

PERFECT MOMENT

by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. GARAGE -- DAY

A large, two-car garage, door open to the wide driveway. Amid a literal two tons of miscellaneous junk sits a battered 1965 Mustang convertible, hood open.

Bending deep into the engine, is GEORGE ARNER, 40s -- a little overweight, slightly balding -- a Joe SixPack kind of guy.

George grunts as he pushes a wrench against a hose clamp.

GEORGE  
One...more...turn...

The clamp snaps and the wrench in George's hands slips, clattering through the engine to the floor.

George jumps up, bumps his head on the raised hood, then steps back and sucks a scraped knuckle.

GEORGE  
Damn.

George shakes the bruised hand, rubs his bumped head with a greasy cloth.

GEORGE  
Nothing's easy with you, is it, Baby?

PEG (O.S.)  
George!

GEORGE  
In the garage!

George walks out of the garage and around an old, battered, white Volvo pulled to one side of the driveway.

2 EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

George looks toward the house. PEG ARNER, 40s, stands in the doorway on the back porch stoop. Short hair frames a still-cute face; torn jeans and a sweatshirt hang on a still-fit body.

PEG  
Dinner.

George waves, turns, reaches up to pull the garage door down, but the whiny revving of a small engine draws his attention.

Across the hedge, BRUCE ELLSWORTH, late 30s, smug, smarmy, and full of himself in a pair of Wayfarers, pulls into his driveway in a small, red, two-seater Miata roadster, a stunning REDHEAD with him.

ELLSWORTH  
 (to George)  
 Howdy, neighbor!

GEORGE  
 (not thrilled)  
 Bruce.

Ellsworth doesn't bother to help the Redhead climb from the small car, instead waves his hand in George's direction.

ELLSWORTH  
 Hey, Gina, check it out. A pair of  
 antiques. You've been houndin' me  
 to take you antiquing...  
 (laughing, to George)  
 Hey...who's older, George? You or  
 that wreck in the garage there? Ha!

GEORGE  
 Good one, Bruce. Workin' on that  
 one a while, were you?

Ignoring George, Ellsworth grabs Gina's hand and pulls her toward his front door.

ELLSWORTH  
 Get that, sweetheart? Pair of  
 antiques? Funny, huh?

Ellsworth cracks himself up as he leads Gina into his house.

George turns to the Mustang, pulling the garage door down.

GEORGE  
 Don't pay any attention to him, Baby.  
 He's obviously incapable of seeing  
 inner beauty...though you gotta admit  
 he's got an eye for a nice chassis.

3 EXT. BACKYARD -- DAY

George walks across the lawn to the back stoop. An English Bulldog rests on the top step.

GEORGE  
 Muggs! How you doin' Muggsie?

Muggs lifts his head, then his upper lip, growls low in his throat.

George bends and picks up a ball.

GEORGE  
 Don't be that way, Muggs. Come on,  
 boy...Let's play a little chase.

George tosses the ball. But Muggs ignores it, comes down the three steps, cocks a leg and pees a stream right at George's feet, forcing George to jump out of the way. Muggs then saunters away toward the back of the house.

GEORGE

Nice, Muggs. Very nice.

VINCE (O.S.)

Heads up, Pop!

George turns just in time to catch a football zipping right at his head. George smiles at his son, VINCE, 15, a strapping, handsome young guy, who's just dropping his school backpack to the lawn.

GEORGE

Whoa! Touchdown arm there, son.  
How was practice?

VINCE

Coach says he's gonna start me.

GEORGE

Nice!

George and Vince start a game of catch and run.

VINCE

You see the line on the Redskins game? They got the Eagles down two TD's.

GEORGE

Aw, don't believe all you read. Any given Sunday, you know?

VINCE

Eagles suck, Dad. They're 2 and 5.

GEORGE

Don't remind me. I just keep thinkin', you know...Steelers lost five and won the Super Bowl, so...

VINCE

Steelers are the Steelers. Eagles--

GEORGE

--Suck. I know. I keep hopin' they'll get it together a game or two, justify my continued devotion.

VINCE

Philly loves havin' it's heart broken, Pop. You told me that when I was 5...and to never expect more.

GEORGE  
 Maybe I'm changin' my mind.

Vince takes a pass from George, tucks the ball in and tries to run past him. George open-field tackles him and they tumble to the grass, laughing.

Peg appears again at the back door.

PEG  
 Get in here now, both of you, or  
 Muggs eats like a king.

Vince pulls George up from the turf. George puts his arm across Vince's shoulders as they walk in.

GEORGE  
 Still can't get by me.

4 INT. KITCHEN -- ARNER HOUSE -- NIGHT

George, Peg, and Vince pass small talk and bowls of food around the table.

PEG  
 It's a money pit of a dead car is  
 all I'm saying. Bruce is right.

GEORGE  
 She may be a money pit, but she's a  
 vintage money pit. She'll win a  
 ribbon some day, you'll see.

PEG  
 What's that claptrap of a Volvo out  
 there gonna win? I'm afraid to drive  
 it anymore.

VINCE  
 That's a cool car, Mom. I'm claimin'  
 it when Dad gets the Mustang running.

PEG  
 Don't hold your breath.

GEORGE  
 Oh, ye of little faith.  
 (to Vince)  
 So who you think'll start at wide  
 receiver Sunday?

VINCE  
 LJ. The hamstring's healed. He's  
 ready.

GEORGE  
 Can sure use him. Nobody else has  
 hands.

VINCE  
You gonna try and get us tickets?

GEORGE  
After work tomorrow.

PEG  
(to Vince)  
Where's Susie? You tell her to come  
down for dinner like I asked you to?

VINCE  
She's not my responsibility, Mom.

GEORGE  
(to Vince)  
Hey. She's your sister. I expect  
you to be responsible for each other.

Vince rolls his eyes.

GEORGE  
I'm serious, Vince. It was that way  
with me and my sisters, and that's  
the way I want it with you and yours.

Peg gets up and moves to the stairs.

PEG  
(yells up the stairs)  
Susan! Dinner! I'm not calling you  
again!

Peg sits back down.

GEORGE  
Somebody needs to talk to her about  
bein' part of this family.

PEG  
I agree. Be my guest.

GEORGE  
Me? I don't see her long enough to  
say hello most days.

5 INT. SUSIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

SUSIE ARNER, 14, stands in front of a mirror. With one hand she puts the final touches on her makeup, which her natural beauty doesn't really need. Her other hand holds a cell phone.

SUSIE  
...so I tell him, "I know you're not  
saying that to me," and he gets this  
(MORE)

SUSIE (CONT'D)

look on his face like he's gonna cry  
or something...

(beat)

No, Heather, of course not! But he  
hangs out with Trish and those guys,  
and I'm trying to get in with them,  
you know? They're so cool and all,  
and so if he likes me, maybe he'll  
take me to...

PEG (O.S.)

Susan!

SUSIE

Look, I gotta go before my mother  
has a cow.

(beat)

Yes. Yes, I will...

(beat)

Gotta go, Heather...

(beat)

Goodbye, Heather!

She slams the cellphone closed, checks herself in the mirror.  
She adjusts her skimpy outfit as if the half an inch makes a  
difference in what is or is not revealed, then scoops up her  
backpack and is out the door.

6 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Peg is putting food on the plate at Susie's place.

VINCE

...but maybe the running game'll  
pick up...

PEG

Maybe you ought to think about picking  
up your studying game.

Peg gives a meaningful look to George, who gets the hint.

GEORGE

Your Mom's right. We're a little  
worried about your grades, and...

VINCE

Aw, come on.

GEORGE

This is serious, Vince. You know  
you're going to need a scholarship.  
Grades are going to be important,  
and I really want you to knuckle  
down...

VINCE

My grades'll be fine this quarter,  
guys. You'll see.

(to George)

So anyway...LJ. You think the trade  
was worth it?

George glances at Peg. He knows he should be pushing the  
grades thing, but...hey, he's talkin' football here...

GEORGE

Well...

(another glance at  
Peg)

He really does the bump and go great,  
you know, which gets him down the  
field...

PEG

George...

Susie comes bounding down the stairs, much to George's relief.

GEORGE

Hey, Honeybun...

SUSIE

Hi, Dad.

PEG

Your dinner's on your plate.

SUSIE

Not hungry. I'm late anyway. Gotta  
get over to Heather's. Bunch of us  
are gonna study for midterms.

GEORGE

You're going out like that?

SUSIE

Like what? What's wrong with it?

GEORGE

Well, it's a little...It's a  
little...Peg?

PEG

It's little, is what you're father's  
trying to say.

SUSIE

It's no different than what other  
kids are wearing. I can't go out  
looking like a frump.



GEORGE

And that's another thing...you're always going out. Why don't your friends ever come over here? I could grill up some burgers...

VINCE

(though his mouthfuls)  
It's not cool here is why.

SUSIE

Shut up, Vince.

GEORGE

Cool?

VINCE

She's trying to hang with those rich bitches from Chestnut Hill. We're kinda in the wrong bracket, if you know what I mean.

SUSIE

Shut up, Vince! God! You're such an asshole! I'm out of here.

Susie turns abruptly and goes out the door.

GEORGE

(to Vince)

Not exactly what I meant about looking out for each other.

VINCE

(shrugs)

Face it, Pop. Family's not high on her list. Least not like you'd like it.

(downs his last swig  
of milk)

I'm outta here too. Goin' over to Kenny's. He's got the new Madden '11...

GEORGE

Wait a minute. What about your homework?

VINCE

Jeez, Pop, you guys really need to chill. You're starting to get a little naggy.

And Vince is out the door too.

George looks at Peg.

GEORGE

Naggy?

7 EXT. BACK DECK -- ARNER HOUSE -- NIGHT

George sits in an Adirondack chair. Peg comes out of the house with two mugs of coffee, hands one to George, then sits in a second chair near him.

GEORGE

You think we're good parents, Peg?

PEG

Not sure what you're getting at.

GEORGE

I don't know. Seems like they don't listen too well. Vince won't study, Susie's more interested in her clique than her family, neither one's ever home...

PEG

They're just being kids, George. You remember how you were at that age?

GEORGE

I just wish...well, you know.

Peg smiles a moment.

PEG

Yeah, I do. But you can't get everything you wish for in this life, right?

George thinks about that a moment.

PEG

Okay, your turn tonight. What's the subject?

GEORGE

How 'bout Picasso?

PEG

Picasso?

GEORGE

Yeah. Picasso.

PEG

Why'd you pick Picasso? What do you know about Picasso?

GEORGE

That's the point, isn't it? Been the point since we started this game. And it's my night, so I pick Picasso.

PEG

Okay. Picasso then. Well, he's a painter, right? Make's people look like a first grader's art project?

GEORGE

(laughing)

Yeah. And I hear he had a lot of wives. And a few girlfriends.

PEG

Artists. Such Bohemians. What's the book say?

George picks up an encyclopedia type of book.

GEORGE

Well, let's see. Pee-ca-ssssssssss-o-o-o. Here it is. Picasso. Pablo.

PEG

Pablo? See? Definitely a Bohemian.

8 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The TV offers the only dim light in the room. George is propped up in bed watching a steamy love scene in a movie.

Peg leaves the bathroom, crosses the dark room, and climbs into bed. She snuggles up to George, whose eyes haven't left the screen. Peg glances at the movie.

PEG

Learning some new moves?

GEORGE

New moves aren't a bad thing.

George flicks off the TV, starts to turn to Peg.

GEORGE

Let's try a couple...

Peg snuggles in closer.

PEG

(mumbling)

Not tonight, babe, okay?

GEORGE

Ah, let's have a little fun. It's been a while...

But he stops short as he realizes that not only is she in hair curlers and some kind of green facial goo, but she's already asleep.

George sighs and flicks the TV back on. A beautiful, buxom BLONDE is on the screen. George glances from the screen to Peg and back again, then sighs deeply as he settles into his pillows to watch a bit more.

9 INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Quiet, except for soft snoring.

INSERT: AN ALARM CLOCK ON A NIGHTSTAND

The clock clicks to 7:00. An ear-splitting buzzer goes off.

A hand smacks the clock, knocking it off the nightstand.

BACK TO SCENE

George flops back on the bed.

GEORGE

Jesus, I hate that thing.

10 INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

George, a bath towel around his waist, looks at himself in the mirror. He brushes his hair, then notices a bunch of hair on the brush.

GEORGE

Damn.

He touches a receding hairline.

GEORGE

I'm too young for this.

11 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

George comes downstairs to the flurry of morning activity.

Vince and Susie are just rushing out the door.

GEORGE

See ya, kids.

Neither Vince nor Susie says anything as they disappear.

GEORGE

(to himself)

Bye, Dad...Love you.

Peg comes in from the living room, sliding on a coat. She pecks him on the cheek and moves toward the door.

PEG

I'm walking over to Phyllis's for breakfast, then we're heading up to IKEA for the sale. Have a good day at work.

GEORGE

What about my breakfast?

PEG

Bread's in the breadbox, eggs in the fridge. See ya.

And she's gone.

George looks around the kitchen.

GEORGE

(sing-songy)

"Good morning, honey. How would you like your toast?"

George looks at his watch. He sighs, grabs a banana from the counter and leaves.

12 EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

George climbs into the white Volvo -- the door creaking. He cranks it, but it won't start. He tries again until the battery groans down. George climbs out and slams the door.

GEORGE

Shit.

ELLSWORTH (O.S.)

Mornin', neighbor!

George looks up to see Ellsworth jump into his Miata and start it. He revs it -- it sounds more like a motor scooter than a car.

ELLSWORTH

Need a lift?

George waves him off.

GEORGE

Uh...Nope. Thanks. Just flooded momentarily. I'm fine.

ELLSWORTH

Suit yourself.

Ellsworth guns the Miata into the street.

George watches him go, then kicks the Volvo.

GEORGE  
You piece of shit.

George looks at his watch.

GEORGE  
Damn it.

George lopes down the sidewalk toward the corner. He doesn't notice his wallet flop out of his pocket as he reaches the corner.

13 EXT. CORNER BUS STOP -- DAY

The bus is pulling away. George bangs on the doors until it stops, then climbs in.

14 INT. BUS -- DAY

George steadies himself as the bus pulls into the street. He reaches into his back pocket for his wallet...it's gone.

GEORGE  
Aw...not again!

The BUS DRIVER, a 50-something matron with a stern face made more extreme by having her hair pulled back in a tight bun, notices.

BUS DRIVER  
You ain't gonna try that "lost wallet,  
I'm good for it" thing, are you?  
Not on my run, you ain't. No cash,  
no dash. You got to the end of the  
block to get it up.

George frantically rifles every pocket he has, comes up with just enough change and drops it into the fare bin.

GEORGE  
(sarcastically)  
Appreciate the kindness.

BUS DRIVER  
Don't mention it.

15 EXT. CARBONARA CONSTRUCTION SITE -- THIRD FLOOR CORNER -- DAY

George studies blueprints, looks up into the skeleton of the high-rise under construction, then back down at the drawings.

PETEY MIKULSKI, 40s and Polish stocky, sits on the end of a stack of aluminum studs, sipping coffee from a styrofoam cup. SAM KING, 40s, a fit African American with a pencil-thin mustache, lounges next to Petey with his own coffee.

PETEY

(heavy Philly accent)

What I'm sayin' to youse is that when they make youse a two TD underdog, there ain't no way you're gonna win the game.

SAM

Absofuckinlutely. Raise the digit in the "L" column by 1.

GEORGE

You guys have no faith.

PETEY

Faith has nothin' to do with it.

GEORGE

Sure it does. It's all about faith, Petey. Gotta try to stay optimistic.

PETEY

Yeah, well, how you feelin' about us gettin' tickets today then? You optimistic about that?

GEORGE

I am.

Sam nudges Petey.

SAM

See that? That's faith in action.

George watches a pair of WORKERS walking by, calls out to one of them, RYAN SCHMIDT, 30s, tattoo'd and ponytailed.

GEORGE

Ryan, you check the gear-sets on the swing crane yet?

SCHMIDT

Nah. It seems fine to me.

GEORGE

Carl says it's been slipping the last couple days. That's why I told you to check it out.

SCHMIDT

Yeah, well, maybe you should handle it, you think it's that important...

GEORGE

It is that important, Schmidt, and I'm asking you to handle it.

Schmidt waves him off, moves away. George turns to Petey and Sam.

GEORGE  
Jesus. You see that?

PETEY  
Some guys don't like bein' told what to do, even if you ask nice.

GEORGE  
Don't mean he should ignore me like that.

SAM  
He's an asshole, George. Forget it.

GEORGE  
It's not like I'm his boss or anything. Why can't he just...

PETEY  
(interrupting)  
The hell with Schmidt, you guys. What's important is if you're willin' to put some 'a your paycheck on that faith of yours, George. I'll take the 'Skins on Sunday, give you 12.

George smiles at his friend.

GEORGE  
I'll take that bet. Twenty bucks.

PETEY  
You're on.

As George and Petey shake hands, a GROUP OF JAPANESE MEN in hardhats enters the floor from an elevator.

DOMINIC CARBONERA, 50's, a barrel-chested Italian whose oversized ego is as easily felt as seen, leads the Men toward an atrium-type area at the edge of the floor.

SAM  
What's this?

GEORGE  
Guys we're buildin' this thing for. Boss's showing them around today.

PETEY  
Carbonera blowhardin' is what it is.

George digs under the blueprints on the table, comes up with a manila folder.



GEORGE  
Be right back.

Petey and Sam exchange a knowing glance.

16 INT. ATRIUM AREA -- DAY

George walks up behind Carbonera as he's pointing up into the construction.

GEORGE  
Excuse me, Mr. Carbonera.

Carbonera glances at George, but immediately turns back.

CARBONERA  
What is it, Arner?

George holds the file out to him.

GEORGE  
I had an idea about the layout of the upper two floors I thought you might like to see. I laid it out at home. I think we could save some money if we spin the floor plan ninety degrees and...

Carbonera grabs the file, tucks it under his arm without looking at it.

CARBONERA  
Where you find the time, Arner?

GEORGE  
I just thought...

CARBONERA  
I don't pay you to think. I do the thinkin'. That's why my name's on the sign.  
(motions toward the Japanese Men)  
Look, I gotta deal with this. Don't you have something to be doing?

Carbonera turns his back on George and addresses the Japanese Men

CARBONERA  
(pointing into the open space above)  
So you see those large Plexiglas panels up there where roofing would normally go?  
(MORE)

CARBONERA (CONT'D)

By doing that, you'll get a much brighter area on this floor for meetings or casual conferences, and it actually saves you a couple thousand...

17 INT. THIRD FLOOR CORNER -- DAY

George rejoins Petey and Sam.

PETEY

Wasn't that Plexiglas thing the idea you wrote up for him last month, George?

George looks over at Carbonera. His jaw sets.

GEORGE

Yeah. It sure as shit was.

George picks up the blueprints.

GEORGE

Come on, guys. We're due up on six.

18 EXT. LINCOLN FINANCIAL FIELD BOX OFFICE -- DAY

Petey, Sam, and George are in line for Eagles tickets.

Petey and Sam each buy their tickets. But as George steps up to the window, the TICKET AGENT pulls down the "Sold Out" sign. George stares at the sign in disbelief.

GEORGE

Great.

19 EXT. ARNER HOUSE -- DAY

George climbs from Petey's car, leans back into the window.

GEORGE

Can you pick me up tomorrow? Damn Volvo's on the fritz again.

PETEY

Need a ride to the poker game tonight too?

GEORGE

Nah. I'll walk down. Thanks.

George walks to his mailbox as Petey pulls away, grabs the mail and shuffles toward the house.

George casts a weary glance at the Volvo, starts to open an official-looking letter as he enters the house past a growling Muggs.

20 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

George is reading the letter he just opened.

GEORGE

Oh, what the hell now?

Peg turns from the sink. Her face is covered with some kind of cosmetic mask.

PEG

What's the matter?

GEORGE

(startled at the sight)

Jesus...

(points at her face)

What's...?

PEG

Deep-cleans the pores. What are you so upset about?

GEORGE

You know that private golf club at the end of the street?

PEG

Yeah...

GEORGE

Well, the damn community association is making a surcharge assessment to pay for street reconstruction for the entrance. Private club we'll never get into and we gotta pay for it. That seem fair to you?

PEG

I don't think it's fair God gave me big pores. But there's nothing I can do about it, if you catch my drift.

GEORGE

Still. What's for dinner?

Peg heads up the stairs.

PEG

I've got a PTA meeting tonight and the kids are at a pep rally, so you'll have to fend for yourself. There's a frozen dinner in the fridge if you want. Just microwave it on high.

George opens the freezer, looks at the box, makes a face. He tosses the box back in the freezer.

George walks to the stairs, yells up.

GEORGE

I'm gonna grab a sandwich at Smitty's  
before the game. See you later.

He waits for a reply, but when none comes, he shrugs and  
heads out the door.

21 EXT. SPRING GARDEN STREET -- NIGHT

Dusk. George walks up the block toward Smitty's bar.

As he approaches an alleyway, George sees two teenage TOUGHS  
roughing up an OLD BLACK BUM, maybe 70-75, in a tattered  
suit and topcoat.

GEORGE

Hey! Hey! Stop that! Leave him  
alone!

George runs to the alleyway, shoves one Tough off the Old  
Black Bum, kicks at the other.

TOUGH #1

Fuck off, asshole! This ain't your  
business!

GEORGE

You two want to try somebody who can  
defend himself?

The Toughs glance at one another, then take off across the  
street and down the block.

George turns to the Old Black Bum, who is breathing hard and  
sliding down the wall onto the pavement just inside the alley.

GEORGE

You okay?

OLD BLACK BUM

Yessir. I think so, I think so.  
(looks at George)  
You prob'ly saved my life.

GEORGE

Nah. You'd a had 'em. Punks. Land  
one punch and they fold. You sure  
you're okay?

OLD BLACK BUM

Yessir. B'lieve so.

GEORGE

Okay, then.

George turns to continue up the street.

OLD BLACK BUM

Wait. Sumpthin' I can do for you? I mean, to return the favor?

George looks unsure what the bum means. What could a bum do for him?

GEORGE

Uh...No. No, I'm all right, thanks.

OLD BLACK BUM

You're sure? I owe you. Favors are my specialty.

GEORGE

No, really. It's okay.

The Old Black Bum holds up a tin can.

OLD BLACK BUM

Got any change then? For the struggle? We all in the struggle together, right?

George considers this, then digs into his pocket, drops a handful of change into the cup.

GEORGE

Some days more than others, I suppose.

OLD BLACK BUM

Thank you, my man. May you always get what you want.

George is caught by the Old Black Bum's eyes...something about them...Then he turns and walks on toward Smitty's.

22 INT. BACK ROOM -- SMITTY'S PUB -- NIGHT

George sits at a poker table with Petey, Sam, and three other blue-collar types -- CHEEKY, PENN, and BOBBY. A half-eaten sandwich sits near a meager pile of chips in front of George.

GEORGE

Nothin' against Peg, but frozen pizza just isn't what I'd call a decent meal, you know?

PENN

What's wrong with it?

GEORGE

It's more the principle of the thing, Penn.

BOBBY

You gonna keep bitchin', or are you gonna play cards?

George picks up his hand.

INSERT: GEORGE'S CARDS: George is holding a trio of kings, and a pair of sevens.

BACK TO SCENE

George tosses in a significant portion of his remaining chips.

CHEEKY

Hmmph. What're you holdin', Arner?  
You don't bet 'less you're holdin'  
something.

Cheeky tosses in his chips, then adds more.

CHEEKY

But I think you're bluffin' again,  
'cause that's all you can do with  
your luck. Call and raise.

The rest of the players toss in their cards.

George throws in the rest of his chips and calls, a smile on his face.

GEORGE

Finally!

George lays down his king-high full house, and reaches for the pot.

CHEEKY

Not so fast, Georgie.

Cheeky lays down his cards one at a time. One ace. Two aces. Three aces. Four. Then he smiles, pulls in the pot.

George sits back stunned, looks at Petey and Sam. He throws up his hands.

GEORGE

Just hasn't been my day, has it?  
Anybody want to lend me the price of  
a beer?

23 INT. SMITTY'S PUB -- CORNER OF THE BAR -- NIGHT

George, Petey, and Sam belly up to the end of the bar. George motions to the bartender, SMITTY, 50s -- a clone of the Marlboro Man. But Smitty's talking to a WOMAN, ignores George.

GEORGE

What, am I invisible?

PETEY

You don't have tits.

As if on cue, three absolutely striking young women, LINDY, SANDY, and MARTINA, walk out of the crowd and come to the corner of the bar, giggling among themselves. Lindy, a lithe blonde in her 30s, stands nearest George.

George looks at Petey and Sam, nods toward the Girls, raises his eyebrows. Petey raises his eyebrows in return. George smiles and turns to Lindy.

GEORGE

(to Lindy)

You girls seem to be having a good time.

Lindy turns to look at George, but as soon as she sees him, her smile drops, and her face freezes like she'd just smelled something bad.

LINDY

Excuse me?

GEORGE

I said, you're having a good time. I thought maybe my friends and I could buy you a drink or something.

LINDY

(suddenly an iceberg)

I don't think so.

Lindy turns to Sandy and Martina, whispers something, and points down the bar. They move off as Lindy throws a withering glance back at George.

PETEY

Nice move, Casanova. Now we can't even look at 'em.

GEORGE

Hey...all I said was can we buy 'em a drink. I didn't ask 'em for lap dances.

PETEY

Yeah, well, if any more come around, don't say nothin', all right? You're poison lately.

GEORGE

Seems that way, doesn't it?

Petey motions to Smitty, who starts drawing three drafts. George raises his hands in bewilderment.

GEORGE

I AM invisible.

24 INT. SMITTY'S BAR -- CORNER TABLE -- NIGHT

George, Petey, and Sam sit alone, beer mugs in front of them, digging into a bowl of bar nuts.

George looks up at the TV behind the bar.

INSERT: THE TV SCREEN

A lottery machine, balls tumbling. A hand reaches out to pull the first number.

BACK TO SCENE

George reaches into his pocket, pulls out a ticket, checks the numbers against those being drawn. After the last ball is drawn, George crumples up his ticket, tosses it on the table.

GEORGE

Don't know why I bother.

SAM

Waste a' money, you ask me.

PETEY

No, no, no. George had a winner once. Couple grand, wasn't it?

GEORGE

Don't bring that up.

SAM

You had a two grand winner?

PETEY

He did. For a couple hours anyway.

Petey starts laughing.

SAM

What?

PETEY

He puts the ticket -- a two grand winner, mind you -- in his pants pocket. Next morning, he remembers, goes to get it. Guess where the pants are.

Sam shakes his head.

PETEY

Tumblin' in four gallons of water and soap. Peg tossed 'em in the washer without checkin' the pockets.



SAM

You're shittin' me.

PETEY

Washed the numbers right off the paper. Shreds was all that was left. A two grand winner! Shreds!

GEORGE

Yeah, well, at least it was a winner. Which shows it can happen. That's why you gotta play to win, right?

ELLSWORTH (O.S.)

Gotta be a winner to play, you mean.

A big hand slaps George on the shoulder. He turns and there's Ellsworth, with a loud laugh, and a smug smile.

ELLSWORTH

Play to win...winner to play...get it? Ah, neighbor, you're a barrel of laughs...

Ellsworth moves to Lindy and her friends at the bar. They turn to him with smiles and easy smooches, a fact not lost on George, who hunches over his beer, a grim look slowly pinching his face.

25 INT. SMITTY'S BAR -- END OF THE BAR -- NIGHT

The bar is about empty. George, Petey, and Sam huddle over their last beers of the night, and judging from the number of empty mugs on the bar, it's been a long night.

PETEY

...so what I'm tellin' you is you need to stand up to Carbonera, Georgie. Stop lettin' him use ya like he's doin'...

George isn't listening. He's locked into the images on the TV as Petey continues to offer his opinion about Carbonera.

INSERT: THE TV:

A montage of video clips of Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie:

-- At a Hollywood premiere

-- On an expensive yacht

-- On a movie set

-- Surrounded by fans obviously thrilled to be near them

-- Receiving awards

-- At a chic restaurant

-- On a beautiful, secluded beach

BACK TO SCENE

Petey swigs his beer, grabs George's arm.

PETEY

...you know what I mean? He's a thief...stealin' your ideas...not givin' you credit...

George still stares at the TV.

GEORGE

Look at 'em. Leadin' the perfect life, aren't they? Money, fame, freedom, adulation. Whatever they want, always the best, never a hassle.

SAM

What're you talking about, George?

GEORGE

Where the hell was I when they handed out tickets to the Good Life?

PETEY

You got a good life, George. Peg, the kids, decent-enough job even if the boss is an asshole...

GEORGE

Yeah, yeah, yeah...they're fine, sure. I s'pose.  
 (looks at the TV)  
 But it could be so much better. I mean, there's okay, and...there's perfect, you know what I'm saying? The Good Life and...  
 (remembering)  
 ...the struggle.

SAM

Struggle? What struggle?

George slides off his stool.

GEORGE

I gotta go.

PETEY

Lemme drive you home, George.

GEORGE

Nah. I'm gonna walk.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You can pick me up tomorrow, though.  
Neither one of my goddamn "Good Life"  
cars will start...

And George is out the door.

SAM

What's with him?

PETEY

His turn in the barrel, I guess.

26 EXT. SPRING GARDEN STREET -- NIGHT

George shuffles up the block, his hands stuffed in his pockets.

GEORGE

(mumbling to himself)

What's Brad Pitt got that I don't  
have? Why's HE get the perfect ride  
and I get "the struggle"? Who decides  
this shit?

George approaches the alleyway where he'd helped the Old Black Bum earlier. George looks around...sees nobody.

George steps into the darkness of the alleyway, drops his zipper, begins to relieve himself.

GEORGE

If I had the perfect life they have...

OLD BLACK BUM

Hey! Watch where you're aimin'!

George jumps, startled, squinting into the darkness. The form of the Old Black Bum becomes apparent in the dim light, sitting on a folded cardboard box, leaning against the wall.

GEORGE

(zipping up)

Sorry, Old Man. Didn't see you there.

OLD BLACK BUM

Well, I certainly heard YOU  
comin'...bitchin' all the way up the  
block. What you got to be bitchin'  
'bout, anyway?

GEORGE

Tough day. Days. Whatever.

The Old Black Bum lights the end of well-chewed stogie.

OLD BLACK BUM  
Tough is relative. Look at me...a  
bum in an alley.

GEORGE  
Yeah, well, you should know then.

OLD BLACK BUM  
Know what?

GEORGE  
Don't you ever wish you could have  
things better? You especially.

OLD BLACK BUM  
Who says this ain't my picture of  
perfection?

GEORGE  
Good word...Perfection.

OLD BLACK BUM  
Perfect ain't all it's cracked up to  
be.

GEORGE  
Yeah, well, I'd like to give it a  
shot.

OLD BLACK BUM  
That really what you want? Everything  
perfect? No more struggle?

GEORGE  
Absolutely! Wouldn't you?

OLD BLACK BUM  
It's all in how you look at things.  
Always has been, always will be.

GEORGE  
Yeah, well, from where I stand, I  
could do with a little less of "the  
struggle", if you know what I mean.

OLD BLACK BUM  
You sure 'bout that?

GEORGE  
I'm tellin' you, Old Man -- if I  
could have my life be perfect  
tomorrow, I'd take it in a heartbeat.

OLD BLACK BUM  
Well all right, then.

GEORGE  
All right what?

The Old Black Bum blows a thick smoke ring at George.

OLD BLACK BUM  
One good turn deserves another.

The smoke ring encircles George's head. He coughs as it dissipates around him.

GEORGE  
What are you talking about?

OLD BLACK BUM  
Perfection, right?  
(he smiles)  
See ya, George.

George stares at the Old Black Bum a moment, then nods and waves half-heartedly.

GEORGE  
Yeah, okay. See ya.

George steps out of the alley. But he stops suddenly, goes back.

GEORGE  
Hey...How'd you know my...

But the alley is empty.

GEORGE  
Huh...

George turns and shuffles on up the street.

27 INT. BEDROOM -- ARNER HOUSE -- DAY

Quiet, except for soft snoring.

INSERT: AN ALARM CLOCK ON A NIGHTSTAND

The time clicks to 7:00. Soft jazz starts playing. The snoring stops. A hand reaches out and picks up the clock.

BACK TO SCENE

George's eyes blink as he looks at the clock.

George looks around the room.

GEORGE  
Peg? Honey? How'd you get this  
thing to do the music? It's great.  
(he rises)  
Peg?

When no answer comes, George moves to the bathroom.

28 INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

George, dressed for work, steps out of the bedroom, moves down the hall. He stops at Vince's room, looks in. Nobody there. He starts to move on, but then glances back into the room.

The bed is made, no clothes on the floor. Things look awfully neat.

George moves down the hall, glances into Susie's room, is stopped again. Same thing. On the made bed is the short, short skirt and low-cut blouse Susie had worn at dinner a couple of nights ago.

GEORGE

If that's here, I don't want to know whatever it is she's wearing...

29 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

George enters.

GEORGE

Peg?

No answer. He notices a lunchbox on the table, a note nearby.

INSERT: THE NOTE

"Gone to yoga. Made you some lunch. Love you. Peg."

George opens the lunchbox, peers inside.

GEORGE

(total surprise)  
Quiche?

A horn honks outside. George looks out the window, then grabs the lunchbox and his jacket and leaves.

30 EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

George walks toward the street, where Petey waits in his car.

Next door, Ellsworth bolts from his house, hops in the Miata.

ELLSWORTH

Hey, Neighbor! Got that 'Stang runnin' yet? Ha! Maybe you oughtta consider something newer and hotter. I can get you a deal on one of these babies.

GEORGE

Newer and hotter, huh?

ELLSWORTH

You betcha!

Ellsworth fires up the Miata and guns it. It's all George can do to keep from laughing at the puny sound.

31 EXT. STREET -- DAY

George climbs into Petey's car.

GEORGE

Thanks for comin'.

PETEY

Not a problem.

As George closes the passenger side door, Ellsworth guns the Miata into the street and wheels past Petey's car. George and Petey watch him blow past them.

PETEY

Cute car. Where do you put the batteries?

George grins as they watch Ellsworth go.

But Ellsworth doesn't get forty feet beyond them.

A loud POP! is heard. The Miata squats, jerks right, and bounces up and over the curb before coming to rest cockeyed half up on someone's lawn.

Petey pulls his car slowly past an angry Ellsworth climbing out of his Miata, slamming the door.

George leans out the passenger side window of Petey's car as they glide past.

GEORGE

Whoa. That's a shame there, Bruce. Maybe you ought to think about replacing those training tires...

Petey and George laugh loudly at that as Petey floors it up the street.

32 EXT. CARBONARA CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

George and Petey walk through the entrance, make their way toward the coffee truck parked inside the fence. Sam is already there.

George and Petey pour themselves coffee.

SAM

You hear the scuttlebutt yet?

GEORGE  
What scuttlebutt?

SAM  
Layoffs. Word has it that those Japanese guys Carbonera brought around yesterday are squeezin' him on the money. A quarter of the guys could go.

PETEY  
You're kiddin'.

SAM  
Swear. Look around.

George takes a look around the yard. WORKERS are standing idle in small groups, talking. No one's working.

GEORGE  
This isn't good.

SAM  
Shit, man. I can't afford a layoff. Got a kid in college, two ex-wives...

PETEY  
You're a senior guy here, George. Maybe you can talk to him.

GEORGE  
Me? He's not gonna listen to me. You saw how much pull I got. I'll probably be the first to go.

SAM  
You're about to find out.

Sam points to the gate. A white Cadillac Escalade pulls onto the site and rolls up to the Main Construction Trailer.

Dominic Carbonera steps from the Escalade, looks around the yard, his brow furrowed.

Carbonera climbs the steps to the landing at the trailer's door, then turns to the yard, puts his fingers to his mouth and whistles loudly.

CARBONERA  
Everybody over here! Come on! Over here! I don't wanna have to be yellin' this!

The Workers move toward the trailer, exchanging glances with each other. The rumors must be true, and he's going to lay it on them here and now.

George, Petey, and Sam move to the trailer.



PETEY

Here it comes.

GEORGE

And this had been shaping up to be a pretty good day, too.

33 EXT. MAIN CONSTRUCTION TRAILER -- DAY

Carbonera looks at the men gathered in front of him.

CARBONERA

I know the word's been out about layoffs since the clients on this project came through here yesterday, and I'm not gonna bullshit you -- that's exactly what they expect me to do. For me to deliver the building they want at the price they want, I gotta cut somewhere, and it can't be in materials.

A low murmur spreads through the crowd.

CARBONERA

Last night I took a look at the numbers, and to make things work, the cuts will have to be at least twenty percent, probably more.

A much louder murmur.

CARBONERA

I've never been one to doubt myself. Frankly, I'm a little bullheaded most of the time, thinkin' I'm the only one knows what's right. So last night, I start writin' names on the "fire" list.

Carbonera points at George.

CARBONERA

And the first name I wrote was George Arner.

George stiffens.

CARBONERA

Arner. Up here with me.

George hesitates, drops his head.

CARBONERA

Come on. You're the one's going to take responsibility on this.

Petey touches George's shoulder as he steps toward the trailer.

PETEY

Sorry, George. It ain't fair.

SAM

Yeah, sorry, pal.

George climbs the stairs, stands next to Carbonera.

CARBONERA

Men, one of the biggest mistakes I ever made...

George's face crumbles -- being fired and humiliated in front of his friends in the same instant.

Carbonera throws his arm around George.

CARBONERA

...was not listening to this man from the very beginning.

George isn't sure he heard right.

GEORGE

'Scuse me?

CARBONERA

Last night, after I wrote your name, something made me pick up that last file you handed me, George...the one about the top floors? And it's brilliant. Absolutely brilliant. So I looked at the other files you've given me that I've been ignoring for months. And each one of them was better than the last. Long story short, men, the proposals George here has come up with will save this company enough money that no layoffs will have to be made at all.

A roar goes up from the Workers.

CARBONERA

In fact, I'm now anticipating that we'll come in under budget and ahead of schedule, tripping the incentives in the contract that will show up in all of your paychecks as bonuses at the end of the job!

Pandemonium, cheers, and high-fives erupt among the Workers.

Carbonera leans in to George as they walk down the steps to the yard.

CARBONERA

Come and see me this afternoon,  
George. We need to talk about  
creating a Foreman's position. You  
interested?

George's jaw drops, and before he can answer, he's swallowed  
up by the crowd of jubilant workers.

34 EXT. COFFEE TRAILER -- DAY

George joins Petey, Sam and others, including Ryan Schmidt,  
at the trailer. Schmidt hands George a cup of coffee.

SCHMIDT

On me, boss.

GEORGE

(a little surprised)

Uh, thanks, Schmidt. Thanks a lot.

SCHMIDT

No. Thank you. And call me Ryan.

GEORGE

Okay. Ryan.

SCHMIDT

I'm gonna go check the gear-sets in  
that crane like you asked.

GEORGE

Okay. Good. Let me know what you  
find.

SCHMIDT

You got it, boss.

Schmidt moves off.

GEORGE

What's got into him?

PETEY

Gratitude, I'd suspect. You probably  
just saved his sorry ass.

Sam slaps George on the shoulder as they walk toward the  
main site.

SAM

Mine too. Thanks, George.

GEORGE

Come on, Sam. No need to be thanking  
me. I just...

PETEY

Yeah, there is. You ever meet his  
ex-wives?

They all laugh.

35 EXT. CONSTRUCTION YARD -- DAY

As George, Petey, and Sam walk past the Guard Shack at the entrance, a UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER approaches them.

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER

George Arner?

GEORGE

I'm George Arner.

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER

I believe this is yours, sir.

The Officer hands George a brown leather wallet.

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER

Found it on a street corner yesterday  
morning. Your company ID was in it.  
I was able to track you here.

George is elated.

GEORGE

Thank you!

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER

I think you'll find everything in  
it, too...credit cards, cash.

GEORGE

You're kidding.

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER

No, sir. All there. Have a good  
day.

The Uniformed Police Officer turns and walks away.

GEORGE

Yeah. You too.

(to Petey)

Can you believe that? How often  
does that happen?

PETEY

Turnin' out to be a pretty good day,  
huh, George?

George looks up toward the Uniformed Police Officer. His eye is caught by a small black figure, partially obscured by the Officer, walking past the construction site entrance.

George moves to get a better look. Just as the figure is about to turn the corner, he stops and looks back to George. It's the Old Black Bum. He raises his hand and waves at George as he disappears around the corner.

GEORGE

It is, isn't it?

As George, Petey, and Sam walk toward the building site, George glances back at the corner.

36 INT. SMITTY'S BAR -- DAY

George, Petey, and Sam sit at their normal end of the bar. Smitty leans on the bar near them.

SMITTY

So you guys hear the news?  
 (off their head shakes)  
 Redskin quarterback twisted his ankle  
 in practice today. Out for the game.  
 The line now has it even up.

GEORGE

You're lyin'.

SMITTY

On the news just before you came in.

Petey looks at George.

PETEY

Look, George...about that bet we  
 made yesterday...you wouldn't want  
 to...

As George laughs, he senses someone slide onto the stool next to him, and turns to see Lindy, Sandy, and Martina. Lindy is on the stool next to George.

George glances at her, but remembering what happened last time, doesn't say anything or let his eyes linger.

But Lindy smiles directly at George, and touches his arm.

LINDY

I'm so glad I ran into you.

GEORGE

You are?

LINDY

I was so rude to you the other night.  
 I really owe you an apology. We  
 were all kind of rude, weren't we?

Sandy and Martina nod, sincere looks of contrition on their faces.

George looks over at Petey and Sam with a "is this happening?" look on his face. He turns back to Lindy.

GEORGE

No apology necessary. It's not like I'm Brad Pitt or anything.

Lindy laughs heartily, touches George's arm.

LINDY

Who'd want Brad Pitt? He's a Ken doll. I'd rather have a real man, if you know what I mean. Besides, you're much cuter.

(turns to her friends)

Isn't he?

SANDY

Definitely.

MARTINA

Much.

Lindy moves closer to George.

LINDY

So. You boys mind if we join you?

George looks to Petey and Sam, their distinct pleasure quite apparent on their faces.

GEORGE

Smitty! A little help for our friends!

37 EXT. SMITTY'S -- NIGHT

George, Petey, Sam, Lindy, Sandy, and Martina pour onto the street, all laughing hysterically, obviously having a great time.

GEORGE

...so when I pulled the ticket from the pants pocket, it was completely shredded! Most expensive laundry load ever done!

They all explode in laughter again.

LINDY

You guys are a hoot! You coming back tomorrow night? We'd love to hook up with you again...

GEORGE

What do you think, Mr. Mikulski? We free?

PETEY

I believe we are, Mr. Arner.

GEORGE

(to Lindy)

We'll see you tomorrow night, then,  
ladies.

They say their goodnights. George, Petey and Sam walk toward Petey's car.

38 EXT. ARNER HOUSE -- NIGHT

George climbs from Petey's car, leans back in the window.

GEORGE

Thanks, boys. Great night.

PETEY

(to Sam)

I give you George Arner, chick magnet.

SAM

Yeah, who'd 'a thought?

GEORGE

Knock it off. I'd trade any of 'em  
for a ticket to the game on Sunday  
and you know it. See you tomorrow.

Petey backs into the street as George heads inside.

39 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

George enters quietly. The wall clock reads 1:10 a.m.

George looks into the fridge and is surprised to find a BLT on a plate with a little sign on it that says "Knew you'd be hungry, Love, Peg".

George takes the sandwich and a cold beer to the table. He thumbs through the mail as he eats. He finds an envelope from the IRS, and opens it.

GEORGE

(reading over a  
mouthful)

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Arner...da-da, da-  
da, da-da...a mistake in withholding  
was discovered...da-da, da-  
da...resulting in a refund of..."

George holds up a check to the light.

GEORGE

Holy shit. Ha! I'll be goddamned!

George picks up his beer, a big smile on his face, and heads upstairs.

40 INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

George's eyes flutter open. He stretches, obviously feeling completely rested. He rolls over in the bed...

...and there, looking at him, is Peg. Her hair is down in a sexy fall, her face is clean and glowing. George sniffs -- she's even wearing a touch of perfume on her throat.

Then George notices. Peg is wearing a Victoria's Secret teddy (very similar to the one on the girl in the TV movie George was watching the night before). George's eyes open a bit wider.

GEORGE

Hey, babe...what's up?

PEG

I was watching you sleep.

GEORGE

You were?

PEG

Uh-huh. You are such a handsome man. I'd almost forgotten how handsome.

Peg leans over and kisses George passionately.

PEG

And sexy.

GEORGE

Sexy? Me?

PEG

Oh, yes. Very.

Peg lifts the covers and slides under next to George, then giggling, pulls the covers over their heads.

41 INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

George stands at the sink, bath towel around his waist, humming. He rubs the steam from the mirror, looks at his teeth.

Something catches his eye. He leans into the mirror, runs his hand across his hairline. It looks thicker, and not nearly as receded.

GEORGE

Huh.



42 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

George is stopped in his tracks by the spread of eggs, bacon, and juice on the table. A cloth napkin sits folded by a plate.

Peg whirls around at the sound of George's entering. She's dressed in a cute little skirt and sweater. George's eyebrows rising indicates he notices.

Peg sets a plate of toast on the table.

PEG

Just the way you like it...burned  
around the edges. Coffee's ready  
too.

George slips into a chair as Peg pours the coffee.

GEORGE

This is...uh...real nice.

PEG

I thought the new foreman at Carbonera  
Construction should start his Saturday  
morning right.

GEORGE

Hey ... that's not a done deal yet.  
Carbonera's sister's pushing hard  
for her son to get the job.

PEG

Well, you're the best man for it.

GEORGE

Yeah, maybe, but...

A small bark is heard at the screen door. Peg moves toward the door.

GEORGE

Don't let him in here, Peg...he'll  
just try to pee on my...

Too late. Peg has opened the door. Muggs comes running into the room, straight for George.

But Muggs stops and sits up at the edge of the table, tail wagging furiously. In Muggs's mouth is the rolled up morning newspaper.

GEORGE

What the hell...?

Muggs drops the paper, gives a little bark. As George tentatively reaches down for the paper, Muggs licks his hand, then curls up at George's feet, tail still wagging.

PEG

See? I always knew you two could  
get along...

George isn't convinced, but goes with it.

GEORGE

(to Muggs)

Well, thanks, Muggs. Maybe we'll  
try some ball later, huh?

Muggs gives a yap.

GEORGE

Huh.

PEG

So what are you planning to do with  
your day, honey?

GEORGE

Not sure. Figured you probably had  
a "honey-do" for me.

PEG

I think you should get that Mustang  
in shape.

GEORGE

(surprised)

You actually suggesting I spend time  
on the "money pit"?

Peg comes up behind George, bends down, hugs him.

PEG

I know how much that car means to  
you.

Peg starts nibbling on George's ear.

PEG

But do you think that hot car of  
yours can wait a bit so I can get a  
few minutes with its hot owner?

George's eyes grow wide and a smile forms around the piece  
of toast he's just put in his mouth.

43 INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

George emerges from the bedroom, hair tousled. In the  
background, Peg can be seen wrapped in the bedsheets.

George pulls the door closed quietly, leans back against it.

GEORGE

Whew...Jesus, Peg...

George walks down the hall, stops at Vince's bedroom, looks in.

The room is still neat as a pin. And quiet...no driving rock music. Vince sits at his desk, dressed in an oxford cloth shirt and khakis, bent over a textbook, taking notes.

George knocks on the doorjamb.

GEORGE

Hey.

Vince doesn't look up from the book

VINCE

Hi, Dad.

GEORGE

You wanta go out and toss the ol' pigskin around a while, see if you can get by me?

Vince shakes his head, still not looking up.

VINCE

Nah. Got a report due in a couple weeks. Want to get a headstart on it.

GEORGE

You're kidding.  
(when no answer comes)  
You sure about the catch?

VINCE

(nose still in the  
book)  
Yeah, Dad. I'm sure. Maybe some other time, okay?

GEORGE

Yeah, okay.

George turns from the door, his face an odd mix of pride and disappointment.

44 EXT. BACK YARD -- DAY

George emerges from the kitchen, almost stumbles over Susie sitting on the stoop steps.

GEORGE

Hey, there, kitten...

Susie stands. She wears coveralls and an old sweatshirt, her hair pulled back in a ponytail.

GEORGE  
Susie...? What...?

SUSIE  
They're Mom's. I didn't think she'd  
mind me borrowing them.

GEORGE  
Kind of a different look for you,  
isn't it?

SUSIE  
Well, I thought it was what I should  
wear if I wanted to work on the  
Mustang with you.

GEORGE  
You want to work on the car?

SUSIE  
Yeah. It's all right, isn't it?

GEORGE  
Well...yeah. It's just that I didn't  
think you were interested in that  
kind of thing. I mean your friends  
would...

SUSIE  
Forget them. I'm George Arner's  
daughter. Thought I should learn a  
thing or two about cars.

Susie puts her arm through George's, starts walking him toward  
the garage. He's smiling.

45 INT. GARAGE -- DAY

George is bent into the engine. Susie is tucked in right  
next to him.

GEORGE  
Hand me that wrench on the windshield  
there.

George takes the wrench, reaches into the engine again.

GEORGE  
Just one...more...turn...

George rises from the engine, smiles.

GEORGE  
Damn. Might have it, Kitten. Just  
might have it. Hop in there and hit  
the ignition when I tell you.

Susie slips behind the wheel. George reaches into the engine again.

GEORGE

Hit it.

Susie twists the ignition key. The engine turns once, twice, then roars to life with a perfect, smooth, throaty rumble.

George throws his hands in the air and shouts.

GEORGE

YES! Son of a bitch! Wow, would you listen to that?

George turns at the sound of clapping.

Peg stands leaning against the door frame, smiling and clapping.

PEG

Nice going, Stud. Knew you could do it.

GEORGE

Don't she sound sweet?

PEG

Like chocolate. How 'bout we take her for a run down through the Valley, like we used to?

GEORGE

You betcha! I gotta stop by the dealership anyway. Grab shotgun, sweetie.

George gets into the driver's seat. Susie stands by the car as George and Peg buckle in and George puts the car in gear.

SUSIE

Hey...where do I sit?

GEORGE

Sorry, Kitten...only room for two.

Susie looks disappointed.

PEG

You have to get ready for your game anyway, honey. I've pressed your cheerleading uniform for you. It's up on your bed.

Susie leans down on the driver's side door.

SUSIE

But I want to spend more time with  
Dad. Cheerleading can wait,  
or...maybe I'll just quit it and...

George slips the car out of gear.

GEORGE

No, no. Don't do that. I love  
watching you doing your cheers and  
stuff. Why don't you go on, head to  
the game, meet your friends. Maybe  
you could invite them over later.

SUSIE

Sure!

GEORGE

(smiling)  
Long as your friends don't think I'm  
in the wrong bracket...

SUSIE

(smiling back)  
They won't. You're way too cool for  
that. Especially in this car.

Susie runs off toward the house.

GEORGE

(to Peg)  
See that? I'm cool.

PEG

What's that all about?

GEORGE

What? Can't a girl worship her  
father?  
(winks at her)  
Hang on, baby!

George guns the Mustang. With a throaty roar, it wheels out  
of the garage and peels onto the street.

An absolutely dumbstruck Bruce Ellsworth stands by his soaped-  
up Miata with a garden hose in his hand.

46 EXT. VALLEY ROAD -- DAY

George and Peg whip along in the Mustang, which is running  
like a Formula One racer. It's obvious George is having a  
blast driving it.

47 INT. MUSTANG -- DAY

Peg slides over close to George, nuzzles into his side. He  
throws his arm around her shoulders.

GEORGE  
Whattaya think? She a keeper?

PEG  
She's perfect. Just like her owner.

GEORGE  
So where do you...

George's face freezes. He glances down at his lap, then over to Peg.

GEORGE  
I don't know if that's really a safe thing to be doing...

PEG  
(a mischievous smile)  
Keep your eyes on the road, George.  
Let me handle the rest.

George's eyes grow wide as he shifts into the next curve.

48 EXT. FORD DEALERSHIP PARTS DEPARTMENT -- DAY

The Mustang swings into a parking space and stops. George lets his head flop back on the headrest.

GEORGE  
You are going to get me arrested.

PEG  
Is that a complaint I hear?

GEORGE  
No, Ma'am. No complaints here.

George smiles broadly, gives Peg a kiss.

GEORGE  
But I'm going to need a lawyer or a doctor if you keep this up.

They climb from the car, enter the Parts Department.

49 INT. PARTS DEPARTMENT -- DAY

George pays for a small can of touch-up paint, turns to leave.

PEG  
Hey. What do you say we leave through the showroom, do a little bit of wishful-thinking window shopping?

George nods, and they enter the showroom.

50 INT. AUTO SHOWROOM -- DAY

As George and Peg walk through the door, all hell breaks loose.

The showroom explodes with sound and motion. It's filled with PEOPLE cheering and crowding around George. Balloons fall from the ceiling. A Sousa march blares from music speakers. Pandemonium.

BILL TIGUE, 50s, owner of the dealership in a 20 gallon cowboy hat, runs to George and vigorously pumps his hand.

TIGUE  
 Congratulations, friend!  
 (more pumping)  
 Con-grat-u-la-tions!

GEORGE  
 (bewildered)  
 What? Congratulations for what?

TIGUE  
 You, my friend, are the ten-thousandth customer to walk through the doors of Big Bill Tigue's! Been countin' 'em since Day One, I have, and you are number one, oh, oh, oh, oh.

GEORGE  
 (to Peg)  
 How 'bout that, honey? I'm number one, oh, oh...

TIGUE  
 (interrupting)  
 The box, Jenny. Gimme the box.

Tigue turns to JENNY, a rail-thin, 20-something blonde in a mini-skirt and a low-cut tank top that fails miserably at holding anything in. She hands Tigue a shoebox, which he immediately shoves at George.

TIGUE  
 Here you go, friend. Take your pick. Whatever you want. SUV, Jag, pickup, roadster, luxury sedan, Hummer... Anything at all! It's yours!

GEORGE  
 (dumbfounded)  
 You're kidding.

TIGUE  
 Big Bill Tigue don't kid, friend.  
 (turns to the crowd)  
 Do I?

(MORE)



TIGUE (CONT'D)  
 (off crowd's resounding  
 "NO!")  
 So what's it gonna be?

51 EXT. ARNER DRIVEWAY -- DAY

George pulls the Mustang into the driveway, followed immediately by Peg in a brand new Jaguar XK roadster.

George and Peg jump from their respective vehicles and grab each other in a big hug punctuated by kisses, spinning around in the driveway.

They suddenly notice Ellsworth and Gina, the Redhead, standing in Bruce's driveway next to his now wholly inadequate-looking Miata. Ellsworth is having trouble picking his jaw off the turf.

GEORGE  
 Bruce! How's it goin', buddy?

ELLSWORTH  
 George...  
 (points at the XK)  
 What's that?

GEORGE  
 That's the new Jag XK, Bruce. New  
 and hot, as someone once said to me.

Gina smiles at George.

GINA  
 It's gorgeous.

GEORGE  
 Yeah, yeah. Sure is. Almost as  
 nice as that Mustang there.

PEG  
 I'm going to go start dinner, hon.  
 (to Bruce)  
 Nice to see you, Bruce.

Bruce waves weakly. He can't take his eyes off the Jag.

Peg gives George a big kiss, pinches his ass.

PEG  
 See you in a while, stud.

Peg goes into the house. George hits the Jag's key lock, making it chirp. The sound seems to physically hurt Ellsworth.

Gina smiles at George again, then turns to Ellsworth.

GINA

Brucie? I'm a little chilly. Be a dear and get my sweater for me, will you? I left it in the bedroom.

ELLSWORTH

(eyes still on the Jag)

Sure, honey. Sure. Be right back.

Ellsworth goes into his house, still turning and looking at the Jag as he goes.

GINA

Beautiful car.

GEORGE

Thanks.

GINA

I don't think Bruce will sleep tonight.

George just smiles.

GINA

I'm sorry he's so awful to you. Personally, I don't think you're the loser he says you are.  
(indicates the Jag)  
Obviously.

Gina walks closer to the hedge.

GINA

Hey. I have something for you.

GEORGE

My lucky day...

GINA

Did Bruce tell you I'm an Eagles cheerleader?

GEORGE

(surprise on his face)  
No. No, he didn't.

GINA

Yeah. Probably wouldn't. Anyway, here.

Gina reaches into the pocket of her shorts, pulls out two tickets, hands them to George.

GINA

They're tickets to tomorrow's game with the Redskins. Right on the fifty.

GEORGE

(stunned)  
You're kidding!

GINA

I was supposed to get them for a couple of Bruce's friends, but why don't you take them? Just between us, okay?

GEORGE

Wow. Gina. This is terrific! What can I say?

Ellsworth comes out of his house, sweater in hand.

GINA

Just say hi when you get there...I'll be dancing right in front of you.

Gina winks at George as he tucks the tickets into his pocket.

GEORGE

You bet.

Gina turns and climbs into the Miata.

GINA

(cooly, to Ellsworth)  
Take me home, Bruce.

George smiles as Ellsworth fires up the Miata -- even he winces at the sound now.

George goes into the garage, pulls the can of paint from the Mustang, starts to shake it up as he grabs an airgun.

GEORGE

Ready to get pretty, baby?

52 EXT. BACK YARD -- NIGHT

George wipes his hands on a paint-smudged rag as he walks to the stoop.

Muggs runs up, ball in his mouth, then drops it at George's feet.

GEORGE

What's gotten into you, huh? Well, here you go.

George tosses the ball into the yard, laughs as Muggs tearasses after it, runs it back, drops it at George's feet again.

Peg appears at the door. She's dressed in a sexy little black dress.

GEORGE  
Whoa. You look terrific.

PEG  
Why thank you, sir. Dinner's ready when you are.

George tosses the ball for Muggs, heads into the house.

53 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

George dries his hands after washing in the sink. He notices the kitchen table isn't set for dinner.

GEORGE  
Peg? You want me to set the table?

PEG (O.S.)  
In here, honey. We're waiting for you.

George walks to the door connecting the kitchen and dining room, looks in.

The room is beautifully set up -- candlelight, the best china, a picture-perfect roast beef sits waiting to be carved. A little soft jazz wafts in from the living room.

George emits a low whistle.

54 INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

The family sits around the table, eating. Vince sits reading a book. Susie's in an understated blouse and skirt, her hair in an attractive twist on top of her head.

George takes a bite of roast beef, looks at them all.

GEORGE  
Wow. Look at this. How long's it been since we've been all together? And God, Peg, this beef is fabulous. Better than my mom's. And this...  
(indicates the room)  
...is wonderful.

PEG  
All for you, sweetie.

GEORGE

(winks)

You're the best.

(to Susie and Vince)

And how are you guys?

SUSIE

Great. We won today. And I asked a few of the other girls to come over, like you said. I told them you grill a mean burger.

GEORGE

Just let me know when.

(winks)

And I love your outfit, Kitten.

Very becoming.

Susie beams.

GEORGE

(to Vince)

And hey, I almost forgot! Guess what I have, Vinnie.

Vince sits with a forkful of food hovering near his mouth. He's got his nose buried in a textbook. Only his eyes move as he reads.

GEORGE

Yo, Vince.

Vince comes out of it.

VINCE

Sorry, Pop. Got kinda lost there. Never knew European History was so cool. Amazing what they did back then.

GEORGE

(blank stare)

Mm-hmm.

(then excited)

Well, anyway...Guess who came up with two tickets on the 50 for tomorrow's game?

VINCE

(looking back at his book)

I dunno. Who?

GEORGE

What do you mean, who? Me! I got us two of the most perfect seats you can get for a game.

VINCE

Gee, Pop, that's great, but I got that paper due, should read a bit ahead for next week...

GEORGE

Come on. Take a break. You're not gonna let your old man sit on the 50 all by himself are ya?

VINCE

Really, Pop. I just don't think...

PEG

Oh, go on, Vince. Since when have you ever turned down a game with your Dad?

GEORGE

On the 50, Vinnie!

VINCE

All right, all right. I'll go. Jeez. But don't be yellin' at me when I don't get that scholarship.

GEORGE

Aw, you'll be fine.  
 (looks around the table again)  
 God, this is great, isn't it, guys?  
 (to Peg)  
 Pass those mashed potatoes, will you, honey? They're fantastic!

55 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

George lies in bed, Peg nuzzled onto his shoulder. They're naked under the sheets.

PEG

You're like a seventeen year old lately, you know that?

GEORGE

You're not complaining now, are you?

PEG

Nope. No complaints. Things couldn't be better.

GEORGE

Sure seems that way, doesn't it?

George stares at the ceiling, his brow furrowed.

56 EXT. LINCOLN FINANCIAL FIELD -- DAY

George and Vince in the stands. George holds a big cup of beer, and is standing with the rest of the CROWD, who are screaming themselves hoarse.

Vince sits among them, his nose in a book.

The scoreboard shows 4th Quarter, twelve seconds left, the Eagles up 28-0.

George sits.

GEORGE

I can't believe how well they're playing! It's unbelievable. It's like a different team, Vince. Gotta be one of the greatest games I've seen them play.

VINCE

(glancing up)

Great? Knowing this team, I'd have say they played a perfect game.

George looks down at Vince, who goes back to his book.

GEORGE

Huh. Perfect. You're right. Couldn't have been more perfect, could it?

A smile breaks on George's face as the gun sounds.

GEORGE

Absolutely perfect.

57 MONTAGE:

-- INT. SMITTY'S BACK ROOM -- NIGHT -- George plays poker with Petey, Sam, and Others. George lays down four aces, sweeps up the pot.

-- INT. SMITTY'S BAR -- NIGHT -- George is surrounded by a crowd, including Lindy and a number of other BEAUTIFUL GIRLS and COOL GUYS. George is the center of attention.

-- EXT. CARBONERA CONSTRUCTION -- DAY -- George stands over a blueprint table with Carbonera, pointing out something on the prints, then pointing up at the high-rise above them. Carbonera nods vigorously and slaps George on the shoulder.

CARBONERA

Come on, George. Let me buy you lunch.

George smiles, moves off with Carbonera. Petey and Sam stand with their lunch boxes, watching George leave.

-- INT. SMITTY'S BACK ROOM -- NIGHT -- George lays down a straight to the ace, sweeps up the pot.

-- EXT. ARNER BACKYARD -- DAY -- George stands at the barbecue grill, flipping burgers. At the picnic table are Peg, Vince and three of his FRIENDS, Susie and three of her FRIENDS. George is telling a joke, and all are laughing.

-- EXT. CAR RALLY -- DAY -- George stands in front of the now-resplendent Mustang, on which sits a blue ribbon. Peg comes up behind George, pinches his butt, wraps herself around him, and pulls him back behind a nearby tree.

-- INT. SMITTY'S BACK ROOM -- NIGHT -- George lays down a royal straight flush and sweeps up the pot.

-- INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- George walks in from the bathroom, a toothbrush in his mouth. He's suddenly jumped from behind and tackled onto the bed by a stark naked Peg.

-- EXT. CARBONERA CONSRUCTION -- DAY -- George, Petey, and Sam at work, talking about the upcoming Dallas game.

PETEY

There's no way they're gonna beat Dallas, I don't care what kinda roll you think they're on.

SAM

Absofuckinlutely.

GEORGE

Look. If the Eagles beat Dallas on Sunday, they win the Division, right?  
 (off their nods)  
 After the most dismal start in recent club history, right?  
 (off their nods)  
 Which means they make the playoffs.  
 (off their nods)  
 And that would be simply perfect, wouldn't it?

SAM

Well, sure, but...

GEORGE

(interrupting)  
 Then they're gonna win.

PETEY

You know that for a fact.

GEORGE

Trust me.

-- EXT. LINCOLN FINANCIAL FIELD -- DAY -- George, Petey, and Sam in the middle of an out-of-control CROWD of Eagles



fans. The scoreboard reads: Eagles 42, Cowboys 7. George looks at Petey and Sam. He smiles.

END MONTAGE

58 INT. SMITTY'S -- DAY

A raucus crowd celebrates the Eagles' win. George, Petey, and Sam are at their usual place at the end of the bar.

PETEY

You gonna tell me what's goin' on with you?

GEORGE

What?

PETEY

You've barely lost a hand in two weeks, George. Carbonera thinks you're his long-lost son. You know more about what the Eagles are gonna do than the coach. What the hell's up?

George takes a deep breath, looks around the bar, then leans into Petey.

GEORGE

I don't know, Petey. It's like...lately everything's just been goin' my way, you know? Insanely goin' my way.

PETEY

Lucky streak, huh? Well, you better watch it. The guys are makin' noises like they ain't gonna play cards with you anymore.

GEORGE

It's more'n a run of good luck, Petey. It's like...whatever would be the most perfect thing that could happen for me...is exactly what I'll get. All the time.

PETEY

Bullshit.

GEORGE

No. I'm tellin' you. Peg, the kids, work, the Birds...  
 (he nods toward Lindy,  
 Sandy, and Martina  
 with Sam nearby)  
 ...even Lindy and the girls.  
 Whatever...

PETEY

You're dreamin'. You're just on a roll.

GEORGE

Okay, what if I can prove it?

PETEY

How?

GEORGE

What would be the most perfect thing that could happen to me at this very moment?

PETEY

(without hesitation)

Eagles-Giants Playoff tickets.

At that exact moment, a bellow comes from the door behind them.

CARBONERA (O.S.)

George Arner!

George, Petey, Sam and a few others turn to see Carbonera making a beeline for George, a big smile on his face.

Carbonera slaps George on the back, gives him a big hug.

CARBONERA

How's my number one boy, huh?

GEORGE

I'm good, Mr. C. Real good.

CARBONERA

Well, you're about to get better. Look, I've been called out of town on a business deal. Can't get out of it. So I can't use these.

Carbonera pulls an envelope from his jacket pocket, puts it in George's hand.

CARBONERA

I want you to have them...just to show my appreciation for the outstanding work you've been doing.

George opens the envelope and pulls out...ten VIP passes to the Carbonera Superbox at Lincoln Financial Field for this weekend's Eagles-Giants playoff game.

Petey's eyes pop.

PETEY

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Are those what I think they are?

CARBONERA

You bet they are. Eagles-Giants, my Superbox. Everything's on me. You boys have a great time.

(to Smitty)

Hey, barkeep! A round on the house. Tell 'em all it's on George, give me the tab.

(to George)

Where can I see a man about a horse around here?

George points toward the corner of the bar. Carbonera moves off.

George waves the tickets, smiles at Petey.

PETEY

I'll be a son of a bitch.

59 INT. PETEY'S CAR -- NIGHT

George, Petey, and Sam argue as they ride home.

SAM

Coincidence, plain and simple.

PETEY

Has to be.

GEORGE

That's a hell of a lot of coincidence.

SAM

Well, how would you explain it then? 'Cause I ain't buyin' that you're suddenly "Mr. Perfect Life."

PETEY

You gotta test it.

GEORGE

What do you mean?

PETEY

I mean test it. Make some stuff happen for yourself. Not that I believe for an instant you can, mind you.

GEORGE

Test it.

PETEY

Uh-huh.

George thinks a moment, then shrugs.

GEORGE

Why not?

60 INT. CARBONERA'S TRAILER -- CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

George enters.

CARBONERA

Hey! There he is! Sit down, Georgie.  
Sit down.

George takes a chair.

CARBONERA

So...what can I do for my top guy  
this morning?

GEORGE

Look, Mr. C...I know you mentioned  
the foreman's job to me a few days  
back. But I also know that your  
sister pushing you to give it to  
your nephew. But I really think you  
ought to give it to me.

CARBONERA

Do you?

GEORGE

Yes. You're obviously pretty happy  
with what I've done for you lately.  
But I could really get a lot more  
done -- save you a lot more money --  
if I were foreman.

(a pause, then very  
considered)

It would be the perfect job for me.

Carbonera doesn't even hesitate. He stands up and reaches  
out to shake George's hand.

CARBONERA

You're absolutely right, George.  
Don't know what I was thinking.  
You're the only man for the job.  
Consider this your first day as my  
new foreman.

61 EXT. CARBONERA'S TRAILER -- CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

George leaves the trailer, pushes the door closed behind  
him. He stops, looks around, then smiles broadly, punches  
his fist into the air, and literally jumps down the stairs.

62 EXT. PRESERVE GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

George drives into the entrance circle in the new Jag XK. He parks in front of the immaculate clubhouse, leaves the car and goes inside.

63 INT. MEMBERSHIP OFFICE -- PRESERVE GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

George sits in front of BRADLEY STRAWBRIDGE, whose desk nameplate identifies him as the club's Executive Director.

GEORGE

...so what I'm wondering is how I might play a few games on the club course, you know? I live right down the street, and it would be perfect if I...

STRAWBRIDGE

(interrupting, standing)

Say no more, Mr. Arner. Consider it done. In fact...

(comes around his desk)

As it so happens, our Board of Directors, in their wish to maintain good relations with our surrounding neighborhoods, has authorized me to offer full memberships to certain neighborhood individuals.

(throws his arm around George's shoulders)

Now, when I saw you drive up -- nice Jag, by the way -- I thought, now there's the perfect man to start our Neighborhood Memberships drive with. So...

(shakes George's hand)

Welcome to the Preserve, George.

GEORGE

Perfect. Just the word I would have chosen.

STRAWBRIDGE

(opening the office door)

How are you fit for clubs?

64 INT. PRO SHOP -- PRESERVE GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

George looks at an expensive set of Callaway golf clubs. The price tag reads \$3000. George emits a low whistle, and turns to walk away, but his attention is caught by a commotion at the front of the shop.

George sees the PRO SHOP MANAGER standing on a ladder, unfurling a huge sign across the store window that reads, "Storewide Instant Sale!"

A moment later, a SHOP SALESPERSON walks up and slaps a "Sale" pricetag on the Callaway clubs..."\$250".

George smiles.

65 INT. FAMILY ROOM -- ARNER HOUSE -- NIGHT

George and Peg sit playing rummy. Susie sits at a nearby desk, facing a computer.

Peg tosses a King on the discard pile. George immediately picks it up, drops all his cards.

GEORGE

Gin.

PEG

Not again! You have become unbeatable at this game. You been practicing somewhere and not telling me?

GEORGE

(shuffling)

Cards have just been coming to me lately, Peg. Weirdest thing. 'Nother game?

PEG

I don't think so. But...

She runs her foot up George's leg under the table.

PEG

Maybe we could play something else...

SUSIE

Darn it! I can't believe it!

GEORGE

What is it, kitten?

SUSIE

Oh...I've been waiting all week to get tickets for the Blue Rocks concert, and they're already sold out. Everybody's going, and I can't get tickets.

Seemingly relieved at the opportunity, George rises and stands behind Susie, views the screen.

GEORGE

How many times you tried?

SUSIE

A dozen at least. If there were any tickets, I'd have gotten in by now. They're sold out for sure.

GEORGE

Let me give it a try. How many tickets you want?

SUSIE

Four would be cool, but don't bother, Dad...they're long gone.

GEORGE

Probably.

George sits in the chair, taps a few keys.

GEORGE

Well, whattaya know? Look at this. Four seats.

A totally surprised Susie leans into the screen.

SUSIE

Front row center?!? Daddy! Omigod! I can't believe you just did that! You're the best dad in the world! Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Susie hugs George tight enough to make his face red, then bolts for the stairs.

SUSIE

Wait'll I tell Heather! She will simply die! How perfect is this!

George smiles at this last comment.

Peg comes over to George.

PEG

Best dad in the world, eh?  
(straddles George on  
the chair, starts to  
smother him in kisses)  
Wanna be my daddy?

George tries to wriggle free.

GEORGE

Come on, Peg.  
(laughs painfully as  
she tickles him)  
I thought we were gonna watch a movie.

Peg stops, holds George by the shoulders, looks him in the eye.

PAM  
 Maybe we should make one.  
 (winks)  
 Whattaya think, daddy?

Peg goes back to tickling a slightly distressed George.

66 INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

George sits on the couch with a big bowl of popcorn in his lap, trying to watch a movie.

But it's not going well. On one side of him is Peg, focused on nibbling on his ear. On the other side, Susie sits so close she could be on his lap, her head on George's shoulder.

George doesn't look all that happy.

67 INT. SMITTY'S -- NIGHT

George, Petey, and Sam sit at their normal end of the bar. Petey and Sam are in a great mood. George, however, sits quietly hunched over his beer.

Two COOL GUYS walk by the end of the bar. One of them slaps George on the shoulder.

COOL GUY 1  
 Hey, George! How's it goin', guy?

George just guy-nods in Cool Guy's direction.

COOL GUY 1  
 Love to have you join us down the end of the bar...

GEORGE  
 Yeah, sure...maybe in a minute.

The Cool Guys move toward the end of the bar, where Lindy and her friends have just sat down. They wave at George, who just smiles weakly.

PETEY  
 So, anyway, like I was sayin' -- I can't believe how they've turned the season around. Best comeback I've seen from any team in the NFL.

SAM  
 Giants have been awesome, though. Don't know if the Birds have what it's gonna take to win it.

PETEY  
 What do you think, George? They gonna take New York? Could go either way...



GEORGE  
 (understated)  
 Nah. They'll win huge. Maybe 60  
 points.

SAM  
 Sixty points!? Are you nuts? How  
 are they...

GEORGE  
 Trust me.

George drains the last of his beer. Almost instantly, Smitty  
 puts another one in front of him.

SMITTY  
 On the house.

GEORGE  
 (sighing)  
 'Course...

68 EXT. SMITTY'S -- NIGHT

George, Petey, and Sam exit the bar.

SAM  
 I still don't see why you're so sure  
 the Eagles are gonna win. And even  
 if you could predict it, why ain't  
 you excited about it?

George looks at his friend, then notices a convenience store  
 nearby.

GEORGE  
 C'mere.

69 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- NIGHT

George walks to the counter.

GEORGE  
 You didn't think gettin' Carbonera's  
 playoff tickets was anything but  
 coincidence.

SAM  
 Still don't.

GEORGE  
 Okay. I'll make it real simple.  
 What would be the best thing that  
 could happen if you bought a lottery  
 ticket?

SAM  
 Winnin'.

GEORGE  
Right. So buy one.

Sam digs a dollar bill out of his pocket, tosses it on the counter. The COUNTER CLERK hands him a ticket.

Sam rubs off the ticket.

SAM  
Nuthin'. Loser.

GEORGE  
Buy another one.  
(to Petey)  
You buy a couple too.

Both men buy tickets, rub them off. No winners.

PETEY  
So what's that prove? Other than  
we're stupid for listenin' to you.

GEORGE  
(to the Counter Clerk)  
Give me a ticket.

The Counter Clerk gives George a ticket. George rubs it off. It's a winner.

SAM  
Hey. A winner. Congrats.

GEORGE  
(to the Counter Clerk)  
Give me another.

George rubs this one off. Another winner.

SAM  
Five bucks! Very cool.

GEORGE  
(to the Counter Clerk)  
Another.

Another winner, this time for twenty-five dollars.

SAM  
Hey, hey, George. Three in a row.  
Don't see that happen too often.

GEORGE  
You EVER see it happen?

PETEY  
What are you sayin'?

GEORGE  
 (to the Counter Clerk)  
 Give me twenty tickets.

The Counter Clerk counts out the tickets, hands them to George. George proceeds to rub them off, one at a time. As he does each ticket, he hands it to Sam.

GEORGE  
 (rub)  
 Winner.  
 (rub)  
 Winner.  
 (rub)  
 Winner.  
 (rub)  
 Winner.  
 (rub)  
 Winner.  
 (rub)  
 Winner.  
 (rub)  
 Winner.  
 (rub)  
 Winner.

PETHEY  
 Jesus Christ.

GEORGE  
 Winner.  
 (rub)  
 Winner.

George rubs all the tickets. All winners.

SAM  
 It can't be.

PETHEY  
 It's a trick, right?

GEORGE  
 No trick. You saw it. You buy a ticket...nothing. I buy a ticket. Winner, winner, winner, winner.

SAM  
 Why ain't you buyin' a Powerball, then?

GEORGE  
 Why bother? No fun in it if I know I can win it anytime I want. You asked me why I'm not excited about the Eagles. Well, that's why.

George pockets his winnings and walks out of the store.

70 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Petey grabs George's arm.

PETEY  
C'mon. Really. How'd you do that?

GEORGE  
Perfect, wasn't it?

PETEY  
I'd say so, yeah.

George climbs into the his Mustang and fires the engine.

GEORGE  
That's what I've been tryin' to tell  
you. I can't get anything BUT  
perfect. Perfect this, perfect  
that...

SAM  
So what, George? Jeez, I'd have a  
blast if I could have things goin'  
my way like that.

GEORGE  
You'd think so, wouldn't you?

At that moment, the door to Smitty's opens and Lindy comes out. She sees George and weaves past Petey and Sam, leans on the Mustang.

LINDY  
(a bit tipsy)  
Hey, Georgie. How'd you like to  
give a girl a ride home?  
(winks)  
I'll make it worth your while.

Lindy giggles, doesn't wait for an answer, climbs into the Mustang.

GEORGE  
(to Petey and Sam)  
See? This's perfect, right?

Petey and Sam elbow each other and gleefully nod agreement as Lindy climbs into the Mustang.

George just shakes his head, and drives off, leaving Petey and Sam looking at each other on the curb.

71 EXT. GERMANTOWN AVENUE -- NIGHT

George pulls to the curb in front of Lindy's house. But she doesn't get out. She slides over close to him, starts to twirl his hair flirtatiously.

LINDY  
Want to come in, Georgie?

George looks at her a moment.

GEORGE  
It'll be incredible, won't it?

LINDY  
Mm-hmm.

Lindy kisses George's neck, but he doesn't react at all.  
Just sits with his hands on the wheel, looking straight ahead.

GEORGE  
Where were you when I was 18? When  
I really needed you? THAT would  
have been perfect.  
(turns to look her in  
the eyes)  
Look, Lindy...you're a wonderful  
girl and all, but...this isn't real  
somehow.

Lindy kisses at his neck again.

LINDY  
C'mon, George. Your wife will never  
find out. We won't get caught.

GEORGE  
Oh, I'm sure of that. But still...

Lindy pouts, but George ignores the ploy, leans over and  
opens the door for her.

GEORGE  
Maybe I can come over some other  
time.

Lindy reaches up and caresses George's cheek.

LINDY  
Okay, honey. And when you do, it  
WILL be perfect.

George smiles as he pulls away from the curb.

GEORGE  
I have no doubt about it,  
unfortunately.

72 EXT. BACK YARD -- NIGHT

George walks from the garage. As he reaches the stoop, he  
sees Vince's football in the grass. He picks it up, makes a  
couple of moves, pump fakes a couple throws, but then stops  
and just holds the ball, looking into the empty yard.

73 INT. KITCHEN -- ARNER HOUSE -- NIGHT

George comes into the house quietly, puts the football on the counter, opens a cabinet. He pulls out a bottle of Scotch, pours himself a glass, sits at the table.

As he sips the scotch, he notices a note tented on the table, on top of two cards. The note reads "Check it out, Dad!" in Vince's handwriting.

INSERT: THE TWO CARDS

The cards are midterm report cards for Vince and Susie. Straight A's for both.

George stares at the cards, then giggles, then starts to laugh, then begins to cry.

74 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

George enters, a little tipsy, drink in hand. Peg is asleep.

George sits on the side of the bed, turns the light on low. Peg rouses, rolls over and smiles.

PEG

Hey, honey. Why don't you come to bed...it's cold in here without you.

Peg reaches out for George, but he takes her hand and holds it.

GEORGE

Things have been going pretty good for us lately, haven't they? For me especially.

PEG

No complaints.

GEORGE

But I mean...better than usual. Better than ever.

PEG

It's an up and down world, George. Things equal out.

GEORGE

But what if they don't?

PEG

Don't what?

GEORGE

Equal out. What if...what if all you get is one or the other? All up, no down, for instance.

PEG

Be kinda boring, I'd think.

George thinks for a moment, takes a slug of scotch.

GEORGE

Yup. Perfect word.

George realizes what he's just said and laughs, then starts to snuffle again, a tear tracing down his cheek. He gets up and moves quickly to the door.

Peg sits up.

PEG

George? George, what's the matter?

GEORGE

Just tired, honey. Really tired.  
Go back to sleep. I'll be up in a  
little while.

George leaves the room. Peg sits back against her pillows, her brow furrowed.

75 MONTAGE:

-- INT. SUPERBOX -- LINCOLN FINANCIAL FIELD -- DAY -- A crowd of people all decked out in Eagles colors, cheering. The Eagles lead the Giants 63-3. George sits alone, eating peanuts. He looks bored to death.

-- EXT. -- PRESERVE GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB -- THIRD TEE -- DAY -- George pulls a club, walks to his ball. Not even looking, he takes a half-assed swing, then walks away without watching the ball...which sails high and far, bounces onto the green, rolls straight to the pin, drops into the cup.

-- EXT. HIGH RISE -- DAY -- George, Carbonera, and several dozen other DIGNITARIES stand on a dais in front of the just-completed building. Carbonera finishes his speech, turns to George and hands him the big scissors to cut the Grand Opening ribbon. George does so without a smile, almost like a zombie.

-- INT. SMITTY'S BACKROOM -- NIGHT -- George sits at a poker table with his friends. He looks at his cards -- 3 Kings a 4 and a 3. George throws away the 3 Kings, draws a 7, a 5, and a deuce. He smiles at his losing hand. Everyone bets, calls. George tosses in his cards.

GEORGE

I got nothin'.

Petey looks at the rest of the hands as they hit the table.

PETEY

No, George...pot's yours. Seven  
high.

GEORGE  
 You're kidding. How can I win with  
 a seven? Nobody wins with a seven.

PETEY  
 Well, you just did.

George stands, leaves the table.

GEORGE  
 (angrily)  
 Jesus.

-- INT. BATHROOM -- ARNER HOUSE -- NIGHT -- George leans up  
 against the door in his bathrobe. From the other side of  
 the door comes Peg's voice:

PEG (O.S.)  
 Georgie? Where are you, stud muffin?  
 Come to Mommy!

George looks at the ceiling, sighs.

PEG (O.S.)  
 Come and get it, baby...

George closes his eyes, sighs again, turns, drops his head a  
 moment, then opens the door.

GEORGE  
 (monotoned)  
 Coming, my sweet...

-- INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY -- George walks in. All hell  
 breaks loose -- a cheering crowd, confetti, music, and the  
 STORE MANAGER running up to George as a banner unfurls that  
 reads, "Our One-Millionth Customer!" George turns and runs  
 from the store.

END MONTAGE

76 INT. SMITTY'S -- NIGHT

George sits at the end of the bar with Petey and Sam flanking  
 him. In front of George are half a dozen empty beer bottles,  
 and three or four full ones.

SAM  
 Couple of the guys are sayin' that  
 maybe we oughtta take a break from  
 the poker games for a while.

PETEY  
 Why?

Sam looks at George.



SAM  
(awkwardly)  
Well...you know...they'd kinda like  
to...

GEORGE  
(interrupting, but  
not looking up)  
Win a hand once in a while.

PETEY  
C'mon, George, he's not sayin' that.

SAM  
Well, yeah...I am.

Smitty approaches and puts another beer in front of George.

SMITTY  
From the girl over there in the...

George waves him off without looking up.

GEORGE  
Whatever.

Petey looks at Sam, nods his head toward the door.

PETEY  
Gettin' late. We got work tomorrow,  
guys. You need a ride home, George?

GEORGE  
Nah. I'll walk home. 'Sides...got  
a little beer to finish.

Petey and Sam leave. George just stares at the beer bottles  
in front of him.

BAR PATRON (O.S.)  
Hey, Smitty...turn on ESPN. Let's  
see the scores.

George looks up as Smitty turns on the TV and then starts to  
look around.

SMITTY  
Where the hell's the remote?

As Smitty looks around the back bar area, George's attention  
is caught by a newscast on the TV.

INSERT: TV SCREEN

Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie climb from a plane, walk into a  
crowd of fans and photographers.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)  
 Brangelina landed today in Namibia,  
 Africa, where it's reported they  
 will begin the process to adopt yet  
 another child...

BACK TO SCENE

A look of recognition, then determination, crosses George's  
 face. He stands and moves toward the door.

SMITTY  
 Night, George! See you tomorrow?

George just raises his hand in a half-hearted wave as he  
 goes out the door.

77 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

George moves up the street, mumbling to himself.

GEORGE  
 ...may be perfect, but it's perfectly  
 fucked up, and he's gonna change it  
 back, goddamn it...

George comes to the alleyway where he'd met the Old Black  
 Bum. He looks into the darkness.

GEORGE  
 Hey! You! You in there?  
 (no answer)  
 Hey, Old Man! I want to talk to  
 you! Hey!  
 (again, no answer)  
 Shit.

George leans against the alley wall.

GEORGE  
 Damn it. What the hell am I gonna  
 do?

George pushes off the wall, moves toward the street.

OLD BLACK BUM (O.S.)  
 Not all it's cracked up to be, is  
 it?

George jumps, startled.

GEORGE  
 Huh? What?

OLD BLACK BUM  
 I said, it's not all it's cracked up  
 to be.

George peers into the dark, eventually catching the outline of the Old Black Bum, who sits about twenty feet into the alley.

GEORGE

Didn't you hear me calling? You been there all along?

OLD BLACK BUM

I'm where I need to be, when I need to be.

George goes to the wall, slides down, sits next to the Old Black Bum.

GEORGE

I've been looking for you.

The Old Black Bum bites the end off a cigar, spits it to the alley floor.

OLD BLACK BUM

Uh-huh. So. What do you think?

GEORGE

About what?

OLD BLACK BUM

The Good Life.

GEORGE

Good life, schmud life.

OLD BLACK BUM

R-i-i-g-h-t.

GEORGE

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

OLD BLACK BUM

You forget I warned you? Didn't I tell you? See, life ain't meant to be all good or all bad. No balance that way.

GEORGE

No balance.

OLD BLACK BUM

Uh-huh.

GEORGE

Yeah, but...I always thought that if I could have everything go my way...if everything could be perfect, you know?

OLD BLACK BUM  
Don't work that way.

George shakes his head "no" in agreement.

OLD BLACK BUM  
Know why?

George shakes his head "no" again.

GEORGE  
But I know how I feel.

OLD BLACK BUM  
And how's that?

GEORGE  
I'm beginning to think we're not  
made to have it all handed to us,  
you know? There's no thrill if  
there's no fight. We need challenges  
to overcome. Without that "struggle"  
you talk about, I think we lose the  
sense that there's a point to all  
this shit. We need it to be 4th  
Quarter, down 6, with 90 yards to  
go.

The Old Black Bum starts to light his cigar.

OLD BLACK BUM  
Yup. Mankind ain't no good without  
his challenges. Else why he bother,  
right?

GEORGE  
But what I really miss...what I want  
so much to have back, Old Man...is  
what I had in the first place. I  
had it good and I just didn't see  
it.

The Old Black Bum puffs on his cigar, glances at George and  
smiles.

GEORGE  
I fucked it all up, didn't I?

OLD BLACK BUM  
I tol' you to be careful what you  
wished for.

George eyes the Old Black Bum.

GEORGE  
You did this. You can undo it.

OLD BLACK BUM  
Don't be layin' this at my feet.

GEORGE  
I saw you that first day...when it  
all started. You made this happen.  
I know it.

OLD BLACK BUM  
I didn't make nuthin' happen. All's  
I did was suggest you open your eyes  
a bit, that's all. Change your  
outlook. There's power in that, you  
know.

George struggles up, dusts himself off.

GEORGE  
No. It was more than that. You  
changed things. You took away my  
life and gave me...

OLD BLACK BUM  
(interrupting)  
'Scuse me, but wasn't it you talkin'  
'bout how you'd like your life to be  
perfect? How you didn't want the  
struggle no more?

GEORGE  
I didn't know...

OLD BLACK BUM  
I tol' you...it's all relative.  
There's good and bad in everything,  
and you just got to choose what you  
want to look at . But you didn't  
want to hear it.

GEORGE  
I want it back the way it was, Old  
Man.

OLD BLACK BUM  
Ain't you listenin'?

GEORGE  
What will it take? To put it back  
the way it was? You gotta do  
something.

The Old Black Bum stands, puffs his cigar.

OLD BLACK BUM  
I done tol' you already. It ain't  
up to me. It never was.

George stands in front of the Old Black Bum, looking a bit lost, a bit desperate.

GEORGE

I was a lot happier being unhappy  
sometimes, you know what I mean?

OLD BLACK BUM

Perfectly.

George offers the Old Black Bum a weak smile at that, then walks out of the alley and up the street.

The Old Black Bum comes to the alley opening, looks at George walking up the street. He takes a big puff of his cigar, and blows a thick, blue, smoke ring into the night air.

78 INT. BATHROOM -- ARNER HOUSE -- DAY

George stands in the shower. He hears the bathroom door open.

PEG (O.S.)

George? I'm leaving. I have a  
massage and a facial appointment.  
I'll drop the kids off at school on  
the way. See you for dinner. Have  
a perfect day, Sweetie.

George hears the bathroom door close. He leans his head against the wall, the shower beating down on him.

GEORGE

Perfect. Right.

79 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

George comes downstairs. A gorgeous coffeecake and a plate of butter sit on the table. Coffee perks on the counter.

George sighs.

80 EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

George climbs into the Mustang, pulls it toward the street. He notices Ellsworth standing next to his Miata, a forlorn look on his face.

GEORGE

Hey, Bruce. How's it goin'?

ELLSWORTH

(not his normal up  
self)

Okay, I guess.

GEORGE

Where's Gina?

ELLSWORTH

(shrugs)

A quarterback came along...

GEORGE

Well, you'll find someone better,  
I'm sure.

ELLSWORTH

Yeah. In a perfect world, maybe.

George ponders this a moment.

GEORGE

Be careful what you wish for.

81 EXT. STREET -- DAY

George is having the perfect drive to work. Not much traffic  
and he's catching every light green.

82 EXT. CARBONARA CONSTRUCTION SITE #2 -- DAY

George swings the Mustang onto the new site, parks, and gets  
out. He moves toward the main trailer.

Ryan Schmidt passes him, a big smile on his face.

SCHMIDT

Hey, Boss!

GEORGE

Ryan.

SCHMIDT

(almost fawning)

Lookin' forward to workin' with you  
on this new one. Anything you want,  
you let me know.

GEORGE

(without looking,  
monotone)

You bet, Ryan. You bet.

83 INT. MAIN TRAILER -- DAY

George enters his office, moves to the desk, picks up a roll  
of blueprints, tucks them under his arm, and starts to leave.

He notices something on the desk, and returns to pick them  
up. Six VIP passes to the Lincoln Financial super box for  
the upcoming Conference Championship game.

Scrawled on a post-it note: "Congratulations, Partner!"

GEORGE

Partner?!

George stares at the tickets a moment, then sighs, tosses them on the desk and leaves.

84 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

George moves toward the work site proper, but is stopped by a YOUNG LABORER, 20s, who is obviously very excited.

The Young Laborer shoves a picture into George's hand.

YOUNG LABORER

That's my new son, Boss. Born last night.

GEORGE

Oh...well, congrat...

YOUNG LABORER

Gonna name him George, 'cause I want him to grow up just like you.

GEORGE

Oh, don't be doing that. Name him something else. After your father or something. You want him to grow up to be like you...he's YOUR son...

YOUNG LABORER

No, man. I want him to be just like you. You're the perfect example of what a man should be.

GEORGE

Oh, no, no, no....

But the Young Laborer won't hear George's protest. He takes back the picture, heads off.

YOUNG LABORER

Just wanted you to know, Boss. See you on site!

George stands stock still, then looks to the sky.

GEORGE

ENOUGH! Please! Enough already!

George sighs heavily, starts to move toward the main construction site. He steps gingerly around a large puddle of mud, water, and concrete slurry.

CARBONERA (O.S.)

George!

George turns his head, sees Carbonera climbing from his Cadillac and waving George to come over to him.



GEORGE  
 (to himself)  
 Oh, what now...

George waves in recognition, but continues to walk away from Carbonera, trying to indicate he has something to do at the main site, which causes him not to be completely aware of where he's going.

85 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- COFFEE TRUCK -- DAY

Petey and Sam stand at the coffee truck, watching the scene unfold before them as they fix their coffees. They see George half walking backwards, looking and waving at Carbonera.

They also see another WORKER walking on an intersecting path with George, two ten-foot four-by-fours on his shoulder. The beams obscure the Worker's view.

PETEY  
 Oh, shit.  
 (yelling to George)  
 Heads up!

86 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

George turns to see what Petey had yelled about.

Simultaneously, the Worker with the beams swings around to determine the same thing. But as the Worker turns, so do the beams, and they swing right into the back of George's head with a sickening "thunk".

George falls like a tree cut in the forest, right into the puddle of mud, water, and slurry, the blueprints crushed under his body and submerged.

Everything goes black.

87 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE ENTRANCE -- DAY

George's eyes flutter open, but he blinks as raindrops hit his face. He lies on an ambulance gurney. EMT's, WORKERS, Petey, Sam, and Carbonera surround him, looking down at him.

Petey helps George sit up.

PETEY  
 You okay, George?

SAM  
 How's your head, buddy?

George touches the back of his head tenderly.

GEORGE  
 Sore as hell. What happened?

Petey opens his mouth to answer, but the booming voice of Carbonera cuts through everything.

CARBONERA

(holding the soaked  
blueprints)

What happened?! I'll tell you what happened! You destroyed nine grand worth of blueprints is what happened! Damn it! This is a construction site, Arner! We wear hardhats on a construction site! How can I expect these men to follow procedure when the man I have supervising them can't? Maybe I got the wrong guy headin' things up here, whattaya think? Shit. I gotta do everything around here? Am I the only guy who knows what's right?

(shoves his finger in  
George's chest)

These prints are comin' outta your pay, Arner!

Carbonera turns to the crowd of workers.

CARBONERA

And what the fuck are you assholes gawkin' at? Get the fuck back to work, or hit the fuckin' pavement! Am I gonna have to lay off a few a' you to find out who wants to work?

Carbonera walks off toward his trailer, trying to shake out the wet and muddy blueprints. The blueprints start to shred. He finally throws them to the ground.

The Workers start to disperse.

WORKER #1

Thanks a lot, Arner. You got him thinkin' about layoffs again.

WORKER #2

Yeah, Dimbulb. Thanks a million.

Petey and Sam help George get to his feet.

PETEY

How soon they forget, eh? Don't pay 'em no mind, George.

SAM

Yeah. Fuck 'em. What you want us to do?

George wipes some mud from his face.

GEORGE

Not sure.

PETEY

Whyn't you get cleaned up a bit.  
We'll meet you at the pour in a couple  
minutes.

George nods. Petey and Sam move off.

George stands a moment, a little shell-shocked. He looks around, about to move toward the Coffee Truck, when he notices something.

GEORGE'S POV:

A lone black figure is just turning the corner at the end of the block, his hand raised in a wave.

BACK TO SCENE

A little smile creases the corners of George's mouth as he reaches back and rubs his sore head.

88 INT. SMITTY'S -- DAY

George, Petey, and Sam enter and move through the after-work crowd toward their end of the bar.

George guy-nods and smiles at a few of the Cool Guys and OTHERS who have been his constant companions of late. But they hardly react, as if they don't even see George.

89 INT. SMITTY'S -- CORNER OF THE BAR -- DAY

George, Petey, and Sam belly up and order beers from Smitty.

George looks down the bar and sees Lindy, Sandy, and Martina.

George motions to Smitty.

GEORGE

(to Smitty)

Send a Cosmo down to Lindy, will ya?

SMITTY

On you?

GEORGE

(a little surprised)

Yeah. On me.

SMITTY

Eight-fifty.

George looks at Smitty, who remains leaning on the bar until George pulls out a ten and hands it to Smitty. Smitty moves off to make the drink.

GEORGE'S POV:

Smitty sets the Cosmo in front of Lindy, points to George. But Lindy shakes her head, pushes the Cosmo back to Smitty, then turns and gives a big hug to a HANDSOME HUNK who has walked up behind her. She doesn't even glance at George.

BACK TO SCENE

George is at first surprised, then starts to smile.

GEORGE  
(to Petey and Sam)  
I'll be right back.

PETEY  
Where you goin'?

GEORGE  
Gotta check on something.

George moves quickly to the front door.

90 EXT. STREET -- DAY

George runs from Smitty's and enters the convenience store nearby.

91 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- DAY

George runs to the counter and asks the Counter Clerk for 20 rub-off lottery tickets. The Counter Clerk counts them out, hands them to George.

George quickly rubs one, then another, and another, until he's moved through the whole stack.

George jumps up, slaps his hands together.

GEORGE  
Yes!  
(tossing a twenty to  
the Clerk)  
Thank you. Thank you very much.

George heads for the door. The Counter Clerk starts to pick up the tickets.

COUNTER CLERK  
Hey, mister! Don't you want your  
winners?

George stops at the door.

GEORGE  
(smiling)  
No winners there. Not a one.

The Counter Clerk stands with a confused look on his face as George runs from the store.

92 INT. SMITTY'S -- CORNER OF THE BAR -- DAY

George rejoins Petey and Sam.

GEORGE  
Hey, guys. Guess what?

George notices his friends shaking their heads, miserable looks on their faces.

GEORGE  
What's up?

Petey points to the TV, tuned to ESPN.

PETEY  
Just announced. Michael Vick and DeSean Jackson were ridin' to practice together. Got t-boned by some asshole runnin' a red light.

GEORGE  
You're kidding.

SAM  
They're okay, but broke up a bit. None of 'em's playin' on Sunday. You know what that means. No quarterback. No wide receiver. No Conference Championship.

PETEY  
Season's over. Goddamn it.

George looks from Petey and Sam to the TV, then down at his beer. He's having a hard time keeping a smile from cutting his face.

GEORGE  
Yeah. Goddamn it.

93 EXT. SMITTY'S -- NIGHT

George, Petey, and Sam emerge from the bar.

PETEY  
(to George)  
Walkin' or ridin'?

GEORGE  
I'll walk.  
(beat)  
There a poker game tomorrow night?

SAM

Not if you're gonna be there.

GEORGE

Tell the guys to show up. I have a feeling they won't be disappointed.

PETEY

What are you talkin' about?

GEORGE

(smiling)

Nothing. Just tell 'em. See you tomorrow.

George turns and walks up the street, somehow a little lighter on his feet than he has been in a while.

94 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

George pauses at the alleyway, peers inside.

In the shadows sits the Old Black Bum. George enters the alley and sits next to him.

GEORGE

Wanted to thank you.

OLD BLACK BUM

For what?

GEORGE

For making things good again.

OLD BLACK BUM

Ain't no good. Ain't no bad.

GEORGE

I'm not so sure...

OLD BLACK BUM

No. I mean it, now. I keep tellin' you this. The good and the bad -- they're both there all the time. Two sides of the same coin. Just a matter of what you choose to look at.

George stands, dusts himself off.

GEORGE

Yeah. Well...Thanks anyway.

As George moves to the mouth of the alley, he hears a rattling. He turns to see the Old Black Bum holding up his tin can.

OLD BLACK BUM  
For the struggle?

George laughs, digs into his pockets, pulls out whatever bills and coins he has in them, drops it all into the cup.

GEORGE  
Always.

95 EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

George walks up the driveway, bends to pick up the paper. He glances at the front page as he approaches the house.

VINCE (O.S.)  
Heads up!

George, startled, ducks. A football bounces off his arm. George looks up at Vince in the yard.

VINCE  
How many times I gotta tell you,  
Dad? Hands. You gotta keep your  
hands up.

George, smiling broadly, picks up the ball and whips it back to Vince.

GEORGE  
Maybe if the quarterback would let  
his receiver know the play...  
(catching the ball  
again)  
No homework?

VINCE  
Nothing I can't handle later. Been  
missing our catches, you know?

GEORGE  
Yeah. Me too.

George guns the ball at Vince again. Vince makes a few moves, tries to get past George, but George makes a superb open-field tackle. They fall to the grass laughing.

96 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

George and Vince enter the kitchen.

VINCE  
Gonna get a shower.

Vince has to step over Susie, who sits on the stairs, talking on the phone.

VINCE

Jeez, Suse. Park it someplace else,  
will ya?

SUSIE

(to Vince)  
Bite me, Vinnie.

GEORGE

Hey, hey, hey...Be nice, you two.

SUSIE

(into phone)  
Call ya later, okay?

Susie closes the cell phone, stands. She's wearing the short-short skirt and plunging tank top again, hair teased, and sparkle make-up.

Susie sees by George's face that he's noticed.

Susie walks to George, gives him a big hug.

SUSIE

Chill, Dad. I'm still your little girl, and I love you totally. But sometimes I just gotta be me, okay?

GEORGE

(smiling at her)  
Not a problem, Kitten. You look great.  
(as she heads for the door)  
Where's your mom?

SUSIE

Upstairs. She bought some new stuff for a home facial, and she's doing her hair again. You know her.

GEORGE

(disappointed)  
Curlers and goo.

SUSIE

Prob'ly. See ya later. I'm goin' to Heather's.

GEORGE

Don't be late.

Susie waves as she leaves. George looks at the kitchen table -- no evidence of dinner. He peeks into the dining room. The table's empty.

George starts up the stairs.



GEORGE

Peg?

97 INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

George walks by Vince's room, looks in.

Vince is playing his video game, headphones on. In his lap is an open textbook.

George smiles, moves on.

98 INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

George enters, looks to the bathroom. The bathroom door is closed.

George knocks on the door.

GEORGE

Peg?

The sound of running water.

GEORGE

(knocking again)

Peg?

The bathroom door opens a bit. Peg stands there, face covered in a blue-green goo, her hair hidden by a towel twisted on her head.

PEG

Hi, honey! I'll be with you in a couple, okay?

George's face is frozen. All he can do is nod. Peg closes the door.

George's face wrinkles into a grimace.

PEG (O.S.)

I haven't done anything for dinner.  
If you want to order some pizza,  
it's okay with me.

GEORGE

Yeah. Sure. Okay.

George sticks his hands in his pockets and shuffles out of the room.

99 EXT. BACK DECK -- NIGHT

George plops down in an Adirondack chair. The sun is just about to go down. He sighs.

The screen door opens behind George. He closes his eyes and furrows his brow, as if making a silent wish.

A hand drops in front of George, offering a highball glass of scotch on the rocks with a twist. George, surprised, takes the glass and tentatively glances up as Peg comes around the chair.

George's face lights up. No curlers. No goo. Peg's in a cute little black dress, her hair pinned up in a provocative style, her makeup sexy and alluring. She holds her own scotch.

Peg sits in George's lap.

PEG

Hi, handsome.

GEORGE

Hey.

The sunset explodes into a wash of pinks, blues, reds, and yellows.

Peg kisses George's forehead and looks into his eyes.

PEG

I told Vince to get out of the house tonight. He's going over to Kenny's.

GEORGE

Is he now?

PEG

Uh-huh. Thought we could use a little time alone, catch up a little. I'll even let you pick the subject again if you want.

George looks at Peg, his eyes becoming moist, a smile spreading on his face.

PEG

What? What's wrong, baby?

George gives Peg a hug as they both look out at the spectacular sunset.

GEORGE

Not a thing, honey. Not a thing. Everything's perfect.

FADE OUT:

THE END