

NINE TWELVE  
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INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

A tense thirtysomething squeezes the steering wheel of his used COROLLA. Police lights are visible through the rear windshield.

ARTIE GROSSMAN (late 30's), clearly distraught, contemplates whether to pull over.

EXT. STREET - YONKERS, NY - DAY

The car pulls to the side of the road.

The POLICE OFFICER gets out of his cruiser and approaches Artie's car. He finds Artie choking back tears.

ARTIE

Officer, I'm sorry, I know I was speeding-  
(sobs)  
-it's my wife, she just called-  
(more sobs)  
She lost our baby. Six months pregnant. I'm just trying to get home to her.

The Officer is taken by surprise - his hardened look quickly dissolves.

POLICE OFFICER

Where do you live?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

SIRENS FLASHING, the police cruiser provides an escort to the front walkway of a two-family house in a working class neighborhood.

Artie jumps out of his car and hurries up the walkway. He waves to the officer.

ARTIE

Thank you, officer.

He gets to the front door and fumbles for his keys. He looks back at cop car - he's still there.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

(waving again)  
Thank you.

The car is still not moving. Artie nervously starts KNOCKING on the door.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
Honey! Honey, it's me.

Finally, the cop car slowly pulls away.

Artie stops knocking and hangs his head in relief. When the cop car is safely out of sight, he lets the screen door go and walks around the side of the house.

The front door is opened by his landlady, kindly Italian widow MRS. D'ANGELO (60s).

MRS. D'ANGELO  
Artie, is everything all right?

ARTIE  
Yeah, I'm sorry Mrs. D'Angelo, it was just me. I'll have the rent for you tomorrow.

MRS. D'ANGELO  
Okay, Artie. You want something to eat?

ARTIE  
Maybe later, Mrs. D.

EXT BACK OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Artie comes to a separate back door which leads down the steps into his BASEMENT APARTMENT.

INT ARTIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Artie enters a sparse bachelor's apartment. It is clear by the mess and days-old take out that no woman or child lives here.

Artie opens the cupboard and grabs a can of tuna. He opens it, plops in a spoonful of mayo, and eats it straight from the can.

The message light blinks on an antiquated answering machine. He presses the play button.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Artie, it's me. Please pick up. Oh god. I can't breathe in here. I think I'm dying.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 The smell, it's coming through the  
 vents. I can't take it much  
 longer. It's making me sick. Oh  
 god. Please pick up.

He presses STOP.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

The table is lined with donation cans for various charities - ASPCA, UNICEF, PETA, March of Dimes, Children's Cancer Hospital.

Artie is at his computer.

INSERT on his printer

A bunch of business cards are printing - each a different kind of business - plumbing, painting, computer repair - but all have the SAME PHONE NUMBER.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Artie enters the reception area of a mid-priced restaurant.

At the hostess stand is a fish bowl with a sign:

"ENTER YOUR BUSINESS CARD TO WIN A FREE LUNCH"

HOSTESS  
 How many, sir?

ARTIE  
 I'd just like to see a menu.

When she turns around to get a menu he STUFFS the fishbowl with his assorted phony business cards.

She turns back around just a second after he fishes his hand out.

HOSTESS  
 Here you go.

ARTIE  
 Thank you.

EXT. STREET - UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Artie sits in his parked car watching a house down the street.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

The garage door opens and an attractive, middle-aged WOMAN backs out in a Mercedes.

Artie ducks as she drives past. He then exits his car and walks down the street towards the house.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Artie sneaks around back and over to the angled basement doors. He slips a key into the padlock and opens the door.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Artie walks down the steps and yanks on the overhead bulb. He sorts through some cardboard storage boxes lining the walls.

He's not finding what he's looking for.

ARTIE

Shit. Shit! Fuckin cu-

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUING

Artie enters the hallway and stops at the sight of a large, framed portrait of the attractive woman with a much older man.

He scowls at it for a second before heading into

THE BATHROOM

Artie rifles through the medicine cabinet. He grabs the lone toothbrush, sticks it down his pants, and brushes his crotch before putting it back.

INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Artie is in bed pleasuring himself beneath the satin sheets.

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Artie takes a dump.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Artie knocks at the door.

VOICE

Who is it?

ARTIE

Open the door.

His brother, DICKY (30s), extreme phobic, slowly opens the door.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

So what's killing you now?

Artie pushes past him.

INT. DICKY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING

The apartment is filled with finished and partially completed paintings.

DICKY

You don't smell that coming through the vent?

ARTIE

How could you smell anything besides paint and turpentine?

DICKY

I'm telling you it's gas! Or something noxious.

ARTIE

Like the time you thought your new Volkswagen was poisoning you?

DICKY

That wasn't new car smell!

ARTIE

That's why no lawyer would take your case. You're insane.

Dicky realizes the insanity of his thinking. He sits down.

DICKY  
What happened to us?

ARTIE  
What do you mean, us? I'm fine.  
What happened to you?

DICKY  
We're the sons of a doctor.

ARTIE  
We're sons of an asshole. Come on,  
let's get you something decent to  
eat.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Dicky rides in the passenger seat of Artie's car.

DICKY  
You need to find yourself a career.  
Meaningful work. That's what gives  
people an identity.

ARTIE  
Work robs you of your soul. What  
good does it do - some cunt  
comes along and takes half.

They pull up next to a parked POLICE CAR. Inside sits a K-9 officer. Dicky motions to the dog.

DICKY  
Look - even this dog has a job. He  
has to get up every morning and go  
to work. He has people who count  
on him.

ARTIE  
Yeah, I'm sure he'd rather be  
working for free in the line of  
fire than laying around on a porch  
sucking himself off all day. He  
don't know any better. Besides,  
I'll make that measly inheritance  
last the rest of my life - watch  
me.

DICKY  
Stop sign!

ARTIE

I see it.

Dicky still puts his hands against the dash and pushes his imaginary brake.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Artie and Dicky are on the sidewalk waiting to cross.

ARTIE

Alright, this is gonna be a piece of cake.

He locks his arm through Dicky's like an escort. Dicky clearly looks anxious about crossing.

DICKY

You have to press the button.

ARTIE

We don't need no stinking walk signs. You have to trust your own judgement and cross this street.

Artie looks both ways and begins leading Dicky across the street. A car comes around the bend, still some distance away.

DICKY

Car!

ARTIE

Relax, he sees us.

Dicky is starting to freak out. Artie holds him tighter and continues to pull him across the street.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Don't freeze up on me.

DICKY

Fuck, fuck you.

They make it onto the sidewalk.

ARTIE

You see, not even close.

The car passes by in the background.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

At a table in the same restaurant where Artie stuffed the fishbowl with business cards.

DICKY

I could have been killed.

ARTIE

He was half a mile away. He had plenty of time to see us crossing.

DICKY

What if the sun was in his eyes, huh? What if he was texting? Do you know how many train accidents, let alone car accidents, have been caused by a driver texting?

ARTIE

Well, you're alive, okay? Be grateful. You're ruining our lunch.

The OWNER approaches.

OWNER

Excuse me, Mr. Fallon, I'm sorry to interrupt, but you own a plumbing company, right?

ARTIE

Yes, that's right.

OWNER

I was wondering if we could trouble you to look at a leak we have under the men's room sink...when you're finished, of course.

ARTIE

Look, I'm just trying to enjoy my lunch here.

OWNER

No, I understand-

ARTIE

-you offer a free lunch, and now you want to make me work for it-

OWNER

No, it's just that you're here...I'll pay you, of course.

ARTIE

If I came to your house to fix something, would I expect you to make me a pizza?

OWNER

Well, I-

ARTIE

Of course not, so please don't bother me while I'm trying to enjoy a nice lunch with my brother here.

OWNER

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry, sir.

He scurries away.

DICKY

Plumber? Can't you choose something that requires less skill? Something white collar, I don't know, maybe psychoanalyst?

ARTIE

I wasn't thinking.

DICKY

Did you have to be so rude?

ARTIE

Of course I had to, I don't know how to fix a fucking sink!

DICKY

He's gonna do something to our food-

ARTIE

He's not gonna do something-

DICKY

He's gonna spit in our food, or put the bread down his pants! I can't eat here-

ARTIE

(hushed)

You're ruining a free lunch!

But Dicky is already out of his seat.

DICKY

I can't stay!

ARTIE

Fuck!

Artie throws his napkin on the table and follows.

INT. ARTIE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Dicky instinctively checks the blind spots over his shoulder as Artie drives.

ARTIE

So I went by her house.

DICKY

What?

ARTIE

Inside actually.

Dicky has the excited smirk of a schoolboy.

DICKY

What did you do?

ARTIE

Used her toothbrush. Took a shit and didn't flush.

DICKY

What is wrong with you? You're a grown man.

ARTIE

Come on, tell me you're not a little bit happy?

Dicky can't stop the grin that spreads across his face.

INT. DELI - DAY

On the counter sits one of the donation cans from Artie's apartment. It features photocopied, black and white photos of malnourished dogs, shilling for the ASPCA. They're sad enough to soften even the hardest of hearts.

Artie walks in and says hello to some of the workers. He collects the change from the can.

DELI WORKER

Hey Artie, how's my little guy doing?

ARTIE

Great, getting stronger every day  
thanks to all these kind  
donations...

DELI WORKER

You think maybe I can adopt him?

ARTIE

He's not ready yet. That poor pup  
needs a lot of rehabilitation, but  
you're first in line, I promise.  
This little guy's got a lot of  
suitors.

He puts the can back down on the counter.

INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Artie empties a large jar of change on the table.

He sorts and rolls the coins.

He fills out a deposit slip for his checking account.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Artie stands with an extremely anxious Dicky, waiting for the  
train.

DICKY

Maybe we should do this another  
day.

ARTIE

Look, you call yourself a painter,  
right? Then you gotta see the  
masterpieces in person to really  
learn from them. You can't see the  
brush strokes when you're looking  
at a photo on a computer screen.

DICKY

Actually you can.

ARTIE

You're gonna be fine. If you can  
survive a day in New York City  
everything else will seem mild by  
comparison.

A train approaches.

An automated VOICE comes from a platform speaker system.

SPEAKER

Train approaching! Please stay  
behind the yellow line.

This sends an already nervous Dicky even farther back from  
the platform edge.

ARTIE

We're fine right here.

DICKY

I just don't like that space  
between the platform and the train.  
One missed step and you can fall  
right through.

ARTIE

Dicky, it's like six inches. Don't  
even think about it. Just look  
straight ahead and put one foot in  
front of the other.

The train comes to a stop. Artie gestures for Dicky to go.

Dicky slowly takes an extra long stride from the platform  
onto the train, to make sure he doesn't fall between the  
crack.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The brothers ride the train together.

DICKY

If I tripped, did it look like I  
would have fallen through-

ARTIE

Dicky, shut up already. Please.

Artie stares at a WOMAN seated in the same car, facing their  
direction.

DICKY

What are you staring at?

He looks to see the woman.

DICKY (CONT'D)

She's kind of attractive.

ARTIE

Yeah, she's interesting, all right.

INSERT - the woman's hands.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Notice her nails aren't professionally manicured.

DICKY

She's got a nice rock, though.

INSERT - the woman's hair.

ARTIE

Her roots are gray. Someone missed a salon appointment.

Dicky cranes his neck for a better look. Artie pushes him back.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Easy...don't be so obvious.

They look away a moment before casually returning their attention to her.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

And she's not carrying some ridiculous four hundred dollar purse.

INSERT - the woman stares out the window with tired, weary eyes.

DICKY

Is she crying?

The woman wipes away a tear and stands as the train comes to a stop at 125th street.

As he watches her go, Artie suddenly GETS UP. Dicky GRABS HIS ARM, like a drowning man grabbing a rope.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

Artie manages to pull away.

ARTIE

Just take it to Grand Central and get right back on to go home.

DICKY

Wait! What are you doing?

ARTIE

Don't worry, you're going to be fine.

Artie runs off the train after the woman. Dicky is nearly hyperventilating.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Artie keeps pace from a half block behind. The woman enters a school. Artie picks up his pace.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Artie enters just in time to see her walk into a classroom. Artie steps in after her. A woman closes the door after him.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The desks have been arranged into a circle. About a dozen men and women fill the seats, along with a THERAPIST.

The woman grabs a spot. Artie takes a seat across from her.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Dicky sits on the train. All of the other passengers are already gone. The Conductor comes through.

CONDUCTOR

Sir, this is the last stop. Grand Central.

DICKY

Yes, I'm going back to Westchester.

CONDUCTOR

Okay, but you must get off the train.

DICKY

But it's going to go back soon, right? Can't I just wait here?

CONDUCTOR

I'm sorry, sir. You'll have to get off and get back on.

DICKY  
What's the difference?

CONDUCTOR  
That's our policy. Please step off  
the train, sir.

Dicky reluctantly gets up.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Group therapy is in progress. We TIME DISSOLVE through a series of pans as different members SPEAK:

WOMAN #1  
Part of me feels like this anniversary is going to be the one where I turn a corner...and part of me is already dreading it. The footage, repeated over and over.

MAN #1  
It's like, every time I see that plane hit the building, I'm watching her die all over again.

WOMAN #2  
Nothing's changed. People are still dying overseas and all the media cares about is Charlie Sheen.

MAN #2  
It was bad enough losing three hundred and forty three of us that day. But we're still losing more and more guys that were down on the pile. It's like the attack that keeps on giving. And now they don't want to cover us for cancer?

Finally we come to KERRY BURTON (late 30s), the woman Artie followed from the train.

KERRY  
I can't believe it's going to be ten years. The first year, everyone was really great... worrying about me everyday. But eventually the world moves on, and they want you to move on too, but they just don't understand.

THERAPIST

Everyone here has experienced that kind of loss, Kerry. But ten years is a long time. Your husband would want you to move on.

Others in the group nod.

KERRY

I still wake up, nearly every night, dreaming about it, wondering what his last moments were like. I know I'm torturing myself, but I feel like it would help to know.

She's crying now. Artie's eyes are wet, too.

KERRY (CONT'D)

I've looked at every photo I could find, hoping I might be able to recognize him. I hope he jumped. I don't know why. I just feel like it would have been better, that's all.

She sobs heavily. The women next to her console her.

The Therapist suddenly turns to Artie, who is caught up in Kerry's moment.

THERAPIST

Well we have someone new joining us. It's never too late for therapy. What is your name, and who did you lose on 9/11?

Artie swallows imperceptibly.

ARTIE

My name's Artie, and I lost my brother on 'the day.'

THERAPIST

Was he in one of the towers?

ARTIE

Yes.

(beat)

The second one.

THERAPIST

The South Tower.

ARTIE  
 Yeah, the South. He worked up on  
 the...  
 (mumbled)  
 eighty-*something* floor.

One person's face winces at this. The others let it go or miss it.

THERAPIST  
 Well we're glad you found us.

INT. CLASSROOM - TIME DISSOLVE

Artie has the room rapt.

ARTIE  
 ...and every day I wait for that  
 phone call...maybe he's finally  
 figured out who he is, maybe he's  
 somewhere, alive...and I realize  
 how ridiculous that would be, even  
 on a daytime soap opera, and I try  
 to move on. Get back to something  
 meaningful. But there is nothing  
 meaningful for me anymore.

He puts his hand on his chest and says:

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
 For me, ground zero will always be  
 right here.  
 (taps his heart for  
 effect)  
 It's a gaping hole that will never  
 be filled.

Tears well up in the eyes of some, most notably Kerry.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Artie hurries out as the meeting breaks up. Kerry catches up with him outside.

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

KERRY  
 Hey.

Artie reluctantly turns around.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
I've imagined that phone call so many times.

ARTIE  
Well it's good to know I'm not the only one.

Awkward beat.

KERRY  
Would you like to get a cup of coffee?

ARTIE  
Well, I'd love to but I can't today. Maybe next time?

KERRY  
(deflated)  
Sure. Next time.

ARTIE  
'kay. Bye.

Artie turns and heads quickly up the block.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Do not turn around, you do not turn around. Just keep walking. You are fucked up, but you are not that fucked up. Keep walking. Don't do it. Don't do it.

He turns to look back at her, walking away from him.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Kerry walks hurriedly away, stung by his rebuff. It's been a while since she's put herself out there like that.

ARTIE (O.S.)  
Hey!

She turns to see him walking up behind her, slightly winded.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
Coffee would be good right now.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - DAY

Construction work continues on 1 WTC, aka The Freedom Tower, soon to be the tallest building in NYC. It stands next to the footprints of the original Twin Towers.

Artie and Kerry watch from behind a chain link fence some distance away.

KERRY

Everyone was so mad that it's taken so long to rebuild...I was glad. I wish they never put anything here.

ARTIE

I know what you mean. I felt the same way for a long time. I thought 'What better way to never forget than just leave it a smoldering mound, so future generations could grasp the scale of the atrocity.' But now, I'm tired of looking at these fences. It would be nice to stand near where he was, instead of three blocks away.

KERRY

I think it's going to be filled with asshole tourists snapping pictures.

ARTIE

Yeah, you're probably right.

He smiles at her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Over coffee and cheesecake.

ARTIE

So not one date?

KERRY

I know, it sounds ridiculous. I just haven't felt right about it yet.

ARTIE

Ten years is a more than respectful mourning period.

Beat.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

So should I not even bother asking  
for your number?

She laughs.

KERRY

Well I suppose I can give you my  
email, the one I use for all my  
spam.

They take out their phones to exchange contact info. These  
are definitely not smart phones. His is old, hers is a  
dinosaur. Artie notices.

ARTIE

I thought *I* had the oldest cell  
phone known to man.

KERRY

I know. You're gonna think I'm  
crazy...it's just my husband left  
me a message that morning, and I'm  
afraid that if I switch to a new  
phone, that somehow the message  
will get lost, and he'll be out  
there in limbo all alone. I know  
the message isn't stored on the  
phone...but I don't trust  
technology enough. And now every  
time the phone rings, I answer it.  
No matter what. Of course I spend  
a lot of time talking to  
telemarketers. But you never know  
when someone might be calling for  
the last time.

Artie can't help but melt when he sees those big, sad eyes.

ARTIE

I still have this phone...because  
I'm incredibly cheap.

She cracks up, lifting the mood again.

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

On the ride back to Westchester.

KERRY

So what do you do for a living?

ARTIE

You're gonna love this. I don't really do anything anymore. I don't know, after that day, I just couldn't spend another minute in a cubicle. I had a small inheritance from my father, and enough saved, so that I could live simply and do what I want each day. I do some charity work...fundraising, animal rescue, working with the mentally ill, so on.

KERRY

Wow. Unemployed and cheap. My day just keeps getting better.

Artie genuinely laughs.

ARTIE

What do you do with your days?

KERRY

Well, after the initial two years of moping, I realized I was pretty much set for life-

Artie's ears perk up.

KERRY (CONT'D)

-so I tried to find something to do where I could really make a difference, even if I'm just one person.

ARTIE

Did you find it?

KERRY

I did. I volunteer in a neonatal intensive care unit, where they care for premature babies. You see, a lot of preemies spend the first three to six months of their lives in the hospital. And after a while, their parents have to go back to work. Some have other children to take care of. So these poor babies spend most of their days alone, with limited human contact. I think it's a crucial time, the time when bonds are formed. So I hold them for a little while everyday.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Talk to them. Sing to them.  
Supplement the love that their  
parents can't always give them.

ARTIE

God. That is so noble. I'm a real  
shitball.

KERRY

Come on. You work with animals. I  
love that.

ARTIE

Oh, not even close.

The Scarsdale stop is announced.

KERRY

Well, this is me.

ARTIE

Oohh, *Scarsdale*. I didn't know you  
lived in *Scarsdale*.

KERRY

Where do you live?

ARTIE

Well, I'm not going to tell you  
now, you live in *Scarsdale*.

The doors open.

KERRY

Call me.

ARTIE

I will.

KERRY

It was nice meeting you, Artie.

She steps off the train. He watches her walk down the  
station platform through the window.

RING, RING, RING, followed by the BEEP:

DICKY (O.S.)

How could you leave me like that!  
You miserable fucking ass licker!

INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dicky's tirade continues over the answering machine until Artie picks up.

ARTIE  
I'm sorry.

DICKY (O.S.)  
You asshole! I can't believe you would do that to your own brother!

ARTIE  
You make it home alright?

DICKY  
Well, yeah, but that's not the point.

ARTIE  
It's exactly the point. What do they call that...exposure therapy?

DICKY  
Yeah.

ARTIE  
How much would a therapist charge for that? One fifty an hour?

DICKY  
I don't know...maybe one seventy-five.

ARTIE  
You can thank me later.

DICKY  
Well, was it worth it?

ARTIE  
Nah.

INT. KERRY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kerry's mother BRENDA (50s), dyed hair and fake nails, wraps another woman's hair in foil. She has converted her large kitchen area into a home hair salon business.

WOMAN CUSTOMER  
So how is your oldest daughter doing?

BRENDA  
Still in mourning.

WOMAN CUSTOMER  
Oh come on.

BRENDA  
Really. She holes herself up in that mansion, all by herself. The place is falling apart around her. She's wasted her best child bearing years, for what I don't know.

WOMAN CUSTOMER  
Maybe she should meet my Andrew.

BRENDA  
I've tried to set her up, believe me. She wants nothing to do with it.

The door opens. Kerry enters with her younger sister GABBY (30's.)

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
Speaking of my girls...

KERRY  
Hi Mrs. Perotti.

WOMAN CUSTOMER/MRS. PERROTTI  
Hi girls, I was just asking about you.

GABBY  
Getting highlights, Mrs. P - very sexy.

Mrs. Perotti laughs.

BRENDA  
So, what's new in the zoo?

KERRY  
Well...it might be a little soon to say...but I think I met someone.

Her mother is over the moon.

BRENDA  
Oh my god! Honey, that's wonderful. Did I tell you something good was coming?

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
I'm telling you I felt it in my  
bones this morning when I woke up.

GABBY  
Who is he? What does he do?

KERRY  
Well his name is Artie, and he's  
sort of retired. I don't know that  
much about him yet.

BRENDA  
Where did you meet him?

KERRY  
In my survivor's group.

The mood subtly deflates. Kerry can feel it.

BRENDA  
That's nice.

Her mother goes back to her work.

KERRY  
I was hoping you would be happy for  
me.

BRENDA  
Oh, don't be silly dear. It's  
just...we were hoping when you  
finally met someone it would lead  
you out of the darkness, not  
further into it.

KERRY  
We happen to share something that  
none of you could ever understand.

BRENDA  
You think you're the only one who  
ever lost a husband?

KERRY  
This is different.

MOTHER  
You're right, when it happened to  
me I had two kids.

KERRY  
Okay. I get it, really. This is  
nothing compared to what you faced.

KERRY (CONT'D)

But this is not like losing your husband to cancer, or a car accident. This is a singular experience that only a handful of people can relate to. We share a bond.

Her mother ignores her, concentrating on the foil wraps. Her sister fills the silence.

GABBY

I'm happy for you, Ker. Really.

INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Artie stares at his cellphone. He brings up Kerry's contact info. He selects "Delete." "Are you sure you want to delete?," the phone asks.

Artie's thumb hovers over the Delete button. He finally presses it.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

The next meeting of the survivor's group. Kerry's eyes are trained on the door, waiting for Artie to arrive.

Finally, the therapist closes the door so they can begin. Disappointment registers on Kerry's face.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Artie collecting the coins from his bogus charity cans in delicatessens, pizza places, laundromats.

Artie rolling the change.

Artie depositing the rolls at the bank.

Artie reading Kerry's husband's obituary online.

Artie stuffing phony business cards into various contests.

We HEAR a PHONE RINGING, followed by Artie's outgoing message, then the beep, and then:

KERRY (O.S.)

Hi, it's Kerry, we met last week. I guess you were busy this week. I was looking forward to seeing you again.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
I thought we shared something.  
Anyway, give me a call if you'd  
like.

END MONTAGE as Artie closes his phone.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Kerry sits alone, trying to keep herself from scanning the train for a sign of him.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Kerry is walking down the hallway towards group therapy when Artie grabs her from behind and swings her around.

ARTIE  
Don't go in there!

KERRY  
Oh my god! You scared the shit out  
of me.

She is elated to see him.

ARTIE  
Come on, let's get out of here.  
Let's see this city with new eyes  
again. Make some new memories.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Artie and Kerry are squeezed in a subway car, standing. Kerry holds onto the pole. Artie is behind her, protecting her personal space.

Kerry looks ill at ease.

KERRY  
This is actually my first time on  
the subway.

ARTIE  
Get outta town.

KERRY  
And probably my last.

Artie laughs.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Artie and Kerry eat a hot dog from a street vendor.

ARTIE

Did I tell you these were the best  
in the city?

KERRY

Mmmm, how did you know?

ARTIE

When my brother worked down here,  
I'd come to see him once a week for  
lunch. And every week I'd explore  
a different neighborhood, like a  
six by six block area. I'd walk  
every inch of it. So I got to know  
where you could find the best hot  
dog, best deli, best coffee shop,  
bookstore, public restroom, porn  
shop...

She rolls her eyes.

KERRY

That's so cool. I feel so...I  
don't know. To have lived so close  
and hardly ever come here.

ARTIE

Didn't you ever visit your husband?

KERRY

Rarely. He was so focused on work  
all the time, I wondered which he  
loved more. I would joke that our  
house was his home away from home.  
And then I ended up hating this  
city.

She feeds him her last bite.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Artie and Kerry ride in an authentic gondola imported from  
Venice, complete with a gondolier to row them around Central  
Park.

ARTIE

You thought you had to go to Venice  
for a gondola ride.

KERRY

I literally had no idea this was here.

ARTIE

Most people don't.

He looks straight into her eyes.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't bear the thought of you spending another hour in that gloomy room. This is my grief counseling. Look around.

KERRY

I'm glad you showed up.

The gondola rows past a late afternoon sun.

EXT. NYC - COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DUSK

Artie and Kerry are on a romantic horse and buggy ride that's anything but.

ARTIE

I thought this was supposed to be romantic.

KERRY

(swatting away flies)  
It's lovely. Really.

A heavy blanket is on their laps.

ARTIE

Did you feel this blanket? I wouldn't let the horse sleep with it. Hay would be more comfortable. It's giving me hives. And what are they feeding this horse? Human diapers?

She rests her head on his shoulder and smiles.

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

To establish. A well-appointed mini-mansion that has been neglected in recent years.

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They walk through the main floor. Artie can't help mentally calculating the value of everything he sees.

ARTIE  
This is really a beautiful house.

KERRY  
Thanks.

ARTIE  
I can see why you wouldn't move.

KERRY  
Hmm. I guess I never even considered moving. That's weird, right?

ARTIE  
Some people might want to start fresh. Others take comfort in familiarity.

KERRY  
I just never even considered it an option.

Over the fireplace is a wedding picture of Kerry and her husband MARK.

ARTIE  
There he is.

KERRY  
Yeah.

ARTIE  
What was his name?

KERRY  
Mark.

ARTIE  
He seems like a good man.

KERRY  
He was. He really was. Very thoughtful, very considerate. He deserved way better than me.

ARTIE  
Nonsense. I know you don't really believe that.

Something in her look suggests that she does.

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM LATER

They sit on the couch watching TV.

Artie smiles. She lays her head on his lap.

KERRY

Thank you for an incredible day.

He admires her as she rests her eyes. He begins gently stroking her hair.

She drifts off to sleep. Her husband seems to stare out at Artie from the wedding photo.

LATER

Kerry still asleep on his lap. He leans forward and inspects her engagement ring. It must have cost a fortune.

Artie begins to worm himself out from underneath Kerry, replacing his lap with a pillow. He stands and watches her for a moment, then looks around the place.

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

The place is dark with smoke. Fires burn, wires dangle and spark.

Kerry is moving through the dark, covering her face with her scarf.

KERRY

Mark! Are you up here? Mark!

She continues to make her way through the wreckage until she comes to one of the outer walls, which has a gaping hole.

She sees a man from behind who may be her husband.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Mark! Is that you? This way! I know the way out!

But he does not turn around, so she continues to inch closer.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Mark! Can you hear me?

She is almost close enough to touch him. She reaches out for his shoulder when suddenly he JUMPS OUT OF THE BUILDING. Kerry SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Kerry wakes on the couch with a start. She turns over to find Artie, sleeping upright next to her. He blinks his eyes open.

KERRY

I'm so glad you're still here. I was afraid it was all a dream.

He pulls her close and kisses her head.

ARTIE

I'm here...I'm here.

INT. KERRY'S MASTER BATHROOM - MORNING

A large tiled shower for two, with glass doors, multiple shower heads, even a bench to sit down.

ANGLE on Artie, a towel over his shoulder, as he marvels at the awesomeness of this shower. Oh yeah.

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

Artie walks out through sliding glass doors into the yard wearing Kerry's short white bathrobe.

He walks around a large, covered in-ground pool. She follows him out.

ARTIE

Why aren't you enjoying this pool? It's like the size of a community pool.

KERRY

I haven't opened it in years.

ARTIE

Well that's a damn shame.

KERRY

We can open it if you'd like.

Artie pulls back some of the cover. It's a black swamp.

ARTIE  
Nah...I can't swim.

KERRY  
(stifling laughter)  
Really?

ARTIE  
Yes, really. Lots of people can't,  
they just won't readily admit it.

KERRY  
Why didn't you ever learn?

ARTIE  
My dad wasn't exactly father of the  
year. He didn't teach us much.

KERRY  
Well then I'll teach you.

ARTIE  
Not a chance. I've gone this long  
without knowing, I think I can  
avoid the water for a few more  
decades.

KERRY  
Nonsense. It's never too late.  
I'm going to teach you how to swim.

INT. DICKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dicky opens the door to reveal Artie.

DICKY  
What happened to you? I was  
expecting you yesterday.

ARTIE  
I'm sorry.

DICKY  
I called you a dozen times. I've  
got nothing to eat in this place,  
I'm late depositing my disability  
check...where were you?

ARTIE  
I spent the night at Kerry's.

DICKY  
Who the fuck is Kerry?

ARTIE  
The woman from the train.

Beat.

DICKY  
Yeah, sounds like it wasn't worth  
it.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Artie and Dicky browse the cellphones.

Dicky  
So you're spending a hundred  
dollars to replace a perfectly good  
phone because you told her that you  
never called because you lost your  
phone? Am I getting that right?

ARTIE  
More or less.

DICKY  
Why didn't you call her if you like  
her that much?

ARTIE  
Because. She's got a lot of  
baggage. She's been hurt before.  
I don't want to hurt her again.

DICKY  
What's her deal? Divorced?

ARTIE  
Widowed.

DICKY  
Wow.

ARTIE  
Yeah, and her husband was like ten  
times the man that I am.

DICKY  
And what does she think you do?

ARTIE  
She knows I don't work.

DICKY  
She knows your unemployed, or she  
thinks you're retired?

ARTIE  
Semi-retired.

Artie holds up a sleek smartphone.

DICKY  
Does that phone have an app to keep  
track of your lies?

ARTIE  
Now that's a great idea.

DICKY  
So where are you taking her?

ARTIE  
I don't know. Someplace nice.

DICKY  
Someplace where they won't ask you  
to fix the toilet?

ARTIE  
Yes. A legitimate upscale  
restaurant.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A romantic dinner.

KERRY  
So neither of you ever got married?

ARTIE  
No. We didn't exactly have the  
best relationship examples.

KERRY  
Never even came close?

ARTIE  
I was never very successful with  
the ladies.

KERRY  
I'm not buying it.

ARTIE

Eighth grade. The first time I ever asked a girl out. Jen O'Brien. She was gorgeous, I had the biggest crush on her. And no one had the guts to ask her out, so she didn't even have a boyfriend. So I decided if I could just get up the nerve to ask her out, my odds might be pretty good. So I pick the day, and somehow word gets around. At three o'clock I'm waiting for her at the end of the hall, and she sees me from her locker, and she just starts shouting "No, no," from all the way down the hall, for everyone to hear. She didn't even give me the chance to ask. I ran out of there mortified. And that pretty much sums up my luck with women.

Artie's phone VIBRATES, shaking the glassware. He quickly silences it. This makes Kerry antsy.

KERRY

That's the fourth call you've ignored. Are you sure it's not important?

He nods.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Not answering just stresses me out.

ARTIE

Sorry. I'm not answering because they're just bill collectors, harassing me. And I didn't want to tell you that.

KERRY

Look, if you need some money-

Just then the WOMAN whose house Artie broke into walks up and THROWS A GLASS OF RED WINE in his face.

Kerry is shocked. The whole place is watching.

WOMAN

Stay away from me!  
(to Kerry)  
Good luck, you'll need it.

She storms away.

KERRY

Oh my god, what was that about?

Artie calmly dabs at his face.

ARTIE

You're never going to believe this,  
my dear, but that little  
hellcat...is my stepmother.

Off Kerry's shocked look.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kerry is trying to clean Artie's shirt while he's still wearing it.

ARTIE

So my father was a gynecologist.  
You know the old joke, that the  
last thing they want to look at  
when they get home is  
another...*vagina*, excuse my french.  
Well my father was the opposite.  
He was obsessed with them. So  
growing up, we would find these  
explicit magazines just lying  
around the house, in the bathroom  
or in his study...magazines with  
titles like "Beaver"...hardcore  
close-up photos. It's like he was  
searching for the perfect vagina.  
And he finally found it in one of  
his patients, a twenty-two year old  
Czech girl named Sylvia.

KERRY

Get out.

ARTIE

You can't make this shit up. So he  
leaves my mother for this girl, who  
was closer in age to me than she  
was to him, and our lives were  
never the same.

KERRY

That's terrible.

ARTIE  
Oh, it gets worse.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUING

Artie is trying on a new shirt in the dressing room. He talks to Kerry through the door.

ARTIE  
So my father decides that to make it less devastating for us, rather than disappear altogether from our lives, that he would buy a house on the same street, diagonally across from our house, in fact, so that we would still see him regularly. So it was not uncommon for my brother and I to be playing outside and see our father wave to us as he drove past and turned into another driveway to have dinner with his gorgeous young wife.

KERRY  
I don't even know what to say to that.

ARTIE  
Somehow, despite an advanced degree in medicine, he couldn't predict the damage this would do to all of us, especially my mother.

INT. ARTIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK (1970'S)

Artie's mother looks out the window to the house across the street. Her hair is platinum blonde.

ARTIE (V.O.)  
She became obsessed with him and his new relationship. She dyed her hair blonde. She got breast implants before anyone even heard of breast implants. And she ignored my brother and I.

Artie, about 10 years old, approaches.

YOUNG ARTIE  
Ma, can I borrow your lighter?

She reaches into her apron pocket, still looking out the window, and absent-mindedly hands her lighter to Artie.

Dicky watches excitedly in the background.

YOUNG ARTIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, and a cigarette?

She reaches into her pack and hands him one of those, too.

ARTIE (V.O.)  
She was just emotionally  
unavailable. Eventually we all  
moved out.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - SAME

Artie steps out of the dressing room, modeling the shirt.

ARTIE  
What do you think?

KERRY  
I think that's awful.

ARTIE  
I mean the shirt.

KERRY  
It's a perfect fit for you.

Artie looks at the price tag hanging from his wrist.

ARTIE  
Yikes. I don't think I spent that  
much on my entire wardrobe.

KERRY  
Let me buy it for you.

ARTIE  
No, no.

KERRY  
I want to. Believe me, I have more  
than I can spend.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT

Sharing licks of each other's cones at an outside table.

ARTIE

When my father died - unbelievably it was not during sex - he left most of his assets to her, including the house, where some of my valuables were stored in the basement. Original Star Wars action figures, first edition comics, rookie baseball cards...these were investments I made as a kid. Do you know how hard it was to play with these things while they were still in the box? And so began a long battle with her to get my stuff back. She claims that she threw it all out, thinking it was worthless junk. But I don't believe her for a second.

KERRY

That is one of the most unbelievable, fucked up, totally fascinating stories I have ever heard.

A drop of ice cream DRIPS onto his new shirt. Kerry laughs.

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They drive up in Artie's Corolla.

ARTIE

Well, I think it's safe to say that you probably won't go on a date for another ten years.

KERRY

It wasn't that bad.

ARTIE

Oh no, who wouldn't want some of this. But you were absolutely lovely. No one threw anything at you. You took me shopping. You were a wonderful first date.

KERRY

Do you have somewhere to be?

ARTIE

Me? Yeah, I've got an early meeting with the shareholders. There's dividends to discuss.

KERRY

Huh?

ARTIE

Kidding.

KERRY

Would you like to come in?

ARTIE

You sure?

KERRY

I've just got to hear more about you.

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

They hang out around the kitchen island. Kerry sits on the granite countertop. They're both buzzed. Artie is uncorking a second bottle of wine. He smells it.

ARTIE

I have no idea why I'm smelling this. It could be vinegar and I wouldn't know the difference.

KERRY

Ooh, you're so worldly.

He looks at the year on the bottle.

ARTIE

Two thousand. Now *that* was a good year.

She laughs as he pours. He hands her a glass.

KERRY

I haven't been this drunk in a decade.

Artie picks up a tupperware container from the sink.

ARTIE

This is one of the only impressions I do. Ready?

KERRY

Yes.

ARTIE

Marlon Brando at a tupperware party:

(contorts his face into Brando's)

"I coulda been a container."

She bursts out laughing.

KERRY

I'm not sure I get it but it's funny.

ARTIE

What! Come on! You never saw "On the Waterfront?"

KERRY

No. Is it black and white?

ARTIE

Christ. Put that on your bucket list. We are watching that movie.

KERRY

I'll squeeze it in between skydiving and climbing Mt. Everest.

He walks up and stands between her legs. He looks deep into her eyes, and gently caresses her cheek with his hand. She looks away, blushing, and then returns his stare.

They slowly, tenderly KISS, the most significant kiss of their lives, a kiss loaded with guilt and sorrow and longing.

INT. KERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Artie makes love to Kerry, missionary style.

On the nightstand, directly in Artie's view, is a picture of Kerry and Mark. Mark seems to be SCOWLING at Artie.

He finally takes a pillow and blocks the photo.

Kerry's phone RINGS. It snaps Kerry right out of the moment. She looks at the phone.

ARTIE

Let it go to voicemail.

She looks at the phone.

KERRY

It's my mother. Why would she be calling at 11:30 on a Sunday?

ARTIE

I'm sure everything's fine. She'll leave a message.

Kerry is clearly distracted.

KERRY

You know my policy about answering the phone.

ARTIE

I'll be done before it stops ringing.

She laughs.

KERRY

I'm so sorry, I gotta take this.

He stops and rolls off of her as she picks up the phone.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Is everything alright?  
(she listens)  
Why?

She covers the phone and whispers to Artie:

KERRY (CONT'D)

Turn on the T.V.  
(back to phone)  
I'll call you back.

On the television President Obama speaks from the White House.

OBAMA

- tonight, I can report to the American people, and to the world, that the United States conducted an operation that killed Osama bin Laden, the leader of Al-Quaeda...

KERRY

Oh my god.

ARTIE

Holy shit.

She shrieks.

KERRY  
OH MY GOD!

She spontaneously jumps on the bed, waiting to hear it again.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
I can't fucking believe it!

Artie's on his feet, too.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
He's dead!

ARTIE  
We got him!

She jumps into his arms and he swings her in a circle. She buries her face in his neck, bittersweet tears rolling down her face.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

She smiles.

KERRY  
Yes.

The phone RINGS again. Kerry jumps down off the bed and answers, walking into the bathroom.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I can't believe it!

Artie is left standing in the bedroom. He looks at himself in the mirror, a fool celebrating something he hasn't earned the right to. His smile fades.

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Artie passes through on his way to the kitchen. We hear the gurgling of the water dispenser, then Artie returns with a glass of water.

He suddenly stops in his tracks, aware of someone's presence.

MARK stares out at him from the wedding photo over the fireplace.

ARTIE

Alright, look...I know this is a little...*uncomfortable*. I don't feel right walking around your house, making love to your wife. And I'm sure you hate me. But it's not how it looks. I *really* like her. And she's spent the last ten years locked in this prison because of you.

Each time we cut back to the photo, Mark's face appears to have gradually changed to a slightly more angry face.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

You seem like a good man - I'm sure that's not what you wanted for her. So I hope you'll let me love her for you now. Just give me a sign that we're cool.

Suddenly, THUNDER CRACKS and LIGHTNING STRIKES. Artie is spooked and hurries out of the room.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Fine, be like that.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Game show music over a full screen graphic of "THE NEWLYWED GAME" as we return from commercial break.

BOB EUBANKS is the host, and Artie and Kerry are among the contestants. It all looks strangely like the 1970s.

BOB EUBANKS

Welcome back, folks. Our next question is for the men. Gentlemen, what is the worst lie you ever told your partner in order to make whoopee? Kerry, you said -

Kerry flips over her big blue card.

BOB EUBANKS (CONT'D)

(reading card)

"He told me I looked skinny in my new jeans."

The crowd reacts.

BOB EUBANKS (CONT'D)

Arthur, you said-

Artie flips his card over.

BOB EUBANKS (CONT'D)  
 (slowly, incredulously  
 reading Artie's card)  
 "Told her my brother died on 9/11  
 to get in her pants."

Crickets sound in the studio. Artie, sweating profusely, looks out at the studio audience, but all he can see is blackness behind the glare of the studio lights.

INT. KERRY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Artie jolts awake from the nightmare. He looks over at Kerry, sleeping peacefully. Beyond her, Mark stares out from a photo.

INT. KERRY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Kerry's mother is on the phone, leaning in over Kerry's sister, who types at a laptop.

BRENDA  
 So what was his last name again?

She mouths "Grossman" to Gabby.

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
 And his brother was?

She covers the phone and whispers "Richard."

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
 No, I'm sure you already did this.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - SAME

KERRY  
 Why would I do that, ma? What kind  
 of psycho would lie about this?

BRENDA (O.S.)  
 Honey, listen to your mother.  
 You're a widow, with insurance  
 money and a government settlement.  
 You could be an attractive target  
 for a certain kind of con man.

KERRY  
Okay, I'm gonna hang up now.

INT. KERRY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - SAME

GABBY  
I'm not finding anything.

BRENDA  
Your sister can't find anything on  
this person.

GABBY  
Wait, hold on. I just searched by  
the last name only. There was  
someone named Jason Grossman.

Her mother seems almost deflated to have a pin poked in her  
theory.

KERRY (O.S.)  
Are you satisfied?

KERRY'S MOTHER  
We're just looking out for you,  
dear.

Kerry hangs up the phone.

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Artie skims the pool while Kerry vacuums the bottom.

ARTIE  
So how long were you guys married?

KERRY  
Five years. We were together for  
eight years in all. He's been gone  
longer than we were together.

ARTIE  
You didn't want to remarry?

KERRY  
I...I guess I didn't.

They work in silence for a few moments.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
So was Dicky a nickname for  
Richard?

ARTIE

No, actually. My father gave him that nickname when we were kids. I don't even remember why. Maybe as a kid he was kind of...dickish?

She laughs.

KERRY

What was his real name?

Artie senses something is up.

ARTIE

I told you his name. Don't you listen to me?

KERRY

Jason, right?

ARTIE

Yeah.

She seems satisfied.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna grab a beer, use the bathroom - you want anything?

KERRY

I'll take a beer.

ARTIE

Coming right up.

He heads inside.

INT. KERRY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Artie is standing on top of the toilet holding his cellphone up toward the window to get a good signal.

He searches "JASON GROSSMAN" on his phone. Up come the search results. Artie reads it over, trying to absorb the details as quickly as he can.

INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

INSERT on the printer. Out comes a piece of paper with the NY Times "Portraits of Grief" for Jason Grossman. Fortunately, there is no photo.

Artie tapes it to the wall and studies it.

ARTIE

Hello, my brother from another mother. Security guard, south tower. Unmarried, precious few friends, Cubs fan, ...you're perfect.

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE -DAY

The pool is finally, miraculously clean.

Kerry steps into frame, looks it over, takes a deep breath, and DIVES in.

UNDERWATER

She sinks to the bottom of the pool, as serene as a stone.

She looks up to the surface. Beyond it, up in the sky, she sees TWO FIGURES, hands joined, falling towards earth.

ABOVE THE SURFACE

Artie arrives outside, looking around for Kerry before noticing something in the pool.

BELOW THE SURFACE

Kerry stares up, transfixed by the falling figures. She smiles, the saddest, most bittersweet smile.

ABOVE THE SURFACE

Artie grabs the skimmer pole and stabs it into the water in a misguided rescue attempt.

BELOW

Kerry's trance is broken as the pole disturbs the surface, wiping away the image of the jumpers.

ABOVE

Kerry finally breaks the surface. Artie is relieved.

ARTIE

I thought you knew how to swim.

KERRY

I do.

ARTIE  
You scared the shit out of me. I  
thought...

KERRY  
I'm sorry.

He breathes a sigh of relief.

ARTIE  
Come out of there, I've got a  
surprise for you.

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Kerry follows Artie in, wrapped in her towel. Ta-daa -

The wedding picture over the fireplace has been replaced with  
one of Dicky's paintings. Kerry tries to swallow her shock.

ARTIE  
My brother painted this. I always  
found it such a hopeful painting.  
It's provided me solace, and now  
I'd like it to do the same for you.

Kerry's still trying to process this change. He can read her  
face.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
I'm not trying to replace your  
husband.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
I'm just trying to find the proper  
place for him in your life. If  
I've overstepped any boundaries,  
say the word, I will apologize and  
put everything back the way it was.

KERRY  
So where is he?

ARTIE  
In the guest bedroom down the hall.

An awkward silence.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
It was either that or the bathroom.

He smiles. She cracks.

KERRY  
It's beautiful.

INT. KERRY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Kerry enters. Her mother is cleaning the shampoo sink.

BRENDA  
Oh my god! This is a pleasant  
surprise.

KERRY  
Hi ma.

She hugs her mother. Her mother holds her at arm's length  
and takes her in.

BRENDA  
You look wonderful, honey. And, is  
that blush I see on your cheeks?

KERRY  
A little.

BRENDA  
Hallelujah.

KERRY  
Do you think you can do something  
about these grays?

Her mother smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Brenda is applying color to Kerry's hair.

BRENDA  
So when will I meet Prince  
Charming?

KERRY  
I don't know. We haven't talked  
about it.

BRENDA  
Well, it seems like it's getting  
serious.

KERRY  
Not really.

BRENDA

Not really? He's the first person to get you out of the house more than once a week in nearly a decade. Don't you think I should meet him? We can have him here for dinner.

KERRY

I guess I could ask him.

ARTIE (PRE-LAP)

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Kerry and Artie are painting the living room, changing the walls from a subdued hue to a bold, bright color.

KERRY

No?

ARTIE

Yes, no.

KERRY

No to what?

ARTIE

No to both. I do not want to learn to swim, and I do not want to meet your mother.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Not in a pool, not in a school, not in her house, not with a mouse.

KERRY

Why not?

ARTIE

I'm just not good at those things.

KERRY

What are you talking about?

ARTIE

These meet the parents, they're like job interviews, loaded with pressure.

And clearly I haven't been on a job interview in quite a while.

KERRY

There's no pressure. They just want to say hello.

Artie steps back and positions himself behind Kerry, who continues to roll out the wall. He puts his brush around face high.

ARTIE

Ker?

She turns around, right smack into his paint brush.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Maybe some other time.

She pulls her face away, smeared in paint, and CHASES him around the room. She catches him and they tumble down on the dropcloth. She pins him, holding the roller over his face.

KERRY

Well you've got to say yes to at least one.

CUT TO:

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE -DAY

Artie is in the shallow end of the pool. They both still have some paint on their faces and arms.

Kerry beckons him from a little further out. He indicates the hook which marks the beginning of the descent into the deep end.

ARTIE

I'm not passing this spot right here.

KERRY

You need to trust me. I'm not going to let anything happen to you. The key to learning is relaxing. You can't let fear rule you. Because as soon as you start to panic, you sink like a stone.

She reaches her hand out to him. He reluctantly reaches out and grabs it.

LATER

Kerry holds Artie up while he floats on his back.

ARTIE

I don't like the feeling of the water in my ears. I'm gonna freak out in a second. I can't hear myself talk.

KERRY

Relax. It's no different than when you do it in the tub.

ARTIE

I'm a grown man. I take showers.

KERRY

Just breathe through your mouth. In...out. In...out.

He follows her instructions and begins to relax.

CLOSE UP from above of Artie's face, eyes closed, just above the surface of the water. He's as comfortable as we've ever seen him.

As we pull back, we see Kerry is no longer holding him. She slowly moves away from him, leaving him floating, though unaware, completely on his own.

In the distance we hear the sound of a PHONE RINGING.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - DAY

Kerry, wearing a respirator, sifts through the smoldering rubble. It is post-apocalyptic, so dark and smoky that she can barely see.

She desperately sifts through the rubble, hunched over, looking for some sign, any sign, of her husband.

Sensing something, she stands upright and looks toward the sky.

FROM ABOVE the camera hurtles down at her with great force.

CUT TO:

INT. KERRY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Kerry is startled awake by the alarm. She slams it off. Artie stirs next to her.

KERRY

Why did I set my alarm? Oh shit.

She jumps out of bed.

ARTIE

What is it?

KERRY

Mass for my husband. Starts in an hour. That's all I need is to be late. Give his mother another reason to hate me. Would you come with me?

ARTIE

Huh?

KERRY

Please?

ARTIE

I'm an atheist.

KERRY

I'm not asking you to believe. I sure as hell don't. Just give me some support.

Artie leans up on his elbow and smiles.

ARTIE

I don't have anything to wear.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Artie walks in with Kerry. He's wearing a suit that is clearly too big.

ARTIE

I feel like David Byrne.

He imitates the infamous Talking Heads video, smacking himself in the forehead.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
 "And you may ask yourself, why did  
 I come here?"

She looks at him, trying to swallow a smile.

KERRY  
 Do not make me laugh.

They enter a pew.

ARTIE  
 Why do you think she hates you?

KERRY  
 'Cause I never bore him a child.

Kerry spots her mother-in-law.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
 Sit right here, I have to go say  
 hi.

Artie takes a seat in the pew while Kerry moves towards the front of the church. Her mother-in-law PAM (60s) gives her a scornful look.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
 Hi, ma.

She kisses the cold woman's cheek.

PAM  
 Who's that?

KERRY  
 Just a friend from the hospital.

Pam squints back at Artie.

PAM  
 That's not my Marky's suit, is it?

KERRY  
 Of course not, ma.

PAM  
 That looks like his navy blue suit  
 that I bought him when he got the  
 job.

KERRY  
 Okay, Pam, it was nice to see you.

She walks back to her seat next to Artie.

ARTIE  
What was all that about?

KERRY  
She spotted the suit.

ARTIE  
What?

KERRY  
She happened to buy that one for him.

ARTIE  
Oh, that is just great. Fucking spectacular.

Artie makes the sign of the cross.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The sun shines through the stained glass during a stirring organ hymn.

Artie kneels next to Kerry, both of their heads bowed, eyes closed. Her hand casually finds his and squeezes it tight. It is more intimate and frightening a moment than any they've shared in bed. Artie prays.

ARTIE (V.O.)  
Dear god, if you're really up there, do you think you could see your way clear to make this okay somehow...maybe there's something I can do...something, anything that could make this work, I swear I'd set my path straight, Lord. Amen.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Kerry and Artie walk down the front steps.

KERRY  
Keep walking, I don't want to talk to her.

They cross the street onto the-

EXT. TOWN GREEN - CONTINUING

KERRY

So when am I going to see your apartment?

ARTIE

Never.

KERRY

Oh come on.

ARTIE

You don't want to see it. Believe me.

KERRY

What do you think is going to happen?

ARTIE

I'm just afraid it would change how you feel about me.

KERRY

That's ridiculous. Come on, how bad can it be?

ARTIE

Look...for a long time, I didn't care how I lived. I could barely bother to keep myself clean, much less my apartment.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

I didn't care what anyone else thought of me. Until now.

He takes her hand.

SCREAMS echo in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

A TWO-SHOT of Artie and Kerry with just a blue sky behind them. Their hair blows in the breeze. They appear to be high up somewhere. SCREAMS echo in the distance. Artie looks down, frightened.

ARTIE

I can't do it.

KERRY

We have to. It's the only way down.

ARTIE

You have to go without me.

KERRY

I'm not leaving you up here.

ARTIE

Please, don't worry about me. You have to go. Now.

From off screen we hear a YOUNG MAN'S VOICE.

YOUNG MAN

Will one of you just go already.

WIDE SHOT reveals they are standing at the top of a WATER SLIDE at an amusement park.

The teenage attendant, and the line of people waiting behind them, are growing impatient.

KERRY

It's only three feet of water. Just stand up when you get to the bottom.

ARTIE

All right.

He gets on his mat and Kerry gives him a push.

KERRY

See you at the bottom!

ANGLE - we ride the slide with Artie, looking up at him, seeing his face go from fear to exhilaration as he winds around the wicked turns.

We SPLASH into the water with him. He flails around for a moment before finding his footing and standing up.

A few seconds later we hear a SCREAM before Kerry is dumped by the slide into the wading pool.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

ANGLE ON Artie and Kerry during the slow, jerky ascent of an old wooden COASTER.

KERRY

Why am I doing this? This is crazy.

ARTIE

It will be over in ninety seconds. Just don't look down.

Kerry is getting increasingly anxious as the car rises higher.

KERRY

Why would we do something so dangerous? Why take a chance on something like this?

ARTIE

Don't worry...our fate is already written in the stars.

She kisses him, just as they reach the apex and begin the BIG DROP.

We follow them as the G Force pushes against their faces, both of them more alive than they've been in years.

INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Artie opens the door and leads Kerry in. They're both still damp from the water park. She looks around at the sparse apartment.

KERRY

So, a minimalist.

She walks around.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Very communist. Love the bleakness of it all. Very serial killer chic.

ARTIE

See, I told you. Come on, let's get out of here.

KERRY

Lighten up, will ya? It's just a little subterranean, you know? Not much of a view. So...what with all the extra space I have...why not just move in with me?

Artie is speechless.

ARTIE

Wha...no, well...jeez, that's the house you shared with your husband, ya know? I just wouldn't feel right about it, and I can't leave Mrs. D'Angelo, she's all alone here. I'm the only one looking after her.

She looks away.

KERRY

No, sure, I understand.

She picks up a framed picture of Artie and Dicky at Yankee Stadium.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Oh, look how cute you guys are.

Artie suddenly notices that in the bottom right hand corner the printed date is just visible: 6/02/2004.

He quickly snatches the picture from her, placing his thumb over the date.

ARTIE

Oh yeah, the 2000 subway series. That's the last time I ever went to a Yankee game.

She notices an urn on the bookshelf. Engraved on it is the name "JASON "DICKY" GROSSMAN." She walks over to examine it.

KERRY

Oh my god. What is this? They found his remains? You didn't tell me you had remains?

This hadn't occurred to Artie.

ARTIE

Oh no, no. See, I had a friend who was a cop working down at Ground Zero. So I asked him if he could bring me back a handful of dust. It's not really him, but then again, it might be. And I just thought it was better than burying an empty box.

Oops.

KERRY  
I buried an empty box.

ARTIE  
I didn't mean it like that.

KERRY  
No, you're right, it's true. I wish I would have thought of something like that.

Artie feels badly. There is a KNOCK at the door.

MRS. D'ANGELO (O.S.)  
Artie, you home?

ARTIE  
(yelling through the door)  
Uh, I have someone with me now, Mrs. D.

MRS. D'ANGELO (O.S.)  
It's okay if I clean now?

KERRY  
She cleans your apartment for you?

Artie is busted.

ARTIE  
She insists. It's part of the lease agreement, she wants to make sure her house is clean, that some tenant doesn't start a roach epidemic.

MRS. D'ANGELO (O.S.)  
Artie? It's okay now?

KERRY  
Well let her in, I'd like to meet her.

Artie opens the door. Mrs. D'Angelo enters with a bucket full of cleaning supplies and a mop.

ARTIE  
Mrs. D'Angelo, this is my friend Kerry.

MRS. D'ANGELO  
Oh, che bella. This you girlfriend?

ARTIE  
Yes, my friend.

MRS. D'ANGELO  
She's you girlfriend?

Artie pauses and looks at Kerry.

ARTIE  
Yes, my girlfriend.

She pinches Kerry's cheeks.

MRS. D'ANGELO  
Facia bella. Artie's such a good  
boy.

Artie blushes. Kerry loves the sweetness of the moment.

MRS. D'ANGELO (CONT'D)  
Let me get you something to eat.

ARTIE  
No, no, Mrs. D'Angelo. Maybe  
later.

MRS. D'ANGELO  
Okay. I start in the bathroom?

She walks into the bathroom. Artie looks at Kerry sheepishly.

KERRY  
Yeah, how would she survive without  
you?

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

Artie walks in and greets the receptionist.

ARTIE  
Hi. I was wondering if you might  
have any need for help. Volunteers,  
you know?

The receptionist brightens up.

RECEPTIONIST  
Well, sure, definitely. We can  
never have enough volunteers.

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - LATER

Artie is cleaning out a cage full of shit and piss. He is clearly not cut out for this kind of work.

A VETERINARIAN walks past.

ARTIE

This isn't exactly what I was thinking. Don't you need any help caring for the animals-

But the vet keeps on walking. So Artie does his penance.

STILL LATER

Artie is finally alone with a mangy puppy, kindly petting the animal.

INT. DICKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dicky opens the door to his brother, who carries in several bags of GROCERIES.

DICKY

What happened to you? You're covered in dog hair.

ARTIE

Oh, I was down at the shelter.

DICKY

Why?

ARTIE

Volunteering.

Dicky breaks out in a maniacal laugh.

DICKY

No, really, what's the scam?

Artie pushes past him.

ARTIE

The scam is doing something for someone other than yourself for nothing in return. You should try it some time.

DICKY

Oh, excuse me, I didn't know the Pope was visiting.

ARTIE

You're right. Taking care of you is enough charity work. Why should I do more?

DICKY

Is this all for that woman?

ARTIE

No. I just needed to change things up a bit.

DICKY

So when am I going to meet her?

ARTIE

I don't know. It's still early.

DICKY

It seems like it's getting serious to me.

ARTIE

Well, don't worry, it's not.

DICKY

You're ashamed of me. Is that it? Your brother the basket case.

ARTIE

Don't start with the pity party. You'll meet her when the time is right.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - DAY

Artie and Kerry walk among the herd into the stadium.

ARTIE

I can't believe you got me Yankee tickets.

KERRY

Ten years is a long time to stay away. They built a new stadium since the last time you were here.

ARTIE

I thought this place looked different.

She pushes him.

## AT THEIR SEATS

The American flag flows in the breeze during a rousing rendition of the Star Spangled Banner.

As the singer holds the last note, three F-16 fighter jets scream low over the stadium with a deafening roar.

It is such a patriotic rush, Artie's chest heaves with emotion.

With their ears still ringing, he turns to say:

ARTIE (CONT'D)

I love you.

KERRY

(over the noise)

What?

ARTIE

I've never loved any woman before in my life, but I'm certain that I'm completely, hopelessly in love with you.

KERRY

I still can't hear you.

ARTIE

I SAID-

She smiles.

KERRY

I love you too, stupid!

He kisses her passionately in front of 40,000 people.

ANGRY YANKEE FAN

Sit down!

Artie turns around.

ARTIE

AAY! I'm in love over here, whaddaya want from me!

The crowd jeers them down into their seats, where they smile like two teenagers in love.

BRENDA (PRE-LAP)

It's so nice to finally meet you.

INT. KERRY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

At the long-awaited meet with the family.

BRENDA

I was starting to think you didn't exist.

She passes a bowl of pasta to Artie.

ARTIE

I've been practically begging Kerry to meet you guys. Either it was "my mother hates jews" or "they expect someone much better looking than you..."

She elbows him.

GABBY

Kerry, you didn't tell us he was funny.

KERRY

He's not.

BRENDA

So, Arthur...your brother-

KERRY

-Mom!

ARTIE

It's fine.

BRENDA

He was how old?

ARTIE

Thirty two.

BRENDA

Were you both born in-

ARTIE

-Yonkers, yes.

BRENDA

And he worked as-

ARTIE

-a security guard, yes.

KERRY

*Mom.*

BRENDA

And he enjoyed that-

ARTIE

No one really enjoys being a security guard. It's just the job he fell into.

BRENDA

He had such a unique nickname...what was it again, Kerry?

ARTIE

We called him Dicky. Don't ask why.

KERRY

That's it, let's go.

Kerry abruptly stands. Artie eases her back into her seat.

ARTIE

No, it's okay. I like talking about him. I don't get the opportunity much anymore. It helps me keep him alive. It's like, I've lost so many memories of our childhood already. I'm afraid I'll forget more about him. So I really don't mind.

Gabby looks moved. Brenda is still skeptical. Artie senses it.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Now a couple of things you wouldn't know about my brother from his New York Times obituary...he suffered terribly from OCD, was incredibly phobic...just going up there to work took an enormous amount of courage for him. But that's how he was. He faced his fears. He was also a tremendous painter. Very talented. I've got several of his works in my apartment. And...he was my best friend.

Artie's eyes tears up. Kerry puts her arms around him.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
No, it's okay.

He dabs at his eyes. Brenda backs down. Artie won this one, but she's still not convinced.

INT. KERRY'S CAR - LATER

Outside her mom's house.

KERRY  
You will never have to see them again.

ARTIE  
You swear?

KERRY  
Cross my heart.

ARTIE  
Even if I move in with you?

She reaches across the seat and hugs him tightly.

INT. ARTIE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

DICKY  
It's her money, isn't it?

ARTIE  
Yes, it's her money.

DICKY  
I knew it. So when can I move in?

ARTIE  
Yeah, about that. Look Dicky, you're gonna have to start being a little more self-reliant, you know? I can't come running every time you need something from the outside world. Maybe it's time to give medication another try.

DICKY  
No. Uh uh. They kill my creativity.

ARTIE

Did you ever think that if you could lead a more normal life, you'd find new sources of inspiration?

DICKY

Yeah, but they fuck with my sex drive...

ARTIE

You're not having sex with anyone!

DICKY

Yeah, so, I still like to masturbate.

ARTIE

So I can't have a life because you want to jerk off?

Artie starts to DRIVE FASTER, changing lanes, getting reckless. Dicky holds his arms against the dashboard.

DICKY

Whoa, what are you doing? Slow down!

Artie continues to ACCELERATE.

ARTIE

You sure maybe you don't want to give them another try?

DICKY

You're gonna get us killed!

Dicky is holding on for dear life.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Yes, okay, I'll go back on.

Artie lets up off the gas.

INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Artie walks in trailed by Dicky.

ARTIE

I'll be one second. Don't touch anything.

Artie steps into the bathroom. Dicky looks around the apartment when he notices the urn. His face goes white.

DICKY  
What the fuck is this!?

Artie comes running out, pants still undone.

ARTIE  
What happened?

DICKY  
(pointing at the urn)  
Jason "Dicky" Grossman? Is that supposed to be me!

ARTIE  
Oh shit...that's not what you think.

DICKY  
What is it then, a bowling trophy?

ARTIE  
I can explain.

DICKY  
There's an explanation for why you have an urn that has part of my name on it!

ARTIE  
Okay, look...this girl I've been seeing...well she kind of got the idea that you died on 9/11.

DICKY  
What does that mean, on 9/11? Like in the attacks?

Artie nods.

DICKY (CONT'D)  
Why would she think that? And why the fuck would you buy an urn with my name on it, instead of correcting her!

ARTIE  
Look, I followed her into a meeting. I didn't know what it was. I thought it was AA.

And then they started telling their stories...I swear, I just wanted to get out of there.

DICKY

Oh my god. What were you thinking? What if you marry this girl? Are you going to hide me forever?

ARTIE

No one's getting married.

DICKY

Well, do you care about her?

ARTIE

Yeah, I do.

DICKY

And you think she's going to be okay with this? That you'll just be able to explain it to her, and she'll forgive you?

ARTIE

I hadn't exactly thought of an exit strategy. I didn't really think I would ever see her again.

DICKY

Well, what happened?

ARTIE

I kind of fell for her.

DICKY

You've got to end it. Artie, listen to me. She's already been devastated. What you're doing is beyond cruel. Break up with her now before it's too late.

ARTIE

I know, you're right, you're right. I've got to do it. It's just...she's the first woman I've ever really cared about.

DICKY

I'm sorry, Artie. You'll meet someone else. But you've got to do the right thing here, while you still can.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Artie and Kerry watch a movie together. She rests her head on his shoulder. His face is a portrait of anguish, knowing what he must do.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

They exit the theater and walk down the street.

KERRY  
What'd you think?

Artie is pre-occupied.

ARTIE  
Huh? Yeah, it was like everything else I've seen.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Artie?

Artie turns to find a smarmy former CLASSMATE approaching. Artie's clearly not happy to see him.

CLASSMATE  
Artie *The Gross Man* Grossman. Thought that was you. Still got my amp?

ARTIE  
What?

CLASSMATE  
My Fender amp I let you borrow.

ARTIE  
That was like twenty years ago.

CLASSMATE  
Yeah, you're right. I guess I shouldn't care that I never got my amp back.

ARTIE  
Alright Auggie, nice seeing you-

CLASSMATE  
Hey, how's your brother Dickbert? Still afraid of stepping on a crack?

Kerry looks at Artie.

ARTIE  
He's dead.

CLASSMATE  
What?

ARTIE  
He's *dead*.

CLASSMATE  
Oh my god. I don't believe it.  
What happened?

ARTIE  
A little something called nine  
eleven. Heard of it?

CLASSMATE  
Holy shit. I'm so sorry...

ARTIE  
Yeah, I'll let you know if I see  
your amp around.

He grabs Kerry's hand and walks proudly away.

KERRY  
Who was that asshole?

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kerry pours two glasses of wine at the coffee table.

KERRY  
You okay?

She hands him a glass.

ARTIE  
Yes. No. I don't know. He just  
keeps coming up. After all these  
years, he's in my mind more than  
ever. And it's just...I don't know  
how to say this. I'm having a  
great time with you...

Kerry's face starts to drop.

KERRY  
Oh my god.

ARTIE

I really care for you. But all this nine eleven...nine eleven nine eleven nine eleven nine eleven...Since I met you I feel like it's starting to define my life again. And it's just bringing me down. It's not healthy for me.

KERRY

You're breaking up with me.

ARTIE

I really don't want to, I swear. But I think it's the best thing for both of us.

Kerry is speechless.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Come on, say something.

She inhales.

KERRY

You're right. I don't blame you. I mean, look at me. I'm pathetic. Rotting away in my mansion for the last ten years. Why would you want to be with me?

ARTIE

We all deal with it in our own way.

KERRY

This isn't the person I used to be.

ARTIE

Of course not. It's changed us all.

KERRY

No. You don't understand. I used to be a narcissistic, spoiled, ungrateful, shallow woman.

ARTIE

Now that's not true. I assure you that's not true.

KERRY

You don't really know me.

She stares at him for a long beat.

KERRY (CONT'D)

I was out of the house early that morning. First in the chair at the nail salon. I had a massage scheduled for later, after my personal training session. This was my life. These were the things that were important to me. This was why I wasn't ready to give my husband the baby he wanted. I didn't want to ruin my body.

ARTIE

There's no shame in that. Most people aspire to a life like that.

CUT TO:

INT. NAIL SALON - MORNING - **SEPT. 11, 2001**

A Korean woman paints Kerry's fingernails.

KERRY (V.O.)

So I'm getting my nails done, oblivious to the real world outside, and my phone rings.

INSERT Kerry's Cell Phone Display, which reads "MARK WORK."

KERRY (CONT'D)

I can see it peeking out of my five hundred dollar Coach bag. And I can see my husband's number on the display. But I didn't pick it up...because my nails were wet. I missed his last call ever, because I didn't want to smudge my nails.

Artie attempts to hug her, but she won't have it.

ARTIE

Look, you had no way of knowing. Lots of people missed calls, you think you're the only one?

KERRY

Not like this they didn't.

ARTIE

What are you talking about, I missed a call, everyone missed a call.

KERRY  
You missed a call?

ARTIE  
Yeah.

KERRY  
You never mentioned that.

ARTIE  
I thought everybody had a story like that. Shit, when my brother called I was still sleeping. Imagine that, 28 years old and still asleep at 9:30 on a Thursday morning.

KERRY  
It was a Tuesday.

ARTIE  
That's what I said.

KERRY  
No, you said Thursday.

Her demeanor is growing more aggressive.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
So he left a message?

ARTIE  
Yeah.

KERRY  
But you never mentioned it?

ARTIE  
Like I said, I tried to put that part of my life away where it belonged.

KERRY  
Why don't I believe you right now?

Artie swallows. He has no reply.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
I want to hear it.

ARTIE  
Sure, if I still have it.

KERRY

What do you mean if you still have it?

ARTIE

I guess it's still on my machine. I just can't say for sure...I haven't listened to it in years.

KERRY

I need to hear it.

INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CU OF ARTIE'S FINGER as he presses the play button on his answering machine.

BEEP!

DICKY (V.O.)

Artie, where are you?

It's the same message we heard in the first scene of the film.

DICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Artie, it's me. Please pick up. Oh god. I can't breathe in here.

DICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I think I'm dying. The smell, it's coming through the vents. I can't take it much longer. It's making me sick. Oh god. Please pick up.

He presses stop.

Kerry begins to cry.

KERRY

I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have made you do that.

He hugs her tightly.

ARTIE

I don't want to lose you. I want to hold you for the rest of your life. But I could never fill your husband's shoes.

KERRY

I would never compare-

ARTIE

I haven't always been such a good guy. But being with you, it's shown me what it feels like. And I like it. But if we're gonna make this work, we've got to put our past behind us.

KERRY

We will, I promise.

ARTIE

Then let's sell that house and move out of here. Out of New York. We can live anywhere we want.

Now it's Kerry who hesitates.

KERRY

But my mother and sister are here.

ARTIE

Are they more important to you than this? I mean, you can afford to come back and visit them whenever you want. Hell, you can fly them out to see us. But we need to get out of the shadow of those towers.

KERRY

Okay. You're right. Let's do it. But I want to be there for the tenth anniversary. We'll leave the next day.

ARTIE

Promise?

KERRY

I promise.

ARTIE

No looking back?

KERRY

No looking back.

ARTIE

Then it's settled. Nine-twelve, we start over new.

KERRY

Nine twelve.

They squeeze each other as tight as they possibly can.

BRENDA (PRE-LAP)  
You're what!?

INT. KERRY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brenda stops in the middle of a haircut.

KERRY  
I mean, it makes perfect sense.  
I've been cooped up in that house  
for 10 years. I don't know why you  
never thought of it if you were so  
concerned about me.

BRENDA  
Are you kidding?

Brenda walks over and ushers Kerry into the living room.

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
If I had a nickel for every time I  
suggested that...but you wouldn't  
have it.

KERRY  
Well now I can see you were right.  
So just wish me happiness.

BRENDA  
Of course, that's all I want for  
you. Someday if you're a mother,  
and I hope you will be, you'll  
understand. But there's something  
about that man that I just  
didn't...*trust*. It's a mother's  
instinct. But right now you can't  
see the forest from the trees.

KERRY  
Well, he had offered to fly you out  
for a visit-

BRENDA  
Offered? What, with your money?

KERRY  
-but you know what, maybe that's  
not such a good idea.

Kerry walks out.

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - NIGHT

Artie feeds the dogs.

LATER

With no one else around, Artie makes his way over to a donation box on the wall. He checks that no one is around and sticks his hand in.

DICKY (PRE-LAP)  
Did you do it?

INT. DICKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dicky opens a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE and throws back a couple of pills.

ARTIE  
Yes.

DICKY  
How'd it go?

ARTIE  
How do you think? It was the worst day of my life.

DICKY  
I'm sorry.

He goes back to mixing paint on his palette.

ARTIE  
Like hell you are.

DICKY  
What are you saying?

ARTIE  
That you're glad. That you couldn't stand to see me happy. That it's more important that I be available to be your crutch than to live a life of my own.

DICKY  
I'm sorry you think that. But this isn't about me. What you did, even by your own low standards, was heinous.

ARTIE

Look, I'm thinking about going away for a while. Let things blow over. Re-assess.

DICKY

Did she threaten you?

ARTIE

I don't want to get into it. It would just be best for me. For a little while anyway.

DICKY

Oh my god.

ARTIE

You're gonna be fine. We've been training for this scenario for some time. You'll take the bus to do most of your errands. You can have your groceries delivered. Once a month you can take the train to Manhattan and get your whistle wet. You're going to flourish.

Dicky sits down and starts to cry. Artie sits next to him and puts his arm around him.

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

A SCREAM is heard.

The staff comes running to find the receptionist standing at the donations box.

RECEPTIONIST

There's a check in here for ten thousand dollars!

VETERINARIAN

Who's it from?

RECEPTIONIST

I don't know. It's anonymous.

EXT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Artie walks up to the front door of his stepmother SYLVIA'S house. He knocks. After a moment, through the door:

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Get away.

ARTIE

Sylvia, wait one second. I'm not  
hear to bother you. Just hear me  
out.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

You've got ten seconds before I  
call 911.

ARTIE

Okay. Look, I just wanted to say  
I'm...sorry for some of the things  
I've done, and how I treated you.  
I just wanted to blame you for  
everything that was wrong in my  
life. But I realize now that it  
was just an excuse for me to hang  
my failures on...and I just wanted  
to say that.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

You know, Artie, I really did love  
your father. I'm sorry if it was  
at your expense.

ARTIE

Thank you.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Oh, and Artie - your stuff that you  
had in the basement, your toys and  
comics...I didn't throw them out.  
I sold them.

Artie begins SILENTLY freaking out, mouthing curses, punching  
and kicking the air.

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

I'm sorry. I just did it to get  
back at you for harassing me all  
those years.

Artie finally calms down.

ARTIE

That's okay, I masturbated in your  
bed.

And with that, he takes off running.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

What?

EXT. BRENDA'S CAR - STREET - DAY

Brenda and Gabby are parked, doing surveillance. They watch as Artie walks down the street, going in and out of various businesses.

BRENDA

What is he doing? Is he a drug dealer?

GABBY

I don't know, ma. Let's not jump to any conclusions.

BRENDA

Well, get in there and see.

INT. DELI - SAME

Artie is at the counter, emptying the donation can.

DELI WORKER

Artie, what's up my man?

ARTIE

Hey, Sal, I know you have your heart set on our little friend here, but take a look at this guy.

He shows him a picture on his cellphone of the mangy pup.

DELI WORKER

Oh, he's cute. Scraggly, but cute.

ARTIE

He's a sweetheart, you'll love him. I'll bring him around some time.

DELI WORKER

Sure.

Gabby watches from behind a rack of cheap sunglasses.

INT. BRENDA'S CAR - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gabby gets back in.

GABBY

Checks out. He's collecting for charity.

BRENDA

There must be something. Have you checked the phone book for other Grossmans? See if anyone else knows him?

GABBY

I'm not comfortable with this, ma.

BRENDA

If you won't do it, then I will. He's taking your sister out of the state. Do you understand?

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

To establish.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

We follow Artie as he walks down the hallway and into one of the

PATIENT ROOMS

Where an old lady sits staring at a small TV.

ARTIE

Ma?

She turns and looks at Artie for a long moment.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Ma, it's me, Artie.

ARTIE'S MOM

I know who it is. I'm not completely senile. I'm just wondering what you want.

ARTIE

I'm sorry it's been so long, ma-

ARTIE'S MOM

I don't have any money, if that's what you're looking for.

ARTIE

Ma, I'm not here for that.

ARTIE'S MOM

Then what?

ARTIE

Look, I know I was hard on you. But I couldn't have possibly understood what you were going through at the time. All I knew is that you were my mom, and then you were gone. But I'm not here to look back. I just wanted to apologize for the way I treated you.

ARTIE'S MOM

(dismissive)

Hah. And your brother?

ARTIE

He hardly leaves his apartment anymore, unless it's with me. He's gotten worse by the year.

She looks down, saddened by the thought.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Look, ma, I came to tell you something. I met a girl. And I'm in love with her.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

We both know I haven't amounted to much. But I feel like I still have a chance. I can be the man she thinks I am. So I wanted to ask you, if you'd allow me to take grandma's ring, so that I can ask her to marry me.

ARTIE'S MOM

You promise you're not gonna sell it?

ARTIE

Cross my heart.

ARTIE'S MOM

When will you bring her to meet me?

ARTIE

Next time, ma, next time.

He suddenly gets up and kisses her on the head. He holds there for a long moment.

INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Artie packs a suitcase. The apartment is mostly empty, sans a few boxes and the old answering machine. It is broadcasting Dicky's voice as he leaves a message.

DICKY (O.S.)

Artie...I've been calling your cell. I hope you're not where I think you are. You know, this isn't something you can just run away from. The truth will follow you.

The machine BEEPS, cutting him off. Artie opens the ring box, pondering his brother's words, before placing it in the suitcase.

EXT. HOUSE - HARRISON, NY - EARLY MORNING

Gabby, dressed for work, knocks at the door of an old Tudor. A white-haired ELDERLY WOMAN cracks the door.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Yes?

GABBY

Hi, are you Mrs. David Grossman?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Who's asking?

GABBY

You lost your son Jason on nine eleven?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Now what's this about?

GABBY

I just had a question about your other son...Arthur?

ELDERLY WOMAN

(puzzled)

Arthur?

Gabby's face falls, her worst fears confirmed.

INT. TRAIN - SEPTEMBER 11, 2011 - MORNING

The metro north train to Grand Central is packed with people on their way to Manhattan for this momentous occasion.

Among the crowd are Kerry and Artie, squeezed in tight, tense amid the throng of people.

KERRY

Oh my god.

ARTIE

What?

KERRY

I just realized something. Last night...it was the first night I didn't dream about it in ten years.

Artie smiles at her.

KERRY (CONT'D)

I've got to use the bathroom. I'll be right back.

She gets up and leaves her bag on the seat.

INT. DICKY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Dicky takes another dose of medication. He's straightens the collar on his button-down shirt and combs his hair with his hands, stopping at the mirror before his door.

He takes a deep breath, opens his apartment door and STEPS OUT ALONE.

INT. GABBY'S CAR - MORNING

Gabby frantically dials the phone. She's practically hyperventilating.

INT. TRAIN - SAME

Kerry's phone rings. Artie looks down at her seat - the phone once again sits atop her bag, its monochrome display clearly reads "GABBY."

Artie picks up the phone and SILENCES it.

EXT. WTC SITE - MORNING

Tens of thousands of people have gathered for the remembrance. NYPD is out in full force.

The names of those who perished in the tragedies are read aloud. Presidents Obama and Bush respectfully bow their heads.

Artie looks over at Kerry. The setting is so emotionally charged that he finds himself overwhelmed with guilt.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - DAY

Dicky walks towards the memorial, a bundle of nerves, referring to a map that has the locations of the victims' names.

EXT. WTC SITE - SAME

Artie and Kerry walk along the MEMORIAL WALL among hundreds of family members searching for the names of loved ones. They refer to the same map, until finally Kerry spots her husband's name carved into the bronze.

She walks up and runs her hands over it. Artie stays behind, allowing her some privacy.

She leans in and KISSES it, both a reunion and a farewell wrapped in one.

She gets up and walks over to Artie, who looks a wreck.

KERRY

Your brother should be down this way.

ARTIE

I don't want to find it.

KERRY

What?

ARTIE

I gotta get out of here. Let's leave today, right now, before one of us changes our mind.

KERRY

I'm not going to change my mind. Are you?

ARTIE

Then please, let's go.

As his words start to register, she sees a face coming into focus in the crowd. A familiar face that she can't yet place, looking right at her as he walks against the crowd towards them.

For a moment, she feels like she's seeing a ghost.

And then it hits her: IT'S ARTIE'S BROTHER.

Kerry instantly goes white. She starts to back away, shaking her head in disbelief.

KERRY

No.

ARTIE

What is it?

Artie turns and sees Dicky walking towards them.

KERRY

NOOO!

She turns around and starts to push her way into the crowd. Artie goes after her, causing a small commotion in an already heightened situation.

The POLICE immediately move in and block Artie's way.

ARTIE

Kerry! Wait!

POLICE OFFICER

What the fuck are you doing, pal?

ARTIE

No, you don't understand, she's my girlfriend.

Kerry screams back through the crowd.

KERRY

Get away from me!

POLICE OFFICER

Sounds like she loves you.

ARTIE

Let me through!

POLICE OFFICER  
Not so fast, tough guy.

Several officers pull Artie aside to diffuse the situation.  
Artie sees Dicky beyond the throng of officers.

ARTIE  
Are you happy! Are you happy now!

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Kerry is in a rabid, hysterical state. She is destroying the place.

She grabs the painting that Artie gave her and SLAMS it against the hearth.

She storms down the hallway and marches into the

GUEST BEDROOM

She yells at her wedding photo.

KERRY  
Is this what you wanted!? Is this  
enough punishment for you?

She grabs the picture off the wall and marches back into the

LIVING ROOM

She hangs it over the fireplace.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, I'm not going  
anywhere. I'll rot in this house  
alone if that's what you want.

Artie BANGS at the front door. We INTERCUT from inside to outside.

ARTIE (O.S.)  
Kerry, please, open up!

KERRY  
You stay away from me! Get out of  
here!

ARTIE  
Please, let me at least explain,  
then I'll leave you alone forever  
if that's what you want.

KERRY

You'd better fucking believe that's what I want. What else did you lie about? Is anything that you ever said to me true? Your stepmother, your father? All lies?

ARTIE

I swear, everything else is true, every word...well, except, *technically* my mother is still alive-

KERRY

Oh my god.

ARTIE

But she was dead to me for a long time. But I went to see her again, because of you, because I'm a changed man since I've known you.

KERRY

I'm going to be sick.

ARTIE

Please, Kerry...I understand if you don't believe another word I say, but if there's one thing you can believe, let it be this- from the moment I saw you on the train, I saw a sadness in your eyes, a sadness that I thought only I knew. And I couldn't understand why a woman that looked like you could seem so lonely. So I followed you, and I found out why. And since that moment there's nothing I've wanted more in my life than to make you happy again.

KERRY

And you thought this would make me happy? You thought this would be good for me? You soulless son of a bitch.

ARTIE

I'm so sorry.

KERRY

I've never said this before to anyone and meant it, but I hope you fucking die.

Artie hangs his head in defeat. He nods to himself and walks away in tears.

Over Kerry's PRIMAL SCREAMS

CUT TO:

INT. ARTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Artie lays face down on the floor among the boxes he had already packed. He looks like he's been there for some time.

The answering machine BEEPS:

DICKY (O.S.)  
Artie, pick up. Please. I'm  
worried about you. I'm sorry about  
what happened. Please call me. I  
realize now how much she meant to  
you. But I really need you.

Artie still lays motionless, one eye staring out from the carpet.

TIME LAPSE

The light changes as Artie still lays there. Mrs. D'Angelo knocks at his door.

MRS. D'ANGELO  
Artie? Artie? You hungry?

BEGIN MONTAGE

Artie unpacks his boxes.

Kerry back in group therapy.

Artie gently petting the mangy puppy outside his cage.

Kerry holding and cooing to a premature baby in the hospital.

Dicky throwing his meds down the toilet.

Kerry lying with her head on Brenda's lap. Brenda smokes a cigarette and strokes her daughter's hair.

Kerry's pool, once again neglected, has now turned green.

END MONTAGE

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE -DAY

INSERT of a HOME PREGNANCY TEST with a little blue PLUS SIGN, sitting on the coffee table.

Gabby sits next to Kerry on the couch, staring at it.

KERRY

You can't tell mom. Please.

GABBY

I don't know, Ker. I know you regret not having a baby with Mark...but you can always adopt.

KERRY

Adopt? What's wrong with the baby inside of me?

GABBY

Do you really want his seed growing inside you? What he did wasn't just cruel...it was psychotic.

GABBY (CONT'D)

It was sociopathic. Everything you've told me about his entire family - these people are disturbed. Are you sure you want to take a chance on that gene pool?

Kerry considers this. She does have a point.

INT. DELI - DAY

Artie walks in to one of his regular charity scam stops. We see the familiar clerk from earlier.

ARTIE

Hey, man.

DELI WORKER

(coldly)

Hey.

Artie notices the Deli Worker's eyes signal to someone behind him. Rather than reach for the can, Artie opens his jacket, revealing the MANGY PUPPY from the pound.

ARTIE

I brought someone to meet you.

The Deli Worker is caught completely by surprise. His eyes suddenly go soft at the sight of the pup.

Behind Artie an UNDERCOVER COP steps forward.

UNDERCOVER COP  
Is that him?

The Deli Worker is suddenly unable to answer.

UNDERCOVER COP (CONT'D)  
Is that him!

Artie DROPS the puppy and makes a run for the door.

The UNDERCOVER COP gives chase out to the  
STREET

Where he apprehends Artie halfway down the block. He holds him face down against the pavement and cuffs him.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Artie is fingerprinted.

SNAP! His mugshot is taken, front and side.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Artie stands before the JUDGE.

JUDGE  
Because of the particularly  
disdainful nature of your crimes,  
and the fact that I consider myself  
an animal lover, I'm going to set  
bail at the maximum of ten thousand  
dollars. Do you have anything to  
say to the court?

ARTIE  
You don't know the half of it.

The judge BANGS her gavel.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Artie is in the corridor making his phone call.

ARTIE

Dicky! Dicky, where are you? You there? Pick up, pick up, pick up.

DICKY (O.S.)

How mad are you?

ARTIE

I don't have time for that now. Listen closely. I was arrested, I'm being held down at the fourth precinct on Lake Avenue. I need you to go to the bank and get a bank check for ten thousand dollars. I will pay you back as soon as I get out. Did you get that?

DICKY (O.S.)

Artie, I can't-

ARTIE

Dicky, you have to. You're the only one that can help me. You need to do this. I cannot take no for an answer.

An officer comes up behind him.

POLICE OFFICER

Time's up.

ARTIE

(into phone as he hangs up)

Don't even think about it. Go now.

The Officer disconnects the line.

INT. DICKY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Dicky is at the door, steeling himself to go out.

DICKY

You can do this, come on, now. You just took a train by yourself. Piece of cake. One block, get on the bus...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUING

Dicky walks on the street outside.

DICKY

...a couple of blocks to the bank and back, see which bus goes up to Lake ave...or I could take a taxi if it's too confusing. Bus would be cheaper, though. You'll be fine.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUING

Dicky is about to board the bus. His chest is pounding. He waits to go last.

DICKY

Just grab the railing, look at the step, and step up.

He successfully gets on the bus, slowly but surely.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Artie sits in a cell with several other men. He leans forward, thinking about the mess he's made, and begins to quietly CRY.

Some of the others get wind of his sobbing and begin to mock him in the background.

INT. BUS - DAY

Dicky looks out onto the busy main street. He pulls the buzzer for the next stop.

Dicky gets up only when the bus is fully stopped, making him the last of several passengers to get off.

EXT. BUS - CONTINUING

Dicky gets off the bus and turns around to face the curb.

He attempts to cross just as the bus starts to MOVE, causing the driver to stop short.

Dicky JUMPS back onto the curb, scared shitless and slightly embarrassed.

The driver is now stopped, and clearly annoyed. He motions for Dicky to go ahead.

Dicky hesitates and waves "No, you first."

Even more annoyed, the driver motions again.

Dicky hurries out in front of the bus, failing to stop to check for traffic.

IN AN INSTANT, HE IS STRUCK BY A CAR. He didn't even see it coming, and the impact is shocking in its violence.

The car SCREECHES to a halt as a WOMAN SCREAMS.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Artie paces. It's clear he's been there for a long time.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Artie makes another call.

ARTIE

Dicky? Where are you? What happened to you? Pick up if you're there so we can figure this out.

INT. DICKY'S APARTMENT - SAME

We pan the empty apartment, the unfinished paintings, ending on a framed PHOTO of the brothers, in happier times.

ARTIE (O.S.)

Dicky, please, I need you. Let me know that you're alright.

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Kerry gets ready to go out.

She stops before her wedding picture over the mantle.

KERRY

(to her husband)

I wish I knew what you thought. I wish you could tell me what to do.

INT. CAR - DAY

Kerry drives, teary eyed.

EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Kerry pulls into a parking spot and pauses, looking at the building.

INT. HOLDING CELL - MORNING

Artie paces again, contemplating if he's really going to have to make this call. Finally, he steps up and grabs the bars.

ARTIE

Can I make another phone call.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Artie is once again at the precinct payphone. He steels himself, takes a deep breath, picks up the phone and DIALS.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Kerry sits in a waiting room filled with women who are both younger and poorer than her.

She puts her head down and PRAYS.

Suddenly, her PHONE RINGS.

She looks over at it, sitting at the top of her bag just as it did ten years ago.

RING. RING.

The caller ID says "UNAVAILABLE"

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME

We push in on Artie's face.

ARTIE

(whispering, as in a  
prayer)

Please pick up, please pick up,  
please pick up.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SAME

RING. RING.

Kerry looks at her ringing phone for what feels like an eternity.

The NURSE finally comes out and calls:

NURSE  
Kerry Burton.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME

ARTIE  
Please pick up.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SAME

Kerry still sits frozen.

RING. RING.

NURSE  
Kerry?

KERRY  
I'm sorry, I have to take this.

NURSE  
Miss, we can't keep people waiting-

KERRY  
Then just take the next person.

She picks up the phone as she walks into the

HALLWAY

KERRY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

ARTIE (O.S.)  
Please don't hang up.

KERRY  
How dare you call me!

ARTIE  
I know you never want to hear from  
me again but I need-

CLICK. Kerry shuts her phone. Her face twisted from suppressing the well of emotions.

She looks back down the hall at the office, then walks the other way, out of the building.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME

Artie hangs up the phone. He sees a sticker for a bail bondsman on the wall. He picks up and dials.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Artie's personal belongings are pushed through a plastic drawer. He takes his wallet and dials his cellphone.

INT. DICKY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Artie knocks loudly on Dicky's door.

ARTIE  
Dicky! Come on, open up.

Artie knows something's wrong, he just refuses to accept it.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
It's okay that you couldn't do it.  
We'll get 'em next time.  
(tearing up)

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
Please, Dicky...okay, I'm coming  
in.

He takes out his key and starts to unlock the door. The BUILDING SUPER walks down the hall.

SUPER  
Hey, hey, you can't go in there.

ARTIE  
Why not? I'm his brother. I have  
a key.

SUPER  
You willing to tell that to the  
police?

ARTIE  
What are you talking about?

SUPER

If you was really his brother than you'd probably already know he's dead. So we'll let the cops sort it out.

ARTIE

What are you talking about?

Artie's angry and in denial.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Get out of here! Get the fuck away from me. You go ahead and call the cops.

He lets himself in.

INT. DICKY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Artie looks around the apartment. It's clear no one is here. The unbearable reality starts to set in.

Artie looks at the last painting Dicky was working on.

The answering machine light BLINKS. Artie presses the play button and sits on the windowsill. His own voice echoes throughout the space.

ARTIE

(on machine)

Dicky? Where are you?

ARTIE (CONT'D)

What happened to you? Pick up if you're there so we can figure this out. Dicky, please, I need you. Let me know that you're alright.

Beeeeep.

INT. KERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone rings. She checks the Caller ID, then picks up.

KERRY

I will get a restraining order-

ARTIE (O.S.)

Kerry, I'm sorry. Just please listen for one second. My brother...

(sobbing)  
 ...he's really dead, he's dead and  
 it's my fault...

She thinks he is tormenting her.

KERRY  
 Why are you doing this to me?

ARTIE (O.S.)  
 I needed to tell-

KERRY  
 (screaming)  
 WHY!

She slams the phone shut.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Artie waits in the reception area, still in a daze. The  
 Funeral Director brings out the URN and hands it to Artie.

Artie feels the weight of it.

ARTIE  
 Huh. That's it? This is all  
 that's left of us?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
 I'm sorry for your loss, Mr.  
 Grossman.

Artie holds the urn close to him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

CU on Dicky's urn, rocking back and forth.

PULL OUT to reveal Artie once again walking his brother  
 across the street, the urn cradled in his arm. He walks  
 toward the entrance of a large hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Artie wanders through the children's intensive care unit. He  
 does not have the proper credentials, so he waits for people  
 to open the doors and slips through before they close.

He comes to the-

## NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

He looks through the glass and sees Kerry, holding a tiny infant that has a feeding tube taped to his cheek and wires exiting from under his blanket.

He subconsciously raises the urn above the height of the glass window, as if to let Dicky have a look. He's never loved her more than he does at this moment.

A NURSE approaches.

NURSE

Sir! Excuse me - do you have a pass?

ARTIE

No, I-

NURSE

You cannot be here without a pass.  
I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Artie soaks in Kerry's image for as long as he can before leaving.

## INT. KERRY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Kerry helps her mother clean up the counter where she mixes the hair dye.

BRENDA

It's nice to have you back home with me.

Brenda smiles at her.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

And if you want to have this baby, I'll be right here to help.

Kerry looks at her. Her mother's acceptance means a lot. She looks away, when she notices something on one of the color-splotched newspapers.

INSERT - It's Dicky's obituary.

KERRY

Oh my god.

BRENDA

What is it?

Brenda walks next to her and takes a look at it.

KERRY

He was telling the truth.

BRENDA

Don't be so sure. He could be faking this, too. He's capable of anything.

Kerry continues to read it.

KERRY

He really was a painter.

Kerry puts it down and reaches for her coat. Her mother GRABS her arm and stops her.

BRENDA

Kerry. Listen to me, honey. People don't change.

She holds onto her for a moment before letting go.

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Artie pulls up to the house and sees a FOR SALE SIGN in front.

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Artie, carrying the urn, looks through the sliding glass doors on the deck. The house is mostly empty, except for Dicky's painting, which has been left over the fireplace for future owners.

INT. KERRY'S CAR - DAY

Kerry drives through Scarsdale towards her house.

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME

Artie walks over to the pool. It's green with algae and leaves. He sits down at the edge, placing the urn down next to him.

He feels like he's sitting on something. He leans to one side and pulls the ENGAGEMENT RING out of his back pocket.

He looks at it for a moment.

ARTIE  
What an asshole I am.

The urn starts to TIP OVER in agreement.

Artie instinctively grabs it, DROPPING the ring into the pool in the process.

ARTIE (CONT'D)  
Oh shit.

He can still see it just below the surface in the mire. He plugs his nose and JUMPS IN.

BELOW THE SURFACE

Artie can barely see. He holds on to a rung of the pool ladder. The ring continues to sink, just out of his reach.

Artie LETS GO of the ladder and takes one last stab at the ring. He grabs it, but cannot swim back to the ladder. He kicks and flails wildly, his hands clawing at the slimy vinyl liner.

EXT. KERRY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Kerry struggles to open the combination lock which has been placed on the door by the realtor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Kerry enters and looks around. Her home is now so empty it's eerie. She hears a low SPLASHING sound but can't quite place it.

She walks straight to the fireplace and takes Dicky's painting. She turns to walk out when she hears the SPLASHING again. She looks towards the glass doors.

IN THE POOL

Artie's attempts to save himself are growing futile. He hears Kerry's words from their swim lesson echo in his mind:

KERRY (V.O.)  
You can't let fear rule you.  
Because as soon as you start to  
panic, you sink like a stone.

He begins to give up. He looks up towards the hazy green light that barely filters through the slime.

Time seems to have slowed. Artie's face is at peace. He sees something coming towards him, something white, flowing, angelic.

As it gets closer we realize it's Kerry.

ABOVE THE SURFACE

Kerry BREAKS through the surface, pulling Artie with her. She drags him out of the pool. She pushes down on his chest - tons of water come out of his mouth.

She begins giving him CPR. After a tense minute, he coughs up some more water and begins breathing again.

Kerry falls away from him, exhausted. She sits up again and rests his head on her lap. He looks up at her, his salvation. He squeezes the ring tightly in his hand. Then he motions toward the urn.

ARTIE

Kerry, that's my brother Dicky.  
He really wanted to meet you.

She nods her head, tears streaming down her face, and cradles him, rocking him gently, just another premature soul desperate for human contact.

No words are spoken. As the camera pulls away, we once again hear the insistent sound of a cell phone RINGING.

The camera comes to rest on Kerry's bag, thrown on the grass as she ran to Artie's rescue. Her phone has spilled out with some of the other contents. It continues to RING.

But this time, Kerry's not answering. We hear her outgoing message.

KERRY (O.S.)

Hi, it's Kerry. Though it's unlikely your call would ever go to my voicemail, you never know what any given day may bring. So in case I missed you, make sure you leave a message.

BEEEEPP.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.