

<Title>

an original screenplay by

<your name here>

<your Name here>  
<your address>  
<city, state, zip>  
<phone>  
<email>

EXT. EARLY 19TH CENTURY EUROPEAN BATTLEFIELD - DAY

LIEUTENANT RICHARDSON (tall, 20s, handsome) dashes into enemy fire carrying the British Flag.

TRIP (V.O.)

Lieutenant Richardson picked up the flag, waved his arm for his troops to follow him, and charged into the teeth of the French defenses.

A bullet passes through the flag and strikes Lieutenant Richardson in the chest. Grimacing, he spins around and topples backward. The flag flutters down on top of him.

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

Through the hole pierced in the flag by the ball, Lieutenant Richardson stared up at a warm, tangerine sky.

INT. ATTIC OFFICE - NIGHT

Focus on laptop screen. The cursor backs over and erases "tangerine" and then replaces it with "rose colored sky."

TRIP (V.O.)

That's better.

EXT. EARLY 19TH CENTURY EUROPEAN BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Lieutenant Richardson holds a hand over his chest wound. Blood oozes through his fingers. He stares up at the sky.

TRIP (V.O.)

Lieutenant Richardson realized then that he had never really seen the sky before...

WILLOW (V.O.)

Trip!

Lieutenant Richardson turns his head, as though hearing Willow's voice.

INT. ATTIC OFFICE - NIGHT

TRIP MANN (late 30s, moderately handsome), sits at a small desk in a cramped attic home-office.

Tacked to the wall is a handmade poster with two columns. The left column is headed: "Leo Tolstoy" under which are listed sequentially: "*Childhood*--1st published novel, Age 24"/ "*War and Peace*, Age 39"/ "*Anna Karenina*, Age 50".

The right column is headed "Trip Mann" under which is listed "4 short stories, Age 36 [crossed out] 37".

TRIP  
(calls back)  
Yes?

WILLOW (O.S.)  
Come downstairs. I need you!

A frustrated look momentarily crosses Trip's face.

TRIP  
(forced cheerful)  
Coming!  
(to self)  
Just when I was getting on a roll.

EXT. EARLY 19TH CENTURY EUROPEAN BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Lieutenant Richardson sits up, wraps his arms around his legs, pulls in knees, and looks into camera to address Trip.

LIEUTENANT RICHARDSON  
(posh English accent)  
I don't know, old man. If you ask me, it's pretty derivative of Tolstoy.

INT. ATTIC OFFICE - NIGHT

Trip reaches for an asthma inhaler on the desk, inhales a couple puffs. Then he closes the screen of the laptop.

TRIP  
Nobody asked you.

INT. KITCHEN OF TRIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

WILLOW (30s, cute, faux hippyish) scrubs a pot. The sound of a TV drifts in from the living room.

Trip enters, forces a smile.

TRIP  
What's up?

Willow hoists the cleaned pot onto a drying rack. She wipes her forehead with her forearm, then turns to Trip.

WILLOW  
I need for you to watch Kiernan so I can run to the Giant Eagle real quick.

Trip glances at his wristwatch.

TRIP

It's almost eight. Why do you need to go to the grocery store now?

WILLOW

Because I need some things for the morning and it's less crowded now.

She glares at Trip. He nods, looks away.

WILLOW

His bed time is 8:30.

TRIP

How long are you gonna be gone?

WILLOW

Don't turn this into an interrogation.

TRIP

I was just wondering if you wanted me to wait for you to put Key to bed, since you always do it.

WILLOW

Don't wait. Sometimes it's crowded at this time of night.

TRIP

I thought you just said it's less crowded now.

Willow glares at Trip.

WILLOW

You're ruining my chi.

Willow removes her apron and bustles into the powder room.

TRIP

(to self)

Chi?

INT. POWDER ROOM OF TRIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trip follows her and stands outside the open bathroom door.

Within, Willow is fixing her hair and her make-up.

TRIP

Why do you have to get all dolled up to go to the Giant Eagle?

WILLOW

I'm a mess. I've been cleaning for  
the past hour.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF TRIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Willow enters the room with Trip following. She bends over  
to kiss KIERNAN (4, tall for his age, blonde, cute).

WILLOW

Bye, baby. Mama loves you. I'll  
kiss you good night when I get home.

KIERNAN

Bye, mama.

Willow opens the front door, exits.

With Willow gone Trip appears more at ease, less meek.

TRIP

We meet again, Professor Moriarty.

KIERNAN

Puppy-cross, Dada?

INT. LIVING ROOM OF TRIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kiernan, wearing a toy, children's Steelers helmet, sits  
atop a wheeled puppy riding toy gripping the handle bars.

TRIP

(feigning announcer)

Okay, folks. We have a young, up-  
and-comer, Kiernan Mann, here to try  
to break the world indoor puppy-cross  
record on the downstairs 500.

(to Kiernan)

Ready, buddy?

KIERNAN

Ready, Dada.

Trip begins to push Kiernan from room to room. The floors  
are all hardwood, so they go pretty fast.

They start in the living room, pass through the kitchen,  
then the dining room. They take the corner re-entering the  
living room too fast and Kiernan spills off pretty hard.

Trip runs over to help him up. Kiernan looks a bit shaken.

TRIP

Are you alright, buddy?

KIERNAN

I'm okay, Dada.  
(pause, then rallies)  
Let's do it again!

Trip knocks on the thin plastic of the helmet.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Good thing you were wearing protective  
headgear. We'll go slower this time.

KIERNAN

What about the record, Dada?

INT. BEDROOM OF TRIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trip (wearing gym shorts and a t-shirt) sits on a queen-sized  
bed reading a book. Willow enters (her hair is tousled).

WILLOW

I just looked in on Kiernan. Why  
didn't you put him in his jammies?

TRIP

I couldn't find them. Maybe if you  
ever let me help put him to bed.

WILLOW

Let you? I'd love for you to help!  
You're always up in the attic trying  
to write that stupid novel.

TRIP

(mutters)  
It's not stupid.

Willow sits in front of a dresser, begins taking off jewelry.

WILLOW

God forbid something should ever  
happen to me. You can't take care  
of Kiernan. You're a child yourself!

Trip starts to respond, then shakes his head and looks away.

Willow finishes removing her jewelry, gets up, and exits  
into a walk-in closet to change into a nightgown.

TRIP

What took you so long, anyway? You  
said you had to go 'real quick'.

WILLOW (O.S.)

I had to get gas and stop at an ATM.

Trip looks dissatisfied with this answer.

Willow re-enters the bedroom proper, wearing a nightgown.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Don't let's fight. I've got an awful headache. I just want to go to sleep.

INT. TRIP'S CUBICLE - DAY

Trip sits at his desk in his cramped cubicle, working. NICK GRABOWSKI (30s, jokester) approaches, holding a file folder.

GRABOWSKI

Act busy. The Krauts have landed.

TRIP

I don't need to act--I am busy.

Trip glances around but sees no one.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Do you mean the Germans who might buy the company?

Grabowski nods. As he does so GERMAN BUSINESSMEN 1, 2 & 3 (middle-aged, suits) bustle past, behind Grabowski.

Grabowski clears his throat as he hands the folder to Trip.

GRABOWSKI

Here's that Brubaker file you wanted.

Grabowski steps back, looks to see if it's clear.

GRABOWSKI (CONT'D)

That was them! Oh man, if this deal goes through it's WYAT time.

Trip opens Grabowski's folder and removes the *Post Gazette* sports section. He holds it up and shakes his head.

TRIP

WYAT time?

GRABOWSKI

Yeah: Watch Your Ass, Timmy.

TRIP

Who's Timmy?

GRABOWSKI

You're Timmy. I'm Timmy. We're pretty much all Timmy at the moment.

TRIP

Why so spooked? You and I basically are the marketing department. They can't get rid of the two of us.

GRABOWSKI

Why not? They could sub it out.

TRIP

Where?

GRABOWSKI

India, for one. There's gotta be at least a million people there with a better grasp of English than me.

Grabowski leans forward and snatches the folder from Trip.

GRABOWSKI (CONT'D)

Give me that. I gotta get to work!

INT. WARD, 19TH CENTURY EUROPEAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

DUCHESS WOLLINGSLEY (slim, young, beautiful) and DOCTOR SAGEBRUSH (40s, military bearing) speak nearby a heavily bandaged Lieutenant Richardson, who is sleeping in a bed.

DUCHESS WOLLINGSLEY

(posh English accent)

Tell me, Doctor, will he survive?

DOCTOR SAGEBRUSH

(English accent)

It's all very touch and go at the moment, Duchess. The bullet narrowly missed his heart.

WILLOW (V.O.)

Trip! Come down here, please!

Duchess Wollingsley and Doctor Sagebrush both stop and stare in the direction from which Willow's voice emanated.

INT. ATTIC OFFICE - NIGHT

Early evening. Trip is seated in front of his laptop.

TRIP

Always just when I'm rolling!

Trip takes one final look at the words on his computer screen.



INT. WARD, 19TH CENTURY EUROPEAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lieutenant Richardson sits up in bed, his bandaged face looks into the camera to address Trip.

LIEUTENANT RICHARDSON  
Rolling might be a bit of an  
overstatement, old man.

INT. ATTIC OFFICE - NIGHT

Trip grabs his inhaler and takes a puff, closes the laptop.

TRIP  
Nobody asked you.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF TRIP'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Trip descends the stairs. Willow holds a tissue. Her eyes are red and puffy as though she's been crying.

TRIP  
What's the matter? Are you okay?

WILLOW  
We need to talk.

Trip looks around.

TRIP  
Where's Key?

WILLOW  
I put him to bed already.

Trip glances at his wristwatch.

TRIP  
It's only seven. Is he sick?

WILLOW  
He's fine.

Trip notices a couple suitcases standing near the front door.

TRIP  
What's with the luggage?

WILLOW  
We'd better sit down.

Trip hesitates. Then they both sit on the couch.

WILLOW (CONT'D)  
I'm leaving you, Trip.

Trip stares at Willow as though not understanding.

TRIP

What?

WILLOW

I want a separation.

TRIP

A separation? Why? I didn't even know there was a problem!

WILLOW

That's my point. If we were more Karmically aligned, you'd understand.

TRIP

Karmically aligned?

Trip starts to say something, but stops and shakes his head.

TRIP (CONT'D)

When someone says they want a separation, that's usually like the 10th or 12th discussion on the matter. You don't tell them you're leaving as you're walking out the door!

WILLOW

You couldn't tell I was unhappy?

TRIP

I don't know. It's hard to tell. You've always been kind of...

Willow glares at Trip and he doesn't finish the thought.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Look, nobody's happy in real life. Not really happy. That's all in books and movies. In real life we sell off our happiness piece-by-piece.

WILLOW

That's your problem. You think happiness can be bought or sold. It can't. We have to make our happiness.

TRIP

Happiness isn't something you can just whip up an Easy-Bake oven.

WILLOW

The Dali Lama says that happiness comes from your own actions.

TRIP

Isn't that what we've been doing?  
Making happiness as best we can?

WILLOW

When? How?

Trip shakes his head, stumped.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

(patiently)

For the last four years--five if you  
count the pregnancy--I've been taking  
care of Kiernan and you and working  
full-time on top of it all...

TRIP

(interrupts)

I work full-time, too--same as you.  
In my free time I work on my novel.

WILLOW

There's no such thing as free time  
when you have a four year-old.

TRIP

I thought we had an understanding.

WILLOW

No, you had an understanding. I  
just got everything piled on me.  
Somewhere along the line, I lost me.  
I need to find myself again.

TRIP

Everyone loses themselves. It's  
called being an adult.

WILLOW

I know.

Willow reaches over and pats Trip's face tenderly.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Now it's your turn to be one.

Willow stands, walks to a closet adjacent to the front door.  
She begins to pull on a coat. Trip jumps up.

TRIP

Wait a minute. What about the house?  
We just closed on it 8 months ago!

She looks at him blankly.

TRIP (CONT'D)

You were the one who had to have it!

WILLOW

To be honest, I thought it would be a marriage-saving house. I was wrong.

TRIP

A marriage-saving house?!?! Who ever heard of such a thing!  
(rising voice)  
I had to...

WILLOW

(interrupts)  
You'll wake Kiernan.

TRIP

I had to beg my father to co-sign.

WILLOW

You didn't have to beg him, he did it gladly. He's a kind and caring man under that crusty exterior. I never understood this grudge of yours.

TRIP

I have my reasons.

WILLOW

Get over them. These things will eat away at you until there's nothing left--nothing good, anyway.

TRIP

What's eating away at me is debt. This place was purchased with the idea that both of our salaries would pay for it. I can't make it alone.

WILLOW

Sell it.

TRIP

Sell the house? I just bought it!

WILLOW

At least you know there's a market.

Willow opens the door. She looks at Trip, then at her bags.

Trip looks uncertain for a moment, then dutifully carries her luggage out onto the porch.

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF TRIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trip places Willow's luggage on the porch. Willow follows Trip out and stands by the luggage. Trip turns to her.

TRIP

Can't we try couples therapy?

WILLOW

It's too late now.

TRIP

Too late? I didn't know there was a problem until five minutes ago!

WILLOW

Exactly.

Trip looks at Willow, perplexed.

TRIP

What about Kiernan? I'm not letting you take my son from me.

WILLOW

I have no intention of doing so.

TRIP

So you're leaving Key, too?

WILLOW

I'm not leaving Key. We can figure out custody when I return.

TRIP

Where are you going?

WILLOW

That's not important. What is important is that you now have an opportunity to bond with your son.

TRIP

We've already bonded.

WILLOW

Really? Okay, what's Kiernan's favorite cartoon?

Trip rolls his eyes.

TRIP

*South Park.*

WILLOW

Be serious.

TRIP

I don't know. *Scooby Doo?*

WILLOW

It's *Peppa Pig*.

TRIP

*Peppa Pig*??? Give me another one.

WILLOW

Okay, what's his favorite food?

TRIP

Lasagna.

WILLOW

He's not Garfield. It's candy...

TRIP

That's every kid's favorite food!

WILLOW

You didn't let me finish.

Willow glares at Trip. He looks chastised.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

It's candied yams.

TRIP

Candied yams???

A taxi pulls up in front of the house. Willow looks at her bags and then at Trip, signaling him to pick them up.

Willow begins to cross the porch. Trip calls after her.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Wait, Willow. I have to know--is there another man?

Willow lets out a sigh, turns around.

WILLOW

I'm not leaving you for another man.  
I'm leaving because this marriage is suffocating me--we don't work anymore.

TRIP

That's not what I asked.

WILLOW  
If you must know, yes.

TRIP  
Who?

WILLOW  
Does it matter?

TRIP  
It seems to matter to you.

WILLOW  
Donald Sasinowski.

TRIP  
Wait. Donnie Sasinowski? The kid  
who bags groceries at the Giant Eagle?

Willow looks annoyed, but nods affirmatively.

TRIP (CONT'D)  
Did you get a note from his parents?

WILLOW  
He's 22 years old.

TRIP  
Let me get this straight. You're  
leaving me for a bag-boy?

WILLOW  
He's going to be an actor.

TRIP  
Are they reprising *Saved by the Bell*?

WILLOW  
He listens to me, he has a beautiful  
spirit, and his body is incredible.

Willow eyes Trip pointedly.

TRIP  
Bagging groceries is a good workout.

WILLOW  
Talking to you is impossible.

Willow looks at the The TAXI DRIVER (40s), then down at her  
bags. The Taxi Driver nods, gets out of the cab.

The Taxi Driver walks up the steps, grabs the bags. He then  
turns and carries them to the cab, places them in the trunk.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

This isn't about Donald. It's about our incompatibility and my needing to find myself. I'm sorry, Otto.

TRIP

I told you never to call me that. My name is Trip.

WILLOW

No, your name is Otto. Maybe when you learn to accept yourself for who you are you'll be able to accept others for who they are.

She climbs into the back of the cab and rolls down her window.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Take good care of Kiernan. Namaste.

Trip scrunches up his face in disgust at the last word.

INT. DAYCARE CENTER - DAY

Trip stands at the front desk holding Kiernan's hand. A DAYCARE WORKER (female, 20s) greets them.

DAYCARE WORKER

Hi there, Kiernan. Hello, Mr. Mann. Is Mrs. Mann sick?

TRIP

No, her, um, schedule changed.

MIRANDA (early 30s, dark, attractive) enters with her daughter CASEY (4, red hair, cute). Kiernan runs to Casey, excited.

KIERNAN

Meow!

CASEY

Meow!

Trip stares at them, perplexed.

MIRANDA

They think they're kittens.

CASEY

We are kittens, Mommy.

Miranda smiles, shakes her head. The kids run off.

MIRANDA

You're Kiernan's dad?



Trip nods.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I'm Miranda. Casey's mom. I'm sure you heard Kiernan talk about Casey.

TRIP

(clearly lying)

Um, yeah. All the time.

MIRANDA

Where's Willow?

TRIP

She couldn't make it today.

As Miranda is extending her hand to shake, her handbag slips off her shoulder. A sketch book falls out, onto the floor.

Trip bends down and picks it up. As he does so, he gets a look at several of the sketches. He stands, holds it up.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

Miranda looks embarrassed but nods.

MIRANDA

They're just some rough sketches.

Trip flips the pages. He shakes his head.

TRIP

No, they're good.

MIRANDA

You think so?

TRIP

It's like they're telling a story.

MIRANDA

I'm trying to write a children's book. Trying to.

TRIP

What's the problem?

MIRANDA

I'm not much of a writer.

TRIP

How hard can it be? It's just a children's book, after all.

Miranda gives Trip an odd look. Realizing his mistakes, Trip shrugs, grins, and hands her the sketch book.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Stick with it. They're good.

INT. KIERNAN'S ROOM, TRIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kiernan sits on a changing table with his legs dangling off. Trip rifles through a dresser a few feet away.

TRIP

Where's your mother keep the jammies?

KIERNAN

Why're you dressing me, Dada? Where's mama? Mama always puts me to bed.

Trip has his back to Kiernan, going through the dresser.

TRIP

Mama went away for a little bit.

KIERNAN

Why?

Trip continues to rifle through drawers, getting more frustrated as he goes. He replies without looking up.

TRIP

It was Mama-stuff, buddy. You wouldn't understand.

KIERNAN

Where'd she go?

Trip starts yanking Kiernan's clothes out of the dresser and throwing them on the floor. He still doesn't look up.

TRIP

I don't know.

KIERNAN

When's she coming back?

Trip still hasn't found the pajamas. Straightens up, spins around impatiently, children's clothing gripped in each hand.

TRIP

I don't know where she went, I don't know when she's coming back. And I don't know where she keeps anything! Where's those damn pajamas?

Kiernan recoils, bursts into tears.

Trip drops the clothes he was gripping, hugs Kiernan.

TRIP (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, buddy! I didn't mean to snap at you.

KIERNAN

(sobbing)

I want Mama!

TRIP

I know, buddy.

INT. KITCHEN OF TRIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trip sits at the kitchen table, drinking a beer and staring at a wedding photo of him and Willow.

Trip's cell phone, on the table, begins to ring. He answers.

TRIP

(into phone)

Hello?

OTZ (V.O.)

(over phone)

Otto?

TRIP

Pop? What's up?

OTZ (V.O.)

(over phone)

Where you been? I've been trying to call you for a few hours now.

TRIP

Sorry, Pop, I've been occupied. What's going on?

OTZ (V.O.)

(over phone)

It's your mother. She had a problem with her heart.

TRIP

With her heart? Is it serious?

OTZ (V.O.)

(over phone)

We're at County General. Better get down here.

TRIP

I'll be right there. I just gotta get someone to watch Kiernan.

OTZ (V.O.)

(over phone)  
Where's Willow?

TRIP

Out.

OTZ (V.O.)

(over phone)  
Hurry up.

Trip disconnects the call, then immediately dials another.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRABOWSKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grabowski sits on a couch watching *Beaches*. His face is covered in a mud mask that is streaked with tears.

The phone rings. He blows his nose, then answers.

GRABOWSKI

(into phone)  
Go for Grabow.

In the background, Bette Midler sings "Wind Beneath my Wings."

INTERCUT: TRIP IN KITCHEN AND GRABOWSKI IN LIVING ROOM

TRIP

Are you watching *Beaches*?

GRABOWSKI

Hey, slick. No, I'm watching porno.

TRIP

Isn't that Bette Midler I hear?

GRABOWSKI

I like to listen to Bette Midler when I watch pornography. Is there something wrong with that?

Trip looks like he's about to respond to this, then appears to recall the task at hand and shakes his head.

TRIP

Listen, my mom's in the hospital. Can you come over and watch Kiernan?

GRABOWSKI

Sure. Where's Willow?

TRIP

Out. He's already in bed. I just need you here in case he wakes up.

GRABOWSKI

No problemo. Be there in a minute.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

OTZ MANN (70, broken-nosed old pug), looking worn-out, sits in cramped waiting room beside CHUCKIE (82, short, tough).

Trip enters. Pauses to remove an asthma inhaler from his coat pocket. He takes a puff of it and approaches them.

TRIP

Hey, Pop. Chuckie.

Otz nods but remains seated. Chuckie stands when Trip approaches and shakes hands with him.

CHUCKIE

Hey kid.

(to Otz)

I'm gonna breeze. I'll check in later. Hang in there, Champ.

Otz nods. Chuckie exits. Trip takes his seat beside Otz.

TRIP

What happened to Mom?

OTZ

Heart attack.

TRIP

Heart attack? Is she gonna be okay?

OTZ

She's in surgery.

TRIP

Is it serious?

OTZ

I just said she had a heart attack and is in surgery. Is that not serious enough for you, genius?

TRIP

Didn't know she had a heart condition.

OTZ

Neither did I.

TRIP

What happened?

OTZ

I was at the club having a beer.  
When I got home I found her lying on  
the kitchen floor.

TRIP

How long have you been here?

OTZ

Three, four hours, maybe.

TRIP

Why'd you call Chuckie ahead of me?

OTZ

I called you first. Several times.  
Chuckie answered when I called him.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Otz looks at his wristwatch, stretches and stands wearily.

OTZ

I'm gonna run to the latrine and get  
some coffee. Come and find me if  
anything happens. Got it?

Trip nods. Otz exits the room.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

A NURSE (30s) enters, looks around, then approaches Trip.

NURSE

Excuse me, are you by any chance  
here with Mr. Mann?

TRIP

Yes, he's my father.

NURSE

Is he here?

TRIP

He just to get some coffee.

NURSE

You'd better come with me.

TRIP

Is it my mother? Is she okay?

NURSE

Come with me.

TRIP

But I told my father I'd get him if anything happened.

NURSE

I'll find him. Let's go.

Trip nods mutely. Gets up and follows her out of the room.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Trip is greeted in the hallway by a DOCTOR (gray hair, serious) carrying a chart.

DOCTOR

Are you the patient's son?

TRIP

Yes. Trip Mann. How's my mother?

DOCTOR

We had to perform a quadruple bypass.

TRIP

What's the prognosis?

DOCTOR

We're doing all we can. I wasn't sure she'd regain consciousness.

TRIP

She's awake?

DOCTOR

Yes, however, there was no blood flow to the brain for an indeterminate period while her heart was stopped, so I'm not sure how lucid she'll be.

Trip turns and starts to enter his mother's hospital room.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(calls after Trip)

Excuse me. Do you know if your mother has a living will?

Trip shakes his head and keeps walking.

TRIP

Ask my father.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - NIGHT

Trip enters the cramped single room and glances around.

MARY BETH (70) lies with her eyes closed in bed. IV's are hooked to her arm, and oxygen tubes run into her nose.

Trip sits in a chair beside the bed and takes her hand.

TRIP

Mom?

Mary Beth's eyes flit open and she looks at Trip.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Can you understand me?

Mary Beth nods ever-so-slightly.

TRIP (CONT'D)

You had a heart attack. You're in the hospital. Dad should be here any minute. He went to the bathroom.

Mary Beth nods weakly again. She attempts to speak, but the words are inaudible. Trip leans forward.

TRIP (CONT'D)

What's that, Mom? Do you want something to drink?

Mary Beth shakes her head. She lifts her hand and weakly beckons Trip closer with her index finger. He leans in more.

Mary Beth speaks again, but too softly to be heard once again.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Sorry, I still didn't hear you, Mom.

Mary Beth gulps hard. She speaks again slowly and carefully.

Trip stares at Mary Beth, a blank look on his face.

He obviously hasn't heard her, but he nods and fakes it.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Okay, Mom. Okay.

Mary Beth tries to smile but is too weak Her eyes close.

Just as Otz and the Nurse are entering the room, the EKG above Mary Beth flat-lines, emitting a loud, shrieking buzz.

OTZ

Mary Beth?



Otz runs to her side and takes her hand. Trip practically falls over getting out of the way. The nurse exits.

Trip looks around, frantic. The Nurse returns with the Doctor.

DOCTOR  
 (to the Nurse)  
 Get the paddles!  
 (to Trip and Otz)  
 I'm sorry, you need to exit the room.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Otz, tears in his eyes, turns to Trip.

OTZ  
 She was awake?

TRIP  
 For about half a minute.

OTZ  
 Did she say anything?

TRIP  
 She tried to. But she was real weak.

OTZ  
 What'd she say? She ask for me?

Trip slowly shakes his head.

TRIP  
 I don't know what she said, Pop. I couldn't hear her.

OTZ  
 You're telling me she spoke what might be her final words to you and you didn't hear them?

TRIP  
 She was just so weak, Pop...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The cemetery is located on a hill that has a view of downtown Pittsburgh. It is a gray day, and a steady rain is falling.

About 40 grievors are aligned before the gravesite in several rows. Seated in the front row are Trip, Kiernan and Otz.

Raindrops slowly roll down Trip's face as he grimly watches Mary Beth's casket lowered into the grave.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The service has ended and the mourners are headed toward their cars. Grabowski approaches Otz and shakes his hand.

GRABOWSKI

My sincerest condolences, Champ.  
Mrs. Mann was a wonderful lady.

OTZ

Thanks, Nick.

Otz is approached by a WELL WISHER (elderly woman) and he turns away from Grabowski. Grabowski turns to Trip.

TRIP

Why do you insist on calling him  
"Champ"?

GRABOWSKI

That's what everyone calls him.

TRIP

He was the middleweight champion of  
Pennsylvania like 100 years ago.

GRABOWSKI

Champ is a lifetime designation.  
And PA state champion is more than  
either of us can lay claim to.

TRIP

Commonwealth.

GRABOWSKI

What?

TRIP

Pennsylvania's a commonwealth, not a  
state.

Grabowski looks at Trip strangely. Trip shakes his head.

GRABOWSKI

Say, where's Willow been?

TRIP

Gone.

Grabowski arches his eyebrows.

TRIP (CONT'D)

She left me the day before Mom died.

GRABOWSKI

That's why you needed me to watch  
Kiernan that night. That was cold-  
blooded leaving like that.

TRIP

Willow couldn't have known about my  
mother. Mom hadn't even been sick...

Trip shakes his head. Grabowski throws his arm around Trip's  
shoulders, gives him a shoulder-to-shoulder, bro hug.

TRIP (CONT'D)

You know, I was the last one Mom  
spoke to.

GRABOWSKI

What'd she say?

Trip shakes his head.

TRIP

I don't know.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The limousine carrying Otz, Trip and Kiernan home from the  
cemetery crosses over the Homestead High Level Bridge.

Otz nods at the 12 open hearth smokestacks located in the  
Waterfront shopping area along the river, below the bridge.

OTZ

Look at that.

Trip leans over and looks out Otz's window.

TRIP

What am I looking at, Pop?

OTZ

Them smokestacks from the open hearth.

TRIP

What about them?

OTZ

They're the only things left from  
the Homestead Works--the biggest  
steel mill in the world, bar none.  
Nearly 20,000 people worked there  
when I got hired. Now look at it...

He nods at the cold smokestacks again. Shakes his head.

OTZ (CONT'D)

All gone.