

THE UNTITLED "ISABEL" SCRIPT

by

Howard Busgang and Tom Nursall

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FADE IN:

OUTER SPACE - THE COSMOS - NOW

We're ZOOMING past filaments of glowing interstellar gas clouds that lead us to clusters of galaxies, then closer so we can see individual galaxies then the milky way, our solar system, Earth... through a cloud layer... we see a mid-size town... houses on streets... nothing fancy. Some trees get in the way and as we push through we find ourselves comfortably in the backyard of a modest house... and over next to a faded wooden fence... perched on a rickety chair staring at flowers on the other side of the fence is...

ISABEL, 12.

She's a chubby girl with a curly lump of red hair atop her head. She's a dumpling that grew legs. You smile when you see her. Her eyes have a twinkle. There's something about her that will tickle your soul.

Her eyes, wide and brown and... we're so close we see a reflection of the flower she's looking at...

ISABEL'S POV - THE FLOWER

TIME SLOWS. We're in Isabel's head now as she observes the flower... in glorious HD detail... the luscious, velvety, flower petals intense in color... and a BEE hovers into view... its wings beating slowly... every hair on its yellow-black body seen clearly... an apiologist's dream... grains of pollen cling to its rear legs... the BBC couldn't film anything this good. This makes Blue Planet look like Sasquatch footage.

BACK TO SCENE - SECOND FLOOR WINDOW

Isabel's pimply brother, ERIC, 14. He's on the phone but he casts a wary eye at Isabel...

ERIC

Viv, for two years you've passed me
in the hall without so much as a
look, so what's different? Are you
suddenly attracted to acne?

ON ISABEL

Slowly reaches over the top of the fence for the flower, her stubby fingers wriggling so close.

ON ERIC

Half-watching Isabel...

ERIC
 (on phone)
 ...not that I have self esteem
 issues, because for someone with so
 little going on, I feel better
 about myself than I deserve to....

Isabel freezes for a second then keels over, falls off the
 chair and thumps onto a thankfully thick lawn. Unconscious.

ERIC
 (into phone)
 Hold on...
 (yells)
 Ma, Isabel's out again!
 (back on phone, casual)
 So, Viv, you were saying you wanted
 to hook up sometime?

INT. LORENZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Isabel's mother, FRANCES, 31, helps Isabel wobble through the
 door to a seat at the table. Sitting on a counter, lazily
 painting her toe nails is KAREN, 15.

FRANCES
 You can relax, Karen, your sister
 didn't crack her skull open and
 suffer a brain concussion.

KAREN
 (doesn't care)
 Hmm. Good.

ISABEL
 (woozy)
 Look, Karen, I got Granddad a
 flower.

She holds it up for Karen to see.

KAREN
 (to her toes)
 I'm really not into flowers. And I
 certainly don't have a mental
 problem that makes me faint over
 them.

FRANCES

Your sister doesn't have a mental problem. She has low blood sugar.

(to Isabel)

I'll get you some toast and jam. You'll feel better.

KAREN

Yeah, like toast and jam will fix her.

FRANCES

Could you try to be easier to get along with, Karen? This is a tough time for me.

ISABEL

Hey, Mom, I had another dream about Grandpa. He said to say, "hi."

KAREN

(sarcastic)

That's it? The man's in a coma for six months and all he says is "hi"?

FRANCES

It's something, Karen. And right now, I could use something.

Frances wipes a tear.

KAREN

Well, I've already said goodbye to him so I'm not going to be there tomorrow when you pull the plug.

FRANCES

First of all, I don't like you saying, "pulling the plug," it's insensitive. And second of all, how exactly did you say goodbye?

KAREN

Over a frozen yogurt. I had a moment of silence.

FRANCES

Having a moment of silence over a frozen yogurt isn't saying goodbye. It's eating yogurt slowly.

ISABEL

Don't get upset, Mom. Karen's at the stage where she judges her self-value by the attention she gets. Right, Karen?

KAREN

Don't analyze me! Just because you see a psychiatrist doesn't make you a psychiatrist.

FRANCES

She sees a psychiatrist only because the school suggested it. It's a formality.

KAREN

Well, when you announce to your class you can smell letters they think you're nuts.

ISABEL

It's numbers I can smell.

FRANCES

(changing subject)
Eat your toast.

Eric rushes in and slides to a stop in his stocking feet.

ERIC

Isabel. This is important. I need to be proactive about my zits. Can you see where any might be coming through?

Isabel looks at him for a second.

ISABEL'S POV: ERIC'S SKIN.

The pores are the size of pie pans.

BACK TO SCENE.

Isabel signals to Eric by pointing to two places on her cheek.

ERIC

(damn it)
Really?

Eric runs off. Karen rolls her eyes.

KAREN

Please tell me I was adopted.

Karen exits. Frances takes a seat across from Isabel and pours herself a glass of wine. Isabel chomps on her toast like she's going to the electric chair.

FRANCES

(hoping)

So, Isabel, did Grandpa say anything else in the dream?

Isabel nods. Frances raises an eyebrow as if to say, "Yes?"

ISABEL

He asked about his snack truck.

FRANCES

His stupid broken down truck?
That's what he asked about?

Frances gulps the wine.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ BODY AND PAINT SHOP - DAY

INSERT: A PHOTO of a plain-looking, rusting, white panel truck with home made lettering: "Joe's Snacks and Sandwiches."

The Photo lowers to reveal we are on a crowded lot with cars in various states of repair. The MAN looking at the photo is dressed in what might be called Jimmy Buffet casual. This is LOUIS (Loo-ee) LORENZ, 36.

He's waiting pensively for something. He checks the photo again -- unimpressed. He looks up and his eyes open in awe.

The refurbished, freshly-painted and now bright, red snack truck rolls into view.

It has a terrific paint job with a Caribbean theme. Flames dancing around happy tequila burgers and jerk-chicken-kebabs, etc. "LOUIS' ROLLING GOOD TIME EATERY." Louis is delighted.

A MAN, 20s, jumps out of the truck.

JOSE

Well?

LOUIS

(in awe)

It's beautiful... beautiful.

Louis runs his hands over the paint work and decals.

LOUIS
I love it. I absolutely love it.
But I can't bring it home just yet.

JOSE
I don't really have the room,
Louis. Kinda crowded here and this
thing is big.

LOUIS
(in confidence)
The situation is this. It used to
be my wife's father's truck. But
he's about to pass into the great
unknown.

JOSE
Sorry, man, that must be tough.

Jose crosses himself.

LOUIS
Not really. I never got along with
him, but he'll have to answer to
God now...
(blurts)
Jesus, you chromed the wheels?!

JOSE
And the exhaust.

LOUIS
And the exhaust?! I would love to
start with this thing tomorrow but
I should wait until Joe passes or
my wife is going to think I'm
rushing things along.

JOSE
Okay, but if I need the room, I'm
gonna have to move it.

LOUIS
Thanks, Jose. You're an artist.

Louis backs up to his car, stares longingly at the snack
truck, gets in and drives off.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Karen is sitting with some GIRLFRIENDS at a picnic table.

KAREN

I told my mom that I said goodbye to my Granddad. And she's like, I have to make a show of it and go to the hospital. But I'm basically a more private person spiritually than that and, sorry, I am not apologizing for how I am.

ASHLYN

Your mom can't force you to go. It's probably illegal or something.

KAITLYN

I mean, forcing you to watch someone die is just so crass.

TRISHA

And dead bodies smell, 'cause the gases come out, so, really, forcing you to be there is really abusive. You could sue.

Karen stares at her friends. They look at her. Karen initiates a group hug. Beat. They break off.

KAREN

Thank you so much. You are more family than my family. You so get me. I love you all.

Karen walks off. The girls watch her sadly... they wave.

ASHLYN

Honestly? She's a little depressing.

Nods of agreement.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Eric and a few of his like-minded BUDDIES have gathered near some school vending machines. They're not nerds, but being junior students their status isn't yet cemented.

STEVE

You don't get it. None of us have girlfriends. So if Vivian Presher wants to go to the morgue with you and cut up cadavers, you're going.

TIM

I think he's making it up. I call bullshit.

ERIC

I swear to god, she contacted me. I posted about my Grandpa and how they have to, y'know, unhook him from the machines and she suddenly wanted to be friended and asked if she could come out and watch.

STEVE

You're so lucky!

ERIC

I think she has a death fetish.

TIM

She's beautiful and crazy. That's a good combo.

ERIC

I'm not sure how I feel about it.

STEVE

Dude, you are so doing it.

TIM

You're doing it, right?

ERIC

I have to get my mom's okay.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hi, Eric.

The boys turn to see VIVIAN. She is very good looking but has a little of a brooding quality to her. Not Goth but she does like dark colors. The boys are in awe.

ERIC

(weakly)

Vivian.

VIVIAN

Did you check things out?

She moves close to Eric. About a breast length away.

ERIC

Not exactly.

She kisses her fingers and lays them on Eric's lips.

VIVIAN

I hope you do.

She walks away. The boys breathe again.

TIM

If this doesn't happen, Eric, I'm gonna find some dying relatives of my own.

EXT. GRAND TETON INSURANCE COMPANY - DAY

Louis parks out front. He gets out, takes a deep breath then walks inside.

INT. GRAND TETON INSURANCE COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

Louis waits at an elevator. A suited CO-WORKER steps up beside him and studies his casual attire.

CO-WORKER

Louis? You on holiday?

LOUIS

A holiday from dreariness. I'm quitting. Gonna run my own food business. I'm telling the boss man to kiss my ass today.

CO-WORKER

Cool. Can I watch?

They enter the elevator.

INT. GRAND TETON INSURANCE COMPANY - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Louis and the co-worker exit the elevator.

The co-worker follows using his phone to video everything. Louis waves at CO-WORKERS with an exaggerated wave that makes them sense something is going on.

Louis walks to a larger corner office with glass partitions. Inside is a Brooks Brothers suit currently occupied by the CEO of the company. Louis raps on the door and enters.

LOUIS

Good Morning, Harry. No... that doesn't fit my mood... let me say, great morning, Harry... or, even better... excellent morning! Yes, excellent morning to you, Harry.

HARRY, 60, looks up from his desk.

HARRY

What's with the sandals?

LOUIS

Because I feel like it, Harry. My feet feel like it. My entrepreneurial soul feels like it. I'm quitting, Harry. And there's nothing you can do about it. Find another lackey to carry your water.

Beat.

HARRY

(sighs)

You're not a lackey, Louis, you're an insurance salesman. You're good at it. You might not want to hear that but you are.

LOUIS

Don't try and talk me out of it. I'm checking out, Harry, I'm following my passion. I'm going into the food service industry.

HARRY

Suddenly your passion is food? Louis, I've seen you eat candy bars out of the garbage.

LOUIS

You're jealous because I'm going to be my own boss. So screw you and the whole company.

Louis needs some drama so he knocks a plant off of a credenza breaking it.

HARRY

My daughter gave me that.

Louis takes a twenty from his wallet and slaps it on the desk.

LOUIS

Hasta la visa.

HARRY

It's vista, Louis. Hasta la vista.

LOUIS
Whatever. I quit.

Louis marches out of Harry's office and as he heads back to the elevators, he makes victory signs and clasps his hands above his head.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Frances sits in a chair watching her DAD, 60. She takes a small bottle of wine from her purse and pours it into a cup. She takes a gulp. Machines monitor a very faint heartbeat. A brain monitor shows little activity if any. Flowers and cards adorn the side table.

FRANCES
(softly)
So... tomorrow you go off to join Mom in the great hereafter. I bet she's not looking forward to that. Nope. Well what'dya expect when you're a grouch your whole life.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Isabel smiles sweetly as she sits on a large leather chair that gives the impression she's sitting on a throne.

Sitting in a comfy chair near a bay window is her PSYCHIATRIST, DR. DAVID ZUCCO, 38. He wears small round-framed glasses and is proud of his all-leather brogues he unconsciously wags.

DR. ZUCCO
Isabel, are you sure that your Grandpa's situation isn't causing you any worry?

ISABEL
If he tells me he isn't worried why would I be worried?

Zucco checks his notes.

DR. ZUCCO
And why do you think he visits you in your dreams?

ISABEL
I don't know. You'll have to ask him. I like your new shoes.

DR. ZUCCO
Let's focus on you, Isabel.

ISABEL
You're proud of them.

She's right.

DR. ZUCCO
Shoes are shoes.

ISABEL
When you stare at them, your eyes dilate. That's when the round black part...

DR. ZUCCO
I know what dilate means, Isabel.
Let's talk about you, and why you think you're different.

ISABEL
I don't think I am. I *know* I am. Do you mind my best friend listening in? He's very protective of me.

DR. ZUCCO
(intrigued)
Your best friend? You have a friend here?

ISABEL
Romero.

DR. ZUCCO
And he's here now, is he?

ISABEL
Yes.

DR. ZUCCO
Can I say "hello" to him? Or does he only speak to you?

ISABEL
You can say hello... but you'll have to open the window because he's standing outside.

Zucco cranes his neck to look out the window. He sees nothing. He gets up and cranks a small handle to open the window.

DR. ZUCCO
Excuse me. What are you doing
there?

We can't see ROMERO but we get a glimpse of the top of his
head.

ROMERO
There's nothing wrong with Isabel!
She's a poem!

DR. ZUCCO
You're on private property.

ROMERO
(yells)
You okay, Izzy?

ISABEL
Yes, Romero.

ROMERO
(yells to Isabel)
I'll be in the waiting room.

We see the top of Romero's head move off to one side. Dr.
Zucco cranks the window closed.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Frances drains the little wine bottle into her cup and downs
the last drop. Beat. She sits back and closes her eyes
feeling the relief of the wine buzz.

A DOCTOR, mid 30s, quietly enters. He is more aware of
Frances than the patient. This is DR. PHILLIP DOHBEE. He
watches Frances for a moment with sad, foppish eyes. He
clears his throat to get Frances' attention.

FRANCES
Oh... I didn't hear you...

DR. DOHBEE
Frances... I have to tell you...
the way you're handling this
situation. Your inner strength.
Your peacefulness... it's
impressive.

FRANCES
Thank you, Dr. Dohbee.

DR. DOHBEE

Fran, I'm Dr. Dohbee to people who don't know me from High School. Call me Phillip.

FRANCES

I should be more upset about this, Phillip, but I'm not. Does that make me a lousy daughter?

DR. DOHBEE

You've been here everyday for six months. I think that makes you a good daughter.

Frances takes a swig from the coffee mug.

FRANCES

I'm assuming he loved me because he never actually said it.

Phillip closes the door. He pulls a seat close to her and takes one of her hands in his.

DR. DOHBEE

Feelings can be difficult for some men to express. I mean, in school, I was never able to communicate how I felt about you.

FRANCES

I think I knew. You asked me to the prom.

DR. DOHBEE

I've always wondered. Was that a firm 'no way'? Or a I'm just playing hard to get 'no way?'

Frances pulls away.

FRANCES

What's with you? For six months you've been this real professional guy and now you're sixteen again?

DR. DOHBEE

Seeing you everyday. I can't sleep, I can't eat. At first I thought this coma was a lucky thing but now I just don't.

Frances stares at Dohbee, stunned.

FRANCES

Lucky...?

DR. DOHBEE

(explaining)

I just pulled an all-nighter. I've been working way too hard.

FRANCES

Please, leave. I'd like be alone with my father.

Dr. Dohbee pats her on the arm and exits. Frances sits. She fights a tiny grin on her face.

FRANCES

(beat)

See, Dad? Apparently I'm lovable... even if it is completely inappropriate.

(beat)

I'm grasping at straws here.

Frances hiccups.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Isabel kicks her legs ever so slightly back and forth waiting for Dr. Zucco. He's drawing numbers one through ten on successive pages of his note pad.

DR. ZUCCO

Isabel, you told your class you could smell numbers...

ISABEL

Yes.

Zucco tears off the sheet with a giant seven and holds it up so Isabel can't see the number.

DR. ZUCCO

What is this number?

Isabel hops off the chair to step forward and sniff with her eyes closed.

ISABEL

Chocolate. That would be a seven.

Zucco tries not to react. He draws a number four and holds up the paper so Isabel can't see.

ISABEL
Almondy... a four...

DR. ZUCCO
(to himself)
Could be a coincidence...

ISABEL
Next one's a two. I can smell the
lemon already.

Zucco quickly looks at the next one. It's a two!

DR. ZUCCO
(under his breath)
Jesus.

Isabel hears something that gets her attention.

ISABEL
Is it okay if Romero taps on the
glass of your aquarium? Some people
think that scares the fish.

He listens. He can't hear a damn thing. He wants to stay
seated but he can't.

DR. ZUCCO
You can't possibly hear that far.

WAITING AREA

A diminutive kid silently taps on the aquarium glass. This is
Romero. He's Antonio Banderas at 12.

ZUCCO'S OFFICE

Zucco sits and stares at Isabel. He isn't sure if Isabel is
playing with him. He smooths a crease on his trousers to show
his calmness, then...

DR. ZUCCO
Did you actually hear Romero?

The tilt of his head begs for an admission of "guess."

ISABEL
Yes. I have really good hearing
when I want to. Now he's looking at
a magazine. Flip... flip... flip.

Zucco chews on his pen nervously.

ISABEL

I think it will be better if I come back another day. I'm worried about you.

DR. ZUCCO

Why are you worried about me?

ISABEL

Your heart is going real fast.

Zucco is suddenly conscious of his beating heart. His brow is moist and he dabs it with a pocket handkerchief.

ISABEL

I'll see you and your shoes next week.

Isabel exits with Romero.

DR. ZUCCO

Anytime...
(weakly)
I can bump people.

INT./EXT. LOUIS' CAR - HIS DRIVEWAY - DAY

Louis has changed out of his Jimmy Buffet clothes into his salary man suit. He talks to his car visor mirror.

LOUIS

(acting glumly)
Hello, Frances... guess who got his ass fired today?

Louis smiles, he feels confident. Louis messes his hair up for effect and exits to the house.

INT/EXT. LORENZ HOUSE - KITCHEN/BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Through the window we sometimes see Eric in the backyard grilling. The smoke obscures him. Karen is trying to open a bottle of wine and making a mess of it. At a picnic table, Frances and Isabel are sitting across from each other.

LOUIS

(sad sack)
Hi, everyone. I'm home.

AD LIB: "Hello," "Hi, Dad," etc.

LOUIS

Frances, I know the timing couldn't be any worse with your dad's situation and everything... but goddammit

(sobs)

I have some news.

FRANCES

Not now, Louis.

(to Isabel)

Okay, sweetie, so you're going to ask Grandpa if he's okay with us sending him to the great unknown tomorrow?

ISABEL

I will.

LOUIS

What exactly are you guys talking about?

KAREN

Isabel had a dream that she talked to Granddad and Mom's buying into it.

FRANCES

I'm not buying into anything. But maybe there's something to her dreams. Y'know Zucco called. He wants to see Isabel twice a week now. For free.

ISABEL

(proudly)

He wants to write a paper about me.

KAREN

Which is ridiculous. If anyone should have a paper written about them it should be me. I'm way more complex!

LOUIS

Frances, I don't quite get this dream thing, but we're still letting Joe go free tomorrow, right?

FRANCES

It's going to depend on what Isabel learns. Maybe my Dad likes being here in a coma.

LOUIS

No he doesn't. Nobody does. He wants to walk the clouds, not be fed intravenously.

FRANCES

How do you know?

LOUIS

How do I know? How do you not know that? It's so clear to me.

Frances drains her glass. She motions to Karen for a refill.

FRANCES

I wish it were that clear to me, Louis. I have too many unanswered questions. Like why in the dream he only says, "Hi" and why he asked about his truck.

The blood drains from Louis' face.

LOUIS

(panicked)
He asked about his truck!?
Geesus...
(covering)
That's so random.

ISABEL

Dad, you look guilty.

LOUIS

I don't look guilty. I have nothing to be guilty about.

FRANCES

Where's my Dad's truck anyway?

LOUIS

Forget the truck. This is crazy. Nobody is talking in dreams and nobody's guilty. Joe's journey is coming to an end tomorrow.

Frances wipes a tear away with her wine glass.

FRANCES

Maybe you're right, Louis. I'm not thinking clearly at this moment.

Louis hugs Frances.

LOUIS

I know it's tough but that's just the way it is.

ERIC

When do you think you can let me know about Grandpa? If there's a change of plans, I don't want to leave Viv hanging.

LOUIS

Who is Viv?

ISABEL

Eric is bringing a girl to the hospital.

LOUIS

Wouldn't you much rather take her to a movie?

KAREN

Am I the only one who sees the insanity here?

Karen stomps off.

INT. LORENZ HOUSE - ISABEL'S BEDROOM

We're looking at a black screen.

LOUIS (O.C.)

Isabel, if you're talking to Granddad, tell him it's time to go.

FRANCES (O.C.)

Louis, don't wake her, she could be in the middle of a conversation.

ISABEL'S POV: As Isabel's eyes flutter open, we get glimpses of Louis and Frances looking at her. Karen in her pajamas shuffles into frame.

ANGLE ON ISABEL.

She yawns and sits up. Louis and Frances look at her expectantly, waiting for news from Joe.

FRANCES
So, sweetie? Did you have a dream?

ISABEL
No.

FRANCES
(deflated)
Oh.

Behind her Louis pumps the air with his fist, then pats Frances on the arm.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE JOE'S ROOM - DAY

The family is seated about. Dr. Dohbee walks over. He's a little more formal with the family around.

DR. DOHBEE
Frances, Louis, how are you holding up?

He takes Frances's hand in both of his.

DR. DOHBEE
I know this is a difficult day.

He puts an arm around Frances and hugs her a bit too much.

FRANCES
Thank you, Phillip. I appreciate your support.

LOUIS
I know you guys knew each other in school but can we keep it professional in front of the kids.

Vivian walks into the waiting room. She'd dressed in a tight black outfit with a hat and veil.

KAREN
Eric, your date is here.

ERIC
Wow.

LOUIS
Eric. Way to go, buddy.

DR. DOHBEE
Your son brought a date?

Frances looks at Louis like he okayed it.

FRANCES
Emotional support.

Vivian walks over to Frances.

VIVIAN
Hi, I'm Vivian. I'm glad to meet
you. I'm sorry it's on such a
difficult day.

She turns to Karen.

VIVIAN
And, Karen... Eric has rarely
mentioned you but I have noticed
you at school. Charmed.
(to Isabel)
And you must be Isabel. Is she the
odd one, Eric?

ERIC
Uh, Vivian, you're making it sound
like I said Isabel...

ISABEL
That's all right, Eric. I am
different.

FRANCES
Louis, I... I... I am a little
overwhelmed.

Dr. Dohbee comforts Frances more and a side hug turns into a
frontal hug. He smells her hair.

DR. DOHBEE
I'm here for you.

LOUIS
Okay, what's the procedure?

DR. DOHBEE
Once you have spent some time with
Joe, we simply take out the
intravenous line supplying
nutrition and water to the body.

Vivian snuggles up close to Eric and breathes in his ear.
Karen shoots her a look.

DR. DOHBEE
It will take a while for the body
to cease functioning.

LOUIS
Like... uh... we talking about
minutes? Hours?

FRANCES
Are you in a hurry?

LOUIS
I'm just curious, hon.

DR. DOHBEE
It's impossible to predict so I
think you should all spend a few
minutes alone with Joe and then
we'll assist him in passing to the
next world. Who would like to go
first?

Vivian puts her hand up. Eric steps forward...

ERIC
We'll go first.

Dr. Dohbee beckons to the door. Eric takes a tentative step
and Vivian pushes him in the back.

INT. HOSPITAL - JOE'S ROOM - DAY

Eric and Vivian enter - the door swings shut behind them.

ERIC
Grandpa Joe? It's me Eric. I hope
you don't mind I brought my friend
Vivian.

VIVIAN
Hey.

ERIC
I'm gonna miss you, Grandpa. I love
you.

Vivian nudges Eric.

VIVIAN
Touch him.

Eric takes his grandpa's hand in his.

ERIC
 So, uh, thanks for taking me
 fishing and mini-golfing and being
 a... a...

Eric starts crying.

ERIC
 I'm sorry, Vivian, I...

Eric wipes his tears and looks around for Vivian. She's lying
 beside Joe.

ERIC
 What are you doing?

VIVIAN
 I need to feel his presence. I need
 to feel if he's here or gone.

ERIC
 Would you get off the bed?

VIVIAN
 I feel his presence. It's like an
 electricity. Lie beside him.

ERIC
 I'm not--

VIVIAN
 C'mere. Don't be afraid.

ERIC
 I really don't think--

VIVIAN
 C'mon.

Eric pushes himself onto the bed beside Vivian. He's very
 uncomfortable.

VIVIAN
 Feel anything?

ERIC
 Embarrassed.

VIVIAN
 I feel high.

ERIC
 O-kaaay.

Vivian turns her face to Eric and grabs his head and starts kissing him. Eric resists but then gives in and swings a leg over Vivian. They get hot and heavy.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The others are waiting. Karen is closest to the door listening.

 LOUIS
Well...?

 KAREN
I think they're making out.

 LOUIS
What?

Louis pushes open the door and steps in

 LOUIS
Eric! What the hell are you doing?!

Eric falls off the bed and Vivian quickly gets up. Dr. Dohbee enters the room. We can see the others peering inside from behind.

 DR. DOHBEE
This is highly irregular.

 ERIC
I can explain...

 FRANCES
Eric, have you no respect?!

 KAREN
That'd be a big no.

 VIVIAN
We were feeling his life energy.

 LOUIS
You were feeling something. Geesus,
Eric.

 DR. DOHBEE
Actually moments like this bring
out strange behaviors. Please,
let's be calm. Who's next?

Karen puts her hand up. She enters with her bag.

INT. HOSPITAL - JOE'S ROOM - DAY

She waits till the door is closed then...

KAREN

Granddad, apparently you're talking to Isabel in her dreams. That's really lame. I'm the oldest and the most interesting, that's all I'm saying.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen walks out. Frances hugs her.

FRANCES

Thank you, Karen, that was very nice of you.

LOUIS

I better get this over with, I mean, get my time started with good old Joe. I've been looking forward to saying goodbye. I mean, not looking forward to saying goodbye but...

FRANCES

Just go, Louis.

LOUIS

Right.

Louis enters.

INT. HOSPITAL - JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Louis is a little uncomfortable. He stabs his hands in his pockets. Clears his throat. Looks around, then...

LOUIS

Uh, Joe, I'll keep this short. You never wanted to hear anything I had to say anyway. You didn't think I was good enough for your daughter. But hey, whatever. I'm not keeping score.

(beat)

I took the liberty of getting your snack truck painted and it looks great. You should have listened to me.

(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I advised you to move beyond the construction site crowd and hit the tourist spots but no you didn't want to hear it. Anyway... have fun... if there's fun to be had. Bye, Joe.

Louis exits.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Louis adopts a look of solemnity. Dr. Dohbee looks around to see who goes next. Isabel takes her mother's hand...

ISABEL

You want to go next, Mom?

Frances nods, wipes a tear and walks in.

INT. HOSPITAL - JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frances moves to the side of the bed. She fumbles with the piece of paper with her written thoughts but has a hard time reading through her tears.

FRANCES

Dad... I was so desperately wanting a sign that I believed you were communicating through Isabel. But the world doesn't work that way. So go walk the clouds, and try not to yell at everyone.

Frances kisses Joe. She's overcome with emotion and exits.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE JOE'S ROOM - DAY

Frances moves to Louis but is intercepted by Dr. Dohbee who hugs her. Louis raises his hands as if to say, "What am I chopped liver?"

LOUIS

Frances, c'mere.
(to Dr. Dohbee)
Ya mind, doc?

Doctor Dohbee reluctantly gives up his hug on Frances.

DR. DOHBEE
 (apologizing)
 We almost went to the prom
 together. So there's a bond.

Louis hugs Frances and the PHOTO of the snack truck falls on the floor. Louis grabs it quickly but Fran stops his hand to look at it.

FRANCES
 Louis, why do you have a picture of
 my father's snack truck?

LOUIS
 I... uh, to give to Joe.

FRANCES
 Louis, you are the world's worst
 liar. What are you up to?

LOUIS
 Look at me, Frances. Look straight
 into my eyes. I am up to nothing so
 help me god.

FRANCES
 You are so up to something! Did you
 do something to my father's snack
 truck?

ISABEL
 Do I get a turn, Mom?

FRANCES
 Yes, sweetie, of course.

From a bag, Isabel brings out the flower we saw earlier. She enters the room.

INT. HOSPITAL - JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Isabel steps inside the door and lets it shut behind her. She smiles her "Isabel smile" at Joe. It lights up the room.

INSERT: close on Joe's hand. The hand of an old man, grayish, weathered. Isabel's hand on Joe's, pudgy, pink, full of life...

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS

Maybe I should go in there with her.

FRANCES

Nice try, Louis. So what's going on?

LOUIS

I... I wanted to tell you earlier. I got fired. Damn that Harry all to hell and back!

FRANCES

(disbelieving)

You got fired? Harry, your golfing buddy who named you top salesman for three years in a row fired you?

LOUIS

What a bastard. What a complete bastard.

FRANCES

Louis, I know you didn't get fired.

LOUIS

Fran, don't worry I will find a way to make money, even if it means I have to sell chicken kebabs out of Joe's truck... which now that I think of it, is not a bad idea...

FRANCES

You did do something to my father's truck! That's why he mentioned it in Isabel's dream!

LOUIS

We all know Isabel has an active imagination, which we encourage, but let's not jump down the rabbit hole here.

We hear something from inside the room. Giggling?

KAREN

(listening at door)

What is she doing in there?

ERIC

Who knows with Isabel.

LOUIS
Isabel, you finished?

Louis listens at the door.

LOUIS
She's talking to someone.

KAREN
That would be herself.

Louis swings the door open and peeks inside.

LOUIS
Isabel...?

Reactions on everyone. They rush into...

INT. HOSPITAL - JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Isabel places the flower in Joe's open hand. His fingers clench and grab the flower.

ISABEL
I knew you'd like the flower,
Grandpa.

LOUIS
(to doctor)
That's nothing, right? Just muscle
memory?

DR. DOHBEE
No way. That's brain function. He's
hanging on.

Louis grabs for the flower in Joe's hand.

LOUIS
What are you talking about? He's
losing moisture, he's contracting!

Louis is in a tug of war with Joe's clenched hand over the flower.

LOUIS
Head for the light, Joe!

FRANCES
(weakly)
It's a sign.

Frances faints.

LOUIS
 (irritated)
Isabel? Did you have to?

Isabel shrugs and smiles.

EXT. GRAND TETON INSURANCE COMPANY - DAY

Louis, dressed in his office clothes, walks inside.

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY - HARRY'S OFFICE

Louis is seated across from Harry. They look at each other.
There's a quiet understanding.

 HARRY
Five times you've quit and five
times you're back. You are a
natural salesman, Louis. Don't
fight it.

Beat. Louis sighs and gets up, resigned to his fate.

 HARRY
If it helps, you can wear sandals
on Friday, how's that?

 LOUIS
Thanks, Harry.

 HARRY
Just wondering. Why the change of
mind? What happened?

Louis stops and thinks...

 LOUIS
Isabel happened.

EXT. LORENZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Isabel is looking at something on her hand. We get CLOSE IN
and see a ladybug.

ISABEL'S POV: The ladybug.

Its red and black shell a brilliant shiny lacquer.

ANGLE ON ISABEL.

She faints.

ERIC (O.S.)
(yells)
Ma, Isabel's out again!

FADE TO BLACK

(END EPISODE)