

FINAL RESTING PLACE

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FADE IN:

**EXT. MSP AIRPORT - APRON - DAY**

A long row of airplane tails show off their livery as planes pull up and back out of their snow-covered gates.

**EXT. MSP RUNWAY - DAY**

737 tires smoke at touchdown on the runway numbers.

**EXT. MSP RUNWAY - DAY**

A 757 lifts off as planes taxi across the runway behind it.

**EXT. MSP TAXIWAY - DAY**

Jumbo and regional jets are lined up fifteen deep waiting for the runway as snow falls.

**INT. MSP AIRPORT CONCOURSE - DAY**

Rivers of people course through the terminal.

**INT. MSP AIRPORT CONCOURSE - DAY**

The departure board clicks all the way down from DELAYED to CANCELED.

**INT. MSP AIRPORT GATE - EVENING**

A few people sit at a closed gate looking at their phones, bored. One person nods off sitting up.

**INT. MSP AIRPORT GATE - EVENING**

A woman sleeps on the floor up against a wall. She's on her side; neck pillow on, sleep mask on, in front of her suitcase.

**INT. MSP AIRPORT GATE - NIGHT**

A lonely, cookie-cutter business man sits on his suitcase and eats a salad as he watches people pass by.

**INT. A320 - V1 AIRLINES - ON THE GROUND - DAY**

It's freezing on the plane. It's freezing everywhere; Minneapolis in winter. Everyone on board is STUFFED into their seats with their heavy, winter coats on.

MSP FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, due to overbooking we are asking for volunteers to deplane to accommodate other travelers--

Everyone is miserable except for one guy. EL (early 40s), everything he owns is from Brookstone and Brooks Brothers: polo shirts, pleated slacks and frosted tips. He's viciously charming and charitably handsome. El has the aisle, chewing the ear off of the middle seat rube next to him.

EL

I'm telling you you're gonna love it. You're right there on the lake, they have snow sculpting, parties, ice fishing, tons of food, everyone's having a great time. I go every year.

MIDDLE SEAT GUY

Winterfest, huh?

EL

Lake Geneva. It runs late January to early February. When you get to Detroit, V1 runs a small body into Milwaukee and you're just a short drive down from there.

MSP FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, we really do need those seats, so anyone willing to deplane will be compensated two-hundred dollars at this time.

EL

Now if you can't make it to Wisconsin, you ought to come back to Minneapolis for Grillfest. You look like you know your way around a brisket and a beer. I know I do.

El pats both of their bellies.

EL

Now that's in May, so unfortunately things will be thawed out by then. But if you want to follow the snow--

MSP FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Folks, we really do need those extra seats, so we are currently offering four-hundred dollars to take a later flight.

El pops up out of his seat, grabs his aluminum roller case and backpack from the overhead bin.

EL

That's my cue. Gotta go.

MIDDLE SEAT GUY

Wait, you're not going to Detroit?

EL

I was never going to Detroit. Take it easy, big guy.

El minces up the aisle to the flight attendant in the galley.

EL

Hey, I'm Elias, El, in 13C. If I take two-fifty and bump to the six A.M. flight tomorrow morning, can you hook me up with a hotel?

The relieved and thankful flight attendant smiles at him.

MSP FLIGHT ATTENDANT

If I can bump you till tomorrow, you can have whatever you want.

EL

Deal.

CUT TO:

**INT. MSP AIRPORT TERMINAL - O'DOYLE'S - MINUTES LATER**

EL scurries down the concourse to the bar with his luggage. The BARTENDER (30s) and several BAR PATRONS are watching him wide-eyed.

EL

(to the bartender)

Time? Time?

MSP BARTENDER  
Three minutes.

El hops onto a barstool laying out vouchers, all smiles.

EL  
Two-fifty, plus hotel, plus  
upgrade in forty-two minutes. Pay  
up.

The bartender and shocked barflies cough up their cash.

**INT. GRB AIRPORT TERMINAL - O'DONNELL'S - DAY -  
CONTINUOUS**

Every airport bar from now on looks IDENTICAL except for the  
name. El runs the same set up, same game.

EL  
Pay up.

**DET AIRPORT TERMINAL - O'FINLEY'S - DAY**

EL  
Pay up.

**DEN AIRPORT TERMINAL - O'HANLEY'S - DAY**

EL  
Cash or traveler's check, please.

**INT. CLE AIRPORT TERMINAL - O'RYAN'S - DAY**

People at the bar are incredulous at El's stunt. One guy is not  
thrilled about giving up his twenty bucks.

NOT THRILLED GUY  
Now what in the hell is that?

EL  
It's my job.

NOT THRILLED GUY  
Bullshit.

EL  
Hey, I could work in a cubicle but  
then I'd have to sit on your lap.  
So I chose this instead. Twenty  
dollars, sir.

**INT. GRB AIRPORT TERMINAL - O'DONNELL'S - DAY**

El and a cute-ish lady his age are leaned into each other at the nearly empty bar. Their flirt games are strong.

EL

Can I get you another drink?

LADY

Oh, I don't know.

EL

You're not the pilot, are you?

She smiles and takes a sip of his drink. They're practically on top of each other. It's horrendous.

EL

What time's your flight?

LADY

Nine-thirty.

EL

That's plenty of time.

Either one of them is about to pounce.

He takes his drink out of her hand and finishes it, all sexy.

CUT TO:

**INT. GRB TERMINAL CONCOURSE - MENS ROOM ENTRANCE -  
MOMENTS LATER**

The men's room entrance has two suitcases parked next to it.

People scoot passed, trying to act like the ECHOING SOUNDS of aggressive, morning sex aren't booming from a stall inside.

The dirty talk is unconventional at best.

A WOMAN tries to haul her luggage and cover her SON'S ears at the same time as they walk by.

GATE ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Flight 818 to Atlanta, group  
five is now welcome to board.

EL (O.S.)

That's you. Gotta finish.

The moaning resumes with great fervor.

**INT. MSP BOARDING GATE - DAY**

El sits in a seat with a brand new TABLET on his lap, typing away. He's in the zone with his wireless earbuds in.

Across the top of the screen it says "USA TODAY SUBMISSIONS". The drop down boxes for CURRENT EVENTS and AVIATION are chosen.

He looks up for just long enough to see his gate go from "V1 to ORD ON TIME" to "CANCELED".

EL

There it is.

El puts the finishing touches on his article and clicks SUBMIT. He cranes his neck and rubs the back of his head.

After a few moments of working out his neck he becomes annoyed by the pain.

He grabs a couple aspirin out of his bag and gets them down.

After getting his backpack and roller case together, he looks up to see a crowd swarming his gate counter.

VOICES are getting LOUD already. He heads over to the--

**GATE COUNTER**

SHONDA (30s) is behind the counter trying to control the crowd. Saying they can't control the weather is all she's got left.

El rounds the side, clearing the first couple people away and hops his butt up on the counter.

Smiling, arms waving, he whistles real quick to get everyone quiet.

EL

Everyone, everyone. Hi, my name's Elias. You can call me El. I'm on the same canceled flight as you. I do this run about three times a month and it's canceled about one-hundred percent of the time. Minneapolis to Chicago, go figure. Anyways, this is Shonda. Say 'Hi, Shonda'.

No one does.

EL

Okay, so Shonda and I have this down to a science. If you would like for Shonda to help you get rebooked for a later flight, please make a nice line, let's use inside voices and she will be happy to accommodate you as best she can. If you don't want to wait in this line, you can go to the ticket booth at the end of the terminal. If you want to try Southwest, they have the same flight in an hour. I don't know if it's cancelled yet but they're in terminal two so you're gonna have to move. To everyone else not sure what your next move is, I'm headed to the bar, feel free to join me for a beer.

The crowd lines up or shuffles off. Crisis averted.

El hops down from the counter and gives Shonda a wink.

SHONDA

Thanks, hon.

EL

Need anything else, my darling?

SHONDA

You single?

EL

Don't toy with me, I'm an emotional man.

SHONDA

Go on then.

**INT. MSP TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER**

El strolls down the hallway feeling good. He spots a facilities worker ahead of him, pushing a mop bucket walking his way.

EL

Jose! Hey, brother.

He jumps up and hi-fives Jose without stopping.



**INT. A320 - V1 AIR - ON THE GROUND - NIGHT**

Another frozen plane with frozen people headed to a frozen city. Everyone on board is seated.

MSP FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2 (O.S.)  
--volunteers will be given three-  
hundred dollars to take a later  
flight.

El is in the aisle seat as per usual. He's talking to a woman in the middle seat who is all ears.

EL  
This is where you got'em by the balls. We're on the plane. See, they could lowball us if we were still at the gate. But now to get us up out of our seat, yank our bags out of the overhead and walk all the way up the plank for a later flight, they gotta really cough up some bucks.

MIDDLE SEAT LADY  
I had no idea.

MSP FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2 (O.S.)  
Five-hundred dollars, ladies and gentlemen.

He pops his head up to see if anyone is listening but doesn't lower his voice.

EL  
I wouldn't walk for less than a thousand and I bet I'm one of the cheap-Os on this flight.

MIDDLE SEAT LADY  
But how do you know people won't take less?

EL  
It's five degrees outside. No one is going to spend half the night in a cold airport when they could be in their warm bed in three hours.

MIDDLE SEAT LADY  
You're like a Wall Street.

EL

Just hang back, be patient, you're about to earn yourself a getaway weekend for taking the same flight a few hours from now.

El gives her a reassuring nod and finds his place in his paper back.  
Middle Seat is sold. She watches the Flight Attendant intently.

MSP FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2 (O.S.)

Six-hundred dollars, ladies and gentlemen.

The passengers huddle and shiver in their seats.  
No one even looks up.

Middle Seat stirs for a moment but sits there.  
El moves his book back and forth like he needs bifocals. It's upside down anyway.

MSP FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2 (O.S.)

Seven-hundred. Anyone? Seven-hundred dollars?

Middle Seat's hand starts to go up, El shoots her a look.  
They go back to acting aloof but Middle Seat is getting antsy.  
Her arm is cocked.

MSP FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2 (O.S.)

Eight-hundred, folks.

EL

I'll take it!

El is up in a flash; coat, bag, roller case.  
Middle Seat stares at him with complete betrayal.

EL

That's the high-water mark. Anyone else is going to take two-hundred out of paranoia. It's kinda like a Dutch auction. Have a good one.

El is off and running to the galley before Middle Seat gets a word out. So much for faith in humanity.

**INT. DET TERMINAL - LATER**

El is on a payphone outside of V1 customer service. It's the first time he's been in anything less than a great mood.  
He cranes and stretches his neck.

Whoever has had him on hold is finally back.

EL

Hey, I'm still here.

(beat)

Okay. Well did they say anything else?

(beat)

Did they say why they passed on it to begin with?

(beat)

Not appealing enough? It's about aviation. USA Today is sold in every airport in America.

El sits down like he stood up too fast.

The voice on the phone keeps mumbling on.

EL

Okay. Okay. Was there anything specific they were looking for then?

(beat)

So, just keep writing and submitting and maybe I'll land something with blind luck. Great.

(beat)

ALL right. Well, I appreciate you looking into it for me. Hey, what's your name again?

(beat)

Fey. We'll get'em next time, Fey. Take care.

He reaches his arm up to hang up the phone.

Rubbing his eyes over and over, they won't focus. His head starts spinning.

Deep breaths and putting his head between his legs help only a little.

He gets dizzy and it's starting to freak him out.

His bottle of aspirin appears in his hand. He shakes the last two out.

Tossing the empty bottle down into his bag he roots around in the bag and pulls out a new one, pops it open and takes two more.

Several more deep breaths and he starts to level out.

**INT. A320 - V1 AIRLINES - ON THE GROUND - DAY**

El has the aisle next to a sharp dressed BUSINESS WOMAN (50s).

BUSINESS WOMAN  
--it's the first investment  
conference I'm presenting at. I  
have my speech ready. I'm so  
excited.

El nods along like he's going to the same conference.

BUSINESS WOMAN  
And in Tampa! Although I never get  
out to enjoy the destinations at  
these things.

EL  
Humbug. It's too nice there to  
stay inside.

BUSINESS WOMAN  
I know but 'Career first, tan  
second' right?

El turns his nose up at that and pulls out two hundred dollar  
bills and puts them in her hand.

BUSINESS WOMAN  
What are you doing?

EL  
I'd like to make an investment.

The woman shakes her head and stammers in shock.

BUSINESS WOMAN  
I'm sorry but it doesn't work like  
that.

EL  
I'm investing in you. There's  
enough there for swimsuit, tanning  
oil, margaritas, everything. Go  
have fun! Now, if I read in Forbes  
that you stayed at the conference  
and gave out business cards, you  
will be hearing from my attorney.

BUSINESS WOMAN  
Are you for real?

DET FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
Ladies and gentlemen, five-hundred  
dollars to deplane at this time.

He's up and takes his roller case and bag down from the  
overhead.

EL  
That's me. Good luck with your  
speech. Go have fun!

BUSINESS WOMAN  
But--Tampa. Here, take my card.

EL  
I trust you.

A big smile and a nod and he's off to the galley. The woman  
smiles like her week was made.

**INT. CHICAGO O'HARE TERMINAL 1 - BAR & GRILL - NIGHT**

MIRANDA (mid 40s) Latina, sits at a two-top reading a USA  
Today. Her V1 chief purser uniform is neat as a pin and not a  
hair out of place in her French twist updo. She's all business.

A cookie-cutter BUSINESSMAN approaches her table.

BUSINESSMAN  
You know, you look even better  
than my hedge fund returns.

She doesn't even look up from her paper.

MIRANDA  
That's nice.

BUSINESSMAN  
I want to cover you in diamonds  
from head to toe.

MIRANDA  
Really?

He moves in closer.

BUSINESSMAN  
Diamonds and Sapphires and--

MIRANDA  
I like gold.

BUSINESSMAN  
 Baby, all the gold money can buy.  
 I'm going to--

MIRANDA  
 Give me your wedding ring.

That backs him up. She folds the paper up, locks eyes with him.

BUSINESSMAN  
 Wh-what?

MIRANDA  
 I want you to take me in a  
 limousine to pawn your wedding  
 ring and I want you to use the  
 money to buy champagne that you  
 pour all over my feet.

BUSINESSMAN  
 What the hell's wrong with you,  
 lady?

MIRANDA  
 That's sounding like a 'No'.

He retreats with his ego between his legs. She goes back to her paper.

MIRANDA  
 Have a good flight. Buh-bye now.

As the man retreats on her 4, El comes shuffling up on her 8. He all but slides into the table to meet her. She smiles when she sees him.

EL  
 Hey Miranda! Sorry I'm late.

MIRANDA  
 What is it with men?

EL  
 We're still working out the kinks.

MIRANDA  
 Not fast enough.

EL  
 Bad day?

MIRANDA  
 No. Walk me to my ride?

**INT. O'HARE TERMINAL 1 WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

They make their way towards ground transportation. Seas part for Miranda. El has to shoulder check the crowds to keep up.

EL

So what's your route this week?

MIRANDA

Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Detroit and Chicago. Round and round. You?

EL

You would know better than me.

MIRANDA

Tell me again why I do this.

EL

A civilian gets bumped from a flight and cries bloody murder all over the internet. I get bumped, turn a small profit for my trouble and keep my mouth shut. You're protecting the company's image and keeping me in the lifestyle I'm accustomed to.

MIRANDA

Two crews are moving up to MKE to make up for cancelations to DEN. The 1:15 and the 4:30.

They get to the automatic sliding doors where a crew van is parked front and center. They stop.

EL

Oh, Miranda, my queen. Are you headed home?

MIRANDA

Crash pad.

EL

Where are you based out of? I'd like to cook for you some time.

MIRANDA

El, I can't tell you where I live.

EL

Is that a rule?

She puts on her coat and scarf.

MIRANDA

It's my rule. Are you staying a little while in Chicago?

EL

Nah, I'll go back in, get a head start on Milwaukee.

MIRANDA

Okay, let's get dinner somewhere this week.

El trying to say goodbye to Miranda is always a clunky mess. She saves him the trouble and dispatches him with a kiss on the cheek.

He lingers till her van goes. He smiles and waves goodbye.

**INT. MKE TERMINAL 1 - DAY**

El strolls down the corridor like he built the place with his own two hands.

As he passes a cafe, he spots a familiar face working the counter and calls out to her. Her face lights up and she waves back.

**INT. MKE AIRPORT - BROOKS BROTHERS - LATER**

El is wearing a red Brooks Brothers polo. He holds up a crimson polo then a scarlet polo to his neck.

**INT. MKE TERMINAL - SOUVENIR SHOP - LATER**

El tries on a Cheese Head hat to see if it compliments his features and fashion sense.

**INT. MKE TERMINAL HALLWAY - LATER**

El puts the book we saw on the Chicago flight in the lending library box. He turns back toward a book store and heads in.

**INT. MKE TERMINAL BAR - O'LEARY'S - LATER**

A hockey game is on and the bar is riveted. People have their bets out on the bar, eyes glued to the TV.



ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 --Final seconds of the third,  
 Chicago has the puck. They race  
 past center ice, a handoff through  
 the defense, he shoots, he scores!

The bar CHEERS. Money exchanges hands and high-fives all around.

MKE BARTENDER  
 Who needs a drink?

EL  
 I'm buying!

More cheers from the group.  
 El catches eyes with a WOMAN across the bar--

CUT TO:

**INT. MENS ROOM - STALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Another lover's 'rendez-vous a la mens room'. El and his new friend are giving it their best but there's a pain in El's neck that's wrenching his face.

Things grind to a halt. He's holding the back of his head.

WOMAN  
 What happened?

EL  
 I'm sorry. Sorry. I think I got a  
 Charley Horse or something.

WOMAN  
 In your head?

EL  
 Sorry. I have to go. You're a very  
 nice lady. Sorry.

She doesn't know whether to be worried or insulted.

The pain is squirming bad.  
 El stumbles out of the stall and does his best to zip up one-handed. He grabs his bags and heads to an--

**EMPTY TERMINAL GATE**

El plops down on a gate bench, hunched over.

Bottle after empty aspirin bottle gets tossed out of his bag.  
 Finally he finds a full one.

He takes a handful, crunching them down raw. His neck is still killing him, he rubs incessantly. He squints trying to focus.

He looks over at the seat next to him. No less than ten empty bottles lay there. Reality hits him; they're all empty, that's a problem.

Still reeling, he makes his way down the concourse. He makes a sharp turn into--

#### **V1 CUSTOMER SERVICE OFFICE**

--rubbing his neck and looking like hell. The desk agent is concerned right away.

MKE DESK AGENT  
Can I help you, sir?

EL  
I think I need a doctor.

MKE DESK AGENT  
Don't move. I'll have paramedics here in sixty seconds.

EL  
No, I need to go to a doctor. I need to see someone. Where are we?

MKE DESK AGENT  
This is terminal 1, General Mitchel International Airport, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

EL  
What is that, St. Luke or St. Mary's? No. No. Your next flight to Pittsburgh, please.

CUT TO:

#### **EXT. PITTSBURGH HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Snow drifts down almost in slow motion. Everything is quiet, still and peaceful.

A taxi RUSHES up to the entrance and El jumps out. The trunk pops open.

He grabs his luggage, slams the trunk closed and hurries inside.

**INT. ER WAITING ROOM - LATER**

El has a seat against the wall with his bags between his knees. It's a slow night and not many people are there. His eyes go between the exam room doors and the nurses station, desperate.

**INT. EXAM ROOM - LATER**

A YOUNG DOCTOR gives El a good once over. He checks reflexes, balance, eyes, motor responses.

**INT. RADIOLOGY LAB - LATER**

El is slid into an MRI machine. He takes a deep breath and tries his best not to move. He flinches at the red beam on him.

**INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - LATER**

El signs his name and takes his room key like a zombie.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER**

El lays perfectly straight on top of the bed with his clothes on in the dark room. He's out of his body.

**INT. DOCTORS OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY**

The Dr's office door is closed. El's suitcase sits outside.

**INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - SAME TIME**

MRIs hang on a light board. There is a distinct, golf ball sized white spot towards the middle of the two brain hemispheres in all the x-rays.

The doctor has a grave look on his face. El stands, listening intently with his arms folded.

The doctor finally delivers the bad news and El laughs like he just heard a good joke.

The doctor holds up the results. He's serious. Then it all sinks in. El has him in a bearhug in a FLASH.

**INT. PIT TERMINAL GATE - NIGHT**

El sits in the seat nearest the gate, staring off to nowhere. The sign above the gate flashes "V1 TO CHICAGO FINAL BOARDING".

A gate agent comes over and touches El's shoulder. He looks over at the agent like waking up from a nap.

The agent takes his ticket & bags and helps him up toward the jetway door.

**INT. A320 - V1 AIR - LATER**

The plane rattles as it charges down the runway. El's in the window with the middle seat empty. He's disconnected; shot.

The plane pitches up and a wave of relief washes over El.

**INT. CHICAGO O'HARE TERMINAL BAR - DAY**

A hockey game is on the television. The Announcer calls the game winning goal and the bar is on their feet.

El is at the end of the bar but he might as well be a hundred miles away. He finishes his WATER and walks off.

**INT. CHICAGO O'HARE TERMINAL GATE - DAY**

People are crammed into the gate area. OVER THE PA, the gate agent offers a hundred dollars for volunteers to give up their seat.

El lazily raises his hand without hesitation.

**INT. CHICAGO O'HARE TERMINAL GATE - DAY**

People are already standing around the gate before they start boarding. They're all in the group 5-8 line. El is just mean-mugging them for a long time.

EL

(to the crowd)

Would you all sit down? They're not even boarding yet. Can't you just wait? Jesus.

GUY IN LINE

Priority boarding jerkoff.

EL

I'm not even on this flight.

**INT. CHICAGO O'HARE TERMINAL GATE - DAY**

El settles near a mostly full gate with some self-pity food.

People are boarding for Miami in their shorts and Acapulco shirts, all smiles. El is in his winter gear.

He goes to take a bite of his chocolate chip muffin when the top FALLS off into the iced latte between his legs and soaks his pants with a big SPLASH.

It's the last thing anyone could handle. He's burning red and shaking mad.

Just as he's about to flip out, a LITTLE GIRL in a 'Bon Voyage' sailor hat comes over to El.

She hands him one of her animal crackers.

He takes the treat and after a few moments starts laughing and LAUGHING.

**INT. CHICAGO O'HARE TERMINAL CONCOURSE - LATER**

The airport is in full swing. El swerves through the crowd to a PAY PHONE along the wall. The people rush passed him like flood waters. He dials a number off a yellow scrap of paper.

EL

Hey, it's me.

(beat)

Can you come pick me up?

(beat)

Chicago.

(several beats)

Okay. Okay. I'll come there. Can you get me at the airport then?

(Beat)

I'll be there in a couple hours.

He hangs up and walks over to the--

**V1 CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK**

EL

(to desk agent)

Buffalo, New York, please.

**EXT. BUFFALO INTERNATIONAL - DAY**

EL is freezing cold. He keeps checking his watch and looking for his ride. He's anxious.

After a wave of traffic passes, a busted up, old, work truck brings up the rear. The truck stops in front of El, a 'Jackson Family Flooring and Carpet' decal is slapped on the side.

ANN (mid 40s), built as solid as El in a hoodie and cargo pants rolls down the passenger window. El sheepishly smiles.

EL  
Hey, Ann.

ANN  
My long, lost brother returns.

**INT. ANN AND BETH'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER**

The house is narrow and cozy. The floors are gorgeous. Ann strolls through the front door slipping out of her boots. El tramples in, dragging his roller case.

ANN  
Welcome home.

EL  
(to himself)  
It's not home.

ANN  
Get the door, would you?

Ann hits the couch and puts on the television while El fumbles about with his shoes and luggage in the entrance.

EL  
When does Beth get home? I'd like to take us out to dinner.

ANN  
Hockey's on at seven; Sabres-Kings. I made crock-pot chili.

EL  
Of course.

ANN  
You can crash in the guest room. Rest up before dinner.

EL

Oh, I'm not tired.

ANN

Well, take that space invaders suitcase upstairs. I can't tell if you're a cheap spy or a country club dominatrix.

EL

It's always good to visit.

Bags in hand, he trudges up the stairs loud enough to annoy his sister.

**INT. ANN AND BETH'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM**

Bags get tossed onto the bed and El takes a look around.

He walks over to the window and looks out. The late afternoon sun hits his face and it's the most color he's had since before Pittsburgh.

Turning around, he surveys the curios on the dresser. Towards the end of the dresser there is a photo of a younger, t-shirt and jeans version of El with his arms around a very pretty woman (KATIE, same age as El.).

He FREEZES when he sees it.

He GRABS the picture, STUFFS it into the nearest drawer and slams it shut.

**INT. ANN AND BETH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

El heads down the stairs and rounds the corner into the kitchen where Ann is getting dinner ready. He grabs a seat at the counter and starts rubbing his neck.

EL

I have a ton of vouchers, I can get all of us on a last minute flight for dinner. We could go down to New York City or, there's some places in Boston I know you'd love. I could have us back by one. My treat.

ANN

Are you new here? We don't do last minute or, late.

EL

Yeah, who wants an exciting evening of spontaneity and freedom?

ANN

Some of us have jobs and lives but you go ahead.

EL

You certainly have jobs.

ANN

It was good enough for you, fly boy. It was good enough for Dad.

EL

And look at what happened to us.  
(long beat)  
Are you mad at me? For leaving?

Ann laughs. Her answer is well rehearsed.

ANN

I was. And then I paid off my mortgage in four years. So, no hard feelings.

EL

Glad I could help.

ANN

I mean, it took me a year of ninety hour weeks to get the business under control. So, a heads up would have been nice.

EL

I wish there could have been a better way but I flipped out.

ANN

It's all settled now. You're okay, I'm okay.

EL

Still--sorry.

Ann puts all the prepped food on a tray and slides it across the counter to El. He's craning and rubbing his neck again.

ANN

We eat in the living room for hockey.

(MORE)



ANN (CONT'D)  
You can set this on the ottoman.  
Don't let the cats get at it.  
What's with your neck?

This isn't when El was looking to tell her but he's on the spot.

Just as he straightens himself out to get into it, BETH (late 30s) walks in the front door petite, sharp and professional. She sees El after peeling off her scarf and shoes.

BETH  
Is that a brother-in-law in my kitchen?

EL  
Beth! Come here, woman!

She dumps her things and RUNS up to El and jumps into his hug. They dive right into catching up like best friends. Ann lingers on El, not forgetting she didn't get an answer.

**INT. ANN AND BETH'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

El is sound asleep under a mountain of blankets. The clock next to him reads 4:30 A.M.

The bedroom door swings open with a BANG. El bolts upright. Ann is in her sweatshirt and cargo pants ready to go.

ANN  
Rise and shine, Sugar Ray. We're doing sub-flooring and tile in Kingsley. We'll get coffee on the way. Move your ass.

**INT. PROJECT HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER - DAY**

The sun is barely up while El and Ann work. The kitchen is closed off with plastic sheeting. A small radio plays in the background.

El is laying down backerboard in his pleated slacks, polo, merino zip-up sweater and knee pads as Ann puts down mortar.

EL  
God, I forgot how much this hurts.

ANN

Oh, you been pampered in first class too much. You'll toughen back up.

EL

This is a young man's game and I am definitely not a young man anymore.

El stands up straight and stretches his back, all groans and strains. Ann looks at him and laughs, shaking her head.

ANN

Don't you have any regular clothes?

EL

These are regular clothes.

ANN

Can we at least take you to the barber shop to hack off those ridiculous frosted tips? You're not in a boy band, in 1997.

EL

Don't knock the tips. I do very well with the ladies.

ANN

You've always done well with the ladies. Not with those things on your head, Guy Fiery.

He gets back to work for a several moments.

EL

Why do you have a picture of Katie and me on the dresser?

ANN

Oh-- it's a good picture of you. You look good in it.

EL

Well, I'd appreciate it if you got rid of the pictures of us.

ANN

Okay.

EL

You know, it's been four years now  
and I don't need a reminder--

ANN

Okay.

The 90's adult-contemporary on the radio make these long  
silences the worst.

The two work on and El is back to craning his neck.

EL

I like my clothes, you know.

She's not biting which annoys him more.

EL

It's expensive stuff.

ANN

It's so not you. Where's the ugly  
Christmas sweater guy or, the work  
boots and Bills jersey guy with  
his BBQ tool belt?

She looks at him.

ANN

Where's the the guy that- What are  
you doing with your neck?

He stops and sits back against the wall. He grins flatly for a  
while till she pushes him for an answer.

EL

For a long time I was having pain  
in my neck. Details get fuzzy; I  
can't always remember things. Then  
dizziness, then numbness. I get  
checked out; they say the words  
'terminal' and 'inoperable'. I  
have around two months to live.

(beat)

I really wish soft rock wasn't  
playing right now.

Ann holds it back long enough to say--

ANN

If you're lying to me, I will beat  
the holy shit out of you.

El gets up and walks over to his sister, getting his shoes in  
the wet mortar.

She gets to her feet and grabs him TIGHT.

She ugly-cries into his shoulder for a long time. He's okay. He just waits and lets her catch up to him.

Slowly and gradually he starts to sway her side to side.

ANN  
What's going on?

EL  
We're dancing. I haven't danced with you since your wedding.

ANN  
No.

EL  
It's fun. We're having a fun.

She pushes back but El keeps hold of her.

ANN  
Stop making me dance! I want to be upset.

EL  
You can be upset. Dip me.

She blurts out a laugh then pulls him back in tight.

**EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - LATER**

Plumbers, carpenters, electricians, all in the same style sweatshirts and cargo pants eat in their work trucks

**INT. ANN'S' TRUCK - SAME TIME**

Take-out wrappers line the dashboard. Engine idling, radio off. Ann's eyes are bloodshot from crying, she can't eat. El is chowing down.

ANN  
We'll do whatever we can to make you comfortable. I'll move the big TV out of our bedroom into yours. If you want to change the pillows or the mattress, we'll buy it. You just tell us what you want.

El plows through eating, talking with his mouth full.

EL

Actually, I wasn't planning on staying.

ANN

What are you talking about?

EL

I wanted to come see you, give you the bad news, do the 'I love yous' and 'Goodbyes' but then I'll head out to the airport. I want to get back on the road.

ANN

You are not running around the country in your condition.

He tosses his sandwich up on the dash, finishes chewing, gives her his full attention.

EL

I understand what you mean but I don't want this to be a whole, sad thing.

ANN

You're going to die!

EL

Thank you.

ANN

El--

EL

My life has been happy and carefree and I don't want that to change. I want to live like this till whatever happens, happens.

Ann cannot get her head around any of this, she's wound up.

ANN

Who's going to take care of you?

EL

I am.

ANN

What happens if you have a stroke or seizure or whatever it is?

EL

Ann, I want you to remember me like this. It was bad enough doing this with Dad. I don't want to do it again with you.

That clicks with her. She takes a few moments to try and reset.

ANN

So what do you want to do then?

El smiles and grabs a burger off the dashboard, hands it to her. He picks his sandwich back up and takes a huge bite.

EL

Let's eat burgers and ice cream. Let's watch hockey. Whatever. Let's just have a good few days and remember each other smiling.

He clinks sandwiches with his sister.

EL

Everything's okay. It's okay.

Despite herself she clinks her sandwich with his. She takes a sad bite and rests her head on his shoulder.

**INT. BUF AIRPORT - CONCOURSE PAYPHONE - DAY**

El tosses a couple quarters in the phone and dials. It rings twice and beeps.

EL

(to voicemail)

Hey, Miranda, it's me. Sorry I missed you this week. I'm in goddamn Buffalo of all places, I had a family reunion of sorts. I'm back at it though. Let me know where you'll be in the next few days, I'll pop over. Oh! I'll be on the road pretty heavy coming up so if you got any bumps, I'll take them all. Okay. Talk soon.

He crosses the concourse and sits down at the--

**V1 BOARDING GATE**

He takes out his tablet and gets to work on a half done USA Today article.

His email DINGS. It's from Ann.  
The email subject reads '**DON'T GET ON THE PLANE!!!!**'

He looks over at the gate "V1 GRB BOARDING 20 MINUTES".

El closes his article annoyed. He packs back up and heads back over to the--

**CONCOURSE PAYPHONE**

More change, more dialing. It rings once.

EL  
Ann--

ANN (O.S.)  
Don't get on the plane!

He's annoyed like only a sibling can be.

CUT TO:

**INT. ANN AND BETH'S HOUSE - LATER**

It's still early. Beth hasn't left for work yet. She tries not to smile or give anything away.  
The three of them gather around the kitchen counter.

EL  
Okay. So what's going on that I  
couldn't hear about in Green Bay?

Beth's lower lips starts quivering but she holds back.  
Ann looks at her like she spilled the secret.

ANN  
Because we love you--

EL  
Oh shit.

ANN  
If you don't want to spend the  
rest of-- your time-- in Buffalo,  
that's okay. But we couldn't in  
good conscience just let you ride  
into the sunset all willy-nilly.

He eyes her like she's a bad three card monte dealer.

ANN

Something may come up and you can't be off the road in an airport or who knows where. Is there anywhere you'd like to settle?

EL

I don't know. I'd have to think about it.

ANN

Then we'd like to help you find a nice apartment in a good city and, set you up for when flying gets to be-- too much.

He chuckles.

EL

Okay. Now, what aren't you telling me?

ANN

I'm coming with you.

EL

What? No!

ANN

I don't want you getting a dump and saying it's a palace just to get us off your back.

EL

You have work.

ANN

I made some calls to other contractors. We worked out a deal. That's when I emailed you.

EL

My system only works for one person at a time. I can't cover you on my flights.

ANN

I'll pay my way.

El is rubbing the back of his neck again. He stammers for another excuse.



EL  
I run a hard schedule; the  
flights, the time changes. It can  
chew you up.

ANN  
El, we're the last family we have.

EL  
When Dad was--

ANN  
This isn't Dad.

His resistance starts to crack and he nervously laughs not  
knowing what else to say.

EL  
Goddamnit.

El reaches out and brings the two of them in for a hug.

ANN  
You won't regret it.

BETH  
It was all my idea!