

BACK

Screenplay by

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Story by

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1

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

1

A closed casket.

Generic flower arrangements. Canned organ music.

And no more than four or five people in the rows of folding chairs.

ON THE BACK ROW

A very young mom (KIT TOMLINSON, 21) sits with her little boy (COOPER, 5). The boy stares intently at the coffin, then leans into his mother with a whisper.

COOPER

Is my grandmother in that box?

KIT

Yeah, buddy, she's in there.

He thinks a moment.

COOPER

Did you know her?

She gives him a little grin.

KIT

Drr. She was my mom.

He cocks his head at her. Mimics the sound.

COOPER

Drr. Why didn't I know her?

Kit just blinks. The music plays on.

2

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

2

The afternoon sun casts a soft, sad glow into an equally sad little apartment.

Kit sits on the edge of a single bed, going through her mother's belongings. There aren't many.

COOPER (O.S.)

Hey, look!

Kit lifts her eyes to see him proudly holding a baseball aloft.

KIT
Cool, dude.

COOPER
It says something.

Kit can see handwriting on the ball.

KIT
Toss it here.

He tosses her the ball. She looks at the blocky writing.
Reads it to Cooper.

KIT (CONT'D)
"Home Run 6/17/83." Wow. 1983.

COOPER
When was that?

KIT
A long time ago.

COOPER
Can I have it?

KIT
Sure. Put it in the "keep" box.

She tosses him the ball, nodding toward a cardboard box on the foot of the bed.

COOPER
I wanta hold it.

KIT
Knock yourself out.

She plucks an address book from the top drawer of a bedside table. She flips through it, sees a few handwritten entries, then tosses it into the keep box.

Then she slides open the bottom drawer of the bedside table.

A vibrator.

THUNK! She slides it firmly closed.

COOPER
What was in there?

KIT
Nothing.

3 EXT. DUMPSTER - DAY 3

CRASH! A box full of junk crashes into a dumpster behind the apartment building. Kit turns around and takes another box from Cooper and tosses it into the dumpster. *CRASH!*

4 INT. CAR - SUNSET - DAY 4

Kit drives toward the setting sun. Two boxes of her mom's belongings are on the passenger seat beside her.

Cooper is in a car seat in the back. He holds the baseball in his hands, gazing at it as if it were a crystal ball.

5 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 5

Kit pulls to a stop in front of a sketchy little apartment building. Cooper is sound asleep in his car seat. The baseball is on his lap.

We hear his SIDE DOOR open, and Kit reaches in to unbuckle him. When she lifts him out of the seat, the baseball tumbles to the floor of the car.

WHUMP! The door closes.

6 INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 6

Kit lowers the sleeping boy onto his bed, pulls the covers up to his chin.

His hair falls to one side and we notice, for the first time, that he has a sizeable port wine birthmark high on the right side of his forehead, disappearing into his scalp.

COOPER
(sleepily)
Are we home?

KIT
We sure are.

He tips his head up, looks around the darkened room.

COOPER
Is Sissy asleep?

Kit chuckles.

KIT
 We don't know any Sissy, bud.
 (kisses his forehead)
 Sleep tight.

COOPER
 (mumbling)
 Don't let the bedbugs bite.

He rolls over. Out.

7

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING - DAY

7

Spread out on the kitchen table is a veritable smorgasbord of cold cuts, sliced cheeses, lettuce, sprouts, and condiments. Bakery-quality bread, buns, and wraps are lined up and ready.

Gloved hands quickly and expertly build one sandwich after another after another.

Then an urgent voice stops everything cold.

COOPER (O.S.)
 Mom, where's my baseball??

He's in the doorway of his bedroom, hair mussed, still in his pajamas.

KIT
 I don't know, Coop. Probably in the car.

COOPER
 Well, go see!

Kit indicates the deli on the table.

KIT
 Do I look a little *busy* here?

The little boy darts toward the door.

KIT (CONT'D)
 Hey, hold on!

COOPER
 I'm gonna go check!

KIT
 Wait-wait-wait! You don't go out there by yourself!

She points to a plate of scrambled eggs and toast on a corner of the table.

KIT (CONT'D)
Eat your breakfast, I'll check.

She peels off her gloves and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

8 INT. KIT'S CAR - DAY 8

The baseball is in Cooper's hands as he rides.

COOPER
I'm gonna take it in for show-and-tell.

KIT
Show-and-tell's on Mondays, Cooper Dooper.

COOPER
I'm gonna take it in anyway.

Kit grins as he stashes the ball in his backpack. A plastic cooler sits on the passenger seat beside her.

9 EXT. SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER - DAY 9

Kit is getting him out of his car seat in front of the school. She plants a kiss on the top of his head and hands him his backpack.

KIT
Have a good day, buddy. Love you.

COOPER
Love you too.

She stands watching him as he trundles into school.

10 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - INDIANAPOLIS - DAY 10

A tree-lined street. Shoulder-to-shoulder houses. Kit's car pulls to a stop at the beginning of a block. We can read her Indiana license plate: KITKAT

11 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY 11

Kit shuts off the engine. Next to the cooler is a box of door hangers advertising QuikNet Internet Services. She grabs a small stack of hangers. Climbing from the car, she trots up the steps of the first house, hangs one of the ads on the doorknob.

Then she bounces down the steps and up onto the next porch. Hangs the ad. Down the stairs and on to the next. The Energizer Bunny of advertising.

12 INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER - DAY 12

Kit climbs into her car and turns the key.

R-R-R-R-R-R...

It doesn't want to start.

KIT
Really...?

R-R-R-R-R-R...

KIT (CONT'D)
No way...

R-R-R-R-R-R... *Vroooooom!* It starts.

She drives to the next block, parks, and - leaving the car running - starts putting out more hangers.

13 INT. KIT'S CAR - LATER - DAY 13

Kit is in downtown Indianapolis. She parks the car in front of a high-rise office building, shuts off the engine, grabs the cooler, and heads through the glass doors.

14 INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 14

Kit rides the elevator to the top floor, cooler in hand.

15 INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - MINUTES LATER - DAY 15

Kit walks into the lobby.

RECEPTIONIST
Hey, Kit!

KIT
Hey, Samantha!

She opens her cooler, starts pulling out wrapped sandwiches and lining them on the desk.

KIT (CONT'D)
I've got your vegan, Mallory's
turkey gouda, Sandy's avocado
sprout, and Mike's...

She pulls out an impossibly thick, tightly wrapped sub.

KIT (CONT'D)
...*meat* thingy.

RECEPTIONIST
Perfect!

She hands Kit an envelope with bills in it.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Keep the change. Mike Venmoed his.

KIT
Great, thanks, Sam. See you
tomorrow!

16 EXT. KIT'S CAR - MINUTES LATER - DAY

16

R-R-R-R-R...

KIT
(under her breath)
Oh, no-no-no-no...

R-R-R-R-R... R-R-R-R-R... R-R-R-R-R...

KIT (CONT'D)
Shit!

She bangs the steering wheel. Tries it again.

R-R-R-R-R...

Still nothing. Kit looks at her cell phone clock.

KIT (CONT'D)
Shit!

She jumps out of the car and starts walking quickly down the sidewalk.

17 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 17

Kit's cheeks are flushed, her forehead glistens, but she made it to school on time.

RIIIIIINNNNG! The doors burst open and a flood of SCREAMING KIDS pours out.

Cooper spots Kit on foot. His little brow wrinkles.

COOPER
The car again?

KIT
Yepper.

18 EXT. KIT'S CAR - LATER - DAY 18

Behind the raised hood, we can see that a parking ticket adorns Kit's windshield. We hear a DISEMBODIED MALE VOICE through a cell phone speaker.

MAN (O.S.)
You should be able to slip the belt around the wheel now. If you still can't quite get it, you need to...

KIT (O.S.)
Turn it toward me a little more, will ya, Coop?

Kit is elbows-deep in her engine. Cooper tilts the screen toward Kit. She's watching a do-it-yourself YouTube video. A smear of black grease decorates her cheek.

19 INT. COOPER'S ROOM - NIGHT 19

Kit is tucking Cooper into bed as he holds his baseball.

KIT
Can I see your ball for a second?

Cooper hands it to her. She looks closely at it. Studies the date. June 17th, 1983.

KIT (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Wow, 1983. I wonder whose it was?

Cooper shrugs.

COOPER
Someone old.

Kit laughs, hands him his ball.

20 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 20

Kit is at the kitchen table, working her sandwich magic. She glances at the clock as she wraps a sub.

KIT
(calling)
Hey, Cooper Dooper, your waffles
are getting cold!

Cooper shows up in the doorway. Kit points at the plate.

KIT (CONT'D)
Whipped cream and strawberries,
dude, your favorite. Can I get a
"You da best"?

COOPER
(sleepily)
You da best.

KIT
And you are such a smart little man
for knowing that.

21 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 21

We're in Cooper's kindergarten class. It's nap time and all the kids are stretched out on their little mats. The TEACHER'S head lifts when she hears WHIMPERING.

She follows the sound to Cooper. His eyes are half-closed and there are tears on his face.

TEACHER
Cooper, are you all right?

He looks up at her, eyes pleading.

COOPER
I'm so *hungry*...

She kneels beside him, concerned.

TEACHER
Didn't you have breakfast?

He shakes his head pitifully.

COOPER
There's no *food*...

22 EXT. KIT'S CAR - AFTERNOON

22

Kit sees a young woman (HOLLY GORDON, late-20s) walking Cooper to the car. Kit climbs quickly out.

KIT
Is he okay??

HOLLY
He's fine, he's fine. I'm, um...
I'm Holly. I'm the counselor here
at the school. Are you Cooper's
babysitter?

A quick flash of defensiveness clouds Kit's eyes.

KIT
I'm his mom.

HOLLY
(embarrassed)
I'm sorry. You look... I just
thought...

KIT
(interrupting)
What happened?

Holly sheepishly extends a sack that she's brought with her.

HOLLY
Um... we thought maybe... you know,
with the vacation coming up... the
school sent this for you.

KIT
What is it?

HOLLY
It's, um... it's just some
groceries.

KIT
Groceries?

HOLLY
It's a... a program that the
school...

KIT
Thanks, but we're fine.

HOLLY
Well, Cooper mentioned that he was
a little hungry, so...

KIT
So you think we need *groceries*?

HOLLY
Well, he said there was no food,
so...

KIT
No *food*? At *our* house? Lady, I do
food for a living.

HOLLY
I'm sorry, we're not trying to...
We just thought...

Kit lifts Cooper into his car seat, clicks him in.

KIT
Watch your fingers, Coop.

She closes the door. When she turns, Holly extends the bag.
Her voice lowers meaningfully.

HOLLY
Please. Just take this. I'll have
to write it up if you don't.

Kit looks at her, eyes narrowed. Holly holds the gaze,
urging her to understand. Kit finally reaches out and takes
the bag.

KIT
(quietly)
We have food.

She gets back into the car, starts to leave. But when she
presses the accelerator --

SCREEEEEEEE...!

A cringe-inducing SQUEAL makes Kit flinch, but it mercifully
stops before she drives away. She calls back to Holly.

KIT (CONT'D)
Did he maybe say he needed a new
car, too??

Off she goes.

23

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

23

Cooper is in the tub. He has a handful of bubbles lifted from the water. He stares intently at them.

Kit sits on the floor beside him, washing his back. She keeps her voice gentle, non-judgmental.

KIT

So you were hungry today, huh, buddy?

COOPER

Not today.

KIT

Well, that counselor lady said...

COOPER

Her name's Holly.

He blows gently on the bubbles, watches them reconfigure in his hand.

KIT

Okay... Holly said you told your teacher you were hungry.

COOPER

I was.

KIT

Well, do you think you need a bigger breakfast? Or take a snack with you?

He shakes his head, still looking at the bubbles.

COOPER

Not this time.

Kit looks at him, baffled.

KIT

What do you mean, this time?

COOPER

I'm not hungry this time.

Kit hides her puzzlement.

KIT

Well, if there's a next time, why don't you tell *me* instead of the teacher?

(gives him a little nudge)

Deal?

COOPER

Deal.

24

INT. COOPER'S ROOM - NIGHT

24

There's a small suitcase on Cooper's bed. Two little hands open it.

COOPER (O.S.)

How many days will I be there?

He's in his pajamas, hair combed back and drying. His port wine birthmark is clearly visible now.

KIT

How old are you?

COOPER

Five.

KIT

Well, that's how many days.

COOPER

So five underwears.

KIT

Yep. How many shirts?

COOPER

Five.

KIT

How many socks?

He gives her a look.

COOPER

Drr. Ten.

Kit gives him a playful shove.

KIT

Ooh, aren't you clever!

COOPER
 You try that trick every time I go
 to Dad's.

KIT
 I do, huh? Guess I better come up
 with a new one.

COOPER
 Are you going to spend the night
 again?

Kit blinks, all innocence.

KIT
 Did I spend the night last time?

COOPER
 Drr.

Kit smiles, smooths his wet hair.

KIT
 Well, we'll see. If it gets too
 late to drive back, I'll probably
 stay.

25 INT. KIT'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT 25

Kit has her own overnight bag on her bed. She slides a shirt and pants in, then goes to her underwear drawer. She instinctively grabs the bra and panties that are on the top of the stack and starts to slide them into the bag.

But she stops and looks at them. They're unremarkable. She thinks a beat, then almost sheepishly goes back to the drawer and pulls out a flashier set. She stashes them under the pants and shirt and quickly closes the bag.

26 INT. CAR - NEXT DAY 26

Kit and Cooper are on the open road. The windows are down, the radio is blasting "Road Trip," by Jim Cosgrove, and they both sing along at the top of their lungs. They're excited to be out and moving.

27 EXT. HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 27

A small but well-kept house on a leafy street soaks up the late afternoon sun.

Cooper's dad (DEVON, 23) comes bounding down the steps.

DEVON
My duuuuuuude!

COOPER
My daaaaaaaad!

Kit smiles warmly at their little ritual. Devon throws the back door open and pulls Cooper from the car seat, wrapping him in an excited hug.

DEVON
My gosh, you're getting tall!

There's a sweet, neo-hippie vibe to Devon, an openness in his countenance that makes us like him immediately. He leans down and gives Kit a grin.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Hi, Kit, how was the drive?

KIT
Good, good. How's school?

DEVON
Frighteningly close to being done.

KIT
(widens her eyes)
The real world. Aaaahh!

DEVON
Right?
(points)
Are these his bags?

Cooper pipes up.

COOPER
That one's mine, that one's mom's.

Kit sees a jolt of... something... on Devon's face. But before she can identify it --

JASMINE (O.S.)
You must be the Cooper I've heard
so much about.

Kit looks up to see JASMINE, 22. She's a sharply pretty girl with a gleam of competitiveness in her eyes.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
And you must be Kit. I'm Jasmine.

KIT
Hi. Nice to meet you.

JASMINE
You too. We have lots of fun things planned for Cooper this week!

KIT
(blinks)
Great. He'll love it.

They exchange moderately convincing smiles. There's an awkward pause. Then Devon and Kit speak simultaneously.

KIT (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll just take off and...

DEVON
So, do you want to come in and...?

They laugh uncomfortably.

KIT
No, I wouldn't mind getting home before dark. Give me hugs, Cooper Dooper.

She wraps Cooper in a long hug.

KIT (CONT'D)
Love you, buddy.

COOPER
Love you too.

Her eyes fill, surprising her. She takes a quick breath.

KIT
Um, you have your baseball, right?

COOPER
It's in my bag.

KIT
Good deal.

She turns to Devon and - quietly but meaningfully - says...

KIT (CONT'D)
Dooooon't lose that.

DEVON
Gotcha. We'll see you on Saturday.

With one more smile at Cooper, Kit climbs into her car and starts it up.

SCREEEEEEEEEE!

It gives that nasty squeal.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Whoa-whoa-whoa! What's *that*
about...?

28 EXT. CAR - LATER - DUSK

28

Kit is in the driver's seat with the window down. Devon is all but invisible under the hood of her car.

DEVON
(calling)
Okay, give it a little gas.

A nice, quiet vroooooom issues from the engine. No squeal.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Yep, it was the alternator belt.
You're good to go.

KIT
(sheepishly)
Thanks. Sorry to be a pain.

DEVON
Never, Kitten.
(closing the hood)
Coop, come give your mama a hug!

As Cooper runs to the car, Devon walks to Jasmine. We hear her sharp whisper.

JASMINE
Did you just call her Kitten?

He's momentarily frozen. Then he manages a stuttering reply.

DEVON
It was... it was a *reflex!*

29 INT. CAR - NIGHT

29

Oncoming headlights illuminate Kit's solemn face. She rides in silence, a marked contrast to the raucous songfest of her drive with Cooper.

30 INT. KIT'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT 30

Ziiiiipp! Kit's overnight bag is opened and her hands pull out the shirt. She plops it into a drawer, slides it closed. *Thunk!*

She reaches back into the bag for her pants. Throws them on a hanger and hooks it onto the closet rod. *Clank!*

She starts to reach into the bag again, then stops. Stares at something inside the bag.

Her fancy bra and panties.

She stands looking at them for a long, long moment.

SMASH CUT TO:

31 INT. BAR - NIGHT 31

MUSIC blares. Glasses CLINK. Liquor SPLASHES. And Kit dances wildly in a crowd of gyrating bodies. We can see a glimpse of her fancy bra between the buttons of her shirt.

Kit's dance partner (CHAD, mid-20s) is a frat boy type, undoubtedly looking to get laid. Kit's manic dancing and pent-up energy make her seem a likely candidate.

When the song ends, she takes him by the hand and leads him to her table. She plunks into her chair and flags a passing WAITRESS.

KIT

Could I have another 7&7, please?

WAITRESS

ID?

Kit lifts her empty glass.

KIT

The other girl already carded me.

The waitress lifts a skeptical eyebrow.

WAITRESS

Sorry, but I need to see it, too.

Kit huffs a comic sigh and reaches into her purse. She hands her ID to the waitress, who looks it over suspiciously.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Okay.
(to Chad)
What can I get you?

Smiling, Chad hands her some bills.

CHAD

Anything craft.

Before Kit can put her ID back into her purse, Chad snatches it from her.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Gimme that thing. How much did it cost you?

KIT

It didn't cost anything. It's real!

CHAD

Sure it is...
(reading her name)
...Katrina.

He grins at her.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Is that your real name?

KIT

Yes!

She grabs it back from him and stashes it in her purse.

KIT (CONT'D)

But people call me Kit.

CHAD

I'm Chad.
(extends his hand)
But people call me Chad.

She manufactures a smile.

KIT

Witty.

CHAD

I thought so. Come on... *Kitten*...
let's dance!

In her eyes, we see the curtain instantly descend. She doesn't follow him to the dance floor. Chad isn't going to get lucky tonight.

32 INT. KIT'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

32

ANGRY VOICES from down the hall. Kit's eyes are closed as she listens.

She is alone, sitting cross-legged on the bed. The boxes from her mom's apartment are on the bed with her.

The voices quiet. Kit waits a beat or two, making sure it's over, then she slides one of the boxes closer to her. She takes a breath and almost hesitantly opens it.

Peering inside, she moves some things around, finally lifting out a crinkled legal-sized envelope.

There are a dozen or so photos in it. She pulls them out and starts looking through them. They are pictures of her childhood.

Newborn Kit still in her little hospital beanie...

Baby Kit propped up on some pillows...

Little Kit playing in a sandbox... Opening Christmas presents... Showing off a missing tooth...

The pictures are notable for what they lack. Friends. Siblings. Smiling parents. Kit seems to have been raised in a bubble of isolation. Even in the Christmas shot, her eyes convey a wistful loneliness. A longing.

Much like her eyes look now, gazing at the pictures.

Then she notices a photo unlike any of the others. It's an old Polaroid - faded and a bit fuzzy. Kit tilts it toward the bedside lamp for a better look.

It's a picture of a boy of about 12 holding a 3-year-old girl on his lap. He smiles broadly at the camera as the little girl gazes up adoringly at him.

Kit squints at the happy young faces. Clearly doesn't recognize them.

She turns the picture over. There are words written on it.

"Steven and Sissy"

Kit stares at the names, brow wrinkled.

Then ANGRY VOICES ring out again. She closes her eyes as the fight down the hall reignites.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. CAR - DAY 33

Kit drives to the corner of a residential street. She parks the car and grabs a handful of door hangers. Up on the first porch she goes.

She doesn't seem to have the same bounce in her step as the last time we saw this.

34 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 34

Kit, cooler in hand, walks through the heavy wooden doors of a different office suite. A young male receptionist (MICHAEL, 20s) looks up. His eyes cloud a bit.

MICHAEL
Oh, hi, Kit.

KIT
Hey, Michael!

He reaches for an envelope of bills as she opens her cooler.

MICHAEL
We, um... we got some weird news
this morning.

Kit's head lifts at the odd tone of voice.

KIT
What's up?

MICHAEL
The, uh... the partners say we
can't get lunches from you anymore.

Kit freezes. There's more mystification than anger in her voice.

KIT
The *hell*...? *Why*...?

MICHAEL
(shrugs, embarrassed)
Something about you making them at
home.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Liability or some stupid shit like
 that. We're supposed to use Grub
 Hub from now on.

Stunned silence from Kit as he extends the envelope.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 We, um... there's a little
 something extra in this. We did a
 collection kind of thing.

Kit can barely bring herself to take the envelope from him.

SMASH CUT TO:

35 INT. KIT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 35

ANGRY VOICES again. This time they are accompanied by
 alarming THUMPS. Kit has her ear to her front door and her
 phone ready in her hand.

A MAN yells something unintelligible, then a WOMAN yells back
 just as loudly.

Kit jumps when she hears a door open and SLAM shut. Heavy
 footsteps STOMP down the stairs. BOOM! The front door of
 the apartment building bangs closed.

Then quiet. Kit takes a deep breath, lets it out slowly.
 And we...

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT. APARTMENT STEPS - DAY 36

Kit sits on the concrete steps of her apartment building.
 She seems lost in thought.

But her eyes light up when a car pulls to the curb and an
 excited little hand waves through the window.

Cooper is home!

Kit stands and strides happily toward the car. Her smile
 brightens even more when she sees the empty passenger seat
 next to Devon. He didn't bring Jasmine.

Kit throws open the back door and leans in to hug her little
 boy.

KIT
 Oh, buddy, did I miss you!

COOPER
I missed you too!

Devon climbs out smiling.

DEVON
Hey, Kit.

He steps up to give her a hug, surprising her.

KIT
Oh. We're doing that, huh?

She gives him a quick hug, but he holds it a little longer than she was expecting.

DEVON
Sorry about your mom. Coop told me.

KIT
Yeah, well. It is what it is, right?

DEVON
Yeah. But whatever it is, it can't be easy. And I'm sorry.

She sees the sincerity in his eyes.

KIT
Thanks.

Cooper hops out of his car seat.

COOPER
Can we make Daddy a sandwich?

KIT
Sure!

DEVON
No, I really should be...

KIT
Oh, shut up. You know you're hungry.

COOPER
And you have to pee. You told me!

Devon raises his hands, smiling.

DEVON
Wow. Double busted.

37 INT. KIT'S KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

37

The leftovers of lunch litter the table. Kit is in a chair across from Devon. Cooper is sound asleep in her arms.

DEVON
(a smile, quietly)
I'd say I wore him out.

KIT
Ya think? Was he good for you?

DEVON
Unbelievable.
(a beat)
You're doing a hell of a job with him, Kitten.

Kit looks down at the table for a moment. Her voice is a quiet plea.

KIT
Don't call me that.
(looks at him)
Even if she's not around.

Devon winces.

DEVON
You heard that, huh?

KIT
I think I was meant to.

DEVON
Sorry. I, um... I hadn't exactly planned on her being there.
It's... early.

KIT
Ah, gotcha.
(shrugs)
Well. I guess you can't fault a girl for knowing what she wants.

Devon looks at her for a long moment.

DEVON
What do you want, Kit?

Kit shrugs, deflecting.

KIT
World peace... A million bucks...
(a wry smile)
Bigger boobs, as long as we're
asking.

DEVON
I'm serious. What do you want?
I'm tired of being three hours away
from you guys.

KIT
I told you I'd come get him.

DEVON
It's not the drive. It's...
it's... I mean, why are you here?
You don't know anyone here.

KIT
(quietly)
Bingo.

Devon cocks his head.

DEVON
Really, Kit? Who does that sound
like?

Kit doesn't answer. She won't look at him across their
sleeping son.

38 INT. COOPER'S CLASSROOM - DAY 38

It's nap time again. The kids are quiet, most of them
sleeping. And once again the teacher hears someone
WHIMPERING.

Her eyes go immediately to Cooper. He's curled into a tight
little ball.

39 EXT. KIT'S CAR - DAY 39

Kit is waiting for Cooper to get out of school. But before
the bell rings, something she sees in her rearview mirror
makes her heave a sharp sigh.

Holly is walking straight toward her car. Without Cooper.
Kit jams her finger onto the button that rolls down the
passenger window.

Holly's solemn face appears.

KIT
Where's my son?

HOLLY
He's in my office. He's fine, but the principal would like to speak with you if you have time.

KIT
(a beat)
I'm guessing I should *make* time.

HOLLY
Sorry, but yeah...

40 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

40

The principal (MR. HIGGINS) sits behind an imposing desk. Across from him, Kit sits stiffly in a straight-backed chair. She looks small, young. Like a kid in trouble.

Holly sits in a chair beside her, concern in her eyes.

HIGGINS
So he's never mentioned being cold?

KIT
No.

HIGGINS
Or hungry?

KIT
No! Do you really think I'd let my child go *hungry*...? Or be *cold*...?

HIGGINS
No, not at all. I'm just wondering why he would tell his teacher those things.

Kit shakes her head, truly baffled. Maybe frightened.

KIT
I don't know. He's never... I mean, when he's with *me* he's...

Her voice catches. She swallows the emotion.

KIT (CONT'D)
He's a happy kid. All I see at
home is a smart, happy, loving kid.

Holly gives her a moment to collect herself, then gently
steps in before Higgins can speak.

HOLLY
Have there been any... I don't
know, traumas or... changes in your
lives lately?

Kit thinks a moment.

KIT
My mom passed recently.

HOLLY
Well, the loss of a grandmother
could certainly...

KIT
But he didn't know her. He'd never
met her.

Kit sees the look on Higgins' face and knows how this
sounded.

KIT (CONT'D)
It wasn't... It's... I mean, it's
complicated. But I don't think it
was a trauma for Coop.

HOLLY
How about for you?

Kit closes her eyes a moment. She's not going to go there.

KIT
My son is not cold and he's not
hungry. I don't know why he told
his teacher that, but if I find
out, you'll be the first to know.

She looks back and forth between them.

KIT (CONT'D)
Can I take him home now?

HIGGINS
Of course. But I'd like to make a
deal with you.

Kit raises an eyebrow.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)
 I'd like for you and Cooper to have
 some sessions with Holly. Just,
 you know... to talk.

KIT
 (standing)
 I really don't think that's...

HIGGINS
 Please. It would be better for you
 and Cooper - for *all* of us, really -
 if we could handle this in-house.

Kit blinks.

KIT
 "In-house?" What does that mean?
 What's... what's out-of-house?

There's an excruciating beat. Higgins takes a breath.

HIGGINS
 Child Protective Services.

Holly sees the look of panic shoot through Kit's eyes. But
 there's nothing she can say.

CUT TO:

41 INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

41

COOPER (O.S.)
 So, how many underwears?

Kit tries to keep her voice casual, upbeat.

KIT (O.S.)
 Just throw them all in there.

They're packing. Cardboard boxes and suitcases line the bed.

Then a KNOCK ON THE DOOR!

Kit whips around, eyes wide. It's a struggle to keep her
 voice calm, but she manages.

KIT (CONT'D)
 Keep packing, buddy, I'll be right
 back.

COOPER
 Who is it?

KIT
 (forcing a smile)
 Well, I'll just find that out,
 won't I?

42 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 42

Kit walks quietly to the door, peers through the peephole.

It's Holly.

Kit steps quickly back from the door. There's a beat of
 silence, then --

HOLLY (O.S.)
 I saw the peephole go dark, I know
 you're home.

Kit stands frozen. Doesn't move, doesn't breathe.

HOLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm by myself, I promise. I *really*
 need to talk to you.

Still, Kit doesn't answer. Finally, quietly --

HOLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I think Cooper might be talking
 about past lives.
 (a beat)
 I did the same thing when I was his
 age.

Click... Kit has turned the lock. She swings the door slowly
 open.

The two young women stand staring at each other.

43 INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT 43

HOLLY
 It wasn't all the time. It would
 come in flashes. Usually when I
 was relaxed. In the bathtub or
 almost asleep. Sometimes in the
 car.

Kit sits across from Holly in silence. Cooper is nowhere to
 be seen.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

It was like...

(thinks)

It was like... *remembering*. That's the only word you can use. You just... *remember* it. Like you remember a trip you took last summer. Or a day at an amusement park, or just... a normal *day*, you know? Only *this* day was with people who aren't here anymore. People you haven't... I don't know... *seen* in awhile. But you remember them.

(shakes her head)

And then it was over and you were just...

(shrugs)

...you again.

Kit finds her voice, but barely.

KIT

Did you know it was a past life, or...

HOLLY

I didn't. I don't know about anyone else, but I was too young to know what it meant. Or to even wonder. All I knew was that sometimes I would remember these things... these people who weren't... you know, for whatever reason... *around* anymore.

KIT

Do you still remember things?

Holly's eyes cloud almost imperceptibly.

HOLLY

No. I wasn't...

(takes a breath)

I wasn't allowed to talk about it. After awhile, I just kind of made myself stop remembering.

Kit looks at her, puzzled.

KIT

Why couldn't you talk about it?

HOLLY
(a beat)
Reincarnation isn't in the Bible.

Kit nods. Then Holly smiles impishly.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
It *is*, but not according to my
parents.

Then a small voice pipes in.

COOPER
What's reincarnation?

They turn, surprised. Cooper stands in the doorway. Kit keeps her voice light.

KIT
Hey, buddy, I thought you were
gonna let the big girls talk.

COOPER
(shrugs)
If you didn't want me to hear you,
you should have been whispering.
Like in the library.

The women both laugh. Kit opens her arms to Cooper.

KIT
Come here, you!

Cooper happily runs to her and clambers onto her lap. She snuggles him close. Rocks him for a few seconds.

KIT (CONT'D)
Tell me something, Coop. That time
you were hungry. Do you know when
that was?

Cooper grows suddenly solemn. He lowers his little eyes.

COOPER
No.

KIT
How about the time you were so
cold?

COOPER
(quietly)
I don't know.

HOLLY
It's okay to tell us, Cooper.
You're not in trouble.

Cooper won't look at them.

COOPER
I don't know when it was.

He fiddles with his fingers. Holly watches him a moment.
Then she opens her purse and pulls something out. Smiles.

HOLLY
Then it's a good thing I have *this*.

Cooper looks up to see Holly clutching something in her hand.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I keep it with me for times just
like this one.

She gets up and walks to Cooper and Kit. She kneels on the
floor in front of the chair. Holds out her hand.

A newly-minted penny glistens on her open palm.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Do you know what this is?

COOPER
Drr. A penny.

Kit can't suppress a laugh.

KIT
Cooper!

Holly laughs too.

HOLLY
Oh, it may look like a plain old
penny. But it isn't. This is a
"Remembering Penny." Do you know
what it does?

COOPER
Helps you remember?

HOLLY
Wow! Your teacher *told* me you were
smart!

COOPER
 (smiles)
 I am.

HOLLY
 Here's what you do. You put the
 Remembering Penny in your hand,
 like this.

She opens Cooper's hand and softly places the coin onto his palm. Then she closes his fingers around it.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 You have to hold it very gently for
 it to work. And you have to lean
 back against your mom and close
 your eyes.

Cooper does. Kit strokes his hair. Holly sits quietly for a long moment, watching Cooper's eyes move under their lids.

Finally, in a soft, warm voice --

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 What do you see, Cooper? What's
 the Remembering Penny showing you?

There's a long, long silence as the little boy's eyes dart under closed lids. Then, in short, choppy sentences --

COOPER
 The snow. It's too deep. Daddy
 says the cow's probably dead by
 now. We'll eat her if the critters
 don't get to her first. But not
 yet. Can't. He'd freeze trying to
 find her.

Kit listens, wide-eyed, stroking her son's hair.

HOLLY
 Where are you?

COOPER
 In the cabin. Snow's blowing
 between the timbers. Mama's
 shoving straw from the beds into
 the cracks, but it doesn't stop the
 wind.

Kit's mouth is hanging open. How can her 5-year-old son know these things?

COOPER (CONT'D)
It's cold. So cold. We've burnt
up all the chairs. Daddy's gonna
chop up the table next.

Suddenly - *WHUMP!* - something hits a wall down the hall.
ANGRY VOICES ring out.

Cooper jumps, his eyes pop open. He drops the penny to the
floor. Kit quickly holds him tight.

KIT
It's okay, buddy. It's just the
people down the hall.

Another loud *THUMP!* More yelling. Kit covers Cooper's ears,
glancing sheepishly at Holly.

KIT (CONT'D)
We're, um... we're thinking it's
time to...

She cocks her head toward the open bedroom door. Holly can
see the boxes and suitcases and stacks of clothes.

KIT (CONT'D)
I'm getting him out of here.

HOLLY
Do you have a place to go?

KIT
Oh, yeah. Plenty of places.

Holly fishes in her purse, hands Kit a card.

HOLLY
If they fall through or, you know,
whatever... call me. Please.

KIT
Thanks, but we're fine.

Holly pushes the card into her hand. Another *THUMP*. More
YELLING.

HOLLY
Call me anyway.

As Kit takes the card, Holly squeezes her hand, holding onto
it for a long moment. She doesn't speak until Kit meets her
eyes.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

He came back for a reason. We all do.

CUT TO:

44 INT. CAR - NIGHT 44

Cooper is sound asleep in his car seat. Kit drives, staring intently into the darkness ahead.

Boxes and suitcases crowd the car.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CAR - LATER - NIGHT 45

A phone screen. A finger swipes through stories and videos about reincarnation. There is a seemingly unending stream of information.

The finger stops swiping at a video of a young girl with a port wine birthmark covering half her face. There is a caption:

"Girl 'remembers' the fire that killed her in past life. Researchers believe birthmark is evidence."

Kit turns from the driver's seat and looks back at Cooper, still asleep in the back. In the glow of a nearby streetlight, we can see just a sliver of the port wine birthmark high on his forehead. Kit's face is a heartbreaking mix of love and confusion as she gazes at her little boy.

Then she turns back around and peers up through the windshield at something.

Their car is parked in front of...

REVERSE ANGLE - DEVON'S HOUSE - DAWN

The house is dark, curtains drawn. Kit stares at an upstairs window. Devon isn't awake yet.

Kit settles back into her seat and taps the arrow on the video about the little girl and the fire. A NEWSWOMAN narrates the story.

NEWSWOMAN

Anna Marie Gallagher's parents were understandably crushed when she was born with a port wine birthmark covering half her face. What kind of challenges might this present to the little angel in their arms? Then, as soon as she could form sentences, their toddler daughter began talking about the fire that killed her more than fifty years ago...

Kit is so engrossed in the story that a light in Devon's upstairs window makes her jump. She leans quickly forward and peers through the windshield.

A FIGURE - clearly Devon - walks past the curtain, rubbing his eyes.

Kit closes the video on her phone, then turns back to the sleeping Cooper.

KIT

Hey, Cooper Dooper, wake up.

Then something else catches her eye. ANOTHER FIGURE is walking past the curtains. Jasmine.

Kit closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath. Lets it out slowly. Controlled. She starts the car. Cooper stirs in his seat.

COOPER

Where are we?

KIT

Nowhere, buddy. Go back to sleep.

She pulls away from the house, driving into the dim light of dawn.

46 EXT. REST AREA - DAY

46

Kit and Cooper eat sandwiches at a picnic table in a roadside rest area. Kit's cooler is on the table as they eat.

Kit looks at her little boy. He's chewing thoughtfully, eyes absently scanning the horizon. A breeze blows his hair, showing us a glimpse of the birthmark high on his forehead.

KIT

That time you were so cold...

His eyes slide to hers.

COOPER
Uh-huh?

KIT
Is that... Is that the only time
you remember?

He chews in silence. Kit waits. Finally --

COOPER
Sometimes. Sometimes I remember
more.

KIT
What, um...
(shrugs casually)
What are some other times?

COOPER
(thinks a moment)
I made books.

KIT
Made them or *read* them?

COOPER
Made them. With a big machine and
a lot of... *plate* things.

KIT
Well, *that's* cool. Did you like
it? Making books?

COOPER
(smiles)
A lot.

He takes another bite of his sandwich. She looks at his
sweet, young face. The breeze blows again, lifting the hair
that hides his port wine birthmark.

KIT
Were there others?

His eyes cloud for a moment. He looks up at her.

COOPER
I think we were soldiers once.

An electric jolt goes through Kit.

KIT
We...? You mean, like... you and
me?

He looks at her, serious beyond his years.

COOPER
We go together a lot.

Kit can't breathe for a moment, can't find her voice.
Finally --

KIT
Do you know when we were soldiers?

COOPER
(shakes his head)
I don't know. I don't like to
think about that one.

KIT
(gently)
Then, don't.

Cooper squints in the sunshine. Eyes far away. Then he
looks at her.

COOPER
Where are we going?

He's done talking about it. She smiles, trying to shake off
the shock.

KIT
I'm not sure yet. But someplace
fun.

Cooper ponders this.

COOPER
Is it a vacation?

KIT
Yeah, buddy. It's a vacation.

She nods toward the playground behind him.

KIT (CONT'D)
You want to play for awhile before
we go?

Cooper turns and looks at a rather pitiful little set of
swings and a plastic slide. Then he taps her quickly on the
hand and takes off running.

COOPER
You're it!

KIT
Hey, no fair, you little weasel!

She hops up and runs after the laughing little boy.

47 EXT. CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 47

-- Kit cruises through a moderately large city. She sizes up the office buildings in the downtown...

-- She slows to look at an elementary school in a leafy neighborhood...

-- She stops in front of a small apartment building with a "For Rent" sign in the front yard...

48 INT. LANDLORD'S APARTMENT - DAY 48

KIT (O.S.)
Thirty-six hundred dollars?? Just
to move in?

Kit stares at the dumpy LANDLORD in disbelief. Cooper is on her lap.

LANDLORD
Yep. First, last and a deposit.
Plus proof of employment.

KIT
I'm just moving to town, I don't
have a job yet.

LANDLORD
When you get one, come back.

KIT
With thirty-six hundred dollars.

LANDLORD
Yeah, that too.

49 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 49

A dowdy hotel room. Dingy paint, dusty baseboards.

Cooper is asleep in a big double bed. Kit is cross-legged next to him, leaning against the headboard. The two boxes of her mom's things are within reach.

The pictures of young Kit are scattered on the blanket. She is holding the Polaroid of the boy and the little girl, gazing at it intently. She turns it over.

Steven and Sissy.

She tosses the picture with the rest and peers into the nearest box.

She pulls out her mom's address book, flips absently through it. There are very few names. But then something catches her eye. The "D" page. There's a single entry:

Dad.

There's a phone number and an address: 1642 Lorelei Lane, Knoxville, Tennessee.

Kit stares at the entry. Long moment pass. She picks up her cell phone. Takes a breath. Puts it back down.

She looks at her sleeping little boy. Closes her eyes a moment.

Then she picks it up again and slowly, determinedly, punches in the phone number from the book.

Ring... ring... ring...

She hears the familiar three tones. Then the familiar recording.

RECORDING

"The number you have dialed is no longer in service..."

Kit quickly hangs up. Disappointed. But relieved. She reaches over and lovingly smooths Cooper's hair.

50

INT. CAR - NEXT MORNING - DAY

50

Kit sits in the driver's seat. Motionless. Eyes straight ahead. She doesn't move. Doesn't blink. Then, from the back seat --

COOPER (O.S.)

What are we going to do today?

Her eyes look at him in the rearview mirror. They're frightened eyes.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Mom...? What are we going to do?

She closes them, as if she doesn't want him to see the fear. A beat.

Then she opens them, looks down at her cell phone. Breathes once, twice.

Then she calls up Google Maps. Types in an address:

1642 Lorelei Lane, Knoxville, TN.

Then she pushes "Play" on the CD.

JIM COSGROVE
(singing)
"We're goin' on a road trip...
Goin' on a road trip..."

She pulls out of the parking lot, joining in with Cooper's raucous rendition of his favorite song.

51 EXT. TENNESSEE SCENERY - DAY 51

The hills and trees of Tennessee are stunning in the vivid sunlight. Cooper watches the passing scenery. His baseball turns and turns in his hands.

We can see glimpses of a city rising from the valley below. Knoxville.

52 INT. CAR - LATER - DAY 52

Kit's eyes are wide as she gazes at her surroundings. She's driving through an upscale Knoxville neighborhood. Rolling lawns, gated driveways, lush shrubbery. And one beautiful house after another.

KIT
(quietly)
Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore...

COOPER
Who's Toto?
(beat)
And when were we in *Kansas*?

Kit grins at him in the mirror. Then she hears:

GOOGLE MAPS
 "Your destination is on the right."

Kit looks up to see a splendid house perched atop a long, green rise. A brick archway curves over the mouth of the drive.

KIT
 (under her breath)
 Holy shit...

COOPER
What?

KIT
 Nothing, buddy.

She turns into the drive, cruising under the brick archway and up the winding blacktop.

The house looms above of them.

53 INT. CAR - SECONDS LATER - DAY

53

The engine is off. Kit turns around and looks at Cooper. Her voice is calm, gentle.

KIT
 This might be your great-grandfather's house, Coop.

His little brow wrinkles.

COOPER
 Really?

KIT
 Really. But maybe not. I don't know for sure that he lives here. Or that he's even alive anymore.

Cooper takes this in. Then he looks at her.

COOPER
 Why don't you know these things?

Kit gives him a sad smile. Shrugs.

KIT
 I don't know.

54 EXT. FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 54

DING-DONG! Kit and Cooper wait. She straightens his hair. Fusses quickly with her own.

DING-DONG! Still no one comes. Cooper looks up at her.

COOPER

What do we do?

55 INT. A DIFFERENT CAR - LATER - DAY 55

We're in another car, driving through the upscale neighborhood. We pass the sign that says "Lorelei Lane."

Hands on the wheel. Older hands. A man's hands. Eyes in the rearview mirror. Lined.

The car turns smoothly through the brick archway and climbs the hill to the house.

As it crests the hill, Kit's car comes into view.

The new car slows at the back of Kit's. The Indiana license plate can be clearly seen through the windshield. KITKAT. Our car pulls up beside it and stops.

FRANKLIN MCHENRY (78) steps from his car. He is a stern-looking man, with guarded eyes and an air of authority. He looks again at Kit's car, then glances at the porch. No one in sight.

Then he hears LAUGHTER from the back yard. His head cocks and he begins to slowly walk toward the sound.

We see what he sees as the back yard comes into view.

A beautiful rolling lawn, sculpted greenery, a fenced pickleball court, and a guest house beside an immaculate in-ground pool.

Kit and Cooper are playing tag, circling a big bush.

McHenry stands watching. Does the guileless laughter and innocent fun seem to soften his eyes for a moment? We'll never know, because the words that come out of his mouth are sharp, direct.

MCHENRY

Who are you and why are you in my back yard?

The merriment stops. Kit and Cooper stand looking at him in a loaded silence. Finally --

KIT
I think you might be my
grandfather.

McHenry doesn't move, doesn't blink.

KIT (CONT'D)
My mother's name was Margaret
Tomlinson...

MCHENRY
I know her name.
(beat)
I can see her in you.

He cocks his head toward Cooper.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
Is this your little brother?

Kit swallows a flash of defensiveness.

KIT
He's my son.

56 INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY

56

TICK-TOCK... TICK-TOCK...

The TICKING of a huge grandfather clock fills the room. The house is lush but rustic. Clearly a man's house - a man with money.

Cooper wanders around, looking closely at everything. Kit all but disappears into a huge wood and leather chair, her feet barely touching the ground. She could be twelve years old.

TICK-TOCK... TICK-TOCK...

KIT
You know she passed, right?

MCHENRY
I heard, yes.

Kit looks at him curiously. She can't read his tone.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
Were you two living with her?

KIT

No. I'd had my own place for a few years.

McHenry cocks his head.

MCHENRY

A few years? How old are you?

KIT

Almost 22.

McHenry turns - a little too quickly - to look at Cooper.

KIT (CONT'D)

(a wry smile)

He's five. You can do the math.

TICK-TOCK... TICK-TOCK...

COOPER

When did you get this?

McHenry's eyes flick to Cooper. He's holding a glass eagle.

MCHENRY

On a trip. It's fragile.

Kit stands, walks to Cooper.

KIT

Let's put it down, buddy.
Carefully, okay?

Cooper delicately puts it back on a gleaming wooden table.
Kit lifts him gently into her arms. Kisses his cheek.

KIT (CONT'D)

We'll look but not touch, okay?

Cooper nods solemnly as Kit carries him around the room.
McHenry sees the comfort between them, the tenderness.

MCHENRY

So, is the, uh... "paternal unit"
in the picture?

Kit smiles at the code.

KIT

Yeah, he's in the picture. But not his, uh... "unit".

McHenry smiles at the turn of phrase. But when Kit turns back, we see a vulnerability in her eyes that we haven't seen before.

KIT (CONT'D)
Is this where my mother was raised?
This house?

Her voice was hushed with it.

MCHENRY
Yes.

McHenry has matched her tone, though he doesn't know why.

KIT
Was she happy here?

McHenry blinks. Blinks again.

MCHENRY
Sometimes, I guess.

TICK-TOCK... TICK-TOCK...

Kit stops in front of a framed picture on an end table. Her eyes widen.

KIT
Is this my grandmother?

MCHENRY
Yes.

KIT
She was *beautiful*...

MCHENRY
Yes, she was. So, let me get right
to the point. Why are you here?

Kit's head rocks back a bit.

KIT
Wow, okay...

She sets Cooper lightly down, turns to face her grandfather.

KIT (CONT'D)
Since we're getting right to the
point, we don't have anywhere else
to go.

MCHENRY

What made you think you could come here? What did your mother tell you?

KIT

About you? Nothing. I didn't even know you existed.

MCHENRY

How did you find out?

KIT

You're in her address book. Under "Dad."

Again, McHenry blinks.

MCHENRY

And you just assumed you could show up? Because I'm your grandfather?

Kit looks at him for a long moment. Then, simply --

KIT

Yes.

MCHENRY

And that I'd give you money?

Kit can't hide the blow. It quiets her voice.

KIT

I don't want money. I just...
(takes a breath)
We just need a place to stay for a little while. To get our feet under us.

TICK-TOCK... TICK-TOCK...

Kit is locked in McHenry's unreadable gaze. Finally --

MCHENRY

How much do you need?

KIT

(shrugs)
A month? Maybe a month and a half?

MCHENRY

I meant money.

KIT
I don't want *money*! I just need
time to put together first, last,
and a deposit.

MCHENRY
I'd rather give you money.

Try as she might, Kit can't hide the trembling of her lip.

KIT
Come on, buddy, we're leaving.

Cooper turns, surprised and disappointed.

COOPER
We just got here!

KIT
And now it's time to go.

COOPER
But we're s'posed to be here!

KIT
I don't think so. Come on.

She reaches for his hand and heads to the front door.

MCHENRY
(standing)
You don't have to go right now.

KIT
Oh, yes, we do.

The door lets in a harsh shaft of sunlight when she throws it open. She ushers Cooper out ahead of herself. She turns in the doorway, closes her eyes a moment, as if fighting the urge to lash out, to hurt.

When she finally speaks, it's with sadness more than censure.

KIT (CONT'D)
You didn't even ask his goddamn
name.

She closes the door soundly behind her. THUD! The room darkens instantly.

TICK-TOCK... TICK-TOCK...

McHenry's eyes are flint. We have no idea what's going on behind them.

The SLAM of a car door makes him blink. Then a second one. Blinks again. An engine fires to life.

He walks slowly to the door and opens it to see Kit make a quick, lurching, three-point turn in the driveway.

She guns the engine and we go...

57 INT. - KIT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY 57

Cooper is in his car seat, looking with concern at his mom. She wipes angry tears as she drives down the winding lane.

COOPER

What did he say to you?

Kit doesn't answer, she just drives with one hand, wiping at her tears with the other.

58 EXT. PORCH - SAME TIME - DAY 58

McHenry is on the porch now. He sees the car disappear around the final bend. He can't see the road from here.

59 INT. - KIT'S CAR - SAME TIME - DAY 59

The crying Kit reaches for a Kleenex box between the seats. Suddenly --

HOOOOONK!

The panicked BLAST OF A HORN! Tires SQUEAL!

60 EXT. PORCH - SAME TIME - DAY 60

McHenry launches himself from the porch, sprinting down the long, perfectly manicured lawn.

61 INT. CAR - SAME TIME - DAY 61

Kit slams on her brakes as she SKIDS through the brick archway and into the road.

62 EXT. TRUCK - SAME TIME - DAY 62

A heavy-duty pickup truck SQUEALS to a stop, inches from the side of her car. Cooper can see the gleaming grille, filling his window.

63 INT. KIT'S CAR - SAME TIME - DAY 63

Kit whips around, wide-eyed, to make sure Cooper is all right. He is.

64 EXT. TRUCK - DAY 64

The big pickup backs up a few feet, then cruises slowly around the front of her car.

DRIVER

Watch where you're goin', lady!
Jesus!

And, unseen by Kit --

65 EXT. YARD - SAME TIME - DAY 65

McHenry stops running when he reaches a vantage point that shows him Kit's car. It's unscathed.

He stands a moment, trying to catch his breath.

And as Kit's car turns and drives out of sight, McHenry's legs give out. He collapses to the grass like a wobbly, newborn calf.

CUT TO:

66 INT. KIT'S CAR - LATER - DAY 66

Kit and Cooper cruise along a hilly, forested highway. Kit has her emotions under control now. She drives in silence, eyes on the road ahead. Then, from behind, she hears a small, plaintive voice.

COOPER

Can we play "Road Trip?"

KIT

In a few minutes, buddy. Let's just be quiet for a little longer, okay...?

67 INT. MCHENRY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME - DAY 67

A tumbler with two inches of liquor CLUNKS to the polished surface of a table. We hear McHenry SIGH.

After a moment, the tumbler is lifted from our sight. When it again CLUNKS to the table, there's an inch-and-a-half of the caramel-colored liquid.

We hear the BEEP of numbers being punched into a cell phone. RINGING.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Franklin! How you doin'?

MCHENRY (O.S.)
Got a favor to ask, Mike.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Anything. You know that.

We hear McHenry CHUCKLE. The tumbler is lifted again. CLUNKS back down. An inch remains.

MCHENRY (O.S.)
You might want to wait till you've heard the favor. It breaks two or three state laws, and who knows how many federal...

68 INT. KIT'S CAR - LATER - DAY 68

The music is going again, but it's not "Road Trip." It's a softer, more introspective song. Kit and Cooper don't sing along, they just ride in silence.

Then Kit's eyes flick to the rearview mirror. Widen.

KIT
Are you *kidding me*...?

A STATE TROOPER is behind her, lights flashing.

69 EXT. KIT'S CAR - LATER - DAY 69

The state trooper is still behind her, but its lights are off. And neither car is moving.

Kit is parked in McHenry's driveway. She is rigid behind the wheel. Cooper is silent in his car seat. The STATE COP doesn't get out of his cruiser. Just sits.

Then the front door of the house opens and McHenry appears. He gives the trooper a little wave of thanks. The cop car does a three-point and drives down the winding lane and out of sight.

McHenry walks down the concrete steps. He strides toward Kit's door. Stops beside it. Looks at her through the closed window.

Kit remains motionless, staring straight ahead.

McHenry waits, waits.

Finally, with no hint of movement from Kit, her driver's side window rolls down.

Still she stares straight ahead. Finally --

MCHENRY
So, what's his name?

Kit looks sharply up at him. She silently mouths two instantly recognizable words. Fuck you.

McHenry nods. As if he deserves it. Then --

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
You have a month.

CUT TO:

70

INT. GUEST HOUSE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

70

We hear an excited little voice.

COOPER (O.S.)
COO-OOLLLL!!!

The guest house is immaculate, nestled in the back yard, the concrete patio stretching from the pool to the pickleball court.

Cooper runs from one end to the other, taking it all in.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Wow, look at this place, Mom! It's amazing!

MCHENRY
(quietly to Kit)
You'll pay me rent. Not out of your first paycheck, but out of your second.

Kit's eyes narrow.

KIT
Then I'll need more than a month.

MCHENRY
How much more?

KIT
Depends on what the rent is.

COOPER (O.S.)
Mom, come look at this bathtub!
It's one of those swirly things,
like on TV!

MCHENRY
What did you pay at your last
place?

KIT
Nine hundred a month.
(shrugs)
But it was nicer than this.

COOPER (O.S.)
This is the coolest place I've ever
seen!

McHenry can't hide the smile. Kit tries to play it off.

KIT
And it was a two-bedroom.

COOPER (O.S.)
Mom, there's two sinks in here!
Dibs on this one!

MCHENRY
Eight hundred, then. Second
paycheck. And you get six weeks,
no more.

KIT
Seven hundred and two months. I
won't be able to get a place
otherwise.

McHenry weighs this. But before he can respond --

COOPER (O.S.)
Oh, wow! There's a drinking
fountain in the toilet!

KIT
Cooper, noooooo!!!

She bolts toward the bathroom.

71 INT. GUEST HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

71

All is quiet. The safety light in the backyard casts a warm glow inside the guest house. Suddenly --

COOPER (O.S.)
NOOOOOOO!!!

Kit sits bolt upright. Cooper thrashes in the bed next to her.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Watch out!

KIT
You're okay, buddy, wake up!

COOPER
The truck! It's gonna hit us!

She gives him a gentle shake.

KIT
We're fine, Coop! It didn't hit us, it didn't hit us.

Cooper looks around in the darkness, breathing hard.

COOPER
Where's Sissy? Is she okay??

Kit is jolted by the name. But she gathers her little boy into her arms.

KIT
Everyone's fine, buddy. We're okay...

Cooper's body grows still, but he seems transfixed by something. He cranes his neck up, down, all around, eyes wide.

Then, in a preternaturally calm voice --

COOPER
I don't know where I am.

KIT
You're with me, Coop.

COOPER
But *where?*

He's looking, looking.

KIT
 You're with me. We're in the
 little house. Remember? The one
 with two sinks.

A beatific smile spreads across his face as he gazes all
 around.

COOPER
 No. We're in the pretty place.

KIT
 We are?

COOPER
 Uh-huh. We've been here before.
 It's so pretty.

He closes his eyes, the smile still in place.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 So-so-so pretty...

Stunned, Kit watches him drift peacefully back to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

72

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - MORNING - DAY

72

Kit is handing papers across a desk to the SCHOOL SECRETARY.

KIT
 This is his birth certificate, and
 here's his Social Security card.
 Do you need to see my ID?

SECRETARY
 A driver's license is fine.

KIT
 It's an Indiana license, is that
 okay?

SECRETARY
 Are you living in the district?

KIT
 I guess. It's just right down the
 street. Lorelei Lane.

SECRETARY
 Yep, that's our district.

KIT

Great. And where will I pick him up?

73 EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - DAY 73

It's a very trendy, upscale walking district in downtown Knoxville. Bars, restaurants, and shops line both sides of the wide walkway. High-rise office buildings stand like spires.

Kit walks along the plate glass windows, stopping at each restaurant to read the menus posted out front. She has a small tablet and a pen, jotting notes and prices as she goes.

She stops in front of a tall office building, looks up at the dozen or more stories towering above her, then makes a quick note.

74 INT. DELI - DAY 74

KIT

I'd like three pounds of your roasted turkey, two of the honey ham and a pound of shaved chicken. And do you give samples of your cheeses? I'd be curious to try the manchego.

75 INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY 75

Kit pushes a cart loaded with lettuce, tomatoes, avocados, sprouts...

76 EXT. SCHOOL - LATER 76

Cooper climbs into the car, looks at the bags on the seat.

COOPER

Sandwiches for dinner?

KIT

(smiles)

You are the smartest little boy in this whole car.

Cooper returns the grin.

COOPER

Drr.

She pulls out of the parking lot and onto a tree-lined street. After a moment, she glances casually at Cooper. He's holding his baseball, gazing at the passing houses.

KIT

Hey, buddy, was there, um... was there a girl named Sissy in your class? At your last school?

Cooper blinks, thinks a second.

COOPER

No, why?

KIT

Just curious.

On they drive.

77

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

77

Kit and Cooper are at the kitchenette sink, doing dishes. Cooper washes, handing the soapy dishes to Kit to rinse. They're the same height, with Cooper standing on a step stool.

Through the window, we can see the back of McHenry's house. A moving shadow shows us that he, too, is puttering in the kitchen. The light through his curtains looks deceptively warm and inviting.

Cooper is staring through the window, watching McHenry's silhouette move about.

Kit holds her hand out for another dish.

KIT

Dude, I'm empty. Fill me up.

Cooper looks at her, as if waking. He quickly washes another dish and hands it to her. Then he goes right back to staring at the curtained windows and McHenry's moving shadow.

COOPER

He's not really mean. He's just old and sad.

Kit looks up, gazes through the window. She doesn't agree or disagree. She just rinses another dish.

78 INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY

78

Kit is wearing plastic throwaway gloves. She has five or six sandwiches laid out on parchment paper. She has one on a cutting board and is slicing it into two-inch sections. She arranges the sections carefully on a decorative plastic tray.

MCHENRY

Knock-knock...

Kit looks up to see McHenry standing in the open sliding glass doorway.

KIT

(surprised)

Hi. What's up?

MCHENRY

Just checking to see if the accommodations are satisfactory.

KIT

(shrugs)

They're okay.

McHenry smiles a bit at the dry delivery. He tips his head toward the sandwiches.

MCHENRY

Throwing a pool party?

KIT

Just a few of my drug dealer friends.

She walks to him, extends a sandwich slice on a toothpick.

MCHENRY

What's this?

KIT

My calling card. I deliver sandwiches to office buildings.

McHenry takes a bite, his eyes widen.

MCHENRY

Wow, this is *good*.

KIT

Thanks. Want one? I made extras.

MCHENRY

(a beat)

Sure.

He awkwardly sits at the table. The chair seems overly loud as he SCOTS it in.

Kit slides a sandwich onto a paper plate and takes it to the table. McHenry looks at the sandwich, impressed. It's a big, fat, tasty-looking sub.

KIT

What should I ask for something like that?

MCHENRY

I don't know. Ten or twelve bucks?

KIT

How about at that fancy walking place downtown?

MCHENRY

The Farmer's Market? Maybe fifteen if you had chips and a pickle.

He barely has time to catch a bag of chips that she tosses. Before he can open it, a big pickle spear, wrapped in a sheet of wax paper, appears in his face.

KIT

Fifteen it is. I'll take it off the rent.

She goes right back to cutting sandwiches. Doesn't see his grin.

CUT TO:

79

INT. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

79

A TRAY OF SANDWICHES is slid onto a RECEPTION DESK.

KIT

Hi, can you put this tray in the break room, please, with some of my cards? I make them to order and deliver Monday through Friday. Twelve dollars apiece, with chips and a pickle.

RECEPTIONIST

Wow, that's cheap!

KIT
 (grins)
 That's the point.

80 INT. VARIOUS OFFICE BUILDINGS - DAY

80

Another tray, another smile.

KIT
 Hi, my name is Kit Tomlinson. Here
 are some cards. Would it be
 possible to put this tray in the
 break room?

-- A third tray.

KIT (CONT'D)
 I make them to order and can get
 just about any ingredients anyone
 wants.

81 INT. KIT'S CAR - DAY

81

Kit has picked Cooper up from school and they're heading home. He has his baseball in his hand. Suddenly --

COOPER
 Turn here! Turn here!

KIT
 What? Why?

COOPER
 I want to play! Turn!

Kit can see his little hand in her rearview, pointing right. She turns.

KIT
 Where are we going?

COOPER
 The park!

KIT
What park?

COOPER
 Turn here! The other way this
 time!

She makes a skeptical left turn, then stops dead in the middle of the street. Her mouth drops open. Sure enough, at the end of this short block is a park.

Kit turns around to look at her little boy in amazement. Cooper blinks at her, confused.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Why'd you stop...?

Kit doesn't answer. She just drives on toward the park.

82 EXT. PARK - MINUTES LATER

82

Swings rock in the breeze. A slide. Monkey bars. Merry-go-round. All empty.

KIT (O.S.)
I thought you wanted to play.

Kit and Cooper are leaning on the centerfield fence, looking out at an empty baseball diamond. Cooper stares toward home plate, his baseball hanging loosely in his hand.

COOPER
I do, but there's no one here.

Suddenly we're seeing...

83 EXT. SAME PARK - IN THE PAST - DAY

83

The bleachers have PEOPLE on them! Cheering. Laughing. There are UNIFORMED KIDS on the field. A game in full swing. Cooper's eyes dance from one sight to another. The cheering PARENTS, the UMPIRE, the PLAYERS...

In a blink, we go back to...

THE MODERN PARK

A hand is place on Cooper's shoulder. It's Kit's. She gestures behind them to the playground equipment.

KIT
Come on, I'll play with you.

Cooper blinks. He looks back at the ball field. It's empty again! He shakes his head.

COOPER
No. There's nobody here.

Before Kit can answer him, her cell phone BUZZES in her pocket. She pulls it out. A text. It reads:

"We need eight sandwiches on Monday. One turkey with muenster, sprouts, and mayo. A shaved chicken with..."

Kit smiles as she reads.

CUT TO:

84

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

84

Cooper is up to his neck in the "swirly" bathtub, eyes closed, the water bubbling around him.

Kit is at one of the sinks, looking in the mirror as she scrubs her face.

KIT
Hey, Coop...

COOPER
(eyes still closed)
Five more minutes.

She chuckles, shaking her head.

KIT
You're gonna look like a raisin,
kid.

COOPER
I don't care.

Kit keeps washing her face.

KIT
How did you know where that park
was?

He shrugs, his little shoulders making the water bob up and down.

COOPER
I don't know. I just knew.

He closes his eye and keeps on soaking.

85 EXT. BACK DOOR - NEXT MORNING - DAY

85

KNOCK-KNOCK. Kit raps at the back door of McHenry's house. After a moment, it opens. McHenry stands there, a cup of coffee in his hand.

KIT

Hi, hey, I'm going to look for a second job today. Do you know anyone who would be able to watch Coop for a few hours?

MCHENRY

(a beat)

Are you asking me to watch him?

KIT

(closes her eyes)

No. I'm asking for the name of someone who might be willing to do it. I don't happen to know anyone in town.

McHenry nods.

MCHENRY

I might know someone. How much would you pay?

KIT

I don't know. Ten bucks an hour?

MCHENRY

Call it fifteen. I'll add it to the rent.

Kit stands there a moment. Then --

KIT

You know, you really suck as a grandpa.

MCHENRY

You're welcome.

She turns to go. McHenry calls after her.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

What should I do with him?

KIT
 You have frickin' Disneyland in
 your back yard. I'm sure you'll
 think of something.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. MCHENRY'S BACK YARD - DAY

86

A pickleball is hit into a net. It drops to the ground,
 bounces a couple of times.

MCHENRY (O.S.)
 Not bad, not bad. Get under it a
 little more.

McHenry is on the other side of the net, paddle in hand. He
 pulls a ball from a bucket at his feet and gently taps Cooper
 another one.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
 Over the net now...

Doink. Into the net again.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
 That was better, that was better.
 Here comes another one.

He taps the next one over. *Doink.* Into the net. McHenry
 takes a breath, regroups.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
 Want to swim for awhile?

COOPER
 I don't know how to swim.

MCHENRY
 Okay. Are you hungry?

COOPER
 Not really.

MCHENRY
 So, what do you want to do?

COOPER
 Play baseball.

McHenry blinks.

MCHENRY
I don't have a baseball.

COOPER
I do!

He runs straight to the guest house, disappears inside, then runs back out. He's holding his baseball proudly aloft.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Catch!

He throws the ball to McHenry, who catches it right in front of his face.

MCHENRY
Whoa, that's quite an arm you got there!

He starts to throw it back, then notices the writing on it. He looks at it a long moment.

He finally lifts his eyes to Cooper's. Smiles.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
Home run, huh? Pretty cool.
Where'd you get it?

COOPER
My grandma.

MCHENRY
Yeah? Did she give it to you?

COOPER
No, she's dead. It was in her stuff.

McHenry looks at the ball again. Looks back up at Cooper.

MCHENRY
Did she give you a couple of mitts, too?

COOPER
What's a mitt?

CUT TO:

87 EXT. BACK YARD - MINUTES LATER - DAY

87

Cooper's baseball sits alone in the grass. OFFSCREEN, we hear --

COOPER (O.S.)
I'm supposed to be in the back.

88 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

88

McHenry is holding the front car door open for a skeptical Cooper. He smiles.

MCHENRY
You got it, pal.

He closes the door, then opens the back one like a chauffer. He bows, making a sweeping gesture toward the seat. Cooper just looks at him.

COOPER
I'm supposed to be in a car seat,
too.

MCHENRY
(gives him a wink)
It'll be our little secret.

McHenry lifts him in and clicks him into a seatbelt.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
There we go. Snug as a bug.

89 INT. WALMART - MINUTES LATER - DAY

89

McHenry unloads a shopping cart onto the conveyor belt at the checkout. A box of a dozen baseballs, an aluminum bat, two mitts, a set of plastic bases, and a rubber batting tee are being rung up.

Cooper proudly wears an overlarge plastic batting helmet with the price tag dangling by his ear.

TELLER
That'll be \$217.15.

MCHENRY
Oh, wait, don't forget this.

He lifts the helmet from Cooper's head and lets her shoot it with the price gun.

TELLER
\$242.91.

McHenry plunks the helmet back onto Cooper's head. He swipes his credit card.

90 EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER - DAY 90

Cooper, still in his helmet, stands staring at the empty back seat. He looks up at McHenry.

COOPER

I'm really supposed to be in a car seat. It's the law.

91 INT. WALMART - MINUTES LATER - DAY 91

A car seat is being rung by the same teller.

TELLER

That'll be \$127.52.
(raises an eyebrow)
Anything else?

McHenry glances at Cooper by his side.

MCHENRY

Not that I'm aware of...

92 EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER - DUSK 92

Kit pulls her car to a stop. A box of door hangers is on the passenger seat beside her. She apparently got a second job.

Leaving the box in the car, she climbs out and hears EXCITED VOICES from the back yard.

COOPER (O.S.)

I hit it! I hit it!

MCHENRY

Run to first! No, that's third,
the other one's first! No, that's
second!

She steps around the corner of the house.

93 EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS - DUSK 93

An ad hoc baseball diamond has been set up on the manicured lawn. Cooper is running the bases backward - third to second to first...

Kit doesn't let them know she's there. She just watches Cooper dance toward home plate, arms raised, as McHenry laughs. A warm, almost sad smile decorates her face.

94 INT. MCHENRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

94

A mixing bowl is plunked down in front of Cooper, who is perched on a stool, waiting.

KIT
Gloves, dude. We're not cooking
for ourselves tonight.

Cooper pulls a couple of gloves out of a box on the counter. He slides them on like a pro. Then he grins before plunging them into a mound of ground beef, eggs, onions and crumbled crackers. They're making a meatloaf.

MCHENRY
So, how much is coming off the rent
for *this* little feast?

KIT
(smiles)
This one's on the house. A thank
you for hanging with my guy today.

Cooper grins up at McHenry.

COOPER
Want to help? It feels all gooey!

McHenry thinks a second.

MCHENRY
You know what? Yes, I do.

COOPER
(mimicking Kit)
Gloves, dude.

Kit laughs from the sink, where she peels potatoes. McHenry slides on a pair of gloves and dives into the goo with Cooper.

MCHENRY
Ah, gross...!

Cooper's laughter rings through the house.

95 INT. DINING NOOK - LATER - NIGHT

95

KIT
She was... how do I put this? She
was challenging.

Meatloaf, mashed potatoes, corn, and bowls of salad crowd a small table.

MCHENRY
Challenging how?

KIT
Just... you couldn't... you
couldn't *know* her. Couldn't *please*
her, couldn't... I don't know...
make her *see* you. She was just...
(thinks a moment)
Insulated.

McHenry blinks at the word, but he stays silent.

KIT (CONT'D)
I always wondered if it was from
losing her mom when she was so
young.

McHenry says nothing.

KIT (CONT'D)
Or being an only child.

McHenry's head lifts.

MCHENRY
Did she talk about that? Being an
only child?

Kit gives a wan, ironic smile.

KIT
She didn't talk about *anything*.

She glances at Cooper. He's intently sculpting a small mountain with his mashed potatoes. She lowers her voice a bit.

KIT (CONT'D)
I decided that when my turn came,
my kids would *know* me, warts and
all.

COOPER
You don't have warts.

Kit and McHenry exchange a quick smile as Cooper keeps sculpting. Then she grows serious again.

KIT

I tried... *so hard*... to make her happy. Like it was my *job*, you know? Like that's why I was here. But...

She swipes a hand in front of her eyes, mimics a blank stare.

KIT (CONT'D)

Nothing.
(looks at McHenry)
Was she always like that?

McHenry takes a breath. Has a bit of trouble finding his voice.

MCHENRY

Not when she was little.

Kit waits for him to go on, but he doesn't. Cooper lifts his eyes from Potato Mountain. McHenry realizes they're both looking at him.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

She got... harder to reach. And it got harder for me to try.

He stares into the space in front of him, as if trying to find the words.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

I think we...
(a shaky breath)
...we blamed each other for...
(swallows)
...for things we never even talked about.

He lifts his eyes to Kit. For a moment, it seems as if he's going to go on. But, with a blink, he stands and picks up his water glass.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

Anyone need more to drink while I'm up?

Kit can see that his water glass is half full. But he goes to the fridge to fill it anyway.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. BACK DOOR - NIGHT

96

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK! KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

Kit waits at McHenry's back door. She's in sweats and a t-shirt, no doubt ready for bed.

She steps back and looks at an upstairs window. There's a light on. She KNOCKS again.

Finally, the door opens. McHenry is in pajamas and a robe.

KIT

So sorry to do this.

MCHENRY

Is everything okay?

KIT

Yeah, but Cooper can't find his baseball.

MCHENRY

I bought him a dozen of them.

KIT

Yeah, but this one's special. He doesn't think he can go to sleep until he has it.

McHenry stands there a moment.

MCHENRY

I'll get some flashlights.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

97

Flashlight beams criss-cross in the darkness - three of them - searching the manicured lawn...

98 INT. MCHENRY'S CAR - NIGHT

98

McHenry's car has all four doors open. Cooper crawls around inside, while Kit and McHenry reach deep under the seats, searching...

99 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

99

McHenry sits at the dining table, a cup of coffee in front of him. Kit leans in the archway between the kitchen and dining nook. Cooper is still looking - behind the toaster, the coffee maker, the microwave.

KIT

We've looked everywhere, buddy.
It's not in here.

COOPER

It *has* to be!

KIT

I'm guessing we'll find it in the
back yard tomorrow.

COOPER

We already looked there!

KIT

It's a big yard, buddy. I'm sure
we'll find it in the daylight.

Cooper's suddenly GASPS. His head pops up, eyes wide.

And we see...

100 EXT. INSERT SHOT

100

A quick flash of a hand extending the baseball to a much smaller hand. But we're suddenly back in...

MCHENRY'S KITCHEN

COOPER

I know where it is!

KIT

(surprised)
Where?

COOPER

I gave it to Sissy! It's in her
room!

He turns and runs toward the living room.

KIT

Whoa-whoa-whoa, buddy! Where are
you going?

COOPER
To Sissy's room!

KIT & MCHENRY
(together)
Sissy's room?

101 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 101

Cooper runs through the living room and up the stairs.
McHenry's and Kit are right behind him.

MCHENRY
Your ball's not up there!

But on Cooper runs - *thump-thump-thump...*

KIT
Cooper, wait!

He disappears down the upstairs hallway. Kit runs up the
steps, with McHenry following.

102 INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME - NIGHT 102

Cooper stands in front of an open door. Bewildered.

He's staring into a HOME OFFICE. Gleaming oaken desk, wooden
chair. Computer, printer, filing cabinets.

Kit and McHenry's heads appear at the top of the stairs.
Cooper looks at McHenry, his voice a whisper.

COOPER
Where's Sissy's stuff?

MCHENRY
There's no Sissy here, Cooper.

COOPER
But this was her room...
(a sad appeal)
Wasn't it?

MCHENRY
It's my office.

Cooper stares into the office, *and we suddenly see...*

103 INT. BEDROOM FROM THE PAST - NIGHT

103

We find ourselves looking into a frilly, colorful bedroom. But before we can blink, we find ourselves back in...

MCHENRY'S HALLWAY

COOPER

This was her room! I know it was!

Kit starts to him.

KIT

Come on, Coop, let's get you to bed.

COOPER

No! I know that was her room!

He hurries down the hallway, pointing to closed doors as he goes.

COOPER (CONT'D)

And that was the guest room... And that was Mom and Dad's bedroom...

KIT

Cooper...!

He's heading to the last door.

COOPER

And this was my room!

He runs toward it, hand outstretched.

MCHENRY

Cooper, don't...!

Cooper grabs the handle on the run, but - THUMP! - the door is locked and he crashes into it. Tumbles backward to the floor.

Kit is there in an instant, looking him up and down.

KIT

Are you okay?!

Cooper looks up at McHenry, perplexed.

COOPER

Why is it locked...?

McHenry doesn't answer.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Why did you lock my room...?

There's a long beat of silence as Cooper waits for an answer.
 Finally, quietly --

MCHENRY
 It isn't your room, Cooper.
 (a shaky breath)
 I keep my wife's things in there.

Kit can see complete confusion on her little boy's face. And ancient heartbreak on McHenry's. She doesn't know what to say, what to do, what to think. Finally, quietly --

KIT
 I'm sorry.

We don't know who she said it to. Probably both of them. She picks Cooper up and, holding him tightly, walks him past McHenry and down the stairs.

104 INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

104

Cooper is asleep in the double bed. Kit sits at the kitchen table. In the dim light of a small lamp, she gazes at the Polaroid picture. After a moment, she turns it over and looks at the names.

Steven and Sissy.

She looks through the sliding glass doors and across the back yard. The house is dark but for a light in one of the upstairs windows.

The window of the locked room...

DISSOLVE TO:

105 INT. FROM THE WINDOW OF THE LOCKED ROOM - DAWN

105

We see Kit and Cooper in the yard below us, bathed in the early morning light, searching the big back yard. They are holding hands and walking in straight lines, methodically working their way back and forth, back and forth.

Cooper is drained, almost robotic.

Then a curtain falls closed in front of us, blocking them from view.

McHenry was watching from the window. He stares unblinking at the closed curtain.

106 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 106

Kit is lifting a somber Cooper from his car seat. A steady stream of LAUGHING, SHOUTING KIDS swirls past them.

Kit gives him a long, solid kiss on the top of his head.

KIT
I'll keep looking for it, buddy.
Okay...? Okay...?

Cooper just nods.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 107

Once again, Kit is scurrying onto one porch after another, hanging ads on door handles.

CUT TO:

108 INT. KIT'S CAR - LATER - DAY 108

Ring... Ring... Ring...

The sound is coming through Kit's cellphone. She's parked on a side street, making a call.

Ring... Ring... Ring...

She's about to hang up when Devon answers.

DEVON (O.S.)
Hey there! Sorry, couldn't find my
phone.

109 INT. DEVON'S HOUSE/KIT'S CAR - INTERCUT - DAY 109

Devon has a big grin on his face as he plunks into an easy chair.

DEVON
So, what time do I get to see you
two?

He sounds so chipper that it's hard for Kit to say this.

KIT

I'm sorry, Dev. I should have called sooner. I don't think I'll be able to get him there this time.

His face falls.

DEVON

Is it the car? I'll come get him. Maybe I'll just hang with you two for the weekend.

Kit closes her eyes. She would love that. But she doesn't let it creep into her voice.

KIT

I don't think that's such a good idea. Really. We just have so much going on, and...

DEVON

I'll tag along. I'll chauffeur. I'll cook. I'll provide witty repartee. Come on, Kit. Seeing you guys gets me through my week.

There's a yearning in Kit's eyes. But she takes a breath, steels herself.

KIT

Not this time. We'll try for next weekend.

The coldness in her voice makes him blink. There's a long moment, then --

DEVON

Why is this feeling familiar?

KIT

Devon...

DEVON

No, Kit. You know what this feels like? It feels like your mom is standing there again, pulling the strings...

KIT

It's not that.

DEVON

Telling you all the reasons you shouldn't be with me...

KIT
Devon...

DEVON
Shouldn't love me...

KIT
Stop...

DEVON
Shouldn't let anyone love you.

KIT
It isn't that, Devon!

She's holding back tears. Because he's right. Then --

DEVON
I'm coming to Indianapolis this weekend.

KIT
No! Just give me some time.

DEVON
Time to what?

KIT
To figure some things out.

DEVON
We'll figure them out together! We can do that, Kit! We should have done that five years ago! I'm coming to Indianapolis.

There's a long, silent beat.

KIT
We aren't there.

It hits Devon like a bomb. When he finally finds his voice, it's no more than a whisper.

DEVON
Where are you...?

Kit doesn't answer for a long moment. She's trying to keep from crying.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Kit, *please*...

KIT
We're safe, I promise.

A beat as she wipes away a silent tear.

KIT (CONT'D)
And I do love you.

She waits for her voice to settle.

KIT (CONT'D)
And I'll try to let you love me.

Another beat. Then --

KIT (CONT'D)
Just *please* let me figure some
things out.

Click. She hangs up.

110 EXT. BACK YARD - LATER

110

McHenry, wearing gym shorts and a t-shirt, preps the pickleball court. He places a bucket of balls at each end of the net. A cooler of ice with bottled water is on the patio table.

Kit comes out of the guest house. She has something in her hand.

KIT
Do you have a minute?

McHenry closes his eyes. He's exhausted, we can tell.

KIT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but I have to know
something.

MCHENRY
What do you have to know?

Kit extends the old Polaroid.

KIT
Do you recognize these kids?

McHenry takes the picture. He looks at it for a long, long moment.

MCHENRY
Should I?

KIT
Turn it over.

He turns the picture over. "Steven and Sissy." McHenry stands motionless. Then his eyes lift to hers.

MCHENRY
Has he seen this?

KIT
No. And I don't think he could read the cursive if he had.

MCHENRY
Then where's he getting this stuff about "Sissy?"

KIT
That's what I'm trying to find out.

MCHENRY
He has to be getting it from *somewhere*.

His eyes are flint again. A warning. But Kit pushes on.

KIT
Does that name mean anything to you?

MCHENRY
It sure as hell means something to *him!* Where's he *getting* it?

Kit stands for a long moment. Deciding something. Finally --

KIT
He knows things.

MCHENRY
What do you mean?

KIT
I mean, he knows things he shouldn't know.

MCHENRY
Like what?

KIT
(a beat)
Things from the past. Things he has no way of knowing.

McHenry snorts dismissively.

MCHENRY
What, are telling me he's psychic?

KIT
No. It's like... like...

Her eyes lift to his. Uncertain. Vulnerable.

KIT (CONT'D)
Like he's been here before.

MCHENRY
(a flash of anger)
Like to this house? What the hell
are you saying? He's never been to
this house!

KIT
I know! But he thinks he *knows*
things about it! And I *have* to
believe him!
(holding back tears)
He's my son and I *have* to believe
him. What does he know?

McHenry is backing away. As if he's going to turn and run.
As if he's afraid.

MCHENRY
Did your mother put you up to this?

KIT
(stunned)
Up to what??

MCHENRY
She always blamed me, I know she
did. What did she tell you?

KIT
She didn't tell me *anything*! I
don't know what you're talking
about.

MCHENRY
Bullshit! You come here with this
picture... With the goddamn
baseball... What do you want from
me??

KIT
 (exploding)
 I just want to help my son! He
 talks about other lifetimes! He
knows things from other lifetimes!
 And it's hard for him! I don't
 know how to help him!

McHenry is frozen in disbelief.

MCHENRY
 Other *lifetimes*...?

But before she can respond, a CHEERY VOICE calls out from the
 corner of the house.

BUDDY 1 (O.S.)
 Hey, old guy, you ready for your
 weekly ass-whuppin'?

Around the corner come three AGING FRIENDS, all of them
 decked out in their own version of pickleball clothes.

They nearly trip over each other when the first one stops at
 the sight of a red-eyed, tearful Kit in McHenry's backyard.

A frozen moment as McHenry looks at his gobsmacked buddies.
 He finally gestures toward Kit.

MCHENRY
 This is my, um... my tenant.

Kit snatches the picture from him and walks quickly back into
 the guest house.

CUT TO:

111 INT. OFFICE - DAY

111

A still shaken Kit opens her cooler and starts pulling out
 sandwiches. She manages a smile at the RECEPTIONIST.

KIT
 Hi, thanks so much for putting the
 tray out. I was really thrilled to
 get the orders!

RECEPTIONIST
 No problem. Glad you could get to
 us so soon!

112 INT. KIT'S CAR - MINUTES LATER 112

Before Kit can pull away from her parking spot, her cell phone rings. She glances at the screen: Southside Elementary.

Kit quickly answers it.

KIT
Hi, this is Cooper's mom, is everything okay...?

Her eyes widen as she listens.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. KIT'S CAR - DAY 113

Kit's car squeals to a stop. Her door flies open and she runs toward the front entrance of the school.

114 INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 114

Kit sits in an almost absurdly colorful room. An orange overstuffed couch, yellow bean bag chairs, and cartoon posters about kindness and diversity crowd the small space.

An INTERCOM UNIT on a nearby table CRACKLES to life.

CUSTODIAN 1 (O.S.)
The girls' bathroom in the west hallway is clear. I'm going into the boys' now.

The SCHOOL COUNSELOR, a no-nonsense woman in her 40s, doesn't seem to belong in this whimsical space. She is drilling Kit with an intense stare. Her voice is sharp, suspicious.

COUNSELOR
So you have no idea why he might have left his classroom?

Kit bristles at the tone.

KIT
I wasn't here. How would I know why he left?

The counselor closes her eyes a moment.

COUNSELOR
We're just trying to find your son.

KIT

Good, because you're the ones who
lost him!

Crackle...

CUSTODIAN 2 (O.S.)

The storage room is clear. I'm
heading to the boiler room next.

Kit takes a nervous breath, lets it out. The counselor
watches her closely.

COUNSELOR

Did he ever do this at his last
school?

KIT

No, never.

COUNSELOR

Were...

(shrugs)

...any concerns raised there?

Kit's head swivels toward the woman. Meets her laser gaze.
Holds it long enough that the woman finally nods.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Yes, we called them.

KIT

But you asked me anyway. To see if
I'd lie?

COUNSELOR

Of course not. But they did tell
us...

Crackle...

CUSTODIAN 3 (O.S.)

I've checked both bathrooms on the
east wing. Negative.

COUNSELOR

They told us that you left in the
middle of a... a worrisome episode.
Your son was complaining of hunger.
Is that not right?

KIT

Who did you talk to?

COUNSELOR
I believe he was the principal.

She starts looking through her notes.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
A Mister... I know I have it
here...

Kit quickly rummages through her purse.

KIT
His name doesn't matter. You need
to talk to this person.

She extends a card.

KIT (CONT'D)
Her name is Holly. She's the
counselor there.
(then, hopefully)
She knows Cooper better than he
does.

Crackle...

CUSTODIAN 2 (O.S.)
The boiler room's clear. I'm on my
way to athletic storage.

This somehow catches Kit's attention. She glances toward the
intercom on the table.

Next to it is a framed picture - probably the counselor's
grandson. He is in a baseball uniform, posing in a batter's
stance. Kit's eyes widen.

KIT
He's not in the school...

COUNSELOR
What? Where is he?

But Kit is gone. We hear her footsteps as she runs down the
hallway.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. PARK - MINUTES LATER - DAY

115

Kit climbs from her car. Her eyes are filled with fear.
With hope.

She can see the whole ballfield from here. It's empty. The bleachers are clearly visible. Empty. One dugout faces her. The shadows don't hide the vacant bench.

The only hidden place is the home team dugout. She can see the end of it, but not the bench inside.

We walk along with her hurried stride. She leaves the grass now, steps onto the bare dirt.

We angle with her, around the end wall. The bench is coming into view. More and more of it is visible. Then...

Cooper. He sits alone at the end of the bench.

KIT

Cooper, thank God...!

Her legs give out. She falls to her knees in front of the dugout. Laces her fingers through the fencing. She begins to cry.

KIT (CONT'D)

What are you doing...? My God,
Cooper, what are you doing...?

Cooper stands and steps to the fence. He laces his fingers over hers. Their faces are inches apart. He can see his mother's tears through the metal mesh.

COOPER

(sadly, quietly)
Looking for Sissy. This is where I
gave her my ball.

116 INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

116

Silence. Kit waits for the Counselor to say something, anything. Cooper sits on Kit's lap.

COUNSELOR

Holly tells me she did a home
visit.

(Kit nods)

And that the apartment was clean
and there was plenty of food.

KIT

Yes.

COUNSELOR

She also said that you informed her you were going to move, is that right?

KIT

Yes.

The woman looks into Kit's eyes for a long moment. Kit doesn't blink, doesn't look away. The counselor finally turns to Cooper, softens her voice.

COUNSELOR

Cooper, you know you can't leave the school again without telling anyone, right?

Cooper solemnly nods.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

I need you to answer me, Cooper, not just nod.

COOPER

I know. I won't.

A few more excruciating beats of silence.

COUNSELOR

Okay, then. We'll see you tomorrow.

Kit can finally exhale.

117 INT. GUEST HOUSE - LATER - DAY

117

Silence. Kit and Cooper are standing inside the guest house. Kit stares at something in her hands.

COOPER

What does it say?

Kit is crushed, but we don't know why.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Mommy...? What does it say?

And then we see what Kit has in her hands.

A check for \$5,000.

And a note: "This should get you set up somewhere."

Kit is desperately trying not to cry in front of her son as she puts the note and the check together...

...and begins ripping them into tiny pieces.

118 EXT. DRIVEWAY - MINUTES LATER - DAY 118

Cooper is in his car seat, gazing sadly at the front of the house.

Kit is stashing their suitcases in the trunk. Closes it with a THUNK.

There's no sign of McHenry. His car is there, but the front door is shut and the curtains are drawn closed.

Still, Cooper stares at the house.

Kit climbs in and closes her door. THUNK.

COOPER

We're not s'posed to leave yet.

KIT

We have to, buddy. I'm sorry.

COOPER

But he's still sad.

KIT

I don't know what to tell you, kid.
You're a better person than I am.

She starts the car. But before she backs up, Cooper sees the front curtain part. Sees a sliver of McHenry's face.

119 INT. MCHENRY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME - DAY 119

McHenry can see Cooper's little face, gazing directly at him.

The older man doesn't move, doesn't lower the curtain. He just stares into his great-grandson's eyes. Two panes of glass and twenty feet apart.

Neither one looks away.

Then, inexplicably, Cooper brings a hand to his face. He lifts his middle finger to give his nose a prolonged and deliberate scratch with it.

There's no doubt about it...

McHenry is being flipped off by his five-year-old great-grandson.

But instead of being angered, or even amused, McHenry's mouth drops open and he almost crumples to the floor. He has to reach a hand to the window sill to steady himself.

120 INT. KIT'S CAR - SAME TIME - DAY

120

Kit is making her three-point turn. She stops just before driving away and reaches for the CD button. Turns to Cooper, tries to smile.

KIT
Should we play "Road Trip"?

COOPER
Not yet. I think he wants to tell us something.

KIT
Who?

Kit's head turns in confusion. And she sees him.

McHenry is standing in front of the car.

Kit stares angrily through the windshield. But McHenry doesn't seem to notice. He walks quickly around the front of the car to Cooper's window. He leans down, calls urgently through the glass.

MCHENRY
How did you know about that...?
Cooper, how did you know about that...?

But Kit is having none of it. She hits the gas, leaving McHenry standing in the driveway.

CUT TO:

121 INT. KIT'S CAR - DUSK

121

She's on the open road again. Her eyes flick to the rearview mirror. A state police car. Lights flashing.

KIT
Are you fucking *kidding* me...??

CUT TO:

122 INT. MCHENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

122

TICK-TOCK...TICK-TOCK...

The grandfather clock tolls the silent seconds. Then --

MCHENRY

Why did you do that?

He's talking to Cooper, who sits on his mother's lap. Kit has her arms wrapped protectively around him.

COOPER

Do what?

MCHENRY

That thing you did with your nose.

COOPER

What thing?

MCHENRY

That thing you did. You looked right at me and did it. Just before you left in the car.

Cooper closes his eyes, as if to picture it. We can see his eyes darting beneath the closed lids.

Then slowly, slowly, eyes still closed, he raises his hand to his nose...

He lifts a middle finger...

And gives his nose a long scratch with it.

McHenry nearly launches from his chair.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

Yes! *That!* How did you know about that??

He's on his feet now, eager and frightened at the same time.

COOPER

I don't know.

MCHENRY

What do you mean, you don't know?

COOPER

I don't know. I just knew.

KIT
Sometimes he remembers and
sometimes he doesn't.

MCHENRY
(to Cooper)
What did it mean to you? Why did
you do it?

Cooper thinks for a long moment. Then he lifts his eyes to McHenry's.

COOPER
You looked scared. I did it to
make you smile.

McHenry's eyes fill. He turns quickly away.

TICK-TOCK...TICK-TOCK...

He finally speaks. Quietly. Shakily. His back still to them.

MCHENRY
I don't know what's happening.

Kit's voice is shaking too.

KIT
Neither do we.

McHenry turns around. He walks to Cooper and squats down in front of him. He peers into the little boy's eyes.

MCHENRY
What do you know about Sissy?

COOPER
She was my sister. That's why we
called her that.

MCHENRY
What else?

COOPER
I gave her my ball.

MCHENRY
When?

COOPER
I don't know. A long time ago.

MCHENRY
Where?

COOPER
The park.

McHenry pauses, as if he's not sure he wants to ask this next question.

TICK-TOCK...TICK-TOCK...

He swallows. Hard.

MCHENRY
What happened after you gave it to her?

COOPER
I don't know.

MCHENRY
What *happened*, Cooper?

COOPER
(voice trembling)
I don't know...

Kit's eyes narrow, hardening.

KIT
(to McHenry)
Do you know?

MCHENRY
I want to know if *he* knows.

KIT
He's five years old. If *you* know, you need to tell us.

MCHENRY
It doesn't matter if I know!

KIT
Yes, it does! He thinks he's here to help you! You need to help him now!

COOPER
(softly)
I wrote on it.

Kit and McHenry fall silent as Cooper stares into the space in front of him.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 She wanted me to write on it.
 Because it was my first home run.

Suddenly, we see a flash of...

123 EXT. 1980S PARK - DAY

123

A pair of boy's hands are writing on the baseball:

Home Run 6/17/83.

The ball is handed to a smiling LITTLE GIRL. There's no mistaking the face. It's the Sissy from the Polaroid.

And we go back to...

MCHENRY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

COOPER
 She dropped it. In the car...

Suddenly, we are in...

124 INT. A 1980S CAR - CONTINUOUS

124

And we see the little girl in a car seat. The ball rolls from her hands, drops to the floor of the car.

And we cut back and forth between...

MCHENRY'S LIVING ROOM/1980s CAR - CONTINUOUS

COOPER
 She couldn't reach it. She started to cry...

The little girl from the 80s SOUNDLESSLY CRIES, reaching futilely toward the dropped ball.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 I couldn't reach it, either...

A boy's arm is extended, trying to reach the floor.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Mom tried, too. Sissy was crying so loud. So loud.

A PRETTY WOMAN in the passenger seat is silently telling an unseen driver to pull over. Gesturing to the curb.

But on they drive.

The "Lorelei Lane" sign flashes past.

The brick archway is coming up.

COOPER (CONT'D)
You were reaching for the ball...

An arm from the driver's side is angrily thrust between the seats as the car turns into the driveway, and...

HOOOONNNNK!!!

COOPER (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOO!!! THE TRUCK IS GONNA
HIT US!!!

And for just a flash we see Steven's face, wide-eyed, staring through the back seat window at the oncoming truck.

WHAM! SHATTERING glass, SHREDDING metal, high-pitched SCREAMS!

One of the screams is Cooper's. He has his hand pressed tightly to his forehead, just over his birthmark. Screaming.

KIT
Cooper, it's okay! You're all right!

COOPER
No, we're not!

He's looking wildly around, hand still on his forehead.

COOPER (CONT'D)
We can't find Sissy! We can't find Dad! We're somewhere else...!

Kit holds him tightly.

KIT
We're fine, Cooper... We're fine...

COOPER
Then why can't we can't find them??
Why can't we find them??

And Kit suddenly knows. Her eyes are wide with the knowing. Her voice is choked with it.

KIT

We're in the pretty place, baby...

She rocks him back and forth, back and forth, tears running down her face.

KIT (CONT'D)

We're together... In the pretty place...

COOPER

(sobbing)

We have to go back... We have to help them...

She gently pulls his hand down. Rocking him. Calming him. Knowing.

KIT

We can't, Coop. Not yet. It's too pretty here. It's so-so-so pretty...

Tears stain McHenry's cheeks. As the rocking slows to a stop, he reaches out to Cooper's head. Strokes his hair gently. Looks at the port wine birthmark, high on his forehead. Covers it with his hand.

He holds his hand there. On the little boy's head. On the birthmark. Like a benediction.

Then he looks deeply into Kit's eyes. Behind them. Beyond them.

And he moves the hand gently to the side of her head. Cradles it.

Finally, he stands. Slowly, wearily. He walks to the stairway. Stops at the bottom, looks up as if it's a mountain that he's too tired to climb.

Then he turns to them.

MCHENRY

Come on. Let's get your ball.

Kit and Cooper stare at him in silence.

CUT TO:

125 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY 125

A key is sliding into a door handle. Turns. The door swings open.

And we find ourselves looking into a time capsule. We are in...

126 INT. A BOY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 126

It could be 1983. But this isn't a flash of memory. It's real. It's today.

Posters from the time adorn the walls. Major League pennants hang everywhere. A single bed, perfectly made, is covered by an Atlanta Braves bedspread.

McHenry steps inside. Kit is frozen in the doorway, holding Cooper in her arms. Not sure if they're allowed in.

COOPER

My room!

He squirms his way out of her arms and steps in. He stares around himself in awe. Looks at McHenry.

COOPER (CONT'D)

It's just the same...!

MCHENRY

I know.

Everything goes silent as McHenry reaches for something on the dresser.

The ball.

It's on a little golden home run trophy. He pulls it carefully from its holder, nestles it gently in his hands.

His eyes contain a mixture of shame and sadness.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...

He shrugs. What can he say?

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

It was here for almost twenty years.

He looks to Kit.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
Your mother took it when she left.

Kit nods.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
We weren't speaking by then.

He very slowly - almost ceremoniously - extends it to Cooper.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)
It's yours now. I'm sorry I took
it.

Cooper holds it in his hands, turns it over and over. Looks up at McHenry.

Then he steps to the little trophy and reverently puts the ball back into its holder. Stares at it for a long, long moment.

COOPER
There were kids on all three...
(looks at McHenry)
What are they called? You bought
some.

MCHENRY
Bases. The bases were loaded, yes.

And we see...

127 EXT 1983 PARK - DAY

127

A quick flash of UNIFORMED KIDS on first, second, and third. Big kids, eleven and twelve years old.

INTERCUT BEDROOM/1983 PARK

COOPER
And I was the last chance.

MCHENRY
Yes. There were two outs.

PARENTS on their feet. COACHES silently yelling. FIELDERS popping dust from their mitts.

COOPER
I was scared.

A sweeping panorama of the field, the stands, the faces yelling, cheering, jeering.

MCHENRY

I know you were.

The panorama view swings around and zeroes in on A YOUNGER MCHENRY on the bleachers. Calling encouragement, clapping his hands. His wife is cheering alongside him.

COOPER

Then you did this.

He lifts his hand slowly, slowly to his nose.

Younger McHenry, in the bleachers, slowly, slowly lifts his own hand.

Old McHenry mirrors them both. His hand is at his nose.

Tears stream down Kit's face.

Cooper's middle finger lifts.

Younger McHenry's middle finger lifts.

Old McHenry's middle finger lifts.

Three noses. Three middle fingers.

A multi-generational flip-off through time.

COOPER (CONT'D)

And it made me smile.

MCHENRY

Yes, it did.

COOPER

And I hit a home run.

MCHENRY

Yes, you did, Steven... Yes, you did...

The old man kneels on the floor of the bedroom and wraps his arms around his five-year-old great-grandson. His returned son.

Kit lays her palms on the tops of both heads, one young, one old.

And we do a long, long...

DISSOLVE TO:

128

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

128

CROWD NOISE tells us it's a typical day at the ballpark. PARENTS are CHEERING, COACHES are YELLING. UMPIRES are sweating, KIDS are grimy with dust.

A little boy in an oversized helmet, with a bat as big as his leg, is walking toward home plate.

DEVON (O.S.)
Go, Cooper...!

KIT (O.S.)
Smack one, buddy...!

MCHENRY (O.S.)
You got this, Coop!

Hearing the voices behind him, the little boy turns. He looks into the stands.

Franklin McHenry sits next to Kit and Devon on the top row.

All three are scratching their noses with their middle fingers.

Cooper breaks into a huge grin, rolls his eyes.

He steps to home plate, squints at the ball sitting on the rubber tee.

Cranks the bat back, and...

PING! A line drive sizzles between the SHORTSTOP and the THIRD BASEMAN.

ALL THREE
WOOOO...! NICE HIT, BUDDY...!
RUN, COOP...!

And run he does. Straight to third base.

His coach is waving him back.

COACH
Wrong way, wrong way!

But Cooper rounds third and zooms to second.

The SECOND BASEMAN, as clueless as Cooper, watches him run by.

On to first he goes.

The FIRST BASE COACH is laughing too hard to turn him around.
He simply waves him on.

Kit, Devon, and McHenry are jumping up and down, cheering at
the top of their lungs.

And arms raised, a huge grin on his face, Cooper finishes his
sprint with a big-league slide.

Safe at home.

CREDITS ROLL