

FADE IN:

OPENING SEQUENCE (MUSICAL SCORE OVER)

Images of an upscale suburban community.

Boats on the water.

A quiet street. A picket gate.

EXT. BACK YARD OF A BEAUTIFUL HOME - LARCHMONT, NY - MORNING

It's a gorgeous spring day, and we move in on an impeccably laid out garden. Straight rows of flowers in full bloom, manicured bushes, and a trellis with climbing vines.

**BECCA CORBETT**, attractive, 30's, walks into frame dragging a heavy bag of potting soil. She pulls the soil bag over to a section of the garden where she had been digging, and cuts the bag open.

Becca dumps the soil onto the ground where she is planting flowers. Behind her, we see part of her fine house and across the street, a shimmering stretch of water.

Becca is on her knees now mixing potting soil with earth. She starts to plant a straight line of young plants as a border to her flower-bed.

She picks up the hose from beside the free-standing garage. Near her we notice an empty doghouse

A little later, Becca stands with a hose, watering the garden. She admires her day's work.

END OF OPENING SEQUENCE

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Becca?

Becca turns to see her neighbor **PEG**, middle-aged, peeking from behind the gate leading to the next property. She comes into the garden. Becca is a little uncomfortable, but always polite.

BECCA

Oh...Hey Peg.

PEG

It looks so nice back here.

BECCA

Well, I'm just, you know, trying to get things back into shape.

PEG

Listen, I don't know if you and Howie are free tonight, but we're having a few people over for dinner.

BECCA

Oh, that's very sweet of you.

PEG

I know it's really short notice.

BECCA

Actually, we have plans.

PEG

(beat)

Oh. Oh, well.

BECCA

But, uh, another time though. I haven't talked to Pete in ages.

PEG

Well you haven't missed much. He's still the same S.O.B. he always was.

Peg chuckles. Becca looks down to see that Peg has stepped on a plant recently put in the ground.

PEG

Oh God. I'm so sorry.  
(steps off the plant)

BECCA

It's okay.

PEG

I am so sorry.

BECCA

No, it's fine.

PEG

These stupid feet.

BECCA

Well, have a great dinner, Peg.

This is her gentle cue to leave, and Peg gets the hint. She backs out of the yard politely.

PEG

We'll do it next time.

BECCA

Absolutely.

But they both know this is probably a lie.

PEG

Say hi to Howie for me.

BECCA

I sure will.

Becca closes the gate after Peg.

As soon as she's gone, Becca moves over to tend to the crushed plant. She assesses the damage, and sighs, peeved.

INT. BECCA'S KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Becca stands at her sink, rinsing vegetables in a colander. Across the way, she can see right into her neighbor's living room, where Peg, **PETE** and their guests are chatting.

Peg's in the midst of a very animated story that has everyone laughing hysterically. Becca watches for a moment, then turns off the water in the sink, dries her hands, and turns the blinds so no one can see inside.

Howie, home from work, comes in and grabs a beer.

HOWIE

Mmmm. Smells good in there.

BECCA

If Peg asks, we went out tonight.

HOWIE

Where'd we go?

BECCA

We saw the Stoppard play.

HOWIE

Really?

BECCA  
Uh-huh.

HOWIE  
Did we enjoy it?

BECCA  
Very much.

Becca is at the stove now melting some butter in a pan.

BECCA  
She asked us to dinner again.

HOWIE  
She's just being nice.

BECCA  
You're more than welcome to go over there.

HOWIE  
And abandon your risotto?  
(wraps arms around her)

BECCA  
Careful, Howie. The pan's hot.

She pushes him off gently, and continues stirring the pot. She's all business tonight.

Howie watches for a moment, then takes a bite of some of the food being cooked.

BECCA  
(gently scolding)  
Hey...

HOWIE  
Hey...  
(heads out)  
I'm gonna hop in the shower.

BECCA  
Uh-huh. About twenty minutes.

INT. BECCA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A beautiful room. Becca sits on the couch reading. It's late. The house is quiet. We hear only a ticking clock.

Then the phone rings, startling Becca. She doesn't move to get it. She just stares at it, afraid to answer it.

Finally she reaches over, and picks it up...

BECCA

Hello?

Becca listens. The news is not good. She's confused.

BECCA

What time is it?

INT. BECCA'S FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Becca is pulling on her jacket when Howie comes downstairs, sleepy, in gym shorts and a t-shirt.

HOWIE

What's going on?

EXT. YONKERS POLICE DEPARTMENT - CENTRAL BOOKING - NIGHT

Becca and her sister **IZZY**, early 30's, are walking down the steps and back to the car. Becca is pissed.

BECCA

You have nothing to say?

IZZY

(beat - confused)

Thank you?

This is not what Becca meant.

BECCA

You were in a bar-fight.

IZZY

It wasn't a bar-fight.

BECCA

You were in a bar. Fighting.

IZZY

It wasn't a fight. Some drunk girl was screaming in my face, so I hit her and that was the end of it.

BECCA

Well who was she?

IZZY  
I don't know.

BECCA  
People don't scream at you for no reason.

IZZY  
Sure they do, you should get out more.

BECCA  
God Izzy, it's so...Jerry Springer.

IZZY  
What's that supposed to mean? You think I'm trashy?

BECCA  
You can't keep doing this. You're not a kid anymore.

IZZY  
I didn't know there was a cutoff date.

BECCA  
Well there is. For acting like a jackass, there's a cutoff date...

Becca unlocks her car as they approach - BLOOP-BLOOP.

BECCA  
I wanna stop worrying about you.

IZZY  
Hey, don't worry about me. She was the one on the floor.

Becca and Izzy in the car.

IZZY  
Can I stay with you tonight?

EXT. BECCA'S HOME - EARLY DAWN

One light turns on in a downstairs room.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Becca sneaks out of her bedroom. She hears voices, and the distinct sound of a little boy laughing. She takes a moment, then steels herself and heads downstairs silently.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Becca finds Howie, seated with the lights off, watching a video of Danny on his phone. He doesn't notice her presence.

                  HOWIE (on video)  
 Now, Danny, I wanna tell you a  
 secret, 'kay? When you go back  
 down, give Mom a big kiss, okay?  
 Ready?... One, two, three. ...Oh,  
 that was high! Whoo!

Howie smiles as he watches the video. He is smiling.

                  HOWIE (on video)  
 Danny, look at me when you come  
 back.

                  BECCA (on video)  
 He's getting used to it.

                  HOWIE (on video)  
 Do you want any cake?

                  DANNY (on video)  
 Yeah!

                  HOWIE (on video)  
 Oh, do we have cake today?

                  BECCA (on video)  
 Yeah, we do.

                  DANNY (on video)  
 Yeah.

                  HOWIE (on video)  
 Oh, my gosh. And you really want  
 some?

This is too hard for Becca. She backs away as the video continues, and sneaks back up the stairs, unnoticed.

A BLANK WHITE PAGE

A hand reaches into frame and draws a straight line in black ink. The hand draws a parallel black line and then connects the two with an oddly shaped circular end.

We pull back to reveal the hand is drawing a network of intersecting tubes and portal openings. The artist shades in a section.

INT. BECCA'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

Becca is putting some finishing touches on a creme brulee that she has just prepared in her kitchen. Her eyes narrow in concentration as she carefully cauterizes the top of it into a brown hard shell.

Izzy stands nearby in her bathrobe, waiting expectantly. Howie enters the kitchen with his gym bag.

HOWIE

Well, if it isn't Ma Barker.

IZZY

I'm sure that would be very funny  
if I knew who that was.

HOWIE

Rick and I are gonna play squash.  
(kisses Becca goodbye)  
I have my cell if you need me.

IZZY

Squash. You go play squash, Howie.

HOWIE

You don't even know what squash is.

IZZY

I don't care what squash is

Izzy's cell phone rings. She checks the called I.D., and smiles while answering the phone.

IZZY

(into phone)  
Hello?  
(heads out of the room)  
Yeah! Yeah.  
(laughs)  
I thought she was gonna kill me!

INT. SUN-ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy paces around the room while chatting on her phone.

IZZY  
 (into the phone)  
 Yeah, I know. I think Auggie must  
 have told her.

Izzy sees Becca enter the room holding up the crème brulee.

IZZY  
 (into the phone)  
 Hey, I gotta go.

Izzy hang up the phone and excitedly takes the creme brulee from Becca.

IZZY  
 Mmm. Thank you Becca.

Izzy takes a seat by the window, and starts tapping the caramel with the spoon.

IZZY  
 Oo, I like the way it cracks.

BECCA  
 Of course you do.

Becca watches her eat for a couple moments. Then...

BECCA  
 So you did know that woman.

IZZY  
 (throws her head back)  
 Oh my god! Why are you listening  
 to my phone conversations?

BECCA  
 Are you sleeping with that girl's  
 boyfriend.

Izzy eats, really wanting to change the subject.

IZZY  
 It's been over between them.  
 They're just living together  
 because of the rent.

BECCA  
 Then why did she accost you?

IZZY  
 Because she's a lunatic!  
 (beat)  
 And Auggie told her I was pregnant.

Becca lets out a disapproving chuckle. But Izzy isn't joking. Slowly...Becca realizes.

BECCA  
 You are not.

IZZY  
 You're gonna love him. He's a really great guy. He's a musician!

BECCA  
 That's terrific.

IZZY  
 He works, Becca. He gets work as a musician.

BECCA  
 How long have you known?

IZZY  
 A few weeks.

BECCA  
 Did you tell Mom?

Izzy nods sheepishly.

BECCA  
 Oh, come on. You told Mom before me?

IZZY  
 I had to.

BECCA  
 Why didn't you tell me?

IZZY  
 Why do you think?

This just sits there for a couple beats.

IZZY  
 I'm sorry, Becca. I know the timing really sucks.

BECCA  
Hey, what can ya do?

Becca has been disarmed. How to proceed? Luckily, she's a really good liar...

BECCA  
I'm just glad you finally told me.

They hug. Becca is obviously still processing it.

INT. SQUASH COURT - DAY

Howie and his best friend, **RICK**, athletic, 30's, are in the midst of an intense game of squash. It's all grunts and thwacks and squeaking sneakers. Howie loses the point.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sweaty and spent, the men enter chatting. Their banter is easy and mostly good-natured.

RICK  
Debbie's been driving me crazy with these kitchen renovations. The counter-top negotiations alone...

HOWIE  
I told you not to marry an agent.

They open their lockers and get changed over the following.

HOWIE  
She still hasn't called, you know.

RICK  
(beat - guilt)  
No, I know.

HOWIE  
I don't mean to be a pest about it, but... I just know Becca would love to hear from her.

RICK  
I know. I tell her, Howie. I do. But she's still...I don't know freaked out, I guess.

HOWIE  
It's been eight months.

RICK  
I know. I'll talk to her.

HOWIE  
Thank you.  
(changing)  
Hey, how are the kids?

RICK  
They're good. Emily's doing  
ballet. Robby is in tee-ball.

HOWIE  
Wow. Tee-ball.

Howie tries to look interested, but Rick sees through it.

RICK  
(tries to sound off-hand)  
Have you guys talked at all about  
having another?

HOWIE  
(beat)  
No.  
(beat)  
It's a little soon.

Rick nods. They go back to changing.

INT. MEETING HALL - COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Becca and Howie talk quietly as they walk into the meeting room.

HOWIE  
Just be open-minded. That's all  
I'm asking.

BECCA  
I'm here, aren't I?

Couples mill about drinking coffee, waiting for the meeting to begin. Becca and Howie steel themselves as another couple approaches. **GABBY** is attractive. **KEVIN** seems tired. They both make Becca uncomfortable.

HOWIE  
Hey.

GABBY  
How's it going?

HOWIE  
Good.

BECCA  
Yeah, good. Hanging in there.

Howie looks to Becca, who looks a little ill at ease.

GABBY  
You sure?

HOWIE  
Yeah. Yeah, um, we just...found  
out that Becca's sister is  
pregnant. So.

BECCA  
(a warning)  
Howie.

HOWIE  
What?

GABBY  
That can be hard, I remember when  
my cousin got pregnant--

BECCA  
Yeah, it's not really a big deal.

Becca wants to end this conversation. She's miffed Howie  
even brought it up.

GABBY  
Okay. If you wanna talk about it  
though, you know the group's right  
here.

BECCA  
(chuckles)  
Yeah, I don't think so. "Hey  
everybody, fresh meat."

HOWIE  
Becca, be nice.

GABBY

(to Kevin)

Doesn't she remind of you of Lydia?

(back to Howie and Becca)

There was this woman in the group a couple years ago--

KEVIN

It was four. Four years ago.

GABBY

Well it doesn't really matter when she was here, my point is that she reminds me of Lydia. She really wasn't into the support group model at first.

Becca is suddenly confused. Did she just mishear her?

BECCA

(confused)

How long have you been in Group?

KEVIN

It'll be eight years in June.

Becca is stunned, and can barely hide it. Eight years.

HOWIE

Oh, I didn't... I didn't realize it was that long.

GABBY

Yeah, we're the veterans. You know for us, it's a good way to touch base. Everyone's on a different schedule...

HOWIE

Of course.

Becca is staring at Kevin. His misery is still palpable. And this terrifies her.

INT. MEETING HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

The meeting is in full swing. A grieving father, **SAM**, is speaking to the group in a very heartfelt manner. His wife (**ANA**) holds his hand throughout.

SAM

She, uh, she visits me sometimes.  
In dreams. And she tells me it's  
okay. And she's with God.

He checks in with his wife. Then continues.

SAM

And we have good days. Then you  
think that if you have enough good  
days it might actually get better.  
But then...

Several of the other parents nod with recognition. Becca,  
however, actually looks annoyed. She looks to Howie and  
rolls her eyes a little.

SAM

It was her anniversary last week.

ANA

A year last Tuesday.

SAM

And it just starts all over again.  
We just have to remind each other  
that it was just part of God's  
plan. And we can't know why. Only  
God can know why.

ANA

God had to take her. He needed  
another angel.

SAM

He needed another angel.

BECCA

(beat)

Why didn't he just make one?

Silence. They all turn to Becca, confused.

BECCA

Another angel. I mean, he's God  
after all. Why didn't he just make  
another angel?

She is met with stunned silence - a mix of confusion and  
offense. Even Howie is taken aback by her outburst. Gabby  
notices Kevin smirking a little.

BECCA  
Just putting it out there...

But no one responds. Becca leaves over to Howie and whispers...

BECCA  
I'd like to go.  
(to the group)  
I think we're gonna go.  
(to Howie)  
Is that alright?

Howie stands, stunned. He and Becca make an awkward exit.

HOWIE  
Excuse us.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Becca and Howie look through the menus, mid-conversation.

HOWIE  
They're talking, it's their time,  
and you have to respect that.

BECCA  
Come on.

HOWIE  
I mean, you sit there for weeks and  
you don't say a word.

BECCA  
I'm sorry. I can't stand the god-  
freaks. You know that.

HOWIE  
But they're not all like that.  
Kevin and Gabby aren't.

BECCA  
No. Kevin and Gabby are  
professional wallowers. Did you  
hear what they said? Eight years,  
Howie. Eight. If that's what you  
want to become, then...

HOWIE  
Look, if you wanna take a break--

BECCA  
No, not a break, I'm done.

HOWIE  
I know the Izzy stuff got under  
your skin--

BECCA  
Please don't do that. One semester  
of Psychology fifteen years ago and  
suddenly you can analyze--

HOWIE  
Well Jesus, Becca--

BECCA  
(a little too firmly)  
I just don't like the group. I  
gave it a try, and it's not for me.

This is final. Howie knows he can't win this argument.

HOWIE  
Okay. It's not for you.

BECCA  
Thank you.  
(back to the menu...then)  
Do you mind if we not eat here?  
Nothing's really jumping out at me.

He lets out a breath - perfect - and closes the menu.

INT. BECCA'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Becca is alone in the kitchen. It's the middle of the day and the house is deadly quiet. She's been alone with her thoughts for awhile. She stares at the paintings on the fridge. She takes them in - a tree, a robot, a shark attacking a woman. They all have the distinctive scrawl of a child, and the name Danny written across the bottom.

Becca looks closely for a moment, and then removes the magnets one by one, taking the paintings off the fridge, simply and without emotion.

SAME - A LITTLE LATER

Becca cleans out the kitchen cabinets. Kids' cereals, juice boxes, mac & cheese, all tossed in a garbage bag.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

The room looks essentially the same as it did when Danny was alive. Becca is at his dresser pulling clothes out of the drawers and tossing them into a laundry basket. She doesn't pause over the clothes or give them much consideration. She's just doing the laundry.

INT. BECCA'S LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Becca loads Danny's clothes into the washing machine. The water is running. She carefully fills a cup with soap powder and pours it over the laundry. She stops for a moment to watch the agitator grind away at the clothes. Then she closes the lid.

INT. BECCA'S LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Becca, holding the laundry basket, is standing, staring at the dryer. BUZZZZZZZ and the dryer cycle ends. She opens the dryer door and starts to unload.

EXT. CITY STREET - YONKERS - DAY

Becca drives through a less nice neighborhood.

EXT. BECCA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - YONKERS - MOMENTS LATER

Becca's car pulls into the driveway of a rundown house on a rundown block. She gets out of the car, and lifts a large garbage bag from the trunk. She seems to be energized and in better spirits.

She walks up the driveway, and is suddenly startled by **TAZ**, a big dog barking on the other side of the fence that leads out back. Becca stiffens, her good mood gone. The dog is loud and happy.

**AUGGIE**, a scruffy African American guy in his 30's comes across the yard with a heaping bowl of dog food.

AUGGIE

Taz! Stop! Come here and eat!  
Come on!

Taz goes running to the bowl of food, and Auggie approaches Becca at the fence. She's confused. Who is this guy?

AUGGIE

Sorry. He's not really dangerous.  
 (to Taz)  
 Hey, eat.  
 (to Becca)  
 Just kinda dumb.

BECCA

No, I know. He's my dog.

AUGGIE

Oh, you're Becca! Of course! I  
 should've recognized you. I'm  
 Auggie.

She's not sure how to take this. What has Izzy told him?  
 She fixes a loose strand of her hair.

BECCA

Oh. Hi, Auggie.

AUGGIE

Hi.

Auggie and Becca shakes hands. The front door opens to reveal  
**NAT**, Becca's mom, plump and in her sixties.

NAT

Oh my god, why didn't you tell me  
 you were coming over? I would've  
 picked up the house.  
 (indicates)  
 That's Auggie.

BECCA

Yeah, we met. Is Izzy here?

NAT

(her eyes narrow)  
 Oh yeah, she's here.  
 (does not approve)  
 She got fired from the Applebee's.

Becca follows her mother into the house.

INT. NAT'S DINING ROOM / KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Becca, chipper again, is unpacking the piles of Danny's  
 clothes onto the table. Izzy sits watching, not exactly sure  
 what to say. She's uneasy.

BECCA

I was planning to bring it all down to Goodwill, but now I'm glad I didn't. Look at all these shirts, and the sweaters.

Nat buzzes around making them coffee.

IZZY

I don't know, Bec. They're in baby clothes for so long, it'd be awhile before he could even fit into that stuff.

BECCA

It comes up very quickly. You'll see. You're gonna be happy I saved them.

Auggie crosses through the kitchen with bagpipes.

BECCA

(whispers)  
Is he living here?

NAT

He has to. His girlfriend kicked him out.

IZZY

Ex-girlfriend.

NAT

She knew what I meant.

Becca holds up a little shirt.

BECCA

Did you see this one?

IZZY

Cute. But what if it's a girl?

BECCA

Then I'll give them to someone else. You're gonna thank me. A couple years worth of clothes here. Think of the money you'll save.

IZZY

It's not about the money.

BECCA

Well it should be. You need to start thinking about that. Especially if the dad's a musician. It costs a lot to raise a child.

IZZY

(finally)

It'd be weird, Becca. If it's a boy. To see him running around in Danny's clothes.

(beat)

I would feel weird about it.

The air is sucked out of the room. Becca looks down at the clothes, suddenly feeling a little stupid. Nat doesn't move. Her eyes look from one daughter to the other.

BECCA

Yeah, I'm sorry. Of course it'd be weird. I don't know what I was--

IZZY

It was a nice offer.

BECCA

You're gonna get a lot of clothes anyway - Christmas, Birthdays. You won't have to worry about that.

She's re-bagging the clothes. Nat tries to lighten the mood.

NAT

It's probably a girl anyway. I'm a little psychic about these things. Remember I said Sheila was having a girl? And Karen? I think there's a girl in there.

IZZY

I hope there is. That's what I want. I mean, either way, so long as it's healthy obviously, but I hope it's a girl.

BECCA

Me too.

She looks to Izzy and tries to smile supportively.

NAT

You want some coffee cake, honey?  
I got some coffee cake in here.

BECCA

I'm gonna take off. I promised  
Howie that I'd pick up some dinner.  
(re: cake)  
Mmm looks good though.

Becca lifts the bag, awkwardly. Nat and Izzy exchange looks.

After Becca's gone...

NAT

(to Izzy)  
Here. Eat some cake.

EXT. GOODWILL PARKING LOT - DAY

Becca gets out of her car, grabs the garbage bag of clothes from her trunk, and makes her way to the Goodwill drop-box.

Once there, she considers what she's about to do for just a moment, and then lifts the bag into the drop box. She turns on her heel and heads back to the car, without looking back.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER

Becca pulls up to a stoplight, and she takes a deep breath, determined to hold it together.

A school bus pulls up beside her car, and Becca glances over at it. Sitting in one of the window-seats is a teenage boy, facing front. Becca stares at him curiously. And then the grip on her steering wheel tightens.

The boy turns his head slightly and for just a second, Becca gets a good look - it's **JASON WILLETTE**, 17.

BACK TO BECCA - CONTINUOUS

Becca leans forward, trying to get a better view of the boy. The light changes to green and the bus takes off.

Becca, shaken, just watches it go. And then the car behind her starts honking, and Becca is snapped back to reality. She puts her foot on the gas.

EXT. ROADS OF LARCHMONT - DAY

The school bus rolls through the manicured streets of the town. It stops at a corner to let a couple students off. And then the bus continues on.

When it does, Becca's car rolls into frame, keeping a safe distance from the bus she's trailing.

EXT. 2ND INTERSECTION - DAY

Becca watches the bus drive through a YELLOW LIGHT. Her eyes widen with alarm. Her foot on the accelerator. Her car moves through the intersection just as the light is turning RED.

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - LARCHMONT - A LITTLE LATER

The bus has stopped, and Becca pulls up a discreet distance behind it. This time a 14-YEAR-OLD GIRL gets off followed by...Jason, book-bag slung over his shoulder. The Girl walks off in one direction as the bus pulls away.

Becca watches as Jason heads in the other direction and up the driveway of a nice house. He slips inside.

Becca sits there for awhile. Then finally pulls away.

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Becca and Howie have settled onto the couch after dinner. Becca sits, lost in thought, holding an empty wine glass.

HOWIE

When did Rick ever beat me in squash?

BECCA

Did he mention Debbie at all?

HOWIE

You can call her, you know. Get the reports directly.

BECCA

I don't wanna call her. She should call me.

Howie heads into the kitchen and tosses the empty bottle into the recycling bin.

BECCA (O.S.)  
 I would have been there for her if  
 god forbid anything had ever  
 happened to Robby or Em.

KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Howie stops at the fridge, and notices that Danny's paintings  
 are gone. Not sure what to make of it, he just stands there.

BECCA (O.S.)  
 I wouldn't have vanished the way  
 she did.

BECCA  
 I wouldn't.

BECCA (O.S.)  
 Howie?

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

Howie stands in the doorway, debating whether to mention the  
 paintings or not. He decides against it.

BECCA  
 You know what I mean?

Howie grabs a remote instead and clicks on the stereo. Al  
 Green's "Simply Beautiful" plays quietly. Becca looks up,  
 bemused.

HOWIE  
 Yeah.

He moves onto the couch to massage her shoulders.

BECCA  
 Howie.

HOWIE  
 Turn around. Come on, you need to  
 relax.

Howie starts to massage Becca's back.

HOWIE  
 You're shoulders are all knotted  
 up.

BECCA  
 Yeah, well...

HOWIE  
Forget about Debbie, and whatever  
else is bothering you.

Howie continues to massage her. Becca seems to warm up to it. He kisses her neck. She giggles a little.

BECCA  
Ohhh, I see what this is. Dimming  
the lights.

HOWIE  
What.

BECCA  
You're trying to seduce me. Plying  
me with liquor.

HOWIE  
It worked in college.

BECCA  
That's enough.

Becca pushes him away playfully.

BECCA  
That's enough.  
(gets up off the couch)

HOWIE  
Where are you going?

BECCA  
I'm feeling kinda antsy tonight.  
I'm sorry. It was a weird day--

HOWIE  
Right.

Howie clicks off the music, and lets out a grumpy sigh.

BECCA  
What, now you're gonna pout?

HOWIE  
Well it's been eight months.

BECCA  
(beat)  
But who's keeping track?

HOWIE  
I am. I'm keeping track.

BECCA  
 I'm just not ready yet, Howie. I'm  
 sorry if you think that's abnormal--

HOWIE  
 I don't.

BECCA  
 Then what's the problem?

HOWIE  
 We need to at least head in that  
 direction, which might feel strange  
 at first, but...

BECCA  
 But you wanna have sex.

HOWIE  
 Well don't say it like that.

BECCA  
 You're trying to rope me into  
 having sex!

HOWIE  
 I am not. I wasn't roping you into  
 sex--

BECCA  
 Al Green isn't roping?

HOWIE  
 No.

BECCA  
Al Green?

HOWIE  
 I thought it was nice. That's all.  
 I was trying to make things nice.

BECCA  
 Well you can't. I'm sorry. But  
 things aren't "nice" anymore.

They're silent. Howie just stares at her.

LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Howie is seated with the lights off, watching a video of Danny on his phone.

We see flashes of Danny on the little screen, spinning around in what seems to be a tire swing. We hear a dog barking.

                  HOWIE (on video)  
And, will you hold him for a second? Just hold him, just hold him like that.

                  DANNY (on video)  
          (laughing)  
Dad, quit it!

                  BECCA (on video)  
          (laughing)  
Quit it.

The video is mostly a blur, with Danny's laughing face coming into focus for just a second as he swings on a tire swing.

                  HOWIE  
Yeah, pull him past you. All right, now.

                  BECCA (on video)  
Cause Taz wants to go on the tire.

                  HOWIE (on video)  
Hold on. Hold on. Let me see Mom and--

                  BECCA (on video)  
Okay, you ready? I'm gonna let you go. Ready?

                  DANNY (on video)  
Yes.

                  BECCA (on video)  
Here goes. There! Whoa! Keep your feet up.

                  HOWIE (on video)  
Danny, look at me on the way back.

                  BECCA (on video)  
Keep your feet up, Danny.

Howie continues to watch the video.

A BLANK BLACK PAGE

The hand reaches into frame and starts to place cutouts of the earlier seen portal openings on top of each other.

The hand cuts out several more portal openings and adds them to the intersecting group.

We pull back to reveal a large network of intersecting tunnels.

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S EXERCISE ROOM - MORNING

Becca is working out on the elliptical, listening to her Ipod, when Howie enters the room dressed for work.

She looks over at him but doesn't stop her work-out.

BECCA

Hey.

HOWIE

(after a pause)

If you're not gonna go to Group, I think you should see someone.

(pause - no response)

BECCA

Uh-huh.

HOWIE

Any plans for the day?

BECCA

You're looking at 'em.

HOWIE

(pause)

Well, I'll see you tonight.

BECCA

Yup.

Becca never stops her workout. Howie heads upstairs.

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S EXERCISE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Becca is at the window, still winded and sweaty from her exercise, watching as Howie pulls out from his parking spot in front of the house.

As soon as he drives off, she darts up the stairs.

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Becca is rifling through her closet looking for an outfit. She pulls out a couple business suits, wrapped in plastic, and looks them over. She hasn't seen these in awhile.

She holds one of the suits up to herself. She looks slightly pained. Is she really going to do this?

SAME - A LITTLE LATER

Showered and dressed, Becca applies a little makeup, then checks herself out in the mirror. She looks good.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - A MOMENT LATER

Becca, coffee and newspaper in hand, heads up to the train platform just as the train pulls in. This all feels so familiar to her.

EXT. MIDTOWN - MANHATTAN - DAY

Becca walks towards us on a sidewalk. The streets are packed with people, and the sidewalks cramped with fruit stands and kebab carts. Becca loves it all. Back in her element.

A SHOT of the top of a sculptural Frank Gehry-like mirrored building. We tilt down to find an ebullient Becca crossing the street and entering the building.

INT. SOTHEBY'S LOBBY - DAY

It's all glass and class in here. Becca approaches a **RECEPTIONIST** at the reception desk. She's all smiles and confidence.

BECCA

Hi, I'm here to see Scott Bader in  
the Events Department.

The Receptionist searches her computer for the name.

RECEPTIONIST  
I don't have a Bader listed.

BECCA  
Oh. Well that's weird.

Her heart sinks. Not what she planned on. What to do now?

BECCA  
Kate Finn. What about Kate?

RECEPTIONIST  
I have a Robert Finn in Dec. Arts?  
(Becca shakes her head)  
If you have an appointment, I can  
just call up there. Who are you?

BECCA  
(on the ropes a bit)  
Um...I'm just...I didn't have an  
appointment actually. I'm just an  
old friend. I used to work here.

She eyes her. She doesn't remember her.

GARY (O.S.)  
Becca?

She turns to see a youngish guy in a suit, **GARY**, standing there with a Starbucks tray of several coffees. Former frat-boy type. Becca doesn't recognize him at first, but then...

BECCA  
Gary?

GARY  
Heeey. What are you doing here?

BECCA  
Um...I had some errands in the  
city, and thought I'd pop in and  
say hello. But apparently nobody  
works here anymore.

GARY  
Oh yeah, Scott went over to  
Christie's back in March. The  
traitor.

BECCA

Well nice to see you're still doing  
the coffee runs at least.

GARY

Oh, no, I don't usually-- Um, I'm  
in Scott's old job.

Becca is clearly surprised, and a little confused.

The lobby seems to be filled with people younger and better  
dressed than Becca is. Being here suddenly feels like a big  
mistake. Becca fights the impulse to run for the exit.

GARY

Hey, how's the family?

BECCA

You know what, Gary? I know how  
busy it gets up there, so I'm gonna  
let you get back to it.

GARY

(chuckles)

Yeah, that hasn't changed.

BECCA

It was great to see you though.

GARY

Yeah, you too.

And she takes off. In her haste, she nearly gets taken out  
by the revolving door. She waits for the next opening, and  
makes her exit.

Gary just stands with the coffees in the middle of the lobby,  
watching her go. That was weird.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Becca hurries down the street, shaken up, and eager to get  
back home. Coming here was a terrible idea.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LARCHMONT - DAY

Becca drives with a purpose. She checks the time on her  
watch. If she hurries she can still make it.

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - OUTSIDE JASON'S HOUSE - DAY

Becca is in her car, back in her spot, parked a safe distance from Jason's house.

Finally the school bus pulls up the hill. Becca slumps down in her seat so as not to be seen.

The bus pulls over. Becca peeks up over the steering wheel and watches as Jason gets off followed by the 14-year-old Girl. She walks off while Jason pauses on the sidewalk to adjust his backpack. The bus pulls away.

But instead of heading to his house, Jason walks toward Becca.

BECCA

Shit.

Panicked, she grabs a baseball cap from the backseat and quickly puts it on.

Jason, meanwhile, doesn't even notice her. He walks right past the car, and down the street.

Becca looks up tentatively, and watches in the rearview mirror as Jason disappears around the corner.

Becca starts the car, pulls away, and bangs a U-Turn, driving back in the direction Jason is headed.

EXT. LARCHMONT RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Becca trails him in the car, keeping a safe distance.

EXT. LARCHMONT AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Becca slows as she sees him head towards the entrance of a public library. She turns to park.

INT. LARCHMONT PUBLIC LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Jason is returning a book to an elderly **LIBRARIAN**.

LIBRARIAN

Well there are fines you know.

JASON

No, I know.

LIBRARIAN

The book's quite overdue. We've sent out several notices.

JASON

Yeah, that's why I'm here.

LIBRARIAN

Seven dollars.

Becca spies all this from behind a row of bookcases, pretending to browse the stacks.

She watches as Jason pays the late fee. The librarian takes the money, and heads into a back room. Jason, meanwhile, heads off into another part of the library.

When the coast is clear Becca approaches the front desk.

She looks down at the book Jason returned - "Parallel Universes" by Fred Alan Wolf. Pretty dry stuff.

LIBRARIAN (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Becca looks up to find the librarian back at her station.

BECCA

Uh, yes, actually. Would it be possible for me to check this out?

Becca smiles at the librarian.

LIBRARIAN

Certainly.

INT. LIBRARY CHILDREN'S SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Becca is heading for the exit with the book, when something stops her. In the children's section a young mom, **ABBY**, is reading "The Runaway Bunny" to her little girl, **LILLY**, 3.

ABBY

"I will become a fish in a trout stream and I will swim away from you." Look he's--

LILLY  
He's in the water.

ABBY  
Yes, he is, "If you become a fish  
in the trout stream, said his  
mother, I will become a fisherman  
and I will fish for you."

Becca turns away abruptly and makes for the exit. But not  
before she smacks straight into Jason.

BECCA  
Oh! Sorry.

Then she sees it's him. They both stand there, stunned, a  
little terrified. It's as if time has stopped for a moment.

Jason sees the Parallel Universes book in her arm and looks  
as if he's about to speak, when Becca turns and hurries out  
of the library. He just watches her go, shaken.

INT. HOWIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Howie is trying to work. Rick pops his head in.

RICK  
Hey.

HOWIE  
Hey.

RICK  
I just scored Yankee tickets offa  
Rowan. Tonight. You interested?

HOWIE  
(really considers it)  
I can't. I have Group.

RICK  
You can't skip one night? They're  
behind home plate.

HOWIE  
Another time.

RICK  
If there is one.

Rick takes off.

INT. MEETING HALL - COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Howie stands by himself with a cup of coffee, looking more out of place than usual. Gabby and Kevin approach.

GABBY  
Going stag tonight?

HOWIE  
Uh, yeah.

Howie sips his coffee. Gabby obviously wants more info.

HOWIE  
Becca's gonna...take a little  
break. From the group.

No need to say more that. Gabby smiles sympathetically. Kevin actually looks envious - lucky Becca.

KEVIN  
I'm gonna get a coffee.  
(heads off)

GABBY  
(to Howie)  
Wanna sit?

HOWIE  
Yeah.

INT. NAT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nat is on the couch watching television when her phone rings. She reaches under some newspapers and answers it.

NAT  
Hello?

INT. BECCA'S KITCHEN - INTERCUT PHONE CALL

BECCA  
Hey Mom, it's me.

NAT  
What's wrong?

BECCA

Nothing. I was just...thinking about making Izzy's birthday cake. Would that be alright?

NAT

Oh Honey, you don't need to do all that. I was just gonna grab her one of those Carvel things. She likes those.

BECCA

(makes a face)

I don't mind. It'll give me something to do.

NAT

Okay then.

Becca checks the fridge to make sure she has everything she needs.

NAT

No group tonight?

BECCA

Howie's there. It's too much God talk for me, so...

(silence on the other end)

What.

NAT

Nothing. It's just...some people find that comforting.

BECCA

Yeah, well, it pisses me off.

NAT

You know, Becca, when your brother died, I found the church very helpful.

BECCA

I know you did, but that's you, not me. And Danny isn't Arthur.

NAT

I don't know why you don't believe in god anyway. I brought you to church every Sunday--

BECCA  
 (laughing)  
 Let's not start this again, okay  
 mom? I was just calling about the  
 cake--

NAT  
 You're not right about everything,  
 you know. What if there is a God?

BECCA  
 Then I'd say he's a sadistic prick.

NAT  
 Alright, Becca. That's enough.

BECCA  
 "Worship me and I'll treat you like  
 shit." No wonder you like him, he  
 sounds just like Dad.

It's like a slap. Nat covers the mouthpiece with her hand.  
 Becca immediately regrets it. Where did that come from?

BECCA  
 I'm sorry.

Nat takes a breath, then removes her hand from the phone.

NAT  
 You're gonna do the cake then?

BECCA  
 Yeah.

NAT  
 Right, I'll see you tomorrow.

Nat hangs up abruptly.

INT. HOWIE'S CAR - GOING TO THE PARTY - A LITTLE LATER

BECCA  
 Who has a birthday party at a  
 bowling alley anyway? Izzy thinks  
 she's still fourteen.

HOWIE  
If you're not up to this we don't  
have to go--

BECCA  
No, it's just a party. I'll be  
fine.

Becca checks the back seat. A cakebox is carefully placed there. She also notices Danny's booster seat and gets a little pang.

BECCA  
I really wish you'd take that out  
of here, Howie.

HOWIE  
You're hardly in this car, what's  
the difference?

BECCA  
It's just weird.

They drive in silence. Howie's trying to get up the nerve to broach a topic. Alright, here goes...

HOWIE  
What if we give it another try?  
(off her silence)  
Another baby?

Becca turns to him, expressionless. Cars fly by outside.

BECCA  
What?

HOWIE  
Well we're not getting any younger.  
So if we're thinking about it--

BECCA  
Is that what the sex thing was  
about the other night?

HOWIE  
No--

BECCA  
You trying to get me pregnant?

HOWIE

Becca, no, of course not. I know it's scary, but maybe it might...help us get us back on track.

BECCA

On track?

HOWIE

What, we can't talk about it?

BECCA

I think we should sell the house.  
(off his blank look)  
I've been thinking about it, and since we're on the topic--

HOWIE

How were we on the topic?

BECCA

I've talked to a realtor and she thinks we can pull together an open house pretty quickly--

HOWIE

What do you mean you talked to a realtor?

BECCA

We'd probably take a loss in this market but--

HOWIE

Why would you talk to a realtor without telling me?

BECCA

I'm telling you now.

Howie is confused and put out by this information.

BECCA

You want to get us back on track, I think it'd help if we moved.

HOWIE

We love that house.

BECCA  
 He's everywhere, Howie. The  
 puzzles, the fingerprints on the  
 door jambs--

HOWIE  
 (taking eyes off the road)  
 I like seeing his fingerprints--

BECCA  
 That's because you don't have to  
 sit and stare at them all day. You  
 get to go to work. You get to  
 escape!

HOWIE  
 I don't want to move!

BECCA  
 And I don't want another baby!

Becca looks through the windshield...

BECCA  
 (gasps)

HOWIE  
 Jesus!

Directly ahead of them a car has stopped at a light. Howie  
 slams on the brakes. They are pitched forward.

The tires lock and screech. Becca clutches the dashboard with  
 her eyes closed.

The car comes to a stop behind the car with a couple of feet  
 to spare. Silence. Becca opens her eyes, and nods. She  
 takes a deep breath. Then...she leans over into the back  
 seat.

HOWIE  
 What are you doing?

BECCA  
 What do you think I'm doing? I'm  
 checking the cake. It's fine.

And she does. Howie's jaw tightens, and he restarts the car.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

This place is a dive, but everyone's having fun. Becca's cake has been sliced up and handed out. **REEMA** and several of Izzy's other **FRIENDS** take turns bowling and drinking beer.

Becca, trying hard to be chipper, is the official score-keeper. Auggie and Nat are in the midst of a heated but good natured argument. Nat, tipsy, keeps filling a cup with wine.

AUGGIE

Are you kidding? The Kennedys?  
With the assassinations...the  
lobotomy...?!

NAT

Yeah, but that's not a curse  
though. That's just bad luck.

AUGGIE

The plane crashes?

NAT

Too much money, that's their curse.  
If those Kennedys lived like normal  
people, most of them would still be  
alive.

IZZY

I think it's sad.

NAT

Of course it's sad. All those good-  
looking people falling out of the  
sky like that. It's a friggin'  
waste.

BECCA

(whispers to Izzy)  
Didn't I say no wine?

IZZY

She brought it herself.

NAT

Isn't this nice? Sitting around  
talking politics? I never do this.  
It's a nice change.

BECCA

Let's do gifts.

IZZY  
Yes! Pass 'em!

Becca grabs a big present and hands it over to Izzy.

BECCA  
Okay. It's heavy.

IZZY  
It's so pretty. I hate to rip it open.

But she does. Izzy unwraps a tasteful bathroom set. Beat. People respond politely. Auggie looks confused.

HOWIE  
It's a bathroom set.

BECCA  
It's more of a practical gift.

IZZY  
Is this your way of telling me you don't like my Three Stooges shower curtain?

BECCA  
I didn't know what to get you.

IZZY  
Seriously, this is great.

AUGGIE  
Say thank you.

IZZY  
Thank you, Becca. Thank you, Howie.

HOWIE  
(chuckles a little)  
Don't thank me, Becca picked it out.  
(off Becca's look)  
What?

NAT  
Okay, now me.

Nat hands a gift to Izzy...

NAT  
I know it's a little early but--

Izzy unwraps maternity clothes. Much warmer response.

IZZY  
Oh, my God! So sweet. Thank you,  
Mommy.

Izzy hugs her mom. Becca looks uncomfortable.

BECCA  
I thought we weren't doing baby  
stuff. For the birthday.  
(off their looks)  
I thought we'd wait for the shower.

NAT  
No honey, it's not baby stuff, it's  
mommy stuff.

IZZY  
(re: towels and such)  
This is perfect, Bec. I needed a  
bathroom set.

BECCA  
Yeah, but you need baby stuff more.

HOWIE  
We can take it back.

BECCA  
That's right, we should. I'll get  
you a basket of Mustela lotions.  
They prevent stretch marks...

Becca tries to take the gift back.

IZZY  
Becca, let go. You can get me the  
lotions another time.

They struggle over it. Becca finally lets go.

IZZY  
Thank you.

Silence. Becca is embarrassed. This is awkward. Becca  
regains her composure and hands Izzy another present.

BECCA  
Here.

SAME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Things are much rowdier. Izzy's friends bowl like drunken fools. Becca and Howie with Nat, who's pretty sloshed.

NAT

Oh, I just remembered what I was gonna say about Aristotle Onassis! It was about the son who died in the plane crash!

Becca looks at her watch. People bowl.

BECCA

(to Howie)  
You ready to go?

HOWIE

Yeah.

NAT

You should've stopped me from going off on that Kennedy stuff, because my point was about Onassis and how he put up a reward to anyone who could prove that someone had sabotaged his son's plane. He was so desperate to blame somebody.

(to Howie)  
Did you read this?

Howie gets up to leave, but Nat keeps talking.

NAT

He needed a reason for losing his son.

BECCA

Mom, why are you telling this story?

NAT

I'm just talking. I can't talk?

BECCA

You never just talk.

Becca and Howie gather up their coats and things. Izzy comes over to say goodbye. Izzy, sensing the danger, tries to defuse the ticking bomb.

IZZY

Thank you guys for coming to my party. Becca the cake was so good.

NAT

You forget what I went through when your brother died. You think I don't know anything, but I do Becca!

BECCA

Like who to blame?

Things are getting tense now. Izzy's friends notice.

IZZY

You guys, this is my party.

AUGGIE

(takes her hand)

Let em' go. That's not on you.

NAT

I'm not talking about blame, I'm talking about comfort.

BECCA

Ohhh, comfort. Well then.

NAT

Where are you getting it?

BECCA

Comfort? I'm not.

NAT

Well I think you should.

BECCA

Okay. I'll get right on that then. See what I can dig up on eBay.

NAT

I'm just trying to help you, Becca. I wish someone had given me a little advice when Arthur died.

Becca turns on her mother and lashes out...

BECCA

You know what I wish? I wish you would stop comparing Danny to Arthur! Danny was a four-year-old boy who chased his dog into the street! Arthur was a thirty-year-old heroin addict who OD'd! Frankly I resent how you keep lumping them together!

Nothing but the sound of jukebox music and falling pins.

NAT

He was still my son.

Becca gathers up her things. Howie, looking deeply uncomfortable, helps to usher her out.

BECCA

We're gonna go. Izzy, I hope you enjoy the bathroom set.

IZZY

I'm gonna.

Becca and Howie head out. No one else moves.

NAT

When Arthur died, I was just as upset as she was, but I never took it out on other people.

IZZY

What about Mrs. Bailey?

NAT

Nobody's talking about Mrs. Bailey!

INT. HOWIE'S CAR - GOING HOME FROM THE PARTY - A LITTLE LATER

Becca and Howie drive in silence.

A BLANK PIECE OF BLACK PAPER

The hand appears over a black piece of paper with cutouts of intersecting tunnels. The hand paints three faces in a white portal opening. First a woman, then a man, then a boy.

He does this several more times in other portals, varying the three faces - sometimes all three, sometimes just one or two, and sometimes none at all.

INT. HOWIE AND BECCA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Becca is at her mirror. She adjusts the blouse she's wearing. It's cheery. Classy but cheery.

                  HOWIE (O.S.)  
Hey, did you call that guy about  
the roof?

                  BECCA  
I couldn't find the number.

                  HOWIE (O.S.)  
It's in my phone. It's on the  
mantle.

Becca moves to the phone and picks it up. Howie comes in from their bathroom, buttoning up his shirt. Becca seems to be having some trouble with the phone.

                  BECCA  
What's his name?

                  HOWIE  
It's not under his name.

                  BECCA  
                  (pressing buttons)  
Then how am I supposed to call him  
if I--?

                  HOWIE  
It's under Roof Guy.

                  BECCA  
                  (a little chuckle)  
Roof Guy.

                  HOWIE  
Well what was I supposed to put it  
under.

Becca looks for the number but has trouble with the touch screen on the phone.

                  BECCA  
I don't know how to use this thing.  
It doesn't--

Howie looks over her shoulder, and tries to help...

HOWIE  
 (gently)  
 Okay, now scroll down.

BECCA  
 (she tries to)  
 Now what?

HOWIE  
 Scroll down with your finger.

BECCA  
 You do it.

Howie reaches over and finds the number on the phone for her.

HOWIE  
 Roof guy.

BECCA  
 Thank you.

It's just a small tender marital moment. And then Howie goes back to getting dressed.

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - OUTSIDE JASON'S HOUSE - DAY

Becca is back in her spot, only this time she's standing on the sidewalk next to her car, waiting nervously. She's wearing her cheery top.

Finally the bus pulls up the hill. Becca fixes her hair a little. She waits with anticipation.

The bus stops and lets out...the 14-year-old Girl. No Jason. Becca is confused and disappointed. She's about to get back in her car when...

JASON (O.S.)  
 Are you waiting for me?

Becca turns to see Jason standing on the sidewalk behind her. She's obviously taken aback.

BECCA  
 Oh. Um, hi. Yeah, I...I'm sorry,  
 I thought you took the bus.

JASON  
 I do.

BECCA  
 Right. But not...?

JASON  
Not today, no. Today I skipped  
school.

BECCA  
Oh. Well...  
(tries to make a joke)  
...you shouldn't be playing hooky,  
young man.

A little nervous laugh from her. Lame.

JASON  
Why are you waiting for me?

BECCA  
I thought we could talk?

JASON  
(beat)  
About what?

But she doesn't respond. Jason isn't sure what to make of  
her.

EXT. PARK - A LITTLE LATER

Jason and Becca sit on a park bench. Way off in the distance  
children play on a jungle gym.

BECCA  
Is this okay?

JASON  
Yeah. It's fine.

BECCA  
It's not too weird?

JASON  
Um, no. I mean...

BECCA  
No, I know. It's weird for me too.

Becca tries to smile. Now what?

BECCA  
Don't you like school?

JASON  
I like it alright.

BECCA

Okay. I just thought, you seem to not be going so--

JASON

I've been accepted to college already, so...

BECCA

Oh. So it's not a big deal then.

JASON

No, it is a big deal, but...only if my mother finds out.

BECCA

I see.

JASON

She said she'd confiscate my phone if I did it again.

(beat)

Not that I use the phone anyway.

Jason nervously picks at the wood of the bench.

BECCA

Where are you headed?

JASON

Connecticut College.

BECCA

That's a good school. And not too far. Your parents must be happy.

JASON

It's just my mom, but yeah, she's pretty happy about it.

BECCA

I bet.

JASON

She keeps saying she's gonna apply to the grad program so she can keep an eye on me while I'm up there.

(beat)

She's just joking though.

Becca nods politely.

JASON  
She's not really looking forward to it, since I'm the only one at home now, but I told her I'd come back on the weekends if I could.

BECCA  
That'll be nice.

More silence. Jason looks over at the kids playing.

JASON  
(simply)  
So, I'm sorry.

BECCA  
(surprised by the topic)  
Oh, I know, you don't have to--

JASON  
I know that doesn't help, but...

BECCA  
No it does. It really does.

JASON  
And I know I should've tried to get in touch--

BECCA  
No, it's fine.

JASON  
I just really wish I had driven down a different block that day.

BECCA  
(beat)  
I know.

Jason hasn't looked at her during this exchange.

JASON  
You know what? I should maybe go.

BECCA  
It's alright.

JASON  
My mom's gonna start to wonder where I'm at--

BECCA  
That's okay. You really don't have  
to--

Jason gets up to go. Becca is a little confused by his abruptness. Then Jason stops, and he faces her.

JASON  
Could we do this again sometime?

BECCA  
(beat)  
Sure.

Jason nods, and takes off, leaving Becca alone on the bench.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Howie gets out of his car and starts to walk toward the building where Group is held. Only something slows his step.

At the other end of the parking lot he sees a car idling. Gabby is sitting in the driver's seat. Just sitting there. Something isn't right. Howie walks towards her, concerned.

As he comes around the passenger's side, and looks in the open window, everything becomes clear. Gabby is firing up a bowl. She takes a huge toke, and only then sees Howie.

GABBY  
Jesus Christ!

She tosses the bowl in the ashtray. Howie is really amused.

HOWIE  
Hey, Gabby.

GABBY  
I can't believe you just saw me do that.

HOWIE  
I didn't mean to sneak up on you. I thought something was wrong. But obviously everything...smells fine.

GABBY  
You can smell it huh?  
(laughing and waving smoke outside)  
God, everyone in there is gonna know. I swear I never do this.

HOWIE  
Where's Kevin?

GABBY  
He's not coming to group. And I  
blame your wife by the way. I  
think she put the idea in his head.

HOWIE  
Well, he didn't seem to really like  
group all that much.

GABBY  
He's gotten me all upset. I mean,  
look at me. Smoking pot in a  
parking lot. It's like I'm in high  
school. I'm ridiculous.

HOWIE  
Do you have any more?

Gabby chuckles. Then...she realizes he's serious. And Howie  
smiles like a naughty child.

GABBY  
Yeah! Come on in, partner!

INT. MEETING HALL - COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

The support group is well underway. Howie and Gabby sit in  
the circle of chairs. They are both pretty stoned. Another  
grieving couple speaks...

BOB  
Well if today is rage day, most of  
you know that I am a little more  
comfortable with rage. Talking  
about rage. I deal with rage every  
single day. And I listen to these  
guys at work, and they go on and on  
about paving their driveways, or  
whatever, just the most stupid  
nonsense. They don't know. They  
haven't had their lives ripped  
apart yet.

Howie starts to snicker quietly. Gabby dare not look at him.  
She is biting the insides of her cheeks so as not to laugh.

MARY  
They're not in the club.

BOB  
 Exactly. Meanwhile, I'm sitting  
 there like, "Hey guys, my daughter  
 died of leukemia--!"

A burst of laughter escapes from Howie. A few people turn to him. He clears his throat and stands.

HOWIE  
 I'm sorry, I need some water.

He gets up. Gabby closes her eyes, again so as not to laugh.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER PARKING LOT - END OF THE NIGHT

The meeting has let out. Howie and Gabby walk out together.

HOWIE  
 You're one of those bad kids my  
 mother warned me about.

GABBY  
 Yes, I am corrupting you.  
 (re: the pot)  
 Don't worry, I won't tell Becca.

HOWIE  
 (beat)  
 I'd appreciate that.

GABBY  
 Good night.

HOWIE  
 Good night.

They part ways, heading off to their respective cars.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Howie plunks down into his chair and whips out his I-Phone, still stoned. He clicks through his applications looking for something. He can't find it. Howie is confused.

He clicks the screen of his phone repeatedly, panic starts to set in. He scrolls through. Something is very wrong.

INT. BEDROOM / STAIRWAY / HALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Becca is reading the Parallel Universes book when she hears Howie yelling.

HOWIE (O.S.)  
Becca?! What'd you do here?!

BECCA  
What?

We stay on Becca as she dashes from the bedroom, down the stairs, and toward the living room, everything reeling.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Howie stands in the middle of the room scrolling through his I-Phone applications. He's beside himself. Becca stands in the doorway, scared.

HOWIE  
 Goddamn it, what did you do to my phone?

BECCA  
Jesus, Howie. I thought something had hap--

HOWIE  
 This morning. When you used it. What did you do to my phone?

BECCA  
 Nothing. I just got the number for the roof guy.

HOWIE  
 For christsake!

BECCA  
 What, you told me to call him.

HOWIE  
 You deleted Danny's video.

BECCA  
 (beat)  
 No, no I didn't. No. I just...you were right there. I just got the number.

HOWIE  
 Yeah, and you kept pressing the screen.

BECCA  
 Because I couldn't figure out how to use your phone.

She takes the phone from him and scrolls the screens, trying to find it.

HOWIE  
I checked already. It's gone.

BECCA  
(still tapping the screen)  
We have a hundred videos of him,  
Howie.

HOWIE  
That's not the point, Becca.

BECCA  
Then you should've put it on your  
computer.

HOWIE  
Right, it's my fault.

BECCA  
(still searching)  
I didn't say that.

HOWIE  
I said it's gone!

He grabs the phone and hurls it onto the couch.

BECCA  
Jesus, Howie! I didn't do it on  
purpose!

HOWIE  
Are you sure?

Becca stands staring at him, dumbstruck.

BECCA  
What does that mean?  
(no response)  
You think I deliberately deleted  
his video?

HOWIE  
I don't know.

BECCA  
You don't know?

She glares, shaken, waiting for some kind of explanation.

HOWIE

It's like you're trying to get rid of him. I'm sorry, but that's how it feels. Every day, it's something new.

BECCA

(beat - holds it together)  
Really.

HOWIE

Yeah. It's like you're trying to get rid of any evidence he was ever here. You took his paintings off the fridge.

BECCA

Yes, to save them. They are in a box downstairs.

HOWIE

His clothes?

BECCA

We don't need all that stuff.

HOWIE

Your wanting to sell the house.  
Your sending Taz to your mother's.

BECCA

There was a lot going on, Howie.  
The dog got under foot.

HOWIE

Right. And he was a reminder.

BECCA

Yes, he was a reminder, and I wanted one less reminder around here.

HOWIE

And since you never wanted the dog.

BECCA

Oh, for godssake.

HOWIE

Well if I hadn't bought the dog--

BECCA

And if I hadn't run in to get the phone or if I had latched the gate--

HOWIE

I left the gate unlatched!

BECCA

Well I didn't check it! I'm not playing this game again Howie. It was no one's fault.

HOWIE

Not even the dog's. Dogs chase squirrels, boys chase dogs.

BECCA

I know that.

HOWIE

He loved that dog! And you got rid of it!

BECCA

Just like I got rid of the video.

HOWIE

(losing it)

It's not just the video! I'm not talking about the video, Becca! It's Taz, and the paintings, and the clothes, and it's everything! You have to stop erasing him! You have to stop it! YOU HAVE TO STOP!

Howie's been reduced to tears. He has to move away from her.

Becca takes him in. She seems more confused than affronted.

BECCA

Do you really not know how impossible that would be? To erase him? No matter how many things I box up, do you really think I don't see him every second of every day?

Howie looks up at her.

BECCA

The video was an accident, Howie.  
And believe me, I'll beat myself up  
about it forever, I'm sure. Just  
like everything else that I  
could've prevented.

HOWIE

That's not what I want, Becca.

BECCA

No? Because it feels like it is.  
It feels like maybe I don't feel  
badly enough for you.

They stand there, unable to go any further with this.

HOWIE

This isn't... Something has to  
change here. Because I can't do  
this...like this. It's too hard.  
It's too hard.

Howie heads for the door, then stops.

HOWIE

And I want that dog back. Your  
mother's making him fat.

BECCA

Howie--

HOWIE

I miss the dog. I'm sorry, but I  
miss him. I want him back.

They regard each other silently. Howie heads down the hall,  
and then up the stairs, leaving Becca alone.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jason is in a secluded corner, working on his comic book.

In one panel we see the boy passing through the portal in the  
science lab. And in the next panel we see him falling  
through a rabbit hole in space. The boy looks terrified.

Jason looks up at the clock. Crap, he's late. He gathers up  
his stuff, and runs.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jason sits eating a lemon square. Becca is beside him. There's a tin of lemon squares between them.

JASON  
You really made these?

BECCA  
I did.

JASON  
They're good. Still warm.

BECCA  
I'm glad you like them.

They're still pretty formal with each other.

BECCA  
So I've been reading that book.  
The parallel universe book?

JASON  
Yeah? Did you like it?

BECCA  
Yeah, it's interesting. I don't  
know if I buy it - the whole  
alternate reality thing - I don't  
know. But it's interesting. Did  
you have to do it for a school  
project?

JASON  
No. It's research.

BECCA  
Oh. Research.

He considers her, then reaches for his backpack. He unzips it, and pulls out a handful of papers held together by a big binder clip. He hands the pages to her.

Becca looks down at what is obviously the hand-drawn comic book we've seen. The cover is very retro and Flash Gordon-esque. Becca reads the title - "Rabbit Hole."

JASON

It's a comic book.

She flips through the pages - more incredible pen and ink drawings: a strange space portal, science fiction action sequences, a pirate sequence, dinosaurs...

BECCA

Wow, this is...impressive. You did all this?

JASON

Yeah.

BECCA

Wow. It's amazing. What's it about?

JASON

A scientist, I guess. And his son. The father discovers this network of holes that leads to other galaxies and, um--

BECCA

Parallel universes.

JASON

Yeah, but the scientist dies. So the son goes into this rabbit hole to try and find him. But it's not him, because he's dead, so it's like another version of him.

Becca is looking down at one panel of the comic book: it's one we saw earlier: the father and son playing ball on the front lawn, the mother with lemonade, and the boy behind the tree with the "?!" thought bubble over his head.

JASON

I know it's kinda stupid, but...

BECCA

No.

JASON

No? Okay.

BECCA

Not at all. I would love to read it.

JASON  
 (gets uncomfortable)  
 Yeah it's um...

He reaches out and politely takes it back from her, then returns it to his backpack.

JASON  
 Sorry. It's just... it's not done yet. But when it is done, I will let you read it.

BECCA  
 (beat)  
 Okay.

JASON  
 Okay.

BECCA  
 I don't want you to feel uncomfortable. I--

JASON  
 (interrupts her)  
 I might've been going too fast.  
 (beat)  
 That day.

Silence. Becca doesn't know what to say.

JASON  
 I'm not sure, but I might've been. So...that's something I've been wanting to tell you.

She just sits there and listens. Jason's confession is simple and quiet. There's nothing overwrought about it.

JASON  
 It's a thirty zone. And I might've been going thirty-one. Or thirty-two. I would usually look down, to check, and if I was a little over, then I'd slow down obviously. But I don't remember checking on your block, so it's possible I was going too fast. And then the dog ran out really fast, so I swerved. I didn't know... I didn't know.

A moment between them.

JASON

I thought you should know. I  
might've been going a little over  
the limit. I can't be positive.

Becca feels many things. But mostly she feels badly for him.

BECCA

It's okay.

JASON

Okay.

BECCA

I know, okay?

JASON

Thank you.

INT. GABBY'S CAR - COMMUNITY CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gabby and Howie are sitting getting stoned again. They smoke  
up in silence for several beats before anyone speaks.

HOWIE

I don't wanna go in there.

Gabby looks to him. What are they gonna do instead?

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

Gabby and Howie are at adjacent lanes playing skee-ball.  
They're having a great time. Gabby bowls an impossible shot.

HOWIE

Oh, come on!

GABBY

I'm sorry, you suck...

HOWIE

I'd be doing better but your pot  
messed up my depth perception.

Howie makes a fairly good shot.

GABBY

I'm gonna support that one. I'm  
totally gonna support that one.

She laughs. They continue to play over the following...

GABBY

Hey you know what. I have a confession to make. Remember when I said Kevin left Group?

HOWIE

Yeah.

GABBY

What I meant to say...is that he left me. He left me.

Howie continues to bowl, not really sure how to respond.

GABBY

Yeah. I came home and he was gone.

HOWIE

Wow. No note or--

GABBY

Oh there was a note. Well, not a note so much as a manifesto. On all the ways that we were destroying each other.

HOWIE

Jesus. I'm sorry.

GABBY

Well...this is generally how it goes, right? It changes you. It literally changes people. Part of me thinks it was inevitable.

This suddenly feels dangerous. They skee-ball in silence.

HOWIE

I love my wife.

GABBY

(pause)

Of course you do.

HOWIE

I love her very much.

GABBY

Okay.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOWIE AND BECCA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Becca is on the couch reading the Parallel Universe book, when she hears Howie come in the front door. She immediately tucks the book behind a couch cushion, and grabs a magazine.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Howie hangs his keys by the door. Then, seeing the living room light on, he feels a pang of guilt.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Howie stands in the archway for a couple beats before Becca looks up at him.

HOWIE

So I think you're right. We should  
maybe look into selling the house.  
It's probably for the best.

Becca barely responds. Why the sudden change in opinion?

BECCA

Okay.

She watches as Howie turns and heads upstairs.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - A COUPLE WEEKS LATER

Nat is helping Becca clean out Danny's room. Becca is putting Danny's books into a milk crate. Nat is taking toys, stuffed animals, puzzles, etc., out of a toy box and placing them into a garbage bag, or into a keep-box.

Something stops Nat. She's pulled one of Danny's sneakers out of the toy box. It's smaller than she remembers. Becca glances over at her and realizes what's happening.

BECCA

Don't do that.  
(takes the sneaker)  
Quick and clean, like a band-aid.  
Or we'll never get through this.

Becca places the sneaker into a garbage bag, passes Nat a Kleenex, and carries on as if the moment never happened.

Nat grabs a couple toys, accidentally flipping the switch to an obnoxiously loud flashing toy.

NAT

I don't know how to turn it off.

It takes a moment, but Becca switches off the toy.

BECCA

Only people without children give gifts like this.

She pops it into the keep-box with a smile.

NAT

Have you heard from Debbie yet?

BECCA

Nope.

NAT

That's too bad. But it can be worse the other way, you know. I remember when Arthur died--  
(stops herself)  
Sorry.

Nat bites her tongue and moves away. Becca feels badly.

BECCA

You can say his name.

NAT

Can I? I don't know your rules, Becca. I don't wanna get scolded again.

BECCA

You can talk about Arthur. I just don't like the comparisons.

NAT

(beat)  
Okay.

A moment passes between them. Over the following, they continue to organize the toys...

BECCA

(begrudgingly)  
So how is it worse?

NAT

You remember Maureen Bailey?

BECCA

Yeah.

NAT

I couldn't get rid of her after your brother passed away. She was always at the house.

BECCA

Yeah, I remember that.

NAT

Yeah well, I never had a moment to myself. So finally in the middle of coffee one afternoon, I said, "Maureen, why are you always here?"

BECCA

What'd she say?

NAT

She said, "I wanna be there, Nat, I wanna share in your grief." And so I said "Well it's not working. You plant your fat ass in that chair every frickin' day--"

BECCA

You did not say that.

NAT

I did! "And you suck up all my coffee, and I don't see you leaving with any of this grief you're allegedly sharing with me. In fact the only thing you do take outta here are my cinnamon buns."

(beat)

So I never saw her again obviously.

Nat shrugs. She gets a genuine chuckle out of Becca.

NAT

I feel guilty now.

BECCA

You do not.

NAT

(laughing)

I do.

(then)

You're right, I don't. I don't miss her at all.

EXT. BECCA'S HOME - DAY

It is a bright sunny day. Becca's home has an "open house" sign in front of it.

EXT. BECCA'S BACKYARD - SAME DAY

Taz is back. Howie puts him on a runner in the back yard.

INT. BECCA'S KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Becca pulls a warm pie out of the oven. It looks perfect. She moves it to the counter.

Howie enters through the back door carrying Taz's leash.

HOWIE

That takes care of Taz.

(eyes the pie)

Ah, the ol' apple pie trick, eh?

BECCA

What?

HOWIE

For the Open House. Warm baked goods makes it feel homier. I thought you were doing it for the Open House.

BECCA

Oh. No, I was just making a pie.

Howie shrugs - wrong again. Becca tidies up.

HOWIE

So, you're not gonna stay?

BECCA

God, no. You shouldn't either.

(off his chuckle)

You shouldn't.

HOWIE

Come on, I'm not gonna bother anyone.

INT. FOYER - LATER THAT MORNING

Howie is chatting with the slightly uptight middle-aged realtor woman, **RHONDA**. Becca's getting ready to go.

HOWIE

So we have the garbage cans in the back, the sign out front. I mowed the lawn. I thought we'd set the sign-in sheet here, and they could move into the living room.

RHONDA

That's fine.

HOWIE

My wife's gonna go hide out, but I'll stick around, if that's okay with you.

Rhonda pauses slightly.

RHONDA

Sure. However you want to do it.

Becca heads out.

BECCA

Okay.

HOWIE

Bye.

(back to Rhonda)

I think that's everything.

EXT. PARK - A LITTLE LATER

Becca sits reading the parallel universe book on the same bench she sat with Jason. She didn't make plans with him, but half-hopes she might see him here. She puts down the book and looks around.

There are parents minding their kids on the jungle gym. There's a couple sitting on the grass, sharing a newspaper. A group of guys play touch-football. Only Becca is by herself, and she feels it maybe harder than she ever has.

INT. HOWIE AND BECCA'S FOYER - DAY

Howie stands expectantly with a clipboard as a suburban couple (**CRAIG and DONNA**) with a four year old son, **CADEN**, come in from the living room with Rhonda.

HOWIE  
Southwestern exposures. Sun all day.

DONNA  
The layout is exactly what we've been looking for.

CRAIG  
(to Donna)  
And the light in here.

DONNA  
I know, it's beautiful.

RHONDA  
Why don't we take a look upstairs?

HOWIE  
That's a great idea. I'll show you. Follow me.

He takes over, leading them upstairs. Rhonda is peeved.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Howie is leading the family past the doorway...

HOWIE  
We can start in the master bedroom if you want to see--

But the wife stops and ducks into Danny's room.

DONNA  
What's in here?

HOWIE  
Oh, that's, uh--

The family enters the room. Howie follows them in. Rhonda appears in the doorway, concerned as to how this might go.

HOWIE  
This could be a good room for the little guy, obviously.

CRAIG  
How about that, buddy? You like  
this room?

The boy makes a b-line for one of Danny's wind-up robots.  
Howie is immediately on edge.

HOWIE  
Oo, careful with that.

DONNA  
That's not yours, honey.

The boy reluctantly puts the toy down.

CRAIG  
How old's your son?  
(off Howie's blank look)  
This is your son's room, I assume?

HOWIE  
Uh, yeah. I mean...it was,  
but...he died.

Rhonda lowers her eyes. This is not the thing to say. The  
couple looks confused. This is suddenly very awkward.

HOWIE  
Yeah, a car. Right out front.

DONNA  
Oh my god.

CRAIG  
I'm so sorry.

HOWIE  
Thank you.

DONNA  
This must be so difficult for you.

HOWIE  
Yeah, it's pretty weird. I still  
forget he's not here sometimes.  
Like maybe he's just hiding under  
the bed or something, and he's  
gonna pop out. That's what he used  
to do.  
(looks around)  
I still feel him here.

This comes out weirder than Howie intends. The parents are a  
little creeped out. The little boy looks to the bed.



IZZY

What does that mean? "While Mom watches the baby."

BECCA

While you're at the gym, Mom can watch the baby. She loves that.

IZZY

No, Auggie can watch the baby. He works nights, so he'll be home.

BECCA

Okay. Auggie, then.

Becca passes her a magazine. Izzy is fighting to bite her tongue, but it's a losing the battle.

IZZY

If you're gonna be mean to me, then I might as well stay home.

BECCA

What'd I say?

IZZY

You think I'm not cut out to be a good mother.

BECCA

That is not what I think.

IZZY

I know I'm not as organized as you are, or homey, or whatever--

BECCA

Nobody's comparing us.

IZZY

Really? Because that'd be a first.

BECCA

Honestly, Izzy, I don't know what this is about.

IZZY

It's about me being a capable person who can raise a child, and look after it and protect it.

It's not Izzy's intention but this wounds Becca.

IZZY

I resent the feeling I get from you that I don't deserve the baby. Or that I'm not mature enough, or smart enough or something, to take care of it. I mean, my god, if Mom could do it, how hard could it be?

Silence. They stare at each other. Then Becca goes back to her reading.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Becca and Izzy stroll along with the shopping cart. Muzak.

BECCA

This alright?

IZZY

Yeah, it's fine.

BECCA

I've just gotta pick up a few things and then we can do lunch.

Becca makes her way past walls of sugared kids' cereals with colorful boxes. She rolls past, not daring to look at them.

ANOTHER AISLE - A MOMENT LATER

Becca notices a mother, **LORI**, at the end of the aisle. She is shopping with her little boy, **SAMMY**, in the cart. He's about five, and really not happy.

SAMMY

Please can I have some Fruit Roll-Ups?

LORI

No, Sammy, you know the answer.

SAMMY

Please? Can I have some, please?

LORI

Sammy. No.

Lori very deliberately turns her back on the boy and scans the shelf in front of her, ignoring him entirely, which only angers him more.

SAMMY  
I want the Fruit Roll-ups.

LORI  
Not happening.

SAMMY  
Please, I'll be good.

LORI  
Stop it.

SAMMY  
Please?

LORI  
No.

SAMMY  
I promise.

LORI  
No, I'm not gonna get 'em.

Becca tries to not pay attention, but it gets under her skin.

The boy's whines turn into wails, and still the mom does nothing. It goes on for several beats, until Becca can't take it anymore. She is suddenly striding down the aisle toward them. Surprised, Izzy hurries after her...

But it's too late, Becca is already talking to Lori.

BECCA  
You know what? It's only three  
bucks, why don't you just get him  
the roll-ups?

The boy stops whining. He and Izzy look to Lori to see her response. The woman's eyes narrow.

LORI  
Not that it's any of your business,  
but we don't allow candy in our  
house, and my son knows that.

BECCA  
Come on, it's just fruit. Why don't  
you give him a treat?

LORI  
Are you a mom?

The question hangs there. Izzy lowers her eyes. Becca is obviously caught off-guard. She struggles to respond.

LORI  
Yeah, I didn't think so.  
(moves her cart)  
Excuse me...

Becca suddenly reaches up and smacks her across the face. Hard. The woman stares at her, shocked. Becca and Izzy look equally shocked. Did that really just happen?

The boy looks as if he's been hit too.

IZZY  
Go to the car, Becca.

She doesn't move. Izzy hisses through gritted teeth...

IZZY  
I said go to the car.

Becca, slightly dazed, steps away from them. Everything around her swirls a bit as she breaks into a run and dashes for the exit.

IZZY  
(explains to Lori)  
She just lost her son eight months ago and she's--

LORI  
I don't care.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Becca and Izzy sit in the car, still shaken.

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S KITCHEN - END OF THE DAY

Howie is looking over the sign-in sheet. Taz is barking out in the yard. Becca and Izzy come in with the grocery bags.

Becca unpacks the groceries over the following...

HOWIE  
So? Fun day out?

Becca tosses Izzy a warning glance.

                  BECCA  
How'd it go here?

                  HOWIE  
Not so good. We need to clean out  
that room.

                  BECCA  
          (pause)  
Okay.

                  HOWIE  
Maybe make it into a guest room or  
something.  
          (to Izzy)  
Don't get any ideas.

                  IZZY  
Ha-ha.

Then Izzy's smiles disappears. She looks scared. Becca notices and turns around - what's wrong? Howie turns too. And then we see...

Jason is standing in the doorway of the kitchen. He's somehow walked in unnoticed.

                  IZZY  
Jesus...

                  JASON  
Hello. Hi...um...The door was wide  
open so...  
          (no response)  
And I knocked, but...

They all stand there, still taken aback by the moment. Taz is still barking.

                  HOWIE  
Taz! Shut up!

Taz stops barking. They all stare at Jason.

JASON  
I saw the sign outside...the Open House sign, so I thought it'd be okay to--

HOWIE  
You looking to buy a house?

BECCA  
Howie--

JASON  
No.

JASON  
(turns to Becca)  
I just came to give you this.

Jason holds out the "Rabbit Hole" comic book to Becca.

JASON  
I said I'd let you read it when it was done, so...

Becca stands motionless. There's no way out of this. She finally reaches out and takes the book.

BECCA  
Thank you.

Howie looks from Becca to the boy, completely dumbstruck. Izzy is wide-eyed with curiosity. Becca can't even look at Howie. Jason starts to realize what he's done.

HOWIE  
What...what is this?

BECCA  
We...bumped into each other, in the library, and we decided to meet.

HOWIE  
You decided to meet.

BECCA  
Yeah. A couple times.

Howie shakes his head. This is getting weirder and weirder.

JASON  
I'm sorry. I didn't realize--

HOWIE  
Did you meet here?

BECCA  
No, we met in the park.

HOWIE  
You met in the park a couple times.

BECCA  
Yeah.

Howie's breathing becomes shallow. He's trying hard to keep his anger under control. He advances on Jason a little bit.

HOWIE  
So my wife agrees to meet you in a public place, and you...what? Apologize?

JASON  
I guess.

HOWIE  
Okay, you apologize, and then what?

BECCA  
Alright, Howie, that's enough.

HOWIE  
(re: book)  
What is that?

BECCA  
It's a comic book.

HOWIE  
It's a comic book. A comic book.

Izzy looks to her sister like, what the hell?

HOWIE  
Did she tell you to bring it here?

BECCA  
Howie--

JASON  
No, she didn't.

HOWIE

No, she didn't. Because this is our house. And just because there's a sign out front doesn't mean you can pop in.

BECCA

Howie, all right.

HOWIE

No it's not alright. You don't just walk into someone's home like that. You should show a little fucking respect.

Jason looks to Becca, then makes a quick exit.

They're all silent for a couple beats.

BECCA

(quietly)

You're an asshole.

She goes out after Jason. Howie watches her go. Izzy puts groceries away.

HOWIE

(whispers to himself)

I'm an asshole.

EXT. SIDEWALKS AROUND HOWIE AND BECCA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Howie, still rattled, is walking Taz on a leash. The big, dumb dog is essentially pulling him down the block.

HOWIE

Easy...

He tugs on the leash, but Taz pays no mind. The dog continues to pant and pull, excited to be out of the yard. Again, Howie snaps the leash hard, but it hardly does anything. Howie is getting pissed.

HOWIE

Taz, stop it.

Taz suddenly sees/hears some small animal in the hedged-in property next to the sidewalk. He leaps towards the hedges, barking ferociously.

HOWIE  
Taz. Taz, stop it!

Howie snaps the leash back way too hard, and Taz lets out a pained YELP! The dog retreats from the hedges, and cowers. Howie immediately feels horribly, and runs to him.

                          HOWIE  
Oh, buddy...

He buries his face in the dog's fur. He feels to make sure he's okay. Howie rubs his neck and pats his fur. Taz looks up tentative, and licks Howie's hand. The dog's fine. But Howie feels like a complete and utter heel.

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Becca is rolling out dough for a pie crust. Howie appears at the doorway. He stands and watches for a moment.

                          HOWIE  
Why didn't you tell me?

She stops and looks up at him.

                          BECCA  
                          (simply)  
For the same reason you don't tell me why you come home reeking of pot.

Howie takes this in. Then retreats quietly from the doorway. Becca goes back to rolling her pie crust.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Becca and Nat carry the milk crates of Danny's stuff down to the basement, and put them in the corner with a few other things Becca has put aside.

Becca stands there, taking it in. Danny's been reduced to a small corner of stuff in the basement. She lets out a breath, then turns to her mother.

                          BECCA  
Does it ever go away?

                          NAT  
What.

BECCA  
This feeling.

They lock eyes. Nat can see she actually wants an answer. Maybe for the first time ever.

NAT  
No. I don't think it does. Not for me it hasn't. And that's goin' on eleven years.  
(beat)  
It changes though.

BECCA  
How?

NAT  
I don't know. The weight of it, I guess. At some point it becomes bearable. It turns into something you can crawl out from under, and carry around - like a brick in your pocket. And you forget it every once in a while, but then you reach in for whatever reason and there it is: "Oh right. That." Which can be awful. But not all the time. Sometimes it's kinda... Not that you like it exactly, but it's what you have instead of your son, so you don't wanna let go of it either. So you carry it around. And it doesn't go away, which is...

BECCA  
What.

NAT  
Fine...actually.

They're silent for a couple beats. Becca nods a little. Nat turns and heads up the basement steps.

INT. HOWIE AND BECCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They're both in bed reading. Becca is engrossed in Jason's comic book. Howie glances over, a bit annoyed by it.

We see a panel - the boy in the story is running from an army of armor-clad knights.

He passes through a portal, and in the next panel he's falling through another rabbit hole. He lands on a suburban block. The thought-bubble over the boy's head reads, "There's my house! I'm back home!"

We follow Becca's eye across the panels. We see the boy at the front door of the house, and the parents staring down at him confused. The bubble over the boy's head reads, "It's me! Your son!" And the mother's bubble reads, "But we don't have a son."

The next panel: a close-up of the boy's devastated face. And in the next panel, he asks them, "Would you like one?"

Becca lets out a little gasp when she sees the picture. Howie looks over, intrigued. But she doesn't explain.

EXT. GABBY'S HOUSE- DAY

Gabby walks to answer the phone.

GABBY  
Hello?

INT. HOWIE'S OFFICE - MANHATTAN - INTERCUT PHONE CALL

HOWIE  
Hey, it's Howie. Howie Corbett.  
From Group?

Gabby is obviously taken aback.

GABBY  
Hi, Howie.

EXT. YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Taz is barking and jumping as Howie makes his way to the dog house. Howie places the food down, and Taz attacks it.

Howie turns back to the house, and sees Becca working in the garden. She's looking at him strangely.

HOWIE  
Hey.

BECCA  
Hi. You're going to group tonight,  
right?

HOWIE  
                  (tries to sound off-hand)  
Yeah. You didn't want to come, did  
you?

                  BECCA  
No.

Howie tries to not look relieved. Becca looks a little guilty, as if she might have a secret as well.

                  HOWIE  
I'm just gonna hop in the shower.

                  BECCA  
Okay.

He gives a little wave, and heads in. Becca watches him go.

EXT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S FRONT OF HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Howie, freshly showered and changed, heads for his car. One guilty look over his shoulder, and he gets in.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Becca watches from behind a curtain as Howie's car pulls away. As soon as it does, she grabs the "Rabbit Hole" comic book and her car keys, and heads for the kitchen.

EXT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S DRIVEWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Now Becca pulls out of the driveway, and drives off in the opposite direction.

As they drive down various suburban roads, we intercut between the two cars. Becca and Howie are both nervous, and eager to get where they're going.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - DUSK

Becca places the comic book up on the dashboard.

INT. HOWIE'S CAR - DUSK

Howie checks his teeth in the rearview mirror.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - INTERCUT

Becca is on her cell phone. We hear Jason's voice on the outgoing message. Becca hangs up before it's finished.

INT. HOWIE'S CAR - OUTSIDE GABBY'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

Howie finally reaches his destination. It's a beautiful house on a nice block. He slows to a stop at the curb. He puts the car into park.

He looks up at the house, and takes a deep breath. He's terrified. He doesn't move. He just sits in his car.

EXT. GABBY'S HOUSE

Finally, he can't bear it anymore. He opens the car door, and gets out. He smooths his shirt, and heads up the walkway toward Gabby's front door. It's just a few yards, but the walk may as well be a hundred miles.

The door opens, and Gabby steps outside. She looks pretty.

GABBY

Did you find the house okay?

Howie doesn't respond. He doesn't even move.

GABBY

Howie?

Is he going to go through with this?

INT. BECCA'S CAR - INTERCUT

She pulls up Jason's block, and can't help smiling. She's grown to enjoy these encounters with him.

But as she gets closer, her smile fades. She's really not expecting to see the scene in front of her.

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - OUTSIDE JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Becca stops the car a safe distance away, unnoticed by anyone. There's a limo parked at the bottom of the driveway. Becca watches as Jason, in a tuxedo, very self-consciously pins a corsage to a **SKINNY GIRL** in a prom dress.

**JASON'S MOTHER**, giddy with pride, takes picture after picture. **JASON'S BUDDY** and his **BUDDY'S DATE** heckle them from inside the car.

When it's time to go, Jason and his date, move to squeeze in the back seat. Lots of good-natured shoving, and big dresses flipping up, and laughing.

Jason's mother, laughing herself, captures it all on film.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

It's a relatively benign scene, but Becca watches it as someone might watch a car-wreck - stunned, confused, a little disbelieving...

The limo doors close, and as it's about to drive off...

...something huge and uncontrollable opens up inside of Becca, and she begins to cry. A lot. She clutches the steering wheel and pretty much loses it.

EXT. BECCA'S FRONT LAWN - DAY - FLASHBACK (SLO-MO)

Jason, at the wheel of his car, terror in his eyes, turns to see Becca standing outside of her house, trembling, not comprehending at all what she sees. They lock eyes.

Though Becca has just seen the body of Danny, we never do. We only see Becca and Jason in this moment. And then...

INT. LIMO - SIMULTANEOUS (SLO-MO)

Still laughing, Jason turns for just a moment and sees Becca's car as they roll by. Becca is hysterical but silent behind the glass of her windows. Jason's smile disappears.

BACK TO THE LIMO (SLO-MO)

Jason watches as Becca and her car disappear behind him, and he continues on to his prom.

BACK TO HOWIE OUTSIDE GABBY'S HOUSE

Howie is still standing there. Gabby is waiting. She tries to smile. Howie takes a step back.

HOWIE  
                  (barely a whisper)  
                  I'm sorry.

Howie turns, and heads for the car. He gets back in. Gabby watches as he starts the car and pulls away.

When he's gone, her shoulders drop in defeat. She slips inside, and gently closes the door behind her.

INT. HOWIE'S CAR - SPEEDING HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Howie is suddenly in a big hurry to get home. He flies through the suburban back roads, determined, and terrified of the very big mistake he very nearly made.

EXT. HOWIE AND BECCA'S FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Howie gets out of the car, and yanks the back door open. He grabs the booster from the back seat, and tosses it in the bags of garbage that have been put on the curb for pick-up. He closes the car door, and heads into the house.

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S FOYER - A MOMENT LATER

Howie tosses his keys by the door, and peeks into the living room, but there's no one here.

INT. KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

No sign of Becca. He peers out the kitchen window into the backyard. Taz is asleep in the dog house.

He moves to the basement door, and listens. Nothing. He calls down the stairs.

                  HOWIE  
                  Becca?

Still, nothing. This is odd. Where did she go?

INT. STAIRWAY / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He runs upstairs, a bit of panic creeping in now.

                  HOWIE  
                  Becca...?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He ducks his head in. No one there.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Howie clicks on the light. Of course there's no one here either. He looks around the room. But there's nothing. Other than the stripped bed, the room is completely empty.

And slowly, we see Howie's determination drain out of his body. He's too late. Becca isn't here. And he's convinced she's actually left him.

Spent, Howie sits on the bed, staring off into space. Then he quietly takes off his shoes, and lies back on the bed.

BACK TO BECCA IN HER CAR - STILL ACROSS FROM JASON'S HOUSE

The prom car is gone. Becca is alone now. The street is empty again.

She finally lets go of the steering wheel. Her crying is pretty much over. But she doesn't start the car. She just sits there.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Becca is asleep in her car - pretty much where we left her.

There a little tap-tap-tap at her window. She wakes up, disoriented, and sees Jason outside, still in his tuxedo.

BECCA

Jesus.

JASON

Sorry.

BECCA

What time is it?

JASON

Almost five?

BECCA

And you're just getting home?

EXT. PARK - MINUTES LATER

They're back on their bench. The sun is creeping over the fields of the park. They've been sitting here for awhile now without saying anything.

BECCA  
So how was it?

JASON  
It was okay.

BECCA  
Well you look nice.

JASON  
Thank you.

BECCA  
Was that your girlfriend?

JASON  
Just a friend.

BECCA  
She's pretty.

Jason looks to "Rabbit Hole" which sits on the bench between them. Becca smiles, and picks up the comic book.

BECCA  
Well, I liked this so much. It's beautiful.

JASON  
Thanks.

BECCA  
It reminded me of Orpheus and Eurydice. Do you know that myth?

JASON  
Not really.

BECCA  
Eurydice dies, and Orpheus misses her so much, that he travels to Hades to retrieve her, but in the end it doesn't work out.

JASON  
I should read it.

Becca flips through the book. Jason undoes his bow-tie.

BECCA  
So, is the scientist your dad?  
(off his blank look)  
The scientist the boy is looking  
for, is that your dad?

JASON  
(beat)  
No.

BECCA  
I mean, is it based on him?

JASON  
No. My dad was an English teacher.

BECCA  
Oh. Okay. I was curious about  
that part.

JASON  
It's just a story.

BECCA  
No, I know. I was just...

JASON  
Reading into it?

BECCA  
Yeah.

They sit there. A jogger runs by in silence.

BECCA  
Do you think they're real?

JASON  
Parallel universes?

JASON  
I think it's basic science. If  
space is infinite, then everything  
is possible.

She smiles a little. This was the answer she was hoping for.

BECCA

So somewhere out there, there's a version of me -- what? -- making pancakes?

JASON

Sure.

BECCA

Or at a water park.

JASON

Wherever, yeah. Both. Laws of probability. There are tons of you's out there, and tons of me's.

BECCA

So this is just the sad version of us.

JASON

(beat)

I guess.

BECCA

But there are other versions where everything goes our way.

JASON

Assuming you believe in science.

BECCA

(beat)

Well that's a nice thought. That somewhere out there I'm having a good time.

Jason smiles. They look out over the fields, and the sun peeking through the trees.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - MORNING

Howie fell asleep on Danny's bed last night. He wakes up, squinting at the sun coming in from the windows.

We hear the clink of mugs being taken from a cabinet, and coffee being made. Morning sounds.

It's so strikingly normal that Howie wonders for a moment if he isn't imagining it. And when he realizes he isn't, a wave of relief washes over him.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Becca is at the table, drinking her coffee, nibbling on a piece of pastry.

Howie comes in, still sleepy, and takes in the scene. He gets a mug, and pours himself some coffee.

Howie gets a plate, and cuts himself a piece. Then moves to the table. They drink their coffee. After a while...

HOWIE

I thought maybe you had left.

She sees the fear in his eyes, and she feels badly for him.

BECCA

No. I didn't leave.

Howie hides his relief by reaching for the morning paper, and leafing through its contents.

BECCA

So I was thinking we should invite Rick and Debbie over for a cookout.

Howie looks up at her, totally perplexed.

BECCA

She's never gonna call. She thinks I hate her. I might as well just let her off the hook.

HOWIE

So a cookout then.

BECCA

It'll be good to see the kids. We should get something for Emily though. We missed her birthday. She turned four last week.

HOWIE

Right. Okay.

Howie stares into his coffee mug.

HOWIE  
Danny's is coming up.

BECCA  
I know.

HOWIE  
That's gonna be a tough one.

BECCA  
Yeah.

Howie looks up at her.

HOWIE  
So the kid... Jason. Did you tell  
him we didn't blame him?

BECCA  
We don't blame him.

HOWIE  
No, I know, but did you let him  
know that?

BECCA  
I guess so.

HOWIE  
(beat)  
That's good.

BECCA  
Look, Howie, if you want talk with  
him.

HOWIE  
I don't.

BECCA  
Okay.

They pick at the Danish.

HOWIE  
It's so quiet.

BECCA  
That's because I slipped Taz a  
couple Ambien.

HOWIE  
(smiles)  
You're funny.

BECCA  
You think I'm joking.

A nice moment between them. It's been awhile since they've had one.

Becca faces him - down to business now.

BECCA  
So what are we gonna do?

HOWIE  
About what?

BECCA  
I don't know, pick something.

HOWIE  
(thinks it over)  
Well...We could go to Village Toys  
tomorrow and pick up Candy Land for  
Emily. That's probably something  
she'd like.

BECCA  
Okay, Candy Land. That's a start.  
Then what?

HOWIE  
Then we wrap it.

BECCA  
Uh-huh.

HOWIE  
And then we have the cookout...

Howie's voice continues over the following scenes...

EXT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S BACK YARD - A FEW WEEKS LATER - DAY

A bright day. Howie is at the grill. Nat is blabbing away to him. Becca is chatting with her neighbors (Peg and Pete.)

Rick and Debbie come through the back gate with **EMILY**, 4 and **ROBBIE**, 7. Becca gets up and welcomes them.

HOWIE (V.O.)

And they'll come over, and we'll  
have a couple other people so it's  
not too awkward for anyone.

Debbie is still rather sheepish and apologetic when greeting Becca. The kids make a b-line for Taz, who's tied up in the doghouse, and happy to see them.

HOWIE (V.O.)

And to make them feel comfortable  
we'll ask a bunch of questions  
about what the kids have been up  
to, and we'll pretend that we're  
really interested.

Howie's voice continues over several more shots from the day.

Izzy, looking especially pregnant, shows up with Auggie. She's brought some kind of pie. Becca seems both shocked and impressed by it.

Despite the iconic suburban cookout, this should feel more winsome than happy. The unresolved issues linger.

HOWIE (V.O.)

And then we'll wait for someone to  
bring up Danny while the kids are  
playing. And maybe that'll go on  
for a little while.

And as he describes, we see them all sitting around having some adult conversation as the sun goes down.

SAME - DUSK

Everyone's gone. Howie and Becca are sitting next to each other in separate chairs looking out at the fading light over the water. They are both lost in thought. All around them is the wreckage of the cookout.

HOWIE (V.O.)  
And after that they'll go home.

Becca glances over at Taz, who is quiet and exhausted.

BECCA (V.O.)  
And then what?

HOWIE (V.O.)  
(beat)  
I don't know. Something though.  
We'll figure it out.

BECCA (V.O.)  
Will we?

HOWIE (V.O.)  
I think so. I think we will.

Becca looks to Howie. They both look a bit scared.

She reaches over and takes his hand...for the first time in a very long time.

It's a simple gesture - not of resolution - but of possibility. Howie holds on tight.

And we...

FADE OUT.

**THE END**