

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY - MANY YEARS AGO

Glorious summer afternoon. Rich, surreal golden light. Saucy YOUNG ROSEMARY BOYLE, 5, and her dashing father MIKE BOYLE, 38, walk down the beach toward the ocean. Mike has a surfboard under his arm and a cigarette in his mouth.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
When I grow up you're going to
be my husband.

MIKE
I'm Mommy's husband.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
Are you going to be Mommy's
husband forever?

MIKE
No. One of us will die at some
point.

Two sexy WOMEN IN BIKINIS stroll towards them. Mike checks them out.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
Will you be my husband when
Mommy dies?

As they pass, he trades a suggestive SMILE with one of them.

YOUNG ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Daddy?

His eyes hungrily follow them down the shore.

MIKE
I'll probably die first.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
But what if you don't?

MIKE
Okay, Rosemary.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
Swear!

MIKE
I swear.

He crosses his heart with the hand that holds the burning cigarette. Then tosses it into the sand. Ruffles Rosemary's hair.

(CONTINUED)

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Sprints into the water, flops on the board and starts paddling. Rosemary stands on the shore and watches her father, a god, as he moves out to sea.

EXT. JACOB'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT - NOW

A misty night on a pitch-black road in the mountains outside San Luis Obispo, California. A beat-up '77 Cadillac El Dorado screeches out of the parking lot of a roadside bar. Then flies along dark, winding passes.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike, now in his 60's, drives. LIZZIE, 21, rides shotgun and LAURA, 21, is in the back. Lizzie and Laura are party girls.

Laura passes a joint to Lizzie. She takes a drag and hands the joint to Mike. He takes a long one.

Out of nowhere, a COYOTE - motionless, staring right at them.

LIZZIE

Look out!

He DROPS THE JOINT. He swerves.

The coyote bounds away into the woods. Mike straightens out the car. All clear.

The Girls laugh nervously.

LAURA

Hey, where's the thingie?

Mike reaches down, feels around on the floor for the burning joint.

He SMASHES THE CAR INTO A TREE.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Stillness. The car hugs the tree. O.S., Mike LAUGHS softly.

EXT. ROAD, MINUTES LATER

Lizzie digs a hole in the ground with a stick. Laura watches, shivering and swearing.

In the B.G., Mike limps around alongside the car.

ON THE ROAD, another car stops. A WOMAN leans out the window.

(CONTINUED)

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WOMAN IN CAR

Are you alright?

Lizzie drops the bag of weed into a hole, along with the rest of the joint they were smoking. She quickly covers the hole with dirt and stones.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Flashing red lights. An ambulance and a police car flank the Cadillac. A couple of EMT's mill about.

Mike is in handcuffs; he has a cut on his nose.

One COP herds Mike into the back of his squad car.
ANOTHER COP mutters into his radio:

COP

... blood alcohol level is point
one-two. Two female passengers,
no relation. Taking him back to
the station, over.

INT. CELL, COUNTY JAIL, LATER THAT NIGHT

An excruciatingly well-lit cell. Mike sits alone.

OFFICER BERGEN approaches. He's a kindly sort - 35, probably balding, and a little too sympathetic for his job.

OFFICER BERGEN

Mike.

Mike and Bergen acknowledge each other with a weary familiarity. They've been here before. They've also knocked back their share of beers together.

OFFICER BERGEN (CONT'D)

'Yalright?

DENISE, 40, enters. She's whip-smart, earthy, a pistol.

DENISE

Roland says they were twenty-one. Maybe their parents can pay your bail.

OFFICER BERGEN

About that, Mikie. We were thinkin we could make some calls. Take up a collection.

MIKE

Just get me my cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERGEN

I'm not supposed -

MIKE

Please.

BERGEN

Sure, Mike.

MIKE

Thanks, pal.

Bergen exits.

DENISE

You asshole. When are you gonna
stop doing this?

INT. L.A. APARTMENT - SILVER LAKE AREA - SAME NIGHT

ROSEMARY, all grown up now, glows by the light of a crowd of birthday candles stuck into an imperfect, homemade pink-frosted cake. The remains of a home-cooked meal are on the table.

BENJAMIN

Now, wait, I've gotta sing to
you.

ROSEMARY

They're melting.

BENJAMIN

Hang on.

BENJAMIN, mid 30s, launches into a Muddy Waters-grade intro on his Blues guitar.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Happy birthday, baby. That's
why I wrote this song. I say,
Happy birthday, Rosie. That is
why I wrote this song. You look
so mighty lovely - one year
older, still goin' strong. You
look so goddamned lovely - won't
be able to hold out long. I
love you, baby.

Rosemary claps. She's a little drunk.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Go for it.

She takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Don't forget to make a wish now.

She aborts. Pours what's left of the red wine (not much) into her glass, swills it, and thinks about her wish. Benjamin strums chords of suspense.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Got one?

ROSEMARY

Got it.

She takes a deep breath but bursts out laughing and has to start over. She blows out all the candles but one, and has to chase it down.

BENJAMIN

Beautiful.

He turns the lights up. She takes a bite of the cupcake, leaving her face messy with pink frosting. They meet for a lusty kiss.

ROSEMARY

Thank you.

BENJAMIN

Wait, I've got more.

He places a small wrapped box in front of her. It's small enough to make her nervous. Her smile goes tight. She starts to unwrap. She detects velvet. Her smile gets tighter.

With dread, she pops the box open. It's a NECKLACE, nice but not extravagant.

ROSEMARY

Oh!

BENJAMIN

Take it out.

As she pulls it out of the box, she discovers a couple of KEYS attached to it. She looks up at him: what does this mean?

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

What do you think about moving in?

Leaving her speechless.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

I'd kind of like to give it a shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY

Wow. Well, we should talk about this.

She checks her watch.

BENJAMIN

Okay.

ROSEMARY

Are you free Wednesday?

She gathers up coat and bag, heads for the door.

BENJAMIN

You're taking off?

ROSEMARY

I have to get up and it's late, and I want to be able to really talk about this. I'm sorry, sweetie, is that okay?

BENJAMIN

I guess.

ROSEMARY

This was an amazing birthday. Thank you.

A kiss and she's out the door. Leaving him with the detritus of the evening.

EXT. ROSEMARY'S BUILDING - LAUREL CANYON - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary jumps out of an VW Beetle, circa 1970. Rushes up the stairs. Her cell phone RINGS; she answers.

ROSEMARY

Hi, hold on.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

Rosemary lies half-dressed on her bed in the semi-darkness. One hand holds her phone to her ear. The other is in her underwear.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

... into the conference room and you're wearing a sheer white blouse and a skirt -

ROSEMARY

- and you're in a suit, that navy suit with suspenders and your gold tie -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

- and you unbutton your blouse,
and it slips off your shoulders -

ROSEMARY

- now what am I wearing?

Rosemary's call waiting BEEPS. She looks at her caller ID.

MAN'S VOICE

A white lace bra and -

ROSEMARY

Barry?

MAN'S VOICE

- nothing else. You get on your
hands and -

ROSEMARY

Barry?

MAN'S VOICE

- knees and -

ROSEMARY

Barry, can I -

MAN'S VOICE

What?

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry, can I call you back?
I have to take this.

MAN'S VOICE

Will you call me back?

ROSEMARY

I'll call you right back.
Sorry.

She clicks onto the other call.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Dad?

She turns on a light.

She listens, gradually darkening as he speaks.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I said I wasn't going to do this
again. Then maybe you should
call David. I can't, Dad. I'm
sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rosemary is on the WESTERN UNION web site.

She enters credit card information. We see what she has already entered: PAYEE: DENISE KOSMICKI. AMOUNT: \$2500. ETC.

She types in a message: "LAST TIME."

She presses SEND.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Sleepy, rumpled Rosemary pours herself a humongous cup of coffee from her coffee maker. It's the only kitchen appliance she knows how to operate.

The apartment is very neat but sparsely furnished. It buzzes with LAYERS OF SOUND from both the RADIO and the TV: the same headlines from both, overlapping, interweaving: the recent anniversary of 9/11; the number of GI's killed in Iraq; an overturned tractor-trailer on the 405.

She bites into a chocolate chip COOKIE, her breakfast.

CLOSE ON the rest of her breakfast: a ZOLOFT. She downs it with a big swallow of joe. She wanders out of the kitchen.

The kitchen PHONE RINGS. Breathlessly she REAPPEARS, and picks up.

ROSEMARY

Hello?

DENISE (O.S.)

Rosemary, it's Denise.

Oh.

DENISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello?

ROSEMARY

Did you get the money?

INTERCUT BETWEEN ROSEMARY'S KITCHEN AND COUNTY JAIL

INT. COUNTY JAIL WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike is no longer in a cell; he's idly waiting to be processed so he can leave. He watches intently as Denise talks to Rosemary.

DENISE

Just picked it up. Your Dad's real grateful. And he's kinda wondering if you could do him one more favor. Are you there?

ROSEMARY

Yeah.

DENISE

Anyway - he's in pretty deep shit but he's got a court date two weeks from Thursday, and it would really help a lot if you came with him and said you'll be responsible.

ROSEMARY

Responsible for what?

DENISE

They just feel better when it seems like the family's, you know, involved. They tend to go easier on you.

ROSEMARY

I don't know if I can get off of work.

DENISE

Can you try?

ROSEMARY

How come he can't ask me?

Denise checks in with Mike.

DENISE

Right now they've got him jumping through hoops, trying to get him outta here. Listen, for the record, sweetie, we don't date anymore. We're just friends. So can you come?

ROSEMARY

Just. Tell him yesterday was my birthday.

She hangs up.

INT. CABLE NETWORK OFFICES - LATER

Rosemary stands at a PHOTOCOPIER. Her hair is bunched into a ponytail; her clothes are professional, buttoned up, conservative - except for a sexy pair of fuck-me pumps.

The green light flashes on her face and the machine CHUGS away.

INT. OFFICES - A BIT LATER

She's behind the desk that guards the office of the network president.

She POWER-TASKS - on the phone (headset), opening mail, consulting calendars. She is cheerful, competent and in total control.

ROSEMARY

(on phone)

Mr. Shore, I don't have him right now, can I tell him you called? Great. Laila, I don't have him right now, can I tell him you called? Thank you.

BARRY SCHIFF, 45, bursts on the scene. Handsome, charismatic, energetic - and rich - he barrels down the hall.

Rosemary stealthily undoes her ponytail, smooths her hair. Perhaps a silent, knowing GLANCE from a fellow assistant.

We might recognize Barry's voice: he was the man on the phone last night.

BARRY

Would you get Ben Shore for me?

ROSEMARY

He just called.

BARRY

Get me a double espresso.

He goes into his office. She follows him in.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She closes his door.

ROSEMARY

Barry, I'm so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRY

What for?

ROSEMARY

I meant to call you back. There was a family emergency.

BARRY

Doesn't matter; I fell asleep.

ROSEMARY

Oh. Good.

Distracted now, he shuffles through papers on his desk.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Um, Barry? I need to take a personal day two weeks from Thursday. Is that okay?

BARRY

Remind me.

ROSEMARY

Thanks.

She starts out.

BARRY

Hey.

She stops, not looking at him yet.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Like the shoes.

She glances at him over her shoulder.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Come back here.

She does.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Sometimes in the middle of the day I see you out there, in one of your skirts, and I just want to hike it up and bend you over that desk.... Maybe I'll call you later and tell you about it.

She slinks back toward the door.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You take my breath away.

She exits with a new glow.

INT. OFFICES - EVENING

End of the day. Staff is dwindling. Rosemary is still behind the desk, the good secretary, working away.

Barry exits his office, coat on, phone to ear. Laughing with the guy on the other end. NODS slightly to Rosemary, heads for the elevator.

BARRY

(on phone)

I didn't like the spread, so I
bet against 'em.

Loud, aggressive laughter as he vanishes into the elevator.

Silence. Rosemary turns off her computer. Puts on her coat. Takes off her high-heeled shoes and shoves them under her desk. She slips on her more sensible shoes, and heads out.

INT. MIKE'S BATHROOM - DAWN

Mike shaves, no shirt. Looking fierce, looking buff. The cut on his nose is extra-manly.

He fits his DENTURES into his mouth. He GROWLS at himself in the mirror. Yeah, he's still got it.

EXT. ROSEMARY'S BUILDING - DAWN

Coffee in hand, sleepy Rosemary gets into her ancient VW Beetle. The engine is louder than it should be. The car jerks out of the parking spot and sputters down the street.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Malibu. The Beetle moves more slowly than the other cars.

INT. CAR - LATER

Rosemary passes a sign for Pismo Beach.

INT. CAR - SAN LUIS OBISPO - LATER

Rosemary drives through a gridded, forlorn neighborhood of development homes. Small, aging, identical houses.

INT. CAR - MIKE'S HOUSE - A BIT LATER

Mike's house comes into view. He waits on the front stoop in an ill-fitting suit, smoking. His little daschund SCARLETT pants by his side.

His house is different from the others in the neighborhood. Though neglected, it has character, history.

Rosemary pulls into the driveway, parks next to the Cadillac. Turns off the car. The engine moans. Rosemary gets out.

MIKE

Better get that checked out.

ROSEMARY

It always does that.

An awkward hug. Scarlett, however, is all over Rosemary, leaping and yapping. Rosemary kisses her and fawns.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Hi, Scarlett. Hello, girl.
Hello, baby.

Mike gently kicks Scarlett into the house.

MIKE

Get in, go on.

Scarlett is in. He moves toward the Cadillac.

ROSEMARY

Nice-looking suit, Dad.

MIKE

Goodwill, thirty-five bucks.
Ready?

Mike gets into the Cadillac on the driver's side. Rosemary just stands there.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

ROSEMARY

Are you allowed to drive?

Grudgingly he slides over to the passenger side.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

We could take my car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No movement. She gets in to the Cadillac, slams the heavy old door shut.

INT. CADILLAC

She backs the car out of the driveway. The old girl jerks and lurches a bit.

MIKE

Your mother was a lousy driver,
too.

Rosemary keeps her mouth shut.

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scarlett stands at attention at the living room window, whimpering longingly at the Cadillac as it pulls out of the driveway.

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - LATER

Mike and Rosemary get out of the car. A HARLEY pulls up right next to them.

MIKE

Hey, it's my lawyer.

The Biker is CLINT, 40-ish. He takes off his helmet. He shakes out his long, graying ponytail. He's wearing an old leather jacket and a tie.

Clint gives Mike the THUMBS UP.

Rosemary cringes: oh, my god, he wasn't kidding.

INT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

Mike, Rosemary and Clint outside the courtroom. Mike and Clint joke quietly. Rosemary sulks.

Denise comes barrelling down the corridor.

MIKE

Hey, good-lookin'!

Denise lavishly hugs and kisses him.

CLINT

Hey, Denise.

She kisses Clint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENISE
How'ya doin, sweets? Hey,
Rosemary.

ROSEMARY
Hi Denise.

A super-fake hello kiss between Denise and Rosemary.

DENISE
(to Mike)
Wanna go?

MIKE
We'll be right back.

They start down the corridor.

ROSEMARY
Where are you going?

MIKE
For a smoke.

They turn a corner and disappear.

Now Rosemary is alone with Clint. He flashes her an uncomfortable SMILE.

A CLERK enters.

CLERK
Is everyone here? We're about
to start.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Rosemary pushes open the courthouse doors. She looks around for Mike and Denise. She takes a few steps out into the parking lot: no sign of them.

She rounds the side of the building and smack, there they are.

Mike has just put the JOINT to his lips. He sees Rosemary. FREEZE.

They are so busted.

ROSEMARY
They're about to start.

She walks away.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Mike stands before the female JUDGE. Clint and Rosemary sit in a pew behind him.

JUDGE

This is your second DWI in eighteen months. Sweet Mary. I should sentence you to sit in state prison until you decompose.

Mike SMILES flirtatiously.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Mr. Boyle, wipe that smirk off because I don't want to be nice to you. Now. Because of your age, I going to be exceptionally kind. I won't send you to jail but I'm assigning your custody to a family member, assuming she wants that responsibility. I'm also permanently confiscating your drivers license.

Mike starts to interject.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Permanently. Is that the daughter?

ROSEMARY

Hi. Uh, your honor.

JUDGE

Do you accept responsibility for the guardianship of your father?

She hesitates.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I didn't hear you.

ROSEMARY

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

Good luck with that. If I ever, ever see your father behind the wheel of a car - drunk or blindingly sober - you'll both be in contempt.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER

Strip-mall Chinese. Rosemary and Mike sit at a too-large table finishing up their food, eating with chop sticks. Tense silence.

MIKE

What's the matter.

ROSEMARY

It's just -

The Asian HOSTESS passes by, distracting Mike. Their eyes meet and linger, full of secrets. Making Rosemary squirm.

MIKE

What?

ROSEMARY

Nothing.

MIKE

No, what?

ROSEMARY

You could say thank you, that's all.

MIKE

I said thank you.

ROSEMARY

I don't think you did.

A WAITER appears.

WAITER

Can I get you anything else?

They're all smiles now.

ROSEMARY & MIKE

No thanks, just the check.

The Waiter swiftly clears plates. Smiles frozen, they WAIT until he leaves.

ROSEMARY

I sent you money, I took the day off of work -

MIKE

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY
- and now, frighteningly, I'm
legally responsible -

MIKE
Thank you.

ROSEMARY
But like without prompting.
Never mind.

The Waiter puts the CHECK on the table, along with a
couple of fortune cookies.

MIKE
Hey, hold on. Here you go.

He takes a CREDIT CARD out of his wallet and throws it
on top of the check. The Waiter looks at the card
dubiously and disappears.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Lighten up, Rosemary. You're
starting to sound like one of
those women.

ROSEMARY
I'm sorry -

MIKE
It's not attractive.

ROSEMARY
- I'll try and be delighted the
next time you call me and ask
for bail money. That being the
only time you call me.

MIKE
You could call me.

She eats a piece of fortune cookie.

ROSEMARY
Listen, Dad -

MIKE
Hey, what was the name of that
place we used to go to?

ROSEMARY
Imperial Palace.

MIKE
The Imperial Palace! Shame they
shut that down. It was vintage,
one of the old style. So dark
you couldn't see your food.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Jim Pregola always said it was
the best place to take the
babysitter to get her drunk.
Remember how I got you to eat
your first egg roll?

ROSEMARY

You stuck a birthday candle in
it. Dad -

MIKE

You'd eat a human brain if it
had a birthday candle in it.

ROSEMARY

Dad. What are you going to do?

MIKE

When?

ROSEMARY

You can't drive.

MIKE

I can drive -

ROSEMARY

Ever; -

MIKE

- I'm just not supposed to.

ROSEMARY

- you can't drive ever. They'll
send you to jail if you get
caught.

MIKE

Nobody's gonna send me to jail.
I'm too old to go to jail.

Mike reaches to a nearby table and SWIPES a set of
chopsticks. He slips them in his inside jacket pocket.

MIKE (CONT'D)

By the way, I could've told you
that judge was going to be hard
on me.

ROSEMARY

I don't think she was that hard
on you.

MIKE

Jewish women don't like me.
Jewish women like their men
submissive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROSEMARY

That's just so atrocious on so many levels. You know, I'm involved with a Jewish guy.

MIKE

Yeah, you gonna marry him?

ROSEMARY

Would you have a problem with that?

MIKE

If you love him, I don't give a rat's ass if he's a Jew or a Hindu or a Hutu. This the guy you brought to the funeral?

ROSEMARY

No.

MIKE

Good, he was too old for you. Is it the guy who came out for Christmas last year?

ROSEMARY

You haven't met him.

MIKE

Is it serious?

ROSEMARY

I guess; it's been eight months.

MIKE

What's he do?

ROSEMARY

He's a landscape architect.

Mike is suspicious, as though this is not a real profession.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

But there's kind of this other guy, too.

MIKE

Who's he?

ROSEMARY

Someone I work with.

MIKE

Word of advice: do not get involved with a co-worker.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Your mother used to tell me that
all the time!

The Hostess appears, check in hand. She MURMURS into
Mike's ear and gives him back his card.

He fumbles through his wallet. Lowers his voice.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Try this one. Wait. How about
this: can I put part of it on
this card and give you cash
later?

Rosemary hands the Hostess cash and the Hostess exits.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Speaking of getting married.
You may be getting yourself a
stepmother soon. Shall we go?

He gets up but she is stuck to her chair.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Rosemary unlocks the Cadillac door.

MIKE

Why don't you let me drive?

ROSEMARY

Right.

MIKE

I didn't drink at lunch.

She opens the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Come on. One last little spin
before I go under house arrest?

ROSEMARY

No.

Mike TICKLES her. She tries to be stoic; she fails.
She giggles and squirms. He reaches for the keys.

MIKE

Give em up.

ROSEMARY

Cut it out!

She tightens her grip on the keys. He keeps tickling
her. She SCREAMS with laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now it's getting old, and it isn't funny anymore. She wrenches herself away.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

No!

A standoff. They stare one another down.

MIKE

I'll walk.

He walks away. She watches him. She almost breaks. But she'll call his bluff. She gets in and starts the car.

He's exited the parking lot and now walks along the side of the road. She drives slowly; she PASSES him. He doesn't look up; he won't acknowledge her.

INT. CAR

She surrenders, pulls over. Mike catches up to her. She slides over to the passenger side. He gets in, smiles at Rosemary. Puts the car in gear and drives away.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike drives. Rosemary nervously looks around for cops.

They drive by SAINT MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. An OLD LADY is hobbling up its stairs.

ROSEMARY

Are you really getting married?

MIKE

I'm working on it.

ROSEMARY

Who is she?

MIKE

Met her online a few months ago.
We're having our first date on
Sunday.

ROSEMARY

Oh.

MIKE

I have a good feeling about it.

What the hell, she'll just say it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

Dad? Have you ever thought
about moving to, like, one of
those retirement places -

MIKE

What?

ROSEMARY

- I don't know, assisted liv -

MIKE

I'm not a goddamned invalid!

Mike drives straight through a RED LIGHT.

ROSEMARY

Dad!

As he passes through the intersection, the two cars
from either side of him SCREECH and SKID to a halt,
barely missing each other.

Mike slams on the brakes. He and Rosemary turn and
look fearfully out the window.

The two cars sit in the middle of the intersection.
FROZEN.

After what seems like forever, both cars slowly begin
to move. They drive away: no scene, no cops, all
clear.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The passenger door opens. Rosemary gets out and
crosses to the driver's side. Inside the car, Mike
slides over to the passenger seat.

The car pulls away and moves cautiously down the road.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MIKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Mike and Rosemary sit on the Cadillac's trunk, watch
Scarlett frolicking on the lawn. Mike smokes.

MIKE

Thanks for coming up, kid.
Appreciate it.

ROSEMARY

I hate to leave you - stuck
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Don't worry about it.

ROSEMARY

I could take you to the
supermarket.

Mike hops off the Cadillac.

MIKE

Nope; I'm good.

He stamps out his smoke, moves away.

ROSEMARY

Okay.

She slides off the trunk. Goes to the VW, opens the
door.

MIKE

Anytime you want to come up, let
me know. Plenty of room.

She gets in. Starts it up. The engine labors.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Later, Sunshine.

ROSEMARY

Bye, Dad.

She throws the car into reverse. It stalls. Mike
frowns.

She starts it up again. Turns the wheel hard, circles
it onto the lawn, then back onto the driveway. She
waves and pulls away.

EXT. SAINT MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER

The front door of the RECTORY AT SAINT MARY'S opens,
revealing an old wigged lady, BELLE, 80s. She wears a
strange, colorful dress.

BELLE

Hello, Rosemary.

Belle's IDENTICAL TWIN, BETTY, appears behind her. She
is identical to Belle in every way - same wig, same
colorful dress, same hunched gait.

BETTY

Hello, Rosemary.

INT. RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Belle holds Rosemary's hand and knocks on the door to the priest's office. Betty lurks behind them.

BELLE

Father? There's a girl out here for you.

(to Rosemary)

He's black!

Betty and Belle shuffle away.

The door swings open. Revealing FATHER STEPHEN MGARE, 36, African. Smouldering eyes. Deep, lyrical voice. Most likely the sexiest priest alive.

FATHER STEPHEN

(East African accent)

I'm Father Stephen. Come in.

She starts to sweat all over.

INT. FATHER STEPHEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Father Stephen sits across from Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

This used to be Father Morrissey's office.

FATHER STEPHEN

We share it now.

ROSEMARY

I went to school here. This is where the nuns sent you when you were being bad.

FATHER STEPHEN

Don't tell me they sent you here.

ROSEMARY

In fifth grade I wanted to play Jesus in the Easter play. But they wouldn't even let me read for it.

FATHER STEPHEN

And they punished you for that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

They punished me because I threatened to sue the school for discrimination.

FATHER STEPHEN

Ah! As if the Catholic Church needed another scandal. Did you go through with it?

ROSEMARY

No. I was ten.

And gosh, but you're dreamy.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Anyway, so I needed some advice and I figured, this is what my Mom would do, talk to a priest.

FATHER STEPHEN

Very good.

ROSEMARY

My father -.

A moment as she beats back some emotion.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

FATHER STEPHEN

No reason to be. Gum?

He holds a stick out to her.

ROSEMARY

No thanks.

He pops one in his mouth.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

My father has really gone downhill since the last time I saw him ... and I think he may need to go to a retirement community, or ... I don't know; I don't know anything about this stuff.

FATHER STEPHEN

It's alright; why would you know?

ROSEMARY

So do you have any - literature, or. Thoughts?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Father Stephen takes the gum out of his mouth and deposits it in the trash.

FATHER STEPHEN
I don't like it after it's lost
its mojo. What about your
mother?

ROSEMARY
What about her?

FATHER STEPHEN
Where is she?

ROSEMARY
She died.

FATHER STEPHEN
I'm so sorry.

ROSEMARY
It was two years ago, so.

FATHER STEPHEN
How are you doing?

ROSEMARY
Fine.

He scrutinizes her for a moment. Then thumbs through his Rolodex and writes down a number.

FATHER STEPHEN
This lady is a consultant. Talk
to her about your father. She
can give you better advice than
I.

ROSEMARY
Thank you.

FATHER STEPHEN
What do you do?

ROSEMARY
Me? I work in L.A. For this -
company.

FATHER STEPHEN
I thought perhaps you had a
brilliant career as a lawyer,
after bringing Saint Mary's to
its knees in the fifth grade.

ROSEMARY
No, I'm nothing. Just.
Someone's assistant. Well.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I should get on the road. Thank you so much.

FATHER STEPHEN

It was my pleasure.

She starts out, then stops.

ROSEMARY

That's why I don't chew gum, by the way.

FATHER STEPHEN

Why's that?

ROSEMARY

It loses its flavor after like twenty seconds. Then you have to find a piece of paper to wrap it up in, and keep it in your pocket until you can find a place to throw it away. Lotta work.

FATHER STEPHEN

But those first twenty seconds - sublime.

INT. ROSEMARY'S CAR - LATER

Rosemary on her cell phone.

ROSEMARY

... I know. I know your kids are ... because, David, it's always me, I'm always the one dealing with this stuff. This is exactly what happened with Mom. David, Dad's not going to want to have a conference call. Alright. Bye.

She hangs up.

INT. BENJAMIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rosemary and Benjamin in his bed.

ROSEMARY

What if you moved into my place.

He props himself up, smiles at her.

BENJAMIN

Is that what you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

I do.

BENJAMIN

My place is a little bigger.

ROSEMARY

I know but we'd actually be saving more money that way. Do you have a 401(k)?

BENJAMIN

Something like that, yeah.

ROSEMARY

I have to get on that. After I get my car fixed.

BENJAMIN

Hey.

She turns to face him.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

This is gonna be good. Don't you think this is gonna be good?

His joy infects her, and she nods. They smile and giggle like two kids.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rosemary and Barry, conversation in progress.

BARRY

What kind of job do you see yourself doing?

ROSEMARY

I was thinking programming, maybe, or - ?

BARRY

Programming?

ROSEMARY

Maybe marketing?

BARRY

Rosie. Nobody looks within their soul and sees marketing.

ROSEMARY

But those jobs pay more.

BARRY

Oh. This is about money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

Barry, I'm living paycheck to paycheck. People wind up with nothing, you know?

BARRY

People do. You won't. I'll talk to HR, get you some more money.

ROSEMARY

But. I want a career. Thank you, but it's not just money; I should be doing something with my life.

BARRY

Look, you want a career, go get passionate about something, then we'll talk. In the meantime, you're exceptional at what you do and if you left I'd be devastated.

ROSEMARY

Also I've been thinking about our phone calls.

BARRY

I love our phone calls.

ROSEMARY

I feel conflicted about them.

BARRY

Of course you do; who wouldn't?

ROSEMARY

And I'd like to feel less conflicted generally.

BARRY

Good luck with that. But I don't know - do you really want to stop, or do you just think you should?

ROSEMARY

I do. I want to stop.

BARRY

I guess I understand - but personally I think they're wonderful. We make each other feel good and I don't see anything wrong with that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARRY (CONT'D)
Plus your boyfriend doesn't
appreciate you. And I'm
practically divorced.

ROSEMARY
He appreciates me.

BARRY
Oh. That's good. So, he's a
decent fella?

ROSEMARY
Very.

BARRY
Well that can be annoying too.
I'd like to call you tonight.

ROSEMARY
Barry. I want to be good.

BARRY
I understand.

She gets up. On her exit:

BARRY (CONT'D)
Ten thirty? Please.

She gives him a soft NOD, then slips out the door.

INT. ROSEMARY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Rosemary takes anxious shelter in the kitchen as Benjamin moves in. GUY #1 helps him carry a serious, enormous steel filing cabinet. GUY #2 follows with a massive computer screen. Benjamin appears and plants a sweaty kiss on her. Then goes out for more stuff.

Rosemary picks up the phone and dials.

ROSEMARY
Dad? Hi. Listen - what are you
doing this weekend? What if I
came up? Friday, right after
work. Great. Dinner would be
great. Pasta would be great.
Okay.

She hangs up. Happy.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Her once-sparse bedroom is littered with Benjamin's boxes and equipment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Benjamin is still asleep. Rosemary, dressed, slings an overnight bag over her shoulder. Starts to exit.

Benjamin stirs, squints at her.

BENJAMIN

Hey.

ROSEMARY

Hi. See you Sunday.

She BLOWS HIM A KISS and almost makes it out the door.

BENJAMIN

Where're you going?

ROSEMARY

Up to my Dad's. I promised him.

BENJAMIN

I just got here.

ROSEMARY

This way you can unpack and I won't be in the way.

BENJAMIN

Jesus. Okay.

ROSEMARY

Are you mad?

BENJAMIN

When were you gonna tell me?

ROSEMARY

I forgot all about it and then I didn't want to wake you up.

BENJAMIN

C'mere. C'mere.

She move closer to him.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Look. You can say shit to me, alright? I haven't been in a lot of relationships but I'm pretty sure that's, you know, what you're supposed to do. If you need space or whatever, -

ROSEMARY

No - .

BENJAMIN

- just tell me, don't leave me hanging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY

I'm just going to visit my
father.

He slides to the edge of the bed, makes a phlegmy
morning sound. Is he going to do that every day?

BENJAMIN

Where's my socks?

ROSEMARY

Are you going to be mad at me
all weekend?

BENJAMIN

I'm just going to unpack.

ROSEMARY

So are we okay?

BENJAMIN

Why are you asking me? You're
the one who's leaving.

He starts looking through boxes.

ROSEMARY

I'm happy you moved in. I am,
I'm happy you're here. I'd
better go.

She gets closer to him, all barbed wire. Tries to kiss
him. He patronizes her with a quick one.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

You're making me feel like a
lousy person here.

BENJAMIN

I gotta take a piss. Have a
nice weekend.

He exits.

INT. CAR - SAN LUIS OBISPO OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The car is sputtering, dying. Rosemary frantically
downshifts.

ROSEMARY

Come on, baby. Just a few more
miles, you can do it.

EXT. ROAD - MIKE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A tow truck tows Rosemary's VW. Rosemary rides in the truck's cab.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Blazing light from the windows. LAUGHTER and MUSIC waft out into the night. The driveway is filled with cars and one big, shiny MOTORCYCLE.

Rosemary gets out of the tow truck. Doesn't go in, just stands there and looks at the house. SKEET, 26, the driver, joins her.

SKEET

Looks like Mike's having a party.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a SKETCHY CROWD: a leathery cast of characters between 17 and 60. Surfers, bikers. Clint is there, and Officer Bergen, too. Bluesy-music, laughter, and barking from Scarlett. A haze of smoke, empty bottles, overflowing ashtrays.

In the dining room, a poker game is in progress. Denise deals. Clint passes a JOINT to Officer Bergen.

DENISE

Clint! You're the little blind, pay attention.

Rosemary enters, followed by Skeet. She takes in the scene.

SKEET

Think I'll grab a beverage.

He heads for the beverage table.

ROSEMARY

By all means.

Denise points out Rosemary (and Skeet) to Mike. Mike moves to Rosemary.

MIKE

What happened, Rosemary, car break down?

SKEET

Yeah, it's a goner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENISE

Hey, Rosemary. Wanna play?

ROSEMARY

No, thanks.

GUY

This the new girlfriend?

DENISE

It's his daughter, you ass.

Rosemary moves into the kitchen. Mike follows.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MIKE

Sorry about your car, honey, but
I could've told you that was
gonna happen. Are you okay?

ROSEMARY

You said we were having dinner.

MIKE

I thought you were coming in the
morning. Do you want me to ask
them to leave?

She shakes her head.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You want to play a little poker?

ROSEMARY

I'm just going look for
something to eat.

MIKE

Have whatever you want. Sure
you don't want to play?

She nods. Gives her arm a squeeze and gets back to the party.

Alone now, Rosemary throws open the refrigerator door.

Laughter, O.S.

The scene in the fridge is bleak: just some beer, dog food and various exotic mustards.

She unscrews the lid to a jar of CAVIAR. It's empty. She slams the refrigerator door shut.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - LATER

1:23 a.m. Rosemary in her single bed. She reads *Your Aging Parents: Solutions for their Declining Years*. A BURST OF WILD LAUGHTER erupts from the party below, still in full swing.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Hung over, Mike winces as he CRACKS AN EGG. He whisks it together with some other yolks.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

At the sink, groggy Rosemary downs a Zolofit and chases it with water.

She opens the medicine cabinet. A box of Poli-Grip, a bottle of Grecian Formula.

She picks out an intriguing bottle. Oh, ick - it's a bottle of EROTIC MASSAGE OIL in, yes, french vanilla. An orange prescription bottle, VIAGRA. She hastily shuts the cabinet door.

Then slowly she reopens it. Reaches in and pulls out a half-hidden object: a forgotten LIPSTICK. An ancient Revlon. She takes off the cap, screws up the worn bud of bright red. A moment. Then she screws it back down, puts the cap on and sticks it back in the cabinet, now upright and in full view.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Sleepy Rosemary pads down the stairs. She perks up: she smells bacon and coffee.

As she moves through the house - Mike's bachelor pad - she bats away cobwebs. In fact, everything is covered with a layer of dust or grime, including the family photographs: Rosemary and David as babies; Mike in a BOXING RING, throwing a punch; MIKE IN COMBAT in Vietnam. Then there's Rosemary's lovely MOTHER in her wedding gown, head thrown back with laughter as Mike whispers something in her ear.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a FEAST: bacon, eggs, coffee, jam, fresh-squeezed orange juice. Sun streams in; this is heaven.

ROSEMARY

Wow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike enters with a plate of toast. He kisses her forehead.

MIKE
There she is! Sit down,
darling, sit down. Oh, butter!

ROSEMARY
What time is it?

MIKE
After eleven.

ROSEMARY
Oh my god. I'm sorry.

MIKE
You were always a champion
sleeper. Noise bother you last
night?

He moves out of the room.

ROSEMARY
No.

MIKE (O.S.)
Couldn't get those knuckleheads
to leave.

He returns with butter.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I think we're all set. You take
coffee?

ROSEMARY
God, yes.

He pours her coffee.

MIKE
Go ahead, the eggs'll get cold.

ROSEMARY
Where'd all the food come from?

MIKE
They delivered it. Mangia,
sweetheart, you're looking pale.
Gee, it's good to have you here.

She beams; devours a slice of bacon.

ROSEMARY
Oh! We have an appointment
today. I almost forgot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

We do?

ROSEMARY

I got the name of a consultant.

MIKE

For?

ROSEMARY

Senior issues. Are her thing.

Mike darkens.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It's just a conversation. Dad.

MIKE

Don't bother.

Mike turns his attention to the dog.

MIKE (CONT'D)

C'mere, Scarlett. Have some
bacon, that's a good girl.

INT. DEN - LATER

The screen of Mike's old computer. He's playing ONLINE
POKER. He loses a hand, diminishing his stack quite a
bit.

MIKE

Bastards!

Rosemary enters.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I just took a horrendous beat.

ROSEMARY

I'm going to see about my car.

She exits.

MIKE

Could you pick me up some
cigarettes?

She ducks her head back in.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll pay you back later.

She re-exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Rosie, we need milk! And limes!

He goes back to his game. His gets dealt a TWO and a SEVEN.

MIKE (CONT'D)

More garbage. Come on, give me something to work with.

He folds. Switches screens. Now he's on MATCH.COM, perusing a screenful of 40-ish ladies. He scrolls through their photos.

MIKE (CONT'D)

More garbage.

INT. CAR - LATER

Rosemary drives. Slows up as she passes the rectory. Nothing to see there. Looks back at the road. Then discovers Father Stephen running on the sidewalk towards the rectory. T-shirt. Shorts. Sweat.

Her head whips around as she passes him. Then finds him in her rear view mirror. An equally compelling view.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - LATER

The VW is in the shop; hood open. Rosemary gets out of the Cadillac. Skeet walks toward her, wiping his greasy hands on a rag. His doleful eyes meet her hopeful ones. He shakes his head gravely as if to say, "We couldn't save her."

EXT. ALBERTSON'S PARKING LOT - LATER

Rosemary glumly exits the supermarket carrying several bags of groceries. She's oblivious to Denise, who's on break, leaning against the brick wall smoking a cigarette. She's wearing a checkout-girl smock.

DENISE

Hey. Rosemary. Hi.

Denise comes toward her.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Gimme one of those.

ROSEMARY

I've got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENISE

I've got it.

Denise yanks a bag out of her hands. They walk toward the car.

ROSEMARY

I thought you worked at the high school.

DENISE

Yep, in accounting. Doesn't pay great though, so Saturdays I do checkout here. This's a great job for meeting guys, I'll tell ya.

They load groceries into the trunk.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I cannot believe this hunk of shit is still running. I keep telling him, sell it, get something smaller, more fuel-efficient.

ROSEMARY

Doesn't matter now.

Rosemary slams the trunk shut. She walks to the driver's side. Denise hangs back.

DENISE

Hey. Hey, Rosemary. Look, I know how much it must've sucked when he was going out with me and your mother was sick. I totally get how it must've felt. But shit - the guy was lonely.

ROSEMARY

No big deal. My Dad went out with a lot of women while he was married to my mother.

Rosemary gets in. Denise moves to the passenger side, talks to her through the open window.

DENISE

I know it's none of my business, and you're gonna want to rip me a new one for saying this, but maybe it's time to let go of some of that shit? Maybe try and be his friend while he's still around? Cause you're the apple of his eye, Rosemary.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DENISE (CONT'D)

He just ain't real great at
showing it.

Rosemary starts the car.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Your dad is a real close friend
and I care about him.

ROSEMARY

I was thinking that what might
be even more helpful to him?
Would be if you stopped going
out, getting him fucked up and
then letting him get behind the
wheel of this - pimp ride. And
when that happens, then maybe we
can talk some more about what a
good friend you are.

Rosemary backs out of the spot, leaving Denise in the
dust.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Mike unscrews the top of a bottle of vodka.

He looks up at the clock: it's only one. But what the
hell, it's Saturday. He pours.

With a large pepper mill, he grinds pepper into the
vodka. Takes a big slug. That was good, so he takes
another.

He picks up the phone and dials.

MIKE

May I please speak with Arlene?
Arlene, Mike Boyle. Hello! I'm
exceptionally well, how 'bout
yourself? Glad to hear it.
Listen, about tomorrow. I know
it's our first date and it's not
very gentlemanly of me, but.
The ignition on my car is
busted, and I was wondering if
you wouldn't mind picking me up.
Great! Fantastic. Hey,
Arlene - I can't wait to meet
you. I can't stop thinking
about you. Yeah? That's nice.
See you tomorrow.

He hangs up, takes a gleeful little sip of vodka.

INT. MIKE'S DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Mike and Rosemary at dinner. Scarlett sits on a chair at the table. Tense silence.

MIKE

Oh, hey. I've got something for you.

He takes something out of his pocket. Tosses it to her. She catches it. It's a DIAMOND RING.

ROSEMARY

This is Mom's. Don't you want it?

MIKE

Maybe you can get a few bucks for it.

He's kidding; she knows it. She slips on the ring. She puts it first on her ring finger but it's too big. She moves it to the middle finger.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Did I tell you about my new business?

Here it comes.

ROSEMARY

No.

MIKE

I'm gonna open a bar in Costa Rica.

ROSEMARY

I thought you were getting married.

MIKE

This lady did very well in her divorce and this is exactly the kind of thing she's looking to do.

ROSEMARY

What if it doesn't work out with her?

MIKE

Rosemary. Please.

ROSEMARY

How do you even know she wants to get married?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

All women want to get married.

ROSEMARY

Oh my god. Look. Have you thought about selling the house?

MIKE

The hell with you, sell the house.

ROSEMARY

You don't seem to have any money.

MIKE

I'm not selling the house.

ROSEMARY

Okay, then, what about getting a job?

MIKE

Honey, I have a plan.

ROSEMARY

Okay, you have a plan. But what if -

MIKE

You're a very negative person.

ROSEMARY

What's so terrible about getting a job?

MIKE

What kind of job am I gonna get?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. There must be jobs in this town.

MIKE

You want me to work at Dunkin Donuts?

ROSEMARY

We can't all have fascinating jobs.

He whips out his cigarettes.

MIKE

Just because you don't have a life, doesn't mean I don't want one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He lights up.

He moves into the living room. Scarlett follows, abandoning Rosemary.

He turns on the TV; Scarlett jumps in his lap.

ROSEMARY
Could you please not smoke?

MIKE
It's my house!

Rosemary starts clearing dishes, loudly. Mike puffs away on his cigarette. The TV is loud.

As she heads toward the kitchen:

MIKE (CONT'D)
I know it's an inconvenience to you, honey, but I really never expected to live this long.

She exits into the kitchen.

After a moment, he gets up, opens a window and tosses the cigarette onto the lawn.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Furiously scraping dinner dishes. From the garage, the sound of the ENGINE turning over.

She looks out the window. Mike's driving the Cadillac away.

ROSEMARY
Bastard.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. She looks at the caller i.d. She ponders. Turns off the water. Then answers.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Hello. Um ... Actually, yeah.
I am alone. Can you hold on?
Thanks, Barry.

And she moves out of the kitchen and disappears up the stairs.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

In the Cadillac, Mike waits at a light. The road is deserted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The light turns green. He GUNS the engine and peels out like he's in a drag race.

EXT. JACOB'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

The Caddy SCREECHES to a halt outside the tavern.

INT. ROADHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Saturday night crowd, juke box going. For Mike, it's like coming home.

Regulars GREET HIM like a returning war hero.

But JOE, the bartender, 35, eyes Mike suspiciously. He peeks out the window. Just as he suspected - Mike's Cadillac is in the lot.

JOE

Mikey-bo!

Mike sits down at the bar, next to TWO ATTRACTIVE WOMEN, late 20s.

MIKE

How's bid-ness, Joe?

JOE

What can I get ya? Ginger ale?

Smooth as steel, irresistible, Mike turns to the two Women.

MIKE

'Scuse me, ladies - do you mind if I ask, what's that you're drinking?

WOMAN #1

We're drinking gimlets.

MIKE

My goodness - women of taste and sophistication! Joe! Pour me a gimlet, straight up.

Joe glares at him. Not pouring.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Set me up with a gimlet, Joe.

Joe leans in to Mike and speaks low.

JOE

Can I talk to you - over there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They move to the other end of the bar.

JOE (CONT'D)
How'd you get here tonight,
Mike? Did you drive?

MIKE
C'mon, Joe.

JOE
Can't do it, brother; I'm sorry.

MIKE
This is bullshit.

JOE
Alright, take a breath.

MIKE
Pour me a goddamned gimlet!

JOE
You want me to call the cops?

A number of people are watching now.

BYSTANDER
Leave the guy alone, will ya?
He doesn't wanna serve you.

Mike THROWS A PUNCH at the Bystander. The Bystander ducks; Mike misses him - but pulls a back muscle. The Bystander is yelling at him. The crowd is reacting. Mike is hurting.

Joe has rushed around the bar. He grabs Mike by the arm and pulls him away.

JOE
I love ya, Mikey, but you gotta
go home.

Mike shakes it off and exits, limping a bit.

EXT. BILLY'S TAVERN - LATER

A weathered side-street pub; it's seen better days.
Mike goes in.

INT. BILLY'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

It's skanky, and many in this fraternity look like they grew old right there on their bar stools, looking up at the overhead t.v.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike hesitates at the door. Trying to decide. Then finds a place at the bar. The Bartender checks in with him.

MIKE

Absolut, straight up with a twist. Thank you kindly.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the Cadillac rolling over the gravel in the driveway below.

Rosemary awakens. She's hugging a stuffed turtle.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

4:06 a.m. by the kitchen clock. Mike creeps in, breathing heavily and weaving a bit. He places the car keys back on their hook.

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Rosemary quietly enters and slips the car keys off the hook. Then opens a junk drawer and retrieves a yellowing envelope. Takes out the spare keys that are inside. Throws the empty envelope back in the drawer and closes it.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

She places both sets of car keys under her mattress. She gets back into bed.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Rosemary awakens to her cell phone ringing. She looks: it's BENJAMIN. She IGNORES. Holds the stuffed turtle close and tries to go back to sleep.

INT. STAIRS - MIKE'S HOUSE - LATER

As she comes down the stairs, Mike is going up. They meet in the middle. Rosemary is holding car keys.

MIKE

Where're you off to?

ROSEMARY

Um. Church.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Great, I'll go with you.

ROSEMARY

Oh. Okay.

The both start down the stairs.

MIKE

Since when do you go to church?

ROSEMARY

Since when do you?

MIKE

I like to go now. Feels like
I'm honoring your mother.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

ORGAN music. Devotional candles flicker.

Rosemary moves forward in the communion line. Mike is behind her.

She reaches Father Stephen, smoking hot in his white robes. He is all business, unfamiliar. She is pious and shy.

She cups her hands and holds them out toward him.

FATHER STEPHEN

The body of Christ.

He places the host in her hands.

ROSEMARY

Amen.

Gazing up at him, she moves the host onto her tongue.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Father Stephen greets people as they exit the church.

Rosemary and Mike walk by. She catches Father Stephen's eye. Smiles. He smiles and moves toward her. OMG.

FATHER STEPHEN

Hello.

ROSEMARY

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER STEPHEN

(to Mike)

I see you every so often but we haven't met. Father Stephen Mgare.

They shake.

MIKE

Mike Boyle. You two know each other?

Rosemary starts to speak.

FATHER STEPHEN

Rosemary dropped in to get a mass schedule and we happened to meet.

MIKE

Okay, well. I'll be over there, enjoying a smoke.

He wanders off.

FATHER STEPHEN

Did you call that consultant?

ROSEMARY

Yeah. But he won't go.

FATHER STEPHEN

Oh, dear. Well yes, your father doesn't strike me as a docile man. If you ever want to talk more about it, you know where to find me.

ROSEMARY

Are you around this afternoon?

FATHER STEPHEN

I'm afraid Sundays are my busy day! Will you still be here tomorrow?

She thinks.

ROSEMARY

Sure.

FATHER STEPHEN

Shall we have lunch?

ROSEMARY

I'd love to have lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FATHER STEPHEN

How about the Athena Diner at
one?

ROSEMARY

Perfect!

She walks on air toward the parking lot, a girl who's
just been asked to the prom.

INT. MIKE'S DINING ROOM - LATER

In a dress shirt and boxers, Mike runs a vacuum hose
along a wall to suck up the cobwebs. He gets too close
to a curtain and sucks it in, too.

Without turning off the vacuum, he tries to yank the
curtain off the hose. Curtain and rod come CRASHING
down on him.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

Boxes stacked in a closet, marked MIKE, WINNIE, DAVID,
ROSEMARY.

From O.S., the sound of the WHIRRING vacuum.

Rosemary takes down a box marked WINNIE.

The vacuum sound stops. Then:

MIKE (O.S.)

Rosemary!

INT. DINING ROOM

Rosemary enters to find Mike, pant-less and on his
knees in front of the vacuum. Drink in hand.
Enveloped by a cloud of dust.

ROSEMARY

I think you have to take the bag
out.

MIKE

No shit. Do you know where your
mother keeps them?

ROSEMARY

I'll go look.

She wanders off toward the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

One of those things she took to her grave. Like the iron.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

You lost the iron?

MIKE

I can't find the iron, which is different.

She reenters with a vacuum bag.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't know how to put it in.

ROSEMARY

What makes you think I know?

A momentary stand-off. Then Rosemary drops to her knees in front of the vacuum and tries to figure it out. Mike looks at his watch.

MIKE

What time was that train?

ROSEMARY

I'm going back tomorrow afternoon.
What?

MIKE

Don't you have to work?

ROSEMARY

I'm taking a mental health day.

He picks up a pair of pants, his "nice" ones. Carefully folds them to get the crease just right.

MIKE

You know, my lady friend is coming over soon.

ROSEMARY

You want me to disappear?

MIKE

No.

He lays the khakis on the bare under-surface of the sofa.

ROSEMARY

What are you doing?

He lays the cushions on top of the khakis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Pressing my pants.

He sits on the sofa.

MIKE (CONT'D)

There's something I need you to do.

ROSEMARY

What's that?

MIKE

I told her I'm fifty-five. Try not to blow it for me. Okay?

She laughs. It's real and infectious and he can't help laughing himself.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

ARLENE, mid 40s, sits on the couch across the room from Rosemary. Arlene is attractive, but dressed too fancily and too young.

Polite smiles.

ARLENE

What a gorgeous ring! Is that an engagement ring?

ROSEMARY

Yes, it is.

ARLENE

Who's the lucky guy?

ROSEMARY

My dad gave me this.

ARLENE

Oh. It's lovely!

ROSEMARY

He has the best taste.

Tense pause.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Dad!

Mike appears at the top of the stairs, channeling Sinatra.

ARLENE

Here he is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He descends the stairs, working it. Rosemary rolls her eyes.

MIKE

Hello.

ARLENE

Hi.

They shake; Mike's hands linger on hers.

MIKE

Boy.

ARLENE

What?

MIKE

I'm sorry. I knew from your picture you'd be pretty but. My goodness.

ARLENE

Thank you.

MIKE

Shall we sit for a minute before we go? Can I get you a drink?

ARLENE

Do you have bourbon?

MIKE

I have it all.

ROSEMARY

Isn't she driving?

Okay.

ARLENE

Nothing for me.

MIKE

Me either.

Mike shoots Rosemary a dirty look.

ARLENE

Look at all those pictures. You have such a handsome family!

MIKE

Thank you.

She points to the picture of him in Korea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARLENE

Is that you?

ROSEMARY

That's him in the Marines.

ARLENE

Where was it taken?

ROSEMARY

Vietnam.

MIKE

Beirut.

Oh, shit.

ROSEMARY

Beirut.

MIKE

Shall we go?

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Rosemary rifles through Mike's dresser drawers. In the very back of one she finds, as expected, his stash of WEED and a supply of rolling papers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A BIT LATER

Rosemary slumped on the couch, remote aimed at the t.v. She lands on a rerun of "Mary Tyler Moore." Takes a hit off the joint. Reaches for the box of Oreos on the table in front of her. There's a tall glass of milk, too.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Dinner is over; things are going well. Mike and Arlene are flushed and loose from the wine.

ARLENE

What did you sell? Wait, let me guess. Cars.

MIKE

Cars? No.

ARLENE

You sold ... ice to Alaska. Coffee to Brazil. Okay, I'm done, tell me.

MIKE

Time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE

Time? Is that metaphysical?
How does a person sell time?

MIKE

Airtime. T.V. airtime, for
commercials.

ARLENE

Oh. You must have been good.

MIKE

I was the best.

ARLENE

So you sold time. Well you must
have kept some of it for
yourself because you look good
for your age. Whatever it is.
Cause I know it ain't fifty-
five.

Oof.

MIKE

Think I'm as close to fifty-five
as you are to thirty-eight?

ARLENE

Maybe. Maybe not.

MIKE

Who cares. You're still the
most beautiful woman in the
room.

ARLENE

You're just drunk.

MIKE

But I'm not blind. I'll be
right back.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - A BIT LATER

The harsh light of the men's room. Mike washes his
hands. He scrutinizes himself for a moment: the many
years on his face, the dandruff on his lapel.

Don't let this slip through your fingers. It ain't
over till it's over. He slips a Certs in his mouth and
gets back out there to close the sale.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Mike arrives back at the table; Arlene is getting ready to leave.

MIKE
I haven't paid the check.

ARLENE
I paid it.

She walks out. He grabs his jacket and follows her.

INT. ARLENE'S MERCEDES - RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - LATER

Arlene starts the car. Mike touches her hair. She smiles uncomfortably. He moves in for a kiss. She pulls back. Silence.

ARLENE
I had a great time.

MIKE
I had a swell time, too.

ARLENE
Good.

MIKE
When can I see you again?

She starts the car.

ARLENE
You know. I haven't been divorced that long -

MIKE
Uh-oh.

ARLENE
No, please. I'm not ready for anything, you know. Serious.

MIKE
Neither am I. We can take it slow.

ARLENE
I mean. I'd think I'd just like to be friends. Please don't take it personally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Hey, I don't take anything personally. Shall we go get a drink?

ARLENE

Mind if I just take you home?

She throws it into gear and they drive away.

INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The kitchen is dark. Mike reaches to the hook, feels around for the car keys. They're gone.

He turns on a light. Re-checks the hook. Throws open a junk drawer. Rummages through with increasing frustration. Tossing objects out of the drawer onto the counter or the floor. Finally finds the envelope where the spare keys used to be. It's EMPTY.

Now he pulls the entire drawer out of the cabinet and hurls it onto the floor. He kicks the drawer. It hurts like hell. And now the back hurts, too.

Rosemary silently comes into view behind him. Takes in the scene for a moment. Making sure he doesn't see her, she creeps away.

INT. OFFICE NOOK - LATER

2:07 a.m. Still in his date-clothes, Mike is back on the horse: he's on MATCH.COM scanning photos of forty-something women with intensity and determination.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

7:30 a.m. In her pajamas, Rosemary sits up in bed, phone to her ear, feigning weakness.

ROSEMARY

Hi, Barry, it's Rosemary. I have some kind of bug, or stomach flu or something and I won't be able to come in today. I called the temp company and they're sending someone for nine. I'll be in tomorrow if I'm up to it.

EXT. ATHENA DINER - DAY

She pulls into a space in the parking lot. Pulls down the visor. Checks herself out in the mirror and applies lip gloss.

Father Stephen, looking fine, approaches her car. Slight panic: she throws visor up, tosses lip gloss in the back. She rolls down her window.

FATHER STEPHEN
Hello! What a beautiful day.
Where can we have a picnic?

INT. 7-11 - A BIT LATER

Rosemary and Father Stephen emerge from the aisles of 7-11, both a little shy, a little nervous.

They lay their merchandise on the cashier's counter: sandwiches and a bag of chips.

FATHER STEPHEN
I'll be right back.

Rosemary and the CASHIER watch him go to the back of the store.

An awkward, silent moment between Rosemary and the Cashier: what's she doing hanging out with a priest in the middle of the afternoon?

Father Stephen returns with a SIX PACK OF SIERRA NEVADA.

The Cashier looks surprised, and rather disapproving.

EXT. LAKE NACIMIENTO - LATER

Rosemary and Father Stephen sit some rocks at the lake's edge. They eat sandwiches and drink beer.

ROSEMARY
Is this weird?

FATHER STEPHEN
Weird? This is a treat. Lunch for me is usually grilled cheese sandwiches with Father Morrissey. Is it weird for you?

ROSEMARY
I've been around priests my whole life but I never drank beer with one before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER STEPHEN

Yes - Americans are so strange about priests. You think we are all peculiar.

ROSEMARY

But you are. Peculiar, sort of.

FATHER STEPHEN

Maybe we are, then! Why do you think so?

ROSEMARY

Not many people would choose, you know. That life.

FATHER STEPHEN

Fewer and fewer do.

ROSEMARY

Why did you? Choose it?

FATHER STEPHEN

My family chose it for me.

He takes a long slug of beer.

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)

What made you choose your job?

ROSEMARY

They were hiring? Just kind of ended up there.

FATHER STEPHEN

Something drew you to it. And you haven't quit yet.

ROSEMARY

That's just - inertia. Plus I don't know what else to do.

FATHER STEPHEN

What do you want to do?

ROSEMARY

God, people keep asking me that question. At this point, I wouldn't mind being pushed into the priesthood.

Now Father Stephen lies down on the rock, faces the sky.

FATHER STEPHEN

Have you ever been to France?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY

I've never been anywhere.

FATHER STEPHEN

I went to seminary there.

ROSEMARY

And was it marvelous?

FATHER STEPHEN

That's exactly what it was. I miss it. I remember a trip I took once. Down to the south with a group of novitiates. One day we stopped at a vineyard along the road. The vineyard was owned by a family, and the family lived on the land where they grew the grapes, and they sold their wine out of a cottage behind their house. And as we tasted the wine, the children came running in and out, playing with their parents, who were talking to us about the wine they had made. They were such happy children. And happy parents! And I thought, this is the way life should be: home, work and family, all together, all of a piece. I think that is what they call grace.

She is officially swept off her feet.

ROSEMARY

We are clearly drinking the wrong beverage.

FATHER STEPHEN

Yes! Next time, we'll have wine.

ROSEMARY

Or maybe we should just go to Paris.

FATHER STEPHEN

Now you're talking.

They clink bottles.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

The small parking lot in the woods near the lake, where both their cars are parked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER STEPHEN

Thank you for showing me this place. Promise when you come back to town, you'll stop by and see me.

ROSEMARY

Promise.

Should she hug him? Kiss him?

But he reaches out and takes her hand with both of his.

FATHER STEPHEN

Good luck with everything.

They get into their separate cars.

INT. CADILLAC

His car follows hers through the woods. At the main road, Rosemary turns left; he turns right. He waves to her, she waves back.

INT. KITCHEN - A BIT LATER

Mike's making lunch. Jazz on the radio; drink in hand, cigarette in mouth.

He chops onions. Muttering, he appears to be having a casual conversation either with himself or his dead wife.

He throws a handful of chopped onions into a pan filled with oil. Oil splatters, the onions sizzle.

Goes to the refrigerator, roots around. He does not see the SMALL INFERNO ignite, or mount, in the frying pan.

Rosemary enters, her weekend bag on her shoulder, ready to leave.

She finds the FRYING PAN IN FLAMES on the stove.

Double-time, she drops her bag and grabs a dish-towel and douses it with cold water, then tosses it in the flames. She turns off the burner. The pan SMOKES but the fire is out.

Mike has emerged from the fridge, drink in one hand, a lime in the other.

Now the SMOKE DETECTOR ALARM goes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Oh, Christ.

Mike puts down the lime. He drags a step-stool under the smoke detector. He steps up and reaches to the BEEPING smoke alarm.

Drink in hand, cigarette in mouth, he takes out the battery. The beeping stops. He tosses the battery in the trash. Gets off the step-stool and kicks it away. He throws open a window.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You staying for dinner? What?

ROSEMARY

I'm calling that consultant.
Maybe she can fit us in
tomorrow.

She exits. Mike stands there, not protesting.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

There's a box on the floor marked WINNIE, filled with her clothes.

In her pajamas, Rosemary sits on the floor, going through the boxes. She puts an outfit together as she talks into her PHONE.

ROSEMARY

Hi, Barry, it's Rosemary. I'm
still sick. I called for a
temp. I'm so sorry about this.
I'll probably see you tomorrow.

INT. CONSULTANT'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Rosemary and Mike sit across from EVE, 30s. Bickering.

ROSEMARY

No one is saying you have to go
to a nursing home. There are
options. Right?

EVE

Right -

MIKE

(to Eve)
I'm fine.

ROSEMARY

How can you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

Can I say something?

They look at her.

EVE (CONT'D)

Michael.

ROSEMARY & MIKE

Mike.

EVE

The majority of seniors are exactly like you: they want their independence. They want to be healthy and cool and active - and they want their dignity. But they have limitations.

ROSEMARY

He's not supposed to drive.

MIKE

So I need to go to a home?

EVE

I wouldn't say -

ROSEMARY

It's not just the driving, Dad, you almost - . He almost burned the house down yesterday.

MIKE

It was a smoldering.

ROSEMARY

It was a fire!

EVE

Okay, you two.

ROSEMARY

And don't tell me that's the first time that's happened.

EVE

Stop. Let's focus, alright? Now. It's hard to be independent without a driver's license. Right?

MIKE

Not impossible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVE

Actually, that's my point. If you don't want to move, you can certainly use taxis. Or even Elder-Car services when you need to.

ROSEMARY

Elder-Car?

MIKE

Oh, yeah, those big white vans. They shuttle all the old rotting carcasses around town.

EVE

Or. You move to a town center somewhere; somewhere that's conducive to walking. Or. You could move to a retirement community where you won't need a car. You'd have your own home; you'd be completely independent. There are activities; it's social -

MIKE

What, like bus tours of Napa Valley? If I'm lucky I'll pick up an old hottie who smells like her own urine.

EVE

Okay. I know how much it sucks. Getting old is an absolute nightmare. But it happens to everybody. And yet we pretend it isn't happening, that our work isn't slipping, and eyesight isn't going -

MIKE

Nothing was slipping.

EVE

Sales, right? Why'd you stop working?

MIKE

I was ready to retire.

EVE

So it was your decision?

Not exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EVE (CONT'D)

That must've been rough. Look, you seem to be doing okay for the moment. But here's your situation: your monthly income barely covers your most basic living expenses. So for starters, you're poor and you're housebound. And I promise you, if you don't make some kind of change, you're only gonna feel older and more isolated all the time. Which will suck for you, and for your family, because they worry about you, and they're the ones who will have to deal with it if god forbid something scary happens like you accidentally set your house on fire.

Mike gets up. Heads for the door.

EVE (CONT'D)

It gets worse, not better; way it works, Mike, and you are just going to have to figure out how to take it like a man. You also need figure out how you want to feel while you're still here. If you want to enjoy yourself, I can help you find a way to do that. You can also feel ashamed of getting older; that's a choice, too.

Putting on his coat:

MIKE

By the way. Not everybody gets old.

EVE

I know. I'm so sorry.

Mike exits.

EXT. PARKING LOT - A BIT LATER

Mike by the car; he lights a smoke. Rosemary exits the building and approaches. They can barely look at each other. Quiet, distraught, she unlocks the car door.

ROSEMARY

I know it's your life and these are your decisions, but just so you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I don't like it, either. I don't want you to move to a goddamned retirement village. I can't stand the thought of you hobbling onto one of those white Elder-Crap vans to go to whatever, Bingo night. It depresses me. It makes my skin crawl.

MIKE

Glad to hear it.

ROSEMARY

On the other hand. Things are happening to you. And I can barely manage my own life. God, this is so selfish, but I'm scared to death of having to manage yours, too. I can't afford it and I just -

MIKE

I don't want that either.

ROSEMARY

I mean, I would - I will; I'll do whatever you need. But, gee, Dad -

MIKE

You're not going to have to take care of me. Okay? I swear. You're my little girl. I change your diapers, not the other way around.

They get into the car.

INT. CADILLAC

ROSEMARY

You never changed a diaper in your life.

MIKE

That's true.

She turns over the engine and puts the car in gear.

INT. CADILLAC - A BIT LATER

Rosemary drives. Her mind not exactly on the road. The radio is tuned to a sports talk station. Mike half-listens to a passionate discussion about football. He gazes out the window, taking in his town as it goes by.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Rosemary roots around in the fridge, cell phone to her ear.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
 Hey, it's me. Where are you?
 Are you okay? I'm worried about
 you. Call me as soon as you get
 this.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rosemary enters with a bag of chips and a beer. She walks in on Mike, finishing up a phone call. He hangs up, and turns up the volume of the Dodgers game.

Mike reaches over and grabs a handful of chips out of Rosemary's bag.

ROSEMARY
 Who was that?

MIKE
 Realtor.

Startling her.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 This house is the only goddamned
 thing I have to show for my
 life. Might as well see how
 much it'll fetch.

ROSEMARY
 And then what?

MIKE
 I don't know, kid. One thing at
 a time.

ROSEMARY
 When are they coming?

MIKE
 Tomorrow.

ROSEMARY
 I'd better stick around then.

MIKE
 Don't you have a job?

The Dodgers hit a home run, the crowd goes wild.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Rosemary paces around on the grass.

She finds a source of light and dials her cell phone.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

This is Benjamin. Please leave
a message and have a great day.

ROSEMARY

Hi, it's me. Still out here at
my dad's. Looks like I'll be
here another day or so. Um, we
should talk. Okay, bye.

She hangs up. She calls back.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

This is Benjamin. Please leave
a message and have a great day.

ROSEMARY

It's me again. That sounded
bad. Nothing to worry about,
it's just, you know. Maybe
before you unpack any more of
your stuff, we should, I don't
know, reassess. Some things.
I've been doing a lot of
thinking Never mind, I'm
not going to break up with you
on voicemail. Call me.

She hangs up. She calls back.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

This is Benjamin. Please leave
a message and have a great day.

ROSEMARY

Okay, that really sounded bad.
I'm not breaking up with you.
At all. So don't worry. Oh-
kay. Love you. Okay, bye.

She hangs up for good.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

A REALTOR, male, early 30s, ploughs through the house
with a clipboard and a frown. Mike and Rosemary trail
a few feet behind.

Mike talks the guy up, selling him on the place, trying
to up the appraisal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosemary lingers in each room, taking it all in, as if committing it to memory.

INT. CADILLAC - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Rosemary speeds along.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac zooms past a sturdy, new Subaru station wagon.

INT. SUBARU - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin is in that Subaru. His GUITAR case next to him, all kinds of equipment in the back.

EXT. MIKE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Subaru rolls quietly into the driveway. Benjamin gets out. He brings his GUITAR with him.

EXT. RECTORY - LATER

Rosemary rings the doorbell.

Belle answers the door. Betty appears in the B.G., in shadow.

ROSEMARY
Is Father Stephen here?

EXT. RECTORY - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary comes into the yard through the back door.

It's an oasis - rose bushes, weeping willow, herb garden.

Father Stephen is on his hands and knees in the garden. He's in a t-shirt and jeans. Seeing Rosemary, he gets up.

Belle and Betty can be seen in the B.G., watching the action from a window.

FATHER STEPHEN
You're still here!

ROSEMARY
Am I bothering you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER STEPHEN

Not at all. I'm just pulling a few weeds. Have some carrots.

He hands her a bunch of dirt-covered carrots.

ROSEMARY

Thanks. I took my father to see that consultant.

FATHER STEPHEN

And?

ROSEMARY

He might sell the house. Can I help you?

He hesitates. Glances at the kitchen window: Betty and Belle pretend to be busy. Then he points to a spot at the opposite end of the garden. Way over there.

FATHER STEPHEN

Why don't you start on that row.

She steps over to where there are some stakes, and tomatoes dying on the vine.

She gets on her knees and pulls some weeds.

ROSEMARY

I used to help my mom with her roses. She grew tons of them.

FATHER STEPHEN

Roses are difficult. She must have been dedicated.

ROSEMARY

Oh, yeah.

FATHER STEPHEN

Isn't that a good thing?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. My father didn't always treat her so great, you know? And one time I asked her why she didn't just leave him and she said because when she took her vows she promised not to. And I was like, Ma, what about his vows? And and she said -. She said, that's between him and his god.

She keeps on weeding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Maybe I should move back here.

FATHER STEPHEN

You have to be where your life
is, don't you think?

ROSEMARY

I could figure out how to have a
life here. You did.

She plucks something round out of the ground. Holds it
up.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Is this a potato? Or just a
rock?

FATHER STEPHEN

Let me see.

He gets up and crouches next to her. Takes the thing
from her hand. There is something there, electricity.
They both feel it. He backs off.

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)

That's a potato.

He gets up, moves back to his spot. Won't look at her,
weeds furiously.

ROSEMARY

(of the potato)

Do you want it?

FATHER STEPHEN

No. I'd better go in now.

He stands up. She stands.

ROSEMARY

Okay. Bye.

She walks quickly toward the rectory.

Belle and Betty DUCK behind the window.

Rosemary stops, and returns for the CARROTS.

Belle and Betty pop up again.

Rosemary runs off.

Again, Belle and Betty duck.

Rosemary disappears around the side of the Rectory.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Now Benjamin is sitting out on the patio with Mike and Denise, guitar on his knee.

They pass a joint around. Benjamin is singing "ME AND BOBBY McGEE."

BENJAMIN
 "Busted flat in Baton Rouge.
 Waiting for a train. Spirit
 'bout as faded as my jeans ..."

Mike and Denise hum along.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary drives. The radio plays some ragged classic rock. She checks the messages on her cell phone.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)
 Hey, it's me, where are you?

Delete.

BENJAMIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hey, it's me -

Delete.

BENJAMIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hey -

Delete.

BARRY (O.S.)
 Where the hell are you? You
 didn't call in and there's no
 temp and it's a fucking disaster
 -

Delete. Uh-oh.

She pulls into the driveway. She sees Benjamin's car.

ROSEMARY
 Oh my god.

She lurches to a stop.

Her cell phone RINGS. She looks at it; it's BARRY.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 Shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns off the radio. Cringing, she answers her phone.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I forgot to call this morning.
I'm sorry, Barry, I'm sorry, I'm
sorry, I'm sorry -

We can hear him GOING BALLISTIC through her "I'm sorrys".

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Denise are now singing soulfully along with Benjamin.

MIKE, DENISE, BENJAMIN
"Feelin' good was good enough
for me-ee-ee - good enough for
me and my Bobby McGee-ah. La la
la la la..."

They hear the CAR DOOR SLAM. They stop singing.

DENISE
Uh-oh, Mom's home.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary paces on the grass with her phone to her ear. The carrots swing from her other hand.

ROSEMARY
I forgot, Barry, I just forgot.
Well, I'm sick. I slept all
day. I - I would appreciate it
if you didn't speak to me this
way.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Mike, Denise and Benjamin listen in on Rosemary's conversation. Her WORDS ARE MUFFLED, but they are taken aback by her agitated tone.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ROSEMARY
Because I think that when
somebody works for you all day
then has phone sex with you
several times a week, you should
be nice to that person - really
nice to that person.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Yes, you're right, actually, I'm
not sick. I'm totally fine, you
caught me. I'm crazy? You
can't have sex unless it's from
a different zip code. I don't
know, Barry - because I liked
you. Just go fuck yourself.
And learn some fucking manners.

She hangs up.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

This they can hear:

ROSEMARY (O.S.)
Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

DENISE
Somebody just learned the "F"
word.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Her phone RINGS again. She picks up.

ROSEMARY
What?

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BARRY
That was the best conversation
we ever had.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She HANGS UP.

MIKE (O.S.)
Rosie?

Busted.

She slinks toward the back of the house.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin stands up.

BENJAMIN
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

Hi.

DENISE

He brought his gee-tar.

BENJAMIN

Didn't you get my messages?

Tense pause.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk?

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - A BIT LATER

Denise strums the guitar badly and she and Mike lazily sing.

DENISE & MIKE

"There is somebody I'm longing
to see - I hope that he - turns
out to be someone to watch over
me ..."

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Rosemary's window is open and they can faintly hear
Denise and Mike SINGING outside.

BENJAMIN

I like your dad. He seems cool.
Denise is great.

ROSEMARY

So. What's going on?

BENJAMIN

I don't know, what's going on
with you.

ROSEMARY

I don't know. Everything okay
at home?

BENJAMIN

Not really. Who's this?

He picks up the stuffed turtle.

ROSEMARY

Mel.

Rosemary gently takes Mel away from Benjamin, puts him
back in his place on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN

If you're gonna break up with me, can you do it to my face, not on my fucking voicemail?

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry. I suck. At relationships.

BENJAMIN

Yeah, who doesn't?

ROSEMARY

No I mean, I really don't get it. I have no idea how to be - close. To someone.

BENJAMIN

You think it's easier for me?

ROSEMARY

It seems like it's easier for everybody. Like I have some sort of genetic dysfunction. I'm in a relationship, and everything's going swell, and then I get to a certain point, and then I. Stop. And I can't move any closer. And I want to. I want to be closer to you.

BENJAMIN

You gotta stop thinking so much, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

But then I start to wonder - if it's this hard, then maybe it isn't just me. And then I don't know who I am, or what I'm doing.

BENJAMIN

Look, I don't know what the hell I'm doing either, alright? Sometimes we're in a groove and everything's cool, and then sometimes you're a total fucking stranger to me.

ROSEMARY

Exactly!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BENJAMIN

But guess what? There are times I look at my mother and she seems like a total fucking stranger to me, so. Am I gonna break up with my mother?

ROSEMARY

Yes, I think you should.

BENJAMIN

Look, do you want me to move out?

ROSEMARY

Is that what you want?

BENJAMIN

I asked you first.

ROSEMARY

And I'm asking you - what do you want to do?

BENJAMIN

Answer the question.

ROSEMARY

But how do you feel about it?

BENJAMIN

I'm asking you a question, answer the question. Are you in or are you out?

ROSEMARY

You drove all the way up here, maybe you're the one who wants to end it. You just want me to be the villain.

BENJAMIN

You really think I was gonna sit around and wait for you to decide if you want to be with me anymore? If we're gonna split up, fine, fuck you, but I'm not taking responsibility for it. Just get it the hell overwith so I can re-pack my shit as quickly as possible and find a new place to live. I'm really happy I gave up my apartment.

ROSEMARY

See? This is why have trouble getting close. I end up hurting people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BENJAMIN

What is that, an excuse?

ROSEMARY

No, it's just what happens; I love you and I don't want to hurt you.

(a confession)

But I am. I'm hurting you.

BENJAMIN

Is there someone else?

No response.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Oh my -

He looks like he might punch something, but shrinks from it. Instead, He picks up Mel, the stuffed turtle. Throws Mel across the room.

ROSEMARY

Don't get mad.

BENJAMIN

You're seeing someone else?

ROSEMARY

I didn't say I'm seeing someone else. I'm distracted. By someone else. And this other guy.

BENJAMIN

There's more than one?

ROSEMARY

I'm not seeing either one of them.

He gets his stuff together, heads for the door.

BENJAMIN

You say you don't know who you are? This is who you are. You're a liar. And you cheat. You're selfish. And I don't want to hear from you or see your face again, ever.

He's out.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Denise hear the SLAM of Rosemary's bedroom door. They wince.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Benjamin's car peels out of the driveway.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary lies on her bed and SOBS.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - SIMULTANEOUS

Mike and Denise look up at Rosemary's window. They can hear her crying and whimpering.

Denise gives Mike a look: get up there and fix it.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Mike stands outside of Rosemary's room. Inside, silence.

He lifts a fist to knock on the door. He pulls back. He walks away.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Mike now holds a large glass of water. He knocks firmly on Rosemary's door.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He finds her curled in a ball, hugging a stuffed turtle.

He tiptoes in. Sits on the bed. Now what?

He pats her on the back. Pats her hair.

MIKE

I know how you feel.

What is this nurturing, paternal behavior?

MIKE (CONT'D)

I brought you some water.

She doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

I brought water.

She obliges, sitting up wearily. She drinks it down in big gulps.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Good girl. You want to talk about it?

She shakes her head. He's at a loss. He gets up and starts to leave.

ROSEMARY

Don't sell the house.

MIKE

Why not?

ROSEMARY

Because. It feels like we're leaving her behind.

It takes a moment, but he goes to her. He sits on the bed next to her. She puts her head on his knee and cries.

MIKE

Okay. Let it out. Good girl.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike stretches out on the couch. He aims the remote at the TV, flips around.

Rosemary comes down the stairs, eyes swollen from crying. She holds the car keys.

ROSEMARY

I'm going out. Want to come?

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Rosemary drives.

They drive by the RECTORY. It's all lit up. Rosemary cranes her neck to get a good look.

Now Mike looks at the Rectory: why all the interest? He looks back at Rosemary, whose eyes are on the road now.

INT. JACOB'S ROADHOUSE - LATER

Rosemary and Mike enter. A juke box plays some tired Creedence. A few guys at the bar. Denise and Clint are there.

JOE

Hey, Mikey-bo!

MIKE

How's it going?

Mike greets Denise and some of the guys at the bar. They are happy to see him.

A sexy, late 40s woman with a to-die-for raspy voice, SHERRI, smiles slyly at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

There she is.

They trade a kiss. Clearly they've made sweet music together.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sherri, this is my daughter Rosemary.

SHERRI

This is Rosemary! Your father never shuts up about you.

MIKE

Hey, Joe. You know my daughter Rosemary?

JOE

Very nice to make your acquaintance. You, ah, driving, I hope?

ROSEMARY

Yeah, I drove. Let him have whatever he wants.

JOE

Absolut up with a twist.

MIKE

(to the room)

How do you like that? Four years of college tuition and she says I can have whatever I want.

Joe hands Mike his drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

What can I get you, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

Um.

Denise pipes up from the end of the bar.

DENISE

I'll do the driving, Sweetie,
don't worry about it. Go ahead,
I'm not drinking tonight.

Rosemary hesitates.

JOE

Glass of wine? Beer?

ROSEMARY

Scotch. Glenlivet, neat.

JOE

Glenlivet neat, comin' down the
pike.

Joe pours and slides her the drink.

Mike, at the opposite end of the bar, raises his vodka
to Rosemary. She raises her scotch to him.

They throw back their drinks. Rosemary shudders from
the strength of it. Glass down on the counter.

INT. ROADHOUSE - A BIT LATER

Rosemary, a little buzz on, is all squinty, aiming a
dart at the DARTBOARD.

Denise wanders over and stands nearby, watching.

She throws the dart. It hits the wall beside the
board.

ROSEMARY

Shit. I used to be really good
at this.

DENISE

Mind if I throw a few?

A hesitation, ever so slight. Then Rosemary hands her
a dart.

Denise expertly throws her dart and it lands pretty
near the bullseye. Rosemary is impressed but hides it.

Rosemary picks up a dart and aims.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENISE (CONT'D)
Try putting your right foot in
front of your left.

She bristles. Then she tries it anyway. She throws
her dart; it comes closer to the bullseye this time.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Better.

Denise picks up a dart and aims it.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Your boyfriend's nice.

Denise throws. She makes a good shot.

DENISE (CONT'D)
You guys okay?

No answer. Rosemary aims her dart.

DENISE (CONT'D)
You're holding it wrong. Put it
between your thumb and index
finger, not your middle finger.
I know it feels awkward, but it
gives you more control.

She adjusts her grip. She looks to Denise for
approval.

DENISE (CONT'D)
That's good. Now relax. And in
your mind's eye, picture it
sailing through the air, landing
exactly where you want it to go.

Rosemary makes her shot, and hits just above the
bullseye.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Better!

Rosemary downs the rest of her drink. Her third sheet
now to the wind, she signals Joe for another scotch.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Maybe this doesn't apply, but my
grandmother always used to tell
me, marry the guy who loves you
more than you think you love
him.

Wobbling, Rosemary picks up another dart.

ROSEMARY
Except there's this other guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DENISE

Oh, very interesting! What's the deal?

ROSEMARY

I'm trying to figure out how to tell him how I feel.

DENISE

You'd better tell him. Cause honey, you can't get what you don't ask for. I learned that the hard way.

Rosemary throws her dart. She hits the bullseye.

ROSEMARY

Dad! Did you see that?

But Mike is preoccupied, attempting to jitterbug with Sherri, but she doesn't know any steps.

MIKE

Hey, Rosemary.

Mike and Sherri have stopped in front of Rosemary.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Why don't you show this lady how it's done.

And Mike SWEEPS Rosemary into his arms. They get into position and start a kind of jitterbug.

They're both a little slow and a little rusty. But they have some moves.

The bar crowd watches.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Remember the flip?

ROSEMARY

Dad, no.

MIKE

Ready?

He grabs Rosemary's waist, starts to lift her. He stops.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay, forget that. I can do this, though.

He dips her, low to the ground. The crowd goes wild. Rosemary laughs.

INT. CAR - LATER

Denise drives Mike's car. Mike, rather tipsy, rides in the passenger seat. Rosemary is in the back, still happily drunk.

DENISE

I'm gonna crash in David's room.
Rosemary can drive me to get my
car in the morning. That okay?

MIKE

Mm.

ROSEMARY

We're moving to Costa Rica.

DENISE

Are you.

ROSEMARY

I have to learn to speak
Spanish.

She dozes off.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - LATER

Still fairly drunk, Rosemary kneels by her bed, feels under the mattress. Slides out the car keys.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Rosemary creeps down the stairs, car keys in hand. She has the exaggerated stealth of a drunk person.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MINUTES LATER

Tipsy but determined, she has the big old Cadillac in reverse. She drives over a rock.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike awakens to the ear-bending sound of the Cadillac scraping back over the rock.

At the window, he sees red tail lights turn out of the driveway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike steps out into the hallway. Then Denise steps out into the hallway.

Mike moves back into the bedroom.

MIKE

I thought that was you in the car.

DENISE

I thought it was you.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He picks up the phone and dials. Denise hangs in the B.G.

MIKE

Roland? It's Mike, hey. You on duty? Listen, my daughter took the Cadillac just now and I was wondering if you could keep an eye out, make sure she's alright. Thanks, pal.

EXT. STREET - A BIT LATER

The Cadillac barrels past Officer Roland Bergen's black and white, idle in the Burger King lot.

INT. BERGEN'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bergen recognizes the Cadillac. He starts his engine.

EXT. SAINT MARY'S CHURCH - A BIT LATER

Rosemary pulls the Caddy up in front of the Rectory. She hits the brakes. Carefully attempts to parallel park. Drives over the curb and back down again. Stops the car. Gets out. SLAMS the door shut, scaring herself. Moves with purpose toward the Rectory.

She prowls the driveway, hunched over, inspecting the asphalt closely. Picks up a few STONES.

Unbeknownst to her, Officer Bergen pulls his car into the BANK PARKING LOT across the street.

INT. BERGEN'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bergen turns off the engine. He keeps his eye on Rosemary.

EXT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary circles the Rectory. She's looking up to the second floor at what might be his bedroom.

She tosses up a stone. She tosses another. She waits. A LIGHT GOES ON.

FATHER MORRISSEY, 80s, comes to the window. Rosemary ducks out of sight. He puts on his glasses. She creeps to the other side of the house.

She waits until the first bedroom light goes out. Then she throws a stone at a different window. Throws another. The LIGHT GOES ON. Father Stephen appears at the window.

INT. FATHER STEPHEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary stands unsteadily below, looking up at him.

FATHER STEPHEN
Jesus have mercy.

EXT. RECTORY - SIMULTANEOUS

Rosemary looks up: behind the Rectory, above the shingled roof, is a black sky and a multitude of stars.

Father Stephen opens his window.

FATHER STEPHEN
Come around front.

She scurries. Rounding the front of the house, she sees a light go on inside.

ROSEMARY'S POV - THROUGH A WINDOW

Father Morrissey starts down the stairs. Father Stephen says something that sends Father Morrissey back up and out of sight.

Father Stephen opens the door. He moves onto the front porch, closes the front door behind him.

Before he can say anything, she KISSES him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're both stunned.

FATHER STEPHEN
You've been drinking.

He checks the street to be sure no one is watching. He yanks her in and closes the door.

INT. RECTORY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He leads her into the kitchen. She leans against the refrigerator. He pours water in a kettle and turns on the stove. A blue flame WHOOSHES up and he places the kettle over it. He takes out a box of herbal tea.

He turns to face her and she's on him; she kisses him fiercely. He SURRENDERS.

But only for a split second. He PULLS AWAY.

FATHER STEPHEN
I am a priest. My life is
committed to Jesus.

ROSEMARY
What's Jesus got that I haven't
got?

The tea kettle WHISTLES.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
That was a joke.

He takes the kettle off the burner.

FATHER STEPHEN
You have to go.

He leads her to the front door. She pauses on the way to examine a statuette on the wall - the Blessed Virgin Mary.

ROSEMARY
That's exactly what my mother
looked like. Except with a bob.

FATHER STEPHEN
You're in no shape to drive.

He looks at her for a minute.

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Come with me.

He leads her to a small room on the first floor - a sort of TV room with a convertible couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He throws the cushions on the floor and pulls out the bed for her.

Meanwhile, she dizzily looks at all the stuff on the walls: CRUCIFIXES and folksy woven wall hangings that say things like "BE NOT AFRAID" and "REJOICE! THIS IS THE DAY THE LORD HAS MADE." They make her even dizzier.

EXT. RECTORY - SIMULTANEOUS

Officer Bergen is back in his car, still watching the Rectory. LIGHTS GO OUT - Rosemary is still in there.

He dials his phone.

BERGEN

Mike. Sorry to wake you, yeah,
it's Roland. I'm sitting over
here across from, uh, Saint
Mary's? You know, the church
there? I think you'd better get
down here.

INT. RECTORY - A LITTLE LATER

Rosemary is sprawled out on the sofa bed in the dark, in a sloppy, drunken sleep.

EXT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS

Mike arrives in a taxi. He storms out of the car - he's not totally sober, and he's pissed.

Officer Bergen joins Mike on his march up to the Rectory door.

BERGEN

I saw her talkin' with that
black priest out front. Jeez,
Mike, I think he was kissin'
her.

They're at the door. He pushes the doorbell, over and over.

Father Stephen appears at the door.

MIKE

Where's my daughter?

FATHER STEPHEN

Sleeping.

Mike PUNCHES Father Stephen, who lands on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER MORRISSEY appears at the top of the stairs. When he sees what's going on, he hobbles to a hall phone. He dials 911.

Rosemary emerges from the bedroom, totally out of it, but fully clothed.

ROSEMARY
(to Mike)
What are you doing?

Father Morrissey is on the phone, talking to 911 in hushed tones.

Mike tries to pull her out the front door. She RESISTS.

Still on the floor, Father Stephen sits up, hurting.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry!

FATHER STEPHEN
Go. Go!

She goes with Mike, out the door.

INT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Rosemary gets in on the driver's side. She fumbles with the keys. Mike opens her door.

MIKE
Move over.

ROSEMARY
What are you doing here?

MIKE
You're not driving. Move.

She slides over into the passenger seat. Mike gets in. Starts the car. He PEELS OUT.

ROSEMARY
He didn't do anything.

SFX: SIRENS.

Mike looks in the REAR VIEW MIRROR: FLASHING RED LIGHTS of a cop car.

COP (O.S.)
(loudspeaker)
Pull over!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Goddamnit.

He's not slowing down.

ROSEMARY

Pull over.

He cruises, trying to see a way out.

COP (O.S.)

Sir, pull your car over!

ROSEMARY

Dad -

Mike GUNS IT.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Are you crazy?

They FLY, but when Mike looks in the rear view mirror, the Cop Car is right on his tail, SIREN wailing, red lights flashing.

Surrendering, Mike BRAKES and pulls over to the side of the road.

The Cop Car stops behind him, red lights still flashing.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Mike and Clint sit at a table at the front. Denise and Rosemary sit behind them.

Sherri is in a witness box next to the JUDGE - the same judge as the first time.

SHERRI

I'm a general practitioner.
Michael Boyle has been my
patient since 1998.

JUDGE

Does Mr. Boyle have a medical
condition that would make it
dangerous for him to serve time
in a state prison?

SHERRI

He has a history of unstable
angina.

JUDGE

Can you be more specific about
the threat to his health?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRI

Under too much stress, he could
have a heart attack.

Rosemary leans in and whispers to Denise.

ROSEMARY

Is that true?

Denise shakes her head NO, of course not.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

JUDGE

Mr. Boyle.

Here it comes.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I feel for your family and I'm
concerned about your health.
But this is your third D.W.I.
offense in under two years.
This time you showed flagrant
contempt for the law and this
court by driving without a
license, and doing so under the
influence of alcohol. Because
of your age and your health, I'm
very generously going to reduce
your sentence to a mere six
months in state prison, then two
years of community service and a
mandatory twelve-step program,
three days a week. If you
experience any health problems
while in prison, your sentence
will be reevaluated. And you.

Glaring at Rosemary. Rosemary looks around: who me?

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You, the daughter. Rosemary. I
told you if you ever let him
drive you'd be in contempt. You
did, and you are. I should
sentence you, too.

Oh, shit.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Go home with your father and
help him get himself ready.

(to Mike)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE (CONT'D)
You have forty-eight hours to
turn yourself in to and begin
serving your sentence. I'm
sorry.

INT. CAR - ROAD - LATER

Rosemary and Mike drive, silent and sad.

INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Rosemary examines a Chinese take-out menu. She stops,
listens.

ROSEMARY
Dad?

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She wanders through the house. Mike is eerily absent.

ROSEMARY
Dad?

She goes upstairs. She enters his bedroom.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike is sitting in dim light. Scarlett is on his lap.
He's brushing her.

Rosemary watches for a moment.

MIKE
See what I'm doing? You need to
brush her three times a week,
just like this.

ROSEMARY
Okay.

MIKE
Don't forget.

ROSEMARY
I won't. What do you want to do
for dinner?

Silence.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

CONTINUED:

MIKE

How come your mother never liked this dog?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. Maybe she was just one more thing Mom had to compete with. For your attention.

MIKE

I don't think that was it.

ROSEMARY

She was lonely.

MIKE

Your mother? No.

ROSEMARY

You weren't there.

MIKE

Whaddya mean, I wasn't there.

ROSEMARY

You were away. A lot.

MIKE

Did she complain about it to you?

ROSEMARY

Of course she didn't complain; she never complained about anything.

MIKE

She was a good mother and a good mother never shows her cards to her kids. Not ever.

ROSEMARY

She didn't have to.

MIKE

This is a subject you're not qualified to comment on.

ROSEMARY

I was her daughter.

MIKE

I was the one in bed with her at night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY

When you weren't with somebody else.

Slam.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Should we just order out?

MIKE

You want to hear a story about your mother?

No answer. More forcefully now:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Do you?

She nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay. There was this one night - I must've told her I was gonna play cards that night or something, probably for the fourth night in a row. Well she says, if you're not home to give your kids a bath, you're out. She's gonna throw me out. So I come rolling in at probably two o'clock in the morning, cause I'm a son of a bitch, and I pull the car up the to garage, try to open the garage door and it's locked. Go around back; back door's locked and my surfboard's lying there in the grass. Then I see my clothes are lying there too - and my toothbrush, my flip flops. Everything.

A little smile breaks on Rosemary's face.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I was picking cuff links out of the grass for weeks. Whatever you think about her, your mother could be a tough old broad.

ROSEMARY

Why did she let you stay?

MIKE

We were crazy about each other. Just crazy, till the day she died. That's all I can tell you, Buttercup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROSEMARY

Then why would you run around
with all those other women?

MIKE

She knew who I was when she
married me.

ROSEMARY

Is that what you tell yourself?

MIKE

It was a complicated
relationship and I don't really
understand it myself. And you
know what, kid? It's really
none of your business.

She moves to exit.

ROSEMARY

Let's just get a pizza, okay?

She softly closes his door. Overcome now, he drops the
brush on the ground.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Dawn; the birds are loud this morning. Rosemary
awakens. Slips out of bed. Throws on a sweater.
Wanders through the house.

She hears a kind of SCRAPING sound. The back door is
open, leaving just the screen door closed. She looks
through it.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS

Mike waxes his surfboard. He looks up, sees her
through the screen door. He smiles.

MIKE

You're up. Great. There's
things we need to do today.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

The Cadillac is parked alongside an aisle of headstones
and monuments. The surfboard is attached to the roof.

EXT. CEMETERY - MINUTES LATER

Mike and Rosemary climb a small hill. They stop in front of a small headstone: WINNIFRED BOYLE - 1945 - 2008. There's a long-forgotten pot of dead chrysanthemums sitting there.

Mike scrutinizes the floral offerings at various headstones. He chooses a thriving pot of flowers from the grave of AVIS McFADDEN.

He puts the new, robust flowers in front of his wife's grave. Puts the old, dead ones next to Avis.

Now they stand there and solemnly stare at the headstone. Mike and Rosemary both seem uncomfortable.

ROSEMARY

What do we do now?

MIKE

Fuck if I ever know what I'm supposed to do here. Ready to go?

He starts down the hill.

ROSEMARY

Actually. I'll be right there.

He's gone.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Hi. To fill you in. I kind of blew up my life this week, and. Dad is going to jail because of me. So these are the kinds of things that happen when you're not around. I'm sorry I never got to know you better, Mom.

She heads down the hill.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

The bluest sky. Sounds of seagulls and crashing waves. The beach is almost empty. Mike marches down the beach, surfboard under his arm. Rosemary follows.

ROSEMARY

Are you sure you should do this?

He puts the board on the sand. Strips off his shirt and jeans; he's wearing swim trunks. Looks back at Rosemary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Okay.

With some difficulty, he lifts the board and heads toward the water. She watches with concern. He tosses the board in water and swims out to it. Flops on top and starts paddling. He stops and waits for his wave. Looks back at Rosemary, who wades at the water's edge.

Here comes a wave. He scrambles onto his board - he can't jump the way he used to - and rides it. He's rocky, then wipes out. Pops up. And climbs back on the board.

Mike catches another wave. Steadier now, he rides it for awhile. Rosemary cheers him on.

EXT. DUNE - LATER

Mike and Rosemary lie on a sand dune, drying themselves in the sun.

Silence. Just waves crashing; a gull cries.

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry.

MIKE

For what.

ROSEMARY

This is all my fault. It was so stupid, going to see that priest.

MIKE

So you did a stupid thing, so what? Say a few Hail Marys and be done with it. I mean that. Speaking of stupid things. Can a person get to Mexico by train?

She looks at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

From L.A. I can at least get a bus down there, right? Then maybe get a cheap flight to Costa Rica. Start scouting things out.

ROSEMARY

You're kidding, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

What I'd like you to do is sell the house, take whatever you can get for it. Then I'll let you know where to send the money.

ROSEMARY

It's six months.

MIKE

Six months, then two years picking up trash on the side of the road, or whatever they have me doing. I'll be crapping in my own diapers by the time it's all over.

ROSEMARY

You won't be that old.

MIKE

Look, Rosemary. I fought in a war. I don't owe any debt to society.

ROSEMARY

Okay, it's not that I don't understand what you want to do, or why, or that it's your goddamned life and everything. But I just lost my mother. Did you really think it would be okay if you left, too?

MIKE

Well what the hell happened to you after your mother died?

ROSEMARY

What happened to me?

MIKE

You never came up to the house.

ROSEMARY

You never invited me.

MIKE

Why would you need an invitation?

ROSEMARY

You had a whole other life already. Dad, you had a girlfriend. It didn't feel like my home anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

I apologize. For that.

And maybe some other things.

She starts toward the water. Stops for a moment, eyes on the horizon. Then comes back to him.

ROSEMARY

Am I ever going to see you again?

MIKE

Of course you're gonna see me.

ROSEMARY

What are you going to do for money?

MIKE

I'll figure it out.

She takes off her mother's DIAMOND RING.

ROSEMARY

Here.

She holds it out to him. He takes the ring. Moved. He ponders it.

MIKE

You hang on to this. Hang on to it.

He puts it back in her hand.

INT. CAR - CHINESE RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - LATER

Rosemary waits in the car.

ROSEMARY'S POV: Mike and Denise stand in front of Denise's car. Denise is emotional. She hands Mike a wad of CASH. Mike puts it in his pocket. Denise fiercely embraces him.

Mike walks back toward the car.

Denise, in the B.G., sadly WAVES to Rosemary. Rosemary waves back.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Rosemary pack his bag: he puts in things like socks and underwear while she puts in sweaters.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

The garage door opens. The Cadillac's TAIL LIGHTS flash. The car slowly backs out of the garage. The exhaust pushes billows of grey smoke out into the night.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mike and Rosemary sit on a bench on the platform, waiting for the train. Mike smokes a cigarette. A big duffel at his side.

We hear muted 80's slow-dance songs coming from some nearby bar's jukebox.

MIKE

I like that guy.

ROSEMARY

What guy?

MIKE

Your guy. With the guitar. I like him.

ROSEMARY

Why?

MIKE

He's a gentleman.

She files that away.

ROSEMARY

You sure you don't want me to drive you to L.A.?

MIKE

If anything happened and we got stopped, I wouldn't want you involved.

TRAIN SOUNDS fade in. Moving closer.

ROSEMARY

This feels familiar.

MIKE

I know what you mean.

ROSEMARY

I used to think the reason you went away so much was because we bored you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

That's funny. I thought that
was how you felt about me.

ROSEMARY

You did not.

MIKE

I always thought, someday I'm
gonna do something really great
and then they'll like me.

ROSEMARY

Dad. You were my dad.

The BLARE of a horn. The Amtrak comes into view.
They stand up; he picks up his bag.

MIKE

Okay, well.

ROSEMARY

When will you call me?

MIKE

Soon as I plant my flag.

They embrace, tight.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You're a good girl.

The train muscles into the station.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Take care of my car. Don't
neglect it.

ROSEMARY

I won't.

Train doors slide open.

MIKE

Be happy, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

I will. I love you, Dad.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)

Train to Los Angel-eez, -

MIKE

I love you, too.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

- train to Los Angel-eez.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike looks at the train full-on now. Something in him goes cold.

Down the platform, a SLEEPY CONDUCTOR pokes his head out a door.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (CONT'D)
Station stops Santa Barbara and
Los Angel-eez, Union Station.

Mike doesn't move.

MIKE
Did I leave you the number for
the vet?

ROSEMARY
Yes, you did.

CONDUCTOR
All aboard!

ROSEMARY
Dad?

Mike moves closer to the train. One more step and he'd be on. But he's frozen there.

A high-pitched BELL rings. Mike drops his duffel on the ground beside him. Doors slide closed. The train lurches forward.

Mike stays there on the edge of the platform. The train picks up speed, moves out of the station. As the quiet sets in:

MIKE
Costa Rica's not going anywhere.

Rosemary picks up his bag. They move toward the stairs to the parking lot. Together they descend.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rosemary and Mike eat a hearty breakfast. Coffee, eggs, bacon, toast. They read the paper. Like any other morning.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

An afternoon mass is under way. Sparsely attended. Rosemary sits in the way, way back.

Father Stephen, in all his white-robed glory, runs through the mass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER STEPHEN & CONGREGATION

Lamb of god, you take away the
sins of the world, have mercy on
us. Lamb of god, you take away
the sins of the world, have
mercy on us

INT. CHURCH - A BIT LATER

Rosemary is next in line to receive communion.

Her turn. She steps up, faces Father Stephen.

Seeing her, he misses a beat, loses his communion
rhythm.

She holds out her hands to receive the host. For a
long, pregnant moment, they look at one another.
Finally:

FATHER STEPHEN

The body of Christ.

ROSEMARY

Amen.

As he places the host in her palm, he gives her hand a
reassuring SQUEEZE. She puts the host in her mouth and
moves on.

EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Mike takes a moment. Then opens the door and enters.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - LATER

Rosemary drives the Cadillac back to L.A. Scarlett
rides shotgun.

INT. LOBBY - SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Mike still in his civvies, flirting with the FEMALE
CLERK behind a glass partition.

MIKE

... this place has a sweet and
sour shrimp that is so good
it'll make you weep.

CLERK

I don't know it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

You're kidding. It's right down the street there, down Poplar Lane. And they deliver.

CLERK

Inmates aren't allowed to order take out.

MIKE

What if my daughter sneaks it in?

Officer Bergen enters, handcuffs swinging from a belt loop.

CLERK

They'll tell you what your family's allowed to bring in with them.

MIKE

(to Bergen)

Hey hey! My room ready?

BERGEN

You, ah, you ready for this, Mike?

He might cry. Mike puts an arm around him.

MIKE

Don't look so gloomy, son. I was a Marine; this's gonna be a walk in the park.

EXT. ROSEMARY'S BUILDING - LATER

Rosemary parks the Cadillac on the curb. Gets out. Scarlett follows her.

INT. ROSEMARY'S L.A. APARTMENT - DAY

Rosemary enters, Scarlett under her arm.

All is quiet. Benjamin's stuff is back in boxes, and they're neatly stacked as though they might be moved out at any moment.

She puts the dog down. Scarlett scurries around hyperactively, barking, sniffing everything.

ROSEMARY

Benjamin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She enters the kitchen. Discovers a large FED-EX package on the counter.

She tears it open, somewhat savagely. Inside, she finds a pair of shoes - her FUCK-ME PUMPS, the ones she wears at the office.

There's a note inside of the shoes: "I NEED YOU. BARRY."

INT. OFFICES - LATER

Rosemary sashays down the hallway, toward her old desk. She's wearing the sexy pumps.

A NEW GIRL is at the desk, and Barry is standing next to her, barking orders, making the Girl nervous.

Rosemary approaches the desk.

BARRY

Hello, stranger.

ROSEMARY

I'll be out of your way in a minute.

(to the Girl)

I'm Rosemary. This used to be my desk. You don't have to call Security, I just need a few things.

The girl rolls the chair out of the way.

Rosemary opens the drawer. She takes out a bottle of vitamins, put it in her purse. She takes out a lipstick, undoes the top and examines the shade.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(to the New Girl)

Do you want this?

NEW GIRL

Um.

ROSEMARY

I never used it.

NEW GIRL

Sure.

Rosemary leaves it in the drawer.

She opens another drawer. Takes out her family picture, puts it in her bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

Okay, thanks. Barry.

She steps up to him.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She throws her arms around him. Then she disengages and walks toward the elevator. Barry follows her.

At the elevator, she presses the button.

BARRY

You've got the job if you want it.

ROSEMARY

I don't.

BARRY

Give you a raise.

ROSEMARY

No - but thanks.

BARRY

She sucks, you know. She has a slow mind.

ROSEMARY

Can I use you for a reference?

BARRY

Can I call you?

ROSEMARY

Can I use you for a reference?

BARRY

Yes, you can use me for a reference.

ROSEMARY

Thank you. No, you can't call me.

The elevator door opens. She gets on.

BARRY

You'll miss me. Bye, Rosemary.

She smiles warmly. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary rides down. The hip-hop BIKE MESSENGER riding with her CHECKS HER OUT.

INT. ROSEMARY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett is on Rosemary's lap; she's brushing her.

The front door opens then closes. Rosemary and Scarlett mirror each other as they sit up and look toward the door.

Benjamin enters the bedroom. He stands on the threshold. She puts Scarlett down and stands.

ROSEMARY

I'm back.

FADE OUT.