

THE WEATHER MAN

by

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10/5/03

EXT. 1850 HUDSON ST., HOUSE, CHICAGO - DAY

A two-story, single-family house in a northside neighborhood of Chicago. It's winter. Snow covers the street out front. SUPERIMPOSE TITLE. **cloud moving across....

EXT. CHICAGO, DOWNTOWN - DAY

On a sidewalk amid the taller, more modern buildings downtown, men and women walk through snow to work.

DIANE SAWYER (O.S.)
This morning we have pop superstar
Elton John and author Al Franken...

INT. DAVE SPRITZ'S APARTMENT, CHICAGO - SAME

DAVE SPRITZ, 38, stands at the sink in his bathroom. He's finishing brushing he teeth; he's a handsome man. The sound of a TV is audible from the bedroom nearby.

DIANE SAWYER (O.S.)
...along with some supersmart
fourth-graders with a great idea
for getting food to kids who
really need it.

Dave puts twists the cap back onto his toothpaste. He looks at it. His thoughts become audible.

DAVE (V.O.)
That was refreshing.

After a moment, Dave looks in the mirror. Some time passes.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
I'm refreshed.

Dave stares at his reflection. Dave doesn't seem to feel particularly positive; He just looks at himself for a while.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
I'm refreshing.

After a moment, Dave smiles; it's an immediate, friendly and inviting smile in contrast with the neutral mood he seemed to be in just a moment before. He lets the smile go. Then he does it again. Soon, his face goes flat once more. Dave looks at himself. After a while, he begins to give off a vibe that everything's not quite right.

INT. DAVE SPRITZ'S APARTMENT, CHICAGO - LATER

Dave's been dressing for the day; he speaks on the phone.

DAVE
Good Morning America?

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
What?

DAVE
Someone from the show? They didn't call.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
No...

Dave walks out of the living room past his book shelves.

CLOSE ON A BOOK Dave passes. The back cover BEARS AN AUTHOR'S PHOTO; a handsome, older man.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave walks past his bed toward his bathroom. GOOD MORNING AMERICA plays on his bedroom TV.

DIANE SAWYER
Next up... we promised Elton John.
You're going to get him.

EXT. DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO - LATER

Dave, on his way to work, has come out to the street before his apartment building. It's winter and snow covers the sidewalk. Dave approaches a black Audi and finds a ticket on the windshield.

DAVE
Shit....

Dave pulls the ticket from the wiper. He looks at it.

CLOSE ON the ticket. It reads *expired license tag*.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES, CHICAGO - LATER

A long line of people wait for their turns at the service counter of a dreary Chicago DMV. Dave stands in the middle of the line and holds his registration with a folder of other car-related items. THE GUY BEHIND HIM has been staring at Dave.

GUY
(to Dave)
What's up, Dude?

DAVE
 (looking over,
 unenthusiastically)
 What's up?

GUY
 Hey, can I get your autograph?

DAVE
 ... I'm not who you think I am.
 So...

GUY
 (skeptical)
 You're not the weather guy? Dan
 Spritz?

DAVE
 Dave Spritz. I'm not Dave Spritz.
 No. I hear that a lot.

Dave faces forward, thinking it's over.

GUY
 You don't have to be a dick.

DAVE
 (turning back)
 Look. Can you just... all right?
 I'm just waiting in line.

GUY
 Bro, I can see your vehicle
 registration form. So... whatever.

CLOSE ON THE VEHICLE REGISTRATION FORM DAVE HOLDS. The name
 section reads *David K. Spritz*.

DAVE
 Can you...
 (admitting)
 All right. Can you give me a
 break? I just wanted to wait in
 line.

GUY
 (like he should be
 nice because of it)
 You're on TV, bro. You're on TV.

Dave turns back and waits in line.

GUY (cont'd)
 You're on TV, bro.

DAVE
So what? You keep saying that.

GUY
So, you're on TV, bro. Go work in a bank or something if you don't want to be cool to people.

DAVE
Whatever, just... Can you get out of my face?

The guy looks back.

DAVE (cont'd)
Can you get out of my face?

Dave turns around again.

GUY
(under his breath)
Asshole.

DAVE
(turning back)
You want to say that to my face?

GUY
(amused)
I thought you wanted me to get out of your face?

Dave just stands quietly in line. He's taken on an expression much like the troubled one he wore while brushing his teeth.

EXT. STATE STREET, CHICAGO - LATER

Dave has left the DMV with his folder and approaches his Audi parked along the Chicago street.

INT. WTGH, TV STATION, CHICAGO - LATER

Later, Dave stands before a blue screen, recording his weather broadcast with a more upbeat demeanor.

DAVE
We've got a low of twenty-two, and a high of thirty-five. Bundle up, because there's a cold front coming in from the west.

Dave demonstrates how the eastward-moving cold front will approach.

INT. METEOROLGY OFFICE, WTGH - LATER

A meteorologist studies a few computer screens bearing weather charts. Beside him, Dave finishes reading a memo. His assistant ANDREA works nearby.

DAVE

What's this afternoon?

Andrea looks at Dave's calendar.

ANDREA

You're picking up Shelly.

DAVE

Where?

ANDREA

Little Dancers. Then you're taking your Dad to Northwestern.

DAVE

At three?

ANDREA

Yeah.

Dave begins to leave. Then he comes back in.

DAVE

Do you have that Good Morning America stuff?

ANDREA

The letter?

DAVE

Yeah.

Andrea checks around Dave's desk. Then she hands Dave an envelope and letter.

ANDREA

You have Mike, too. Six-thirty at the Norris house.

DAVE

Okay.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI - LATER

Dave has pulled the Audi up to a ballet school on the north side of Chicago. He looks at the school. Dave waves to someone he sees.

DAVE'S POV

Outside Little Dancer ballet school, among a group of petite and lovely preteen ballerinas, waits glum and nearly obese SHELLY, 12. She's crammed into her dance outfit. She waves back and heads toward the Audi.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER

Dave drives Shelly home through northside Chicago; Dave speaks on the phone while Shelly gives off vibes of glumness and detachment.

DAVE
(to the phone)
Did they say they were going to
call me or you?

Dave listens.

DAVE (cont'd)
All right. I'll call you tonight.

Dave hangs up the phone.

SHELLY
Dad, can you stop here?

DAVE
For what?

SHELLY
I need a notebook. For school.

Dave pulls the Audi up to a neighborhood Seven-Eleven.

SHELLY (cont'd)
I'll just walk home.

DAVE
Okay.

SHELLY
Can I have some money?

DAVE
You don't have any?

Dave reaches for his wallet.

SHELLY
No.

DAVE
You're twelve years old. You
shouldn't be walking around
without money. Okay, Shelly?
You're not a kid.

Dave looks in his wallet.

CLOSE ON THE WALLET. Dave has ONE TWENTY AND A SINGLE. Dave
hands Shelly the twenty.

DAVE (cont'd)
How's your mom doing?

SHELLY
She's good.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - LATER

Later, Shelly approaches THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN FEMALE CLERK at
the register.

SHELLY
Can I have a pack of Malboro
Lights?

CLERK
Seventeen hundreds?

SHELLY
The one tens.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, NORTHSIDE CHICAGO - LATER

Dave has stopped at a light elsewhere in the city. He uses
the occasion to strategically place an open letter with
visible *Good Morning America* letterhead in open view on the
empty passenger seat beside him.

INT. ROBERT SPRITZEL'S APARTMENT, CHICAGO - LATER

Dave stands in the living room of a grand Chicago apartment,
speaking with his mom LAUREN SPRITZEL, 66. The view is a
broad look at Chicago's skyscrapers.

LAUREN
How's Shelly?

DAVE
She's doing great.

LAUREN
Little angel.

DAVE
Yeah, she's doing great.

ROBERT SPRITZEL, 67 enters the living room, dressing into a winter coat. HE'S THE AUTHOR FROM THE BOOK ON DAVE'S SHELF.

DAVE (cont'd)
Hey, Dad.

ROBERT
David.
(to Lauren)
Who's an angel?

LAUREN
Shelly.

ROBERT
Shelly's grossly overweight and unhappy. I'm concerned about her. As I am Michael.

THIS HAS CAUSED AN AWKWARD SILENCE IN THE ROOM where everyone's been pretending everything's just fine.

EXT. DAVE'S AUDI, STATE STREET - LATER

Dave has parked out front of his father's building. He opens the door to allow Robert in. Dave glances at the *Good Morning America* letter he's set out to be noticed by his father. However Robert JUST SITS DOWN SQUARELY ON IT WITHOUT TAKING NOTICE OF IT AT ALL.

INT. NORTHWESTERN HOSPITAL, CHICAGO - LATER

Robert and Dave sit in the Radiation/Oncology waiting room of a hospital as a nurse enters from the therapy hall.

NURSE
Robert Spritzel.

Robert stands to join her.

ROBERT
Would you get me a paper? For the way back, son?

DAVE
Yeah.

Robert walks into *Therapy*.

DAVE (cont'd)
Fifteen minutes?

ROBERT

Yes. I'll see you then.

Dave waves and begins to leave the therapy room.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN HOSPITAL, NORTHWESTERN HOSPITAL - LATER

Dave has come out front into the snow to buy a paper from the paper machine. He's put his change in and lowered the catch door, but it slips and swings shut before he can retrieve his paper. Dave looks in the box. He tries the door. It's fixed shut.

DAVE

(quietly, to himself)

Fuck...

Dave begins to search his coat pockets for further change. A pedestrian has passed, heard Dave say "fuck" and apparently recognizes him from TV. Meanwhile, Dave doesn't seem to find any change. Then Dave looks at his watch.

INT. MCDONALD'S ANNEX, MERCY HOSPITAL - LATER

Dave waits in line behind a HEAVY FAMILY at the counter and single open register of the hospital McDonalds annex. He checks his watch, in a hurry to meet Robert.

MOM

(to first son)

What do you want?

YOUNG SON

The Big Quarter Pounder.

MOM

The what?

YOUNG SON

The Big Quarter Pounder.

MOM

(to McDonald's
employee)

The Big Quarter Pounder.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE

We don't offer a Big Quarter
Pounder.

Dave looks at his watch.

MOM

What?

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
We don't offer a Big Quarter
Pounder.

MOM
(to son)
They don't offer a Big Quarter
Pounder.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
We have a Big Mac. And a Quarter
Pounder.

MOM
What?

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
They're separate burgers. Big Mac.
Quarter Pounder.

MOM
(to son)
They're separate burgers. One's a
Big Mac. One's a Quarter Pounder.

THIS IS EXCRUCIATING FOR DAVE WHO JUST WANTS CHANGE.

MOM (cont'd)
Which one do you want?

SON
What?

MOM
The Big Mac or the Quarter Pounder?

SON
The Big Pounder.

MOM
They don't have a Big Pounder.

CLOSE ON DAVE WAITING; it's getting to him.

MOM (cont'd)
Big Mac. Quarter Pounder. They're
separate burgers.

SON
Quarter Pounder.

MOM
(to the clerk)
Quarter Pounder.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
Two, ninety-five.

Dave continues to wait. The family receives their change.
Dave steps up to the register.

DAVE
Can I just get change?

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
Not really.

DAVE
I can't just get quarters? I just
need a quarter for a paper.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
Not really.

Dave looks at his watch. Then he takes out his wallet.

DAVE
All right, I'm going to get
something then.

Dave looks in his wallet.

CLOSE ON THE WALLET. THERE IS ONLY THE SINGLE DOLLAR BILL;
this ordeal is frustrating to Dave who just wants change for
the paper.

Dave takes out the dollar and considers the overhead menu.

DAVE (cont'd)
All right. Small coffee.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
Eighty cents.

DAVE
It says seventy two.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
After the whole everything it's
eighty.

DAVE
(frustrated)
All right...

INT. WAITING ROOM, HOSPITAL - LATER

Dave has returned to the waiting room WITHOUT A PAPER BUT
WITH THE COFFEE.

Robert waits beyond the glass, settling some matter with a receptionist. Then Robert comes out.

DAVE

Hey.

ROBERT

Hi.

Robert looks at Dave standing there with the styrofoam McDonalds cup.

ROBERT (cont'd)

Where's the paper, David?

DAVE

...I didn't have enough money.

Robert looks at Dave's coffee. That causes Dave to look where Robert's looking, so Dave looks at the coffee.

ROBERT

You bought a coffee.

DAVE

(stalling)

What?

ROBERT

You bought a coffee.

DAVE

Yeah, that... then I didn't have enough money.

There is a pause.

DAVE (cont'd)

After.

ROBERT

What?

DAVE

I didn't have enough money after I bought the coffee. So...

After a moment, ROBERT MAKES A SUBTLE EXPRESSION MEANT TO SUGGEST SOME DISAPPOINTMENT IN HIS SON'S PRIORITIES. They begin to head out.

ROBERT

You should carry more than a dollar, David. You're a grown man.

DAVE

I had to give money to Shelly. For
ballet gear.

EXT. AUDI, PARKING LOT, NORTHWESTERN HOSPITAL - LATER

Dave, with the coffee he didn't want, has walked Robert to the Audi in the hospital lot. Dave's opened the passenger door.

DAVE

Let me just move this letter from
Good Morning America.

Dave puts the letter on the dashboard. Robert sits into the passenger seat and makes no mention of it.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, STATE STREET, CHICAGO - LATER

Later, Dave has stopped at a light among Chicago traffic. Robert sits quietly beside him. Dave drinks his coffee. The *Good Morning America* letter sits on the dashboard.

DAVE (V.O.)

My father's Robert King Spritzel.

Dave looks over at Robert.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

He won the National Book Award
when he was twenty-eight.

Robert looks tired. He closes his eyes. Dave looks at him.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

And the Pulitzer when he was
thirty-three. President Carter
called him a national treasure.
They played racquetball, in a
regular game. He was a great
writer.

Robert sits quietly. Dave looks at him and sips his coffee. A long time passes as Dave looks at his father.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

But what was the cost? Did he
neglect his family? No, he didn't.
He was a fine father. More than
that, in fact.

EXT. STATE STREET, SPRITZEL HOME, CHICAGO - LATER

Later, Dave has walked Robert up the snow-covered steps up to his brownstone. They pause there before Robert enters.

ROBERT

It's fruitless for Shelly to be dancing. She should find another interest that will be more rewarding to her. That she can take more from, David.

DAVE

We've talked about that.

ROBERT

Well, you should do something, son.

DAVE

We've tried a couple things. We're going to keep trying. So...

ROBERT

How's Michael?

DAVE

I think that was an overreaction on Noreen's part. I don't think he's had a pot problem for any length of time.

Robert nods.

ROBERT

Let's hope so. How's the weather business?

Dave nods to mean the weather business is okay. Then Robert waves goodbye. He begins to enter his building, and Dave heads down the stairs.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER

Later, Dave is back in Chicago traffic. He waits for cars ahead to start moving. He stares straight ahead in a kind of fog, like something heavy is on his mind.

DAVE (V.O.)

I encouraged Shelly to explore some other activities and interests. She picked archery.

EXT. ARCHERY RANGE, BOLLINGBROOK, ILLINOIS (PAST)

In a flashback, Dave accompanies his daughter Shelly from their parked car to the door of a suburban archery range.

DAVE (V.O.)

I took her to an archery range in Bollingbrook. It was a ninety minute drive.

INT. INDOOR ARCHERY RANGE (PAST) - LATER

Dave and Shelly make some archery-related purchases in the indoor range store.

DAVE (V.O.)

We purchased a junior bow, arrow kit and leather wrist/forearm guard. A hundred and seventy dollars. And a private lesson.

INT. ARCHERY RANGE, GALLERY (PAST) - LATER

Shelly prepares to shoot an arrow at one of the inside target stalls as her ARCHERY INSTRUCTOR and Dave look on. Shelly releases the string, misfires and strikes skin on her steadying arm.

SHELLY

Ow.

INSTRUCTOR

You want to draw it straight back, parallel to your ear.

DAVE

You can do it, Shelly.

Shelly places a second arrow in, draws the bow back, releases it, misfires weakly and STRIKES HER SKIN IN THE EXACT SAME MANNER.

SHELLY

Ow.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI (PRESENT) - SAME

In the present again, Dave remains in Chicago traffic, staring out the window in the same contemplative and possibly sad mood.

DAVE (V.O.)

We purchased the "five pack" lesson plan and haven't been back.

Dave's cell phone rings.

DAVE
(answering)
Hello?

NOREEN (O.S.)
Hey.

DAVE
Hey.

NOREEN (O.S.)
Can you pick Mike up at The Gap?
On North?

DAVE
I thought he was at a friend's
house. Paul Norris.

NOREEN (O.S.)
They went to The Gap. He just
called me. He finished his rehab.

EXT. PARKING LOT, THE GAP, NORTH CHICAGO - SAME

MIKE SPRITZ, 15, and PAUL NORRIS, 16 walk toward The Gap.
Mike notices DON BODEN, 43, entering the store.

MIKE
(to Paul)
That's one of my counselors.

PAUL
At your program?

MIKE
Don Boden. He's pretty nice.
(smiling, amused)
He's swears all the time, though.

PAUL
Swears?

MIKE
Yeah. To relate, I guess. But he's
pretty nice.

INT. THE GAP - LATER

Later, Mike and Paul check out sweaters in a sweater display
as customers shop nearby. Then DON BODEN APPROACHES them.

DON
(to Mike)

Hey.

MIKE
Hey, Don.

DON
What are you guys doing?

MIKE
Looking for clothes.

DON
You're just looking for clothes?

MIKE
Yeah.

DON
That's great. Fuck.

After an awkward pause, Mike and Paul exchange looks.

DON (cont'd)
I'm looking for clothes.

MIKE
Okay. This is Paul.

DON
What's up?

They stand around for a moment.

DON (cont'd)
It's cold today.

MIKE
Yeah.

PAUL
Yeah. No kidding.

DON
What is it? Like twenty or something.

MIKE
Yeah. Like twenty-two.

DON
Yeah. Fuck.

MIKE
Yeah.

DON
(noticing a sweater
Mike's picked out)
Hey.

MIKE
Yeah, I like this.

DON
It's good looking.

MIKE
Yeah, I've been looking for
something like this.

DON
Chuck it in here.

MIKE
What?

DON
Chuck it in.

Dong gestures to his hand basket full of clothes.

DON (cont'd)
I'm loading up. I got this
discount card. I'll get it for you.

MIKE
That's all right.

DON
Mike, big deal.

MIKE
I can get it.

DON
Bro, I got a serious discount.
It's going to cost like seven
dollars.

They stand around while Mike decides.

MIKE
(shrugging)
... Thanks, Don.

EXT. GAP - LATER

Don, Mike and Paul part company out front of the Gap.

PAUL
I'm going to take off.
(to Don)
Nice to meet you.

DON
You, too.

MIKE HAS LEFT THE STORE IN THE NEW SWEATER DON BOUGHT HIM.
After they are left alone, Don looks Mike over.

DON (cont'd)
You look hot in that.

DON BODEN IS FLIRTING WITH MIKE, THOUGH MIKE DOESN'T QUITE
PICK IT UP.

MIKE
Like... from the fabric, or..?

DON
(shrugging)
Yeah, okay.

MIKE
*It's not a full turtle. It's a
mock. So... I'm good.*

A CAR HORN HONKS. Mike turns.

MIKE'S POV

Dave Spritz has pulled into the lot, waits near a space and
waves hello to Mike.

Mike turns back to Don.

MIKE (cont'd)
That's my dad. I'll see you later.

DON
Sure. I'll catch you later. Fuck.

Mike heads across the lot to join Dave.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI - CONTINUOUS

Soon, Mike reaches the car and enters the passenger side.

DAVE
Hey.

MIKE
Hey.

DAVE
(concerned)
Who was that?

MIKE
Don Boden.

DAVE
Who's Don Boden?

MIKE
He's one of my counselors.

DAVE
(relieved)
Oh. I thought he was hitting on
you.

MIKE
(laughing)
No...

DAVE
Nice sweater.

MIKE
Thanks.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI - LATER

Dave and Mike have driven into a northside neighborhood. Dave slows to park at Mike's house. Dave notices something outside.

DAVE'S POV

Dave sees his ex-wife NOREEN, 38, at the mail box with Shelly.

Dave looks at her. THOUGH DIVORCED, DAVE SEEMS TO MAYBE HOLD FAMILIAL AND LOVING FEELINGS YET FOR NOREEN.

DAVE
(to Mike)
I'll walk you up.

EXT. 1850 HUDSON ST., NOREEN SPRITZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dave and Mike have left the car and approach Noreen and Shelly up the neighborhood sidewalk.

DAVE

Hi.

NOREEN

Hi. Thanks for getting Mike.

(to Mike)

How was your thing?

MIKE

It was good.

Mike heads inside.

MIKE (cont'd)

I'll see you, Dad.

DAVE

Okay, Mike.

Dave stands around with Noreen.

DAVE (cont'd)

I think he's going to be okay.

NOREEN

Well, we'll see. What's new?

DAVE

Nothing much. I got a feeler from
Good Morning America.

NOREEN

What?

DAVE

I got a feeler. Perkins is
leaving. I'm going over for an
audition.

NOREEN

New York?

DAVE

Three weeks.

NOREEN

That's good.

They face one another for a moment longer.

NOREEN (cont'd)

What about the kids?

DAVE
 (dismissing it)
 It's just a shot in the dark.
 That's all.

NOREEN
 (leaving)
 Well, thanks for getting Mike.

DAVE
 I had to take my Dad to
 Northwestern for a test, I was
 right there.

NOREEN
 Is he okay?

DAVE
 I think so. It's just a test.

Noreen begins to walk back to the house with Shelly and Mike.
 Dave remains behind. He watches her go. HE'S WISTFUL,
 WATCHING HIS ONE TIME FAMILY WALK AWAY FROM HIM. SOME TIME
 PASSES LIKE THIS. Then Dave collects snow from the garden
 gate he stands beside. He packs it into a ball.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Noreen.

Dave throws the snowball at Noreen playfully, and though he
 wasn't aiming there, it strikes her soundly in the eyeglasses.

NOREEN
 Ow...

DAVE
 Are you okay?

NOREEN
 Yeah... Fuck. What are you doing?

DAVE
 I was just... You turned into it.

After another moment, Noreen turns back for the house with
 their kids. She begins to examine her glasses.

NOREEN
 I think you cracked the glass.

Dave watches them go. That didn't go like he'd hoped; Dave
 heads back to his car.

EXT. DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO - LATER

Dave has parked his Audi near his apartment. He starts walking toward the sidewalk when a car drives past.

PASSENGER

Weatherman.

The passenger throws something from the vehicle.

A LARGE WENDY'S FROSTY STRIKES Dave in the chest. He's been startled.

DAVE

Fuck.

Laughter comes from the car as it heads off.

Dave remains near the sidewalk with Wendy's Frosty all over him.

ROBERT (O.S.)

David.

Dave turns. Robert Spritzel stands nearby, on the sidewalk before Dave's building.

DAVE

(surprised)

Dad.

ROBERT

What happened?

DAVE

I got hit with a Frosty.

ROBERT

Why?

DAVE

What?

ROBERT

Why did you get hit with a Frosty?
What's a Frosty?

DAVE

A Frosty's a... shake. From
Wendy's.

ROBERT

Why would someone throw a shake at
you?

DAVE
That happens sometimes.

ROBERT
People throw shakes at you?

DAVE
Stuff. People throw stuff at me
sometimes. If they don't like me
or something.

ROBERT
They don't know you.

DAVE
From TV.

ROBERT
But you just read the weather.

THIS COMMENT IS SIGNIFICANT TO DAVE; it indicates that Robert
thinks little of what Dave does. And Dave's expression after
hearing it shows that it bothers him.

DAVE
Well, I predict it...

ROBERT
You don't have a degree in
meteorology.

DAVE
I make suppositions, or...

THE PLASTIC FROSTY SPOON HAS STUCK to Dave's lapel and
remains there during the conversation.

DAVE (cont'd)
What are you doing?

ROBERT
I walked over.

DAVE
You walked? It's freezing.

ROBERT
I have lymphoma, David.

Dave has been surprised.

DAVE
What?

ROBERT
I have lymphoma. Doctor Pritch
called.

Dave stands there quietly.

DAVE
What?

ROBERT
I was having tremors. That's the
reason I went in. Pritch read my
scans.

DAVE
What's the prognosis?

ROBERT
It's not good. We'll talk about it
this week. I wanted to tell you.

DAVE
Yeah.

ROBERT
I'll call you after Pritch and I
talk again.

DAVE
Okay, Dad.

Robert heads off.

DAVE (cont'd)
I'll drive you home.

ROBERT
I like the fresh air.

DAVE
Well, I'll walk back with you.

ROBERT
That's okay.

Dave nods.

DAVE
Okay.

ROBERT
I still don't understand why
people throw things at you.

They face one another for a while. Robert begins to walk off. Dave remains there. After a moment, HE NOTICES THE FROSTY SPOON ON HIS LAPEL.

INT. DAVE SPRITZ'S APARTMENT, CHICAGO - LATER

Dave stands in his bathroom before his mirror, cleaning the mess from his clothes.

DAVE (V.O.)
Every couple months, someone
throws something at me. A shake.
A burrito once. Why? My name
partly, I guess.

TV SCREEN (FLASHBACK)

Cut to one of Dave's broadcasts; he's standing before a map, talking about the weather.

DAVE (V.O.)
I changed it for professional
reasons. My first station manager
suggested it. He said it sounded
refreshing and that they wanted
that quality.

THE ONSCREEN IDENTIFIER *DAVE SPRITZ* appears over the image.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
That may be true. But it's also
annoying. I know that.

INT. MAN'S HOUSE, CHICAGO - SAME (FLASHBACK)

Cut to a OLDER MALE VIEWER'S kitchen. He's watching the morning news over breakfast. His wife cooks nearby.

DAVE (O.S.)
...expect lake effect snow...

VIEWER
What kind of name is Spritz?
That's a bullshit name. That's a
TV name. He's bullshit.

WIFE
I like him. He's handsome.

VIEWER
He's an asshole.

WIFE
Why?

VIEWER

I don't like his face. His asshole face.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY (PAST, FLASHBACK)

On a day in the near past, Dave and HIS ATTRACTIVE DATE are dressed for an evening out and walk together through a Chicago downtown neighborhood.

DAVE (V.O.)

The other thing... my job's very easy. Two hours a day, basically reading prompts. I make two hundred and forty thousand dollars a year. Plus appearances. Which are... you know, not comfortable for me, but lucrative.

EXT. ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL YARD - DAY (PAST, FLASHBACK)

The city schoolyard hosts a neighborhood fest with a dunk tank, money-grab air machine and food vendors. The broad sign behind a stage reads *Lincoln Days*. Dave stands on stage in a Lincoln-style stovepipe hat and beard. He's READING FROM A SCROLL FOR SOME REASON.

DAVE AS LINCOLN

...our fathers brought forth on this continent...

SCHOOLYARD - LATER

Later, DAVE AS LINCOLN has finished his obligations and waits among other fairgoers in a hot pretzel line. AS LINCOLN STILL, DAVE MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY WORKING AT THE BECK'S BEER BOOTH. She smiles back at him provocatively. DAVE AS LINCOLN SMILES BACK. FREEZE FRAME.

DAVE (V.O.)

... also it makes other things easy, being on TV. Everything's easy. That's why the shakes sometimes, I guess. Because I have it easy. I receive a large reward for zero effort and contribution. The shakes and occasional burrito are a reaction to that, I think.

INT. DAVE SPRITZ'S BATHROOM - SAME (PRESENT)

In the present again, Dave remains in the bathroom. He JUST STARES AT HIS REFLECTION; SOMETHING'S DEEPLY WRONG.

Dave leaves his bathroom.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave has approached his bedroom chest of drawers. He stops there and begins to look at the collection of family photos atop it.

CLOSE ON DAVE; he remains melancholy. He stares very seriously at one of the pictures.

DAVE'S POV

The photo is of Robert Spritzel. An elegant photo of a handsome, accomplished man beside his wife.

DAVE (V.O.)

What must you think of me? Your family-leaver. Your Frosty-taking, non-meteorologist yet weather man, fuck-happy son.

Dave looks at another photo.

DAVE'S POV

A photo of his daughter Shelly.

Dave looks at another picture.

DAVE'S POV

A photo of his son Michael.

CLOSE ON DAVE, STARING AT THESE PICTURES.

EXT. NOREEN SPRITZ'S HOUSE, NORTH CHICAGO - NIGHT (SAME)

Meanwhile, Dave's daughter Shelly leaves the house with a dog on a leash. She passes NOREEN HEADING IN WITH GROCERIES.

NOREEN

(surprised at
Shelly's initiative)

You're walking Jackson?

SHELLY

Yeah.

NOREEN

Good job.

EXT. PARK, CHICAGO - LATER

Jackson the dog is off his leash, eating garbage from a park garbage can.

Nearby, Shelly sits on a park brick wall, smoking.

SHELLY
Tricia's a bitch.

COMPANION
She's a little cunt.

She passes the cigarette to her companion. A PAN TO HER COMPANION - she's even heavier than Shelly and more disaffected, though the same age. She takes a drag.

COMPANION (cont'd)
I hate that little cunt. I'd like to burn her.

EXT. EMERALD MOVIE THEATER - SAME (NIGHT)

Elsewhere in Chicago, COUNSELOR DON BODEN and Dave's son Mike walk up to a theater box office together. THEY'RE HANGING OUT. Don speaks to the clerk.

DON
Two for High Water.

MIKE
I got mine, Don.

DON
That's cool. I got it.

MIKE
(appreciative)
Thanks.

INT. DAVE SPRITZ'S APARTMENT, CHICAGO - SAME

CLOSE ON DAVE AGAIN. He's remained at his chest of drawers, staring at his family photos. IT'S CLEAR HE'S TROUBLED BY THE STATE OF HIS LIFE AND THE LIVES OF HIS FAMILY.

DAVE (V.O.)
Don't die yet, Robert. Give me time to get it together. Give me a little while, let me get the Good Morning America job. I can get it together.

EXT. NOREEN SPRITZ'S HOUSE - DAY

In the daytime, Dave stands at the front door of Noreen's house. She waits inside, speaking with Dave.

DAVE
I thought I'd take them. It's the
company picnic.

NOREEN
Well, Mike's out.

DAVE
Shelly's home?

NOREEN
Yeah.

Noreen opens the door to allow Dave in; SHE'S SURPRISED DAVE IS HERE ASKING TO TAKE SHELLY SOMEWHERE HE DOESN'T HAVE TO.

NOREEN (cont'd)
Where do you want to take her?

DAVE
Picnic. WTGH.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, LINCOLN PARK - LATER

Dave and his overweight daughter Shelly have arrived at the large city park. A company picnic takes place in the distance. Shelly leaves the passenger side. Before Dave leaves the car, though, he NOTICES A CIGARETTE PACK IN THE PURSE Shelly's left behind.

DAVE
(to himself)
Man... are you kidding me?

EXT. LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO - LATER

In the park, Dave and Shelly walk toward the large gathering of Dave's casually-dressed coworkers. Among them is Dave's meteorologist colleague TIM, 45, with his wife and two young sons; he notices Dave approaching.

TIM
Dave.

DAVE
Hey, Tim.

TIM
 (sort of surprised to
 see him)
 I didn't know you were coming.

DAVE
 I always come to these... When I
 can.

Dave and Shelly pass tim and walk farther into the park.

DAVE (cont'd)
 We should have brought your bow.

SHELLY
 (not really
 interested)
 That's okay.

DAVE
 Are you sure? Mom could drop your
 gear off. We could practice.

SHELLY
 That's okay.

As they walk nearer to the company picnic, Dave puts his arm
 around Shelly.

DAVE
 We're going to have a good time.

SHELLY
 What are we going to do?

DAVE
 Great stuff.

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - LATER

Later in the park, DAVE AND SHELLY STEP INTO A CANVAS POTATO
 SACK for a potato sack race. They've sacked up and take their
 place among other competitors. Dave gives Shelly an
 encouraging wink.

DAVE
 Let's go. Team Spritz.

Shelly nods.

RACE ORGANIZER
 Go!

The couples begin to run, laughing. The race continues with good cheer, although Dave and Shelly begin to fall behind.

DAVE

Let's keep up. Shell, come on.

Dave and Shelly can't get in sync.

DAVE (cont'd)

Dig deep, Shelly.

They struggle forward.

DAVE (cont'd)

Dig deep.

CLOSE ON SHELLY. There's no place to dig from really; she just sort of lurches along until she gets TANGLED WITH DAVE, STUMBLES AND TAKES BOTH OF THEM DOWN.

SHELLY

Ow...

Meanwhile, the other contestants reach the finish area.

SHELLY (cont'd)

My leg.

DAVE

We should finish, okay?

SHELLY

We're last. We're way last.

DAVE

There's a lesson here. Let's finish. We don't quit halfway.

Shelly doesn't want to.

DAVE (cont'd)

Hon.

SHELLY

I'm hurt.

DAVE

Hon, you can finish. I don't want you to quit. Okay?

Shelly doesn't answer

DAVE (cont'd)

It would mean a lot to Dad.

Shelly considers it.

DAVE (cont'd)

Come on.

They rise. They adjust their potato sack. Then they start racing, though there's no longer competition.

DAVE (cont'd)

That's my girl.

As they potato sack, Shelly continues to make expressions of discomfort.

DAVE (cont'd)

I'm proud of you.

SHELLY

Ow.

They trudge through the last ten yards or so of the race, finish and are met by the weak applause of the few onlookers who've remained at the finish line. It's only after Dave has begun to step out of the canvas sack that he notices SHELLY'S CRYING FROM PAIN BESIDE HIM. Dave looks at her.

DAVE

Hon, are you okay?

She continues crying.

SHELLY

You shouldn't have made me finish.
That was like a hundred yards you
made me run. I'm not a football
jockey.

EXT. HUDSON STREET, NORTHSIDE CHICAGO - LATER

Later, in the neighborhood of Shelly's home, Dave walks her up the sidewalk from where they've parked to her house. SHELLY'S ON CRUTCHES. Before them, NOREEN PARTS COMPANY WITH HER BOYFRIEND RUSSELL PRUTHS, 45. Noreen sees Dave and her injured daughter coming toward them.

NOREEN

(concerned)

What happened?

DAVE

Just... we got tangled up in the
potato sack.

NOREEN
What happened?

DAVE
She tore her ACL.

SHELLY
These fucking crutches are too long.

DAVE
(surprised)
What did you say?

NOREEN
(admonishing)
Shelly.

Shelly just heads up to the house. Noreen confronts Dave.

NOREEN (cont'd)
What were you doing?

DAVE
It was a picnic.

NOREEN
She tore something?

DAVE
ACL. MCL.

NOREEN
Which?

DAVE
Both.

NOREEN
(pissed)
Dave--

DAVE
(fighting back)
We didn't go bungee jumping. It was a fucking potato sack race.

NOREEN
That's where she got it?

DAVE
What?

NOREEN
"Fucking" this. "Fucking" that.

DAVE
I've never said that around her.

NOREEN
You don't *know* you have, Dave.
Because you don't pay attention.

Dave can't believe that.

DAVE
Fuck that.

NOREEN
(pissed)
What?

DAVE
Fuck that, Noreen. You know?

RUSS
Dave.

DAVE
(still mad, to Russ)
What?

RUSS
Step back.

DAVE
Step *back*?

RUSS
Step back.

DAVE
What are you talking about, Russ?

NOREEN
(trying to calm
things)
Russ.

RUSS
Step back. Right now.

DAVE
Fuck you right now.

RUSS
Fuck you, Spritz.

DAVE

Fuck you. Fat asshole.

They face each other.

DAVE (cont'd)

Dildo.

ROBERT (O.S.)

David.

David turns to see that HIS FATHER HAS COME OUT from Noreen's house; Robert's witnessed most of this.

ROBERT

What are you doing?

DAVE

I'm talking to my wife. I'm talking to Noreen. And this clown.

(gesturing to Russ)

Who's business this isn't.

RUSS

You call me dildo, Spritz, it's my business.

DAVE

You are a dildo. Porkfuck. Porker.

ROBERT

Stop. Son. Would you?

NOREEN

(to Dave)

Why don't you go?

DAVE

(to Robert)

Why are you here? Are you okay?

ROBERT

I came to talk to Noreen.

NOREEN

Dave. Come on. I'll talk to you later.

At this point, a neighborhood homeowner passes while walking his dog, appears to RECOGNIZE DAVE FROM TV, STARES A WHILE, THEN PASSES. Dave begins to leave. Robert follows him off.

ROBERT

Dave.

Dave stops in the street. Robert approaches him.

ROBERT (cont'd)
What's going on, son?

DAVE
Nothing, just... Why are you here,
anyway?

ROBERT
I came to talk to Noreen. About an
issue concerning Shelly.

DAVE
Well, you can talk to me. I'm her
parent, too. So... What?

ROBERT
She dresses in clothing not
appropriate for her. Clinging
stuff.

DAVE
All kids wear... it's a different
generation.

ROBERT
They call her Camel Toe.

There is a long pause. Dave doesn't know quite what to make
of this on top of everything else.

DAVE
What?

ROBERT
Are you aware of that?

DAVE
What?

ROBERT
That her colleagues call her Camel
Toe?

DAVE
What are you talking about?

ROBERT
It means the crease in her vagina,
which they can discern through her
clothing.

DAVE
(can't believe this)
What?

ROBERT
Camel Toe.

DAVE
I heard you. I mean how do you
know they do that?

ROBERT
I heard it. I picked Shelly up
Wednesday, heard taunting, older
boys calling Camel Toe.

DAVE
You might have heard wrong.

ROBERT
I heard Camel Toe.

DAVE
Okay, look, I'll deal... I want to
get her through this ACL thing...
I'm going to take her shooting.
Reapply her there, get her talking
to me. I'm going to get to her and
work it out.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI - LATER

Later, Dave sits in heavy Chicago traffic. HE WEARS THE NOW FAMILIAR EXPRESSION OF BEFUDDLEMENT, FRUSTRATION AND SADNESS that pretty much sums him up currently. He just stares out the windshield.

DAVE (V.O.)
A Camel Toe is pretty much what
Robert said it was.

PICTURES

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A SERIES OF STILL PICTURES OF "CAMEL TOES," close crotch-shot photos where a basic vaginal shape can be discerned through tight gym-clothing, etc.

DAVE (V.O.)
It's basically just when you can
make out more than you should...

A COUPLE MORE "CAMEL TOE" PICTURES FOLLOW.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI - SAME

Meanwhile, Dave sits at the wheel, thinking.

DAVE (V.O.)

But it's the kind of thing...
she's twelve, you know? If you're
around and paying attention, you
catch it. Then name calling
doesn't start. Then maybe smoking
doesn't start. Then maybe she can
just stay a happy kid for a couple
more years.

CLOSE ON DAVE STARING OUT THE WINDOW.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

She shouldn't be unhappy. Goddamn,
what did she ever do to anybody,
my little Shelly?

Dave picks up his phone, starts to dial, all the while,
inching up in traffic.

NOREEN (O.S.)

(answering)

Hello?

DAVE

Hey.

NOREEN

(upset still)

Hey...

DAVE

Listen... Noreen, I was thinking,
this pushing, pulling. The tug of
war we do sometimes, it's not good
for the kids.

NOREEN

It's not.

DAVE

Noreen, let's go see somebody,
work it out. Let's-- Fuck!

A LARGE SODA CUP HAS JUST SMASHED AGAINST DAVE'S NECK,
SENDING POP ALL OVER DAVE AND THE CAR. A car speeds off
beside him and laughter trails from it.

NOREEN (O.S.)

Are you okay?

DAVE
 (wiping pop)
 I got hit with a pop. Fuck.

NOREEN (O.S.)
 What?

DAVE
 A fuckin....

Dave sees a Big Gulp cup come to rest on the passenger floor pad; it bears a super-hero tie in emblem of The Flash.

DAVE (cont'd)
 A Big Gulp.

NOREEN (O.S.)
 Are you okay?

DAVE
 (wiping)
 Man...

NOREEN (O.S.)
 Are you okay?

DAVE
 Yeah, I'm okay.

His light changes. Dave begins driving out.

DAVE (cont'd)
 So I was saying...

NOREEN (O.S.)
 See somebody?

INT. DAYS INN, CONFERENCE ROOM, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Mostly middle-aged therapy participants - including Noreen and Dave - sit on a hotel conference room carpet in an Indian-style circle; their INSTRUCTOR stands mid circle.

INSTRUCTOR
 We're going to start with some
 trust-building exercises. Buddy
 Drop. Up on your feet. Let's go.

The Instructor has clapped a couple times. The group rises.

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)
 Noreen and Dave. Center circle.

The others have formed a standing circle. The instructor awaits Dave and Noreen in the middle. When they get there, he turns Noreen's back to Dave.

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)
You're just going to let yourself go, Noreen. Dave's going to catch you.

NOREEN
Just go back?

INSTRUCTOR
Yeah. Cross your arms up front.

Noreen crosses her arms over her chest. She stands steady.

NOREEN
Now?

INSTRUCTOR
When you're ready.

NOREEN
Okay...

After a moment, Noreen lets herself go. She begins to drop, then Dave catches her. Dave uprights Noreen. The others clap.

INSTRUCTOR
Theresa. Mark. You're up.

The couple comes out. Dave and Noreen head back to their places.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Later, the couples have returned to sitting Indian style while facing their standing instructor.

INSTRUCTOR
Name something you did that affected your partner, and that you're not proud of.

DAVE AND THE INSTRUCTOR MAKE EYE CONTACT. Dave takes that as a signal to start.

DAVE
I had this thing with porno. Sort of. On the computer. I got a little preoccupied...

INSTRUCTOR

I actually want you to write it down. Not say it.

Dave is quiet for a moment; HE DIDN'T HAVE TO VOLUNTEER THAT.

DAVE

Okay...

INSTRUCTOR

I want you to put it on the paper that you got for a reason.

DAVE

Okay....

INSTRUCTOR

Make sure it's something the other person doesn't know about. That they don't know.

The group has begun writing on little pads they've been given.

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)

Then you're going to give it to the other person. And the other person's never going to look at it. Ever. That's trust.

Dave considers an answer. Noreen does as well. Then they write on the paper. When Dave finishes, he folds his paper. Noreen has finished, too. They hand the papers to one another.

INT. BATHROOM, DAYS INN - LATER

Later, Dave stands in the small bathroom off the Days Inn lobby READING THE PAPER NOREEN GAVE HIM.

CLOSE ON THE PAPER. There, neat cursive reads *Thought Dave's science fiction novel or whatever it was was stupid and sucked and was a waste of time. It was embarrassing. Four years?*

INT. DINER, NORTH CHICAGO - LATER

Later, Dave and Noreen have come to a diner for coffee. They face each other at a booth. DAVE IS PISSED but is keeping it to himself.

NOREEN

I thought that went pretty well...

DAVE
(pissed)
Yeah...

Then An EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD LADY APPROACHES the table.

LADY
Mr. Spritz?

DAVE
(not really happy
about it)
Hi...

LADY
May I have your autograph?

DAVE
Sure...

LADY
And one for my mother?

DAVE
Sure...

LADY
June and Lou. If you don't mind.

DAVE
(writing an
autograph)
L-o-u?

LADY
That's exactly right. Short for
Louise. That's exactly right.

Noreen sits there patiently, but a little put off. Dave hands the autographs to the lady.

LADY (cont'd)
Thank you. Is Spritz your real
name? I've often wondered that.
I understand television
personalities will change their
names for appeal.

DAVE
Sometimes you have to.

LADY
Is yours real?

DAVE

Well, yes. It's... Spritzel is the name, but it's a mouthful, so I shortened it. Shortened the real version...

LADY

To Spritz.

DAVE

Yes.

LADY

It's refreshing.

DAVE

Thank you.

LADY

Well, thanks to you.

She goes. Dave and Noreen remain at the table. They return to their meals and coffee. A pretty long time passes.

DAVE

(sort of under his
breath)

It wasn't science fiction. Just so you know.

NOREEN

(doesn't know what
he's talking about)

What?

DAVE

It totally *wasn't* science fiction. Did you even read it?

NOREEN

What are talking about?

DAVE

One of the side characters is a scientist, but that's not even important. Did you even..?

NOREEN REALIZES DAVE READ THE PAPER SLIP.

NOREEN

Goddamnit, Dave. Goddamnit...

DAVE

I'm just asking if you ever even read--

NOREEN

It was hard to read. It was poorly written. And you're an asshole. God.

Noreen stands up to leave.

NOREEN (cont'd)

You are a champion asshole. You're a real blue ribbon fuck.

Noreen walks off. She said this fairly loudly. And the AUTOGRAPH LADY LOOKS OVER from her table nearby. DAVE AND THE LADY MAKE EYE CONTACT.

EXT. HUDSON STREET, NORTHSIDE CHICAGO - LATER

Noreen and Dave walk across Hudson Street from Dave's car to the door of her house.

DAVE

I just want to make it work, Noreen.

They've reached the door and stop.

DAVE (cont'd)

I just want to know everything so I can make it work. That's why I...

Noreen doesn't respond.

DAVE (cont'd)

I want to try again.

NOREEN

I'm not going back. You fucked it up.

DAVE

I mean our marriage.

NOREEN HAS BEEN SURPRISED.

NOREEN

What?

DAVE

I want to try again.

NOREEN

(surprised)

Fuck you. You know, Dave? You can't even... You looked at it. It's dishonest. It's crappy.

DAVE

Noreen.

NOREEN

(a little angry)

Should I look at yours?

DAVE

(doesn't want her to)

That's all right.

Noreen begins to open the folded paper she's kept in her pocket.

DAVE (cont'd)

Noreen--

Noreen begins to read it. Dave watches her. Noreen's eyes scan the page.

DAVE (V.O.)

Throughout marriage, BJs lacked enthusiasm... had difference of opinion over how important that was. I thought very.

Noreen looks up. Dave looks back.

NOREEN

You know what? Just... God, Dave. You want to know why my BJs lacked enthusiasm? I hated you. I hated your hair. I hated your ugly legs. Your dick. I hated kissing your lips, Dave. Okay? That's why I lacked enthusiasm when your cock was in my mouth.

Noreen opens the door to go in. SHELLY'S STANDING RIGHT THERE. Dave sees her.

DAVE

(trying like nothing's wrong)

Hey, hon.

NOREEN
 (heading inside)
 Shelly, come in. It's cold out.
 Your father said it was going to
 be sixty-five this morning, but...

Noreen leaves the frame. Dave and Shelly remain in the doorway. Dave smiles at Shelly.

DAVE
 (kindly)
 Go ahead. I'll see you later.

SHELLY
 (to Dave, sincerely)
 How did it go?

CLOSE ON DAVE LOOKING BACK.

DAVE
 Good...

Dave winks for Shelly.

DAVE (cont'd)
 I'll call you tomorrow. Go ahead
 in.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER (NIGHT)

Dave drives through Chicago traffic IN HIS FAMILIAR MENTAL FOG.

INT. METEOROLGY OFFICE, WTGH - DAY

Staff meteorologist Tim and Dave study a block of computer screens that feature a thick weather system in the midwest - a swirling mass of heavy clouds. Tim hands Dave a readout. Dave's been staring at the screens in an interested manner.

TIM
 You should say we might see some
 snow. But it might shift west.
 Miss us.

DAVE
 I can say that. But I sort of want
 to understand it... Why's it...?

TIM
 Well, it's Canadian trade winds.

DAVE
 Behind all of it?

TIM
Yeah, this'll get pushed by wind
out of Canada.

DAVE
So what's it going to do?

TIM
I don't know.

Dave was sort of expecting Tim to know.

TIM (cont'd)
It's a guess. It's wind, man. It
blows all over the place.

Dave looks at the screen a while longer, then he places the
paper with his things.

INT. WAITING ROOM, THERAPY, NORTHWESTERN HOSPITAL - DAY

In the Radiation/Oncology therapy waiting area, Dave and
Robert wait for Robert's appointment. They sit one seat apart
in the bleak room.

DAVE
Did you start my novel yet?

ROBERT
What's that?

DAVE
Breaking Point? My novel?

ROBERT
I haven't yet, son. I've been
preoccupied.

DAVE
Well, that's good actually. I
wanted to make some changes, so...
So I'll give you the new one.

EXT. PARKING LOT, NORTHWESTERN HOSPITAL - LATER

Later, Robert and Dave walk through the winter weather toward
Dave's Audi in the hospital visitors lot. Robert seems
chilled and tired.

DAVE
Did you get some word?

ROBERT

It's further bad news. The metastatic plane is too wide for radiation. He suggested I see a Dr. Frost in New York.

Dave nods. They've reached the car. Dave opens the passenger door and helps Robert in.

INT. AUDI, MOVING - LATER

Dave drives Robert home through Chicago traffic. Snow falls on the windshield.

DAVE

I'm going to New York.

ROBERT

Yeah?

DAVE

I have an interview. With a program.

ROBERT

Yeah?

DAVE

Good Morning America. So...

Dave doesn't say anything.

DAVE (cont'd)

Do you want me to take you? We can go together.

ROBERT

That would be fine.

INT. AUDI/STATE STREET, CHICAGO NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Dave pulls up out front of Robert's brownstone building. He faces Robert.

DAVE

You know, Noreen and I started therapy. Did I tell you that? To try to get back together maybe?

ROBERT

(a little pleased,
but skeptical)

Is that so?

DAVE

Yeah.

ROBERT

Is it going well?

DAVE

It is, actually. I was thinking...

Robert faces Dave to hear what he has to say.

DAVE (cont'd)

If I got Good Morning America...
The salary's great. It's real
strong.

Robert has no reaction to that.

DAVE (cont'd)

It would mean moving. But I'd like
to move *everybody*. You know? Renew
things with Noreen. Let the kids
start over in New York. Get a
fresh start, and get away from
some of the bad influences here,
that... get a fresh start.

ROBERT

I think that would be great. That
would be terrific.

DAVE

Yeah.

Robert picks up the Big Gulp cup from the passenger side
floor pad.

ROBERT

What's this?

DAVE

Big Gulp.

ROBERT

You shouldn't keep a trashy car.

Dave just nods. Robert open his door to leave.

DAVE

So we'll plan on New York?

ROBERT

That's fine.

DAVE

I was thinking about asking Shelly. Give her a kind of whirlwind... she's never been there. Get away. I could really talk to her.

ROBERT

About the Camel Toes?

DAVE

Yeah. That. Other things.

For the first time, Robert smiles at his son and displays some pride over Dave's fatherly qualities and sound thinking.

ROBERT

That would be nice, Dave.

DAVE

Yeah. I'm going to work on her. I'm going to spend some time and get her positive about being together.

ROBERT

Good decision.

Robert winks at Dave, smiles again and goes. Dave watches his father walk off.

DAVE (V.O.)

What I did next...

INT. ARCHERY RANGE, BOLLINGBROOK - DAY

On another day, Dave takes private archery lessons at the indoor archery range. He draws back the string to fire.

DAVE (V.O.)

I went back to Bollingbrook and signed up for private lessons for some reason. I don't know. It felt good to pull that bow back, lose an arrow. It's called "loosing." When you release.

Dave "looses" his arrow.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

There are a lot of parallels to life, like... it takes a long time to get right. Like life.

A series of ARCHERY-INSTRUCTION shots follows.

Dave's instructor holds up two arrows while he lectures Dave and explains the difference. Dave listens earnestly and nods.

Later, as Dave prepares a shot, his instructor makes a subtle change in Dave's bow support position.

CLOSE ON THE TARGET. Arrows thud into the target without coming close to the bullseye.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
 And you don't hit the bullseye
 that often. But you aim for it.
 And every once in a while...

AN ARROW STICKS SOLIDLY IN THE BULLSEYE.

Dave has fired this arrow, then strikes a delighted high-five with his instructor at the front of the range stall.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
 ...You do. And that's like life,
 right? Work hard enough, you can
 hit it. Learn the right way, work
 at it, and you can hit the
 Cockrobbin. That's a bullseye.

EXT. PARKING LOT, ARCHERY RANGE - LATER (NIGHT)

It's night now. Dave's car is one of the last in the range lot. Dave, with his bow bag, walks from the range back to his car to head home.

DAVE (V.O.)
 I guess I wanted to be able to
 teach Shelly directly, too. Get
 everybody else out of the way. Get
 to her. Who knows, maybe Mike
 would have an interest in it, too.

INT. DON BODEN'S APARTMENT - SAME (NIGHT)

Elsewhere, Dave's son MIKE sits at a private, apparently home-made dinner with his drug COUNSELOR DON BODEN in Don's small apartment dining area. They're on the salad portion.

DON
 Do you lift weights?

MIKE
 Yeah...

DON
Cardio?

MIKE
Yeah, you have to do both.

DON
Yeah...

Don stands up. He leaves the frame.

DON (O.S.)
Are you on any kind of program?

MIKE
Yeah, like a three month one our
gym coach gave us.

DON (O.S.)
That should be good.

MIKE
Yeah.

DON (O.S.)
Yeah. Fuck.

Mike eats his salad. Don enters the frame again WITH TWO BEERS. He gives one to Mike.

DON
Hey, you know what would be
interesting?

MIKE
What?

DON
We should take some pictures, some
shots, like some now, some in a
month or whatever, see if you're
making gains.

Mike looks at Don. IT NEVER OCCURS TO MIKE THAT THIS ISN'T A GOOD IDEA.

MIKE
Yeah.

DON
I have my mom's Nikon. Whip your
shirt off.

MIKE
Whip my shirt off?

DON
Yeah.

Don leaves again. Mike sits there for a moment, THEN HE BEGINS TO TAKE HIS SHIRT OFF.

DON BODEN'S APARTMENT - LATER

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A SERIES OF SHOTS OF YOUNG MIKE, SHIRTLESS, POSING IN DIFFERENT FLEXES GOOD-NATUREDLY while a flash goes off.

Mike hits a double bicep pose.

Mike, his back to the camera, flexes his back.

Mike, facing forward again, showcases his abs.

DON (O.S.)
You're shredded, man.

Mike finishes up. Don lowers the camera.

DON
That's great, man. We'll compare this shit.

MIKE
That's a Nikon X-T?

DON
Yeah, you know about cameras?

MIKE
Yeah, I took a class at Parker.

DON
Couple more?

Mike begins to flex again. The flash goes off.

MIKE
My dad's going to get a X-S for me, if I can finish the program and maintain a "b" average. It's like a three hundred dollar camera. I'm psyched about it

DON
I can loan that to you.

MIKE

Yeah?

DON

I can loan that shit to you, if you wanted it earlier.

MIKE

Okay...

Mike flexes his triceps.

EXT. LONGLEAF PARK, CHICAGO AREA - DAY

On another day, Dave and Shelly sit on a park bench in a city park, strapping on leather archer's forearm/wrist guards. Their bows and arrows rest beside them.

DAVE

This is going to go better.

SHELLY

Why?

DAVE

Because I got you some bobtail arrows. They're easier.

SHELLY

Why?

DAVE

They're thicker at the pile end. They taper toward the nock.

SHELLY

What's a nock?

DAVE

That's the arrow end.

SHELLY

What was I using before?

DAVE

Chested Arrous. They taper the other way. That guy didn't know what he was doing.

Dave has stood and placed a hand on Shelly's head as if to say the reason she faired poorly at her archery lesson wasn't her fault.

EXT. OUTDOOR TARGETS, PARK - LATER

Dave and Shelly stand side by side at the targets; Dave is her instructor and guides Shelly as she begins to string an arrow.

DAVE

Okay. Fletch it.

SHELLY

What?

DAVE

Fix your arrow in. That's the term. You know, arrow makers were called Fletchers. And that's where the last name came from. Fletcher.

Shelly is having trouble getting her arrow fixed properly.

DAVE (cont'd)

(helping)

It's a little bit of a... it takes a little while. There. You're fletched. Awesome.

Dave holds up his palm for high-five. Shelly gives him one without a great deal of enthusiasm.

DAVE (cont'd)

Okay. Let's loose a few. Let's show our stuff.

Shelly lines up behind the arrow. She takes her aim.

DAVE (cont'd)

Okay. Aim about a half foot above.

SHELLY

Okay...

DAVE

Wait till you're steady. Are you aligned?

SHELLY

Yeah.

DAVE

Okay. Let it go.

Shelly releases the arrow. It goes nowhere; it just falls off to the side a couple feet ahead.

SHELLY

Fuck.

DAVE

Shelly, come on. Get your arrow.

Shelly walks out to pick the arrow up.

DAVE (cont'd)

We probably didn't home long enough. That's the pause between drawing back and firing. Let's pause a little longer.

Shelly walks back with the arrow. SHE'S GIVING OFF A TIRED, BOTHERED VIBE. Dave looks at her.

DAVE (cont'd)

What?

SHELLY

Nothing.

DAVE

Are you just not interested?

SHELLY

(half-hearted)

Yeah.

DAVE

(getting a little
pissed)

Yeah, you're not interested, or yeah you are?

SHELLY

Yeah, I'm not. Really.

Dave appears to begin to lose it. Then he calms himself. Then he looks at Shelly and speaks to her kindly.

DAVE

Let's go for a little walk.

After a moment, they head deeper into the park together, farther from the archery targets; they're carrying their bows.

DAVE (cont'd)

(good cheer, trying
again)

So what was it you liked? Let's think of it that way.

SHELLY

What?

DAVE

What interested you? When you thought about archery. When you wanted to do it.

SHELLY

I don't know. Going hunting or something.

Dave is surprised.

DAVE

Hunting?

SHELLY

Yeah.

DAVE

For animals?

SHELLY

Yeah.

DAVE

You want to shoot animals with arrows?

SHELLY

Yeah.

DAVE

You do?

SHELLY

Yeah. To kill them.

This is troubling to Dave.

DAVE

But that's not archery. That's hunting. It's called bow hunting. That's what you wanted to do? Bow hunting?

SHELLY

Yeah. I saw it on TV.

This isn't the activity Dave was hoping for.

DAVE
 (a little upset)
 Well, I don't really want to kill animals with arrows, so... that's not going to happen. We can target shoot, Shelly.

SHELLY
 It's not fun.

DAVE
 It's a lot of fun. You have to apply yourself.

SHELLY
 Targets don't move.

DAVE
 (losing patience)
 Well, you know, Shelly, you haven't really hit one yet. Maybe we should start--

SHELLY
 You should support me.

DAVE
 (losing it)
 I do support you. I support...

Dave begin to remove his wrist guard.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Forget it.

Dave looks over at Shelly.

DAVE (cont'd)
 You can take your bracer off. We're not going to be shooting anymore.

SHELLY
 Okay.

Shelly starts to remove her forearm guard.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER (EVENING)

Later, Dave has driven back into the city. Shelly rides in the passenger side. THE VIBE HERE IS THE TIRED, GRAY FEELING OF FAILURE AND DISTANCE between them. Soon, Dave pulls up outside Shelly's home. He faces her.

DAVE
 (without the
 enthusiasm he had
 before)
 Do you want go to New York with me
 and Poppop? I have an interview.
 I think we'd have fun.

SHELLY
 (without enthusiasm
 either)
 Okay...

Shelly opens the door to go.

SHELLY (cont'd)
 (more optimistic)
 Is Mom going?

Dave looks back at her.

DAVE
 Not this trip.

SHELLY
 See you.

DAVE
 See you.

EXT. HUDSON STREET, NORTHSIDE CHICAGO - SAME

This shot is from outside the car. Dave just sits behind the wheel of his Audi parked out front of Noreen's and his children's home. He's just sitting there.

DAVE (V.O.)
 So that wasn't a cockrobbin. But
 you don't hit the bullseye every
 time.

Then Mike walks up to his window - having been crossing the street from somewhere, heading home.

MIKE
 Hey.

DAVE
 (lowering the window)
 Hey, buddy.

MIKE
 Hi, Dad.

DAVE
Where are you coming back from?

MIKE
Dinner.

DAVE
Okay.

MIKE
You don't look real good, Dad. Are you okay?

DAVE
Yeah...

MIKE
What are you doing out here?

DAVE
Just sitting here. Sometimes I just sit here, look at the house.

MIKE
You park here sometimes?

DAVE
Yeah... sometimes. I just like to see you guys. I see you playing guitar up there.

MIKE
Okay.

DAVE
Sounds good.

MIKE
Thanks.

DAVE
You know Poppop...

MIKE
Yeah.

DAVE
He's sick.

MIKE
Mom said.

DAVE
I'm thinking about that, too.

MIKE

Why do you have a bow and arrow in there?

DAVE

Oh. I was just out with Shelly. I'm taking her to New York. Is that okay with you? I'm not playing favorites, I just think we need to be together for a while.

MIKE

Yeah, that's okay.

DAVE

I got a feeler from Good Morning America. Did you hear about that?

MIKE

Yeah. Mom said. That's cool.

DAVE

Yeah. I'd have to move to New York.

MIKE

(like that's great)

That's cool.

DAVE

I wouldn't live in Chicago. I wouldn't see you much.

MIKE

I'm okay. I'm not a kid, Dad. You could be on national TV.

DAVE

(like it's not that important now)

Yeah...

Time passes.

DAVE (cont'd)

How's your program going?

MIKE

Great.

DAVE

Great. You're going to get that camera if you keep it up.

Dave has offered his hand for a "five" slap. But Mike has turned back for the house and didn't catch it. Dave takes his "five" slap hand back into the car. They wave to one another as Mike walks toward the house. Soon, Dave begins to pull away from the sidewalk, but what he does is a sort of THREE-POINT TURN. He drives back past the house, but just stops on the other side of the street.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI - SAME

CLOSE ON DAVE inside the car. HE'S BEEN LEANING DOWN TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE HOUSE across the street; he's zoning out again.

DAVE (V.O.)

Look at this house. From the outside.

A SHOT OF DAVE'S FORMER HOUSE. It's an handsome, single-family city home, with lights on inside and elegant window dressings.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

Someone ought to be happy there.
How did I fuck this up?

CLOSE ON DAVE looking at his house with deep sentiment.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

Seriously. What if I remembered the tartar sauce? Would things be different? Would Robert die not thinking I'm a frigging jackoff.

INT. SPRITZ HOUSE - EVENING (PAST, FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON NOREEN, 35, on a day in the past. She's standing in the kitchen, SPEAKING DIRECTLY TO THE CAMERA.

NOREEN

(making it very clear, like's she's said it before)

DON'T... FORGET... THE...
TARTAR... SAUCE.

Cut to Dave, 35, facing her in the kitchen.

DAVE

Just call the order in, Noreen.
Quit busting my you know what.
Okay?

NOREEN

Dave, you always half-listen to what I'm saying.

DAVE

(a little pissed)

I heard you. Tartar Sauce.

Dave takes up his coat and passes a younger Shelly and Dave doing arts and crafts at the kitchen table.

DAVE (cont'd)

Tell them like fifteen minutes I'll be there.

Noreen picks up the phone to place the dinner order.

EXT. LINCOLN AVENUE, CHICAGO - LATER (NIGHT)

In the flashback still, Dave has left his car and walks across the Chicago street toward a takeout restaurant.

DAVE (V.O.)

(his thoughts,
repeating so he
won't forget)

Tartar sauce.... tarter sauce...
tartar sauce...

Dave stops at a crosswalk and waits for the walk light. He looks at the ass of an attractive lady waiting ahead of him.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

Man, I'd like to put my face in there. Right in there. Tartar sauce. Man, my legs are cold. Tarter sauce. That's when you know it's cold.

A car passes.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

I like eating pussy. Tartar sauce. A lot of guys don't. Maybe they do, maybe that's just black guys. Tartar sauce. Man, I'd like to fuck a black girl. That'd be great. Tartar sauce. That should be one of those things you have to do before you die, like climb Mount Everest or a balloon expedition. Tartar sauce.

(more)

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
 What happened to that guy who was trying to go around the world in a balloon? Did he make it? God, that window washer scared the fuck out of me at work today. I wonder if those guys ever see anything good. Probably all the time. They probably have to be professional about it. God, it's cold. What's with this light?

Close on Dave standing at the corner; HE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT TARTAR SAUCE. The light changes.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
 There we go.

Dave crosses the street to the take out place.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
 You know... I've never been on stilts, not even once.

INT. TAKE OUT RESTAURANT - LATER

In the flashback still, Dave has come to the counter and speaks with the clerk

DAVE
 Take out. For Spritz.

CLERK
 Hey, I like your show, man. Your weather show.

DAVE
 Thanks...

CLERK
 (checking)
 We don't have an order Spritz.

DAVE
 It might be Noreen.

CLERK
 (finding it)
 Here we go.

He places a bagged order on the counter.

CLERK (cont'd)
 Anything else?

DAVE
No.

CLERK
Thirty two, sixty.

Dave takes out his wallet to pay.

INT. SPRITZ HOUSE - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Later at the Spritz house, Noreen prepares dinner, taking items from the take out bag. Nearby, Dave hangs his coat.

NOREEN
Where's the tartar sauce?

DAVE LOOKS AT NOREEN. He forgot it.

DAVE
They were out. They apologized.
They were cool about it.

NOREEN
(doesn't believe that)
There were out?

DAVE
They were out.

NOREEN
(skeptical)
They were out of *tartar sauce*? I'm
calling them.

DAVE
(under his breath)
Fuck. Noreen.

Noreen picks up the phone.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - LATER (PAST)

Mike lays in bed with his TV on. We can hear Dave and Noreen fighting intensely from a room nearby.

NOREEN (O.S.)
It's not tartar sauce! It's you!
You don't fucking care.

DAVE (O.S.)
I don't care about tartar sauce!
I'm making a living for this
family.

(more)

DAVE (cont'd; O.S.)
I've got work things to think
about, and pressure. Tartar sauce?
Fuck, Noreen! Are you serious?

NOREEN (O.S.)
You're selfish!

DAVE (O.S.)
You know what? Even if I
remembered the tartar sauce, if I
brought you like fifty fucking
tartar sauces, you'd find
something else. You'd find
something else to be unhappy
about. You're just unhappy.

NOREEN (O.S.)
You're not happy. You're the one
with your head somewhere else.

INT. CAFE, CHICAGO - DAY (PAST, FLASHBACK)

On another day, Dave sits at a cafe table with his father Robert. There's a gloomy atmosphere because Dave's explaining that he's divorcing.

DAVE
We just both think it's better for
the kids.

ROBERT
David, sacrifice is... to get
anything that has value you have
to sacrifice.

DAVE
I know that, Dad. But I think if
we continue down this road it's
going to be detrimental to the
kids. It's just too hard.

Robert looks at Dave for a while.

ROBERT
You know... The harder thing to do
and the right thing to do are
usually the same thing.

Dave sits there quietly.

ROBERT (cont'd)
 Nothing that has meaning is easy.
 Easy doesn't enter into grownup
 life.

After a moment, Dave just looks down at his meal; he doesn't respond.

INT. GATE 11, O'HARE AIRPORT, CHICAGO - DAY

Back in the present, Dave stands at the gate counter in a terminal of O'Hare airport. He's been speaking with the counter clerk.

DAVE
 I want to upgrade my daughter.

The clerk works on the computer.

CLERK
 That'll be three hundred and
 ninety dollars.

Dave takes out his wallet.

TERMINAL - LATER

Shelly and Robert Spritzel wait to board a distance from the ticket counter. Dave has walked up to Shelly and hands her her ticket.

DAVE
 You're going to be up with me and
 Poppop.

SHELLY
 Okay.

DAVE
 Because you're a first class lady.

SHELLY
 (a little pleased)
 Thanks.

INT. AIRPLANE, MOVING - LATER

Robert, David and Shelly share a row in the airplane. Shelly shows Dave a picture from a magazine she's reading.

SHELLY
 Can we shop here?

DAVE
Anywhere you want.

Shelly seems a little excited. Dave leans over to share the subject of the magazine with her.

DAVE (cont'd)
Where is that?

SHELLY
Bendel.

DAVE
We can go tomorrow.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK - DAY

Dave and his family has been strolling on Fifth Avenue and stop before Bendel.

DAVE
(to Robert)
Are you tired? You look a little tired?

ROBERT
Yeah...

DAVE
Can you make it back to the hotel? Shelly and I were going to do some shopping.

ROBERT
I can make it back.

DAVE
We'll see you there.

INT. HENRI BENDEL - LATER

Dave has a couple shopping bags at his feet and takes a shopping break near the dressing rooms in Bendel.

SHELLY (O.S.)
Dad.

Shelly has come from a dressing room to show Dave something new she's dressed in. It's a junior version, high-end velour tracksuit with lowriding slacks. IT'S AWFULLY TIGHT and doesn't flatter her, though Shelly doesn't know it.

Dave looks at his daughter. Then his eyes glance down for a moment, then back up. CLOSE ON DAVE'S FACE.

DAVE
You know what? Let's go for a
walk. Take a break.

SHELLY
You don't like it?

DAVE
Maybe we'll come back. Let's just
take a break.

Dave rises from his chair.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK - LATER

Later, Dave and Shelly walk along a quiet stretch of Central
Park, up a path.

DAVE
So how's everything going?

SHELLY
Good...

DAVE
How's school?

SHELLY
Good...

DAVE
Dance school?

SHELLY
Good...

Dave nods. They walk for a while longer.

DAVE
You know, when I was in school...
I guess the hardest thing was how
other kids can be a little mean.
Names and stuff. Do you ever get
called names?

SHELLY
Like what?

DAVE
I don't know. Like dummy, if you
miss a question. Or Camel Toe.

Dave faces Shelly.

SHELLY
Yeah. Camel Toe.

DAVE
Do you know why?

SHELLY
Why what?

DAVE
You get called Camel Toe?

SHELLY
Yeah.

Dave stops walking. He lowers himself to Shelly's level, sitting on his legs and going face to face with her.

DAVE
Why, hon?

SHELLY
Because Camel Toes are tough.

CLOSE ON DAVE; her answer has surprised him.

SHELLY (cont'd)
They can walk all over the desert
and all the hot rocks. I'm tough.

CLOSE ON DAVE; he's been moved that Shelly's still naive about this matter. He smiles at her.

DAVE
That's right. It's because they're
tough.

Soon, Dave rises again. He and Shelly start to walk off through the park again.

DAVE (cont'd)
Are you ready to shop again?

Shelly nods. They walk for a while.

SHELLY
I think they make car tires out of
camel toes.

DAVE
I think I heard that.

INT. DRESSING ROOMS, MACY'S, NEW YORK - LATER

Later, in Macy's, Dave stands in the dressing room area facing a closed dressing room Shelly's in.

DAVE

I just think you're more grown up than that other stuff.

SHELLY (O.S.)

I don't think I like it.

DAVE

That was sort of kid stuff. I like this dress. It's New York style. Let me see.

Shelly opens the door. She comes out. She wears a knee-length, print dress; it's becoming.

DAVE (cont'd)

(impressed)

Hey...

SHELLY

You like it?

DAVE

I like it. Yeah.

Dave offers a heartfelt smile to Shelly.

DAVE (cont'd)

Do you like it?

SHELLY

Yeah, I think I do.

DAVE

Do you feel comfortable in it? Because... you know, that's the thing.

SHELLY

Yeah, it's comfy.

Dave continues to smile at Shelly.

DAVE

You look great. You look all grown up.

Shelly's a little embarrassed.

DAVE (cont'd)
Okay. Change. Let's get some more.

SHELLY
(excited now)
Really?

DAVE
Sure. Then we'll go show Poppop
some of this stuff.

Shelly heads back into the dressing room.

DAVE (cont'd)
You know if we lived here we could
do this all the time.

SHELLY (O.S.)
Yeah...

DAVE
That would be good for school,
that one.

SHELLY (O.S.)
Yeah...

Dave remains by the dressing room, holding some bags, waiting
for Shelly.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK - LATER

Robert Spritzel hears Dave and Shelly returning to the suite
from shopping. They enter. Shelly wears one of her new
understated and charming outfits.

DAVE
Poppop, check this out.

Shelly shows her outfit to Robert.

ROBERT
That's nice, hon.

Shelly takes off into her room. Robert's left alone with Dave.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Dave.

DAVE
How are you feeling?

ROBERT
All right. Mike got arrested.

DAVE
(surprised)

What?

ROBERT
He... "fucked his drug counselor's
car up." They were on their way to
a movie.

DAVE
(confused)
A movie?

ROBERT
Mike said he was trying to....
..."suck him off."

CLOSE ON DAVE LISTENING.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Then Mike "chucked a rock."
Through his car's passenger
window. What is this sucking and
chucking rocks? What is this?

DAVE
What did the guy say?

ROBERT
He said Mike tried to "jack his
wallet."

Dave stands there; he puts it together that Mike's counselor
meant Mike no good all along. Dave seems to feel a personal
failing over this. He stands there a moment, then he walks
over to the window.

ROBERT (cont'd)
What is this chucking and sucking,
jacking and fucking up, son? He's
fifteen years old. What is this
shit?

DAVE
... where is he?

ROBERT
He's home. What is this?

Dave looks out the window at New York.

DAVE
(to himself)
Fuck...

Dave remains at the window. Hundreds of lights of skyscrapers are reflected around him.

DAVE (V.O.)
Everything that fell apart... is
still fucking falling apart. Come
on.

After a moment, Dave turns back to the room.

DAVE
Are you ready for the doctor's?

Shelly enters the room from the suite's other bedroom.

ROBERT
Yeah...

DAVE
(to Shelly)
Come on, hon. We're going to take
Poppop in.

SHELLY
Can I stay in my dress?

DAVE
Yeah, hon.

INT. WAITING ROOM, DOCTOR'S OFFICE, MT. SINAI - LATER

Shelly and Dave wait together in an office waiting room. They are alone. Dave speaks on his cell phone to Noreen.

DAVE
(to phone)
I think just what he said happened
happened. I think the guy was
trying a move on him, and Mike got
surprised and scared.

Dave thinks better of having this conversation with Shelly present.

DAVE (cont'd)
(to Shelly)
Can you get me a pop, Shell? From
the pop machine?

Shelly starts to walk off.

NOREEN (O.S.)
(pissed)
Can you get your pop later?

DAVE
 (too defensive)
 I'm trying to send Shelly away so
 she doesn't have to hear this.

NOREEN (O.S.)
 This guy says Mike tried to steal
 his wallet. That's why they were
 fighting when the police came.

DAVE
 How is he?

NOREEN (O.S.)
 He's scared. I don't know.

DAVE
 I can come home.

NOREEN (O.S.)
 Stay there and do your Good
 Morning America thing.

DAVE
 You act like--

NOREEN (O.S.)
 What?

DAVE
 Like Mike's in trouble because I'm
 interviewing at Good Morning
 America. Christ.

Shelly has come back.

SHELLY
 I don't have any money.

Dave reaches into his back pocket. He gives Shelly his
 wallet. She goes.

NOREEN (O.S.)
 Russ is helping, anyway.

Robert's come out of the inter-office behind Dave and can
 overhear.

DAVE
 That dildo's--?

NOREEN (O.S.)
 He's been a big help. Okay? You
 can stay there.

DAVE
 (fighting back)
 Okay. I'll stay here with Camel
 Toe. You just take care of stuff
 there, you take care of it.

NOREEN (O.S.)
 Camel Toe? What are you talking
 about?

DAVE
 I had to find out that kids taunt
 Shelly about that. You're letting
 her get taunted, you don't pay
 attention to the way she goes to
 school...

NOREEN (O.S.)
 I take care of everything around
 here.

DAVE
 Well, I bought her new stuff.
 She's got a bunch of nice new
 stuff. She told me all kinds of
 stuff. So...

NOREEN (O.S.)
 Don't be such a dick. You have her
 for one weekend.

Robert sits down near Dave, though DAVE HASN'T NOTICED.

DAVE
 You know what, Noreen? Just...
 Fuck. Whatever. Let me talk to
 Mike.

NOREEN (O.S.)
 He's sleeping. And don't talk to
 me like that.

ROBERT
 (to Dave, upset at
 this tone)
 More "fucking?" More "dildo?"

Dave turns and sees that Robert has overheard him.

DAVE
 (to the phone)
 I have to go Noreen. I'll call you
 soon.

NOREEN (O.S.)

Whatever...

Dave hangs the phone up.

ROBERT

I thought you were trying to improve matters with Noreen. If not reconcile.

DAVE

I am...

Dave faces Robert.

DAVE (cont'd)

What did Frost say?

ROBERT

He's going to speak with me in ten minutes. It was cold in there. Would you get me a coffee, Dave? So I can warm up.

DAVE

Yeah, Dad.

Dave rises. Robert remains behind.

ROBERT

(sort of to himself,
reflecting
negatively)

Dildo, Camel Toe, jacking. Chuck, suck, fuck...

Dave's been listening as he leaves the room.

INT. CAFETERIA, HOSPITAL - LATER

Dave waits with a styrofoam coffee at the cafeteria check out in a line of African-American hospital workers. They chat and move up one by one until it's Dave's turn to pay for his coffee. He steps up to the register.

DAVE

Hi.

REGISTER WORKER

Hi. Sixty-five.

Dave reaches for his wallet. IT'S NOT THERE; HE GAVE IT TO SHELLY.

DAVE
 (to himself)
 Fuck...

INT. WAITING ROOM, DOCTOR'S OFFICE, MT. SINAI - LATER

Dave returns to the waiting room without the coffee Robert wanted. SHELLY SITS THERE ALONE WITH THE POP Dave didn't really need.

DAVE
 Hey.

SHELLY
 Hi.

DAVE
 Poppop went in?

SHELLY
 Yeah.

Dave sits down beside his daughter. She hands him the pop.

DAVE
 He wanted a coffee. Do you have my wallet?

Shelly hands Dave's wallet to him. He takes it. Then he looks inside.

SHELLY
 You only had a dollar.

Dave just sits there, staring into his wallet. A DEFEATED AND TIRED LOOK COMES OVER DAVE.

SHELLY (cont'd)
 You should carry more money than that.

DAVE
 I know...

Then Dave just resigns himself to sitting there beside Shelly in the waiting room.

EXT. MT. SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK - LATER

Dave, Robert and Shelly have left the hospital and come out to the sidewalk. Dave's holding the soda.

DAVE
 We got the pop.

ROBERT
Well, I'm *cold*, son. I don't
really want a pop.

DAVE
I mean... I didn't have another
dollar. I need to find a cash
machine.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK - LATER

Later, Dave and Robert sit on opposite twin hotel beds,
facing each other and talking quietly so Shelly can't hear
them next door; DAVE'S STILL HOLDING THE POP.

ROBERT
It's a no go.

DAVE
Therapy?

ROBERT
He didn't have a different opinion
than Pritch. There's too large a
plane.

Dave nods.

DAVE
Did he say..?

ROBERT
He said months.

Time passes.

DAVE
Did he say a lot of months, or...

ROBERT
Well, what's a lot?

DAVE
I don't know... like twelve.

ROBERT
(like it's obvious)
Well, if he meant twelve months he
probably would have said a year,
son. I think he meant three or
four.

Dave nods. After a while, he stands. He walks to the window.

Dave stands at the window. He looks out at New York JUST LIKE HE DID EARLIER; in the distance behind him, Robert is visible, heading off to his room.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Well, you have a big day tomorrow.
Good Morning America.

DAVE
(with no enthusiasm
at all)
Yeah...

DAVE CONTINUES TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW; nothing is getting better.

INT. DAVE HOTEL ROOM - LATER (NIGHT)

Dave is sharing a room with Shelly; she's asleep on her twin bed. Dave's holding an absurdly-sized, mini-liquor bottle near the open mini bar. Dave drinks the Scotch. It's gone before he's really started. He looks at the little, empty bottle. He takes another one out. Dave opens the bottle top as he crosses the room. Then he sits quietly in a seat near the broad window. It's dark in the room except for the light of the TV which plays the Weather Channel without volume. Onscreen, swirling weather system clouds spin over the northeast. Dave looks at them. The weather system continues to swirl. After a while, the image takes up the entire frame. And soon after that, the image begins to dissolve into A MOVING IMAGE OF THE MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE for some reason. Dave remains barely visible in the TV screen's reflection, holding his mini-liquor, watching this.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Here comes Grand Marshall Dave
Spritzel.

In the parade, a football-oriented float clears, giving way to the one behind it. There, on the Marshall's float, sits Dave, Noreen, Mike and Shelly - they're waving and seem pleased to be there.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Didn't his name used to be Spritz?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
It sure did. But he changed it
back to the original Spritzel.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Why the change, Carlyle?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Well, when you're at Good Morning America, there's no more "up." So he changed it back, like John Cougar Mellencamp. He's realer now and more authentic.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Who's that with him?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Those are his wife and kids.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER

Didn't they used to have a real fucked up relationship?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Not any more. That's something else that changed. It's seems that Good Morning America gave them all a fresh start, and an increase in salary to nine hundred and eighty thousand dollars outside promotional fees which put Dave well over a million dollars a year.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(laugh-talking)

That got his wife's ear, I bet.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(laugh-talking)

You bet. That buys a lot of face time, which he used to convince his wife that it was best for their family to be together again. Now everything's great.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Did he say that?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Yeah, he told me that before the parade started.

Soon, the image slowly fades into the weather system again. And soon after that, Dave's reflection regains focus in the screen. Dave sits in his hotel chair, watching the screen.

HOTEL ALARM CLOCK - MORNING

CLOSE ON THE HOTEL ALARM CLOCK. The digital numbers change to 6:00. A muted buzzer can be heard.

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Dave awakens.

BATHROOM, HOTEL - LATER

Dave brushes his teeth.

HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Dave dresses quietly so he won't disturb Shelly. Partially dressed, he walks over to the hotel window. There, he draws the curtain. He looks out at the city.

DAVE'S POV

The sun rises over a skyscraper just outside Dave's window.

Dave looks at it.

DAVE
(quietly)
Good morning, America.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, GOOD MORNING AMERICA - LATER

Dave sits in the Good Morning America conference room with the GMA team of producers.

PRODUCER
(to Dave)
What are your hobbies?

DAVE
... Writing.

The producers look back at him.

DAVE (cont'd)
Archery.

NO ONE HAS A REACTION TO THAT, POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE, BECAUSE IT'S SO UNUSUAL.

WOMAN PRODUCER
(looking at paperwork)
And you don't have a degree in meteorology.

DAVE
...General communications.

PRODUCER
Stanford?

DAVE

Yes.

WOMAN PRODUCER

Well, listen. We've seen a lot of your work in Chicago.

DAVE

Okay.

WOMAN PRODUCER

We think you're great. Refreshing. We love the Spritz Nipper.

DAVE

Great.

MALE PRODUCER

Why don't we run some blue screen do a walk through on the set?

DAVE

Great.

INT. SET, GOOD MORNING AMERICA - LATER

Dave walks through the Good Morning America set, past the couch and news desk and the potted plants.

PRODUCER

Here's your station.

Dave has reached the "weather area."

PRODUCER (cont'd)

We'll run some screen here.

INT. GOOD MORNING AMERICA SET - LATER

Later, Dave stands before a blue screen. He limbers up to raise his energy level.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Three... two... we're on.

DAVE

(beginning broadcast,
to off camera
colleagues)

Well, Diane. Charley. I hope you're stocked up on firewood. We have a weather system in the northeast that's bringing unusual lows to New England down to...

DAVE (V.O.)

You know, I know it's not
neurosurgery, but blue screen's
the one part of my job that's not
really easy.

The back images fade in and we see what Dave has been
describing.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

You need a sense of where putons
will come from and a pretty strong
grasp of scale. I've gotten real
good at it. I felt everything went
over pretty well.

DAVE

... that's going to meet heavy
cloud cover from the south.

EXT. BUILDING, NEW YORK - LATER

One of the producers has walked Dave out from the building to
the New York sidewalk; Dave has been joined by Robert and
Shelly.

PRODUCER

We'll let you know in a couple
weeks.

DAVE

(introducing Robert
and Shelly)

This is my father Robert Spritzel.
My daughter.

They greet one another.

DAVE (cont'd)

We're a little late for our plane.
We thought we'd leave from here.

PRODUCER

I'm sorry. We kept you late.

DAVE

That's cool.

PRODUCER

So you have the numbers?

DAVE

Yeah.

PRODUCER
There's a built-in with Purina I
forgot. Forty-two thousand.

DAVE
Okay.

ROBERT
(to Producer)
What's a built-in?

DAVE
A compulsory endorsement.

ROBERT
Dog food?

PRODUCER
Yeah. Pet products.

ROBERT
Dave doesn't own a pet.

DAVE
Well, I have Jackson.

ROBERT
Jackson lives with your wife and
kids.

UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE PASSES as Robert has essentially
chastised his grown son in front of a potential employer.
Dave has no response.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

In the airplane bound for Chicago, Dave sits in his seat
quietly. SHELLY HAS FALLEN ASLEEP BESIDE HIM; HER HEAD RESTS
ON DAVE'S SHOULDER. Dave looks over at her. Robert is asleep
beside her. Dave looks out the plane window.

EXT. HUDSON STREET, NORTHSIDE CHICAGO - LATER

Later, back in Chicago, Dave, Robert and Shelly have left a
cab and return Shelly to Noreen's. Noreen awaits them in the
doorway and speaks to Dave as he walks up.

NOREEN
Russ is here.

DAVE
Okay? Where's Mike?

NOREEN

Inside.

DAVE (V.O.)

I don't really know why what
happened next happened...

INT. NOREEN SPRITZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dave has entered the house. Robert, Shelly and Noreen follow him in. RUSS PRUTHS - NOREEN'S BOYFRIEND - approaches Dave to welcome him.

RUSS

(calmly, kindly)

Dave.

DAVE

Hi, Russ.

RUSS

He's upstairs. He's still pretty
upset about it.

DAVE

Did he talk about it?

RUSS

Yeah.

DAVE

To you?

RUSS

He's told us what happened. He
was...

CLOSE ON DAVE as he listens.

DAVE (V.O.)

He was talking about my son, and
I was taking my gloves off...

RUSS

...was giving him a ride...

What Dave does now, for no apparent reason... he's been removing his gloves, which is a normal wintertime activity, BUT THEN HE BRISKLY SLAPS RUSS ACROSS THE FACE WITH ONE in the manner of a Nineteenth Century insult.

RUSS (cont'd)

(pissed)

What the fuck?

DAVE
(pissed too)
Why are you here?

RUSS
What are you doing?

DAVE
Why are you here?

RUSS
I'm helping Noreen?

DAVE
Why are you helping?

Robert, Shelly and Noreen ARE FLABBERGASTED behind them.

NOREEN
Dave--

ROBERT
Son. Jesus.

INT. CAB, MOVING - LATER

Dave and Robert ride in the back seat, returning home in an atmosphere of TROUBLED SILENCE that would naturally follow such an episode. A long time goes by like this.

DAVE (V.O.)
Here's something that... if you want your father to think you're not a silly fuck, don't slap a guy across the face with a glove.

ROBERT JUST LOOKS DISGUSTED AND TIRED.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
Because it's a safe bet that if you do that, that's what he *will* think, unless you're a nobleman or something in the nineteenth century.

Dave rides beside him.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
Which I'm not.

EXT. STATE STREET, CHICAGO - LATER

The cab has stopped at Robert's building. Dave sees him off at the passenger side.

DAVE
You can get inside okay, Dad?

ROBERT
(weary)
Yeah...

Robert takes his small bag up to the door of his brownstone. Dave enters the cab again.

INT. CAB, MOVING - LATER

Now, Dave rides in the cab's backseat alone as snow falls past the window beside him; he looks out there.

DAVE (V.O.)
It was such a deep insult, in my old house, another man caring for my family-- and I happened to be facing him already with my gloves in my hand. I don't know... Was I coming apart? I don't know. Yeah, I guess I was coming apart.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Dave, looking awful, rides the elevator up to his apartment.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dave sits at a computer in his living room later; he's reading off the screen; his dinner rests beside him.

DAVE (V.O.)
Noreen was right. My book did suck. I still don't know where she got the science fiction part, though. It took place in Chicago.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN. A prompt there asks "Do you want to save the changes you've made?"

Dave looks at the screen for a while. Then he clicks "no."

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
Anyway... I'm a weather man, not a writer.

EXT. BUILDING, CHICAGO - DAY

On another day, as Dave begins to enter an office building downtown, a passing pedestrian recognizes him.

GUY
Hey, you're the weather man.

DAVE
Yeah...

GUY
Can I get your autograph?

DAVE
Um. Yeah...

Neither man is holding anything; they just face one another.

DAVE (cont'd)
Do you have a pen... or paper?

GUY
(pointing to the
restaurant next door)
We can go in here.

DAVE
Well... I have a meeting.

Dave looks at his watch.

GUY
We can get a napkin or something.

The guy has started walking to the diner. So Dave follows him, though he doesn't want to.

GUY (cont'd)
When's the Spritz Nipper this week?

DAVE
Wednesday looks pretty rough.

GUY
Wednesday's the Nipper?

DAVE
...if I had to say now, yeah.

They go into the restaurant together. Dave's cell phone has begun ringing.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Dave and the guy have entered the place. The guy goes off for the napkin. Dave answers the phone.

DAVE
Dave Spritz.

PRODUCER (O.S.)
Dave, it's Mark Dersen, from Good
Morning America.

DAVE
Hey, Mark.

PRODUCER (O.S.)
How are you doing? You ready to
come to New York?

CLOSE ON DAVE taking the good news.

DAVE
That's great, Mark. When?

PRODUCER (O.S.)
A few weeks. You want some time to
think about the offer, the numbers
and everything?

DAVE
A week or so. Is that good?

PRODUCER (O.S.)
That's cool. I want to get our
resource people started finding a
place for you. You said it might
just be you, it might be your
whole family. Do you have any
better idea yet about..?

DAVE
We're still ironing some stuff
out. I'll let you know about that.
I'm hoping this helps. You know?
It's great news.

PRODUCER (O.S.)
Call me.

DAVE
Okay. Great.

Dave hangs his cell up. Then he just leaves the restaurant.
After a moment, the guy comes back with the napkin and a pen
and sees that Dave has left.

EXT. HUDSON STREET, NORTHSIDE CHICAGO - EVENING

Dave sits in his Audi at night on the street outside Noreen's house. He's just waiting there. Then Mike walks past on the sidewalk.

DAVE

Mike.

MIKE

Hey.

DAVE

Come in here.

Mike walks over. He opens the passenger side. He sits in the car with Dave.

DAVE (cont'd)

What happened?

MIKE

This guy was taking me to the movies, then he grabbed my cock. I broke his window. The cops ran up.

DAVE

Watch your... okay? You're a kid.

MIKE

I'm not a kid.

DAVE

(angry)

You are a kid. What happened?

MIKE

I thought he was my friend. He bought me a sweater. The camera.

DAVE

He bought you stuff?

MIKE

Yeah.

DAVE

(like Mike was naive)

Mike...

Mike looks back. He seems a little scared over the whole matter.

DAVE (cont'd)
Go get that stuff. Bring it down
here.

Mike begins to open the door. Then he stops.

MIKE
He took some pictures of me, too.

DAVE
(upset, disgusted)
What?

MIKE
I wasn't doing anything. Just
flexing.

DAVE
Were you naked?

MIKE
Just my shirt.

DAVE
Why?

MIKE
What?

DAVE
Why would you let a guy take
pictures of you flexing in his
apartment?

MIKE
To compare and see if I made gains.

Dave looks at Mike for a while.

DAVE
Mike... you're a kid. Okay? You're
not grown. You don't have a
grownup's experience to be able to
make judgements. You're lucky.
This could have gone worse. Don't
put yourself in grownup situations
until you're a grownup. All right?
Goddamn.

Mike has been listening. He looks like he believes Dave. He
nods.

DAVE (cont'd)
Where does this guy live?

EXT. CLYBORN AVENUE, CHICAGO - LATER (NIGHT)

Mike's counselor Don Boden walks up the northside sidewalk to the steps up to his apartment. He begins to take his key out.

DAVE (O.S.)

Hey.

Don turns. Dave has walked up; he's flung the camera and sweater, and it's hit Don in the face.

DON

Fuck.

DAVE

I'm Mike's father. Here's your shit.

Dave throws a rusty punch that glances the top of Boden's head. Boden, surprised, begins to fight back. They grab each other's coats like hockey players going round. Dave takes another swing, though Boden's slipped on an ice slick and come down on his apartment stairs.

DAVE (cont'd)

(yelling, to Boden)

I saw you buy this. At the Gap on North Avenue. I'm telling the police, too. So you can drop your crap about Mike jacking your wallet.

A bystander has been surprised by the commotion; he watches Dave and Boden.

DAVE (cont'd)

He's just a kid. He looks grown, but he's just a kid, you fucking asshole.

They face one another for a while. Then Dave turns and begins to leave.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER

Dave drives back through the city. He watches the wipers wipe snow from his windshield. Some time passes.

DAVE (V.O.)

I was thinking of going back and telling Noreen about GMA. Ask her to think about getting back together, going to New York, then I decided to do it at the brunch.

INT. BOOKSTORE, CHICAGO - DAY

Dave stands before tall bookshelves in a crowded store; he's reading from a book he's found.

DAVE (V.O.)

The Living Funeral Brunch was an idea I'd read about.

EXT. ROBERT SPRITZEL'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

As snow falls, Robert's wife Lauren is visible sitting at a writing table near their streetside window, writing.

DAVE (V.O.)

I told my mom Lauren. I organized it.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, SUBURBS - DAY

A country club in the suburbs. There are snow fields surrounding the space.

DAVE (V.O.)

It's where someone's family and friends gather like they might at the person's funeral, only when the person's alive so they can see everybody.

Older couples, well-dressed, have parked in the adjacent lot and walk toward the country club.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

It was supposed to be just a brunch, but that was the purpose, a living funeral for Robert. At eleven.

EXT. CITY, CHICAGO - SAME

Dave stands on a corner in the city. He wears a suit and overcoat; it's been snowing. He looks at his watch.

CLOSE ON THE WATCH; it's 10:20.

Dave waves to catch a cab coming by.

DAVE

Tax--! Fuck!

Dave HAS BEEN STRUCK IN THE NECK BY SOME FOOD PRODUCT whipped from a passing car. We hear laughter and a car accelerating. Dave looks down to see what hit him.

DAVE'S POV

On the sidewalk at his feet is some kind of item in a McDonald's wrapper.

DAVE (V.O.)

It was a McDonalds Hot Apple Pie.
They're not kidding. It was hot.

DAVE

Fuck...

DAVE (V.O.)

It was all over my shirt. I had to change.

Dave looks at his watch then he jogs back toward his lobby door.

DAVE

(worried because he's late)

Man...

DAVE (V.O.)

The other thing that gets to people... that leads to pies, I guess...

INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM - LATER

Dave stands before his bathroom mirror, cleaning up.

DAVE (V.O.)

...are these catch phrases we're required to use to single the program out.

TV SCREEN (FLASHBACK)

During one of his broadcasts, Dave stands before the city map, facing the camera.

DAVE

And Thursday... this might be our Spritz Nipper of the week.

(like it's the coldest yet)

Eighteen degrees.

INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM - SAME (PRESENT)

In the present again, Dave finished cleaning up.

DAVE (V.O.)
It gets under people's skin.
Spritz Nipper.

Dave checks his watch and hurries out of the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Dave runs down a building hallway toward the elevator bank.

DAVE (V.O.)
But the whole thing about all of
it...

EXT. DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO - LATER

Dave runs up the sidewalk toward a parking garage.

DAVE (V.O.)
...all the getting hit with stuff,
and why I was trying to think of
an excuse besides the pie for
being late...

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER

Dave drives past buildings and traffic.

DAVE (V.O.)
...The whole thing is who gets hit
with a fucking pie, anyway? Did
anyone ever throw a pie at Thomas
Jefferson? Or Buzz Aldrin? I doubt
it. But this is like the ninth
time I got... Clowns get hit with
pies. What does that make me?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, SUBURBS - LATER

Dave has parked among other cars in a side lot of the large and handsome country club. Robert and his wife Lauren stand out front greeting guests as they arrive. Dave hurries from parking toward the club.

DAVE (V.O.)
I mean I'm sure no one ever threw
a pie at like...
(thinking)
Harriet Tubman. You know? The
founder of the underground
railroad?

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Later, the brunch is underway. Robert's colleagues and family friends mingle near dining tables in the country club's reception area. DAVE AND NOREEN HAVE BEEN SPEAKING TOGETHER near her table. Shelly walks past with a young friend in the dress Dave bought her.

NOREEN
Shelly looks nice.

DAVE
I bought that for her.

NOREEN
I know. That's why I said it. It's very nice.

Noreen has smiled a little.

DAVE
Noreen, I got offered Good Morning America.

Noreen is a little surprised; her boyfriend Russ chats with someone in the distance.

NOREEN
That's great. Are you going to take it?

DAVE
I'm thinking about it. It's a pretty substantial salary, and... you know, venue.

NOREEN
It's a pretty big salary jump, I guess.

DAVE
A million, two. All in. Noreen.

She looks at Dave; he's become more serious.

DAVE (cont'd)
Can't we think about that?

NOREEN
What?

DAVE

What that change could be like?
For everybody? Mike? Shelly? If we
thought about trying again?

Noreen looks at Dave for a while.

NOREEN

Dave, I'm marrying Russ.

DAVE IS CAUGHT OFF GUARD BY THIS. He just looks back at
Noreen.

EXT. PARKING LOT, COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

The parking area of the country club is a distance beside the
building and just south of a wooded area behind the club.
Dave has come out to his car.

DAVE (V.O.)

I don't know what I was doing out
there.

Dave opens his trunk. He removes his long bow from it.

EXT. WOODED AREA - LATER

In the area behind the country club, there's a wide open
space near a field and woods. Dave has come out there in the
snow with his bow. He's been taking shots at a tree.

DAVE (V.O.)

I just know I wanted to shoot my
bow. That's what it came to--
plans, hopes, working station to
station. Another man's going to
raise my kids. Russ is going to
raise them.

Dave turns and looks at the club. HE NOTICES RUSS OUT BACK
THERE SMOKING. Dave, holding his bow, stares at Russ for a
long time. THEN DAVE TURNS AND AIMS THE BOW AT RUSS. After a
moment, Dave draws back the string and arrow.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

All I had to do was let go. Forty
yards. That was nothing for me
now. I could meelee him at eighty.
Meelee means a takedown shot.

CLOSE ON DAVE AND THE BOW. CLOSE ON DAVE'S AIMING EYE. He
squints a little more, honing in on Russ.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
I could say he walked right into
my tack path. I just had to let
go.

Dave maintains his aim on Russ. It's at this point that Russ
turns slightly and TAKES NOTICE OF DAVE.

CLOSE ON DAVE LOOKING BACK AT RUSS from behind the bow.

CLOSE ON RUSS LOOKING AT DAVE.

Dave stands forty yards across the snowfield, perfectly still
with his long bow and fletched arrow aimed directly at Russ.

Russ is equal parts confused and frightened. He starts to
walk off.

Dave tracks him a little. Then Dave lowers his bow.

Russ walks over to where Robert and Noreen have been speaking
in the club courtyard nearby. They begin to talk together.

Across the field, Dave watches them.

Russ continues explaining something to them. Then RUSS turns
and points across the snowfield at Dave. Then they all turn
and look there.

THE GROUP'S POV

DAVE STANDS IN THE SNOW, DRESSED IN A SUIT AND HOLDING HIS
BOW AND ARROWS.

The group continue to look at this troubling sight.

Dave looks back at them. Then Dave just heads over to the
parking lot with his long bow.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Dave has returned to the parking lot; he puts the bow back in
his trunk.

DAVE (V.O.)
I had to go in anyway. It was
almost time for my speech. I had
so much to say to Robert.

INT. DINING ROOM, COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

AN OLDER FRIEND OF ROBERT'S stands at a speaker's podium
while brunchgoers look on from their tables. Midmeal, they've
paused to hear some words.

OLDER FRIEND

That's what I know about Robert
Spritzel. Forbearance. Charity.
Wisdom. There's too few like him.

Dave sits NEXT AT THE SPEAKER'S TABLE.

OLDER FRIEND (cont'd)

Now... Robert's son David.

Dave rises.

Folks look on as he walks to the microphone. Noreen awaits
Dave's speech. Robert awaits. Dave reaches the podium. He
adjusts his notes.

DAVE

(into the microphone)

Good afternoon.

The guests look back at him.

DAVE (cont'd)

Many of you came from long
distances. I know I speak for my
mom, and Noreen and my family when
we say thank you.

Then Dave takes a deep breath to start fresh.

DAVE (cont'd)

When I think of my dad I think of
Bob Seger's *Like a Rock*, I guess.

Dave looks at his notebook.

The page bears a long paragraph above which is written *Like
a Rock Section*. Below, another section reads *When I was five
Section*.

DAVE (V.O.)

Then the power went out.

The place GOES BLACK.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

And it didn't come back on for
forty minutes.

INT. FOYER, COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Folks chat in small groups in the natural lighting of the
foyer waiting for the power to be restored.

DAVE (V.O.)

Then when the lights came back on, everyone had pretty much forgotten that I was talking, and we never finished that part of the thing.

INT. DINING ROOM, COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Back in the dining room, brunchgoers select deserts from serving tables while a quartet plays.

DAVE (V.O.)

So my speech was "When I think of my dad I think of Bob Seger's Like a Rock." That was the whole speech.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

After the function, Robert and his wife Lauren shake hands and thank departing guests before the lobby entranceway. Some snow falls.

DAVE (V.O.)

That's all I said at my dad's Living Funeral. Something about Bob Seger.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER

Later, Dave drives back to Chicago. Snow falls outside. Dave looks out the windshield. CLOSE ON DAVE; he just stares out ahead.

EXT. LUNCH RESTAURANT, CHICAGO - DAY

Back in the city, Dave is visible eating at a lunch restaurant, sitting near the window by himself.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

While it snows heavily, Dave walks along a sidewalk downtown. He's dressed for work in a suit, overcoat and tie. But he carries his long bow through the city. He gets looks from pedestrians nearby.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - LATER

Later, Dave crosses a busy Chicago street, between stopped cars, carrying his long bow.

INT. HUDSON CLUB, CHICAGO - LATER

Dave practices indoor target shooting in a city club. He lines his arrow up then releases.

EXT. HURON STREET, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - LATER

Dave has stored his bow and waits without it at a downtown corner to cross the street. He's dressed in a suit overcoat and tie. A PASSING PEDESTRIAN RECOGNIZES him.

PEDESTRIAN
(to Dave, stopping)
Hey. What's up?

DAVE
(to the guy, without
enthusiasm)
What's up?

PEDESTRIAN
Hey, what's the Nipper?

DAVE
What's that?

PEDESTRIAN
What's the Nipper? This week?

DAVE
(reluctantly)
This week?

PEDESTRIAN
Yeah.

DAVE
I don't know...

PEDESTRIAN
You don't know yet?

DAVE
I don't know, man. Okay?

PEDESTRIAN
(meaning what's your
problem)
What?

DAVE
Come on, man.

PEDESTRIAN
What? I just asked you about the
Nipper.

DAVE
Monday. Okay? That's the... Okay?

PEDESTRIAN
What's your problem?

DAVE
It's February, man. It's cold. Do
you have to stop me and ask me
when it's going to be col--

A car passes. A RED HOT (a Chicago hot dog) THROWN FROM IT HIT
DAVE'S CHEST.

DAVE (cont'd)
God-- Fuck!

The red hot left streaks of ketchup and relish up the length
of Dave's lapel; laughter trails from the car.

DAVE (cont'd)
(looking at his
shirt, deeply pissed)
Man. Fuck.

Dave watches the car drive off. Dave looks at the sidewalk at
his feet.

The red hot and bun rest on the curb.

Dave picks the things up. He starts jogging after the car.

INT/EXT. THE CAR, DOWNTOWN CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Three HISPANIC YOUNG MEN sit in the car; it's stopped at a
light up head. Dave runs up and appears outside the front
passenger window.

DAVE
(muffled, through the
window)
Roll down your window.

The guy lowers the window.

DAVE (cont'd)
(yelling)
I have kids. I have kids, you
fuck. I'm going to see my kids.
You chuck...
(checking his shirt)
... *fucking relish on my shirt? I*
have to see my kids with relish on
me, man?

Pedestrians have begun to look on because their local weather
man's involved in a street altercation.

DAVE (cont'd)
 (pushing the red hot
 into the guy's face)
 Go see your kids with shit on you.

DRIVER
 (spanish accent)
 Hey, calm the fuck down, man.

DAVE
 (yelling)
 I have to see my family. I have to
 go see my family.

The light has changed. The car has started off quickly.

DAVE (cont'd)
 (yelling a last time,
 losing it some)
 I have to go see my kids.

Dave stands there in the street, watching the car drive off; he's breathing heavily from the adreneline. He remains in the street by himself.

EXT. STREET CORNERS, CHICAGO - LATER

Later, Dave walks home. Pedestrians pass all around him, some glancing back at Dave because they recognize him.

EXT. DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO - LATER

Later in the day, Dave walks up the Chicago sidewalk for his building; he's washed most of the relish from his lapel.

ROBERT (O.S.)
 Weather man.

Dave turns. Robert has driven up. He waves Dave over to his car.

ROBERT
 Can I talk to you about something?

DAVE
 Yeah, Dad.

ROBERT
 Come in.

Dave steps into the car. He looks over at Robert. Some time passes. Robert fiddles with his car stereo. Dave watches him. Robert sets it where he wants it then sits back. Soon, music begins. Then, SOON AFTER, BOB SEGER BEGINS SINGING.

BOB SEGER (O.S.)
 Stood there boldly/ Sweating in
 the Sun/ Felt like a million/ Felt
 like number one.

Robert turns and looks at Dave.

BOB SEGER (cont'd; O.S.)
 The height of summer/ I'd never
 felt that strong/ Like a Rock.

ROBERT
 I bought this. I've been listening
 to it. I stopped at Borders.

BOB SEGER (O.S.)
 I was eighteen/ Didn't have a
 care/ Working for peanuts/ Not a
 dime to Spare/

ROBERT
 I don't really get it. Is this the
 right one. That you..?

DAVE
 Yeah...

The song continues.

DAVE (cont'd)
 But it was just a lead into other
 things I wanted to say. Here's the
 part I was--

BOB SEGER (O.S.)
 My steps were quick and light/ And
 I held firmly to what I felt was
 right/ Like a rock.

DAVE
 I was going to talk about that
 part. About you. That's like you.

Robert listens.

DAVE (cont'd)
 I was going to talk about how good
 I thought that was. When someone's
 always there. Like a rock. Then I
 was going to say more. That's what
 you came by for?

ROBERT

You got cut off. I wanted to hear what you had to say. You're my son. Also, why were you shooting arrows at my brunch? I wanted to know that, too.

DAVE

I was just blowing off steam. Noreen's marrying Russ. She told me at the brunch.

Robert nods.

DAVE (cont'd)

It's an activity I've been trying to get Shelly interested in. So...

ROBERT

Mike said you fixed his business up. With the pederast.

DAVE

Yeah.

ROBERT

Mike's in no trouble?

DAVE

He's in no trouble. Except for the pot thing. He's got to get a new counselor, but he's almost done with that.

Robert nods. Out the window, MIKE HAS BECOME VISIBLE; he's by himself, waiting on the sidewalk before Dave's building lobby.

ROBERT

(to Dave)

Good job.

Dave seems glad Robert said that. They sit in the car for a while.

ROBERT (cont'd)

Thanks for explaining the tune.

DAVE

Okay, Dad.

ROBERT

I'll see you later this week.

DAVE

Okay.

ROBERT

So you're not going to shoot anybody with an arrow?

DAVE

I don't think so.

ROBERT

You always worry about your kids. No matter how old, there's always looking after.

Dave nods. Robert looks at him.

ROBERT (cont'd)

You have time.

Dave nods again to thank Robert for saying as much. Then Dave smiles. Soon, he notices Mike waiting for him. He looks at Mike for a while. Then Dave looks down at the relish left on his lapel.

DAVE

Can I borrow your coat?

ROBERT

What's the matter?

DAVE

Mike's waiting. I don't want him to see this on me.

ROBERT

Of course.

Robert hands Dave the coat he keeps over the passenger seat. Then Dave opens the passenger door. He puts Robert's coat on. Dave begins to cross the street. He stops though and looks in the driver's window. He buttons the coat up to cover the mess on his clothes. Robert is visible beyond Dave's reflection. He gives Dave a smile then a wave goodbye. Dave looks at Robert for a while. He smiles similarly. Then he begins to leave. Dave approaches Mike.

DAVE

(to Mike)

Hey.

MIKE

Hey.

DAVE
You're early. What's the matter?

MIKE
Nothing. I just wanted to...

DAVE
What?

Mike doesn't answer for a moment; he seems real concerned and maybe frightened.

MIKE
Am I going to get in trouble?

Dave listens.

MIKE (cont'd)
Am I in real trouble? I didn't do anything.

DAVE
You're not in trouble, Mike. I took care of it. I got on him. I let him know we're not messing around. I wailed on him.

MIKE
You wailed on him?

DAVE
I caught him one clean one for sure. On the forehead. Then I wailed on him.

MIKE
(amused, pleased)
Seriously?

DAVE
He's not going to say you stole anything. You're not in trouble.

Dave puts his arm around Mike to help ease some of his concern.

INT. LOBBY, DAVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Later, Dave stands before the mail boxes in the lobby of his building, looking over a padded manila envelope he was sent.

CLOSE ON THE MAILER. The return address reads FITA and boasts an emblem with scripted, circular text reading *Federation Internationale de Tir a l'Arc*.

TV SCREEN - LATER

On screen, a specialty Archery video plays -- some significant international archery event. Five Korean men fire arrows at their targets while judges and spectators look on.

CLOSE ON one of the Korean Team members.

The coverage switches to its CLOSE UP ON THE TARGET. ARROWS LAND every few seconds; none hits the bullseye.

CLOSE ON DAVE sitting in his living room, watching the tape.

One of the Koreans fires a match-winning arrow. He pumps his fist to celebrate. Then his teammates congratulate him with high-fives.

Dave has his dinner beside him on the coffee table; he watches the event.

EXT. CEMETERY, NORTH CHICAGO - DAY

On a warmer day in winter, rain falls. Cars from a funeral procession have formed a line in the through-lane of the cemetery; because of the rain, no one's getting out.

INT. NOREEN'S CAR - SAME

Noreen, Russ, Mike and Shelly wait out the rain in their car. No one's talking.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - SAME

Dave sits by himself in his car, waiting out the rain as well.

DAVE (V.O.)

Pretty soon after Robert's Living
Funeral we had his real one.

A KNOCK sounds on his window. The FUNERAL DIRECTOR has approached Dave's car.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

(to Dave)

I think it's let up enough.

Dave opens the door to get out.

EXT. CEMETERY, NORTH CHICAGO - LATER

Robert's family and friends hold a ceremony at Robert's cemetery site. Shelly, Mike, Noreen and Russ stand with them under umbrellas like the others.

Dave has taken a position facing the group; he's beginning a speech with some difficulty.

DAVE

I'd like to... I'd just like to talk about... There's so much one could say about my father.

The gathered family and friends look back.

DAVE (cont'd)

Robert accomplished so much. But I think it's best to limit myself to Kyu Moon Oh. The archer. And general archery. Of course. And Double Dutch.

Noreen and Russ look at Dave - they've been surprised and seem fearful that Dave might be straying way off.

DAVE (cont'd)

(beginning speech)

So Koreans...

The guests look back.

DAVE (cont'd)

Koreans are the best archers. As you may know.

Of course the guests doesn't know that and have no reaction.

DAVE (cont'd)

With both long bow and the shorter utility bow. And they're dominating with the aluminum carbon arrow shafts used for competition. They're just really dominating.

The gathered friends and family have no idea what Dave is trying to say - it's become an uncomfortable atmosphere.

DAVE (cont'd)

But even the Koreans only bullseye once or so every round. Like a four percent rate. Kyu Moon Oh, he was a three time Olympian, he shot at like eight percent. He was like twice as good as everybody else. He was like Robert.

After a moment, folks look back with some relief that Dave brought matters back this way to his father.

DAVE (cont'd)

We got worse weather today than we expected. It's pretty awful. But there are a lot of Robert's friends here.

Robert's friends listen.

DAVE (cont'd)

And I think it's because my dad was excellent. I think that's what brought so many of you out in winter. A loving husband, father and friend for forty years. Robert was unusual. Most of us just mope through. Not Robert. I'm sure that's why we appreciated and loved him. He helped us try for excellence. He helps us now.

Dave's mother looks on; she smiles at Dave. Some time passes.

DAVE (cont'd)

I once judged a Double Dutch contest. Do you know what that is? Urban, tandem jump-roping?

A couple guests nod; most don't.

DAVE (cont'd)

I didn't really know anything about Double Dutch. I'd never been to a Double Dutch contest, or even really seen much informal Double Dutch stuff. But they asked me to judge just because I'm on TV sometimes. I remember sitting there thinking I had no clue who the best kids were out there. Then I thought, am I qualified to judge *anything*? Could I judge excellence at *anything*? Well, I could judge a good father contest.

This has made some of the audience laugh pleasantly. Dave smiles.

DAVE (cont'd)

A good man contest. I know what that looks like. It helps us to know. That's how Robert helps us now. He was always helping. That's why he was the best.

(more)

DAVE (cont'd)

I'd like to thank you all on behalf of my family for honoring Robert and us by coming. His family will miss him. Thank you for letting us know we won't be alone. I welcome anyone to speak if they'd like.

An older man volunteers. He takes Dave's place and Dave returns to a spot beside Noreen, Russ and the kids.

OLDER FRIEND

I first met Robert in the navy...

Dave listens. Mike looks over at Dave; they make eye contact. Mike makes an expression meant to convey to his Dad that he did a nice job.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

After the ceremony, guests with their umbrellas walk in small groups toward their cars. Dave and Mike trail the others.

MIKE

Are you going to take Good Morning America?

DAVE

I don't know.

MIKE

Man. It's an easy decision. And I think you're fucking stupid if you turn it down, so...

DAVE

Could you watch your mouth?

They walk closer to the cars.

MIKE

(to Dave)

I wouldn't see you that much less. You can start new stuff. You know? You could get a lot more puss, too. National puss.

DAVE

Mike...

MIKE

I think you can just start over
easier. You can start over. I know
you care. You can go.

Dave has looked over at Mike.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Later, Dave sees his family off. His children wait beside Noreen's car. Noreen hugs Dave. Then Russ shakes his hand. Then the children get in their car, and Dave begins walking toward his car parked farther down the line.

INT. DAVE'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER

Dave drives back through the rain and light snow to Chicago.

DAVE (V.O.)

So I filled the time after the
funeral with my usual stuff.

EXT. GRANT PARK, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

In the city's largest downtown park, Dave sits at a judge's table during an African-American tinged, "Double-Dutch", urban jump-roping contest. It's apparently a state-wide event. Dave watches the competition.

DAVE (V.O.)

I went to a friend's restaurant
opening.

INT. LE PRIE RESTAURANT, CHICAGO - EVENING

Dave sits at a table with some others. A cocktail party takes place among the tables.

DAVE (V.O.)

Spent time with my kids.

INT. SHEDD AQUARIUM, CHICAGO - DAY

On a day off, Dave has taken his children to the Chicago aquarium. They walk past colorful fish in tanks. Mike has A CAMERA AROUND HIS NECK.

DAVE

(to Mike, nodding at
Shelly)

Take a picture of your sister.

Shelly is dressed in one of her newer and more flattering outfits. She's gone up ahead of the others. Mike resists.

DAVE (cont'd)
(quietly)
Come on. She'll like it.

MIKE
(agreeing)
Shelly.

Mike gestures with the camera to mean he wants to take her picture. Shelly seems pleased about it. She smiles and poses for a photo. Mike takes the picture. Dave speaks to a TOURIST passing.

DAVE
Could you take a picture of us?

TOURIST
Sure.

Dave joins Mike and Shelly in front of a fish tank. He puts his arm around Shelly. They smile. The tourist takes the picture as Mike PUTS THE RABBIT EARS OVER SHELLY'S HEAD.

INT. CONCESSIONS AREA, SHEDD AQUARIUM - LATER

Later, at lunch, Mike and Dave look over the digital pictures Mike's taken.

DAVE
That's a good one.

MIKE
Yeah.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO. Mike has flipped to the one of Shelly at the aquarium; she's smiling and looks nice.

DAVE
Show Shelly.

MIKE
Shelly.

Shelly was refilling her soda. She comes over.

MIKE (cont'd)
Check it out.

Mike hands Shelly the camera. Shelly looks at the photo. She smiles. Dave watches her.

DAVE (V.O.)

I mean this sincerely when I say there's warmth and such reward in helping your family through something hard... without salsa, or whatever, on your shirt. Those are the moments I grab hold of now. Excellent moments.

EXT. STATE STREET, ICE SKATING RINK DOWNTOWN - DAY

At the city's featured ice rink, African-American kids skate in a group, some apparently on skates for the first time.

DAVE (V.O.)

Later, I went to a charity event Noreen hosted. For housing project kids.

Shelly and Mike, Noreen, Russ and Dave skate among the others.

DAVE (V.O.)

I wound up holding Russ's hand. But it wasn't so bad.

RINK - LATER

Later on the ice, Russ Pruth and Dave hold hands as part of a "Red Rover" fenceline.

DAVE (V.O.)

We were wearing gloves.

Shelly skates toward them to try to break the fence; she's laughing. They stop her. The group laughs. Next, it's Noreen's turn. She takes off skating toward the "Red Rover" fence. CLOSE ON Dave as part of the fence watching Noreen skate toward him.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)

I thought about maybe not letting go so easily when Noreen went. Like doing a sort of clothesline thing on her. Not seriously, but... you know, I'm still working through some stuff.

The group - RUSS AND DAVE - catch Noreen playfully and with good cheer. Dave is enjoying himself with the others.

Mike is up at Red Rover. He makes a funny show by speed skating toward the line which breaks apart to let him pass. All the skaters laugh.

DAVE (cont'd; V.O.)
 Anyway... She's with them. I'm
 alone primarily. But... I'm
 adjusting to it.

INT. HUDSON CLUB, INDOOR ARCHERY CLUB, CHICAGO - DAY

Dave practices long bow archery in the downtown indoor facility. He has drawn his arrow back. His aiming eye narrows as he focuses his target.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Adjusting to letting go.

Dave lets the arrow go.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - LATER

Dave walks back through the city with his bow.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

In his bedroom, Dave stands at his chest of drawers looking at a photograph among those he keeps there.

DAVE'S POV

The photo is the one they had taken at the aquarium. In it Mike makes rabbit ears over his sister; they're all smiling and having fun.

CLOSE ON Dave looking at the picture.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Divorce is shit. All the way. But
 it's not over. They're just kids.

CLOSE ON THE PICTURE OF DAVE'S KIDS AGAIN.

ON DAVE AGAIN. He smiles a little.

EXT. NOREEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dave and his kids have left Dave's care after a visit and part company before their house.

DAVE
 I'll see you guys soon. I'm going
 to be back in two weeks.

MIKE
 Okay.

DAVE
 (to Shelly)
 And you're going to come over in
 June.

SHELLY
 Okay.

DAVE
 Are you excited about that?

SHELLY
 Yeah...

Shelly smiles and hugs Dave.

DAVE
 Bye, guys.

KIDS
 Bye...

Then the kids walk toward Noreen's. Dave stands there near
 his car watching them go.

EXT. SIDEWALK, NEW YORK - DAY

DAVE WAITS AT A CORNER IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN. Pedestrian and
 car traffic passes around him. A young guy walks by and
 notices Dave.

YOUNG GUY
 Hey, Good Morning America.

Dave waves to him.

DAVE (V.O.)
 So I've been doing G.M.A for four
 months. It's going well. Better
 than that, it's going real well.

EXT. SIDEWALK, NEW YORK - LATER

Dave waits at another New York corner.

DAVE (V.O.)
 It's a short flight back. I'm back
 a lot. I have some appearances
 there.

INT. GOOD MORNING AMERICA SET - DAY

Dave performs a broadcast on the GMA set. Superimposed behind
 him is a photograph of a really old guy.

DAVE
 Happy Birthday to Geoff Namsk.
 He's a hundred-and-four today.
 (looking off camera,
 amazed)
A hundred and four? Fuck.

Laughter becomes audible. A wider shot reveals that Dave's not actually broadcasting. He's rehearsing his days items for the camera crew. They're all amused.

DAVE (V.O.)
 I'm getting to know new people.

EXT. SIDEWALK, NEW YORK - DAY

Dave is back in midtown, walking along.

DAVE (V.O.)
 I talked to Mike this morning. He might come for school. He won't get into Columbia, but there're mediocre colleges here, too.

EXT. SIDEWALK, NEW YORK - LATER

Dave has reached another corner in Manhattan. He waits for the crosswalk.

DAVE (V.O.)
 I cracked that joke to him this morning. But he's doing all right.

Another pedestrian recognizes him.

PEDESTRIAN
 (saying hi)
 Hey, man.

DAVE
 Hey.

PEDESTRIAN
 Good Morning America.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Shelly's doing better, too, now that things are settled with me. With Robert. Russ. Things are steady now. Kids need that. She's in summer school, but out of trouble.

EXT. NEW YORK - LATER

Dave, in his suit and tie, has walked to another street corner in Manhattan.

DAVE (V.O.)

I have my first Long Bow Pro Am in August. So are things great? No. Are things bad? No. Things are okay. I mean as weather men go, you know... I'm the weather man I guess so...

The light changes. Dave starts to cross the street.

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK - DAY

On St. Patrick's Day, folks crowd the street on either side to watch the St. Patrick's parade. In the parade, after a pipping band and Irish highsteppers pass, a float comes by; it's a Good Morning America float wishing the city's Irish citizens its best. Dave has joined some colleagues on the float. He waves to New Yorkers.

DAVE (V.O.)

And I feel pretty good about that.
So forecast? What can I say?
Partly cloudy. But pretty good.
And inside information says the sun's going to come up tomorrow.
So you never know. Right?

Dave's got a bright look on his face for the first time in a while. Someone throws something from the crowd. FREEZE FRAME just as Dave turns into a Hardee's strawberry shake spreading out from the cup and flying toward him. CREDITS begin.