

# Rabbit Hole

a screenplay by David Lindsay-Abaire

based on his play

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FADE IN:

TITLE SEQUENCE

A blank white page. A hand reaches into frame and draws a box in black ink. The hand continues to draw, and inside the box a suburban house starts to take form. This seems to be a panel in a comic book of some kind.

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

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

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

BACK TO THE COMIC BOOK BEING DRAWN

The drawing inside the panel is much further along. Now we see a father with a football on his front lawn, and his son, maybe twelve, with his arms raised, and a speech bubble that reads, "Dad! I'm wide open!"

INT. PRIME BROKERAGE - RISK MANAGEMENT OFFICE - DAY

**HOWIE CORBETT**, handsome, 30's is at his desk, jabbering with a **CLIENT**. Over his shoulder is a window with a beautiful view of Manhattan.

The client asks about the family photos on the shelf behind Howie - several of him with Becca and their son, **DANNY**, age 4. Howie pauses for just a moment, then spins around, grabs one and shows it proudly.

BACK TO BECCA IN THE GARDEN - DAY

Becca is on her knees now, trowel in hand, planting a straight line of summer bulbs.

BACK TO THE COMIC BOOK BEING DRAWN

A mom is added to the drawing. She's got a pitcher of lemonade, and a big smile.

BACK TO BECCA IN THE GARDEN - DAY

Becca is in the vegetable garden, weeding a row of tomatoes. She pauses to wipe her brow, and adjust her gardening gloves. Behind her, under a tree, we notice an empty doghouse.

BACK TO THE COMIC BOOK BEING DRAWN

The final touches on the panel - suburban dad, mom, son, football. But then we pull back and reveal there's also a tree in the drawing. And there's a boy - identical to the son on the lawn - who peers out from behind the tree, with a big thought-bubble over his head that reads, "?!"

BACK TO BECCA IN HER GARDEN - DUSK

The sun is going down, and Becca stands with a hose, watering the garden. She stands, admiring her day's work.

END TITLE SEQUENCE

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Becca?

Becca turns to see her neighbor **PEG**, middle-aged, sweet, peeking around the gate. She comes into the garden. Becca is a little uncomfortable, but always polite.

PEG

It looks so nice back here.

BECCA

Oh, thanks, Peg.

PEG

I've been having the worst luck with my dahlias, but look what you've done.

BECCA

I've been trying to get things back into shape.

PEG

Well mission accomplished. You need to let me borrow that green thumb of yours.

BECCA

You don't need my help.

PEG

You obviously haven't been in my garden lately.

BECCA

The dahlias look lovely. I can see from my window.

A little stale-mate, but Peg perseveres.

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

BECCA  
That is so sweet of you, Peg.

PEG  
I know it's really short notice.

BECCA  
We actually have plans.

PEG  
(beat)  
Oh. Well that's too bad.

BECCA  
Yeah, another time though? I  
haven't talked to Pete in ages.

PEG  
Well you aren't missing much. He's  
the same S.O.B. he always was.

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

PEG  
Oh gosh.  
(steps off the plant)

BECCA  
That's okay.

PEG  
I am so sorry.

BECCA  
It's fine. There's plenty of them.

PEG  
Are you sure? Because I can pop  
down the nursery--

BECCA  
Don't be silly.

PEG  
These stupid feet.

BECCA  
Have a great dinner, Peg.

This is her gentle cue to leave, and Peg gets the hint.

PEG  
You'll come over another night?

BECCA  
Absolutely.

But they both know this is probably a lie. Peg backs out of the yard politely. Becca latches the gate after her.

Peg  
Say hello to Howie for me.

BECCA  
I sure will.

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

INT. BECCA'S KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

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

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

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

BECCA  
If Peg asks, we went out tonight.

HOWIE  
Where'd we go?

BECCA  
We saw the Stoppard play.

HOWIE  
Did we enjoy it?

BECCA  
Very much.

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

BECCA  
She invited us to dinner again.  
Wants to cart us out for her  
friends.

HOWIE  
(a little chuckle)  
She does not.

BECCA  
 "Do you remember that couple I was  
 telling you about?"

HOWIE  
 She's just being nice.

BECCA  
 You're welcome to go over.

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

BECCA  
 This pan is hot, Howie, be careful.

She pushes him off gently, then goes to get the vegetables  
 out of the colander. She's all business tonight.

Howie watches for a moment, then takes a pull off his beer.

INT. BECCA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A beautiful room. Shelves decorated with family photos and  
 wooden pull-toys. Becca sits on the couch reading. It's  
 late. The house is quiet. We hear only a ticking clock.

Then the phone rings, startling Becca. She doesn't move to  
 get it. She just stares at it, then looks to the clock, it's  
 past 3AM. She looks back to the phone, afraid to answer it.

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

BECCA  
 Hello?

INT. BECCA'S FOYER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

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

HOWIE  
 What's going on?

BECCA  
 Izzy needs to be bailed out.

HOWIE  
 (beat)  
Again?

Becca grabs the car keys and heads out the door. SLAM!

EXT. YONKERS POLICE DEPARTMENT - CENTRAL BOOKING - NIGHT

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

BECCA  
You have nothing to say?

IZZY  
(beat - confused)  
Thank you?

This is not what Becca meant.

BECCA  
You were in a bar-fight.

IZZY  
It wasn't a bar-fight.

BECCA  
You were in a bar. Fighting.

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

BECCA  
Well who was she?

IZZY  
I don't know.

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

IZZY  
Sure they do, you should get out more.

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

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

BECCA  
Well, get a few drinks in you--

IZZY  
I wasn't drinking, I just had soda!

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

IZZY  
I didn't realize there was a cut-off date.

BECCA  
Well there should be. For acting like a jackass there should be a cut off date.  
(takes out her keys)  
I want to stop worrying about you.

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

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

INT. BECCA'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

They drive in silence for several beats. Finally...

BECCA  
So how's work?

IZZY  
Don't ask me that please.

BECCA  
Why not? You got fired?

IZZY  
Don't tell Mom.

BECCA  
Jesus, Izzy. How can you get fired from Applebee's?

IZZY  
It was all politics. I don't really wanna get into it.

They're stopped at a light, Becca clicks on her signal to make a right turn. Izzy realizes where they're headed.

IZZY  
Can't I stay with you tonight?

BECCA  
Izzy--

IZZY  
Please? I don't wanna get into it with Mom. You know how she gets.

The light changes. Becca switches the signal to a left turn.



IZZY  
Thank you.

Becca nods, resigned, and drives on.

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

Becca is tidying up. Izzy has her head in the fridge for a long time looking for something to eat. She finds a ramekin.

                  IZZY  
What's this?  Pudding?

                  BECCA  
It's gonna be crème brulee.

                  IZZY  
Oo!  Can I have one?

Becca squints, considering.

                  BECCA  
Yeah, just...let me finish it.

                  IZZY  
I can eat it like this.

                  BECCA  
No, then it's just custard.

                  IZZY  
I like custard.

                  BECCA  
I didn't make custard, I made crème brulee.

Becca takes the ramekin, and goes to the sugar bowl. Howie comes in with his gym bag. He smiles when he sees Izzy.

                  HOWIE  
Well, if it isn't Ma Barker.

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

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

                  IZZY  
(chuckles)  
Squash.

Howie grabs an apple and goes. Becca gets a kitchen-torch from a cabinet.

Izzy meanwhile stops to look at the paintings on the fridge door - artwork of a four-year old. Becca glances over at her, but says nothing.

Izzy's cell phone rings. She checks the caller-i.d., smiles, and heads into another room.

Becca clicks on the kitchen torch and gets to work on the crème brulee. Her eyes narrow in concentration as she carefully cauterizes the top of it into a brown hard shell.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Becca is bringing the finished crème brulee to her sister. She hears Izzy's voice down the hall, laughing her ass off.

IZZY (O.S.)  
 No, she was gonna kill me, so I had to get in the first punch! I was like, "Oh shit, Auggie must've told her! She knows!"

INT. SUN-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Izzy sits on a sofa, her feet up, chatting on her phone. Becca peeks into the room and holds up the crème brulee.

IZZY  
 (into the phone)  
 Hey, I gotta go.  
 (hangs up)  
 Ooo, thank you.

Izzy takes the creme brulee happily and immediately starts tapping the caramel with the spoon.

IZZY  
 I like how it cracks.

BECCA  
 Of course you do.

IZZY  
 (takes a bite, then...)  
 Mmm, Becca. It's so good.

BECCA  
 Better than custard?

IZZY  
 Yes. You were right. Again.  
 (as she eats)  
 And again and again and again...

BECCA  
 (watches her eat)  
 So you did know that woman.

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

BECCA  
 You said you didn't know her.

IZZY  
 What I said, Becca, was that I  
 didn't know her at the time. Then  
 I figured out later, oh she must be  
 Auggie's girlfriend.

Izzy eats, really wanting to change the subject.

BECCA  
 Were you sleeping with him? This  
 Auggie guy, whatever his name is?

IZZY  
 (beat)  
 Where ya goin' with this?

BECCA  
 Well Jesus, Iz, you pretend to be  
 this innocent bystander--

IZZY  
 I was!

BECCA  
 You were having sex with someone  
 else's boyfriend!

IZZY  
 That is so beside the point! It's  
 been over between them! They just  
 live together because of the rent!

BECCA  
 Then why did she accost you?!

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

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

BECCA  
 You are not.  
 (Izzy just nods)  
 Oh my god.

IZZY  
 He's a really good guy. You're  
 gonna like him. He's a musician.

BECCA  
That's terrific.

IZZY  
He gets work, Becca.

BECCA  
How long have you known?

IZZY  
A few weeks.

BECCA  
Does Mom know?  
(silence)  
You told Mom before me?

IZZY  
I had to.

BECCA  
Why didn't you tell me?

IZZY  
Why do you think?

This just sits there for a couple beats.

BECCA  
What are you gonna do?

IZZY  
Well I'm gonna keep it, if that's what you're asking. Auggie wants to, too. We're excited about it. This is exactly the kind of thing that gives a person clarity.

BECCA  
Izzy--

IZZY  
(cuts her off)  
I need you to pretend to be happy for me, Becca. Even if you're not. Can you please just pretend to be?

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

BECCA  
Well...of course I'm happy for you. I was just taken aback. Obviously it's wonderful news. I don't need to pretend. Gimme some credit.

IZZY  
Thank you.

They hug. Becca is obviously still processing it.

BECCA  
So what'd Mom say?

IZZY  
She was happy.  
(off her look)  
I know. I thought she'd lay into  
me but--

BECCA  
Huh.

This is hard to hear. Becca pulls away, cleans up the dish.

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

BECCA  
Hey. What can ya do? I'm just  
glad you finally told me.  
(beat)  
And I'm really happy for you.

This lie? Not quite as convincing.

INT. SQUASH COURT - DAY

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

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

RICK  
Plus Debbie's been driving me crazy  
with this kitchen renovation. The  
counter-top negotiations alone...

HOWIE  
I told you not to marry an agent.

They open their lockers and get changed over the following.

HOWIE  
She still hasn't called, you know.

RICK  
(beat - guilt)  
No, I know.

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

RICK  
I tell her, Howie. I do. But  
she's still...freaked out, I guess.

HOWIE  
It's been eight months.

RICK  
I know. I'll talk to her.

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

RICK  
Good. Emily's doing ballet.  
Robbie's in tee-ball.

HOWIE  
Wow. Tee-ball.

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

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

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

Rick nods. They go back to changing.

INT. HOUSEWARES STORE - LATER THAT DAY

Becca and Howie are walking through the store.

BECCA  
Ridiculous, right? Nine weeks  
pregnant. In a bar. Drinking.

HOWIE  
You said she wasn't drinking.

BECCA  
No, she said. But you know Izzy.  
Plus the place was probably clogged  
with cigarette smoke.

HOWIE  
Not anymore. Clean Indoor Air Act.

BECCA  
She was in Yonkers. You think they enforce that in Yonkers?

HOWIE  
I wouldn't worry about it. If the babies in France turn out okay, I'm sure this one'll be fine, too.

Becca stops at a bathroom display, towels and such in wicker baskets. She picks one up. Very tasteful.

BECCA  
What about a bathroom set?

HOWIE  
For her birthday?

BECCA  
Why not?

HOWIE  
Seems like a funny gift. A bath mat.

BECCA  
It's the whole set, Howie.  
(grabs a basket)  
I'm not getting her baby stuff.

HOWIE  
I didn't say you should.

BECCA  
This is a nice gift. I'd like it if someone gave it to me.

HOWIE  
I'll make note of it for Christmas.

BECCA  
You think it's dumb.

HOWIE  
No, get her the bath-mat, the set-thingy whatever.

BECCA  
Bathroom set.

HOWIE  
Get her that, she'll love it.

BECCA  
You should've just said that to  
begin with.

HOWIE  
Yeah, I know. Now.

Howie looks at her and smiles. She smiles back. A moment passes between them. They move on with the bathroom set.

Becca stops short. Howie turns to see what's stopped her. They stand in front of a display of a boy's room. Little bed, sweet rugs, cute lamps, etc. A moment.

Then Becca walks off, and Howie hurries after her.

INT. MEETING HALL - COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Couples mill about drinking coffee, waiting for the meeting to begin. Becca and Howie steal themselves as another couple, early 40's, approaches. **GABBY** is attractive. **KEVIN** is balding. Both are profoundly sad, which always makes Becca uncomfortable.

GABBY  
Hey, guys. How are you doing?

HOWIE  
Oh, hey. We're good. Hangin' in.

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

GABBY  
You sure?

HOWIE  
Yeah. Yes. We just...we found out  
Becca's sister is pregnant, so...

BECCA  
(a warning)  
Howie.

HOWIE  
What?

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

BECCA  
It's really not a big deal  
actually.

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



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

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

HOWIE  
Becca, be nice.

GABBY  
It's okay. A lot of people take  
awhile. I don't think Kevin said  
anything the first three years.

Becca is suddenly confused. Did she just mishear her?

BECCA  
(confused)  
How long have you been in Group?

KEVIN  
It'll be eight years in June.

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

HOWIE  
I didn't realize it was that long.

GABBY  
Yeah, we're the veterans. For us,  
it's good just to touch base, you  
know? Everybody's on different  
schedules, so...

HOWIE  
Of course.

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

INT. MEETING HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

The meeting is in full swing. A **GRIEVING FATHER** is speaking  
to the group in a very heartfelt manner. His wife (**GRIEVING  
MOTHER**) holds his hand throughout.

GRIEVING FATHER  
And when it gets difficult, we try  
to remind each other that it was  
just part of God's plan. We can't  
know why. Only God can know.

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

GRIEVING MOTHER  
 God had to take her. He needed  
 another angel.

BECCA  
 (beat)  
 Why couldn't he just make one?

Silence. They all turn to Becca, confused.

BECCA  
 Another angel. He's God, after  
 all. So why couldn't he just make  
 another angel?

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

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

HOWIE  
 You sit there for weeks, you don't  
 say a word--

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

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

BECCA  
 No, you're right. Kevin and Gabby  
 are professional wallowers. Did  
 you hear what they said? Eight  
 years. Eight, and still going. Is  
 that who you want to become, Howie?

HOWIE  
 Look, if you wanna take a break--

BECCA  
 Not, a break, I'm done. If you  
 like those people, fine, but--

A **BUSBOY** places a basket of bread on the table.

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

BECCA  
 Don't do that, please. One  
 semester of Psychology fifteen  
 years ago and you're all--

HOWIE  
Well Jesus, Becca--

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

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

HOWIE  
Okay. It's not for you.

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

He lets out a breath, and closes the menu.

INT. BECCA'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Becca sits at the table with a cup of coffee. It's the middle of the day and the house is deadly quiet. She's been sitting here, alone with her thoughts, for awhile.

Becca puts her coffee down, and moves to the paintings on the fridge. She takes them in - a train, a robot, a shark attacking a woman. They all have the distinctive scrawl of a child, and the name Danny written across the bottom.

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

SAME - A LITTLE LATER

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

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

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

INT. BECCA'S LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

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

INT. BECCA'S DINING-ROOM - DAY

The dining-room table is covered with Danny's clothes. Becca is carefully folding them into separate piles - shirts, pants, sweaters, balled up little socks...

EXT. BECCA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - YONKERS - DAY

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

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

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

AUGGIE  
Taz, down! Come eat!

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

AUGGIE  
Sorry about that. He's not really dangerous. Just kinda dumb.

BECCA  
Yes, I know. He's my dog.

AUGGIE  
Oh, you're Becca. Of course. I should've recognized you.

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

AUGGIE  
I'm Auggie.

BECCA  
Right. Hello, Auggie. And congratulations.  
(off his blank look)  
On the baby?

AUGGIE  
Oh! Thanks! Yeah, we're excited.

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

NAT  
Oh my god, why didn't you tell me you were coming over? I would've picked up the house.

(MORE)

NAT (cont'd)  
 (indicates)  
 That's Auggie.

BECCA  
 Yeah, we met. Is Izzy here?

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

Becca follows her mother into the house.

INT. NAT'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

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

BECCA  
 I was planning to bring it all down to Goodwill, but now I'm glad I didn't. Look at all these shirts, and the sweaters. I think there's even a pair of snow pants in here.

Nat buzzes around the kitchen making them coffee.

IZZY  
 I don't know, Bec. They're in baby clothes for so long, it'd be a few years before he could even fit into this stuff.

BECCA  
 It comes up very quickly. You'll be happy I saved them.

Auggie crosses through the kitchen with a guitar.

BECCA  
 (whispers)  
 Is he living here?

NAT  
 He has to. His girlfriend kicked him out.

IZZY  
Ex-girlfriend.

NAT  
 She knew what I meant.

Becca holds up a little shirt.

BECCA  
 Did you see this one?

IZZY  
Cute. But what if it's a girl?

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

IZZY  
It's not about the money.

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

IZZY  
(finally)  
It'd be weird, Becca. If it's a boy. To see him running around in Danny's clothes.  
(beat)  
I would feel weird. You would, too, I think.

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

IZZY  
I'm sorry.

BECCA  
No, I'm sorry. Of course it'd be weird. I don't know what I was--

IZZY  
It was a nice offer.

BECCA  
You'll get a lot of clothes anyway - Christmas and birthdays. You won't have to worry about that.

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

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

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

BECCA

Me too.

She looks to Izzy and tries to smile supportively.

NAT

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

BECCA

I'm gonna go. I promised Howie I'd  
pick up some dinner.

NAT

Oh, okay then.

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

EXT. GOODWILL PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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

INT. BECCA'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER

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

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

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

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Jason is hard at work sketching the comic book we saw in the title sequence.

In this panel, the father, in a lab coat, is in a science lab working on a large space-age portal labeled, "The Rabbit Hole." Behind him, the boy peers in through the window. The bubble over the father's head reads, "Why do I feel as if I'm being watched?"

BACK TO BECCA - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. ROADS OF LARCHMONT - DAY

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

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

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

The bus has stopped, and Becca pulls up a ways behind it. This time it's Jason who gets off, book-bag slung over his shoulder. The bus pulls away, and Becca watches as he heads up the driveway of a nice house, and slips inside.

She sits there for awhile. Then finally pulls away.

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

HOWIE

I think he might be getting private lessons behind my back. When did Rick ever beat me in squash?  
(moves to her with bottle)  
More wine?

BECCA

No, I've had two already.

HOWIE

Half a glass, to empty the bottle.

He empties the rest into her glass, then heads into the kitchen with the empty. On the way, he dims the lights.

HOWIE

My eyes are sore, staring at that computer all day.

BECCA

Did he mention Debbie at all?

HOWIE (O.S.)

She's renovating the kitchen.

BECCA

Oh. Well that's good. She'll get rid of that terra cotta finally.



KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Howie tosses the empty bottle into the recycling bin.

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

                  BECCA (O.S.)  
I don't want to call her. She  
should call me. That's her job.

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

                  BECCA (O.S.)  
I would've been there for her if,  
god forbid, something ever happened  
to Robbie or Em. I wouldn't have  
vanished the way she did.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

Howie stands in the doorway, debating whether to mention the paintings or not. He decides against it. Howie grabs a remote instead and clicks on the stereo. Al Green's "Simply Beautiful" plays quietly. Becca looks up, bemused.

                  HOWIE  
What? It's chill music. Turn  
around.

                  BECCA  
Howie...

                  HOWIE  
No, you need to relax.

He moves onto the couch to massage her shoulders.

                  HOWIE  
See? You're shoulders are all  
knotted-up.

                  BECCA  
Yeah, well...

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

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

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

HOWIE  
What? I can't massage my wife?

                  BECCA  
You don't have eye-strain. "Oh I  
stare at that computer all day."

                  HOWIE  
Well I do.

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

                  HOWIE  
It worked in college.

                  BECCA  
All right, Romeo. That's enough.

Becca pushes him away playfully, and gets up off the couch.

                  HOWIE  
Where are you going?

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

                  HOWIE  
Right.

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

                  BECCA  
So...what, you're gonna pout now?

                  HOWIE  
Well Jesus, it's been eight months.

                  BECCA  
(beat)  
But who's keeping track?

                  HOWIE  
I am. I'm keeping track.  
(off her look)  
What? That makes me perverted?  
Wanting to have sex with my wife?

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

                  HOWIE  
I don't.

BECCA  
Then what's the problem?

HOWIE  
We're not gonna suddenly wake up  
one day and be ready.

BECCA  
I know that.

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

BECCA  
But you wanna have sex.

HOWIE  
Don't say it like that. You make  
me sound selfish.

BECCA  
You're trying to rope me into sex!

HOWIE  
I wasn't roping you into--

BECCA  
Al Green isn't roping?

HOWIE  
No.

BECCA  
Al Green?

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

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

They are silent. What to say to this? Howie just stares at her. Becca goes about cleaning up the wine glasses.

INT. HOWIE AND BECCA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Becca is alone in bed reading. She lowers her book when she hears something from downstairs. Then goes to investigate.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

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

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Becca peers down the long corridor that leads to the living room, where the voices are coming from. There she sees Howie, with the lights off, in his chair, watching a video of Danny on his phone.

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

                          HOWIE (on video)  
Faster?

                          DANNY (on video)  
                          (laughing)  
Yeah, faster!

                          BECCA (on video)  
                          (laughing)  
You're gonna make him sick, Howie.

The video is mostly a blur, with Danny's laughing face coming into focus for just a second. The dog continues to bark.

                          BECCA (on video)  
You're making the dog crazy.

                          HOWIE (on video)  
Taz quit it!

                          DANNY (on video)  
                          (laughing)  
Faster!

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

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S EXERCISE ROOM - MORNING

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

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

                          HOWIE  
                          (after a pause)  
If you're not gonna go to Group, I  
think you should see someone.  
                          (pause - no response)  
I know you're not into therapists--

                          BECCA  
Then why are you suggesting one?

HOWIE  
It can't hurt. Someone to talk to.  
I've got Dr. Yamin after all--

                  BECCA  
And he's worked wonders on you.

This comes out a bit more sarcastic than Becca intends. But instead of getting defensive, Howie actually smiles a little.

                  HOWIE  
Any plans for the day?

                  BECCA  
You're looking at 'em.

                  HOWIE  
(pause)  
Okay. See you tonight.

Becca never stops her workout. Howie heads upstairs.

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

Becca is at the window, still winded and sweaty from her exercise, watching as Howie pulls out of the driveway.

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

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

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

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

SAME - A LITTLE LATER

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

EXT. COMMUTER RAILROAD PARKING LOT - DAY

Becca parks her car, gets out, and heads to the station.

INT. TRAIN STATION - A MOMENT LATER

Becca grabs a newspaper and orders a coffee. This all feels so familiar to her.

INT. TRAIN STATION - AT THE TICKET BOOTH - A MOMENT LATER

Becca steps up to the window, and lights up at the sight of the **TICKET SELLER**.

BECCA  
Hello.

TICKET SELLER  
How ya doin'?

BECCA  
(gives him a big smile)  
It's Marty, right?

CONDUCTOR  
(vaguely)  
Yeah. Can I help you?

He obviously doesn't remember her. She smiles, disappointed.

BECCA  
Round trip to Grand Central please.

EXT. MIDTOWN - MANHATTAN - DAY

The sidewalks are teeming with New Yorkers, many of them dressed like Becca - professionals in suits, on lunch breaks.

Becca approaches Sotheby's on 72nd Street, and can't help beaming at the sight of it. Her old stomping ground.

INT. SOTHEBY'S LOBBY - DAY

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

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

The guard searches his computer for the name.

GUARD  
I don't have a Bader listed.

BECCA  
Oh. Well that's weird.

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

BECCA  
How about Kate Finn?

GUARD  
I have a Robert Finn in Dec. Arts?  
(Becca shakes her head)  
(MORE)

GUARD (cont'd)  
If you have an appointment, I can  
just call up there. Who are you?

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

He eyes her suspiciously now. He doesn't remember her.

GARY (O.S.)  
Becca?

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

BECCA  
Gary?

GARY  
Heeey. What are you doing here?

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

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

BECCA  
Kate?

GARY  
No, she left right after you did.  
Trey's still up there though.  
Remember Trey?

BECCA  
(she doesn't)  
Of course.  
(uncomfortable beat)  
Well, nice to see you're still  
doing the coffee runs at least.

GARY  
Oh, no, I don't usually-- My  
assistant's at the dentist, so...  
(trails off)  
I'm in Scott's old job actually.

Becca is clearly surprised, and a little confused.

BECCA  
Wow. Hey. Good for you.

GARY  
I know, right? It's crazy.

An attractive **YOUNG WOMAN** rushes to an elevator. The lobby seems to be filled with people younger and better dressed than Becca is. Being here suddenly feels like a big mistake. Becca fights the impulse to run for the exit.

GARY  
So how's the family?

BECCA  
You know what, Gary? I don't want to keep you, I know how crazy it gets up there.

GARY  
(chuckles)  
Yeah, that hasn't changed.

BECCA  
It was great to see you though.

GARY  
Yeah, you too.

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

EXT. COMMUTER RAILROAD PARKING LOT - DAY

Becca hurries from the train station, back to her car.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She gets in and starts the car. She is tired, sweaty and disappointed.

EXT. PARKING LOT / PARKING ATTENDANT BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Becca pulls up to the exit, and lowers her window. The **PARKING ATTENDANT** eyes her expectantly. Becca doesn't know why.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
I need the ticket.  
(off her blank look)  
You got a ticket when you came in.

BECCA  
Oh. I'm sorry, just a second.

Becca opens her wallet, but the ticket isn't there. She checks the dashboard, the glove compartment, around her seat, but no luck. Her breath quickens as she searches, more on edge now. She has to keep it together.



PARKING ATTENDANT  
Did you lose it?

BECCA  
(too firmly)  
No, I did not lose it!

She looks up at him and glares. Then...hands him the ticket. He takes it silently, coldly, and runs it through his computer.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Eight dollars.

She pays him, and waits for him to raise the gate-arm. When it finally goes up, she peels out of there.

EXT. COMMUTER RAILROAD PARKING LOT - DAY

Becca sits in her driver's seat. Thinking.

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

Becca is back in her spot, parked a safe distance from Jason's house. Eventually she sees the school bus pull up the hill. She slumps down in her seat so as not to be seen.

The bus pulls over. Becca peeks up over the steering wheel and watches as Jason gets off the bus. He adjusts his backpack as the bus pulls away. Same as last time.

But instead of heading inside, Jason walks toward Becca.

BECCA  
Shit.

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

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

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

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

EXT. LARCHMONT AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Becca trails him in the car, keeping a safe distance. When she sees where he's headed, she parks across the street.

INT. LARCHMONT PUBLIC LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

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

LIBRARIAN  
Well there are fines you know.

JASON  
No, I know.

LIBRARIAN  
The book's quite overdue. We've  
been sending out notices.

JASON  
Yeah, that's why I'm here.

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

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

When the coast is clear Becca approaches the front desk.

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

LIBRARIAN (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

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

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

Becca smiles at the librarian.

INT. LIBRARY CHILDREN'S SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Becca is heading for the exit with the books under her arm  
when something stops her. In the children's section, a **YOUNG  
MOM** is reading "The Runaway Bunny" to her **LITTLE GIRL**, 3.

YOUNG MOM  
"If you run away, said his mother,  
I will run after you. For you are  
my little bunny. If you run after  
me, said the little bunny, I will  
become a fish in a trout stream and  
I will swim away from you."

LITTLE GIRL  
He's in the water.

YOUNG MOM  
 Yes he is, but watch what the mommy  
 does. "If you become a fish in the  
 trout stream, I will become a  
 fisherman and I will fish for you."

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

BECCA  
 Oh gosh, I'm so sorry.

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

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

INT. MEETING HALL - COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

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

GABBY  
 Going stag tonight?

HOWIE  
 Uh, yeah.

Howie sips his coffee. Gabby obviously wants more info.

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

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

INT. BECCA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Becca's in the midst of a huge cake project. Pans are laid  
 out. Flour on the counter top. She's just finished mixing  
 the batter, when she grabs the phone and dials.

INT. NAT'S LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT PHONE CALL

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

NAT  
 Hello?

BECCA  
 Hey Mom, it's me.

NAT  
What's wrong?

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

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

BECCA  
(makes a face)  
I don't mind. It'll give me  
something to do.

NAT  
Well, okay, I'm sure she'll like  
whatever you make. We always do.

Becca pours the batter into the pans over the following.

NAT  
No group tonight?

BECCA  
Howie's there. It's too much God  
talk for me, so...  
(silence on the other end)  
What.

NAT  
Nothing. Just...some people find  
that comforting.

BECCA  
Yeah well, it pisses me off. "Hey  
look, I stepped in crap, it must be  
part of God's plan."

NAT  
Don't be like that. You know I  
found the church very helpful when  
your brother died.

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

NAT  
I didn't say he was. I just said  
it was helpful.

Nat glances over at a framed picture of Arthur - high school  
graduation, early-80's haircut, probably stoned.

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

BECCA  
(laughs)  
Okay mom. Let's not do this again.  
I was just calling about the cake--

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

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

NAT  
Alright, Becca. That's enough.

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

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

BECCA  
I'm sorry.

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

NAT  
You're gonna do the cake then?

BECCA  
Yeah.

NAT  
Okay, I'll see you tomorrow.

Nat hangs up abruptly. Becca is left holding the phone. She  
hangs up, and wipes her hands on her apron. Crap.

EXT. HOWIE AND BECCA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

It's raining. Howie runs down the driveway and hops into his  
car. Becca stands on the porch putting on a rain hat, calmly  
tying the ties under her chin, while Howie waits patiently.

When she's finally all set, she opens an umbrella, picks up a  
cake box, and walks to the car. She puts the cake in the  
back, then gets in on the passenger side.

As soon as she's in the car, she unties the rain hat and  
takes it off.

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

Classical music plays on the stereo. It's pouring outside.

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

HOWIE  
If you're not up to this--

BECCA  
It's just a party. I'll be fine.  
(re: the road)  
Watch the lanes, you're drifting.

Becca looks in the rearview mirror and sees Danny's booster seat in the back. She gets a little pang.

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

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

BECCA  
It's just weird.

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

HOWIE  
Do you think we should maybe...try  
again? Another baby?

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

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

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

HOWIE  
No. God, Becca--

BECCA  
You trying to get me pregnant?

HOWIE  
Of course not. I just...I thought  
we could talk about it.

(MORE)

HOWIE (cont'd)  
 I know it's scary, but it  
 might...get us back on track.  
 (silence)  
 What, we can't talk about it?

The rain is pounding. It's hard to see.

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

HOWIE  
 How were we on the topic?

BECCA  
 I've talked to a realtor--

HOWIE  
 What do you mean you talked to a  
 realtor? When did you--

BECCA  
 --and they could pull an open house  
 together pretty quickly. We'd  
 probably take a loss in this market  
 but--

HOWIE  
 Why would you talk to a realtor  
 without telling me?

BECCA  
 I'm telling you now.

Howie is confused and put out by this information.

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

HOWIE  
 We love that house.

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

HOWIE  
 I like seeing his fingerprints.

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

HOWIE  
I don't wanna move.

BECCA  
(ferocious)  
And I don't want a baby!

A car horn suddenly blares, crossing in front of them. Howie turns the steering wheel sharply. Sound of screeching brakes. The car goes hydroplaning across a couple lanes of traffic. It's terrifying. Cars swerve out of the way. Becca clutches the dashboard with her eyes closed.

Somehow Howie gets control of the car. It comes to a stop on the shoulder. It's quiet now except for the sound of a ticking signal and the rain pounding on the windshield.

HOWIE  
Are you okay?

Becca opens her eyes, and nods. She takes a deep breath. Then...she leans over into the back seat.

HOWIE  
What are you doing?

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

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

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

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

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

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

NAT  
That's not a curse though. That's just bad luck.

AUGGIE  
The plane crashes?



NAT

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

They laugh. Izzy bowls a gutter bowl. Several friends jeer.

IZZY

Doesn't count! I want a do-over!

NAT

Normal people don't fly around in  
their own planes. I don't know  
anyone with a plane, do you, Howie?

HOWIE

Well yeah I know one guy but--

NAT

Well you know someone. But an  
average person doesn't own an  
airplane.

REEMA

I think it's sad.

NAT

Of course it's sad. All those good-  
looking people falling out of the  
sky like that. It's a frickin'  
waste. But it isn't a curse. It's  
just rich people acting stupid.

BECCA

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

IZZY

She brought it herself. What was I  
supposed to do?

NAT

"Hey, look at me! I'm a Kennedy!  
I can catch a ball while flying  
down a mountain on skis!" Of  
course he died. Idiot. The  
arrogance of these people.

Reema bowls a strike. Friends cheer/bitch. Nat pours  
herself more wine. Becca and Izzy exchange looks.

NAT

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

BECCA

Let's do gifts.

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

IZZY  
Yay, gifts! You wrap so nice,  
Becca, it's a shame to rip it open.

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

HOWIE  
It's a bathroom set.

REEMA  
Look at the colors. So pretty.

BECCA  
It's more of a practical gift.

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

BECCA  
Of course not.

IZZY  
I'm kidding.

BECCA  
I didn't know what to get you.

IZZY  
Seriously, this is great.

AUGGIE  
Say thank you.

IZZY  
Thank you, Becca. Thanks, Howie.

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

NAT  
Okay, now me.

Nat hands a gift to Izzy, then leans over to Auggie...

NAT  
I don't know how I got on all that  
Kennedy stuff. What was I talking  
about before?

AUGGIE  
Aristotle Onassis.

NAT  
Right, well that makes sense. And  
what was I saying about him?

IZZY  
You were saying how he'd get really  
tipsy and never stop talking.

NAT  
(laughs)  
You bitch. I'm not tipsy.

Izzy unwraps maternity clothes. Much warmer response.

REEMA  
Awww...maternity tops.

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

IZZY  
They're sweet. Thank you, Mommy.

Izzy hugs her mom. Becca looks uncomfortable.

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

NAT  
I'll get her something else for the  
shower. What's the difference?

BECCA  
Nothing, I just would've gotten her  
something different had I known we  
were doing baby stuff.

NAT  
It's not baby stuff, it's mommy  
stuff. She's gonna need clothes.

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

BECCA  
Yeah, but you need baby stuff more.

HOWIE  
It's my fault, we can take it back.

BECCA  
 He's right, we should. I'll get  
 you a basket of Mustela lotions  
 instead. They prevent stretch  
 marks. Just let me...

Becca tries to take the gift back. They struggle over it.

IZZY  
 Becca, let go. I like the set. You  
 can get me the lotion another time.  
 (finally Becca lets go)  
 Thank you.

Silence. Becca is embarrassed. She turns to Reema, who has  
 a gift on her lap. Baby wrapping paper. This is awkward.

NAT  
 So can anyone use that stretch mark  
 lotion, or just pregnant ladies?

SAME - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

NAT  
 You know who was cursed? Rose  
 Kennedy. A hundred and four years  
 old, living through all that death.  
She's the one I feel sorry for.

Becca looks at her watch. People bowl. Howie turns to Nat.

HOWIE  
 Hey, how's Taz.

NAT  
 He's good. He's getting fat  
 though.

HOWIE  
 Really? What are you feeding him?

NAT  
 Just dog food. Whatever's on sale.

HOWIE  
 Oh. Because I wrote down what we  
 feed him on that print-out I gave  
 you. They have that special low-  
 fat Science Diet mix--

NAT  
 Yeah, that's so expensive though.  
 He likes what I've been giving him.

HOWIE  
Except it makes him fat.

Becca gives Howie a look. Drop it. Nat looks up suddenly...

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

BECCA  
(to Howie)  
You ready to go?

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

HOWIE  
(waves to Izzy)  
We're gonna take off.

NAT  
He needed a reason for losing his  
son. But it didn't come of course.  
And it killed him. The grief did.  
There was nothing to give him  
comfort, and so he died. You see?

Becca and Howie gather up their coats and things. Izzy comes  
over to say goodbye, but Nat keeps talking.

NAT  
It's like the Kennedy curse.  
People want things to make sense.

BECCA  
Why are you telling this story?

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

BECCA  
You never just talk.

Izzy, sensing the danger, tries to defuse the ticking bomb.

IZZY  
Thank you guys for coming. That  
cake was so good, Bec.

NAT  
 You forget what I went through with  
 your brother. You think I don't  
 know anything, Becca! But I do!

BECCA  
 Like who to blame?

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

IZZY  
 You guys, this is my party.

AUGGIE  
 (takes her hand)  
 Let em' go. That's not on you.

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

BECCA  
 Ohhh, comfort. Well then.

NAT  
 Where are you getting it?

BECCA  
 Comfort? I'm not.

NAT  
 Well I think you should.

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

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

Becca turns on her mother and lashes out...

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

Nothing but the sound of jukebox music and falling pins.

NAT  
 He was still my son.

Becca gathers up her things. Howie helps to usher her out.

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

IZZY  
I'm gonna.

Becca and Howie head out. No one else moves.

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

IZZY  
What about Mrs. Bailey?

NAT  
Nobody's talking about Mrs. Bailey!

Auggie can't help smiling. Reema tallies up the score-sheet.

INT. HOWIE'S CAR - GOING HOME - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Again, they drive in silence. After a couple beats.

BECCA  
Well that was fun.

But Howie doesn't respond. He just keeps driving.

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

Becca is at her mirror. She holds a blouse up to herself, considering. It's cheery. Classy but cheery.

Howie comes out of the bathroom, freshly showered. He notices Becca. He takes a moment and smiles curiously.

BECCA  
What.

HOWIE  
Nothing. The blouse.

BECCA  
You don't like it?

HOWIE  
You just haven't worn it in awhile.  
It's nice.

They both get dressed.

HOWIE  
Did you call the guy about the  
roof?

BECCA  
I couldn't find the number.

HOWIE  
It's in my phone.

He motions to the night-stand where his I-Phone sits. Becca moves to it.

Howie buttons up his shirt. Becca seems to be having some trouble with the phone.

BECCA  
What's his name?

HOWIE  
It's not under his name.

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

HOWIE  
It's under Roof Guy.

BECCA  
(a little chuckle)  
Roof Guy.

HOWIE  
Well what was I supposed to put it  
under. Here let me see it.

He takes the phone, and finds the number for her.

HOWIE  
Here it is.  
(hands phone back to her)

BECCA  
Thank you.

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

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

Becca is back in her spot, only this time she's leaning against her car, waiting nervously. She's wearing her cheery top.

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



Only the bus doesn't stop. It passes by her, and Jason's house. Becca is confused and disappointed. She's about to get back in her car when...

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

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

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

JASON  
I do.

BECCA  
Right. But not...?

JASON  
Not today, no. Today I skipped  
school.

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

A little nervous laugh from her. Lame.

JASON  
Why are you waiting for me?

BECCA  
Uhh...well, I thought we could  
maybe...talk?

JASON  
(beat)  
About what?

BECCA  
(pause)  
I don't know.

And she really doesn't. Jason isn't sure what to make of her.

EXT. PARK - A LITTLE LATER

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

BECCA  
Is this okay?

JASON  
Yeah. It's fine.

BECCA  
It's not too weird?

JASON  
Um, no. I mean...

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

Becca tries to smile. Now what?

BECCA  
So do you not like school?

JASON  
I like it alright.

BECCA  
Okay. I just thought, because you cut today--

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

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

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

BECCA  
I see.

JASON  
She said she'd confiscate my phone if I did it again.  
(beat)  
Not that I use the phone anyway.

Jason nervously picks at the wood of the bench.

BECCA  
Where are you headed?

JASON  
Connecticut College.

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

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

BECCA  
I bet.

JASON  
She keeps saying she's gonna apply  
to the grad program so she can keep  
an eye on me while I'm up there.  
(beat)  
She's just joking though.

Becca nods politely.

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

BECCA  
That'll be nice.

More silence. Jason looks over at the kids playing.

JASON  
(simply)  
So, I'm sorry.

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

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

BECCA  
Of course it does.

JASON  
And I know I should've gotten in  
touch--

BECCA  
No, that's fine.

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

BECCA  
(beat)  
I know.

Jason hasn't looked at her during this exchange.

JASON  
You know what? I should maybe go.

BECCA  
Oh. Alright.

JASON  
My mom's gonna wonder--

BECCA  
That's okay. You don't need to--

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

JASON  
Could we do this again though?

BECCA  
(beat)  
Sure.

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

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

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

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

GABBY  
Jesus Christ!

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

HOWIE  
Hey, Gabby.

GABBY  
I can't believe you saw that.

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

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

HOWIE  
Where's Kevin?

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

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

GABBY  
He's gotten me all upset. I mean,  
look at me. Smoking pot in the  
parking lot. I'm ridiculous.

HOWIE  
Do you have any more?

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

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becca sits in bed reading the Parallel Universe book, her  
brow furrowed. Something about it really intrigues her.

INT. MEETING HALL - COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

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

GRIEVING FATHER #2  
And I listen to these guys at work,  
and they go on and on about paving  
their driveways, or whatever, just  
the most stupid nonsense, and I  
think, they don't know. Their lives  
haven't been ripped apart yet.

GRIEVING MOTHER #2  
They're not in the club.

GRIEVING FATHER #2  
Exactly. Lucky them. They're not  
in the club.

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

GRIEVING FATHER #2  
And so they get to bitch about the  
Mets, like that means something.  
Meanwhile, I'm sitting there like,  
"Hey guys, my daughter died of  
leukemia. Not that you care."

Howie chuckles inappropriately. A few people turn to him.  
He clears his throat and stands.

HOWIE  
I'm sorry, I need some water.

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

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER PARKING LOT - END OF THE NIGHT

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

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

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

                  HOWIE  
 (beat)  
 I'd appreciate that.

They part ways, heading off to their respective cars. Gabby gives a little wave, and gets into her car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

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

INT. BEDROOM / STAIRWAY / HALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Becca is still reading when she hears Howie yelling.

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

                  HOWIE  
 What did you do to my phone?

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

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

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

HOWIE  
For chrissake!

BECCA  
You told me to call him.

HOWIE  
You deleted Danny's video.

BECCA  
(beat)  
No, I didn't. I just got number.  
You were right there, Howie.

HOWIE  
Yeah, and you kept pressing the  
screen.

BECCA  
Because I couldn't figure out your  
phone.

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

HOWIE  
I checked already. It's gone.

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

HOWIE  
That's not the point.

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

HOWIE  
Right, it's my fault.

BECCA  
(still searching)  
I didn't say it was your fault.

HOWIE  
I said it's gone!

He grabs phone and hurls it against a wall. It smashes.

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

HOWIE  
Are ya sure?

Becca stands staring at him, dumbstruck.

BECCA  
 What does that mean?  
 (no response)  
 You think I deleted Danny's video  
 on purpose?

HOWIE  
 I don't know.

BECCA  
 You don't know?

HOWIE  
 I should've copied it.

BECCA  
 Why would I deliberately delete  
 it?!

HOWIE  
 I don't know!

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

HOWIE  
 You're trying to get rid of him.  
 I'm sorry, but that's how it feels.  
 Every day, it's something else. It  
 feels like you're trying to get rid  
 of any evidence he was ever here.

BECCA  
 (beat - holds it together)  
 Really.

HOWIE  
 You took his paintings off the  
 fridge.

BECCA  
 Yes, to save them. The paintings  
 are downstairs. In a box. You can  
 look at them whenever you want.

HOWIE  
 His clothes.

BECCA  
 We didn't need all that stuff.

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

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

HOWIE  
 And he was a reminder.



BECCA  
Yes, he was, and I wanted one less  
reminder around here. So what?

HOWIE  
And since you never wanted the dog--

BECCA  
Oh for god sakes.

HOWIE  
Well if I hadn't bought the dog--

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

HOWIE  
I left the gate unlatched!

BECCA  
Well I didn't check it!  
(retreats a bit)  
I'm not playing this game again,  
Howie. It was no one's fault.

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

BECCA  
I know that.

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

BECCA  
Right, like I got rid of the video.

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

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

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

BECCA  
Do you really not know how  
impossible that would be? To erase  
him?

(MORE)

BECCA (cont'd)  
 No matter how many things I box up,  
 do you really think I don't see him  
 every second of every day?

Howie looks up at her.

BECCA  
 That video was an accident. And  
 believe me, I'll beat myself up  
 about it forever, I'm sure. Like  
 everything else that I could've  
 prevented but didn't.

HOWIE  
 That's not what I want, Bec.

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

HOWIE  
 Come on, that's not--

BECCA  
 But let me just say, Howie, just  
 because you're in a different place  
 with all this, doesn't mean it's a  
better place.

HOWIE  
 His stuff is all we have left.  
 That's all I'm saying.

BECCA  
 And you don't wanna let go of it.  
 I understand that.

HOWIE  
Do you?

She just stands there, unable to respond.

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

Howie heads for the door, then stops.

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

BECCA  
 Howie--

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

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

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. PARK - DAY

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

                  JASON  
 You really made these?

                  BECCA  
 I did.

                  JASON  
 They're good. Still warm.

                  BECCA  
 I'm glad you like them.

They're still pretty formal with each other.

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

                  JASON  
 Yeah?

                  BECCA  
 I don't really buy it. The whole  
 alternate reality thing.

                  JASON  
 You don't?

                  BECCA  
 No. Too weird. Was it for a  
 school project?

JASON  
No. It's research.

BECCA  
Oh. Research.

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

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

JASON  
It's a comic book.

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

BECCA  
What's it about?

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

BECCA  
Parallel universes?

JASON  
Yeah, but the scientist dies. So the son goes into the rabbit holes trying to find him. Well, not him, because he's dead, but another version of him.

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

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

BECCA  
Not at all. I'd love to read it.

JASON  
(gets uncomfortable)  
Oh. Well, it's actually, um, not finished yet. So...

BECCA  
(beat)  
Okay. That's fine.

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

JASON  
You can read it when I finish.

He takes another bite of his lemon square. Becca feels badly.

BECCA  
Look, I don't want this to be uncomfortable for you. If you don't want to meet, that's totally fine. It just felt like--

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

Silence. Becca doesn't know what to say.

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

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

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

Becca looks away. She doesn't want to embarrass herself.

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

Silence. Becca feels many things. But mostly she feels badly for him. Jason takes another bite of his lemon square.

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

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



GABBY  
 No, it's...this is generally how it goes, right? You've read the statistics. It changes you. It literally changes people. Part of me thinks it was inevitable.

The arcade is noisy. The air is suddenly charged and full of meaning. It feels dangerous. And this scares Howie. They skee-ball in silence for awhile. Then...

HOWIE  
 I love my wife.

GABBY  
 (pause)  
 Of course you do.

HOWIE  
 I love her very much.

GABBY  
 Okay.

HOWIE  
 This can't turn into anything.

GABBY  
 (beat)  
 I know.

They just stare at each other for a moment. Then Gabby smiles and goes back to the game. Howie is shaken, but he too goes back to the game.

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

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

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Becca barely responds. Why the sudden change in opinion?

BECCA

Okay.

She watches as Howie turns and heads upstairs.

INT. BECCA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Becca pulls a warm pie out of the oven. It looks perfect. Suddenly we hear a dog barking. Becca, startled nearly drops the pie. She sighs, annoyed, and moves it to the counter.

Through a window we see Taz in the yard, zipping along a dog-runner, barking happily.

HOWIE (O.C.)

The ol' apple pie trick, eh?

Becca turns to see that Howie has entered the kitchen.

BECCA

What?

HOWIE

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

BECCA

Oh. No, I was just making a pie.

Howie shrugs - wrong again. Becca tidies up.

HOWIE

You sure you don't wanna stay?

BECCA

God, no. You shouldn't either. Realtors can get persnickety.

HOWIE

Come on, I'm not gonna bother anyone. It'll be fine.

INT. FOYER - LATER THAT MORNING

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

HOWIE

So I thought we'd set the sign-in sheet here, and they could move into the living room.



REALTOR  
That's fine.

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

The realtor pauses slightly, barely masking her displeasure.

REALTOR  
Sure. However you want to do it.

Becca suppresses a smile.

EXT. PARK - A LITTLE LATER

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

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

She takes out her Blackberry, clicks on Address Book, and begins scrolling through names of friends. Who to call? Name after name passes by, with Becca occasionally pausing.

She finally stops on the name Debbie, and stares at the number. She really considers calling her. But then thinks better of it, and moves further down the list of names.

INT. IZZY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy, toothbrush in hand, has just finished a phone call. She hangs up her cell phone. Auggie pops his head in.

AUGGIE  
Who was that?

IZZY  
Becca. She wants to "hang out."

Auggie looks as confused as Izzy. She grabs one of her new hand towels (from Becca's bathroom set) and wipes her mouth. The newly decorated bathroom looks fantastic.

INT. UPSCALE NAIL SALON - DAY

Izzy and Becca sit side by side getting pedicures. Becca flips through a magazine. The **PEDICURISTS** work in silence.

IZZY  
This was a good idea.

BECCA  
Nice, right?

Becca glances over at Izzy's belly.

BECCA  
You're starting to show a little.

IZZY  
I know. I feel gynormous. I swear, as soon as this kid's born, I'm getting right back to the gym.

BECCA  
While Mom looks after the baby.

Becca smiles and goes back to her magazine. Izzy can't quite tell if she's just been insulted.

IZZY  
What does that mean? "While Mom looks after the baby."

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

IZZY  
Auggie can watch the baby. He works nights, so he'll be home.

BECCA  
Okay. Auggie, then.

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

IZZY  
Why did you invite me out, Becca?

BECCA  
What do you mean? I enjoy spending time with you.

IZZY  
No you don't.

BECCA  
Izzy--

IZZY  
You don't. And okay, I guess you're lonely or whatever--

BECCA  
I'm not lonely.

IZZY  
 --but if you're gonna be mean to me, then I might as well stay home.

BECCA  
 What'd I say? Mom loves to baby-sit. How is that mean?

The pedicurists exchange a look.

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

BECCA  
 That is not what I think.

IZZY  
 I know I've been a screw-up, but people get their shit together. And maybe I'm not as organized as you are, or homey, or whatever--

BECCA  
 Nobody's comparing us.

IZZY  
 Really? Because that'd be a first.

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

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

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

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

BECCA  
 (beat)  
 You'd be surprised.

Silence. They stare at each other.

IZZY  
 I just wanna feel like you have a little faith in me, because I'm up to it.

BECCA  
 Great. I hope you are.

Becca goes back to reading. Izzy shrugs, why bother?

INT. HOWIE AND BECCA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Howie stands expectantly with a clipboard as a **SUBURBAN HUSBAND** and **WIFE** with a four year old **SON** come in from the back yard with the realtor. The tour is going very well.

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

HUSBAND  
(to his wife)  
And the light in here.

WIFE  
I know, it's beautiful.

This is much harder than Howie anticipated. A bit of panic seems to kick in.

REALTOR  
Why don't we take a look upstairs?

HOWIE  
I can show 'em up. You guys wanna follow me?

He takes over, leading them upstairs. The realtor is miffed.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Howie is leading the family past the doorway...

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

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

WIFE  
What's in here?

HOWIE  
Oh, that's, uh--

The family has entered the room. Howie follows them in.

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

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

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

                          HOWIE  
Oo, careful with that.

                          WIFE  
That's not yours, honey.

The boy reluctantly puts the toy down.

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

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

They look confused. This is suddenly very awkward.

                          HOWIE  
Yeah, a car. Right out front.

                          WIFE  
Oh my god.

                          HUSBAND  
I'm so sorry.

                          WIFE  
This must be so hard for you.

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

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

SMASH CUT TO FOYER - A MOMENT LATER

The family makes a quick exit, hurrying by the realtor as politely as they can.

                          WIFE  
Thanks so much.

And they're gone. The realtor glares at Howie as he comes strolling down the stairs, oblivious.

REALTOR  
Please don't do that again.

Howie plays dumb, shrugs, "What I say?"

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

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

BECCA  
You don't mind this?

IZZY  
Nope.

BECCA  
I just need to grab a couple  
things, and then we'll do lunch.

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

They turn a corner, and Izzy stiffens. She's spotted someone over by the deli counter. She looks to Becca, who hasn't noticed.

IZZY  
I'm gonna wander.

But Becca is too busy reading the ingredients on a can of soup to notice Izzy slip away.

INT. DELI SECTION - A MOMENT LATER

Becca's friend **DEBBIE** is picking up some Lunchables for the kids when Izzy approaches.

IZZY  
Debbie?

Debbie turns and smiles a bit, obviously not recognizing her.

IZZY  
It's Izzy. Becca's sister.

And Debbie goes a little pale.

DEBBIE  
Izzy, hi. How are you?

IZZY  
Great. How 'bout you?

DEBBIE  
Good.

IZZY  
(overly pleasant)  
Yeah? Your fingers are alright?

DEBBIE  
(beat - confused)  
My fingers?

IZZY  
Yeah, we all thought maybe they  
were broken. Since you haven't  
picked up the phone to call Becca.

Debbie doesn't know how to respond, she's so taken aback.

IZZY  
I'm just kidding.

DEBBIE  
(a nervous little laugh)  
Oh.

IZZY  
She's here though if you wanna end  
the stand-off. Aisle six, I think.

Debbie looks around. Now she's really on edge.

DEBBIE  
She's here? Oh God, I know I  
should...but...I'm already late  
picking up the kids--

IZZY  
Yeah, I thought you might be.

She glares at Debbie, who can barely look at her.

IZZY  
You know accidents aren't  
contagious, right?

Izzy actually manages to make Debbie feel even worse than she  
already did.

INT. ANOTHER AISLE - A MOMENT LATER

Izzy comes up behind Becca and pops something in the cart.  
Becca eyes it, suspicious.

IZZY  
Pimento loaf. I had a craving.

Becca, oged out by it, makes a face. Izzy looks like  
something's wrong.

BECCA  
What's the matter?

IZZY  
 (beat)  
 Nothing. I just got a little wave  
 of morning sickness. Or whatever.  
 Not morning, obviously, but...

BECCA  
 You okay?

IZZY  
 Yeah.

Izzy smiles. When Becca moves on, Izzy glances back and sees Debbie's abandoned shopping cart. She's obviously fled.

ANOTHER AISLE - A MOMENT LATER

Becca turns the cart into the next aisle. She peruses the baking supplies. Down the far end of the aisle she spots a **MOTHER** shopping with her **RED-HAIRED BOY** in the cart. He's about five, and really not happy.

RED-HAIRED BOY  
 But I want them! I want them!

MOTHER  
 I wish I could help you.

RED-HAIRED BOY  
 They're strawberry! I want them!

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

RED-HAIRED BOY  
 Pleeeeease! I want them bad!  
 (no response)  
 Froooooot roll-ups! I said Please!

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

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

IZZY  
 Becca?

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

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



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

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

BECCA  
Come on, they're made with fruit.  
Why not give him a treat?

MOTHER  
It's not about giving him a treat  
or not, it's the principle. Are  
you a mom?

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

BECCA  
No. No, I'm not a mom.

MOTHER  
I didn't think so.  
(moves her cart)  
Excuse me...

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

Then the boy suddenly bursts into tears.

IZZY  
Go to the car, Becca.

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

IZZY  
I said go to the car.

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

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

Izzy is loading the groceries into the back. Becca sits in the driver's seat, still shaken. Izzy slams the back closed, and gets in the car.

BECCA  
Is she going to press charges?

IZZY  
No. I explained it all.

Becca looks to her...

BECCA  
She was ignoring him.

IZZY  
I know. And if you ever see me  
doing that to my kid, you can slap  
me too.

Becca can't help smiling. She starts the car.

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

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

Becca unpacks the groceries over the following...

HOWIE  
So? Fun day out?

Becca tosses Izzy a warning glance.

BECCA  
How'd it go here?

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

BECCA  
(pause)  
Okay.

HOWIE  
I thought we could turn it into a  
guest room or something.  
(to Izzy)  
Don't get any ideas.

IZZY  
Ha-ha-ha...

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

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

IZZY  
Jesus...

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

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

HOWIE  
 Taz! Shut up!

Taz stops barking. They all stare at Jason.

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

HOWIE  
 You looking to buy a house?

JASON  
 No.

BECCA  
 Howie--

HOWIE  
 What? He said he saw the sign.

JASON  
 You know who I am, right?

HOWIE  
 Yeah, we know who you are.

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

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

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

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

BECCA  
 Thank you.

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

HOWIE  
What...what is this?

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

                  HOWIE  
You decided to meet.

                  BECCA  
Yeah. A couple times.

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

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

                  HOWIE  
Did you meet here?

                  BECCA  
No, we met in the park.

                  HOWIE  
You met in the park a couple times.

                  BECCA  
Yeah.

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

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

                  JASON  
I guess.

                  HOWIE  
Okay, you apologize, and then what?

                  BECCA  
Alright, Howie, that's enough.

                  HOWIE  
What is that?

                  JASON  
A comic book.

                  HOWIE  
A comic book.

Izzy looks to her sister like, what the hell?

                  HOWIE  
Did she tell you to bring it here?

                  BECCA  
Howie--

                  JASON  
No, she didn't.

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

                  JASON  
I'm sorry.

                  HOWIE  
We live here, okay? This is our  
home.

                  BECCA  
All right, Howie.

                  HOWIE  
You don't just walk into someone's  
home like that. You should show a  
little respect.

Jason looks to Becca, then makes a quick exit.

They're all silent for a couple beats.

                  BECCA  
(quietly)  
You're an asshole.

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

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Becca catches up to Jason.

                  BECCA  
Wait a minute.

Jason turns, clearly thrown by the encounter.

                  BECCA  
I should've told him. I'm sorry.

                  JASON  
He was so mad.

BECCA  
Not at you. He's upset with me.  
You just scared him a little.

JASON  
He didn't seem scared.

BECCA  
Yeah well...

They stand in the driveway staring at each other. Jason glances over at the Open House sign.

JASON  
You didn't mention you were moving.

BECCA  
(beat)  
Yeah.  
(holds out comic book)  
You want this back?

JASON  
No. I want to know what you think  
of it.

A moment between them. He turns and hurries down the block away from her. She watches him go.

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Becca is rolling out a pie crust when Howie enters in his robe and slippers. He watches her in silence for a moment.

HOWIE  
Why didn't you tell me?

BECCA  
The same reason you don't tell me  
why you come home reeking of pot.

Howie doesn't even blink. He just stands there, defeated. Then he turns and shuffles back out of the kitchen. She rolls out the dough, more aggressively.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - A COUPLE WEEKS LATER

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

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

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

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

She moves to the closet and grabs a couple toys, accidentally flipping the switch to an obnoxiously loud flashing toy.

BECCA  
 What the hell?

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

BECCA  
 Izzy gave him that. Only people  
 without children give these kinds  
 of gifts.

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

NAT  
 Have you heard from Debbie yet?

BECCA  
 Nope.

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

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

BECCA  
 You can say his name.

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

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

NAT  
 (beat)  
 Okay.

A moment passes between them. Over the following, they strip the bed of the robot blankets and sheets together...

BECCA  
(begrudgingly)  
So how is it worse?

NAT  
You remember Maureen Bailey?

BECCA  
Yeah.

NAT  
I couldn't get rid of her after  
your brother passed away. Always  
at the house. Always checking in  
on me. Eatin' up the cinnamon buns  
Uncle Jimmy brought me.

BECCA  
I remember.

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

BECCA  
What'd she say?

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

BECCA  
You did not say that.

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

(beat)  
So I never saw her again obviously.

Nat shrugs. She gets a genuine chuckle out of Becca. They  
toss the linens into a laundry bag.

INT. FOYER / STAIRWAY - LATER

Howie comes in from a game of squash. He's got his gym bag  
and racket. We hear Nat jabbering away upstairs.



NAT (O.S.)  
 And remember I put the chocolates out, and Danny ate the entire bowl when no one was looking? And I thought it was so funny? But then Howie was like, "Those weren't candy! They were chocolate-covered espresso beans!"

We stay on Howie as he moves up the stairs.

NAT (O.S.)  
 But Danny had eaten the whole bowl, so he was really wired. And running in circles, and putting things on his head!

BECCA (O.S.)  
 He was up to three that night.

At the top of the landing, Howie sees that Danny's bedroom door is open. He approaches...

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NAT  
 I didn't know what the damn things were. You get me these fancy gift baskets with all this crazy stuff--

They turn to see Howie standing in the doorway. He takes in the room. It's pretty much empty. The bed's been stripped. The rug is gone. The walls are bare. This is hard.

BECCA  
 Hey.

HOWIE  
 How's it goin'?

BECCA  
 Fine.

HOWIE  
 Good.  
 (beat)  
 Made quick work of it, I see.

BECCA  
 We did okay.

He looks over to a couple crates of toys.

BECCA  
 We saved a few things. I thought we could just keep them in the basement for now.

HOWIE  
 Sounds like a plan.  
                   (pause)  
 I'm gonna take Taz for a walk. You  
 need anything?

                  BECCA  
 I don't think so.

                  HOWIE  
 Okay.  
                   (to Nat)  
 Thanks for helping out, Nat.

                  NAT  
 Sure.

Howie turns and goes. Becca and Nat share a look.

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

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

                  HOWIE  
 Easy...

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

                  HOWIE  
 Stop pulling, Taz.

They turn a corner, and a squirrel scurries over a fence. Taz leaps at the fence, barking ferociously.

                  HOWIE  
 I said, stop it!

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

                  HOWIE  
 I'm sorry, puppy. I'm sorry. Are  
 you alright?

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

INT. BASEMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

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

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

BECCA  
Does it ever go away?

NAT  
What.

BECCA  
This feeling.

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

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

BECCA  
How?

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

BECCA  
What.

NAT  
Fine...actually.

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

INT. HOWIE AND BECCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

We see a panel - the boy in the story is running from an army of armor-clad knights. He passes through a portal, and in the next panel he's falling through another rabbit hole. He lands on a suburban block. The thought-bubble over the boy's head reads, "There's my house! I'm back home!"

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

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

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

                  HOWIE  
How is it?

                  BECCA  
It's good.

She keeps reading. Howie tries to return to his book.

                  HOWIE  
Are you gonna see him again?

                  BECCA  
Yes, I think I am.

Howie simmers, but knows not to say anything about it.

Becca stares down at the final image in the comic book: the parents embracing the happy boy.

INT. HOWIE'S OFFICE - MANHATTAN - DAY

Howie is trying to work, but he's very distracted. Rick pops his head in.

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

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

RICK  
 Right.  
 (beat)  
 You can't skip one night? They're  
 behind home plate.

HOWIE  
 Another time.

RICK  
 If there is one.

Rick takes off. Howie is nervous about something. Finally, he reaches for the phone and dials a number.

INT. GABBY'S KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Gabby runs in from her swimming pool, in a dripping wet bathing suit. She answers the phone.

GABBY  
 Hello?

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

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

Gabby is obviously taken aback. She towels herself.

GABBY  
 Hi, Howie.

HOWIE  
 Hi. Are you home?

GABBY  
 (re: phone in her hand)  
 Uh...yeah.

HOWIE  
 I mean, are you going to be home?  
 Tonight? If...If I pop by?

GABBY  
 (pause)  
 Yeah, I can be here.

HOWIE  
 Okay. Then, um, I'm gonna...I'm  
 gonna do that then.

Gabby's teeth are chattering from the cold.

GABBY  
 Do you have the address?

HOWIE  
 No, let me just grab a pen.

He scrambles, knocking over a cup of pens. He winces. "What the hell am I doing?" Then he picks up the phone again.

                                  HOWIE  
 Okay, I'm ready.

The pen is poised waiting to take down the number.

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

Howie is preparing Taz's dog dish for dinner. He looks at the clock, obviously nervous and a bit freaked out. He adds a cup of dry dog food to Taz's bowl. Then stops and considers it.

                                  HOWIE  
 Fuck it.

He adds two more heaping cups of dog food to the bowl and heads out to the yard.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

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

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

                                  HOWIE  
 Hey.

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

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

                                  BECCA  
 No.

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

                                  HOWIE  
 I'm just gonna hop in the shower.

                                  BECCA  
 Okay.

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

EXT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S DRIVEWAY - DUSK

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

INT. LIVING ROOM / FOYER - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO CARS

As they drive down various suburban roads. Becca and Howie are both nervous, and eager to get where they're going.

Becca places the comic book up on the dashboard.

Howie checks his teeth in the rearview mirror.

Becca takes out her cell phone and dials a number.

EXT. GABBY'S HOUSE - DUSK

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

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

INT. BECCA'S CAR - DUSK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INTERCUT WITH BECCA IN CAR

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

And suddenly, as the limo doors are closed, and it's about to drive off, something huge and uncontrollable opens up inside of Becca, and she begins to cry. A lot. She clutches the steering wheel and pretty much loses it.

INT. LIMO - SIMULTANEOUS

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

And he has a memory - the only flashback in the film...

EXT. BECCA'S FRONT LAWN - DAY - FLASHBACK

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

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

BACK TO THE LIMO

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

INT. BECCA'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER

Becca is alone now. The street is empty again. She finally lets go of the steering wheel. Her crying is pretty much over. And she reaches for a Kleenex. But she doesn't start the car. She just sits there.

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

And Howie sits in his car as well, also not moving. He's been here for awhile, the motor idling.



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

About half-way, Howie stops, and stands there. He can't take another step. From a nearby tree hangs a decrepit tire-swing. It obviously hasn't been used in years. Several moments pass as Howie takes it in.

Finally the front door opens, and Gabby appears, looking out at him.

GABBY  
Did you find the house okay?

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

GABBY  
Howie?

Is he going to go through with this? He takes a step back.

GABBY  
Are you okay?

HOWIE  
I'm, uh... I'm not...gonna go back to group. And I just...I thought you should know that. I don't find it as helpful anymore.

They both know this is not what he came here to do.

HOWIE  
(barely a whisper)  
I'm sorry.

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

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

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

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

EXT. HOWIE AND BECCA'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Howie pretty much jumps out of the car and runs for the front door, but something stops him. He turns back. In the backseat is Danny's car-seat. He considers it. Then...

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

INT. BECCA AND HOWIE'S FOYER - NIGHT

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

INT. KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

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

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

HOWIE

Becca?

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

INT. STAIRWAY / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

HOWIE

Becca...?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He ducks his head in. No one there.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

INT. BECCA'S CAR - NIGHT

It's actually very early in the morning. Becca is asleep in her car - pretty much where we left her.

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

Jesus. BECCA

Sorry. JASON

What time is it? BECCA

Almost five? JASON

And you're just getting home? BECCA

(pause)  
Did you wanna talk? JASON

I should get back. I can't believe  
I fell asleep. BECCA

I'd like to talk. JASON

Becca considers it. Of course she'd like to talk too.

EXT. PARK - DAWN

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

So how was it? BECCA

It was okay. JASON

Well you look nice. BECCA

Thank you. JASON

Was that your girlfriend? BECCA

Just a friend. JASON

She's pretty. BECCA

Jason looks to "Rabbit Hole" which sits on the bench between them.

BECCA  
I left you a couple messages.

JASON  
Sorry. My mom found out I was cutting school so...

BECCA  
She confiscated the phone.

Becca smiles, and picks up the comic book.

BECCA  
Well, I liked it very much.

JASON  
Thanks.

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

JASON  
Not really.

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

JASON  
I should read it.

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

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

JASON  
(beat)  
No.

BECCA  
I mean, is it based on him?

JASON  
No. My dad was an English teacher.

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

JASON  
It's just a story.

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

JASON  
Reading into it?

BECCA  
Yeah.

They sit there. A jogger runs by in silence.

BECCA  
Do you think they're real?

JASON  
Parallel universes?

BECCA  
Yeah. Other versions of us,  
leading different lives.

JASON  
You think it's fake.

BECCA  
But what do you think?

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

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

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

JASON  
Sure.

BECCA  
Or at a water park.

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

BECCA  
So this is just the sad version of  
us.

JASON  
(beat)  
I guess.

BECCA  
But there are other versions where  
everything goes our way.

JASON  
Assuming you believe in science.

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

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

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - MORNING

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

We hear the clink of mugs being taken from a cabinet, and  
coffee being made. Morning sounds. It's so strikingly  
normal that Howie wonders for a moment if he isn't imagining  
it. And when he realizes he isn't, a wave of relief washes  
over him.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

BECCA  
I picked up some Danish if you're  
interested.

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

HOWIE  
I thought maybe you had left.

BECCA  
(beat)  
What do you mean?

He can't even say it. But she sees the fear in his eyes, and she feels badly for him.

BECCA  
No. I didn't leave.

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

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

Howie looks up at her, totally perplexed.

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

HOWIE  
So a cookout then.

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

HOWIE  
Right. Okay.

Howie stares into his coffee mug.

HOWIE  
Danny's is coming up.

BECCA  
I know.

HOWIE  
That's gonna be a tough one.

BECCA  
Yeah.

Howie looks up at her.

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

BECCA  
We don't blame him.

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

BECCA  
I guess so.

HOWIE  
(beat)  
That's good.

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

HOWIE  
I don't.

BECCA  
Okay.

They pick at the Danish.

HOWIE  
It's so quiet.

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

HOWIE  
(smiles)  
You're funny.

BECCA  
You think I'm joking.

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

Becca faces him - down to business now.

BECCA  
So what are we gonna do?

HOWIE  
About what?

BECCA  
I don't know, pick something.

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



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

HOWIE  
 Then we wrap it.

BECCA  
 Uh-huh.

HOWIE  
 And then we have the cookout...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SAME - THAT NIGHT

Everyone's gone. Howie and Becca are sitting at the table out on their deck, both looking off, thinking.

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

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

                  BECCA (V.O.)  
And then what?

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

                  BECCA (V.O.)  
Will we?

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

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

She reaches across the table, and takes his hand for the first time in a very long time.

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

And we...

FADE OUT.

**THE END**