

Always a Pleasure

by

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FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A spotlight slices through the darkness of a nightclub holding BOBBY FISK, late 30s, on stage, in its beam.

The audience laughs at a joke we just missed. A smattering of applause.

Bobby is relaxed; good crowd. His black jeans, black T-shirt and black sport jacket add youth to his look despite thinning hair and a worn, though handsome, face.

BOBBY

So I said, "Man, I was so sorry to hear about Michael." And she says, "Yes, it was sudden but at least he died doing what he loved most."

He leans casually on the microphone stand; he's in his element. His style borders on condescension. But his occasional smirk keeps the audience engaged. He signals: I really am with you.

BOBBY

And I was like, "Wow, really? He died while drinking beer and getting a blowjob?"

Bobby is rewarded with a blast of laughter.

BOBBY

I'm sorry but if someone ever says about me "he died doing what he loved most" that better be what I was doing. There really isn't anything that tops beer and a blowjob.

The crowd laughs and applauds.

BOBBY

Turns out he was skiing with his kids. So I said, "Oh, yeah, he liked that too." Needless to say I was not invited to the funeral!
(Bobby's trademark line)
What a mess!

The crowd roars at the payoff.

Bobby nods; time to wrap it up.

BOBBY

Well, I've enjoyed my stay here in
Memphis. Thanks for coming out.
It's always a pleasure.

Solid applause and whistles. EMCEE, 20s, jumps on the stage.

EMCEE

There you go folks. Bobby Fisk! The
legendary Bobby Fisk!

Bobby gives a quick wave and steps off into the wings.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Bobby passes between NICKY SPARKS, 20s, and LYLE, 60s. He immediately sits at a table, pulls a notebook from a shoulder bag and starts writing.

Lyle, barrel-chested with a gray walrus mustache, chuckles. He pats Bobby on the shoulder.

LYLE

That was great. Nice to have you
back on my stage, Bobby.

Bobby keeps writing. He is seething, but restrained.

BOBBY

(still writing)
He said "legendary."

LYLE

What's that?

Bobby looks up at Lyle.

BOBBY

The fucking Emcee said "legendary".
That means done. Old. I am not
"legendary" Lyle.

LYLE

He didn't mean it like...

BOBBY

(back to the writing)
It's not how he means it, it's how
they hear it.

LYLE

I'm sorry Bobby. I'll tell him.

Bobby waves off the issue.

Nicky suddenly speaks up.

NICKY

Your act needs more edge.

Nicky, a cocky comic with spiked blonde hair, chews madly on a piece of gum, arms folded across his chest.

Lyle winces. Don't do this kid; Bobby's already pissed!

In the background the audience laughs at the Emcee's jokes as he warms up for Nicky.

Bobby lets the remark settle in. He closes the notebook, slides it into the shoulder bag and stands.

BOBBY

Is that right? Please, share your vast experience with me.

NICKY

That bit you do about credit cards? Say something about buying online porn. Talk about your dick.

Bobby forces a smile.

BOBBY

Thanks, kid. I get enough laughs about my dick.

Lyle guffaws, relieved.

Nicky won't give up.

NICKY

Whatever. You also need to connect with people. You don't connect.

One step too far. Bobby pops and wheels on Nicky.

BOBBY

I don't connect?

NICKY

It's your image. You act like the guy from your old sitcom. Like you're better than everyone.

BOBBY
 (getting closer to Nicky)
 That's right. I act like that.
 That's why it's called an act.

Bobby gets in Nicky's face. They stand nose to nose.

BOBBY
 (escalating)
 Listen kid. You're here because you
 have three million hits on YouTube
 from frat boys who like your puke
 and shit jokes. I've had twenty
 years, a TV show and the biggest
 fucking comedy album in history!
 I'm a comic. You're a freak show.

Bobby puts his hand on Nicky's chest and gives a shove for emphasis. Nicky loses his balance and stumbles backward into a table behind him.

Lyle steps in between them.

LYLE
 (to Nicky)
 You're on!

Nicky has stopped chewing. He backs away as the Emcee provides the intro.

EMCEE (O.S.)
 Now the man you've been waiting
 for, straight from the Internet to
 our stage, here's Nicky Sparks!

Nicky shakes it off and runs out to the cheering crowd.

Bobby and Lyle watch Nicky from the wings. Nicky grabs the mike and strokes it like he's masturbating.

NICKY
 (almost screaming)
 Hey how come women never talk about
 taking a shit?

Bobby can't even look at Lyle.

BOBBY
 (in despair)
 The future of stand-up?

Lyle, still recovering, stares at the stage and shrugs.

A tightly-packed blonde COCKTAIL WAITRESS approaches Bobby with a tumbler full of ice and scotch.

Bobby takes the glass and notices the Cocktail Waitress. He grins and turns on the charm.

BOBBY
Hello darlin'. What's your name?

Lyle appears puzzled by the sight of Bobby with a drink.

LYLE
(cautious)
Bobby, you supposed to be drinking?

BOBBY
Don't bust my balls, Lyle. You got your set.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Bobby paces behind the nightclub, cell phone in one hand, glass in the other.

INTERIOR OFFICE - EVENING

VINNIE TULANE, 20s, is seated in one of several dozen cubicles scattered across an open floor plan. Around the perimeter are enclosed offices for the power players.

Vinnie's phone rings.

INTERCUT WITH BOBBY AT NIGHTCLUB:

VINNIE
Vinnie Tulane.

BOBBY
Vinnie, it's Bobby.

VINNIE
Bobby! How'd it go in Cincinnati?

BOBBY
It wasn't Cincinnati. Where I was they couldn't spell Cincinnati.

VINNIE
(forces a laugh)
Ha! Good one. Um... don't you have a show right now?

BOBBY

Yeah. What the hell? I thought this was my comeback tour.

Vinnie begins twisting the wire around his finger.

VINNIE

Lou thought you needed someone to come back with. They want to test Nicky in the small markets before the big venues.

BOBBY

Since when do computers create comedians?

VINNIE

Lou said this could be great for you. You draw the older crowd, Nicky gets the kids, and you ride his coattails back to the spotlight.

Bobby stops pacing.

BOBBY

Coattails? I don't ride fucking coattails! Let me talk to Lou.

Vinnie massages his eyes.

VINNIE

Bobby you know I can't...

BOBBY

What about guest-hosting "The Late Shift"? You were going to call.

VINNIE

We've tried, Bobby. Danny Clark's people won't return our calls. It's still too soon.

BOBBY

Too soon? I'm staying sober and dragging my ass through every shit-house for the last two years and I'm killing them every night! If you guys won't come see me, what the hell else am I supposed to do?

Bobby swigs from his glass.

Vinnie gathers himself.

VINNIE

You're right. I'll talk to Lou. Why don't you finish in Atlanta and then come back to LA. We can talk about how to repackage you.

Bobby holds the phone at arm's length like it stinks. Not what he wanted to hear. He pulls it back and yells into it.

BOBBY

Repackage me? What am I, a fucking box of cereal? I got an idea! Let's shove a toy surprise up my ass!

Bobby slaps the cell phone shut.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Bobby bursts through the service door into the bar area of the nightclub. He slaps his empty glass down on the bar.

The BARTENDER, 40s, scruffy beard, is watching the overhead television.

On the screen, DANNY CLARK, 30s, is performing his monologue. It's the opening of a late-night talk show.

Bobby's eyes lock on Danny Clark and his face shows a renewed frustration.

The Bartender notices Bobby, laughs at a joke Bobby can't hear, and approaches him. He immediately recognizes Bobby.

BARTENDER

Whoa! Bobby Fisk.

Bobby nods.

BARTENDER

This is so weird! I remember when you used to guest host for Danny Clark. I saw you the night when...

The Bartender stops, his arm suspended, finger pointing to the television.

BARTENDER

(swallows hard, murmurs)
I guess that's why you haven't hosted...

Bobby is about to explode. He fights the reaction and, instead, slides the glass at the Bartender.

BOBBY
It's empty.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

A dark room; sunlight breaks through spaces in the curtains.

The quiet is shattered by the ring of Bobby's cell phone on the night stand. As Bobby fumbles to grab the phone his hand collides with what sounds like glasses clanking together.

BOBBY
Hello?

JERRY (V.O.)
Robert Fisk?

Bobby switches on a bedside lamp and blinks as his eyes adjust. The dim light reveals the dingy night stand with the remnants of last night's partying: two glasses, a liquor bottle and an ashtray with a small pot pipe in it. He is holding himself up on a sagging bed.

BOBBY
(gravel voiced)
Yeah.

JERRY (V.O.)
Mr. Fisk this is Jerry Vanderlight.
You may recall I am the attorney
for the Hallick family.

BOBBY
(trying to process)
Vanderlight... yeah. Something
wrong with the checks?

JERRY (V.O.)
I'm afraid I'm calling with some
bad news. Sheila Hallick died in a
car accident.

Bobby raises himself on one elbow.

BOBBY
Sheila? Wow. Sorry to hear that.
Why are you calling me? I haven't
seen her since...

Bobby picks up his watch on the night stand.

JERRY (V.O.)
Michelle was in the car as well.

BOBBY

What? Oh... Is she all right?

JERRY (V.O.)

She's alive. But she's in intensive care.

BOBBY

Intensive care?

JERRY (V.O.)

Yes.

Bobby swings his feet from under the covers and sits on the side of the bed in his boxers. He rubs his head.

BOBBY

Well, thanks for the update.

JERRY (V.O.)

I wasn't calling as a courtesy, Mr. Fisk. There are some legal issues here that require your attention.

BOBBY

Where?

JERRY (V.O.)

Michelle is at Phelps Hospital, about thirty minutes from Knoxville.

BOBBY

Shit. I have a gig in Atlanta.

JERRY (V.O.)

Excuse me?

BOBBY

Sorry, I wasn't talking to you. I'll figure this out.

Bobby disconnects. Now what? He takes a noisy, deep breath and raises his head as he exhales.

BOBBY

This is gonna suck.

A hand reaches up from behind him and touches his shoulder.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

What's wrong Bobby?

BOBBY
Holy shit!

Bobby jumps up from the bed, startled by her touch.

BOBBY
(recovering)
I didn't know you were still here!

The Cocktail Waitress is lying across the bed, naked, the sheet barely covering her below the waist.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
(peevied)
Still here? Where the hell did you
think I'd be?

Bobby shrugs.

BOBBY
Home?

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Bobby exits an airport terminal and walks to a cab stand.

INT. CAB - DAY

Bobby sits down in the back of a cab.

BOBBY
Phelps Hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Bobby passes through the lobby of a hospital pulling a travel suitcase on wheels.

He approaches the information desk and REBECCA, a cute blonde, 20s, gives him a toothy smile.

REBECCA
(Southern twang)
Can I help you?

BOBBY
(playfully mimics the
accent)
Darlin' you can give me all kinds
of help.

He pauses a moment. It works.

REBECCA

(excited)

Oh my God you're... you're somebody famous, right? Oh who are you?

BOBBY

You don't know? Oh, what a mess!

REBECCA

Yes! Yes! Bobby Fisk. Oh my God... I used to watch that TV show all the time when I was little. You were so funny!

Bobby feigns offense.

BOBBY

And I'm not now?

Rebecca gets flustered.

REBECCA

(giggles)

Oh you know what I mean.

BOBBY

(lets her off the hook)

I know I'm just teasing. I'm here to see Michelle Hallick.

Rebecca's fingers fumble as she types in the name.

REBECCA

I'm sorry. I'm just so nervous. Wait until I tell my girlfriend Kristin. Um... she's in four two seven Mr. Fisk.

BOBBY

Oh don't do that. Call me Bobby...

(checks her name tag)

Rebecca. Thanks so much. Maybe I'll see you again.

REBECCA

Oh... I'm... yeah...

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Bobby crosses the lobby and is stopped by a HOSPITAL VOLUNTEER, a sweet-looking teenage girl carrying a bouquet of roses. She gives a too-friendly smile and steps closer, putting the bouquet in Bobby's face.

HOSPITAL VOLUNTEER
Would you like to buy a rose?

Bobby gently pushes the flowers away.

BOBBY
No, thanks.

She offers him a single red rose.

HOSPITAL VOLUNTEER
We're raising money for our
rehabilitation center. Buy a rose
for someone you love. Everyone
needs to have someone to love!

BOBBY
I read that on a greeting card.

Bobby pulls a wad of crisp bills from his pocket. He peels off two without looking at them and hands them to the girl.

BOBBY
Here. You need the money. I don't
need a rose. See that girl behind
the desk? Give it to her. From me.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

Bobby stands, emotionless, outside intensive care looking through a window. Around the window are colorful notes, some with paper flowers taped to them. Bobby reads a few of them:

"Michelle, Oh my God I love you so much baby get better soon I can't stop crying. Chloe."

"Michelle you're going to be fine I just know it. You have to be. You're my best friend I'm praying so hard. Sandy."

Bobby looks back into the room.

In a bed on the other side of the glass is MICHELLE HALLICK, 16, unconscious, her long hair splayed across the pillow. Wires and tubes connect her to a respirator and monitor.

DONALD WRIGHT, 50s, short and bald with a prominent belly protruding from a rumpled suit jacket, sidles up to Bobby. He waits a moment, then speaks with a mild Southern accent.

DONALD

You must be in a complete state of shock right now.

Bobby does not notice Donald for a moment.

BOBBY

(finally)

Are you talking to me?

DONALD

Yes, I'm sorry. My name is Donald Wright. I'm a lawyer. I wanted to give you my card in case there's anything I can do to help you.

Bobby takes the card: a goddamn ambulance chaser!

BOBBY

Great. If I ever need a talking pile of shit I'll give you a call.

Bobby crumples the card in front of Donald's face. Donald's expression hardens. He spins and marches down the corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

DOCTOR BELLNAP, 40s, approaches Bobby. He clears his throat.

DOCTOR BELLNAP

Mr. Fisk?

BOBBY

Yeah?

DOCTOR BELLNAP

I'm Doctor Bellnap. I'm sorry about your daughter.

Doctor Bellnap extends his hand. Bobby shoves the crumpled card in his pocket and shakes Doctor Bellnap's hand.

BOBBY

What's the story? I mean, how is she?

DOCTOR BELLNAP
 It's too early to tell for sure.
 The X-rays show some cracked ribs,
 but no broken bones. She's lucky.

BOBBY
 (tries to seem pleased)
 That's good.

Behind them a nurse, BARBARA, 30s, a beautiful brunette,
 walks to the door of Michelle's room and looks at her chart.

Barbara gives a quick wave to Doctor Bellnap. Doctor Bellnap
 acknowledges her with a slight smile and awkward nod of the
 head. Bobby detects something, turns, and sees Barbara.

His eyebrows arch. He turns back to Doctor Bellnap.

BOBBY
 Nice. You tappin' that?

DOCTOR BELLNAP
 Am I what?

BOBBY
 (smirks)
 You were saying?

Barbara enters the room and goes to work checking the
 equipment. They watch her through the window.

DOCTOR BELLNAP
 The big concern is the head injury.
 She suffered some trauma and seems
 to have slipped into a coma.

BOBBY
 What does that mean?

Doctor Bellnap is dismissive.

DOCTOR BELLNAP
 No need to worry yet. A coma can
 last a few days and the patient can
 still fully recover. The question
 is whether there is any lasting
 brain damage.

BOBBY
 (concerned)
 Like, she could be handicapped?

Doctor Bellnap does not notice Bobby's tone; just another day
 at the office for him.

DOCTOR BELLNAP
There's any number of issues she
might have.

BOBBY
(impatient)
Such as?

DOCTOR BELLNAP
We don't know. We have to see.

Bobby wants more.

BOBBY
So... what's next? You'll call me?

DOCTOR BELLNAP
Excuse me?

Bobby runs a hand through his hair.

BOBBY
I have a show in Atlanta tomorrow
night. I'm on the road.

Doctor Bellnap doesn't get it.

Behind them, Barbara leaves Michelle's room.

DOCTOR BELLNAP
On the road...?

BOBBY
(frustrated)
I'm asking what do you recommend!
Do I stick around or...

DOCTOR BELLNAP
She is your daughter?

Bobby shrugs.

BOBBY
We've never met. She doesn't know
who I am.

Doctor Bellnap pulls out his Blackberry. Not his concern.

DOCTOR BELLNAP
Afraid I can't help you Mr. Fisk.
My job is to make your daughter
healthy. The rest is up to you.

Bobby is disappointed with the answer. Doctor Bellnap heads down the corridor. Bobby calls after him.

BOBBY
What about her mother?

Doctor Bellnap stops.

DOCTOR BELLNAP
Bruns Funeral Home. I believe her
parents are handling the
arrangements.

Bobby waves weakly at Doctor Bellnap's retreating figure. He turns his attention back to Michelle and sighs.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Bobby strides down the hospital corridor toward the exit, his bag bumping behind him. He turns a corner and gets caught behind Barbara. She is pushing a wheelchair with a YOUNG BOY in it. The YOUNG BOY'S MOTHER and FATHER are walking alongside, blocking the whole corridor.

BARBARA
If he starts to feel sick to his
stomach, just call the doctor and
he can reduce the dosage.

The Young Boy's Mother and Father nod with understanding.

Bobby jumps from side to side trying to find an opening to go through. He finally blurts out.

BOBBY
Excuse me!

It's louder than he intended. Everyone stops, dumbstruck.

BOBBY
(mumbles and pushes
through)
I'm trying to catch a plane.

Bobby half jogs down the hall. His bag tips over on its side and Bobby drags it behind him.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby pulls the bag along the carpet through the lobby as he cuts people off to get to the exit. He shoots through the automatic doors and lunges for a cab sitting out front.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Bobby grabs the door handle of the cab, swings the door open and throws his bag inside.

CAB DRIVER
(calling from inside)
Where are you going?

Bobby freezes as if the question is a challenge. He wants to get in. What to do? He squeezes his eyes closed. The CAB DRIVER turns around. Bobby does not move.

CAB DRIVER
(he asks slowly and his
Southern accent is more
pronounced)
Sir? Where are you going?

BOBBY
(finally)
The airport.

Bobby gets in. As he is about to close the door he hears someone call his name.

JERRY (O.S.)
Mr. Fisk?

Bobby looks toward the hospital entrance and sees JERRY VANDERLIGHT, 50s, distinguished in a dark suit, walking toward the cab. Bobby stays inside but leaves the door open.

BOBBY
Hi, I can do it quick. I'm trying
to get to the airport.

JERRY
(confused)
Beg your pardon?

Bobby pulls a pen from his pocket.

BOBBY
You want an autograph?

Jerry stands by the open door of the cab in a patient pose: Do I look like I want an autograph?

JERRY
I'm Jerry Vanderlight. We spoke on
the phone.

Jerry extends his hand. Bobby hesitates, then grabs the hand and shakes. Jerry holds out an envelope. Bobby takes it.

CAB DRIVER

Excuse me, sir, are we going to the airport?

BOBBY

(snaps)

Yeah, yeah. Hang on a sec.

(to Jerry)

What's this?

JERRY

Mr. Fisk, do you have a lawyer?

BOBBY

Do I need one?

Bobby opens the envelope.

JERRY

Yes, you do. I have just served you with an order to show cause.

Michelle's grandparents are asking the court to make them sole legal guardians of Michelle.

Bobby looks over the papers.

BOBBY

Where do I sign?

JERRY

(annoyed)

This is not a joke, Mr. Fisk.

BOBBY

And I'm not joking. See? I have a pen.

He waves the pen in the air.

CAB DRIVER

I'm sorry sir, I really need to leave.

BOBBY

(impatient to Cab Driver)

I got a situation here. I need a minute.

JERRY

It's not that easy.

BOBBY

Not that easy? Let's review. Will you sign these? Yes I will. Where does it get complicated?

JERRY

You need to be represented by counsel who can tell the judge that you understand the rights you are giving up. Otherwise, you might appeal this later.

BOBBY

I won't!
(almost begging)
Look, Jerry, you know the story. It was one stupid night. But I agreed to do the right thing.

JERRY

Oh sure, after two years of litigation...

BOBBY

So I'm not father material! Let's make a deal. I have to get to Atlanta!

JERRY

You have to be in court tomorrow at two.

Jerry turns and walks away.

Bobby sits back in the seat.

BOBBY

Son of a bitch!

Behind him, Bobby hears a frail voice.

OLD MAN

Young man, are you taking this cab?

CAB DRIVER

That's what I'd like to know.

Bobby looks out the door at an OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN.

BOBBY

I guess not!

He grabs his bag and jerks it violently out of the cab causing the Old Man to take a step back.

The Old Man scuttles around Bobby and climbs in the cab. The Old Woman tries to follow but Bobby is blocking her path.

OLD WOMAN

Excuse me...

BOBBY

(frustrated)

What now? Oh...

He steps aside and the Old Woman grabs the door to ease herself into the cab.

Bobby watches for a moment, then approaches and extends an arm for support. She settles in and adjusts her skirt.

BOBBY

You OK?

OLD WOMAN

(smiling sweetly)

I am. Thank you young man.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Bobby paces back and forth in front of the hospital, pulling the bag, turning, and pulling the bag, all while dialing a number with his thumb.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LOU MILLER, 50s, stands next to Vinnie's cubicle. Big, loud, and stylishly dressed; he is a force to be reckoned with. He holds a sheaf of papers in his hand, waving them at Vinnie.

LOU

Can you see your heart beat?

Vinnie is confused.

VINNIE

Can I...?

LOU

Can you see your heart beat?
Because your head is so far up your
ass you should be able to see your
heart beat!

Vinnie's phone rings. He panics: what do I do?

Lou waits to see what decision Vinnie will make.

LOU

The answer is get the phone. The phone is money. I'm just the dick you work for.

Lou dumps the papers on Vinnie as Vinnie grabs the phone.

VINNIE

Vinnie Tulane.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Bobby continues pacing.

INTERCUT WITH VINNIE IN OFFICE:

BOBBY

Vinnie it's Bobby.

Vinnie focuses, concerned.

VINNIE

Bobby! Oh my God, what did you do to Nicky?

The question catches Bobby off-guard.

BOBBY

I don't know.

VINNIE

He says you attacked him just before he went on. He said it was the worst set he's ever done.

BOBBY

That's not saying much.

VINNIE

He wants you off the tour.

BOBBY

Tell him tough shit. I'm not leaving. Vinnie, I need to change my flight to Atlanta.

VINNIE

Bobby, you're not listening to me. He wants you off. That's it. Lou said it's done.

Bobby's jaw drops. He's being fired?

Lou suddenly re-appears next to the cubicle.

LOU
Is that Bobby? Gimme that. Let me
show you how to handle Bobby Fisk.

He grabs the phone from Vinnie.

LOU
Bobby, it's Lou.

BOBBY
What the fuck Lou? This kid is
calling the shots?

LOU
Don't bust my balls, OK? I got a
lot riding on him...

BOBBY
What about me?

LOU
(soothing)
Of course, Bobby. I mean, this kid
is no Bobby Fisk, right? But all
the venues want a lower
demographic. And those kids are
looking for that edge.

BOBBY
You saying I lost my edge?

LOU
Not at all!. But your audience grew
up with the TV show. You're
familiar. Not the shock comic
they'll talk about Monday morning.

BOBBY
The audiences on the road love me.

LOU
I'm sure they do! But we need to
rework your image.

BOBBY
(prepared)
Give it to me Lou. What's the
bottom line.

LOU

(beat)

You're not a headliner any more,
Bobby. I can't book you without
Nicky, and he doesn't want you.

Bobby was not prepared for this.

BOBBY

(recovering)

That's fine. Fuck him he's not
gonna last anyway Lou. He's flavor
of the month. I'm getting out of
here and I'll come see you like you
said.

LOU

Don't rush, Bobby.

BOBBY

Lou, this is my life. I'm a comic.
I have to get back to work. When's
my next gig?

LOU

I'm working on it. Just need time.
Enjoy some R and R. Work on that
new material. I'll be in touch.

BOBBY

You know Lou... Damn it!

Bobby realizes Lou hung up.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Bobby sits in front of a desk covered in papers and books.
Donald Wright, the lawyer from the hospital, is partially
hidden behind the clutter reading the court papers.

Donald picks up a sandwich and takes a ferocious bite.
Threads of lettuce hang from his mouth as he chews.

DONALD

Got a job?

BOBBY

(bitter)

A job? Don't you know who I am?

Donald looks calmly over the pile on his desk and smiles.

DONALD

You're the one who came lookin' for
a talkin' pile of shit. I didn't
ask who you are. I asked do you
have a goddamn job?

Donald practically screams the last word. Bobby raises his
hand to restore calm.

BOBBY

Relax! I have a job. I'm a comic.
You've never heard of me?

Donald slowly takes off his glasses.

DONALD

I seen the magazines in the
supermarket. Just didn't know if
you were still working after pukin'
and passing out on that late night
talk show.

Bobby tenses up. He's dealt with this ghost before.

BOBBY

Two years ago. I'm clean now.

Donald puts the glasses back on.

DONALD

Where do you work?

BOBBY

Everywhere.

DONALD

I need specifics. The judge will
want to know what kind of life the
girl will have.

BOBBY

A terrible life with me.

DONALD

What?

BOBBY

I just want to sign.

Donald gets it.

DONALD

Well if that don't beat all. You
don't want her?

Bobby throws up his hands.

BOBBY

What's the big deal? I know what I'm good at. I'm good at taking care of me. Her grandparents can have her. They love her.

Donald picks up the papers again.

DONALD

Whatever. I just need to know what you want so I can make a plan.

BOBBY

If we can wrap this up tomorrow that would be great. I'm trying to get back on tour.

DONALD

Be at the courthouse tomorrow at one thirty. You know where it is?

Bobby stands.

BOBBY

Yeah, ain't it down yonder next to Bubba's general store?

Bobby chuckles and walks out. Donald adjusts his glasses.

DONALD

(mutters)
Asshole.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - LATER

Bobby enters the hospital lobby and pauses by the front desk.

Rebecca sees him and smiles.

REBECCA

Hi Bobby.

BOBBY

Rebecca, I'm sorry, what is the room number again?

REBECCA

It's four two seven. By the way, thanks for the beautiful rose.

BOBBY

Oh you're welcome. Boy you sure put
in a long day.

REBECCA

I know it. I been here since eight.
But I'm done at five.

BOBBY

Really? Any chance you could show
me a good place to eat?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Barbara is moving about Michelle's room, writing down
readings from monitors, and talking out loud.

BARBARA

And Kevin said he will come by and
see you. I know the other kids have
been leaving cards...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Bobby emerges from the men's bathroom. As he gets closer to
Michelle's room he hears Barbara talking. His pace quickens.
It's a miracle!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

He turns into the doorway. Michelle is still unconscious.

BOBBY

Is she... awake?

BARBARA

(startled, then stern)
Can I help you?

BOBBY

(pointing)
My... uh... Michelle.

BARBARA

And you are?

BOBBY

I'm her father.

BARBARA
 (challenging)
 Her father?

Barbara stops; maybe this *is* Michelle's father.

BOBBY
 (smiles)
 Not the sort of thing someone would
 lie about.

BARBARA
 I'm sorry Mr. Hallick.

BOBBY
 Fisk.

BARBARA
 I'm sorry Mr. Fisk.

Bobby waves it off.

BOBBY
 Weren't you just talking to her?

BARBARA
 Yes. Sometimes coma patients can
 hear. Talking to them makes them
 feel connected.

Barbara is back to business. She continues to tidy up and
 check the machines.

BARBARA
 She stabilized so we're moving her
 out of intensive care. You'll be
 able to sit with her.

BOBBY
 I actually came back to let the
 doctor know I am leaving tomorrow.

BARBARA
 Really?

BOBBY
 Yes. Back to LA. Her grandparents
 will be taking care of her.

BARBARA
 (confused)
 Oh. Well you'll have to leave us a
 number where we can get you in case
 there are other developments.

BOBBY

I will.

Bobby eyes Barbara up and down.

BOBBY

Any chance I can get your number?

Barbara wants to scream.

Bobby keeps smiling, working it. She slowly turns away from Michelle to address Bobby.

BARBARA

Mr. Fisk, if I say what I'm
thinking I will get fired. And I
need this job.

Bobby is amused; it's always worth a shot. Barbara brushes past Bobby and exits the room.

Bobby is alone with Michelle. He studies her from the foot of the bed, then looks around as if waiting for a cue.

BOBBY

Hey. I'm Bobby. I mean, I'm your
dad. But you can... call me Bobby.

That was lame; Bobby rolls his eyes.

He squeezes past the equipment to get to the window. On the horizon he sees a plane. He wants to be on it.

Bobby turns. He is standing next to Michelle. He studies her face and the bruise on her forehead. He shakes his head.

BOBBY

Stay away from bars and two-bit
comics.

Bobby weaves his way between the equipment toward the door.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bobby and Rebecca sit at a table in a crowded barbecue joint. Country music blares in the background.

Bobby takes a big bite of a barbecue sandwich.

Rebecca watches expectantly.

REBECCA
 Is that the best barbecue you've
 ever had in your life?

Bobby chews and wipes his mouth with a napkin.

BOBBY
 (with mouth full)
 Wow. That is fantastic!

Rebecca laughs, tipsy and delighted. Bobby drains his beer.
 The waitress puts a full one down in front of each of them.

REBECCA
 I told you. This place has won all
 kinds of awards.

She finishes her beer, picks up a hush puppy from a basket on
 the table and pops it in her mouth.

BOBBY
 I'm sure they have.
 (leans over the table,
 like a co-conspirator)
 Hey, do you like tequila?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

In the darkness we see the shapes of Bobby and Rebecca on the
 bed. Rebecca is on her hands and knees and Bobby is behind
 her, hands on her hips. Rebecca is moaning softly, but it
 sounds like pain, not pleasure. Bobby is panting as he grips
 and thrusts away.

REBECCA
 Bobby I don't feel...

BOBBY
 (his voice rising)
 Hold on... Hold on...

REBECCA
 Bobby...

BOBBY
 Oh... YEAH!

As Bobby climaxes Rebecca turns her head and throws up over
 the side of the bed onto the floor. Bobby continues to thrust
 as she continues to purge.

Rebecca cannot hold herself up any longer and collapses, her face falling into a pillow and Bobby laying across her back. They are still, except for Bobby's heavy breathing.

REBECCA
I feel better now.

BOBBY
Me too.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

In the distance, a gravesite with a group of fifty people around a casket sitting on a foundation of flowers.

Bobby stands next to a tree, away from the ceremony, hidden behind a pair of sunglasses. The service concludes and the ATTENDEES approach HOWARD HALLICK and LOUISE HALLICK, 60s, seated near the casket.

Bobby slips away.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - LATER

Bobby enters the cafeteria and picks up a tray. His eyes are bleary, still suffering from last night. He casually slides the tray down the rail and drops a sandwich on it.

He spots Barbara sitting alone with a book. Bobby grabs the tray and skips the rest of the food line to pay.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Barbara sips a cup of coffee, a paperback in front of her, as Bobby approaches her.

BOBBY
Hey, how are you?

She barely acknowledges him.

BARBARA
Hello Mr. Fisk.

Bobby pulls out a chair and sits.

BOBBY
Please call me Bobby. Do you mind if I sit with you? I don't really know anyone here.