his head in protest.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Gary, wearing a backpack, bursts out of the bank, a man on a mission as he rushes toward the hotel.

INT. UNION HOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY

Gary heads straight to the same Desk Clerk, seen earlier.

GARY
Bill Harris's room.

DESK CLERK
310, but --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before the Desk Clerk finishes, Gary jogs toward the stairs.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Gary moves down the hall and stops at Room 310 just as a HOUSEKEEPER, 40, exits with dirty sheets.

GARY

Did you see the man who was staying
in this room this morning?

HOUSEKEEPER

No, Sir.

INT. WILBUR'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gary enters, scanning the room. He crosses to the window. He stops dead, his eye catching Emily's photo and the dance trophy. He picks up the photo of his mother, confused.

GARY (CONT'D)

Mom?

His CELL RINGS. He answers.

GARY

(on his cell)
... Can I call you back, Linda?

LINDA (O.S.)

(over speaker)
Dad was hospitalized this morning?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gary exits the hotel room, stuffing the photo and trophy in his backpack.

GARY

Look, I can't talk right now, I'm
having a crisis of my own.

LINDA (O.S.)

Gary, he's failing.

OFF Gary who stops, troubled by what he hears.

EXT. JACKSONVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A eight-story building.

INT. JACKSONVILLE HOSPITAL - 5TH FLOOR - DAY

Harry and Bert sit in the waiting area outside Wilbur's room, their faces covered with concern.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - A SHORT TIME LATER

Eileen spreads a tablecloth as a gloomy Gary appears.

EILEEN

Gary, Buster was old. We knew he didn't have much time left.

GARY

It's Bill. He left town.

EILEEN

Without saying good-bye?

GARY

Did you quit yet?

EILEEN

An hour ago.

A look of dread seizes Gary's face.

EILEEN

Gary, what's wrong?

Gary, broken, drops into a chair.

GARY

The bank froze my account. Bill stole the money he gave me. I knew it was too good to be true.

EILEEN

Bill wouldn't steal money.

GARY

He's a con man. I trusted him and now I've lost you and your property.

She drops to her knees and puts her hands on his face.

EILEEN

You haven't lost me, Gary.

GARY

And to top it all off, my father's in the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN
Is it serious?

GARY
(distraught)
It appears so. I give up.

Eileen comforts Gary.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Harry and Bert watch as Dr. Hayes gives Linda the bad news. She reacts emotionally. Harry comforts Linda.

INT. BANK BRANCH - DAY

Through the window, we SEE Maury, still in his suit and tie, with Sarah and Agent Turkel. Maury hands some documents to Sarah, who nods repeatedly.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

Earl supervises the crew as Gary parks his truck in front of the house. Eileen sits with him.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Awe fills Eileen's face as she takes in the house.

EILEEN
This is the most beautiful house
I've ever seen, Gary.

GARY
I built it for you.

Touched, Eileen grasps his arm. Gary struggles with his emotions -- his dream fading away. After a beat, his CELL RINGS, interrupting the moment. He looks at the screen.

GARY
It's my sister again.
(on his cell)
Linda, I meant to... How long --

Eileen listens.

GARY (CONT'D)
-- You want me to come today? I'll
get back to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Overwhelmed, Gary ends the call and looks off, sighing.

GARY
 My Dad's dying. He thought so
 little of me he didn't even tell me
 he was ill.

As Eileen consoles Gary, the CELL RINGS again.

Angry, Gary ignores the RINGING PHONE as he rubs his face.
 Eileen removes the cell from Gary's hand, answers it.

EILEEN
 (on the cell)
 Gary Wade Construction... Mr. Lyle
 from the bank... Just a minute...

She offers the cell to Gary who reluctantly takes it.

GARY
 (on the cell)
 Now what, Mr. Lyle?

A stunned Gary just listens.

INT. WILBUR'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry sits next to Wilbur, an IV inserted in his hand, still wearing the green dinosaur band-aid. Wilbur's voice sounds almost hoarse like.

WILBUR
 I tried to make it right. Is Gary
 coming?

HARRY
 He'll be here. He's a good son.

Harry pats Wilbur's arm.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Gary's truck flies by.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Gary drives. Eileen sits next to him.

Travis sits in the jump seat, his eyes are red and puffy from crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

I don't know why I'm driving three hours to see a man who doesn't like me.

EILEEN

Maybe you can share your good news with him.

GARY

The last thing he'll want to hear is that I'm successful.

TRAVIS

... Dad.

GARY

Yes, Travis.

TRAVIS

Do think we'll ever see Bill again?

Gary shares a look with Eileen, then:

GARY

I don't know.

TRAVIS

I never got to thank him.

Gary glances at Travis in the rearview mirror. After a beat, Travis puts on his headphones and listens to his music.

GARY

... Neither did I...

EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

... A ranch-style house. Gary's truck is parked behind Linda's SUV.

INT. LINDA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gary sips coffee at the table. Linda, wearing a bathrobe, sits across from Gary.

GARY

It's just like Dad not to tell us he was sick. By the way, where was he last week?

Linda shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

When Dr. Hayes told me he was
dying, it didn't seem important.

Gary shakes his head and takes another sip of coffee.

LINDA

(beat)
Oh, did you get the check?

GARY

What check?

LINDA

The cashier check for eighty
thousand dollars. I didn't realize
you and Dad had made up.

GARY

How do you know about the cashier
check?

LINDA

Dad's bank called. They said Dad
gave it to you. I'm glad you two
made up. Mom would've been happy.

GARY

Dad and I, um --
(realizing)
-- I need to see Dad right now.

Gary jumps to his feet.

LINDA

Gary, it's after midnight.

GARY

It can't wait.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Quiet. Gary, holding his backpack, stands at the Nurse's
station with NURSE PARKER, 43.

NURSE PARKER

Visiting hours are over.

GARY

My father's dying. There's no time
left. I need to see him before...
Please. I need his room number.

INT. WILBUR'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Gary stands next to the window as Wilbur sleeps. He studies his father, trying to make sense of what he has learned.

INT. THE SAME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Gary leans forward in the chair next to the bed, staring at Wilbur sleeping.

GARY
(softly)
Dad... Dad, it's Gary.

Wilbur does not response.

INT. THE SAME - DAWN

The morning fills the room. Gary sleeps in the chair.

Wilbur slowly opens his eyes and sees the photograph of Emily and the trophy on the table before he notices Gary. A hint of a smile emerges.

WILBUR
... Gary.

Gary wakes to find Wilbur looking at him.

WILBUR
(weakly)
I knew you'd come. You were always
a good son. Too bad I didn't
notice.

GARY
I didn't come for an apology, Dad.

WILBUR
I need to say something... I was
wrong about you. You're a good man.
Hardworking, kind, talented...

Gary doesn't know how to respond to compliments.

GARY
Do you know someone named Bill
Harris? Thirty-five. A widower.

Wilbur's voice grows raspy and tired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

Bill Harris. Sure. We go way back.

GARY

Where can I find him?

As Wilbur closes his eyes, Gary reaches for Wilbur's hand.

GARY (CONT'D)

Dad...

Gary spots the dinosaur band-aid on Wilbur's hand. He examines it closely. It takes a moment for Gary to conclude that Wilbur's wearing the same band-aid as Bill.

Gary's eyes widen with hope. He leans closer.

GARY (CONT'D)

(softly)

... Bill.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER THAT DAY

Linda arrives with Eileen and Travis. Gary approaches them.

GARY

Dad's sleeping. I just had a weird experience. I need coffee.

Travis plops down on a chair, holding a football.

EILEEN

Coming Travis?

TRAVIS

No, I'll stay here.

The trio depart, leaving Travis with his football.

INT. WILBUR'S HOSPITAL ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

CLOSE on Wilbur as he opens his eyes to Travis standing at the end of the bed, staring at him.

Wilbur smiles.

WILBUR

TD.

TRAVIS

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

You're new nickname. TD. That was a heck of a catch you made.

TRAVIS

My Dad told you, huh? Did he tell you my number?

WILBUR

Eighty-five. Same as mine. I'm honored.

Travis moves to the chair next to the bed and sits down, football in hand.

TRAVIS

Same as Bill's too. You don't know Bill. He worked for my dad. He knows all about football.

WILBUR

Oh, I know Bill. He coached you. I hear he gave you some good advice. Tuck the ball close to your chest so you won't lose it.

TRAVIS

You know Bill?

WILBUR

I know a lot of things, Travis. I know you're turning into a good football player. I know you love your mom and dad, and you want them back together. I know how much you want your dad to come to your games.

Peeved, Travis stands.

TRAVIS

I told that to Bill in private. He had no right telling you.

WILBUR

He didn't tell me, Travis.

TRAVIS

Then how do you know...

Travis's voice fades as he stares at Wilbur.

WILBUR

You told me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR (CONT'D)
(in Bill's voice)
Keep your back between you and the
defender.

Travis's eyes register his recognition. Could this man be
Bill?

Wilbur winks at Travis, who swells with emotion. This man
changed his life.

WILBUR
Now give your old grandpa a hug.

Travis warmly hugs Wilbur, who reciprocates.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Gary sits with Eileen, stirring his coffee.

GARY
It's a very strange coincidence,
don't you think? Dad and Bill
having the exact band-aid on the
same place on the same finger.

EILEEN
Gary, Bill was 35, not 82.

GARY
I know, but how do you explain the
green dinosaur band-aid?

EILEEN
There are many things in life that
cannot be explained, aren't there?

Gary considers before he nods in agreement.

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN - LATER THAT DAY

Travis sits with Harry, Bert and Maury on a bench. Travis
twirls the football.

HARRY
So this Bill character taught you
about all about football.

TRAVIS
How do you know about Bill?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERT

Old people know almost everything
and everyone.

HARRY

When you're our age, you'll know
everything and everyone too.

TRAVIS

Cool.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Gary lingers outside Wilbur's door still trying to process
the coincidence.

After a beat, a teary-eyed Linda, holding a tissue, exits the
room. She pats Gary's arm.

LINDA

He wants to see you.

GARY

I'm not sure I should go in. It
doesn't feel right.

LINDA

Gare, he's your father. Whether you
believe it or not, he loves you.

INT. WILBUR'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Gary gingerly steps forward. Wilbur fixes his eyes on Gary,
who looks uneasy. He draws a breath.

GARY

(with remorse)

I didn't mean what I wrote in that
letter.

Wilbur's voice grows fainter as he speaks.

WILBUR

I'm glad you wrote it. It took me
thirty-eight years to realize I
have a better son than I deserve.

GARY

(surprised)

... What I said --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

You wrote the truth, Son. Takes courage to tell the truth. I've never been so proud of anyone in my life as I am of you right now.

Gary beams, having waited a lifetime to hear those words. His emotions overcome him.

GARY

My new development...

WILBUR

Pine Grove. I know all about it. Beautiful piece of property. You got a good eye for real estate and development.

GARY

So Linda told you about it.

WILBUR

Never said a word.

As Gary holds Wilbur's gaze:

WILBUR

I made a lot of mistakes in my life. The biggest one was how I treated you. I tried not to be like my dad, never struck you or nothing, but I said things. Hurtful things. I regret every mean word I said to ya.

GARY

You don't have to --

WILBUR

(interrupting)

Yes, I do. Mom always believed in you. She told me over and over. Your son's a good person, but I was too damn stubborn to see it. Mom was right.

Wilbur takes a moment to catch his breath.

WILBUR

I should've done right by you. I was a fool and I'm sorry.

GARY

I could've been more patient.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR

None of it's your fault. Understand me?

GARY

Yes, Sir.

Wilbur grasps Gary's arm.

WILBUR

Good because you're a better man than I ever was.

Gary's eyes swell with tears.

GARY

(beat)

Heard you were out of town last week.

Wilbur never takes his eyes off Gary.

WILBUR

Went on the best damn vacation of my life, except for my honeymoon.

Gary tightens his hold of Wilbur's hand.

GARY

(with emotion)

That's interesting because the past week has been the best week of my life, except for my honeymoon and Travis's birth.

Wilbur cracks a tiny smile.

WILBUR

I love you, son.

GARY

I love you too, Dad...

EXT. CEMETERY - ANOTHER DAY

... Gary, Linda, Eileen, Travis, Harry, Bert, Maury, and Angie among other MOURNERS stand at Wilbur's grave, next to Emily's grave. We MUTE the MINISTER...

EXT. WILBUR'S HOUSE - SOME TIME LATER

... Cars jam the driveway and street.

INT. WILBUR'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linda passes appetizers. Maury and Bert grab a few.

MAURY

Heck of a send-off, Linda.

BERT

Wilbur was one of a kind.

As Linda steps away, Angie pats her arm.

ANGIE

He loved you very much. Didn't like organic veggies, but he loved you.

INT. WILBUR'S DEN - DAY

Harry pulls Wilbur's faded #85 jersey from a box and holds it up.

Travis looks on in awe.

HARRY

Your grandfather wanted you to have his jersey.

TRAVIS

For keeps?

HARRY

Yup. Try it on.

Harry slips it over Travis's head - it's way too big.

Travis takes a look in the mirror, smiles.

HARRY

Perfect.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Travis, holding a football, stands behind Gary who chats with Harry. Travis clears his throat and Gary turns around. He gapes, realizing the significance of the jersey.

GARY

That's Dad's jersey.

HARRY

Wilbur wanted your son to have it if it's all right with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Travis looks up at Gary, hopeful.

GARY

Of course it's all right with me.
He's our family's newest football
player. Looks good on you, Trav.

TRAVIS

Wanna play catch, Dad?

OFF Gary vacillating.

EXT. WILBUR'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Gary grips the football as he eyes the yard. He throws a
short pass to Travis who catches it with ease.

Travis tosses the ball back to Gary.

TRAVIS

Hike the ball, Dad. Pretend we're
in a game.

Gary holds the ball, pretending there's a center just like
Wilbur/Bill did earlier.

GARY

Down. Set. Hut, hut.

Travis takes off, jukes an invisible defender, then cuts
across the middle.

Gary drops back and releases the ball. It sails across the
yard into Travis's hands on the run.

Travis celebrates with a little dance and jogs back to Gary.

Gary breaks into a smile before they high-five.

As Harry, Maury, Bert, Angie, Eileen and Linda look on from
the picture window, Gary and Travis continue playing.

FADE OUT.

THE END