

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA

By
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EXT. BOSTON -- ROXBURY -- APARTMENT HOUSE. DAY.

It's a cold winter day on a narrow charmless street.

In front of a small apartment building, LEE CHANDLER, the custodian, sweeps away the old snow on the pavement, then sprinkles salt in front of the building. He is 40, wearing janitor's coveralls under his weatherbeaten winter jacket. Expressionless working man's face.

SHOTS OF LEE performing various custodial tasks:

INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

- > He organizes the trash cans and recycling in the basement.
- > He bleeds the boiler of rusty sludge.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY. DAY.

- > In the dim light he repairs an electric outlet.
- > He vacuums the hallway with an industrial vacuum cleaner.

INT. MRS GROOM'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Standing on a ladder in a small grandmotherly apartment, Lee changes a light bulb in the very small bathroom. MRS GROOM, 70s, is on the phone outside the open bathroom door.

MRS GROOM

(On the phone)

No, she's the youngest...The younger one is Raquel. She's still in school...No, I look forward to being bored to death. Seven hours in the car. But what can I do? ... Oh, well, the little girls are charming.

EXT. ROXBURY -- ANOTHER BUILDING. DAY.

A different apartment building on a similar street.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Lee works on a leaky toilet while MR MARTINEZ, 50s, a big man in an undershirt and glasses, stands by watching.

MARTINEZ

I don't know why the hell it keeps dripping. All night long, drip, drip, drip. I've had the Goddamn thing repaired ten times.

LEE

You need a new stopper.

MARTINEZ

Oh is that it?

LEE

See how it's rotted around the edges? It doesn't make a seal, so the water gets through and drips into the bowl. I can bring you a new one tomorrow, or you might want to consider replacing the whole apparatus.

Lee starts putting away his tools and cleaning up.

MARTINEZ

What do you recommend?

LEE

I can bring you a new stopper tomorrow, or replace the whole insides. It's up to you.

MARTINEZ

Well, tomorrow I got my sister-in-law coming over with my nephews ...and I gotta take my car in...

Lee waits while Mr Martinez works out his schedule.

EXT. ROXBURY -- A THIRD STREET. DUSK.

A marginally more upscale building.

INT. BATHROOM. DUSK.

Lee looks down at a stopped up toilet filled with swirling toilet paper and shit. Behind him is MARIANNE, slender, 30s, very attractive, in everyday around-the-house clothes.

MARIANNE
I am so sorry. This is so gross.

LEE
It's all right.

LATER -- He plunges her toilet carefully and methodically.

LATER -- He wipes up the floor. Marianne comes in.

MARIANNE
Oh Lee you don't have to do that,
honestly.

LEE
I don't mind.

MARIANNE
Well -- God. Thank you so much, I
am so sorry.

LATER -- He is washing his hands in her bathroom sink.

IN HER SMALL LIVING ROOM -- He comes out of the bathroom.
Marianne is now dressed to go out. She looks great. She
approaches him, smiling, taking ten dollars from her wallet.

LEE
All set.

MARIANNE
Thank you *so much*. Can I give you a
tip?

LEE
That's all right.

MARIANNE
Oh, please. I'd feel bad

LEE
(Takes the money)
OK, thanks a lot. Good night.

MARIANNE
Good night! And thank you *so much*.

INT. MR FRIEDRICH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

LEE is up on a ladder feeling the ceiling for moisture. MR
and MRS FRIEDRICH, 60S, watch him from below.

LEE

Well, there's a lot of moisture. I'm gonna go look in Mrs Olsen's apartment, because if I can go through her floor that'll be easier.

MRS FRIEDRICH

What about the rest of the ceiling? Is it gonna fall on our heads and kill us?

MR FRIEDRICH

We have guests coming over in half an hour.

LEE

Well, it seems pretty dry except for right around the hole, but you might want to be careful until we can locate the leak.

INT. MRS OLSEN'S BATHROOM. DAY.

Lee is on his hands and knees. MRS OLSEN, 40S, is very good-looking, but a bit bad-tempered and nervous. She's in a bathrobe.

MRS OLSEN

How many times do we have to fix these fucking pipes? Every time I take a shower their entire apartment has a flood. It's driving me insane.

LEE

I'll bring the plumber tomorrow but I'd say we're gonna have to break through the tile and try to isolate the leak because there was quite a lot of water --

MRS OLSEN

But how do you know it's me? Why is it automatically me?

LEE

Because if it was coming from higher up you'd have water damage on the ceiling too, and maybe in your walls, and it's all dry.

MRS OLSEN

Great.

Lee looks at the bathtub.

LEE

It might just be the caulking. This whole tub needs to be re-caulked. Did you take a bath or shower in the last couple of hours?

MRS OLSEN

Yes...

LEE

Well, it could actually just be that.

MRS OLSEN

OK. And how are you planning to find that out?

LEE

Well, we could turn on the shower and see if it drip downstairs...

MRS OLSEN

You want me to take a shower now?

LEE

No --

MRS OLSEN

You want me to take a shower while you stand there watching the caulk to see if it drips down into the Friedrich's bathroom?

LEE

I don't really give a fuck what you do, Mrs. Olsen. I just wanna fix the leak.

Mrs Olsen goes white with shock and fury.

MRS OLSEN

Get of out here.

LEE

OK.

MRS OLSEN

How dare you fucking talk to me like that? Get the fuck out of my fucking house!

LEE

You're standing in the doorway.

INT. MR EMERY'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

The building manager's grubby office. MR EMERY is in his 50s. Lee sits in the chair before the crowded dirty desk.

EMERY

What the fuck's the matter with you? You can't talk to the tenants like that!

Lee shrugs.

EMERY (CONT'D)

Look, Lee. You do a good job. You're dependable. But I get these complaints all the time. You're rude, you're unfriendly --

LEE

Mr Emery, I fix the plumbing. I paint their apartments, I do electrical work -- which we both know is against the law. I show up on time, I'm workin' four building and you get all the money. So do what you're gonna do.

EMERY

Would you be willing to apologize to Mrs Olsen?

LEE

For what?

EMERY

All right, all right, I'll talk to her.

Lee gets up to go.

INT. A LOUD ROXBURY BAR. NIGHT.

Lee drinks beer with some neighborhood guys. He plays darts, drinks, talks a little, laughs occasionally. But he holds back from engaging beyond a very superficial point.

AT THE BAR -- Lee is waiting for service. Someone bumps a CUTE GIRL, 30s, into him. She spills some beer on him.

GIRL Oh my God, I'm sorry! Did I get you? Yeah. Lemme get a napkin. Lenny, could I get a couple of napkins? (Gives Lee some napkins.) Here you are...

LEE That's OK. I'm OK...

LEE
Thanks.

GIRL
Well, now I spilled beer all over you, my name's Sharon.

LEE
Hello.

GIRL
And you are...

LEE
Lee.

She gets the message that he is not interested. He pats himself dry, not looking at her.

LATER -- The bar is less packed but still busy. Lee is drinking alone. He's pretty drunk by now. He is watching TWO BUSINESSMEN, 40s, in cheapish suits. One of them notices and mentions it to the other. They look at him for a moment then ignore him. He gets up and walks over. They are surprised at his approach.

1ST BUSINESSMAN
How you doin'?

2ND BUSINESSMAN
How you doin'?

LEE
Good. I'm good. Can I ask you guys, have we met before?

The two men look at each other then back at Lee

1ST BUSINESSMAN
I don't think so.

LEE We never met before?

2ND BUSINESSMAN No...I don't think so either

LEE
So you guys don't know me?

1ST BUSINESSMAN
No...

2ND BUSINESSMAN
No. Yeah. No.

LEE (CONT'D)
Well, then what the fuck were you
lookin' at me for?

2ND BUSINESSMAN
Excuse me?

LEE
I said why the fuck are you lookin'
at me?

1ST BUSINESSMAN
Sir, we really weren't
looking at you --

2ND BUSINESSMAN
Hey! Take a fuckin' walk. No
no, don't apologize to this
asshole -- (To LEE) Take a
hike!

BARTENDER
(Hurrying over)
Hey, Lee, Lee.

Lee SLUGS the 2nd Businessman so hard he slams him into a
wall. Several pictures fall and smash on the floor.

BARTENDER
Oh, Goddamn it --

Lee slams his fist into the 1ST BUSINESSMAN's nose. He falls
back and grabs his face, blood streaming from both nostrils.

The BARTENDER leaps over the bar and grabs Lee from behind --
The 2nd Businessmen and Lee swipe at each other. Other guys
join in to break it up.

BARTENDER
Lee! Lee! Lee! Enough!

ANOTHER GUY
Break it up! Break it up!

LEE
Lemme go. I gotta take a hike.

General melee.

INT. LEE'S BASEMENT APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Lee turns the light on and comes in. He is a little roughed
up from the fight.

At his dresser, Lee pulls on sweatpants and an undershirt
There are THREE FRAMED PHOTOS in imitation silver frames
standing on the little dresser. We don't see the photos.

Lee sits on the sofa with yet another beer and turns on the TV to a late-night Sports Wrap-Up program. Slowly he falls, beer in hand.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. LEE'S STREET. DAY.

It's snowing. Lots of slow, heavy flakes, very pretty.

EXT. LEE'S BUILDING - WINTER. DAY.

LEE is shoveling snow. The air is clear and cold. The whole street is beautified by the recent snow storm. His iPhone rings. He takes off his gloves. Digs out the phone.

LEE

Hello ... This is Lee ... Oh ...
When did that happen? ... Well, how
is he? ... OK. Uh...OK...I, uh...
No. No, don't do that. I'll come up
right now ... OK, I can probably be
there in an hour, hour and a half
if the traffic's not too bad ...
OK. Thank you.

He hangs up and goes inside with the shovel, leaving the snow before the building only partially cleared and salted down.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING). DAY.

Lee sits behind the wheel trying to get out of Boston and onto Rt 1. North. He's talking on his iPhone.

LEE

(Into his iPhone)

Mr Emery, it's Lee again. I
contacted Jose, who says he can
cover for me til tomorrow night at
least, and possibly longer. I'm
gonna be there for a few days at
the least. Same as usual. I'll let
you know when I get there. I told
Jose not to deal with Mrs
Friedrich's ceiling because you
should probably get a real plumber
in there, or whatever you're gonna
do. I'll call again when I have
more information. Goodbye.

He hangs up and drives slowly through the increasing traffic.

LEE (CONT'D)

Come on.

EXT. RT. 128 -- LEE'S CAR. DAY.

Lee sits behind the wheel. The traffic is stopped absolutely dead for as far as the eye can see. He is getting very tense.

EXT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL. DAY.

Lee drives through the grounds of a big modern hospital with many buildings. He knows exactly where he's going. He pulls into the ER Parking lot, parks and gets out. He walks very quickly to the ER doors. Maybe he breaks into a run.

INT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL. DAY.

We lead/follow Lee as he walks quickly past the receiving desk, through the halls past signs for the ICU, navigating the twists and turns from habit. He goes into the ICU --

INT. ICU -- NURSE'S STATION -- CONTINUOUS. DAY.

-- and approaches GEORGE, 50, a big heavy weatherbeaten local fisherman, who is talking to NURSE IRENE, 40s. They both react as Lee approaches.

GEORGE

Hiya, Lee.

LEE

Is he dead?

George's eyes fill with tears. He makes a helpless gesture.

NURSE IRENE

I'm sorry, Lee. He passed away about a half an hour ago.

LEE

Oh.

NURSE IRENE

I'm so sorry.

Lee looks at the floor, hands on his hips. Nurse Irene gives his arm an awkward squeeze. Lee stares into the middle distance for a moment.

GEORGE

We were lookin' at the boat this mornin', and he just fell over. I thought he was kiddin' me at first. Then I called the ambulance --

Lee shakes his head, still staring at the floor.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

-- and uh --

NURSE IRENE

I'll just call Dr Muller and tell him that you're here.

LEE

Where's Dr Betheny?

NURSE IRENE

Oh she's on maternity leave. Oh here he is.

DR MULLER, 40s, has just joined them.

DR MULLER

Lee?

Lee turns and sees DR MULLER, 40s, who has suddenly appeared.

DR MULLER (CONT'D)

I'm Dr Muller. We spoke on the phone.

LEE

Yeah. Hi.

DR MULLER

I'm very, very sorry.

LEE

Thank you.

DR MULLER

Hello, George.

He shake hands with George.

GEORGE

Hiya Jim.

DR MULLER

How you holding up?

GEORGE
Oh -- Great. You know.

DR MULLER
Well...it's a very sad day.

GEORGE
Yeah.

George starts to cry. He looks down and wipes his eyes.

LEE
Where's my brother?

DR MULLER
He's downstairs. You can see him if you want.

LEE
What happened to him?

DR MULLER
It was a cardiac arrest. You know his heart was very weak at this point. I'm sorry you didn't get here in time --

LEE
The traffic was knee-deep.

DR. MULLER
Well, I know you would've liked to have been here. But as I told you on the phone, he was unconscious when he got here. If it's any comfort, I don't think he suffered very much. I doubt he ever knew what hit him.

LEE
Can I see him now?

DR MULLER
Yes. Absolutely. You'll need to identify him anyway -- Just for the paperwork. And --

LEE
Aw, *fuck* this.

He looks at the floor. Long Pause. He looks up.

LEE (CONT'D)
Sorry.

LEE
Somebody oughta call my cousin
Pauline in D.C.

| | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| LEE (CONT'D) | GEORGE |
| Just so she knows... | OK. |
| I probably gotta call you about the boat at some point -- all that shit. | Just lemme know if you need -- |

GEORGE
Sure. I'm around.

LEE
And somebody better call my wife.

There is a confused, embarrassed hesitation.

DR MULLER
Your...

| | |
|----------------------------|---|
| LEE | GEORGE |
| Ex-wife. Randi. | You mean Randi? |
| Yes. Sorry. I meant Randi. | Oh, sure. That's OK. I already thoughta that. I'll take care of it. |

LEE
OK, thanks.

GEORGE
Yeah, don't worry about that.

LEE
Can I see him now?

DR MULLER
Sure. It'll only take a minute.

GEORGE
I can wait up here, Lee, in case
you need anything.

LEE
OK.

Dr Muller leads Lee to the elevators. George breaks down again and cries.

GEORGE
I'm sorry.

NURSE IRENE
Oh, please. Would you like a
Kleenex?

GEORGE
Thanks. Yeah.

She gives him a Kleenex and pats his arm.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR.

Dr Muller and Lee ride down very slowly.

LEE
How is Dr Betheny?

DR MULLER
Oh, she's doing very well. She just
had twin girls.

LEE
Oh yeah. Irene told me.

DR MULLER
So she's gonna have her hands full
for a while...I'll call her this
afternoon and tell her what
happened.

LEE
She was very good to him.

DR MULLER
Yes she was.

Silence.

LEE
This is the slowest elevator in the
world.

DR MULLER
I know. Everybody complains.

LEE
Why don't they fix it?

DR MULLER
Not my department.

EIGHT YEARS AGO --

INT. JOE CHANDLER'S HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

JOE CHANDLER, Lee's older brother by five years is lying in the hospital bed. There's a close resemblance between them.

ELISE, 40s, JOE'S WIFE -- Pretty, anxious and high-strung -- stands near to STANLEY CHANDLER -- Lee and Joe's father, 70s. He sits in one chair. LEE sits in another.

They are all listening to DR BETHENY, 30s. She is small, intense, very serious and focused and level-headed, but thoroughly well-meaning and decent. The bed area is curtained off from the other patients in the room.

DR BETHENY

The disease is commonly referred to as congestive heart failure --

ELISE

Oh my God!

DR BETHENY

Are you familiar with it?

ELISE

No...!

JOE

Then what are you sayin' "Oh my God" for?

ELISE

Because what *is* it?

JOE

She's tryin' to explain it to us, honey.

LEE

Would you let her tell it?

ELISE

I'm sorry, Dr Beth...

Oh my God: When am I gonna put one foot right?

DR BETHENY

Betheny.

STAN

Lee, please.

JOE

...I can never get it right.

DR BETHENY

That's all r --

ELISE

How about a hint?

JOE (To Elise)

Honey, for Christ's sake!

Stanley takes Elise's hand and holds onto it.

STAN

Elise...Darling...Let's just let her explain the situation to us...

LEE

Daddy...

STAN

What? She's fine. We're all upset. We're all gonna listen, then we're gonna ask everything we wanna ask, as soon as she's finished, right?

JOE

Right.

EXT. WAITING ROOM. DAY -- SIMULTANEOUS.

PATRICK CHANDLER, 7, is watching TV with an 18 YEAR-OLD BABYSITTER. Two WOMEN VISITORS are chatting as he watches.

DR BETHENY (V.O.)

The disease is usually associated with older people, but in rarer cases it will occur in a younger person. It's a gradual deterioration of the muscles of the heart...

INT. HOSPITAL - JOE'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

DR BETHENY

...Some people can live as long as fifty or sixty years with just an occasional attack. But most people suffer periodic episodes, like the one you had on Monday, which mimic the symptoms of a heart attack and which further weaken the muscle. They can put you out of commission for a week, two weeks. And you'll need to be hospitalized so we can monitor your heart, because the risk of cardiac arrest is elevated for a week or two.

ELISE

Oh my God.

STAN

(Pats her hand)
OK...OK...

JOE

What about in between?

DR BETHENY

In between these episodes most people feel perfectly healthy, and you can basically live a normal life.

JOE

So...What do you mean that some people live as long as fifty or sixty years? You mean total? Or from when they're diagnosed with this, or what?

DR BETHENY

Total.

Everyone is stunned into silence, even Elise.

DR BETHENY (CONT'D)

For approximately eighty percent of patients your age with the particulars of your condition, the more common statistical life expectancy is five years or less.

Elise grips Stan's hand. Lee looks at the floor.

JOE

Wow.

DR BETHENY

But the statistics vary widely, depending on a lot of factors, and they're just statistics. You're not a statistic and you're not a group. You're one person and we don't know what's going to happen to you yet. But it's not a good disease.

JOE

What's a good disease?

DR BETHENY

Poison Ivy.

ELISE

(Rising)

It's a joke!

STAN

Elise: Sweetheart --

ELISE

It's a comedy routine!

JOE
Honey, please...

DR BETHENY
Mrs Chandler...I know it's a
lot to abs --

She pulls her hand away and waves "No" at all of them.

STAN
Darling, let's get you a
glass of water --

ELISE (CONT'D)
Uh uh. No more -- I'm not
gonna -- No m -- No.

LEE
Daddy: Forget it.

JOE (To LEE)
Hey, *shut up*.

ELISE
I am tired of bein' the bad
guy here.

STAN
Nobody thinks that you're --

JOE
Jesus Christ, who's in the
fuckin' hospital?

ELISE
So I'll be the bad guy --
Right! So you be in the
hospital and explain the
jokes to your son. I'm goin'
home.

You're goin' h --

STAN
Darling --

SHE WALKS OUT fast, her heels clicking against the floor.

STAN (CONT'D)
Should I go after her?

LEE
Fuck her.

JOE
You wanna stop with that
shit?

STAN
Come on with that stuff
already!

INT. HOSPITAL HALL/WAITING ROOM. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

Elise walks down the hall, clacking her heels on the floor.
The Baby-Sitter and 7 Year Old-Patrick see her coming. The
Baby-Sitter comes to the waiting room doorway...

BABY-SITTER
Mrs Chandler? I think someone could
use some att --

Elise walks right past her and goes through an exit and down the stairs, her heels going clackety-clack.

The BABYSITTER sits back down next to 7-YEAR OLD PATRICK. He watching the TV.

PRESENT --

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR/LOWER LEVEL HALLWAY.

The metal DOOR OPENS AT LL2. Dr Muller leads Lee through a lot of hallways, coming finally to a door marked "MORGUE." Dr Muller goes through first. Lee follows --

INT. MORGUE -- CONTINUOUS.

The MORGUE ATTENDANT, a big healthy young man, shows them JOE'S BODY. Lee looks at the body.

LEE
That's him.

DR MULLER
OK. Thank you.

LEE
(Hesitates)
OK.

He starts to go, looks back.

MORGUE ATTENDANT
Take your time.

Lee moves closer.

SEVEN YEARS AGO --

EXT. THE SEA - JOE'S BOAT. DAY.

This is a year later. Autumn. LEE, JOE and 8 YEAR-OLD PATRICK are on JOE'S BOAT, bundled up against the cold wind and salt spray. Manchester and the coast are visible in the distance. The boat is rigged for whale-watching and fishing charters in the summer, and commercial fishing in the off-season. Patrick is young for deep-sea fishing, but he knows the boat. Lee is discreetly keeping a hand near or on the fishing rod. Joe is at the wheel. He's looking better.

8 YEAR-OLD PATRICK

Like that?

LEE

Yeah, only you wanna keep your thumb off the line, 'cause if you get a strike it's gonna slice your thumb right open. And you know what happens then.

8 YEAR-OLD PATRICK

What?

LEE

The sharks'll smell that blood and rip this boat to shreds.

8 YEAR-OLD PATRICK

No they won't. Dad, will they?

JOE

Oh yeah. I seen a school of sharks tear a boat to pieces like it was made of cardboard, just 'cause some kid threw a band-aid in the water.

8 YEAR-OLD PATRICK

No you didn't.

LEE

Sometimes the only way to keep 'em off is to throw the kid directly in the ocean to distract 'em.

8 YEAR-OLD PATRICK

Shut up. Sharks don't even swim in schools

JOE

Is the kid smart or what?

LEE

Yep. And a really brainy kid is exactly the kind of quality meal a school of sharks is lookin' for when they're circlin' around the boat.

PATRICK

Uncle Lee! Shut up!

Patrick's REEL starts SPINNING OUT with a thrilling whine.

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| LEE | JOE |
| Strike! Strike! | Look out, look out! |
| Ease up on the drag -- | You got a strike! |
| And watch that fuckin' thumb! | Ease up, ease up! |

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 (Hits him)
 No swearing!

Patrick loses his balance. Lee catches him and props him up.

| | |
|---|--|
| LEE | JOE |
| Don't hit <i>me</i> -- ! Catch the fish! We're doin' fine. Just drive the boat. Patty, pull up sharp! Come on, buddy! | What are you guys <i>doin'</i> ? Hook the fish! Get the hook in him before he -- ! I'm drivin' the Goddamn boat. Get that hook in him! |
| There you go! (To JOE) Mind your business! | |

Lee helps Patrick pull the rod back sharply two or three times to get the hook in.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 What kind of fish is it?

| | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| JOE | LEE |
| Gotta be a Great White, Patty -- Maybe a Baracudda -- | Feels like a Great White Shark to me. |

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Shut up!

Patrick is ecstatic with nerves and excitement. Lee stays right by him to guide/help him reel in the fish.

PRESENT --

INT. MORGUE. DAY

Lee looks through the glass at Joe's dead body.

LEE
 OK, that's all I wanna look at him.

He turns away and starts to leave.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR.

Lee and Dr Muller ride up again in silence. We hear the O.C. sound of a ROARING FIRE: Something enormous, like a forest fire. The sound cuts off as the ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS.

INT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL. ICU. FLOOR. DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Lee and Dr Muller come out and start walking toward the Nurse's Station, where IRENE and GEORGE are waiting.

LEE

I gotta get up to Manchester.
Nobody told Patrick, right?

DR. MULLER

No -- you told us to wait for you --

LEE

Yes -- Thank you.

They reach the nurse's station.

LEE (CONT'D)

So...what's the procedure now?

DR. MULLER

Well -- You should make
arrangements with a funeral parlor,
and they pretty much take care of
everything. They'll come collect
his body -- you can discuss with
them whatever you'd like to do --

LEE

I don't know the name of one.

LEE (CONT'D) Joe

used some place in
Gloucester when our father
died.

GEORGE

I don't know if there's one
in town.

DR MULLER

We can help you with that.

LEE

And they come up and get him?

DR MULLER

Yes.

NURSE IRENE

Yes.

LEE

OK. I better get up there before
school lets out.

DR MULLER

You just have to sign for Joe's belongings.

A MOMENT LATER -- Lee signs a form. Nurse Irene puts a labeled plastic ziplock bag containing the contents of Joe's pockets on the nurse's desk.

INSERT: Inside are Joe's cell phone, wallet, keys, an old Swiss Army knife, and a plastic pill-case.

INT. LEE'S CAR/HOSPITAL PARKING LOT. DAY.

Lee drops the plastic bag onto the passenger seat and starts the car. A CELL PHONE RINGS. Lee is disoriented for a second, then realizes it's not his ring tone. He looks at the ZIPLOCK BAG and sees that someone is calling JOE'S CELL. It says "RANDI" plus a phone number.

Without opening the plastic bag, Lee turns Joe's cell phone off and puts the bag in the glove compartment.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING)/128 NORTH. DAY.

Lee drives along the highway. Up ahead he approaches "EXIT 16: MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA." Again we hear the LOUD ROARING FIRE SOUND. It changes to the sound of the OCEAN...

EXT. MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA. DAY.

FROM THE OCEAN -- We see the summer resort in winter clinging to the Cape Ann coastline from at off in the wide grey sea. A small pretty town, bleak in the off-season. The ocean is loud around us. The sound cuts off as we CUT TO:

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR/MANCHESTER. NIGHT.

Lee drives past the old houses of the little town.

SEVEN YEARS AGO --

INT. LEE'S MANCHESTER HOUSE. NIGHT.

Evening of the same day as the fishing scene. Lee comes into his small house and takes off his wet heavy-duty fishing things. A radio is playing in a downstairs bedroom O.S. In the living room, his daughter SUZY, 7, is watching TV.

RANDI (O.S.)

Hello?

LEE

Hi honey! (To the girl) Hi, Suzy.
Daddy's home. (Pause) Hi, Suzy.
Daddy's home.

SUZY

Hi Daddy.

LEE

Hi, sweetheart.

He bends down to kiss her. She hooks her arm around his neck and pulls him off balance, her eyes locked on the TV screen.

SUZY

Hug!

LEE

Jesus Christ, you're breakin'
my neck.

He picks her up and kisses her and puts her down.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

RANDI, Lee's wife, 30s, is in bed with a cold. She is tough, loving and sarcastic. The room is littered with Kleenex and cold remedies and clothes. KAREN, 3, is playing with colored plastic blocks on the floor. There is a CRIB in a corner.

LEE

Hi honey.

RANDI

You have a good time?

LEE

Yeah, really good. Where's your
mother?

RANDI

They just left.

LEE

Did you sleep?

RANDI

Not much.

LEE

That's too bad. Hi Kary.

KAREN
Hi Daddy.

LEE
Hello sweetheart.

Lee picks up KAREN and kisses her. He puts her down.

KAREN
I'm making a hair salon.

LEE
Oh yeah? That's terrific. You wanna cut my hair?

KAREN
It's just for girls. I'm sorry.

LEE
I understand. (To Randi) How you feelin'?

RANDI
Little better.

LEE
You sound better.

RANDI
So did you guys actually go fishin' or did you just drink beer?

LEE
Oh, both. Patrick got a humongous bluefish. 18 pounds.

RANDI
Oh yeah? That's awesome!

LEE
Oh man, you shoulda seen him. I never seen anybody so happy in my life.

RANDI
So how many beers did you actually have?

LEE
I don't know. Eight.

RANDI
You had eight beers?

LEE

Well, over the course of a seven hour period.

RANDI

I don't know why you guys bother gettin' on the friggin' boat.

LEE

That's only one point nine beers an hour.

RANDI

No, it's almost like a normal person stayin' sober.

LEE

I told you I was cuttin' down.

He crosses to her through the tissue-littered cluttered room.

LEE (CONT'D)

It's nice in here. You keep it nice.

RANDI

Fuck off.

He tries to kiss her. She turns her head.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Get away from me.

They kiss. She claps his hand onto her breast.

RANDI (CONT'D)

No, don't, stop, I'm sick.

They kiss some more. She shoves him away.

RANDI (CONT'D)

OK, get offa me.

Lee goes to the CRIB. Inside is LAURA, 8 months old, awake and peaceful, waving her limbs at a multicolored mobile.

LEE

Hi Laura. How come you're not cryin'?

RANDI

Get away from her. She's been great all day.

LEE

What is that about? You are very beautiful.

Lee picks the baby up.

RANDI
Oh Lee, please don't pick her up! If she's not makin' any noise, Leave Well Enough Alone.

LEE
Hiya sweetheart... (To Randi) Take it easy. I'm not doin' nothin'. (To the baby) Yes you are, you're very beautiful. I know: "Leave well enough alone." That's what me and Mummy shoulda done intead of gettin' married.

RANDI
(Reading her magazine)
Just shut up.

LEE
...but then you wouldn't be here. And neither would your sisters. And I could watch the football game in my own livin' room. That's right, I could.

RANDI
Go fuck yourself.

He kisses the baby and puts her back in the crib.

LEE
I swear to God, Ran. You shoulda seen the look on Patty's face when he caught that fish. It was like -- pure happiness.

Lee starts to get undressed.

LEE ON HIS IPHONE (V.O.)
He's not at school?

THE PRESENT --

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DAY.

Lee drives through the town, talking on his iPHONE.

LEE
I thought school let out at three o'clock -- What? I'm sorry. My cell phone -- what?

PAUL (O.S.)
I'm pretty sure he -- I'm pretty sure he woulda -- That's all right...

EXT. MANCHESTER ESSEX REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL. DAY

Over an establishing shot of the big school building we hear:

PAUL (O.C.)
 ...I'm pretty sure he woulda left
 for hockey practice by now.

INT. VICE PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE. DAY - CONTINUOUS.

PAUL MURRAY, 40s, the Assistant Principal, is on the phone with Lee. His ASSISTANT, a woman in her 50s, types away on her computer nearby. WE CUT BETWEEN PAUL AND LEE.

LEE
 He's on the hockey team?

PAUL
 Yeah, he's doin' real well, too.
 How's Joe doin'? He gonna be OK?

LEE
 He's fine. Where's the practice at?
 The school?

PAUL
 No, it's in Gloucester --

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| PAUL (CONT'D) | LEE |
| It's only up in G -- | It's not at school? What? |
| No. It's up in Gloucester -- | I'm sorry -- This phone is -- |
| That's OK. Can you hear me? | |

LEE
 Yes.

PAUL
 Well, we play with the Rockport
 team, but they're the lead team.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| PAUL (CONT'D) | LEE |
| And we practice at the | I understand -- |
| Gloucester Middle School -- | |

LEE
 OK, thanks, Paul. I gotta go.

PAUL
 OK. Give Joe my regards, will you?

LEE
 I will.

INT. VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL hangs up. His ASSISTANT looks up.

ASSISTANT
What's up?

PAUL
Oh -- Joe Chandler's in the hospital again.

ASSISTANT
Oh my gosh. That poor man has had more trouble...

PAUL
Yep.

ASSISTANT
Who was on the phone?

PAUL
That was Lee Chandler.

ASSISTANT
Lee Chandler?

PAUL
The very one.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DAY.

Lee drives back out of Manchester past a SIGN for RT 128.

INT/EXT. LEE'S CAR/RT 128 NORTH. NIGHT.

Lee sees the SIGN for RT 1. and GLOUCESTER up ahead.

INT. GLOUCESTER MIDDLE SCHOOL - HOCKEY RINK. DAY.

The Rockport/Manchester team is having practice. PATRICK is on the ice. He is just 15, skinny, athletic, long-haired. He is bright, practical, pugnacious. The HOCKEY COACH is shouting instructions.

PATRICK checks another KID against the boards. They start fighting. They're evenly matched but Patrick is kind of wild. The COACH yanks Patrick off the other kid.

HOCKEY COACH
 OK, break it up! Break it up! You!
 Chandler! One more time and you are
 OUT. Understand me?

Patrick sees LEE in the stands, over the coach's shoulder..

PATRICK
 Aw, fuck me.

HOCKEY COACH
 What's that, Chandler?

PATRICK
 Aw, fuck my fuckin' ass.

HOCKEY COACH
 OK, you are *out!* You're *benched!*

PATRICK
 (To himself, skating away)
 Ask me if I give a shit.

HOCKEY COACH
 What's that? What's the matter?

Patrick skates over to Lee. The Coach sees Lee and hesitates.
 A small scrappy kid named JOEL skates up, followed by C.J.,
 an all-around athletic cool kid. These are Patrick's friends.

JOEL
 That's his Uncle.

CJ
 His Dad must be in the hospital.

HOCKEY COACH
 Whose Dad? Chandler's?

JOEL
 Yeah, that's his uncle...

CJ
 He's got congestive heart
 failure. Patrick's Dad I
 mean. Not Patrick.

JOEL
 ...He comes up sometimes when
 Mr Chandler's in the
 hospital.

A couple of other kids have skated up and are watching
 Patrick and LEE.

HOCKEY COACH
 That's Lee Chandler?

CJ HOCKEY COACH
 Yeah, but you know that stuff ...The Lee Chandler?
 about him's bullshit, Mr
 Howard.

JOEL
 Yeah, that story's bullshit.

HOCKEY COACH
 You guys wanna watch the language?

JOEL CJ
 Sorry. Sorry.

Across the rink, Lee is talking to Patrick. Patrick is kicking up little shards of ice with his skate. The COACH notices that all the kids have stopped to watch.

HOCKEY COACH (CONT'D)
 OK, Everybody wanna mind their own
 business? Five minute break. That
 means *five!*

The kids break up, marginally. The Coach skates over to Lee and Patrick. He and Lee talk briefly. The Coach puts a well-meant but sentimental hand on Patrick's shoulder. Lee goes back up the aisle. Patrick skates toward the players' exit.

CJ and JOEL skate over to PATRICK. He tells them. They react sincerely and with sympathy. They squeeze his shoulder, they each hug him. Lee reappears in the players' exit. All the kids are watching again by now.

HOCKEY COACH (CONT'D)
 OK, show's over! Crossovers! At the
 blue line. Let's go, let's go!
 Barksy, Stanland and Mallan, go!
 Pick it up! Pick it up!

As Patrick heads up the players exit in the b.g., the kids are lining up and doing Crossover drills.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DUSK.

The winter sun is getting low. Lee and Patrick drive south on Rt 128. Patrick sports a semi-grunge garage-band look. Longish greasy hair, Army jacket, black T-shirt with some design on it, cargo pants maybe.

PATRICK
 Oh well.

EXT/INT. RT 128 SOUTH/LEE'S CAR. NIGHT.

They pass a sign for MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA and BEVERLY.

LEE

I have to go back to the hospital to sign some papers. Do you wanna see him?

PATRICK

Him who? See who?

LEE

Your Dad. Do you wanna look at him?

PATRICK

I don't think so. No. Why? What does he look like?

LEE

He looks like he's dead. (Pause) I mean, he doesn't look like he's asleep, or anything like that. He doesn't look gross...

PATRICK

I don't know.

LEE

You don't have to. I wanted to see him. Maybe you don't want that image in your memory. I don't know. It's up to you.

Patrick doesn't answer.

EXT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

Lee's pulls into a space in the HOSPITAL PARKING LOT.

INT. LEE'S CAR. CONTINUOUS - NIGHT.

Lee keeps the engine running. He looks at Patrick, who is looking slightly queasy.

LEE

What do you think? Should I take you home? Do you want me to decide?

PATRICK

Let's just go.

At the same instant Patrick opens his door and starts to step out, and Lee starts DRIVING. He slams on the brakes.

LEE

What the fuck are you doing?

PATRICK

I just said let's go inside!

LEE

No, you just said "Let's just go!"

LEE (CONT'D)

And then you get out of the car without telling me? What the fuck's the matter with you?

I coulda ripped your fuckin' leg off, that's my problem.

PATRICK

Yeah, I meant let's go *inside*. I meant let's just go look at him!

OK, OK! What's your problem?

OK! I'm sorry I misused the English language!

Lee gets out of the car. Patrick follows.

PATRICK

I'm sorry, Uncle Lee.

LEE

I'm sorry too. I just got scared.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR. NIGHT.

A MOMENT LATER -- A 2ND MORGUE ATTENDANT, a woman, 40s, is showing them the body. LEE stands by while Patrick looks at Joe's body. Joe looks deader than before.

PATRICK

OK, thank you.

2ND MORGUE ATTENDANT

I'm sorry for your loss.

Patrick starts to walk away. Lee follows.

EXT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

They head out of Beverly back toward Rt 128 North in silence.

PATRICK

Well, that was a mistake.

LEE
I guess I gave you bad advice.

PATRICK
No, I decided...

EXT. MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA. NIGHT.

WIDE FROM THE SEA, on the lights on the coast. We can see a few headlights moving through the black streets.

EXT. MANCHESTER -- STREETS. NIGHT.

Lee's car wends its way along the narrow hilly streets.

INT. LEE'S CAR. (MOVING) SIMULTANEOUS -- NIGHT.

They drive in silence. Lee slows the car to a halt. The narrow street is blocked by an SUV by a big house. A visiting family is saying goodnight to a family in front of the house.

LEE
Come on...(Pause) Come on, come on!

He HONKS the HORN LOUD, TWICE. Everybody looks at him. The CAR DAD comes around to the driver's side of the SUV...

CAR DAD
Sorry! Sorry! Come on, guys...!

The others continue saying goodbye and chatting. Lee HONKS the HORN several times.

| | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| LEE | PATRICK |
| Either get in the car or move it in the driveway! | What's the matter with you? |

The CAR DAD turns around. The House Dad takes a step forward.

CAR DAD (CONT'D)
What's your problem, pal?

| | |
|---|---|
| LEE | PATRICK |
| What are you doin'? Get outta the street! | Jesus Christ, would you take it easy? What are you, nuts? |

| | |
|---|--|
| CAR DAD | HOUSE DAD |
| What are you honking about? I'll be out of your way in less than sixty seconds! | Hey! Pal! Relax! They're gettin' in the car! |

LEE
Don't tell me to relax.
You're sitting in the middle
of the street. (HONKS)

PATRICK
Would you *stop* it, Uncle Lee?
It's the Galvins and the
Doherties! *Jesus!*

LEE
Oh. It is?

PATRICK
Yes! What's the matter with
you?

LEE
I'm sorry.

PATRICK
(Waving out the window)
Hiya Mr Doherty. It's Patrick
Chandler. Hi Mrs Doherty...Mr
Doherty! It's OK: It's
Patrick Chandler!

Yeah, it's just me. Hi. Sorry
about that. We're just late.
How are you?

PATRICK
Hi Mrs. Galvin. Hiya Mrs.
Doherty.

I'm OK. How are you? Sorry
about that.

CAR DAD (CONT'D)
(Squinting)
Who is that?

PATRICK
It's just my Uncle Lee. It's
my uncle.

CAR DAD (CONT'D)
Lee?

There is instant awkwardness between them.

CAR MOM
We're leavin', we're leavin'!
Sorry! (Kisses House Mom)
I'll call you tomorrow. (To
LEE) OK, OK, OK! In the car,
kids!

CAR DAD
You wanna play tough guy with
me in front of all my kids?

HOUSE MOM
Goodnight kids! Come over any
time!

CAR KIDS
Goodbye! Thank you!

CAR MOM
Tommy, come on.

CAR DAD
Patrick? Is that you?

Well, for Christ's sakes!
Where's the fire?

HOUSE MOM
Hello, Patrick.

HOUSE DAD
Patrick? Jesus, what's the
ruckus all about? How are
you?

CAR MOM
Oh for goodness' sake...!

LEE
It's Lee Chandler.

LEE CAR DAD
 Hi Tom. Sorry -- I'm sorry: I Oh. Hey, Lee...What's all the
 didn't know you... rumpus for?

CAR MOM Well, keep your shirt on
 Hello, Patrick. on...! I'm movin'. How are
 you?

PATRICK
 Hi, Mrs Galvin.

Lee calls to the House Dad & Mom through Patrick's window.

LEE HOUSE KIDS
 Hello, Jeff. Hello, Arlene. Hi, Patrick! Hey, Patrick!

HOUSE DAD (Coldly) PATRICK
 Hey, Lee. Hey guys. How is goin'?

CU: HOUSE MOM. She pointedly refuses to answer Lee at all.

LEE
 ...Sorry about the ruckus.

HOUSE MOM
 Patrick, how's your Dad?

PATRICK
 He's fine.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

The car stops in front of the GARAGE of a small well-kept old
 clapboard house with lots of bare trees and shrubs around.

PATRICK
 You gotta hit the bleeper.

LEE
 I don't have the bleeper.

PATRICK
 I'll do it. There's a code.

Patrick gets out and goes to open the garage door manually.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick come in and turn on the lights. The house is
 just as it was that morning. *The Boston Globe* sports section
 is spread on the sofa. One of Joe's plaid shirts is draped
 over the back of the chair.

PATRICK

Is it OK if some of my friends come over? I told 'em I would call 'em.

LEE

Go ahead.

PATRICK

Can we get some pizzas? There's nothing to eat here.

LEE

Yeah. Sure. (Takes out his iPhone)
What kind do you want?

PATRICK

Any kind is fine. Thank you.

Lee dials 411. Patrick starts to text his friends.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick, Joel and CJ and SILVIE, who seems to be Patrick's girlfriend, are all sitting around in the living room. They are a bit awkward but well-meaning -- except Silvie, who is over-relaxed and too touchy-feely with Patrick.

SILVIE

At least he didn't suffer. It's worse for the family, but it's better for the person.

CJ

Well, he was a fuckin' great guy, Patrick, I'll tell you that.

JOEL

That's for sure.

CJ

I remember one time he took us all out in the boat? Like in 6th Grade?

JOEL

I remember that.

CJ

And he made us wear life preservers? And I was like, "What's the difference, Mr Chandler? Boat sinks in this weather we're dead anyway."

I remember. And he says --

And he says "The lifejacket's to make it easier on the sharks when you go over."

The boys laugh.

PATRICK

Yeah, he really liked those shark jokes.

JOEL

He was funny, boy.

SILVIE

Yeah, but he was gentle too, you know? (Strokes Patrick's hair) Like his son.

This piece of sentimentality embarrasses everyone but Silvie.

INT. JOE'S KITCHEN. SIMULTANEOUS.

Lee is at the table, halfway through a piece of pizza and a beer. He finishes the beer, gets another and heads into --

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Lee moves through the room toward the staircase.

CJ

And there's this former starship captain -- this former starship captain, shut up -- who violated the prime directive --

JOEL

Star Trek sucks.
Star Trek sucks my ass.
Star Trek sucks my ass. Live with it. Work with it.

SILVIE

How you doin', baby?

PATRICK

OK.

CJ

Every movie you *like* was based on Star Trek. *Star Trek*, then *The Road Warrior* --

CJ (CONT'D)

And *The Matrix* -- That's like, the three classical pillars of modern entertainment. Ask Patrick. Ask Patrick!

JOEL

No: *That's* a great movie... And so's *that*. *Star Trek* is like watchin', like, a *shampoo* commercial from 1959.

SILVIE
I can't believe we're talking about
Star Trek right now!!

This effectively kills the conversation. She goes back to stroking his hair. LEE keeps going up the stairs.

PATRICK
I like *Star Trek*...

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee is getting ready for bed. Outside we hear a CAR IDLING and the BOYS saying good night. Lee goes to the window.

CJ's MOM waits in her car while CJ and JOEL say goodnight to Patrick at the door. Patrick's friends hug him.

CJ
He was a great, great guy.

PATRICK
Thanks for comin' over.

JOEL
Night buddy.

FIVE/FOUR YEARS AGO --

INT. ROXBURY -- LEE'S BASEMENT APARTMENT. DAY.

The same basement studio, minus most of the furniture we saw at the beginning of the story. It's SPRING.

LEE stands dully watching JOE inspect the room. He looks thin and wan. His affect is flat, colorless. 11-YEAR OLD PATRICK is looking through the window up to the street.

PATRICK
Cool!

JOE
How much they pay you?

LEE
Minimum wage plus the room.

JOE
Let's go get some furniture.

LEE
I got furniture.

JOE
No you don't. This doesn't count as
furniture. This is not a room. Come
on. Let's go get some furniture.

INT. BOSTON DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY.

Joe stands with Lee looking at an armchair. Patrick is
spinning around in another one.

JOE
Now you got an armchair. Movin'
right along. Let's go look at lamps.

PATRICK
(Spinning around)
Uncle Lee, try this one!

JOE
Patty! Cut the crap. Let's go get a
lamp.

LEE
I have a lamp.

JOE
You have a light bulb. Let's go get
a lamp. Patty, come on.

INT. LEE'S BASEMENT APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Joe finishes tearing brown paper off the armchair. The studio
now has the same furnished we saw before, only brand new. LEE
stands watching. Patrick is playing a little video game.

JOE
Better? Better.

It does look better, but it still looks like nothing.

THE PRESENT --

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee gets to his feet.

INT. HALLWAY BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Lee is at the sink in his boxer shorts. There's no soap.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Lee comes into Joe's bedroom and snaps on the light. The mostly tidy room is decorated with lots of family photos, fishing photos, etc.

There's a pair of dirty socks in the corner, a spy novel on the floor by the bed. A dirty coffee mug on the dresser.

Lee opens the bottom dresser drawer and takes out a pair of Joe's neatly folded pajamas. He tosses them on the bed. He hesitates, then goes into Joe's bathroom --

INT. JOE'S BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Lee turns on the light. A magazine is open on the floor by the toilet. On the sink is a toothpaste tube, a razor and shaving cream. There is a little STUBBLE in the sink.

Lee closes the toothpaste tube, rinses Joe's stubble from the sink and puts away the razor and shaving cream.

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee lies on top of the bed, wearing Joe's pajamas, drinking beer and watching television. Patrick knocks and comes in.

PATRICK

Hey, Uncle Lee? Is it OK if Silvie sleeps over? Dad always let her.

LEE

Then what are you asking me for?

PATRICK

No reason. Thanks. (Pause) Also? Her parents think she stays downstairs when she stays over? So if it comes up, which it probably never would, can you just say she stayed in the downstairs room?

LEE

I don't even know them

PATRICK

Yes you do. It's the McGanns. Frank and Pat McGann.

LEE

Oh. That's Silvie McGann?

PATRICK

Yeah. So if it comes up somehow, do you mind sayin' she stayed downstairs?

LEE

OK.

Patrick hesitates.

LEE (CONT'D)

Am I supposed to tell you to use a condom?

PATRICK

No...I mean -- Unless you really feel like it.

LEE

Is that what Joe would say?

PATRICK

No. I mean, yes. I mean, we've had "The Discussion" and everything.

LEE

Do you *need* to use a condom?

PATRICK

We're not playin' *computer* games in there...

LEE

Then use a condom. What do you want from me?

PATRICK

Just don't worry about it. I have the situation under control.

LEE

OK.

PATRICK

Hey, do you think I should call my Mom? Just to tell her about Dad?

LEE

(Tenses)

I wouldn't, Patty. What would be the point?

PATRICK

No reason. Just to let her know.

LEE

I don't think anybody even knows
where she is...

PATRICK

All right. I was just curious what
you thought. Anyway...Good night,
Uncle Lee.

LEE

Good night.

Patrick surprises Lee by going to him and giving him an
awkward hug. Patrick heads for the door

PATRICK

Let me know if we're makin' too
much noise.

INT. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Patrick comes into the hall and stops. His room is at the end
of the hall. The door is ajar. He starts walking toward it.

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Lee settles back on the bed.

SIX YEARS AGO --

INT. JOE & ELISE'S HOUSE. SUMMER -- DUSK.

The room is DARK except for the TV. Two little DOGS start
BARKING. JOE, 9-YEAR OLD PATRICK and LEE come in the house.
They are muddy and dusty from playing softball. They drop the
softball gear, start taking off their muddy sneakers, etc.

JOE

-- and now you're gonna sulk all
night because you dropped the
Goddamn ball?

9-YEAR OLD PATRICK

I'm not sulking.

LEE (To JOE)

Why don't you stop already?
You wanna stop?

JOE (To Lee)

Shut up! (To Patrick) If you
would use a Goddamn *baseball*
mitt you wouldn't *drop* the
fuckin' ball.

Why don't you kill him?
I think you should kill him.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

A clear cold windy day. By daylight we can see the house is set back on a hill, with a partial view of the town and the blue ocean below, dotted with fishing boats.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Lee is dressed and seated at the table with a cup of coffee, talking on his iPhone.

LEE

(On the phone)

At least a week ... Well -- I gotta do all the arrangements. Can Carlo cover for me til I -- OK ... OK, thank you ... Thank you. So long.

Lee hangs up and dials another number. SILVIE comes through the kitchen door, dressed, very comfortable in the house.

SILVIE

Morning.

LEE

Hello.

Over the following she gets some juice and yogurt out of the fridge, some herbal tea, and puts on the kettle. PATRICK comes in, dressed but barefoot, and goes to get cereal.

LEE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Friedrich, this is Lee ... I'm fine. Listen I'm not gonna be able to do your ceiling til next week -- Well my brother died and I -- Thank you -- 51 ... Anyway -- No, he was divorced ... One son ... Thank you. Anyway, I can't do the ceiling myself til next week because --

LATER -- All three of them are seated at the table. The kids are having Rice Krispies, O.J. etc. Lee is on the iPhone.

LEE (CONT'D) Beverly,

Massachusetts ... Gallagher
Funeral Home please ...

PATRICK

Pass the milk? Thank you.

Silvie passes Patrick the milk.

LEE (On the phone)
 Yeah hi. My name is Lee Chandler.
 My brother's in the morgue at
 Beverly Hospital and they said I
 should call you to make
 arrangements ... Thank you ...

PATRICK
 Could I have some juice?

SILVIE
 Sure, baby.

LEE (On the phone)
 So but, I don't know what I gotta
 do to get his body from the
 hospital to your place, but they
 said ... Oh, OK...

SILVIE
 Excuse me, Mr Chandler? I don't
 think Patrick needs to be here for
 this.

PATRICK
 That's all right.

Lee gets up and goes out. Silvie puts a hand on Patrick's
 hand. We can hear Lee's voice from the other room.

LEE (O.S.)
 OK. Now I know he left money for all
 this but ... Why is it so much more
 to drive his body to Manchester?
 'Cause you gotta take the highway
 for seven minutes? What do you
 charge if the hearse takes 127?

SILVIE
 Jesus. Like *that's* his focus?

PATRICK
 He's alright.

EXT. MANCHESTER ESSEX REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL - HALL. DAY.

Lee's car stops in front of the school gate. Patrick and
 Silvie climb out from the back.

PATRICK
 Thanks, Uncle Lee.

SILVIE
 Thanks a lot, Mr Chandler.

He watches them walk toward the school with the other kids.

INT. SCHOOL. DAY.

Patrick walks thru the halls. Various kids greet him with expressions of sympathy.

1ST KID

Hey, Patrick. Sorry to hear about your Dad, man.

PATRICK

Oh -- Thanks, man. Thank you.

He presses thru. Other kids stop him with condolences.

INT. ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT. DAY.

HOCKEY COACH Mr. Howard is seated with Patrick in an office.

HOCKEY COACH

We're gonna forget about the language. We're gonna forget about the fists. But I want you take a few days offa practice...

PATRICK

That's OK, Mr Howard --

HOCKEY COACH

I don't want you on the ice. You got enough on your mind.

PATRICK

To tell you the truth, I could use the distraction --

HOCKEY COACH

The ice is not a distraction. When you're on the ice, you gotta be *there*. Take the week and we'll talk. And listen: I lost my Dad right about your age. I'm not the nicest guy in the world, but if you wanna come in and talk, or somebody to spill your guts to -- or just throw the bull around, the door's open.

EXT. MANCHESTER ESSEX REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

LEE parks outside the gate. School is letting out. Patrick, CJ, Joel and some girls are hanging out smoking cigarettes.

CJ
Cigarette, cigarette. Uncle Alarm.

Patrick smoothly lets his cigarette fall to the pavement.

PATRICK
Anybody got some gum? Sarah, you
got another stick a' gum?

Sarah casually gives Patrick some gum. He turns and pretends to see Lee for the first time.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Oh look: It's my Uncle Lee. See you
guys.

His friends say goodbye. He approaches the car and gets in.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING). DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

They drive away from the school in silence for a moment.

LEE
What kind of cigarettes do you
smoke?

PATRICK
Marlboros.

LEE
That's good. Family history of
heart disease. Grampy died of
emphysema. That's good for you.

PATRICK
I smoke like two cigarettes a day.

LEE
I think it's a good move.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DAY.

They drive thru another part of town in silence.

PATRICK
You mind if I put some music on?

LEE
No.

Patrick turns the radio to some pop-rock station.

PATRICK
You like these guys? The lead
guitar is weak but otherwise
they're pretty good.

LEE
They all sound the same to me.

PATRICK
Where we going?

LEE
To see the lawyer.

PATRICK
What for?

LEE
We gotta read your father's will.

PATRICK
Really? Do I have to be there?

LEE
I don't think so. But I think
you're supposed to be.

PATRICK
Can't you just drop me at home and
tell me what it says in it?

LEE
Well -- Yeah, except we're there.

They are approaching Manchester's tiny business district.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT. DAY.

Lee and Patrick walk toward the lawyer's building.

PATRICK
Who do you think he left the boat
to?

LEE
I'm sure he left everything to you.

PATRICK
What about his gun collection?

LEE
I'm sure he left you everything.

They go into a two-story office building --

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- STAIRWELL. CONTINUOUS.

-- Lee and Patrick come in and climb the stairs.

PATRICK
Why? What else is there?

LEE
Money, the house, furniture, the
car -- everything.

PATRICK
I'm sure he left you something.

We hear the SOUND of a PING PONG game: *Ka-POP, ka-POP*, plus other growing sounds of voices and music. They take us to --

FIVE YEARS AGO --

INT. LEE & RANDI'S HOUSE - BASEMENT DEN. NIGHT.

LEE is playing PING-PONG with TOM DOHERTY -- the CAR DAD. A bunch of his friends are drinking and making noise. Loud music. We spot JOE and GEORGE. Lee SLAMS the BALL.

LEE
Eat my fuckin' forehand, Tommy!

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>TOM <i>Once!</i> That was <i>once!</i> He punts it sixteen times and now he's Superman.</p> <p>Yeah, just serve it. Serve it up. I <i>live</i> in that quadrant, buddy.</p> | <p>LEE I got it workin' now. Oh it's workin'. It's a whole new game now. If I were you I'd avoid this whole -- uh -- <i>quadrant</i>. OK, Tommy? Otherwise you're goin' home in tears. OK...!</p> |
|--|---|

RANDI appears at the top of the basement stairs in a bathrobe. Everybody looks up at her, like little boys.

RANDI
Would you keep it down, you fuckin' morons? My kids are sleepin'.

LEE
I'm sorry, honey. (To the guys) I told you guys to keep it down.

RANDI
 Lee, get these drunken
 assholes outta my house and
 clean this shit up, 'cause
 I'm not fuckin' doin' it.

THE GUYS Yeah!/
 We're sorry, Ran/ What's
 the matter with you guys?/
 I agree with Randi. etc.

Randi leaves.

LEE (CONT'D)
 She can't talk that way to us.

Everybody laughs. Randi immediately appears again, angry.

RANDI
 Hey! I'm not fuckin' around! It's
 two AM. Now get these pinheads
 dressed and get 'em the fuck outta
 here.

TOM
 We are not pinheads.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE -- WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Patrick sits in a pseudo-plush chair, texting his friends. An ASSISTANT types at her computer.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY -- SIMULTANEOUSLY.

LEE sits in a leather chair. WES, 40s, sits in a bigger leather chair behind his desk. Each has a copy of Joe's Will. Lee is staring at it.

LEE
 I don't understand.

WES
 What -- part are you having trouble
 with...?

LEE (On "trouble")
 I can't be Patrick's guardian.

WES
 I understand it's a very big
 responsibility --

LEE
 No -- I mean -- I mean, I *can't* --

WES

Well -- Naturally I assumed that
had Joe discussed this with you --

LEE

No. He didn't. No.

WES

Well...I must say I'm somewhat
taken aback --

LEE

He can't live with me:

LEE (CONT'D)

I live in *one room*.

WES

But if you look -- Now, well,
if you look, you'll see Joe
provided for Patrick's
upkeep: Clothes, food, et
cetera...The house and boat
are owned outright...

LEE (CONT'D)

Yeah but I can't commute from
Boston every day until he turns
eighteen.

WES

I think the idea was that you would
relocate.

LEE

Relocate? Where? Here?

WES

If you look --

WES (CONT'D)

Well, yes. As you can see, your
brother worked everything out
extremely carefully.

LEE

But -- He can't have meant
that.

WES

And if you -- Well, you can
see see he's allowed up to
five thousand dollars to help
you with the move. There's a
small amount set aside for
you to draw from, as personal
income while you settle in --
assuming of course that you
accept...

LEE

What about Uncle Donny and Teresa?

WES

We never talked about them.

LEE

I don't understand.

Minnesota.
Minnetonka, Minnesota.

WES

And now, I think you know
they've moved out to
Wisconsin, I believe..

Minnesota, that's right.
So...

Wes watches as Lee flips through the 3-page Will as if
there's something he may have missed. After a moment:

WES (CONT'D)

It was my impression you've spent a
lot of time here over the years --

LEE

Just as backup. I came up to help
with Patty when Joe was in the
hospital if Uncle Donny or my
father couldn't take him. I was
just the backup.

WES

Well...I can only repeat, I'm
astonished that Joe never ran all
this by you, thorough as he was.

LEE

Yeah, because he knew what I would
say if he would have asked.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D)--

EXT. LEE & RANDI'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The little house is set back in a thicket of bare-limbed
trees and brambles. LEE stands in the doorway in a heavy
parka, waving his friends away in their cars with a lot of
loud "Good-nights" and shushing and laughing. JOE drives off
with a wave. Lee turns and goes inside.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

Randi is there, wrapped in a bathrobe, her arms folded. Lee
shuts the door and tries to kiss her. She turns her head.

LEE

I'll clean up in the morning, baby.

RANDI
Yeah, right.

She lets him kiss her, then she goes off toward their bedroom. Lee shivers and rubs his arms.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Patrick is still texting away in the armchair.

WES' ASSISTANT
Patrick? Can I get you a soda or anything?

PATRICK
No thank you.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET - 7-11. NIGHT.

Drunk and cheerful, LEE walks along the crunchy snow-covered sidewalk and into a 7-11. It's a very cold clear night.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY -- SIMULTANEOUS.

Lee is still staring at the will.

WES
Lee...

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. 7-11. NIGHT.

A CAR WHOOSHES past the 7-11. INSIDE, we can see the clerk bag two 6-packs, milk, and some Pampers, for LEE.

LEE COMES OUT OF THE STORE with the bag. He has some drunken trouble zipping his parka as he heads home. He doesn't notice the growing ORANGE-RED GLOW in the sky over the trees ahead.

WES (V.O.)

Lee:

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Lee looks up at Wes.

WES

...Nobody can appreciate what you've been through...If I can say that. And if you really don't feel you can take this on, that's your right, obviously...But --

LEE

But who would get him?

WES

The probate court would appoint a guardian in your place.

LEE

Like who?

LEE (CONT'D)

-- My Uncle Donny?

WES

I don't know -- No -- Not necessarily. Especially with the distance.

LEE (CONT'D)

Who else would there be?

WES

Well...I don't know what's happening with Patrick's mother --

LEE

No. No.

WES

I'm -- I'm not sure where she is, or what her condition is -
- Or if the court would even sanction it. I know it's nothing Joe would have wanted. But you can bet the judge would certainly look into it.

That can't ha --

No...

LEE

...can't do that.

Lee HEARS the distant ROARING FIRE AGAIN...

EXT. LEE'S STREET. NIGHT.

Lee slows down as he nears his street. He is looking at the FIERY SKY and FLASHING LIGHTS.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Lee sits staring out Wes' window at the town and the sea beyond, dotted with boats.

WES

There is Patrick to be considered.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. LEE'S STREET. NIGHT.

Lee starts to run up the hill.

PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Lee shifts in his chair --

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. LEE & RANDI'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The little HOUSE is COMPLETELY ON FIRE -- The billowing SMOKE is so thick you can barely see the house. Fire trucks and FIREMEN are pumping water into the fire. There is also an ambulance and two police cars.

Two POLICEMEN are trying to control RANDI. She's in a night gown smeared with smoke and water. She thrashes violently, trying to shake them off so she can run into the flaming house. She is completely hysterical.

RANDI

Let me go! Get your *hands* off me!
Let go of me! Somebody go in there!
Let me go! Get them *outta* there!

We PAN the faces of a clutch of neighbors looking on, mortified, until we land on LEE. He is in the driveway, staring at the blazing house. He still holds the paper bag from a 7-11.

DISSOLVE TO:

DAWN -- The SKY is getting LIGHT. The FIRE is OUT. The smoking house is burnt to nothing. The neighbors have been pushed back by the police and firemen.

Two EMS workers are putting Randi into the ambulance. She's on a stretcher and wears an oxygen mask. She is half conscious.

TWO POLICEMEN are questioning LEE. He's still holding the grocery bag. JOE is standing next to him now - hastily dressed and stuffed into his winter coat. He grips Lee's arm with a gloved hand.

The ambulance with Randi in it drives away. LEE looks past the policemen as EMS WORKERS approach the next ambulance.

They are bringing and loading THREE STRETCHERS with three blankets covering THREE LITTLE BODIES into the ambulance as Lee watches. In the last stretcher the smoke-blackened ELBOW of a LITTLE GIRL is sticking out a little from under the blanket. An EMS Worker quickly pushes it under again.

They put the stretchers in the ambulance and shut the doors. Without moving Lee starts crying hopelessly and almost silently. The two cops stop trying to talk to him. He keeps staring at where the bodies were, crying, holding onto his groceries. Joe holds Lee's arm throughout.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Lee sits staring at the will. He looks out the window again, at the town, the marina, the boats, seagulls, sea and sky.

WES
Look -- Lee --

LEE
Thanks, Wes. I'll be in touch.

Lee heads for the door.

FIVE YEARS AGO --

EXT. BEVERLY POLICE STATION HOUSE. DAY.

Establishing shot of the big police station.

INT. BEVERLY POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

SLOW PUSH IN ON LEE at a table, facing two POLICE DETECTIVES.

1ST DETECTIVE

Were you drinking, Lee?

LEE

Yes sir.

1ST DETECTIVE

How heavily? Would you say.

LEE

You know. We were partyin' pretty hard. Beer, and somebody was passin' around a joint. Somebody else had some cocaine.

2ND DETECTIVE

Cocaine.

LEE

Yes, sir. Which -- is not the usual for me, but. Usually I just drink beer.

The Detectives look at each other.

1ST DETECTIVE

Go on.

LEE

And my wife's asleep. Our bedroom's in the downstairs. The girls sleep upstairs. So Randi makes everybody leave around two o'clock, maybe three AM, and she went back to bed. So everybody leaves, and I'm still kinda wired. Wired, stoned, drunk, everything.

1ST DETECTIVE

OK.

2ND DETECTIVE

OK...?

LEE

So...anyway...(Pause) I'm sorry --

1ST DETECTIVE

Take your time.

2ND DETECTIVE

That's OK: Take your time.

LEE (CONT'D)

So after everybody's gone, I go inside, and it's really cold inside. So I go check on the girls and it's fuckin' freezing up there. We sleep downstairs. The girls sleep in the upstairs. So I turned up the thermostat a little bit, but Randi doesn't like the central heat because it dries her out -- her sinuses -- her nose -- and she gets these headaches. So I went downstairs and built a fire in the fireplace, and I sit down to watch TV, except there's no more beer. And I'm still jumpin' like a jackrabbit. So I put a couple more big logs on the fire so the house would warm up when I was gone, and I went to the 7-11 for more beer...It's about a fifteen minute walk, but I didn't wanna drive 'cause I was really flyin'. And I'm halfway there, and I realize I can't remember if I put the grate back on the fire. But I figure it's probably OK. So I kept goin' to the store. And one of the logs musta rolled out on the floor when I was gone. I don't know what else it coulda been. The girls were all upstairs...And that's it. The firemen got Randi out before the furnace went up...And that's what I remember. 'Cause I know she woulda gone upstairs before she went outside to save herself...So that's it.

1ST DETECTIVE

OK, Lee. That's all for now.

The Detectives stand up. Lee stands up slowly, confused.

1ST DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

We'll call you if anything else comes out we want to ask about.

LEE

That's it?

1ST DETECTIVE

Look, Lee: You made a horrible mistake. Like a million other people did that night, and the night before that. You were all stupid. They got lucky. You got the worst there is. It's why you shouldn't do that stuff. It's a horrible tragedy, but we don't wanna crucify you.

2ND DETECTIVE

You say you left the screen off the fireplace. But you don't know for sure that's what happened...And even if you did, that's not a crime.

LEE

So...What? I can go?

1ST DETECTIVE

Unless somethin' else comes up that we don't know about already, yeah.

Lee gets up slowly.

2ND DETECTIVE

You got a ride back home?

LEE

Yeah.

PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

LEE comes out of the lawyer's office. Patrick gets up.

LEE

Alright. Let's go.

PATRICK

Where to, the orphanage?

LEE

Shut up.

PATRICK
What the hell did I do?

LEE
Just be quiet.

Lee heads for the exit. Patrick follows him out

FIVE YEARS AGO --

INT. BEVERLY STATION HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

JOE and STAN are waiting for Lee. LEE appears on the other side of the big main room. They stand up.

LEE weaves through desks and past COPS at their desks. A YOUNG COP walks past him. Lee GRABS him, pulls the GUN out of his holster and shoves him away. He puts the GUN to his own HEAD but the SAFETY CATCH is ON. SHOUTS and GUNS come out everywhere. JOE runs at Lee waving his arms at the cops.

JOE
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

LEE fumbles with the safety catch -- TWO COPS take him DOWN and grab the gun. He doesn't resist at all. As more cops pile on, JOE tries to push through. STAN staggers and reaches behind him for the wall.

THE PRESENT --

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. DAY.

Lee and Patrick come out of the building, Lee first. They walk to the car. He digs out his keys.

LEE
All right. We got a lot to do.

PATRICK
What about the boat?

LEE
We gotta talk to George about it.
There's no point buyin' another
motor if nobody's gonna use it --

PATRICK
I'm gonna use it.

LEE

It's gotta be *maintained*:

PATRICK

I'm maintaining it.
I'm gonna maintain it.

LEE

...we gotta change the rental
of the boathouse from Joe to
me -- No, you can't maintain
it by yourself --

PATRICK

Why not?

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's my boat now, isn't it?

LEE

Because you're a minor. You
can't take it out alone. Yeah
-- But I'm the trustee. I
gotta make the payments, keep
up with the inspections --

What does "trustee" mean?

It means I'm in charge of
handling everything for you
until you turn eighteen --

Does that mean you're allowed
to sell it if I don't want
you to?

I don't know. But I'd
definitely consider it --

PATRICK (CONT'D)

No fuckin' way!

LEE

Don't be so Goddamn sure of
yourself! They gotta shift
everything over from Joe to me --
we gotta pay for the boat-house,
for the upkeep --

PATRICK

I actually know all that,
Uncle Lee!

LEE

-- and *do* the fuckin' upkeep -
- OK: You know all about it,
only we have no idea how much
it's gonna cost to keep the
boat if it's not makin' money
anymore. It might have to be
re-registered 'cause it's no
longer a commercial vessel --

PATRICK

Whoa, whoa --!

PATRICK (CONT'D)

How come it's not a
commercial vessel?

LEE

You pay a different tax, you
gotta get a different license
--

LEE

Because there's nobody to run it!
You're fifteen years old!

PATRICK

Yeah! I get my licence *next year!*

LEE

So what? You're still a minor!

PATRICK

Why can't I run the boat with
George?

I doubt it.

LEE

You can't run a commercial
vessel by yourself! Because
George has his own boat --
Anyway you might decide you
wanna go to college, instead
of -- OK: You know all about
that too. Meanwhile it's a
big fuckin' expense and I'm
the one that's gotta manage
it, and I'm not even gonna *be*
here!

PATRICK

Why? Where're you gonna be?

LEE

Boston! I live in *Boston!* I can't
just pack up and leave.

PATRICK

Hey, don't do me any favors:

LEE

And even if I could --
Patty, I swear to God I'm
gonna knock your fuckin'
block off!

A 35ish BUSINESSMAN in a winter coat calls from across the
street.

BUSINESSMAN

Great parenting.

LEE

Mind your own fuckin' business!

PATRICK

Uncle Lee!

LEE

Mind your own business! Shut
the fuck up or I'll fuckin'
shut you up, I swear to God --

BUSINESSMAN

No no, that's good parenting.
Smash him in the face.

LEE
I'm gonnna smash *you* in the
face you don't take a walk,
right now! Mind your fuckin'
business!

BUSINESSMAN
Smash him in the face.
That'll show him.

PATRICK
It's OK, Mister. Thank you!
It's OK! Uncle LEE! Are you
fundamentally unsound?

LEE
Get in the fuckin' car!

He has trouble with his cold fingers and the car keys.

PATRICK
I can't obey your orders until you
unlock the door.

LEE
Just shut up!

Lee fumbles the keys and they fly out of his hands.

EXT. MANCHESTER -- MARINA. DAY -- PRESENT.

Lee and Patrick walk along the marina. They come to a locked gate leading to the slips and boat-houses. Lee takes out a bunch of Joe's keys and looks through them. Patrick shows him the right key. Lee unlocks the gate and they go through.

EXT. WHARF - BOAT HOUSE. DAY.

Lee and Patrick and GEORGE are looking at JOE'S BOAT. Lee and Patrick are not dressed warmly enough.

GEORGE
It's not like the motor's gonna die
tomorrow, but Joe said it's been
breakin' down like a son of a bitch'.

PATRICK
Yeah, but we were gonna take
a look this weekend --

LEE
See -- There's an allotment
of some kind -- but things
are up in the air a little
bit, so --

GEORGE (CONT'D)
No, I can take care of it as far as
general maintenance is concerned...

PATRICK
I'm takin' care of it.

GEORGE
You know: we'll work
somethin' out. -- Yeah, Patty
knows his way around pretty
good by now. But that motor's
gonna go at some point...

PATRICK
Yeah: Dad was gonna take a loan
out.

LEE
There's no allotment for a new
motor. Plus we're gonna be in
Boston.

PATRICK
I'm not gonna be in Boston.
When did you arrive at this
hallucination?

LEE
So there's a lot of stuff we
gotta work out -- Yes you
are. It's where I live.

PATRICK
It's not where *I* live.

GEORGE
Well -- Whatever you decide -- But
it's gonna bleed you dry just
sittin' here...

PATRICK
Excuse me: nobody's movin' me
to Boston. When the heck did
that emerge?

LEE
It's not all worked out yet.
(To Patrick) Just take it
easy! We don't know what
we're doin' yet.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Well...you know he can always stay
with us, if he wants to come up
weekends.

LEE
You wanna be his guardian?

George is taken aback, embarrassed.

PATRICK
He doesn't wanna be my
guardian, for Christ's
sakes...! They got five
kids in three rooms. What
are you, crazy?

GEORGE
Well -- we already got a
houseful...We're tryin' to
lose some kids at this
point...

LEE

The judge wouldn't let her. Anyway,
no one knows where she is.

PATRICK

I do. She's in Connecticut. At
least she was last year.

Lee stops walking again.

LEE

How do you know that?

PATRICK

She emailed me last year. So I
emailed her back. You know: E-mail?

LEE

Did you tell her about your Dad?

PATRICK

Yes! I wrote her last night. But I
might not even have her right
address anymore, because she didn't
write me back yet.

LEE

Did your father know you were in
touch with her?

PATRICK

Are you kiddin'? (Pause) Could we
walk? I'm freezin'.

They start walking again

LEE

All I can tell you is --

PATRICK

I know, I know, she's a
drunk, she's insane, she let
the dogs shit on the floor.
Oh, like you suddenly care
what he woulda wanted?

LEE

-- it's the last thing your
Dad ever woulda wanted.

Aw, *fuck* everything.

They reach the car and get in.

FOUR/THREE YEARS AGO --

INT. JOE'S (POST ELISE) HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Joe, Lee and 11 Year-Old Patrick are on the sofa watching a Bruins game on TV. JOE looks frail and thin in his bathrobe.

The Bruins nearly score but miss. Patrick and Joe make loud noises of frustration. Lee is indifferent. The PHONE RINGS.

JOE

Lee, you wanna get that for me?

Lee gets up and answers the phone during the Instant Replay.

LEE

(On phone)
Hello? ... Lee. Who is this?
... Hold on.

JOE

Is he kiddin'? (To PATRICK)
You ever miss a pass like
that I'll feed you to the
minnows.

LEE

It's Elise.

JOE

What Elise?

LEE

Your ex-wife.

Joe and Patrick look around. Lee holds the phone out.

JOE

Um... lemme talk to Mom in private,
huh?

PATRICK

Dad, wait. It's Sudden Death.

LEE

(Into phone)
He can't talk to you, Elise. It's
Sudden Death.

JOE

Don't hang up.

Joe gets up from the sofa. Lee heads back to the sofa --

JOE (CONT'D)

No -- Lee -- I wanna take it
in the other room. Just a
second, Patty. (Into phone)
Elise? I'm gonna take it in
the other room.

PATRICK

Hey Dad, can I say hi?

PATRICK

Dad! Can I say hi?

LEE

No.

PATRICK

This whole fuckin' town is like one gigantic graveyard for our family and there's not a single fuckin' funeral parlor?

LEE

They had one but it closed...The cemetery's here...He reserved a plot.

PATRICK

Well that's a pepper-upper.

LEE

What do you want me to do? He left instructions. There's a lotta shit you gotta do when someone dies.

PATRICK

Well, can you let me out? I'll just walk home.

The SIGN to RT 128 is approaching.

LEE

Let's just get this done.

PATRICK

Do you wanna warn me if there's any other Surprise Death Errands we gotta run? Or is this gonna be it for today?

LEE

Yes. Sorry. This is it.

EXT. THE OCEAN & COAST. DAY.

A wide shot of Beverly spread out on the coast under a beautiful sky.

INT/EXT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING)/BEVERLY. DAY.

They drive through Beverly.

PATRICK

I'm starvin'. Can we get some food?

LEE

OK. You wanna go to the Happy Clam?

PATRICK

Uh, no, because they closed like,
two years ago.

LEE

OK. Where do you wanna eat?

PATRICK

I'll google somethin'.

LEE'S CAR passes the BEVERLY POLICE STATION.

EXT. BEVERLY SEAFOOD RESTAURANT. DAY.

Through the window we see Lee and Patrick eating. Lee watches Patrick, who is reading his texts as he eats fried clams.

PATRICK

These girls really think they're
playin' with my head. But they
don't realize they're dealin' with
the Master. (Texting back)...And
the Master...responds.

He presses "Send."

EXT. BEVERLY - STREET -- GALLAGHER'S FUNERAL HOME. DUSK.

They trudge down an old, narrow street. The day is waning.

PATRICK

I never been to a funeral home
before...Did you ever watch that
show *Six Feet Under*?

LEE

No.

PATRICK

It's about this family that runs a
funeral home. They're always peelin'
peoples' faces back and talkin' about
their sexual problems.

LEE

Sounds great.

PATRICK

It's good.

LEE

Well...I doubt they're gonna do that to Joe.

PATRICK

But why would you ever do that to anybody?

LEE

I don't know.

PATRICK

Unless you were shot in the face or somethin'.

LEE

Maybe they have to take your face off and soak it in something and then put it back so it doesn't rot away in front of everybody.

PATRICK

I may puke any second.

LEE

I didn't bring it up.

They stop outside Gallagher's Funeral Home. Lee takes out his wallet to give Patrick some money.

LEE (CONT'D)

Here. You wanna get a milkshake or go look at the gun shop or something while I talk to them?

PATRICK

I'll come in.

INT. GALLAGHER'S FUNERAL HOME. DUSK.

Lee talks to the FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 60s. Patrick looks at brochures and peeks into some of the rooms and chapels.

EXT. GALLAGHER'S FUNERAL HOME. DUSK.

Lee and Patrick walk away. The wind is punishing.

PATRICK

What is with that guy and the big Serious and Somber Act?

LEE

I don't know.

PATRICK

But seriously, does he not realize that people know he does this every single *day*?

LEE

I don't know. Who cares?(Stops) I think I parked the other way. Sorry.

They reverse direction and start walking into the wind.

PATRICK

Why can't we bury him?

LEE

It's too cold. The ground's too hard. They'll bury him in Spring.

PATRICK

So what do they do with him til then?

LEE

They put him in a freezer.

PATRICK

Are you serious?

LEE

Yeah. That's what they do with them. They put 'em all in a big freezer until the ground thaws out.

PATRICK

That really freaks me out.

LEE

It doesn't matter. Where'd I park the car?

PATRICK

What about one of those mini-steam shovels?

LEE

What?

PATRICK

I once saw one of those mini-steam shovels one time in a graveyard in New Haven. It dug a perfect little hole in about two seconds.

LEE

I don't...really know how you would get ahold of one. Or how much it would cost --

PATRICK

Why can't we just look into it?

LEE

If you wanna find out where to find one and see how much it costs and change all the arrangements with the mortician, and call up Sacred Heart and talk to Father Martin and change the arrangements for the funeral service, be my guest. Otherwise let's just leave it. OK?

They turn onto a SIDE STREET. The wind picks up brutally.

PATRICK

I just don't like him bein' in a freezer.

LEE

I don't either. But it isn't him. He's gone. It's just his body. It doesn't matter.

PATRICK

I'm just sayin' it kinda freaks me out.

LEE

Oh come on! Where's the Goddamn car?

PATRICK

I don't know, but I wish you'd figure out, 'cause I'm freezin' my ass off.

Lee looks at Patrick, who is shivering in his inadequate hip semi-grunge corduroy jacket, scarf, and fingerless gloves.

LEE

Don't you have a normal winter coat?

PATRICK

Yes.

LEE

Why don't you have gloves with fingers on them?

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I think we should cremate him and forget it. Fuck the funeral and fuck the freezer and fuck the fuckin' burial in Spring.

LEE

That's what's in his will.

Lee starts driving. He holds his hand to the air vent.

LEE (CONT'D)

'K, it's gettin' warmer.

PATRICK

I got band practice. Can you drive me home so I can get my stuff and then take me over to my girlfriend's house?

LEE

Sure.

EXT. MANCHESTER. SANDY'S HOUSE. DUSK.

Lee pulls up in front of a small ranch house with a big front yard. Patrick twists around to get his stuff from the back.

LEE

This the same girl as who was over at the house?

PATRICK

No. That was Silvie. This is Sandy.

LEE

Oh.

PATRICK

But they don't know about each other. So please don't say anything in case it comes up.

LEE

OK.

Patrick grabs his electric guitar and mini-amp from the back seat. Lee watches him run across the lawn, then drives away.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

Lee drives through Manchester.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee comes in and snaps on the lights.

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE -- BASEMENT. NIGHT.

PATRICK'S ROCK BAND is practicing in the basement. SANDY, 16, brighter, wilder and more original than Silvie, sings lead vocals. PATRICK plays lead guitar, OTTO plays bass, JOEL plays drums. The boys sing backup. The name on the big drum is "STENTORIAN." They are playing an original composition.

SANDY

(Singing)

"I gotta RUN! I gotta RUN, I, I, I,
I, I, I, I gotta --

THE WHOLE BAND

"-- Run, I gotta run, run, run! I
gotta run, run, run --

PATRICK does a few half-talented 15 year-old GUITAR LICKS.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee's car pulls up to the curb. *Stentorian* thuds through the frozen earth. Sandy's mom, JILL, comes out and crosses the lawn. She is 40, pretty and pleasant, unadorned, her hair in a pony tail. Lee rolls down the window.

JILL

Hi, are you Lee? I'm Jill. Sandy's mom. I think they're wrapping up. Do you wanna come inside and have beer or something?

LEE

No, I'm fine. Thank you.

JILL

I wanted to offer my condolences about Joe. He was such a terrific guy. There's not too many like him.

LEE

Thank you.

JILL

I was -- I was gonna ask Patrick if he wants to stay for supper, if that's OK with you. You wanna join us? I made way too much...

LEE

Oh. That's all right. Thank you.
What time should I come back?

JILL

Oh -- I don't know. Nine? Nine
thirty? They're gonna do their
homework together. Supposedly. Ha
ha ha.

LEE

OK. I'll come back at nine-thirty.

JILL

OK. You change your mind in the
next ten minutes, we're right
inside.

LEE

Thank you.

Jill hesitates, smiles, then runs back to the house.

INT. JILL & SANDY'S HOUSE - DINING AREA. NIGHT.

Jill, Patrick and Sandy eat dinner.

PATRICK

This is really good, Jill.

JILL

Thank you, Patrick.

PATRICK

Is this a homemade Carbonara Sauce?

JILL

Um...no --

SANDY

Shut up.

PATRICK (CONT'D) Could
have fooled me. What? Why?
'Cause I appreciate your
mother's cookin'?

SANDY

Jesus...What a kiss-ass.

JILL

Sandy...?

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee is on the sofa on his iPhone, with a beer and warmed-up
pizza, watching a Celtics game with the sound off.

LEE

Yes: Jose, Monday Wednesday
Fridays. Gene MaCadavey for Tuesday
and Thursdays, and Carlo on the
weekends if you need him. Plus if --
Another week at least. Maybe
two...Mr Emery -- OK. I gotta go.
So long.

A PHONE has started RINGING. He looks around, confused. Looks
at his cell. Gets up and looks at the plastic bag with Joe's
cell in it. Finally he realizes Joe's LAND LINE is ringing.

LEE (CONT'D)

(Answering)

Hello?

RANDI

(Over the phone)

Hello...Lee? It's Randi. (Pause)
Hello? Lee?

Pause.

LEE

Yeah. I'm here. Sorry. How are you?

RANDI

I'm OK. How are you?

LEE

Good.

RANDI

I was callin' -- George told me
about Joe. I just wanted to call
and say I'm sorry. I hope you don't
mind me callin'.

LEE

No. Thank you. I don't mind...How
are you?

RANDI

Not so good, right now. I guess we
shoulda seen it comin', but...it's
still kinda hard to believe...

LEE

Yeah...

RANDI

How's Patrick doin'? Beyond the
obvious, obviously...

LEE

He's OK. It's hard to tell with kids.

RANDI

Yeah --

LEE

He doesn't really open up with me. I think he's OK. He's got a lotta friends ...So...Yeah, it is...

Well, that's good.

RANDI

So, I don't know if you planned a service yet, but I was also gonna ask you if you wouldn't mind -- I'd like to be there, if it's OK with you.

LEE

Of course you can.

RANDI

OK. Thank you. It would mean a lot to me -- OK -- Thank you.

LEE

That's fine. You should come. I'll let you know when it's gonna be.

RANDI

Thank you. (Pause) So, can I -- How are you?

LEE

I don't know. How are you?

RANDI

You know. We're doin' pretty well. I should probably tell you -- I'm gonna be -- I'm pregnant. Actually.

LEE

Oh yeah?

RANDI

Yeah. Like -- Ready to pop.

LEE

Oh, I didn't know that. Congratulations.

RANDI

I didn't know if I should tell you, but --

LEE

No -- it's fine. Congratulations.

RANDI

Thank you. You would probably deduce it for yourself when you see me.

LEE

Yeah.

Lee is unable to stay on the phone any longer.

RANDI

So, are you still --

I just wanted to say, you
know --

LEE

Actually, sorry -- I don't
mean to cut you off. I just
gotta go pick up Patrick up
and I'm slightly late.

RANDI

That's OK. I just wanted to make
sure it's OK if me and Josh come to
the funeral.

LEE

It's totally OK.

RANDI

OK. Thank you, Lee. God bless.

LEE

So long.

They hang up. Lee tries to keep a grip on himself. He sits
and un-mutes the Celtics game on Joe's 32" FLAT SCREEN TV.

FATHER MARTIN V.O.

*"Heavenly Father, we humbly beseech
you --"*

MATCH CUT TO:

FIVE YEARS AGO --

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM -- EARLY MORNING.

Joe's old 32" CATHODE RAY TV is showing CARTOONS. LEE, JOE
and 10 YEAR-OLD PATRICK are all dressed in dark suits.
Patrick watches TV. Lee is looking at the floor. Joe looks at
his watch, then at Lee.

FATHER MARTIN V.O.

*"-- acknowledge these lambs of your
own flock -- "*

EXT. MANCHESTER CEMETERY. SIMULTANEOUS. DAY.

A large grief-stricken crowd of mourners is gathered around,
and obscuring, a burial plot.

Inside the circle of mourners are THREE HEADSTONES. We see RANDI, supported by her parents and brothers.

FATHER MARTIN, 50s, reads on, with a shaking voice, and sprinkles Holy Water on the grave sites.

FATHER MARTIN

*"-- and receive Susanna Marie,
Katherine Grace, and Laura Pauline
into the arms of your mercy. We ask
this through Christ the Lord. Amen."*

SOME OF THE MOURNERS

Amen.

As people sniffle and sob, he turns to another place he has marked in his Bible. Randi looks around to look for Lee.

FATHER MARTIN

*"I am the Resurrection and the
Life; he who believes in me, though
he dies, yet shall he live. And
whoever lives and believes in me,
shall never die."*

INT. JOE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS. DAY.

Patrick watches TV. Joe watches Lee. Lee stares at the floor. Lee slowly pushes off his shoes.

FATHER MARTIN (V.O.)

"O, rescue me, God, my helper..."

THE PRESENT --

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee sits on the sofa, alone in the same room now.

LEE

Rescue me.

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF THE TOWN. NIGHT.

Far out in the dark sea. A huge shape moves past us. Then another. It is a school of HUMPBACK WHALES.

INT. SANDY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick and Sandy are making out on her bed. Patrick has his hand halfway down the front of Sandy's complicated jeans.

SANDY
Hold on -- Hold on.
Just take your hand out.

PATRICK
Jesus Christ, I'm scrapin'
the skin off my knuckles. How
do you unbuckle this?

SANDY
Would you please take your hand out
of my cunt?

PATRICK
OK, OK. (Withdraws his hand) Ow.

Sandy wriggles out of her jeans. Patrick starts to take off his pants but one pant-leg bunches up at his ankle. He kicks to get it off. She tries to help him.

SANDY
Come on!

PATRICK
I'm tryin'!

O.C., Jill KNOCKS on the DOOR. The kids both scramble away from each other and frantically start to dress.

JILL (O.C.)
Jill? Patrick? Your Uncle's here!

| | |
|--|--|
| PATRICK | SANDY |
| OK, thanks Jill! I'll be down in just one second. I just gotta log off...! | Thanks, Mom! We'll be right down! Would you shut up? She's not retarded. |

INT. JILL'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Jill and Lee wait near the stairs in awkward silence. Finally Patrick and Sandy come down the stairs.

JILL
How's the math homework?

PATRICK
Very frustratin'.

JILL
Good...

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

Lee drives Patrick home in silence. Then:

| | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| LEE | PATRICK |
| I don't care what happened. | Aren't you gonna ask what happened? -- Guess not. |

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

There's one light on, and a TV flickering on the 2nd floor.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick lies awake in the dark.

INT. GUEST ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee lies on the bed watching a sports show and drinking beer.

TEN YEARS AGO --

EXT. JOE'S BOAT -- AT SEA. SUMMER -- DAY.

Younger slimmer Lee drives the boat. Younger slimmer Joe talks to the boatful of summer passengers. The air is mild, the sea is calm. The coast is visible in the distance. A small noisy group from South Boston is clowning around.

JOE

A full grown male averages about 45 to 50 feet long, weighin' in around 45 tons. The females are actually slightly larger and more intimidatin', just like with human beings: Around 50 to 55 feet long, but weighin' about the same. Which means that also as in humans, the male is the more slender and attractive of the sexes. The largest humpback ever recorded was eighty feet long and weighed about 100 tons. Except for the humpbacks in the Indian Ocean, these animals migrate an average of 40,000 miles every year, goin' back and forth from the Poles to the Equator --

THE TOURISTS

Ooooooh!

Everyone stands and points at a WHALE that has appeared a few hundred feet away, swimming very close to the surface and spouting. TWO MORE WHALES appear near the first.

JOE

OK, we're gonna slow down and get a little closer...

A YOUNG SOUTH BOSTON WOMAN

Ooh, ooh! It's Wanda the whale!
Wanda the whale!

TOURISTS

Ohhhh/ Oh my God/ Wow, etc.

A YOUNG SOUTH BOSTON WOMAN

Oh my God. I got tears in my eyes.
I do. I got tears in my eyes I
swear to God! It's Wanda the Whale!

There are dozens of whales swimming in the vicinity now. JOE and LEE murmur to each other.

JOE

"Wanda the whale...?"

LEE

Joe, honestly? I'm gonna kill this fuckin' bitch.

A YOUNG SOUTH BOSTON WOMAN

Wanda the Whale! I swear to God I got tears in my eyes!
Lookit! I got tears in my eyes. I swear to God! Ooh!
Ooh! Wanda the Whale!

INT. WATERFRONT PUB. NIGHT.

Joe and Lee sit at the bar of the loud small crowded local pub, laughing really hard.

JOE

"Ooh! Wanda the Whale! Wanda the Whale!"

LEE

She ruined it. She ruined an entire fuckin' whale.
Seriously: I got tears in my eyes.

They laugh helplessly

THE PRESENT --

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee smiles, lying in the dark.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

A beautiful winter morning.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Lee is looking through Joe's neatly organized closet for a suit of Joe's that he can wear to Joe's funeral. He finds one and starts getting dressed.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. DAY.

Patrick is also getting dressed for the funeral.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Lee and Patrick walk to the car.

LEE

Are both your girlfriends comin'?

PATRICK

Yeah. But I got it covered.

LEE

I'm glad to hear it.

They get in the car and close the doors.

EXT. MANCHESTER -- CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART. DAY.

A lot of people are filing into the church.

INT. CHURCH. DAY.

People are greeting PATRICK. LEE stands to one side. Some people greet him, some do not, some look at him covertly.

A very pregnant RANDI gives Patrick a big warm hug. She and her husband, JOSH, greet Lee. Randi says a few words to Lee. Josh shakes Lee's hand. Then they move away.

GEORGE says hi to Lee, blocking Lee's view of Randi and Josh. George's wife, JANINE, 50, kisses Lee hello. She is warm and unsentimental and stricken.

Others come through: The DOHERTIES and the GALVINS. PETE, a big bearded man, 40s, whom we will meet later, and his family: Grownups and kids. George stays dutifully by Lee.

LATER -- (MOS) THE SERVICE. FATHER MARTIN (5 years older), reads from the Catholic Common Rite. We see nearly everyone we've met so far, including Patrick's friends. Silvie sits in a different section from Sandy & Jill. We see Dr Betheny, now in her 40s, and her husband. Also Dr Muller & wife. LEE sits in the front pew, with PATRICK.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

George's small, cramped, two-story house. Cars are stuffed into George's driveway and ranged up and down the block.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

The living room is packed with mourners, eating and drinking. (Randi and Josh are not there.) PATRICK is hugging SANDY and JILL. They are leaving. He keeps an eye out for SILVIE, who is across the room talking to CJ, Joel and some other kids.

LATER -- PATRICK is in an armchair, watching LEE through the press of chatting mourners. Lee holds a beer and looks lost. TOM DOHERTY appears, shakes Lee's hand and gives him a hug which Lee rigidly returns. MRS DOHERTY kisses Lee.

SILVIE appears at Patrick's side. She gives him some soda in a plastic cup. Her eyes intrusively search his face.

SILVIE
How you doin', baby?

PATRICK
I'm OK

LATER -- LEE and GEORGE are talking over the din.

GEORGE
So how you holdin' up?

LEE
What's the matter?

LEE (CONT'D)
What?

Oh. Um...

GEORGE
No -- I said "How you holdin' up?" It's a stupid question. You get some food?

LEE (CONT'D)
I had some cheese.

GEORGE
 "You had some cheese." Asshole.

LEE
 It's OK, George.

GEORGE
 I'll get you something. Hey
 JANINE!

We see JANINE through the crowd, replenishing items at the buffet table and clearing paper plates and napkins, etc.

LEE
 Seriously. I'm not hungry.

JANINE
 WHAT?

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Sure? (To JANINE) Never mind!

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 FORGET IT! SKIP IT!
 I SAID FORGET IT!

JANINE
 I CAN'T HEAR A GODDAMN THING
 YOU'RE SAYIN'!

JANINE
 DID LEE GET SOME FOOD?

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The downstairs lights in the little house go ON.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

Lee is hanging up his coat. Patrick takes out his iPhone.

PATRICK
 OK if I ask Silvie to stay over?

LEE
 No.

PATRICK
 What do you mean? Why not?

LEE
 I don't like her

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

Lee comes in, Patrick on his heels.

PATRICK
 You don't have to talk to her.

LEE

I don't want her in the house right now. You can go to her house or call one of your friends. That's it.

Lee gets out some cold chicken. Patrick is stunned.

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee is putting on Joe's pyjamas. We hear PATRICK O.C.

PATRICK (O.C.),
Would your Mom be cool if I came there? ... I have *no idea*...

A FEW MOMENTS LATER -- Patrick KNOCKS and comes in.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Well, I can't go there either.

LEE
Sorry about that.

PATRICK
Are you gonna stay in here...?

LEE
Well, yeah. Why not?

PATRICK
I thought maybe you'd want to stay in Dad's room.

LEE
Why? You want me to?

PATRICK
No. It's just a better room. And he's not usin' it...

LEE
I'll stay in there...We're not gonna be here that much longer anyway.

Lee starts to gather his belongings.

PATRICK
Come on. You're not seriously gonna make me move to Boston, are you?

LEE

Yes. That's where I live. That's where my job is.

PATRICK

You said he left you money so you could move.

LEE

Yes. But that doesn't mean --

PATRICK

Anyway, *what* fuckin' job? You're a *janitor*.

LEE

So what?

PATRICK

So you could do that anywhere. There's toilets and clogged-up drains all over town.

LEE

Don't be a fuckin' wise-ass with me right now, Patty.

PATRICK

What am I gonna do in Boston? All my friends are here. I'm on the hockey team. I'm on the basketball team. I gotta maintain our boat now. I work on George's boat two days a week. I got two girlfriends and I'm in a band. You're a janitor in Roxbury. What the hell do you care where you live?

You can't maintain --

Lee stands still, holding his toiletries. He has no answer.

EXT./INT. JOE'S BEDROOM -- WINDOW. NIGHT.

We see Lee get up and look out the window. The house creaks in the frightening wind. The trees rattle outside.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT.

Standing at the window, Lee hears a NOISE DOWNSTAIRS.

INT. KITCHEN/SIMULTANEOUS. NIGHT.

Patrick, in his sleeping gear, opens the refrigerator, looking for a snack. He opens the overcrowded freezer and some packages of frozen chicken breasts and chopped meat slide out at him. He tries to catch or block them, but most of them get past him and hit the floor.

He looks down at the frozen meat and starts to breathe hard. He tries to put them back, but they slide out of his hands and hit the floor again. He leans his head against the freezer door then backs away, wiping his eyes.

PATRICK

I don't want it. I don't want it.

LEE comes in. Patrick can't get ahold of himself.

LEE

Patty --

PATRICK

Somethin's wrong with me.

LEE

What do you mean? Like what?

PATRICK

I don't know! I feel really weird! I'm havin' like a panic attack or something.

LEE

What do you mean? Are you sick?

PATRICK

Could you get that shit outta the freezer? I feel really weird.

LEE

Get ridda what? The chicken?

PATRICK

I don't know.

LEE

Should I call your friends...?

Patrick breaks down and covers his face and runs out.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick comes in and slams the door. Pause. Lee KNOCKS.

LEE (O.S.)

You gonna go to bed?

PATRICK

Leave me alone.

LEE (O.S.)

I don't think I should let you shut the door.

PATRICK

Just go away!

LEE (O.C.)
I will. Just open up the door.

PATRICK
Fuck you.

LEE KICKS the DOOR IN. Patrick jumps up from his bed.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Jesus! What's your problem?

LEE
I said open up the door. Are you psychotic? Are you mentally disturbed? Should I take you to the hospital?

No! No! I'm just freakin' out.

LEE
Fine, but I can't let you freak out with the door shut.

PATRICK
Just go away!

LEE
And if you're gonna freak out every time you see a frozen chicken I think we should take you the hospital. I don't know anything about this.

I'm *not*...! I just don't like him bein' in the freezer!

LEE (CONT'D)
Yes, you've expressed that very clearly. I don't like it either. There's nothin' we can do about that.

PATRICK
Just get out!

LEE
No.

Patrick has dropped onto the bed. Lee sits on the end.

PATRICK
I'm all right, OK? I just wanna be alone.

LEE
I'm not gonna bother you. I'm just gonna sit here. You can be alone as soon as you calm down.

Patrick turns his face toward the wall. Silence.

PATRICK
I'm calmer now. Would you please get out?

LEE

No.

Patrick starts crying. Lee sits there helplessly.

LEE (CONT'D)

Don't cry, Patty.

PATRICK

Fuck you.

LEE

Come on...Come on now.

Patrick keeps crying, his face turned away. Lee sits there.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Lee and Patrick eat breakfast. Silence.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DAY.

Lee drives Patrick to school. Patrick is totally miserable.

LEE

So listen...I was thinkin' about it --

PATRICK

What.

LEE

I'm gonna tell you. I was...I can't believe I'm...I think we should stay up here until the school year's out.

PATRICK

Why is that?

LEE

I'll have to quit my job, but -- Well, 'cause, like you say, there's some money -- and I'll have time --

Til when, the summer?

Yes. We can stay here through July -- maybe August. That'll give me time to set things up in Boston, and you don't get jerked out of your whole life overnight. (Pause) OK?

PATRICK

Are you askin' me or tellin' me?

LEE

I'm tellin' you it's the best I can do.

PATRICK

Then what the fuck do you care whether it's OK with me or not?

LEE

It's a half an hour away! You can come back here any time you want!

PATRICK

From *Roxbury*?

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What is that, a joke?
It's an hour and a half at least! You gotta include the other cars! You couldn't get here from *Roxbury* in half an hour if you flew in a fuckin' spaceship!

LEE

Yes! No! Depending on the traffic. Fifty minutes.

But we don't have to stay there! We could look in Quincy, or Charlestown --

LEE

OK, fuck it.

INT. LEE'S CAR/MANCHESTER ESSEX REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

Lee and Patrick pull up in front of school.

PATRICK

I need lunch money. Or, I could starve.

LEE

Jesus Christ.

Lee reaches for his wallet. TWO GIRLS rap on the car window as they pass by on their way into the building.

1ST GIRL

Hi, Patrick!

2ND GIRL

Hi, Patrick!

LEE

Are they your girlfriends too?

PATRICK

They wish.

LEE
 (Giving him a \$20)
 Doesn't George give you a salary
 for helpin' with his boat?

PATRICK
 Yeah, but I'm savin' that.

LEE
 For what?

PATRICK
 New motor.

EXT. MANCHESTER -- WES'S OFFICE WINDOW. DAY.

Through the window we see LEE AND WES as Wes shows Lee where
 to SIGN, on a long series of DOCUMENTS.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING DOORWAY. DAY.

Lee comes out, talking on his iPhone.

LEE
 Mr Emery, you can tell Mrs
 Friedrich to take the ceiling and
 shove it up her ass.

EXT. RT 1 SOUTH -- DAY.

Lee drives toward the thickening Boston traffic

EXT. ROXBURY -- LEE'S STREET. DAY.

Lee pulls up in front of his building on the dirty snowy gray
 street, shuts the engine off and gets out.

INT. LEE'S BASEMENT APARTMENT. DAY.

> Lee is halfway through packing. He takes the THREE FRAMED
 PHOTOS off the coffee table and packs them.

> Lee shuts the light off of the now-bare studio and goes.

EXT/INT. BOSTON/LEE'S CAR (BARELY MOVING). DAY.

Lee sits in traffic out of Boston. He HONKS pointlessly.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. DUSK.

Lee neatly unpacks his few belongings. Looks at his watch. When he's done, he looks out the window at the fading day. He takes a deep breath, then punches through every window pane in the room, one by one until his hand is dripping blood.

INT. JOE'S BATHROOM. DUSK -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

Lee wrapping his shredded knuckles in a hand towel In the bedroom O.C. the LAND LINE RINGS.

LEE
Come on...!

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. DUSK -- A MOMENT LATER.

Lee answers the phone with his undamaged hand.

LEE
Hello?

ELISE
(Over the phone)
Hello, is that Lee?

Lee freezes. He does not respond.

INT. ELISE'S HOUSE. NIGHT -- SIMULTANEOUS.

ELISE, now 45 or so, stands in a carpeted over-sanitized rigidly tidy suburban ranch-style house, holding a cell phone. She too looks over-sanitized and rigidly tidy. WE CUT BETWEEN THEM:

ELISE
Hello? Lee? It's Elise. (Pause)
Hello?

Lee doesn't answer. Blood begins to soak through the towel around his hand.

INT. GLOUCESTER MIDDLE SCHOOL - HOCKEY RINK. DAY.

The combination Rockport/Manchester team is playing another team. Patrick gets checked hard by BIG KID and lights into him. Both kids go down, fighting. There is a general MELEE. The COACHES and REFEREE sail in and breaks it off.

A MOMENT LATER -- Everyone is crowded around Patrick and the Big Kid, who have been separated.

HOCKEY COACH

OK, I want you guys to shake hands.
Come on.

PATRICK

OK, sorry.

The Big Kid offers his hand. Patrick pulls him off his balance and falls on him, punching wildly. Everyone ROARS. TWO KIDS pull Patrick off, holding his arms. The Big Kid plasters Patrick's face at will until he too is restrained.

INT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL ER -- WAITING ROOM.

Lee walks through the ER doors. His hand is wrapped in a new blood-soaked towel. He keeps it elevated as best he can. He sees PATRICK and the COACH across the room. Patrick's face is a puffy, bloody mess. Lee walks over to them.

LEE

Thanks for bringin' him.
What happened? (To Patrick)
Shut up. (To the Coach) Oh --
I just cut my finger.

PATRICK

What happened to your hand?

COACH

Holy Cow, what'd you do
there?

PATRICK

Looks more like you cut it *off*.

LEE

I said shut up.

LATER -- Patrick and Lee sit side by side, waiting.

LEE

Do you enjoy hockey very much?

PATRICK

It's OK. (Pause) What happened to
your hand?

LEE

I cut it.

PATRICK

Oh. For a minute there I didn't
know what happened.

An ER NURSE approaches them, looking at her clipboard.

ER NURSE

OK: Mr Chandler...Who needs the stitches?

They both stand up uncertainly.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT.

Lee drives Patrick home. Lee's hand has a serious bandage on it. Patrick's face has serious bandages and stitches.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick sits and turns on his computer. He reads one of his emails. We can hear Lee VACUUMING, O.C. Patrick gets up and heads out of the room.

INT. HALL/JOE'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Patrick comes into the room angrily and stops short. Lee is VACUUMING broken glass by the windows, his back to Patrick. EVERY WINDOWPANE is carefully TAPED with CARDBOARD SQUARES and DUCT TAPE. SCRAPS of CARDBOARD, TAPE, a SCISSORS and the DUCT TAPE ROLL sit on the BED. Lee turns and sees Patrick. He shuts off the vacuum cleaner.

PATRICK

Are we expectin' a hurricane?

Lee grabs a heavy-duty garbage bag which holds the bigger pieces of glass and wood splinters. He goes to the bed and puts the scraps of tape and cardboard in the bag.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Is there some reason why you didn't tell me that My Mom called last night?

Lee stops in his tracks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She wrote me you hung up on her. She wants me to go have lunch with her, and her fiancée. She wants me to see her new house.

LEE

She's gettin' married?

PATRICK

Obviously.

LEE

Who the fuck would marry her?

PATRICK

I don't know. My father did.

LEE

She was really beautiful. He was twenty two years old.

PATRICK

I don't give a fuck what you think about *anything*. What'd you think? She couldn't get in touch with me?

LEE

I hung up because I didn't know what to say to her. And I didn't tell you because 'cause I didn't know what to say to you. I'm sorry.

PATRICK

You can't stop me talkin' to her.

LEE

I don't care what you do.

He ties off the garbage bag and goes out. Patrick follows --

INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

They go down the hall, stairs, into the kitchen --

PATRICK

No, but you won't let my girlfriend come over and you hate my Mom so much you don't even tell me when she calls. You'd rather drag me back to Roxbury and ruin my life than let somebody else be my guardian --

LEE

There is nobody else.

PATRICK

I can live in Rockport with my Mom.

LEE

No you can't.

PATRICK
Yes I can!

How would you know?

LEE
I'm glad she's out of the nut house or the drunk tank or wherever she was, but she could be right back in tomorrow. And dry or sober she's still crazy and selfish and she doesn't give a shit if you're alive or dead. No matter what she says. I know it's no fun hearin' that but that's the way she is. So go have lunch with her and her fiancée if you want but you can forget about the rest because I can't allow it.

PATRICK
But if she's not an alcoholic anymore and she wants me to stay with her, then that solves all our problems! I can take the bus to my same school and keep all my friends, and the boat, and you can go back to Boston, and you still -- I don't know: Like, check in on me, or whatever, if you want to...

LEE
I can't do that.

PATRICK
Why?

LEE
I'm sorry I hung up on her. Go have lunch with her fiancée if you want. I don't wanna talk about this anymore.

Lee goes out the back door. He puts the garbage bag in the trash bin outside. PATRICK'S iPHONE RINGS. He answers it.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL/JOE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick comes up the stairs, still on his iPhone. He wanders into JOE'S ROOM, and looks at the boarded windows.

PATRICK
...So how's the great Arlene Fudderman?

His sees the THREE PHOTOGRAPHS of Lee's DAUGHTERS. He picks one up and looks at it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Uh huh? ...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL/STAIRS. NIGHT.

Patrick comes out the bathroom in his sleeping gear. He hears the TV on downstairs, O.C. He goes halfway down the stairs. He stops and looks down at LEE on the SOFA, watching TV and drinking a beer. Four more empty beers are on the coffee table. Pause. Patrick goes carefully back up the stairs.

EXT. WATERFRONT - WHARF. DAY.

Lee stands by as George and Patrick pull away in JOE'S BOAT. Patrick is driving. George gives Lee a wave.

GEORGE

OK! Soon as we get clear, open it up and we'll see what we can do.

PATRICK

OK!

Lee watches them go and then turns and walks away.

EXT. CROCKER'S BOAT YARD. DAY.

Lee walks into a large BOAT & MOTOR REPAIR SHOP by the water.

INT. CROCKER'S BOAT YARD - FRONT OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS. DAY.

JERRY, a skinny guy, 40s, is just coming into the front service office as LEE comes in the customer door. Jerry is immediately uncomfortable.

JERRY

Hey... Lee...! Well, what do you know?

LEE

How you doin', Jerry?

JERRY

Not too bad, not too bad.

INT. BACK OFFICE -- SIMULTANEOUS.

SUE, 50s, is at a cluttered desk doing paperwork. She hears voices in the front. Stops what she's doing and listens.

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>LEE (O.S.) ...Anyway, I'm just lookin' for anything right now -- Fixit jobs: Boats, engines, -- OK: I'll do that. No, I know. I just thought I'd ask.</p> | <p>JERRY (O.S.) Sure. You oughta -- Sure, sure. You oughta come by tomorrow and talk to Walter...I doubt he's got anything in February -- Oh, absolutely.</p> |
|---|--|

EXT/INT. CROCKER'S BOAT YARD. DAY.

As Lee walks to his car, SUE enters the FRONT OFFICE.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>JERRY Guess who just --</p> | <p>SUE I don't wanna see him in here again.</p> |
|---|---|

MINI-MONTAGE -- Lee goes into 1) COASTAL AUTOMOBILE REPAIR. 2) MILNE PLUMBING & HEATING. 3) O'BRIEN S.P. PLUMBING & HEATING. 4) HAMMC PAINTING & REMODELING...He talks to managers, fills out forms, walks in and out of doors...

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee is picking Patrick up from George's house. GEORGE and JANINE and their five kids, ages 8-17 wave goodbye.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>GEORGE So long...! Patty, I'll see you Wednesday? So long, Lee!</p> | <p>GEORGE'S KIDS Goodbye, Patrick! See ya, Patrick! Bye, Patty! G'bye!</p> |
| <p>JANINE So long...!</p> | <p>PATRICK 'Bye guys! Yeah, Wednesday! G'bye!</p> |

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick get in the car and start driving.

LEE
 How's the motor?

PATRICK
 George says the piston's gonna go
 right through the block any minute
 now.

LEE

Unfortunately that's a problem.

PATRICK

I have band practice. Can you drive me home to get my stuff and then drive me to Sandy's house?

LEE

Yes.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. DUSK.

Patrick gets an unopened 3-pack of condoms from his dresser.

EXT. SANDY & JILL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee's car idles in front of the house.

PATRICK

You wanna stay for dinner?

LEE

No.

PATRICK

Sandy's mother really likes you.

LEE

No she doesn't.

PATRICK

Yes she does. This could be good for both of us.

LEE

Shut up.

PATRICK

Well, can you at least hang out with her so I can be alone with Sandy for half an hour without her mother knockin' on the door and askin' "How's it goin'?" every twenty seconds?

LEE
Come on, man.

PATRICK
All you gotta do is talk to her! Why can't you help me out a little bit for once instead of draggin' me to the lawyers and the funeral parlor and the morgue? Anyway she's really nice!

LEE
OK.

PATRICK
Thank you.

INT. SANDY & JILL'S BASEMENT. NIGHT.

Stentorian is in full swing. Sandy grabs the mike and wails:

SANDY
"Tell me *WHY!*"

BACKUP SINGERS
"Why!"

SANDY
"Why!"

BACKUP SINGERS
"Why!"

SANDY
"*WHY* do you need me? *WHY* do you want me? *WHY* do you love me? *WHY* why why why why why why *WHY?*"

INT. SANDY & JILL'S DINING AREA. NIGHT.

LEE, PATRICK, JILL and SANDY are eating dinner in a very awkward silence.

PATRICK
This is delicious. (To Sandy) Is it OK to say that?

SANDY
Yes. It's really good, Mom.

JILL
Thank you...

INT. JILL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee and Jill are alone in the living room. She has a glass of wine. He has a beer. Silence.

JILL
Patrick's one of my favorite
people.

LEE
That's good.

Pause. Jill twists around.

JILL
(Calls up the stairs)
How's it goin' up there, you guys?

Silence. Then there is some O.C. giggling and A DOOR OPENS.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>SANDY It's going fine! Thanks! But we're right in the middle of something!</p> | <p>PATRICK Good! Really good! We're totally rippin' through those compound fractions!</p> |
|---|---|

There is more laughing and the DOOR SHUTS O.C.

JILL (CONT'D)
At least we know where they are,
right?

Lee smiles or half smiles but doesn't answer.

INT. SANDY'S ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

Sandy comes away from the door. They are in their underwear. Patrick discards an unused, unrolled condom and GETS UP to get another from his pants, across the darkened room.

PATRICK
Hold on a sec.

SANDY
How many of those you generally
gotta go through before you pick a
winner?

PATRICK
I'd like to see you use one of
these goddamn things with all these
interruptions -- Ow!

He trips over something with a crash.

SANDY

What happened? Are you OK?

PATRICK

I tripped over your fuckin' doll house.

SANDY

Oh my God, did you break it?

PATRICK

I don't know. *I'm* fine though, by the way.

Sandy snaps the light on.

SANDY

Oh my God. My grandmother gave me that when I was five years old. It was literally her doll house from when she was a little girl.

PATRICK

Well what's it doin' on the fuckin' floor?

SANDY

It's a *doll* house! That's where you *play* with it!

JILL (O.S.)

Sandy? What is going on up there?

Nothing! Patrick stubbed his toe on Mummer's doll house, but it's OK!

Yeah I *know*, Mom! It was just an *accident*. Nobody's smashin' it to pieces! It's fine!

Sandy, that doll house belonged to my *mother*! If you're gonna smash it to pieces I wish you'd let me keep it somewhere else!

PATRICK

Don't worry, Jill, I'm OK! My toe's gonna be OK!

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

Jill turns back to Lee, smiles and shrugs. Silence.

JILL

Could I get you another beer, Lee?

LEE

I'm good. Thanks.

Jill sips her wine. Lee can't think of anything to say.

JILL
Would you excuse me, Lee, one sec?

LEE
Sure.

INT. SANDY'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The only light comes from Sandy's laptop. They're on the bed.

SANDY
Is it on?

PATRICK
Yes. It's a miracle.

SANDY
OK. Hurry up.

JILL KNOCKS. Patrick and Sandy leap away from each other. Patrick falls on the floor.

| | |
|---------------------------|---|
| JILL | SANDY |
| Hey, Sandy? I'm sorry...! | One second please! (To Patrick) Get outta my way! |
| PATRICK | |
| Goddamn it! | |

AT THE DOOR, A MOMENT LATER, -- JILL is talking to SANDY through a crack in the door. Patrick is pretending to work at the laptop. Sandy and he have pulled on their clothes.

SANDY (CONT'D)
What's up?

JILL
I'm really sorry: I know you're trying to work, but I can't sit down there much longer.

SANDY
Why? What's the problem?

JILL
He won't *talk*! I've been trying to make conversation for half an hour!

SANDY
Are you serious?

JILL
I realize I'm not the most
fascinating person in the
world, but it's very, very
strained.

PATRICK
What's the matter?

SANDY
Mom...

SANDY (CONT'D)
She can't make your Uncle speak.

JILL
I'm sorry to bust things up,
but how much longer do you
think you're gonna be?

PATRICK
He likes sports. Can you talk
about sports with him? Maybe
there's a game on you could
watch.

I'm sorry...!

SANDY (To Patrick)
Shut up. (To Jill) Mummy,
please.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick drive in silence.

LEE
I didn't ask to sit down there.

PATRICK
You can't make small talk? Like
every other grownup in the world?

LEE
No.

PATRICK
You can't talk about boring
bullshit for half an hour?
"Hey, I lost my Triple A
Card?" "How about those
interest rates?" *Like
everybody else?*

No I can't.

EXT. MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA. NIGHT.

Wide on the town late on a starry night.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick is having trouble sleeping.

EXT. RT 128 NORTH. DAY.

A bright sunny morning. LEE'S CAR approaches the ROCKPORT
EXIT, and veers onto the EXIT RAMP.

EXT/INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) / A WOODED ROAD. DAY.

Lee is driving Patrick along a wooded road in Rockport.

LEE

Where did she say she lives? 'Cause there's no houses here. None.

PATRICK

(Checks his cell phone)
119 Pigeon Hill Street.

LEE

What does she live in a fuckin' sleeping bag?

Pigeon Hill *Street*.

Street, street, *street*.
This is Pigeon Hill *Road*!

Pigeon Hill Street or Pigeon Hill Road? (Looks at his phone) They got Pigeon Hill Street, Pigeon Hill Road, Pigeon Hill *Court* --

PATRICK

Do you have no GPS whatsoever?

Why don't you let me punch in the address and it'll *show* you --

LEE

OK: where the fuck is Pigeon Hill *Street*? No: I have a little moving cartoon *map*. Pigeon Hill *Street*...

Never mind. I got it.

They approach the intersection of Pigeon Hill Road and Pigeon Hill Street, which is a long residential street.

LEE (CONT'D)

Are you nervous?

PATRICK

Yeah I'm nervous.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What are you? A fuckin' genius?

LEE

Good -- ! Because --- OK, skip it.

EXT. ELISE'S HOUSE. DAY.

They pull up to a small neatly kept house and get out. ELISE opens the front door. She looks starched and brittle.

ELISE

Oh my gosh. Is that my Patrick?

PATRICK

Hi Mom.

ELISE

I'm so happy...!

She kisses him and hugs him. She releases him, sees Lee and composes herself.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Welcome to my home.

INT. ELISE'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

JEFFREY stands waiting as Elise ushers them in. He is in his late 40s, slight, well groomed and dressed in conservative weekend wear. Slacks, loafers, a light-weight sweater.

LEE glances around the very tidy house. There is a framed pastel of Jesus on the wall.

ELISE
Patrick. This is my fella. Jeffrey,
this is Patrick...

JEFFREY
(Shaking hands)
Great to finally meet you, Patrick.

ELISE
And this is Lee...

JEFFREY
(Shaking hands.)
Hey, welcome. Jeffrey.

ELISE
Now, Lee, are you sure you won't
stay for lunch?

LEE
I'm positive.

INT. ELISE'S DINING NOOK. DAY.

Patrick is at the table. Jeffrey and Elise bring in lunch.

PATRICK
Can I help with anything?

ELISE
No thanks, honey.

JEFFREY
Your job is to relax. OK? That is
your A-Number One assignment.

PATRICK
OK. I'm gonna really apply myself.

JEFFREY
No -- I was just joking.

PATRICK
I know you were. So was I.

Elise comes in from the kitchen and sits down.

ELISE
How we gettin' along?

JEFFREY
Great.

PATRICK
Great.

ELISE
You don't have to be so polite, you know!

PATRICK
Oh -- I'm not bein' polite...

ELISE
Did you wanna wash your hands before we eat?

PATRICK
Um -- Yeah.

INT. ELISE'S BATHROOM. DAY.

Patrick self-consciously tries to wash and dry his hands without doing anything to soil the spotless bathroom.

INT. ELISE'S DINING ROOM. DAY.

Everyone is seated. Jeffrey is saying grace.

JEFFREY
For what we are about to receive
let us give thanks. Amen.

ELISE
Amen.

They start passing around the lunch.

ELISE (CONT'D)

It's OK to say Amen, Patrick...!
Nobody's tryin' to *recruit* you!

PATRICK

I said Amen.

ELISE

You did? OK. You don't *have* to...

PATRICK

I know. I just said it really
quietly.

ELISE

Honey, it's fine. I know -- I'm
gonna be a shock to you. In a lotta
ways. Hopin' it's a *good* shock...

PATRICK

Yeah...

JEFFREY

What can I get you, Patrick?

ELISE

I hope everything's OK...(e.g. the
lunch.)

PATRICK

Oh yeah, it looks great. Thank you.

ELISE

You don't have to be so polite, you
know...!

PATRICK

I'm not bein' polite...

JEFFREY

I think Elise's just --

ELISE

I know...! I'm just sayin',
this is your home too! I
want it to be... It's
different from what you're
used to, but...And...I don't
know...!

PATRICK

That's OK...

JEFFREY

What are you studying in school,
Patrick?

PATRICK

Oh...well...The usual stuff...

ELISE

You know what? I'm gonna be right back. Anybody need anything from the kitchen?

JEFFREY

I think we're good. No.

PATRICK

No, thanks. Thank you.

Elise gets up and goes into the kitchen.

JEFFREY

You get some string beans?

PATRICK

Oh -- no. Thank you.

JEFFREY

OK. (Pause) Lemme just see what she's doin' in there.

He goes into the kitchen. Patrick eats.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DUSK.

Lee is driving Patrick home. He glances at Patrick. Patrick is very glum and unhappy.

LEE

So what was she like?

PATRICK

I don't know: She was pretty nervous.

LEE

What was the guy like?

PATRICK

He was very Christian.

Pause.

LEE

You know we're Christians too. Right?

PATRICK

Yeah, I know...
I *know*. But not like *that*.

LEE

I mean, you are aware that Catholics are Christians too, theoretically. Like what?

PATRICK

Come on.

They drive in gloomy silence.

LEE

Well...it sounds like she's doin'
better anyway. She's not drinkin'.
She's not in a psyche ward.

PATRICK

Wow.

LEE

Wow *what?*

PATRICK

You'll do *anything* to get
ridda me!

LEE

What?

PATRICK

You heard me.

LEE

That's not true.

Patrick shrugs and starts writing an email on his iPhone.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick sits at his laptop, wet from the shower. He opens an email from *JEFFGARNDER7@YAHOO.COM*. We see the first few lines and hear *JEFFREY'S VOICE* at the same time.

JEFFREY V.O.

*"Dear Patrick, I'm writing on
behalf of your mother to thank you
for today. Your visit meant the
world to her, but the long and
difficult road before her has no
short cuts. So while we're both
incredibly grateful for the love
and trust you've shown by asking to
rejoin her life in full, she really
feels that it may be some time
before --"*

ON PATRICK as he reads on. He DELETES the MESSAGE.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick is watching an action movie on TV. Lee drifts in and stands by for a moment.

LEE
Where's your friends tonight?

PATRICK
I don't know.

LEE
Why don't you call that Sandy and see if she'll come over?

PATRICK
No thanks. Nice try, though.

Pause. Lee walks away and goes into --

INT. JOE'S DEN. NIGHT.

Lee turns on the light. He walks over to the fancy GUN CASE. It's got several expensive rifles mounted, and some HANDGUNS. Lee gets the key from on top of the case and opens it. He takes out a HANDGUN. Realizes that PATRICK is in the doorway.

LEE
Oh. Hey.

PATRICK
Who are you gonna shoot? You or me?

LEE
Do you know how much these guns are worth?

EXT. GUN SHOP. DAY.

Through the window we see Lee and Patrick talking to the GUN SHOP OWNER. Joe's guns are laid out on the counter on a felt cloth. The owner is counting out bills for them.

EXT. MANCHESTER -- MARINA. DAY.

Patrick and George examine a spiffy TWIN DIESEL ENGINE on the back of a FISHING BOAT. Lee is talking to the OWNER.

EXT. WHARF - BOAT HOUSE. DAY.

> LEE, GEORGE and PATRICK are connecting up the new second-hand MOTOR to Joe's boat.

> They LOWER the BOAT into the WATER.

> ON THE OPEN WATER -- Patrick drives the boat. GEORGE is in the back, listening to the motor for problems.

GEORGE
Sounds good to me! Open her up!

PATRICK
This is awesome!

> ON THE WHARF -- Through the chain-link fence, Lee watches them accelerate away as Patrick opens the throttle.

EXT. WATERFRONT STREET. DAY.

Lee is walking toward his car. He slows because he sees RANDI pushing a stroller his way, with a newborn BABY in it. The baby is almost invisible inside his winter parka. Randi is accompanied by a friend, RACHEL, 40s.

RANDI
Lee...! Hi.

LEE
Hi.

RANDI
Um -- Rachel. This is Lee. Lee, Rachel.

RACHEL
Hello.

RANDI
(Re: the baby)
And this is Dylan. You can't see him too good.

LEE
Hey Dylan.

RACHEL
Randi, you want me to get the car and pick you up?

RANDI
Oh, sure --

LEE
That's OK. I gotta --

RANDI
Well, could I -- I'd -- Could we talk a second?

LEE
Sure.

RACHEL
I'll just pull around -- Just be
like two minutes.

RANDI
OK, thanks.

RACHEL
Nice to meet you.

LEE
You too.

RACHEL
Be right back.

Rachel hurries away and turns a corner.

RANDI
I don't have anything big to say:

| | |
|---|--|
| RANDI (CONT'D) | LEE |
| I just -- I know you been around -- | That's OK. |
| And I thought -- we never -- Yeah I know. He seems like he's doin' pretty well, considering. I mean... | Yeah -- Just been gettin' Patrick settled in. |
| | I <i>think</i> he is...Yeah... |

RANDI (CONT'D)
I guess you don't know, but I
really kept in touch with Joe --

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| RANDI (CONT'D) | LEE |
| So it's been kinda wierd for me, not seeing Patrick since he passed away -- OK. I didn't know... | No, I knew that -- |

LEE
Well you can -- see him. I have no --

RANDI
Could we ever have lunch?

LEE
You mean us? Me and you?

RANDI
Yeah. I, uh...Because...I said a
lotta terrible things to you. But --
I know you never -- Maybe you don't
wanna talk to me --

LEE

It's not that.

RANDI

But let me finish. However it -- my heart was broken. It's still broken. I know your heart is broken too. But I don't have to carry...I said things that I should -- I should fuckin' burn in hell for what I said. It was just --

LEE

No, no...

RANDI

I'm just sorry. I love you. Maybe I shouldn't say that. And I'm sorry --

LEE

I can't --

You can say it, but -- No, it's just --I -- I can't -- I gotta go.

RANDI

We couldn't have lunch?

LEE

I don't think so.

RANDI

You can't just *die*...!

But honey, I see you walkin' around like this and I just wanna tell you --

But Lee, you gotta -- I don't know what! I don't wanna torture you. I just wanna tell you I was wrong.

That can't be true...!

LEE

Thank you for sayin' everything --I'm not! But I can't -- I'm happy for you. And I want...I would want to talk to you -- But I can't, I can't...

I'm tryin' to -- You're not. But I got nothin' to -- Than you for sayin' that. But -- There's nothin' left. There's nothin' *there*: You don't understand...

RANDI

Of course I do!

LEE

I'm s -- gotta go.

RANDI

OK. I'm sorry.

LEE

There's nothin' I can s -- I gotta go.

He moves away. Randi breaks down.

INT. WATERFRONT BAR & GRILLE. DAY.

CU LEE, very drunk. He is at the counter of a busy local place full of fishermen eating and drinking their lunch. A new bunch of guys comes in loudly and boisterously. One of them accidentally clips Lee as the group passes by.

FISHERMAN

Sorry, buddy.

Lee whirls around and sucker-punches the Fisherman. He goes down hard. His friends immediately grab at Lee en masse.

FISHERMEN

Hey! Hey! What're you doin'? Etc.

Lee is pushed into some tables -- The whole place is in an uproar -- He is jumped by several guys. He keeps fighting crazily. The OWNER grabs Lee in a choke hold.

OWNER

Calm down! Calm down! (To the others) Back off!

FISHERMEN

Hold him!/You fuckin' asshole!

PETE, a big bearded guy, whom we have seen before a couple of times, uses his size to shove the other guys away from Lee.

PETE

Break it up! Break it up! It's Lee Chandler. Lee! Let him go, Eddy. He's Joey Chandler's brother. Let him go!

The Owner loosens his grip. Lee slumps against the bar.

OWNER

You gonna calm down?

PETE

Lee. Lee. It's Pete. Lee. Come on -- (To the guys who beat Lee up) You won. OK? You won the fight.

Lee shoves Pete away and swings at the nearest man. Everybody pounces on him again. Pete interposes himself.

PETE (CONT'D)

OK, OK, OK!

Someone hits Lee squarely and knocks him down. Now Pete is fighting everybody. Chaos.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Lee is dazed, lying on the sofa in George's cramped living room. George and Pete watch anxiously as George's wife JANINE finishes washing and bandaging Lee's banged up face.

JANINE
...should we take him to the hospital?

GEORGE
I don't think so. Nothin's broken
...What the fuck they do to him?

PETE
They all just said he started swingin'.

PETE (CONT'D)
Anyway -- I know. Right?
Anyway, I gotta split. The kids are at my mother's

GEORGE
Who knows?
Yeah, yeah: Go ahead. We're good. Thanks, Pete.

A FEW MINUTES LATER -- Lee is now fully awake. George stands over him. Janine sits by him, dabbing his swollen bruises.

LEE
Where's Patrick?

GEORGE
He's with the kids. I sent 'em out for burgers.

LEE
Lemme give you some money.

Lee sits up painfully and reaches for his wallet.

GEORGE
Lee. Please. It's my treat.

Lee stands up and fumbles for his wallet and drops it on the floor. George picks it up and gives it to him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Would you siddown please, for Christ's sake?

LEE

OK.

Lee sits down and breaks into tears.

GEORGE

Come on, buddy.

George looks uncomfortable. He looks up toward the kitchen. Janine comes back in with coffee and sits next to Lee. Lee can't stop crying.

LEE

I'm sorry...

GEORGE

That's OK, buddy...It's OK...

JANINE

Lee? Have some coffee. Come on, drink this..

Lee takes the coffee and keeps crying. George and Janine exchange a look.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick pull up in the car and open the garage.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee lies on the sofa nursing a beer, his face swollen and cut. Patrick comes in from the kitchen and hovers.

PATRICK

Can I get you anything, Uncle Lee?

LEE

No thanks, buddy.

PATRICK

OK. I'm goin' to bed.

LEE

Good night.

Pause. Patrick goes over to Lee and hugs him. Lee hugs him back and starts crying again.

LEE (CONT'D)

Sorry...

PATRICK
It's OK...

EXT. JOE'S BOAT (MOVING) -- AT SEA. DAY.

A beautiful day at sea. Patrick is driving the boat, fast. SANDY is next to him, smoking a cigarette. LEE is in the back, still freshly bruised and puffy from his beating.

SANDY
This is awesome!

PATRICK
You wanna drive?

SANDY
Sure!

PATRICK
OK -- So --

The BOAT SWERVES WILDLY and loses speed as Sandy takes the wheel from Patrick in a clumsy transfer.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| PATRICK (CONT'D) | SANDY |
| Yeah -- Don't -- Just | (Screams) |
| straighten her out -- OK. | Oh my God! Sorry! |

She straightens the wheel and speeds up again.

INT/EXT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DAY.

Lee drives Sandy and Patrick into the driveway and stops.

LEE
I gotta do some chores. OK if I
drop you guys at home?

PATRICK
I guess so...

LEE
I'll be back in a couple of hours.

| | |
|---------------------|---------|
| SANDY | PATRICK |
| Thanks Mr Chandler. | 'Bye. |

Sandy and Patrick get out. Lee drives away.

SANDY
Set-up city.

PATRICK
What? Not at *all*.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

PUSH IN ON: LEE'S CAR parked outside GEORGE'S LITTLE HOUSE.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM. DAY.

SANDY AND PATRICK lie on the bed, her dozing head on his chest. He's very happy.

SANDY
So when you breakin' up with Silvie McGann?

PATRICK
Today...?

SANDY
(Eyes shut, happy)
Good.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

(MOS) LEE is on the living room sofa talking seriously with GEORGE and JANINE. It has the air of a conference.

INT. GLOUCESTER MIDDLE SCHOOL -- HOCKEY RINK. NIGHT.

Patrick's TEAM plays another school. LEE, largely healed, sits with GEORGE & JANINE in the stands. SANDY is nearby with some friends. SILVIE sits with some fans, looking upset.

IN THE RINK, Patrick catches the puck on his stick...

GEORGE
There he goes, there he goes...

SANDY
Go, Patrick!

GEORGE
Go go, buddy, go!

Patrick WINDS UP to take a SLAP SHOT --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND. DAY.

Patrick SWATS a BASEBALL over the SHORTSTOP'S HEAD. A CHEER goes up. He digs for first base. Manchester High is playing Gloucester High. It's late March. Lee, George, Janine, Sandy, Joel and others we know are in the stands. SILVIE is also in the stands, with a NEW BOYFRIEND, making a point of showing no interest in Patrick's Double.

EXT. AN OLD MANCHESTER HOUSE. DAY.

A MILNE PLUMBING & HEATING VAN is parked in the driveway.

INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

Lee is lying on the floor in coveralls, working on the hot-water heater. The HOMEOWNER, in his 80s, stands by watching.

HOMEOWNER

What do you think?

LEE

I think you're gonna be OK.

HOMEOWNER

Are you one of Stan Chandler's boys?

LEE

Yeah, I'm Lee.

HOMEOWNER

I used to play a little chess with your father a long time ago. He was a heck of a chess player.

LEE

That's him. He used to play us both at once -- two games at once, never looked at the board, and he beat our brains out every time.

HOMEOWNER

He's not still living, is he?

LEE

No.

HOMEOWNER

And one of the sons passed away recently I heard.

LEE

Yeah. Joe. My brother.

HOMEOWNER

That's right. Very personable man.

LEE

Yeah.

HOMEOWNER

I believe there was some kind of tragedy in the family at one point. An automobile accident or a fire or something...? My father passed away in 1969. A young man. Worked on a tuna boat. Went out one morning, little bit of weather, nothing dramatic...Never came back. No signal. No May Day. No one ever knew what happened.

Lee continues to work on the underside of the heater.

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET/CENTRAL CEMETERY. DUSK.

Patrick walks along the street. We REVEAL that he is headed for the cemetery gate. He snaps a dead branch off a tree.

AT JOE'S TOMBSTONE, he pokes his stick into the ground to see if it's softened up. It has. He digs up some clods. He walks away, rattling the against the tombstones.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN. DUSK.

Lee puts a light under some spaghetti sauce in a skillet. He HEARS PATRICK COME HOME, O.S.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Hey, Mom! What's for supper?

LEE

Spaghetti!

PATRICK (O.S.)

OK!

INT. LIVING ROOM. DUSK.

Lee plunks down on the sofa with a beer and turns on the TV. He sips beer. He drifts off to sleep...A LITTLE HAND tugs at his SLEEVE.

SUZY (O.C.)

Daddy?

He turns his head and sees without surprise his THREE GIRLS seated next to him in their nightgowns or PJs. SUZY, 7, is pulling his sleeve. Lee smiles at them.

LEE

Yes, honey?

SUZY

Can't you see we're burning?

LEE

No, honey...You're not burning.

LEE WAKES UP -- There's SMOKE coming from the KITCHEN.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

The blackened skillet is SMOKING. Lee comes in and puts it under the water in the sink. It hisses and steams.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Uncle Lee! What the hell's that smell?

LEE

I just burnt the sauce!
Everything's OK!

PATRICK (O.S.)

OK!

He grips the sink and tries to recover from his dream.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Patrick opens the kitchen door slowly. The smoke is gone. Dinner is re-cooking. Lee is on the phone at the kitchen table.

LEE (O.S.)

OK: I can start July 1st, August
1st. Whatever's good for you ...
Hopefully North Boston ... Quincy,
Charleston, someplace like that ...
I gotta see what's available.

Patrick lets the door shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick eat dinner. Lee puts his fork down.

PATRICK LEE
Lemme guess: Your job came through. So listen --

LEE
Yes. (Pause) Custodian, handyman, general -- asshole. But just two buildings this time. Thank God. It's in Quincy. Now I just gotta find a place to live.

PATRICK LEE
And what delightful Boston neighborhood have you selected for us to live in? I was gonna tell y --

LEE (CONT'D)
None.

PATRICK
What?

LEE
You don't have to move to Boston.

PATRICK
I don't? (Pause) That's great!

LEE
I thought you'd be happy.

PATRICK
Uncle Lee!

LEE
George is gonna take you.

PATRICK
What?

LEE
I talked to them last month --

PATRICK
So, but --

LEE
I explained the situation to them. Georgie Junior's goin' to school this Fall.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

Jimmy graduates next year. We'll have to rent this house. You can move back in when you turn eighteen. When you turn twenty-one, you can sell it or stay in it, or whatever you want. Definitely have to lease the boat out when the summer's over -- like we talked about. I thought when you get your licence, we can figure that one out as we go. I'm still the trustee, but all the financial stuff Joe set up for me is gonna go to George. So everything'll be the same, except you don't have to move.

PATRICK

Well...I mean, thank you. That's great. But...like, are *they* gonna be my guardians?

LEE

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Or do you still --

They're gonna adopt you.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Wow.

LEE

Anyway, that's how I set it up. If you want. It's up to you.

Pause.

PATRICK

So are you gonna just disappear?

LEE

You don't have to do it. No. No. I just set it up so you can stay here. They're really glad to have you. They love you.

PATRICK

I know. I mean, they're great...But why can't you stay?

Patty starts crying.

LEE

Come on, Patty.

PATRICK

I know you feel bad...!

LEE

Come on...

PATRICK
 Maybe it would get better. I mean --

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>LEE I can't do it. I can't beat it. I can't beat it.</p> | <p>PATRICK I don't mean like, you're ever gonna be like -- I know you feel bad.</p> |
|---|--|

LEE
 ...I'm sorry.

Patrick wipes his eyes. Lee comes over and hugs him. Patrick
 hugs him back, crying.

EXT. WES'S OFFICE WINDOW. DAY.

Past the BLOSSOMS on the tree outside Wes' window, we see
 GEORGE, LEE and WES, signing documents.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

There is a "FOR RENT BY OWNER" SIGN outside the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Patrick is on the sofa on his iPhone. Lee is standing by as a
 REALTOR shows a COUPLE IN THEIR 30s around the house.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

Joe's burial service. A BABY is CRYING. PATRICK, LEE, GEORGE
 and JANINE all stand a row at the front. The CRYING BABY
 belongs to RANDI. She gives him to JOSH, who steps away.

FATHER MARTIN
*"And receive your servant Joseph
 Herbert Chandler into the arms of
 your mercy --"*

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF THE TOWN. DAY.

A beautiful early Spring day. Lots of boats in the water.

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET -- CORNER GROCERY STORE. DAY.

Lee and Patrick, still in their funeral clothes, trudge up a
 steeply inclined street. Lee picks up an old rubber ball from
 the street and starts bouncing it.

PATRICK
I'm gonna get some ice cream.

LEE
Go ahead.

PATRICK
Can I have some money?

Lee gives him a ten dollar bill. Patrick goes inside. Lee bounces the ball against the store wall a couple of times. It takes a bad bounce. He runs and grabs it before it rolls too far down the hill. He walks back up. Patrick comes out with an ice cream bar.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
So when am I supposed to move in with Georgie?

LEE
Well -- late June.

PATRICK
Why not now?

LEE
Because it's easier for George that way. What's the rush?

PATRICK
I just wanna keep it straight. All these disruptions are very traumatic for a child my age, and I just wanna know when the next one is comin'.

LEE
The next one could come if you get struck by fuckin' lightning. Could we talk about this another time?

PATRICK
And you don't wanna help me out in any way whatsoever by stayin' through the summer and workin' the boat with me?

LEE
You want to go fishin', I'll take you fishin'. But I *can't* help you out with the boat because my *job* starts in *July!*

PATRICK
OK, OK, calm down!
OK!

LEE
I still gotta find a place to
live. Don't tell me to calm
down.

PATRICK
Why don't they give you an
apartment?

LEE
I was gonna try to get a place with
an extra room. Or room for like a
pull-out sofa.

PATRICK
What for?

LEE
Or in case you wanna visit. Or if
you wanna go to the Museum of the
American Revolution. I don't know.

PATRICK
That's in Philadelphia.

LEE
Whatever! Or if you're lookin' at
colleges in Boston or somethin',
and you wanna stay overnight --

PATRICK
I'm not goin' to college.

LEE
Then I'll have an extra room for
all my *shit*. Do we have to talk
about this now?

PATRICK
Nope.

He tosses away his ice-cream stick.

LEE
I want...I thought we oughta stay
in touch --

PATRICK
Then why can't we --

LEE
I don't wanna just --

LEE (CONT'D)
I'd stay here if I could. But it's
impossible. Everybody wants me to
recover.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

But it's -- I can't -- bounce back.
But I don't wanna just go back
there and die...!

PATRICK

We could call that guy about
the house and say we changed
our mind.

LEE

I'll still be the trustee.
I'll go on the boat with you.
But I can't -- No. No...

PATRICK

Why not?

LEE

It's impossible...Every -- *brick*. I
can't explain. It's impossible.

PATRICK

It's OK, Uncle Lee.

LEE

Could we discuss this plan tomorrow?

PATRICK

OK, sure.

LEE

Thank you.

After a minute Lee wipes his eyes. He bounces the ball and
tosses it to Patrick. It goes wide and bounces crazily.

PATRICK

Great throw.

LEE

Just leave it.

Patrick runs to get the ball. They continue to walk up the
hill, bouncing the ball across the street to each other and
chasing it when it rolls back down the hill.

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF THE TOWN -- JOE'S BOAT. DAY.

Lee and Patrick head out to fish. Brisk Spring weather, cold
on the water but beautiful. Patrick drives the boat. Lee sets
up the fishing gear. He looks a little better than we've seen
him. He squints at the sea and the wide open sky.

NINE YEARS AGO --

EXT. THE OPEN SEA. DAY.

A SUMMER DAY. At first we may not know this is a flashback. Then we REVEAL THE BOAT. STAN is at the wheel. Along for a ride are: ELISE, 6 YEAR-OLD PATRICK, RANDI (PREGNANT), 5 YEAR-OLD SUZY, 2 YEAR-OLD KAREN, JOE AND LEE. The kids wear life jackets Lee and Stan are strapped into the fishing chairs. Everyone is talking. Joe gets a strike.

LEE JOE
Strike! Watch it! Shit! Sorry!

ELISE STAN
Watch the mouth! Hey, hey, hey hey!

The REEL WHIRS merrily as the big fish runs...

A GRAY WHALE BREACHES the water TWENTY FEET AWAY.

EVERYBODY ON BOARD
Whoaaa!

The SPLASH drenches them. The WAKE rocks the boat.

STAN/JOE LEE
Joe, your line, your line!/
Holy smokes! You lost your fish, you
moron!

RANDI/ELISE SUZY/PATRICK
Holy Christ!/Oh My God! That was RADICAL!/That was
AWESOME!

LEE
Here he comes again!

The WHALE BREACHES again -- even CLOSER -- beyond enormous.

EVERYONE ON BOARD
Whoaaaaaaa!

As the WHALE CRASHES DOWN, the SPLASH breaks over them...

EVERYONE
Whooooooooohooooo!

The boat rocks dizzily over the enormous wake. They are happy and excited and fearful.

PULLING BACK -- We see the little boat among dozens of others bobbing in the sea, with the dark shapes of the whales moving under the water all around them.

THE END