

BUTTERCUP

by

Alice O'Neill

Producers: Brian Koppelman & David Levien

1.0

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY - MANY YEARS AGO

Glorious summer afternoon. Rich, surreal golden light. Saucy YOUNG ROSEMARY BOYLE, 5, and her dashing father MIKE BOYLE, 48, walk hand in hand along the shore. Mike is smoking a cigarette.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
When I grow up you're going to be
my husband.

MIKE
Why's that?

YOUNG ROSEMARY
Because I say so.

MIKE
But I'm Mommy's husband.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
Are you going to be Mommy's
husband forever?

MIKE
No. One of us will die at some
point.

Two sexy WOMEN IN BIKINIS stroll towards them. Mike checks them out.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
Will you be my husband when Mommy
dies?

As they pass, he trades a suggestive SMILE with one of them.

YOUNG ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Daddy?

His eyes hungrily follow them down the shore.

MIKE
I'll probably die before Mommy
does.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
Why?

MIKE
Cause that's the way it works.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG ROSEMARY

But what if she dies before you
die?

MIKE

Okay, Rosemary.

YOUNG ROSEMARY

Swear!

MIKE

I swear.

He crosses his heart with the hand that holds the burning
cigarette.

A wave CRASHES at their feet. Rosemary squeals and runs
away from it, giggling. Mike laughs, lets the wild foam
envelop him up to his knees.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - NOW

A misty night on a pitch-black wooded road in bucolic
Westchester County, New York. A beat-up '77 Cadillac El
Dorado flies along the winding passes.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike, 73, drives. LIZZIE, 21, rides shotgun and LAURA,
21, is in the back. Lizzie and Laura are party girls.

Laura passes a joint to Lizzie. She takes a drag and
hands the joint to Mike. He takes a long drag.
Everybody's laughing and singing to the radio.

Out of nowhere, a DEER - motionless, staring right at
them.

LIZZIE

Look out!

He DROPS THE JOINT. He swerves.

The deer bounds away into the woods. Mike straightens
out the car. All clear.

The Girls laugh nervously.

LAURA

Hey, where's the thingie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike reaches down, feels around on the floor for the burning joint.

He SMASHES THE CAR INTO A TREE.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Stillness. The car hugs the tree. O.S., Mike LAUGHS softly.

EXT. WOODS, MINUTES LATER

Lizzie DIGS A HOLE in the ground with a stick. Laura watches, shivering and swearing.

In the B.G., Mike limps around alongside the car.

ON THE ROAD, another car stops. A WOMAN leans out the window.

WOMAN IN CAR

Are you alright?

Lizzie drops the bag of weed into a hole, along with the rest of the joint they were smoking. She quickly covers the hole with dirt and leaves.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Flashing red lights. An ambulance and a police car flank the Cadillac. A couple of EMT's mill about.

Mike is in handcuffs; he has a cut on his nose.

One COP herds Mike into the back of his squad car.
ANOTHER COP mutters into his radio:

COP

... blood alcohol level is point
one-two. Two female passengers,
no relation. Taking him back to
the station, over.

INT. CELL, COUNTY JAIL, LATER THAT NIGHT

An excruciatingly well-lit cell. Mike sits alone.

OFFICER BERGEN approaches. He's a kindly sort - 35, probably balding, and a little too sympathetic for his job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER BERGEN

Mike.

Mike and Bergen acknowledge each other with a weary familiarity. They've been here before. They've also knocked back their share of beers together.

OFFICER BERGEN (CONT'D)

'Yalright?

DENISE, 40, enters. She's whip-smart, earthy, a pistol.

DENISE

Roland says they were twenty-one.
Maybe they can pay your bail.

OFFICER BERGEN

About that, Mikie. We were
thinkin we could make some calls.
Take up a collection.

MIKE

Thanks, no, that's okay. Just get
me my cell phone.

BERGEN

I'm not supposed -

MIKE

Please.

BERGEN

Sure, Mike.

MIKE

Thanks, pal.

Bergen exits.

DENISE

You asshole. When are you gonna
stop doing this?

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

ROSEMARY, now late 20s, sits before a pink-frosted cupcake. She glows by the light of its four or five birthday candles. The remains of a home-cooked meal are on the table.

She doesn't blow out the candles, but delightedly watches BENJAMIN, late 20s, play guitar and sing the BLUES:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN

Happy birthday, baby. That's why I wrote this song. Happy birthday, Rosie. One year older and going strong. You look so mighty lovely - won't be able to hold out long. Love you, baby.

Rosemary claps. She's a little drunk.

ROSEMARY

They're melting!

BENJAMIN

Do it.

She puckers up.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Did you make a wish? Make a wish.

She aborts. She pours what's left of the red wine (not much) into her glass, swills it, and thinks about her wish.

ROSEMARY

Got it.

She takes a deep breath. Benjamin strums chords of suspense. She BLOWS OUT the candles.

BENJAMIN

Nice.

He turns the lights up. She takes a bite of the cupcake, leaving her face messy with pink frosting. He places a small box in front of her. She CLAPS like a child.

ROSEMARY

Present!

She undoes the ribbon and gleefully opens the box.

It's a NECKLACE, nice but not extravagant.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Benjamin.

As she pulls it out of the box, she discovers a couple of KEYS attached to it. She looks up at him: what does this mean?

BENJAMIN

I think you should move in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Leaving her speechless.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

You don't have to answer now. I'm just putting it out there. I'm freaking you out. Am I freaking you out?

ROSEMARY

No. No, let's, uh. Talk about it.

BENJAMIN

Okay.

He starts to get comfortable on the couch.

ROSEMARY

Are you free Wednesday?

She gathers up coat and bag, heads for the door.

BENJAMIN

Um, yeah. Wednesday works.

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry, sweetie, I have to get up so early.

He meets her at the door.

BENJAMIN

Hey. I know it's scary. But I think it could be good.

ROSEMARY

Thank you for a great birthday. I love you.

A kiss and she's out the door.

BENJAMIN

Love you.

But she's gone.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - A BIT LATER

Rosemary gets out of a cab; slams the door shut. Walks to her building and goes in.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary enters the building. The heavy metal door slams shut behind her.

Her cell phone RINGS. She answers.

ROSEMARY

Hi.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

Rosemary lies on her bed in the semi-darkness, fully dressed, phone to her ear.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

... you walk the through the door
to the conference room and you're
wearing a sheer white blouse and a
skirt -

ROSEMARY

- and you're in a suit, that navy
suit with suspenders and your gold
tie -

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

- and you unbutton your blouse,
and it slips off your shoulders -

ROSEMARY

- now what am I wearing?

MAN'S VOICE

- a white lace bra, and you get up
on the table -

ROSEMARY

- on my hands and knees -

MAN'S VOICE

- and you crawl across the long
table -

Rosemary's call waiting BEEPS. She looks at her caller ID.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

... you crawl toward me -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

Barry? I'm sorry, can I call you back?

MAN'S VOICE

- and you're ... what?

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry; I've got to take this call.

MAN'S VOICE

Will you call me back?

ROSEMARY

I'll call you right back. Sorry.

She clicks onto the other call.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Dad?

She turns on a light.

She listens, gradually darkening as he speaks.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I said I wasn't going to do this again. Then maybe you should call David. I can't, Dad. I'm sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Her face is lit by the blue glow of her computer. She's on the WESTERN UNION web site.

She enters credit card information. We see what she has already entered: PAYEE: DENISE KOSMICKI. AMOUNT: \$2500. ETC.

She types in a message: "LAST TIME."

She presses SEND.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Rosemary lies on her bed, staring out the window at the Upper East Side high rise across the way, dotted with lights.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Sleepy, rumpled Rosemary pours herself a humongous cup of coffee from her coffee maker. It's the only kitchen appliance she knows how to operate.

The apartment is very neat but sparsely furnished. It buzzes with LAYERS OF SOUND from both the RADIO and the TV: the same headlines from both, overlapping, interweaving: the recent anniversary of 9/11; the number of GI's killed in Iraq; an overturned tractor-trailer on i-95.

She glances at the clock: she's late.

Rushing now, she bites into a chocolate chip COOKIE, her breakfast.

CLOSE ON the rest of her breakfast: a ZOLOFT. She downs it with a big swallow of joe. She dashes out of the kitchen.

The kitchen PHONE RINGS. Breathlessly she REAPPEARS, and picks up.

ROSEMARY

Hello?

DENISE (O.S.)

Rosemary, it's Denise.

Oh.

DENISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello?

ROSEMARY

Did you get the money?

INTERCUT BETWEEN ROSEMARY'S KITCHEN AND COUNTY JAIL

INT. COUNTY JAIL WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike is no longer in a cell; he's waiting to be processed so he can leave. He sheepishly looks on as Denise speaks to Rosemary.

DENISE

Just picked it up. Your Dad's real grateful. And he's kinda wondering if you could do him one more favor. Are you there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

I'm here.

DENISE

Listen, for the record? We don't
date anymore. We're just friends.

ROSEMARY

I know.

DENISE

You got kinda quiet.

ROSEMARY

I'm fine.

DENISE

Anyway - he's in pretty deep shit
but he's got a court date two
weeks from Thursday, and it would
really help a lot if you came with
him and said you'll be
responsible.

ROSEMARY

Responsible for what?

DENISE

They just feel better when it
seems like the family's, you know,
involved. They tend to go easier
on you.

ROSEMARY

I don't know if I can get off of
work.

DENISE

Can you try?

ROSEMARY

How come he can't ask me?

Denise checks in with Mike, who's still listening nearby.

DENISE

Right now they've got him jumping
through hoops, trying to get him
outta here. So can you come?

ROSEMARY

Just. Tell him yesterday was my
birthday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She hangs up.

INT. CABLE NETWORK OFFICES - LATER

Rosemary stands at a PHOTOCOPIER. Her clothes are professional, buttoned up, conservative - except for a sexy pair of fuck-me pumps.

The green light flashes on her face and the machine CHUGS away.

INT. OFFICES - A BIT LATER

She's behind the desk that guards the office of the network president.

She POWER-TASKS - on the phone (headset), opening mail, consulting calendars, signing for packages. She is competent and in total control.

BARRY SCHIFF, 45, bursts on the scene. Handsome, charismatic, energetic - and rich - he barrels down the hall and up to Rosemary's desk.

We might recognize the voice: he was the man on the phone last night.

BARRY

Morning, Rosemary. Sleep well?

And she never called him back.

ROSEMARY

Hi ...

BARRY

Call list?

She hands him the call list. He goes into his office. She follows him in.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ROSEMARY

Barry, I'm so sorry.

BARRY

What for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

I meant to call you back last night. I had a family emergency.

BARRY

Doesn't matter; I fell asleep.

ROSEMARY

Oh. Good.

She starts to exit.

BARRY

Did you take care of lunch?

ROSEMARY

I did. Michael's at one-thirty -

BARRY

What table?

ROSEMARY

Table Four I think; I'll check.

Distracted now, he shuffles through papers on his desk.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I need to take a personal day two weeks from Thursday. Is that okay?

BARRY

Remind me.

She starts out.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Hey.

She stops, not looking at him yet.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Like the shoes.

She glances at him over her shoulder.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Come back here.

She does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Sometimes in the middle of the day
I see you out there, in one of
your skirts, and I just want to
hike it up and Maybe I'll
call you later and tell you about
it.

ROSEMARY

Okay.

She starts to exit.

BARRY

You take my breath away.

She exits with a new glow.

INT. OFFICES - LATER

End of the day. The office is emptying out. Rosemary takes off her high-heeled shoes and shoves them under her desk. She slips on her more sensible shoes. She turns off her computer and heads out.

INT. MIKE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Mike shaves, no shirt. Looking fierce, looking buff. The cut on his nose is extra-manly.

He fits his DENTURES into his mouth. He GROWLS at himself in the mirror. Yeah, he's still got it.

EXT. WOODED COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A spectacular Autumn day. A COMMUTER TRAIN thunders along the tracks.

INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary gazes absently out the train window. The backsides of suburban houses rush by, trees and swimming pools and swing sets.

INT. TAXI, ON THE ROAD - LATER

MIKE'S HOUSE comes into view: a sagging, almost dilapidated colonial on a neglected lawn, once the jewel of this suburban cul-de-sac.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike waits on the front stoop in an ill-fitting suit.
His little daschund SCARLETT pants by his side.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Rosemary HUG awkwardly.

Scarlett, however, is all over Rosemary, leaping and yapping. Rosemary kisses her and fawns.

ROSEMARY

Hi, Scarlett. Hello, girl.
Hello, baby.

Mike shoos Scarlett into the house.

MIKE

Get in, go on.

ROSEMARY

Where'd you get the suit?

MIKE

Goodwill, thirty-five bucks.

ROSEMARY

Sharp.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

He opens the Cadillac door and gets in on the driver's side. Rosemary just stands there, at the garage door.

MIKE

Let's go.

ROSEMARY

Are you allowed to drive?

He grudgingly slides over to the passenger side. She gets in.

She starts the car and puts it in what she thinks is reverse. The car moves forward, just tapping the garage wall. A can of paint topples over. She slams on the brakes; the car LURCHES.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She puts it in reverse. Slowly she INCHES the car backward, jerking and lurching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Exasperated, Mike FIDGETS.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I haven't driven in a while,
sorry.

MIKE
When was the last time you drove?

ROSEMARY
The funeral.

She's completed the garage exit and turns the car around.

MIKE
Your mother was a lousy driver,
too.

She throws it into gear and they're off.

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scarlett stands at attention at the living room window,
whimpering longingly at the Cadillac as it pulls out of
the driveway.

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - LATER

Mike and Rosemary get out of the car. A HARLEY pulls up
right next to them.

MIKE
Hey, it's my lawyer.

The Biker is CLINT, 40-ish. He takes off his helmet. He
shakes out his long, graying ponytail. He's wearing an
old leather jacket and a tie.

Clint gives Mike the THUMBS UP.

Rosemary cringes: oh, my god, he wasn't kidding.

INT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

Mike, Rosemary and Clint outside the courtroom. Mike and
Clint joke quietly.

Denise comes barrelling down the corridor.

MIKE
Hey, good-lookin'!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Denise lavishly hugs and kisses him.

CLINT

Hey, Denise.

She kisses Clint.

DENISE

How'ya doin, sweets? Hey,
Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Hi.

A super-fake hello kiss between Denise and Rosemary.

DENISE

(to Mike)

Wanna go?

MIKE

We'll be right back.

They start down the corridor.

ROSEMARY

Where are you going?

MIKE

For a smoke.

They turn a corner and disappear.

Now Rosemary is alone with Clint. He flashes her an uncomfortable SMILE.

A CLERK enters.

CLERK

Is everyone here? We're about to
start.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Rosemary pushes open the courthouse doors. She looks around for Mike and Denise. She takes a few steps out into the parking lot: no sign of them.

She rounds the side of the building and smack, there they are.

Mike has just put the JOINT to his lips. He sees Rosemary. FREEZE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are so busted.

ROSEMARY
They're about to start.

She walks away.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Mike stands before the female JUDGE. Clint and Rosemary sit in a pew behind him.

JUDGE
Seventy-three years old? Sweet Mary. And this is not your first appearance before this court for driving while intoxicated. I should sentence you to sit in state prison until you decompose.

Mike SMILES flirtatiously.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Mr. Boyle, do you not think this is serious? Wipe that smirk off because I don't have to be nice to you. But. Because of your advanced age, I'm going to be exceptionally kind. I'm willing to assign your custody to a family member, assuming she wants that responsibility. Is that the daughter?

ROSEMARY
Yes. Uh, your honor.

JUDGE
Do you accept responsibility for the guardianship of your father?

She hesitates.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
I didn't hear you.

ROSEMARY
Yes, your honor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE

Good luck with that. If I ever,
ever see your father behind the
wheel of a car - drunk or
blindingly sober - you'll both be
in contempt.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER

A strip-mall Chinese restaurant. Rosemary and Mike sit
at a too-large table finishing up their food, eating with
chop sticks. Tense silence.

MIKE

Something wrong?

ROSEMARY

It's just -

The Asian HOSTESS passes by. She and Mike exchange a
charged GLANCE: they've got a secret.

Rosemary withdraws.

MIKE

What?

ROSEMARY

Never mind.

MIKE

What?

ROSEMARY

You could say thank you.

MIKE

I said thank you.

ROSEMARY

No, you didn't.

A WAITER appears.

WAITER

Can I get you anything else?

They're all smiles now.

ROSEMARY & MIKE

No thanks, just the check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Waiter swiftly clears plates. Smiles frozen, they
WAIT until he leaves.

ROSEMARY
I sent you money, I took the day
off of work - and now,
frighteningly, I'm legally
responsible for you -

MIKE
Thank you.

ROSEMARY
You could say -

MIKE
Thank you.

ROSEMARY
But like without prompting. Never
mind.

MIKE
I'm saying it.

The Waiter puts the CHECK on the table. Smiles all
around.

WAITER
Whenever you're ready.

MIKE
Hey, hold on. Here you go.

He takes a CREDIT CARD out of his wallet and throws it on
top of the check. Wary, the Waiter looks at the card and
takes the check and card away.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Would you lighten up, please?
Enough with the bitterness.

ROSEMARY
It's not bitterness.

MIKE
Whatever it is, it's not
attractive.

ROSEMARY
I'm sorry, I'll try and be
delighted the next time you call
me and ask for bail money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

That being the only time you ever
call me.

MIKE

You could call me.

She eats bits of a fortune cookie.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey, what was the name of that
place we used to go to?

ROSEMARY

The Imperial Palace.

MIKE

The Imperial Palace! Such a shame
they shut that down; it was
vintage, one of the old style.
Exotic and dark. Jim Pregola
always said it was the best place
to take the maid to get her drunk.

ROSEMARY

Look -

MIKE

Remember how I got you to eat your
first egg roll?

ROSEMARY

You stuck a birthday candle in it.

MIKE

You'd eat a human brain if it had
a birthday candle in it.

ROSEMARY

Look, Dad. You've got to make
some decisions.

MIKE

Mm-hm.

ROSEMARY

You can't drive.

MIKE

I can drive; I'm just not supposed
to.

ROSEMARY

Well don't. They'll send you to
jail if you get caught.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIKE

Nobody's gonna send me to jail.
I'm too old to go to jail.

Mike reaches to a nearby table and SWIPES a set of chopsticks. He slips them in his inside jacket pocket.

MIKE (CONT'D)

By the way, I could've told you
that judge was going to be hard on
me.

ROSEMARY

I don't think she was that hard on
you.

MIKE

Jewish women don't like me.
Jewish women like their men
submissive.

ROSEMARY

That's just so atrocious on so
many levels. You know, I'm
involved with a Jewish guy.

MIKE

Yeah? You gonna marry him?

ROSEMARY

Would you have a problem with
that?

MIKE

If you love him, I don't give a
rat's ass if he's a Jew or a Hindu
or a Hutu. So. Is it serious?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. There's kind of
this other guy, too.

MIKE

Who's he?

ROSEMARY

Someone I work with.

MIKE

Word of advice: do not get
involved with a co-worker. Your
mother used to tell me that all
the time!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Blanche, the hostess appears, check in hand. She MURMURS into Mike's ear and gives him back his card.

He fumbles through his wallet. He lowers his voice.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Try this one. Wait. How about this: can I put part of it on this card and give you cash later?

Rosemary hands Blanche CASH. Blanche takes it and exits.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Speaking of getting married. You may be getting yourself a stepmother soon. Shall we go?

He gets up but she is stuck to her chair.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Rosemary unlocks the Cadillac door.

MIKE

Why don't you let me drive?

ROSEMARY

Right.

MIKE

I didn't drink at lunch.

She opens the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Come on. One last little spin before I go under house arrest?

ROSEMARY

No.

Mike TICKLES her. She tries to be stoic; she fails. She giggles and squirms. He reaches for the keys.

MIKE

Give em up.

ROSEMARY

Cut it out!

She tightens her grip on the keys. He keeps tickling her. She SCREAMS with laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now it's getting old, and it isn't funny anymore. She wrenches herself away.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

No!

A standoff. They stare one another down.

MIKE

I'll walk.

He walks away. She watches him. She almost breaks. But she'll call his bluff. She gets in and starts the car.

He's exited the parking lot and now walks along the side of the road. She drives slowly; she PASSES him. He doesn't look up; he won't acknowledge her.

Rosemary gives up; she pulls over. Mike catches up to her. She slides over to the passenger side. He gets in and drives the car away.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike drives. Rosemary nervously looks around for cops.

They drive by SAINT MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ROSEMARY'S POV: A little old lady is exiting the church.

ROSEMARY

Are you really getting married?

MIKE

I'm working on it.

ROSEMARY

Who is she?

MIKE

Met her online a few months ago.
We're having our first date on
Sunday.

ROSEMARY

Oh.

MIKE

I have a good feeling about it.

What the hell, she'll just say it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

Have you ever thought about
assisted living?

MIKE

I'm not a goddamned invalid!

Mike drives straight through a RED LIGHT.

ROSEMARY

Dad!

As he passes through the intersection, the two cars from
either side of him SCREECH and SKID to a halt, barely
missing each other.

Mike slams on the brakes. He and Rosemary turn and look
fearfully out the window.

The two cars sit in the middle of the intersection.
FROZEN.

After what seems like forever, both cars slowly begin to
move. They drive away: no scene, no cops, all clear.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The passenger door opens. Rosemary gets out and crosses
to the driver's side. Inside the car, Mike slides over
to the passenger seat.

The car pulls away and moves cautiously down the road.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Late afternoon. Mike and Rosemary sit on the front
stoop, waiting for her taxi. Scarlett is curled up
contentedly on Mike's lap. Mike smokes a cigarette.
Birds and crickets fill the silence.

ROSEMARY

I don't want to tell you what to
do, but. Jeez, Dad. It's not
going well for you here.

He exhales cigarette smoke.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

If you ever want to, you know,
bounce some ideas around. Talk
about your next move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Crickets.

MIKE

Thanks. And if you ever need a
break from the city. There's
plenty of room.

The taxi pulls into the driveway. They stand up. Give
each other an awkward hug.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Seeya, sweetheart.

ROSEMARY

Bye.

She gets in the cab. The taxi drives off.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

ROSEMARY

Going to Saint Mary's.

She looks back at Mike. He stands on the stoop holding
Scarlett, waving.

EXT. SAINT MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER

The front door of the RECTORY AT SAINT MARY'S opens,
revealing an old wigged lady, BELLE, 80s. She wears a
strange, colorful dress.

BELLE

Hello, Rosemary.

Belle's IDENTICAL TWIN, BETTY, appears behind her. She
is identical to Belle in every way - same wig, same
colorful dress, same hunched gait.

BETTY

Hello, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Hello.

INT. RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Belle holds Rosemary's hand and knocks on the door to the
priest's office. Betty lurks behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLE

Father? There's someone out here
who'd like to see you.

(to Rosemary)

He's black!

Betty and Belle shuffle away.

The door swings open, revealing FATHER STEPHEN MGARE, 36,
African. With his smouldering brown eyes and incredible
voice, he is probably the sexiest priest alive.

FATHER STEPHEN

(East African accent)

I'm Father Stephen. Come in.

She begins to sweat all over.

INT. FATHER STEPHEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Father Stephen sits behind his desk facing Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

This used to be Father Morrissey's
office.

FATHER STEPHEN

We share it now.

ROSEMARY

I went to school here and this is
where the nuns sent you when you
were really super-bad.

FATHER STEPHEN

Don't tell me they sent you here.

ROSEMARY

Once. I wanted to play Jesus in
the fifth grade Easter play. But
they wouldn't even let me read for
it.

FATHER STEPHEN

They punished you for that?

ROSEMARY

No - they punished me because I
threatened to sue the school for
discrimination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER STEPHEN

Ah! As if the Catholic Church
needed another scandal. Did you
go through with it?

ROSEMARY

No. I was ten.

And gosh, but you're dreamy.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Anyway. So I need some advice.
And I figured, this is what my Mom
would do, talk to a priest.

FATHER STEPHEN

Shoot.

ROSEMARY

My father may need to go to a
retirement community, or assisted -

FATHER STEPHEN

Gum?

He holds out a stick to her.

ROSEMARY

No thanks.

He pops it in his mouth.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

- assisted living place, or
something, and I don't know
anything about that stuff and I
thought you might have some -
literature, or. Thoughts.

Father Stephen takes the gum out of his mouth and
deposits it in the trash.

FATHER STEPHEN

I don't like it after it's lost
its mojo. And your mother ...?

ROSEMARY

What about her?

FATHER STEPHEN

Where is she?

ROSEMARY

She died. Cancer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FATHER STEPHEN

I'm so sorry.

ROSEMARY

It was two years ago, so.

FATHER STEPHEN

How are you doing?

ROSEMARY

Fine.

He scrutinizes her for a moment, looking intensely into her eyes. She looks away.

Then he thumbs through his Rolodex and writes down a number.

FATHER STEPHEN

Here's the number of a consultant. She knows all about assisted living facilities, home care, that kind of thing. She can give you better advice than I.

ROSEMARY

Thank you.

FATHER STEPHEN

What do you do?

ROSEMARY

Me? I work in New York. For this - company.

FATHER STEPHEN

I thought perhaps you had a brilliant career as a lawyer, after bringing Saint Mary's to its knees in the fifth grade.

ROSEMARY

No, I'm a -. I'm a secretary. I'd better get to the train station. Thank you so much.

FATHER STEPHEN

You're most welcome.

She starts out, then stops.

ROSEMARY

That's why I don't chew gum, by the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FATHER STEPHEN

Why's that?

ROSEMARY

It loses its flavor after like twenty seconds. Then you have to find a piece of paper to wrap it up in, and keep it in your pocket until you can find a place to throw it away. So much work.

FATHER STEPHEN

But those first twenty seconds - sublime.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

Rosemary on her cell phone.

ROSEMARY

... I know. I know your kids are ... because, David, it's always me, I'm always the one dealing with this stuff. This is exactly what happened with Mom. David, Dad's not going to want to have a conference call. Alright, we'll see. Bye.

She hangs up. She slumps down in her chair and watches the world fly by outside her window.

INT. BENJAMIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rosemary and Benjamin in his bed SPOONING, post-coital.

ROSEMARY

What if you moved into my place.

He props himself up, smiles at her.

BENJAMIN

That could work.

ROSEMARY

We'd actually be saving more money that way.

He pulls back.

BENJAMIN

That's true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY
Do you have a 401(k)?

BENJAMIN
Um. Yeah.

ROSEMARY
I have to get on that.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rosemary and Barry, conversation in progress.

BARRY
What kind of job do you see
yourself doing?

ROSEMARY
I was thinking development, or
programming?

BARRY
Boring jobs, boring, boring,
boring, boring.

ROSEMARY
Maybe marketing?

BARRY
Rosie, nobody looks deep within
their soul and sees marketing.

ROSEMARY
It seems interesting.

BARRY
There are no interesting jobs.
There's only what you can
tolerate.

ROSEMARY
But these jobs pay more.

BARRY
Oh, it's the money.

ROSEMARY
Barry, I'm living paycheck to
paycheck. People wind up with
nothing, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRY

People do. You won't. I'll talk to HR, get you some more money.

ROSEMARY

But. I want a career. Thank you, but it's not just money; I should be doing something with my life.

BARRY

You want a career, go get passionate about something and then we'll talk. Until then, you're exceptional at what you do here and I would be devastated if you left.

ROSEMARY

Also I've been thinking about our phone calls.

BARRY

I love our phone calls.

ROSEMARY

I feel conflicted about them.

BARRY

Who wouldn't?

ROSEMARY

And I'd like to feel less conflicted generally.

BARRY

Good luck with that. But I don't know - are they really so wrong, the phone calls? You don't really want to stop, do you?

ROSEMARY

Well -

BARRY

I guess I understand but personally I think they're wonderful. We make each other feel good and I don't see anything wrong with that. It's wonderful. Plus your boyfriend doesn't appreciate you. And I'm practically divorced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY

He appreciates me. He appreciates me a lot.

BARRY

That can be annoying too. So. Can I call you tonight?

ROSEMARY

Barry. I want to be strong.

BARRY

I understand.

ROSEMARY

What time?

INT. ROSEMARY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Rosemary takes shelter in the kitchen as Benjamin carries his stuff into the apartment. ANOTHER GUY follows him with a chair. GUY #3 follows with a box, but he veers into the kitchen and drops it at Rosemary's feet.

Rosemary picks up the phone and dials.

ROSEMARY

Dad? Hi. Listen - what are you doing this weekend? Can I come out? Friday, right after work. Great. Dinner would be great. Fish would be great. Okay. See you then.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Her once-perfect bedroom is littered with Benjamin's boxes.

Benjamin is still asleep. Rosemary, dressed, slings an overnight bag over her shoulder. She starts to exit.

Benjamin stirs.

BENJAMIN

Hey.

ROSEMARY

Hi. I'll see you Sunday night.

She BLOWS HIM A KISS and almost makes it out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN

Where are you going?

ROSEMARY

Out to my Dad's after work. I told you.

BENJAMIN

You're going away for the weekend? I just got here.

ROSEMARY

This way you can unpack and I won't get in the way.

BENJAMIN

Okay. Whatever.

ROSEMARY

Are you mad?

BENJAMIN

No. Do what you need to do.

ROSEMARY

You can get mad, you know.

BENJAMIN

That's okay, I don't really wanna.

She starts for the door again, then stops.

ROSEMARY

How come you never get mad at me?

He shrugs.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It just seems like for whatever reason you never let yourself get mad -

Benjamin YAWNS dramatically.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying I don't think it's healthy.

BENJAMIN

Please don't pick a fight with me before I've had coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY

We should both be able to just feel whatever we feel, and then handle whatever the other person is feeling.

BENJAMIN

I wonder which box my socks are in.

ROSEMARY

And besides that I wouldn't mind seeing you really lose it.

He slides off the bed and examines boxes.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Seriously.

BENJAMIN

What?

ROSEMARY

You're always so -

BENJAMIN

Nice? I'm so nice?

ROSEMARY

I was going to say decent.

BENJAMIN

Is that a problem?

ROSEMARY

It bugs the shit out of me.

BENJAMIN

Hey, I can be a dick. Don't push me.

ROSEMARY

I've never seen you be a dick.

BENJAMIN

You want me to be a dick right now?

ROSEMARY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BENJAMIN

What do you think - you think I never have any shitty, negative thoughts about people? About you? The thing is, I don't have to express every thought that comes into my head; I don't think that's an appropriate way to act in the world. I believe in treating people with kindness and respect, especially the people I love. What's wrong with that?

He starts to exit toward the bathroom.

ROSEMARY

It's just that when you're so good all the time, it makes me feel like I'm so - mean. And lousy.

BENJAMIN

I gotta take a piss. Have a nice weekend.

He exits.

EXT. TRAIN - EVENING

The commuter train rushes into suburbia.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Blazing light from Mike's windows. The sounds of LAUGHTER and MUSIC waft out into the night. The driveway is filled with cars and one big, shiny MOTORCYCLE.

A taxi pulls up to the curb. Rosemary gets out. She doesn't go in, just stands there and looks at the house.

CABBIE

This the right address?

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Denise deals the cards (poker) to the table: it's mostly guys but there are a few women, too.

DENISE

Clint! You're the little blind, pay attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's a SKETCHY CROWD: a leathery cast of characters, mostly between 30 and 60. Clint is there, and Officer Bergen, too.

Everywhere - smoke, empty bottles, overflowing ashtrays.

Rosemary enters. Nobody notices except Scarlett, whose BARKS are drowned out by the chatter and blues-y music.

Denise passes a JOINT to Officer Bergen.

Rosemary comes deeper into the room. One by one they notice her and go quiet.

Officer Bergen hides the joint behind his back.

MIKE

Well! Come in! Does everyone know Rosemary?

ASSORTED VOICES

Hey, Rosemary.

GUY

(muttering to Bergen)

This the new girlfriend?

DENISE

It's his daughter, you ass. Maybe we should take this game elsewhere.

ROSEMARY

Don't do that.

MIKE

I'll be right back.

Mike takes Rosemary into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MIKE

Sweetheart, I thought you were coming in the morning.

ROSEMARY

You said we were having dinner.

MIKE

Do you want me to ask them to leave?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She shakes her head.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You want to play with us?

She shakes her head.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You sure?

She nods.

Satisfied, he gives her arm a squeeze and gets back to the party.

Alone now, Rosemary petulantly throws open the refrigerator door.

The din has picked up again in the next room.

GUY (O.S.)
She's pretty, Mikey. Maybe I can date her.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
She's too old for you.

Laughter, O.S.

The scene in the fridge is bleak: just some beer, dog food and various exotic mustards.

She unscrews the lid to a jar of CAVIAR. It's empty. She slams the refrigerator door shut.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - LATER

1:23 a.m. Rosemary lies in bed reading *Your Aging Parents: Solutions for their Declining Years*. A BURST OF WILD LAUGHTER erupts from the party below, still in full swing.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Hung over, Mike winces as he CRACKS AN EGG. He whisks it together with some other yolks.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

At the sink, groggy Rosemary downs a Zolofit and chases it with water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She opens the medicine cabinet. A box of Poli-Grip, a bottle of Grecian Formula.

She picks out an intriguing bottle. Oh, ick - it's a bottle of EROTIC MASSAGE OIL in, yes, french vanilla. She hastily puts it back and shuts the cabinet door tight.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Rosemary pads down the stairs. She perks up: she smells bacon and coffee.

As she moves through the house - Mike's bachelor pad - she bats away cobwebs. In fact, everything is covered with a layer of dust or grime, including the family photographs: Rosemary and David as babies; Mike in a BOXING RING, throwing a punch; MIKE IN COMBAT in Korea. Then there's Rosemary's lovely MOTHER on her wedding day, caught in mid-laugh.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a FEAST: bacon, eggs, coffee, jam, fresh-squeezed orange juice. Sun streams in; this is heaven.

ROSEMARY

Wow.

Mike enters with a plate of toast. He kisses her forehead.

MIKE

What's the story, Morning Glory?
Sit down, sit down. Oh, butter!

But wait: but the fridge was empty last night.

MIKE (CONT'D)

How'd you sleep; noise bother you?

He moves out of the room.

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Couldn't get those knuckleheads to leave.

He returns with butter.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I think we're all set. You take coffee?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

God, yes.

He pours her coffee.

MIKE

Go ahead, the eggs'll get cold.

ROSEMARY

Where'd all the food come from?

MIKE

They delivered it. Mangia,
Rosemary, you're looking pale.
That's what living in the city
does to you; it drains you. Gee,
it's good to have you here.

She beams; devours a slice of bacon.

ROSEMARY

Oh! We have an appointment today.
I almost forgot.

MIKE

We do?

ROSEMARY

With this consultant. She knows
all about retirement homes and
stuff.

Mike darkens.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Dad, it's not a big deal. It's
just a conversation.

MIKE

I'm not going. Eat your eggs.

ROSEMARY

When are we going to talk about
all this?

MIKE

Don't push me.

INT. DEN - LATER

The screen of Mike's old computer. He's playing ONLINE
POKER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He loses a hand, diminishing his stack quite a bit.

MIKE

Bastards!

Rosemary enters.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I just took a horrendous beat.

ROSEMARY

I'm going out.

She exits.

MIKE

Where?

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

Out.

MIKE

Could you pick me up some
cigarettes?

She ducks her head back in.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll pay you back later.

She re-exits.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We need milk! And limes!

He goes back to his game. His gets dealt a TWO and a
SEVEN.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Garbage.

He folds.

INT. CAR - LATER

Rosemary parks in front of the Rectory. She screws up
her courage to go in.

She sees Father Stephen exit the Rectory. He walks down
its driveway toward the street.

She panics, quickly starts the car and drives away.

INT. MIKE'S DEN - LATER

Mike's still playing poker. He gets dealt a hand, a three and a nine.

MIKE

Jesus! Fold.

He folds. He SWITCHES screens. Now he's on MATCH.COM, perusing a screenful of 40-ish ladies. He scrolls through their photos.

MIKE (CONT'D)

No. No. No. Maybe. Forget about it. No. Quite possibly.

EXT. GRAND UNION SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - LATER

Rosemary exits the supermarket carrying several bags of groceries. She's oblivious to Denise, who's on break, leaning against the brick wall smoking a cigarette. She's wearing a checkout-girl smock.

DENISE

Hey. Rosemary. Hi.

Denise comes toward her.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Gimme one of those.

ROSEMARY

I've got it.

DENISE

I've got it.

Denise yanks a bag out of her hands. They walk toward the car.

ROSEMARY

I thought you worked at the high school.

DENISE

Yeah, in accounting. That's weekdays, though. Doesn't pay that great so Saturdays I'm checkout here. Works out. Make a little extra cash and it's a great way to meet guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They load groceries into the trunk.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I cannot believe this hunk of shit is still running. I keep telling him, trade it in, get something smaller, more fuel-efficient.

ROSEMARY

Doesn't matter now.

Rosemary slams the trunk shut. She walks to the driver's side. Denise hangs back.

DENISE

Hey. Hey, Rosemary. Look, I know how much it must've sucked when he was going out with me and your mother was sick. I totally get how it must've felt. But shit - the guy was lonely.

ROSEMARY

Wasn't that big a deal. My Dad went out with a lot of women while he was married to my mother.

Rosemary gets in. Denise moves to the passenger side, talks to her through the open window.

DENISE

I know it's none of my business, and you're gonna want to rip me a new one for saying this, but maybe it's time to let go of some of that shit? Maybe try and be his friend while he's still around? Cause you're the apple of his eye, Rosemary, he just ain't real great at showing it. And I know it'd mean a real lot to him if you just sorta eased up on him, cause - well, cause nobody likes to feel like they're being judged, especially by their own family.

Rosemary starts the car.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Your dad is a real close friend and I care about him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY

How 'bout this. When you stop going out and getting fucked up with him and letting him get behind the wheel of this - pimp ride - then talk to me about what a good friend you are.

Rosemary backs out of the spot, leaving Denise in the dust.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Mike unscrews the top of a bottle of vodka.

He looks up at the clock: it's only one. But what the hell, it's Saturday. He pours.

With a large pepper mill, he grinds pepper into the vodka. Takes a big slug. That was good, so he takes another.

He picks up the phone and dials.

MIKE

May I please speak with Arlene?
Arlene, it's Mike Boyle. Hello!
I'm exceptionally well, how 'bout yourself? Glad to hear it.
Listen, about tomorrow. I know it's our first date and it's not very gentlemanly of me, but. I've been having a little problem with my car, and I was wondering if you wouldn't mind picking me up. The ignition is busted. Great!
Thirty-eight Robinson Drive.
Fantastic. Hey, Arlene - I can't wait to meet you. I can't stop thinking about you. Really?
That's nice. See you tomorrow.

He hangs up, takes a gleeful little sip of vodka.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Rosemary is at Mike's computer, googling Saint Mary's Church. She comes up with a WEB PAGE that shows a sketch of the church.

She clicks on the tab called "SERVICES" and a list appears: 7:00 a.m., 9:00 a.m., etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She clicks on the tab called "CLERGY." Up pops a handsome PHOTO of Father Stephen Mgare.

INT. MIKE'S DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Mike and Rosemary at dinner. Scarlett sits on a chair at the table. Silence, except for Scarlett's panting.

MIKE

I've got something for you.

He takes something out of his pocket. He tosses it to her. She catches it. It's a DIAMOND RING.

ROSEMARY

This is Mom's. Don't you want it?

MIKE

Maybe you can get a few bucks for it.

He's kidding; she knows it. She slips on the ring. She puts it first on her ring finger but it's too big. She moves it to the middle finger.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Did I tell you about my new business?

Here it comes; another scheme.

ROSEMARY

No.

MIKE

I'm gonna open a bar in Costa Rica.

ROSEMARY

Really.

MIKE

That's where all the money's gonna be when the market crashes.

ROSEMARY

So you're moving to the Caribbean.

MIKE

It'll be seasonal. I'll winter there and summer here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

I thought you were getting married.

MIKE

This lady did very well in her divorce and this is exactly the kind of thing she's looking to do.

ROSEMARY

What if it doesn't work out with her?

MIKE

Rosemary. Please.

ROSEMARY

How do you even know she wants to get married?

MIKE

All women want to get married.

ROSEMARY

Oh my god. Look. Have you thought about selling the house?

MIKE

The hell with you, sell the house.

ROSEMARY

You don't seem to have any money.

MIKE

I'm not selling the house.

ROSEMARY

Okay, then, what about getting a job?

MIKE

I'm not going to get a job, Rosemary. I have a plan.

ROSEMARY

Okay, you have a plan - but what if -

MIKE

You're a very negative person.

ROSEMARY

It's not negative -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Like your mother - always looking
for cracks in the sidewalk.

ROSEMARY

What's so terrible about getting a
job?

MIKE

What kind of job am I gonna get?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. There must be jobs
in this town.

MIKE

You want me to work at Dunkin
Donuts?

ROSEMARY

We can't all have fascinating
jobs.

He whips out his cigarettes.

MIKE

Just because you don't have a
life, doesn't mean I don't want
one.

He lights up.

He moves into the living room. Scarlett follows,
abandoning Rosemary.

He turns on the TV; Scarlett jumps in his lap.

ROSEMARY

Could you please not smoke?

MIKE

It's my house!

Rosemary starts clearing dishes, loudly. Mike puffs away
on his cigarette. The TV is loud.

As she heads toward the kitchen:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry to be such an inconvenience
to everybody but I really never
expected to live this long.

She exits into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

After a moment, he gets up, opens a window and tosses the cigarette onto the lawn.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - ROSEMARY'S DREAM

Lazy ocean waves; a bright, sunny sky. Rosemary's mother, WINNIE, 37, bounces five year-old Rosemary on her knee in the water. Together they sing "You Are My Sunshine."

Suddenly, Winnie is dragged under. Young Rosemary watches helplessly as she stays afloat nearby. Winnie goes down with a harsh GURGLING SOUND.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - REAL TIME

The gurgling sound in the dream morphs into the ROAR of a car engine starting up. Rosemary awakens. She hears a car rolling over the gravel below.

She scurries out to the window. Mike's driving the Cadillac away.

ROSEMARY

Crap.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. She looks at the clock: 12:03 a.m. She answers.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm awake. Fine, Barry, how are you.

She knows why he's calling; she settles in for it.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

In the Cadillac, Mike waits at a light. The road is deserted.

The light turns green. He GUNS the engine and PEELS OUT like he's in a drag race.

EXT. JACOB'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

The Caddy SCREECHES to a halt outside the tavern.

INT. ROADHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Saturday night crowd, juke box going. For Mike, it's like coming home.

Regulars GREET HIM like a returning war hero.

But JOE, the bartender, 35, eyes Mike suspiciously. He peeks out the window. Just as he suspected - Mike's Cadillac is in the lot.

JOE

Mikey-bo!

Mike sits down at the bar, next to TWO ATTRACTIVE WOMEN, late 20s.

MIKE

How's bid-ness, Joe?

JOE

What can I get ya? Ginger ale?

Smooth as steel, irresistible, Mike turns to the two Women.

MIKE

'Scuse me. Sorry to bother you ladies, I was just wondering what you're drinking tonight. Looking for some fresh ideas.

WOMAN #1

Um, I'm having a gimlet.

WOMAN #2

This's vermouth.

MIKE

Goodness. Joe! Pour me a gimlet, straight up. And thank you, ladies, for bringing a little sophistication, a little creativity to my evening.

Joe glares at him. Not pouring.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Set me up with a gimlet, Joe.

WOMAN #1

It's on me. I'm Tara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They shake.

MIKE

Mike. And don't even think it.

WOMAN #1

Too late.

(to Joe)

He'll have a gimlet on me!

Joe leans in to Mike and speaks low.

JOE

Can I talk to you - over there?

They move to the other end of the bar.

MIKE

I'm a goddamned father figure.

JOE

How'd you get here, Mikey? Didya drive?

MIKE

Come on.

JOE

If you want to drink, drink at home.

MIKE

I don't want to drink at home, you son of a bitch.

JOE

I can't do it.

MIKE

Fuck you, you can't do it. You can do whatever you want.

JOE

Mikey -

MIKE

Pour me a goddamned gimlet!

JOE

You want me to call the cops?

A number of people are watching now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BYSTANDER

Leave the guy alone, will ya? He
doesn't wanna serve you.

Mike STARTS at the guy, like he's going to tackle him.
Someone pulls him back. The Bystander is yelling at him.
The crowd is reacting.

Joe has rushed around the bar. He grabs Mike by the arm
and drags him outside.

EXT. ROADHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JOE

C'mon, man, whaddya doin'.

MIKE

I lent you money.

JOE

Mikey, I don't care if you drink -

MIKE

I let you sleep on my couch when
Lisa kicked you out.

JOE

I appreciate all that, Mikey.
C'mon. You wanna get me in
trouble now? What's going on with
you?

MIKE

I just. Wanted to get out a
little.

JOE

Go home, brother. Sleep it off.

MIKE

Yeah.

JOE

Okay?

MIKE

Okay.

Big man-hug.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Joe. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike goes to his car. Joe watches him get in and drive away.

EXT. BILLY'S TAVERN - LATER

A weathered side-street pub; it's seen better days. Mike goes in.

INT. BILLY'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

This little place is nasty and the clientele kinda skanky. But since it's Saturday, the energy is high and the mood is raucous.

Mike finds a place at the bar. He's invigorated by the possibilities of a new crowd, a fresh start.

The Bartender leans into him.

MIKE

Absolut, straight up with a twist.
Thank you kindly.

The Bartender gives Mike a generous pour.

INT. KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

4:06 a.m. by the kitchen clock. Mike creeps in, breathing heavily and weaving a bit. He places the car keys back on their hook.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Awake, Rosemary listens to Mike ramble down the hallway and into his room.

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

She quietly enters and slips the car keys off their hook.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

She places the car keys under the pillow. Dissatisfied, she slides the keys under her mattress. She gets back into bed.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

It's RAINING today.

Rosemary awakens to her cell phone RINGING. She picks it up and glances at the ID window. It reads "BENJAMIN." She turns off the ringer and lays it aside.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Rosemary comes down the stairs. Mike is on his way up. They meet in the middle.

MIKE
You going to the train?

ROSEMARY
I thought I'd go to church first.

MIKE
I'll go with you.

ROSEMARY
Um - okay.

MIKE
What?

ROSEMARY
Nothing.

INT. SAINT MARY'S CHURCH - LATER

ORGAN music. Rain beats against the stained glass. Devotional candles flicker. The CONGREGATION sings a hymn.

Father Stephen walks down the aisle, preceded by ALTAR BOYS. He's solemn and smoking hot in his white robes. Rosemary watches him, transfixed.

Mike leans in to her.

MIKE
I thought you didn't go to church anymore.

ROSEMARY
I thought you didn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

I like to go now. Feels like I'm
honoring your mother.

Father Stephen reaches the altar and turns to face the
Congregation. The HYMN continues; he sings along.

INT. CHURCH - A WHILE LATER

Soft organ music.

Rosemary moves forward in the communion line. Mike is
behind her.

She reaches Father Stephen. She is shy. He is all
business, unfamiliar.

She cups her hands and holds them out toward him.

FATHER STEPHEN

The body of Christ.

He places the host in her hands.

ROSEMARY

Amen.

Looking up at him, she moves the host onto her tongue.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Still raining. Under an umbrella, Father Stephen greets
people as they exit the church.

Walking with Mike, Rosemary SLINKS by.

FATHER STEPHEN

Rosemary.

They turn. Father Stephen is coming toward them. She
breaks out into a sweat.

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Hello.

ROSEMARY

Hi!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER STEPHEN

(to Mike)

I see you every so often but we haven't met. Father Stephen Mgare.

They shake.

MIKE

Mike Boyle. You two, uh, know each other?

Rosemary starts to speak.

FATHER STEPHEN

Rosemary dropped in to get a mass schedule and we happened to meet.

MIKE

Nice homily. I'll be over there, enjoying a smoke.

He wanders off.

FATHER STEPHEN

Did you call that consultant?

ROSEMARY

I did. He's not going to go.

FATHER STEPHEN

Keep trying. And if you want to talk about it, you can always call me.

ROSEMARY

Really?

FATHER STEPHEN

Sure. Or we could have lunch if you're in town.

ROSEMARY

I'd love to have lunch.

FATHER STEPHEN

Great! Will you still be here tomorrow?

She considers.

ROSEMARY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FATHER STEPHEN
You don't have to go back?

ROSEMARY
No.

FATHER STEPHEN
Wonderful. How about the Athena
Diner at one o'clock?

ROSEMARY
Okay.

She walks on air toward the parking lot, a girl who's
just been asked to the prom.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - THAT AFTERNOON

Mike gathers together all of the old newspapers and
magazines that litter his dining room and living room.
He makes a giant stack.

INT. MIKE'S DINING ROOM - LATER

He pushes an old vacuum around on the rug.

INT. MIKE'S DINING ROOM - LATER

He runs the vacuum hose over the dining table. Nothing
seems to be happening. He holds his HAND to the end of
the hose and thwak! - it gets sucked on.

INT. ATTIC - SIMULTANEOUS

Rosemary among a collection of junk. Boxes sit on
rickety aluminum shelves; they're marked MIKE, WINNIE,
DAVID, ROSEMARY.

From O.S., the sound of the WHIRRING vacuum.

Rosemary takes down a box marked WINNIE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike runs the vacuum hose over the photos that sit on the
piano. He gets too close to a curtain and sucks it in,
too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without turning off the vacuum, he tries to yank the curtain off the hose. Curtain and rod come CRASHING down on him.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Winnie's box is open on the floor. Rosemary takes out some of the clothes inside. It's a lot of stuff from the 70s and 80s - some of it great, some of it scary.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike holds a pair of khakis. He carefully folds them so he gets the crease just right.

Rosemary has entered the room. She watches.

The cushions have been removed from the sofa. He lays the khakis on the bare under-surface of the sofa. He lays the cushions on top of the khakis.

ROSEMARY

What are you doing?

MIKE

Pressing my pants.

He sits on the sofa.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What time is your train?

ROSEMARY

Um. I'm going back tomorrow afternoon. What?

MIKE

Don't you have to work?

ROSEMARY

I'm taking a mental health day. Is that okay with you?

MIKE

Stay as long as you want.

She heads upstairs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

My lady friend is going to be here soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

I'm aware.

MIKE

Do you think you could maybe ...

He gestures to her general person.

ROSEMARY

What?

He waves it off.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

What?

MIKE

Your hair.

ROSEMARY

What's wrong with it?

MIKE

Run a comb through it. Something.
It's unbecoming.

She rolls her eyes and heads upstairs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey. This woman could be a very
big part of my life soon.

But she's disappeared.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Rosemary? Hey, Rosemary?

She reappears.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I told her I'm fifty-five. Don't
blow it for me.

She LAUGHS. Mike enjoys seeing her lighter side, and
joins in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

ARLENE, 50-ish, sits on the couch across the room from
Rosemary. Arlene is attractive, but dressed too fancily
and too young.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then there's Rosemary. Her hair still defiantly messy, she's grubby and matronly in her sweats. Also, she still wears her mother's engagement ring.

Polite smiles.

ARLENE

What a gorgeous ring! Is that an engagement ring?

ROSEMARY

Yes, it is.

ARLENE

Who's the lucky guy?

ROSEMARY

My dad gave me this.

ARLENE

Oh. It's lovely!

ROSEMARY

He has the best taste.

Tense pause. Desperate, Rosemary calls to him.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Dad!

Mike appears at the top of the stairs, all Frank Sinatra.

ARLENE

Here he is!

He descends the stairs, working it. Rosemary rolls her eyes.

MIKE

Hello.

ARLENE

Hi.

They shake; Mike's hands linger on hers.

MIKE

Boy.

ARLENE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE
I'm sorry. I knew from your
picture you'd be pretty but. Wow.

ARLENE
Thank you.

MIKE
Shall we sit for a minute before
we go? Can I get you a drink?

ARLENE
What are you having?

MIKE
Vodka, I think.

ARLENE
Do you have bourbon?

MIKE
I have it all.

ROSEMARY
Isn't she driving?

Okay.

ARLENE
Nothing for me.

MIKE
Me either.

While Arlene looks around, Mike shoots Rosemary a DIRTY
LOOK.

ARLENE
Look at all those pictures. You
have such a handsome family!

MIKE
Thank you.

She points to the picture of him in combat in Korea.

ARLENE
Is that you?

ROSEMARY
That's him in the Marines.

ARLENE
Where was it taken?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROSEMARY
Korea.
MIKE
Vietnam.
Oh, shit.

ROSEMARY
Vietnam. I get confused.

MIKE
Shall we go?

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

A quiet New England inn-type place, where the rustic charm is laid on thick.

Dinner is over; things are going well. Mike and Arlene are flushed and loose from the wine.

ARLENE
What did you sell? Wait, let me guess. Cars.

MIKE
Cars. No.

ARLENE
You sold ... coffee to Brazilians.

MIKE
You think I couldn't?

ARLENE
What did you sell, come on, tell me.

MIKE
I sold time.

ARLENE
Wow. That's heavy.

MIKE
Airtime. I sold radio airtime.

ARLENE
And you were good.

MIKE
I was very good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE

So you sold time. Well you must have kept some of it for yourself because you look good for your age. Whatever it is. Cause I know it ain't fifty-five.

MIKE

What, and you're forty-three?

ARLENE

Closer to forty-three than you are to fifty-five.

MIKE

Doesn't matter; you're still the most beautiful woman in the room.

ARLENE

You're just drunk.

MIKE

But I'm not blind.

Just then, Mike's top DENTURES SLIP. He covers his mouth. She pretends not to notice.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The harsh light of the men's room. In front of the mirror, he fits his teeth back into place.

He scrutinizes himself for a moment: the many years on his face, the dandruff on his lapel.

Don't let it slip through your fingers. It ain't over till it's over.

Mike takes a VIAGRA out of his inside jacket pocket and pops it in his mouth. And he gets back out there.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Mike arrives back at the table and Arlene is putting on her coat.

MIKE

I haven't paid the check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE

I paid it.

She walks out. He grabs his coat and follows her.

INT. ARLENE'S MERCEDES - RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - LATER

Arlene starts the car. Mike touches her hair. She smiles uncomfortably. He moves in for a kiss. She pulls back.

MIKE

They're just like real teeth, I swear. Better.

ARLENE

That's not - I don't care about that.

MIKE

Helluva story, actually. Goes all the way back to the Marines. Korea. I had this bitch of a toothache; had it for, I don't know, a couple of days. But I'm on the front lines, and there's nothing I can really do about it. So one night it gets really bad, you know, it's killing me. And the captain comes up to me, he says, "c'mere." And he hands me a quart of whisky and a pair of pliers.

ARLENE

No.

MIKE

And I drink about half the whisky and take the pliers -

ARLENE

No!

MIKE

And I put em in my mouth and yank the thing out.

ARLENE

Oh, god! There isn't enough bourbon in the world ...

He takes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

You'd do it if you were a Marine, kid. Squeamishness is not tolerated. Anyway. Old choppers were never the same after that. Hey, some guys lose limbs.

ARLENE

Did you kill anyone?

MIKE

That was the job.

ARLENE

Well. I had a great time.

MIKE

I had a swell time, too.

ARLENE

Good.

MIKE

When can I see you again?

She starts the car.

ARLENE

You know. I haven't been divorced that long -

MIKE

Uh-oh.

ARLENE

No, please. I'm not ready for anything, you know. Serious.

MIKE

Hey, neither am I. We can take this as slow as you need to.

ARLENE

I mean. I'd think I'd just like to be friends. Please don't take it personally.

MIKE

Hey, I don't take anything personally. Shall we go get a drink?

ARLENE

Mind if I just take you home?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She starts the engine.

INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The kitchen is dark. Mike reaches to the hook for the car keys. They're gone.

Gingerly, he opens the junk drawer and rummages through it. He pulls out an old, yellowed envelope. He takes out the keys that are inside.

INT. BILLY'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

He enters the skanky pub. But it's Sunday tonight; it's quiet. A few stone-faced BARFLIES at the bar; an NFL wrap-up show on the tube.

Mike hesitates, then takes a seat at the bar.

BARKEEP

Evening.

MIKE

Absolut straight up with a twist.
Thank you, sir.

The Barflies look like they grew old here, each quietly nursing some misery or other.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Evening, fellas.

No significant reaction to his greeting.

The Barkeep hands him his drink. Mike finishes it off in one swallow. He puts a ten down on the bar, gets up and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rosemary huddles on the couch, watching a rerun of "Friends."

Mike enters, basically sober. Rosemary rises and glares at him.

A momentary stand-off. She starts toward him. He tosses her the keys. She catches them; he exits.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Rosemary opens her suitcase. Throws the keys inside.

She remembers the other set of keys. She gets them out from under the mattress. She throws them in the suitcase with the other keys.

Then she zips up the case and slides it under the bed.

INT. OFFICE NOOK - LATER

2:07 a.m. Still in his date-clothes, Mike is back on the horse: he's on MATCH.COM scanning photos of forty-something women.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

7:30 a.m. In her pajamas, Rosemary sits up in bed, phone to her ear, feigning weakness.

ROSEMARY

Hi, Barry, it's Rosemary. I have some kind of bug, or stomach flu or something and I won't be able to come in today. I called the temp company and they're sending someone for nine. I'll be in tomorrow if I'm up to it.

EXT. ATHENA DINER - DAY

She pulls into the parking lot. She's wearing her mother's sweater. Father Stephen, looking fine, approaches her car. She rolls down her window.

FATHER STEPHEN

Hello! What a beautiful day.
Where can we have a picnic?

INT. 7-11 - A BIT LATER

Rosemary and Father Stephen emerge from the aisles of 7-11, both a little shy, a little nervous. They lay their merchandise on the cashier's counter: sandwiches and a bag of chips.

FATHER STEPHEN

I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosemary and the CASHIER watch him go to the back of the store.

An awkward, silent moment between Rosemary and the Cashier: what's she doing hanging out with a priest in the middle of the afternoon?

Father Stephen returns with a SIX PACK OF ROLLING ROCK.

The Cashier looks surprised, and rather disapproving.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Rosemary and Father Stephen sit on top of a giant rock overlooking a pond. They eat sandwiches and drink beer.

ROSEMARY

Is this weird?

FATHER STEPHEN

Weird? This is wonderful. This is a treat. Lunch for me is usually grilled cheese sandwiches with Father Morrissey. Is it weird for you?

ROSEMARY

I've been around priests my whole life but I never hung out with one before. Never drank beer with one before.

FATHER STEPHEN

Yes - Americans are so strange about priests. We are so peculiar to you all.

ROSEMARY

But you are. Peculiar, sort of.

FATHER STEPHEN

Maybe we are, then! Why do you think so?

ROSEMARY

Not too many people would choose to live the way you guys live.

FATHER STEPHEN

Fewer and fewer do.

ROSEMARY

Why did you? Choose it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER STEPHEN

My family chose it for me.

He takes a long slug of beer.

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)

In Kenya, people are not so afraid of their priests. Why should that be, eh? I'll tell you. Because here, everything is separate. A person has his home life and his work life and on Sundays he goes to church and the three roads never meet. When I lived in France -

ROSEMARY

You lived in France?

FATHER STEPHEN

I went to seminary in Paris.

ROSEMARY

I've always wanted to go to Paris.

FATHER STEPHEN

You must go! You must!

ROSEMARY

Okay!

FATHER STEPHEN

When I lived there, I went on a trip down south with a group of novitiates. One day we stopped at a vineyard along the road. The vineyard was owned by a family, and the family lived on the land where they grew the grapes, and they sold their wine out of a cottage behind their house. And as we tasted the wine, the children came running in and out, playing with their parents, who were talking to us about the wine they had made. They were such happy children. And happy parents! And I thought, this is the way life should be: home, work and family, all together, all of a piece. It was beautiful.

He takes a big slug of beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)

How are things with your father?

ROSEMARY

Oh. I think I'm done.

FATHER STEPHEN

You're done? What does that mean,
you're done?

ROSEMARY

He's going to do what he wants.
There's nothing I can say. So,
I'm done. Let him deal with his
life. And death. I know I sound
like I'm being an asshole, but. I
don't care. I'm never the
asshole. Why can't I be the
asshole, just once?

FATHER STEPHEN

I don't know, why can't you?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. I'd really like to
go to Paris. I'd like to live in
Paris.

FATHER STEPHEN

I think you should.

ROSEMARY

I will. I never do stuff like
that.

She throws a stone into the pond.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

The small parking lot at the mouth of the wooded trail,
where both their cars are parked.

FATHER STEPHEN

Thank you for showing me this
place. Promise when you come back
to town, you'll stop by and see
me.

ROSEMARY

Promise.

Should she shake his hand? Hug him? Kiss him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But he reaches out and SQUEEZES HER ARM, and moves away.

He gets into his car. She gets into hers.
Simultaneously, their car doors SLAM shut.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Rosemary's car leads Father Stephen's through the woods.
They come to a stop sign. She looks in the rear view
mirror. Father Stephen waves. She waves back.

She grins and shakes her head: A priest. What was she
thinking?

At the main road, she turns left, then he turns right.

INT. KITCHEN - A BIT LATER

Mike's making lunch. Jazz on the radio; drink in hand,
cigarette in mouth.

He throws a handful of chopped onions into a pan filled
with oil. Oil splatters, the onions sizzle.

His head in the refrigerator, he does not see the SMALL
INFERNO ignite, or mount, in the frying pan.

Rosemary enters, her weekend bag on her shoulder, ready
to leave.

She finds the FRYING PAN IN FLAMES on the stove.

ROSEMARY

Dad!

Double-time, she drops her bag and grabs a dish-towel and
douses it with cold water, then tosses it in the flames.
She turns off the burner. The pan SMOKES but the fire is
out.

Mike has emerged from the fridge, drink in one hand, a
lime in the other.

Now the SMOKE DETECTOR ALARM goes off.

MIKE

Oh, Christ.

Mike puts down the lime. He drags a step-stool under the
smoke detector. He steps up and reaches to the BEEPING
smoke alarm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drink in hand, cigarette in mouth, he takes out the battery. The beeping stops, he gets off the step-stool and kicks it away. He throws open a window.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You staying for dinner? What?

ROSEMARY

I'm calling that consultant.

Maybe she can fit us in tomorrow.

She exits. Mike stands there, not protesting.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Now there are more boxes on her floor, all marked WINNIE, all filled with her clothes.

In her pajamas, Rosemary sits on the floor, going through the boxes. She puts an outfit together as she talks into her PHONE.

ROSEMARY

Hi, Barry, it's Rosemary. I'm still sick. I called for a temp. I'm so sorry about this. I'll probably see you tomorrow.

INT. CONSULTANT'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Rosemary and Mike sit across from EVE, 30s. Rosemary is now completely outfitted in her mother's 1985 clothes.

EVE

The good news is, you've got options.

MIKE

Shuffleboard, bridge or Chinese checkers.

EVE

It doesn't have to be like that.

MIKE

I could take bus tours of New England and visit covered bridges with old bastards whose wives change their diapers for them.

ROSEMARY

Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Or I could take a widows' cruise
and pick up an old hottie who
smells like her own urine.

EVE

The majority of seniors are -

MIKE

"Seniors."

EVE

- exactly like you: they want to
go on living with all the dignity
they're accustomed to. They want
to live independently; they want
companionship; they want to be
healthy and cool and they want
life to be genuinely exciting.
But they have limitations.

ROSEMARY

Dad, you have limitations.

EVE

And to continue to live well, they
need help.

ROSEMARY

He can't drive.

EVE

Then a good option is a retirement
community where you won't need a
car. It's not an old folks home.

MIKE

What does that cost?

EVE

Most people are able to sell their
houses to finance the move. If
you want to take a look at one in
the area, I'd be happy to go with
you.

Mike gets up.

ROSEMARY

Dad.

EVE

Nobody ever said getting old
didn't suck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

I'm with you on that.

He moves to exit.

EVE

Just so you know? Every single person I've ever counseled on this has done the exact same thing you're doing right now. They get indignant, they make snide remarks. Whatever. Everybody gets old, Mike. I hate to tell you this but you've hit the skids and you're only gonna feel older every day and more helpless. Way it works, I don't care how many chin-ups you can do. And your challenge is to figure out how to take it like a man. You need figure out how you want to feel while you're still here. If you want to enjoy yourself, I can help you find a way to do that. You can also feel ashamed of being old; that's a choice, too.

He heads for the door. Stops.

MIKE

By the way. Not everybody gets old.

EVE

I know. I'm so sorry.

Mike exits.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Rosemary roots around in the fridge, cell phone to her ear.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

Hey, it's me. Where are you? Are you okay? I'm worried about you. Call me as soon as you get this.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rosemary enters with a bag of chips and a beer. She walks in on Mike, finishing up a phone call. He hangs up, and turns up the volume of the METS GAME.

ROSEMARY

Chip?

Mike reaches over and grabs a handful out of the bag.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Who was that?

MIKE

Realtor.

ROSEMARY

Really?

MIKE

This house is the only goddamned thing I have to show for my life. Might as well see how much it'll fetch.

ROSEMARY

When are they coming?

MIKE

Tomorrow.

ROSEMARY

I'd better stick around then.

MIKE

Don't you have a job?

The Mets hit a home run, the crowd goes wild.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Rosemary paces around on the grass.

She finds a source of light and dials her cell phone.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

This is Benjamin. Please leave a message and have a great day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

Hi, it's me. Still out here at my dad's. Looks like I'll be here another day or so. Um, we should talk. Okay, bye.

She hangs up. She calls back.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

This is Benjamin. Please leave a message and have a great day.

ROSEMARY

It's me again. That sounded bad. Nothing to worry about, it's just, you know. Maybe before you unpack any more of your stuff, we should, I don't know, reassess. Some things. I've been doing a lot of thinking Never mind, I'm not going to break up with you on voicemail. Call me.

She hangs up. She calls back.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

This is Benjamin. Please leave a message and have a great day.

ROSEMARY

Okay, that really sounded bad. I'm not breaking up with you. At all. So don't worry. Oh-kay. Love you. Okay, bye.

She hangs up for good.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

A REALTOR, male, early 30s, ploughs through the house with a clipboard and a frown. Mike and Rosemary trail a few feet behind.

Mike talks the guy up, selling him on the place, trying to up the appraisal.

Rosemary lingers in each room, taking it all in, as if committing it to memory.

INT. CADILLAC - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Rosemary speeds along.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac zooms past a very compact TOYOTA.

INT. TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin is in that Toyota. His GUITAR case is in the back seat.

EXT. MIKE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Toyota rolls quietly into the driveway. Benjamin gets out. He brings his GUITAR with him. He looks up at the house.

EXT. RECTORY - LATER

Rosemary rings the doorbell.

Belle answers the door. Betty appears in the B.G., in shadow.

ROSEMARY
Is Father Stephen here?

EXT. RECTORY - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary comes into the yard through the back door.

It's an oasis - rose bushes, weeping willow, herb garden.

Father Stephen is on his hands and knees in the garden. He's in a t-shirt and jeans. Seeing Rosemary, he gets up.

Belle and Betty can be seen in the B.G., watching the action from a window.

FATHER STEPHEN
You're still here!

ROSEMARY
Am I bothering you?

FATHER STEPHEN
Not at all. I'm just pulling a few weeds, getting the garden ready for winter. Have some carrots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands her a bunch of dirt-covered carrots.

ROSEMARY

Thanks. I took my father to see
that consultant.

FATHER STEPHEN

And?

ROSEMARY

He might sell the house. Can I
help you?

He hesitates. Then he points to a spot at the opposite
end of the garden.

FATHER STEPHEN

Why don't you start on that row.

She steps over several rows where there are some stakes,
and tomatoes dying on the vine.

She gets on her knees and pulls some weeds.

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

ROSEMARY

I know I told him he should sell
it, but. I don't want him to.

She keeps DIGGING, more intensely now.

She pulls up a small, round object.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Is this a potato? Or a rock?

FATHER STEPHEN

Let's see.

She goes to him, and sits on the ground next to him.

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)

That's a potato! Don't throw that
away.

ROSEMARY

Can I keep it?

FATHER STEPHEN

It's a little small. Let's find
you a bigger one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He digs around a bit.

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Isn't there someone waiting for
you in New York? A boyfriend?

She shrugs.

ROSEMARY
Maybe I could move back here, you
know? Get a job.

FATHER STEPHEN
I thought you were going to live
in Paris.

ROSEMARY
What am I going to do? That's my
house.

He takes her hand.

FATHER STEPHEN
Listen to me. Let go. If you do,
you will always have a home, and
you will always be just fine.

She LEANS HER HEAD against his shoulder.

Okay. He waits for her to take it away, but she's not
going anywhere. Gingerly he pries his shoulder away,
then stands up.

ROSEMARY
I'm sorry.

He stares down at the ground. She gets up and starts to
flee.

Belle and Betty DUCK behind the window.

She stops, and returns for the CARROTS.

Belle and Betty pop up again.

Rosemary runs off.

Again, Belle and Betty duck.

Rosemary disappears around the side of the Rectory.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Now Benjamin is sitting out on the patio with Mike and Denise, guitar on his knee.

They pass a joint around. Benjamin is singing "ME AND BOBBY McGEE."

BENJAMIN

"Busted flat in Baton Rouge.
Waiting for a train. Spirit 'bout
as faded as my jeans ..."

Mike and Denise hum along.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary drives. The radio plays some ragged classic rock. She checks the messages on her cell phone.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

Hey, it's me, where are you?

Delete.

BENJAMIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, it's me -

Delete.

BENJAMIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey -

Delete.

BARRY (O.S.)

Where the hell are you? You
didn't call in and there's no temp
and it's a fucking disaster -

Delete. Uh-oh.

She pulls into the driveway. She sees Benjamin's car.

ROSEMARY

Oh my god.

She lurches to a stop.

Her cell phone RINGS. She looks at it; it's BARRY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Shit!

She turns off the radio. Cringing, she answers her phone.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I forgot to call this morning.
I'm sorry, Barry, I'm sorry, I'm
sorry, I'm sorry -

We can hear him GOING BALLISTIC through her "I'm sorrys".

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Denise are now singing soulfully along with Benjamin.

MIKE, DENISE, BENJAMIN

"Feelin' good was good enough for
me-ee-ee - good enough for me and
my Bobby McGee-ah. La la la la
la..."

They hear the CAR DOOR SLAM. They stop singing.

DENISE

Uh-oh, Mom's home.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary paces on the grass with her phone to her ear.
The carrots swing from her other hand.

ROSEMARY

I forgot, Barry, I just forgot.
Well, I'm sick. I slept all day.
I - I would appreciate it if you
didn't speak to me this way.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Mike, Denise and Benjamin listen in on Rosemary's conversation. Her WORDS ARE MUFFLED, but they are taken aback by her agitated tone.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ROSEMARY

I'm sorry; how many times do I have to -. Because I think that when somebody works for you all day then has phone sex with you several times a week, you should be nice to that person - really nice to that person. Yes, you're right, actually, I'm not sick. I'm totally fine, you caught me. I'm crazy? You can't have sex unless it's from a different zip code. I don't know, Barry - because I liked you. Just go fuck yourself. And learn some fucking manners.

She hangs up.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

This they can hear:

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

DENISE

Somebody just learned the "F" word.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Her phone RINGS again. She picks up.

ROSEMARY

What?

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BARRY

That was the best conversation we ever had.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She HANGS UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (O.S.)

Rosie?

Busted.

She slinks toward the back of the house.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin stands up.

BENJAMIN

Hi.

ROSEMARY

Hi.

DENISE

He brought his gee-tar.

BENJAMIN

Didn't you get my messages?

Tense pause.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk?

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - A BIT LATER

Denise strums the guitar badly and she and Mike lazily sing.

DENISE & MIKE

"There is somebody I'm longing to
see - I hope that he - turns out
to be someone to watch over me
..."

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Rosemary and Benjamin sit on her bed like two kids.

Rosemary's window is open and they can faintly hear
Denise and Mike SINGING outside.

BENJAMIN

I like your dad. He seems cool.
Denise is great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

So. What's going on?

BENJAMIN

I don't know, what's going on with you.

ROSEMARY

I don't know. Everything okay at home?

BENJAMIN

Yup.

He picks up a stuffed animal, a turtle.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Who's this?

ROSEMARY

Mel.

BENJAMIN

Are we breaking up? I don't want to break up but if we are I want to get it over with and I want you to do it to my face, not on my fucking voicemail.

ROSEMARY

I don't want to break up.

BENJAMIN

Okay. But Rosemary, are you in this?

ROSEMARY

Sometimes I think I am.

BENJAMIN

It doesn't work that way.

ROSEMARY

But that's how it works for me. At the moment.

BENJAMIN

No. I'm sorry, but you're in or you're out.

ROSEMARY

God I wish I were more like you. I really do; I wish I knew who I was and what I wanted -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BENJAMIN

I don't always know.

ROSEMARY

Well I never know. I mean - when I feel like I'm in this, I swear, there's no place I'd rather be. But then sometimes. I turn around five minutes later and it's like I'm this totally different person and I don't even know what I'm doing here.

BENJAMIN

Do you want me to move out?

ROSEMARY

Maybe you should because your being there just reminds me - it makes me feel like -

BENJAMIN

What?

ROSEMARY

Like you don't love me enough to have asked for more.

BENJAMIN

What does that mean?

ROSEMARY

Wanting to live together, it's kind of like half of something.

BENJAMIN

Not as far as I'm concerned.

ROSEMARY

Maybe it doesn't seem fair because I don't even know if I'm ready to live together, much less get married, but maybe -

BENJAMIN

Married?

ROSEMARY

- if I felt you were really and truly committed to this I would be ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BENJAMIN

Bullshit, Rosemary, bullshit. If I'd given you a ring you would have sprinted. You've never been in this with both feet, never.

ROSEMARY

Maybe I'd be in this with both feet if I felt like you loved me enough to go the distance.

BENJAMIN

Is there somebody else?

No response.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

ROSEMARY

Don't get mad.

BENJAMIN

I thought you wanted to see me this way.

ROSEMARY

Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

You just told me you're seeing someone else.

ROSEMARY

I didn't say I was seeing someone else. I'm distracted. By someone else. And this other guy.

BENJAMIN

There's more than one?

ROSEMARY

I'm not seeing either one of them.

He gets his stuff together, heads for the door.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Do you think it's possible to be genetically incapable of monogamy? Is it possible it's in my DNA?

BENJAMIN

Doesn't mean you don't have a choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He's out the door.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Denise hear the SLAM of Rosemary's bedroom door. They wince.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Benjamin's little car peels out of the driveway.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary lies on her bed and SOBS.

EXT. BACK YARD/PATIO - SIMULTANEOUS

Mike and Denise look up at Rosemary's window. They can hear her crying and whimpering.

Denise gives Mike a look: get up there and fix it.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Mike stands outside of Rosemary's room. Inside, silence.

He lifts a fist to knock on the door. He pulls back. He walks away.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Mike now holds a large glass of water. He knocks firmly on Rosemary's door.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He finds her curled in a ball, hugging a stuffed turtle.

He tiptoes in. Sits on the bed. Now what?

He pats her on the back. Pats her hair.

MIKE

It's okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

What is this nurturing, paternal behavior?

MIKE (CONT'D)

I brought you some water.

She doesn't respond.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I brought water.

She obliges, sitting up wearily. She drinks it down in big gulps.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Good girl. You want to talk about it?

She shakes her head. He's at a loss. He gets up and starts to leave.

ROSEMARY

Don't sell the house.

MIKE

I thought you wanted me to.

ROSEMARY

You can't sell it.

MIKE

How come?

ROSEMARY

Because. It's like we're leaving her behind.

It takes a moment, but he goes to her. He sits on the bed next to her. She puts her head on his knee and cries.

MIKE

Okay. Let it out. Good girl.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike stretches out on the couch. He aims the remote at the TV, flips around.

Rosemary comes down the stairs, eyes swollen from crying. She holds the car keys.

ROSEMARY

I'm going out. Want to come?

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Rosemary drives.

They drive by the RECTORY. It's all lit up. Rosemary cranes her neck to get a good look.

Now Mike looks at the Rectory: why all the interest? He looks back at Rosemary, whose eyes are on the road now.

ROSEMARY

How much does it cost to buy a bar
in Costa Rica?

INT. JACOB'S ROADHOUSE - LATER

Rosemary and Mike enter. A juke box plays some tired Creedence. A few guys at the bar. Denise and Clint are there.

JOE

Hey, Mikey-bo!

MIKE

How's it going?

Mike greets Denise and some of the guys at the bar. They are happy to see him.

A sexy, late 40s woman with a to-die-for raspy voice, SHERRI, smiles slyly at Mike.

SHERRI

Mike.

MIKE

There she is.

They trade a kiss. Clearly they've made sweet music together.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sherri, this is my daughter
Rosemary.

SHERRI

This is Rosemary! Your father
never shuts up about you.

MIKE

Hey, Joe. You know my daughter
Rosemary?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Apple of the man's eye. Very nice to make your acquaintance. You, ah, driving, I hope?

ROSEMARY

Yeah, I drove. Let him have whatever he wants.

JOE

Absolut up with a twist.

MIKE

(to the room)

How do you like that? Four years of college tuition and she says I can have whatever I want.

Joe hands Mike his drink.

JOE

What can I get you, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

Um.

Denise pipes up from the end of the bar.

DENISE

I'll do the driving, Sweetie, don't worry about it. Go ahead, I'm not drinking tonight.

Rosemary hesitates.

JOE

Glass of wine? Beer?

ROSEMARY

Scotch. Glenlivet, neat.

JOE

Glenlivet neat, comin' down the pike.

Joe pours and slides her the drink.

Mike, at the opposite end of the bar, raises his vodka to Rosemary. She raises her scotch to him.

They throw back their drinks. Rosemary shudders from the strength of it. Glass down on the counter.

INT. ROADHOUSE - A BIT LATER

Rosemary, a little buzz on, is all squinty, aiming a dart at the DARTBOARD.

Denise wanders over and stands nearby, watching.

She throws the dart. It hits the wall beside the board.

ROSEMARY

Shit. I used to be really good at this.

DENISE

Mind if I throw a few?

A hesitation, ever so slight. Then Rosemary hands her a dart.

Denise expertly throws her dart and it lands pretty near the bullseye. Rosemary is impressed but hides it.

Rosemary picks up a dart and aims.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Try putting your right foot in front of your left.

She bristles. Then she tries it anyway. She throws her dart; it comes closer to the bullseye this time.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Better.

Denise picks up a dart and aims it.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Your boyfriend's nice.

Denise throws. She makes a good shot.

DENISE (CONT'D)

You guys okay?

No answer. Rosemary aims her dart.

DENISE (CONT'D)

You're holding it wrong. Put it between your thumb and index finger, not your middle finger. I know it feels awkward, but it gives you more control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She adjusts her grip. She looks to Denise for approval.

DENISE (CONT'D)

That's good. Now relax. And in your mind's eye, picture it sailing through the air, landing exactly where you want it to go.

Rosemary makes her shot, and hits just above the bullseye.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Better!

Rosemary downs the rest of her drink. Her third sheet now to the wind, she signals Joe for another scotch.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Maybe this doesn't apply, but my grandmother always used to tell me, marry the guy who loves you more than you think you love him.

Wobbling, Rosemary picks up another dart.

ROSEMARY

Except there's this other guy.

DENISE

Oh, very interesting! What's the deal?

ROSEMARY

I'm trying to figure out how to tell him how I feel.

DENISE

You'd better tell him. Cause honey, you can't get what you don't ask for. I learned that the hard way.

Rosemary throws her dart. She hits the BULLSEYE.

ROSEMARY

Dad! Did you see that?

But Mike is preoccupied, tripping the light fantastic with Sherri. He tries to TANGO with her, but Sherri doesn't know how. They stumble around, laughing.

Darkening, Rosemary forgets about the darts and watches. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Hey.

Mike and Sherri have stopped in front of Rosemary.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Why don't you show this lady how
it's done.

And Mike SWEEPS Rosemary into his arms. They get into
position and start their tango.

She's a little rusty, but she quickly recovers what he
taught her.

They dance to the juke box, tango-inappropriate pop songs
from the 70s and 80s.

From the sidelines, the crowd applauds and whistles their
approval.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You haven't been practicing.

ROSEMARY

I'm doing alright.

A big DIP. Rosemary laughing; Mike playing to the crowd;
the crowd whistling and applauding.

INT. CAR - LATER

Denise drives Mike's car. Mike, rather tipsy, rides in
the passenger seat. Rosemary is in the back, still
happily drunk.

DENISE

I'm gonna crash in your guest
room. Rosemary can drive me to
get my car in the morning. That
okay?

MIKE

Mm.

ROSEMARY

We're moving to Costa Rica.

DENISE

Are you.

ROSEMARY

I have to learn to speak Spanish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She dozes off.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - LATER

Still fairly drunk, Rosemary slides the suitcase out from under her bed. She unzips it. Take out the CAR KEYS.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Rosemary creeps down the stairs, car keys in hand. She has the exaggerated stealth of a drunk person.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MINUTES LATER

Tipsy but determined, she has the big old Cadillac in reverse. She drives over a rock.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike awakens to the ear-bending sound of the Cadillac scraping back over the rock.

At the window, he sees red tail lights turn out of the driveway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike steps out into the hallway. Then Denise steps out into the hallway.

Mike moves back into the bedroom.

MIKE

I thought that was you in the car.

DENISE

I thought it was you.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He picks up the phone and dials. Denise hangs in the B.G.

MIKE

Roland? It's Mike, hey. You on duty?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Listen, my daughter took the Cadillac out just now and I was wondering if you could keep an eye out, make sure she's alright. Thanks, pal.

EXT. STREET - CENTER OF TOWN - A BIT LATER

The Cadillac barrels past Officer Roland Bergen's black and white, idle in the Burger King lot.

INT. BERGEN'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bergen recognizes the Cadillac. He starts his engine.

EXT. SAINT MARY'S CHURCH - A BIT LATER

Rosemary pulls the Caddy up in front of the Rectory. She hits the brakes. Carefully attempts to parallel park. Drives over the curb and back down again. Stops the car. Gets out. SLAMS the door shut, scaring herself. Moves with purpose toward the Rectory.

She prowls the driveway, hunched over, inspecting the asphalt closely. She picks up a few STONES.

Unbeknownst to her, Officer Bergen pulls his car into the BANK PARKING LOT across the street.

INT. BERGEN'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bergen turns off the engine. He keeps his eye on Rosemary.

EXT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary circles the Rectory. She's looking up to the second floor at what might be his bedroom.

She tosses up a stone. She tosses another. She waits. A LIGHT GOES ON.

FATHER MORRISSEY, 80s, comes to the window. Rosemary ducks out of sight. He puts on his glasses. She creeps to the other side of the house.

She waits until the first bedroom light goes out. Then she throws a stone at a different window. Throws another. The LIGHT GOES ON. Father Stephen appears at the window.

INT. FATHER STEPHEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary stands unsteadily below, looking up at him.

FATHER STEPHEN
Jesus have mercy.

EXT. RECTORY - SIMULTANEOUS

Rosemary looks up: behind the Rectory, above the shingled roof, is a black sky and a multitude of stars.

Father Stephen opens his window.

FATHER STEPHEN
Come around front.

She scurries. Rounding the front of the house, she sees a light go on inside.

ROSEMARY'S POV - THROUGH A WINDOW

Father Morrissey starts down the stairs. Father Stephen says something that sends Father Morrissey back up and out of sight.

Father Stephen opens the door. He moves onto the front porch, closes the front door behind him.

Before he can say anything, she KISSES him.

They're both stunned.

FATHER STEPHEN
You've been drinking.

He checks the street to be sure no one is watching. He yanks her in and closes the door.

INT. RECTORY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He leads her into the kitchen. She leans against the refrigerator. He pours water in a kettle and turns on the stove. A blue flame WHOOSHES up and he places the kettle over it. He takes out a box of herbal tea.

He turns to face her and she's on him; she kisses him fiercely. He SURRENDERS.

But only for a split second. He PULLS AWAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER STEPHEN
I am a priest. My life is
committed to Jesus.

ROSEMARY
What's Jesus got that I haven't
got?

The tea kettle WHISTLES.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
That was a joke.

He takes the kettle off the burner.

FATHER STEPHEN
You have to go.

He leads her to the front door. She pauses on the way to
examine a statuette on the wall - the Blessed Virgin
Mary.

ROSEMARY
That's exactly what my mother
looked like. Except with a bob.

FATHER STEPHEN
You're in no shape to drive.

He looks at her for a minute.

FATHER STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Come with me.

He leads her to a small room on the first floor - a sort
of TV room with a convertible couch. He throws the
cushions on the floor and pulls out the bed for her.

Meanwhile, she dizzily looks at all the stuff on the
walls: CRUCIFIXES and folksy woven wall hangings that say
things like "BE NOT AFRAID" and "REJOICE! THIS IS THE
DAY THE LORD HAS MADE." They make her even dizzier.

EXT. RECTORY - SIMULTANEOUS

Officer Bergen is back in his car, still watching the
Rectory. LIGHTS GO OUT - Rosemary is still in there.

He dials his phone.

BERGEN
Mike. Sorry to wake you, yeah,
it's Roland.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERGEN (CONT'D)

I'm sitting over here across from,
uh, Saint Mary's? You know, the
church there? I think you'd
better get down here.

INT. RECTORY - A LITTLE LATER

Rosemary is sprawled out on the sofa bed in the dark, in
a sloppy, drunken sleep.

EXT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS

Mike arrives in a taxi. He storms out of the car - he's
not totally sober, and he's pissed.

Officer Bergen joins Mike on his march up to the Rectory
door.

BERGEN

I saw her talkin' with that black
priest out front. Jeez, Mike, I
think he was kissin' her.

They're at the door. He pushes the doorbell, over and
over.

Father Stephen appears at the door.

MIKE

Where's my daughter?

FATHER STEPHEN

Sleeping.

Mike PUNCHES Father Stephen, who lands on the floor.

FATHER MORRISSEY appears at the top of the stairs. When
he sees what's going on, he hobbles to a hall phone. He
dials 911.

Rosemary emerges from the bedroom, totally out of it, but
fully clothed.

ROSEMARY

(to Mike)

What are you doing?

Father Morrissey is on the phone, talking to 911 in
hushed tones.

Mike tries to pull her out the front door. She RESISTS.

Still on the floor, Father Stephen sits up, hurting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry!

FATHER STEPHEN
Go. Go!

She goes with Mike, out the door.

INT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Rosemary gets in on the driver's side. She fumbles with the keys. Mike opens her door.

MIKE
Move over.

ROSEMARY
What are you doing here?

MIKE
You're not driving. Move.

She slides over into the passenger seat. Mike gets in. Starts the car. He PEELS OUT.

ROSEMARY
He didn't do anything.

SFX: SIRENS.

Mike looks in the REAR VIEW MIRROR: FLASHING RED LIGHTS of a cop car.

COP (O.S.)
(loudspeaker)
Pull over!

MIKE
Goddamnit.

He's not slowing down.

ROSEMARY
Pull over.

He cruises, trying to see a way out.

COP (O.S.)
Sir, pull your car over!

ROSEMARY
Dad -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike GUNS IT.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Are you crazy?

They FLY, but when Mike looks in the rear view mirror, the Cop Car is right on his tail, SIREN wailing, red lights flashing.

Surrendering, Mike BRAKES and pulls over to the side of the road.

The Cop Car stops behind him, red lights still flashing.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Mike and Clint sit at a table at the front. Denise and Rosemary sit behind them.

Sherri is in a witness box next to the JUDGE - the same judge as the first time.

SHERRI

I'm a general practitioner.
Michael Boyle has been my patient
since 1998.

JUDGE

Does Mr. Boyle have a medical
condition that would make it
dangerous for him to serve time in
a state prison?

SHERRI

He has a history of unstable
angina.

JUDGE

Can you be more specific about the
threat to his health?

SHERRI

Under too much stress, he could
have a heart attack.

Rosemary leans in and whispers to Denise.

ROSEMARY

Is that true?

Denise shakes her head NO, of course not.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

JUDGE

Mr. Boyle.

Here it comes.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I feel for your family and I'm concerned about your health. But this is your third D.W.I. offense in under three years. This time you showed flagrant contempt for the law and this court by driving without a license, and doing so under the influence of alcohol. Because of your age and your health, I'm very generously going to reduce your sentence to a mere six months in state prison, then two years of community service and a mandatory twelve-step program, three days a week. If you experience any health problems while in prison, your sentence will be reevaluated.

Mike takes it like a man.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I don't believe you to be a flight risk. You have forty-eight hours to turn yourself in to the state and begin serving your sentence. I'm sorry.

INT. CAR - ROAD - LATER

Rosemary and Mike drive, silent and sad.

INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Rosemary examines a Chinese take-out menu. She stops, listens.

ROSEMARY

Dad?

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She wanders through the house. Mike is eerily absent.

ROSEMARY

Dad?

She goes upstairs. She enters his bedroom.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike is sitting in the dim light. Scarlett is on his lap. He's brushing her out.

Rosemary watches for a moment.

MIKE

See the way I'm brushing her? Do it three times a week, just like this. Be sure to use this brush.

ROSEMARY

Okay.

MIKE

Don't forget.

ROSEMARY

I won't. What do you want to do for dinner?

Silence.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

MIKE

How come your mother never liked this dog?

ROSEMARY

I don't know. Maybe she was just one more thing Mom had to compete with. For your attention.

MIKE

I don't think that was it.

ROSEMARY

She was lonely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
Your mother? No.

ROSEMARY
You weren't there.

MIKE
Whaddya mean, I wasn't there.

ROSEMARY
You were away. A lot.

MIKE
Did she complain about it to you?

ROSEMARY
Of course she didn't complain; she never complained about anything.

MIKE
She was a good mother and a good mother never shows her cards to her kids. Not ever.

ROSEMARY
She didn't have to.

MIKE
This is a subject you're not qualified to comment on.

ROSEMARY
I was her daughter.

MIKE
I was the one in bed with her at night.

ROSEMARY
When you weren't with somebody else.

Slam.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Should we just order out?

MIKE
You want to hear a story about your mother?

No answer. More forcefully now:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Do you?

She nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay. There was this one night - middle of winter - I must've told her I was gonna play cards that night or something, probably for the fourth night in a row. Well she says, if you're not home to give your kids a bath, you're out. She's gonna throw me out. So I come rolling in at probably two o'clock in the morning, cause I'm a son of a bitch, and I pull the car up the to garage, try to open the garage door - it's locked. So I go around back; back door's locked. So I go around front, and I see a pair of my underwear lying in the snow in the front yard. I look around and I see all my underwear - and my clothes, my papers, toothbrush, tennis racquet - everything - lying in the snow, on the lawn. And it's like two degrees out and she won't let me in the house.

A little smile breaks on Rosemary's face.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I was picking cuff links out of the grass all spring. She may have seemed like a doormat to you -

ROSEMARY

I never said she was a doormat.

MIKE

- but she could be a tough old broad.

ROSEMARY

Why did she let you stay?

MIKE

We were crazy about each other. That's all I can tell you, Buttercup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROSEMARY

Then why would you run around with
all those other women?

MIKE

Look, she knew who I was when she
married me.

ROSEMARY

Is that what you tell yourself?

MIKE

It was a complicated relationship
and I don't really understand it
myself. And you know what, kid?
It's really none of your business.

She moves to exit.

ROSEMARY

Let's get a pizza, okay?

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Dawn. Rosemary sleeps. Mike sits on her bed and shakes
her.

MIKE

Get up. There're things we need
to do today.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

Beautiful, warm autumn day. Rosemary navigates the Caddy
along the snaky road through the rows of headstones and
monuments.

EXT. CEMETERY - MINUTES LATER

She gets out of the car.

Mike stays inside. He turns on AM radio, searches for
WFAN Sports.

Rosemary walks up a hill and finds the headstone:
WINNIFRED BOYLE - 1942 - 2004. There's a long-forgotten
pot of dead chrysanthemums sitting there.

Rosemary kneels in front of the headstone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSEMARY

Hi, Mom.

She twists her mouth, not knowing what else to say.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I feel ridiculous. This is a nice place, I guess, but I feel silly talking to you here. I don't really think of you as being here. It's been kind of a crazy week. Dad's going to jail. I kind of blew up my whole life. These are the kinds of things that happen when you're not around.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - A LITTLE LATER

Rosemary returns to the car.

Mike is inside with all the windows open, smoking a cigarette and listening to a Mets game recap.

EXT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike comes up the hill and stops at Winnie's headstone. He picks up the pot of dead chrysanthemums.

Scrutinizing the floral offerings at various headstones, he chooses a thriving pot of fall flowers from the grave of AVIS McFADDEN.

He puts the new, robust flowers in front of his wife's grave. Puts the old, dead ones next to Avis.

At the grave, he's not quite sure how to get to her. He tries to kneel - too hard on the knees. Can't really sit, either. So he half-sits on a nearby headstone.

MIKE

Beautiful day. Don't take this the wrong way, but I'm glad you're not around right now. Let's just say you wouldn't be pleased. The world misses you, gorgeous. I'm doing alright, just down here killing time. Okay. See you in my dreams.

INT. CAR - LATER

Rosemary drives.

ROSEMARY
What was the other thing you
wanted to do?

EXT. ROADWAY - CONTINUOUS

They pass on on-ramp for the parkway. The car SCREECHES to a halt and turns around, then circles onto the on-ramp.

EXT. ROADWAY - LATER

The Caddy drives down the parkway near the beach. The road is lined with small dunes.

They speed past signs for ROBERT MOSES STATE PARK.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT- LATER

Mike and Rosemary get out of the car. Sounds of seagulls and crashing waves. Nobody is around.

They climb a small dune, and there it is - the OCEAN.

Mike begins stripping off his shirt as he walks toward the water. At the shoreline, he takes off his pants, tossing them on the dry sand.

In just his boxer shorts, Mike takes a running dive into the waves. He gives a sensational TARZAN YELL.

Rosemary watches from a distance, in awe of him.

Mike treads water a few yards away. He motions for her to come in.

She walks to the water's edge. She rolls up the cuffs of her pants and wades.

ROSEMARY
It's cold!

Mike passes her, RIDING THE PERFECT WAVE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tentatively she peels off her sweater. Keeping her t-shirt on, she lobs it onto dry sand. One, two, three: she dunks herself with a SHRIEK.

EXT. DUNE - LATER

Mike and Rosemary lie side by side on a sand dune, drying themselves in the sun.

A wave crashes; a gull cries.

ROSEMARY

It's my fault.

MIKE

No, it's not.

ROSEMARY

It was so stupid, going to see that priest.

MIKE

So you did a stupid thing, so what? Speaking of stupid things. Can a person get to Mexico by bus?

She looks at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

From New York I can probably get a bus or a train to just about anywhere. Don't you think?

ROSEMARY

You're kidding, right?

Nope.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It's six months.

MIKE

Six months, then two years picking up trash on the side of the road, or whatever they have me doing. I'll be seventy-six by the time it's all over, if I live through it. Jesus Christ, Rosemary, I'd still like to try to do something interesting with my life.

Waves, gulls. Rosemary gets up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)
I fought in a war; I don't owe any
debt to society!

She starts to move away, then comes back.

ROSEMARY
You'll need money.

She takes off her mother's DIAMOND RING. She hands it to him. He takes it from her.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Mike and Rosemary have what is essentially a "last supper." They feast in fraught silence.

INT. CAR - CHINESE RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - LATER

Rosemary waits in the car.

ROSEMARY'S POV: Mike and Denise stand in front of Denise's car. Denise is emotional. She hands Mike a wad of CASH. Mike puts it in his pocket. Denise fiercely embraces him.

Mike walks back toward the car.

Denise, in the B.G., sadly WAVES to Rosemary. Rosemary waves back.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Rosemary pack his bag: he puts in things like socks and underwear while she puts in sweaters.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

The garage door opens. The Cadillac's TAIL LIGHTS flash. The car slowly backs out of the garage. The exhaust pushes billows of grey smoke out into the night.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mike and Rosemary sit on a bench on the platform, waiting for the train. His big duffel is at his side.

Mike holds Scarlett in his lap. He smokes a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear muted 80's slow-dance songs coming from some nearby bar's jukebox.

MIKE

I like that guy.

ROSEMARY

What guy?

MIKE

Your guy. With the guitar. I like him.

ROSEMARY

Why?

MIKE

He's a gentleman.

She files that away.

ROSEMARY

You sure you don't want me to drive you to the city?

MIKE

If anything happened and we got stopped, I wouldn't want you involved.

(to Scarlett)

You be good to Rosemary. She's a nice person and a good person and you're lucky to have her taking care of you.

To hide tears, Rosemary looks down the tracks. No train.

ROSEMARY

This feels familiar.

MIKE

I know what you mean.

ROSEMARY

I used to think the reason you went away so much was because we bored you.

MIKE

That's funny. I thought that was how you felt about me.

ROSEMARY

You did not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

I was a stiff. I always thought,
someday I'm gonna do something
really great and then they'll like
me.

ROSEMARY

Dad. You were my dad.

The TRAIN COMES INTO VIEW, chugging down the tracks. It
BLARES its horn.

MIKE

Okay. Well.

They get off the bench. Rosemary puts Scarlett down.

ROSEMARY

Got everything?

She embraces him. He returns the embrace.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Will you call me?

MIKE

Soon as I plant my flag.

They stay like that, hugging, until the train has stopped
at the platform and the DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

A DISEMBODIED VOICE mumbles.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)

Train to New York, train to New
York.

It looks like a GHOST TRAIN - the lights are on but there
are no passengers inside. A SLEEPY CONDUCTOR leans in
the doorway.

Mike DOESN'T MOVE. Rosemary watches him closely.

The Conductor looks at his watch.

The train's high-pitched BELL RINGS.

Mike reaches in his pocket. He withdraws the DIAMOND
RING. He puts it in Rosemary's hand.

As he steps into the train:

MIKE

You're a good girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The DOORS SLIDE CLOSED.

He remains in the train's vestibule. She can still see him through the door's windows.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Love you, Rosie.

The train LURCHES.

ROSEMARY

I love you.

And the train pulls away.

Rosemary follows it, breaking into a run near the end of the platform. Scarlett trails her. Then they stop, and watch as the train recedes into the distance.

INT. ROSEMARY'S OLD BEDROOM - DAY

Rosemary awakens to silence. She discovers Scarlett sleeping on the bed alongside her.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

She eats a bowl of cereal. The silence is deafening.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

An afternoon mass is under way. Sparsely attended. Rosemary sits in the way, way back.

Father Stephen, in all his white-robed glory, runs through the mass.

FATHER STEPHEN & CONGREGATION

Lamb god, you take away the sins
of the world, have mercy on us.
Lamb of god, you take way the sins
of the world, have mercy on us
....

INT. CHURCH - A BIT LATER

Rosemary is next in line to receive communion.

Her turn. She steps up, faces Father Stephen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seeing her, he misses a beat, loses his communion rhythm. She holds out her hands to receive the host. For a long, pregnant moment, they look at one another. Finally:

FATHER STEPHEN
The body of Christ.

ROSEMARY
Amen.

As he places the host in her palm, he gives her hand a reassuring SQUEEZE. She puts the host in her mouth and moves on.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Rosemary pulls the Cadillac into the garage. The tail lights go out. The garage door slowly LOWERS to the ground.

INT. ROSEMARY'S NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

Rosemary enters, Scarlett under her arm.

All is quiet. Benjamin's stuff is still there and all unpacked. It has transformed her apartment, which is now considerably warmer and more vital.

She puts the dog down. Scarlett scurries around hyperactively, sniffing everything.

ROSEMARY
Benjamin?

Upon entering the living room, she discovers a PACKAGE the size of a shoe box.

And as she unwraps it, she find that they are indeed a pair of shoes - her FUCK-ME PUMPS, the ones she wears at the office.

There's a note inside of the shoes: "I NEED YOU. BARRY."

INT. OFFICES - LATER

Rosemary sashays down the hallway, toward her old desk. She's wearing the sexy pumps.

A NEW GIRL is at the desk, and Barry is standing next to her, barking orders, making the Girl nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosemary approaches the desk.

BARRY

Hello, stranger.

ROSEMARY

I'll be out of your way in a minute.

(to the Girl)

I'm Rosemary. This used to be my desk. You don't have to call Security, I just need a few things.

The girl rolls the chair out of the way.

Rosemary opens the drawer. She takes out a bottle of vitamins, put it in her purse. She takes out a lipstick, undoes the top and examines the shade.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(to the New Girl)

Do you want this?

NEW GIRL

Um.

ROSEMARY

I never used it.

NEW GIRL

Sure.

Rosemary leaves it in the drawer.

She opens another drawer. Takes out her family picture, puts it in her bag.

ROSEMARY

Okay, thanks. Barry.

She steps up to him.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She throws her arms around him. Then she disengages and walks toward the elevator. Barry follows her.

At the elevator, she presses the button.

BARRY

You've got the job if you want it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSEMARY

I don't.

BARRY

Give you a raise.

ROSEMARY

No - but thanks.

BARRY

She sucks, you know.

ROSEMARY

Can I use you for a reference?

BARRY

Can I call you?

ROSEMARY

Can I use you for a reference?

BARRY

Yes, you can use me for a reference.

ROSEMARY

Thank you. No, you can't call me.

The elevator door opens. She gets on.

BARRY

You'll miss me. Bye, Rosemary.

She smiles warmly. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Rosemary rides down. The hip-hop BIKE MESSENGER riding with her CHECKS HER OUT.

INT. ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The view from her window: a small piece of sky between high rises. Rosemary sits on her bed and gazes up at it. Scarlett is in her lap.

She hears the front door open then close.

Benjamin enters the bedroom. He stands on the threshold. She puts Scarlett down and faces him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

I'm back. ROSEMARY

FADE OUT.

