

TRYING TO REACH 100

Written by

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EXT. SON'S CABIN CRUISER BOAT - DAY

LANDON "SON" BARRETT (37), male, good looking, bleeds to have success, remembers his Iowa roots, is on his rented cabin cruiser boat celebrating the Fourth of July with his girlfriend, DYLAN TAYLOR (35), female, blonde, pretty and kind, but "LA hot" with a spray tan and creams to help her look good.

Son brings STEAKS to the back of the cabin cruiser to grill and Dylan, in a bikini, walks over to Son to watch him grill and give him a sweet kiss, lovingly rubbing his back as he grills.

EXT. BACKYARD POPS' HOUSE - DAY

Independent as always, RALPH "POPS" BARRETT (97), male, blue collar, crotchety, very strict morals, lives by own set of rules, is trying to set up his charcoal grill. The CHARCOAL BAG is too heavy so Pops drops it on the ground. The bag rips open causing several pieces to fall out.

EXT. SON'S CABIN CRUISER BOAT - DAY

Son's grilling the STEAK with one hand, holds a BEER in the other. Son drops the STEAK on the deck of the cabin cruiser. Dylan with a HOT DOG on her plate walks up to Son and looks at the ground where the STEAK sits. Son grabs the HOT DOG and takes a bite.

DYLAN
You enjoying that?

SON
Don't bite my hotdog.

EXT. BACKYARD POPS' HOUSE - DAY

Pops sits in a low lounge chair with a BEER in his hand as he picks up a charcoal BRIQUETTE and throws it at an open GRILL. Pops misses the grill. The GRILL has several BRIQUETTES that are in the grass where Pops has missed. Pops tosses the empty BEER CAN in the grass and opens another one from the COOLER next to him. The spray from opening the beer gets in Pops' eyes.

EXT. SON'S CABIN CRUISER BOAT - DAY

Son and Dylan lay on lounge chairs sunning themselves. They hear a SCREAM and then a spray of water rains down on them.

Son grabs a TOWEL and throws it at Dylan. Dylan removes the towel from her face.

Son then reaches for his BEER with five empty BOTTLES on the table next to him. Son offers her a drink from his BEER in his hand, then takes it away when Dylan reaches for it. Dylan grabs the ICE CUBES from the ICE BUCKET and throws a few ICE CUBES at Son.

EXT. BACKYARD POPS' HOUSE - DAY

Pops sets a small FIREWORK off on the ground, then GROWLS. Pops puts one in an old COFFEE CAN that he uses to catch the ash from his cigars causing a puff of smoke. He looks around then goes off screen. A large BOOM is heard and water splashes up, then rains down. A KOI FISH lands on the ground with its tail flopping. Pops peeks around the fence where he set the large firework in his neighbor's koi pond. Pops smiles then puts a lit CIGAR into his mouth like "The Man with No Name" in the old 1960's Spaghetti Westerns.

EXT. SON'S CABIN CRUISER BOAT - DAY

Son fishes off the back of the boat. Son feels a tug on the FISHING ROD and the line starts pulling out like crazy. Dylan SCREAMS and jumps up and down in excitement knocking Son's BEER over the edge, distracting Son.

DYLAN

Sorry.

Son finally reels in the FISH as it flops around on the boat deck. Dylan jumps to the side to avoid the jumping fish. Son reaches over and gives her a kiss.

EXT./INT. BOAT DOCK/POPS' HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY/DAY

Son helps Dylan to walk up the ramp off of the Cabin Cruiser boat. Son's CELLPHONE RINGS.

INTERCUT (PHONE CONVERSATION)

SON

Yeah?

Pops stands as he talks into a phone attached to the wall in his outdated kitchen.

POPS

Myrtle is gone.

SON
Who's Myrtle?

POPS
I can't find Myrtle and now I hear
she's in a nursing home. Bring her
back.

SON
If she's in a nursing home, I don't
know that I can.

POPS
Her family took her out to LA to
put her in a nursing home. You live
there. Bring her back.

SON
I can't...

POPS
Then take me out to the nursing
home in LA.

SON
Granted.

INT. LUXURY YACHT DECK - NIGHT

The dress code is black tie so the women are out in their
skimpiest formal gowns as the men try to add some personal
detail to their tuxes.

Son exits the stairway and gathers Dylan in to keep her
close.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Before we were married, my husband
traveled to Iowa to bring his
elderly father home to Los Angeles.
He told me often about his trip to
the point where I felt as if it
were my trip instead of his. It
didn't help that every time someone
asked about it, my husband would
poke me in the arm and say, Hunny,
you tell them.

DYLAN
We've already had our Fourth of
July celebration.

SON
I know but this is work.

Son rubs his finger down Dylan's nose as a loving gesture.

SON (CONT'D)
You'll enjoy it later.

DYLAN
How many of these people do you know?

SON
Most of them.

DYLAN
How many have you worked with?

Son scans the crowd and stops when he sees TYLER "ROCKSTAR" MOORE (51) male, aging rockstar, weed buddy and close friend of Son.

SON
I'm still counting.

DYLAN (V.O.)
An unspoken secret is that fame in Hollywood depends upon who can talk to whom.

Son and Dylan see a familiar face of CEO of a large company associated with a mouse, BOB WINTERS (74) talking to CONNOR STEVENS (34). Son and Dylan walk over to him.

BOB
We need to have more of that type of content so it's good to know you exist. I don't make those decisions though so you need to talk to a different department.
(sees Dylan)
You have been skirting my calls.

DYLAN
I didn't realize you were trying to get in contact with me.

BOB
Make sure you call me tomorrow.

Bob walks away to talk to another group of PEOPLE before Dylan can answer.

It takes Son a couple of moments to realize that the party's theme is Cuban as he and Dylan pass by a display with Cuban flags.

SON
Why Cuban? It's Fourth of July.

DYLAN
For the cigars.

SON
Don't they know that we don't like
Cuba.

DYLAN
We like them now, I think.

Son grabs two DRINKS and hands one to Dylan. She looks over at to the right and Son puts his drink up against her neck to regain her attention, causing her to jump.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Don't please. Be nice.

Son sees another person he needs to talk to, Billionaire guest, BILL BRIDGES(70).

BILL
I need to talk later about a
business deal.

SON
That's fine. Just catch me wherever
so we can talk in private.

BILL
Will do.

Son and Dylan walk over to another area of the deck to see Billionaire ELON TUSK (54) but Rockstar stops them.

ROCKSTAR
You need to meet this guy. He has a
movie pitch that I think would be
good for both of us.

SON
I will but remember I will be gone
for two weeks.

ROCKSTAR
It's a simple trip. Do you really
need two weeks?

SON

With my Dad? Nothing is ever
simple.

Son and Rockstar wander around the boat gladhanding dragging Dylan around, listening in to other peoples' conversations.

They join a group with JEFFERY MILLER (53), male, cocky, arrogant and hot, not the brightest but hey, you know, PETRA KATSAROS (56), female, on the ball and sassy, looks like she could run a morning show her sleep but fate had bigger plans for her, TAD WALKER (55), male, was like Jeffery in his 30's but now he's old hat, MONICA ALLEN (58), female, one great big smile and trying to keep up with the boys at work.

Rockstar finds something which catches his attention.

Dylan is enthralled with the conversation but a bored Son nods at the non-distinct conversation and looks over at the shore line. He notices a blue moon and looks closer realizing it is Rockstar and a GIRL (18) who looks barely 18 years old having sex.

SON (CONT'D)

(sings)
Blue moon.

Son points to Rockstar and the girl. Dylan looks back as Son tries hard not to laugh.

DYLAN (V.O.)

One hundred some-odd people in
Hollywood and you would think that
one of them would be someone that
my husband would want to talk to.
Hyped up, believing their shit and
just wishing that others would
believe it too, he found a home
here in LA after years of bouncing
around with his Mom as a kid. All
of them thinking they are God. He
learned how to think he was God
too.

MONICA

Yeah, I just sold it to the
Southeast Asian market.

TAD

It should do well.

The DING of a phone message is heard. ROWAN HILL (64), male, a little neurotic but hey if he stopped the coffee he would be slow as can be, and his wife, RIMA HILL (47), female, tall and skinny like a stick insect, rush up to the group.

ROWAN
Am I late? I thought I was late.

MONICA
No. You're fine.

Jeffery looks up from his phone.

JEFFERY
Alright. Just made three grand.

PETRA
I thought you're not allowed to use
your own money to place bets.

JEFFERY
I don't. I use others.

Son leans over to start a side conversation with Tad.

SON
What does he do?

TAD
Sports betting.

PETRA
That's against the rules.

ROWAN
So wait, we have rules now? I've
never heard that before.

JEFFERY
You mean the rules that no one ever
follows? Besides I have enough
power here, that I highly doubt
anyone will say anything about it.

DYLAN
(to Son)
Do I want to know?

SON
No.

ROWAN
Can I just say I'm not sure you
have the power here?

PETRA

Nope. We just leave those things alone. Why are you getting to do it?

JEFFERY

I'm God.

MONICA

So, tell me about Allison. You still dating her?

JEFFERY

I don't know. The damn bitch had grass up her ass.

PETRA

Did she think she was a drug mule?

JEFFERY

No I think she just keeps it there because she didn't want to carry a purse.

MONICA

How'd you find out?

JEFFERY

About the drugs up her ass? When did you start making movies?

TAD

Studio or backlot?

JEFFERY

What age?

MONICA

Asshole I know how you have sex.

ROWAN

The question is, did she ask you to hold her purse?

TAD

Was it shaped like a dildo?

PETRA

Did she spangle it?

JEFFERY

I'm trying to remember if she was pierced. Well I was a little busy plowing into her other end.

SON

Or not plowing since she kept her
drugs there.

ROWAN

Something was going on in there.

TAD

You told me you couldn't feel a
damn thing.

MONICA

Huh?

DYLAN

Dick's too small.

PETRA

Thin. He's too thin. I know these
things.

JEFFERY

(to Dylan)

You haven't tried.

(to the group)

The hole was too big.

(to Dylan)

Speaking of which, why haven't you
tried?

Dylan LAUGHS.

DYLAN

No.

Son grabs Dylan's arm and pulls her back into his chest.

MONICA

And you're going to marry her?

JEFFERY

Yeah, why not? She the same as all
the other wannabe actresses out
there.

PETRA

Actors.

DYLAN

I still like actress better.

PETRA

Listen you.

SON
When's the wedding?

JEFFERY
Spring. No wait June.

PETRA
Oh how original.

ROWAN
A June bride? You'll never see her again.

TAD
How much did you drop for her ring?
I'm in the know.

SON
(under his breath)
If you were in the know, you would already know.

JEFFERY
Enough that she can see her face reflected back in it. Okay about five million.

DYLAN
You'll never see her again.

MONICA
Was it green?

JEFFERY
The diamond or the weed?

TAD
I thought the point was to find one that was clear.

PETRA
Flawless.

Rockstar has returned to the group trying to catch up with the conversation.

TAD
She's gonna have a hard time seeing herself in one of those cheap costume rings.

JEFFERY
Don't get bitchy with me just because you lost money on your bet.
(MORE)

JEFFERY (CONT'D)
That project was never going to
make it.

ROWAN
Lot's of projects don't make it.

SON
You will never see her again.

Rockstar wanders off into another group. Son and Dylan start
walking away but Monica stops them.

MONICA
Don't you go yet. Did you ask her?

Monica looks directly at Dylan.

SON
No.

PETRA
She can't be your fiancée unless
you ask her?

SON
I'll remember that one.

TAD
(to Jeffery)
Why am I stuck here working so you
can fly off somewhere on your
honeymoon for two weeks?

JEFFERY
Wedding's not until next year.

ROWAN
Where are you having it? Italy or
Monaco?

JEFFERY
Now why would I go to Monaco?

MONICA
(to Son)
Where were you going again?

SON
The two weeks is with my Pops.
Bringing him back to LA.

PETRA
Wanting to have a little father son
time?

SON

Nope. Pops is dying and he's gonna die here near me. Besides Pops needs to hook up with his girlfriend.

ROWAN

Dying?

JEFFERY

They are all dying. Enjoy the geriatric care.

TAD

Two weeks is way too long though, just so you can be God.

SON

Bless you my Son.

JEFFERY

A little deluded don't you think?

SON

Hey, around here I'm God.

Son maneuvers Dylan to the side to get himself out of the conversation.

Rockstar comes up to Son and tugs on Son's tuxedo jacket.

DYLAN (V.O.)

You would think this guy would not be good for my husband. The irony of LA is, those are the best friends that you've got.

ROCKSTAR

C'mon let's go underneath and smoke some weed.

Dylan gets a very pained look on her face.

DYLAN

I don't want to be ignored so you and you boys can get high.

SON

Just for a little bit. Deal with it. It's Hollywood.

Dylan reluctantly follows until her friend, RUKI EVANS (46), female, entrepreneur, pulls her arm.

RUKI
I might be able to pick up some
funding for you.

DYLAN
How much?

RUKI
He didn't say but we need to do him
a favor first.

SON
Dylan.

DYLAN
I'm not going to have sex with him.

ROCKSTAR
Ready to go?

DYLAN
Have fun with Rockstar.

Dylan and Ruki walk away from Son. Rockstar pulls Son off in
the other direction into an area with couches.

SON
No to funding.

INT. LUXURY YACHT DECK - NIGHT

Rockstar and Son sit at a couch.

Son watches ANNABELLE PHILLIPS (42), female, looks like a
band aid but is really a star, just wants action with hot
guys, walk by as she found her guy, STETSON COLLINS (29), to
hook up with.

ROCKSTAR
You don't want that one.

Son feeling saucy decides to play along.

SON
Alright. And why not?

ROCKSTAR
Her husband is a former cop.
Believe me. You'd feel it.

Rockstar makes a fake punch at Son's chin.

SON

I highly doubt he would be hit me.

ROCKSTAR

Besides. She's a little toxic. I don't think they have shit to clean out that crotch.

SON

When did you care about that?

ROCKSTAR

Wife's been on me. She's a little pissed off about the last one.

SON

Not my problem. What does it feel like to take a leak after that one?

Son points to a just visible Dylan and Ruki out on deck smiling at another man, MORRIS HENDERSON (78) male investor.

ROCKSTAR

How the hell should I know? Do you want Dylan to find out? Wait how much money does she need again?

SON

Dylan's not whoring herself out for money.

ROCKSTAR

Well you never know in this business. That man would be a good paycheck to fund a film.

SON

So would I. Morris Henderson will not fund her film. She needs to get her butt in here. She has about five more seconds before I go get her.

ROCKSTAR

Then fund her film. He's probably a good match for Ruki.

SON

Yeah. Divorce her husband and only ten years until she sticks him into a nursing home. Then she's a Billionaire.

ROCKSTAR

Grave you mean. They don't go into nursing homes.

SON

I already know and I won't either.

ROCKSTAR

Divorce him in five...the Billionaire. Why wait?

SON

Or two. But that's only half a billion.

ROCKSTAR

You know, you could have some of your own fun.

SON

I don't think so. I need Dylan.

ROCKSTAR

Is Dylan really having sex with others?

SON

She is not and she better not be.

ROCKSTAR

If she is, can I...

SON

No. Dylan is not having sex with you.

ROCKSTAR

Well it was worth trying.

SON

I haven't asked her yet. To marry me.

ROCKSTAR

That happens sometimes. Does she care?

SON

Fuck if I know.

ROCKSTAR

Are you going to?

SON
Yeah. I need to.

ROCKSTAR
Need to or want to?
(Beat)
I'm sure you will figure it out.
Dad okay?

SON
No. The son of a bitch. I'm
supposed to go pick him up and
bring him back here. The asshole
refuses to fly so I'm screwed
having to drive his ass all the way
back in that fucking pickup truck.

ROCKSTAR
You going to do it?

SON
I was thinking about just leaving
him there.

ROCKSTAR
Well, that would suck for him, but
for you even more. He still won't
shut up?

SON
As if I give a shit about Myrtle.
If Pops wants to see Myrtle then
he's not going back. He can stay in
that damn nursing home for the rest
of his life.

Annabelle sits on the couch next to Rockstar and puts her arm
around his shoulders.

ANNABELLE
Rockstar are you going to come to
confession.

ROCKSTAR
Oh yes Ma'am.

Annabelle gets up and wanders off to D-LIST ACTOR (52), male.

SON
Confession?

Son makes a hand motion to hint at a blowjob.

SON (CONT'D)
Or confession?

Son makes a hand motion to hint at oral sex on a female.

ROCKSTAR
Does it matter? How are you going
to get him there?

SON
Lie, cheat and steal. Lying breaks
one of Pops' rules though.

ROCKSTAR
But cheating and stealing are okay?

SON
Nah he's fine with it.

ROCKSTAR
I'm sure he'll get over it. Awe how
cute. You can't lie to your Dad,
can you?

SON
No. It's fun to lie to my Pops. It
would be better if he called me out
on it. He believes every thing I
tell him. It's too easy. There's no
challenge in it.

ROCKSTAR
And I thought you were the good
one. C'mon let's get you in a
little trouble and me as well.

Rockstar stands and watches Annabelle run off with SAM MORRIS (50). Letting her go with a smile, he corrals Son closer and the two of them head out onto the luxury yacht deck.

EXT. LUXURY YACHT DECK - NIGHT

Son's looking for Dylan and finds her speaking with ANNA WELTOUR (76), DIANA VON THURSTY (79), and DONATELLA REGGIO (70). Son tries to pull Dylan away from the conversation and points to Rockstar who is well on his way into a conversation with a bosomed REDHEAD (19) female, pregnant, very animated in her conversation. Dylan blows Son off.

DYLAN (V.O.)
It's always fun to watch Hollywood
work a party. Take Redhead over
there with Rockstar.

(MORE)

DYLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She's nineteen, baby Mamma to some
basketball star, and well on her
way into landing a six figure
paycheck each month that will last
her the rest of her life, or at
least until baby is eighteen.

Son stands next to MISS SWEET (30), female, blonde, has a
1950's air about her, sweater set type.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Miss Sweet over there loves to play
the look of the one you take home
to Momma. Not in the bedroom of
course. Her game wouldn't play out
well if she was too coy with that.
She does best with the Midwest type
who still want to pretend that they
have not been corrupted yet. Like
my husband. They can take you for a
ride worst than the easy ones. You
expect the easy ones, not the good
ones to want you for your money.
Good thing they are his friends and
not lovers.

Dylan walks up to Son and stands near him blocking Miss Sweet
from Son. Son looks down at Dylan and pulls her closer to
him.

SON
What took you so long?

DYLAN
Anna had a very interesting story
about a designer with a fetish for
packing tape.

SON
No more.

DYLAN
Do you want to go home?

SON
No. I miss you.

MISS SWEET
Do you know what he said to me?

SON
Hey. I like your sweater.

MISS SWEET
It would look even better on the
floor. Or you in it?

SON
What?

MISS SWEET
I've heard that one before. I told
him, "Say your own pick-up lines.
Your friend said that five minutes
ago."

SON
Not my line? I own that line.

Miss Sweet grabs Son's face, pinching his cheeks.

MISS SWEET
You're cute but I just can't stand
your baby face.

Miss Sweet turns her back on Son and Dylan, and starts taking
to another group.

SON
Explain.

DYLAN
She's still trying to catch that
one. No ring yet.

SON
Oh.

Son grabs Dylan's left hand and holds it up rubbing her empty
ring finger.

DYLAN
Isn't that your job to find the
ring?

Rockstar sneaks up behind Son and grabs him by his biceps.
Rockstar turns Son's body around so Son is facing MISS EASY
(30), female, dark hair, leather and animal print.

ROCKSTAR
You need to watch this.

DYLAN (V.O.)
The Miss Easys in Hollywood are
abundant.

(MORE)

DYLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A perfect fit for man who couldn't
even get the teacher to pay
attention to him, let alone get
laid in High School. A simple catch
in leather and animal print makes
their hard on wither in about five
seconds. But, oh, what great
pictures they take standing next to
their side for all the world to
see.

Miss Easy rubs her hands up the chest of billionaire guest,
ZUCK (41) as he smiles awkwardly and brushes her off. Miss
Easy moves on to Son smiling as she recognizes both Dylan and
Son.

SON
What are you doing?

Miss Easy starts rubbing Son's chest. Dylan starts LAUGHING.

MISS EASY
Mine.

SON
Really? I don't think so.

Dylan steps away from Son and closer to Rockstar.

DYLAN
Just who did you talk to when I was
gone?

ROCKSTAR
Me or him?

Rockstar leans over Dylan and stands a little too close to
her. Son steps in front of Rockstar blocking him from Dylan
and grabs Dylan's arm letting her know she's not with
Rockstar.

SON
Party's over. It's time to go.

ROCKSTAR
No. Not yet. You leave me for two
weeks to get your Dad. That means
you hang out with me for another
hour. This one. This one is the one
that you want to talk to.

Son pulls Dylan's arm harder so Dylan is closer to him.

SON

I'm really done for the night.

ROCKSTAR

I just need to you to talk to
someone. Just give me one second.

Rockstar has a gleam in his eye that he is setting Son up for a joke as he leads Son and Dylan over to NEXT GIRL (29), female, brunette, regular LA beach girl, then leaves Son and Dylan on their own.

NEXT GIRL

Look your friend told me to screw
you and I'm one of his biggest fans
so get your pants off. I want to
get this over with.

Rockstar watching the conversation from a distance and the look on Son's face, LAUGHS. Dylan, furious, is ready to kill Rockstar from a distance. Son LAUGHS.

DYLAN

Asshole. She knows us.

Son smiles at Next Girl contemplating the idea of sex with Next Girl then looks over at Dylan and smiles.

INT. HALLWAY ON LUXURY YACHT - NIGHT

Son pulls Dylan along the boat hallway to the cabin with a bed. Son gives Dylan a sweet gentle kiss before he opens the cabin door and pulls Dylan into the room.

INT. BEDROOM ON LUXURY YACHT - NIGHT

Son removes his jacket, throwing it onto the chair. He unties his bow tie and Dylan pulls it off his neck and plays with it in her fingers behind Son's neck as he kisses her.

Dylan reaches down lowering her head just skimming past Son's crotch to remove her shoes. She naughtily looks up at Son. Son removes his clothes and stands naked next to Dylan with his hands on his hips.

The door opens with a CLICK and Dylan looks quickly over at the open doorway.

SON

What is Dylan going to do now?

Son rubs his thumb along her wet lower lip. She kisses the tip of his thumb.

The door remains open and shadows can be seen peeping in.

Dylan runs her hand up his thigh on up to his chest and Son leans in for a kiss. Son and Dylan passionately kiss as Son runs his hand down Dylan's side along her breast, around her hips tucking inside her dress to grab her bare left butt cheek, his hand shows through the mesh and beads of her dress.

He pulls her hips closer to taking a moment to enjoy the feel of her so close to him. Son slips the strap off of Dylan's dress and the beads break making a SOUND as the beads hit the floor. A soft NOISE is heard in the hallway.

DYLAN

Oh no.

Distracted by the beads Dylan turns her head to look for them but Son only has one goal in his mind. Son holds Dylan's chin up so she's looking into his eyes.

SON

Mine.

Son lowers himself into the chair while kissing Dylan sitting on the edge of the chair having Dylan straddle one of his legs.

SON (CONT'D)

Now play.

Dylan looks at the open doorway then back at Son.

DYLAN

You want me to play?

Son holds the back of Dylan's neck and places a long kiss between her neck and shoulder. Dylan looks at the open door again then runs her hand down her belly to her crotch. She rubs as Son kisses her all over until she gets wet enough that Son can feel it on his leg. The shadows outside the room have now moved closer so the shadows can be seen inside the room as the PEOPLE in the hall try to get a better view.

Son shifts Dylan so he's inside her and they make love in the chair. He pulls Dylan back into a heavy kiss and over to the bed. Angry, Son looks at the open doorway again and decides to up the ante.

Son coaxes Dylan into the bed. Dylan looks at the door to see if anyone is coming.

Son holds Dylan making sure she's ready to continue on. She looks up him then Son settles in between her legs.

He runs his hand along her hip and upper thigh, catching her knee so it's bent in an easier position to make love. Dylan kisses his bicep. There is a SHUFFLE sound from the doorway. Son gives the open doorway the middle finger.

Son leans in and kisses her inner thighs. Dylan leans back as Son eats out. Dylan sighs then Son moves up until his hips rest in her crotch. Son gently rocks intensifying his movements as the door remains open.

They hear soft VOICES in the hall from the open doorway. Dylan looks at the open door.

SON

No.

Son continues on grinding. His face contorts as he's feeling the rush of his climax. They make passionate, high-stakes, deeply romantic love. When they finish, Son lays down on top of Dylan and she pulls her arms around him in an embrace.

INT. HALLWAY ON LUXURY YACHT - NIGHT

The billionaire owner, JEFF BESTEROS(62), of the yacht and his wife, LAUREN BESTEROS(55), Bill, Bob, and Elon stand in the hallway and can be seen watching through the doorway into the bedroom, annoyed and unsure of how to remove Son and Dylan.

JEFF

Asshole.

BOB

Just cover it up.

Bob leaves the hallway.

JEFF

I can't believe they would...

BILL

I know. Come on. Let's go back to the party.

Elon LAUGHS his head off. Bill gently guides Jeff and Lauren out of the doorway and down the hall.

INT. BEDROOM ON LUXURY YACHT - LATER

Son lays on top of Dylan in between her legs post coitus. Dylan has her arms wrapped around him. Son gets up and takes an ENGAGEMENT RING from his JACKET pocket. He grabs Dylan's left hand and slips it on her ring finger then returns to his position in between her legs. Dylan looks at the RING on her finger.

DYLAN

Do I even get a chance to say yes?

SON

You already did.

Son lays his head down on her chest. Dylan kisses the top of his head.

EXT. LUXURY YACHT DECK - NIGHT

As Son and Dylan are leaving the boat, they walk over to Jeff, Lauren, Bill, and Elon.

SON

If you are going to open the door and watch, you might as well come in. No point in standing in the hall. Excuse me.

Son walks past Jeff, Lauren, Bill and Elon pulling Dylan along with him.

INT. HALLWAY IN SON'S LA LUXURY HOME - NEXT NIGHT

The luxury home is rather bare with the stereotypical LA paintings on the wall and furniture that looks flashy and new. Dylan is in a slinky short party dress and Son looks flashy in a hip new suit.

SON

A little short.

DYLAN

It's not that bad. The other girls are wearing them this short. Why do you have to drive him back to LA? Can't you just take a plane?

SON

It's my last road trip with Pops. It's kind of a guy thing.

DYLAN

Does your guy thing have to take so long? Two weeks is like forever.

SON

In Dylan time. It won't feel that long. I love you too.

Dylan dutifully repeats Son's phrases.

DYLAN

I love you too.

SON

I love you more.

DYLAN

I love you more.

SON

I love you most.

DYLAN

I love you most.

SON

I love you more than anything in the world.

DYLAN

I love you more than anything in the world.

Son pulls her in for a kiss but Dylan is not in the mood, still upset that she will be left behind.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm all ready to go out and I don't want to look squishy.

SON

You mean squished.

DYLAN

Squishy. I know what I'm saying. And what am I supposed to do while you're doing this man thing?

SON

Hang out here and relax. Rent some movies.

DYLAN

And completely forget about the movie I'm trying to make?

SON

You really need me that bad? To make a movie?

Son walks over to the table near the door to collect his WALLET and KEYS head down and pretending to be dejected. He notices his reflection in the MIRROR on the wall and gets distracted with fixing the direction of his waxed hair.

Dylan is annoyed that Son's hair seems to be more important than her.

DYLAN

Don't be surprised if you can't call me because I'm hanging out with friends. Renting movies.

Son's attention immediately returns.

SON

Girls or guys?

DYLAN

Both. I love action and romcoms.

SON

Don't care but no guys though.

DYLAN

You're not my father and I'm not sixteen. I will need to talk to my production crew, fifty percent happens to be male, I think. Odds are I will need to talk to some guys while you are gone.

Son goes over to Dylan to do damage control. He tries to hold her but she moves away.

SON

Hunny, what did I tell you?

DYLAN

Fine. No guys. I'll find a little something, something somewhere else. But crying out loud, do you have to take two weeks?

SON
You'll be fine. So when do you
start filming?

DYLAN
Hopefully this year. When are we
going to Milan?

Dylan looks up at Son but Son looks away.

SON
We're not. Not for you. But the
funding will come.

DYLAN
I'm not worried about funding this
time. I'm worried about Spain.

SON
Revolutions always make for better
movies.

DYLAN
We're not at war. I'm trying to get
permits to film a church scene in
Spain.

SON
Film it here.

DYLAN
Still want to go?

SON
No.

DYLAN
To the party?

SON
Yeah. To the party. I don't know if
I really want to go to Iowa and
drive down a really old road but I
don't want to disappoint Pops. He's
super excited about it.

Son checks to make sure he has his WALLET and KEYS, impatient
that Dylan doesn't seem ready to go.

DYLAN
Like super.

SON
Yeah I'm an ass. Deal with it.

Dylan touches his cheek gently and Son relaxes.

DYLAN

Come on. Let's go. I need to get out too.

Son guides Dylan to the door.

EXT. IOWA AIRPORT - DAY

Planes fly over a blue sky as the camera scrolls down to a sign that says, "Des Moines International Airport."

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Son is in the back seat of a black sedan car looking out the windows as a DRIVER (45) male with silver hair, in the front seat is driving down the highway in Iowa on the road to Pops' from the airport. They pass a sign that says, "Welcome to Iowa."

DYLAN (V.O.)

My husband lived with his father when he was a young man and the last thing he said to my husband was, "Get out."

Son looks out the car window to see a father, BEAU (56) standing at his front door to his house welcoming his son, NOAH (29) into his home.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Needless to say he has not see him much since then. So you wouldn't think it would be that hard on him to bring the old man from Iowa out to California.

The Driver briefly looks back over his shoulder and starts a SILENT conversation with Son.

DYLAN (V.O.)

But that last road trip with Pops is something he never wanted to do again. Those crusty old eyeballs can kind of get to an person especially when they come attached to your Pops.

Son looks out the window again as they pass by a neon sign advertising a local line dance club. A large advertisement with for a new movie stretches across the billboard.

The man on the billboard has a cigarette hanging just from his slightly open mouth as the smoke swirls around his head into the deep absinthe green color of the background.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Hard drinking, hard smoking, always
had fun with the ladies. Pops never
did anything halfway.

Son quickly and silently answers a question from the Driver then glances out of the window, watching a nursing home pass by. An ATTENDANT (27) assists an old crumpled-up WOMAN (89) as she tries to walk with the assistance of a walker into the side door of the nursing home.

DYLAN (V.O.)
You would think watching his
crumpled-up body, walking down to
his mailbox, that this old man,
never was something to be afraid
of. That's the thought you have,
just before you hear him speak.

A billboard with an advertisement for a streaming service for old movies shows a large picture of "The Man with No Name" enlarged so it is a three-quarter profile, close up shot of him with his hat, poncho, and Virginian cigar looking like he just shot a man.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Funny thing was he always thought
his mother was the battle ax. It
always seemed like she was the one
who ruled with a wooden stick.

A diner passes by with a neon sign advertising the name. Next to the name is the outline in neon of a woman in a 1940's style dress, with an apron, holding a rolling pin behind her back.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Come to find out it was actually
his father who was waving the stick
around telling them what to do. He
was just hiding behind his mother.

Son returns to SILENTLY answering another question from the Driver.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Can't say he was surprised that his
father ended up moving on before he
ever reached high school.

Son watches his local High School pass by his window.

EXT. POPS' FRONT PORCH - DAY

Pops' house is a small but nice working man's home. An old metal COFFEE CAN, where Pops puts his cigar ashes, sits next to a worn out chair with cushions.

A blue and white 1970 Cheyenne pickup truck sits in Pops' driveway.

Pops is in the middle of trying to smoke a CIGAR but his hand shakes so much that he can't get it lit. The black sedan car pulls up next to Pops house and Son gets out with his carry-on SUITCASE.

Son YELLS from the sidewalk to Pops on the front porch.

SON

Thought you were done with those.

POPS

Last one.

The car drives off.

SON

Pops. Don't lie to me.

POPS

Let me just finish it. I don't need a nanny.

(Beat)

I can't get it lit.

Son walks over to the pickup and sets his SUITCASE next to it. Son then bounces his way up the porch steps to Pops.

SON

Here let me do it.

POPS

I can do it on my own. Besides I don't want your spit all over it.

Son opens the screen door to the front door with a creak and walks offscreen into the house.

POPS (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder to Son)

I want to put it in my mouth.

Son carries Pops' old, worn-out SUITCASE out of the house and puts both SUITCASES, Son's and Pops', in the back of the pickup truck.

SON
I need to take you to California.

POPS
I'm not going to California.

SON
You're too far away from me out here. Besides we already talked about it.

Son goes offscreen, back into the house.

POPS
That's the point and I like it that way.

Son returns onscreen carrying a COOLER with ice and drinks out of the house and sets it next to the pickup truck.

SON
Come on Pops. Stop pouting. You know you want to go. You have been talking about it for weeks. Let's go. You can smoke it in the truck.

POPS
I don't want it anymore. My stuff's not packed.

SON
Your other stuff is coming later. It's just you and me in the truck.

Son checks the door of the house to make sure it is locked while Pops goes down the porch steps. Son goes to help Pops but Pops waves him off.

POPS
I can get it myself. Give me your hand.

Son holds out his hand again for Pops to grab and helps Pops into truck.

SON
We're traveling on your favorite road. Route sixty-six.

POPS

I know. I haven't been there in a while.

Son shuts the passenger door and goes around to get in the driver's side. Son takes a moment to stare at the BEADED SEAT COVER in the driver's seat. Son looks over at Pops who is settling himself into his own BEADED SEAT COVER in the passenger side seat. Son grits his teeth and gets into the truck.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

An uncomfortable look settles on Son's face as he's trying to adjust to the beads.

SON

I'm not sure how much of it is left. We'll pick it up in Chicago.

POPS

Chicago is the wrong way.

SON

Okay?

POPS

Go to Oklahoma. I've been on this road over and over. You are going to California, so you go to Oklahoma.

SON

I took two weeks off to spend some time with you. I haven't spent time with you in over six years. I know you like Route sixty-six.

POPS

Okay. Chicago.

SON

I thought you might like a last road trip.

POPS

It's not my last road trip.

SON

How many more times are you going to go on this road?

POPS
It's not my last road trip.

SON
Pops you can barely walk. How do you expect to go on a long drive on your own?

POPS
I'm not driving there.

SON
No. Pops.

POPS
I'm not dead yet.

SON
Yeah, I know. We're in the truck. We're ready to go. Can we just go? Okay let's go.

Son starts the old Cheyenne pickup truck with a rumble that matches his mood and pulls out of the driveway.

DYLAN (V.O.)
By this time, they were going to Oklahoma.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - LATER

Son and Pops are driving on the four lane highway. Son, expecting to make the trip in record time to Oklahoma, wants to keep to a tight schedule. There's a gas station coming up on the side of the road with an exit nearby.

POPS
Pull over here at this gas station.

SON
Can it wait?

POPS
I need to pee.

SON
We just left the house.

POPS
I need to pee.

SON
Sure Pops.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Son pulls into the gas station parking lot as Pops scrambles, for an old man, and groans trying to get out of the truck. Pops goes offscreen to the men's room as Son waits behind the wheel in the truck.

DYLAN (V.O.)

In his haste to get Pops on the road, he completely forgot to ask if Pops needed to use the restroom before they went. Turns out that old age is a little harder on his old man than he thought.

Son looks out the side window of the truck to see cars pull up to the gas station and leave. Son's feeling the heat in the truck and rolls down the driver's side window.

Son sees a fly buzzing around landing on his hand resting on top of the steering wheel. He flicks his hand and the fly buzzes up and around a little then lands on the truck console.

DYLAN(V.O.)

They were able to make it around two hours before needing to catch the restroom. Their nine-hour road trip on the first day might be a little ambitious for Pops.

Son gets out of the truck and shuts the door, looking around at the empty gas station.

Son walks over to the door of the gas station and goes in.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Son looks around searching for the coffee station. He walks over to get two COFFEES, then looks over his shoulder through the windows to make sure that Pops was not waiting at the truck.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Too proud to admit that he was
unable to hold his urine for long
and my husband forgot that Pops
always had ready access to a
bathroom living in his own home, my
husband never imagined that they
would need the entire two weeks to
drive to LA, stopping every two to
three hours to take a leak.

Son brings the COFFEES to the GAS STATION ATTENDANT (18) and
pulls out his CREDIT CARD to pay for them.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Son walks back to the truck with two COFFEES in his hand. He
takes a sip of one of them as he looks back at the door to
the gas station restroom to see if Pops was done yet. Son
gets into the truck and looks for a cup holder. Finding none,
he puts both COFFEES in his lap.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Pops is a tough man. So why would
my husband think to ask if Pops was
in diapers. Or needed to be.

Pops hobbles back and gets into the truck.

SON
Ready to go? Here's a coffee.

Pops holds the COFFEE up in front of Son's face.

POPS
I will need to pee again.

SON
Well you have a coffee.

Pops nods as Son starts the truck and pulls out of the gas
station.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - LATER

Son and Pops are driving along a boring, uneventful highway.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Pops' way of trying to start a
conversation was always
interesting.

Pops tries to fill the SILENCE in the truck and tries to connect with Son.

POPS
You need a girl.

SON
I have a girl. I have a fiancée
back home.

POPS
Did I meet her?

SON
Yeah, I think so. I don't remember.

Son's CELLPHONE RINGS in his pocket of his JACKET folded on the seat in between Son and Pops. Son looks at it and slowly reaches over to answer it.

POPS
Well, are you going to answer it?

Pops reaches for Son's JACKET.

POPS (CONT'D)
Here let me get it for you.

Son puts his hand out to block Pops from touching his JACKET.

Pops knocks Son's hot COFFEE over into Son's lap as he tries to reach for the JACKET.

SON
Fuck.

Son is in severe pain as the cellphone continues to RING.

POPS
Well, pull over.

EXT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Son pulls the truck over to the side and jumps out of the truck, walking around YELLING on the side of the road.

SON
Fuck.

Pops YELLS from inside the truck.

POPS
Do you want me to answer it?

Son walks over to the passenger side door and motions for Pops to roll down the window. Pops only rolls it down about an inch.

SON

No. I will answer it later.

Hurt, Pops moves away from the JACKET and back into his side of the seat. The CELLPHONE stops RINGING leaving a weird SILENCE.

POPS

When a phone rings, you answer it.

SON

It stopped ringing.

POPS

Well, you can find out who called later.

Son takes a deep breath then opens the driver's side door to the truck.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Son gets into the truck and sits in SILENCE.

POPS

I didn't...

SON

I need a moment.

Pops is SILENT for about three seconds as he rolls up his window.

POPS

I didn't want you to miss the call.

Son starts the truck again and looks back at the road to merge into traffic. Son drives down the highway again.

DYLAN (V.O.)

For Pops it was extremely impolite to not answer a phone when someone was calling. I don't know if he spent all of his youth waiting on the other side of the call with someone blowing him off by not answering the phone or if it was the fact that Pops was a very impatient man.

The phone starts RINGING again. Son throws Pops a look of death if Pops tries to touch the phone again. Pops sits in the seat looking like a child pretending to be good.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Either way the ringing really irked the old man and being the son that my husband was, he couldn't help but twist the knife a little when my husband saw Pops dancing around on the seat with impatience.

Pops grabs the JACKET, pulling the CELLPHONE halfway out of the pocket. Son looks over and waves a finger at him.

SON

No. No.

Son waves at Pops to get Pops to give Son the CELLPHONE. Pops puts the CELLPHONE back into the pocket, lays it down on the bench seat of the truck and looks out the window ignoring Son.

DYLAN (V.O.)

But for Pops who was never a man to be ignored, you always answered a ringing phone.

INT. HOTEL ROOM IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI - NIGHT

The hotel room is your typical large chain-style hotel room suite with one king bed and a couch that opens up to a trundle bed.

Son and Pops walk into the hotel room and there is only one king bed. Son carrying Pops' and Son's SUITCASES, drops them when he sees the bed.

SON

Great they fucked it up. There's only one bed. We need to go back to the front desk and get another room.

Pops shuffles over to the couch.

POPS

It's not that bad. C'mon. Help me open the trundle bed.

Pops tries to lift a couch cushion but can pull it up.

SON

We're not doing that. I'll go down
and tell them that we need another
room.

POPS

(pointing to the king bed)
No. Look there's plenty of room.
I'll sleep on one side and you can
sleep over there.

Pops points to the other side of the bed with a deep hole
where the last person slept.

SON

I guess that foam doesn't bounce
back.

POPS

Afraid to share a bed with your old
man? What would the boys back in LA
say about you sleeping in the same
bed as your old man?

SON

I have plenty of money. We don't
need to share a bed. They can find
a room with two beds.

Pops looks ready to blow his stack. Before the angry words
spill out, Son relents.

SON (CONT'D)

Fine. We will share the only bed.

Pops walks into to the bathroom. Son is driving himself nuts
walking back and forth in front of one king bed scrolling
through his CELLPHONE.

POPS (O.S.)

Where's the...

SON

Can't hear ya.
(to himself)
Where can I get a beer?

POPS (O.S.)

I can't find...

SON

Pops. Enough already.

The sound of a toilet FLUSH and WATER running shows Pops' ever-running bladder struck again. Pops walks onscreen wiping his hands on a HAND TOWEL. Pops goes to his open SUITCASE and pulls out a CANDLE. Pops carries the CANDLE towards the bathroom.

SON (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

As innocent as can be, Pops turns around with his arms open, CANDLE in his hand, unsure of what he did wrong.

POPS

I had to go.

SON

And you're using a candle?

POPS

Because it smells in there.

SON

Oh Pops. For crying out loud.

POPS

Harriet made me light a candle after going because she said it smells.

SON

Which one was she?

POPS

After Lulu.

SON

And Lulu was? Never mind.

Pops starts heading back into the bathroom.

SON (CONT'D)

Wait. It's just the two of us. I'm sure we can handle the smell.

POPS

The hotel maid might mind.

SON

She won't be here until tomorrow morning. I'm sure it will go away by then and I'd rather not have you burn down our hotel room because you are embarrassed that the maid might smell your dump.

Son walks over and takes the CANDLE out of Pops' hand and puts it back in his SUITCASE.

POPS
You know, if you had just turned back at Farmer's junction, we wouldn't be in the wrong place.

SON
You were the one who said it would be quicker to go straight.

POPS
No I didn't.

SON
Yes you did.

POPS
Well, I didn't do anything.

SON
Of course not.

POPS
You need to be more careful. It's the same thing as when you were a kid.

SON
Can't hear you Pops.

Son walks out of the hotel room door leaving Pops behind.

POPS
You never paid attention to me or anyone else. That's what always landed you in trouble.

Pops throws up his hands and continues on unpacking his SUITCASE.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Son leans back against the wall resting his head on the wall and closes his eyes to block out everything in his life.

DYLAN (V.O.)
That crotchety old man and my husband argued every second on the afternoon drive.

Son wanders down the hallway texting on his CELLPHONE not paying attention to signs in the hallway.

DYLAN (V.O.)

So much so, that in my husband's effort to ignore his father's bitching, he ignored the road signs and ended up on the wrong road.

Son looks up from his CELLPHONE, still holding it ready to start texting again, to figure out what part of the hotel he is in. He looks around a doorway, then doubles back, does a three-sixty looking up and down at the wall to find a sign, then realizes that he needs to walk all the way back down the hallway that to the original place that he was to get to the elevator.

DYLAN (V.O.)

He didn't notice until they were part way into St. Louis that they were going east instead of going south.

Son stands at the door of the elevator waiting for it to open and he looks over his shoulder to see the door of his hotel room right outside the elevator lobby. He just needed to go straight to get to the elevator.

DYLAN (V.O.)

You would think the sun in his rearview mirror would have been a hint.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT/ INT. SON'S LA LUXURY HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Son takes his CELLPHONE out of his pocket and calls Dylan on his CELLPHONE.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Dylan is in the process of opening a BOTTLE of wine. Ruki, a PHOTOGRAPHER (29), and BRAD DAVIS (62) are trying to stage a photoshoot in the shower.

DYLAN

Yeah. Hello.

SON

Need to talk. How's my beautiful girl?

DYLAN
Busy. But what do you want?

SON
Can't I just bitch for five minutes?

DYLAN
Okay. But if you take more than that I'll have to hang up on you. Ruki is coming over.

Ruki walks past Dylan. Dylan eats a COCKTAIL WEENIE from a toothpick.

SON
Guy or girl?

DYLAN
Just Ruki. And her friend. You wanna waste your five minutes on that or bitching about your dad?

SON
Don't talk to him.

DYLAN
He's Ruki's friend.

SON
He wears his pants up to nipples.

Dylan looks at Brad's pants. Dylan takes a long sip of WINE.

DYLAN
What?

SON
His pants. I don't know why Pops wears his pants so high. It's like he doesn't have anything around his middle to keep them down. You would think having them ride up his crotch would hurt but he doesn't seem to care. How is it that he doesn't seem to care?

DYLAN
I don't know.

SON
When I was a kid, he would have been all over my ass if I had my pants up to my nipples like that.

DYLAN

He's an old man. Maybe he just can't reach down that far to unbuckle his pants so he needs to have them sit higher than his waist.

SON

Dylan no one wears their pants that high.

Ruki walks by wearing high waisted pants.

DYLAN

Okay. Just saying.

SON

And the stupid beaded seat covers.

DYLAN

Beaded seat covers are what?

Dylan covers the phone.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What are beaded seat covers?

RUKI

How should I know?

BRAD

I've heard of those. They are for cars.

SON

They are these things that you sit on that cover the seats that remind me of ball bearings.

DYLAN

(to Ruki and Brad)

Ball bearings?

BRAD

Cars.

DYLAN

I'm putting you on speaker. If that's some kind of car thing, that's your stuff, not mine.

SON

It's like, I have a little hate reaction every time I have to sit on those things in my seat. I don't know how he has lived with them for so long.

DYLAN

I have never heard of those things before. Why would you do that?

SON

It was a fad back in the eighties.

BRAD

I remember the eighties.

DYLAN

What is a fad?

SON

Just something that people do.

BRAD

It's just something that people do.

DYLAN

Oh. Well don't do it anymore. It's not that hard to...not...sit on them.

SON

Do I hear Brad Davis?

DYLAN

No. That's Ruki.
(to Ruki)
Say something.

RUKI

Yeah. I love cars and ball bearings.

SON

Oh don't give me that shit. I know you don't. Tell Brad to put his shirt back on.

DYLAN

Okay.

RUKI

What about his pants?

SON

And his pants too.

RUKI
Brad get your pants on.

BRAD
What?

DYLAN
I'll talk later.

SON
Okay. Love you too.

DYLAN
Love you too.

SON
Love you more.

DYLAN
I don't have time for that.

SON
Bye.

DYLAN
Bye.

Son hangs up the phone.

SON
Damn old man. Brad Davis is not
going to go sleep with my girl.

Brad is in the shower soaping up.

RUKI
Brad can you just move a little
more to the right. That's the spot.

DYLAN
Oh yeah. That's going to sell
product. What were we selling
again?

RUKI
Does it matter? I don't even
remember anymore.

INT. HOTEL ROOM IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI - NIGHT

It's dark in the hotel room and the only light is from the
fire extinguisher sprinklers flashing a blue light on and
off.

Sounds of loud SNORING are heard as the audience finally sees Son and Pops in the same bed. Pops is fast asleep snoring loudly. He's taking up 3/4 of the bed. Son is huddled on the edge trying not to fall out of the bed due to the lack of room. Son stares up at the ceiling wide awake doing a slow boil. Pops in his sleep reaches over and accidentally smacks Son with his hand.

Son starts a slow quiet countdown to control his temper.

SON

Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven...

INT. HOTEL ROOM IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI - MORNING

Pops wakes up and can't find Son. He looks over at the couch but only finds a crumpled up blanket, half on the couch.

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI - MORNING
(CONTINUOUS)**

Pops walks into the bathroom. Son is in the bathtub finally asleep with a PILLOW around both of his ears and Son's hands on the pillow to block out the noise of Pops snoring. Son is too tall for the bathtub so his legs are all scrunched up in the fetal position. Pops shakes Son's shoulder to wake him up.

POPS

Top of the mornin'.

SON

What? Do you think you are the
Lucky Charms Leprechaun?

POPS

I can't use the bathtub.

SON

You need to clean up? Yeah I can
move.

Son starts getting out of the bathtub.

POPS

No. I can't get into the bathtub.
The step is too high.

SON

Then how are you supposed to use
that?

POPS

It's okay. I only shower once a year.

SON

That might be why old people smell. Pops you need to do it more than that.

POPS

Once a week. I said the wrong thing. You knew what I was saying. Don't be like that to me.

SON

We can get a room in the next one that doesn't have a bathtub.

POPS

Get out. I need to use the toilet.

SON

Right.

Son stands in the bathroom looking around with his PILLOW in one hand and the BLANKET in another.

INT. SON'S ROOM IN POPS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is dark and SEVEN YEAR OLD SON (7) lays asleep in the bed on his side with his back towards the door. YOUNG POPS (62) opens the door from outside of Son's room. The light from the hallway fails to illuminate Young Pops' face as he watches his peaceful Seven Year Old Son sleep but the audience can see that Young Pops' distraught face is contorted as he tries not to cry again. Dried up tears streak his careworn face. Seven Year Old Son wakes up and turns toward the light to see Young Pops.

SEVEN YEAR OLD SON

She doing okay?

Young Pops nods as Seven Year Old Son waits for him to say more.

YOUNG POPS

Just standing here.

SEVEN YEAR OLD SON

What'd I do wrong?

YOUNG POPS

Nothing. Want to see your Mother?

Seven Year Old Son nods and gets out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM AT POPS' HOUSE - NIGHT

SHIRLEY BARRETT (37), is in the bathtub. Her face is pale and it's obvious that she is ill and she's trying to rest. Son creeps into the bathroom so he will not disturb Shirley.

SHIRLEY
Come here baby.

SEVEN YEAR OLD SON
Were you sick tonight?

SHIRLEY
I don't think I can puke any more tonight.

SEVEN YEAR OLD SON
You're going to die.

SHIRLEY
I don't know what nonsense you are telling your Son but you cut that out.

Young Pops stands sheepishly in the doorway.

YOUNG POPS
Not me.

Seven Year Old Son walks out of the bathroom off camera then returns with his BLANKET and PILLOW. He builds a little bed next to the bathtub and settles in to sleep.

SEVEN YEAR OLD SON
Come on. You gonna die then we are gonna die together.

YOUNG POPS
I'll go get my pillow.

Young Pops leaves the bathroom and returns with his own PILLOW. Young Pops props the PILLOW up against the wall and sits on the floor against the wall to settle in to sleep sitting up, legs and arms crossed in front of him. Son smiles as he closes his eyes to sleep.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI - DAY

Son stands in the bathroom with his PILLOW in one hand and his BLANKET in another. He closes his eyes in pain.

POPS
You done yet?

SON
Yeah. I'm done.

Son leaves the bathroom with his PILLOW and BLANKET.

**EXT./INT./INT./INT. ROUTE 66 DINER/LUXURY HOTEL ROOM/PRIVATE
AIRPLANE/BACKSTAGE AT AN ARENA - DAY/DAY/DAY/NIGHT**

Son is very Hollywood with his luxury casual clothes and sunglasses making an odd pairing with Pops wearing his worn polo shirt and wrinkled khaki trousers.

DYLAN (V.O.)
My husband has lived in Hollywood
long enough that clothing is just a
billboard for who you are.

Son and Dylan stand in front of two racks of designer clothing, one luxury men's clothing and the other luxury women's clothing, pulling pieces out and holding it up against them as they look in a mirror so a STYLIST (32) can decide what they will wear.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Do you classify yourself as Versace
or Armani? Valentino or Balenciaga?
Or Channel?

Son and Dylan walk down the private plane aisle and settle into their seats. An FLIGHT ATTENDANT (23) helps them. Son puts a PLANE TICKET with the name "Landon Barrett" into the back pocket of his pants.

DYLAN (V.O.)
The clothing is roughly the same,
but the name invokes the vision of
who you happen to be.

JOE JOHNS (36), KEVIN JOHNS (38), and NICK JOHNS (33) are about to walk on stage at the arena to give a concert. Something pricks Nick in the butt. He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a PLANE TICKET with the name "Landon Barrett" on it.

NICK
I thought they washed these.

Son stands in front of the door to the 1950's style diner and looks over at Pops to see a stain that has been washed into his shirt. The edges of his shirt are threadbare and he's missing a button on his left chest pocket.

DYLAN (V.O.)

When you look at Pops, his clothing tells a different story. There are stains on his shirt and pants and it reminded my husband of each time old age took advantage of Pops just to sucker punch him again as he's trying to do a simple task like eating.

Son leans over and wipes some of the burger CRUMBS off of Pops' chest. Pops bats his hand away.

DYLAN (V.O.)

He wondered what meal left the multicolored stain that just could not be removed. Pops is not the best at laundry but my husband could see the decline in his age with each new addition to his shirt.

Son watches another diner, SILAS (79) walk out of the diner, pull out a CIGARETTE and pop it in his mouth to light it.

SON

Cigarette? You could get one from that guy.

POPS

No. I don't smoke anymore.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Quite a change from the holes in his shirt from smoking, that my husband remembered sticking his fingers through as a kid.

Pops looks up at the sun, shading his eyes to see what time it is.

DYLAN(V.O.)

Except for his cigars, Pops quit smoking a couple years ago on the advice of his doctor. I don't know who was more surprised, his doctor or my husband, when Pops quit.

Pops looks around the parking lot, stretching his tired old back and legs.

POPS
C'mon. Let's go.

INT./EXT. POPS' TRUCK/SIDE OF ROAD ON ROUTE 66 - DAY/DAY

Pops squirms in his seat half due to needing to pee and half due to his growing excitement that he's about get on his Son's last nerve.

POPS
I gotta go.

SON
Pops you just peed five miles ago.

POPS
Well, I gotta do it again.

SON
(Under his breath)
Old man takes a leak every five miles and we'll never get there.

Son pulls the truck over and Pops tries to get out of the truck but can't get the door open.

INTERCUT

Son gets out of the truck and goes around the front of the truck to get to the passenger side to help open Pops' door. Pops is all stoved up so Son needs to help him out of the truck. Slightly hunched over Pops walks towards the back of the truck.

SON
Need help?

POPS (O.S.)
I got it.

Son gets back into the driver's side of the truck to wait.

SON
What's taking so long? Pops? Hey, I can't hear you. Pops? Pops. You die out there. Shit what the hell has he got himself into.

Son gets out of the truck and goes around the back to see the back of Pops jerking at the front of his pants.

SON (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

POPS
I can't get my zipper down.

SON
You okay?

POPS
Just get the damn zipper open so I
don't have to pee down my leg.

Son goes in front of Pops bending down on one knee so he can see what's wrong with the zipper. From the street, it looks like Son is giving Pops a blowjob.

INT. SEMI-TRUCK CAB - DAY

A semi-truck drives approaches Son and Pops on the side of the road. TRUCKER (35) male, beefy but not fit, with red hair coming out of a Trucker's hat and a red beard wearing a plaid shirt with the sleeves cut off, drives by HONKING HORN.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD ON ROUTE 66 - DAY

Son looks up from Pops' trousers and waves the Trucker off.

SON
Yeah, you too. Got your zipper
Pops. Let me know when you are done
okay?

POPS
I'm done.

SON
We'll be quicker next time.

A large wet spot runs down Pops' pant leg. Son gets up from kneeling on the street and gives Pops a pat on his shoulder before going back to sit in the driver's side of the truck.

INT. HOTEL TULSA, OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

Pops is offscreen in the shower. The sound of a SHOWER can be heard. They are in the handicapped room. Son looks around at the red alarm PULL, and rubs his fingers along it.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

SHIRLEY BARRETT (49) is attached to a hospital bed. She has tubes up her nose. NINETEEN YEAR OLD SON (19) stands at the head of the bed. He looks around at the stuff around the hospital bed and sees a red alarm PULL. Nineteen Year Old Son fingers the red alarm PULL then drops it when he hears FOOTSTEPS.

An ALARM sounds as Shirley stops breathing. NURSE #1 (35) and NURSE #2 (49) rush into the room.

NURSE #1
Code blue.

NURSE #2
Grabbing the defib now.

The DOCTOR (58) walks into the room.

DOCTOR
Turn that alarm off.

The Doctor take the defibrillator from Nurse #2's hands and presses the paddles against each other.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Clear.

Nurse #2 stands away from the bed. Nurse #1 pulls Nineteen Year Old Son away from the bed and closer to the curtains.

SON
No.

DOCTOR
Get him out of here.

NURSE #1
You need to leave now.

SON
Leave? Where do you expect me to go? No I'm staying right here with my Mother.

Nurse #1 pulls Nineteen Year Old Son out of the room.

The Doctor places the paddles on Shirley and her body jumps.

DOCTOR
Again.

The Doctor places the paddles on Shirley and her body jumps.

The heart monitor shows a flat line.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Time of death twenty forty three.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The Doctor motions for Nineteen Year Old Son to come closer.
Nineteen Year Old Son steps nearer to the Doctor.

DOCTOR
Cancer is a funny thing. Sometimes
you think you have it beaten.
Sometimes it beats you. Your Mom
was a strong woman but there are
times when even that can't cure
cancer.

Nineteen Year Old Son nods.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

NINETEEN YEAR OLD SON
So like what do we do next? Can I
see her? I wanna talk to her.

DOCTOR
She didn't make it.

NINETEEN YEAR OLD SON
But you brought her back again.

DOCTOR
Your Mother died. Sorry.

Nineteen Year Old Son nods again and the Doctor steps out of
the room.

NINETEEN YEAR OLD SON
Asshole.

Nineteen Year Old Son grabs an unopened PACKAGE of gauze and
throws it at the trashcan. The trashcan falls over due to the
impact.

INT. HOTEL TULSA, OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

Son drops the red alarm PULL from his hand and crumples down
until he's sitting on the edge of the bed with his head in
his hands.

POPS (O.S.)
You okay out there?

SON
(from behind his hands)
Yeah. I'm fine.

POPS (O.S.)
You were too quiet.

SON
Just focus on the shower. I don't
want to have to pick you up off of
the ground.

POPS (O.S.)
Okay. Just checking.

Pops comes out of the bathroom with just a towel wrapped around his waist, still a little wet on his chest. Son wipes his tears off really quick and plasters on a too bright smile. Pops CHUCKLES and pulls Son's head into his chest to comfort him. Pops pats Son on the back.

POPS (CONT'D)
My boy.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Sweat rolls down both of Son and Pops' cheeks and their shirts are soaked through and sticking to their skins. Son tries a few knobs on the dashboard but doesn't have any luck getting the air conditioner to turn on. Son wipes the sweat off of the back of his neck.

SON
The air conditioner is out again.

POPS
It goes on and off. Do a two sixty.

Son looks over his shoulder at the cars behind him.

SON
I might be able to flip around that
fast but you need to tell me why.

POPS
Roll two windows down and go sixty
miles per hour.

Son rolls down his window at the same time as Pops. Son rolls his eyes each time he goes through a full revolution of the manual window crank. The wind rushes into the truck shuffling a couple of PAPER NAPKINS in the truck. Son reaches out to catch them as he weaves on the road a little. Pops leans back in his seat and SIGHS at the cool air rushing past him.

POPS (CONT'D)

There. That's what we had before
air conditioning.

Son smiles and looks out of the corner of his eyes at Pops.

SON

I can go a lot faster.

Son speeds up and starts passing the cars on the left. Some HONK as he cuts it close. Pops LAUGHS.

SON (CONT'D)

A friend I know from LA taught me
this one.

Son speeds up to pass another car on the right. The truck fishtails in the gravel on the side of the road causing dirt to be thrown from the back wheels. Son turns the wheel into the direction of the fishtail then speeds up to get back onto the highway.

POPS

Show off. Who taught you that?

SON

One of the stunt men on a movie
set.

POPS

Don't do that again.

Son LAUGHS.

INT. KITCHEN POPS' HOUSE - DAY

A wooden kitchen table sits near an open window overlooking the side of the house with the gravel driveway.

THREE YEAR OLD SON (3) sits at the table elbow deep in his COLORING BOOK, barley aware of his father, YOUNG POPS (58) wandering around the small, working man's house.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Things like provide for your
family, be good to your wife, or
church on Sunday were a mandatory
way of living for Pops as he grew
up. Instill the same values in your
Son was another.

Wind from the open kitchen window causes Three Year Old Son to blink his eyes and look out the window.

EXT. SIDE PORCH OF POPS' HOUSE - DAY

An enormous, strange CAR pulls up with a long hood and even longer trunk and parked next to the house.

Three Year Old Son's mother, SHIRLEY (33) with overprocessed, permed hair, a low scoop neck pink and blue striped top and light blue runner's shorts gets out of the passenger side door.

INT. KITCHEN POPS' HOUSE - DAY

Excitedly, Three Year Old Son straightens up on his knees, bouncing on the chair, and holds onto the rungs on the back of the chair for support.

THREE YEAR OLD SON
Mommy.

EXT. SIDE PORCH OF POPS' HOUSE - DAY

CLARENCE WOOD (42), with a thick dark brown mustache and even thicker glasses gets out of the driver's door in a brown corduroy suit and thick striped tie.

INT. KITCHEN POPS' HOUSE - DAY

Three Year Old Son doesn't know this man, so he stops bouncing for a moment. POV of Three Year Old Son looking out the window as Three Year Old Son can see a 1970's blue Cheyenne pickup truck next to the car. Young Pops lays a gentle, careworn hand on Three Year Old Son's left shoulder.

YOUNG POPS
Stay in the house.

Three Year Old Son looks up at his father with wide eyes, then sinks into the chair and sits on his tush instead of his knees. Pops walks out of the room.

The front screen door loudly SQUEAKS then SLAMS shut telegraphing that Young Pops is on the front porch.

Three Year Old Son gets back up onto his knees. Curiosity gets the better of him forcing Three Year Old Son to peer through the window to see what Young Pops will do.

EXT. SIDE PORCH OF POPS' HOUSE - DAY

Young Pops strides over to Shirley and quickly reaches her. Clarence continues to grab BAGS of groceries from the trunk and carry them over to the house. Shirley half hides behind the trunk of the large car leaning over to grab another BAG of groceries.

YOUNG POPS

Who's he? Is this the new one you are with?

SHIRLEY

You were not interested in helping me get the groceries.

Shirley continues to remove BAGS from the trunk but does not make eye contact with Young Pops as she walks towards the house. BAGS of melting groceries pile up on the front porch waiting to go in.

Clarence holds a BAG and stops at the door to the front porch. He hesitates, then looks back at Young Pops in fear. He sets the BAG down on the porch instead of treading into another man's home.

Young Pops CHUCKLES that Clarence won't go into Young Pops' home.

Clarence walks up to Young Pops with the swagger of a real estate man who just closed on a big deal with his hand out waiting for Young Pops to shake it. Young Pops' grin changes to a scowl.

CLARENCE

I saw Shirley at the Alpha Beta and thought she could use a hand.

YOUNG POPS

She's just fine on her own.

CLARENCE

Well, it's what I'm here for.

Clarence bounces up and down on the balls of his feet like a puppy dog waiting to be told that he is a good boy.

YOUNG POPS
The groceries are here and it's
time for you to leave.

Young Pops grabs Clarence by his upper arm and hauls him over to the driver's door. Clarence in the car waves at Shirley.

CLARENCE
I'll see you later, Shirl.

SHIRLEY
I don't think so.

Shirley refuses to look over her shoulder as she carries a grocery BAG into the house. The screen door closes with a SLAM. Young Pops looks Clarence in the eyes with a scowl.

YOUNG POPS
Scram.

Clarence pulls out of the gravel drive. Young Pops saunters into the house, scooping up a BAG along the way in.

INT. KITCHEN POPS' HOUSE - DAY

Three Year Old Son sits as still as Shirley and Young Pops ARGUE in the other room.

SHIRLEY (O.S.)
I didn't say I was going to go with
him. I said I needed help with the
groceries, and you weren't
interested.

Shirley walks into the kitchen with a grocery BAG on her hip. She sets the BAG down on the floor next to the other ones. Young Pops walks into the room empty handed.

YOUNG POPS
You're my girl.

SHIRLEY
No one is questioning that. But
when I say I need some help around
here, you better get busy and lend
a hand.

Young Pops smiles shyly and tips his head down a little.

YOUNG POPS
Yes Ma'am.

Shirley brushes down the front of her shirt and shorts.

SHIRLEY

Now go fetch the other groceries
for me please.

The screen door SQUEAKS and SLAMS again and Young Pops walks out of the kitchen.

Shirley walks over to Three Year Old Son, bouncing back up on his knees in the chair. She absentmindedly runs her fingers through his hair on the back of his head. She leans down and rubs noses with Three Year Old Son in an Eskimo kiss. Three Year Old Son grins like his Poppa and squints his eyes when they rub noses.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Love my little man.

Shirley plops a kiss on top of his head then turns around to make dinner.

Young Pops returns with an armload of groceries that he sets on the counter. Young Pops unloads the groceries into the icebox and stops for a break, leaning over Shirley's shoulder to see what's cooking.

Three Year Old Son looks away with a grin as Young Pops' hand rests on Shirley's bum.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Perhaps if he had been around the
house longer the rules might have
stuck on my husband, but they
didn't.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Son is deep in thought as he drives down the highway as Pops has fallen asleep. Pops' mouth hangs open as he sleeps.

DYLAN (V.O.)

I don't know where divorce your
wife when your Son was nine years
old fit into the rules but Pops
followed that one anyway much to
the detriment of his relationship
with my husband.

Son looks over at Pops as he wakes up a little.

POPS

You are driving too fast.

SON
No. I'm not Pops.

Son slows down anyways and satisfied, Pops closes his eyes again.

DYLAN (V.O.)
So, I think it stung just that little bit harder each and every time he would try to force one of those rules on my husband. Especially as an adult.

INT. TEXAS STEAK HOUSE - DAY

Pops and Son sit at a table with MENUS in their hands.

POPS
Grace.

SON
Don't you want to wait for the food first?

POPS
I don't want to forget and have to do it in the middle of eating.

Son hides a smile as he lays his cloth NAPKIN on his lap.

SON
A little late Pops don't you think? Trying to teach me one of those rules.

Pops tucks his own cloth NAPKIN in his shirt like a bib.

POPS
Respect your father.

DYLAN (V.O.)
This was how Pops was successful. One of the rules was to work a good forty at a blue-collar job, extra time if they asked and you can retire well spending the rest of your golden years enjoying your life.

A HUSBAND (60), male, Texan and chubby, and WIFE (56), female, cute, bubbly with an expressive face, sit at other table with their CHILDREN and GRANDCHILDREN.

Pops looks over and makes faces at the BABY (2) to make him LAUGH. The baby starts CRYING.

DYLAN (V.O.)

A long rest was too great a change for Pops, being so used to grinding his bones away, due to the hard labor.

Pops can't sit still as he looks around for the Server.

POPS

What's taking so long?

DYLAN (V.O.)

I don't think my husband ever found him so sedentary though, as he is now. It left him wondering how many years he really had left with him.

Pops waves his hand in the air at the nearest SERVER (17).

POPS

Where's our food?

SON

It's only been five minutes.

POPS

I'll go check and see.

Pops leaves the table and talks to the Server. He returns to the table.

SON

Was that really necessary?

Pops ignores Son as Server brings the FOOD to Son and Pops and they start trying to eat their STEAKS.

POPS

I can't get my teeth through the meat.

SON

Do you want me to chew it for you?

Pops tilts his head and open and closes his mouth like a baby bird.

SON (CONT'D)

No.

POPS

So what have you been doing lately
with work?

Son sees a SIGN that shows a white angora rabbit as part of
its marketing.

SON

Oh. We're setting up new campaign
for Fluffy Bunnies. It should be
some good stuff. I'm running the
mail.

POPS

Fluffy Bunnies. What does that have
to do with the radio?

Son leans back and looks a little sheepish at Pops, then
looks at the SIGN for the restroom.

SON

Fluffy Bunnies toilet paper. I
moved over to a different section
of the marketing department. They
need mail too. You knew I changed
jobs, right? I thought I told you
last time we talked. I'm no longer
selling advertising slots on the
radio station that I used to work
at. Big bucks Pops. More money.

DYLAN (V.O.)

It's a shame my husband didn't
actually do advertising. He lies
well and was a natural at selling
bullshit.

POPS

I thought you liked working at the
radio.

SON

You know LA. Nobody stays in the
same job longer than a few months.

POPS

You will never be able to make a
living off of Fluffy Bunnies toilet
paper. How long do you think that
will last? Why don't you go back
into the construction job that you
used to have? You seemed to like
that kind of thing.

SON

I was sixteen years old.

POPS

So what? It's a good job.

SON

I'm thirty-eight years old. I'm not going to go bust my butt nailing boards for some jerk's house.

POPS

You need a good solid job that you can retire from.

SON

Retire? That's a long way off. I'd die having to do the same job every day for the rest of my life.

POPS

What do you expect to live on in your old age? I'm not going to support you.

SON

You don't support me now. I earn my own living without taking a dime from you.

POPS

You won't be able to keep it up. In two years, you will be asking me if you can move in with me. And you know what my answer will be?

SON

You go make your own way and live on your own.

POPS (CONT'D)

You go make your own way and live on your own.

POPS (CONT'D)

That's right. I didn't teach you the meaning of hard work just so you can come back and be my roommate.

SON

Might be kind of hard to be your roommate when you're living at the nursing home.

POPS

I'm being serious and you just think this is all a joke.

SON

We were having a good conversation.
Why did you have to ruin it?

POPS

I didn't ruin it. This is how you
live. This is what you do. You take
responsibility for your life and
work in a job you can retire from,
until you die.

Son stands and puts his NAPKIN on the table looking down at
Pops.

SON

Okay. Pops. You finished? Cuz I'm
ready to go.

POPS

I haven't finished my steak yet.

Pops puts his head down and goes back to eating.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Son's driving along the highway lost in thought. He looks
over at Pops, head back, mouth open, eyes shut as he's fast
asleep. No noise is coming from Pops and he's barely
breathing.

SON

Pops?

Pops doesn't move.

SON (CONT'D)

(to himself)

You would die just as I am taking
you to a nursing home you Son of a
Bitch.

(to Pops)

Pops.

Pops still doesn't move.

SON (CONT'D)

POPS.

Pops wakes up with a start and a growl.

POPS

What are you yelling at me for?

SON
You couldn't hear me.

POPS
I was asleep.

SON
I know. Now.

POPS
Then why are you waking me up?

SON
I thought you died or something.

POPS
Not yet.

SON
Okay. Well go back to sleep.

POPS
I can't sleep now.

SON
So what do I do if you do actually
die on the road?

POPS
How the hell should I know? Call an
ambulance, I guess.

SON
But you're already in the truck.
Why would I bother calling an
ambulance?

POPS
Can you jump start my heart if it
stopped?

SON
No.

POPS
Then call an ambulance.

SON
But you are already dead. What
would I do if you are already dead?

POPS
Most old people die of a heart
attack.

(MORE)

POPS (CONT'D)
Put those things on my chest and
give it a good jolt and I'll wake
up again.

SON
People don't always wake up from
that Pops.

POPS
Or just yell at me again and my
heart will be fine.

Pops crosses his arms and leans back to try to go to sleep.

**INT./INT. HOTEL LOS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO/MUSIC STUDIO -
NIGHT/NIGHT**

Pops is waiting for Son to finish with his shower. Sounds of
SHOWER WATER RUNNING can be heard. Pops starts playing with
the COFFEE MAKER, flipping lights on and off, and opening up
the drawers to find nothing in them. Son's CELLPHONE is on
the dresser in the hotel room and it RINGS. Pops answers it.

POPS
Hello?

INTERCUT (PHONE CONVERSATION)

Rockstar is on a break from recording a new song. He rests
his hip on the edge of a table in the control room. A SOUND
ENGINEER (53) and MANAGER (71) talk SILENTLY about the
previous recording. Rockstar is antsy to talk to Son.

ROCKSTAR
Hey, get your ass over here and
smoke some weed with me. Remember
that business deal? I think we can
close it tonight.

POPS
Excuse you?

ROCKSTAR
I forgot you were taking your Dad
to the nursing home.

POPS
And you are?

ROCKSTAR
Sir, I'm trying to reach your Son.
May I speak with him?

POPS

No.

ROCKSTAR

Okay?

(under his breath to Son)

You owe me one.

(to Pops)

Believe me Sir, I meant you no disrespect and it seems we got off on the wrong foot. But I really would like to talk to your Son, please. It's very important.

POPS

No.

ROCKSTAR

I don't really know where to go from here, Sir.

POPS

Is my Son doing pot?

ROCKSTAR

That's something you're going to need to ask your Son. Okay well I'll try and call back later.

POPS

Don't bother.

ROCKSTAR

Bye.

Rockstar hangs up the phone leaving Pops staring at the home screen on Son's CELLPHONE.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

(to Manager)

That was weird.

The Manager waves Rockstar back to work recording the song.

Son comes out of the shower wrapped in a towel with water still left on his chest and sees Pops with Son's CELLPHONE in his hand.

POPS

You're doing pot?

SON

It's legal. I thought you were doing it too.

POPS

I don't do that kind of crap.

SON

Why are you holding my cellphone?

POPS

I don't know what type of people you hang out with in LA but where I come from, we have morals. I don't see any morals in front of me.

SON

Pops it's pot and it's legal.

POPS

We didn't do that stuff when I was your age.

SON

That's not what Mom said.

POPS

Well, she didn't know what she was saying. You get rid of that friend. He's no good for you. Now. Here's your cellphone. It was ringing so I answered it.

SON

Don't answer my phone.

DYLAN (V.O.)

I'm sure his father and mother smoked pot when they were young, but it went against Pops' values to admit it. In that moment, when Pops realized that his Son was old enough to make the decision to smoke or not to smoke pot, was the moment where he felt that fear that he lost his little boy and would never be able to get him back again.

Son drops his towel to change into his clothes. Son gives a smile and a smirk.

SON

Guess what? I have sex too Pops.

Pops waves off a naked Son.

POPS
Put your clothes back on.

Pops turns away as Son dresses.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Later when my husband looked back at the way his father was, he found other times when Pops would return him to the little kid in Pops' head and tell him off like he used to do. It must have comforted him to know that no matter what, my husband was still his little boy.

INT. LIVING ROOM POPS' HOUSE - DAY

TWENTY YEAR OLD SON (20) walks into the house from the front door, SLAMS the front door and stomps through the living room and off camera into the kitchen. YOUNG POPS (75) opens the front door, stomps through the living room and stops, YELLING into the kitchen at Twenty Year Old Son.

YOUNG POPS
You were driving too fast.

TWENTY YEAR OLD SON
Every day of my life you say something to me. You need to speed up. Slow down. That's not right. This is not good enough. How long are you going to do it that way? If only the sun would rise and do it for you. I can't do this anymore.

YOUNG POPS
You are just like your mother.

TWENTY YEAR OLD SON
You drove my mother into the grave.

YOUNG POPS
Your mother left me.

TWENTY YEAR OLD SON
When? Last I remember, you walked out the door.

YOUNG POPS
Your mother was gone before that.

TWENTY YEAR OLD SON
She had cancer.

YOUNG POPS
I needed her and she wasn't there.

TWENTY YEAR OLD SON
She died. You never loved my
mother.

YOUNG POPS
Watch your mouth. You pissant kid
are not going to tell me that I
didn't love your mother. Get out.

TWENTY YEAR OLD SON
I don't have to listen to you.

YOUNG POPS
GET OUT.

Twenty Year Old Son walks out the front door. Young Pops,
tears in his eyes just stands there.

YOUNG POPS (CONT'D)
Damn.

**INT./INT. HOTEL IN LOS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO/MUSIC STUDIO -
NIGHT/NIGHT**

Son takes CLOTHES out of his SUITCASE for the next day as
Pops relaxes on the bed. Son's CELLPHONE RINGS and Son
answers it moving over into the corner of the room for more
privacy away from Pops.

INTERCUT (PHONE CONVERSATION)

Rockstar is signing some PAPERS as he talks to Son. Manager
continues to hand him a PAPER, then remove it once it was
signed and hand Rockstar another PAPER.

ROCKSTAR
So how are things going on the
road?

SON
You would like it. Pops says grace
before every meal.

ROCKSTAR
Yeah, well when you get to
confession time let me know. I can
give you some whoppers that would
keep him going. My Priest as a kid
dropped the Bible on this one.

SON
I don't care.

ROCKSTAR
(to Manager)
No. I don't want to do that one.

The Manager takes the PAPER away.

SON
Are you even listening?

ROCKSTAR
Yeah. Always.

Pops is trying to listen in on the conversation.

SON
So, what do you need cuz I know you
never call without a reason?

ROCKSTAR
Now why don't you like me anymore?
Have a fight with your Dad? You're
a little testy.

SON
No. You know I never do that.

ROCKSTAR
Lucky. No I just missed my friend.

SON
I'm not sure where you put it.

POPS
Put what?

SON
(mouths to Pops)
Not you.

ROCKSTAR
Okay. I was wondering on that one
but that's not why I called.

SON
Did you check between the couch
cushions?

ROCKSTAR
I would have sat on it before now
if it was. Is your Dad alive?

SON

So far. I haven't killed him yet.
Your wife should know. I think it
is in the drawer.

Rockstar leans over and motions for the Sound Manager to
check the couch cushions.

ROCKSTAR

Nope. Found the bong. Thanks. So
about that song in your next movie.

SON

Welcome. And no. Figure something
else out. I know the song is your
baby but it's not what I want in my
movie.

ROCKSTAR

See you when you get home. You're
easier manipulate out here.

SON

Bye.

Cellphone call ends.

SON (CONT'D)

Pops I gotta friend I want you to
meet.

POPS

No. I don't want to meet any friend
of yours.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Son and Pops are driving down a remote section of Route 66.
An intermittent CLUNKING sound can be heard. Son ignores it
but it annoys Pops each time he hears it.

POPS

The truck is clunking.

SON

We don't have time to get it
checked. I think we will be fine.

This idea does not set well with Pops. He makes a SIGH that
turns into a GROWL at having to wait.

SON (CONT'D)

Just deal with it Pops. You gotta get used to the fact that you can't immediately fix things sometimes.

POPS

When something is wrong you fix it.

SON

In real life, Pops, you don't fix things.

POPS

You need to think about your future.

SON

My future?

POPS

That fluffy bunny job that you have.

SON

Pops I know there is something in my destiny that makes me a shit ton of money but can we leave it right now?

POPS

Destiny is a woman you want to stay away from. Because she always goes after the free will.

SON

What?

POPS

You have choices in your life. And you are not making the right ones. Look at that watch you wear. In my day, a watch told you the time. Solid. Simple. Straight to the point. Now everything is over the top. It doesn't even tell you the time.

Son leans over the seat to Pops' side and takes his hands off the steering wheel for a moment to point to his WATCH for emphasis.

SON

It tells the time right here.

POPS

After you press it twelve times
until you get to it. Twelve thirty.
When did it get so late?

The CLUNK now sounds more like COINS RATTLING in a can.

POPS (CONT'D)

And the women you date. All of them
are named after something. Like
Forest or Allegra or Courtney. I
remember when a name was an actual
name.

White steam rises from the hood as Son pulls the truck over
to the side of the road.

SON

Oh fuck.

POPS

Where are the good solid names like
Susan or Mona or Jane?

SON

The truck overheats and the only
thing you can think about is where
is Mona. Where the hell are we?

Son pauses for a moment to think about what Pops just said.

SON (CONT'D)

Pops. Mom's name was Shirley.

POPS

That's a good name. Why have we
stopped?

SON

See the steam. The tuck overheated.

POPS

Well tow it to the next town and
get it fixed.

SON

Yeah Pops. I never thought about
that.

Son grabs his CELLPHONE and tries to get service. The bars
are sketchy and Son tries to make a call for help.

POPS
Speaking of, who are you with right now?

Son holds up a finger to let Pops know that he is on the phone and can't talk right now.

POPS (CONT'D)
You're probably with some guy and I'll have to figure out how to be politically correct about it.

Son on hold leans over to Pops.

SON
Her name is Dylan. Remember?

POPS
Is she one of those "he" kind of girls?

SON
You mean into sports? Yeah, hello?
Can you hear me? Hello?

The call drops and Son hits his CELLPHONE against the steering wheel.

SON (CONT'D)
Damn.

POPS
No. Like uses the same name when she's a boy as when she's a girl.

SON
What? Definitely not. We do have normal girls in LA Pops.

POPS
What does she do?

Son searches on his CELLPHONE for a lake or body of water.

SON
Lives off of me and then spends all my money shopping with her friends on the weekends.

POPS
Okay. So she's normal.

Pops reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out an ASPIRIN. He hands it to Son.

SON
Aspirin? What's this for?

POPS
Stick it between her legs when you
are having sex. You are not ready
for kids yet.

Son gets out of the truck and stands in the driver's side
doorway as he talks to Pops.

POPS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

SON
I need to get some water for the
truck. You stay in the truck. It's
too hot for you to stay out here in
the sun.

POPS
Try to call again.

SON
Pops you taught me how to do this
when I was nineteen.

POPS
Don't leave me here.

SON
I'll be right back. We need to get
to the next town.

Son grabs an empty BOTTLE from grey box in the bed of the
truck and shuts the door. The cab of the truck is very
SILENT. Son walks off the highway into a field. Pops starts
crying at being left alone in the truck. Several lonely
minutes pass.

Son finally can be seen bringing a BOTTLE of lake water back
to the truck. He opens the hood of the truck and pours the
water into the radiator.

Son opens the driver's side door to the truck and gets in.
The truck finally starts after a couple of tries. Son notices
Pops was crying.

SON (CONT'D)
You okay?

POPS
No.

SON
Ready to go?

Pops nods.

DYLAN (V.O.)
I don't know what Pops would do if
he knew what my husband's life was
really like out in LA. I guarantee
you that my husband did not work
for the radio, was not in the mail
room, and he never worked with
Fluffy Bunnies.
(Beat)
Toilet paper, not sure about women.

INT. LIMO FOR RED CARPET ACADEMY AWARDS SHOW - NIGHT

Son and Dylan wait their turn in designer clothing as Son is getting antsy. The LIMO DRIVER (49) tries to get the limo closer.

SON
How many cars are in front of us?

DYLAN
Two. The "Seven Itch Wonder" is
going to win.

SON
That bitch movie about drag queens?
Yeah I already know. Did you want
me to skip out?

DYLAN
No.

SON
That asshole loves to rub it in.

DYLAN
He's coming from behind. He didn't
win last year.

SON
I know. But I didn't either.

DYLAN
Well you could pick up that
screenplay about the young
mother...

SON

Dylan I don't really want you to
fucking talk right now.

EXT. RED CARPET FOR THE ACADEMY AWARDS SHOW - NIGHT

Son and Dylan wait as HIDDEN AMBER (18) in a naked dress walks the red carpet before them, trying to outdo BLACK RUBY (23) next to her with how naked she can be. JAMIE LEE MARIE (67) walks in front of Son and Dylan. VANITY (29) high, and angry from a breakup walks behind Son and Dylan.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Red carpet premiers with people
dressed in all different ways, or
not dressed at all, would shock the
old man so he wouldn't have to
worry about trying to pee any more.

Son looks down at Dylan's own elegant dress.

SON

You should have worn the less.

VANITY

No. I live my life.

JAMIE

No she didn't.

DYLAN

I wanted to be able to leave the
house. I'll catch the trend next
time.

VANITY

I know how to party and if he can't
handle that then screw him, you
know? At the end of the day, I know
who I've been with. And it's not
me.

Son and Dylan move along the carpet taking photos.

INT. BATHROOM AT THE ACADEMY AWARDS SHOW - NIGHT

Dylan pushes the door to the ladies' bathroom and looks at her hand covered in sticky GOO. She walks into the bathroom looking at her hand and doesn't notice that she's walking through puke on the floor. She rounds the corner and sees Vanity passed out over the toilet with puke everywhere.

DYLAN (V.O.)
 People collapsed on the floor, too
 high to be passed out but not dead
 enough to be collected by a body
 bag, litter around the bless-ed
 elite of fame.

Dylan can't help but lift Vanity's skirt to peak under to see if Vanity is a boy or girl. She drops Vanity's skirt when she hears CHERRY (45) and LOLLIE (22) TALKING coming into the bathroom looking for Vanity.

CHERRY
 There she is. I lost track of her
 when she started puking.

LOLLIE
 Do we really have to sit next to
 her all night? I would like to try
 the food before it comes up.

CHERRY
 Pull her up. There we go. You're
 coming with me.

Dylan watches as Cherry and Lollie haul Vanity out of the bathroom. Dylan looks over at the sinks and mirrors to see TINA FAR (55) holding her LIPSTICK frozen as she's just about to apply it.

TINA
 I checked too before you came in.

Dylan washes her hands.

	TINA (CONT'D)	DYLAN
Girl.		Boy?

Dylan turns to leave the bathroom.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Then how is she a drag queen?

Dylan leaves the bathroom.

INT. THE ACADEMY AWARDS SHOW - NIGHT

Dylan and Son take their seats at the table. Son gladhands with another star, ROCK LYONS (53) as Dylan looks over to see MILES EVERTON (23) at the next table sneaking in a line of cocaine.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Then there are those who reach out
to achieve fame and find themselves
too snowed in to be able to think.

Miles motions Son over and he and Son shake hands and start talking. Miles offers Son a line of cocaine in a gesture of friendship but Son declines his offer of cocaine.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Although a little powder on a glass
mirror can open a lot of doors of
friendship that I don't think
follows the definition Pops thinks
of when calling someone a friend.

Dylan stands and smiles as she sees KATE ORTON (50) motion for an ATTENDANT (30) to remove Miles due to the cocaine. Son ends the conversation, before Miles is removed in a large commotion, and returns to sit with Dylan, at least until another legend, SIR ELTON JONES (78) joins Dylan in a conversation.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Pops is not a man searching for
himself through the art of film or
music. Pops has no desire to leave
a haunting legacy of shocking
moments.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Son drives down the road as Pops shows him old PHOTOS from his WALLET and points to details in the PHOTOS. Son looks over to see the PHOTOS in between driving.

DYLAN (V.O.)

The legacy Pops covets is one of
existing eternally by passing down
stories from generation to
generation of who he was and
remembering what made his family
strong.

Pops holds up an old PHOTO of his mother and hands it to Son.

POPS

This is my mother.

SON

Look at her hair.

Son hands the PHOTO back to Pops.

DYLAN (V.O.)
It's his children and grandchildren
who will remember Pops and keep him
special, instead of a chunk of
celluloid film.

INT. DINER IN GALLUP, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Son sets the TRAYS of food on the table and helps Pops to get
into his chair.

POPS
Grace. So tell me about this girl.

SON
She has her own job. Yeah she's, a
porn star.

POPS
No she's not. Really? They all are
out there.

SON
No. She's a real good cook too.

POPS
What does she make?

Son is only half listening to the conversation as he focuses
on the MENU trying to figure out what lies to tell.

SON
Money? Oh we had beef stew just
before I left.

POPS
Oh that's a good one. Like your
Mother's?

SON
No. No girl ever tops Mom's
cooking.

Son smiles and tries to prevent himself from laughing.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Shirley was the worst cook in the
world, at least that's what my
husband told me. I don't know what
kind of cooking Pops grew up with
but he thought her cooking was just
like going home.

SON

She um she's a vegetarian.

POPS

Well, get her married then you can get her to eat meat again.

DYLAN (V.O.)

My husband never knew if it was just nostalgia or wanting to brag that he was able to bag a women with the culinary skills of Betty Crocker, but his mother couldn't cook. It was one of those rules of Pops. Marry a woman who is a good cook.

POPS

Do you eat meat then?

Son looks down at the meal he ordered, with large visible CHUNKS of meat.

SON

Yeah. Oh yeah Pops. She cooks it for me.

POPS

There. Okay. Well don't worry about that part. A porn star? How did you meet her?

SON

Uh...On set?

POPS

No you didn't. I knew she wasn't a porn star.

SON

Don't worry about Dylan.

EXT./INT. DINER IN GALLUP, NEW MEXICO/SON'S LA LUXURY HOUSE - DAY/DAY

The outside of the diner has a little quiet corner where Son calls Dylan on his CELLPHONE.

SON

Sweetheart. How's LA?

INTERCUT (PHONE CONVERSATION)

Dylan is working on her film with her production company reviewing documents on the computer. She answers the ringing CELLPHONE using the speaker function.

DYLAN
I'm ignoring you.

SON
Any reason why?

DYLAN
Because you're not with me.

SON
I miss you too.

Dylan pulls the CELLPHONE next to her ear.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Son tries to make a tight turn to get onto the highway. Pops points around trying to help Son to navigate it.

SON
This is a difficult turn but I think I can make it. My driver back home would have no problem with it.

POPS
Move to the left more. You won't be able to catch the tail end of the truck that way.

SON
I got it. In fact I need to look into getting a new car. The ones I have are getting too old.

POPS
Left. LEFT.

SON
I heard you.

POPS
How old is it?

SON
What? The car? I can get it in six months I think after I order it.

POPS

You get new cars all the time and you don't even drive them. The paint doesn't even have a chance to get scratched before you turn them in.

SON

I don't actually turn them in, but I do get bored with them. I'm not getting too many cars. I only have a few and they are special.

POPS

I like the one you have now.

SON

Which one? Wait. Which one didn't you like?

POPS

Keep your eyes on the road.

EXT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

They get onto the highway and see a Sheriff's patrol car driving behind them. The patrol car gets closer to the truck bumper then turns on its SIRENS and lights. Son pulls the truck over to the side of the road and stops. The patrol car stops behind them but the SHERIFF #1 (58) sits in the car.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

SON

Why are the police trying to get us to stop?

POPS

Might be from my warrant out in Iowa. Drug running.

SON

Drug running? Pops is this kind of like the Dylan porn star type of thing?

POPS

No. I really have a warrant.

SON

Told you, you did pot.

POPS
I just sell it. I don't use it.

SON
Why don't you use it?

POPS
It's illegal.

SON
Not in California.

POPS
It is in Iowa.

They wait for the Sheriff #1 to get out of the car.

SON
Dad, we're in a pickup. We can
drive out in the weeds and they
can't follow in the car.

POPS
You can go over the hill if you
want to.

SON
Let's out run the cops.

POPS
You're the one that's driving.

Pops reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out a
whiskey-brown felt gambler-style HAT like "the man with no
name" and puts it on his head.

POPS (CONT'D)
Well get moving.

SON
Where's the poncho?

POPS
I made it into seat covers. Go.

Son sees the Sheriff #1 get out of the car in his mirror.

EXT. IN THE WEEDS - DAY

Son starts the truck and drives off of the road and into the
weeds. The Sheriff scrambles to get back in the patrol car
and chase Son and Pops.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

SON
So you and Mom didn't smoke pot?

POPS
Just drive.

Son and Pops bounce around in the truck as they hit bump after bump in the dirt.

EXT. OVER THE HILL - DAY

The truck can weather the bumps but the bumps are more difficult for the patrol car causing it to ground out.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Son looks back in the rearview mirror to see two Sheriff's SUVs now chasing them with lights and SIRENS. Son looks over to see Pops holding on for dear life as the bumps get worse.

SON
Hang on. I have an idea.

POPS
Move.

EXT. IN THE DIRT - DAY

Son drives the truck into an area where the dirt is level but really soft. The Sheriff's SUVs follow. Son hits the dirt and the backend of the truck slides out to the side. Son overcorrects and the end of the truck slides back and forth.

The Sheriff's SUVs tail ends slide side to side when they drive on the dirt causing them to bump into each other causing one to turn sideways and the other to spin around backwards. Son gains speed in the truck as the Sheriff's SUVs try to turn their SUVs so they can follow again.

The truck is way ahead until the back left tire gets stuck in a rut in the dirt spinning away, throwing a lot of dirt in the air but not going anywhere until just the last moment where it gets grip and the truck starts moving again away from the Sheriff's SUVs. SHERIFF #2 (45) and SHERIFF #3 (39) pull their SUVs over and get out. Sheriff #2 walks over to the truck and Sheriff #3 braces behind his driver's side door of his SUV.

SHERIFF #3

Freeze.

The truck finally gets grip and Son drives away leaving the Sheriff #2 dazed and confused. Sheriff #2 and Sheriff #3 get back into their SUVs just as two State Police cars join in the chase following Son and Pops.

Son and Pops blow through a fence that has a sign saying "Danger. Abandoned Uranium Mine. No trespassing."

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

The dirt road has a steep drop off the left side and Son looks down to see it's a long way down if he falls.

POPS

Watch out.

EXT. URANIUM MINE - DAY

Son looks up to see that his tire is on the edge of the road and the dirt crumbles slightly as Son gets the left front tire back onto the road. Son sees a ramp leading up to the next level of the mine and makes a run for it. The ramp flexes with the weight of the truck.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

SON

I don't think this ramp was made to drive up it.

POPS

Well don't stop now.

EXT. URANIUM MINE - DAY

The truck barely makes it up the ramp and drives on.

The Sheriff's SUVs drive up the ramp one at a time but the two State Police cars try to go up the same ramp at the same time and one falls off on the right side and the other falls off the left side as they nearly reach the top. Son drives out of the area of the Uranium mine.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

SON

This part might get a little dicey.

POPS

And the other part wasn't?

EXT. BUNNY HILL - DAY

Son and Pops go up a small hill and find that it is the edge of a ravine with a creek so the truck must jump over the creek. The truck makes it and goes down a hill so it can't be seen.

The Sheriff's SUVs are joined by a Navajo Police Department SUV and a Navajo Police Department patrol car who follow, going up the small hill and over the edge at a faster speed. All three SUVs make the jump safely and fan out behind Pops' truck so they can surround him. Son stops the truck and the other three SUVs stop in a "U" around Pops' truck. Son and Pops get out of the truck and hold their hands in the air.

The slower patrol car finally drives over the hill and is launched into the air and flies over the truck in slow motion. As the patrol car gets close to the ground a little bunny crawls out of a bush and in the path where the patrol car is about to land.

SON

Don't hit the bunny.

POPS

Don't hit the bunny.

The patrol car lands on its nose and crunches the front end of the car then falls down and crunches the back end of the car so it looks like the shape of a "U." the car rocks back and forth like a rocking chair several times then slows down and stops moving. The little bunny peeks its head out from under the front of the patrol car then runs away.

POPS (CONT'D)

Get in.

Son and Pops get in the truck and drive away. The NAVAJO COP #1 (62) gets into his SUV the quickest and follows the truck.

EXT. OIL WELL - DAY

Son heads directly for the oil well in a game of chicken. The police follow right behind. At the last second, Son swerves and misses the oil well but the Navajo Nation SUV doesn't swerve and hits the well with a small explosion.

The Navajo Cop #1 gets out of the car and runs in the opposite direction just as the two Sheriff's SUVs can be seen. A second explosion from the well blows up in an enormous fireball. One Sheriff's SUV stops to help Navajo Cop #1 and the other Sheriff's SUV follows Son and Pops.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

POPS

Is there something that you want to tell me about those movies that you are making?

SON

They're not Westerns. Wait. What do you mean making movies?

POPS

Yeah. I know what you are doing.

The Sheriff's SUV turns in the dirt to cut Son and Pops off.

SON

We have one more left.

POPS

Stop.

SON

What?

POPS

Stop.

Son slams on the breaks in a big cloud of dust and the Sheriff's SUV goes right past them.

POPS (CONT'D)

Now turn around and drive.

SON

Wish I had thought of that.

EXT. CLOUD OF DUST - DAY

Son turns the truck around and drives off. The Sheriff's SUV keeps on going in the same direction.

POPS (CONT'D)

Did you buy Dylan a ring yet?

SON

Before I left. Gave it to her on a yacht at a business party. What was it that finally made you leave Mom?

POPS

It wasn't good anymore. Your Mom had a way of blowing things off. It helped when something was bad. She just shrugged it off. But it got to the point that she just started blowing me off as well. A man doesn't like to be ignored in his own household. So I left. It wasn't my house anyhow. She had it set up the way she liked. There was nothing of me in there.

SON

I'm not sure she thought of it that way. When did you get the house back?

POPS

She moved in with another guy and I moved back into my house.

SON

When she died...

POPS

I don't talk about that.

INT. CAFE IN FLAGSTAFF - DAY

This cafe is more like what Pops is used to when he traveled down Route 66. Son and Pops sit at a table.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Pops was like the Snicker's commercial when hungry, never himself and meaner than piece of grit stuck in your teeth.

POPS

Why did you wait so long to get to diner? I'm hungry.

SON

We were a little busy, remember?

POPS
Dinner should be at five. Five
thirty at the latest.

SON
(to himself)
Oh God I broke one of his rules.
(to Pops)
Don't come to LA then. As if I had
a choice.

DYLAN (V.O.)
I guess he wasn't the only one.

POPS
You can't sleep if you eat later
than that. The food just ends up in
a lump in your stomach.

SON
I'll remember that.

POPS
This is not the way you do things.

WAITRESS (23), bouncy and sweet personality to match an
average face, brings the food to the table, then leaves.

SON
Man, this looks delicious. Pops do
you want some of my sweet potato
fries?

POPS
I don't eat those. What are you
doing?

Son picks up his BURGER needing two hands to hold it and gets
ready to take a large bite.

SON
Chowing down.

Son takes a large bite from his BURGER.

POPS
We say grace at the table.

Son puts his BURGER down on the plate and wipes the sauce off
of his fingers with a cloth NAPKIN.

SON
We did that at the last place we
ate at.

POPS

We didn't.

Son puts his NAPKIN down.

SON

No I remembered doing that.

POPS

I said grace and you ignored me.
You say a few words, then I'll say
grace.

SON

When did I start to do that?

POPS

If you had bothered to show up at
dinner more often, you would do it
too.

SON

Like come visit you? I still
wouldn't do it. And not in LA
either.

POPS

The longer you are out there living
on the coast, the more you forget
where you are from and how I raised
you.

SON

Pops you left Mom when I was nine.

POPS

Well, I had a good nine years to
instill values in you before I
left.

Pops grabs Son's hands.

POPS (CONT'D)

Okay. Grace.

DYLAN (V.O.)

And that was it. Pops said grace
over the table. My husband was not
sure what he would really do if he
had to actually say anything like a
prayer. But Pops was taught to say
grace before every meal and he
wasn't about to neglect that.

(MORE)

DYLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And from that point on, Pops didn't
 want to do it alone either.

EXT. THE SASSY ASS - DAY

Son and Pops stand next to a colorful sign saying "The Sassy Ass." There's another smaller sign, black with white lettering, saying "No Peein'." A window has bars over it and a small Burro stands half asleep next to the wall. Son goes over to the bars on the window and touches them with his hand.

SON
 Hey Pops. Look at the window.
 You've already been there.

POPS
 That's not funny. I haven't been in
 jail that much.

DYLAN (V.O.)
 Pops spent some time in the
 military when he was young. A
 former Marine, he loved to tell all
 the ways a Marine can kill a man
 with his bare hands. As a nine year
 old boy, my husband loved to see
 his Pops show him how to garrote a
 man then he would lean over and
 tell him, "Don't do it." Luckily he
 was not one of those kids who was
 interest in trying out those
 techniques on his friends.

INT. TIJUANA BAR - NIGHT

The MEXICAN BARTENDER (49) with a large thick mustache that curls at both ends wipes down a bar with a white BAR TOWEL. Five Mariachi BAND MEMBERS (33) walk around playing a song. YOUNG POPS (20) walks into the bar with MARINE #1 (18) and MARINE #2. Young Pops and both Marines are in dress uniform.

DYLAN (V.O.)
 One of Pops' stories from when he
 was a Marine was a tale of bars,
 fighting, Mexico and jail and my
 husband ate that story up. Pops and
 his buddies went down to Tijuana,
 Mexico one Friday night to blow off
 steam and get some cheap beer.

MEXICAN BARTENDER
¿Qué te apetece beber? ¿Tequila?

In subtitles it reads, "What can I get you to drink? Tequila?"

YOUNG POPS
No. Quiero cerveza negra. Tres de ellas.

In subtitles it reads, "No. I want dark beer. Three of them."

Pops turns to Marine #1.

YOUNG POPS (CONT'D)
This better be good because it looks like motor oil.

Young Pops goes to take a sip and he hears SHOUTING in the corner of the room. Next thing you see are CHAIRS flying as a bar fight erupts.

DYLAN (V.O.)
The next thing he knew, the bar erupted into a fight with each man for himself.

Young Pops, Marine #1, and Marine #2 start throwing punches with the rest of them. They hear a Police WHISTLE blow several times.

DYLAN (V.O.)
It wasn't long before the cops came to break it up and haul everyone in the bar to jail.

Five POLICEMEN enter the bar and start pulling PEOPLE off of OTHER PEOPLE.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Pops never told my husband if he joined in on the fight, but I suspect that if he had to, he would have given more than one man a run for his money.

POLICEMAN #1 (53) grabs Young Pops and handcuffs him.

INT. TIJUANA JAIL - DAY

Young Pops, Marine #1, Marine #2, BAR FIGHTER #1, BAR FIGHTER #2, BAR FIGHTER #3 stare each other down with the Bar Fighters on one side of the jail cell and Young Pops and the Marines waiting on the other side of the cell. Young Pops looks over at the toilet and it is clogged with poop and pee and has started running over. A STAFF SERGEANT (25) in full uniform on the other side of the bars points to Young Pops, Marine #1 and Marine #2 as he speaks to a MEXICAN GUARD (47).

STAFF SERGEANT

Tú, tú y tú. Quiero que liberen a estos tres hombres. Les debo dinero. ¿Cuánto dinero por los tres?

In subtitles it reads, "You, you and you. I want all three of these men let out. I owe you money. How much money for all three?"

MEXICAN GUARD

Nosotros podemos negociar en el escritorio.

In subtitles it reads, "We can negotiate at the desk."

DYLAN (V.O.)

My husband remembers Pops telling him about how the Staff Sergeant came down the next day to see if there were any Service members that needed to be bailed out and how that night was one to remember.

EXT. SASSY ASS - DAY

Son holds a WATER BOTTLE in his hand which he uses to point out different things. Son points to the "No Peein'" sign.

SON

Look Pops. It's a sign made just for you.

POPS

No peein'? I don't pee that much. They can't even spell it right.

SON

Hey. They even have a stuffed burro next to the sign.

POPS

I don't think that one was made very well. Look they have his face all messed up.

SON

It looks like a donkey.

POPS

No, look right here.

Pops touches the burro and it lets out with a BRAY.

SON

Guess that one's alive.

POPS

Here. Here give me the water.

Son hands Pops the WATER BOTTLE. Pops pours some water out and tries to shove the stream of water under the burro's nose a couple of times. The burro pulls his head back each time.

SON

Pops maybe it doesn't want water.

POPS

Stop being so stubborn. Drink the water. I know it is thirsty.

SON

Okay Pops. Let's go. Maybe some other time.

Pops pours some water out onto his hand. He shoves his hand under the burro's nose and the burro drinks the water.

POPS

There. I told you it was thirsty.

Son stands dumbfounded at what he just saw with his mouth open and a puzzled look on his face. Pops hands the WATER BOTTLE back to Son which he takes and Pops wipes the extra water off onto his pants.

POPS (CONT'D)

What are we doing next?

EXT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

The heat waves coming off of the road and desert give a mirage type of effect.

Son and Pops are outside the truck on the side of the road. Son leans against the truck in the heat while Pops, as usual, is peeing.

SON

Why am I here? Why am I required to haul your ass out to California? Most old men just deal with the fact that their girlfriends are no longer in Iowa. Do you know what I could be doing right now? I should be sitting with Dylan and a beer relaxing on a sailboat. Instead of having to watch you pee every five miles because you can't get your zipper down.

Pops comes around the truck while zipping up his pants to where Son is.

POPS

Poor baby. Stuck having to take responsibility for your old man. All you ever wanted to do was waste time being a fool. Go sail around the pier and leave me alone. You know what they say about sailors don't you? Get in the truck. Damn sailors. If you are going to be a sailor at least be a pirate or something. Don't be some kind of wuss.

Pops goes to the passenger side of the truck, opens the door with a jerk, or at least tries to as the door is too heavy for him to jerk at this age. He finally gets it open and his attitude returns as he gets in the truck.

SON

I wanted Dylan and a beer. What part of that sounds like a wuss to you? She's a girl Pops.

Son YELLS his last sentence into the air outside the truck before getting into the truck himself.

POPS

Get the truck moving. Before the damn thing overheats and we have to walk to the next town.

INT. POP'S TRUCK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Son turns the ignition key and the truck rumbles a GROWL that Son wishes he had done himself. Turning to look at Pops, Son tosses him a snide smile.

SON
What the hell did you ever see in
Route sixty-six anyhow?

Pops waves his hand forward to get Son to move the truck.

POPS
Drive on Sailor Man. I don't see
any water in sight. Better keep on
moving if you want to make it to
the ship.

SON
It's a sailboat Pops.

POPS
Whatever.

Son and Pops travel on the road for a little bit in SILENCE before Pops next comment.

POPS (CONT'D)
You could have at least had a
whiskey.

SON
What?

POPS
Instead of a beer. You should have
had a whiskey.

Son stares hard at Pops not even paying attention to the road. The daggers Son throws at Pops when Son looks at him would have killed a lesser man. Pops throws his own look at Son.

POPS (CONT'D)
Will you drive and stop looking at
me.

Pops leans back in his seat with a smile. Son keeps driving on the road.

INT. HOTEL TOPOCK, AZ - NIGHT

Son and Pops are so angry at each other that they can't stand to be in the same room together. Pops goes offscreen into the bathroom while Son goes and sits on the bed. Pops comes immediately back onscreen into the room and Son goes offscreen into the bathroom. Son immediately comes back onscreen into the room and Pops and Son change places around the room.

Son finally gets up, grabs his JACKET and heads to the door.

POPS
Where are you going?

SON
Out.

Son puts his jacket on as he's walking out the door.

EXT. HOTEL TOPOCK, AZ - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Son adjusts his jacket on his back as he's hell bent for leather to get as far away from Pops as quickly as possible.

Son tries to call Dylan on his CELLPHONE but reaches her voicemail instead.

Son walks in the dirt over to the cement sidewalk, scuffing his boots in the dirt and sending up puffs of dirt smoke.

INT. BAR & GRILL TOPOCK, AZ - NIGHT

The bar is full as can be with a live band playing loud MUSIC. Son has trouble getting BARRY SMITH's (71), male, skinny with gray straggly hair, attention. RUTH SMITH (62), female, chubby, life has been hard on her but her bouncy blonde hair hides some of her age, rushes around catching orders. Son finally gets Barry's attention and orders a beer.

SON
I need a drink. Can I have a beer?

BARRY
Which one?

Barry points to the different options on draft and Son picks one of them. Son needs to YELL over the MUSIC from the live band.

SON
Yeah, that one. Thanks.

BARRY

Here ya go.

Barry hands Son the GLASS of beer but the beer is running down the edge of the GLASS making it hard for Son to hold on to. Son turns away from the bar and drops the beer on floor shattering the GLASS and some of the beer splashes up onto his pants.

SON

Shit. Can't I just get a break? One moment. That's all I need. One moment when I'm not shit upon.

Son looks down at the floor as Ruth comes up from behind Son, cups her hands around her mouth like a megaphone, and starts YELLING in his ear.

RUTH

Hey, you can't yell like that in here. You gonna yell, you gotta take it outside.

Son stands up and looks down at Ruth to intimidate her but Ruth puts her hands on her hips and stands her ground looking back up at Son. Son points to JORGE (32) YELLING at MANTEO (29) sitting up at the bar.

SON

That guy is yelling over there.

RUTH

True. But I know them. I don't know you. Now go outside until you don't want to yell anymore.

SON

And do what?

RUTH

Don't you dare. I had an ex-husband like you and I know what you are going to say. Barry. Barry.

SON

You going to kill me now or give me a juice drink?

RUTH

Knock it off.

Ruth picks up her serving TRAY and starts shooing him away from the glass. Son starts to walk outside.

BARRY
What's the problem?

RUTH
He's yelling. Well not right now.

BARRY
Okay well problem solved.

RUTH
No. He needs to go outside.

BARRY
Okay. Go outside.

RUTH
There. See I told you.

EXT. BAR & GRILL TOPOCK, AZ - NIGHT

Son stands outside in one big long YELL. He stops yelling when he runs out of air. He stands in SILENCE for a moment then turns around to go back into the Bar and Grill.

SON
I wonder if that is enough? I just want a beer.

INT. BAR & GRILL TOPOCK, AZ - NIGHT

Son walks over to Ruth.

SON
So what if I don't want to go yell anymore?

RUTH
Well, I don't have a beer ready for you yet, so you're just going to have to wait. Have a seat.

Ruth shoos Son over to a now empty seat. Like a dutiful child, Son goes and sits in the chair.

INT. BAR & GRILL TOPOCK, AZ - LATER

Pops walks into the Bar and Grill. He scans the room but can't see Son sitting at the end of the bar.

POPS
Where the hell is that kid? How
long am I required to wait until he
comes back?

Pops walks up to the bustling bar and up to Barry. The MUSIC
is loud so Pops needs to shout and he feels crowded out by
the other PEOPLE.

POPS (CONT'D)
I'm looking for my Son. Where is
the bathroom?

BARRY
Does he need to take a leak?

POPS
No. I need the bathroom. But I
don't know where my Son is.

BARRY
Well the bathroom is around the
corner. Maybe he's in there.

POPS
Thank you.

INT. BATHROOM BAR & GRILL TOPOCK, AZ - NIGHT

The urinals in the bathroom look like large red mouths and
there several signs over them saying "This is where the Dicks
hang out," "Yo lips wanted on the bone," "Just say AHHHHH!!"
"Where have you been?" and "Size Matters Extra Long." RHETT
(38), male, brown hair with lambchop sideburns is using one
of the urinals and just finishing up. Pops walks in and his
eyes get as big as saucers. Pops is not sure what to do.

RHETT
Just pull your zipper down and
start peeing.

POPS
What?

RHETT
I promise they don't bite but if
you think they are giving you a
kiss, then you are standing too
close.

A little bewildered, Pops nods. Rhett goes to the sink and
washes his hands. Pops doesn't move and is still standing
looking at the urinal as Rhett leaves.

RHETT (CONT'D)
Good luck now.

Pops nods again and waves him off as Rhett walks out the door.

INT. BAR & GRILL TOPOCK, AZ - NIGHT

Son and Ruth sit at a table. The bar is empty now because it is closing time but an ELVIS IMPERSONATOR (59) sings "Blue Christmas" on a small stage. Barry packs GLASSES away into a TUB to go to the dishwasher.

RUTH
Christmas?

SON
It's July?

RUTH
So let me get this straight. You are taking...

SON
Pops.

RUTH
Pops to the nursing home to visit his girlfriend...and why are you going down Route 66?

SON
Pops threw a fit when I told him that we were flying.

RUTH
So now you are driving? Because that's just dumb.

SON
You know, have you ever had to deal with an angry old man who refuses to listen to reason?

RUTH
Barry?

BARRY
Yeah?

RUTH
Yes. Him.

Barry walks over to Ruth and Ruth ignores him.

BARRY

Yeah? Okay.

RUTH

And how are you going to send him home?

BARRY

Wrap him up in a box and send it UPS?

SON

Give me a moment. I'm tempted. They have space at the nursing home for one more person so I signed Pops up for one of their rooms.

RUTH

And you didn't tell him?

SON

I think he knows.

BARRY

By osmosis?

SON

No. Pops is...well, I'm pretty sure he knows.

RUTH

He'll find out when you drive away and don't come back.

SON

That's not funny. But sort of.

BARRY

You might want to have a conversation with him.

SON

Pops doesn't listen and I can't deal with driving him back.

RUTH

Don't you ever do that to me.

BARRY

I won't. So, it's fun having you here and all but where's Pops?

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)
Did you lock him in the car or something?

SON
He's back at the hotel sleeping. I needed a break. I probably should go check on him.

Pops walks in lost as can be. Son WHISTLES.

SON (CONT'D)
Pops. Over here.

RUTH
I'm not your mother but you better tell him what you are going to do.

BARRY
Let's give them a chance to do this on their own.

Barry guides Ruth to the bar.

POPS
I was worried about you.

SON
I'm okay Pops.

POPS
Nothing worked when you were gone. The phone never rang. I tried to make coffee. It didn't work.

SON
Why do you want coffee late at night? You know it keeps you up.

Pops points his first finger at Son in an accusing way.

POPS
The point is, you weren't there.

SON
I understand Pops. How long have you been looking for me?

POPS
I went to the bathroom.

SON
And...

POPS
It took me a while.

SON
Zipper?

POPS
Tongue.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY

Son and Pops are driving down Route 66.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Pops had the worst selective hearing imaginable. He always believed that he could get away with it because he was old. Something about his grey hair causing reception trouble with his hearing aid.

POPS
Nursing home?

SON
What did you think this trip was about?

POPS
I'm not going into a nursing home. Pull over.

SON
Pops we are in the middle of the highway. I can't...

POPS
Pull over.

Son pulls the truck over to the side of the road.

SON
Pops you're not listening to me.

POPS
I'm not listening to you.

SON
I just said that.

POPS
I'm not listening to you because I
don't want to listen to you.

SON
You are just a mean. Old. Man. Did
you know that? I don't think you
know how to be nice.

POPS
Now you know me.

EXT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Pops gets out of the truck.

SON
What I'm trying to say is you can't
take care of yourself on your own.

Son gets out of the truck to stand next to Pops.

POPS
I. Don't. Hear. You. I'm not going
to a nursing home. If you want to
go on this trip then that's fine
but I'm not going to go to a
nursing home and that's final. Now
get back in the truck and we'll
finish the trip.

INT. POPS' TRUCK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Son and Pops get back into the truck and start driving again.

SON
Pops you don't have anyone out in
Iowa to watch out for you.

POPS
I have neighbors.

SON
Who are just as old as you are.

POPS
Other people have moved in, since
you didn't notice.

SON
Didn't know I was required to
watch.

Both are silent for a moment, then Son tries again.

SON (CONT'D)

Look Pops I would love to be that type of Son who lives three blocks away and every weekend I bring the wife and kids to your home so we can do some repair work on your house but I'm just not that man.

POPS

You didn't want to be.

SON

I broke your heart because I didn't want to be that man. I think you only wanted to have a son like that, one that you could mold into your version of the ideal man, so you could pretend that you were that man too. Because you were never that man.

POPS

I lived an honest, good life. I'm still living that life.

SON

I never said that you were dead. I just said that you can't take care of yourself anymore. Pops you're not a lesser man just because you would be in a nursing home.

POPS

I don't want someone wiping my ass.

SON

I don't know. If she's kinda cute, it might not be a bad thing.

POPS

They don't want old men like me.

SON

True. But she took the job to wipe your ass. You know, Myrtle will be there. Pops, you can't live forever.

POPS

Don't ever tell an old person that.

SON

Well maybe you can but it won't be
in Iowa.

EXT. MOTEL IN VICTORVILLE, CA - NIGHT

An old silent movie style of lettering on a black screen
reads, "How they ended up in Jail."

Pops and Son park the truck in the Motel parking lot and
overhear YELLING from a JERK, (58), male, wanna be Hell's
Angels type, and FEMALE JERK, (45), female, fat hanging out
of black leather vest. Son and Pops get out of the truck.
Pops walks up to Jerk and Female Jerk and Son follows.

POPS

Excuse me. Leave the young lady
alone. She obviously does not want
you.

JERK

What did you say old man?

POPS

I know you haven't been around a
bunch of people who know a bunch of
really big words before. But it
shows just how much you don't
belong here.

JERK

I live here.

FEMALE JERK

He was born here.

POPS

All I'm saying is you don't treat a
woman like that.

SON

I agree Pops but it's none of our
business. Let's just leave the
couple alone so they can work it
out themselves.

JERK

Old man. I really don't care about
your values from a way long time
ago. I'm allowed to do everything
I want, the way that I want,
without having to listen to a worn-
out old asshole like you.

SON

Asshole? How sad you need to take those small-town values out on a woman and an old man just to make you feel better.

JERK

Screw you.

Pops looks around the parking lot.

JERK (CONT'D)

What are you looking for?

POPS

The barn. Isn't that where you were raised in this small town? This man thinks he's Jesus.

JERK

Some people just need a two by four to the head.

Jerk takes a swing at Son. Surprised, Son takes a counter swing. Both miss. Pops puts a hand on Son's chest and gently pushes Son out of the way.

POPS

I showed you how to box better than that.

Pops starts rolling his sleeves back on his shirt.

SON

Pops. What are you doing?

POPS

Here. Let me show you.

Pops walks slowly up to Jerk and lands one on the Jerk's face. Jerk grabs his bloody nose and HOWLS. Female Jerk runs over to the Jerk and hovers over him.

FEMALE JERK

Oh. Poor baby! Why did you go and do that?

Son and Pops look at each other with dismay.

INT. BOOKING ROOM - NIGHT

JAHAMAL (23), male, looks like he should be in jail but is not really that threatening sits in one of the chairs.

Pops goes and sits calmly in one of the chairs but Son is so agitated that he paces around the chairs of the booking area.

JAHAMAL

What did you do to end up in jail?

SON

Got stuck with a father who thinks he's Lightning McQueen. Why do you ask?

JAHAMAL

These days. Either you did nothing at all and you're just on somebody's bad side, or everything you wanted to do and you deserve to be here. Wanted to know what kind of guys I had to spend the night with.

SON

I haven't done everything yet but I'm getting close.

POPS

They call this jail? It's not a real jail. Looks more like one of those hotels that we have been staying at. Look. The toilet is not even overflowing with shit. Back in my day, the toilet would be so plugged that you figured out how to hold it until the Staff Sargent came down to clear out the jail.

SON

That was in Tijuana Pops.

POPS

So. It's things like that, that make you feel like you are actually in jail. This? I can't tell if this is legal justice or just a joke.

SON

Thanks Pops.

Son taps Pops on his chest with the back of his hand.

SON (CONT'D)

Hey. Fake like you are dying.

POPS

What?

SON

Fake like you are dying. To get out of here.

POPS

I don't do that kind of stuff. Besides they are not going to believe that.

DYLAN (V.O.)

I don't know what kind of spring chicken Pops thought he was, but they spent the entire night in jail.

SARAH (28), female prison guard, really thick with large arms and tattoo sleeves going up both arms, walks over to Son and stands over him.

SARAH

Time to go.

SON

Finally we get to leave. C'mon Pops.

SARAH

No hun. You get to stay with me.

Son looks at Sarah's arms and sees a tattoo picture of a woman with the name "Marybelle" under it. Son points to the tattooed picture of the woman.

SON

Yours? She might be jealous if I stay with you.

SARAH

Not mine. This one's mine.

Sarah points to her other arm with a tattoo picture of a man's face with the name "Butch" under it.

SON

Oh. We can work on that.

SARAH

Okay boys. Move 'em out.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Son gets into his prison cell and sees a ripped open BROWN SACK with the contents of a lunch left inside.

He bounces the SQUARE DESSERT on the edge of the desk and it flies wildly over his head. He partially unseals the LUNCHMEAT from its WRAPPER. It has been there a while and he takes a sniff of the LUNCHMEAT, then decides to put it back in the BROWN SACK.

The toilet is all crusty with brown on the outside of the bowl. He moves a big WAD of long dark hair away from the toilet with his foot.

SON

Awe Pops. We're finally in a place
that will make you happy.

Son walks over to the bed. Son looks in between his legs to see a large, black plastic thing that looks like a kid's sled and the previous inmate's Styrofoam DINNER BOX under the bed and picks it up.

SON (CONT'D)

What? No pillow?

Finally putting it down on the plastic covered thin mattress, Son climbs into the BED and looks up at the ceiling.

The overhead neon light is so bright that Son tries to partially cover his eyes with his arm. He gives up and he stares right at it. There's a MEAT WRAPPER stuck to the light fixture.

Son grabs the MEAT WRAPPER from the BROWN SACK on the desk. He stands on the bed leaning over and reaching out to smack his MEAT WRAPPER on the light when he hears Pops from the next jail cell.

POPS (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Son looks at the camera to see if the person speaking was the prison guard.

SON

Nothing.

Son quickly gets the MEAT WRAPPER onto the light, then lays down and closes his eyes. Son opens his eyes to a GUARD (39), male, bald and black with very white teeth, tapping on the glass window of the cell door motioning for him to follow. Son follows the Guard.

GUARD

You bailed out. Let's go.

SON

But I wanted to stay all night. Yes
sir.

EXT. MOTEL IN VICTORVILLE, CA - DAY

Son and Pops go to get into the truck still in the motel parking lot, but are stopped by Son's CELLPHONE RINGING. Pops goes to answer it by taking it out of Son's hand. Son swipes it back. The two of them fight over it until the cellphone stops ringing.

SON

Pops stop answering my phone.

POPS

The phone is ringing, you answer
the phone.

SON

When it's hanging on the wall. But
not when it's a cellphone.

POPS

You don't work for fluffy bunnies
toilet paper.

SON

I make shit up all the time. Why
would I tell you what I really do?
I might as well make shit up so at
least you are making fun of that,
instead of hurting me more by
making fun of who I really am.

POPS

Well, you don't work for fluffy
bunnies toilet paper.

SON

No shit Pops.

POPS

Why didn't you just say it's none
of your business?

SON

I didn't know that was an option.
Remember, I wasn't raised that way.

POPS

I was only around you until you were seven. Don't blame me for how you were raised.

SON

Nine Pops. I was nine years old when you just shit dumped Mom and me.

POPS

She found a new man.

SON

I noticed you had no problem dumping your responsibilities onto another man. Where was that in your set of rules? Where did that leave Mom and me?

POPS

I'm sure she enjoyed it just fine.

SON

I know you did.

POPS

How many new fathers did I have to listen about? She enjoyed it just fine.

SON

She didn't have the time, but you did. How many did you listen to because I know I have a huge gap between nine and twenty-eight where I don't know anything about you at all.

POPS

Nine and Twenty. Wasn't that when you lived with me?

SON

Mom died when I was nineteen years old. Where were you?

POPS

If you have something to say about that, then you better go on and just say it. Otherwise, this conversation is over.

Pops gets into the truck and won't even acknowledge Son when he gets into the truck.

INT./INT. FAST FOOD PLACE/HALLWAY IN SON'S LA LUXURY HOUSE - DAY/DAY

Son is in line waiting to place his and Pops' order. Pops waits at a table for Son to return. Son's CELLPHONE RINGS. Pops reaches for the CELLPHONE and answers it.

INTERCUT (PHONE CONVERSATION)

Dylan has her SUITCASES packed near the door and is pulling on a COAT to leave for the airport.

DYLAN

Why did you do that to me?

POPS

Excuse me?

DYLAN

What am I supposed to think as you call me and say that you are in jail? And now I have to fly off to Spain to be on site and since you had to go off for two weeks with your Dad, and I'm stuck having to bring Felix with me. I don't speak Spanish, remember? Why aren't you here?

POPS

Lo siento.

In subtitles it reads, "Sorry."

DYLAN

Not funny. I don't even know what you said to me. I have to go fly on an airplane now and I can't talk to you like this. What it comes down to is...I want more than a handshake.

Dylan hangs up. FELIX MCCORMACK (62) walks into the hallway.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Selfish asshole.

FELIX

Ready to go.

DYLAN

Yes.

Felix picks up Dylan's SUITCASE and they walk out the door.

Son comes to the table with FOOD.

SON

Hey, Pops I have some food.

POPS

You left your cellphone here and it rang. So I answered it.

SON

Okay.

(Under breath)

I told you don't answer it.

(to Pops)

Who called Pops?

POPS

Dylan said she's with Felix in Spain. Isn't that the name of the girl you married?

SON

I haven't married her yet. What do you mean in Spain? Filming doesn't start for another two weeks. She shouldn't be there.

POPS

She doesn't sound like she can cook.

SON

What? She cooks.

POPS

Working women don't cook. You lied to me. Why the hell did you make her up?

SON

I didn't make her up. I told you everything.

POPS

You're supposed to have a wife and kids. Two by now. Where the hell are they? You love her. Well, isn't that what you want?

SON

I don't think love has anything to do with LA.

POPS

Well, that happens. My son is in love and got his feelings hurt. She must love you too.

SON

I don't understand you at all. Why was I required to listen to you bitch me out every day about what it means to be a good man and marry a good woman and you do this shit to me?

POPS

Yeah, but you got the girl that all the other guys want.

SON

Not really.

POPS

Here. Give her a call back. She just wants attention. They do that.

SON

I don't even want her anymore.

POPS

Well, go get another one.

SON

I don't want to talk about this anymore. I don't want another one and I don't want her flying to Spain with... Wait Felix? Well she won't be having sex with Felix. Felix only has sex with men. What?

POPS

What does more than a handshake mean?

SON

Dylan wants a future with me. What now?

POPS

Nah you're fine. I'm just trying to figure out how old I'll be when you finally have that damn kid.

SON
Stop answering my phone.

EXT. NURSING HOME ENTRANCE - DAY

Son walks off away from Pops and goes into the nursing home to let them know they are there.

Pops spends a lonely few moments looking around at the new place where he will now be living. Son returns from inside the building and pulls Pops' SUITCASE out of the grey box in the bed of the pickup truck.

Son puts Pops' SUITCASE on the ground behind the truck.

SON
At least Mom never had to go
through this. She died way too
early but she never had to go to a
nursing home.

POPS
Or watch her damn body fall apart.

SON
No she had that.

POPS
Did she...was she okay with dying?

SON
No. But she never showed that she
was. Mom was like that, remember?
Just go do it and stop complaining.
Wish she had a little more emotion
sometimes.

POPS
Me too. I might not have left.

SON
Nah, you would have left. You both
were ready to move on.

POPS
Maybe you're right. What happens if
I can't, you know?

Pops makes a motion with his hand that Son thinks means have sex.

SON

Pops you don't have to do that anymore.

POPS

No. I know how to do that.

Pops makes the motion of sliding a zipper down and up.

POPS (CONT'D)

Get my zipper down.

SON

I might get you some Velcro pants. Instead of a zipper.

POPS

I'm not going to wear some Velcro pants. I'll look like some, I don't know what those people are called anymore.

SON

Boy band? Sweatpants. I'll get you sweatpants.

POPS

I'm not working out here. You just leave me alone.

SON

Okay Pops. I love you.

POPS

Love you too.

SON

I love you more.

POPS

I love you more.

SON

I love you most.

POPS

Enough already. That was your mother's thing, not me.

MYRTLE (89), female, very pretty makeup and white hairdresser styled hair, walks by using a WALKER and Pops completely forgets about Son.

SON
I'll call you.

POPS
Leave me alone.

Pops follows Myrtle catching up to her and walking beside her.

POPS (CONT'D)
Myrtle.

MYRTLE
Why, hello there. You came.

POPS
You need a jacket. It's cold out here.

MYRTLE
Maybe you should just walk with me and block the wind.

POPS
I have something for you.

Pops reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bag of marijuana and hands it to Myrtle.

MYRTLE
Thank you.

SON
I drove you from Iowa to fucking LA so you could give your girlfriend a bag of weed?

POPS
Now you know why we needed to drive.

SON
She could have bought it here.

MYRTLE
I already paid him the money. I'm so glad you remembered.

POPS
Let's go in and have a chat. You will see me more often you know. I've decided to stay here.

MYRTLE

That's wonderful. Come on in. I'll
introduce you to all of the ladies.

Myrtle and a besotted Pops walk into the Nursing Home. Son
stands at the truck watching Pops and Myrtle leave.

DYLAN (V.O.)

And that was that. Pops didn't last
much after that. We were all trying
to get Pops to reach one hundred
years old but he died when he was
ninety-nine and one half. We miss
him but I hear the ladies at the
nursing home missed him more, at
least that's what they want us to
think.

THE END