

MANCHESTER BY THE SEA

Written & Directed

by

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EXT. MANCHESTER HARBOR -- SEA. DAY.

A small commercial fishing boat heads out of Manchester, Massachusetts, toward the open sea. JOE CHANDLER, late 30s, is in the wheelhouse. In the stern are LEE CHANDLER, Joe's younger brother by five years, and Joe's son PATRICK, about 9 years old. Lee and Patrick are kidding around in a friendly way while Joe steers.

**SEVEN YEARS LATER -- THE PRESENT**

EXT. BOSTON -- QUINCY -- APARTMENT HOUSE. DAY.

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

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

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

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

MR MARTINEZ

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

LEE

You need a new stopper.

MR MARTINEZ

Oh is that it?

LEE

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

MARTINEZ

What do you recommend?

Lee starts putting away his tools and cleaning up.

LEE

Well, I could replace the stopper first, and if that doesn't work, then I would come back and replace the whole apparatus.

MARTINEZ

But you don't have a professional recommendation?

LEE

It's really up to you.

MARTINEZ

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

Lee waits while Mr Martinez works out his schedule.

INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

He organizes the trash cans and recycling in the basement.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY. DAY.

He vacuums the hall with an industrial vacuum cleaner on a fifty foot yellow extension cord.

EXT. QUINCY -- ANOTHER BUILDING. DAY.

A different apartment building on a similar street.

INT. MRS GROOM'S APARTMENT. DAY.

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

MRS GROOM

(On the phone)

No, it's my sister Janine's oldest girl's bat mitzvah...No, I look forward to being bored to death... No, the girl doesn't want it, the father doesn't want it. I don't ask. Seven hours in the car, I could really slit my throat...Oh, well, the little girls are charming.

EXT. QUINCY -- A SLIGHTLY MORE UPSCALE STREET. DUSK.

A marginally more upscale building.

INT. BATHROOM. DUSK.

Lee looks down at a stopped-up toilet. Behind him is MARIANNE, slender, 30s, attractive, wearing everyday around-the-house clothes.

MARIANNE

I am so sorry. This is so gross.

LEE

It's all right.

He plunges her toilet carefully and methodically.

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

MARIANNE

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

LEE

That's OK.

MARIANNE

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

LATER -- He is washing his hands in her bathroom sink. He hears Marianne talking on the phone O.C.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

No, tell him to come! ... Okay, yeah ... But Cindy, I have to tell you something. I'm like, in love with my handyman. Is that sick? ... Have you ever had a sexual fantasy about your handyman? ... Well, it's awkward because he is literally like, cleaning the shit out of my toilet bowl right now. And I don't think I'm at my most alluring ... Yeah, maybe you're right. It's not like I met him socially ... Okay thank you Cindy. You're a really good friend ... OK like twenty minutes. 'Bye!

IN HER SMALL LIVING ROOM -- He comes out of the bathroom. Marianne is now dressed up to go out. She looks great.

LEE

All set.

MARIANNE

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

LEE

You mean, like a suggestion?

MARIANNE

(Taking out a ten)

No -- I mean -- like, a *tip*...

LEE

That's all right. Have a good night.

MARIANNE

Oh, please. I'd feel bad.

LEE

(Takes the money)

OK, thanks a lot. Good night.

MARIANNE

Good night! And thank you *so much*.

INT. MRS OLSEN'S BATHROOM. DAY.

Lee is down on his hand and knees. MRS OLSEN, 40s, in a bathrobe, is very good-looking but bad-tempered and nervous.

MRS OLSEN

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

LEE

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

MRS OLSEN

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

LEE

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

MRS OLSEN

Great.

Lee looks at the bathtub.

LEE

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

MRS OLSEN

Yes...

LEE

Well, it could actually just be that.

MRS OLSEN

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

LEE

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

MRS OLSEN

You want me to take a shower now?

LEE

No...

MRS OLSEN

You want me to take a shower while you stand there watching, to see if the water drips down into the Friedrich's apartment?

LEE

I don't really give a fuck what you do, Mrs. Olsen. I just want to find the leak.

Mrs Olsen goes white with shock and fury.

MRS OLSEN

No, you can get out of my apartment and don't ever come back.

LEE

OK.

MRS OLSEN (CONT'D)

How dare you fucking *talk* to me like that? Get the fuck out of my house before I call the *police*!

LEE

You're blockin' the doorway.

INT. MR EMERY'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

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

EMERY

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

Lee shrugs.

EMERY (CONT'D)

Look, Lee. You do a good job.  
You're dependable. But I get these  
complaints all the time. You're  
rude, you're unfriendly, you don't  
say good mornin'. I mean come on!

LEE

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

EMERY

Would you be willin' to apologize  
to Mrs Olsen?

LEE

For what?

EMERY

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

Lee gets up to go.

INT. A LOUD QUINCY BAR. NIGHT.

Lee drinks alone at a small, crowded neighborhood bar.

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

GIRL

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

LEE

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

LEE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

GIRL

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

LEE

That's OK.

GIRL

And you are...

LEE

Lee.

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

LATER --

The bar is far less packed. We see SHARON across the room, talking to a girlfriend. At the bar, Lee is drinking alone. He's pretty drunk by now. He is looking at two BUSINESSMEN, 40s. One of them notices and mentions it to the other. They look at him for a moment then ignore him. He gets up and walks toward them. They are surprised at his approach.

1ST BUSINESSMAN

How you doin'?

2ND BUSINESSMAN

How you doin'?

LEE

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

The two men look at each other then back at Lee.

1ST BUSINESSMAN

I don't think so.

2ND BUSINESSMAN

I don't think so either.

LEE

So you guys don't know me?

1ST BUSINESSMAN

No...  
No.

2ND BUSINESSMAN

No, Yeah. No. Do we?

LEE

Well then what the fuck are you lookin' at me for?



2ND BUSINESSMAN  
Excuse me?

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

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

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

BARTENDER  
(Hurrying over)  
Hey, Lee...Lee...!

Lee HITS the 2nd Businessman and knocks him into a wall.  
Several pictures fall and smash on the floor.

BARTENDER  
Oh, goddamnit --

Lee punches the 1st Businessman's nose. He falls back and  
grabs his face, blood streaming from both nostrils. The 2nd  
Businessman and Lee swipe at each other.

1ST BUSINESSMAN  
You broke my fuckin' nose!

2ND BUSINESSMAN  
Goddamn lunatic --

The BARTENDER leaps over the bar and grabs Lee from behind --  
Other guys join in to break it up.

BARTENDER  
Lee! Lee! Lee! Enough!

VARIOUS VOICES  
Break it up! Break it up!

LEE  
Lemme go. I gotta go take a hike.

General melee.

INT. LEE'S BASEMENT APARTMENT. NIGHT.

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

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

Lee sits on the sofa with a beer and turns the TV on to a  
late-night sports program. Slowly he falls asleep. The can in  
his hand tips slowly sideways and spills onto the sofa.

EXT. LEE'S STREET. DAY.

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

EXT. LEE'S BUILDING -- WINTER. DAY.

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

LEE  
Hello ... This is Lee ... Oh ...  
When did that happen? ... Well, how  
is he? ... OK. Uh...No. Don't do  
that. I'll come up right now ...  
OK. Thank you.

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

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

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

LEE  
(Into his iPhone)  
Mr Emery, it's Lee again. I  
contacted Jose, who says he can  
cover for me til Friday night at  
least, and then Gene MacAdavey can  
take over till I get back. I'll be  
in Manchester at least a week or  
two. I'll call again when I have  
more information. Goodbye.

He hangs up and drives into increasingly heavy traffic.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Come on, come on.

The traffic slows. He becomes increasingly anxious.

EXT. RT. 128 -- LEE'S CAR (MOVING). DAY.

Lee's car takes the exit for Beverly.

EXT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL. DAY.

Lee drives through the grounds of a big modern hospital. He knows exactly where he's going. He parks and gets out. He walks quickly to the main entrance, then breaks into a run.

INT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL. DAY.

We lead/follow Lee as he walks quickly through the halls toward the ICU, easily navigating the twists and turns from habit. He goes into the ICU --

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

-- and approaches GEORGE, around 50, a big weatherbeaten guy, and NURSE IRENE, 40s. They both react as Lee approaches.

GEORGE  
Hiya, Lee.

LEE  
Is he dead?

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

NURSE IRENE  
I'm sorry, Lee. He passed away about an hour ago.

LEE  
Oh.

NURSE IRENE  
I'm so sorry.

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

LEE  
Did you see him?

GEORGE  
Yeah. I mean -- No --

NURSE IRENE  
George br --

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I brought him *in*.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
...We were lookin' at the boat this mornin', and he just -- I don't know, he just, like, fell over. I thought he was kiddin' me at first. Then I called the ambulance ...and uh -- that was it.

Lee shakes his head, still staring at the floor.

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

LEE  
Where's Dr Betheny?

NURSE IRENE  
Oh, she's on maternity leave. Oh  
here he is.

DR MULLER, 40s, has just joined them.

DR MULLER  
Lee? I'm Dr Muller. We spoke on the  
phone.

LEE  
Yeah. Hi.

DR MULLER  
I'm very, very sorry.

LEE  
Thank you.

DR MULLER  
Hello, George.

He shake hands with George.

GEORGE  
Hiya Jim.

DR MULLER  
How you holding up?

GEORGE  
Oh -- Great! You know.

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

GEORGE  
Yeah.

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

LEE  
Where's my brother?

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

LEE  
What happened?

DR MULLER

Well, you know his heart was very weak at this point, and it just gave out. If it's any comfort, I don't think he suffered very much. I'm sorry you didn't get here in time, but as I told you on the phone --

LEE

Aw, fuck this. (He looks at the floor. Long pause. He looks up.) Sorry.

DR MULLER

That's perfectly all right.

GEORGE

That's OK, buddy.

LEE

Did anybody call my Uncle?

DR MULLER and GEORGE glance at each other.

GEORGE

Their Uncle Donny.

LEE

Yeah, my Aunt and Uncle. Somebody shoulda called them. What?

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No, Lee -- Lee, no --

GEORGE (CONT'D)

-- Donny got a job in Minnesota, like --

LEE

Minnesota?

GEORGE (CONT'D)

-- awhile ago. Yeah: He got a job with some outfit in Minnetonka, Minnesota, if you can believe that. Joe didn't tell you about that?

LEE

No.

GEORGE

I can call 'em if you want, Lee. And tell 'em what happened.

LEE

OK. Thanks...

LEE (CONT'D)  
Tell 'em...Tell 'em what  
happened. Tell 'em I'll call  
'em tonight, probably  
tomorrow. Talk about  
arrangements.

GEORGE  
Oh, no problem --

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Sure, I can do that.

LEE  
And somebody better call my wife.

There is a confused, embarrassed hesitation.

DR MULLER  
Your...

LEE  
Ex-wife. Yes. Sorry.  
I meant Randi.

GEORGE  
You mean Randi?  
That's OK -- I already  
thought of that. I'll take  
care of it.

LEE  
OK, thanks.

GEORGE  
No problem.

LEE  
Can I see him now?

DR MULLER  
Sure.

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

LEE  
OK.

Dr Muller leads Lee away. George breaks down again.

GEORGE  
I'm sorry.

NURSE IRENE  
Would you like a Kleenex?

GEORGE  
Thanks. Yeah.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR.

Dr Muller and Lee ride down very slowly.

LEE  
How is Dr Betheny?

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

LEE  
Oh yeah. Irene told me.

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

LEE  
She was very good to him.

DR MULLER  
Yes she was.

**EIGHT YEARS AGO --**

INT. JOE CHANDLER'S HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

JOE CHANDLER is lying in the hospital bed. There's a close  
resemblance between him and Lee.

ELISE, Joe's wife, the same age as Joe, pretty, anxious and  
high-strung -- stands near to STANLEY CHANDLER -- Lee and  
Joe's father, 70s. He sits in one chair. LEE sits in another.

They are all listening to DR BETHENY, 30s. She is small,  
intense, very serious and focused and level-headed, but  
thoroughly well-meaning and decent.

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

ELISE  
Oh my God!

DR BETHENY  
Are you familiar with it?

ELISE  
No...!

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

ELISE  
Because what *is* it?

JOE  
She's tryin' to explain it to us,  
honey. I'm sorry, Dr Beth...uh...

DR BETHENY  
Betheny:

JOE	DR BETHENY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I can never get it right.	Don't worry about it. Not a problem.

STAN  
So, you were saying, Dr Beth.

JOE	LEE
It's Dr Betheny, Dad.	Dr Betheny, Daddy, try to get it right..

ELISE  
It's a comedy routine!

JOE	STAN
Would you let her tell it?	Elise, please...

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

JOE  
Honey, for Christ's sakes!

ELISE  
How about a hint?

Stanley takes Elise's hand and holds onto it.

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

LEE  
Daddy...

STAN  
What? She's fine. We're all upset.  
We're all gonna listen, then we're  
gonna ask everything we wanna ask,  
and then we're gonna figure out  
what do to, together. Right?



JOE

Right.

DR BETHENY

It's a gradual deterioration of the muscles of the heart. It's usually associated with older people, but in rarer cases it will occur in a younger person. Some people can live as long as fifty or sixty years with just an occasional attack. But most people suffer periodic episodes, like the one you had on Monday, which mimic the symptoms of a heart attack and which further weaken the muscle. They can put you out of commission for a week, two weeks. And you'll need to be hospitalized so we can monitor your heart, because the risk of cardiac arrest is elevated for a week or two.

ELISE

Oh my God.

STAN

(Pats her hand)

OK...OK...

DR BETHENY

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

JOE

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

DR BETHENY

Total.

Everyone is stunned into silence, even Elise.

DR BETHENY (CONT'D)

For approximately eighty percent of patients your age the most common statistical life expectancy is five years or less.

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

JOE

Wow.

DR BETHENY

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

JOE

What's a good disease?

DR BETHENY

Poison Ivy.

ELISE

(Rising)

I do not see where the humor lies in this situation.

STAN

Elise, you must calm down.

JOE

Honey, please...

DR BETHENY

I'm sorry. I'm really not trying to --

LEE

(To Dr Betheny)

Don't -- it's fine.

Elise pulls her hand away from Stan and waves "No" at them.

ELISE

No. No more -- I'm not gonna --

STAN

Elise, let's get you a glass of water --

ELISE (CONT'D)

No m -- No.

LEE

Daddy. Forget it.

JOE (TO LEE)

Hey, shut up.

ELISE

Yeah, forget it. Forget it like you -- No, you know what? I'm tired of bein' the bad guy here.

JOE

Jesus Christ! Who's in the fuckin' hospital?!

STAN

Nobody th --

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

JOE  
You're goin' home.

STAN  
Sweetheart --

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

STAN (CONT'D)  
Lemme get her back.

Fuck her. LEE

JOE  
You wanna stop with that  
shit?

STAN  
Come on with that stuff  
already!

**THE PRESENT --**

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR/LOWER LEVEL HALLWAY.

The ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS AT LL2. Dr Muller and Lee come out.

INT. MORGUE.

A SECURITY GUARD opens the door for DR MULLER and LEE.

DR MULLER  
Thank you, Tony.

Lee goes in and looks down at the body. Pause.

LEE  
(Hesitates)  
OK.

DR MULLER  
Take your time.

Lee moves closer to the body. He touches Joe's hand. It feels dead so he touches his shoulder where there's a sleeve. He leans over and kisses his cheek. He embraces the body as best he can. Dr Muller drops back discreetly. Lee walks out past Dr Muller. Dr Muller follows.

DR MULLER (CONT'D)  
(To the Security Guard)  
Thanks, Tony.

INT. ELEVATOR.

Lee and Dr Muller ride up again in silence.

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

The ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS. Lee and Dr Muller come out and walk to the Nurse's Station, where IRENE and GEORGE wait.

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

DR MULLER  
No -- you had asked us to wait for  
you to get here --

LEE  
(On "us")  
Yes -- Thank you. So...What is the  
procedure now?

DR MULLER  
Well -- You should make  
arrangements with a funeral parlor,  
and they pretty much take care of  
everything.

LEE  
I don't know the name of one.

DR MULLER  
We can help you with that.

NURSE IRENE  
Yeah.

LEE  
And they come up and get him?

DR MULLER  
Yes.

NURSE IRENE  
Yes.

GEORGE  
I'll make those calls, Lee --

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Lemme know if you need any  
help with anything.

LEE  
OK. And -- OK. Thanks. And --  
Yeah. Plus I gotta call you  
about the boat, and the web  
site. All that shit.

GEORGE  
Sure. I'm around.

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

DR MULLER  
You just have to sign for Joe's  
belongings.

Nurse Irene takes Lee around to the nurse's station so Lee  
can sign for Joe's belongings.

**SEVEN YEARS AGO --**

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

Autumn. LEE, JOE and 8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK are on JOE'S BOAT.  
The Cape Ann coast is in the distance. The boat is rigged for  
whale-watching and deep sea fishing charters. Lee discreetly  
keeps a hand near the rod as 8-Year-Old Patrick trolls. Joe  
is at the tiller. He's looking thinner but better.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
Like that?

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

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
What?

LEE  
The sharks are gonna smell that  
blood and rip this boat apart.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
No they won't. Dad, will they?

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

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
No you didn't.

LEE

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

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

Shut up. Sharks don't even swim in schools.

JOE

Is this kid smart or what?

LEE

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

PATRICK

Uncle Lee! Shut up!

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

LEE

Strike! Strike!  
Ease up on the drag --  
And watch that fuckin' thumb!

JOE

Look out, look out!  
You got a strike!  
Ease up, ease up!

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

(Hits him)

No swearing!

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

LEE

Don't hit me -- ! Catch the fish! We're doin' fine. (To Joe) Just drive the boat. Patty, pull up sharp! Come on, buddy! There you go! (To JOE) Mind your business!

JOE

What are you guys doin'? Hook the fish! Get the hook in him before he -- ! I'm drivin' the goddamn boat. Get that hook in him!

Lee helps Patrick pull the rod back sharply a few times.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

What kind of fish is it?

JOE

Gotta be a great white, Patty -- Maybe a barracuda --

LEE

Feels like a great white shark to me.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

Shut up!

Patrick is ecstatic with nerves and excitement.

**THE PRESENT --**

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

Lee drives up the highway.

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

FROM THE OCEAN -- We see the wealthy summer resort clinging to the Cape Ann winter coastline.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DAY.

Thru the windshield, Lee sees the MANCHESTER EXIT approach. He takes the exit.

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

Lee drives past the old houses of the little town.

**SEVEN YEARS AGO --**

INT. LEE'S MANCHESTER HOUSE. DAY.

Evening of the same day as the fishing scene. Lee comes into his small house and takes off his wet things. In the living room, his daughter SUZY, 7, is watching TV. A fire is crackling behind a fire screen. A radio is playing O.S.

RANDI (O.S.)  
Hello?

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

SUZY  
Hi Daddy.

LEE  
Hi, sweetheart.

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

SUZY	LEE (CONT'D)
Hug.	Jesus Christ, you're breakin' my neck.

He kisses her and she releases him.

RANDI (O.S.)  
Lee?

LEE  
Yeah, hiya!

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

RANDI, Lee's wife, 30s, is in bed with a cold. She is tough, loving and sarcastic. The room is littered with Kleenex and cold remedies and clothes. KAREN, 5, is playing with colored plastic blocks on the floor. There is a CRIB in a corner.

LEE  
Hi honey.

RANDI  
You have a good time?

LEE  
Yeah, really good. Where's your mother?

RANDI  
They just left.

LEE  
Oh no.

RANDI  
Yeah, she really missed you.

LEE  
There's always next time. Did you sleep?

RANDI  
Oh, yeah. It's always restful when my mother's here.

LEE  
That's too bad. Hi Kary.

KAREN  
Hi Daddy.

LEE  
(Picking her up)  
Hello sweetheart.

KAREN  
Put me down.



LEE  
I'm puttin' you down. Relax.

He kisses her and starts to put her down. She wriggles and jerks unexpectedly backward. Lee almost loses his grip.

LEE (CONT'D) RANDI  
Hey, hey, hey! Karen...!

LEE  
(Putting her down)  
Honey, don't jerk around like that,  
I almost dropped you on your head.

KAREN  
I'm making a hair salon.

LEE  
Oh yeah? It's really good. You  
wanna cut my hair?

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

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

RANDI  
Little better.

LEE  
You sound better.

RANDI  
Did you actually use the fishin'  
tackle?

LEE  
Yeah, we really did. Patrick got a humongous bluefish. Eighteen pounds.

RANDI  
Oh yeah? That's awesome!

LEE  
I never seen anybody so happy in my  
life.

He crosses to her through the tissue-strewn, cluttered room.

LEE (CONT'D)  
It's nice in here. You keep it  
nice. What a homemaker.

RANDI

Fuck off.

He tries to kiss her. She turns her head.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Get away from me.

They kiss. She claps his hand onto her breast.

RANDI (CONT'D)

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

They kiss some more. She shoves him away.

RANDI (CONT'D)

OK, get offa me.

Lee goes to the CRIB. Inside is STANLEY, 8 months old, awake and placid, waving his limbs at a multicolored mobile.

LEE

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

RANDI

Let him alone. He's been quiet for half an hour.

Lee picks the baby up.

LEE

Half an hour. What is that about? Take it easy. (To the baby) Hiya buddy. You are very handsome.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Oh Lee, please don't pick him up!

If he's not makin' any noise, leave well enough alone.

LEE

"Leave well enough alone." That's what me and Mummy shoulda done instead of gettin' married.

RANDI

(Opens her magazine)  
Just shut up.

LEE

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

RANDI

Go fuck yourself.

Lee kisses the baby and puts him back in the crib.

LEE  
See? I didn't make him cry. 'Cause  
I know how to handle him.

RANDI  
How was Joe?

LEE  
He's all right. You know? He's  
doin' all right.

RANDI  
And you didn't run outta beer? You  
got through the day OK?

LEE  
Oh yeah. We were very temperate.

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

LEE  
Because we love the sea.

LEE (CONT'D)  
I only had eight beers over a seven  
hour period. That's approximately  
one point four two somethin' beers  
per hour.

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

LEE  
I told you I was cuttin' down.

Lee starts to get undressed.

RANDI  
What do you think you're gonna do?

LEE  
I guess I'm gonna take a shower.  
Randi, I swear to God. You shoulda  
seen the look on Patty's face when  
he caught that fish. It was like  
takin' Suzy on the merry-go-round.  
It was like -- pure happiness.

She smiles at him. Lee crawls across the bed.

RANDI  
Get away. I'm sick. I'm deeply  
sick.

They kiss. Karen plays on the floor. The baby waves his arms.  
The TV can be heard from the other room.

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

# **THE PRESENT --**

EXT./INT. MANCHESTER -- PINE STREET/LEE'S CAR. DAY.

Lee drives into town, talking on his cell phone.

LEE	PAUL (O.S.)
I thought school let out at	I'm pretty sure he --
three o'clock -- What? I'm	I'm pretty sure he woulda --
sorry. My cell phone -- what?	That's all right. I'm pretty
	sure he woulda left for
	hockey practice by now.

EXT. MANCHESTER ESSEX REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL. DAY

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

LEE (O.S.)  
He's on the hockey team?

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

PAUL, the vice principal, 40, is on the phone. His ASSISTANT, 50s, is on her computer nearby. WE CUT BETWEEN PAUL AND LEE.

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

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

PAUL  
No -- It's in Gloucester.

PAUL (CONT'D)	LEE
It's at the Gloucester --	It's not at school? What?
That's OK. Can you hear me?	I'm sorry -- This phone is --
	Yes.
We play with the Rockport	
team. But they're the lead	I understand --
team.	

LEE (CONT'D)  
OK, thanks, Paul. I gotta go.

PAUL  
Sure thing. Give Joe my regards,  
will you?

LEE  
I will.

INT. VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL hangs up.

PAUL  
Joe Chandler's in the hospital  
again.

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

PAUL  
Yep.

ASSISTANT  
Who was on the phone?

PAUL  
That was Lee Chandler.

ASSISTANT  
*Lee Chandler?*

PAUL  
The very one.

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

Lee drives. The SIGN for GLOUCESTER and ROCKPORT is up ahead.

INT. GLOUCESTER MIDDLE SCHOOL -- HOCKEY RINK. DAY.

The Rockport/Manchester team is having practice. PATRICK is on the ice. He is just 16, skinny, athletic, long-haired. He is bright, practical, pugnacious. The HOCKEY COACH, 40s, is shouting instructions. PATRICK checks another KID against the boards. They start fighting. They're evenly matched but Patrick is kind of wild. The COACH yanks Patrick off the other kid.

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

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

PATRICK  
 Aw, fuck me.

HOCKEY COACH  
 What's that, Chandler?

PATRICK  
 Aw, fuck my fuckin' ass.

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

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

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

Patrick skates over to Lee. The Coach sees Lee and hesitates.  
 A small scrappy kid named JOEL skates up, followed by CJ, a  
 big handsome athletic kid. These are Patrick's friends.

JOEL  
 That's his uncle.

CJ  
 His dad must be in the hospital.

HOCKEY COACH  
 Whose dad? Chandler's?

CJ	JOEL
He's got congestive heart failure. Patrick's dad, I mean. Not Patrick.	...He only comes up when Mr Chandler's in the hospital.

Some other kids skate up and are watching Patrick and LEE.

HOCKEY COACH  
 That's Lee Chandler? *The* Lee Chandler?

CJ  
 Yeah, but you know that stuff about him's bullshit, Mr Howard.

JOEL  
 Yeah, that story's bullshit.

HOCKEY COACH  
You guys wanna watch the language?

Sorry. JOEL

Sorry. CJ

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

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

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

CJ and Joel skate over to Patrick. He tells them. They react sincerely and with sympathy. They squeeze his shoulder, they each hug him. All the kids are watching again by now.

HOCKEY COACH (CONT'D)  
OK, show's over! Let's line it up  
again! Come on, line up!

The kids start skating around, lining up at the blue line. Patrick breaks away and skates toward the exit by himself.

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

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

Oh well. PATRICK

They pass a sign for MANCHESTER, BEVERLY and NORTH SALEM.

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

PATRICK  
Him who? See who?

LEE  
Your dad. Do you wanna look at him?

PATRICK  
I don't know. What does he look  
like?

LEE  
 He looks like he's dead. (Pause) I mean, he doesn't look like he's asleep, or anything like that. He doesn't look gross...(Pause) You don't have to. I wanted to see him. Maybe you don't want that image in your memory. I don't know. It's up to you.

Patrick is silent.

INT/EXT. LEE'S CAR/HOSPITAL PARKING LOT. DUSK.

Lee pulls into a parking space. He looks at Patrick, who is looking slightly queasy.

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

PATRICK  
 Let's just go.

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

LEE  
 What the fuck are you doing?

PATRICK  
 I just said let's go inside!

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

LEE (CONT'D)  
 And then you get out of the car without telling me?  
 What the fuck's the matter with you?

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

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

OK, OK! What's your problem?  
 OK! I'm sorry I misused the English language!

They get out of the car, both more subdued.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry, Uncle Lee.

LEE  
 I'm sorry too. I just got scared.



INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE.

NURSE IRENE and LEE stand by while Patrick looks at Joe.

PATRICK  
OK. Thank you.

NURSE IRENE  
Of course...

Patrick walks away. Lee and Dr Muller follow.

INT/EXT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING)/R 128 NORTH. DUSK/NIGHT.

They drive in silence.

PATRICK  
Well, that was a mistake.

LEE  
I guess I gave you bad advice.

PATRICK  
No...I decided...

EXT. THE SEA. DUSK/NIGHT.

WIDE ON THE COAST: A few headlights move through in the dark town.

EXT. MANCHESTER -- STREETS. NIGHT.

Lee's car drives through the narrow hilly streets.

INT. LEE'S CAR. (MOVING) DUSK/NIGHT. SIMULTANEOUS.

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

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

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

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

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

LEE  
Either get in the car or move  
it in the driveway!

PATRICK  
What's the matter with you?

The Car Dad turns around. The House Dad takes a step forward.

CAR DAD  
What's your problem, pal?

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

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

LEE  
Oh. It is?

PATRICK  
Yes! What's the matter with  
you?

LEE  
I'm sorry.

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

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

PATRICK  
Hi Mrs. Galvin. Hiya Mrs.  
Doherty.

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

CAR DAD  
(Squinting)  
Who is that?

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

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

HOUSE MOM  
Goodnight kids! Come over any  
time!

CAR KIDS  
Goodbye! Thank you!

CAR MOM  
Tommy, come on.

CAR DAD  
Patrick? Is that you?  
Well, for Christ's sakes!  
Where's the fire?

HOUSE MOM  
Hello, Patrick.

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

CAR MOM  
Oh for goodness sake...!

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

Lee? CAR DAD

There is instant awkwardness between them.

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

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

PATRICK  
Hi, Mrs Galvin.

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

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

HOUSE DAD (Coldly) Hey, Lee.

PATRICK Hey guys. How's it goin'?

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

LEE  
...Sorry about the ruckus.

HOUSE MOM  
Patrick, how's your dad?

He's fine. PATRICK

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

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

PATRICK  
You gotta hit the bleeper.

LEE  
I don't have the bleeper.

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

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

INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

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

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

LEE  
Go ahead.

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

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

PATRICK  
Any kind is fine. Thank you.

Lee takes out his phone. Patrick starts to text his friends.

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

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

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

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

JOEL  
That's for sure.

CJ  
I remember one time he took us all out in the boat? Like in sixth grade?

JOEL  
I remember that.

I remember. And he says --

CJ (CONT'D)  
And he made us wear life  
preservers? And I was like,  
"What's the difference, Mr  
Chandler? Boat sinks in this  
weather we're dead anyway."  
And he says "The life  
jacket's to make it easier on  
the sharks when you go over."

The boys laugh.

PATRICK  
Yeah, he really liked those shark  
jokes.

JOEL  
He was funny, boy.

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

This piece of sentimentality embarrasses everyone but Silvie.

INT. JOE'S KITCHEN. SIMULTANEOUS.

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

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Lee moves through the room toward the staircase.

CJ  
And there's this former  
starship captain -- this  
former starship captain, shut  
up --

JOEL  
*Star Trek* sucks.  
*Star Trek* sucks my ass.

SILVIE  
How you doin', baby?

CJ  
*Star Trek* is one of the  
pillars of modern  
entertainment.

PATRICK  
OK.

JOEL  
One of the pillars of modern  
entertainment is retarded.

CJ (CONT'D)  
No it's not! Ask Patrick! Ask  
him! Moron!

JOEL  
Read my lips. *Star Trek* is  
retarded. It's retarded.

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

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

PATRICK  
I like *Star Trek*...

INT. JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee snaps on the lights and comes in. The room is tidy except  
for a few items: A coffee mug, an open book on the floor by  
the bed. Lee opens the bottom dresser drawer and takes out a  
pair of Joe's neatly folded pajamas.

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

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

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

LEE  
Then what are you asking me for?

PATRICK  
No reason. Thanks. (Pause) So -- Not  
that it would come up, but her  
parents think she stays downstairs  
when she stays over? So if it comes  
up for some reason, can you just  
say she stayed in the downstairs  
room?

LEE  
I don't even know them.

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

LEE  
That's Silvie McGann?

PATRICK  
Yeah. So do you mind sayin' she  
stayed downstairs? Like if they  
call or something?

LEE  
OK.

Patrick hesitates.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Am I supposed to tell you to use a condom?

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

LEE  
Is that what Joe would say?

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

LEE  
OK.

PATRICK  
Just lemme know if we're makin' too much noise.

LEE  
OK.

PATRICK  
Hey. Do you think I should call my mom? To tell her about Dad?

LEE  
(Tenses)  
I wouldn't, Patty. I don't think anybody even knows where she is...

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

LEE  
Good night.

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

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee lies on the bed.

**SIX YEARS AGO --**

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

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

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

9-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
I'm not sulking.

LEE (To JOE)  
Why don't you stop already?  
You wanna stop?

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

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

Shaddup, shaddUP, you stupid  
dogs! ELISE!

9-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
I don't need a baseball mitt.  
I catch better without one!

Joe flicks on the LIGHTS. The small living room is trashed.

JOE  
Ah, shit.

9-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
*Dad! No cursing!*

ELISE is PASSED OUT on the SOFA, her short nightie scrunched up underneath her. She's got no underwear on, so the men and 9-Year-Old Patrick can see everything. There's a half-empty bottle and a glass of liquor on the coffee table. Cigarette butts spill over the ashtray. Joe takes immediate control.

JOE  
Lee, you wanna take Patty upstairs  
and get him washed up? Go on up,  
Patty. Everything's OK.

LEE  
Come on, buddy.

POV LEE as he takes Patrick upstairs: Joe pulls down Elise's nightie. Looks at his shoe. There's a little dog shit on it.

JOE  
Oh, come on.

POV LEE as Joe sees that the dogs have peed and crapped all over the floor -- a whole day's worth.

THE PRESENT --



INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee is lying in bed. He switches off the light. We can hear the ocean outside.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

SILVIE is asleep on Patrick's single bed. PATRICK is at his desk typing on his laptop. We see what he is TYPING:

*"Dear Mom --"*

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

A clear cold day. The house has a nice view of the town.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

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

LEE  
(On the phone)  
Beverly, Massachusetts ...  
Gallagher Funeral Home please ...

SILVIE comes through the kitchen door, dressed, very comfortable in the house.

SILVIE  
Morning.

LEE  
Hello.

Over the following she gets some juice and yogurt out of the fridge, some herbal tea, and puts on the kettle, while Lee watches her. Patrick enters, gets some cold cereal.

LATER -- They are all at the table. Lee is still on the phone.

PATRICK  
Pass the milk please.

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

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

PATRICK  
That's all right.

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

LEE (O.S.)  
So why is it more to drive his body  
to Manchester? 'Cause you gotta  
take the highway for seven minutes?  
What do you charge if the hearse  
takes 127?

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

PATRICK  
He's alright.

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

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

PATRICK	SILVIE
Thanks, Uncle Lee.	Thanks a lot, Mr Chandler.

He watches them walk toward the school, joining a general  
swarm of kids funneling to the school entrance.

INT. SCHOOL. DAY.

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

KID'S VOICE  
Hey, Patrick. Sorry to hear about  
your dad, man.

PATRICK  
Oh -- Thanks, man. Thank you.

He presses thru. Other kids stop him with condolences.

INT. ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT OFFICE. DAY.

HOCKEY COACH Mr. Howard is seated. Patrick stands.

HOCKEY COACH

We're gonna forget about the language. We're gonna forget about the fists. But I want you to take a few days offa practice. I don't want you on the ice. You got enough on your mind.

PATRICK

That's OK, Mr Howard. To tell you the truth, I could use the distraction --

HOCKEY COACH

The ice is not a distraction. When you're on the ice, you gotta be there. Take the week and we'll talk. And listen: I lost my dad right about your age. So I know what you're goin' through. So if you wanna come in and talk, or you just want somebody to spill your guts to -- or you just wanna throw the bull around, door's open.

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

Lee picks Patrick up from school and they drive away.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DAY.

They drive through town.

PATRICK

You mind if I put some music on?

LEE

No.

Patrick turns the radio to some pop-rock station.

PATRICK

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

LEE

They all sound the same to me.

PATRICK

Where we going?

LEE

To see the lawyer.

PATRICK  
What for?

LEE  
We gotta read your father's will.

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

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

They are approaching the Manchester's tiny business district.

EXT. STREET -- LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

They walk toward the little two story office building.

PATRICK  
Who do you think he left the boat  
to?

LEE  
I'm sure he left you everything.

As they go up the OUTDOOR STAIRWAY to the 2nd story office,  
We hear the SOUND of a PING-PONG game: Ka-POP, ka-POP, plus  
other growing sounds of voices and music. They take us to --

**FIVE YEARS AGO --**

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

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

LEE  
Eat my fuckin' forehand, Tommy!

TOM	LEE (CONT'D)
Once! That was once! He punts the ball sixteen times and now he's Superman.	I got it workin' now. Just keep away from this quadrant and you won't go home in tears.

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

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

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

RANDI  
Lee, you wanna get these  
fuckin' pinheads outta my  
house please?

THE GUYS  
Yeah, Sorry, Ran/ I told you  
guys to keep it down.

Randi leaves.

LEE  
She can't talk that way to us.

TOM  
Yeah. We're not pinheads.

EVERYBODY LAUGHS. Randi immediately appears again, furious.

RANDI  
Hey! I'm not fuckin' around! It's  
two o'clock in the fuckin' mornin'!  
Get these fuckin' assholes dressed  
and get 'em the fuck outta here.

# **THE PRESENT --**

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

Patrick sits, texting. An ASSISTANT types at her computer.

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

WES, 40s, sits behind his desk across from LEE. Each holds a  
copy of Joe's will.

LEE  
I don't understand.

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

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

WES  
I understand it's a serious  
responsibility --

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

WES

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

LEE

No. He didn't. No.

WES

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

LEE

He can't live with me:

LEE (CONT'D)

I live in *one room*.

WES

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

LEE

I don't see how I could be his  
guardian.

WES

Well, those were your brother's  
wishes.

LEE

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

WES

I think the idea was that you would  
relocate.

LEE

Relocate? Where? Here?

WES (CONT'D)

If you look at --

WES (CONT'D)

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

LEE  
But -- He can't have meant that.

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

LEE  
What about Uncle Donny and Teresa?

WES  
Well, they did come up. But Joe didn't feel that Patrick really had any special relationship or feeling about them --

LEE  
I don't understand.  
  
Minnesota.  
Minnetonka, Minnesota.

WES (CONT'D)  
And now, I think you know they've moved out to Wisconsin, I believe.. Minnesota, that's right. So...

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

WES (CONT'D)  
It was my impression you've spent a lot of time here over the years...

LEE  
Just as backup. I came up to stay with Patty whenever Joe was in the hospital, after my dad couldn't do it. We -- It was supposed to be my Uncle Donny. I was just the backup.

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

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

#### **FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D)--**

Lee stands outside waving and shouting goodbyes to the CARS DRIVING AWAY. His friends respond with car horns and apologies. Randi stands inside, wrapped in a bathrobe.

LEE (CONT'D)

See Jupiter? Good night! Keep  
your eyes on the road! You  
see Jupiter? Keep your eyes  
on the road! Good night  
Tommy! Good night Joe! Sorry  
again! (To the Guys) See the  
North Star? There's the North  
Star, right there!

THE GUYS

Good night, Lee! Tell Randi  
we're sorry! We're so sorry!  
Good night, etc.

TOM (O.C)

Where?

LEE

It's due north...!

A MOMENT LATER -- Lee shuts the front door, shivering in his  
shirt sleeves. He tries to kiss Randi. She turns her head.

LEE (CONT'D)

I'll clean up in the morning, baby.

RANDI

You see Jupiter you fucking  
asshole?

He laughs.

LEE

Come on...

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

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

Lee is still staring at the will.

WES

Lee...

**FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --**

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET -- MINI-MART. NIGHT.

Cheerfully drunk, LEE walks along the crunchy snow-covered  
sidewalk and into a mini-mart. It's a very cold clear night.

**THE PRESENT --**



INT. LAWYER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Patrick is still texting away in the armchair.

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

PATRICK  
No thank you.

**FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --**

EXT. MINI-MART. NIGHT.

THROUGH THE WINDOW we see the clerk bag two six-packs, milk,  
and some Pampers for LEE. Lee comes out of the store. He has  
some drunken trouble zipping his parka as he heads home. He  
doesn't notice the orange-red GLOW in the sky ahead.

**THE PRESENT --**

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

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

LEE  
But who would get him?

WES  
The probate court would appoint a  
guardian in your place.

LEE  
Like who?

LEE (CONT'D)  
My Uncle Donny?

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

LEE  
Who else would there be?

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

No. No. LEE

WES (CONT'D)  
I'm not sure where she is, or  
what her condition is -- But  
you can bet the judge would  
certainly look into it.

LEE  
...No...Can't do that.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. LEE'S STREET. NIGHT.

Lee slows as he nears the turn to his street. He is looking at the FIERY SKY and FLASHING LIGHTS. He starts to run --

**THE PRESENT --**

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Lee sits staring out Wes' window at the harbor.

WES  
There is Patrick to be considered.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. LEE & RANDI'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The little HOUSE is COMPLETELY ON FIRE. Fire trucks and FIREMEN are pumping water into the blinding SMOKE. There is also an ambulance and police cars. TWO POLICEMEN are trying to control RANDI. She's in a nightgown smeared with smoke and water. She thrashes violently to shake them off so she can run into the flaming house. She is completely hysterical.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE. DAWN.

The sky is getting light. The fire is out. The smoking house is burnt to nothing. The neighbors have been pushed back by the police and firemen.

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

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

The ambulance with Randi in it drives away. LEE looks past the policemen as EMS WORKERS approach the next ambulance. They are bringing and loading THREE COVERED STRETCHERS bearing THREE LITTLE BODIES into the ambulance as Lee watches. In the last stretcher the smoke-blackened ELBOW of a LITTLE GIRL sticks out a little from under the blanket. An EMS Worker quickly pushes it under again.

They put the stretchers in the ambulance and shut the doors. Without moving Lee starts crying hopelessly. The two cops stop trying to talk to him. Joe holds Lee's arm throughout.

# **THE PRESENT --**

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Lee looks from the will to the view out the window.

WES	LEE
Look -- Lee --	Thanks, Wes. I'll, uh, I'll be in touch.

Lee gets up abruptly and heads for the door.

# **FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --**

EXT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION. DAY.

PUSH IN ON a weatherbeaten old building backed by the marina.

INT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION -- MAIN OFFICE. DAY.

JOE and STAN wait for Lee at one end of the office with a few desks and six or seven police officers going about their business.

INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

SLOW PUSH IN ON LEE at a table, facing a POLICE DETECTIVE, a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN, and the STATE FIRE MARSHALL.

LEE  
You know. We were partyin' pretty hard.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)  
Beer, and somebody was passin'  
around a joint. Somebody else had  
some cocaine.

1ST DETECTIVE  
Cocaine?

LEE  
Yes.

1ST DETECTIVE  
OK. Go on.

LEE  
Anyway, our bedroom's in the  
downstairs. The girls sleep  
upstairs. So Randi makes everybody  
leave around two o'clock, maybe  
three AM, and she went back to bed.  
So everybody leaves, and I go  
inside. And it's really cold  
inside, so I go check on the girls,  
and it's fuckin' freezing up there.  
We sleep downstairs. The girls  
sleep in the upstairs. But Randi  
doesn't like the central heat  
because it dries her out her  
sinuses, and she gets these  
headaches. So I went downstairs and  
built a fire in the fireplace, and  
I sit down to watch TV, except  
there's no more beer. And I'm still  
jumpin' like a jackrabbit. So I put  
a couple big logs on the fire so  
the house would warm up when I was  
gone, and I went to the mini-  
mart...It's about a fifteen minute  
walk both ways. But I didn't wanna  
drive cause I was really wasted.  
And I'm halfway there, and I  
remember I didn't put the screen  
back on the fireplace. But I figure  
it's probably OK. So I kept going  
to the store. And that's it. One of  
the logs musta rolled out on the  
floor when I was gone. The girls  
were all upstairs... And that's it.  
The firemen got Randi out. She was  
passed out downstairs. And then  
they said the furnace blew, and  
they couldn't go inside again. And  
that's all I remember.

Pause.

1ST DETECTIVE  
OK, Lee. That's all for now. We'll call you if anything else comes up we want to ask you about.

FIRE MARSHALL  
Assumin' the forensics bear you out...which I'm assumin' that they will...

LEE  
What do you mean? That's it?

FIRE MARSHALL  
Look, Lee: You made a horrible mistake. Like a million other people did last night. But we don't wanna crucify you. It's not a crime to leave the screen off the fireplace.

LEE  
So...What? I can go?

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

1ST DETECTIVE  
You got a ride back home?

LEE  
Yeah.

90 INT. POLICE STATION -- MAIN ROOM. DAY -- CONTINUOUS. 90

Lee comes out of a room opposite, followed by the Detective and Fire Marshall. He makes his way past the desks. Suddenly he GRABS a YOUNG COP from behind, pulls the GUN out of his holster and shoves him away. SHOUTS and GUNS come out everywhere. LEE puts the GUN to his own HEAD and pulls the trigger, but the SAFETY CATCH is ON. JOE is across the room in a bound.

JOE  
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

LEE fumbles with the safety catch -- TWO COPS take him DOWN and grab the gun. He doesn't resist at all. JOE joins the fray. STAN staggers and reaches for the wall behind him.

**THE PRESENT --**

INT. LAWYER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

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

LEE  
Alright. Let's go.

PATRICK  
Where to, the orphanage?

LEE  
Shut up.

PATRICK  
What the hell did I do?

LEE  
Just be quiet.

Lee heads for the exit. Patrick follows him out.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. DAY.

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

LEE  
All right. We got a lot to do.

PATRICK  
What about the boat?

LEE  
We gotta talk to George about it.  
There's no point hangin' onto it if  
no one's gonna use it --

PATRICK  
I'm gonna use it.

LEE  
It's gotta be *maintained* --

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

LEE (CONT'D)  
...we gotta change the rental  
of the boat yard from Joe to  
me -- No, you can't maintain  
it by yourself --

PATRICK  
Why not?

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
It's my boat now, isn't it?

What does "trustee" mean?

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

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

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

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

PATRICK  
No fuckin' way!

LEE  
Don't be so goddamn sure of  
yourself! There's nobody to run it!  
You're sixteen years old!

PATRICK  
Yeah! I can get my licence *this*  
*year!*

LEE  
So what? You're still a minor! You  
can't run a commercial vessel by  
yourself!

PATRICK  
Why can't I run the boat with  
George?

LEE (CONT'D)  
Meanwhile it's a big fuckin'  
expense and I'm the one  
that's gonna have to manage  
it and I'm not even gonna be  
here!

PATRICK  
Who gives a fuck where *you* are?

LEE  
Patty, I swear to God I'm gonna  
knock your fuckin' block off!

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

MANCHESTER BUSINESSMAN  
Great parenting.

LEE  
Mind your own fuckin' business!

PATRICK  
Uncle Lee!

LEE  
 Mind your own business! Shut  
 the fuck up or I'll fuckin'  
 shut you up, I swear to God --  
  
 I'm gonnna smash you in the  
 fuckin' face if you don't  
 take a walk! Mind your  
 fuckin' business!

MANCHESTER BUSINESSMAN  
 No no, that's good parenting.  
  
 Smash him in the face. Smash  
 him in the face. That'll show  
 him.

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

LEE  
 Get in the fuckin' car!

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

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

LEE  
 Just shut up.

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

Lee and Patrick walk along the marina.

EXT/INT. MARINA -- JOE'S BOAT. DAY.

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

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

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

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

GEORGE  
 No, I can take care of it as far as  
 general maintenance is concerned...

PATRICK  
 I'm takin' care of it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 But that motor's gonna go at  
 some point...



LEE

There's no allotment for a new motor. Unless you wanna buy it, George...

PATRICK

Wait a second. I'm not sellin' it --

LEE

Anyway, we're gonna be in Boston.

PATRICK

What? Since when am I supposed to be in Boston?

Pause.

GEORGE

Well -- Whatever you decide...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But it's gonna bleed you dry just sittin' here...

LEE

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

GEORGE

Well...you know he can always stay with us, if he wants to come up weekends.

LEE

You wanna be his guardian?

George is taken aback, embarrassed.

PATRICK

He doesn't wanna be my guardian, for Christ's sakes...! They got five kids already. Have you seen his house?

GEORGE

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

LEE

No -- we're just working out logistics...So, I didn't know.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yeah, we're jammed in there pretty good. But we've always got a sofa for him any time he wants. He knows that. (To Patrick) Right?

PATRICK

Jesus Christ, you wanna stop? George. George. It's OK. Really. You don't have to say that. I know that.

He's welcome any time...

EXT. MARINA/WHARF. DAY.

Lee and Patrick walk back along the wharf toward the street and the car.

PATRICK  
Are you brain-damaged? You can't just ask people that...! You don't wanna be my guardian, that's fine with me.

LEE  
It's not that. It's just the logistics. I just gotta work it out. I swear.

PATRICK  
How? By sendin' me to Wonkatonka Minnesota with Uncle Donny?

LEE  
Minnetonka!

PATRICK	LEE (CONT'D)
OK, Minnetonka. Minnetonka	Minnetonka Minnesota. Not
Minnesota. Same difference!	Wonkatonka Minnesota.

PATRICK  
What about my mother?

Lee stops walking, then starts again.

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

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

Lee stops walking again.

LEE  
Since when do you know that?

PATRICK  
She emailed me last year. So I emailed her back. You know, email?

LEE  
Did your father know you were in touch with her?

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

They start walking again.

LEE  
All I can tell you is --

PATRICK  
I know, I know, she's a drunk,  
she's insane, she let the dogs shit  
on the floor.

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

PATRICK  
Oh, like you suddenly care what he  
woulda wanted?

LEE  
Aw, fuck everything.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR(MOVING) NEAR THE MARINA. DAY.

Lee and Patrick are driving away from the marina.

PATRICK  
Where to now?

LEE  
The funeral parlor.

PATRICK  
Great.

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

Patrick notices they are now heading out of town.

PATRICK  
Whoa, whoa, where're we goin'?

LEE  
It's in Beverly.

PATRICK  
There's no funeral homes in  
Manchester?

LEE  
No. (Pause) The cemetery's here...

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

LEE  
Let's just get this done.

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

LEE  
Yes. Sorry. This is it.

EXT. BEVERLY. DAY.

They drive through Beverly, a big coastal town of 40,000.

INT. GALLAGHER'S FUNERAL HOME. DUSK.

Patrick looks around while Lee talks to the Funeral Director.

EXT. GALLAGHER'S FUNERAL HOME. DUSK.

Lee and Patrick walk away. The wind is punishing.

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

LEE  
I don't know.

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

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

They reverse direction and start walking into the wind.

PATRICK  
Why can't we bury him?

LEE  
It's too cold. The ground's too  
hard. They'll bury him in the  
spring.

PATRICK  
So what do they do with him til  
then?

LEE  
They put him in a freezer.

PATRICK  
Are you serious?

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

PATRICK  
That really freaks me out.

LEE  
It doesn't matter. It isn't him. It's just his body. Where'd I park the car?

PATRICK  
What about one of those mini-steam shovels?

LEE  
What?

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

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

PATRICK  
Why can't we just look into it?

LEE  
Anyway, I'm pretty sure you can't use heavy equipment in the Historic Rosedale Cemetery.

PATRICK  
Why not?

LEE  
Because there's a lot of important people buried there, and their descendants don't want a steam shovel vibratin' over their dead bodies. How do I know?

PATRICK  
Why can't we bury him someplace  
else?

LEE  
That's where he bought a plot.  
Don't ask me why. But if you wanna  
find someplace else to bury him,  
and find out how much it costs, and  
change all the arrangements with  
the mortician and the cemetery, and  
call up Sacred Heart and talk to  
Father Martin, and change the  
arrangements for the funeral  
service, be my guest. Otherwise  
let's just leave it. OK?

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

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

LEE  
Oh come on! Where's the goddamn  
car?

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

LEE  
Don't you have a normal winter  
coat?

PATRICK	LEE (CONT'D)
Yes.	Why don't you have gloves with fingers on them?

Another gust of wind blows right through them.

PATRICK	LEE (CONT'D)
Jesus <i>Christ</i> !	God <i>damn</i> it!

LEE (CONT'D)  
Oh where the fuck did I park the  
fucking car?

EXT./INT. BEVERLY STREET/LEE'S CAR. DUSK.

They see the car on a long sloping street and run to it. They  
get in and slam the doors. Lee turns on the engine.

LEE  
God *damn* it's cold!

PATRICK

Why? What's the matter with your winter jacket?

LEE

Seriously, Patty --?  
It's on already!

It's all the way up! It takes a minute to warm up, so just relax, OK?

Just be quiet.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Just turn the heat on!

Well turn it up a little!  
It's blowin' fuckin' freezin' air on me.

What year did you buy this thing? 1928? Where's the horse that goes with this fuckin' car? Maybe he could breathe on us.

LEE

Patty, I swear to God --

PATRICK

I know. Why don't we just keep my dad in *here* for the next three months? We could save a fuckin' fortune.

LEE

Would you shut up about that freezer please? You want me to have a nervous breakdown because there's undertakers and a funeral?

LEE (CONT'D)

-- Who cares?

PATRICK

No...I don't!

Lee holds his hand over the vent.

LEE

'K, it's gettin' warmer.

PATRICK

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

LEE

Sure.

EXT. MANCHESTER. SANDY'S HOUSE. DUSK.

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

LEE

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

PATRICK

No. That was Silvie. This is Sandy.  
But they don't know about each  
other. So please don't say anything  
in case it comes up.

LEE

I won't. (Pause) Do you actually  
have sex with these girls?

PATRICK

We don't just play computer games.

LEE

With both of them?

PATRICK

Well with Sandy's mom here it's  
sort of strictly just basement  
business.

LEE

What does that mean?

PATRICK

It means I'm workin' on it.

Patrick grabs his electric guitar and mini-amp from the back  
seat. Lee watches him run across the lawn to the house.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee comes in and snaps on the lights.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Lee puts a slice of cold pizza in the microwave.

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

PATRICK'S ROCK BAND is practicing in the basement. SANDY, 17,  
brighter, wilder and more original than Silvie, sings lead  
vocals. PATRICK plays rhythm guitar, CJ plays lead, JOEL  
plays bass, a kid named OTTO plays drums. The boys sing  
backup. The name on the big drum is "STENTORIAN." They are  
playing an original composition.



SANDY

(Singing)

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

THE WHOLE BAND

-- I gotta run, I gotta run, I  
gotta run."

PATRICK

Stop. Stop. Otto man, what are you  
doing?

OTTO

What did I do?

PATRICK

You're way behind, man.

OTTO

No, I'm not.

JOEL

You're a little behind, Otto.

CJ

Otto, you're kind of draggin'  
it...

PATRICK

You gotta stay with the bass.

JOEL

Come on man, just stay with me, all  
right?

OTTO

All right, I'm sorry.

CJ

It's all right! You're alright.  
Let's just take it again. Otto, you  
good?

OTTO

Yeah.

They get ready to take it again. Patrick leans into his  
microphone.

PATRICK

We are Stentorian.

They start playing again.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

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

JILL

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

LEE

Oh, that's all right. Thank you.

JILL

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

LEE

Thank you.

JILL

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

LEE

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

JILL

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

LEE

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

JILL

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

LEE

OK. Thank you.

Jill hesitates, smiles, then runs back to the house. Lee drives off.

INT. SANDY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

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

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

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

SANDY  
Would you please take your hand  
outta my cunt?

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

Sandy wriggles out of her jeans.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Oh, are we taking our pants off?

SANDY  
I'm takin' my pants off. I don't  
know what you're doing.

PATRICK  
I'm takin' *my* pants off...

Patrick tries to take off his pants, but one leg bunches up at his ankle. He kicks to get it off. She tries to help him.

SANDY  
Come on! You gotta take your shoe  
off...!

PATRICK  
I'm tryin'!

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

JILL (O.C.)  
Hey kids? Come on have some dinner!

PATRICK  
OK, thanks Jill! We'll be  
down in just one second.  
I just gotta log off...!

SANDY  
Thanks, Mom! We'll be right  
down!

Would you shut up? She's not  
retarded.

PATRICK  
Why are you pickin' on me?

SANDY  
I'm not pickin' on you! You're  
going to get me in trouble.

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

Jill waits near the stairs. Patrick and Sandy come down.

JILL  
How's the math homework?

PATRICK  
Very frustratin'.

JILL  
Good.

PATRICK  
Those algorithms are a bitch...

INT. JILL'S DINING AREA. NIGHT.

Jill, Sandy and Patrick eat spaghetti.

PATRICK  
Mm. This is really delicious, Jill.

JILL  
Thank you, Patrick.

SANDY  
Yeah, Mom, really good.

PATRICK  
Is this a homemade carbonara sauce?

SANDY  
Jesus, shut up.

JILL  
Oh -- no...

PATRICK  
You could've fooled me.

SANDY  
Jesus.

PATRICK  
What?

SANDY  
You're such a kiss-ass!

JILL

Sandy!

PATRICK

Why? Because I appreciate your  
mother's cookin'?

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

Lee drives Patrick home in silence. Then:

PATRICK

Aren't you gonna ask what  
happened? -- Guess not.

LEE

I don't want to know what  
happened.

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee is on the sofa with his iPhone and a beer, watching a  
Celtics game. A PHONE RINGS. He looks around, confused. Looks  
at his cell. Finally he realizes Joe's LAND LINE is ringing.

LEE

(Answering)

Hello?

RANDI

(Over the phone)

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

Pause.

LEE

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

RANDI

I'm OK. How are you?

LEE

Good.

RANDI

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

LEE

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

RANDI

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

LEE

Yeah...

RANDI

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

LEE

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

RANDI

Yeah --

LEE (CONT'D)

He doesn't really open up with me. I think he's OK. He's got a lotta

Well, that's good.

friends...So...Yeah, it is...

RANDI

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

LEE

Of course you can...

RANDI

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

LEE (CONT'D)

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

RANDI

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

LEE

I don't know. How are you?

RANDI

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

LEE

Oh yeah?

RANDI

Yeah. Like -- Ready to pop.

LEE  
Oh, I didn't know that.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
I didn't know if I should  
tell you, but --

LEE  
No, it's fine. Congratulations.

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

LEE  
Yeah.

Lee is unable to stay on the phone any longer.

RANDI  
So, are you still --

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

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

LEE  
It's totally OK.

RANDI  
OK. Thank you, Lee. God bless.

LEE  
So long.

They hang up. Lee tries to keep a grip on himself.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick lies awake in the dark.

INT. LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

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

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

A beautiful day. A lot of people are filing into the church.

INT. CHURCH. DAY.

SLO-MO (MOS). People are greeting PATRICK. LEE stands to one side. Some people greet him, some do not, some look at him covertly.

GEORGE and his wife JANINE, 50, say hi to Lee and Patrick. Then a very pregnant RANDI gives Patrick a big warm hug. She and her husband, JOSH, greet Lee. Randi says a few words to Lee. Josh shakes Lee's hand. Then they move away.

Others come through: Grown-ups and kids. DR BETHENY and her HUSBAND. George stays dutifully by Lee.

LATER -- STILL SLO-MO (MOS) THE SERVICE. FATHER MARTIN reads the service. LEE sits in the front pew, with PATRICK, looking lost.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

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

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

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

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

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

SILVIE  
You OK, baby?

PATRICK  
I'm OK.

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

GEORGE  
So how you holdin' up?

LEE  
What's the matter?

GEORGE  
No --



LEE  
 What?  
 Um...

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 -- I said "How you holdin' up?" It's a stupid question. You get some food?

LEE  
 I had some cheese.

GEORGE  
 "You had some cheese." Asshole.

LEE  
 It's OK, George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 I'll get you something. Hey JANINE!

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

LEE  
 Seriously. I'm not hungry.

GEORGE  
 Sure? (To JANINE) Never mind!  
 FORGET IT! SKIP IT!  
 I SAID FORGET IT!

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

JANINE (CONT'D)  
 DID LEE GET SOME FOOD?

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

Lee comes in and takes off his dark jacket and gets some cold chicken from the fridge. Patrick comes in, iPhone in hand.

PATRICK  
 Hey, is it OK if I ask Silvie to stay over?

LEE  
 No.

PATRICK  
 What do you mean?

LEE  
 I don't want her in the house right now.

PATRICK  
 Why not? YOU don't have to talk to her...

LEE  
I don't like her. You can go to her  
house or call one of your friends.  
That's it.

Patrick is stunned.

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee gets ready for bed. We hear PATRICK in the hall O.C.

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

LATER -- Patrick KNOCKS and comes in.

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

LEE  
Sorry about that.

PATRICK  
So...Are you gonna stay in here...?

LEE  
Well -- Yeah. Why not?

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

LEE  
Why? You want me to?

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

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

PATRICK  
I'm not movin' to Boston, Uncle  
Lee.

LEE  
I don't wanna talk about that right  
now. OK?

PATRICK  
You said he left you money so you  
could move.

LEE  
Yes. But that doesn't mean I  
can just --

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Anyway, what's in Boston?  
You're a *janitor*.

LEE  
So what?

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

LEE  
I don't wanna talk about it!

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

You can't maintain it --

Lee has no answer.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Lee puts the last of his stuff away. He goes to the window.  
The wind whistles outside.

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK (V.O.)  
Goodbye Uncle Lee!

**FIVE YEARS AGO --**

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

A few weeks after the girls' funeral. Joe waits by Lee's car,  
which is packed with a few boxes and a borrowed suitcase. Lee  
and 10-YEAR-OLD Patrick come out, carrying cardboard boxes.

A moment later, Lee slams the trunk. Patrick is inside.

JOE  
Where you gonna be tonight?

LEE  
I don't know. A motel.

JOE  
What time you gonna call me?

LEE  
When I get to the motel.

JOE  
If I don't hear from you by nine  
o'clock I'm gonna call the cops.  
You understand?

LEE  
Yes. Yes.

JOE  
Patty! Come say goodbye to Uncle  
Lee!

LEE  
That's OK.

JOE  
It is not OK. Patrick! Come say  
goodbye!

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK (O.S.)  
Comin'!

They wait. Joe hugs Lee. Lee hugs him back woodenly. Then  
with more feeling. Then he breaks away and gets in the car.

LEE  
I'm gonna see him...

He starts the motor. Patrick comes running out of the house.

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
(Exactly as before)  
Goodbye Uncle Lee!

LEE  
So long.

He drives off. Joe and Patrick watch him drive away.

**PRESENT --**

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

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

INT. JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT -- SIMULTANEOUS.

At the window, Lee hears the clatter from downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

Patrick looks down at the frozen meat and starts to breathe hard. He starts to put them back in but starts to feel sick. He leans his head against the freezer door then backs away, wiping his eyes.

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

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

LEE PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Patty -- Somethin's wrong with me.

LEE  
What do you mean? Like what?

PATRICK   LEE (CONT'D)  
I don't know! I feel really                         Are you sick?  
weird! I'm havin' like a  
panic attack or something.

LEE (CONT'D)  
What do you mean?

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

LEE  
Get ridda what? The chicken?

PATRICK	LEE (CONT'D)
Yes. I don't know.	Should I take you to the hospital? Do you want me to
I don't know! No!	call your friends?

Patrick runs out of the kitchen.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

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

LEE (O.C.)  
You gonna go to bed?

PATRICK  
Leave me alone.

LEE (O.C.)  
I don't think I should let you keep  
the door shut.

PATRICK  
Just go away!

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

PATRICK  
Fuck you.

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

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

No! No! No!

No! I'm just freakin' out.

Just go away!

No we don't --!

LEE  
I said open up the door. Are you havin' a breakdown? Should I take you to the hospital?

Fine, but I can't let you freak out with the door shut. And if you're gonna freak out every time you see a frozen chicken I think maybe we should take you the hospital. I don't know anything about this.

PATRICK  
-- I just don't like him bein' in the freezer!

LEE  
You've expressed that very clearly. I don't like it either. But there's nothin' we can do about it.

PATRICK  
Just get out!

LEE  
No.

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

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

Patrick turns his face toward the wall. Silence.

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

LEE  
No.

Patrick his face turned away. Lee sits there.

**FIVE YEARS AGO --**

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

The same basement studio we saw at the beginning, minus most of the furniture. LEE stands watching JOE inspect the room. His affect is flat, colorless. 10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK is looking through the window up to the street. People's feet walk by.

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
Cool!

JOE  
How much are they payin' you?

LEE  
Minimum wage plus the room.

JOE  
Let's go get some furniture.

LEE  
I got furniture.

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

LEE  
Get off my back.

JOE  
Patty, come on. (To Lee) Let's go.

INT. BOSTON DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY.

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

JOE  
You like that one?

LEE  
I love it.

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

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK  
Uncle Lee, try this one!

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

LEE  
I got a lamp.

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

INT. LEE'S BASEMENT APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Joe finishes tearing the paper off the armchair. The studio now has almost all the same furniture as in the present. LEE stands watching. Patrick is playing a little computer game.

JOE  
Better? Better.

**THE PRESENT --**

INT. THE KITCHEN. DAY.

Lee and Patrick are at the breakfast table. Patrick is eating breakfast. Lee has coffee.

LEE  
Listen. (Pause) We can stay until your school lets out. That'll give me time to set things up in Boston better. You can do some stuff with George in the summer if you want ...And you don't get jerked out of your life overnight.

PATRICK  
Are you askin' me or tellin' me?

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

PATRICK  
(On "you")  
Then what the fuck do you care whether it's OK with me or not?

Pause.

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



PATRICK  
From *Quincy*?

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What is that, a joke?  
It's an hour and a half at  
*least*! You gotta include the  
other *cars*.

You couldn't get from here to  
Quincy in half an hour if you  
flew in a fuckin' *spaceship*!

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

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

LEE (CONT'D)  
OK, *fuck* it.

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

Lee and Patrick pull up in front of school.

PATRICK  
I need lunch money.

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

1ST GIRL  
Hi, Patrick! Hi, Patrick!

2ND GIRL  
Hi, Patrick!

1ST GIRL  
Hey Patrick -- !

Patrick unrolls the window.

1ST GIRL (CONT'D)  
So are you goin' to *Godspell*?

PATRICK  
I'm thinkin' about it.

1ST GIRL  
OK, 'bye.

They move on, giggling. Lee reaches for his wallet.

LEE  
Are they your girlfriends too?

PATRICK  
They wish.

LEE  
Doesn't George pay you a salary for  
helpin' with his boat?

PATRICK  
Yeah, but I'm savin' that.

LEE  
For what?

PATRICK  
New motor.

Pause. He gives Patrick \$20. Patrick gets out of the car.

LEE  
You goin' to *Godspell*?

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. DUSK.

Lee puts the THREE FRAMED PHOTOS on the dresser. He goes to the window and looks out. He BREAKS the WINDOW with his FIST. Blood wells out of his knuckles immediately. He hurries to the bathroom. The LAND LINE RINGS.

LEE (O.C.)  
Come on...!

He comes out, wrapping his hand in a towel. The blood soaks through quickly. He picks up the phone.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

INT. ELISE'S HOUSE. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

Elise, dressed neatly and primly, is on the phone.

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

WE CUT BETWEEN ELISE AND LEE.

Lee freezes. He does not respond.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
(Over the phone)  
Hello? Lee? It's Elise. (Pause)  
Hello?

LEE does not respond. Blood stains the towel on his hand.

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

Lee and Patrick sit across from each other at the dinner table, eating. Lee has a bandage on his hand.

PATRICK  
What happened to your hand?

LEE  
I cut it.

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

INT. JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick comes into the room. Lee is VACUUMING up broken glass by the window. He has neatly taped a cardboard square over the broken pane. He sees Patrick and turns off the vacuum. He throws the last scraps of cardboard and tape into a heavy duty trash bag full of broken glass, cardboard, etc.

PATRICK  
Is there some reason why you didn't tell me my mom tried to call me?

Lee stops in his tracks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
She wrote me you hung up on her.  
She's in Essex. She wants me to see her new house and meet her fiancée.  
(Pause) What'd you think? She couldn't get in touch with me?

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

PATRICK  
You can't stop me talkin' to her.

LEE  
I don't care what you do.

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

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

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

PATRICK

No, but you won't let my girlfriend come over and you hate my mother so much you won't even tell me that she called. You'd rather drag me back to Quincy and ruin my life than somebody else be my guardian --

LEE

There is nobody else.

PATRICK

I can live in Essex with my mom.

LEE

No you can't.

PATRICK

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

LEE

I can't do that.

PATRICK

Why?

LEE

I'm sorry I hung up on her. I'll call her back, and if she sounds semi-human to me, you can go have lunch with her and her fiancée if you want. I don't wanna talk about this anymore.

Lee goes out the back door with the garbage.

EXT. MARINA/WHARF. DAY.

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

INT. THE BOAT (MOVING). DAY.

GEORGE

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

PATRICK

OK!

EXT. MARINA/WHARF. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

Lee watches them go and then turns and walks away.

INT. BOAT YARD -- FRONT OFFICE. DAY.

JERRY, 40s, is just coming into the front office as LEE comes thru the customer door. Jerry is immediately uncomfortable.

JERRY

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

LEE

How you doin', Jerry?

JERRY

Not bad, not too bad. I was sorry to hear about Joe.

LEE

Yeah. Thank you.

JERRY

How's Patrick doin'?

LEE

Good.

JERRY

Good. So what's goin' on?

LEE

...You know, I'm back and thinking about staying through the summer and was wondering if you had any work? If I could pick up some hours.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You oughta -- Sure, sure. Walter is down in Boston. He should be back tomorrow if you want to come by or...Give him a call.

INT. BACK OFFICE -- SIMULTANEOUS.

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

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH.

LEE  
 ...Anyway, I'm just lookin'  
 for anything right now --  
 Fixit jobs: Boats, engines, --  
 OK: I'll do that. No, I know.  
 I just thought I'd ask.

JERRY  
 You oughta -- Sure, sure. You  
 oughta come by tomorrow and  
 talk to Walter...I doubt he's  
 got anything in February --  
 Oh, absolutely.

LEE  
 Thanks Jerry.

JERRY  
 Good to see you.

They shake hands. After Lee exits, SUE enters the FRONT OFFICE.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Guess who just --

SUE  
 I don't wanna see him in here  
 again.

# **MINI-MONTAGE --**

Lee goes into 1) COASTAL AUTOMOBILE REPAIR. 2) MILNE PLUMBING & HEATING. 3) HAMMC PAINTING & REMODELING. He talks to managers, fills out forms, walks in and out of doors...

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

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

GEORGE  
 So long...! Patty, I'll see  
 you Wednesday? So long, Lee!

GEORGE'S KIDS  
 Goodbye, Patrick! See ya,  
 Patrick! Bye, Patty! G'bye!

JANINE  
 So long...!

PATRICK  
 „Bye guys! Yeah, Wednesday!  
 G'bye!

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

Lee and Patrick get in the car and start driving.

LEE  
 How's the motor?

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

LEE

Unfortunately that's a problem. We can't afford to keep the boat if we can't hire somebody to work it, and we can't get anyone to work it, if it's got a broken motor.

PATRICK

Let's take out a loan.

LEE

And pay it back with what?

PATRICK

We hire it out til we pay the loan back, obviously.

LEE

Unfortunately for you, I'm responsible for your finances until you're twenty-one, and I'm not comfortable takin' out enormous loans on your behalf right now.

PATRICK

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

LEE

Why don't you sign up for driver's ed?

PATRICK

Because Dad made me promise not to drive til I was seventeen.

LEE (CONT'D)

I'm not your chauffeur.

LEE (CONT'D)

OK. Then we'll stick with that.

EXT. SANDY & JILL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee's car idles in front of the house.

PATRICK

You wanna stay for dinner? I think Sandy's mother likes you.

LEE

No she doesn't.

PATRICK

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

LEE  
I'd really rather not.

PATRICK  
Well, can you at least hang out  
with her so I can be alone with  
Sandy for half an hour without her  
mother knockin' on the door every  
twenty seconds?

LEE  
Come on, man.

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

LEE  
OK.

PATRICK  
Thank you.

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

Patrick is practicing with his band. Sandy on lead vocals,  
the guys singing backup.

SANDY  
*"Tell me why -- Why do you need me?  
Why do you want me? / Why do you  
love me?"*

PATRICK  
Stop. Stop.

Everybody stops playing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Otto, man --

OTTO  
What? I'm too slow?

CJ  
Too fast.

OTTO  
I'm too fast?



JOEL  
Dude, you're like pullin' outta the fuckin' station ahead of me.

SANDY  
Oh my God, you guys! Leave him alone.

CJ  
Are you serious about this band or what?

OTTO  
Get off my back.

CJ  
All right, everybody just chill here. Let's just go again.

Everyone resets.

PATRICK  
(into microphone)  
We are Stentorian.

INT. JILL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

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

JILL  
Patrick's one of my favorite people.

LEE  
That's good.

Silence. Jill twists around.

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

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

SANDY  
It's going fine! Thanks! But we're right in the middle of something!

PATRICK  
Good! Really good! We're totally rippin' through those compound fractions!

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

JILL  
At least we know where they are,  
right?

LEE  
That's true...

INT. SANDY'S ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

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

PATRICK  
Hold on a sec.

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

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

He trips over something with a crash.

SANDY  
What happened? Are you OK?

PATRICK  
I tripped over your fuckin' doll  
house.

SANDY  
Oh my God, did you break it?

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

Sandy snaps the light on.

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

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

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

JILL (O.S.)  
Sandy? What is going on up there?

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

JILL  
Sandy, that doll house belonged to  
*my mother!*

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

JILL (CONT'D)  
If you're gonna smash it to  
pieces I wish you'd let me  
keep it somewhere else!

PATRICK  
Don't worry, Jill, I'm OK! My  
toe's gonna be OK!

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

Jill turns back to Lee, smiles and shrugs. Silence.

JILL  
Could I get you another beer, Lee?

LEE  
I'm good. Thanks.

Jill sips her wine. Lee can't think of anything to say.

JILL  
Would you excuse me, Lee, one sec?

LEE  
Sure.

INT. SANDY'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The only light comes from Sandy's laptop. They're on the bed.

SANDY  
Is it on?

PATRICK  
Yes. It's a miracle.

SANDY  
OK. Hurry up.

JILL KNOCKS. Patrick and Sandy leap away from each other.

JILL  
Hey, Sandy? I'm sorry....!

SANDY (CONT'D)  
One second please! (To  
Patrick) Get outta my way!

PATRICK  
Goddamn it!

AT THE DOOR, A MOMENT LATER -- Jill is talking to SANDY through a crack in the door. Patrick is pretending to work at the laptop. Sandy and he have pulled on their clothes.

SANDY  
What's up?

JILL  
I'm really sorry, I know you're trying to work, but I can't sit down there much longer.

SANDY  
Why? What's the problem?

JILL  
He won't *talk*. I've been trying to make conversation for half an hour!

SANDY  
Are you serious?

JILL  
I realize I'm not the most fascinating person in the world, but it's very, very strained.

PATRICK  
What's the matter?

SANDY  
Mom...

SANDY  
She can't make your Uncle speak.

PATRICK  
He likes sports.

JILL  
I'm sorry to bust things up, but how much longer do you think you're gonna be? I'm sorry....!

SANDY  
Sports?

PATRICK  
Can you talk about sports? Maybe there's a game on you could watch.

SANDY (TO PATRICK) (CONT'D)  
Shut up. (To Jill) Mummy, Please.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

Lee drives Patrick home.

PATRICK  
You were a tremendous help.

LEE  
I didn't ask to sit down there.

PATRICK  
You can't make small talk like  
every other grown up in the world?

PATRICK (CONT'D)		LEE
You can't talk about boring	No.	
bullshit for half an hour?		
"Hey, how about those		
interest rates?" Hey, I lost	Nope. Sorry.	
my Triple A card?" Like		
everybody else?		

PATRICK  
You're a fuckin' asshole.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick is having trouble sleeping.

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

Lee is driving Patrick along the road to Essex.

LEE  
Where did she say she lives?  
Because there are like no houses  
here. None. Does she live in a  
fuckin' sleeping bag?

PATRICK  
119 Pigeon Hill Street.

LEE	PATRICK (CONT'D)
Pigeon Hill Street? Or Pigeon	Pigeon Hill Street. Street!
Hill Road? Pigeon Hill Court?	This is Pigeon Hill Road.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
You have no GPS whatsoever?

LEE  
No, I've got a little fuckin'  
cartoon moving map.

PATRICK

Do you want me to punch it in for you?

LEE

No, I don't. I've got it. Thank you. (Pause) Okay, listen. Are you nervous?

PATRICK

Yeah I'm nervous.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What are you, a fuckin' genius?

LEE

Because --  
Skip it.

LEE (CONT'D)

Just...If anything gets weird, just text me, and I'll come and get you.

PATRICK

OK. (Pause) Thank you.

EXT. ELISE'S HOUSE. DAY.

They pull up to a small neatly kept house and get out. ELISE opens the front door. She looks starched and brittle.

ELISE

Oh my gosh. Is that my Patrick?

PATRICK

Hi Mom.

ELISE

I'm so happy...! (To Lee) Welcome to my home.

INT. ELISE'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

JEFFREY stands waiting as Elise ushers them in. He is in his late 40s, slight, well groomed and dressed in conservative weekend wear. Slacks, loafers, a light-weight sweater. LEE glances around the very tidy house. There is a framed pastel of Jesus on the wall.

ELISE

Patrick. This is my fella. Jeffrey, this is Patrick...

JEFFREY

(Shaking hands)  
Great to finally meet you, Patrick.

PATRICK  
Nice to meet you.

ELISE  
And this is Lee...

JEFFREY  
(Shaking hands.)  
Hey, welcome. Jeffrey.

LEE  
Thanks. Lee.

ELISE  
Now, Lee, are you sure you won't  
stay for lunch?

LEE  
I'm positive.

INT. ELISE'S DINING NOOK. DAY.

Patrick is at the table. Jeffrey and Elise bring in lunch.

PATRICK  
Oh -- Can I help with anything?

ELISE  
No thanks, honey.

JEFFREY  
Your job is to relax. OK? That is  
your A-Number One assignment.

PATRICK  
OK. I'm gonna really apply myself.

JEFFREY  
No -- I was just joking.

PATRICK  
I know you were. So was I.

Elise comes in from the kitchen and sits down.

ELISE  
How we gettin' along?

JEFFREY  
Great.

PATRICK  
Great.

ELISE  
You don't have to be so polite, you know!

PATRICK  
Oh -- I'm not bein' polite...

ELISE  
Did you wanna wash your hands before we eat?

PATRICK  
Um -- Yeah.

INT. ELISE'S DINING ROOM. DAY.

Everyone is seated. Jeffrey is saying grace.

JEFFREY  
For what we are about to receive  
let us give thanks. Amen.

	ELISE	PATRICK
Amen.		Amen

They start passing around the lunch.

ELISE  
It's OK to say Amen, Patrick...!  
Nobody's tryin' to *recruit* you!

PATRICK  
I did say Amen.

ELISE  
You did? OK. You don't have to...

PATRICK  
I know. I just said it really quietly.

ELISE  
Honey, it's fine. I know -- I'm gonna be a shock to you. In a lotta ways. Hopin' it's a *good* shock...

PATRICK  
Yeah...

JEFFREY  
What can I get you, Patrick?

ELISE  
I hope everything's OK...(e.g. the lunch.)



PATRICK  
Oh yeah, it looks great. Thank you.

ELISE  
You don't have to be so formal...!

PATRICK  
I'm not.

JEFFREY  
I think Elise's just --

ELISE  
I know...! I'm just sayin',  
this is your home too! I  
want it to be... It's  
different from what you're  
used to, but...And...I don't  
know...!

PATRICK  
That's OK...

JEFFREY  
What are you studying in school,  
Patrick?

PATRICK  
Oh...well...The usual stuff...

ELISE  
You know what? I'm gonna be right  
back. Anybody need anything from  
the kitchen?

JEFFREY  
I think we're good. No.

PATRICK  
No, thanks. Thank you.

Elise gets up and goes into the kitchen.

JEFFREY  
Did you get some string beans?

PATRICK  
Oh -- not yet. Thank you.

JEFFREY  
OK. (Pause) Lemme just see what  
she's doin' in there.

He goes into the kitchen. Patrick eats.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DUSK.

Lee is driving Patrick home. He glances at Patrick. Patrick  
is very glum and unhappy.

LEE  
So what was she like?

PATRICK  
I don't know: She was pretty nervous.

LEE  
What was the guy like?

PATRICK  
He was very Christian.

LEE	PATRICK (CONT'D)
You know we're Christian too,	Yes, I know that.
right? You are aware that	
Catholics are Christians?	Yes I am aware of that.

They drive in gloomy silence.

LEE  
Well...it sounds like she's doin'  
better anyway. She's not drinkin'.  
She's not in the psych ward.

PATRICK  
Wow.

LEE	PATRICK (CONT'D)
Wow what?	You'll do <i>anything</i> to get ridda me!

LEE  
What?

PATRICK  
You heard me.

LEE  
That's not true.

Patrick shrugs and starts texting on his iPhone.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick sits at his laptop, wet from the shower. He opens an email from JEFFGARNER7@YAHOO.COM. We see the first few lines and hear JEFFREY'S VOICE at the same time.

JEFFREY V.O.  
*"Dear Patrick, I'm writing on to  
thank you for today. Your visit  
meant the world to your mom. We are  
both deeply grateful for the love  
and trust you've shown by offering  
to rejoin her life.*  
(MORE)

JEFFREY V.O. (CONT'D)  
*But I feel it would be unfair to  
your mom to rush her along the long  
and challenging road ahead, and so  
I'm going to ask you to write to me  
in future to arrange any further  
visits. I hope you won't find this  
to be --"*

ON PATRICK as he reads on. He DELETES the MESSAGE.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick is watching an action movie on TV. Lee drifts in.

LEE  
Where's your friends tonight?

PATRICK  
I don't know.

LEE  
Why don't you call that girl Sandy  
and see if she'll come over?

PATRICK  
No thanks. Nice try, though.

Pause. Lee walks away and goes into --

INT. JOE'S DEN. NIGHT.

Lee turns on the light. He walks over to the fancy GUN CASE.  
It's got several expensive rifles mounted, and some HANDGUNS.  
Lee gets the key from on top of the case and opens it. He  
takes out a HANDGUN. Realizes that PATRICK is in the doorway.

PATRICK  
Who are you gonna shoot? You or me?

LEE  
Do you know how much these guns are  
worth?

PATRICK  
A lot, I think.

LEE  
Want to try to sell them and put  
the money toward a new second hand  
motor for the boat?

PATRICK  
That's a really good idea.

EXT. GUN SHOP. DAY.

Through the window we see Lee and Patrick talking to the GUN SHOP OWNER. Joe's guns are laid out on the counter on a felt cloth. The owner is counting out bills for them.

EXT. MARINA -- BOAT YARD. DAY.

LEE, GEORGE and PATRICK are connecting up the new secondhand MOTOR to Joe's boat.

PATRICK  
This is awesome.

EXT. JOE'S BOAT (MOVING) -- AT SEA. DAY.

A beautiful day at sea. Patrick is driving the boat, fast. SANDY is next to him. LEE is in the back, taking in the air.

SANDY  
This is awesome!

PATRICK  
You wanna drive?

SANDY  
Sure!

PATRICK  
OK -- So --

The BOAT SWERVES WILDLY as Sandy takes the wheel.

PATRICK (CONT'D)	SANDY
Yeah -- Don't -- Just	(Screams)
straighten her out -- OK.	Oh my God! Sorry!

She straightens the wheel and speeds up again.

EXT. JOE'S DRIVEWAY. DAY.

Lee drives Sandy and Patrick into the driveway and stops. Sandy and Patrick get out of the car.

LEE  
I gotta run some chores. I'll be back in a couple hours. You want anything?

PATRICK	SANDY
No thank you.	No thanks Mr. Chandler.

Lee drives away.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Setup city.

PATRICK  
What are you talking about?

SANDY  
Oh yeah? How's Silvie McGann?

PATRICK  
Who?!

SANDY  
Open the door.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM. DAY.

SANDY AND PATRICK lie on the bed, her dozing head on his chest. He's very happy.

EXT. WATERFRONT STREET. DAY.

Lee is walking toward his car. He slows because he sees RANDI pushing a stroller his way, with a newborn BABY in it. The baby is almost invisible inside his winter parka. Randi is accompanied by a friend, RACHEL, 40s.

RANDI  
Lee...! Hi.

LEE  
Hi.

RANDI  
Um -- Rachel. This is Lee. Lee, Rachel.

LEE  
Hi.

RACHEL  
Hello.

RANDI  
(Re: the baby)  
And this is Dylan. You can't see him too good.

LEE  
Hey Dylan. Very handsome.

RACHEL  
Randi, you want me to get the car  
and pick you up?

RANDI Oh, sure -- LEE That's OK. I gotta --

RANDI  
Well, could I -- I'd -- Could we  
talk a second?

LEE  
Sure.

RACHEL  
I'll just pull around -- Just be  
like two minutes.

RANDI  
OK, thanks.

RACHEL  
Nice to meet you.

LEE  
You too.

RACHEL  
Be right back.

Rachel hurries off and turns a corner.

RANDI  
I don't have anything big to say:

RANDI (CONT'D)	LEE
I just -- I know you been around --	That's OK.
And I thought -- we never -- Yeah I know. He seems like he's doin' pretty well, considering. I mean...	Yeah, I just been gettin' Patrick settled in.
	I <i>think</i> he is...Yeah...

RANDI  
I guess you probably didn't know I  
really kept in touch with Joe --

RANDI (CONT'D)	LEE
So it's been kinda weird for me, not seeing Patrick since he passed away -- Oh, OK. I didn't know.	No, I knew that --

LEE (CONT'D)  
Well you can see him. I have no --

RANDI  
Could we ever have lunch?

LEE  
You mean us? You and me?

RANDI  
Yeah. I, uh...Because...I said a lotta terrible things to you. But -- I know you never -- Maybe you don't wanna talk to me --

LEE  
It's not that.

RANDI  
But let me finish. However it -- my heart was broken. It's always gonna be broken. I know your heart is broken too. But I don't have to carry...I said things that I should -- I should fuckin' burn in hell for what I said. It was just --

LEE  
No, no...

RANDI  
I'm just sorry. I love you. Maybe I shouldn't say that. And I'm sorry --

LEE (CONT'D)  
I can't --  
You can say it, but -- No, it's just --I -- I can't -- I gotta go.

RANDI  
We couldn't have lunch?

LEE  
I'm really sorry. I don't think so.

RANDI  
You can't just *die*...!  
But honey, I see you walkin' around like this and I just wanna tell you --  
But Lee, you gotta -- I don't know what! I don't wanna torture you. I just wanna tell you I was wrong.  
That's not true! Can't be true...!

LEE (CONT'D)  
Thank you for sayin' everything --I'm not! But I can't -- I'm happy for you. And I want...I would want to talk to you -- But I can't, I can't...  
I'm tryin' to --  
You're not. But I got nothin' to -- Thank you for sayin' that. But -- There's nothin' there ...You don't understand...

RANDI  
Of course I do!

LEE  
I know you understand...But I've  
gotta go -- I'm sorry.

RANDI	LEE (CONT'D)
OK. I'm sorry.	There's nothin' I can s -- I gotta go.

He moves away. Randi breaks down.

INT. WATERFRONT BAR & GRILLE. DAY.

CU LEE, very drunk. He is at the counter of a busy local place full of fishermen eating and drinking their lunch. A new bunch of guys comes in loudly and boisterously. One of them accidentally clips Lee as the group passes by.

FISHERMAN  
Pardon me.

LEE  
It's all right.

Lee whirls around and sucker punches the Fisherman. He goes down hard. His friends immediately grab at Lee en masse.

FISHERMEN  
Hey! Hey! What're you doin'? Etc.

Lee is pushed into some tables -- The whole place is in an uproar -- He is jumped by several guys. He keeps fighting crazily. Someone tries to pin his arms to stop the fight. Everyone is shouting.

GEORGE appears. He uses his size to shove the other guys away from Lee.

GEORGE  
Break it up! Break it up! It's Lee  
Chandler. Lee! Let him go, Eddy.  
He's Joey Chandler's brother. Let  
him go! Lee. Lee! It's George. Lee.  
Come on -- (To the guys who beat  
Lee up) You won. OK? You won the  
fight.

Lee shoves George away and swings at the nearest man. Everybody pounces on him again. Someone hits Lee squarely and knocks him down. Now George is fighting everybody. Chaos.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
OK, OK, OK!



INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Lee is dazed, lying on the sofa in George's cramped living room. George watches anxiously as George's wife Janine finishes washing and bandaging Lee's banged up face. George is a little banged up too.

JANINE  
...Should we take him to the hospital?

GEORGE  
I don't think so. Nothin's broken.

JANINE  
...What the hell did they hit him with, a fuckin' baseball bat?

GEORGE  
They all just said he started swingin'.

Lee wakes up.

LEE  
Where's Patrick?

GEORGE  
He's with the kids. I sent 'em out for burgers.

LEE  
Lemme give you some money.

Lee sits up painfully and reaches for his wallet.

GEORGE  
Lee. Please. It's my treat.

Lee stands up and fumbles for his wallet and drops it on the floor. George picks it up and gives it to him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Would you sit down please, for Christ's sake?

LEE  
OK.

Lee sits down and breaks into tears.

GEORGE  
Come on, buddy.

George looks uncomfortable. He looks up toward the kitchen. Janine comes back in with coffee and sits next to Lee.

LEE  
I'm sorry...

GEORGE  
That's OK, buddy. It's OK...

JANINE  
Lee? Have some coffee. Come on.  
Drink this...

Lee takes the coffee and keeps crying. George and Janine exchange a look.

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

Patrick comes in, followed by Lee. Lee moves slowly past him into the living room.

INT. JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick walks in and takes a long look at Lee's THREE FRAMED PHOTOS.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee lies on the sofa nursing a beer, his face swollen and cut. Patrick comes in from the kitchen and hovers.

PATRICK  
Can I get you anything, Uncle Lee?

LEE  
No thanks, buddy.

PATRICK  
OK. I'm goin' to bed.

LEE  
Good night.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE -- DAY.

The sun shines over the house, the town, and the water.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN. DAY.

Lee puts some spaghetti sauce in a skillet and turns the flame on.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Lee is asleep on the sofa with a beer while the TV plays...A LITTLE HAND tugs at his SLEEVE.

SUZY (O.C.)

Daddy?

He turns his head and sees without surprise his DAUGHTERS seated next to him in their nightgowns. The BABY is in a playpen on the floor. SUZY, 7, is pulling his sleeve. Lee smiles at them.

LEE

Yes, honey?

SUZY

Can't you see we're burning?

LEE

No, honey...You're not burning.

LEE WAKES UP -- There's SMOKE coming from the KITCHEN.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

The blackened skillet is SMOKING. Lee comes in and puts it under the water in the sink. It hisses and steams.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Uncle Lee! What the hell's that smell?

LEE

I just burnt the sauce!  
Everything's OK!

He grips the sink and tries to recover from his dream.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

Lee drives up George and Janine's street.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

PUSH IN: (MOS) LEE is seated at the dining table talking seriously with GEORGE and JANINE. It has the air of a conference.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick eat dinner.

LEE

I got a job in Boston. It starts in July.

PATRICK

What is it?

LEE

Custodian, handyman...But just two buildings this time.

PATRICK

And what delightful Boston neighborhood have you selected for us to live in?

LEE

None.

PATRICK

What do you mean?

LEE

You don't have to move to Boston. I'm gonna be in Charlestown and George is gonna take you.

PATRICK

What?

LEE

Yeah. I talked to them last week. I explained the situation to them. Georgie Junior's goin' to school this fall. Jimmy graduates next year. We'll have to rent out this house. You can move back in when you turn eighteen. When you turn twenty-one, you're allowed to sell it or stay in it, or whatever you want. Definitely have to hire the boat out when the summer's over -- just like we talked about. I thought when you get your license, we can figure that one out as we go. I'm still the trustee, but all the financial stuff Joe set up for me is gonna get transferred over to George.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)  
So everything'll be the same,  
except you don't have to move.

PATRICK  
But...like, are they gonna be my  
guardians? Or do you still --

LEE  
They're gonna adopt you. (Pause)  
Anyway, that's how I set it up. If  
you want. It's up to you.

PATRICK  
So are you gonna just  
disappear?

LEE (CONT'D)  
You don't have to do it. No.  
No. I just set it up so you  
can stay here. They're really  
glad to have you. They love  
you.

PATRICK  
I know. I mean, they're great...But  
why can't you stay?

Patty starts crying.

LEE  
Come on, Patty...I can't beat it.  
(Pause) I can't beat it. I'm sorry.

Patrick wipes his eyes. Lee comes over and hugs him.

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET/ROSEDALE CEMETERY. DAY.

Patrick walks along the street. The TREES he passes have BUDS or BLOSSOMS. It's early SPRING. He snaps a dead branch off a tree. He runs it across a fence as he walks. We REVEAL that he is headed for the cemetery gate. He goes into the cemetery.

He pokes his stick into the ground to see if it's softened up. It has. He digs up some clods. He walks away.

EXT. AN OLD MANCHESTER HOUSE. DAY.

A MILNE PLUMBING & HEATING VAN is parked in the driveway.

INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

Lee is kneeling on the floor in coveralls, working on the hot-water heater. The HOMEOWNER, in his 80s, stands by watching.

HOMEOWNER  
What do you think?

LEE  
I think you're gonna be OK.

HOMEOWNER  
Are you one of Stan Chandler's boys?

LEE  
Yeah, I'm Lee.

HOMEOWNER  
I used to play a little chess with your father a long time ago. He was a heck of a chess player.

LEE  
That's him.

HOMEOWNER  
He's not still living, is he?

LEE  
No.

HOMEOWNER  
And one of the sons passed away recently I heard.

LEE  
Yeah. Joe. My brother.

HOMEOWNER  
That's right. Very personable man.

LEE  
Yeah.

HOMEOWNER  
My father passed away in 1959. A young man. Worked on a tuna boat. Went out one morning, little bit of weather, nothing dramatic...And he never returned. No signal. No Mayday. No one ever knew what happened.

Lee continues to work on the heater.

EXT. LAWYER'S OFFICE WINDOW. DAY.

Past the BLOSSOMS on the tree outside Wes' window, we see GEORGE, LEE and WES, signing documents.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

There is a "FOR RENT BY OWNER" SIGN outside the house. Lee's car is in the yard. Also Patrick's bicycle.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

(MOS) Joe's burial service. PATRICK, LEE, GEORGE and JANINE all stand in a row at the front. RANDI holds a CRYING BABY. She gives him to JOSH, who steps away.

CU: CHANDLER TOMBSTONE. Engraved are the names of Lee's parents and now Joe.

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF THE TOWN. DAY.

A beautiful early spring day. Lots of boats in the water.

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET -- CORNER GROCERY STORE. DAY.

Lee and Patrick walk up the street, still in their funeral clothes.

PATRICK  
I'm gonna get some ice cream.

LEE  
Go ahead.

PATRICK  
Can I have some money?

LEE  
Yeah.

Lee gives him a ten-dollar bill. Patrick goes inside. Lee picks up an old rubber ball from the ground and bounces it up and down. Patrick comes out with an ice cream bar.

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET. DAY.

Lee and Patrick trudge up a steeply inclined street. Lee occasionally bounces the ball.

PATRICK  
So...When am I supposed to move in with Georgie?

LEE  
July. I don't even have a place to live yet.

PATRICK  
Don't they give you an apartment?

LEE  
Yeah, but I was gonna try to get a place with an extra room. Or room for like a pullout sofa.

PATRICK  
What for?

LEE  
In case you wanna visit sometime. Or if you're lookin' at colleges in Boston or somethin' and you wanna stay overnight...

PATRICK  
I'm not goin' to college.

LEE  
All right, well then I'll have an extra room for all my *shit*. Do we have to talk about this now?

PATRICK  
Nope.

He tosses away his ice cream stick.

After a minute Lee wipes his eyes. He bounces the ball and tosses it to Patrick. It goes wide and bounces crazily.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Great throw.

LEE  
Just let it go.

Patrick runs to gets the ball. They continue to walk up the hill, bouncing the ball across the street to each other and chasing it when it rolls back down the hill.

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF THE TOWN -- JOE'S BOAT. DAY.

Lee and Patrick head out to fish. Patrick drives the boat. Lee sets up the fishing gear.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER -- Lee and Patrick are seated, fishing off the back of the boat. They talk quietly. Lee looks a little better than we've seen him. He squints at the sea and the wide open sky.

FADE OUT.



THE END