

RESCUE ME

"Overdue"

Written By

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - DAY

The rig hurtles uptown, sirens blaring. Inside, the crew is checking their gear and getting ready. TOMMY, FRANCO, and MIKE THE PROBIE have got their game faces on.

SEAN, on the other hand, pulls out a clear plastic thermos with a long straw coming out of it and sucks from it like his life depended on it.

Franco stares at him. What the hell?

SEAN

Water with lemon and a little
cayenne pepper. I'm cleansing my
body of all toxins.

(offering)

Sip?

FRANCO

Nah. All you, man.

TOMMY, annoyed, yells up to LOU who rides up front.

TOMMY

Which building?

LOU

Dunno. This is the corner, but I
don't see anything burning. You?

Tommy cranes his neck to look out the window for smoke.

TOMMY

No.

(then)

Let's try the one with the
hysterical woman on the porch.

EXT. WEST SIDE BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

The crew unloads from the rig and swings in to action, prepping hoses, etc. A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN rushes up to Tommy, panicked. He wasn't kidding: she's really losing it.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

My baby! My baby! You have to
save my baby!

TOMMY

We'll get your baby.

LOU

It's okay. Just calm down and tell us where the fire is.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

Please! God, please! Please...

Sean and Franco rush into the brownstone.

TOMMY

Where's your baby, lady?!

The woman points fearfully up into the air. Tommy and Lou look up, following her arm, way up into a tree. At the very top branch sits a very small and very distressed CAT.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Gotta be kiddin' me.

The cat cries out for help. MYEW.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

Muffin! He's my little baby. He's been up there for two days.

MYEW. MYEW.

TOMMY

Yeah, we're outta here.

Lou is instantly on the radio, calling off the backup engine.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hold up, Probie. Load 'er back up.

Mike freezes, his hand on the water valve.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

But Muffin won't come down. I've tried everything! Please--

The woman continues blubbering, but Tommy ignores her. Sean and Franco emerge from the building, confused.

TOMMY

(with utter derision)

Cat.

Shaking their heads, they grumble and start to pack up their gear to go.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

Wait. You could use your ladder--

LOU

Sorry, lady. We don't do cats. We put out fires. That's what the big red truck is for.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

Please. I'll pay you. Just this once--

LOU

He'll come down in a day or two. Trust me.

Tommy, meanwhile, stares up at the animal, and it seems to stare back at him as it whines: MYEW. MYEW. MYEW.

LOU (CONT'D)

Once he gets hungry enough and scared enough, he'll come down.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

But... But you're already here--

LOU

This isn't a Norman Rockwell painting, okay? We can't spend time on this. There's like ten million people in this city, and half of 'em got cats and, at any given time, half of 'em are stuck up a tree somewhere. Call Animal Services or something. Sorry.

He tries to walk away, but the woman grips his legs, sobbing.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

Please, I have to get my Muffin down! I have to get my Muffin down...

Lou looks to the gang. She won't let go. Tommy has had enough.

TOMMY

Okay. That's it. Probie, fire up the primary valve!

Tommy grabs a hose and drags it to the tree. The woman looks up. Horrified.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN
What are you doing?!

TOMMY
You want your cat down. I'm
gettin' your cat down.

As Tommy opens up the line, water SHOOTS into the branches, and
we:

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

JANET waits as KATIE, her youngest daughter, sets a stack of books down in front of the check-out counter.

JANET
We're late, honey, come on.

Janet hands the librarian her card.

JANET (CONT'D)
You need all of these for a three page report?

KATIE
Uh huh.

The LIBRARIAN checks her computer and stops.

LIBRARIAN
I'm sorry, ma'am. Your account's been flagged.

JANET
Flagged?

LIBRARIAN
You still have an overdue book out. You'll need to return it and pay the fine before you can check out anything else.

JANET
That can't be right.

LIBRARIAN
(looking on computer)
Harry Potter and The Goblet of Fire was checked out on--

JANET
(to Katie)
What did I tell you about responsibility?

KATIE
That's not mine.

JANET
So it's your sister's?

KATIE
Colleen doesn't read.

Janet turns back to the librarian.

JANET
Look, this is obviously a
mistake. Now if you don't mind,
we're really in a hurry--

LIBRARIAN
No mistake.

The librarian types some more.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
The book was checked out almost a
year ago now from this branch to
a "Connor Gavin."

Janet stops.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tommy grabs orange juice from the fridge and takes a big swig
from the carton. His PHONE RINGS.

TOMMY
(answering)
What?

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY - SAME

Janet paces beside her car, agitated. Behind her, young kids run
and scream on the school playground.

JANET
Do you know what happened to some
library copy of Harry Potter?

TOMMY
Oh yeah, it's on my nightstand
right next to Chronicles of
Narnia and Lord of the Gay
Hobbits.

JANET
I'm serious, Tommy.

TOMMY

I don't know what you're talking about--

JANET

Connor must've checked it out before the...

Tommy sighs.

TOMMY

Jesus.

JANET

The library put a hold on our account, and now Katie can't get the books she needs for her report.

TOMMY

Look, I gotta get to work. I haven't seen any book.

JANET

Of course.

TOMMY

What's that supposta mean?

JANET

The minute we need you, you rush off to work. You said you'd handle things, Tommy.

TOMMY

I handle everything.

JANET

(scoffing)
Oh, yeah, right.

TOMMY

(lashing out)
In fact, I'm the only one in this family who handles anything. All the arrangements. For Connor's funeral. Where were you?

He isn't going to let her answer.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Uncle Teddy's trial... Moving the girls to your new place, where the hell were you?!

JANET

Don't you dare put this on me.

TOMMY

The only thing you handled was sleeping with my brother. You handled that pretty damn good.

Janet doesn't bite.

JANET

They said they sent you a bunch of notices.

TOMMY

That's bullshit.

JANET

That's what they said.

Tommy slides open a drawer in the kitchen. Inside, there's a stack of official looking letters from the library. The top envelope is stamped in red, "FINAL NOTICE."

TOMMY

(throwing them in the trash)
Well, I don't know what they're talking about. They never sent me a goddam thing.

JANET

I don't want to argue about this. It's probably somewhere in the boxes of Connor's stuff. You packed everything up after the service. Did you see it?

TOMMY

I... have no idea.

JANET

Can you please go through the boxes and see if it's there?

(no response)

Tommy?

TOMMY

I'll look.

JANET

Promise me.

TOMMY

I said I'd look.

INT. FIREHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Franco and the Probie are discussing something over lunch. Lou looks on with interest.

MIKE THE PROBIE

Wait. If it's all just made up,
why can't I just decide who
scores a touchdown? It's my
fantasy.

Franco rubs his head, frustrated. They've been at this a while.

FRANCO

(trying to stay cool)
It's your fantasy team, but the
scoring is based on the real
players. It's based on the real
games. So if Eli Manning scores,
it's not the Giants that get the
points... you do.

MIKE THE PROBIE

Ohhh. I got it. I got it.
(then)
So where's the field?

Franco's head drops.

LOU

If you'll excuse me, I'm going to
go to the refrigerator, and slam
my head in it.

Sean comes in. He looks like he's been sweating.

FRANCO

You okay, man?

SEAN

Yeah, why?

FRANCO

You been in the can like three
times in the last hour. You
feeling okay?

SEAN

Better than okay. I feel
fantastic. It's this cleanse that
Maggie and I are doing.

FRANCO

Cleanse?

SEAN

I haven't had anything to eat or
drink but this stuff for three
days.

He picks up his bottle of lemon water and syrup concoction and
sucks on it.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's really working. Dunno if
it's the pepper or what, but I
gotta hit the head a lot. But
It's totally clearing me out.

MIKE THE PROBIE

How long til you can eat
something?

SEAN

Two weeks.

FRANCO

Jesus.

LOU

Why would a rational human being
do that to himself? Nevermind.

SEAN

I know. Sounds crazy right? But
with the wedding coming up,
Maggie thought it'd be good to
really just flush out all our
built up negativity, both
spiritually and, you know,
rectally.

LOU

And lunch is over...

MIKE THE PROBIE

Aren't you hungry?

SEAN

Oh yeah. All the time. But it's
worth it. I've already lost four
pounds and I have more energy
than I ever-- excuse me.

Something's shifted in his stomach and he's rushing back to the
can. He passes Tommy coming in.

TOMMY

What's wrong with Garrity?

FRANCO

He's marrying your sister.

LOU

Hey, look who it is: the poster boy for the S.P.C.A.

TOMMY

Yeah, yeah...

LOU

I gotta hand it to you, Tommy, I've never seen a cat run down a tree quite that fast.

TOMMY

Cat people... Christ.

MIKE THE PROBIE

What's the matter with cats?

TOMMY

I got enough people in my life that hate me, I don't need to feed another one.

CHIEF JERRY REILLY comes in, carrying a couple cardboard boxes. He unloads them on the table, unceremoniously.

JERRY

Merry Christmas, assholes.

He slides one box to Lou and one to the Probie.

LOU

What's this?

JERRY

A little gift from city hall. New helmets.

TOMMY

What's the matter with our old helmets?

JERRY

These got computers in 'em.

Lou pulls out the HIGH-TECH HELMET. It's bulkier than their usual helmet with a facemask that slides down and wires hanging from it. Lou looks at it like it's from another planet.

LOU

You gotta be kiddin' me.

JERRY

These are prototypes. Every house gets a couple as part of the test program. They got built-in radios and some kinda sonar so you can get a floorplan in the dark.

MIKE THE PROBIE

Sweet.

LOU

No way. I'm out.

TOMMY

This is crap, Chief. Every six months they throw some bullshit pet project at us, and they never work. It's not like firefighters are asking for this stuff.

FRANCO

Yeah, some politician's nephew's probably came up with it. Now he's makin' a mint.

TOMMY

Exactly.

JERRY

I know. But we gotta evaluate 'em for two weeks, and tell Perolli what we think.

LOU

Why do I gotta do it?

JERRY

Seniority. And Perolli thought Tommy could be a PR Problem.

TOMMY

Yeah, well, Perolli's gonna wish for a PR problem when I shove these helmets so far up his--

JERRY

Exactly.

LOU

I been a firefighter for twenty-five years. You know what I need my helmet to do? Protect my head. You know what I don't need it to do? Play Space Invaders.

JERRY

Yeah, well, when you're done
bitching and moaning, you and
Probie got a training session
with the new gear tomorrow
afternoon.

LOU

(resigned, turns to Mike)
So why him?

The Probie has got his helmet on already and is sliding the
visor down.

MIKE THE PROBIE

(excited)
Can it really play Space
Invaders?

TOMMY

Can't argue with that.

THE ALARM SOUNDS and the gang heads out. Lou quickly tosses the
helmet back into its box.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Lou and Mike wade through the thick black smoke. Lou taps on
Mike's shoulder and points into the flames, lost.

LOU

Northeast corner?

MIKE THE PROBIE

(no idea)
Maybe?

A chunk of burning ceiling falls dangerously close to the guys.

INT. STAIRWELL - APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Tommy and Franco escort several terrified TENANTS down the
stairwell. The walls are crackling with heat.

FRANCO

Just keep moving. You're gonna be
fine.

TOMMY

(into his radio)
Lou, status?

LOU (ON RADIO)
 (through static)
 Gotta flashover on the first
 floor. Use the back stairs!

TOMMY
 (into radio)
 We're on the back stairs.

LOU (ON RADIO)
 No, I said the back stairs.

TOMMY
 (to himself)
 For god's sake...

LOU (ON RADIO)
 You don't got much time, Tommy.
 It's a real bonfire down here.

TOMMY
 Alright, folks, double time. Go,
 go, go!

Tommy surveys the scared tenants.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 (to Franco)
 Hey, where'd that tall guy go?
 The tall skinny guy.

FRANCO
 He was right behind us.

Tommy looks around. Nope.

TOMMY
 Damn it. I'm headin' back up.

FRANCO
 Tommy, wait--

TOMMY
 You heard Lou. No time. Get these
 people out of here.

Tommy pulls on his mask and races back up the stairs straight
 into the blinding orange glow.

FRANCO
 Okay, come on! Keep moving!

Franco takes charge of the tenants.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The back door of the building flies open and Franco leads the tenants to safety. The building is now gushing thick smoke.

JERRY
Where the hell's Tommy?

FRANCO
Lost one up on the second floor.
He went back up to--

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION

--on the second floor. All the windows BURST. Jerry, Franco and the other crew cover their heads from the falling debris.

JERRY
Son of a bitch!
(then, into his radio)
Tommy? Tommy, do you read me?

The radio is nothing but STATIC.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Come in, Tommy?!

The fire has now engulfed the building. NEWS CREWS have pulled up across the street to record the action.

FRANCO
I'm going back in!

JERRY
Like hell you are.
(then, to Lou)
Point a hose at the second floor.
Now!

FRANCO
Chief, look!

From the smoke and fire of the stairwell, a SILHOUETTE appears: that of a man carrying another man over his shoulder.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
I don't believe it.

Jerry and Franco and Lou rush up to Tommy. However, when they get close, they realize that the man standing before them is not Tommy but JAMES GREG, the tall, lanky TENANT.

Exhausted, he sets the unconscious man down off his shoulder. This is TOMMY. He gasps for breath.

JERRY

Get the paramedics over here!

NEWS FOOTAGE - ON TELEVISION - LATER

A female REPORTER stands in front of the charred remains of the building.

REPORTER

The rescuer became the rescued during a dangerous blaze in lower Manhattan earlier today.

FOOTAGE OF: the burning building from before. A SHOT of Tommy getting lugged out of the smoky stairwell.

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

Firefighter Tommy Gavin was carried to safety by James Greg, an accountant for H&R Block. The unlikely hero dragged the helpless firefighter out just seconds before the building exploded.

FOOTAGE OF: James Greg, a square but pleasant looking fellow, being interviewed.

JAMES GREG

It was a blur. I can barely remember what happened in there. I just, you know, reacted.

FOOTAGE OF: Tommy at the scene being placed in an ambulance. He is conscious, and he appears to be resisting aid.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Mr. Gavin was taken to St. Mary's Hospital and released shortly after with only minor injuries. Steve?

INT. FIREHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

The same FOOTAGE is playing on the house television. Lou, Mike, Sean, and Franco are watching.

Tommy comes in. He's sporting a couple small bandages, but looks fine. The crew gives him a round of mock applause.

TOMMY

I got the wind knocked outta me. That's all.

FRANCO

Nah, it's cool, man. Happens to all the probies.

MIKE THE PROBIE

Yeah, you just gotta get used to "reacting" in a fire.

Lou tosses Tommy a calculator.

LOU

Here. Just in case you wanna repay this guy by bursting into his cubicle and doing his next tax return.

TOMMY

Hilarious.

(to Sean)

What about you? You got one? Let's hear it.

Not good on the spot, Sean improvises.

SEAN

I'm sleeping with your sister?

TOMMY

You're an idiot.

Tommy notices the television coverage still playing.

MIKE THE PROBIE

It's on every channel. They got some pretty good shots of you on the dude's shoulder.

TOMMY

You wanna see a good shot of a TV with your head shoved through it?

Mike quickly turns off the TV, as the Chief strides in.

JERRY

Christ, what the hell happened in there, Tommy?

TOMMY

Nothing. I hit the deck when it exploded and got the wind knocked out of me, that's all.

JERRY

That's all?

TOMMY

Trying to catch my breath when this James Greg guy grabs me and throws me over his shoulder like he's been watching Backdraft.

JERRY

We don't split teams mid-fire. You hear me, Tommy?

TOMMY

I hear you.

LOU

Chief, who needs this fancy high-tech equipment? Maybe we should each just strap an accountant to our backs.

TOMMY

All of you can blow me.

LOU

Kidding, Tommy... Wow. We're all just glad you're okay.

(then)

You know what they say: if you can't stand the heat, get outta the accounting business.

Tommy shakes his head and storms out of the kitchen. The guys all laugh, save the Chief.

JERRY

(dead serious)

And where were you dipshits while this pencil pusher was in the middle of a fire doing your jobs? Huh?

The crew stops laughing.

FRANCO

Tommy said he had it handled, Chief.

JERRY

I don't care what he said. We don't leave a man alone in a fire for any reason. You hear me?

Franco looks to the floor.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Laugh it up, but if it weren't
for that number-cruncher, I
mighta lost my best firefighter
today.

The Chief storms off, leaving the men to stew in silence.

INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - LATER

Tommy drags himself into the house. He closes the door and leans
against it and rubs his eyes. Long day. When he opens them he
finds--

SHEILA

Guess who made spaghetti?

TOMMY

(startled)

Jesus. What are you doing here?

SHEILA

I saw you on the news. I wanted
to make sure you're okay. Are you
okay, sweetie? Aw, you're hurt--

She reaches out and tries to touch one of his bandages. He's
having none of it.

TOMMY

I'm... I'm fine. You made dinner?

SHEILA

Your favorite.

TOMMY

Pork chops?

SHEILA

Spaghetti! One of your favorites.
I thought I should take care of
you tonight. You know, nurse your
wounds.

TOMMY

I don't need-- I'm not some baby.

SHEILA

(sexy)

You're my baby...

Tommy pulls away.

TOMMY
Just leave me alone.

SHEILA
I'll get you a plate. Sit down.

Sheila goes to the kitchen. Tommy looks at the door. Thinks about running for it.

TOMMY
Damn it. Did you ever think I might have plans?

SHEILA (O.S.)
What plans?

TOMMY
Plans. Personal things. I have things to do tonight, okay?

Sheila comes back in with a hot plate of food.

SHEILA
What things?

TOMMY
Janet wants me to go through some old stuff. It's stupid.

SHEILA
(jealous)
Oh. Janet wants you to.

TOMMY
Listen. I don't want dinner, and I don't need you to take care of me all the time.

SHEILA
I'm being nice. I made you spaghetti.

TOMMY
You know, you got a son at home. When's the last time you made spaghetti for him?

Sheila, hurt, throws the plate down.

SHEILA
You're a real prick, Tommy, you know that. A real prick.

She goes to the door and opens it.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
There's garlic bread in the oven.

SLAM.

INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - KID'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy, chewing on some garlic bread, walks into the kids' room.

Reluctantly, he goes to the closet. Takes a moment, and then opens it. He has to clear some clothes and junk, tossing it on the bunk beds, but eventually he finds what he's looking for:

TWO CARDBOARD BOXES WITH CONNOR'S NAME WRITTEN ON THEM.

The boxes are sealed with tape. Tommy stares at them as if he were staring at a gravestone.

He doesn't move.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Tommy walks up to the check-out counter. The uptight looking LIBRARIAN smiles thinly.

LIBRARIAN
Can I help you, sir?

TOMMY
Yeah, the last name's Gavin. You guys put a hold on my account for some book, and I just came to say, you know, the book's gone.

LIBRARIAN
Let me pull up your account.

The librarian types into the computer.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
You've had it out for quite some time.

TOMMY
Yeah, I know. Listen. It was my son who checked it out, but about a year ago he was... he was hit and killed by a drunk driver.

LIBRARIAN
Oh. I'm so sorry.

TOMMY
And I... you know, I just couldn't find the book.

LIBRARIAN
I understand.

TOMMY
So... is there anything you can do? Given the circumstances.

LIBRARIAN
Of course.
(just between them)
I think I can waive these late fees. Given the circumstances.

TOMMY

Thank you so much.

LIBRARIAN

So you only owe us seventy-two dollars and sixteen cents.

TOMMY

Beg your pardon?

LIBRARIAN

We still have to replace the book in our collection.

TOMMY

This ain't the first edition of the King James we're talking about here, it's a kid's book.

LIBRARIAN

There's the cost of the book, plus the processing fee, the restocking fee, and the city tax.

TOMMY

I could go buy a brand new copy for fifteen bucks and just hand it to you!

LIBRARIAN

That's not really how it works.

Tommy glares at the librarian, as he pulls out his wallet.

TOMMY

(steamed)

How it works... how it works...

He begrudgingly throws money on the counter.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

There. Fine.

Then he picks up a ceramic pen holder off the counter, holds it up, and casually drops it. It SHATTERS.

LIBRARIAN

What do you think you're doing?

TOMMY

If you're charging me seventy-two bucks, I'm gonna get my money's worth.

(then)

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
How much was that, ya think? Five
bucks?

Tommy pulls a "Community Bulletin Board" off the wall.

LIBRARIAN
(refusing to be intimidated)
Stop it, right now!

He BREAKS the corkboard over his knee.

TOMMY
Now what are we up to? Thirty
bucks? With the "city tax"? Only
forty more to go!

The librarian, freaked, grabs the phone and starts to dial.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Who are you calling? Gimme that--

Tommy tries to pry the phone from the librarian's grip, and as they struggle more things CRASH from the counter to the floor.

LIBRARIAN
Security!

INT. FIREHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Franco is eating a hamburger, and it's a good one. Big, meaty, cheesy... you get the picture.

Sean sits across from him, savoring every detail as Franco eats.

FRANCO
You hungry?

SEAN
No. I'm good.

FRANCO
Really? Cuz you're lookin' at
this burger like you wanna have
sex with it.

Sean looks run down. The cleanse is taking its toll.

SEAN
No. No...
(dying inside)
Maybe I just need a little more
lemon water.

He reaches for his water bottle but can't make himself drink it.

FRANCO

You know, I know you're on this fast and all, but I just happen to have an extra burger. One of those two for one deals.

Franco takes a second burger out of the bag and slides it directly in front of Sean. Sean stares at it.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Can't beat the smell of a good burger, can ya? I mean, I'm not gonna say it's better than sex, but if you're hungry enough--

SEAN

You're trying to torture me. I know what you're doing.

FRANCO

(reaching for the burger)
Oh, I'm sorry. I'll just take this back--

SEAN

NO!! Just... just let it sit there for a while.

Franco smiles, innocently.

FRANCO

You know, you can have a bite or two. I'm not gonna tell Maggie.

SEAN

I couldn't do that to her. I made a promise.

FRANCO

So don't tell her.

SEAN

She's my fiancée.

FRANCO

So? You sure she's not, you know, taking a few nibbles on the side here and there?

SEAN

Oh, no. She's not on the diet anymore.

FRANCO

What!?

SEAN

Yeah, She can eat whatever she wants. After a couple days it was really starting to make her aggressive and irritable--

FRANCO

How could you tell?

SEAN

We decided that it would make more sense for one of us to try it out first. Why should both of us suffer, right?

FRANCO

Uh huh.

SEAN

She was eating ham when we decided that. I remember. Ham and eggs.

(hopeful)

I get to have a protein shake in two days...

FRANCO

Wow. This girl must be a pretty amazing lay for you to give up eating for her.

SEAN

Yeah... she must be.

Franco stands to go.

FRANCO

Congratulations, man.
Congratulations.

Franco pats Sean on the shoulder as he goes out, leaving him to stare at the uneaten burger, alone.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - LATER

Tommy speeds through the streets. He answers his RINGING cell.

JANET (O.S.)

You have time to settle things up with the library?

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

INT. JANET'S KITCHEN - SAME

Janet sits at her kitchen table.

TOMMY

Oh yeah, completely handled.
Problem solved.

JANET

That's funny, because I just
learned that all of our accounts
are now permanently suspended.

TOMMY

That bitch...

JANET

Tommy, you threw a computer?

TOMMY

Now that's not-- I didn't throw
it so much as I, you know, shoved
it, and it fell.

JANET

Have you started drinking again?

TOMMY

No.

JANET

You couldn't just pay them and be
done with it?

TOMMY

It was the principle of the
thing. Bureaucratic bullshit.

JANET

Did you even look through the
boxes?

TOMMY

Of course I looked through the
boxes.

JANET

(he's lying)
Damn it, Tommy.

TOMMY

What? I looked. I will look.

JANET

I don't believe this.

TOMMY

I mean, I looked at the boxes. I just didn't really get a chance to dig around in 'em.

JANET

No, I get it.

TOMMY

I've been a little busy lately, nearly dying in a fire, in case you don't get the news.

JANET

I'm coming over tonight.

TOMMY

No, you're not.

JANET

Yes, I am, Tommy. I want this dealt with. I'm sick of this black cloud hanging over me.

TOMMY

Yeah, well, he's still going to be dead tomorrow. And the day after that. Maybe you should get used to that black cloud.

The line goes dead. She's hung up on him.

INT. F.D.N.Y. HEADQUARTERS - CLASSROOM - DAY

A tactical equipment INSTRUCTOR demonstrates the new helmets.

INSTRUCTOR

...you should hear the helmet's audio transducer making a staccato beeping sound... This means your helmet's charged and ready.

A full class of FIREFIGHTERS, including Mike, have their prototypes on and working... except for--

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Problem, Lieutenant?

Lou stares his helmet, totally lost.

LOU
 Me? Oh, no problem. Just admiring
 the handiwork. Haven't seen
 anything like this since my days
 with NASA.

MIKE THE PROBIE
 When were you with NASA?

Lou shoots Mike a look.

INSTRUCTOR
 (not amused)
 Let's go over the sonar
 mapping... This will allow you to
 locate exits even in zero
 visibility conditions.
 (then)
 First, bring up the main menu on
 your visual displays...

The firefighters all push buttons on their helmets-- even Mike.
 He seems right at home with the technology.

Lou, on the other hand, is still struggling.

MIKE THE PROBIE
 You need help, Lou?

LOU
 No thanks, kid. I got it.

Lou accidentally pushes the wrong button and his helmet suddenly
 starts making a loud HIGH PITCH BEEPING. The entire class turns
 and stares.

LOU (CONT'D)
 (sheepishly)
 Well, at least the car alarm
 works...

INT. FIREHOUSE - APPARATUS ROOM - DAY

Tommy, in street clothes, is cleaning the rig. Really scrubbing
 the hell out of it. Chief Reilly approaches.

JERRY
 Tommy. You're still here.

TOMMY
 Yeah, I thought it could use a
 little extra shine...

JERRY

Good thing I caught you. Perolli called. Tomorrow there's gonna be a little award ceremony on the steps of City Hall. Some councilman wants to do something for that guy who helped you outta the fire.

TOMMY

I just had the wind knocked out of me! Goddammit.

JERRY

I know, I know. But it's all over the papers. Some kinda public interest story. Anyway, they're gonna give the guy a medal.

This stops Tommy cold.

JERRY (CONT'D)

For bravery.

TOMMY

Brilliant.

JERRY

And the mayor wants you to present the medal.

TOMMY

Oh, no. No way.

Tommy starts walking away.

JERRY

Tommy--

TOMMY

Ain't gonna happen. Tell Perolli I'm dead.

JERRY

It's a photo op. Just show up and put the medal on him. Smile, shake hands, and you're done. Where's the harm?

TOMMY

(spinning back)

It's humiliating. I'm not some puppet in the "feel good about your friendly firefighter" show.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm out there busting my ass saving lives, and I got better things to do than smile like a chimp for the cameras.

JERRY

I know what you're feeling. I do. But you gotta do this. There's two real good reasons.

TOMMY

What?

JERRY

One: if you don't, this'll never go away. You blow off the ceremony, that's a whole new story. A whole 'nother week of reporters calling me to get a statement from you.

TOMMY

What'd you tell 'em?

JERRY

I told 'em you're doing well and are just grateful to be alive.

Tommy snorts.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Can you just go down there and fake it for me?

Tommy thinks this over. Knows he's stuck.

TOMMY

What's the other reason?

The Chief just stares him down.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Because you told me to. Right. Goddammit.

INT. A BAR - LATER

Tommy sits down at the bar of a dank Irish pub. The place is pretty empty.

Then something catches Tommy's eye... At the far end of the bar, sitting at a stool, TOMMY SEES CONNOR.

His son is reading the lost library book. After a moment, Connor looks over at his father and--

BARTENDER
What's your poison?

A bartender stands before Tommy, wiping down the counter.

Tommy quickly looks back to the far end of the bar, but now the stool is empty. His son is gone.

He slowly turns back to the bartender.

TOMMY
Whiskey.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. A BAR - CONTINUOUS

Tommy hasn't touched the FULL GLASS OF WHISKEY in front of him.

The stool where Connor had been sitting is still empty. Tommy glares at his whiskey. Fuck it.

He grabs the glass and is about to take a big swig when--

BARTENDER

Hey, aren't you the fireman who got rescued the other day?

TOMMY

Nah, wasn't me.

BARTENDER

Yeah, I saw you on the news.
(to another patron)
He's the one, I told ya so.

Another BAR PATRON turns to Tommy.

BAR PATRON

That guy really saved your neck.

BARTENDER

I read they're givin' him a medal or something.

Tommy sets the full glass of whiskey back down and rises.

TOMMY

You got the wrong guy.

And Tommy is gone.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Janet looks on as JOHNNY kneels in front of Katie. Colleen stands by, bored.

JOHNNY

Get whatever you want. Any book in the store.

KATIE

Can I get more than one?

JOHNNY
 (smiles)
 Sure, kiddo.

Katie goes off into the stacks to look. Colleen rolls her eyes and follows. Johnny turns back to Janet.

JANET
 (upset)
 Thanks.

JOHNNY
 What? She'll get her report done.
 No sweat.

JANET
 Yeah, but what kind of solution is this? We buy our books from now on? Because Tommy can't deal like a normal human being for five minutes--

JOHNNY
 I'll go down to the library in the morning. Work something out.

JANET
 I'm tired of "working things out". When is it all going to be over? Every time I think it's over, there's something new-- a stupid library book...

Johnny goes to her, comforting. There's nothing to say.

INT. FIREHOUSE - LOCKER ROOM

Lou, disgusted, throws his new helmet in the locker and SLAMS it shut.

INT. FIREHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lou enters to discover Sean and Franco standing over a blender. Franco is unwrapping another hamburger.

SEAN
 (in a hunger induced haze)
 Hey, Lou.

LOU
 What's this?

FRANCO
I found a loophole in Garrity's
liquid diet.

Franco places the hamburger into the blender.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Protein shake.

LOU
Don't those usually have, like,
wheatgrass and crap?

FRANCO
I'm trying to save this man's
dignity. Can't do that with
wheatgrass.

SEAN
I don't know about this...

FRANCO
C'mon, Sean, don't you want some
french fries?

Franco dangles a bag of fries in front of Sean's face.

SEAN
I really, really do.

FRANCO
You got it, man.

Franco dumps the fries into the blender.

LOU
Ketchup?

FRANCO
Gotta have ketchup.

Getting in on the fun, Lou squeezes some ketchup into the mix.

LOU
I think he's gonna want something
to wash that down.

FRANCO
Definitely.

Lou takes the fast food cup off the table and dumps it into the
blender. He's surprised to see it contains...

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Strawberry shake.

LOU
Nice choice.

SEAN
I think if I could, I would throw
up right now.

Franco caps off the blender, and fires it up. The burger meal is
CHURNED into a slightly chunky, impossibly-brown, soup.

FRANCO
(shouting over)
Just because you're marrying this
woman, doesn't mean she controls
you, my man.

Franco hands Sean the mixture. He stares at it. Torn, but
hungry.

LOU
This is what women call
"compromise".

Sean takes a couple BIG GULPS. You can tell by his face it
tastes disgusting. Franco and Lou cheer him on, cracking up.

LOU AND FRANCO
(ad lib)
Atta boy! You the man! There it
is.

They are interrupted when the ALARM SOUNDS.

Franco and Lou rush out, but Sean lingers. He holds up a finger
as if to say "wait a minute" as he chugs the remaining liquid.

EXT. STEPS OF CITY HALL - AFTERNOON

At a podium on the steps, COUNCILMAN JOSEPH REYNA addresses a
small crowd of reporters and onlookers. Behind him stand James
Greg, CHIEF PEROLLI and Tommy.

COUNCILMAN REYNA
And now, Chief Perolli of 62
Truck.

Chief Perolli takes his place beside Councilman Reyna. Polite
applause. Pomp and circumstance.

CHIEF PEROLLI

Thank you, Councilman. I couldn't agree more with what you said about this fine young man.

(then)

I know I speak for the entire fire department when I say how grateful we are to James Greg for his selfless act of bravery.

James Greg modestly nods.

CHIEF PEROLLI (CONT'D)

It takes genuine courage to put yourself in harm's way, and if it weren't for this man's incredible actions, we would have lost one of our own in that fire. So it gives me great pleasure to present Mr. James Greg with the Star Citizen Award for Bravery.

The crowd begins to applaud.

CHIEF PEROLLI (CONT'D)

And to do the honors... the firefighter whose life he saved: Tommy Gavin.

Sheila stands amongst the onlookers, clapping passionately. Tommy looks like he'd rather be anywhere but here.

Gritting his teeth, Tommy inches over and takes the STAR CITIZEN AWARD from Perolli like it's kryptonite.

TOMMY

Congratulations.

James Greg leans forward, awaiting his medal. FLASHES from dozens of cameras all capture the moment. Tommy doesn't move.

CHIEF PEROLLI

(under his breath)

Put it on him already.

Finally, Tommy places the award over James' head, and James tries to hug him. Tommy gives the guy a cursory back pat in return. Yeah, it's awkward.

All smiles, Perolli offers James the podium.

JAMES GREG

Thank you. I can't believe I'm standing here today.

(MORE)

JAMES GREG (CONT'D)

I didn't really think what I did was brave. I just, you know, did what anyone would have done.

The crowd loves this, and Council Member Reyna shakes James' hand. Tommy rubs his temples.

COUNCILMAN REYNA

Very nicely said. Mr. Gavin, would you like to add anything?

TOMMY

No. Thanks.

COUNCILMAN REYNA

We understand. A near-death experience like that would have truly shaken any one of us.

TOMMY

(suddenly)

You know what? I do have somethin' to say.

Tommy moves over to the podium and grabs the microphone. He looks out at the sea of reporters. Sheila is smiling.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I didn't need to be rescued. I didn't want this guy's help, and I'm sure as hell not gonna thank him.

There are some gasps and murmurs from the crowd.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm only here 'cuz I had to be. It was an order, as a matter of fact. And while I've been wasting my time with this bullshit award, you know where the rest of my crew is? Actually fighting a fire.

Councilman Reyna looks stunned, as do the reporters. Sheila closes her eyes. She knows there's no stopping him now.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right. We do that. We fight fires. Every single day. And we don't do it for some photo op or to get medals. It's our job.

Perolli is about to explode.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

A bravery award? I was the guy jumping into that fire, and he was the guy jumping out. Now you tell me which of us was the brave one.

Tommy turns to James Greg, who looks stricken.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And if something like this ever happens again, do me a favor: Just leave me in there.

EXT. SIDEWALK - BY THE CAPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy is walking away, fast. Sheila's on his heels.

SHEILA

Tommy! What the hell was that back there?

TOMMY

Go home, would ya?

SHEILA

Oh, big tough Tommy. Doesn't want nobody's help. You're sick, ya hear me?

TOMMY

Yeah, yeah...

SHEILA

Christ, Tommy, you can't even be thankful to the guy who saved your damn life?

Tommy stops walking and turns to face Sheila.

TOMMY

If it had been anyone else, any of the guys from the house... it mighta been different.

SHEILA

Different how?

TOMMY

It's all I got, you understand? And he took it.

SHEILA

I don't--

TOMMY

If I ain't the guy pulling people
outta the fire, then what the
hell am I? Just an alcoholic with
a busted marriage and a dead
son...

Sheila doesn't know what to say.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

He didn't save a goddam thing.

Tommy turns and walks away. Sheila watches him go.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

The main room is filled with smoke. Lou and Franco navigate a flaming maze of cubicles. Lou wears his HIGH-TECH HELMET.

LOU

Hello?!

FRANCO

Anyone in here?!

LOU

Can anyone hear us?

Lou and Franco push deeper into the blaze.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME

The building is a fiery mess. Sean rushes over to Mike, who's wearing the other prototype.

SEAN

Let 'em know everyone's out.

MIKE THE PROBIE

(into helmet radio)

Lou, head on back. The building's
clear, over.

Mike listens to the built-in radio in the helmet.

SEAN

What's he saying?

MIKE THE PROBIE

I don't think he can hear me.

(into radio)

(MORE)

MIKE THE PROBIE (CONT'D)
 Lou, it's Mike. Can ya read me?
 Everybody's out, over.

SEAN
 How 'bout now?

MIKE THE PROBIE
 No, he's not using it right. He
 musta forgot to switch his ear
 piece over to two-way.
 (into radio)
 Lou? Lou? Can you hear me?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME

The smoke is even thicker now. Visibility is terrible.

LOU
 Anybody hear me?!

FRANCO
 Where the hell are we?

LOU
 Dunno. I can't see a damn thing.

Something EXPLODES behind them and a wall of raging flames now
 blocks their way. The guys look at each other.

FRANCO
 We'd better get moving, Lou.
 Which way?

LOU
 Haven't heard anything from Mike.
 Let's head towards the elevators.

Lou starts to walk. Franco looks around but can't see anything.

FRANCO
 Wait, weren't the elevators over
 that way?

LOU
 You sure?

Lou begins frantically pushing buttons and turning knobs on the
 high-tech prototype.

LOU (CONT'D)
 It's gotta sonar thing that'll
 map out the nearest... I mean we
 should be able to see the...

FRANCO
(sincere)
Stay cool, Lou. Take yer time.

Another explosion. The fire is spreading rapidly.

LOU
Why isn't this piece of... damn
it! Work, damn you!

He pushes a button and something finally BEEPS.

LOU (CONT'D)
Okay... okay, it's working. This
way.

Lou starts walking, following a sonar-map on his helmet's visor.
The fire is everywhere now. It is totally out of control.

LOU (CONT'D)
The door should be right in front
of us.

FRANCO
Uh... Lou?

Lou takes his helmet off only to realize he's walked them right
into a DEAD END.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
That helmet got any other bright
ideas?

LOU
(panicked)
There's supposta be a door
here... There's supposta be a
door here...

Lou looks at the expensive helmet, furious. Then he SMASHES IT
violently against the wall.

FRANCO
Whoa, Lou! Stop, I got it!

Franco pulls out his FIRE-AXE, but Lou keeps smashing away.

After a few hits, Lou manages to bash a large hole in the dry-
wall, and he falls into a less smoky hallway, the helmet smashed
into a mangled mess. He looks back at Franco, exhausted.

LOU
Supposta be a door here.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Tommy is rattling around looking for something to eat. Sheila's spaghetti is still there. He pokes at it. No good. He tosses the pot into the sink.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

TOMMY
(shouting as he goes to it)
I told you to leave me alone!

He swings it open and is surprised to see Janet.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
It's you.

JANET
It's me.

TOMMY
Sorry, I thought it was--

JANET
I don't care, Tommy. Can I come in?

Tommy doesn't stand aside.

TOMMY
What are you doing here?

JANET
(blowing past him)
I came to go through Connor's things.

TOMMY
I TOLD YOU I WOULD HANDLE IT.

JANET
But you didn't. You said you would deal with it, but you didn't deal with it. That should go on your tombstone.

INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - KID'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Janet looks around until she finds the boxes. They haven't been touched. Still sealed and everything. She struggles with the tape.

JANET
You go. I'll go through this...

TOMMY

Why?

JANET

Because you won't. Because you
can't.

TOMMY

Nobody cares about the stupid
library book anymore, okay? It's
over. It's done.

Ignoring him she starts to go through the first box.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Toys, clothes, a picture frame...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Just leave it.

JANET

I don't want any more surprises.
Who knows what other shit you
haven't dealt with...?

She remains focused on the box. Tommy can barely look at it.

TOMMY

What do you want from me? I
screwed up, okay? I lost a book.
I'm human. I'm sorry. I couldn't
go through it. I'm a pussy.
Whatever. It's just not worth it.
Going through all that for one
stupid little book--

JANET

(turning on him)
It's not about the goddam book!

TOMMY

Then what the hell are you even
doing here? Why go through this?

JANET

So I can throw it out.

A few beats. She gathers herself. Tense.

TOMMY

(quietly)
Get out of my house.

JANET

I want this to be over, Tommy. We can't lose our minds every time Connor's name comes up anymore. We can't live like this. We have to move on.

TOMMY

Don't touch another thing.

JANET

What's the difference? His stuff just sits here. Boxed up. Why keep it? You can't touch it-- you-- you can't even look at it. They're just "things", Tommy. Gathering dust. For what?

She looks him square in the eye.

JANET (CONT'D)

He's not coming back.

Her tough facade is crumbling and the tears are coming. Tommy is stone.

JANET (CONT'D)

Maybe you can't face that. But I have to. Please...

TOMMY

Fine. You want me to face it. Let's face it.

He goes to the box and rips it from her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(snapping)

Just a dead son. What's the big deal?!

JANET

Tommy--

Tommy dumps the box out violently. Connor's things go everywhere. Some of them breaking.

TOMMY

No. You're right. Let's get it all out! They're just "things".

He tears at the second box until it explodes open, sending books and games everywhere. He kicks at them. The more he looks at them, the more he wants to break them.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Stupid shit things-- Who needs
 'em anymore? Not him. Not me...

His wrath turns to everything else in the room. Dumping drawers out. Pictures off the wall. TRASHING THE WHOLE GODDAMN ROOM.

Janet backs toward the door, he doesn't even know she's there anymore.

Finally, Tommy tries to pull down the bunk-bed, but he slips over some piece of crap, and falls to the ground. He stays there, his head in his hands. Amidst the mess. The room still spinning.

Janet, once she can tell he's burnt out, goes to him. She holds him. As much for her as for him. She pushes his hair out of his eyes. Their faces close.

JANET
 It's gonna be okay. It's gonna be-

She touches him. Comforting. His face... His neck...

He takes her face in his hands and kisses her. Their grief and anger turning. They're eyes tightly shut.

It's passionate but desperate. They grasp for each other-- Her legs, his shoulders, her breasts, her ass. She reaches for his belt, he pulls at her clothes. Tipping over on top of her.

But for an instant her eyes flutter open, and she sees it: the mess they're lying in.

JANET (CONT'D)
 Tommy, wait-- Tommy--

TOMMY
 What?

He realizes she's out of it. It's pathetic now.

JANET
 I can't do this. I can't.

She pulls away and collects herself. The toys, the books, the clothes. Now that's all she can see.

JANET (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. Just put it all away.

She goes. Leaving him there.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CHIEF REILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry, furious, stares at the SHATTERED REMAINS of the high-tech helmet on his desk. Lou and Tommy are there, standing. Tommy's wearing his sunglasses.

LOU

In the heat of the moment, the equipment failed. It was defective.

JERRY

Was that before or after you smashed it through a wall?

LOU

Hard to say.

JERRY

How am I supposta explain how it got bashed to bits when Franco was standing next to you with an axe?! That's serious taxpayer money you just wasted.

LOU

Sorry, sir.

JERRY

(to Tommy)

And you? Your little stunt. All ya had to do was keep your damn mouth shut for ten minutes!

Tommy doesn't move.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Take off your sunglasses. For Christ's sake, Tommy, this ain't a joke.

TOMMY

(genuine)

Sorry. Didn't realize I had 'em on.

Tommy takes off his sunglasses. He's a mess. The phone on Jerry's desk starts to RING.

JERRY

We've been working together
twenty years, and I try to shield
you guys from the crap, you know
I do.

The phone is still ringing.

LOU

You gonna get that?

JERRY

I know who it is. And I can't
take that call until I've
suspended you both.

LOU

What? Come on...

JERRY

One week. Unpaid. You didn't give
me much of a choice.

LOU

Chief--

JERRY

You know, I'm not pissed about a
thirty-five hundred dollar helmet
that'll never work...

The phone stops ringing.

JERRY (CONT'D)

...and I don't give two craps
about giving some councilman good
PR.

Jerry rises.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm pissed 'cuz you put me in a
position where I'm down my two
best guys, so I gotta spend the
next week going to bed each night
prayin' to god we don't get hit
with a bad fire.

(then)

It's not about you. Try using
your new free time to think about
that.

INT. FIREHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Franco strolls into the kitchen. Sean and Mike are sitting at the table each drinking a tall glass of orange mush with a straw.

Sean, now full of energy, offers Franco a glass.

SEAN

Lasagna?

FRANCO

(no way)

Yeah, I'm never getting married...

INT. FIREHOUSE - LOCKER AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Tommy and Lou are at their lockers packing up some stuff and getting ready to go home. They do this in silence for a moment, then:

LOU

It wasn't the helmet.

TOMMY

Hmm?

LOU

The helmet was working fine. I mixed the buttons up again.

TOMMY

Screw the helmet. Our old gear works fine.

LOU

It's not the gear. It's me. It's us. We're behind the times. These kids, even the Probie, they pick it up like that.

(he snaps)

I got a VCR's been flashing twelve o'clock for fifteen years.

TOMMY

You still have a VCR?

LOU

Shit, Tommy, you heard the Chief. That helmet cost thirty-five hundred smackers. Plus all the millions they put into research and whatever...

TOMMY

Yeah.

LOU

I'm no idiot: if I can't make these new contraptions work, they'll replace me, not the new gear. It'd be cheaper.

Tommy sits on the bench across from him.

TOMMY

They can't replace you. You're too good.

LOU

Maybe. But there's gonna be some other new bullshit after this one. It just keeps coming, you know? I don't think I can move that fast.

TOMMY

(he knows)

Yeah. Tell me about it.

Tommy zips up his gym bag. Shakes his head.

LOU

You mean what you said? You'd rather nobody pulled you outta that fire?

TOMMY

No. I dunno... Maybe.

Lou nods. He's been there.

LOU

Life's passin' us by, my friend. At least you got a family.

TOMMY

Some family. A wife who left me. A brother who stabbed me in the back. Kids I never see...

LOU

That's right. A family.

(then)

All I got is this, right here.

Tommy looks at his old friend and lets this sink in for a moment.

TOMMY

Been thinkin' about that cat the other day. Stuck up a tree, ready to scratch the eyes outta the first asshole who reaches for it.

LOU

Yeah...

TOMMY

Well, he's coming down one way or another, right? Either he'll sit up there cryin' til he starves to death... Or he'll what...?

LOU

Jump?

A beat, then:

TOMMY

Man, I hate cats.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE

Janet lies in bed, curled up. Johnny's arm is wrapped protectively around her.

THE PHONE RINGS, and Johnny reaches for it.

JOHNNY

(groggy, into phone)
What...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT./EXT. TOMMY'S TRUCK - SAME

Tommy's truck is parked along the street in front of a bar.

TOMMY

(a little thrown)
Johnny?

JOHNNY

Tommy--

TOMMY

Jesus... You sleeping there now?

JOHNNY

(tight)
What do you want?

Tommy's about to hang up, then changes his mind.

TOMMY
Janet. Can I talk to her?

JOHNNY
Sleeping.

Johnny turns away and talks quietly, trying not to wake her.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Heard you made a real ass of
yourself at City Hall today, bro.

TOMMY
Yeah? How you sleepin' these
days? My wife's bed comfy enough
for ya?

JOHNNY
G'bye, Tommy.

TOMMY
Screw you.

JOHNNY
Screw you.

TOMMY
You know what? Forget it.

JOHNNY
You want me to give her a
message?

TOMMY
No. Nothing. I'm still not
talking to you.

JOHNNY
Fine.

They're about to hang up but--

TOMMY
Hey, Johnny--

JOHNNY
(annoyed now)
What?

TOMMY
I just wanted to know... how are
the girls?

JOHNNY
 (softening)
 Doing great. Real good.

TOMMY
 Katie's report?

JOHNNY
 B-plus-plus.

TOMMY
 What? Would it kill 'em to give
 an A-minus?

JOHNNY
 I know. It's bullshit.

TOMMY
 Well, that's good. She's a smart
 kid.

JOHNNY
 Yeah. She is.
 (a beat, then)
 G'night, Tommy.

He hangs up the phone. And slides back into bed next to Janet.
 Her eyes are open.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 You okay?

JANET
 Yeah. Fine.

He puts his arm comfortingly around her, and she holds onto him.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Tommy steps out of his truck, and pockets his phone. He heads
 into the bar.

INT. A BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy sits at the bar beside James Greg.

JAMES GREG
 I never meant any disrespect. If
 I did anything to give you that
 impression, I'm sorry.

TOMMY
 No, it's... You're fine.
 (then)
 (MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Thank you. For... for everything,
really.

For a moment, the two men sit in silence.

JAMES GREG

Hey, let me buy you a drink, man.

TOMMY

No, if anyone owes anyone a drink
here, it's me. What are ya
having?

JAMES GREG

Whiskey.

TOMMY

Good man.

Tommy flags down the bartender.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Get this man an Irish whiskey.

JAMES GREG

What about you?

TOMMY

Nah.

JAMES GREG

(clueless)

C'mon, you're going to make me
drink alone?

The bartender pours the whiskey.

TOMMY

Yeah, okay. Make it two.

JAMES GREG

That's more like it.

The bartender slides Tommy a full whiskey. James raises his
glass.

JAMES GREG (CONT'D)

To life.

TOMMY

Life...

Tommy slams back his drink.

MUSIC UP - BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. MIKE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lou is practicing with the high-tech helmet, and Probie is giving him pointers.

Lou tentatively presses a few buttons and looks back to his teacher. Mike nods. Lou smiles.

INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - KID'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sheila, alone, stands in the center of the room, surveying the mess.

She begins cleaning, picking up a handful of Connor's things and placing them carefully back into the box.

INT. JANET'S PLACE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny sleeps, his arm still draped over Janet. She's motionless, but her eyes are still open-- staring out into the darkness.

INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Tommy staggers into his house carrying a bottle of whiskey in a paper sack.

He goes to Connor's old room and looks in. All of the debris and damage from Tommy's rampage has been cleaned up.

The boxes of Connor's stuff are re-packed and stacked in the corner, sealed once again with packing tape.

He takes a swig, and moves to:

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

He sits on the bed and opens the nightstand drawer. He reaches inside, moves a magazine or two, and pulls out:

CONNOR'S LIBRARY BOOK

Tommy stares at it... opens it to where Connor's bookmark is, marking how far his son had read.

He snaps it shut and sinks back into the bed, clutching the bottle in one hand and the book in the other.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW