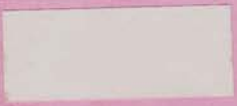


The Sky is Falling

by
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1 EXT. EMILY'S YARD - NIGHT 1

FCU

EMILY HALL - 28, tired, and at the end of her rope.

EMILY (V.O.)

(matter of fact)

I'd been thinking about killing myself.

FLASH FRAME TO:

2 INT. OPERATING ROOM #1 - NIGHT 2

Matching shot looking down at...

Emily laying on a steel operating table - dead! Tilt up to reveal Emily's alter ego - alive - staring down at the pale face. She pulls a white sheet over the dead Emily's head. *

3 EXT. EMILY'S YARD - NIGHT 3

Emily looks up - her stare distant.

Clouds move across the sky.

EMILY (V.O.)

You're probably wondering what drove me to consider such drastic measures.

3A EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3A

Through a window we see Emily sitting at a desk, in front of a computer.

4 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM/DESK - NIGHT 4*

Letters from a computer move across the screen becoming words:

TEXT

"With all of her errands done, her good-byes said, Marion laid down on her bed content with a life fully lived and closed her eyes for the last time. THE END."

A clock reads 1:18AM. Emily, young and eager, takes a deep breath and smiles with joy. She jumps up, pulling the final pages of her first novel from the printer. She adds them to a tall pile of paper and then flips it over revealing the title page - "One Final Day by Emily Hall".

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Emily smiles proudly. She looks down at SAM, a big fluffy dog and Emily's most loyal companion. She kneels down and rubs him behind the ears.

EMILY

We did it, Sam. We did it.

5 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

5

Emily sets her manuscript down and jumps up on the bed rousing a sleeping man - MIKE ODEKIRK, 28, handsome and charming even when he's sleeping. Emily climbs on top of him, kisses him behind the ear, rouses him.

EMILY

Hey, sleepy.

Mike smiles at her.

MIKE

Hey.

EMILY

I finished. My first book is done.

MIKE

That's great. I'm so proud of you.

EMILY

I finally feel like I'm on my way.

Mike looks at Emily - he really loves her. He caresses her hair.

MIKE

You must be exhausted.

EMILY

(coy)

No, not really. Are you sleepy?

Emily kisses him on the neck. He laughs.

MIKE

It is kind of late...

Emily kisses down his neck... his chest...

EMILY

Are you still sleepy?

MIKE

Sleepy? Why would I be sleepy?

Mike pulls Emily close. Kisses her passionately. Tilt up to Emily's manuscript.

DISSOLVE TO:

*
*
*
*
*

6 TITLE MONTAGE

6

ECU - A DART BOARD - TITLES over rejection letter after rejection letter for "One Final Day" being attached to the dart board.

OUTERSPACE - A satellite drifts through space.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

DART BOARD - More rejection letters. Every so often a bank statement appears, each time the funds becoming more and more depleted.

OUTERSPACE - A piece of space debris collides with the satellite, sending it spinning out of control.

7 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

7

Sam's water bowl spins across the wood floor.

Emily catches the bowl, picks it up. She scurries through the frame, past the dart board - late. Sam watches her frenzied movement. She throws back a cup of coffee, refills her portable portable mug. She grabs all her stuff and heads to the door. Leaves, closing the door, then opens it --

EMILY

Sorry, Sam, Come on.

Sam runs out the door.

8 INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY LOBBY - MORNING

8

A phone rings off the hook. Chaos and disorganization dominate the lobby of a large advertising company.

A FRAZZLED ASSISTANT struggles to put up a tall Christmas tree. A very PROFESSIONAL LOOKING WOMAN confronts Emily.

SHEILA

Are you the temp? You're late.

The woman, about the same age as Emily, looks her over. Emily is the anti-thesis of this well dressed, coifed woman.

SHEILA (cont'd)

First appearances are everything around here! It's how I built this company, so work on the wardrobe.

(beat)

You look familiar?

The woman shrugs. The phones continue to ring non-stop.

SHEILA (cont'd)

(looking to the phone)

Well, what are you waiting for?

9 INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY LOBBY/DESK - MONTAGE

9

CU Telephone - All the lines flash.

(CONTINUED)

Emily, now wearing a headset, frantically tries to keep up with the ringing phones.

EMILY
I'm sorry who were you holding---

Another line rings.

EMILY (CONT.)
--- Can you hold on one more min---
(click, then dial tone)
Hello? Hello?

A MAN in a suit impatiently stands over her.

Messages are scattered all around Emily.

A WOMAN - younger than Emily - looks at the mess -

YOUNG WOMAN
Have you never answered a phone before?

Emily stares at this woman as all the lines flash. The ringing of the phones becomes overbearing to Emily's ears.

A MAN throws a stack of mail at Emily.

The clock strikes 5:00.

10 INT. ADVERTISING COMPANY LOBBY/DESK - 5:00PM 10

Emily removes her headset and drops her head onto the desk.

SHEILA
Emily Hall!

Emily jumps at the woman's voice.

SHEILA (cont'd)
Redwood High class of 1986! All day long
I've been trying to figure out where I
know you from. I'm Sheila
Moore...band..president of the Computer
Club...

Emily cringes inside, smiles outside.

SHEILA
Yale? You went to Yale, right.

EMILY
Class of 1990.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

And you dated Mike Odekirk.

EMILY

Still dating Mike Odekirk.

SHEILA

"Dating?"

EMILY

No, we're not married. We really want our careers to be established first.

SHEILA

Oh... So, what's Mike doing?

EMILY

He has a band. Music's still his passion. Well, that and Dee-Jaying. You can catch him if you find yourself up at 2:00am on Thursdays.

SHEILA

2:00am? Can't run a company like this staying up all night.

(beat)

Anyway, unfortunately Emily, I don't think this is going to turn into a long term thing. We've requested a different temp tomorrow. You just don't do good phone. I'm sorry.

EMILY

(sarcastically)

I guess they just didn't teach good phone at Yale. Thanks for the day.

Emily turns to leave, desperate to escape.

SHEILA

But, hey, I'll see you and Mike in February.

Emily stops and turns back, confused.

SHEILA

The reunion. Just got my invite in the mail. Can you believe it. We've been out 10 years. It'll be great to see how everyone's fared in the big, bad world.

11 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11*

Emily and Sam enter the house. Mike sits in a chair strumming a guitar. Sam runs right up to him. They engage in some sort of male bonding.

EMILY

Hey. What a nice end to a horrible day to find you here.

Emily gives Mike a kiss and plops down in a chair opposite him. She sorts through her mail.

MIKE

Why was your day so horrible?

EMILY

10 Year reunion in February, that's why.

MIKE

(with disbelief)

Really? That'll be kind of cool.

EMILY

Cool? I don't think so.

Emily reads a letter out loud, the same letter she's read over and over.

EMILY

"While we find your novel to be very well written, we feel you'd be better served to choose a more commercial subject matter."

(dejected)

"#15."

Emily gets up and puts the letter on the dart board.

MIKE

Hey, come with me, I made you something.

He grabs Emily's hand and pulls her out of the room.

12 EXT. EMILY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

12

Mike walks out with Emily covering her eyes.

MIKE

Okay. You can look.

Emily opens her eyes. A huge smile spreads across her face.

(CONTINUED)

Emily's POV - a brand new dog house with "Sam" painted above the door. It's red and black with carefully painted white paw prints all over it. Emily turns to Mike.

EMILY

(coy)

You moving in?

MIKE

Ha, ha.

Emily smiles, gives him a big hug.

EMILY

I love it.

Emily looks at the dog house. Sam investigates it.

EMILY

Maybe that's a good idea.

MIKE

What?

EMILY

You moving in.

MIKE

I thought you didn't want to live together unless we're married.

EMILY

So? 10 years, Mike! It's been 10 years since we graduated from high school!

MIKE

What happened to "careers first, marriage second"?

EMILY

I changed my mind.

MIKE

You're just frustrated with your career...

EMILY

You're changing the subject...

MIKE

You should try writing on a different "subject."

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

That's not fair - I'm trying.

MIKE

Em, come on, you use your laptop as a hot plate.

This is a painful truth for Emily.

EMILY

Mike, I've wanted to be a writer my whole life. Don't you think it scares the hell out of me when I sit down at the computer to write and nothing comes out?

Emily looks so sad. *

MIKE

Getting married isn't going to help you come up with your next book.

EMILY

You never know...

MIKE

I can't even take care of myself. How am I going to justify getting married?

EMILY

Because you love me?

MIKE

You know I do... It's just not the right time. *

EMILY

If we wait for everything to be perfect it'll never be the "right time."

(beat)

This is so pathetic... I'm practically begging you to propose to me. *

Mike pulls her close, puts his arms around her. *

MIKE

Just give me a little more time, okay? I'll work things out.

Mike kisses Emily. Moves down to her neck.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Don't you have your show tonight...

Mike stops her talk with a kiss. There's still a lot of passion between them.

13 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

13

An alarm BUZZES - 8:00am - Emily slaps the snooze button. She turns over groggily - the space where Mike slept is empty. Emily's eyes close.

The door is heard opening.

AMBER (O.S.)

Hey, Sammy boy. Where's your mom?

(sarcastic)

She's not still sleeping is she?

In enters AMBER LEE, Emily's best friend and one big ball of never ending energy. She goes over and shakes Emily.

AMBER

Time to rise and shine morning glory!

Emily groans and pulls the pillow over her head.

AMBER

Come on, let's work out before your meeting.

EMILY

What meeting?

AMBER

You have a 11:00 with a publisher, don't you?

EMILY

(muffled)

What's the point?

AMBER

The point is today could be *the day*.

Emily doesn't budge.

AMBER

Okay, fine.

Amber starts doing her sit-ups on the floor next to Emily's bed.

(CONTINUED)

AMBER (cont'd)

So, I had this audition last night right out of "Fame". This guy was an idiot, first he tells me,

(mockingly)

"Amber Lee, with a name like that you should be a porn star." Then, wasting no time, doesn't even ask me to read the scene, he says, "It's time for the body check" - he actually wanted me to take my shirt off. I told him if I take my shirt off, I'm going to tie it around his balls and take them home with me.

With this, Emily peaks out from under the pillow and starts laughing.

EMILY

You didn't?

AMBER

Of course I did!

14 EXT. SANTA MONICA STAIRS - MORNING

14

Amber sprints up and down six stairs for Emily's every two. Sam lags behind on a leash. Amber keeps going back and forth to stay with them.

AMBER

10 years! Ugh! I did not update my high school of any change of address!

EMILY

I can't go. It would be humiliating.
(mock conversation)
"So, Emily, what do you do?" I'm a novelist. "Oh, yeah, what have you written?" It's called "One Final Day".
"Oh, huh, haven't heard of it...Well, you and Mike must have kids now?" No, no kids. No marriage. Not even cohabitation.

They've reached the top of the stairs. Emily plops down.

EMILY

You graduate from high school ready to conquer the world. By your 10 year reunion you think you'll be President, have an adoring husband and two kids you take care of between cabinet meetings.

(CONTINUED)

AMBER

You have time to think about it.

EMILY

There's nothing to think about. I'm not going. It's just what it represents.

Amber looks at Emily sympathetically. Pats her on the back.

AMBER

Come on, you're not burning off those little chocolate binges you whine about sitting there.

EMILY

I need all my extra fat right now. It's the only thing padding my fall.

15 INT. MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - LATE MORNING

15

MR. WILLIAMS

Emily Hall! Nice to finally meet you.

MR. WILLIAMS, mid 40's, genuine, heartily shakes Emily's hand. She is dressed in her best and only suit. She smiles enthusiastically.

EMILY

Nice to meet you, Mr. Williams.

They sit down.

MR. WILLIAMS

I really think you're a terrific writer.

Maybe this is "the" day...

EMILY

Thank you, you don't know how much that means to me.

MR. WILLIAMS

I'm not just saying that. I don't say it often. You have a real gift.

Emily is getting excited.

MR. WILLIAMS

(cutting to the chase)

But, the bottom line is - it's great writing, but a boring story. It's the story of the last day in an 80 year old woman's life...

(CONTINUED)

Emily's smile fades.

MR. WILLIAMS

To crack the best seller list today a book has to have excitement and intrigue, crimes of passion, sexy woman and debonair men, heroics...

EMILY

That's not life, though. Life is about living every moment to the fullest.

MR. WILLIAMS

That's the thing - people don't want to read about life. They want to escape it.

(beat)

You see what I'm saying?

Mr. Williams stands up, ushers Emily to the door.

MR. WILLIAMS

You bring me a story like that and then we're in business.

Mr. Williams opens the door, extends his hand. Emily shakes it.

EMILY

(deflated)

Thank you for your time.

Emily exits.

16 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MR. WILLIAMS OFFICE - LATE MORNING 16*

The door closes behind Emily. She leans against it.

EMILY

"#16."

17 INT. HIP LA RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON 17

Emily joins three other woman: CARRIE, SARAH, and AMANDA. All in their late 20's. The restaurant is crowded and noisy.

EMILY

(sitting down)

Hi, guys. Sorry, I'm late.

SARAH

Hey, Em. Liz is running late, too. And Amber called - she can't make it. She

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (cont'd)
got a callback. Heard you had a big meeting.

EMILY
Not so big.

AMANDA
(eager)
Okay, Em's here, I just can't wait any longer... They've made me Editor-In-Chief.

Everyone throws in their congrats.

SARAH
Well, you know what that means? New title - new clothes!

CARRIE
Hey, Barney's Warehouse sale - perfect timing. Last year I got the greatest pair of Farragamo sandals for \$180, marked down from \$350.

AMANDA
They have the greatest bargains. That's where I got those Todd Oldman palazzo pants.

Emily just listens to the meaningless chatter. Her attention drifts off.

SARAH
Those are so cute. You wore them to the staff Christmas party at The Ivy last year.

AMANDA
I have to go. Who's in?

SARAH
Me - absolutely!

CARRIE
Do you think maternity clothes are on sale?

They all stop and stare at Carrie. Emily is pulled out of her daze.

EMILY
(sarcastic)
What, you got a bun in the oven?

(CONTINUED)

Amanda and Sarah laugh. Carrie smiles, stands up, and pulls her shirt tight around her belly, revealing a small bulge.

CARRIE

Say hello to little J.P. *

Silence - then Amanda and Sarah jump up and hug her. They jump around. Emily watches - stunned. She gets dizzy watching them spin around in circles. Liz arrives.

LIZ

Hi, everyone. What's so exciting?

AMANDA

Carrie's pregnant!

LIZ

Hey, that's amazing!

Liz jumps into the circle - hugs Carrie.

LIZ (cont'd)

What do you all think of this?

Liz holds up a hand with a large stone surrounding her ring finger.

AMANDA

John proposed?

Liz nods and a huge grin spreads across her face.

EMILY

You guys have only been together 3 months...

LIZ

What can I say... He's crazy about me!

They all continue to jump around and hug. Then they realize Emily is still sitting. They all turn to her. She manages, with much difficulty, to produce a smile.

EMILY

Well, Sammy had a nice, firm shit today!

Amanda hugs Emily and pulls away revealing a big red stain on Emily's white shirt. *

AMANDA

Well, at least they comped your meal.

CARRIE

That waiter was such a klutz.

SARAH

Hang in there. Things can only get better.

Carrie, Sarah, and Amanda climb into Amanda's BMW, wave bye to Emily, and pull away. A young and eager valet pulls up with Emily's van.

VALET

Sorry, ma'am, wouldn't start at first.

Emily empties her change purse - looks down - 53 cents. Not much of a tip. Digs in her purse. Lots of gum...

EMILY

You like gum?

The valet shakes his head. Emily hands him the change and a pack of gum.

EMILY

Sorry. It's all I have...

19 INT. MONA HALL'S HOUSE - L.R./DEN - NIGHT

19*

Emily and Sam enter a disorderly, yet colorful house. They are greeted by a handful of scruffy looking animals - strays having found their home.

EMILY

Mom?

No answer.

EMILY

Madame Mona?

A pause.

MONA

In here, honey.

Emily enters into a room where MONA HALL, Emily's mom, late 50's, flaming red hair, a psychic by trade, sits at a table, her hands moving over tarot cards, her eyes closed.

MONA

Negativity. I feel negativity has just entered.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONA (cont'd)
 (opening one eye)
 Why are you being negative? I told you
 negativity just breeds more negativity.

Emily looks around.

EMILY
 You rearranged the furniture.

MONA
 Feng shui - turned out the chi was
 blocked. Inhibiting my powers.
 (beat)
 Come on, I'll fix you something to eat.

Notices the large food stain on Emily's suit.

MONA
 Ooh, looks like you've eaten already.

EMILY
 No, my shirt ate. I'm starving. But,
 healthy food, Mom, healthy!

MONA
 (lighting a cigarette)
 Of course, honey. I gave the
 Thanksgiving leftovers to the shelter.
 But, I'm sure we can find something.

20 INT. MONA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

20*

Mona prepares dinner. She throws together a hodge podge of
 ingredients - whatever she can find that lacks mold.

MONA
 So, what's wrong? You only come home
 when something's wrong?

EMILY
 That's not true.
 (beat)
 But, I thought you'd like to know I may
 be moving.

MONA
 In with Mike? It's about time.

EMILY
 No, I was thinking more like 23rd and
 Ocean Park, between the slide and the
 monkey bars. Easy access to the jogging
 path. Huge yard for Sammy.

(CONTINUED)

Mona turns to Emily, takes a long drag off her cigarette, blows the smoke at Emily.

MONA

So, you're telling me you're moving into a city park and nothing's wrong? Honey, I'm a psychic... Though, I know you choose to ignore that fact...

Emily rolls her eyes, a true skeptic.

MONA (CONT.)

I know when something's wrong. And I keep telling you, I've seen the future and you're going to be everything you've ever dreamed of being and more. And Mike, he'll come around...

(beat)

Soon as you tell him to get lost!

Emily glares at her mom. This is obviously a sore subject between them.

EMILY

Mom, he's the most stable thing in my life.

MONA

(clearing her throat)

Sorry... Anyway, you're not going to be living on the streets. This dreary weather has just gotten you down.

EMILY

No, not being able to pay my rent has gotten me down.

MONA

Oh, don't worry ---

EMILY

--- You can loan me some money?

MONA

No...

(very dramatic)

Ever since I lost that cancer patient, word's spread, business hasn't been so good... But, the good news is I've been

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONA (cont'd)
 working on bringing in a warm front and
 it'll be sunny before you know it!

Emily flops down onto a kitchen stool - why did she come
 here, she wonders.

MONA
 I see you doing great things, I've seen
 it in the clouds.
 (beat)
 Just last night I was on the deck,
 staring into the sky, and you know what
 suddenly hit me?
 (pause, then very dramatic)
 Volcanos! Lots of Volcanos are going to
 be erupting - all over.

21 INT. MONA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

21*

Mona sets down a plate of hamburger helper in front of Emily.
 Emily groans. All the animals circle them - begging.

MONA
 What? It's extra lean ground beef... and
 all the food groups...

EMILY
 Mom, I'm a vegetarian.

MONA
 I thought you grew out of that phase.
 Anyway, a little animal protein won't
 kill you.

Mona digs in. Emily lifts her fork, plays with her food.
 The dogs bark at Emily, their noses at her plate.

EMILY
 Mom, what's a good effective way to kill
 yourself?

MONA
 (sympathetic)
 Honey, things can't be that bad.

EMILY
 No, I know... It's...uh... for my new
 book!

MONA
 New Book! Honey that's great. I told
 you I'd take care of that writer's block.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MONA (cont'd)

Well, lets see, you could throw yourself
from a tall building...

One of the dogs jumps up knocking Emily's plate to the floor.

SLOW MOTION - The mix of hamburger helper and ketchup fall to
the ground...

22 EXT. DARK CITY STREET - NIGHT

22

SPLAT! Blood and guts explode onto black pavement.

Emily lays on the ground, flattened, her head exploded.

We pull back - Emily, ALIVE, stares at her dead body. She
moves around the body, repulsed. Sure made a big mess.
Emily looks up at the great distance her body fell.

EMILY

You can't even jump off a high dive much
less a high rise.

HONK! HONK! Emily looks up the street and is blinded by
bright headlights coming right at her.

23 EXT. EMILY'S VAN/LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

23*

HONK! HONK!

Emily, blinded by headlights, swerves to avoid an oncoming
car.

24 INT. EMILY'S VAN - NIGHT

24

Emily HONKS! Swerves back into her lane. News radio plays
in the background.

RADIO (V.O.)

Our other top story, space debris has
collided with a Chinese Satellite sending
it spinning in an uncontrollable orbit.
It is expected to tumble to earth at
speeds up to 17,000 M.P.H. We will keep
you posted on the satellite's plummet to
Earth as we learn more in the next couple
of weeks. For, now, keep your heads up
and your eyes open. This is Jay Ross for
KNX-1070.

BANG! A tire blows.

The van coasts to a stop - Emily gives up, her head falling
onto the steering wheel.

25 OMIT

25

26 EXT./INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

26*

Emily enters, followed by Sam. She turns on the hall light, revealing she's a greasy mess. She spots Mike's guitar case.

EMILY

Mike?

Mike comes out from the bedroom.

MIKE

Hey. What happened to you?

EMILY

Hey! Flat tire - you're taught how to find the hypotenuse of a triangle, but never how to change a flat tire! Thought you had practice tonight?

MIKE

I canceled it. We need to talk.

EMILY

Okay...

Emily peels off her dirty clothes stripping down to a T-shirt and boxers.

MIKE

You know - it can probably wait. You look like you've had a pretty rough day.

EMILY

I don't know that my day can get much worse. If something's on your mind, I want to know.

MIKE

I've been thinking about our talk the other night...

(struggling)

...and you're right about something.

EMILY

I am.

MIKE

Yeah... 10 years... I should know.

EMILY

Know what?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

MIKE

Know whether you're the one...
 (pauses, then sadly)
 ...and I don't.

Emily can't believe what she's hearing. She plops down into a big over stuffed chair. Sam lays down beside her. They both stare at Mike with big, confused eyes.

MIKE

(turning away from them)
 Don't even do that. Gang up on me.
 (pauses, turns back)
 I love you, Em. I really do. But, I don't know if I see forever with you. When you meet *that* person, you're supposed to know.

Emily seems to grow smaller in the chair's large arms.

EMILY

You *did* know when you met me.

MIKE

Just let me finish...

*
*

The camera slowly starts to move in on Emily. Mike becomes a blur, pacing back and fourth in the foreground.

MIKE

I feel like I'm just a big crutch to you.

Anger starts to boil in Emily's eyes.

MIKE

In the beginning I never knew who would win out on a Friday night -- your writing or me... And I'm not where I want to be in my career. Band gigs barely pay the bills and my radio show is at such a bad hour you don't even listen. I feel like we get into our own little world and then everything else doesn't seem so bad and then we're not as driven. We should want more, Em. We just make each other complacent...

(beat)

I think we need to take time apart, so we can figure out what's best for us.

CU - Emily.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Time? You want time? I'll give you time! You can have the rest of your life.

She jumps up and starts pushing a surprised Mike towards the door.

EMILY

Because let me tell you what I want. I want stability in one aspect of my life. Just ONE! Is that too much to ask?
(a fake laugh)
Apparently so!

MIKE

All I'm say...

EMILY

(interrupting)

Let me finish! I want a partner when things are good and when things aren't so good. I want to know that when I come home after a rough day there's going to be someone there who will make me feel like everything's okay - that's not complacency, Mike, that's making life bearable when it's not so bearable. Every couple of months you start doubting us because I don't fit your twisted little fantasy of what, or who, you're supposed to spend the rest of your life with. What we have, aside from your wishy-washiness, is great, but you're just too scared that you'll make that big leap and then some cross between Cindy Crawford and the Virgin Mary will come along and you'll just be stuck with little old me... well, you should be so lucky! So, go ahead and try to find something better, go searching for those damn fireworks, just don't get burned!

Emily shoves Mike out the door, he stumbles down the steps, falls on his butt -

EMILY

And you know what else would have been nice once in awhile?

MIKE

What?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

EMILY
Flowers, you jerk!

Emily slams the door shut. BANG!

27 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM/DESK - NIGHT

27*

A smoking revolver, ridiculously large... Pull back to reveal Emily sitting at her desk with the revolver to her head. She missed. The saner Emily watches from a corner - looks over to the large bullet hole in the wall.

EMILY
If you have the guts to pull the trigger
you have the guts to make something of
your life.

28 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

28

Emily lays on her bed. Sam at her side. Her face is covered with white goo. Her eyes are red and heavy. David Letterman, Emily's reliable companion at night, is in the midst of "Stupid pet Tricks". Emily is diligently putting round blue stickers over Mike's face in all her photos of them together.

She drops them into a box next to her bed that is already full of Mike's stuff.

Her heavy eyes are starting to win the battle. She drops her project onto the bed, turns her attention to Dave.

Insert TV - A dog climbs a rope ladder to retrieve a treat at the top.

Emily is asleep.

29 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

29

The phone RINGS, startling Emily. The machine picks up.

AMBER (O.S.)
Wake up! I know you're there. It's a
beautiful day.

Emily groans. Crawls deep under the covers.

30 EXT. VENICE BIKE PATH - DAY

30

Amber stands over Emily who is laying on the side of the bike path.

AMBER
What's wrong?

EMILY
The muscles in my stomach seem to be in spasm.... My life's in spasm.

Amber sets down her bike and sits down next to Emily. Emily looks at her, tries to smile - unsuccessfully.

EMILY
Mike told me he needed time. I told him he can have the rest of his life.

AMBER
He's such an idiot sometimes.
(beat)
Men! Who needs 'em!

EMILY
Easy for you to say. You have the security of that little gold band and Jim to cuddle up to every night. You tell me how excited you would be if you invested 10 years into a relationship and then found yourself a single, unemployed, careerless ---

AMBER
--- Lab rats!

EMILY
Huh?

AMBER
Lab rats - we can be lab rats. I saw a sign at the track - \$2000 for one weekend.

Emily sits up, interested.

EMILY
\$2,000?

31 INT. COLLEGE MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

31

Emily and Amber are having blood drawn from their arms. The nurse can't seem to find a good vein in Emily's arms and has to keep changing veins.

EMILY
(cringing, to Amber)
Is this worth \$2,000?

MONTAGE -

Emily and Amber stand on scales. Emily steps off the scale, pulls off her shoes, then climbs back on the scale. She puts her hands over her eyes. Steps off, removes her watch.

Emily and Amber have their throats scraped.

Emily and Amber have their fingers pricked.

They both exit a bathroom with cups of urine.

END MONTAGE -

They sit in chairs, waiting for their results. Emily's arm is bandaged up. A LAB TECHNICIAN approaches.

LAB TECHNICIAN
Emily Hall? Amber Lee?

EMILY/AMBER
That's us.

LAB TECHNICIAN
Ms. Lee - everything looks good for you.
You fit our profile perfectly.
(beat, turns a page)
Ms. Hall - your iron count is low and
your weight is a tad bit high - I'm
sorry, but we won't be able to use you.

She stares at the lab technician, overwhelming embarrassment rushing through her body. SLOW MOTION - Emily looks to Amber, then back to the Tech who continues to talk to Amber. The camera moves in on Emily. Her eyes move down to a stethoscope hanging from his hand. It swings back and forth. Back and forth... The image becomes blurry.

32 INT. GARAGE - DAY

32

Shifting into focus - Emily's limp body hangs in the foreground from a rafter. It swings back and forth. Emily,

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

alive, stands across the room and watches the body sway. A door opens.

Emily's mom and GRANDMA enter.

MONA

Mother, I put the Christmas dec...

Mona spots Emily's dead body, shrieks. Grandma, in shock, grabs her chest, her face flushes with pain, she chokes for air and collapses.

Emily grimaces.

EMILY

You don't want to take anybody with you.

33 EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY

33

A Christmas tree is being dragged across the ground by a piece of rope.

Emily, Amber, and Sam walk through a Christmas tree lot.

AMBER

They wanted to inject radioactive isotopes into me. Forget it. I want kids with everything intact!

EMILY

I can't even pass a test to be a human lab rat. As far as they're concerned, I'm tired and fat!

(rubbing her arm)

They could have at least paid me for being a pin cushion.

Emily looks at the price tag on a 5 foot tree - \$79.00.

EMILY

Then maybe I could afford to buy a Christmas tree.

AMBER

You're a good writer, Em.

EMILY

Yeah, a good writer with a story no one wants to read.

AMBER

You can't give up.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

The bottom line is you can't get to the big guys unless you are John Grisham or you know John Grisham.

(CONTINUED)

AMBER

Well, I think you're better than John Grisham!

They pass the cashier. A SKINNY MAN in a Santa suit, that has the arms and legs cut off to adapt to the hot weather, sits at the register listening to a radio and smoking a cigarette..

RADIO

...We may be having a heat wave here in LA, but other lands are experiencing much hotter conditions in the form of molten lava. A Dozen volcano's have erupted. Never before have multiple Volcanos erupted so close together, much less on the same day...

Emily stops, looks back at the radio.

The man eyes them. Emily turns away. Shakes her head.

SANTA CLAUSE

Can I help you ladies?

EMILY

Can you show me the... smaller trees?

The man eyeballs Emily.

SANTA CLAUSE

The Charlie Browns are over there.

Emily and Amber look. A sorry looking group of trees lean against the fence, not able to stand on their own.

Emily picks up a tree, spins it around, studies each side - sets it down.

EMILY

(to Amber)

Is this a good angle?

Amber looks at Emily and the tree. The tree more closely resembles the leaning Tower of Pisa.

34 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

34*

Emily enters carrying her tree and mail. She sets the tree down and opens her mail.

She presses play on her answering machine -

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

ANSWERING MACHINE

(gruff voice)

Emily, It's Mr. Davis. We haven't received your rent yet. We can't let this go on much longer.

(Mike)

Hey, Em. It's Mike. Just calling to say Hi. See how you're doing. Sorry things ended on such a bad note the other night. Thought I'd give you some time to cool down. Give me a call if you want.

Emily hits the delete button. Next message plays.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Honey, it's mom. Call me right away. It's urgent.

(frustrated)

I've been trying to reach you all day. Actually, don't call - just come over.

The sound of RUNNING WATER can be heard. Emily turns around to see Sam peeing on the Christmas tree.

35 INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

35

Emily and Sam enter. All the blinds are pulled. The house is dark. *

EMILY

Mom?

MONA (O.S)

Over here.

Emily moves towards the voice. Bumps a table. Finally spots her mom laying on the sofa with a cloth over her eyes.

EMILY

What's wrong?

MONA

Migraine.

EMILY

Oh. What's so urgent?

Mona continues the conversation without removing the cloth from her eyes.

MONA

You know your dad, Don Hall.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Well, you may think we've met in some unworldly way, but no. He's dead - I don't know him.

MONA

The man on your birth certificate, Don Hall.

(pause)

Well, he's not really your father.

EMILY

Mom, how many Valium have you taken?

MONA

I haven't taken any Valium.

The phone RINGS - Mona removes the cloth from her eyes, answers the phone.

MONA (cont'd)

Psychic Acquaintance Hotline.

Emily stares at her mother - could she be lucid?

EMILY

What do you mean he's not really my father?

(beat)

What are you doing?

Mona covers the receiver.

MONA

You said you need money. I mean it was not his sperm that fertilized my egg to create you! That's what I mean.

EMILY

Then who is Don Hall?

MONA

I made him up.

Emily walks over to Mona - takes the phone, hangs it up.

EMILY

You made him up?

MONA

(lighting a cigarette)

It was dawn, I was standing in the hall holding you... I wanted you to have a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONA (cont'd)
father, thought it was important for your
identity.

Mona lays back down, puts the cloth back over her eyes. *

EMILY
So, what? Now you've just suddenly
decided to throw that identity out the
window?

MONA
Everything I always told you about your
father was true...true to your real
father.

EMILY
Mom, why are you telling me this now?

MONA
He wants to meet you?

EMILY
Who?

MONA
Your father.

EMILY
What father? Remember you made him up!

MONA
Do you think it was immaculate
conception? There had to be a sperm
involved. And that sperm has decided it
wants to meet you.

EMILY
Does this sperm have a name... "late
afternoon living room", perhaps?

MONA
No, actually, it was early morning on a
coffee table....

EMILY
Mom!

MONA
His name is Yogi Cook.

EMILY
(with complete disbelief)
Yogi?

MONA
He wants to meet you at "Big Burger" on
Thursday. *

EMILY
(shocked)
He's alive?

Mona groans.

MONA
Yes, he's alive. I've never known a
spirit to frequent a hamburger joint? *

(CONTINUED)

Emily goes over to her mother and pulls the cloth from her eyes. Mona squints.

EMILY

Hellooooo! You said everything you told me about my *fake* father applied to my *real* father.

MONA

Well, everything but the dead part.

EMILY

Oh, I see - just that one minor detail.

MONA

It was the 60's. He was into drugs. Actually it's a miracle you came out as normal as you are... I refused to let him be involved. It was only a one night stand for crying out loud...

EMILY

Great!

Emily plops down onto a chair, her head in her hands.

EMILY (CONT.)

This isn't my life. It can't be.

MONA

Look, I thought I was never going to be able to have kids. You were a gift. And I wasn't going to let anyone screw that up. But, now he insists and I thought it better that you hear this from me instead of having a man show up on your doorstep telling you he's your father.

EMILY

Yeah, well thanks, you're all heart...

MONA

Now, where's my Valium.

Emily enters. She looks worn and dazed. She flips on the light and looks to the sofa, half expecting to find Mike there. The house is empty and quiet.

37 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

37

Emily sits with Sam on the sofa, watching TV. She eats chocolate kisses, switches channels. Sam chews on a big disgusting bone.

Emily reaches into the bag for another kiss. She looks down with disbelief. The large bag is empty. She grimaces - rubs her tummy, looks down at the mound of silver wrappers.

38 INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

38

Tilt up from the silver wrappers to reveal Emily, passed out, with her head laying down on the kitchen table. Hundreds of empty little silver candy wrappers surrounding her. A Hershey's syrup bottle lays on its side. Is she asleep? Dead?

Emily walks into the kitchen, looks down at the still Emily - the chocolate syrup bubbling from her mouth.

EMILY

Suicide by chocolate?

(beat, laughs)

You wish!

39 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

39

Emily lays in bed surrounded by junk food. A disgusting combination - donuts (lo-fat of course), potato chips (baked), milk (non-fat)... News can be heard coming from a TV. She's worn out. Sam sleeps next to her. Emily's eyes slowly close.

INSERT - TV

NEWS REPORTER

...on his way out of the hearing, the angered Senator gestured to reporters while shouting "reform this." Remember Skylab? Well, it's time to get out that hard hat again! Space agency officials tracking the out of control Chinese satellite have determined that at it's present trajectory, it will not only survive re-entry, but is likely to land somewhere in North America. Opportunistic entrepreneurs have begun selling Satellite Safety kits; and you can find web sites on subjects ranging from safe guarding your home to creating an impenetrable force field. One official, summing up the odds of actually getting (MORE)

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(CONTINUED)

NEWS REPORTER (cont'd)

hit by the debris said... "Basically, you'd have to be the unluckiest person in the world to be the one to get hit." At the White House today, the President greeted members of the World Series Champions from Baltimore...

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Emily is fast asleep.

40 INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

40

Pepto Bismol, Maylox, Immodium AD, large bottle of aspirin, loaf of bread, dog food, move past on a check out conveyer belt.

A credit card swipes though a machine. *

CASHIER *

Sorry Ma'm, your credit card's been denied. *

Emily, looking like a movie star incognito - dark sunglasses, baseball cap pulled down low. *

EMILY *

Denied? *

Emily digs through her purse, pulls out another credit card. Hands it to the cashier. They go through the same procedure. He hands it back to her. *

CASHIER *

Sorry, denied. You have any cash? *

Emily digs through her purse. She pulls out a couple of dollars. Turns her purse upside down - a bunch of pennies come tumbling out. She counts her pennies. OTHER CUSTOMERS glare impatiently. She scans her goods. Looks around, spots a small roll of Tums mixed in with the candy - gags.

EMILY

Just the dog food...

She picks up the Tums.

EMILY (cont'd)

...and these.

41 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MORNING

41

Emily pulls up in her van. Climbs out. Sam runs up to Amber, who's sitting on the front stoop in running garb, reading the paper.

AMBER

Hey there, Sammy boy.

(spotting Emily)

Well, hello, Miss Garbo.

Emily plops down next to Amber.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY
Ssh. Softly, speak softly.

(CONTINUED)

AMBER

You get drunk last night?

EMILY

I wish. Would have been more fun.

Emily cracks open the Tums, eats them like candy.

AMBER

Can you O.D. on those things?

EMILY

I hope so.

(beat)

My mom told me my father's not my father
but my real father is alive and wants to
meet me.

Amber shakes her head.

AMBER

Your mom is too much.

EMILY

She's serious. Supposed to meet him
Thursday at "Big Burger."

Emily glances over. A YOUNG, GOOD-LOOKING GUY carries a box
off a moving truck. Amber follows her gaze.

AMBER

Looks like you've got two new men in your
life.

Sam sees him and runs up to him barking.

EMILY

Sam! No, Sam!
(to stranger)
Sorry.

BOBBY

(yells back, southern accent)
That's okay.

AMBER

Ooh, a southern boy...

He puts down the box and approaches.

BOBBY

Hi, Bobby Ellis. New neighbor.

(CONTINUED)

He holds his hand out to Amber.

AMBER
Her new neighbor.

BOBBY
Oh, hey.

Holds his hand out to Emily. Emily limply shakes his hand.

EMILY
Emily Hall... or Cook... or maybe just
Emily. I'll just be one of those single
name people - "Fabio", "Madonna",
"Emily".

AMBER
She's not feeling so good. Just found
out her dead father is not her father and
he's alive...

Emily glares at Amber. Bobby looks confused.

AMBER
...or something like that.

Bobby pets Sam.

BOBBY
Great dog.

EMILY
Thanks.

BOBBY
What do you do?

EMILY
Hum, what do I do? That's an excellent
question. *
*

AMBER
She's a writer. A little writer's block
bringing her down. You new to town?

BOBBY
Got here a week ago. Any good advice? *

EMILY
Bullet proof glass and pepper spray.

BOBBY
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

And watch out for bimbos. They're everywhere.

Amber elbows Emily.

AMBER

Like I said, she's not feeling so good.

BOBBY

Yeah... okay. Well, see you around...

Bobby leaves. Emily and Amber both watch - cute butt.

AMBER

(singing)

"...The southern boys with the way they talk, they knock me out when I'm down there..."

EMILY

That would be the "southern girls".

AMBER

Not if you're a beach *girl*.

(beat)

One door closes, another one opens.

EMILY

I'm getting a dead bolt.

Amber gets up.

AMBER

Good thing you didn't write "How to Win Friends and Influence People." Guess, you won't be joining me for a run?

EMILY

You guessed right.

AMBER

I'll check in on you later - make sure your stomach hasn't exploded.

Amber drops the paper in Emily's lap and takes off. Emily looks down. The classified stare up at her.

43 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

43*

Emily walks around the living room with a cordless phone and the paper folded in her hand.

EMILY

(into phone)

Yes, I understand. I'll drop my resume in the mail for your files then.

(beat)

Thank you.

Red "x"'s and a few circled entries cover a page of the classified. Emily puts an "x" through a circled entry. Dials another number.

EMILY

...No, I don't have any previous waitressing experience... Yes... No... I understand.

Another circled entry is crossed off.

44 INT. BIG BURGER - DAY

44*

Emily enters a neighborhood burger stand - late for her meeting with Yogi. She looks around at all the people. Searching for something familiar. A LARGE MAN in a business suit approaches. He passes Emily and sits at a table. A LITTLE MAN FROM INDIA enters. Emily looks at her skin complexion.

Emily catches a glimpse of a help wanted sign. Thinks about it for a second. Shudders.

She looks back to the approaching people. An OLDER MAN approaches with a WOMAN younger than Emily. They kiss and grope each other. They walk straight towards Emily. She really hopes this isn't him.

YOGI (O.S)

Emily?

Startled, Emily turns around. She stands face to face with her real FATHER. Doesn't know what to say. He's definitely one of those people who did too many drugs in the 60's. He's tall with curly hair that sticks up - possibly the result of an electricity experiment gone awry. Grateful Dead T-shirt, brown vinyl jacket. Some kids today would think this is cool, but Emily is not so sure.

YOGI

Emily Hall?

(CONTINUED)

She could still run...

EMILY
(pause, then sarcastic)
You mean Emily "Cook," don't you?

YOGI
(smiles)
See you got your mom's wit.
(holding out his hand, genuine)
Nice to meet you Emily Hall.

Emily reluctantly shakes hands with Yogi. She doesn't know what to say.

YOGI
How about a burger?

EMILY
Vegetarian.

YOGI
Me, too. Wow - vegetarianism is
genetic.

EMILY
You're a vegetarian?

YOGI
Since I was a baby.

EMILY
Then, why meet *here*?

YOGI
Your mom's suggestion.

Emily has to laugh.

YOGI (CONT.)
Funny lady.
(beat)
Well, how about a shake?

Emily eyes him - seems harmless enough.

45 INT. BIG BURGER/BOOTH - DAY

45*

Seated with Yogi, Emily drinks a chocolate milkshake. Yogi is a wacky looking guy. She doesn't see any resemblance.

EMILY
How do I know you're really my father.

(CONTINUED)

YOGI

You think your mom would lie to you?

EMILY

For the first 28 years of my life you were a dead guy named Don.

YOGI

Oh...

EMILY

What's with the name "Yogi" anyway?

YOGI

(matter of fact)

It represents each of my personalities.

EMILY

(with a full mouth)

Your what?

YOGI

My personalities - Yani, Oscar, George, that would be my original name, and Illford.

Emily stares at him - she's definitely a miracle of science.

EMILY

Illford?

YOGI

Photographer.

EMILY

Oh... so... you're telling me you have multiple personalities?

YOGI

Had - I've been cured.

Emily looks him over.

EMILY

So, why aren't you "George"?

YOGI

I liked all my personalities - and all of them together make up Yogi.

EMILY

So, you're a photographer?

(CONTINUED)

YOGI
Illford's a photographer.

Emily stares - cured? Hah!

YOGI
(laughs)
Just kidding.

EMILY
Funny guy. I see why you and Mona hit it
off.

YOGI
Photography's my passion.

EMILY
So, I guess you're responsible for my
creative impulses. Too bad you weren't
an accountant or lawyer...

YOGI
Accounting would have led me to the
nearest cliff. Numbers make me crazy.
And the legal system?
(shuddering)
Ugh! It's actually because of you that I
became a photographer.

EMILY
What? By accident? One night stand on a
coffee table?

YOGI
Good ol' Mona - never one to spare any
details.
(laughs, remembering)
She was a crazy one.

Emily looks at him - isn't that the pot calling the kettle
black?

EMILY
(concerned)
Multiple Personality Disorder - is that
genetic?

YOGI
They don't know yet. I've always prayed
you only got my good genes.

EMILY
Great.

(CONTINUED)

Awkward silence. Emily can't help but just stare at Yogi.
Can this really be her father? Emily looks at her watch. *

EMILY

I gotta go. Job interview - Hollywood
Video. *

Emily gathers her stuff.

YOGI

My first job was in a video store.

EMILY

So was mine - when I was 17.

Yogi stands up - doesn't want her to go. He pulls out a
folded piece of paper, unfolds it and hands to Emily.

YOGI

I'm having an exhibit at the Gaylord?
Try to come.

Emily takes the flyer.

EMILY

Thanks for the shake.

Yogi watches her go. Emily turns back at the door - looks at
him one last time. Maybe he's not really her father.

46 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE/HOLLYWOOD VIDEO - DAY

46*

A VIDEO STORE MANAGER with an inflated sense of self-
importance faces Emily.

MANAGER

You have a degree from Yale. I'm an Ivy
Leaguer myself. Harvard class of 1987.

(beat)

So, you're a writer?

EMILY

Yes... Well... no, actually, No.

The manager eyeballs Emily, looks over her resume.

MANAGER

Oh, I see... Hum, it's been a long time
since you've had any video store
experience. We're all computerized now.

(beat)

On one hand you don't have the experience

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

MANAGER (cont'd)
 we're looking for. Then, on the other
 hand you're really over qualified. You'd
 be bored within a week, would quit and
 then where would that leave us?

EMILY
 I'm not a quitter.

MANAGER
 Then why aren't you writing?

Emily doesn't have an answer.

47 INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - DAY

47*

Emily puts a red "x" through the last circled entry. She
 crumples up the newspaper and tosses it into the trash. She
 misses.

She picks up her coffee cup off her laptop, takes a drink.
 Emily runs her hand over the top of the computer, wiping away
 the dust.

48 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM/DESK - NIGHT

48*

Emily sets her laptop down on her desk. She opens it up and
 turns it on. The familiar little CHIRP can be heard as the
 computer comes to life. The Apple smiley face looks out at
 her. She presses various keys. Sits back in her chair and
 stares at a blank screen. The cursor flashes - waiting...

Sam lays down at her feet. She pets him, then stares at the
 blank screen again.

49 INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - MONTAGE - NIGHT

49*

Emily looks in her barren fridge - spots a slice of cheese.
 Just as she's about to eat it - Sam paws her leg. She gives
 him the cheese.

49A INT. LIVING ROOM

49A

Emily lays on the floor with her laptop on her stomach - the
 screen still empty.

49B INT. KITCHEN

49B

Emily looks in the fridge again - still barren. Closes the
 door, spots a glass jar on top of the fridge with a chocolate
 Bar in it and a label that reads "BREAK IN CASE OF
 EMERGENCY."

49C INT. LIVING ROOM

49C

Emily sits on the sofa in front of the TV, eating the chocolate bar. She flips the channels - nothing but late night garbage. Her laptop sits on the coffee table - neglected.

49D INT. LIVING ROOM

49D

Emily does a head stand. Looks at the computer screen from a different perspective. *

49E INT. BEDROOM

49E

Emily lays on her bed, on top of the covers, fully clothed, and fast asleep. The computer is next to her on the bed. One word has been typed - "Help..."

50 INT. EMILY'S VW VAN - DREAM - NIGHT

50

Emily drives. Sammy sits in the passenger seat - seat belt on. News radio plays.

RADIO

Joe Jones, Pulitzer prize winning photo journalist, died today at his home in Ohio of a heart attack. He was 83. Academy Award winning producer, Jack Jeremiah, finally lost his life to cancer after a 10 month battle.

Emily is stopped at a stop light. The light is green. She isn't moving.

She stares down at the radio - zoned out.

RADIO

He was surrounded by his family and friends. He was 76. And, last, sadly, unaccomplished and alone, Emily Hall lost her life in a freak accident when, at the age of 28, her car was struck by the Chinese Satellite that fell to earth today... *

Emily looks up - the darkening sky caves in on her.

51 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

51

A phone RINGS.

A groggy Emily removes a pillow from her face. Her laptop sits next to her on the bed - the screen still empty. She

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

slides the laptop under the bed, buries her head back under her pillow, ignores the phone. Her answering machine picks up.

MONA (V.O.)

(frantic)

It's mom. Grandma's had a heart attack.
We're in the ER. Come right away. And
bring Sammy - he's a powerful healer.

Emily frantically jumps up. Grabs a pair of overalls off the floor. Pulls them on as she runs out of the room.

52 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ER - MORNING

52*

A disheveled Emily sneaks down a hallway with Sammy. Stops at each corner - looks - moves on. Rounds another corner and bumps right into a GUARD.

GUARD

No pets in the hospital unless they're
part of RUFF.

RUFF? Sure...

EMILY

We're part of RUFF.

GUARD

Where's your ID?

Emily pretends to look for a pass. She's frantic to get to the ER.

EMILY

Darn... I'm always losing that thing.

The guard looks on suspiciously.

GUARD

I'll just call upstairs and clear you.
What's your name?

EMILY

(uncertain)

Emily...

GUARD

Do you have a last name, *Emily*?

EMILY

Hall...

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

The guard talks into his walkie talkie, his back is to Emily, his voice muffled. Emily fidgets nervously. The guard turns to her.

GUARD
Okay, go on in.

EMILY
(surprised)
Really? Great. Thanks.

Emily and Sammy take off. Run through the ER doors.

53 INT. ER - MORNING

53

Emily and Sammy enter the ER. She spots Mona having her blood pressure taken.

EMILY
Mom! Is Grandma okay? Is it serious?

MONA
No - it was only gas!

EMILY
What's wrong with you?

MONA
She eats Mexican food for dinner and just about gives me a heart attack.

Emily sighs - relieved.

ER NURSE
Your blood pressure's just fine, Mrs. Hall.

The nurse walks away leaving Emily and Mona.

EMILY
Where's Grandma?

MONA
Sleeping. Wore herself out.

Emily sits down, relieved.

MONA (cont'd)
So, how was Yogi?

EMILY
Yogi? You mean Illford, or George, or whoever... I met some man who claims to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (cont'd)
be my father.
(irritated)
Did you know he has multiple
personalities?

MONA
(not surprised)
Really?

EMILY
Just another one of those little details
you forgot...

MONA
Well, I never knew for sure.

EMILY
It could be genetic. Did you know that?

MONA
You're a little moody honey, but I don't
see you having multiple personalities.
(beat)
But, I'll consult the spirits and see
what they say.

EMILY
Are you sure there wasn't some mix up at
the hospital when I was born?

MONA
Yes, I'm sure!

JANIE (O.S.)
Emily Hall?

Emily turns around. A woman extends her hand -

JANIE
Janie Peterson, RUFF program director.

Emily reluctantly shakes JANIE'S hand.

JANIE
So, you're part of RUFF.

EMILY
(trying to explain)
Actually, I was just...

JANIE
(interrupting)
It's just so wonderful to meet
enthusiastic young volunteers like you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

JANIE (cont'd)

(coyly)

But, funny thing, it seems we've misplaced your paper work. Why don't you come upstairs and fill out a new contact sheet.

54 INT. RUFF PROGRAM OFFICES - DAY

54

Emily hands Janie her Ruff application. Janie looks it over.

JANIE

How's 1:00 - 2:00 Tuesdays, Thursdays and an optional weekend day work for you?

EMILY

(unsure)

I'm actually looking for full time work...

JANIE

(interrupting)

Great. Lunch breaks will be perfect. Here's a new uniform for you and Sam... Just in case you've misplaced it.

Janie hands Emily a bandana and a shirt with the word "RUFF" embroidered on them.

JANIE

It's obvious why you're part of RUFF. You and Sam are perfect candidates.

"Perfect" - Emily hasn't heard that in awhile.

JANIE (cont'd)

Well, how about a tour?

Before Emily can answer, Janie is out the door. Emily looks at her watch.

55 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

55

Janie gives Emily and Sam a tour of the hospital, tells her about the different patients.

JANIE

The objective of RUFF is to use animals as a form of therapy to help cure people or at least ease their pain if they're terminal.

They turn down a hall way and enter a wing of the hospital that has a lot more character than a typical hospital. A

(CONTINUED)

great effort has been made to make it a warmer, more homey place.

JANIE

This wing of the hospital where we have the program is more like a hospice in that many of the patients here are terminally ill.

They round a corner, stop at a door. *

JANIE

...This is Mrs. Quinn's room. She has Alzheimer's. She may not remember you from time to time, but she never seems to forget how much she loves dogs. *

They continue walking down the hall. They approach an open door, but as they stop, the door slams shut.

JANIE

Mr. Finch - uses his cane to shut the door when he suspects his privacy is about to be invaded. He's been here for over 6 months. Malignant brain tumor. Just won't let go - guess he doesn't feel his mission's completed. *

(beat)

Doesn't like animals... or any other living creature for that matter.

Janie extends her hand to Emily.

JANIE

Well, Emily, welcome aboard. It's nice to have you back.

Emily reluctantly shakes her hand.

MR. FINCH watches through a cracked door.

JANIE (cont'd)

If you're looking for work, you might want to take a look at the bulletin board on your way out.

EMILY

Thanks... *

JANIE

See you Tuesday! *

56 INT. RUFF OFFICE HALL - DAY

56*

Emily scans the volunteer board for job opportunities. One notice catches her attention - "Dog Walkers Needed. Must Love Dogs! Pay! Call 555-3246.

*

57 EXT. PARK - DAY 57

Emily walks 5 dogs, all different shapes and sizes. Well, actually, 5 dogs walk Emily.

58 EXT. PARK - DAY 58

Emily is in the park with 4 dogs. Two of them start fighting. They run around Emily and tangle her up in their leashes. She falls over.

59 EXT. PARK - DAY 59

Emily is pulled by 3 large dogs. She disappears out of frame and we hear the screech of breaks and a thump. *

60 INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY 60

Emily, with a bandage on her forehead, sits with Amber surrounded by a room full of BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES - all primping and rehearsing. All types are present - it's a sight to see.

EMILY *

I don't know how you do this. *

AMBER *

Me either. So, I guess your next book won't be on dog walking. *

EMILY

Safe to say.

AMBER

How was your dad?

EMILY

He has multiple personalities. Says he's cured, but I'm not so sure.

AMBER

I've always wondered if there wasn't a mix up at the hospital. Now, I'm convinced of it.

EMILY *

Just think, there are some poor parents out there who have a psychic daughter with multiple personalities and they just can't figure out what went wrong. *

(CONTINUED)

AMBER
 (handing Emily a copy of her
 sides)
 Here, read over my sides with me. I'm
 Terry, you're all the other roles.

EMILY
 "How dare you talk to my daughter that
 way!"

Emily stops reading.

AMBER
 Keep going, you're dad, too.

EMILY
 (father voice)
 "She's my daughter too!"
 (mother voice)
 "When were you ever a father to her."
 (father voice)
 "It's not like you've ever been Mother of
 the year."
 (mother voice)
 "I'm taking her to live in Tibet with me.
 She's 18 years old..."

Emily looks at Amber - "18"? Amber shrugs, motions for her
 to keep going.

EMILY
 (mother voice)
 "She's 18 years old, she can decide who
 she wants to live with"
 (father voice)
 "If you'd been a good mother and she were
 a responsible 18 year old maybe she'd
 have a place of her own to live in."

AMBER
 (yelling, crying)
 "Stop fighting!"

Amber wipes her tears.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

EMILY

That's it?

(beat)

The next line says you take a knife and slit your wrists.

AMBER

That's it.

(concerned)

You were awfully good at that.

EMILY

Scary, huh?

(getting up)

I'm going to check my machine, see if anyone's dying to hire me.

61 EXT. CASTING OFFICE PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

61

Emily and Amber walk out.

AMBER

They said I'm too much "the girl next door type".

Emily looks Amber up and down.

EMILY

In who's neighborhood?

Amber laughs.

AMBER

Anybody banging down your door?

EMILY

No.

AMBER

You want to go to the gym?

EMILY

No. I've got to go see if I can come up with enough cash to pay my phone bill.

AMBER

If not, just post date your check. Sometimes they don't notice.

(beat)

I know all the tricks.

EMILY

I don't know how you stay so positive.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

AMBER

Your mom says she sends me good vibes.

EMILY

They must hit a road block on their way to me.

Emily climbs into her van. The van starts right up - surprising Emily.

EMILY

Guess old Mona has been working on the van, too. Better go before it stalls.

Emily waves to Amber as she backs out.

AMBER

Thanks. Good luck with Ma bell.

62 INT. EMILY'S VAN - DUSK

62

Emily pulls up in front of her bank. She listens to news radio.

RADIO

...Astronomers have determined that the falling satellite will re-enter the atmosphere somewhere over the western United States...

*
*
*

63 EXT. BANK ATM - DUSK

63

Emily jumps out of her van and approaches the cash machine. She sticks her card into the ATM, punches in some numbers, waits...

ATM SCREEN READS - "We are unable to process your request due to a lack of funds."

Emily stares in disbelief.

Sam starts barking from the car.

VOICE (O.S.)

Give me all your money!

EMILY

You've got to be kidding.

Emily turns around - finds her self face to face with a MAN IN A MASK and a gun pointed at her chest. Sam barks, claws at the window.

(CONTINUED)

MASKED MAN

Give me your money now!

Emily laughs. Sam keeps barking, frantic.

EMILY

(maniacal)

Hah! You ever heard the saying you can't squeeze blood from a turnip? You want my ATM card?

Emily pulls her ATM card from the machine.

EMILY

Here take it.

(pointing to the screen)

You'll see there's no available balance!

Emily digs through her purse, pulls out her wallet. She's loosing it.

EMILY

Here, you want my Visa?

Throws it at him.

EMILY

Just don't be embarrassed when it's denied.

(starting to cry)

And I suppose you want all my cash, too?

Hah!!!!!!!!!!

Emily turns her wallet upside down and shakes it - nothing comes out. She throws the wallet at the robber and slides down onto the ground, crying.

The masked man stunned, turns and runs off with what's left of Emily's wallet. As he runs by the car Sam lets out a ferocious growl - the man jumps back, keeps on running.

EMILY

Go ahead -run, you... you...

(crying, but angry)

you... guy!

64 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

64

Emily pulls up in her van. Climbs out - red eyes, runny nose.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

She looks over to see Bobby opening the passenger door of his car. A LEGGY, BLONDE MODEL TYPE gets out of the car. They are all over each other as they approach his door and enter.

EMILY

(to Sam)

Not a very good listener, is he?

65 INT/EXT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

65*

Emily opens the front door. The house is dark. Emily looks for the light switch, hears a crunch under her feet, flicks on the light.

Emily's POV - she's been robbed. Her wallet lays on the floor with her driver's license beside it. She looks around - everything of value (TV, Stereo...) - gone!

She grabs Sam before he walks on glass - the curtains blow in the broken window.

66 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

66

Emily enters. Sam follows. She looks down at the spot where her answering machine once stood.

EMILY

Unbelievable.

(beat)

Un-fricking-believable!

67 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

67

Emily cleans up the broken glass. Curses to herself - her mood, simply put - Foul!

EMILY

Ouch!

A piece of glass pierces Emily's hand. Blood drips onto the wood floors. Music fills Emily's apartment through the broken window. Air Supply's "I'm All Out of Love" plays. Emily looks out the window.

67A EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

67A

Emily's POV - Silhouette - Bobby slow dancing with the bimbo in his living room.

67B INT/EXT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

67B*

Emily cringes, closes her curtains. The song plays through the rest of the scene.

(CONTINUED)

Somebody knocks on the door. Sam runs to the door and barks.
Emily goes to the door, looks through the peep hole.

(CONTINUED)

Emily's POV - Mike stands outside the door. Emily cracks open the door.

EMILY

(bitter)

What are you doing here?

MIKE

Just on my way home. But, I can see this is a bad time.

EMILY

"Just on your way home?"

(starts crying)

Doesn't sound like you've figured anything out. Like what a huge mistake you made; But I don't see a big bouquet of roses in your arms either.

MIKE

(reaching out to Emily)

Are you okay?

EMILY

(stepping back, calming down)

I'm fine.

MIKE

I just wanted to stop by and say Hi.

EMILY

(hands on hips, cold, sniffing)

Hi.

(beat)

Is that it?

MIKE

(concerned)

What's going on?

Emily moves to block Mike's view. He can't see anything.

EMILY

Nothing.

MIKE

Okay, well, I'll just come by some other time.

EMILY

You can't do this, Mike. You can't just call, or stop by, to say hi.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (cont'd)
 (starts crying again)
 We're not buddies. We can't be. I'm
 trying to get over you.

Emily slams the door, her teary eyes red and swollen. She
 leans against the door.

Mike bangs on the door.

MIKE (O.S.)
 Come on, Em. I can't leave you like
 this. I can see you're upset.

Emily goes back to the glass, sweeps the last pieces up.

EMILY
 What, now you're going to be my hero?! I
 don't need you to clean up my messes. *

MIKE (O.S.)
 (resigned)
 I miss you, Em.

Emily stops sweeping. Silence. She looks around, spots the
 box of Mike's stuff in the corner. Emily grabs the box,
 opens the door.

EMILY
 Missing me isn't enough...

Emily's voice trails off. She looks around, Mike is gone.

"I'm All Out of Love" comes to an end. Moaning and groaning
 replaces the music. Emily slams her door.

68 INT. EMILY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

68

Emily looks into the mirror. She looks like hell.

She turns on the faucet. Leans down, splashes cold water on
 her face. Turns off the faucet. Eyes closed, she reaches
 for a towel, pats her face. Removing the towel, Emily looks
 into the mirror -

In the reflection she sees - a dead Emily sitting in the
 bathtub, blood pouring from her wrists. A woman's razor
 blade below a limp hand.

EMILY
 Hah! Paper cuts make you nauseous.
 (then, exasperated)
 Anyway, you have to use a straight edge
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

EMILY (cont'd)
blade. That just doesn't cut it!

69 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

69

Emily, with Sam at her side, sits on her couch cleaning her cut with alcohol. She puts on a band aid and leans back on the sofa looking around her empty apartment. Her gaze stops at Sam's RUFF bandana, a corner sticks out from under the coffee table. She looks down at Sam. She pets him, then picks up the bandana. She slips it around his neck.

70 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

70

Sam, wearing his bandana, stands next to Emily. She watches as Janie checks Sam out for cleanliness. She gives him a few commands to which he happily obliges - sit; down; paws up.

JANIE

Well, you two have fun. All patients on this floor have been approved for RUFF visits today. Fill out a report with me before you leave.

EMILY

Okay.

Emily starts to walk away.

JANIE

I'm glad you and Sam came back. I wasn't so sure we'd see you again.

Emily smiles, uncomfortable, and then heads down the hall with Sam. Emily stops at a door and looks reluctantly to Janie who motions for her to enter.

71 INT. MRS. QUINN'S ROOM - DAY

71

Emily enters - looks around. The room is decorated lovingly. Pictures drawn by grandchildren, family photos. Someone has taken the time to put up pretty floral curtains and put fresh flowers in vases.

MRS. QUINN, 80's, weeps as she fumbles with a remote control.

MRS. QUINN

I can't make it work.
 (to Emily)
 How does this work?

(CONTINUED)

Emily takes the remote and then takes Mrs. Quinn's hand, uses her finger to push the power button. The TV comes to life. Mrs. Quinn smiles.

MRS. QUINN

Do I know you?

EMILY

No, I'm Emily and this is Sam.

MRS. QUINN

I love dogs. Hi...

(beat)

What's his name?

EMILY

Sam.

MRS. QUINN

Can I call him Sammy? It seems sweeter somehow.

EMILY

Sure.

MRS. QUINN

Hi, Sammy.

Sammy does his job well. Mrs. Quinn happily pets him. Then BANG! A bomb goes off on the TV sending Mrs. Quinn scrambling under the bed. She grabs Sammy and Emily and pulls them down.

MRS. QUINN

(terrified)

Why didn't the air raid sirens go off.
They didn't give us any warning.

Emily is not sure what to do as she stays under the bed with Mrs. Quinn.

EMILY

It's the TV, Mrs. Quinn.
(beat, what to do?)
Here, Sammy will protect you.

Emily pushes Sammy into Mrs. Quinn's arms. She then starts to scoot out from under the bed, gently pulling Mrs. Quinn with her. Mrs. Quinn holds tightly onto Sammy, looks around as she comes out from under cover.

Emily stands up. A NURSE enters.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

HOSPICE NURSE #1

Mrs. Quinn, what are you doing on the floor?

Mrs. Quinn stands up with the Nurse's help. Emily looks on helplessly. Mrs. Quinn looks at the TV.

CU TV - a vibrant commercial flashes by on the screen.

MRS. QUINN

(with surprise)

Look at that - color TV.

Mrs. Quinn turns to Emily and Sam. Smiles.

MRS. QUINN

(cont'd)

Oh, look - a dog. What's it's name?

72 EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

72

Emily exits a room, looks at her watch.

She approaches the next open door, stops - the door slams.

73 INT. LAW FIRM/MRS. JACOBS OFFICE - DAY

73*

Emily sits opposite MRS. JACOBS, mid 60's, the head of the personnel department of a big LA law firm.

MRS. JACOBS

I'm so glad I finally got a hold of you. Most young people today have answering machines.

EMILY

(laughs, that's so funny)

My machine must have been full.

MRS. JACOBS

We need someone for word processing. You can type, right?

EMILY

80 words a minute.

MRS. JACOBS

You'll get faster. The job pays \$5.50 an hour.

Emily looks disappointed - but what choice does she have.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JACOBS
(off of Emily's look)
This is an entry level position.

74 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

74*

Amber drops a suitcase on the floor, opens it.

EMILY
I can't believe he even took my clothes.
I can understand the TV, stereo, even the
answering machine, but clothes????

AMBER
I heard about this guy on Hard Copy -
they call him "The Transvestite Robber."
His trademark is that he takes woman's
clothes.
(beat)
Only in LA.

EMILY
Only to me. If only the cops hadn't
taken so long getting to the bank after
he mugged me, then maybe he wouldn't have
robbed me!

AMBER
Typical guy! You give them an inch, they
take a mile!

EMILY
At least he wasn't interested in my dirty
laundry.

*
*
*

Amber pulls out a dress - a hot little number.

AMBER (cont'd)
I wore this to an audition yesterday for
this crazy Mexican soap opera. Hey - it
would be perfect for your reunion.

Emily's look at Amber - her look says "Not in this lifetime!"

AMBER
(putting the dress back)
Alrighty then.
(pulling out a suit)
This would be good for work.

Emily looks at the conservative suit.

EMILY

I can't believe I'm going to be a suit.

AMBER

Better a suit than a prostitute.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

Amber holds up a black leather teddy.

75 INT. LAW FIRM/EMILY'S CUBICLE - DAY

75

Emily, in a suit, sits in a very small cubicle. One wall actually has a window. To some this would be the big leagues. Emily moves over to the window, tries to push it open - can't. She wipes a few beads of sweat from her brow.

76 INT. XEROX ROOM - DAY

76

Emily stands at the Xerox machine as copy after copy moves through its trays. She's getting sleepy watching the monotonous motion.

77 INT. LAW FIRM/EMILY'S CUBICLE - DAY

77

Emily types away. She stops as a man drops a pile into her "In Box". She looks out the window - sees office building after office building. Is this all there is, she wonders.

AMBER (O.S.)

I'm going to be a Mexican TV Star.

Emily turns around - Amber stands there - beaming. *

AMBER

(completely excited)

I got the part on that crazy Mexican soap! I leave the day after tomorrow for 9 months in Mexico!

EMILY

You don't speak Spanish, do you?

AMBER

I'll learn. Jim's quitting his job and coming with me.

EMILY

That's great.

Emily looks down, fiddles with a stack of papers. Amber sits down opposite her. Realizes for the first time the consequence for Emily.

AMBER

You can come with...

They both know this isn't true.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

And what would I do - be your maid?

AMBER

No, that's what Jim's going to do.

They both laugh.

EMILY

I'll be fine. This is great for you.
Look, I'm on my way. Got my own office,
voice mail, the works...

AMBER

When I get back you're going to be a
famous novelist.

EMILY

Yeah...

Emily looks out through the glass - Mrs. Jacobs looks on
disapprovingly.

EMILY

I better get back to work. Be nice to
make it past the first week for a change.

Amber bounces up - sometimes just being around Amber makes
Emily tired.

AMBER

Will you see us off?

EMILY

Sure.

AMBER

Adios, senorita.

EMILY

Adios, famous soap star.

Amber leaves. Emily stares at the empty doorway.

78 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

78

Emily stands alone outside Mr. Finch's room waiting for the
door to slam. She slowly approaches the open door. Sticks
her head in.

79 INT. HOSPITAL/MR. FINCH'S ROOM - DAY

79

Mr. Finch sits up in bed. He's in his 70's, his head is covered with peach fuzz, like a baby's. He stares at Emily - doesn't say anything.

Emily is not sure whether to enter or not. The blinds are pulled, the room is dark.

MR. FINCH

What do you want?

EMILY

Nothing...

MR. FINCH

Everybody wants something.

EMILY

That's true, I suppose. RUFF - we're just here to visit.

MR. FINCH

"RUFF?" You've been hanging around that dog too much.

EMILY

That is also true. But sometimes he's better than some people.

Emily looks at her watch again. Mr. Finch notices.

MR. FINCH

(irritated)

You coming or going?

Emily reluctantly approaches. As she gets closer Mr. Finch puts his cane up to her chest, stopping her.

MR. FINCH

That thing got fleas?

EMILY

Not a single one.

The whole time Mr. Finch keeps his cane up. Emily looks around the room. It is barren and cold.

EMILY

You want to pet Sammy?

MR. FINCH

Don't like animals.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Well, Sammy doesn't consider himself an animal...

MR. FINCH

But he is - can't change that.

Emily walks to the window and pulls the blinds up a bit.

The light reveals Mr. Finch's pale and sickly face. He covers his face with his arms.

MR. FINCH

Close those - now!

His harsh voice startles Emily. She closes the blinds. Retreats. Mr. Finch coughs.

EMILY

Sorry, I just thought a little sunlight would brighten things up in here.

Emily feels bad - she's already screwing up. Mr. Finch is still coughing. They're both uncomfortable.

MR. FINCH

Don't you have anyone else to bother?

EMILY

I'm sure I can find somebody.

80 INT. OUTSIDE MR. FINCH'S ROOM - SAME

80

Emily exits Mr. Finch's room. The door slams shut.

81 INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

81

CU - Flyer for Yogi's Photography exhibit.

Emily stands looking at the flyer. She lowers the flyer and looks around the gallery. Doesn't see Yogi. Not sure if she's relieved or disappointed. She walks over to a wall of photos. DORIS, a woman with an odd sense of style and a pierced nose, approaches.

DORIS

You Yogi's daughter?

EMILY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

Hi. I'm Doris. I run the gallery. Yogi's been hoping you'd stop by. I recognized you immediately - strong family resemblance.

EMILY

(cringing)
Really?

DORIS

Not really a physical thing - it's the aura. You have the same aura.

Just when Emily thought her life couldn't get any stranger...

DORIS (CONT.)

Feel free to take a look around.

Emily turns her attention back to the photos. They're actually beautiful... and varied. Yogi's multiple personalities come to mind. She stops at one and studies it - it's of a single red brick. It's titled "Writer's Block".

YOGI (O.S)

You like that one?

Emily turns around finding herself face to face with Yogi. She's still uncomfortable in his presence.

EMILY

Hi.
(turning back to the photo)
Why "Writer's Block"?

YOGI

No such thing as "Photographer's Block."

EMILY

How blocked could you be - you took a nice picture.

YOGI

I'm a photographer - I always take pictures. Though sometimes there is no inspiration - that's my block.

Emily moves on to the next photo. Yogi follows along.

YOGI

I didn't know if you'd come.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Me either.

YOGI

You don't have to be a daughter if you don't want to. It's not like I expect to start getting ties for father's day or anything... actually I don't want to start getting ties period. Never owned one, never will.

(beat)

You ever wonder why ties are such a big father's day gift. "Here dad, here's a noose to show you how much I care."

EMILY

Never really thought about father's day, actually. I'm not even sure when it is.

YOGI

Guess you wouldn't.

Yogi's glad she came - he pats her on the back. Emily flinches, not sure how to react - moves on to the next photo.

82 EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - DAY

82

Emily stands in front of Amber's house with Amber and JIM, late 20's, as their bags are being loaded onto an airport shuttle. Jim is a genuine guy who adores Amber.

AMBER

Insomnia, huh?

Emily looks tired. Dark circles forming under her eyes.

AMBER

I read about a woman in the Enquirer who hasn't slept in 30 years and she's apparently doing just fine.

EMILY

That makes me feel much better.

AMBER

You think the press will be there when we land?

JIM

Honey - they don't even know who you are yet. But they will and they'll give you more attention than you could ever want.

(CONTINUED)

Amber pulls out a walkman and a bunch of cassettes, hands them to Emily.

AMBER

These are for you. Walking tapes - I recorded them myself. I don't want you to be lonely.

EMILY

Thanks. I'll listen to them in the car.

AMBER

Walking tapes, you know as in exercise.

EMILY

Yeah, yeah, yeah... You guys have a safe trip.

AMBER

We will. I'm going to miss you.

EMILY

I'll miss you, too. Though, my sore muscles won't miss you.

Amber hugs Emily. Jim gives her a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

JIM

Hang in there, kiddo.

EMILY

Bye guys.

Amber and Jim board the shuttle. Emily watches them disappear into the big blue van. Amber pops her head back out.

AMBER

Hey, Mike's band is playing at The Lizard Lounge Monday night.

*
*

EMILY

How do you know?

AMBER

He called and told me. And he said something about if I happen to talk to you to tell you he'd love for you to come.

Amber waves and moves back into the shuttle. Emily stands all alone as the shuttle pulls away.

83 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

83

Emily lays in bed petting Sam. The house is dark and quiet. She looks over at the clock - It reads 1:21am. Emily stares up at the ceiling fan - going around and around.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 EXT. OUTERSPACE

84

A satellite spins - around and around, out of control. It grows closer and closer until it completely fills the frame. Everything goes black.

85 EXT. BUSY CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

85

Emily, in her van, watches people go into a busy night club. Somewhat reluctantly, she climbs out - approaches the entrance.

She hears the sounds of giggling girls, glances over to see Mike - the center of attention, as he unloads equipment from his car. Emily looks at her watch. Just then Mike looks up, spots Emily. He moves over to her.

MIKE

Hey, glad you made it.

EMILY

I thought you'd be on?

MIKE

Not til' 10:30.

EMILY

Oh... I can't stay... I have to get up early.

(beat)

I got a job.

A GIRL walks by. Brushes up against Mike.

GABBY

Hey, Mike.

MIKE

Hey, Gabby.

EMILY

Working at a law firm.

ANOTHER GIRL walks by, can't resist touching Mike.

(CONTINUED)

DENISE

Hi, Mike.

MIKE

Hi, Denise.

DENISE

There's a record guy here asking about you.

MIKE

(excited, to Denise)
Really? Where is he?

EMILY

(exasperated)
Well, I gotta go.

Emily turns to leave.

DENISE

(to Mike)
Looking for you.

Mike notices Emily leaving.

MIKE

Hey, wait.

Mike jogs to catch up with her.

MIKE

Wait. I'm sorry, Em. It's crazy here.

Emily keeps walking.

MIKE (cont'd)

Where are you going?

EMILY

I told you - I have to get up early. I have a job.

MIKE

That's great. Where?

EMILY

(irritated)
A law firm.

MIKE

Look, I was hoping we could talk.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Looks like you have plenty of people to talk to..

Just then a MAN taps Mike. Emily climbs into her van. Turns the key - nothing.

MAN

Mike Odekirk?

MIKE

The one and only.

MAN

John Felton - WEA.

Mike extends his hand. Emily keeps turning the key - still nothing.

MIKE

Nice to meet you.

EMILY

(to car)

Come on!

The van's engine fires up. Mike turns.

MIKE

(to John)

Just one second.

(to Emily)

Won't you stay, please? I wrote you a song.

EMILY

Send it to me on your "best of" CD.

Emily pulls away, her tires SCREECHING.

86 EXT. DEAD END ALLEY - NIGHT

86

Emily's van, tires SCREECHING, speeds down a dead end alley.

The van's speed steadily increases. The headlights illuminate the oncoming brick wall.

Emily stares straight ahead, determined - a maniac.

The speedometer inches up - 60, 65, 70... The wall grows closer and closer...

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

The van COUGHS, there's a loud BANG, and the van engine dies - rolls to a stop just inches from wall.

The saner Emily stands off to the side. Scoffs.

EMILY

Need I say more.

87 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MORNING

87

Newspaper headline reads: "SATELLITE TO BRING IN NEW YEAR WITH A BANG".

Raindrops begin to fall on the paper. *

The front door opens and a groggy Emily donned in a bathrobe reaches for the paper. *

Thunder CLAPS. Emily looks up into the darkening sky.

88 INT. LAW FIRM/EMILY'S CUBICLE - DAY

88

Emily types away. Her wrists hurt. Rain falls against the window. Emily looks at a few postcards of sunny beaches in Mexico from Amber up on her bulletin board. A pretty tall pile sits in her in-box. She looks at it and keeps going.

89 INT. HOSPITAL/NURSE'S STATION HALLWAY - DAY

89*

Emily and Sam enter wearing rain gear. Emily pulls a yellow slicker off of Sam and then removes her own yellow slicker and matching hat.

90 INT. HOSPITAL/MRS. QUINN'S ROOM - DAY

90*

Emily looks in on Mrs. Quinn. She is sleeping soundly. A nurse walks by. Stops and looks over Emily's shoulder.

HOSPICE NURSE #1

She was up all night. Wouldn't let me turn the lights off. Then she said she couldn't sleep with them on. So, now she sleeps and then she'll be up all night again. What can you do?

(pause)

Mr. Finch apparently took a lower dose of his grouch pill today. You can pay him a visit if you're feeling brave.

91 INT. HOSPITAL/MR. FINCH'S ROOM

91

Emily sticks her head in Mr. Finch's room. He's dozing. Sam barks. Mr. Finch jumps.

MR. FINCH

What are you trying to do, kill me like the rest of them.

EMILY

Sorry. We'll let you sleep.

Emily turns to leave.

MR. FINCH

Now that you've so rudely woken me, you're leaving. Don't you want to open the blinds or paint my walls yellow or something.

Emily turns back and looks at Mr. Finch, unsure how to handle him.

EMILY

So, since your not slamming the door on me, am I supposed to consider myself welcome?

MR. FINCH

I wouldn't go that far.

EMILY

You want to pet Sam?

MR. FINCH

Still don't like animals.

EMILY

My mom always told me never to trust someone who doesn't like animals. But, she also told me I was going to be 6"1 and play professional basketball.

MR. FINCH

So, what happened?

Emily makes a move to sit down.

MR. FINCH

(cont'd)

Don't make yourself too comfortable, there missy.

(CONTINUED)

Emily continues to stand.

MR. FINCH
(cont'd)

So?

EMILY
So, what?

MR. FINCH
So, what happened?

Emily looks at her watch and sits down. Mr. Finch doesn't comment.

EMILY
In the sixth grade I was the tallest girl in the class at the grand height of 5 foot 3. And that was that. *

MR. FINCH
That was what?

EMILY
Never grew another inch. My mom said it was because I was too negative. Stunted my growth.

Emily looks at her watch again.

MR. FINCH
Do you have someplace better to be?

EMILY
Better? No. It's just that this is my lunch break from work and...

MR. FINCH
(interrupting, stern)
Go then.

EMILY
(reluctant)
Okay. Well, it's been a pleasure.

Emily and Sam head for the door.

MR. FINCH
Liar.

Emily turns back. Mr. Finch slams the door.

92 INT. LAW FIRM - AFTERNOON

92

Emily arrives late back to work. Mrs. Jacobs looks on disapprovingly.

93 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

93*

Emily enters with her mail. Looking down at her mail, she bumps into Mona and screams.

EMILY

Mom! What are you doing here?

MONA

(very serious)

I saw the death head in the sky.

EMILY

So, your trying to give me a heart attack?

MONA

No, I'm trying to save you.

Mona hangs a crystal in the window.

MONA (cont'd)

You've been generating a lot of negative energy and I'm very concerned for you.

Mona puts a candle on the coffee table and lights it.

MONA

It was a partial death head so I couldn't tell who it was.

Emily looks around her apartment. Mona has taped newspaper articles and inspirational sayings all over the walls. Crystals hang in all the windows.

MONA

But, if I have any say - it's not going to be my daughter!

Mona looks into Emily's bedroom.

MONA (cont'd)

You really shouldn't have your bed under the window. All your energy goes out the window while you sleep.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

That's okay - I don't sleep. Amber read about a woman who hasn't slept in 30 years. I'm trying to break that record.

MONA

Oh, that reminds me, Amber will be home sooner than you think.

EMILY

You talked to her?

MONA

So to speak. I was meditating this morning and I sensed things are not going so well for her.

EMILY

Well, I'll just wait for her return with bated breath.

MONA

You just don't give me any credit. I tell you things will be fine, but you just refuse to believe me.

EMILY

Hello! Earth to mom, things are not fine! My life is not working out, or hadn't you noticed. Guess you're too busy staring at the clouds...

Emily snatches up a crystal.

EMILY (cont'd)

A crystal here and there, and moving my bed is not going to change my life.

MONA

You'd be surprised.

Mona hangs more crystals. Emily, gives up, leafs through her mail. CU - an envelope covered in return to sender labels. Emily opens it revealing her high school reunion invite.

MONA (cont'd)

What's that?

EMILY

High school reunion invite.

(CONTINUED)

MONA

Oh, good. I ran into Rachel Marsh from your class and she said you were on the "MIA" list. So, I gave her your address.

EMILY

(sarcastic)

Thanks.

Emily puts the invite in its proper place - the dart board.

Mona replaces the light bulbs in Emily's lamps.

EMILY

What are you doing?

MONA

White light is very draining. Pink is much better.

Suddenly the lights flicker and then go out. The room is black.

MONA (O.S.)
(over black)
See - negativity invites darkness.

94 INT. LAW FIRM/EMILY'S CUBICLE - DAY

94

Emily is overwhelmed with work. A WOMAN adds to Emily's already overflowing "In Box".

MAN
I'll need this by the end of the day.

Emily looks up at the clock - it moves past 1:30. Noticing her voice mail light, she dials it up on speakerphone. Listens as she continue to type.

VOICE MAIL
(Mona)
Hi, honey. What's wrong with your phone?
Says it's been disconnected.

Emily looks at her bulletin board - The pink notice from Ma Bell with "Returned Check" stamped across it.

VOICE MAIL
(cont'd)
(Mona)
I can make contact with some people
without the use of a telephone, but
you're just a little too close-minded.

Emily rolls her eyes.

VOICE MAIL
(cont'd)
(Mona)
Anyway... I forgot to tell you to be here
at 3:00 Thursday for Christmas Dinner.
I'm making you a Vegetarian Turkey.
(coy in a nagging motherly way)
Feel free to bring someone.

EMILY
(sarcastic)
Yeah, how about I bring good old Dad...

95 INT. RUFF OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

95*

Emily rushes in with Sam. Passes a candy striper, REGINA. Emily turns and runs backwards as she talks to her.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Hi, Regina.

REGINA

Hi. We missed you two at lunch, today. All I heard was "Where's Sammy?" He's become quite popular around here.

Emily, still running backwards, bumps into Janie, who's leaving her office for the day.

EMILY

I'm really sorry about today. I just couldn't get away from work.

JANIE

Well, just remember we count on you, but more importantly, *they* count on you.

EMILY

I know. It won't happen again. I really want to make this work.

Janie locks her door. She studies Emily's determined look.

JANIE

You're a writer aren't you?

EMILY

That's what I claim on occasion.

JANIE

We're about to start our annual fund-raising campaign and I thought maybe you'd want to take a stab at writing our letter asking for contributions?

EMILY

I have to warn you, I haven't exactly been a successful writer.

JANIE

We're not trying to get money out of critics, just regular old folk and you seem to do just fine with them.

Emily is flattered.

EMILY

Sure, I'll give it a shot.

(CONTINUED)

JANIE

Great. I'd love to have something to look at over the holidays?

Emily is not sure how she'll fit this in, but -

EMILY

No problem...

JANIE

It's dinner time. Families come for visits, but you can check and see if anyone is on their own tonight. Maybe they'd like some company.

EMILY

I'll do that.

JANIE

Goodnight.

EMILY

Goodnight.

96 INT. HOSPITAL - LATER SAME NIGHT

96

Emily and Sam come out of a room, closing the door behind them. Emily pats Sam - he's a good dog.

She walks down the hall surrounded by Christmas decorations. She looks into the various open doors to see patients surrounded by their loved ones. She passes one room - hears an elderly couple arguing - glances in.

Emily's POV - An ELDERLY COUPLE sit in chairs facing a TV.

ELDERLY WOMAN

You're just tired of me whipping that sweet ass of yours all these years.

ELDERLY MAN

No, I'm just tired of that Alex Trebeck. He's so smug. He has all the answers right in front of him!

Emily laughs, continues down the hall, slows her pace as she nears Mr. Finch's room - preparing herself for the slamming door. His door is cracked and to Emily's surprise it doesn't slam shut. Emily peaks in -

Emily's POV - A woman, MRS. FINCH, mid 70's, sits on the edge of Mr. Finch's bed. She cradles her husband in her arms, strokes his head. His eyes are closed.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

Emily watches, surprised by the tenderness.

97 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

97

Emily and Sam approach the front door after a long day. A package sits on Emily's front stoop. She picks it up and opens it. It's a snow globe with a note attached.

CU Note - "Please listen to my show tonight - 2:00am. Mike."

98 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

98

Emily lays in bed. The room is dark. The clock reads 12:45am. Her eyes are wide open.

Air Supply belts out "Even the Nights are Better." Bobby and his current bimbo can be heard LAUGHING.

She looks so small and alone in the big bed all by herself. She stares at the ceiling fan... tries laying in all different directions in her bed. None of them bring sleep.

She sits up, looks at the clock - 1:52am.

99 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

99

Emily, in her pajamas and a coat, walks to the van with Sam.

100 INT. EMILY'S VAN - NIGHT

100

Emily turns on the radio. Her van now possesses her only stereo.

MIKE (O.S.)

It is 2:06 in the dark a.m. Who's out there? If I speak into my microphone and nobody is listening, does the radio make a sound? Someone on my radio once said "...you can't always get what you want. But if you try sometime, you just might find, you get what you need." What do you need? What do you want?

101 INT. RADIO STATION/SOUND BOOTH - NIGHT

101

MIKE (CONT.)

I want a new car, but I don't need one. I need a haircut, but I don't want one. Is there anything we both want and need? L-O-V-E maybe? It makes the world go 'round. All you need is love, love is all you need. What if what we needed jumped up, hit us over the head and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

MIKE (cont'd)
 yelled "here I am." Would we realize it?
 How about if we had to fight for it?
 Would we do so, or stand silent and let
 it walk away. So the question of the new
 day is, "Do we need love?"

102 INT. EMILY'S VAN - NIGHT

102

MIKE (O.S./CONT.)
 Funny thing amor, it's the one thing we
 can have and not realize. It's something
 we need but can turn a blind eye towards.
 Yes, my fellow late night insomniacs, I
 want and need love. Yet I watched it
 offer itself unconditionally, then took
 it for granted and let it slip through my
 fingers.

Emily reaches into her pocket and pulls out the snow globe
 from Mike. She shakes it and sets it on the dashboard. Snow
 gently falls on Mr. and Mrs. Santa Clause.

Abra's Moore's song "Touch and Go" plays.

MIKE (O.S./CONT.)
 I know that of which I speak... Here's to
 love...to Em...wherever you are. Merry
 Christmas...

Emily lets her head fall back against the head rest. She
 doesn't know what she feels anymore - but sadness definitely
 prevails. She pets Sam. He rests his head on her leg.

CU - the snow continues to fall in the perfect world of the
 globe.

103 MONTAGE - LA AT DAWN AS THE SONG CONTINUES.

103

A lonely LA street - void of life.

103A EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH

103A

The Santa Monica Pier - The amusement park usually so full of
 life, sleeps.

103B EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET

103B

A street cleaner moves down an empty street.

104 INT. HOSPITAL/OUTSIDE MR. FINCH'S ROOM - DAY

104*

Emily and Sam approach Mr. Finch's door. She has a vase of
 flowers in her hand. She enters without hesitation.

105 INT. MR. FINCH'S ROOM - DAY

105

Mr. Finch reaches for his cane. He is noticeably weaker. He can't quite reach it and gives up.

Emily sets the flowers down on a table next to his bed. He looks the other way.

MR. FINCH
I don't like flowers.

EMILY
Why not?

MR. FINCH
All they do is die.

Emily smiles, rubs a flower between her fingers.

EMILY
Fake. Pretty good ones, don't you think?

Mr. Finch looks at her.

MR. FINCH
You think you're pretty smart, don't you?

EMILY
Yep.

MR. FINCH
Well, you can't be too smart spending your time in a depressing place like this.

Emily sits in the chair next to Mr. Finch's bed - he scoots to the far side of his bed.

EMILY
I find the outside world far more depressing.

MR. FINCH
Troubles with your husband.

EMILY
(laughs)
"Husband" - hah!

MR. FINCH
Ah, an old maid.

(CONTINUED)

Emily looks at Mr. Finch - she doesn't have to put up with this.

EMILY

No, a young fool is more like it.

Mr. Finch looks at Emily - he likes her, although he is reluctant to show it.

MR. FINCH

Maybe the boy's the fool.

Emily smiles, was that a compliment? Mr. Finch reaches for the remote control, turns on the TV.

MR. FINCH

Time for "Murder She Wrote".

Emily laughs, gets up.

EMILY

You really need to work on your good-byes.

106 INT. OUTSIDE MR. FINCH'S ROOM - DAY

106

Emily exits with Sam. The door slams.

JANIE (O.S)

You've gotten a lot closer than the rest of us.

Emily turns around to find Janie.

EMILY

Which isn't saying much.

JANIE

We can only help the ones who want to be helped.

EMILY

I guess so. *

JANIE

Did you get a chance to start on the fund-raising letter. *

Emily hasn't. She feels guilty.

EMILY

(lying)

Um, yeah... it's going well.

(CONTINUED)

JANIE

Everyone's excited to have a real writer drafting the letter this year.

Emily smiles, uncomfortable with the building expectations. *

EMILY

I told you, the literary world hasn't been too receptive to my work.

JANIE

I have no doubt you'll do just fine.

"Murder She Wrote" suddenly blares out from Mr. Finch's room. Emily and Janie look at each other, realize they've been talking right outside of Mr. Finch's room - they get the hint and walk away.

The volume from the TV returns to normal.

107 INT. LAW FIRM/EMILY'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

107

Emily types away on the computer.

Outside of her cubicle - everyone partakes in the office holiday party. Mrs. Jacobs notices Emily hard at work and approaches.

MRS. JACOBS

Seeing you working in here made me realize something - I don't think I've been clear about the holiday policy for your position.

Emily looks at her - confused, her stomach gets a sinking feeling.

MRS. JACOBS

(CONT)

As you can imagine, things get quiet around her between Christmas and New Years and then it just takes a few weeks for things to pick up again...

EMILY

(jumping in, she can't loose this job)

This isn't because of my long lunches is it, because I can work it out...

MRS. JACOBS

No, no. You've done a great job. This is just standard policy. We just won't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JACOBS (cont'd)
 have any work for you over the next
 month. We'll probably need you again. If
 you're available, that is. *

EMILY
 (deflated)
 I'm sure I will be.

MRS. JACOBS
 I'm sorry I wasn't more clear. Things
 just get so crazy at this time of year.

EMILY
 That's okay...

MRS. JACOBS
 (getting up to leave)
 Why don't you join the party?

EMILY
 Thanks, but I have something I need to
 finish.

MRS. JACOBS
 Well, Merry Christmas, Emily.

EMILY
 Merry Christmas...

Emily looks at the computer screen -

ECU - COMPUTER SCREEN - reveals Emily is working on the RUFF
 project. Sam lays under her desk, hidden.

EMILY
 This is going to be a long night, Sammy
 boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 INT. LAW FIRM/EMILY'S CUBICLE - DAWN 108
 Emily still types away. A JANITOR cleans up after the party.
 109 INT. HOSPITAL/RUFF PROGRAM OFFICE - DAY 109*
 Emily puts the Fund-raising letter on Janie's desk.
 110 INT. HOSPITAL HALL WAY - DAY 110
 Emily comes out of Janie's office as Janie rounds the corner.

JANIE
 Hey there.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

EMILY

(turning)

Hi. I put the "RUFF" letter on your desk.

JANIE

Great.

(beat)

What do you have planned for Christmas?

EMILY

My mom puts on a big Christmas Dinner every year.

JANIE

Sounds like fun.

EMILY

"Fun?" That's not one of the words that comes to mind.

JANIE

(laughs)

We all think our own families are a little strange.

EMILY

Yeah, then people meet my family and realize "dysfunctional" is not a word to throw around lightly.

111 EXT. MONA'S - LATE AFTERNOON

111

Emily approaches Mona's door with a few small packages in her hands. Sam follows. A shopping cart full of someones life (clothes, blankets, cans, newspapers, "Operation" board game, etc...) is parked outside Mona's door. Emily shakes her head - knows what she's in for.

112 INT. MONA'S ENTRY WAY - LATE AFTERNOON

112

Emily enters. Mona's zoo runs to the door - they all have their Santa caps on. Laughter and talking fills the house. Sounds a little bit like Christmas in the loony bin - a woman cackles, a man coughs, a woman rambles in Spanish... Mona greets Emily, places a Santa cap on her head. She hugs Sam, put a cap on him.

MONA

Merry Christmas, honey.

EMILY

Merry Christmas, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

MONA

Come say hi to everyone.

113 INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

113

Emily and Mona enter. Emily looks around - this is definitely not a "Norman Rockwell" picture. Andy Warhol - maybe. Everyone wears a Santa hat.

Mona takes Emily around, making introductions. They approach JERRY, mid 30's - grungy clothes, holes and grease the dominating trend, scorched face from days in the sun and long, bleached hair peeking out from under his hat.

MONA

This is Jerry. You might recognize him, he lives over at Stocker and Central.

He greets Emily with a warm, toothless smile. Mona moves on. They approach JOHNNY, 16, a young, gum chewing, pimply faced kid - not even legal, but pining for Emily none-the-less.

MONA

And of course you know, Johnny. He works at the T-Mart down the street.

Mona introduces CLYDE, a thin, tall man in his 40's.

MONA

This is Clyde. My new patient.
(whispers)
Cancer.

CLYDE

Your mom's a miracle worker. I hope you've been given the gift.

MONA

She has. She's just not ready to accept it. She too --

A loud bang stops Mona mid sentence.

MONA

Ooops...

*

*

*

114 INT. HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

114

Emily and Mona turn a corner to find Emily's grandmother sitting on the ground, eyes closed.

EMILY
(with great concern)
Grandma?!

MONA
Oh, don't worry, it's just the Valium.

EMILY
Mom, what did you do?

MONA
I just gave her a few Valium to calm her down. You know how anxious she gets during the holidays.

Grandma's head rolls to the side, a smile appears.

MONA
See, she's just relaxed.

The doorbell RINGS.

115 INT. MONA'S ENTRY WAY - LATE AFTERNOON

115

Emily opens the door and stares in shock.

Emily's POV - Yogi, wearing a Yamulke and holding a Menorah.

YOGI
Happy Hanukkah!

Yogi hands Emily the Menorah. He reaches for a package leaning against his leg, hands it to Emily.

YOGI
This is for you.

EMILY
What are you doing here?

YOGI
Your mom invited me.

Emily, Menorah in hand, stares at Yogi.

EMILY
Mom!

(CONTINUED)

Mona rushes in.

MONA
What is it...

Mona, seeing Yogi, stops mid sentence - adjusts her hair.
Yogi opens his arms wide -

YOGI
Mona!

They hug.

EMILY
You two are just full of surprises!
(beat)
What's next - a little brother or sister?

They pull apart. Mona spots the Menorah -

MONA
(to Yogi)
I never knew you were Jewish.

YOGI
100%.

MONA
What do you know, Em - you're part
Jewish.

EMILY
Gee, you learn something new about
yourself everyday.

Yogi studies Mona.

YOGI
Mona, you just look terrific!

MONA
(coy)
Why, thanks, Yog. You're looking pretty
good yourself.
(beat)
Come meet everyone.

Yogi puts his arm around Mona and they move off to join the party.

Emily stands with the Menorah and her gift - she's doesn't look like she's feeling so good.

116 INT. MONA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

116

Everyone is gathered around the table - Jerry (cleaned up), the pimply kid, Grandma (dopey), Clyde, and Emily.

Yogi sits down next to Emily.

YOGI

Your mom's always been such a generous woman. Sharing her home with strangers.

(beat)

That's how we met.

EMILY

Yeah I know, "one night stand", "coffee table". Like you said, Mona was never one to spare any details.

YOGI

It was Christmas, did she tell you that.

EMILY

No...

YOGI

Yeah, it was cold out. I had fallen for your mom at the shelter. She was so dedicated and caring. So, I had taken to living in the entry way of her building. Being Christmas, I think she was feeling sorry for me. She came down, wrapped a wool blanket around me, led me upstairs...

Emily tries to stop Yogi from going any further - this is way more than she wants to know. She moves her mouth but nothing comes out - she's struck speechless.

YOGI (CONT.)

(smiles, remembering fondly)

...Gave me a bath and well, one thing led to another.

All the color has faded from Emily's face. Who is this man?!!!!!! She looks over to Jerry. A tear rolls down his cheek.

JERRY

That's the nicest story I ever heard.

(CONTINUED)

YOGI

I was a changed man from that night forward.

Yogi lifts the Menorah onto the table as Mona enters with a charred turkey.

MONA

What are you doing?

YOGI

Last night of Hanukkah. The sun is setting - perfect time to light a candle.

Yogi lifts a box of matches out of his pocket. Grandma begins to sing dirty Christmas carols in the background. The Mexican woman says grace in Spanish. Mona sets the turkey down.

Yogi lights a match and raises it to the Menorah.

Just before the match reaches the candle, Mona blows it out.

MONA

I'm open to a lot of things, but I've never forced religion of any kind on Emily.

YOGI

(pointing to the Christmas tree)

What's that thing over there in the corner, then?

MONA

That's a "Hallmark" symbol, that's what it is!

YOGI

No, it's a *religious* symbol.

MONA

Actually it has nothing to do with religion, it comes from Nimrod the Hunter.

Emily is reaching her breaking point.

YOGI

And I suppose you think Santa Clause has no correlation with *Saint Nick*.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

EMILY
(dramatic)
Stop fighting!

The lights flicker on and off and then the room suddenly goes black - a power outage!

117 INT. MONA'S DINING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

117

They all eat by the candle light from the Menorah.

MONA
Well, I guess religion does have its
practical side.

Emily plays with the food on her plate - a jello mold of a turkey filled with vegetables - a "vegetarian turkey". Johnny sits on the other side of Emily. He keeps putting his hand on her knee. She keeps moving it. Mona nudges Emily - gestures towards Jerry.

MONA (cont'd)
He cleaned up nicely, don't you think?

Frustrated, Emily gets up and moves to a chair away from the table. She sits and watches her make shift family. Grandma is still singing away in the corner. Yogi talks with Jerry. The power comes back on. Yogi spots Emily.

YOGI
Well, why don't we all join Emily for a
group photo?

118 INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

118

Yogi stands behind a camera on a tripod.

The whole rag tag group stands together for the photo - animals included. Yogi sets the timer and runs to the group. He jumps in between Emily and Mona - puts his arms around them.

YOGI
Smile.

FREEZE FRAME ON GROUP PHOTO.

119 INT. MONA'S ENTRY - LATER SAME NIGHT

119

MONA
Are you sure you don't want to stay?

(CONTINUED)

Emily, standing at the door, looks around - Jerry lays on the floor. Clyde is on the sofa...

EMILY

I'm sure... Thanks, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

MONA

Sure, honey. You know I love you.

EMILY

I know. I love you, too.

MONA

(reassuring)

I see bright stars in your future, don't you worry. Oh, wait, I have something for you.

Mona disappears, comes back with a little, old black and white TV and an old answering machine.

MONA

I dug these up for you. And you'll find your phone turned back on tomorrow - your just not reachable in other ways.

EMILY

Thanks, Mom.

Emily hugs her Mom. As wacky as she is sometimes - she loves her.

MONA

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

120 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - CHRISTMAS NIGHT

120*

Emily and Sam enter. She plugs in the single strand of lights that decorates her sad, dying, little tree. She looks around - it's a lonely night.

She sits down on the sofa with her gift from Yogi. She opens it -

"Writer's Block" - The photo from the gallery.

Emily studies the picture.

121 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

121

Emily lifts her new old TV onto the dresser. She turns it on - a fuzzy black and white image appears - she moves the antenna around. The picture gets a little clearer - "It's a Wonderful Life" appears.

George Bailey stands atop a bridge staring down into a cold, dark river. Emily lays down on her bed, watches as George Bailey contemplates his fate.

122 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

122

A big SPLASH!

B & W just like the movie - LONG SHOT - icy river.

Emily stares down into a river from the side of a bridge. She can't see anything but large chunks of ice.

EMILY

They'd never find me. I'd end up on the side of some milk carton. My mom would spend the rest of her life in a trance trying to psychically locate me.

123 INT. HOSPITAL - LATE CHRISTMAS NIGHT

123

Emily wanders the quiet, empty halls of the hospice with Sam. Nobody's up. She stops outside Mr. Finch's room - the door is shut, all is quiet. She moves on.

She rounds a corner to see light streaming out of an open door. Happy that somebody's up, Emily walks down the hall and stops in the doorway.

Emily's POV - Mrs. Quinn is sleeping soundly.

HOSPICE NURSE #1
(O.S.)

Finally convinced her that sleeping with the lights on is the same as sleeping with sun light filling her room.

Emily turns around to find a NURSE sitting at a Nurse's station. A single desk lamp lights an open book that lays before her.

HOSPICE NURSE #1
(cont'd)

If she wakes up and can't see anything, she panics.

Emily looks to Mrs. Quinn - she looks so peaceful. Emily looks back to the Nurse. She has gone back to her book. Emily and Sam walk away.

Emily stops and looks at the brightly lit Christmas tree that decorates the lobby. It's a pretty tree with all different colored lights. Emily hears the sound of a TV. She follows the sound.

124 INT. HOSPITAL TV ROOM - LATE CHRISTMAS NIGHT

124

Emily and Sam enter the TV room. Emily is surprised to see Mr. Finch watching TV in his bathrobe. She enters and sits next to him on the sofa. He looks over at her, then back to the TV. He moves a portion of his blanket over so that it covers Emily's legs.

They watch TV, say nothing.

125 EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - SUNRISE

125

The rising sun casts a gentle light on the ocean.

126 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

126*

Emily drinks a cup of coffee - hangs up "Writer's Block". Her doorbell RINGS.

Emily opens the door - Amber smiles back.

AMBER

Surprise!

She gives Emily a huge hug.

EMILY

(surprised)

What are you doing back?

AMBER

Didn't work out so well. They found out my Spanish wasn't so good.

(beat)

But, most importantly, I just knew you couldn't live without me.

EMILY

You don't sound bummed about it?

AMBER

Such is life. Everything happens for a reason. How are you? We haven't talked in a few weeks. What's new?

(beat, excited)

We have so much catching up to do!

Emily feels overwhelmed.

(CONTINUED)

Amber's energy level has not changed one bit. Amber hugs her again. *

AMBER

I just missed you so much!

127 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

127

A stroke victim works to pet Sam with his weakened left hand. Emily gently guides his hand. She puts a treat in the man's hand. Sam happily eats it, then licks the man's face. The man smiles, as does Emily.

JANIE

Emily, I know I told you that Mr. Finch was off limits today because of a big dose of Chemo. But, he's insistent that you come in.

EMILY

(surprised)

Really?

JANIE

Keeps buzzing the nurses station. Driving them crazy. So, go ahead. Just keep it brief.

128 INT. HOSPITAL/MR. FINCH'S ROOM - DAY

128

Mr. Finch looks pale. His eyes are sallow. The fake flowers are still next to his bed. He has the call button in his hand. Holds his finger down on it.

Emily enters.

EMILY

You beckon?

Mr. Finch relaxes, lets the call button fall. Shuts the door with his cane.

MR. FINCH

Why haven't you come to visit?

EMILY

My, my, aren't we grouchy, today. *

Mr. Finch just stares at Emily.

EMILY

They told me you needed rest.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FINCH

Don't you think that's my decision to make.

EMILY

No. I'm not so sure you have your own best interests in mind.

MR. FINCH

Hah! Best interest?

(beat)

As far as they're concerned I should be dead!

Emily knows this to be true. She takes her seat next to Mr. Finch. She studies him.

EMILY

You want to pet Sammy?

MR. FINCH

Does he have any fleas?

EMILY

No. Do you?

MR. FINCH

Just bed bugs.

Emily smiles. Lifts Sammy up onto the bed.

EMILY

Sammy likes bed bugs.

Sammy lays down next to Mr. Finch. Puts his chin on his chest. Mr. Finch reluctantly pets him.

EMILY

You ever have a dog.

MR. FINCH

He died.

EMILY

Sorry...

MR. FINCH

Nothing to be sorry about. It was a long time ago. Never got another one.

EMILY

So, when do I get to meet Mrs. Finch?.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FINCH
(endearingly)
The "old grouch"?
(beat)
What do you want to meet her for?

EMILY
Just curious.

MR. FINCH
Curious about what?

EMILY
(smiling)
Curious to meet the saint who's put up
with you all these years.

MR. FINCH
You taking up comedy now. Giving up on
writing because a few people turned you
down.

Emily is surprised. *

EMILY
What, are you psychic now?

MR. FINCH
No, you have a big mouth and I have a
strong hearing aide.

EMILY
Ah, I see.

MR. FINCH
I spent 50 years teaching brats to read
and write.

EMILY
Apparently, I could use a few lessons.

MR. FINCH
Okay, I'll read your book.

EMILY
I don't remember asking you to read my
book. *

MR. FINCH
Why wouldn't you want me to read it? *

EMILY
Lots of reasons.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FINCH
 (acting angry)
 I'm offering you free expert advice,
 young lady!

EMILY
 You probably wouldn't like it.

MR. FINCH
 (happy to assume his old role)
 Well, I'm the professor. Shouldn't I be
 the judge of that?

Mr. Finch coughs, startling Sammy. He jumps down.

EMILY
 We'd better let you get some rest.

MR. FINCH
 (with a hint of defeat)
 All I do is rest. Leave me your book.

Emily hesitates.

MR. FINCH
 If you're a real writer you have a copy
 right there in that backpack.

EMILY
 I'm not sure I am a real writer, Mr.
 Finch...

Emily reaches into her backpack and pulls out a copy of her
 book. She reluctantly hands him her book.

MR. FINCH
 Lesson #1 - No one else will believe
 you're a writer until you believe it.

129 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

129*

Emily arrives home. She drops her stuff and leafs through
 her mail as she listens to her messages.

MONA (V.O.)
 Hi, Emily. It's mom.

Emily stops what she's doing and listens.

(CONTINUED)

ANSWERING MACHINE (CONT.)

Verna Schwartz' son just got promoted to agent. He's willing to meet with you. I've sent him your book. He's expecting your call.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Sammy barks. Emily looks through the peep hole, seeing a distorted Yogi.

Emily opens the door, surprised to see him.

YOGI

Hi.

EMILY

Hi.

YOGI

Got a minute.

EMILY

Yeah... I guess. Come on in.

Yogi enters. There's an awkward silence.

YOGI

So, I wanted to say good-bye.

EMILY

Good-bye?

YOGI

I'm taking the show onto Albuquerque. I'll leave tomorrow night after we pack everything up.

EMILY

(hurt)

Oh, great. Well, thanks for stopping by.

YOGI

My father died a few months ago.

Emily wonders why he's telling her this.

EMILY

Look, you show up after 28 years, contribute to the tail spin that is my life, and now you're splitting.

(beat)

Sorry if I'm not too sympathetic to the tragedies of your life.

(CONTINUED)

YOGI

Burying a father I never knew made me realize that I wanted you to know your father and I wanted to know my daughter.

EMILY

Know my father? Do you think I know you? And you definitely don't know me.

YOGI

Emily, I would have been a horrible father. Your mom knew that and did what was best for you.

EMILY

(tearful)

Best for me? Do you think it was best for me to never have a father to carry me on his shoulders? To never have a dad to teach me to throw a ball or take me to the zoo?

YOGI

I'm confident that your mom more than made up for my absence.

EMILY

Maybe, but that doesn't fill the hole.

YOGI

I may have been absent from your life, but you were never absent from my thoughts. I told you it was because of you that I became a photographer? Every year your mom sent me a photo of you.

Yogi pulls out his wallet. He flips it open to reveal photos of Emily from when she was a baby to her college graduation. He looks at them, smiles proudly.

YOGI

(passionate)

I realized the joy a photo could bring, the stories they could tell.

He's an odd fellow, yet so genuine. Emily thinks maybe he would have been a good father and this makes her more angry.

EMILY

You know, I think this whole thing is really creepy - every year you got a school photo of me and I didn't even know you existed.

(CONTINUED)

Yogi wants to hug her, but realizes it would be ill received. He puts his wallet away and moves to the door. He turns back to Emily.

YOGI

Look, I'm sorry I wasn't around. I'm proud of the job your mother did and I'm proud of you. I'm confident that under that tough, unhappy exterior is a pretty terrific person.

(pause)

There are times in life when everything seems to be going wrong. But, there's a place in the world for everyone, Emily. You just have to find yours. Only you can change your life.

Yogi leaves.

Emily falls into a chair. She's exhausted. Her eyes well up with tears. She looks over to "Writer's Block" hanging on the wall. PUSH IN tight on the photo - the sound of a camera click and the bright light of a flash white out the frame.

130 EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

130*

The bright white light from a camera flash is temporarily blinding. As the light fades, we see that it is Yogi behind the camera. Another flash - Emily steps out from the shadows, into the light. Another flash reveals Yogi's subject - Emily's dead body - laying on the ground, outlined in chalk. Her hand clenching the handle of a knife deeply imbedded in her stomach. Another Flash...

131 INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

131

Matching shot looking down at...

Emily laying sprawled out on her bed in the exact same position. Her stare distant. Once again, sleep evades her.

132 INT. HOSPITAL/MR. FINCH'S ROOM - NIGHT

132*

All is quiet and dark except one room.

Mr. Finch, in bed, reading Emily's book. He smiles.

133 EXT. OUTERSPACE

133

The satellite speeds through the frame entering the Earth's atmosphere.

134 INT. MR. SCHWARTZ'S OFFICE - DAY

134*

ECU - A wind up toy moves its way across a glass desk top.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

MR. SCHWARTZ
(O.S.)

Yeah?

A door opens and Emily enters.

MR. SCHWARTZ sits behind an overly large desk that is covered with toys. He talks on a cellular phone. Hangs up. The wind up toy continues its journey.

EMILY
I'm looking for Mr. Schwartz?

MR. SCHWARTZ
What do I look like - an imposter?

Emily looks him over - his legs are up on the desk. He looks like he should be in high school.

EMILY
(extending her hand)
Emily Hall - nice to meet you.

MR. SCHWARTZ
(shaking her hand)
Emily Hall! Don't tell me you don't remember me?

Emily looks at him, confused.

MR. SCHWARTZ
(cont'd)
You used to baby sit me. I was 11 and you were this hot 18 year old.
(pauses, looks her over)
Well, that's all ancient history now.
So... "One Final Day" - the last day in the life of an 80 year old woman.
(beat)
Tell me, who would want to read this book?

EMILY
Lots of people. A third of our population is over the age of 65.

(CONTINUED)

MR. SCHWARTZ

But the woman in your book dies? You think all those old people want to read about dying?

EMILY

(exasperated)

That's not the point. The point is that she dies satisfied with the life she's lead. And in feeling satisfied with what she's done with the gift of life, she doesn't fear death, she accepts it.

MR. SCHWARTZ

I didn't get that.

(beat)

I just don't think people want to read about old people. People today don't want to think about being old.

Emily blankly stares at Mr. Schwartz. What a cocky little shit.

EMILY

I have a feeling that you don't know what people want because your too busy concerning yourself with what you want. Even if you did have any interest in representing my book, it's obvious you're the wrong person.

(beat)

How often do you call your Grandparents? You ever stop to let an old person cross the street?

MR. SCHWARTZ

(defensive)

What does that have to do with anything?

EMILY

Just what I figured.

Emily gathers her stuff, grabs her book off of Mr. Schwartz's desk. Looks at all his toys.

EMILY (CONT.)

Nice toys.

The wind up toy takes a final, deflated step and falls off the side of the desk. Emily exits.

135 INT. OUTSIDE MR. SCHWARTZ'S OFFICE - DAY

135

Emily exits the office. She stops and bangs her hand against her head.

EMILY

#17.

136 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

136

Emily and Sam walk down the hall. Sam gets his usual enthusiastic greetings. Mrs. Quinn walks quickly down the hall. She seems panicked.

MRS. QUINN

(frantic)

The sky is falling, the sky is falling.

(to Emily)

Why didn't Henny Penny warn the King the sky was falling after she got away from Foxy Woxy?

Mrs. Quinn moves down the hall and ducks into her room. Emily stares after her.

137 INT. HOSPITAL MR. FINCH'S ROOM - DAY

137*

Emily approaches Mr. Finch's room. She slows ---

EMILY'S POV - Sunlight streams through his open door.

She hesitates, not sure she wants to go any further.

She reaches the door to Mr. Finch's room and stops. She looks in -

EMILY'S POV - Sunlight fills the empty room. A NURSE puts fresh sheets on the bed. The room is empty. It's few belongings gone - the fake flowers no longer next to the bed...

The nurse sees Emily.

HOSPICE NURSE #2

He finally let go. Can you believe it?

Emily's crushed. She lets go of Sam's leash. He enters the room, sniffs around, whines.

HOSPICE NURSE #2

(cont'd)

He had a smile on his face when we found him. I'd never seen him smile before.

(CONTINUED)

The nurse finishes making the bed - turns to Emily.

HOSPICE NURSE #2
(cont'd)

He stayed up all night reading a book.
We tried to get him to go to bed, but he
refused.

Emily's face turns green. She feels sick. She grabs the door frame to steady herself. She looks up and down the hall - everything seems out of focus. She moves down the hall, spots a closet door marked "personnel only," ducks in.

138 INT. MEDICINE CLOSET - DAY

138

Emily, crushed with grief, falls against the wall, sinks down to the ground. She sobs. Buries her head in her arms. She looks up through her tears. She's surrounded by drugs! She grabs a couple of bottles -

The labels - one after another - "Valium", "Codeine",
"Percodan"...

139 INT. OPERATING ROOM #2 - DAY

139*

A DOCTOR holds the bottles, turns them upside down - all of them empty.

Emily lays on the table. Monitors are hooked up to her, tubes stuck into her veins, her heart beats faintly.

DOCTOR

Let's pump her. She's got a pretty potent mixture brewing inside. May be too late. But, let's give it our best shot.

NURSES and DOCTORS scurry around the dying Emily. They pump her stomach. Her heart rate declines.

DOCTOR

Come on, we're losing her.

The monitor gives the familiar FLATLINE SIGNAL.

DOCTOR

Time?

HOSPICE NURSE #1

10:52

The doctor frantically pumps her chest as the nurses prepare the crash cart and paddles.

(CONTINUED)

The doctor puts the paddles to her chest. Emily's stiff body jumps as the current flows through it.

The dead Emily's eyes open. She rips the oxygen mask from her face, sits up. The nurses and doctors around her move in slow motion, unaware of her activity. She looks to the flatline on the monitor. Then turns - looks to the living Emily standing in the corner, frozen, the life slowly draining from her...

EMILY

(yelling)

You're such a hypocrite. You want to know why your book hasn't been published? Because you don't believe what you wrote, that's why. Are you satisfied with the life you've lived? Mr. Finch could only let go because he had lived every moment to the fullest!

The dead Emily replaces her oxygen mask, lays back down, closes her eyes. The doctors send another jolt of electricity through her.

The FLATLINE SIGNAL becomes glaringly loud.

SOUND DISSOLVE TO:

140 INT. MEDICINE CLOSET - DAY

140

Sam SCRATCHES at the door from the outside. He WHIMPERS.

Emily's eyes pop open. Her heart races. She coughs, struggles to regain normal breathing. She leans her head back - a tear rolls down her cheek.

She hears Sam WHINE.

141 INT. OUTSIDE MEDICINE CLOSET/HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

141

Emily steps out of the closet. She picks up Sam and hugs him hard. She walks down the hall, still in a daze. She pauses outside Mr. Finch's room - closes her eyes - feels the warmth of the sunlight.

Emily opens her eyes and looks one last time at the bed that once held Mr. Finch.

142 INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

142

Yogi and Doris take down the last few remaining photographs.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (O.S)

Dad?

Yogi doesn't respond. Doris turns around, sees Emily. She nudges Yogi.

DORIS

I don't think anyone would be calling me "Dad."

YOGI

I don't think anyone would be calling me "Dad," either.

Yogi turns to Emily.

EMILY

The truth is, I've always dreamed of what my father was like. Wished he was alive so I could meet him just once. Hear his voice, see what he looked like.

YOGI

They say you should be careful what you wish for.

Emily smiles.

EMILY

There was a part of me that was always a mystery. Why was my hair light and my mom's dark? Why are my toes short and stubby and hers are long and perfect? Where did I get my creative impulses?

YOGI

Sorry I wasn't an accountant or lawyer.

EMILY

Thank goodness. Numbers make me crazy, too.

YOGI

(smiling)

Maybe you did get my good genes, after all.

DORIS (O.S.)

Yogi, where are these crates being shipped too?

YOGI

The Hopkins Gallery - Albuquerque.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Shipped?

YOGI

The show can go on without me. Thought maybe I'd stick around and try the father thing for awhile. What do you think of that?

EMILY

I think that would be nice.

YOGI

How about a trip to the zoo tomorrow?

EMILY

(laughs)

Okay, sure.

YOGI

Great. I'll pick you up. Maybe Mona would like to join us.

EMILY

I think one of you at a time is good for right now.

YOGI

Fair enough. Guess we're going to get to know each other, now.

EMILY

That could take awhile... with all your personalities.

YOGI

Only one of them is tough to crack.

EMILY

Yeah, which one is that?

YOGI

Emily.

Emily walks over to Yogi and hugs him. Yogi hugs her back.

143 INT. MRS. QUINN'S ROOM - NIGHT

143

Mrs. Quinn enters her room to find Emily sitting at the top of a ladder. She's looking up at the ceiling. Mrs. Quinn looks up at her confused.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. QUINN
What are you doing?

Emily looks down at her.

EMILY
Oh, hi. I have a surprise for you.

Emily climbs down from the ladder. Leans it against the wall. Pushes some bags aside. Sam runs over to Mrs. Quinn. She pets him.

MRS. QUINN
Is it my Birthday?

EMILY
No, just something I thought you'd like.

Emily helps Mrs. Quinn into bed, then lifts Sam up onto her lap. Emily moves over to the light switch - reaches for it. Mrs. Quinn panics.

MRS. QUINN
(nervous, scared)
No, don't turn the lights off.

EMILY
(reassuring)
Don't worry.

Emily flips the switch. Mrs. Quinn gasps, looks up - a glow from the ceiling gently lights her face. Her fear dissolves into a smile.

TILT UP to reveal the sky glowing bright. Emily has put glow in the dark stars up on Mrs. Quinn's ceiling.

Mrs. Quinn smiles. Emily sits down in a chair next to her bed. She looks up, studies the sky.

Emily looks back to Mrs. Quinn - she has fallen asleep. She looks so peaceful.

Emily gets up and gently lifts Sam off the bed. Feeling she's being watched, she looks to the doorway. A woman stands there. Emily tiptoes out of the room.

144 INT. OUTSIDE MRS. QUINN'S ROOM - SAME

144

EMILY
I'm sorry. Are you here to see Mrs. Quinn?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FINCH

No. I was looking for you. Emily Hall, correct?

EMILY

Yes.

The woman extends her hand. Emily reluctantly shakes it.

MRS. FINCH

Rose Finch.

(beat)

The "old grouch"?

EMILY

Mrs. Finch. I'm so sorry. I feel responsible. He read my book and...

MRS. FINCH

On the contrary, my dear. I'm convinced your book is what finally let my husband rest. I read it and I now know he went in peace, which as you well know is nothing short of a miracle.

Mrs. Finch hands Emily's book back to her.

MRS. FINCH

You're a very talented writer. I'd love to read more of your writing. Do you have any other stories?

Other stories? Emily smiles.

EMILY

You know, I think I do.

MRS. FINCH

Please give me a call. My card's in the book. I may be able to be of some help to you.

Mrs. Finch takes Emily's hand. She holds it.

MRS. FINCH

Thank you for what you did for my husband. He thought very highly of you.

Mrs. Finch squeezes Emily's hand and releases it. Mrs. Finch walks down the hall, alone but standing tall.

Emily looks down at her book. She opens it -

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

ECU BOOK - "Don't ever let anyone tell you your not a good writer. "A" plus. Professor Finch"

Emily smiles and closes the book. A business card falls to the ground.

She picks it up and reads it -

ECU BUSINESS CARD - "Rose Finch - Random House".

Emily looks up stunned. She looks down the hall - Mrs. Finch is gone.

145 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

145

Emily and Sam climb out of the van. She approaches her front door. She glances up and stops - dozens of yellow roses cover her front stoop. Emily smiles and picks up some of the flowers. She smells them.

146 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM/DESK - NIGHT

146*

Emily is at her desk typing away. Pages are coming out of the printer rapidly. A pile of completed pages sits on her desk. Sam is laying at her feet.

147 EXT. EMILY'S YARD - NIGHT

147*

ECU - Emily Hall - 28, tired, but ready to take life by the horns.

PULL BACK to reveal Emily and Sam laying on lawn chairs. Emily looks over at Sam. Red roses lay on a table between them. Emily smiles, looks up at the sky.

The camera begins to PULL UP.

EMILY (V.O.)

I'd been thinking about killing myself
but I'm not going to.

POV - The sky - a large object propels itself through the frame... Moves off into the distance.

EMILY (V.O.)

The satellite that was falling to Earth
landed in the ocean. The Earth is 70%
water. As for Mike... let's just say he's
been spending a lot of time in flower
shops.

The camera continues its move up, above the house...

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (V.O.)

I decided not to go to my High School Reunion. I realized it's not important what other people think, only what I think. And I think everything is going to be just fine. It turns out the sky isn't falling after all.

...above the city of LA, up into the sky. The Dave Mathews band song "Satellite" plays.

FADE OUT

The End