

FADE IN

INT/EXT. CALIFORNIA WINDY MOUNTAIN ROAD - TRAVELING - DAY

JOHN, a 26 year old with long hair and a clean shaven face, is driving in a muscle car on an open highway with his wife LISA, a 24 year-old tattooed brunette woman who would probably be cool to get to know if it wasn't for her impending doom, by his side and their son, MARK, who is wearing a band t-shirt and has a mohawk. Johnny is speeding around the mountain. They approach a straight-away.

JOHN

You think we can hit 120 on this stretch?

Johnny puts the pedal on the ground and jolts the car forward. Lisa braces and peeks back at Mark.

Mark's asleep.

LISA

Please don't try! You're gonna kill us.

Her words say one thing but her face says another, she's looking at Johnny and smiling while still bracing to her seat. They are going faster.

JOHN

Do you know who you're talking to?

LISA

The love of my life of course.

She leans in and kisses John on the cheek.

John focuses on the road and slows down the car.

JOHN

I'm so glad you stood by my side. We're only a few months away from having enough money to open up my shop.

LISA

I could never. Shop or no shop.

JOHN

Once it's open, we'll be living easy. We can get our own place. And the sooner we do it, Mark won't have to know our struggle.

LISA

I can't wait. But I can. We can stay at my mom's as long we need. You know that.

JOHN

I know. But I want more. Your mother, she's been through so much. She doesn't need us mooching off of her.

John leans forward on the wheel and shrugs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And besides, there's hardly enough room for the four of us...what about when Dani comes?

Lisa smacks John playfully. John pretends to swerve a little bit.

LISA

We're not even sure yet.

JOHN

What those tests are 99% accurate?

LISA

Ah Ah Ah. You know the deal. No talking about it until the doctor's appointment. At this stage, anything could happen.

The car reaches another straightaway and John blasts off into the open road with a large mountain in the distance. Lisa looks at the mountain and points to it.

CAR ENGINE.

LISA (CONT'D)

John, have you ever been up that mountain?

JOHN

Up that mountain? No. But I love the view it gives. I've always saw it as the backdrop of my entire life.

LISA

Maybe we can be buried there, together.

JOHN
Oh god, I don't even want to think
about that. That's a long ways
away.

John takes a deep breath and slows down the car, looking at
Lisa.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I don't know what I'd do without
you.

LISA
You're right. It's a while away.

Lisa turns around in her seat.

LISA (CONT'D)
Your problem, then, right, Mark?

Mark's still asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT'S BEDROOM - FIVE YEARS LATER - DAY

ALARM CLOCK

John, now a 32-year old balding, out-of-shape used car
salesman, gets up out of bed in his apartment, a one
bedroom in a last-stop-before-homelessness type building,
to a blaring alarm clock. He smacks the clock off sits on
the edge of his bed and sighs. He walks into his

BATHROOM

and begins looking into the mirror.

JOHN (V.O.)
Another day...

John opens up his shower door and then smells himself. John
shrugs and closes the shower door with a quizzical look on
his face.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I showered Tuesday. Or was it
Monday?

John leaves his bathroom and walks back into his

BEDROOM

And sits down on his bed to put on his socks. John gets up to put on his pants. They are difficult to get on. John puts his hands on his stomach and looks down and sighs. He picks up his spray deodorant and lazily sprays it in front of him before walking into it.

Before he exits his bedroom, he takes a peek at his dresser. A picture of Lisa and Mark is the only decor. He stares longingly at it.

PHONE RINGING

John hears the his home phone ringing. He walks into the

KITCHEN

and takes it off the charger. John stares at the phone, shrugs and presses the button to answer it.

JOHN

Hello?

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yes, I know it's been five years next week. You think I would just forget? What do you want from me?

JOHN (CONT'D)

No I don't want to be interviewed. Do not, I repeat, do not call again. Just leave me alone. Thank you. Goodbye.

John hangs up the phone and slams it into the charger.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

John is walking through his living room. Trash bags of beer cans, unopened mail, newspaper clippings and piles of McDonald's bags dress it up.

He sits down at his couch and picks up his schoolbag. He slips on his shoes, conveniently left right at his couch, and lights up a cigarette.

He puts on the TV. The morning news is on.

ON TV - INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

MALE ANCHOR and FEMALE ANCHOR are seated at a newsdesk.

Male Anchor picks up his papers and puts on a smile.

MALE ANCHOR

Well, for those of us at Channel
11, we're signing off hope you
have a great day. See you later at
5, and as always...

Male Anchor and Female Anchor both wave to the camera.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

John puts out his cigarette on his couch, revealing
countless burns all over the cushions. He gets up to leave
and he throws his cigarette onto his

COFFEE TABLE.

INSERT - NEWS HEADLINE, WHICH READS:

DEADLY ACCIDENT KILLS TWO

INSERT - ENVELOPES, which read:

SHUT-OFF NOTICE

EVICTION NOTICE FINAL WARNING

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - DAY

John is walking out his door and PROPERTY MANAGER is
walking toward him. Property Manager is short, stout and
wearing a hi-vision vest with a manila envelop in his hand.
His little legs look funny as he races to John.

JOHN (V.O.)

Oh great...

PROPERTY MANAGER

John, John, we need to talk. This
is your last warning.

JOHN

Just give me another week or two,
you'll get your money.

PROPERTY MANAGER

John, I can't. It's been too long.

JOHN

You always say that. We'll be
okay.

John goes to get into his car. Property Manager tries to stop him and holds the door on him.

PROPERTY MANAGER
John I'm not kidding!

JOHN
I gotta go. I'm late for work.

John shuts the door and drives off.

Property Manager sighs and walks off.

EXT/INT. JOHN'S CAR

John gets into his car, a womanly blue 2004 Ford Focus. The back seat is covered in more fast food bags and loose beer cans. John pulls out of his driveway.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - RED LIGHT - DAY

John pulls up to a red light. He sees a red Chevrolet Malibu, a new make, and slips into a

DAYDREAM.

EXT. JOHN'S CAR - ROAD - TRAVELING - FLASHBACK

Johnny, Lisa and Mark are leaving the mountain straightaway and are approaching the lights of their suburban California town. The windows are down. But they are quiet. The car's ENGINE and the WIND battling the car is all that can be heard.

JOHN
Do you think we woke up the little
guy?

LISA
I don't think so, nothing can wake
him up. Right, Mark?

Lisa turns around the seat to look at Mark in his car seat. Mark is sleeping.

JOHN
That's my guy. He's a sound
sleeper, just like his pops.

Lisa turns back and looks at John and puts her arm around the back of his seat.

LISA

Do you want to get something to eat before we head back?

JOHN

Sounds like a plan.

Quickly, the view gets fuzzy. John hears SCREAMS and CAR HORNS.

INT/EXT. JOHN'S CAR - RED LIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

John snaps out of his daydream and flusters his eyes. The Chevrolet Malibu is gone. John is still at the red light.

Cars are passing him and DRIVER, a fifties man in business dress, is sticking his body out the window and giving John the finger.

Still in the middle of the street, he takes his notebook out of his schoolbag. He's turns about four pages in, the first four were filled in entirely with tally marks. He draws two columns, HIM//ME. He places a tally under HIM.

DRIVER

Quit playing with yourself jackass.

John drives off.

INT. UWE'S USED CAR'S SHOW FLOOR - DAY

RAY GILDAN, a monied twenty something and son of UWE GILDAN with a thinks-he-hit-a-triple attitude and John's boss at UWE'S USED CARS, throws his coffee in the trash, and greets John, write-up in hand, who is just arriving to work.

RAY GILDAN

John, It's 11:30. What were you doing?

JOHN

Sorry, I overslept.

Ray doesn't believe it and visually gasps.

RAY GILDAN

What do you mean you overslept? It's 11:30. I just bought you a new alarm and scheduled you an hour later every day.

JOHN

I didn't hear it until twenty minutes ago. I was in a deep sleep I guess.

RAY GILDAN

Whatever, man. I don't even know why I gave you that key if you always come late and leave early. Anyway, Can you clean out that Saturn over there? Someone just dropped it off. I gave him \$800 dollars cash for it. Could probably get 3 large and I bet it moves quick.

Ray motions towards the Saturn.

JOHN

I'm right on it.

RAY GILDAN

After you clean that up I'll take a look at it and make sure it drives so be quick.

John walks towards the car in the distance outside and out of earshot.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)

Could you imagine driving a Saturn, let alone a used Saturn?

EXT. UWE'S LOT - LATER

John wheels a trash can to the car and puts his bag down next to it. He didn't have time to drop it off in the employee lounge. He opens the car door. It's messy, but not as messy as his.

JOHN (V.O.)

This car is disgusting.

John does a half-cough, half-gag. John takes a pile of magazines out from the back before reaching his hand under the driver's seat.

He feels something metallic under the seat and knows exactly what it is. He pauses before continuing and then goes back for it.

It's a gun.

John looks at the gun, it's a small handgun. He looks around before examining it further. John pick up the gun and looks at it.

Then he looks down the barrel.

He peeks up and sees Ray in the distance on the phone. He has a quizzical look on his face.

He pauses.

He checks if theres ammo, it's loaded.

John does one more peek around before putting it in his bag.

When he puts it in, he sees his copybook and the fateful tally. Him Me.

He looks back at the gun before putting it in.

He finishes cleaning out the trash, zips up his bag and walks out with his bag with the gun tucked good inside of it.

EXT. UWE'S LOT - DAY

John places his bag into his car.

He digs under his car seat looking for something.

He pulls out a shriveled old cigarette and pulls it up to his face and examines it. He shuts one eye to really focus.

He makes an agitated face and throws the cigarette on the ground in front of him.

He goes back down to dig through the seats and finds a half-smoked cigarette. He pulls out a matchbox and tries to light it up. It does.

While smoking, he looks in the backseat and sees all the beer cans piled up.

INT. UWE'S USED CAR'S SHOW FLOOR - DAY - LATER

John is idling a the front of the show floor waiting for customers to come in. A SIXTEEN YEAR-OLD and his MOTHER come in. Sixteen year-old is short, blonde and extremely babyfaced. He'll get carded for the next 30 years. The Mother is blonde and with short hair, but still much taller than her son.

JOHN

Hello and welcome to Uwe's Used Cars. My name is John. How can I help today?

John puts down a coffee he was drinking.

MOTHER

Hi Josh. We're looking for a car. He is about to get his license next month.

SIXTEEN YEAR OLD

Yeah we're looking for a fast one. Do you have anything with lots of power?

JOHN

Sure we do.

John motions around the lot pointing at different cars. Sixteen year-olds eyes follow his finger like a cat and a laser pointer. He smirks at the mom before he begins to talk.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We have some old mustangs, a V8 ford Thunderbird and some old lady just traded in a 2006 Corvette if you're up for that.

Sixteen year-old's eyes light up.

John nods and smiles with him. He looks to the mother, right on cue.

MOTHER

Excuse me, um, Jim? Do you have anything um..

MOTHER stutters and her son audibly groans and rolls his eyes at John. John smiles: he knew what he was doing.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Safer?

JOHN

We have that too. We just got a Saturn that probably couldn't touch 90 if it tried and I don't know about it's safety rating but it has 5 seat belts.

John points at the Saturn.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That one is fresh on the lot. My boss is inspecting it now and if it goes its yours.

SIXTEEN YEAR OLD

Mom I can't drive a frickin Saturn.

Sixteen Year Old stomps his feet.

JOHN

It's a safe car. That's what you need sport. Young male drivers are responsible for the highest percentage of fatal accidents.

MOTHER

That's right and that's what you need. We don't need another accident in this town like the one a couple years back. That was on the news for months.

John starts to tense up midway through her talking. Through his eyes, her face starts to blur and shake up. John's heart starts to beat fast and loud.

More distortion. John's zoning out this time, this time, into a

DAYDREAM.

INT. BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN HOME - FANTASY - DAY

We are in a beautiful suburban house. We meet BEAUTIFUL WIFE. A young woman, maybe about 8 years younger than John.

BEAUTIFUL WIFE

Honey, how was work?

She's holding an infant son in the island of their kitchen. The kitchen is really nice, speaks at least of upper-middle class. From the kitchen, there is the foyer in the backdrop from with a chandelier hanging and a windy, ornate staircase. This house is really nice and really big. YOUNG MAN walks into the room. He's stunning, clean shaven, chiseled jaw line and a full head of hair. They embrace with a hug and a kiss. There is a certain 50s sitcom level campiness to their interactions. This is a daydream.

YOUNG MAN

It went fine. I couldn't wait to
come see you and this one though.
I've been thinking about the three
of you all day.

Young Man takes INFANT out of Beautiful Wife's hands and
rocks him a bit. Without the baby in hand, Beautiful Wife
is noticeably pregnant.

Young Man kisses the baby on the cheek and smiles at him.

BEAUTIFUL WIFE

Us too. I'm so proud of you honey.
It's all coming together like we
knew it would.

YOUNG MAN

I love you.

BEAUTIFUL WIFE

I love you too.

They embrace one more time with a hug and a kiss.

John snaps out of it and he flushes back to the lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. UWE'S USED CAR'S SHOW FLOOR - SAME

MOTHER

Don't you agree?

She waves her hand in front of John.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Hello? Sir? I was just saying how
terrible that accident was. I felt
so bad for that guy.

JOHN

Me too.

John's face gets red. He starts to mumble under his breath
and rolls his eyes.

JOHN (V.O.)

Feel bad? Hm. At least someone
does.

Ray walks in the background of the lot and points at the
Saturn and puts a thumbs up before screaming at John.

RAY GILDAN

I'm ducking out for a minute. Hold it down John.

Ray walks off the lot.

MOTHER

Anyway, the other car was pretty immaculate after the crash, I forget what he was driving, maybe a Chevy?

She stutters.

JOHN

Malibu. A 2009 Red Chevrolet Malibu.

MOTHER

Oh yeah! That's it. Do you have any of those?

JOHN

No. We don't have any Chevrolet on the lot a the moment.

Mother stamps her foot and snaps her fingers.

MOTHER

Oh darn. Is there anyway we can check out the Saturn? Maybe a test-drive?

JOHN

We don't offer test drives but let's go take a look.

Sixteen Year-Old, Mother, and John walk towards the Saturn.

INT. UWE'S USED CAR'S SHOW FLOOR - LATER

John, Mother, and Sixteen-Year Old are walking through the showfloor.

MOTHER

I think we liked the Saturn enough. How much for it?

JOHN

Umm. We haven't priced it yet.

MOTHER

Well, what do you want for it?

John looks over at the Saturn while still talking to the woman.

JOHN

Uhh, I'm not sure I don't usually make these decisions. Let me make a phone call.

MOTHER

Oh no, we don't have time for that, what do you want for it?

John is frantically searching his brain trying to remember how much Ray paid for it. He again breaks eye contact.

RAY GILDAN

(in John's
consciousness)

\$800.

JOHN

\$800!

MOTHER

Deal! I might have that on me.

JOHN

No. No I didn't mean \$800.

MOTHER

But you just said it. You just said \$800.

JOHN

I misspoke. It's not \$800.

SIXTEEN YEAR OLD

Mom, dad told us he would do this. The bait-and-switch.

MOTHER

You're right honey. I thought it'd be different. I went to high school with Uwe. Guess his employees are the same as anywhere.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

My husband is a lawyer. Do we need to call him?

John rolls his eyes and looks back at the car. He shrugs his shoulders.

JOHN
Fine, fine. \$800 and it's yours.

MOTHER
That's what I like to hear.

She reaches into her wallet and pulls out \$800 cash and hands it to John. John hesitates to take the money, taking his hand back and forth and holding his mouth open.

But he takes the money and hands them the keys. Sixteen Year Old's Mother takes the keys laughs and places her arm over her son's shoulder.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Pleasure doing business with you

She squints in at John's nametag.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
John.

They walk off. John stays put, watches them check out the Saturn while counting the money and starts to mutter to himself.

JOHN (V.O.)
800 dollars. Ray gonna kill me.
But fuck it he doesn't pay me
enough to care. And besides...

John pauses.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He'd be doing me a favor.

INT. UWE'S USED CAR'S SHOW FLOOR--LATER

Ray comes strutting back through the doors ecstatic and cheerful. But the patronizing kind.

RAY GILDAN
Way to go man. I knew you had it
in ya. I bet you got a fortune off
her. She screamed dumb and rich.

Ray pats John on the back.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
So what did ya get big guy?

JOHN
Eight.

RAY GILDAN
You got eight thousand for a
Saturn? No way! You can keep like
2 of that then. Way to go bud.

JOHN
Hundred.

RAY GILDAN
You're kidding. Oh no way. You're
joking you have to be. I paid \$800
for that.

JOHN
I know. I misspoke.

RAY GILDAN
What do you mean you misspoke? Are
you dumb? We sell our cars for
higher prices than what we pay
them. How am I supposed to pay you
if you just lost me \$2200 or more?

Ray paces around the lot.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
That's exactly what I'm gonna do.
This is coming out of your
paycheck. I'm sorry man. But I
can't eat this \$2200 loss like
this. My dad will kill me and then
I will kill you.

John nods solemnly.

JOHN
I understand.

RAY GILDAN
You better. Go take your lunch, I
don't want to look at you right
now. You got it?

John's brain starts going all hazy again and the camera
distorts to demonstrate it. He's daydreaming:

CUT TO:

INT. UWE'S USED CAR'S SHOW FLOOR - SAME - FANTASY

John snaps and strangles Ray and takes a stapler on the
desk and staples his forehead before beating him to death
with his fists.

Each blow creates more damage to Ray's body. John begins to realize he's daydreaming but doesn't snap out of it.

John punches Ray again.

John punches Ray again.

John punches Ray again.

John gets up off of Ray.

RAY GILDAN (V.O.)
John, John, John, get out of here.

John kicks Ray's bloodied body.

INT. UWE'S USED CAR'S SHOW FLOOR - SAME - BACK TO REALITY

Ray is looking at John and pointing out the door.

RAY GILDAN
You hearing me? Beat it.

John gets up slowly.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Now.

JOHN
Alright.

John walks out the door.

INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAR FAST FOOD DRIVE THRU - AFTERNOON

John pulls up to the drive thru window and is greeted by FAST FOOD WORKER, a teenage African-American woman wearing a hat and a fast food uniform.

JOHN
Hi, can I have the dollar menu
chicken sandwich please?

FAST FOOD WORKER
Hey John. Would you like fries
with that?

JOHN
Uh, yeah sure.

FAST FOOD WORKER
That'll be three dollars and
thirty cents.

John reaches into his wallet. He pulls out three one dollar bills but is scrounging for change around his car. He picks up a nickel.

JOHN
Three Oh Five.

He keeps looking through the fast food bags and finds a dime and a nickel.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Three Fifteen. How much do I owe
you again?

FAST FOOD WORKER
Fifteen more cents.

People are beeping behind him.

JOHN
Can you get me this time?

FAST FOOD WORKER
I can't keep letting you slide.

John reaches for the fast food.

JOHN
Just one more time, please.

FAST FOOD WORKER
Fine. You're good man just get out
of here.

The worker hands John his food and John drives off.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

John is eating his fast food when he sees a red Chevrolet Malibu drive by the intersection and get caught at the red light.

John's jaw drops and his sandwich falls out of his mouth.

JOHN (V.O.)
You've got to be fucking kidding
me.

The car hangs a left in the parking lot and does donuts around John. He notices the tire tracks in the etch into the pavement. The car is whipping around him.

John looks to see if there's a driver. He doesn't see one.

TIRES SCREECHING.

John starts to shake and twitch and twitch.

HEART RACING.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Am I seeing this?

SCREAMS OF AGONY

John is, again, immediately taken back to that fateful day.

INT. CHAIN RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING - FLASHBACK

John, his wife Lisa and Mark are walking to their seats where they take their places gathered around a booth with sports memorabilia on the walls.

They sit down at the table. Lisa and Mark pile in across from John.

The waitress, a middle-aged woman in uniform with a smoker's voice, fast approaches.

WAITRESS
Hi, my name is Stephanie. Here are your menus, and can I start you off with something to drink?

JOHN
Hi, Stephanie, I'll have a beer, please.

Lisa cuts him off and shoots him a dirty look.

She looks up at the waitress.

LISA
We'll have two beers.

WAITRESS
Alright. I'll be right back with your drinks.

The waitress smiles and walks off.

Lisa picks up John's keys.

JOHN
Come on Lisa, I'm fine.

LISA
I know it's just a beer. But be
careful.

Lisa motions to her stomach.

LISA (CONT'D)
We have a lot at stake here.

JOHN
Hey! You said no talking about it.

Lisa laughs.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'll be fine. You know that. I
would never do anything to put you
guys in danger.

LISA
I know honey.

The waitress returns.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BACK TO PRESENT

John snaps out of his flashback and takes a deep breath. He looks up for the car. It's not there and neither are the tire marks.

He rubs his eyes and slaps himself out of it. He stares into his rear view mirror. Looking at himself.

JOHN (V.O.)
You need help man.

John sighs. He reaches for his schoolbag. He gingerly takes his copybook out. He hovers his pen over, him or me.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Why am I like this?

He goes back and forth. The words appear to come off the page. He shrugs and chooses not to place any tallies this time.

He throws his notebook in the back of his car.

John lets out another sigh. He turns his car back on.

MUSIC PLAYS and CAR ENGINE turns on. He shifts his car into gear and drives off.

EXT. UWE'S USED CAR'S LOT - LATER

John pulls into the lot.

MUSIC PLAYING.

John pulls into his spot carefully and slowly. He turns off his car and looks into the mirror. He sees Ray Gildan in the distance.

He stares into the into the mirror.

JOHN (V.O.)
Here we fucking go.

John gets up out of his car.

He's midway in between getting out of his car when Ray approaches car with a light smile.

RAY GILDAN
(tactlessly)
Hey John. Sorry about earlier. I just got off the phone with my dad and he told me he knows you're still going through it a lot and that I should lighten up on you. He couldn't imagine living in your shoes. That would be terrible.

John gives him an eyeball and a stare, his face says, "Is he really saying this?"

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
Anyway, he said we're straight and thanks for all your hard work over these years. And no, we're not actually going to dock your pay. That would have been oh, I don't know, like three weeks of your salary?

JOHN
Well. Uh, thank you Ray. I'm hanging in there and it won't happen again. I just forgot the price.

RAY GILDAN

Don't say another word. It's okay man. Don't you worry about it. I promise that it's not a big deal. I just get a little, uh, hot-tempered sometimes. And some days, you're the only person I see for hours.

JOHN

Yeah, we spend a lot of time together.

RAY GILDAN

I'm surprised one of us hasn't killed the other yet.

Ray laughs and pats John on the back. John shoots him a smile.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, we just had a new Chevrolet dropped off. Can you go check it out for me? Clean it. Write down the mileage. Inspect it. You know the deal.

JOHN

Yeah. I can do that.

RAY GILDAN

That's my boy. Johnny Carcleaner.

John walks away from the car and from Ray, but still looking back at Ray.

JOHN (V.O.)

I can't ever tell if he's the biggest idiot or the biggest douchebag. Probably both.

EXT. UWE'S USED CAR'S LOT - LATER

John turns the corner of the lot and sees the car that was just traded in.

It's a 2009 Red Chevrolet Malibu.

John drops his coffee and is frozen in time.

JOHN (V.O.)

There is no way.. how. This is some sick joke. Could it really be?

John looks around. He looks up to where the security cameras are.

John approaches the car one step at a time and he keeps peering around the lot, eyeing up every corner.

John peeks at the front of the car and braces himself.

The front of the car has work done. The hood and bumper seems newer than the rest of the car.

It's the car that killed his family.

John shrieks and falls to his knees.

JOHN

Oh my god. No. No. No. Dear god.
No. How.

John's vision gets fuzzy again and we hear HEART POUNDING and SCREAMS. Another flashback.

INT./EXT. YOUNG MAN'S CAR - TRAVELING - FIVE YEARS AGO

Young Man, here 21 years old, is flying down the highway in his red Chevrolet Malibu. His passenger seats are empty.

He's texting and keeps glaring down at his phone. Steering with his knees when he does. He swerves a bit and goes back to driving with his hands.

TEXT TONE PING.

He reaches down and picks up his phone one more time.

INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAR - TRAVELING - FIVE YEARS AGO

John, noticeably younger, clean shaven and thinner, Lisa and Mark are driving. They are approaching a stale green light.

LISA

John, slow down a bit. It could
turn yellow any second now.

JOHN

We'll be okay, don't worry.

Lisa sighs.

LISA

I hate when you do this.

JOHN
No, I hate when YOU do this.

INT/EXT. INTERSECTION - TRAVELING - SAME

On the right, John, Lisa, and Mark in John's car going faster than they should. John floors it under the green light.

On the left, Young Man is texting and driving. One more peek down and he floors it into the intersection - blowing a red light. END SPLITSCREEN.

TIRES SCREECHING

CAR HORNS

SMASH

SCREAMS

WHITE NOISE

FADE TO:

EXT. UWE'S USED CAR'S LOT - SAME

Ray comes rushing around the corner.

RAY GILDAN
What's wrong John? Are you okay?

John stands up.

JOHN
Ray, I need to go. Now.

RAY GILDAN
What do you mean you need to go?
You were just out.

JOHN
I can't explain.

RAY GILDAN
Fine fine. Go.

Ray starts to walk away.

He turns back.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
Wait. After you clean this car out
you can leave.

JOHN
No, I need to go now. I can't
explain.

RAY GILDAN
Just clean the car out and you can
bounce.

JOHN
I can't.

RAY GILDAN
Listen, I didn't do three
semesters of college to clean out
used cars. Who knows what shit I
could find in there. Just clean
this car man, it's not hard.

Ray walks away again. He turns around to talk again.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
You're lucky I even let you work
here.

John moves towards Ray, forming a fist.

Ray puts both hands up in defense, cowering from John.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
Fine, fine. Go. But I need you
here tomorrow. We need two people
here on Fridays.

John keeps moving at his same pace out the door. Ray steps
out of the way.

INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAR - TRAVELING - LATER

John is driving. MUSIC is playing and he is HUMMING along
to it.

He continues driving along the open road towards the
mountains. There isn't much to see in the distance outside
of the mountains.

MUSIC continues to play. On the radio, we hear a DJ.

DJ (V.O.)
Hello NoCal. You are listening to
410 FM, your go to music station
for all of the hits. Starting off
your 5 o'clock hour is DJ Matt
Malone from Riverside.

John comes to a stop sign. No other cars are around. He
pulls out his clip board. Him and me. He lifts his pen. The
voice on the radio changes.

MALE ANCHOR (V.O.)
The young man responsible for the
deaths of a woman and her son has
been revealed to be texting at the
time of the deadly accident.

JOHN (V.O.)
He needs to pay for this. He needs
to pay for this.

LISA (V.O.)
I hate when you do this.

Lisa's screams.

JOHN (V.O.)
I need to pay for this.
I need to pay for this.

FEMALE ANCHOR (V.O.)
On the charge of vehicular
manslaughter, the defendant was
found not guilty.

He approaches a red light. He looks in the mirror and sees
a FAMILY behind him. John slips back into a

DAYDREAM.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. YOUNG MAN'S CAR - TRAVELING - FANTASY

Young Man, Beautiful Wife and their TODDLER are driving in
their SUV. TODDLER is buckled into a car seat in the back,
Young Man and Beautiful Wife are in the front. Beautiful
Wife is driving. An overall campiness covers the scene.

TODDLER
I spy with my widdle eye something
orange.

Young Man giggles.

YOUNG MAN
Hmmm.. is it that truck?

TODDLER
Yeah!

YOUNG MAN
Okay! My Turn.

Young Man looks around. He HUMS.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
I spy something green.

Toddler looks around and outside the car. Then he switches his gaze to something inside the car. He can't find anything green.

TODDLER
There's nothing green here!

YOUNG MAN
Look closer.

The car comes to a stop sign. Beautiful Wife laughs. It's his shirt. She turns around and looks at the toddler.

BEAUTIFUL WIFE
Ooo, I see it too!

TODDLER
Where?

BEAUTIFUL WIFE
Look down!

TODDLER
My shirt is green!

They all laugh.

YOUNG MAN
I love you both so much.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. JOHN'S CAR - RED LIGHT - PRESENT - LATER

John peeks back at the family, they aren't there and it's noticeably darker out. The DJ on the radio is signing off.

John looks into the rear view mirror.

JOHN (V.O.)
I'm going to kill that guy.

DJ MATT MALONE (V.O.)
(quietly)
Ok folks, this has been DJ Matt
Malone for a hecka good couple
hours. I leave you to our evening
guru, Sam Prescott.

John continues driving.

INT/EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The apartment parking lot is pretty full and the yellow street lights are the only thing lighting it up. John yawns while he pulls his car in and gets out. He walks into his

APARTMENT BUILDING

Trash bags fills the hallway outside of his room.

JOHN (V.O.)
Spring cleaning?

He pulls out his key to open the door.

It doesn't work. The lock has been changed.

John turns around and looks at the bags of trash outside his door.

It's his stuff.

He bangs on the door.

He bangs harder and harder trying to break it down.

John begins screaming.

JOHN
Jesus fucking Christ.

His NEIGHBOR comes out. Neighbor is older, balding man with long hair in raggedy pajamas.

NEIGHBOR
What the hell is going on out
here?

JOHN
None of your business old man.

NEIGHBOR

John? They finally got you out,
huh? About time. HAAAA

Neighbor goes back into his room and shuts the door.

He locks it and BOLTS it.

John gives up trying to open the door. He jolts up a second.

JOHN (V.O.)

My picture. If that fucker threw
it out I'll kill him. I promise.
I'll kill him.

John rips up the trash bags, dumping each one out. He gets on the floor and siphons through them. Looking for the picture of his wife and child.

Finally, he finds it. He pulls the picture closer to him and holds it against his chest.

John picks up the picture and his keys and leaves the rest of the clothes there on the floor.

He walks back to his

CAR.

He opens the door and puts the picture in his schoolbag.

He pulls out his wallet and looks to see what he has in his wallet. Nothing.

He walks around his building.

He turns a corner and arrives at a small, detached

SINGLE UNIT

with a steel door and a barred window.

He BANGS on the door.

JOHN

Open up. I know you're in there.
Give me the key to my apartment.

BANG

BANG

BANG

JOHN (CONT'D)
Don't make me break down this
door.

SHUFFLING and FOOSTEPS inside.

PROPERTY MANAGER (O.S.)
John, is that you? Leave me alone.
You should have paid your rent. I
had no choice. You're lucky I even
saved your things.

BANG. John puts his mouth into the door and yells.

JOHN
You better let me in. I'm gonna
break down this fucking door.

John takes a few backward steps.

PROPERTY MANAGER (O.S.)
It's a steel door John, and
bolted. Try it.

John runs into the door, lowering his shoulder into it.
He falls back down onto his back. No damage to the door.
Property Manager peeks out of his window and laughs at
John.

PROPERTY MANAGER
You're a loser. Hahahaha. Always
were. Always have been. Always
will be. Now get out of here
before I call the police. You're
lucky I haven't already.

John gets up, adjusts himself and walks away.

He gets into his car, takes a deep breath and begins to
CRY. He takes his hands into his face and MOANS.

John again takes the scenic route.

INT/EXT. UWE'S USED CAR'S - NIGHT

John pulls up and parks his car. He gets out, takes another
deep breath and lights a cigarette. He takes a walk around
the lot to the spot where the Chevrolet Malibu was.

JOHN (V.O.)
Maybe I should just sleep in my
car.

CAR ALARM GOING OFF.

John hears it and rushes to the door of the
SHOW FLOOR.

He pulls out his key to unlock the door and runs in.

In the middle of the show floor is the MALIBU, alarm going
off still. John trembles as he approaches it.

He touches the car. The alarm shuts off.

John pauses a moment, taking a deep breath. He walks away
from the car and towards the

FRONT DESK.

The front desk is neat and tidy with paperwork and
stationary tidily decorating the top.

John makes himself comfortable at the front desk and stares
at the car.

He falls asleep and slips into DREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK - FIVE YEARS AGO

John's dreams take him to how he ended up at rock-bottom.
He is at Lisa's parents house packing things up. He is in
he and Lisa's bedroom, located in the basement of their
parents house, where he and Lisa used to live. The room is
vibrant and full of colors and the sun is gleaming in
through a small flood window.

John looks at Mark's playpen and sighs. He folds up the
playpen and puts it away.

The phone RINGS. It's the CORONER, an older man with a deep
voice.

CORONER (O.S.)
Hi, is this John?

JOHN
Yeah, that's me.

CORONER
This is the Sheridan County
Coroner, do you have a moment?

JOHN

Yeah, I do.

CORONER (O.S.)

Well, we got your message and we are sorry to let you know that your wife was pregnant when she died. About a month.

John moves the phone away from his head leans up against the wall and bangs his head against it. He takes a deep breath and gets back to the call.

JOHN

Oh. Thank you. We thought she was but we hadn't gotten to the Doctor's yet.

CORONER

If there's anything you need, please know that county victim services can provide you with free weekly bereavement sessions for up to five years after your loss.

JOHN

Thank you.

John hangs up the phone and sits down on the couch. He looks at the folded up play pen and begins to cry.

DOOR OPENS.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ, Lisa's mother, a 60s woman with a bit of a mustache and unnaturally red hair, walks into the room and puts her arm around John and cries with him.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

John, it's okay, honey.

JOHN

She was pregnant.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

I knew she was.

JOHN

How?

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

She told me! The day she died, right before she left.

JOHN

We said we weren't going to tell anyone until we were sure.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

A woman's first call is to her mother when she's pregnant. Especially when she's not sure.

Mrs. Leibowitz and John both laugh. John's laughs turn into more tears and louder sobs. Mrs. Leibowitz caresses John's back.

John puts his hands in his face and then jolts up and makes a fist.

JOHN

I'm gonna kill that son of a bitch. I hate him.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

Hate is a double edged sword my love. You need to forgive. Hate hurts the one who wields it as much as one who receives it.

John sits back down and looks at Mrs. Leibowitz.

JOHN

Is that Proverbs?

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

John, I'm Jewish. Proverbs is in the New Testament. Lisa didn't ever teach you the difference?

JOHN

Uh, no...she didn't. We didn't really talk about the whole God thing.

Mrs. Leibowitz and John laugh again. John's laughs return to tears and moans.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

Listen, honey, when Lisa's father passed away, someone from the county reached out. Said I could get so many years of free therapy.

JOHN

The coroner just mentioned it. Did you do it?

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

No. But I wish everyday I did. And
I think you should do it. I think
I still have the card. Hold on.

Mrs. Leibowitz gets up and leaves the room.

John sits and wipes his eyes and gazes off into the turned
off television, noticing how he looks in the reflection.

Mrs. Leibowitz returns to the room with the card in hand.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK - ONE YEAR AGO

John and his therapist, NISHANT, a late 20s young black man
with a beard and glasses are in their meeting room. John is
relaxing on the couch and Nishant is in a chair with a
copybook in front of him and a coffee in hand. John is just
a year younger here than in present, but he is noticeably
different. He's clean shaven, has a lot more hair and is
thinner. He is dressed in a polo and slacks with brown
shoes.

NISHANT

So, can you believe we've been
meeting together for four years
now?

They embrace each other with a half handshake, half hug. A
dap up, if you will.

JOHN

Is that not the nice way of
saying, I can't believe your son
and pregnant wife have been dead
four years now?

Nishant laughs. John too.

NISHANT

It's crazy far you've come since
then.

JOHN

You too Doctor.

NISHANT

I can't believe you still call me
that.

JOHN

Well, when we met you were on your way to finishing up your post-grad work. It's not my fault you got complacent.

Nishant and John both laugh again.

NISHANT

If I had finished my Phd. I wouldn't be working for victim services barely making thirty-thousand a year.

JOHN

And you wouldn't have me!

NISHANT

But seriously. Things can be real rough around the anniversaries. How are you doing?

JOHN

I've been good man. I still miss them everyday. I think about what was robbed of me. But, no real traumatic symptoms. You know that, not in a year or two. You know that.

NISHANT

Time helps. Be careful over the next week. It was June 16th, right?

JOHN

Yeah. Six-Sixteen-Sixteen.

NISHANT

Do you have any specific plans for the day?

JOHN

Nothing out of the ordinary. I'll probably work. You know Gildan...

NISHANT

Of course. Well, he knows what you go through. He's sympathetic, right?

John sits up in his chair.

JOHN

For the most part. But...

NISHANT

Let him be. You don't still dream of harming him, do you?

JOHN

No, not in a long time.

NISHANT

Good. Good.

JOHN

To think, I was in the worst spot of my life those six months before I met you. Thank god I finally gave you a call.

NISHANT

I'm thankful too. You have shown amazing improvement. It's remarkable. If I was still in school, I'd probably be writing about you.

JOHN

Couldn't have done it without ya.

NISHANT

Thanks. John. I always got your back man. You've taught me a lot too.

NISHANT (CONT'D)

Wait, before I let you go. How are you on forgiveness? Last time we talked about it, you got all defensive.

JOHN

Listen, Nishant, I will never forgive him for what he did to me. For what he took away from me. I don't care if four years have passed or forty. And I don't want you pushing this forgiveness bullshit on me.

NISHANT

I understand. You are valid in feeling that way.

JOHN

I hope he dies. And if I ever get my hands on him--

NISHANT
Careful John. We haven't made
death threats in 3 years.

JOHN
You're right Nishant.

John takes a deep breath.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I don't know what
got into me there.

NISHANT
It's okay to lash out in a
controlled manner sometimes. It's
cathartic for you. Don't sweat it.
But know, at this stage, if you do
make threats on your life or
someone else, I am required to
contact both the police and
psychiatric help. You know, actual
doctors.

JOHN
I know I know.

NISHANT
You're doing so good. Don't throw
it away.

JOHN
I know I am.

NISHANT
I just wanted to check in is all.

JOHN
I know. No hard feelings.

NISHANT
Of course not brother.

Nishant puts down his notepad and looks at his watch.

NISHANT (CONT'D)
Well, John. It's almost been an
hour and you know how Mr. Sampson
gets if I'm late on him. Are you
good if I let you go? You calm
enough?

Nishant gets up and moves to the door.

John follows.

JOHN

That man's kids are all grown and
wealthy, a wife in good health,
Jesus, he's damn-near eighty years
old and his father's still living.
I gotta know what's he in here
crying about...

NISHANT

Promise not to repeat this?

JOHN

Promise.

NISHANT

His dog.

John laughs loudly.

JOHN

That son of a bitch.

Nishant opens the door.

John walks out to the

LOBBY and passes Mr. Sampson, an elderly man. John smiles
at the man.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How ya doing Sammy boy?

SAM

It's Five Oh Two John. Come on
now. You're costing me money!
Because you know he's leaving at
six on the dot!

INT. THERAPIST LOBBY - SAME

John walks up to the window to talk with RECEPTIONIST. A
middle-aged woman with granny glasses.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi John.

JOHN

Hello sweetheart.

RECEPTIONIST

Here, let me print your slip so
you can sign.

She goes onto the computer and types.

PRINTER NOISES.

She reaches into the printer and pulls out a sheet. John signs it.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
When are you coming next?

JOHN
Is next week same time okay?

RECEPTIONIST
Yes. Let me put you down. What's your code again?

John looks at the sheet she gave him.

JOHN
Pound, three, three, five, three one.

Receptionist looks quizzically at the computer.

RECEPTIONIST
RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Ooo, I see. It looks like your free sessions are up. Would you like to still schedule?

JOHN
Yeah, sure, of course.

Receptionist types on the computer.

She turns to her chair to John.

RECEPTIONIST
Okay John. Would you like to prepay your next two months of sessions? You get one session free if so.

JOHN
Uhhh sure. How much is it?

John reaches into his pocket and takes out his wallet.

RECEPTIONIST
For 7 sessions, nine hundred ten dollars.

John's jaw drops.

JOHN

What?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, sorry John. Will that be check, or credit?

JOHN

Nine hundred dollars? You've got to be kidding me.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry but I'm not.

JOHN

What is it for just one session?

RECEPTIONIST

One-hundred thirty dollars.

John looks into his wallet.

JOHN

I'm sorry but I don't have it.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, come back when you do.

JOHN

I'll never have that kind of money. Jesus.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, at least you got all those sessions for free, then.

JOHN

Can you tell Nishant to call me?

RECEPTIONIST

Our staff isn't allowed to contact patients outside of the office. Especially if they are former patients.

JOHN

Unbelievable.

RECEPTIONIST

If you would like, you can file a hardship waiver with the county.

(MORE)

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

And Nishant and a board will rule on whether or not he thinks you will benefit from more therapy, or if you have made substantial progress throughout the grief process and no longer in severe grief.

JOHN

Yeah, let's do that.

RECEPTIONIST

Here, let me give you the paper.

Receptionist goes into the printer and prints out a copy of the waiver and hands it to John.

John takes the paper and the pen from the desk and fills it out.

JOHN

Here, when will I find out?

RECEPTIONIST

Probably by the end of the week. The 16th at the absolute latest.

JOHN

Okay. Thank you.

John storms out into the

PARKING LOT

And walks to his car. He pulls out his cell phone and calls Mrs. Leibowitz.

DIAL TONE

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, I just got done. I'll see you in fifteen minutes, same spot?

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (O.S.)

Yeah, same place as always. I'll see you honey.

INT. RESTUARANT - LATER

John and Mrs. Leibowitz are sitting at a nicer Italian restuarant enjoying their meal.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
I can't believe they are trying to
cancel your therapy.

JOHN
I know. They said it's because
it's five years and that's all
victim services covers.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
And they just let you know today?

JOHN
Well, I guess they told me five
years ago it would only last this
long.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
What about that waiver?

JOHN
They have to rule on if my
personal life would improve from
more therapy.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
Sure, they would think so. Who
wouldn't benefit from more
therapy?

Mrs. Leibowitz takes a bit of her food.

JOHN
Well, the past few appointments
with Nishant he's said hes amazed
at how far I've come.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
Me too. I'm proud of you.

JOHN
Thanks, I guess we really have
come so far. But. I think he might
use that to push me out. Maybe
that's what this is about, too
many people on this free therapy
thing and I've been here the
longest.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
You might be right. Listen, let me
know what they say.

JOHN
I will.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

And if this therapy stops, I don't want to stop getting dinner on these Thursdays. It's been, well, therapeutic for me.

JOHN

Me too.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - ONE YEAR AGO - DAY

John's apartment is clean, tidy, with a big TV and leather furniture. He's sitting watching television when the phone RINGS.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Hi John. Sorry for just getting back to you. But, Nishant and Victim Services have reviewed your waiver and have determined that you do not benefit from more therapy.

JOHN

What?

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

We're sorry. Please keep in mind that Nishant has noted that you have made amazing progress since you started seeing him and he wishes you the best in keeping it up if you no longer see us. Would you like to schedule an appointment?

John hangs the phone up.

JOHN

Motherfucker!

CUT TO:

INT. UWE'S USED CARS SHOWFLOOR - MORNING

John is sleeping at the front desk. Ray Gildan opens the door and sees John sleeping.

RAY GILDAN

Rise and shine... sleeping at work so you're not late. I absolutely love the dedication Johnny boy!

(MORE)

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
Jut lock the door next time. Ya
never know.

He points to the door and flips on the lights.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
Today is a new day and I just know
it is going to be our best day
this week. We're gonna do so well
tonight we're not gonna have to be
open tomorrow! Man, wouldn't that
be great. A Sunday off.

John groans. He's curled up in the chair with his legs on
the desk. As he adjusts himself, he knocks over a pencil
holder. Ray picks it up.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
Come on John, get up man. You are
going to kill it today!

John groans and rubs his eyes. Ray walks towards his
office.

JOHN
Alright, alright...

John looks around the show floor.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Wait, where is it?

Ray turns back.

RAY GILDAN
Where's what?

JOHN
The car, the Malibu. It was in
here last night. Right there.

RAY GILDAN
Na man. It's out on the lot around
the corner near the Tahoe.

JOHN (V.O.)
No way. I know I saw it.

JOHN
Oh. I guess I was just seeing
things.

RAY GILDAN
 Hey man. It's okay you're getting
 up there in age.

Ray laughs. John humors him, laughing too.

JOHN (V.O.)
 What the fuck?

RAY GILDAN
 Get yourself together. I know
 you're not usually up for another
 hour and not usually here for
 another hour and a half, but we do
 open at 10AM, you know.

JOHN
 Yeah I know.

RAY GILDAN
 You never know who might come in.

JOHN
 You're right about that.

John walks into the

BATHROOM and looks into the mirror. He looks at himself.
 He's got bad five o'clock shadow. He splashes some water in
 his face and rubs it into his eyes. He turns the water off,
 dries his face on a paper towel.

He takes a step back and looks into the mirror.

JOHN (V.O.)
 I didn't floss yesterday.

He breaths into his hand and coughs.

He stares into the mirror and takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. UWE'S LOT - LATER

John is leaning against his car smoking a cigarette. He is
 staring at the Chevrolet Malibu. A woman with red hair
 walks by him and opens the door to the show floor.

John throws his cigarette on the ground and follows her
 into the show floor.

JOHN
 Mrs. Lei-

The door closes, she is inside now.

John walks into the

SHOWFLOOR. It's Mrs. Leibowitz, she's talking to Ray Gildan.

RAY GILDAN

I am expecting a business call in about fifteen minutes, but I am sure my sales associate John can help you.

Mrs. Leibowitz turns around.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

John? Oh my god, honey.

She approaches John. They embrace and she fawns over him, placing her hands over his cheeks.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (CONT'D)

I didn't recognize you. What happened to you? You look like you got hit by a bus.

She smells him.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (CONT'D)

And smell like the bus driver.

RAY GILDAN

Old friends?

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

John was married to my daughter.

Ray's eyes perk up.

RAY GILDAN

Ohhhhhh.

Ray walks away.

JOHN

I am so glad to see you. It feels like yesterday.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

We haven't gotten dinner in about a year now, huh?

JOHN

Yeah about that.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
How are you holding up?

JOHN
Fine, fine. I'm fine.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
You don't look it.

JOHN
No, no. I'm good. I promise. I've just been busy with work.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
How is your new place?

JOHN (V.O.)
That was two places ago.

John looks at the front desk of Uwe's Show Floor.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Three places ago.

John raises his shoulders above his head and stretches

JOHN
It's taking a bit to get used.

John cracks his neck and stretches his arms.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
You know you can always crash at my place when you need. We're still in this together.

JOHN
I know. I know. I'm sorry I haven't called.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
Don't be sorry honey.

JOHN
How are you?

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
I'm good. Keeping busy. Lots of bridge. Some bingo. Sharon's son just bought her a new jeep.

She mockingly poses.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (CONT'D)
And you know how she is...

She pauses.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (CONT'D)
And I don't have a son to buy me a
new jeep. So I guess I'll have to
buy me one myself.

She flaunts her pocketbook and slings it over her shoulder.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (CONT'D)
Used, though. And preferably under
forty-five hundred dollars.

JOHN
Well, I'm sure we can take care of
that.

John and Mrs. Leibowitz walk off into the
LOT. She points to a jeep. It's next to the Malibu.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
How about that one? The orange
one.

JOHN
Oh, I don't know about that one.
It's out of your price-range.

John points to one on the other side of the lot.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Here, let's check out this one.

They walk to the

JEEP

And inspect it.

INT. UWE'S SHOWFLOOR - LATER

John, Ray Gildan, and Mrs. Leibowitz are finalizing paper
work.

John turns to Ray.

JOHN
Ray, just a heads up. I gave her
the family discount.

RAY GILDAN
We have a family discount?

John laughs.

JOHN
I just didn't rip her off like I usually do.

Mrs. Leibowitz takes her hand to John's chin and cups it.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
Oh, John. I miss that sense of humor of yours.

RAY GILDAN
That's the first joke I've heard him make in a long time.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
John, really?

John shrugs.

Mrs. Leibowitz, John and Ray take turns signing paperwork. Ray hands her a piece of paper and puts his arm around her shoulder.

RAY GILDAN
Okay, Mrs. Leibowitz. That's it from us. Let me go get you the keys.

Ray Gildan walks off back into his office.

Mrs. Leibowitz turns to John and places her hand underneath his chin.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
John. You don't look alright. Why don't we get together again soon?

JOHN
I'm fine. I promise.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
Do you still have my number?

John pauses.

Mrs. Leibowitz takes out a pen and paper from her purse and writes down her number.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (CONT'D)
Here, John. I want you to call me soon. I'm worried about you.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

He hugs her back.

She starts to tear up.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (CONT'D)
I used to think Lisa would be so proud of you. How you were handling everything. But you look a mess. What happened?

John lets go of her.

JOHN
I'm fine. I swear, don't worry about me.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
John. I know you haven't lived at Sherry Lake in 9 months and you've been bouncing around since. It's been hard to check up on you. I came here half-wondering if you still worked here, half-wondering if you were still alive.

JOHN
I've just been going through a rough patch. You know... it's almost f-

FREEZE IN ON JOHN'S FACE.

JOHN (V.O.)
I should tell her the truth. About everything. About the car. About me.

UNFREEZE and continue the conversation.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
It's five years next week. I know. I can't believe it.

Mrs. Leibowitz cries some more.

Ray Gildan walks into the showfloor. He looks at the heartfelt conversation going on and walks right back into his office.

JOHN
I can still picture her. Some nights I dream like everything is back to normal.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

Me too.

JOHN

I think about Mark too. How I failed them.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

You didn't fail them John.

JOHN

I did. I promise I did. You don't understand.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

I've rode in the car with you enough to know that you are a great driver. And a safe one. You couldn't help that he was texting and driving.

JOHN

I could have been more careful.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

Do you still think about that kid John?

JOHN

Everyday.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

Me too. He's probably grown now. Maybe even wife and kids of his own.

JOHN

Likely Grandkids one day, too. Must be nice.

She shrieks and throws herself into his arms.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

Why couldn't he have waited to send that text? A red light.

She cries.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (CONT'D)

Why? Why? Why?

John looks at himself in the reflection of the front glass door as he detaches his hug.

JOHN (V.O.)
The car that did it is right out there.

John hears a deep VOICE.

VOICE (O.S.)
And the man who did is right in front of her.

John's eyes widen.

JOHN (V.O.)
Who was that?

INT. CHAIN RESTAURANT BATHROOM - FLASHBACK - FIVE YEARS AGO
- DAY

John, here thin and full of hair and energetic, is in the bathroom splashing water into his face. His face is a little red. He walks out the door back to his

BOOTH. Lisa and Mark are seated there. There are five empty beers on the table in front of them.

LISA
I paid the check while you were gone. She's coming back with our change and then we can leave.

Lisa looks at the beers in front of them.

LISA (CONT'D)
Are you sure you're good to drive?
I can call my mom.

JOHN
Oh yeah. I'm positive. Come on,
five beers is nothing.

The waitress walks to the table and gives them their change.

LISA
Thank you.

WAITRESS
Thank you! Have a great day.

She waves bye and makes a cute baby face at Mark.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Savor these moments. They grow so fast. I remember when mine was this age. He graduates high school in two days.

JOHN

I will, congratulations to your son.

John points to Lisa who is walking out the door and makes a cradle with his arms.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

We got another on the way.

John takes his index finger to his mouth.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shhhhh.

John picks up his keys and walks out the door.

Waitress's eyes widen as she's sees John pick up the keys. Her eyes glance to the beers on the table. John is getting in the driver's seat through the window.

INT. UWE'S USED CAR'S SHOW FLOOR - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

John is still with Mrs. Leibowitz. Ray comes back to show floor. Mrs. Leibowitz is wiping her eyes and putting herself together.

RAY GILDAN

Okay Miss. Here are the keys to your new Jeep. Congratulations.

He holds out the keys.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ

Okay. Thank you. I'm so excited!

She takes the keys from Ray Gildan and pulls John closer one more time. John leans in.

Ray looks at them awkwardly and walks back towards his office.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ (CONT'D)

I left you my number, listen, I want you to call you if you need me.

JOHN
I will. I promise.

MRS. LEIBOWITZ
Take care, John. Take care.

JOHN
You too, Mrs. Leibowitz.

Mrs. Leibowitz walks out. She gets to the door and looks back at John and exits the dealership.

Ray walks back into the room.

RAY GILDAN
When was the last time you talked to her?

JOHN
About a year now. We used to get dinner once a week after my doctor's appointments, but I stopped seeing them, so we stopped getting dinner.

RAY GILDAN
I see. She seems to care about you. Maybe you should reach out. Can't hurt, right Johnny?

Ray steps closer towards Johnny.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
The only human contact you have anymore is me and the drive-thru worker at whatever place you go to on your lunch. Give her a ring.

JOHN
Maybe you're right. Maybe I will.

Ray steps even closer to John.

RAY GILDAN
That's my guy. Listen man, I know I put you through the wringer sometimes. I'm sorry. You've been through a lot..you're kind of a friend to me. Well my only friend. I look up to you and I'm sorry I can take it all out on you sometimes.

Ray goes into hug John.

John hugs Ray back.

JOHN
It's ok, Ray. I consider you a
friend too.

John looks into the mirror in front of him again. He can barely see his reflection, but he stares into it.

JOHN (V.O.)
Fuck this guy.

RAY GILDAN
I love you John. I'm always here
if you need me.

JOHN (V.O.)
Don't say it. Do not say it. You
will regret it forever.

JOHN
I love you too man. Thank you.

Ray and John let go of each other.

Ray steps back and wipes his eyes.

John steps back also and looks hard at Ray.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You okay man?

RAY GILDAN
Yea, I'm good. Just something in
my eyes.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
Hey, uh, can you move that new
minivan from the left corner to
the right corner of the lot? I
want it across facing the park,
more families on that side, you
know, who might wanna buy a used
minivan.

JOHN
Sure, man.

RAY GILDAN
I'm gonna head to my office for a
minute, when you're done you can
take five if you want. Nice sale
today.

JOHN
 Alright Ray.

RAY GILDAN
 One more thing though...

JOHN
 What's that?

RAY GILDAN
 No more family discounts.

Ray and John both laugh.

Ray exits towards his office and closes the door.

He steps back out again and tosses John the keys.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)
 Almost forgot these!

John catches the keys walks out of the SHOW FLOOR and towards the

MINIVAN

A silver minivan with an older look. Mid 2000s, likely. It's windshield has a small tint.

John gets inside the minivan and turns it on. The RADIO turns on to.

As he backs out, he looks into the rearview mirror.

JOHN (V.O.)
 I could never drive one of these.
 No way.

John whips the van around the parking lot and onto the other side, he pulls into the other spot, facing the park. With the van still on, he looks at the park. In the background, the RADIO plays.

RADIO ADVERTISEMENT (O.S.)
 Stop by Daly's Office Furniture
 tomorrow June 16th for half off
 all desk chairs and accessories.
 That's right, half off desk chairs
 on Six-Sixteen!

John looks off into the park some more and notices a family playing on the swings.

The FATHER is pushing a TODDLER on the swings.

MOM takes pictures on her cell phone. They are laughing and smiling.

JOHN'S POV

It's no longer, Father but John, and Toddler and Mom become Mark and Lisa.

BACK TO SCENE.

John closes his eyes.

He looks back.

He still sees himself and his family playing.

VOICE (O.S.)
You still see them everywhere?
Close your eyes again.

John looks around and offscreen.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Close your eyes.

John closes his eyes.

He opens them.

JOHN'S POV

Back at the playground, John and Lisa turn into Beautiful Wife and Young man.

Back to Scene.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Just as I thought. You harbor a
lot of hate inside of you. Why
don't you go kill him, or his
family? That would make you even,
right? He doesn't deserve to be
happy after what he took from you,
right John?

JOHN (V.O.)
Who are you?

Ray comes walking out into the lot.

RAY GILDAN
John. John. John.

John is still spaced out staring at the playground. Ray bangs on to the window. John snaps out of it and looks at Ray.

Then he looks back at the playground.

Beautiful Wife and Young Man turn into Father and Mom.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)

John, I told you to take five, not fifteen. There's a new customer in here. Stop staring a little kids Sandusky.

JOHN

Oh my bad.

John takes the keys out of the ignition.

He gets out of the car and walks to the

SHOWFLOOR

With Ray.

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ray and John are seated around Ray's desk staring at the clock. It's almost 9:00 PM.

RAY GILDAN

If anyone comes in the next fifteen minutes, we're telling them we're closed. Three sales today works with me.

JOHN

Sounds good to me. You getting out of here?

RAY GILDAN

I actually have some work to do in the office here.

Ray messes with the paperwork around him.

He goes into his desk and takes a pencilcase from his desk. He opens it and takes out a 50 dollar bill.

RAY GILDAN (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm gonna be here pretty late. You wanna get us some food and help me with some paperwork? I'll give you time and a half.

JOHN
Sure. What do you want?

RAY GILDAN
Surprise me.

JOHN
No seriously, what do you want?

RAY GILDAN
What's your favorite spot?

JOHN
Ummm.

RAY GILDAN
Get that. Now get out of here. I'm hungry.

JOHN
Ok Ray I'll be back in a minute.

John walks out of Ray's office.

INT/EXT. UWE'S LOT - NIGHT

John is carrying two bags of takeout from the parking lot into the showfloor. When walking by, he notices all of the lights are out. He walks into the

SHOWFLOOR

and turns to Ray's office.

JOHN
Yo Ray! I'm back.

John walks to Ray's door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I wasn't gone that long man.

John knocks on the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Yo Ray, alright, that's enough.
Open up.

John knocks on the door again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Ray, you there?

John opens the door. It's open.

He goes to put the food down when he sees a pillow, blanket and sleeping bag on Ray's desk accompanied by a NOTE.

INSERT - NOTE, which reads:

"Time and a half? How long have you known me? See you in the morning. Sleep tight and enjoy dinner."

JOHN (CONT'D)
That son of a bitch.

John takes the sleeping bags and pillow and blanket off the table and sits down.

He opens up his bag of food and begins to eat at Ray's desk.

While eating, he looks down on Ray's desk and sees Ray's calendar.

He looks around today's date and sees June 15th and 16th circled.

INSERT - CALENDAR with June 15th and June 16th circled, and a note which reads:

"Be nice to John. He's doing his best."

John snarls after reading it and goes back to eating his food.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - LATER

John is done eating and wiping his hands and face off on napkins. He finishes his drink and then goes to his stomach. He rubs his stomach and makes a face.

He gets up and walks out of Ray's office. The door closes behind him.

JOHN
Fuck!

He turns around and tries to get back in.

It's locked.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Motherfucker!

He peeks through a small window into Ray's office and looks at his pillow, blanket and sleeping bag.

He turns around and glares at the front desk.
He walks by the front desk and to the
BATHROOM he walks into the bathroom and does his business.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

The bathroom is a typical office bathroom. It has one toilet a sink and a mirror. The tiles used to be white. John is washing his hands in the sink and staring into the mirror in the bathroom.

JOHN (V.O.)
Tomorrow makes it five years?
Without Lisa. Without Mark. How
did I last this long?

John looks away from the mirror and makes a face.

Then he looks back into the mirror.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But wait.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It wasn't always this way. What's
different now?

John looks away from the mirror again. He turns off the sink and walks out of the BATHROOM and to the

SHOWFLOOR. He gets to the desk. Clears off the stationary and supplies and sprawls himself out over it.

John falls asleep.