

PIECES OF YOU

By

JACK WARNER

Most Recent Draft:
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"If I had a box full of wishes
And dreams that had never come true
The box would be empty
Except for the memory of how they
answered by you"

-- Jim Croce (*Time in a Bottle*)

BLACKOUT

The SOUND of ICE CLINKING against GLASS can be HEARD,
followed by the SOUND of JACK DUNN (Age 81) COUGHING lightly.

JACKIE (V.O.)
You okay, Dad?

FADE TO:

INT. JACK DUNN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits in his Barcalounger facing his television. He places his glass of Rum and Coke on the end table next to him as he watches the Mariners beat the Red Sox.

He wears a white shirt, robe and matching pajama bottoms. It looks like he has put on a few too many pounds to go along with the mileage. He wears an earbud and uses it to talk to his daughter JACKIE (22).

JACK DUNN
I'm fine --

Jack coughs louder this time. He tries to catch his breath before talking again.

JACK DUNN (CONT'D)
Fine. I'm fine, hon. It just --
Just went down the wrong pipe.
Burns like hell, but I'm fine,
'kay?

JACKIE (O.S.)
You sure?

JACK DUNN
Never better. Calm down. I'm not
dying.

He gets up and takes his glass with him to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

The kitchen is very clean and very small. He grabs the bottle of rum from counter and pours his glass half full.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Just worried...

JACK DUNN
Nothing to worry about.

He takes a Coke out of the fridge, pops it open and splashes it into his glass. He sets the can down next to two others.

JACKIE (O.S.)
You haven't been in the office
since last week.

LIVING ROOM

Jack walks over to his chair and sits down heavily.

JACK DUNN
Why should I? You've got this,
Jackie.

JACKIE (O.S.)
You keep telling me that.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jackie is her couch with her feet on the armrest. Her head is on a throw pillow and with her phone to her ear. She is tall and looks like she uses the exercise equipment in her living room.

JACKIE
(smiling)
Sounds like bullshit when you do...
But you still keep telling me that.

JACK DUNN (O.S.)
Truth hurts. Gotta get over that
someday, hon. Even when it's a
"good truth."

JACKIE
Ugh.. I hate it when you trot out
the "good truth" thing.

JACK DUNN
Tough shit. 'Cuz I'm proud of you.

INT. JACK DUNN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jack is smiling. Mariners just got another run.

JACK DUNN
Truth is, you can probably run the
whole thing without me now.

JACKIE

No one's going to take me seriously without you in the same room, Dad. A twenty-two year old is still a kid in their eyes and you know it.

JACK DUNN

Don't care how old you are, Hon, they're gonna respect you. You've been brought up in the business.. Took to it faster than most thirty year-olds.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Tell that to the State.

JACK DUNN

I will. I have.

He takes a drink.

JACK DUNN (CONT'D)

Sent them the transfer of ownership papers a few days ago and they signed off on them.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jackie sits up in a hurry.

JACKIE

You did what?

JACK DUNN (O.S.)

It's yours to run.

JACKIE

What the fuck did you do, Dad!?!?

She jumps up and starts to pace.

JACK DUNN (O.S.)

I'm out. Just make sure I still get the rent on the buildings --

JACKIE

Dad!??

JACK DUNN (O.S.)

-- And I am good to go.

Jackie run to the other side of her studio apartment. She starts rifling through the fridge.

JACKIE
Dad?! What kind of Willy Wonka
bullshit you trying to -- ? You
are coming in on Monday and we are
fixing this!

She pulls out a hard cider, winces and opens the bottle.

INT. JACK DUNN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The Mariner's are up 7-2. This looks like this is finally their year.

JACK DUNN
No can do, honey. I'm done. I'm
out --

JACKIE (O.S.)
You're out -- !?!

JACK DUNN
I'm tired is what I really am. Need
to go to bed.

JACKIE (O.S.)
You always do this --

JACK DUNN
Do what?

JACKIE (O.S.)
Drop a bomb in the room and walk
out. Expecting me to --

JACK DUNN
Honey. Jackie. Please. I don't
want this. Not tonight. No
arguments. You earned the
business. Didn't bail when your
brother left. When he took all of
them with him. You've have a knack
for this since you were thirteen.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jackie is halfway through the bottle.

JACKIE
I don't give a shit, Dad!

JACK DUNN (O.S.)
Language.

JACKIE
Fuck! That!

JACK DUNN (O.S.)
Hon. Honey. Jackie. Please. I'm
tired and I'm done. Tomorrow is
for figuring all this out, okay?

JACKIE
Tomorrow? As in Sunday tomorrow?

JACK DUNN (O.S.)
As in Sunday. Tomorrow. This will
sort itself out.

JACKIE
You sure?

INT. JACK DUNN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jack closes his eyes and smiles lovingly.

JACK DUNN
Promise, Jackie. I love you.

JACKIE (O.S.)
I love you. Doesn't mean I'm not
still angry at you, but I love you.

JACK DUNN
I know. Gonna go get some sleep
now. Be good?

JACKIE (O.S.)
Do good. Night, Daddy. I love
you.

JACK DUNN
Love you more.

He presses the ear bud and smiles to himself.

"Fake Your Death" by My Chemical Romance begins to PLAY under
the OPENING CREDITS.

Jack walks upstairs.

STAIRS

He is smiling. The phone call was everything he wanted.

UPSTAIRS HALL

Jack walks by the family pictures which line the hallway. Strangely enough there aren't any mothers in them.

BEDROOM

He opens an antique wardrobe and takes out his best suit. He lays it across the easy chair in the corner. He reaches back inside and brings out his favorite tie and handkerchief. He places them on top of his suit.

Jack opens the side table drawer and takes out a pen and a pad of "post it notes." He writes something on it.

He puts a sticky note on the wardrobe with the word "Jackie" written on it.

OFFICE

The room is lined with shelves/ They're filled with mementos of accomplishments of his children.

Jack walks to the vintage jukebox in the corner of the room, his lips thin for the first time and he places a sticky note with the name "Robert" on it.

He turns and sees a brand new computer. He smiles again and puts yet another sticky note on it. This one reads: "Sarah."

BATHROOM

Jack starts running water in the clawfoot bathtub. It doesn't start out hot, but it will be soon.

GARAGE

A light pops on before Jack opens the door. He enters the garage.

There is a 1974 Javelin in the center of it. It looks like it came off the lot yesterday. But those "yesterdays" were almost fifty years ago.

He puts a sticky note on the windshield. It has the name "Richard" on it.

He pats the hood and leaves the room.

The lights flicker out behind him.

LIVING ROOM

The baseball game is still playing. It's almost reached the 9th inning.

Jack places a note in the corner of the screen. It has a heart next to the name "Jack, Jr."

DINING ROOM

He places a note on the center of the antique table and pats it lovingly. The name "Max" is written in cursive this time.

LIVING ROOM

As Jack walks upstairs a sea of yellow sticky notes can be seen on almost every item throughout the house.

BEDROOM

Jack takes six envelopes out of his vanity. He places them neatly on his suit. Each one bears a different name: "Jackie," "Richard," "Sarah," "Robert," "Jack Jr" and "Max."

He places a note on the lapel of his suit which reads: **"For Tomorrow"**

BATHROOM

Jack enters the bathroom, closes the door and hangs up his robe. He tests the water, decides its perfect and turns off the spigot.

He places a note on the bathroom mirror. Jack thinks about it for a moment, writes out another and places it beneath the first.

He eases himself into the warm water and looks extremely content.

Jack turns back towards the closed toilet lid. There is a small box of razor blades on top of it. He picks it up and takes it back into the tub with him.

Our gaze travels up to the mirror which reveals what was written on the two notes:

One reads: **"I love you."**

The other reads: **"I tried my best"**

FADE TO BLACK

"Fake Your Death" echoes away in the darkness.

MAX
Jackie? Did I lose you? Jackie?

INT. THE BALROG'S DEN GAME STORE - OFFICE - DAY

Jackie snaps out of it and looks down and sees Her father's sticky note is stuck to the notepad in her day planner. It reads: **"I tried my best"**

MAX
(gently)
Jackie? You --

JACKIE
Yes? I'm sorry.

MAX FARLAND (52) sits across from her, seated behind an ornate desk. Jack's letters are on the blotter in front of him.

MAX
No need for "sorries," Jackie. I know this has been incredibly hard on you --

JACKIE
That's an understatement.

MAX
I understand.

JACKIE
How could you?

MAX
Jackie --

JACKIE
I mean really... "Understand? How could you? Truly? Suicide common in your family?"

MAX
Jackie --

JACKIE
Please... Don't --

MAX
I'm sorry for your loss.

JACKIE
That. That right, there. Don't.

I really am sorry, Jackie, but...
Jack was a big part of my life,
too.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
How does that make things better,
Max?

MAX
I loved him, too.

Jackie is surprised by Max's simple honesty.

MAX (CONT'D)
Very, very much.

JACKIE
Jesus... I'm sorry. I was rude and
I didn't think - Just about myself -
And... Wow... I'm sorry, Max.

MAX
That being said.. He wasn't my Dad.
He was yours. And you got handed a
lot here.

Jackie sighs audibly.

JACKIE
Yeah.

MAX
A lot. You up to this, Kiddo?

JACKIE
I... I don't... Not sure. Can I
ask you one favor though, Max?

MAX
Anything.

JACKIE
Please don't call me, Kiddo. That
was Dad's.

MAX
Understood. Sorry.

Jackie smiles slightly.

JACKIE

No "sorries," right? It's okay.
Thank you for helping me through
this.

MAX

We've got this, Jackie. None of
this is going to be easy... We'll
get through this.

He pats the envelopes.

MAX (CONT'D)

On to business?

Jackie closes her eyes. She takes in a deep cleansing breath
before she answers.

JACKIE

Yeah... On to business.

Max rifles through the document in his hands before going
through the envelopes.

MAX

Your father's will is pretty blunt
and to the point. The business
goes to you and no other member of
the family.

JACKIE

That'll be popular.

MAX

All responsibilities, assets,
property, income.. Everything...
Yours.

JACKIE

They're gonna love that part, too.

MAX

The rest of the family gets a
million dollars which has been
placed in an escrow account. They
get that if --

JACKIE

Big "if."

MAX

They each agree to meet you and I
at your father's property outside
of Puerto Vallarta --

JACKIE

Why?

MAX

Why what? Meeting at the property
down there?

JACKIE

No. You being down there with me.

MAX

You really need me to explain the
biggest reason why he didn't want
you alone down there when he -- ?

JACKIE

Richard.

MAX

Yes. Richard. Arrives and --

JACKIE

I can handle him... And the others.

MAX

By yourself?

JACKIE

I think so, Max. Ben able to
before, haven't I?

MAX

Your father wasn't so sure, Jackie.
When things went south between you
and Richard, it wasn't very pretty.

JACKIE

I know. He was being an whole new
level of asshole. I'm not sorry,
Max.

MAX

I know, Jackie, but it hurt your
Dad to see you blow apart like
that.

JACKIE

It did?

MAX

Yeah.

JACKIE

He never told me.

MAX
There's probably a lot of things he
didn't tell you.

JACKIE
A lot? How much "a lot?"

MAX
Not getting into that right now.

JACKIE
Seems like --

MAX
We should focus on this part --

He taps the will.

MAX (CONT'D)
We can get to the other part later.
Maybe down there?

JACKIE
Gonna hold you to that.

MAX
Do. Please. The other reason your
father wanted me to be there is
because I can be an "objective
outsider."

JACKIE
And you're a shrink.

MAX
And I'm a licensed psychologist.
Yes.

JACKIE
A shrink --

MAX
Jackie...

JACKIE
With a license.

MAX
You done?

JACKIE
Probably.

MAX

Good.

JACKIE

Might come up with something else to piss you off later. Just saying. If that's okay with you?

MAX

I'm going to hold you to that.

JACKIE

"Please. Do."

MAX

Getting back to the point. If your family meet us in P.V. -- And they stay for the entire week and don't bolt -- They get the million. Now, I realize, on the surface this sounds simple.

JACKIE

So does syphilis.

Max stops what he is doing and leans back in chair.

MAX

How long have you been like this?

JACKIE

Like what?

MAX

Your Dad.

That lands harder than Jackie thought.

JACKIE

Is that a good thing?

MAX

We'll find out.

JACKIE

Do you think any of them know? About Dad?

MAX

Probably not. I mean, when's the last time you had contact with any of them?

JACKIE
Five years? Maybe more? Lost
track.

MAX
Really?

JACKIE
Okay, more like stopped caring.
Therapy helped.

MAX
Good to hear. These we'll read
when we get down there --

He scoops up the sealed letters.

MAX (CONT'D)
And if they show up. You ready?

JACKIE
For them? It's not like I have a
choice. But at least I'll be in
Mexico when I see them --

MAX
About that. I'm going to need you
to be the one to call each of your
family members.

JACKIE
Why me? Why can't you do it?

MAX
"Objective observer," remember?
I'm can't be their first point of
contact. You can.

JACKIE
Richard? Do I have to call -- ?

MAX
Yes. Yes, you do. Sarah, Robert,
Jack Junior and Richard --

JACKIE
Fuck me sideways.

MAX
All of them. I'll be able to help
when we are down there, Jackie --

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jackie sits on her couch with her legs crossed beneath her. She stares at her open planner. Her father's sticky note with the words "**I tried my best**" is in the center of it. There are four phone numbers jotted beneath the note.

MAX (O.S.)

But this part? Reaching out? This has to be you.

JACKIE

Jesus, Dad... Why?

She picks up her cell phone and starts dialing. The phone rings and rings. She almost hangs up before:

INT. SARAH DUNN'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

SARAH DUNN (30s) answers the phone. She sits at a desk that is tucked into the corner of a room. There is an open laptop in front of her.

SARAH

Hello?

JACKIE (O.S.)

Sarah?

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

There is a long pause. Jackie expected this.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Sarah?

Another, longer, pause.

SARAH (O.S.)

Hey, Sarah.

INT. SARAH DUNN'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM

Sarah's jaw is clenched, but she is trying to be pleasant.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Been awhile. How are you?

JACKIE (O.S.)

Okay.. Okay, enough. Listen. Have you --? Have you heard about Dad?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ROBERT DUNN'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

ROBERT DUNN (30s) is listening to his phone. He stands in front of a window and looks down at a busy New York street.

ROBERT
Don't see how I could. He hasn't
talked to me in forever.

He picks up a glass of whiskey and takes a deep drink.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Haven't heard from you, either, for
that matter. So, this must be
something important. Don't tell
me... He finally died?

It's Jackie's turn not to answer. Until finally:

JACKIE (O.S.)
He's gone, Robert.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jackie takes a drink herself, but it's Jack Daniels straight from the bottle.

JACKIE
Stop being the perfect stoic little
asshole just for minute, please?
Gonna need you to be real for me.
Just long enough to --

INT. ROBERT DUNN'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM

Robert's gaze has shifted to an episode of "M*A*S*H" he has streaming on his T.V.

ROBERT
I'm not the one who called, Jackie.
You did. Did you think that
telling me that Dad died was going
to magically -- ?

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jackie responds quickly.

JACKIE
He killed himself, Robert.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JACK DUNN JR'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM

JACK DUNN JR (30s) drops his phone. It skitters across his coffee table and bumps into his game controller.

He stands; transfixed. He stares at his right hand which has begun to shake.

JACKIE'S VOICE can be HEARD coming from the phone.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Jack? Jack, Hon, are you there?

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jackie looks at her phone. It's still connected.

JACKIE
You still there, Jack?

INT. JACK DUNN JR'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM

Jack Jr sits on his couch and stares his T.V. A Fallout survivor is standing in an apocalyptic landscape. He starts to cry quietly.

His hand is still shaking as reaches down and picks up his phone.

JACK JR
Yeah.... Yeah, I'm here.

JACKIE (O.S.)
You okay, Big Brother?

JACK JR
I'm not sure.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jackie finally softens a bit.

JACKIE
I know. It... I don't know how to process it either.

JACK JR (O.S.)
Do we? Do we know why he -- ?

Long pause. Jackie decides to end it as best she can.

JACKIE
No one knows why. He just decided -
- He -- Jesus, I don't know. I
don't have an answer for that right
now. I'm not sure I ever will.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD DUNN'S PLACE - EVENING

RICHARD DUNN (30s) stands in his kitchen. It is littered with discarded bags of fast foot, take-out and pizza boxes.

RICHARD
Well, you better fucking find out
in a fucking hurry, Squirt. He
made you Goddamn favorite and you
couldn't even keep his head on
straight --

JACKIE (O.S.)
That's not --

RICHARD
You just went and got him killed.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Fuck you.

RICHARD
Not even if you paid me.

He opens his refrigerator and starts poking around for something to eat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Besides... That sort of thing is
frowned upon in most states --

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jackie paces around the room like a prizefighter.

JACKIE
This is a courtesy call, Richard.
I didn't have to call.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 Oh, someone had to, right? Let me
 know? Might as well have been your
 dumb ass.

INT. RICHARD DUNN'S PLACE - KITCHEN

Richard has found a box of donuts and is making his way
 through it.

RICHARD
 I'm guessing you're trying to get
 the "gang" together for a reading
 of Dad's will?

JACKIE (O.S.)
 Could you..? Seriously, Richard --
 For one moment in your life --
 Could you, please talk to me like
 with a little bit of --

RICHARD
 I'm not your friend, Jackie. Don't
 have to be. Five years of you not
 picking up the phone to fucking
 call me proves that. Get to the
 point.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jackie takes another hit from her bottle before she takes
 another deep breath.

JACKIE
 Dad has asked us to come
 together... As a family. Even if
 it's for the last time.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SARAH DUNN'S PLACE - HALLWAY

Sarah stands in the hallway of her apartment listening to her
 phone.

JACKIE (O.S.)
 He asked that we fly down to his
 place in Puerto Vallarta. Well,
 not in Puerto Vallarta --

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ROBERT DUNN'S PLACE - HALLWAY

Robert stands in the hallway of his apartment listening to his phone.

JACKIE (O.S.)
 More like outside of P.V. In
 Bucerías. His vacation home.
 Well, not lately. Lately it more
 like the place he was living in,
 mostly --

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JACK DUNN JR'S PLACE - HALLWAY

Jack Jr walks down the hallway of his apartment as he listens to his phone.

JACKIE (O.S.)
 He wants us to spend a week
 together. Just a week. To see if
 we can be a true family, again.
 And, if we can do that. We each
 get a million dollars.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD DUNN'S PLACE - HALLWAY

Richard is stands in hall outside of his bathroom.

JACKIE
 Do you think you could manage that?

RICHARD
 A week?

JACKIE
 A week.

RICHARD
 In my sleep. Kicked back by a pool
 with mimosas, preferably. Avoiding
 all of you pathetic little pricks.

JACKIE
 I've got your email, asshole. I'll
 send you the details and tickets
 later this week.

RICHARD

Great. Now, if you'll pardon me,
I'm gonna take a celebratory crap
in Dad's memory.

He steps inside his bathroom and slams the door.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jackie puts her phone down gently. She quietly stands up,
clears her throat then howls in rage.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fucking
fuckers!!! Hate those assholes.
Every single one of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - BUCERIAS, MEXICO - LIVING ROOM -
DAY

Jackie and Max are sitting at the living room bar.

The deck's sliding door is open and a swimming pool can be
seen outside. Beyond it is a short brick wall that separates
the house from the beach and the Pacific ocean. The house is
built on a berm with stairs that lead down to the sand.

MAX

I can see why you feel that way,
Jackie. But you have to try and be
the best person in the room when
they arrive.

JACKIE

I know, Max. I'm always "the great
mediator." But I'm already
exhausted by their bullshit.

MAX

This is going to be a long week for
you if you don't show them some
grace.

JACKIE

That's easy for you to say, Max.
They're not your "blood."

MAX

In many ways they are. You're
father and I would often --

Jackie's phone starts to buzz on the table.

JACKIE
Hold up. Phone.

She turns it over and see's the name "RICHARD."

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Great... The Four Horsemen have
arrived.

MAX
If I could --

Jackie holds up a finger and answers the phone.

JACKIE
Richard!

INT. ALASKA AIRLINES FLIGHT 414 - FIRST CLASS - DAY

Richard is in a First Class window seat.

RICHARD
Hey, Jackie, just wanted you to
know we're on the ground.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Flight okay?

RICHARD
Peachy. For me any way.

He watches as Sarah, Robert and Jack, Jr pass by from the Economy section.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Not so sure the rest of the brood
appreciated I grabbed first class
and they didn't.

They flip off Richard in a cascade of middle fingers before taking the exit.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
But tough shit. I caught an
upgrade. Sucks to be them.

The crowds are gone and so is the rest of Richard's rum and Coke Richard, so he finally gets out of his seat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Anyway, just wanted to let you know
 we landed and shit.

INT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jackie closes her eyes and shakes her head.

JACKIE
 Great. You know how to get here?

RICHARD (O.S.)
 I'm sure I can figure it out.

JACKIE
 It's your first time down here,
 Richard, it's not that --

RICHARD (O.S.)
 What's so hard. I get through
 customs --

INT. ALASKA AIRLINES FLIGHT 414 - BOARDING TUNNEL - DAY

Richard is almost up the boarding tunnel with his backpack.

RICHARD
 Get my bags, a taxi and tell them
 "take me to Bussy-ass --"

MAX (O.S.)
 Bucerias --

RICHARD
 Whatever.

INT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Max indicates to Jackie that she should smile. She grimaces
 back at him.

JACKIE
 Baggage pick up is kind of tricky.
 You will find that --

She looks down at her phone.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Asshole hung up on me. How's he
 gonna know --

INT. LICENCIADO GUSTAVO DÍAZ ORDAZ INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -
PUERTO VALLARTA, MEXICO - DAY

Richard walks down a long hall which connects the gates to
Customs. There is a mural stretching its length on one side.

JACKIE (O.S.)
That baggage pick up is before
Customs instead of after like most
airports?

He can see his brothers and sisters up ahead.

RICHARD
Hey, fuck-wads!

They don't look back but give him another chorus of middle
fingers as they turn the corner.

Richard runs after them; his backpack sloshing back and forth
on his shoulders.

He rounds the corner and sees --

AIRPORT - RECEIVING AREA

A massive receiving area. There is a sea of people crowded up
to his right. The Customs gates are to his left and are
almost empty. His family is no where to be found.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Fuck... This.

Richard makes a bee-line for Customs.

EXT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - POOL PATIO - DAY

Jackie steps out onto the patio with her phone to her ear.

JACKIE
What do you mean you lost him?

INT. AIRPORT - LUGGAGE PICK-UP AREA - DAY

Sarah is in the luggage pick-up area standing next to Robert
and Jack, Jr. They have pushed themselves against a wall to
avoid the crowds surging around them.

SARAH
Did I stutter, Jackie? We lost
Richard.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
 We got off the plane ahead of him,
 went to pick up our bags at
 baggage, turned around and he was
 gone.

JACKIE (O.S.)
 That part I get.

EXT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - POOL PATIO - DAY

Jackie watches children playing in the waves.

JACKIE
 How you lost him -- Deliberately,
 it sounds like -- I don't get

SARAH (O.S.)
 We didn't deliberately lose him --

INT. AIRPORT - LUGGAGE PICK-UP AREA - DAY

Robert asks for the phone and Sarah says, "No."

SARAH
 We lost him "with purpose."

JACKIE (O.S.)
 "With purpose?"

SARAH
 Yes. We "purposely" lost him.

JACKIE (O.S.)
 What's the difference?

SARAH
 (smiling)
 One of them is deliberate and the
 other is on purpose.

EXT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - POOL PATIO - DAY

Jackie grits her teeth.

JACKIE
 Stop being a writer for a goddamn
 minute and --

JACK, JR (O.S.)
 Jackie?

INT. AIRPORT - LUGGAGE PICK-UP AREA - DAY

Jack, Jr. has Sarah's phone now.

JACK, JR
It's Jack.

JACKIE (O.S.)
I can tell.

JACK, JR
How?

JACKIE (O.S.)
Because you and Sarah sound nothing
alike, Jack.

JACK, JR
Oh -- Oh, yeah. Hey, listen, we
didn't ditch Richard. He sorta
ditched us. He waited too long
after we got off the plane, you
see, and --

JACKIE (O.S.)
Hold, up, Jack --

INT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - PATIO - DAY

Jackie has sat on the short wall that surrounds the patio.

JACKIE
Nobody's blaming you --

JACK, JR (O.S.)
Sounds like you are.

Max steps onto the patio and mouths the words, "Everything
all right?"

Jackie nods, "Yes" and then "No."

JACKIE
Nobody's blaming you, Jack. I do
blame Robert and Sarah, but not --

JACK, JR (O.S.)
It's not Robert's fault, either, he
didn't want to lose, Richard.
That's a real dick move, Jackie.
Who'd do that? Geez, why don't you
talk to her, Rob?

Sarah closes her eyes and braces for impact.

ROBERT (O.S.)
Jackie?

JACKIE
Yes, Robert?

INT. AIRPORT - LUGGAGE PICK-UP AREA - DAY

Robert is talking to Sarah in the calmest tone he can muster.

ROBERT
It's nobody's fault, except
Richard's --

JACKIE (O.S.)
It's Richard's fault that you lost
him.

ROBERT
Yes. Richard's. He's the one who
decided to upgrade to First Class
and lord that over us.

SARAH
You're right.

ROBERT
(to Sarah)
Of course I'm right.

JACK, JR
But maybe we should have --

ROBERT
(to Jack, Jr.)
I'm right, Jack and you know it.
If Richard would've gotten off the
plane with the rest of us, instead
of lounging around in First Class --

JACKIE (O.S.)
Robert?

ROBERT
Yes, Jackie?

JACKIE (O.S.)
Please get to the part where you
know where he is?

ROBERT
 Haven't a clue. None of us do.
 Truth be told, we don't really
 care, either.

Jack, Jr. motions that he does.

EXT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - POOL PATIO - DAY

Jackie shakes her phone and is about to throw it into the pool. Max cautions her to stop and get back to the conversation.

JACKIE
 Then why did you call?

ROBERT (O.S.)
 That's easy. We just thought that
 she know what's happening on this
 end.

INT. AIRPORT - LUGGAGE PICK-UP AREA - DAY

Sarah smiles at Robert and gives him a two thumbs up salute.

ROBERT
 So, if you don't mind, we are going
 try to get through customs. We will
 see you soon.

Robert presses the "hang up" button.

EXT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - POOL PATIO

Jackie stares at her phone; dumbfounded.

MAX
 Everything okay?

JACKIE
 Real answer or a sarcastic one.

MAX
 Do I have a choice?

JACKIE
 Not really.

MAX
 Then the sarcastic one.

JACKIE
Business as usual.

MAX
Ah... Is it the "Richard's doing his own thing, Sarah and Robert are ganging up on you, Jack, Jr is overly-apologetic" business as usual? Or is it the "you want to pitch them all into the ocean, but you're stuck with them for a week and have to be America's sweetheart like it or not" business as usual?

JACKIE
Yes.

MAX
Got it.

JACKIE
How stocked is the bar inside?

MAX
Just as stocked as the one out here.

JACKIE
Think these two bars are going to be enough for me?

MAX
Speaking candidly?

JACKIE
Please.

MAX
Not a fucking chance.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Richard watches the houses and small buildings dwindle from the side of the freeway as he gets farther away from Puerto Vallarta on the way to Bucerias.

RICHARD
Excuse me, Sir?

KEVIN
You can call me Kevin, Sir. It's okay. That's my name.

RICHARD
Thank you, Kevin. Can I ask you a
stupid question.

KEVIN
Sure.

RICHARD
How much do you make?

KEVIN
Make?

RICHARD
Driving a cab.

KEVIN
That's not a stupid question, Sir.

RICHARD
Oh, good --

KEVIN
That's a personal one.

RICHARD
Oh --

KEVIN
And I'd rather not say.

RICHARD
Really?

KEVIN
Really, Sir.

RICHARD
Oh...

The roadside has now given way to huge tracts of grey
farmland.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Can I ask one more question?

KEVIN
Sure.

RICHARD
Did I just buy me a silent trip out
to Bucerías?

KEVIN
What do you think, Sir?

RICHARD
I think I just found my stupid
question.

Kevin laughs.

KEVIN
It's all good, Sir.

RICHARD
Richard.

KEVIN
Richard. It's all good.

RICHARD
Thank you.

KEVIN
We're all a little stupid
sometimes.

He looks at Richard through his rearview mirror and smiles. Richard smiles back as the taxi crosses over a huge bridge overlooking a river.

RICHARD
Yeah... Yeah, we are.

KEVIN
Maybe more than just a little
stupid sometimes?

Richard looks at Kevin in the rearview mirror again.

RICHARD
Ask my family --

INT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jackie is making lunch.

RICHARD (O.S.)
I'm sure they'll be happy to tell
you.

Max enters with a bottle of Coke.

MAX
Any word?

JACKIE
They've made it out of the airport.
Should be on their way.

MAX
Nervous?

She looks at him with a "What the fuck do you think?" expression.

MAX (CONT'D)
Don't be. You've got this.

JACKIE
It looks like Richard is gonna make it here first. I was hoping I'd have a little time with the others first. Kind of a buffer? Maybe with Jack Jr?

MAX
If wishes were fishes --

JACKIE
We'd never go hungry again... I know. That doesn't make it any better. Here.

She slides him a plate with a meat sandwich on it.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Nothing but meat and mustard. The way you like it.

MAX
Thank you.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Lucy! I'm home!!

MAX
Looks like you're on.

JACKIE
Like it or not.

Richard enters with a small rolling suitcase and his backpack over his shoulder.

RICHARD
Hey, Squirt.

JACKIE
Good flight?

RICHARD
 Didn't make the mile-high club,
 again. So, it was good enough, I
 guess.

JACKIE
 Hungry?

RICHARD
 Nah. Tired mostly. I'll probably
 head up and grab a nap.

She starts to wash her hands.

JACKIE
 I'll show you where --

RICHARD
 I've got it. I think I can figure
 it out...

He walks across the reception hall towards the stairs.

JACKIE
 You've never been here before.
 Here let me --

RICHARD (O.S.)
 What makes you think I've never
 been here before?

RECEPTION HALL

Jackie enters from the kitchen.

JACKIE
 Dad told me you'd never been her
 yet.

RICHARD
 Well, there's your first fucking
 mistake.

Richard heads upstairs.

JACKIE
 What?

RICHARD
 Trusting Dad.

He disappears upstairs just as Max appears behind her.

MAX
You know he's full of shit, right?

JACKIE
Wow...

MAX
I think you handled that well.

JACKIE
Think so?

Jackie walks past him to the kitchen.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
You must really get your jollies
when you drive by a car wreck.

MAX
It's a hobby...

UPSTAIRS - DAD'S ROOM

Richard walks into a large bedroom overdone with heavy wood accents and carved furniture including a four poster bed with netting. The walls, and tiled floor, are gleaming white.

He throws his backpack on top of the bed.

RICHARD
Hey, Dad... Long time don't wanna
see.

There are a myriad of pictures on the dressers. They are all of his father and his kids. Richard picks up one of them. It's a framed polaroid of him and his Dad at EPCOT. His smile disappears just as quickly as it appeared.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Jesus...

He throws the picture on the bed.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
This is gonna fucking hurt isn't
it?

Richard scans the room.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Let's see if no one found your
stash of the good stuff.

He walks into the closet, pushes back his father's clothes and starts to search.

LIVING ROOM

Jackie pours herself a screwdriver.

MAX

You should probably think about not having more of those until you've gotten through the gauntlet.

JACKIE

You're not my boss.

MAX

More like your conscience.

She looks longingly at the drink and then abandons it.

JACKIE

Fuck you, Jiminy Cricket --

She plops on the couch.

MAX

Well... A dream is a wish your heart makes.

JACKIE

More like a nightmare.

ROBERT (O.S.)

Trouble sleeping?

She turns and sees Robert standing in the kitchen. He's eating the sandwich Jackie made for Max.

JACKIE

Didn't hear you come in.

ROBERT

I'm a ninja.

JACKIE

Really?

ROBERT

Yup.

JACKIE

That the best you've got?

ROBERT

No...

Robert walks towards the bar.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

But it's the best I'm willing to
give you.

He picks up Jackie's drink and walks to the patio door.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Thanks.

JACKIE

Welcome.

He waggles the sandwich at her.

ROBERT

Just mustard?

JACKIE

Yup.

ROBERT

Max must be here, then.

JACKIE

Yeah --

She looks around. Max is nowhere to be seen.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

He's 'round here somewhere.
Where's Sarah and Jack?

ROBERT

Sarah took the scenic route to the
patio --

He steps out into the sunshine.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Jack's outside managing the
luggage.

Robert walks towards the short wall and enjoys the view of
the ocean.

Max enters the living room from the TV room.

JACKIE

Were you hiding?

MAX
Wanted to give you some "one on one" time with the family first.

JACKIE
Don't, 'kay?

MAX
Don't?

JACKIE
Disappear like that. It's annoying. You said you were here to help.

MAX
Support. And I will. But first they need some "you time." Connect with you first before I crash the party. I don't think they're expecting me. Except now Robert knows.

JACKIE
If he knows, then they all know.

MAX
Unfortunate. Some of them aren't my biggest fan. Not to worry, though, I'll wait in here until you've all gotten a chance to catch up. No worries. Besides, your Dad's got all the streamers. I'll catch up with the "Great British Baking Show."

He goes back inside the TV Room. Jackie stares blankly at the open doorway for a moment and then heads for the bar.

SARAH (O.S.)
I'll have an "old fashioned."

Jackie glances at the patio dooreee. Sarah is there and dressed perfectly for the weather.

JACKIE
Hey, Sarah...

SARAH
Hey, yourself.

She smiles and walks over to Jackie for her "old fashioned."

SARAH (CONT'D)

You okay?

JACKIE

Yeah. Tired of that question, though.

SARAH

I bet.

JACKIE

"You okay?" What's that supposed to even mean anyway?

SARAH

Why don't you tell me?

JACKIE

Don't.

SARAH

What?

JACKIE

You're not my shrink.

SARAH

Oh, I know...

Jackie finishes making a "screwdriver" for herself. Sarah quickly takes that one too before she heads outside.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Trust me, I wouldn't want to poke around in that little head of yours.

JACKIE

What's that supposed to mean?

SARAH

Ah, ah, ah! Not your shrink, remember?

She exits with both of the drinks.

Jackie picks up the vodka bottle to make herself another drink. It's empty. She closes her eyes and starts to count to three.

MAX (O.S.)

How'd it go?

She turns and sees Max poking his head into the room.

JACKIE

Go away.

He does.

Jackie takes in a very deep breath. Then slowly, and silently, she begins to count to three before she completely exhales.

She begins to reach for a bottle of tequila when she HEARS a LOUD CRASH from the reception hall.

JACK JR (O.S.)

A little help!

RECEPTION HALL

Jackie runs into the reception hall only to find Jack Jr struggling with everyone's bags. Some of it has clattered onto the floor.

JACKIE

Whoa, slow down, Jack... Lemme --

JACK JR

Fucking taxi driver said he couldn't wait anymore. I had to pay him. That was all I money I freaking had.

JACKIE

How much?

JACK JR

Two thousand pesos.

He reaches into her pocket and hands him some money.

JACKIE

That's about three thousand.

JACK JR

I'll pay it back.

JACKIE

No. You won't. Don't have to.

She helps him upright the luggage and roll it over to a corner. He sits down hard on the bench near the door.

JACK JR

Robert and Sarah took off the moment we got here.

JACKIE

I know.

JACK JR

Said they'd be back.

His right leg is bouncing a mile a minute. Jackie sits with him and puts her hand on his knee.

JACKIE

Shhhh. Hey...

His leg starts to slow down.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You made it. You're here.

He looks at her. The leg slows to a stop.

JACK JR

I am. I'm here.

JACKIE

Yes. Yes, you are.

JACK JR

I'm in Mexico. I'm really here. I've never been out of the United States before.

JACKIE

You did it.

He smiles, but it melts quickly.

JACK JR

Where is everybody?

JACKIE

Sarah and Robert are out on the patio and Richard's upstairs.

JACK JR

Bunch of assholes ditched me. I don't think they want me here.

JACKIE

Well... I do. Dad does, too.

JACK JR

How can he? He's dead.

Tears begin to swell in Jack Jr.'s eyes. Jackie takes his hand.

JACKIE
He wanted us all to be here. To
see if we can make this work.

JACK JR
That's what his will-thingie said?

JACKIE
Yup?

JACK JR
Think that's what he really wanted?

JACKIE
I do.

He ponders her answer.

JACK JR
I'm not so sure of that.

He slowly slides his hand out from hers.

JACK JR (CONT'D)
Where are the bedrooms?

JACKIE
Upstairs, hon.

He walks across the reception hall to the stairs and stops
before he heads up.

JACK JR
I don't think Dad wanted us here to
watch us succeed, Sis...
(beat)
I think he wants to see us crash
and burn. One last time.

He goes upstairs and out of sight.

LIVING ROOM

Jackie walks to the bar. Her eyes glisten a bit. She
reaches for a bottle of tequila, then stops short.

JACKIE
Nope...

She takes the bottle and puts it behind the bar. Her cell
phone buzzes in her back pocket. She pulls it out and checks
her texts.

RICHARD
 (Via Text)
 Hey, when we reading the will?

She types back.

JACKIE
 (Via Text)
 After dinner?

RICHARD
 (Via Text)
 When's that?

DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner is set for six at a table with eight chairs.

JACKIE
 (Via Text)
 7:00pm

Jackie sets down the last plate of food. The heads of the table have their napkins folded on top of the plates instead of next to them.

Max begins to sit at the end of the table closest to the kitchen.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Please don't.

MAX
 Why?

JACKIE
 Keeping that open for Dad. The other one's for Mom.

He nods and moves to the seat just to the right of it.

MAX
 Understood. You don't talk about her much.

JACKIE
 Mom?

MAX
 Yes.

JACKIE
 You're right, I don't

MAX
Wanna talk about it?

JACKIE
Nope. Gotta focus on where I'm at,
right now, not where I was.

Sarah enters the room.

SARAH
Evening.

JACKIE
Welcome, Sarah...

MAX
Good evening.

She pulls out a chair.

SARAH
Looks like I'm first. That's rare.

JACKIE
Oh?

SARAH
Robert's always the first one here.
Hates to be the "punchline to a
joke."

JACKIE
Really?

SARAH
Yeah... He'd rather throw a grenade
than catch one.

ROBERT (O.S.)
Always better to give than receive,
isn't it?

Robert enters the room.

SARAH
Speak of the devil.

ROBERT
And he appears.

Robert scans the table and sits next to Sarah.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Nice work, Sarah. Catered?

JACKIE
No. Made it myself.

SARAH
Really?

ROBERT
You're cooking now?

JACKIE
I've been cooking breakfast since
we were kids, Robert.

ROBERT
No. That was Mom.

JACKIE
That's what she wanted you to
think.

SARAH
I never saw you make anything.

JACKIE
That's because you guys showed up
at the end of breakfast not the
beginning.

ROBERT
That scans.

He dips a chip into the salsa and takes a healthy bite.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Pretty good, Jackie.

JACKIE
I'll tell the chef... "Hey, Mom,
good job."

They all chuckle.

JACK JR (O.S.)
What did I miss?

Jack Jr enters the room and sits next to Robert.

JACK JR (CONT'D)
Are you laughing at me?

ROBERT
No, Jack. Not you.

SARAH
You're always so paranoid, Jack.

ROBERT
We were laughing at Jackie.

JACK JR
Why? What'd she do?

ROBERT
Conversation's already started,
Jack... Not going to back for you
benefit. Do try and keep up.

JACK JR
No really, what happened.

ROBERT
I told you. I'm not going to chew
my garbage twice.

JACK JR
What's that supposed to mean?

JACKIE
HEY!

They all look at Jackie. She has taken a seat opposite them
and next to Max.

He looks up, smiles, waves slightly with his fork and goes
back to his meal.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Let's just have some dinner, okay?

SARAH
Sure, Sarah.

ROBERT
Absolutely.

Jackie starts to pass plates of food.

JACK JR
Shouldn't we wait for Richard?

ROBERT
Why?

SARAH
He wouldn't wait for us.

JACK JR
Yeah, but I would.

ROBERT
We're not you, Jack.

SARAH
And you're not Richard. So, you
don't have to defend him.

JACK JR
I'm not defending him.

JACKIE
You don't have to speak for him,
either, Hon.

Jack Jr looks hurt.

SARAH
Jackie's right, Jack. You really
don't have to.

ROBERT
And, for once, I'm going to agree
with Sarah on this one. You don't
have to babysit him. Goodness
knows, he needs one... But it
doesn't have to be you.

JACK JR
Thank you, Guys. Let him take care
of himself.

Jack Jr nods and reaches out his hand for a plate of food.

JACKIE
Way to go, Jack.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Yup. Nice job, numb nuts.

Richard walks in from the kitchen, pulls out a chair at the
head of the table and sits down. He looks drunk.

JACKIE
Hey, Richard, could you come sit
next to me?

RICHARD
Why the fuck would I do that? Do I
need to feed you or something?

JACKIE
That's Dad's.

RICHARD
What's Dad's?

JACKIE
That chair.

RICHARD
He's dead. The fuck he want with a
chair? He ain't coming.

JACKIE
Please?

RICHARD
Just tell me why?

JACKIE
Out of respect.

He stands and leans over the table towards Jackie. He is close enough that she can smell the heavy stench of alcohol on his breath.

RICHARD
Eat. Me.

Max looks between Richard and her. Jackie tightens her jaw and says nothing.

The rest of the table stares at them in silence.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Anyone else have anything to say?

Robert and Sarah slowly go back to their meal. Jack Jr does not. He just stares at Richard.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You wanna say anything, Jack?

JACK JR
Yeah, I kind'a do.

ROBERT
Jack. Don't.

JACKIE
Jack --

SARAH
Just eat, Jack.

JACKIE
Jack, I don't --

RICHARD
Come on, Mouse! Say... It...

JACK JR
You're --

RICHARD
What? Can't wait... Let me have
it!

JACK JR
You're an asshole.

RICHARD
Oooooh...

JACK JR
And a greasy one at that.

RICHARD
Excuse me? What'd you say? You
wanna kiss what with that mouth?

He stands up and knees the table. Everything on it rattles
and totters, but does not fall.

JACKIE
Stop!

RICHARD
Give me one reason.

JACKIE
We have to get along. Get through
this. For Dad.

RICHARD
Fuck that.

JACKIE
And the million dollars.

Richard's face is rigid with anger. His heavy breathing is
the only sound in the room for what feels like forever. He
snaps out of it after a few moments, smiles and sits down.

RICHARD
Speaking of the money, when do we
hear what else we got?

JACKIE
We will read Dad's will after we
have this meal together.

RICHARD
Why not now? I'm not hungry. You
guys still hungry?

None of the are eating.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
No one's eating, Squirt. Let's
hear it.

JACKIE
Max and I --

RICHARD
I don't give a fuck about Max.

Richard looks at Max for the first time since he's arrived.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I don't even know why that little
fucker is here.

MAX
I --

JACKIE
I asked him to be here. For
support.

RICHARD
Anything I wanna hear, I wanna hear
it from you.

He points at Max with his middle finger.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Not him.

JACKIE
That's not how --

ROBERT
I'm afraid that I am in agreement
with Richard on this one, Jackie.

SARAH
Me, too.

ROBERT
I'd rather have you read it.

JACKIE

Why?

JACK JR

Because Max is not part of the family. We trust you, because you're you. We don't know him like you do.

(To Max)

No offense.

RICHARD

Yeah, no offense. It's because you're a fucking clown.

Max considers them all for a moment. Wipes his mouth with his napkin, stands up and leaves the room through the kitchen.

JACKIE

What the --? He came all this way for -- All of you ungrateful bastards. I'll be right back.

She runs to catch up with Max.

RECEPTION HALL

Max is already halfway up the stairs,

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Max!

MAX

It's okay, Jackie.

JACKIE

Not it's fucking not.

MAX

I get it. I do. They haven't seen me in forever and don't need to hear --

JACKIE

I can make them...

MAX

That crowd? No thank you. I'd rather you didn't.

He walks upstairs and Jackie follows.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'm okay, Jackie. Really I --

JACKIE
Where will you go? We're supposed
to stay until the end of the week.

UPSTAIRS HALL

Max is making a bee-line for one of the bedrooms.

MAX
Wrong. All of you are supposed to
stay. Not me. I'll still be here
until the end of the week. Just
not in here. I'll get a room in
town.

JACKIE
You're serious?

MAX
I'll meet you at the airport for
the flight home.

JACKIE
How am I supposed to deal with
them?

MAX
You're gonna have to figure that
out, Jackie, and in a hurry.

JACKIE
Max --

MAX
You've got this. Your Dad knew it.
That's all that matters.

She reaches out and he brings her in for a hug.

MAX (CONT'D)
Prove it to yourself, Jackie. Not
to me. I'm gonna need you to go
down there a kick a little ass,
okay?

Jackie pulls away from him. She has tears in her eyes.

JACKIE
How will you get to town? It's
dark out there.

MAX
 You let me figure that out. Now,
 go down there and try and figure
 them out, okay?

JACKIE
 (nodding)
 'Kay.

She starts for the stairs.

MAX
 Hey, Jackie?

JACKIE
 Yeah?

MAX
 Give Richard a swift kick in the
 nuts for me, won't you?

She smiles and nods.

JACKIE
 Absolutely. First fucking chance I
 get...

LIVING ROOM

Jackie enters the living room holding a manila envelope and finds Sarah sitting on the couch next to Robert. Jack Jr has found a small armchair next to both of them and Richard is sitting on a stool next to the bar. The doorway to the patio is wide open. A slight breeze is blowing the curtains back; revealing ripples across the pool. The SOUND of the WAVES can be HEARD.

Most of the meal has gone unfinished.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 You guys done eating?

ROBERT
 Yes.

SARAH
 Looks like it.

JACK JR
 Looks like it.

RICHARD
 Wasn't hungry to begin with.

JACK JR (CONT'D)
 But you can finish yours if you
 want to.

RICHARD
 Fuck that. Let's get going.

SARAH

How much have you had to drink?

ROBERT

More than enough, I believe.

RICHARD

First off - None of your goddamn business and second off - I ain't even buzzed yet.

JACKIE

Sure. We'll go with that.

RICHARD

Fuck's that supposed to mean?

JACK JR

You can eat some more, Jackie. We can wait.

RICHARD

Hold on, dammit, what's that supposed to mean?

JACKIE

Exactly what you want it to mean, Richard.

Jackie puts the manila envelope down at the table, sits down and starts to finish her meal.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I'll be done in a moment, folks. That should give Richard just enough time to slowly remove that stick from his ass.

She takes a drink and smiles at Richard.

RICHARD

You fucking --

SARAH

Stop. Richard... Just, please... Stop.

ROBERT

We have a few days to resolve this.

JACK JR

And we don't have to always be together. Right, Jackie?

She nods as she eats.

RICHARD

The less time I have to spend with
you fucks the better.

He stares at Jackie while she eats. She wipes her mouth with
napkin and sighs.

JACKIE

Here...

Jackie pushes the manila envelope towards the group.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Dad left something for each of us.
Yours are in there. Jack? Could
you please pass them out?

JACK JR

Sure.

He picks up the manila envelope, opens it and slides out four
letters. He passes them out and keeps one for himself.

RICHARD

Individual wills?

They begin to open the envelopes and discover a paper inside.

SARAH

It looks like a letter.

ROBERT

It's a short one.

Jackie takes another drink of her wine.

JACK JR

It looks like a --

JACKIE

Form letter. They are.

RICHARD

"To Whom This May Concern?" Jesus
H. Christ. That's some ballsy
bullshit.

JACK JR

He personalized mine on the bottom.
It's beautiful.

SARAH

Mine, too.

ROBERT

All of ours it looks like.

(to Jackie)

Did he do the same with yours?

JACKIE

Yes. Mine, too.

Robert, Sarah and Jack Jr look visibly, and gratefully, moved by their messages. Richard is not in the same club.

RICHARD

"Take this time to pull yourself together?" "Learn to love who you really are, because I do." This is -- I can't, I -- Fuck this fucking thing.

Richard crumples up his letter and throws it outside. He reaches behind the bar, pulls out a bottle of tequila and quickly spins off the top with one hand. He takes a deep swig while Robert, Sarah and Jack compare their letters with one another on the couch.

SARAH

Thank you, Jackie.

ROBERT

Yes, thank you.

Jackie stands up from the table.

JACKIE

Don't thank me. Thank, Dad.

She takes her plate to the kitchen.

JACK JR

What did yours' say?

JACKIE

Some personal stuff. Gonna keep that to myself. He also left a note for me at his house.

JACK JR

What'd it say?

JACKIE

"I tried my best."

Richard snorts and mumbles something to himself.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
What was that?

RICHARD
I said, "his best wasn't good
enough to save his sorry ass."

JACKIE
Then what's your excuse?

He starts to rear back to throw the bottle across the room,
but the others shout at him to STOP!

Richard pauses for a moment and gently sets the bottle on top
of the bar.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Good idea.

She pulls open a kitchen drawer and takes out a legal
document.

RICHARD
That it?

JACKIE
Yup "it's" it.

ROBERT
Doesn't look very damn long.

Jackie walks across the room and sits in her father's chair
at the dining table.

JACKIE
It's not. Dad didn't have much to
say.

The others join her. Richard sits on the opposite end of
Jackie. He pours out another large drink.

SARAH
That's enough, Richard.

JACK JR
Seriously.

Richard downs it in one swig.

ROBERT
Nice.

RICHARD
Ah thank yew.

SARAH
You are a fucking pig.

He makes rutting sounds and starts chewing on a piece of celery.

JACKIE (O.S.)
"The last will and testament of
John Warner Dunn, Sr."

Attention turns to Jackie.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
"It is with sound mind and sound
body that I bequeath the following:
"All of my personal belongings,
currently residing in my home at
5305 North Baltimore, Tacoma, WA
98407, have been labeled with
individual names. Those items now
belong to the persons to whom they
were affixed and labeled to."

ROBERT
Pardon me?

SARAH
He didn't leave an itemized list?

JACKIE
No.

JACK JR
It sounds like it was a "game time"
decision.

RICHARD
Like football?

JACK JR
Guess so.

Richard laughs loudly and heartily.

RICHARD
Nice. He still gets what he
wanted. Gonna make all of us have
to be together, fucking again, when
we fucking get back up there.

JACKIE
Won't don't have to if you don't
want to, Everyone.

SARAH
Why?

JACKIE
Max and I took picture of
everything.

RICHARD
Even the tub?

ROBERT
You need to stop. Seriously.

RICHARD
Or what?

ROBERT
Just --

RICHARD
Yeah?

ROBERT
Stop.

JACK JR
Please.

Richard sits back in his chair and smiles.

RICHARD
Whenever you're ready, Sis. Read
on McDuff!

JACKIE
"In regards to the rest of my
estate. All properties, assets,
credit and bank accounts of "The
Balrog's Den" gaming shops, shall
remain the sole property of "The
Balrog's Den Gaming Group, LLC" and
be supervised by its President
Jackie Dunn. Each child will
continue to receive a monthly
stipend of five thousand dollars a
month from its proceeds as long as
the funds are available. In such
case they are not, any net proceeds
will be divided equally among my
children."

ROBERT
That sounds fair.

SARAH
Yes.

JACK JR
But Jackie's doing all the work,
shouldn't she be taken care of
more?

JACKIE
That's not important, Jack. That's
not what Dad wanted.

RICHARD
At least only one of us gets
screwed.

SARAH
C'mon, Richard!

RICHARD
And we all still get paid. I love
it.

ROBERT
Jesus...

RICHARD
What about the million? For each
of us, right?

JACKIE
That's simple. We stay here for
the week and then --
(she scans the document)
"My children will receive the
allocated funds in a manner such as
follows: Jackie Dunn shall receive
the sum total of one million
dollars. The remaining one million
dollars will be equally split among
my other children for reasons which
should become obvious to them."

The table is silent for a moment.

RICHARD
The... Fuck?

ROBERT
"For reasons that shall?" what was
the rest of that again?

SARAH

"Which should become obvious to them."

RICHARD

What kind of Agatha Christie bullshit is that?

JACK JR

Is it something that we're gonna have to figure out? Like a puzzle?

ROBERT

Yes, Jack, you're right and I believe there has to be some sort of hidden meaning to --

RICHARD

No.

Richard stands up and his chair falls behind him.

JACKIE

Richard --

RICHARD

No.

SARAH

Richard, sit down and let us --

RICHARD

No. I didn't come all the way down here for this "mystery box" crap --

SARAH

We're all in this together.

ROBERT

Yes, Richard. Together. Take a second and listen to Jackie.

RICHARD

Fuck it!

He throws the glass at the mirror behind the bar.

JACKIE

Richard!

RICHARD

Fuck it!

Richard walks to the wreckage of the bar.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

FUCK IT!

He grabs the bottle and storms out to the patio. Everyone pulls away from the table and runs in his direction.

EXT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - POOL PATIO - NIGHT

Richard backs away from all of them.

RICHARD

Fuck you and you and you and --

(to Jack Jr)

Well, no one's ever gonna fuck you,
so good luck with that one.

He spins around and walks in the direction of the ocean.

JACKIE

Richard!

Richard glances over his shoulder to Jackie.

RICHARD

No good, Squirt. I'm --

He doesn't see he is walking over the lip of the pool until its too late.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh, shiiiiiiit.

He careens, head forward, into the pool; pitching his bottle to places unknown.

POOL

Richard plunges into the water with a mass of bubbles trailing behind him. He hits his head hard against the bottom of the pool and his eyes slam shut.

He tries to open them again but it stings too much. He can HEAR everyone SHOUTING above the water, but can't make out their individual voices.

Richard HEARS a LOUD SPLASHING SOUND and opens his eyes long enough to see Jackie's legs through a haze of blood. He eyes begin to flutter. Hands move towards him just as he BLACKS OUT.

INT. FLASHBACK - THE BALROG'S DEN GAME STORE - OFFICE - DAY

Richard wakes up in the office of the Balrog's Den. He is sitting across from his father and sister. An ornate desk is the only thing that separates them.

JACK DUNN

Jesus, Kid. Are you too drunk to stay awake or too stoned to care?

RICHARD

Ouch, Dad. Wow. What's it matter, anyway? It's my day off.

JACKIE

It's Tuesday, Richard. You were supposed to be here a couple of hours ago.

RICHARD

Oh --

JACK DUNN

Had to have Jackie go over to your house and wake you up --

RICHARD

Sorry --

JACK DUNN

I need to talk to you, Son... About some things we found.

RICHARD

Things you -- ?

Jackie pushes a thick manila envelope across the desk to him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What things?

JACK DUNN

Those are copies of the "batched" credit card transactions from store four. They're from the past two years...

RICHARD

Okay...

JACK DUNN

How long have you been doing our books, Hon?

RICHARD
Almost six.

JACK DUNN
Then can you answer me a question?

RICHARD
Maybe...

JACK DUNN
Are all of our books reconciled for
the year.. To your liking?

RICHARD
To my "liking" -- ?

Richard becomes very alert very quickly and starts to shift
in his chair.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Why wouldn't they be?

JACK DUNN
Then why aren't some of the batches
showing up in the company bank
account?

RICHARD
I don't know why they wouldn't be --
I made sure everything was there.
Every single month, Dad. I signed
off on them --

JACK DUNN
Yup. Saw that. And the items we
found wouldn't have been seen if --
I'm starting to put my will
together and -- My attorney thought
-- He thought it would be best if I
had all of my books gone through by
an outside --

RICHARD
Why didn't you tell me, I'm the one
who -- ?

JACK DUNN
Shouldn't have to, right? If
things were okay -- In the books --
I shouldn't have to, Son.
(beat)
How many "batches" were missing,
Jackie? On an average month?

JACKIE
One... Maybe two a month.

JACK DUNN
Level with me, Richard. Do you know anything about the ones that went missing?

RICHARD
No. Why should I?

JACK DUNN
Positive about that?

Richard stands up.

RICHARD
Look, I don't like where this is going, so I'm --

JACK DUNN
What you are "going to do" is sit your ass down and let me finish telling where this is going to go.

RICHARD
Fuck if I am --

He turns to leave.

JACK DUNN
Or I'm gonna call the cops and have you thrown in jail --

RICHARD
You'd really -- ?

JACKIE
Dad does have another plan, Richard, if you tell us what happened.

Richard remains standing.

RICHARD
What's that?

JACK DUNN
Depends on you. I've ended up having to have a forensic accountant go through everything to find the way you did it, Richard. But you did it and you know you did.

(MORE)

JACK DUNN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I just need you to tell me, in front of Jackie, how you skimmed over sixty-three thousand dollars into your personal checking account.

JACKIE

Dad, I'd rather not be a part of --

JACK DUNN

I think you need to hear this from your brother's mouth, Honey.

(beat)

Don't you agree, Richard?

RICHARD

Dad, I --

JACK DUNN

Have a seat, Richard.

He does.

RICHARD

Dad, I am sorry. I should have just asked you for the money, but the last time --

JACK DUNN

I said, "No" last time, right? And the time after that, too. You know why I did, right?

RICHARD

You thought I'd use it for --

JACK DUNN

Drugs or booze. Like you did every time before that. You told me you were gonna start going to meetings. Get yourself straight --

RICHARD

I did.

JACK DUNN

Yes, you did. For a few months. Then your sister started to cover for you when I asked her how you were doing.

JACKIE

I'm sorry --

JACK DUNN

I know you are, Hon. This isn't about you.

(beat)

How'd you do it, Son? The money.
How'd you hide it?

Richard looks from Jackie to his father until he can't bear the silence anymore.

RICHARD

I-I put... There was a -- I put a split line under the machine. One went to our bank account and the other --

He begins to break down and the sobs overtake his words.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

The other -- I -- Dad, I'm am sor-sor-sorry!

Jackie starts to head towards he brother and Jack lightly stops her.

JACK DUNN

I know you are. I know.

RICHARD

And I would - A few times a month -- I would switch the lines before the final "batch" of-of-of the --

JACK DUNN

It went to your personal bank account, right?

RICHARD

(through tears)

I'm so sorry!

JACK DUNN

I know, but -- Richard, I really need you to listen to me. Right now. Listen to me. I need you to look at me and hear me --

Richard looks up at his father and Jackie.

JACK DUNN (CONT'D)

I can't let you work for us anymore.

RICHARD
(crying)
I can do -- I can be better!

JACK DUNN
I don't think so anymore --

JACKIE
Dad and I talked, Richard, and we
have decided to "retire" you with a
monthly stipend of --

JACK DUNN
Five thousand a month.

RICHARD
"Retired?"

JACKIE
It's more than enough --

RICHARD
You're kicking me out?

JACK DUNN
We're gonna make sure you are taken
care of, Son.

RICHARD
You're -- People know I work here.
They come to see just me! They
like me! They're gonna know I'm
not around --

JACKIE
There's been complaints, Richard...
From our staff... And from the
customers, too.

RICHARD
What?!?

JACK DUNN
They say they are afraid of you.
That you're always drunk --

RICHARD
That -- That's bullshit!
(to Jackie)
And you know it! Tell him.

JACK DUNN
Who do you think told me about the
complaints?

Richard takes an angry step towards Jackie.

RICHARD
I'm going to kick your fucking --

Jack stands up and puts himself between the two of them.

JACK DUNN
No. No, you are not.

Richard looks like he wants to take a shot and Jack, but thinks the better of it.

RICHARD
If I leave here you are never going
to --

JACK DUNN
Good. Leave. I will miss you.
More than you will ever know...
But, just do one last thing for me,
"Honey."

RICHARD
Yeah?

JACK DUNN
Don't let the door hit your ass on
the way out.

Richard stands, trembling, before his father and sister. He finally turns around, quickly opens the door and slams it behind him.

The SOUND of the DOOR sounds like a BOMB and ECHOES as --

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Richard opens his eyes and blinks against a bright light. The room is very hazy and he can't make anything out.

He blinks again and sees Sarah, Robert and Jack Jr sitting across the coffee table from him. Sarah and Robert are on the couch and Jack Jr has taken up his favorite arm chair.

Richard starts to sit up. A sharp pain jolts his head. He lays back down with a groan.

ROBERT
Slow down there, Buckaroo.

Robert's words are swimming slowly through Richard's mind.

JACK JR
Yeah... You hit your head pretty hard.

These come in a little clearer.

SARAH
Dumbass.

That... Was clear as crystal.

RICHARD
The fuck happened?

SARAH
Cracked your head pretty hard.
Went knocked yourself out. You were pretty drunk.

ROBERT
"Stupid drunk" one might say.

JACK JR
"Drunk" drunk is enough, I think.

RICHARD
Where's -- ?

Richard shifts on the couch and tries to look around.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Where's Jackie?

JACK JR
Dunno...

Richard sees a notepad on the table. There is a new envelope next to it.

JACK JR (CONT'D)
Maybe she left you a note?

Richard reaches over, picks up the notepad and brings it closer. It reads:

JACKIE
(Via Note)
"Went into Buscarias to talk to Max. Dad was right, Richard. Please, pull yourself together and figure yourself out before I come back? -- jackie
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
PS -- Dad asked me to give you
something else. It's in the
envelope."

He drops the pad and reaches for the envelope. He tears it
open and pours through the letter.

ROBERT
What does it say?

Richard doesn't answer, he just starts reading the second
page.

JACK JR
You don't have to share it if you
don't want to.

SARAH
The hell he doesn't. I'm done with
dancing around the truth.

ROBERT
What does it say, Richard?

Richard sits up slowly; wincing against the pain.

RICHARD
May I please have a glass of water?

SARAH
Get it yourself. I'm not your
maid.

ROBERT
Sarah.

SARAH
I'm not. I stopped doing things
for him a long time ago.

ROBERT
He just cracked his head.

SARAH
I'm not going to start doing shit
for him now.

JACK JR
I'll get it.

RICHARD
No, Jack. Sarah's right. I'll get
it.

Richard sets on one of the stairs and clutches his throbbing head in his hands. He mumbles something.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Richard, you're mumbling. Please,
let us hear you.

JACK JR
Let us help you, Richie.

Richard looks up at the sound of that name and smiles and Jack.

RICHARD
That's an old one, Jack'o... Thank
you, Kiddo... Needed that.
(beat)
"What happened" was... I tried to
kill myself.

This audibly startles the other three. They gather around Richard for support with Jack Jr sitting closest to him.

SARAH
Why? Why would you do that?

RICHARD
Had to.

SARAH
Had to?

RICHARD
Only way to get rid of the voices
in my head.

ROBERT
You heard voices in your head?

RICHARD
Yeah.
(beat)
All of yours.

INT. BUSCARIAS - VOODOO MONKEY TIKI BAR - NIGHT

Jackie stares at her untouched basket of "Ameri-fries" and tiki mug.

MAX
I don't understand you.

JACKIE

I know...

MAX

I mean I really don't.

JACKIE

I know...

MAX

I don't think you do "know." How could you just leave him there?

JACKIE

I didn't leave him...

MAX

You left him! He hit his head! He could be concussed! And you left him there.

JACKIE

It's not like he's alone.

MAX

Jackie!

JACKIE

He's fine.

MAX

Fine?! You said he was asleep when you -- Jackie, he could be, like, in a coma or worse.

JACKIE

He's not in a coma.

MAX

How do you know?

JACKIE

I got Dr. Hernandez to check on him.

MAX

The guy that lives two doors down? You sure that happened? Or are you just trying to justify -- ?

JACKIE

Yes. Alright, Goddammit? Yes! I got him there.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
He looked at Richard and said he
didn't have a concussion, Max.

MAX
How do you know he's a real doctor?

JACKIE
What?

MAX
A real doctor. How do you know?

JACKIE
Am I supposed to ask for his
license? He's been "snow-birding"
down here as long as Dad was, Max,
and -- He's been coming down here
since even before Dad had his
place.

MAX
You need to go back.

JACKIE
What I "need" is to think.

MAX
You need to go back. Like "right
now this second" go back.

JACKIE
I'd rather go to a church and pray.

MAX
Really? That's your solution?

JACKIE
Yeah. Cleanse my soul.

MAX
Your an atheist, Jackie.

JACKIE
I know.

MAX
How's that going to help?

JACKIE
I dunno. The smell of candles
burning always calms me down.

Max stares at her in silence.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I'll head back.

INT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Robert, Sarah and Jack Jr. stare at Richard. They are in different states of shock.

ROBERT
Let me fully understand this.

RICHARD
Okay.

ROBERT
You tried to kill yourself? Seven years ago. Because you heard our voices in your head?

RICHARD
You wouldn't stop beating me up. You made me feel like shit. Like you all decided I wasn't worth it when Dad kicked me out of the company.

SARAH
You should have called us.

JACK JR
Yeah, Richie.

RICHARD
How was I supposed to do that?

SARAH
Pick up a phone... Press the numbers... We answer. Complex, I know, but...

RICHARD
I think you're missing the point, Sarah.

SARAH
What's "the point," Richard?

ROBERT
She's right, Richard. You should have called. Let us beat you up in person.

RICHARD
That's not funny, Robert.

ROBERT
Wasn't trying to be, actually.

JACK JR
You know I'd never beat you up,
Buddy... Right?

RICHARD
I do. You're always good to me.

JACK JR
And always will be.

RICHARD
That's why I always call you first.

JACK JR
Then why didn't you call me first
this time?

RICHARD
Because you're not real.

JACK JR
I'm not...

RICHARD
You're in my head, Jack'o. Always
have been.

Jack Jr stands up and moves away from Richard.

JACK JR
I'm... You think I'm --

ROBERT
That's not funny, Richard. Take
that back.

SARAH
Fucking rude is what that is.

RICHARD
I mean, I can see you... All of
you. I've been able to see you...
After I got out of the... The...

SARAH
Psych ward?

RICHARD
Yeah. I was able to see you. But
only when I needed to.

JACK JR
"Needed to?"

RICHARD
When I couldn't stand being alone
sometimes.

ROBERT
I don't believe you.

RICHARD
You usually don't.

ROBERT
You call us all the time. At least
once a day. Sometimes twice.

RICHARD
I know. When I need to talk to one
of you briefly -- Not "in person" --
I call you on the "hotline" my
doctor gave me. My special cell.

SARAH
Special cell?

Richard pulls out a much older cellphone.

RICHARD
I had this with me when I got
checked in. They took it away from
me when I was admitted. The doctor
gave it back at our last meeting --
The debriefing before I was
discharged.

JACK JR
I think I'm going to be sick.

RICHARD
No, Jack'o, you won't.

JACK JR
Why would you say that?

RICHARD
You're not real. You can't.

ROBERT
Get a grip, Jack. Please. Okay,
so, this cell of yours, Richard?

RICHARD
My special one, yeah?

ROBERT
Why did the doctor say it was
"special?"

RICHARD
He told me that if I called it --
Called you -- It would force me to
take the voices out of my head and
make me put them --

SARAH
In there?

RICHARD
You startin' to understand, now?

SARAH
Starting to...

ROBERT
I'm not. I think is just some
pathetic fantasy of yours to try
and cope with being an asshole.

RICHARD
You always do that.

ROBERT
Do what?

RICHARD
Come down on me first... And also
the hardest.

JACK JR
And I don't, because I'm the --

RICHARD
Kind one.

SARAH
That makes me --

RICHARD
The best of me.

SARAH

Part of me wants to be grateful,
but I'm not sure that's a good
idea.

RICHARD

I know, Sarah, but you bring me
balance.

ROBERT

Prove it.

RICHARD

What?

ROBERT

Prove it. Call me right now.

RICHARD

You won't like it.

ROBERT

I don't give a flying fuck. Call
me. Right now.

RICHARD

Okay.

Richard dials a number on his cell phone and puts it to his
ear.

ROBERT (O.S.)

Hello?

RICHARD

Told you guys, didn't I?

Robert has disappeared. Sarah and Jack Jr. look to where
Robert was in shock.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Look around, Robert. Where are
you?

INT. ROBERT DUNN'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Robert is standing at his apartment window. He can see
buildings across the street.

ROBERT

I'm --

RICHARD (O.S.)
Back home. In New York. In your
corner of the apartment.

ROBERT
My corner of the apartment.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Look around.

He looks around the apartment. He sees "Sarah's Corner" first. A desk tucked into the corner with a laptop on it. His gaze moves to "Jack Jr.'s Space." A couch with a coffee table in front of it. A gaming controller rests on it waiting for him.

RICHARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I know you can see what I'm talking about, Robert. Because I can see it in my head.

ROBERT
But where is this?

RICHARD (O.S.)
Walk down the hall. Tell me what you see.

Robert walks towards the hallway slowly.

HALLWAY

There are several pictures on the wall.

ROBERT
A bunch of pictures.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Are you in any of them?

All of them are of Jack Dunn Sr and Richard throughout his life.

ROBERT
No. No, I'm not.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Any of Sarah? Of Jack'o?

All of the pictures have word balloons coming out of Richard's mouth. They all say: "**Fuck You, Dad.**"

Robert's stoic veneer breaks and he starts to cry

ROBERT
No... They're not.

INT. DUNN VACATION VILLA - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Richard clicks the phone shut. He looks up and sees Robert standing before him in tears.

RICHARD
I'm sorry, Robert. I really am.

Sarah hugs Robert and looks at Richard.

SARAH
Then how are we having this conversation?

JACK JR
You can see us, right? We're here.

SARAH
We exist. We have conversations with each other when we all of us are together.

JACK JR
Without the phone.

RICHARD
That's all me.

SARAH
All you?

JACK JR
Are you saying that you --

RICHARD
Talk to myself? Yeah. All the time when I need to get my thoughts together.

ROBERT
Then why the charade when we're in public? With Jackie?

RICHARD
When I'm scared? Really insecure? When I need to hide, I let one of you do the talking for me sometimes.

SARAH

But all three of us are on this trip.

RICHARD

When things get really, really bad. I need all three of you. If I feel threatened...

JACK JR

We all show up to protect you.

SARAH

Otherwise we just exist in your "special cell?"

RICHARD

Sometimes I don't want to be me all the time. It's just easier to be the parts I needed to be when I needed to be those parts. Sometimes all at once. That fall in the pool... Jesus.

SARAH

You almost died.

JACK JR

We almost died.

JACKIE (O.S.)

But you didn't.

Richard looks up and sees that his "brothers and sisters" are gone and only Jackie is there.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

How you feeling?

He pulls out the letter from the hospital.

RICHARD

How do you think?

JACKIE

You read it?

RICHARD

Skimmed it. Remembered it. Fucking hated it.

Jackie moves closer to Richard and sits next to him.

JACKIE
Were you talking to the others?

RICHARD
The "trio?" Yeah.

JACKIE
Did you tell them?

RICHARD
Yeah. Finally.

JACKIE
How'd they take it?

RICHARD
Reviews are mixed.

JACKIE
Do you want me to talk to them?

RICHARD
I'm not sure that's a good idea.

JACKIE
I like talking to Sarah, though.

RICHARD
I'm not sure she's up to it.

JACKIE
How about Jack Jr? He loves me.

RICHARD
A lot. But no.

JACKIE
I guess that's gonna have to be
what it needs to be, then.

RICHARD
Not forever.

JACKIE
No?

RICHARD
You kidding me? There's no way I'm
going to keep them from you.

Richard taps his head.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
There's a hell of an argument
happening, right now.

JACKIE
Who's winning?

RICHARD
I am. At the moment.
What time is it?

JACKIE
After one.

RICHARD
Jesus...

Jackie stands up.

JACKIE
I'm gonna get me a drink. You want
one?

RICHARD
No. I'm done with alcohol tonight.

JACKIE
Good.

RICHARD
Probably "done" done, too.

She smiles at him before she goes into the kitchen.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Good.

ROBERT (O.S.)
You're going to let her think she's
won, aren't you?

Robert has returned with Sarah and Jack Jr.

RICHARD
Fuck off. I didn't let her win
shit.

SARAH
You did.

JACK JR
And you're glad you did.

SARAH

She's gonna wanna talk some more about it. You know that, don't you?

RICHARD

Not tonight she's not.

SARAH

Why?

RICHARD

Because I'm going to bed.

Richard stands up very slowly. It looks like he's been in a accident.

JACK JR

Easy does it, Richie.

RICHARD

You don't have to tell me that three times.

SARAH

Nice.

RICHARD

Yeah... I surprise myself sometimes.

He walks up the stairs gingerly just as Jackie enters with two bottles of water.

JACKIE

Going to bed?

RICHARD

Trying to.

JACKIE

Here. Take this.

She hands him a glass of water and some ibuprofen.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Doctor Hernandez said this would be best every six hours for the next couple of days. Keep the swelling down.

RICHARD

Thanks.

He smiles at Jackie for the first time in a very long time.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Appreciate you, Squirt.

Richard starts up the stairs, again.

JACKIE
Hey, Richard?

He doesn't stop.

RICHARD
Yeah?

JACKIE
Could you stop calling me that?

Richard stops and looks at Jackie.

RICHARD
What? Squirt?

JACKIE
Yeah. Please? Reminds me of the
time I pissed myself at the movies.

RICHARD
Really? When you were ten?

JACKIE
Yeah.

RICHARD
That's when that started?

JACKIE
Yeah. You took me to see that one
movie, remember? You wouldn't let
me go to the bathroom when I
needed.

RICHARD
Oh, yeah...

JACKIE
Laughed so hard that peed my pants
a little

RICHARD
Oh, yeah. Tell you what...

JACKIE
What?

RICHARD
I'll think about it.

He trudges up the stairs into the darkness.

JACKIE
(to herself)
Good.

Jackie goes back into the kitchen.

KITCHEN - DAY

Time has passed before Jackie enters. She groggy from sleep but smiles when she hears music on the radio.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Morning, Squi - Sunshine.

Richard is sitting at the living room table. The sun is shining on him through the half-shuttered windows. The door is open once again. The door to the patio is open again. She can HEAR the SOUND of the WAVES outside.

JACKIE
Mornin'. Is that?

RICHARD
Fresh pot.

JACKIE
Thank God.

RICHARD
You're welcome.

JACKIE
And thank you, too.

RICHARD
I answer to both.

Jackie pours herself a cup and walks over to the table.

LIVING ROOM

She sits down across from Richard.

JACKIE
How long you been up?

RICHARD
Awhile. Just me myself and I...
And me. This is my second.

JACKIE
Cup?

RICHARD
Pot.

JACKIE
Ooof.

RICHARD
Didn't sleep much. Just decided to
get up.

He raises his cup in salute.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Sober up, too.

JACKIE
Understood.

They drink in silence for a moment.

Every now and then one of them looks towards the SOUND of the WAVES. They can also hear the SOUND of CHILDREN PLAYING from far away.

RICHARD
Can I ask you something?

JACKIE
Will you get mad at the answer?

RICHARD
Probably. But I promise I won't be
an asshole about it.

JACKIE
"Dear Diary..."

RICHARD
C'mon...

JACKIE
Okay. Sorry. Go ahead.

RICHARD
How long have you known?

JACKIE
About the four of you being --

RICHARD
Me? Yeah.

JACKIE
Dad told me when you were in the hospital.

RICHARD
That long?

JACKIE
Yeah...

RICHARD
Why didn't you tell me?

JACKIE
Dad asked me not to.

RICHARD
Just that?

JACKIE
No. Not just because he asked. When he asked me not to tell you that I.. You know... Knew? I told him, "Why would I ever tell you? What would be the point? It would just hurt you."

RICHARD
Thank you.

JACKIE
You needed time.

RICHARD
Appreciate that.

JACKIE
But I was wrong. I should have talked to you about it sooner. You really became -- All of you -- became so horrible.

RICHARD
'Cept Jack Jr.

JACKIE
Except Jack Jr. Yes. I could always talk to him.

RICHARD
Yeah. Me too.

Richard takes a drink from and looks towards the waves again. He tries not to look at Jackie.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I wasn't always like this, you
know?

JACKIE
Maybe you were and you didn't know
it.

He turns and looks at her. There is anger hiding behind his
eyes.

RICHARD
I hate this, you know? Being like
this. You think I want to be this
way, don't you?

JACKIE
No, I don't.

RICHARD
All of these arguments in my head.
Twenty-four / seven? It's
exhausting. I never win and I'm
just tired all of the time.

JACKIE
You're exhausted. I can see it.

RICHARD
But I have to live with it. Learn
to live with it, anyway.

JACKIE
I'm not gonna say that I'm sorry
that you have to, Richard.

RICHARD
Didn't ask you to.

JACKIE
I'm honestly not sorry. Because
this is who you are. All of it.
All of them. All you. We all have
a little voice in our head that
tells us what's right and what's
wrong.

RICHARD
Please, don't.

JACKIE
What?

RICHARD
Psychoanalyze me. It makes me
feel.. Feel "less."

JACKIE
You're not. Your healthy. You're
working through it as best you can.

RICHARD
I'm gonna go back to therapy.

Jackie goes silent for a moment and reaches of his hand. He grasps it briefly, squeezes it and puts his hand back around his coffee cup.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I just need you to know something.
I don't mind having conversations
with myself. That helps me.
Centers me. I just don't want to
have arguments with myself anymore.

JACKIE
I understand.

RICHARD
I never win.

JACKIE
Conversations are always better
than arguments.

RICHARD
I see how you talk with Max and
it's just... Better.

JACKIE
Max means the world to me. He's
been there since I was a kid.

RICHARD
How old were you when you first met
him?

JACKIE
When Dad introduced me to him? Six
or seven I think. That's when I
started seeing him.

RICHARD
For therapy?

JACKIE
Yeah.

Max enters the room from the patio. He gives a "Cheers" sign with his coffee mug and walks towards them.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

He's always been a great sounding board. I do most of the talking and he listens --

MAX

As if I had any choice in the matter.

JACKIE

Most of the time.

Richard looks at Max for the first time since his arrival in Mexico.

RICHARD

What do you see when you talk to him?

JACKIE

What do you mean?

RICHARD

I mean, do you always see him as an adult or do you sometimes just see the doll?

Jackie smiles and looks at the stuffed, worn Doctor Doll sitting at the end of the table.

JACKIE

An adult, mostly.

Max has returned at the end of the table. His eyes are smiling as he drinks his coffee.

RICHARD

Does he ever age?

JACKIE

No. And I don't need him to. He looks the same as he did when Dad gave him to me. He said I'd always have someone to talk to about my problems. Dad told me Max would always be there for me... Even when he wouldn't be.

RICHARD
That would have been around the
time I was thirteen or fourteen.
That's when my voices started, too.

JACKIE
Really?

RICHARD
Yeah. I told Dad about them and he
freaked a little.

MAX
I wouldn't say that.

RICHARD
Told me I was too old for imaginary
friends.

MAX
He's not wrong there.

RICHARD
Told me to work it out on the
field.

JACKIE
Football?

RICHARD
Yeah. God I was awful to people.
On, and off, the field.

JACKIE
But not too Dad.

RICHARD
Fuck no. Mom was gone by then and
it was just you, me and him. He
didn't need any of that crap. Not
then. I -- I just kept it to
myself.

JACKIE
And in your room.

RICHARD
Yeah.

JACKIE
Barely left it.

RICHARD
Yeah.

JACKIE

It's okay. You were working it as best you could. Dad told me.

RICHARD

He did?

JACKIE

Yeah. Said you needed to figure things out in there.

RICHARD

I thought he hated me locking myself up in there.

JACKIE

Dad was upset. Didn't hate you. He blamed himself.

RICHARD

He did?

JACKIE

Told me that a few years ago.

RICHARD

Why the fuck didn't he call me and tell me?

JACKIE

Would you have answered if he did?

RICHARD

Fuck no.

JACKIE

See?

RICHARD

At least I think I wouldn't have.

JACKIE

Guess he felt you finally figured it all out and didn't need him.

Richard looks away again. His eyes seem to be looking at someone, listening and then searching for an answer.

MAX

What do you think they're telling him?

JACKIE

Hey, Richard?

RICHARD

Yeah?

JACKIE

What are they saying?

RICHARD

They're not. They're not there.

JACKIE

Are they gone?

RICHARD

No. Just not there. Sometimes they just leave me alone...

JACKIE

With --

RICHARD

My own thoughts.

MAX

That's good.

JACKIE

That's healthy.

Richard doesn't answer her, but a tear has appeared in his eye.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Hey...

He finally looks at Jackie in the eyes, but doesn't answer.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I do love you, you know?

Richard tries to grit his teeth and hide from Jackie, but the tears have started and they're not going away.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I do. I love you. We're gonna work this out...

His shoulders begin to heave. Richard lowers his head and mumbles something Jackie can't hear.

Jackie leans forward closer to him.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I can't hear you, Richie...

Richard looks up. There is something different in his eyes.

RICHARD
I said, "I'm sorry, Jackie..."

He breaks down.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!

JACKIE
Hey, shhhhhhhh!

Jackie gets up, runs to Richard and pulls a chair up close to him.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
It's gonna be okay.

RICHARD
Jesus, I was such a monster to you.

JACKIE
We'll figure it out.

RICHARD
All of us were!

JACKIE
Not Jack'o...

Richard begins to smile through his sobbing.

RICHARD
No. Not that little fucker - He's too nice.

JACKIE
Love that guy.

RICHARD
Me too. Me fucking, too.

Jackie continues to hold her brother. They gently rock one another and listen to the SOUND of the WAVES.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JACK DUNN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jackie and Richard pull up in front of their father's house. She is driving a Kia Soul and her license plate reads "GEEKBOX." Richard gets out first and stands in the driveway. Within moments Jackie is right beside him.

JACKIE
You sure about this?

RICHARD
Yeah.

JACKIE
Didn't seem like you were on the way over.

RICHARD
I'm gonna be okay, I think.

JACKIE
Only you?

RICHARD
Yeah, I told the others to take the fucking day off.

JACKIE
You did?

RICHARD
Been taking my meds again for about five weeks, now. Helps me when I tell 'em to leave me the hell alone.

JACKIE
Good.

Jackie walks down the overgrown sidewalk to the front door. Richard doesn't move.

RICHARD
Jackie?

JACKIE
You okay?

RICHARD
Yeah. Can I ask you a question?

JACKIE
Absolutely.

She unlocks the front door. Richard speaks, but sounds very small when he does. Almost like Jack Jr.

RICHARD
Everything's the way he left it,
isn't it?

JACKIE
Pretty much, yeah.

RICHARD
Did they clean the bathroom?

Jackie smiles at him lovingly.

JACKIE
Yeah, Richie... It's all gone.

RICHARD
'Kay.

INT. JACK DUNN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jackie enters the living room and Richard quietly walks in behind her. He can see the sea of "Post It" notes that were left on every surface.

RICHARD
Man... You said there was a lot.

JACKIE
Yeah... There's a lot.

RICHARD
So much yellow...

JACKIE
I know, right?

RICHARD
They look like butterflies.

Jackie smiles at Richard and puts her arm around him.

JACKIE
Yeah.. Yeah, they really do.

"Together Alone" by OK GO begins to PLAY as they admire the sea of notes their father left behind for them.

FADE OUT

THE END