

JUST A FEW  
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Written by

Dennis J. Manning

Original Song: JUST A FEW by Dennis Manning

**FRIDAY**

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME

ON SCREEN: Baltimore, MD 8:00am August 8, 2025

DEVON (55) white male, average shape, 6'2" with thinning hair, moustache. Light brown hair, starting to grey.

TEDDY (6) salt and pepper Scottish Terrier. An independent lad with a twinkle in his eye and a penchant for random shoes. (expressed through sounds, movement, and behavior)

The living room is lived in. Average couple, 20 years of partnership.

Pictures from vacations: Paris. Rome. Vegas. Beaches.

TEDDY

Grrr. Saliva. Shred

DEVON

Now seriously. Patrick's new sneakers. My God he will cuss you out.

TEDDY

Ruff. Ruff.

DEVON

Don't blame this on me. You will be the one to answer to him when he walks through that door this evening.

Teddy: Saliva. Chewing. A lot of chewing.

DEVON (CONT'D)

And you couldn't take an older pair? Why don't you take one of my shoes? You know how he is with his shoes. I mean not just a few pairs. Jesus we have a shoe store up in that closet.

Devon takes off his sneaker and waives it in front of Teddy.

TEDDY

Grrr.

DEVON

Oh, I'm sorry. Mr. Fancy Pants  
Teddy doesn't go for knock-offs?  
You have to go right for the Brand  
names.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

I told Patrick that you were a  
smartass from the beginning. Why  
not get a poodle

TEDDY

Grrr

DEVON

Poodle are smart. Poodles don't  
shed.

TEDDY

Grr

DEVON

Grrr. And Poodles don't smell. You,  
our little Scottish Troll, can  
smell a bit earthy.

Teddy: Saliva. Rip.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Great. One shoe down. Are we happy  
with ourselves? Would your mother  
be proud? I don't think so.

Teddy leaves the shoe. Bored. He goes to the kitchen.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I am always picking up after the  
two of you. Both of you just leave  
your shit in the middle of the  
room. You leave shoes like a  
trophy. Patrick leaves wet towels  
on the floor in the bathroom. The  
bedroom. The hallway. Who the hell  
uses that many towels? Who gets  
that wet in one shower. I was  
raised to be practical.

Teddy returns with a leash in his mouth. Tail wagging. Goes  
to the door and sits.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Oh so now we're friends? Now you have needs and I don't is that the story you're going to tell him when he comes home?

Teddy paces back and forth.

DEVON (CONT'D)

And don't think of doing your business THERE ON THE CARPET.

TEDDY

Whines.

Devon sits on a chair and pretends to read a magazine.

Teddy paces. He drops the leash and starts tugging at Devon's shoe.

DEVON

Maybe I want to enjoy reading. How about that? Patrick always reads. *Everything*. Why do I do all the clean-up, and he has time for reading. Hmm?

Teddy: Snarly. Saliva.

DEVON (CONT'D)

And tell me what is so important to read anyway. We are surrounded with news. Chats. Podcasts. I just get so tired of it. Patrick says, "Dev you're not informed." Well of course I'm not informed. I'm 55. Who's gonna clean the oven?

Devon get's up and heads to the door. Teddy very excited to get his way.

Devon Raises a finger to indicated "Sit." Nothing happens.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

So when Patrick does it you sit.  
When I do it...nothing?

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Things are gonna change around  
here, Mr. Teddy. Oh yes. Maybe  
I'll start watching the news.  
(GASP) Oh God no. Maybe a cooking  
show.

Devon puts on the leash and the two of them head out the door.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
And please let's not mark every  
single tree we see.

Fade.

EXT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME

ON SCREEN: 11:30 AM

Devon is weeding a flower bed. Teddy is on his back, sound asleep.

DEVON  
What is the sole purpose of weeds?

He finds an acorn and tosses at Teddy it hits his stomach and he quickly wakes up.

Devon looks away.

TEDDY  
Grrr.

DEVON  
Oh look who woke up. I walked as far as you on two legs and not four and you're the tired one.

Teddy rolls back over and is asleep in seconds.

TEDDY  
Zzzz. Zzzz.

DEVON  
You two are just carbon copies of each other. Patrick is asleep in seconds and you, my little earthy-smelling troll

Teddy wakes up and looks at Devon

Teddy: Saliva. Panting.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Don't try that smile on me. Just last night, Patrick left a tea bag in sink. In the sink when the garbage can is 2-feet away. I brought him the tea bag and showed it to him. Look, look what is this?

TEDDY

Zzz zzz

DEVON

Same response I got from him. Sound asleep. It was only 730. Maybe I want to go to a movie? Dinner? Dancing? Anything.

TEDDY

Zzz zzz.

DEVON

I know, I am "preaching to the choir" he was sound asleep. You're sound asleep. And all I get is weeds.

Mail order truck stops. A rather humpy, hulky delivery driver gets out in shorts and a shirt. Legs like tree trunks.

TEDDY

Ruff Ruff.

Teddy runs over. Happy. Fun

DRIVER

Hey Teddy. Who's a good boy?

The driver drops a package at the door. He scratches Teddy's ears again. Gets in the van and pulls away.

Teddy comes and sits by Devon.

DEVON

Don't even start with me.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Oh you don't get off that easy. Mr. Tree Trunk Legs Delivery man talks to you "who's a good boy"

TEDDY

Ruff

DEVON

Not listening. Just last weekend, Patrick and I were out at the bar and this guy, I'll call him, Mr. Tiger Eyes is all over Patrick. Talking and laughing and touching his arm. Whispering. Did you hear me, Teddy?

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

*WHISPERING.* Patrick hasn't whispered to me in years. Oh and everyone at the bar just loved it. "Who's the new man, Patrick?" What do you say to that.

TEDDY

Zzz Zzz

DEVON

(gasp)

Oh! I pour my heart out to you and you fall asleep. Brat. Well you heard this story anyway. I heard him tell you the next day when he was giving you a bath. You two just laughing it up. Why is it that you don't let me give you a bath?

Teddy rolls over on his back.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I wish Patrick would take a bath with me. Well that's it. Tonight I am going to say, "Patrick we are taking a bath together." I'll put on Adele, no Whitney, no Shirley, Judy, Barbra...Sting yes, STING my man. Set out some wine, no beer (he snorts) I don't even like beer. Cosmos. Yes Cosmos. That's what I like.

He walks over to get the package.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Well what did Mr Tree Trunk Legs  
leave us? Oh Addressed to Patrick  
Shannon.

He shakes the box. His eyebrow goes up.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(sweetly, softly)  
Oh *Teddy*.

Teddy gets up and pads over. Looking at the box. Sniffing.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
I wonder what this is? Any guesses  
young man?

Teddy starts to get excited. Devon opens the box and peers  
inside.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(acting surprised)  
Oh!

TEDDY  
Ruff. Ruff.

DEVON  
And you, little man with those  
stubby, short legs, can't even see  
what's inside.

TEDDY  
Grrr.

Teddy tugs at Devon's shoe.

DEVON  
Well would you take a look. New  
SHOES!

TEDDY  
Ruff!

Devon takes on and let's Teddy sniff.

Teddy: Sniff. Saliva. Ruff.

He tosses the shoe in the grass. Teddy runs for and digs in.

Teddy: Chew. Saliva. Tear.

DEVON  
I wonder if they can be returned.

He takes out his phone and snaps a picture of Teddy chewing up the new shoe. He sends it to Patrick.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(texting to Patrick)  
Oh look. The Little Scottish Troll  
got to your new shoe. I don't know  
how that happened. I turned around  
for just a moment.

Teddy happily chews on the shoe.

Devon goes back to weeding.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Still don't know the purpose of  
weeds. Maybe I should read about  
it.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
Your right. We'll just ask Patrick  
to tell when he gets home tonight.  
He knows everything.

TEDDY  
Ruff

DEVON  
Yep, one more shoe after you are  
through with that one.

Fade.

EXT. BISTRO - LATE AFTERNOON

Devon and Teddy sit outside. Sun low. Quiet.

A WAITER sets down an iced coffee.

He notices Teddy.

WAITER  
Well look at you.

Teddy perks up.

The waiter brings over a bowl of water and sets it down.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
Your guy always says Teddy needs  
water before anything else.

Devon clocks that.

The waiter places a carrot cake muffin on the table.

He breaks off the top and hands it to Devon.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
He orders this every time.  
Says it's the only thing Teddy  
won't refuse.

Teddy chomps happily.

DEVON  
You see Patrick often?

WAITER  
A couple of times a week.  
Usually, after his run.

Devon nods. Processes.

DEVON  
Does he now...Check, please.

WAITER  
You sure?  
You just got here. Where is Paddy?  
Are you a friend of his?

DEVON  
Please.

The waiter nods and steps away. Devon watches Teddy eat.

A beat.

EXT. STREET CONTINUOUS

Devon is walking briskly. Teddy just stops and sits.

DEVON  
Oh no you don't Mr. Carrot Cake.  
You need to walk that shit off.

Devon pulls. Teddy sits.

Teddy: Saliva. Tongue.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Oh, now we're tired?

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
Does Mr. Bedroom eyes lick  
Patrick's fingers, too?

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
That's what I thought. You two are  
trouble.

A sound comes from Teddy.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Did you just fart?

He whiffs.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Jesus, you are going on a strict  
diet.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
What a stink bomb. Well you  
deserve it. Going behind my back  
Mr. Finger-licking-good. (Gasp) Oh  
I bet you had *meat there* didn't you  
two?

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
Oh don't worry it will all come  
out.

Teddy farts again.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Oh My God. What a stench. Poodles  
would not do this.

TEDDY  
Grrr.

DEVON

Well it's not my fault you eat  
whatever they give you. You need  
to have some class. Choose rather  
than be so...easy.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

I would like to just eat anything I  
would like, but I don't Patrick  
does. He says all the time, "Live.  
Live. Live." Have it all.  
Somebody will so why not me.

TEDDY

Ruff

DEVON

Well why not me? That's it.  
Tomorrow we are going out for  
burgers. I may have two and a  
Cosmo.

A woman of 50 walks by and stops.

WOMAN

Who are you talking to?

DEVON

(scoffs)

My dear woman, I think it is very  
plan to see I am talking with  
Teddy.

WOMAN

He has gas. He smells. That's the  
problem with Scotties. Cute.  
Independent. But Gassy. I always  
say

DEVON & WOMAN

Get a Poodle.

TEDDY

Grrr grrr

WOMAN

You think he knows what I said?

Teddy nips at her heels.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Teddy, now behave.

DEVON  
Wait, you know Teddy?

WOMAN  
Of course he belongs to Patrick.  
We are in the reading group  
together. We just finished "The  
Picture OF Dorian Grey." Loved it.  
Have you read it?

DEVON  
No I don't have time to read.

WOMAN  
Nonsense. Everyone has time to  
read.

He picks up Teddy and they start to walk away. Devon turns back.

DEVON  
Dust. Pay the bills. Pull the  
goddamned weeds. What are weeds  
good for?

WOMAN  
Are you the dog walker?

DEVON  
No, I'm the Partner. 20-years.  
Come on Mr. Smellypots. Let's go  
back to our house.

He walks off.

The woman takes at her phone and dials. It rings.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
(his voicemail)  
Hi there, this is Patrick. Life is  
beautiful and so are you. Leave a  
message.

Beep.

WOMAN  
Patrick. Jane here, from our  
reading group. I just met your  
"partner." Boy he is nothing like  
you. And Teddy needs a bath. Bye  
love.

EXT. STREET CONTINUOUS

Devon walking at a fast clip. Teddy struggling to keep up.

Teddy: Pant. Tongue.

DEVON

You could've told me you were in a  
*reading group*. Of course I've read  
"Dorian Grey." Of course I have.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Oh you know the story. Give me the  
cliff notes.

TEDDY

Ruff. Ruff.

DEVON

Yes. Yes. Tragic ending. Aren't  
they all.

Fade.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME

5pm

Devon walks in, still carrying the energy of the day.

DEVON

Our Patrick is a man of mystery.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Oh, like you knew? You are my  
wingman, keep me in the loop.

He sees the answering machine blinking.

TEDDY

Grr.

DEVON

I know you're hungry a little  
snack?

He gets a piece of cheese and gives it to Teddy.

He hits the PLAY button.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
(from the answering  
machine)

My flight was delayed just a bit.  
I landed around 2. Got to hit the  
office. Should be home by 8. I'll  
pick up take-out from Romero's.  
Love you.

He checks his watch. Thinks.

DEVON  
Teddy, your ship. Be back in 30  
min.

He leaves.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME

5:45 PM

Devon comes in with a bundle of red roses, a bottle of Cuban rum and a Cheese board (pre-made)

Teddy: Panting. Saliva. Ruff.

He prances around Devon's legs.

DEVON  
I know very exciting. Now you, Mr. Teddy, will need to relax. Patrick and I are going to take a long bath, together. We need some together time.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME

730 PM

Rose petals are scattered on the floor leading from the door through the living room and going upstairs.

Devon has changed into a silk, black dress shirt and black jeans. He looks in the mirror.

TEDDY  
Ruff. Ruff.

DEVON

I know. A little "Johnny Cash?"  
It's Patrick's favorite shirt on  
me. I haven't worn this in years.  
That night in Barcelona I wore  
this. My God, we had mad sex  
everywhere.

He looks at Teddy. Teddy's head turns inquisitive.

DEVON (CONT'D)

(leans in quietly)

*We didn't leave the hotel room for  
two days.*

TEDDY

Ruff!

DEVON

I knooooow. I want that again.

TIME LAPSE

8:30 PM.

Devon looks at his watch. Checks his phone.

Devon scrolls Instagram.

Laughs at a video.

Almost texts Patrick a meme. Doesn't.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

I know he runs late. So let's  
start with a beverage. You want  
some cheese?

Teddy: Saliva. Panting.

Devon pours the Cuban rum on the rocks and adds a wedge of lime.

DEVON (CONT'D)

The lime really makes it. Gotta be  
fresh. Look for bright green,  
smooth, glossy skin; feel that it's  
heavy for its size and has a  
slight, springy give when gently  
squeezed (not hard or mushy);

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)  
and smell a strong, citrusy aroma.  
I learned that online!

He squeezes the lime. Sips. Smiles. He eats some cheese.

He picks up the phone and dials.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
(His voicemail)  
Hi there, this is Patrick. Life is  
beautiful and so are you. Leave a  
message.

He does leave a message.

He texts.

DEVON  
(text to Patrick)  
Hey. Checking in. Guess you are  
picking up the food. See you soon.

He pours a fresh drink. Gives Teddy more cheese.

TIME LAPSE

10:30 PM

The cheese board is almost gone. Teddy sound asleep by the door.

The rum half gone.

Devon doses. A cooking channel is on.

Devon dials again.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
(His voicemail)  
Hi there, this is Patrick. Life is  
beautiful and so are you. Leave a  
message.

DEVON  
Hey it's getting late. Where are  
you? Back at the office? Give a  
call. I am not hungry; I ate the  
appetizers. The rum is good.  
Might not be any left when you get  
here.

Teddy snores.

Patrick drinks. Downs another glass.

His eyes get weary. He nods back. Asleep.

TIME LAPSE

Time slips by. The clock on the wall drifts from 11 PM to 1 Am, 4 am.

Devon fast asleep. Still dressed. Cheese board gone. Empty rum glass tipped on its side. Lime all squeezed out.

**SATURDAY**

ON SCREEN: SATURDAY MORNING

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME

Patrick asleep on the couch. The front door opens. He bolts up.

DEVON

Where the hell have you been? Oh I  
can't wait to hear this tale.  
Don't think you can just leave me  
here on the couch all night. You  
better have a god-damned story for  
all of this.

SOPHIA (36) Hispanic. Sweet trim.

SOPHIA

(innocently)

Hello?

DEVON

(stern)

Who the hell are you? How did you  
get in? What time is it? Where is  
Patrick?

Teddy jumps up and licks Devon's face.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Oh don't think that puppy kisses  
will save you, Mr. Teddy. No doubt  
you know the whole story already?

Teddy: Lick. Saliva. Pant.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Who are you? How did you get in?

SOPHIA

I am Sophia, Sofie, I play  
pickleball with Rick on Saturdays.  
I stopped by an hour ago and I saw  
you asleep and Teddy started  
barking.

TEDDY

Ruff. Ruff.

SOPHIA

Who's a good boy? Who's a Good boy?

DEVON

Rick? Pickleball? Who the hell is "Rick?"

SOPHIA

You must be Devon? Rick talks about you all the time. The love of his life. Been together 20-years. He said he's so lucky.

DEVON

Rick? Who is Rick?

SOPHIA

(she smile)

You are Devon? Well I know you are, I've seen your picture from Patrick. Did you take off today?

DEVON

Shit. What day is it?

SOPHIA

Saturday.

DEVON

Fuck. What time is it?

SOPHIA

8:35.

DEVON

I was supposed to be at work at 7.

He checks his phone. 2 missed calls.

He gets up. Frantic, yet not sober. He drifts. Sophia catches him.

SOPHIA

Let me make some coffee.

She goes to the kitchen. Water runs. Cups on the counter.

DEVON

How? How do you know how to make coffee.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

Be just a minute.

Devon looks around. Sees the petals on the floor. The cheeseboard destroyed. The rum emptied.

Sophia returns with two cups of coffee.

DEVON  
How did you get in?

SOPHIA  
Spare key under Mr. Toad. Teddy  
was barking.

DEVON  
(trying to catch up)  
You know about Mr. Toad? Who is  
*Rick*?

SOPHIA  
Rick, your partner.

DEVON  
Rick? I've never heard that.

SOPHIA  
Rick was telling us about your  
recent vacation to Colombia. He  
said he was nervous to go. He  
said, "D always makes everything  
work out."

DEVON  
"D"? Pickleball.

SOPHIA  
How's the coffee?

DEVON  
How do you know how to make coffee?

SOPHIA  
(she looks like what?)  
Ah, I'm Hispanic. Old enough to  
know how to do things. I can  
change a tire, make cheesecake.

DEVON  
No. No. How do you know how to make  
coffee here? In our house?

SOPHIA  
Oh! Sometime after pickleball a  
few of us comeback here for coffee.  
Rick tells us stories of your  
adventures.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Don't you start. You, Mr. Teddy of  
some explaining to do.

Teddy and Sophia look puzzled.

SOPHIA

Well, I better get going. Got to  
meet the folks at the shelter. You  
should come sometime.

DEVON

The shelter?

SOPHIA

Yes, we help the homeless here in  
Baltimore. Rick said you would be  
great. You have a big heart.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

You are still in trouble Mr. Teddy.

SOPHIA

Tell Rick I am sorry that his  
missed our league this morning.  
You going to work?

DEVON

(panic)

Shit. Work. Patrick!

TEDDY

Ruff. Ruff.

Teddy finds the new shoe from yesterday and picks up where he left off.

Sophia leaves. Out of the window you can see her put the key back under Mr. Toad.

Devon looks around.

He heads to the stairs.

DEVON

Patrick! Oh Mister. You have  
better tell me what's going on.  
Pickleball?

He heads upstairs.

Teddy continues to munch on the new shoe.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME - STAIRS

Devon is heading up the stairs to the bedroom. His phone rings.

MAUREEN (42), Patrick's sister calls on his phone.

He looks, not thrilled

DEVON

God, already this morning. 20 years of her has been 20 years too much. So pushy.

MAUREEN

Devon, Patrick will need a suit. Will you pick one out for him? He never had a good sense of style.

DEVON

(Yelling up the stairs)  
Patrick, or Paddy or Rick, your sister wants you to have a suit.

MAUREEN

Devon, YOU pick it out and get one for yourself. Leave them out in the kitchen on Sunday and I'll pick them up.

Click.

Teddy has the shoe on the step below Devon.

DEVON

See Teddy. Pushy. She'll just pick them up.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Anything about Maureen I should know about?

TEDDY

Grrr.

DEVON  
I know. I feel the same way.

EXT. PATRICK AND DEVON'S BEDROOM

Teddy is fussing at the door. Barking and stepping back.

DEVON  
Let's see why your Father left me  
on the couch all night.

INT. PATRICK AND DEVON'S BEDROOM

DEVON  
So, Mister, where were you all  
night?

Silence. Teddy hops up on the foot of the bed.

The sheets, comforter and pillows all rumpled. Big lump in  
the middle of the bed.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Oh are we under the weather? Drink  
too much. God knows I did. Well,  
some light will do you good.

He throws open the curtains. A blinding Baltimore Summer sun  
ignites the room.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Oh, too much sun. Jesus.

He closes the curtains.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Your sister called. Maureen. This  
has bothered me for years. Why  
does an Hispanic family all of  
Irish, Catholic names. Patrick,  
Maureen, Kathleen and Sean. Should  
you have names like: Pablo, Maria,  
Lucia, well that one does sound  
Italian, well you get my point. I  
just never understood that.

Teddy: Saliva. Licking paws.

Devon opens the closet.

Patrick's side a jumbled mess. Devon's side lined up by  
color and season.

DEVON (CONT'D)

So you are going to want something fresh. Crisp. It is summer and we are in Baltimore. White, no too formal. Black, too deadly. (he turns) I mean how do you find anything in here.

No response.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Well Mr. Short legs you are only good for shoes.

Teddy's ears perk up.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

No. Absolutely not. You left me on the couch.

Devon pulls out a suit in the original bag, brand new. Grey.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Yes this one will be perfect. Just need a tie.

He finds one.

TEDDY

Ruff. Ruff.

DEVON

Oh you think the grey for me? Well, excellent choice we will look like two grooms on the wedding cake.

He heads to the door. Teddy stays on the bed.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Come Teddy. Let's go for a walk. We have some errands to run. Let's let Daddy sleep off his hangover.

He snaps the light off.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
*Who's a good booooyyy? GO for a walk?*

Teddy pops down. The bedroom door is shut.

DEVON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Teddy is there *anyone else* who we will see that I don't know about?

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
Oh sure keep secrets from me. It will all come out.

The bedroom is still.

EXT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME

11 AM

Devon and Patrick are walking briskly. Bright sun. Baltimore streets with the Marble stoops.

Teddy sniffing everything. Marking. Sniffing.

DEVON  
Teddy now we don't have to mark *every single tree*.

Teddy: Ruff. Sniff. Pee.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Save a little. Keep them guessing.

At a corner, there is police tape and a tree down. People are gathered. Talking hushed. No police.

WOMAN  
I heard something...

MAN  
She couldn't stop..

MAN 2  
Drunk I heard.

WOMAN 2  
No kids in the car.

TEDDY  
Growls.

DEVON  
Eavesdropping is impolite. Patrick  
would not like that.

WOMAN  
(to Devon)  
Did you hear?

DEVON  
Good Morning. Have a pleasant day.

He picks up the pace.

TEDDY  
(looking back)  
Grrr.

DEVON  
Teddy come on! That is not our  
story. Let's not get involved.

His phone buzzes.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Oh God, now we have the other saint  
of a Sister, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN (50) Patrick's oldest sibling.

EXT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME / INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME —  
SPLIT SCREEN — 11:00 AM

LEFT SCREEN:

Devon and Teddy continue their walk through the bright  
Baltimore streets.

RIGHT SCREEN:

Kathleen approaches the house. Familiar. Purposeful. She  
knows where everything is.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)  
(on phone to Devon)  
Devon, so what about the food?

DEVON  
I am heading there now.

KATHLEEN

Just have them deliver it. My kids  
can set it all up.

DEVON

No no, We can do that.

KATHLEEN

You have a lot going on.

DEVON

Kathleen, we will be fine.  
Besides, Patrick does like to put  
his touch on everything. I got a  
bartender so we will be all set.

KATHLEEN

Did you get the suits ready? You  
are not letting him wear that white  
suit? God it looks like Fantasy  
Island?

DEVON

No, I put out the Grey suit.

KATHLEEN

Perfect. You know I am right by  
the house, I will just get them and  
then that's one less thing to worry  
about. And I do know you are not  
fond of our Maureen.

DEVON

(he snorts)

Who is?

KATHLEEN

So pushy. Middle child, you know.

Sound of a door.

DEVON

You are at the house? Don't go in  
the living room.

KATHLEEN

Oh my, the entire bottle of Rum.

DEVON

No judging. It was a long night.

TEDDY

Ruff.

KATHLEEN

How is Teddy?

DEVON

Marking every tree like a Black Ops  
Nija.

KATHLEEN

(screams)

Ahhh.

DEVON

What? What?

KATHLEEN

You are the entire cheese board!

DEVON

Well. Teddy ate some!

KATHLEEN

Ok I made a shepherd's pie. I'll  
put it in the fridge.

DEVON

Can I ask a question?

KATHLEEN

Would you ask Maureen this same  
question?

DEVON

No, she might yell at me!

KATHLEEN

Then ask.

DEVON

You folks are *Hispanic*. I mean I  
get that we all want to extend our  
limits, but the fuck with all the  
Irish? You people look Hispanic.  
Like Juan Valdez Hispanic.

KATHLEEN

Did you seriously just say "you  
people"

DEVON

Well you know what I mean.

KATHLEEN

Teasing. The thing is growing up my parents best friends were Jack and Mary Finnegan. They took my parents in when they came to this country and the four of them were always together. They got my dad his foot in the door at the law firm and my mom teaching at the grade school. My parents loved them. So when they started to have kids they honored Jack and Mary by naming us after Irish names.

DEVON

Well, I've never heard that story in 20 years.

KATHLEEN

I gotta go. Sean is on the other line.

DEVON

Eaakkk the evil twin!

Click.

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS.

Teddy sits down. Refuses to walk.

Devon looks and then does the unexpected. He sits down as well.

Teddy nuzzles next to him.

DEVON

What is this? You? Nuzzling? You are not getting your allowance early. What did you do? Eat one of my shoes?

TEDDY

Licks. Licks.

A young girl comes up, TRISHA (8), she sits down next to Teddy and Devon.

TRISHA

Hi Teddy!

TEDDY

Nuzzling. Tail Wag to Trisha.

DEVON

So Mr. Teddy you know this little princess?

TRISHA

My mom and dad say I shouldn't talk to strangers. You must be Evan.

DEVON

Devon. I am Devon. You are?

TRISHA

I am Teddy's friend, Trisha. Uncle Patrick brings Teddy by sometime. We love to play.

DEVON

"Uncle Patrick?"

TRISHA

Yes, well not really. Uncle Patrick works with my dad. He said you bake. My mom bakes. Are gay?

DEVON

Young girl that is not a question you ask people.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Even MR. Teddy thinks so. Now why would you say that.

TRISHA

Well, my dad said that Uncle Patrick is very cool and he always talks about you, Evan.

DEVON

Devon.

TRISHA

And my friend, Jane, has two dads. Do you guys have kids?

MOTHER (O.S.)

Trishaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

TRISHA

Oh that's my mom. Gotta go. Bye Teddy.

She skips off.

Devon thinks. He looks around.

DEVON  
(texting to Patrick)  
Uncle Patrick. My you do have a lot  
of stories.

TEDDY  
Nuzzle.

DEVON  
No, no Mister. Not that easy. I  
won't be won over by a nuzzle.

He scratches Teddy. He gets up.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Ready to go? We have food to get  
and things to do. You hungry?

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
Yea me, too. Let's go little man.

Fade.

INT. LOCAL GROCERY STORE MEAT COUNTER

Teddy sitting patiently at Devon's feet.

ERIC (31) Catering Manager

ERIC  
Teddy is such a good booooyy.

Teddy perks up.

DEVON  
You know, Teddy? Of course you do.  
You play pickleball, read books,  
collect stamps with my husband?

ERIC  
(unsure)  
Pardon me? I don't follow.  
It's ok, you seem upset.

DEVON

You're right, sorry. I drank too much last night.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

I'm sorry. I don't feel myself today. A little off.

ERIC

Everything is all set. I'll drop the platters and desserts over at noon on Monday.

DEVON

No, I can pick it up. No need.

ERIC

Sean was here first thing to give me the details. He said he wants you to relax.

DEVON

(eyebrow up)

Sean? Darth Vader.

TEDDY

Grr

ERIC

He can be a little...short.

DEVON

He always handles everything. Let's just call it that.

Devon takes out his wallet and card to pay.

ERIC

Sean took care of the tab.

DEVON

(flustered)

Well, I am not incapable. We've thrown parties before. We'll throw them again. Jesus Christ, I feel like I am not in control of my life. I am not a child. God that family just takes/

Eric swallows Devon in a hug.

ERIC

Families can be hard. Just give  
them space.

Eric releases Devon. He scratches Teddy.

Teddy: Tail. Saliva. Paw.

Eric hands Teddy a treat.

DEVON

Hold up! What do we say.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

(to Eric)

Kids just forget their manners.

ERIC

Sean gave me his key so my team  
will have everything set to go.

Beat. Eric clocks that something is awkward.

DEVON

Sean gave you *his* key?

Eric pulls it out.

Teddy: Chewing. Saliva. Food.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Can I see the list of the food,  
just to double check?

Eric hands him the receipt. Devon spies it over, looking for  
clues. His eyes focus.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Ah what's this?

Eric looks.

ERIC

Meatballs.

DEVON

We are vegan, well pescatarian. No  
meat.

ERIC

Sean added that.

TEDDY

Take it off. No meat.

ERIC

It's already paid for?

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

You have it. Not in our house.  
Thank you.

ERIC

You play guitar?

DEVON

My, my, everyone seems to know more  
about me than I do. Yes I play  
guitar, not recently, not in years.

ERIC

He said last week you should sing  
more.

DEVON

Last week.

ERIC

Patrick did say you have an off-  
sense of humor. I like it.

Devon takes Teddy, and they depart.

Eric crosses the meatballs off the list.

Fade.

INT. PATRICK AND DEVON'S BEDROOM

430 PM.

Devon enters the room. The bed still rumpled. Teddy pads in  
and hops onto the corner of the bed.

DEVON

(to Teddy)

Oh, that's your exercise for the  
day?

The room is stuffy. Devon opens the shades and turns on the  
ceiling fan.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Well, I guess you like to sleep if you don't feel well. That how you do it. You sleep it off. I'll let you rest.

He turns on the TV and hits The HISTORY Channel.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I know you HATE this channel, so maybe that will help you rise form the crypt. It smells musky.

Teddy: Farts.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Oh my God, you two deserve each other. And you sit there with that blank look on your face. Almost proud that you can pass such a stink bomb.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

I will leave you two. I am going out for dinner with Bob and Riccardo. Haven't seen them in a few months and I thought good time to go. They are not your favorite couple anyway. We're gonna talk about *musical theatre*. (snorts) Oh I love a good drama.

Phone buzzes. Sean.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

You want to talk with him?

TEDDY

Grrr.

DEVON

Patrick, it's your brother, you want to take the call?

Silence.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Yea me neither.

## Devon Texts

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 (to Sean)  
 Sorry, Sean, we're busy, saving a  
 love song.

He hits send.

Buzz.

SEAN  
 (text back)  
 Ha, ha. Checking in. You need  
 anything?

DEVON  
 (to Patrick and Teddy)  
 Something is off. Sean has never,  
 in 20 years, asked if I need  
 anything. The man is an emotional  
 black hole.

TEDDY  
 Ruff

DEVON  
 That's how I feel. Patrick you  
 want to talk with the dark side, be  
 my guest. I will be back later. I  
 would kiss you but you're probably  
 infested with germs after your  
 trip. I took an extra vitamin C  
 this afternoon. Oh and Kathleen  
 dropped off a Shephard's pie. I'll  
 put it on low. You will need to  
 eat.

He turns to go. Stops. He almost turns around. Then doesn't.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 Why did you never tell me the story  
 of how you all got Irish names? I  
 am gonna make a list of questions I  
 want answers to. You can ask the  
 same of me. I've nothing to hide.  
 Ok, rest up.

He heads out of the room and down the steps.

The sound of his keys and the door locking.

Teddy lies on the bed. The fan whirls.

Fade.

INT. BOB AND RICCARDO'S APARTMENT

ON SCREEN Saturday 8 pm.

BOB (50) African American, moderate shape, warm.

RICCARDO (55) French, very good looking, very easy.

Sondheim is playing in the air.

Devon walks in. They all group hug.

TOGETHER  
SONDHEIM SATURDAY!

RICCARDO

I made a pitcher of COSMOS. We've had one already. You need to catch up.

DEVON  
The place looks great.

BOB  
It's been 4 months since you've been here. Is Patrick, well does he not like us.

They all have martinis and raise their glasses to chin-chin. Devon take a little sip.

RICCARDO  
Oh, no, you are going to drink that drink. We do not get time together.

DEVON  
Oh I will. Is this new?

He drifts to a framed poster of "Sunday In The Park"

BOB  
We had it signed two years ago. At a party with Bill and Steve, they know Sondheim...

Devon looks around and drifts. Words turn to garbles.

They laugh. Toast. Eat. Play charades. Devon play along, politely.

INT. BOB AND RICCARDO'S APARTMENT 2 HOURS LATER

RICCARDO  
Devon. Devon.

He snaps his fingers.

DEVON  
Oh sorry, I was drifting.

RICCARDO  
You been on the Sea of Love all  
night. Is everything ok?

BOB  
You seem distant.

DEVON  
No. No I am fine. You know I drank  
some Cuban rum last. Well maybe  
the whole bottle. I had this whole  
night planned, a little date night.

BOB  
Oh we love a good date night.

Devon stands.

DEVON  
This has been wonderful. I promise  
it won't be so long until the next  
time.

They hug.

"Send In The Clowns" plays. Devon cracks. Riccardo looks.

Devon nods a thanks and departs.

Silence.

BOB  
So

Riccardo picks up Devon's drink. Untouched. He downs it.

Bob looks at his watch. Looks at Riccardo. They know.

RICCARDO ABD BOB  
(cool)  
Bar Night.

In a moment they change out of their clothes and into tight  
black t-shirts and black jeans.

"Into the Woods Prologue plays." They turn off the lights.  
Head out and lock the door.

MASH CUT

INT. PATRICK AND DEVON'S BEDROOM

The TV has something from the HISTORY Channel.

Teddy lies on the end of the bed.

SFX. Front door opens.

DEVON (O.S.)  
Patrick. I am home...Baby you  
didn't eat the Pie?

SFX. Oven door opens.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(Yells)  
Patrick! Patrick! Teddy! Who's a  
good booy?

Teddy Perks up. Plops off the bed.

Teddy: Slurp. Lick. Eat.

DEVON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It is good. Let's just use our  
fingers.

The room is quiet. The ceiling fans hums.

DEVON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Patrick! Some get this before I  
throw the rest out. Patrick!

Fade.

SUNDAY

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME

ON SCREEN SUNDAY 8am.

DEVON  
(calling upstairs)  
Patrick! I'm gonna start clearing  
up while you shower.

Patrick cleaning the kitchen. He packs the remaining Shepherd's Pie in a container and washes the dish from Kathleen. He sets on the counter with a note "Kathleen's Dish."

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Teddy. Teddy! Walk time.

No response.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
They all seem so sure of what comes  
next. I can't even find my shoes.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S LIVING ROOM

DEVON  
Teddy. Where is that little troll.  
Chewing now doubt.

He heads upstairs..

INT. PATRICK AND DEVON'S BEDROOM

Teddy on the bed. Sheets are all off. A pillow chewed through and the insides are all over Teddy and the bed.

The bathroom door is partly closed.

Devon looks for Patrick.

DEVON  
Patrick, no come on, you can't let  
him get away with this.

He knocks on the bathroom door.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Patrick? Patrick? I'm coming in.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S BATHROOM.

Devon looks around. Towel on the floor. No one in the bathroom.

DEVON  
(sighs)  
Well that can just stay there. I'm not about to do everything.

INT. PATRICK AND DEVON'S BEDROOM

Teddy in a sea of pillow feathers.

DEVON  
(sharp)  
Hey!

Teddy stops. They lock eyes. Teddy starts to toss his head back and forth.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Stop! Patrick, this dog, your dog, is a monster. Patrick?

He heads out and down the stairs.

DEVON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Patrick!

SFX. The Front Door opens.

DEVON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Finally. Patrick!

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S LIVING ROOM

SEAN (42) the twin brother of Maureen. The Middle Children.

He has two bags of Alcohol and table lines.

SEAN  
(easy)  
Hey Devon.

He sets the bags down. He gives Devon a hug. Devon does not hug back. He looks worried.

DEVON

Darth Vader. Are you all right?

SEAN

I'm all right. Not great.

Hands a photo album to Devon.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Mom found this in the attic  
yesterday. Said I should bring it.

Devon opens it.

DEVON

These are old photos. Look at the  
4 of you, before me.

He flips through the pages.

SEAN

I know. None of you. That's all  
PD.

DEVON

PD?

SEAN

Pre-Devon.

DEVON

God that sounds like history.

SEAN

How long you guys been together?

DEVON

20 years this September. We are  
going to go back to Hawaii. Well,  
don't tell Patrick. It's a  
surprise. You can keep a secret,  
right?

SEAN

Me? Sure. Mo, not a chance.  
She'll light up the party lines (he  
snaps) like that.

Silence awkward.

DEVON

You didn't have to pay for the  
catering.

Devon hands Sean \$300 in cash.

SEAN  
No. No, I couldn't.

Devon folds the cash in his hand.

DEVON  
And you will.

SEAN  
Ok.

DEVON  
Next time, no meatballs.

Sean looks down.

SEAN  
Oh crap I forgot. Sorry.

Sean starts unpacking the bags. Lots of alcohol and mixers.

DEVON  
Wow that is a lot of liquor.

SEAN  
You know our family. We drink

SEAN AND DEVON  
A lot.

They laugh for just a moment.

Sean looks around.

SEAN  
Your place is nice.

DEVON  
Hmm.

Looking out the window.

SEAN  
Well I got a few errands to run.  
I'll pick you up tomorrow, say  
10am?

DEVON  
No, we'll be fine. You know me,  
always early. Patrick will be late  
for his own funeral (snort).

Sean looks around.

SEAN

Ok. I'll let the fam know you are good to arrive tomorrow on your own.

DEVON

We will see you at 9:45.

SEAN

Kathleen said she picked up the suits yesterday. Said they are perfect. You have such great taste.

DEVON

Your evil twin, Dawn-of-the-darkness, will she be there tomorrow.

SEAN

Of course. I told her to be on her best behavior.

DEVON

So she'll beat me up just once and not twice.

SEAN

(laughs)

You know Maureen.

Sean exits.

DEVON

(quietly)

They're good at this.

I just hate that I'm not.

Teddy comes in with the leash in his mouth and feathers stuck all over.

DEVON (CONT'D)

If you think for a minute I am going to explain you to the public, you got another thing coming Mister Teddy. Your actions.

TEDDY

Grrr.

DEVON

Ok, Ok come here

He picks the feathers off.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
There is that cute, little German  
Shepherd around the corner. Isn't  
she a little ..tall for you?

TEDDY  
Grrr

DEVON  
You need to work with your gifts.  
Short legs are in around all the  
doggie parks.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
Let's go find your daddy. He likes  
a morning run. Good to clear his  
head.

They head out.

Door locks.

Rose petals still trail from the door and up the stairs.

The cheese tray and empty rum glass sit like Museum  
collectibles.

Sticky rum is gelled on the glass and table. A fly buzzes  
down and lands.

Fade.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S LIVING ROOM

ON SCREEN: SUNDAY 4pm

A light rain falls. No lights on. The rain casts shadows  
that slip off the walls and furniture.

The rum glass and the cheeseboard still sit there.

Devon on the couch Channel surfing.

He picks the phone. Dials.

JESSICA (28) Office coordinator at Patrick's law firm.

JESSICA

Hey Devon, 'sup?

DEVON

Hey Jessica sorry to bother, I was  
a ...

JESSICA

Devon? You broke up?

DEVON

Ah, did Patrick go in today?

JESSICA

No. I'm here now, just wrapping up  
a file for Richard, big case in the  
morning.

DEVON

Have you, talked with him recently?

JESSICA

No. Last time we talked was Friday  
morning when he was leaving  
Chicago. Said his flight was  
delayed. Everything OK?

DEVON

Yes. Yes. No, all good. Sorry to  
bother you.

JESSICA

I should tell you this.

DEVON

What?

JESSICA

Well I shouldn't. But I know how  
you hate surprises.

DEVON

What?

JESSICA

Pack your bags!

DEVON

(trying to connect)

Um. Hold on.

He puts the phone down. Opens the front door and looks.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Patrick?...Patrick.

Teddy comes over.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
Not now.

Teddy pulls on Devon's shoes.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(sharp)  
I said, Teddy not now.

Teddy stops and looks. His head goes down.

Devon sighs. Looks around. The petals still on the floor from Friday evening.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Teddy, I am sorry. Let's go for a walk.

JESSICA (O.S.)  
Devon? Devon?

He picks up his phone.

DEVON  
Jess, sorry. All good. Mr. Teddy needs a walk. Thanks.

CLICK.

Teddy has the leash. Devon clips it on and off they go.

They leave and close the door.

Through the window the rain falls hard.

Teddy and Devon walk in the rain like it's not even there.

DEVON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's just water my friend. Not going to kill us.

Devon hums.

Teddy sniffs. Pees.

The rain falls.

Fade.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S BATHROOM.

SUNDAY 5 PM

Devon running water in the bathtub.

Teddy rolling in the pillow feathers.

DEVON  
Teddy! Teddy!

Teddy hears. Stops Continues to roll in the pillows debris.

Devon scoops him up. All four legs scrambling. They get to the tub.

Teddy bites. Draws blood, a little.

Devon drops Teddy into the tub.

TEDDY  
Wince. Yelp.

DEVON  
What the hell? I am not sure where he is.

TEDDY  
Wince.

DEVON  
Now come on we gotta get a bath.  
You smell.

Teddy fights back.

Devon gets up.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Look, pal I am trying. I...I'm  
really...

He looks into the bedroom. The chaos of shredded pillows.

He looks back to Teddy in the tub.

He sees the rose petals from Friday strewn on the floor.

He breathes deep.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Ok. Ok. Hold on.

He hits his phone and instrumental plays. Devon lights the candles that were in place for Friday.

Devon undresses and climbs in the tub with Teddy.

He pours some water on himself. He rubs Teddy.

TEDDY  
(unsure)  
Ruff?

DEVON  
We need some alone time together.  
Guess we both need to get cleaned  
up.

He washes Teddy.

He washed himself.

TIME LAPSE - 30 MINUTES.

Devon is asleep in the tub. Teddy looking at him.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
(jolted)  
Patrick?

He looks around.

He looks around again.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

The sound echoes.

DEVON  
Patrick?

Silence.

He gets out of the tub and dries off.

He gets Teddy out and uses the towel on the floor. Teddy loves a good towel dry.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Downstairs with you. Avoid the feathers.

Teddy pads off.

INT. PATRICK AND DEVON'S BEDROOM

What a mess. Devon shakes his head. He gets his phone charger.

Grabs a t-shirt and shorts.

Steps out and closes the door.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S LIVING ROOM

Devon picks up the cheese tray, bottle and glass and brings it to the kitchen.

The wall clock hit 8 PM.

Devon Calls. Gets a pizza.

He flips on the TV.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S LIVING ROOM

- 1 hour later

Doorbell rings.

Pizza. Money. Smile. Close door.

He sits on the couch. Teddy comes over.

DEVON  
Now don't tell Patrick.

He puts a piece of Pizza on a plate for Teddy.

Teddy: Chew. Slurp.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Easy. Easy. You get indigestion.  
Gas no doubt.

Teddy happily eats the pizza.

Devon picks up a piece, takes a bite. Puts it down.

He checks the phone.

He gets up and hits the answering machine.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
(from the answering  
machine)

My flight was delayed just a bit.  
I landed around 2. Got to hit the  
office and then run some errands.  
Should be home by 8. I'll pick up  
take-out from Romero's. Love you.

He rewinds.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
(from the answering  
machine)

My flight was delayed just a bit.  
I landed around 2. Got to hit the  
office and then run some errands.  
Should be home by 8. I'll pick up  
take-out from Romero's. Love you.

He rewinds.

He stops.

DEVON  
What did I do?

His phone buzzes. He looks.

MAUREEN.

He cancels the call.

A text comes in.

MAUREEN  
(text)  
Hey, I just called. Patrick has my  
father's gold cufflinks, they are  
Shamrocks. Could you bring those  
tomorrow?

Devon debates.

He leaves. Goes upstairs.

Returns with the cufflinks. Puts them with his car keys.

DEVON  
(text back to Maureen)  
Sure. I got them.

Send.

Text right back.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Jesus. You were never this  
attentive. What do you want?

MAUREEN  
(text to Devon)  
Perfect.

Silence.

Devon stares at the phone.

DEVON  
Anything? Thank you? You're the  
best?

He toss the phone on the table.

He puts his slice of Pizza on the plate for Teddy.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
No, you can have it. I don't feel  
too hungry.

He looks to the trail of Rose petals leading from the door to  
the stairs.

He gets up and gets the vacuum and plugs it in. The machine  
starts to suck up the petals.

Then it stops.

Devon looks. Teddy has pulled out the cord from the wall.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

DEVON  
What?

Devon reaches for the cord.

Teddy pulls the cord and backs away.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Look, Teddy, my energy is very low.  
Let's just get this task done.

Teddy back away further.

The door bell rings.

Devon looks at the time.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(irritated)  
Coming.

He opens the door.

CARLY (16) and Jack (16). School kids picking up the books.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Yes?

JACK  
Oh hi, is Mr. Suarez here?

Devon looks, puzzled.

CARLY  
We're picking up books for the book  
drive. Mr. Suarez said he would  
leave them in the Garage for us.

DEVON  
It's kind of late isn't it?

JACK  
Yes, I'm sorry, we got help up in  
the rain.

Teddy comes over, happy.

CARLY  
Oh there's my Teddy. There's my  
Teddy.

She scoops him up. They nuzzle.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Oh you have pizza breath!

Jack spies the pizza.

DEVON  
Did you kids eat yet?

The shrug.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Come on in. No sense letting it go  
to waste.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S LIVING ROOM

30 minutes later

Laughter from Carly and Jack. Devon smiling.

Pizza gone.

CARLY  
...the time you rented bikes to go  
see Carly Simon and got lost..

JACK  
Or the time you brought your bank  
statement and not your flight  
tickets to the airport. Did they  
really have pagers back then.

They all laugh.

DEVON  
How did you hear all these stories?  
Serious when did you all meet  
Patrick.

JACK  
Mr. Suarez helps out after school  
sometimes, we a..

Silence. Everybody looks around.

CARLY  
Well, we got into trouble and we do  
community service.

JACK  
Mr. Suarez is our team captain. He  
said you are his role model.

DEVON  
Me? How can that be.

JACK  
He calls you "fearless."

DEVON  
No, I'm afraid of a lot of things.

CARLY  
You seem pretty cool to me Mr.  
Devon. He told me a line you say.  
Actually our whole team uses it  
now.

DEVON  
(wondering)  
And what line might that be.

CARLY  
(smiles)  
Life is about the people you meet.

Pause

JACK  
And the things you create with  
them.

Devon looks around. A tear slips down his cheek.

DEVON  
(quietly)  
So go out and start creating.

JACK  
Exactly.

Carly looks at her watch.

CARLY  
Can we get those books?

EXT. GARAGE

DEVON  
You know I didn't even know that he  
was doing this.

JACK  
Mr. Suarez is a great guy. The  
team really likes him.

DEVON  
How long has he/

CARLY  
Oh that must be the box.

They all inspect.

JACK  
*Dorian Grey?* Have you read this  
Mr. Devon.

He looks off.

CARLY  
Mr. Devon?

DEVON  
*Oh yes, Dorian Grey.* A classic.

JACK  
You sure it's ok we take these?

DEVON  
*Oh yes, they are just books.* Let  
someone use them.

JACK  
Thanks for the pizza. That hit the  
spot.

Devon closes the Garage door.

The kids leave. Then Carly turns back.

CARLY  
We doing a clothes drive in 3 weeks  
if you want to donate.

Pause.

DEVON  
Sure. Stop by.

JACK  
*Who's a good boy?*

Teddy runs to Jack.

DEVON  
Say goodnight Teddy.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

Teddy and Jack head into the house.

Fade.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S LIVING ROOM

The Vacuum still there. Unplugged.

Teddy growls as he walks by.

DEVON

Fine we won't clean that up  
tonight.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S KITCHEN

DEVON

You want some ice cream.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Just a little bit? That can't hurt  
us. I'm allergic to it, but why  
not.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

Scout's honor, no telling Patrick.  
God he would kill me if he knew we  
were having ice cream.

He scoops up two bowls of vanilla and add some fresh  
blueberries.

Devon takes a spoon for himself and he sits down on the floor  
with Teddy.

He looks around.

He hears a creak.

Teddy hears it. Ears perk up. Teddy dashes to the door.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S LIVING ROOM

Devon looks out. Nothing. Teddy looks at Devon.

Devon picks Teddy up.

EXT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME

POV of Devon and Teddy in the window.

Not a sound can be heard.

Teddy barks but the sound is off.

A gentle wind moves past.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S KITCHEN

Devon sees the ice cream on the floor.

Teddy eagerly goes for his own bowl.

Devon picks him up.

TEDDY

Huh?

DEVON

You can have my dish tomorrow.

He puts the spoon in the dish in the freezer.

He turns off the kitchen light.

Moonbeams light up Teddy as he finishes.

Devon lays on the couch. Puts on a channel. Surfs.

He picks up his phone.

DEVON (CONT'D)

My God. 4 messages from Maureen.

That woman is crazy.

He tosses the phone on the table.

Teddy comes in and hops on the couch. He settles in.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Well, since Mr. Fangtooth shredded  
the pillows, we are gonna sleep  
down here so Patrick can see us  
when he comes home.

TEDDY

Zzzz

DEVON

Oh to have your life.

Devon scratches Teddy's ears.

He drifts.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The answering machine plays.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
My flight was delayed just a bit-

Devon listens. Doesn't move.

The message clicks off.

He rewinds it.

Again.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
-be home by eight-

Devon's jaw tightens.

He lets it play a third time.

This time, Devon reaches out and stops it mid-sentence.

Silence.

He stands there.

Then - quietly, to no one:

DEVON  
I don't know how to do this.

Beat.

He exhales, sharp.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
I always know what to do.

Nothing answers him.

Teddy shifts in his sleep.

Devon wipes his face - annoyed at himself.

He straightens the room slightly.

Control returning.

Lights off.

Beat:

EXT. PATRICK AND DEVON'S BEDROOM

Devon stands in the doorway of the bedroom.

The bed is still rumpled from Thursday.

He doesn't enter at first.

Then he crosses the threshold.

He smooths one side of the bed.

Stops.

Lets his hand rest there too long.

Pulls back.

Nothing else.

MONDAY

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S BATHROOM - 8:00 AM

Shower running

Steam on mirror

Devon humming Barry Manilow

Normal grooming

Shorts, polo

Teddy waiting

INT./EXT. DEVON'S CAR / FUNERAL HOME - 9:45 AM

Teddy quiet

DEVON (CONT'D)

Right on time. Mr. Teddy. Always  
a gentleman. No chewing.

TEDDY

Grr

DEVON

Teddy?

TEDDY

(quiet)

Ruff.

They get out. Devon puts the leash on.

POV briefly lowers to Teddy level (feet, flowers, doors)

CUT INSIDE.

INT. HANSEN'S FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

POV stays low / fractured.

Kathleen's heels

Devon's shoes

Door closing behind them

KATHLEEN (O.S.)  
Your suit is in the room.

Devon's breath catches. Sound dulls.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANGING ROOM

Muffled voices outside

Devon alone

Knock

Sean checking in

Devon asks for a minute

CUT.

INT. HANSEN'S FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM

Faces first (Book Club woman, café kids, coworkers)

Heat

Blurring

Then: Patrick in the coffin

Grey suit

Stillness

Kathleen's hand on Devon.

KATHLEEN  
This is so hard. I am so sorry.

MEMORY INTRUSION #1 (1-2 SECONDS)

Patrick stepping off a curb

A horn

BACK TO PRESENT.

MEMORY INTRUSION #2 (DURING DEVON'S BREATHING)

Red brake light on glass

Devon's voice saying "Patrick" once

BACK TO PRESENT.

MEMORY INTRUSION #3 (AS HE REACHES THE COFFIN)

A wallet in a gloved hand

A badge catching light

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. HANSEN'S FUNERAL HOME

Devon takes Patrick's hand.

DEVON

Patrick, I've learned so much about you in these days. I've seen you through other people... I have seen myself in them as well.

(gasps)

And so many people love you. In ways I could never imagine. ..I have had a chance to see some of this...

and I can't wait to learn more about you, about them, about myself.

He turns.

He chokes. Tears slipping like snowflakes.

He looks around the room.

DEVON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I didn't know Patrick, Paddy, Rick, Mr. Suarez had so many stories to tell and share. If I seemed odd these last few days...

I'm sorry..I  
didn't know what to do...

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)  
because I  
always know what to do.

To side is his guitar on a stand. He breathes in. He takes a step. His leg is shaking. Sean comes up and hugs him.

Sean weeps.

Sean releases himself. He sits.

Devon's guitar sparkles. He picks the acoustic up and puts it on. His back is to the audience.

He turns to face them and can see Patrick as well.

Deep breath.

The original acoustic song "JUST A FEW" begins.

As Devon sings, his voice is broken, hollow, rich and full all at once.

He does hold back the tears.

Teddy jumps down and sits at Devon's feet.

The room does a sharp exhale.

The POV will filter from his hands on the guitar to Devon, to Patrick, to members in the crowd. Each finding their own meaning that day in these words.

DEVON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

DEVON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
In just a few days I'll have coffee  
again  
You see "Coffee" was always our  
time.  
To talk of the day and what plans  
we had made  
In just a few days I'll be fine.

CHORUS:

But today I might take a moment or  
two  
Cause today is the day that I  
parted from you  
And today I might scream, and today  
I might cry  
And today I may stop and ask myself  
why?

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 In just a few...I need just a few..I  
 need just a little time to pass by.

## VERSE:

In just a few weeks maybe I'll stop  
 by the bar  
 That was always the place where  
 we'd laugh and we'd danced  
 All our friends must have wondered  
 if we left town  
 In just a few weeks maybe I'll go  
 take the chance.

## STRINGS SWELL

## BRIDGE:

And the things that we do to  
 believe it was true  
 Like looking at pictures and old  
 romantic cards  
 To laugh of a time and remember  
 when  
 Love could heal the deepest of  
 scars. Love can heal the deepest  
 of scars.

## VERSE:

In just a few moments the ending  
 will start  
 In just a few moments they all will  
 arrive  
 And in under an hour the words will  
 all have been said  
 In just a few moments I'll remember  
 again, What I never said when you  
 were alive.

## CHORUS:

But today I might take a moment or  
 two  
 Cause today is the day that I  
 parted from you  
 And today I might scream, and today  
 I might cry  
 And today I may stop and ask myself  
 why?  
 In just a few...I need just a few..I  
 need just a little time to pass by.

TEDDY

Oooweee. Oweeee.

The room is silent. No applause. It's not a concert.

People are wrecked. Looking anywhere but forward.

SILENCE.

Carly stands

CARLY  
(like she's remembering)  
Life is about—

A beat.

Kathleen stands.

KATHLEEN  
— the people you meet.

Another beat. No rush.

Trisha stands.

TRISHA  
And the things you create—

She stops. Unsure.

Eric stands.

ERIC  
(without thinking)  
— with them.

Silence settles again.

Sean stands.

SEAN  
So...

No one moves.

DEVON  
(quiet, steady)  
Go out and start creating.

INT. PATRICK & DEVON'S HOME - 12:30 PM

People

Food

Noise

Exhaustion

Love

This is the opposite of the house we've known.

TIME LAPSE

Kathleen comes up.

KATHLEEN

Pardon me, Devon could you come  
with me, please.

DEVON

(to Carly and Jack)  
So let's talk in two week about  
clothes, just give me some time.

EXT. HOUSE / CURB

A police officer is there with a woman.

The woman is nervous. She is breathing heavy. The office  
gives her a "take it easy" motion.

Devon not quite sure what is happening.

KATHLEEN

Devon...

Her voice cracks. She stops.

BARBARA COLLINS (32) white. Average person. Local American.

OFFICER

Sir, this is Barbara Collins.

Devon looks at her. Nods.

DEVON

Miss Collins. I'm... not at my best  
today.

Barbara tries to speak. Can't.

BARBARA

I'm so- I'm so sorry-

She breaks.

Devon takes a step forward – then stops.  
 His hands shake.  
 He looks past her.

NEW:

Across the street: the tree. Fresh bark exposed. Still scarred.

This is the corner.

Devon swallows hard. His jaw tightens.

Barbara sobs.

Devon's breath goes shallow.

BARBARA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 It was just a moment.

I looked back– just for a second–

Devon's eyes flood – not with tears, but with pressure.

For a beat, it looks like he might fall apart.

Kathleen steps closer – not touching him.

Devon finally exhales.

Then – only then – he reaches out.

He pulls Barbara into him.

Not protective. Not comforting.

Just holding weight.

DEVON  
 (quiet, unsteady)  
 I'm sorry.

Barbara pulls back.

BARBARA  
 My kids... they were in the car–

Devon nods, still unmoored.

DEVON  
 Are they okay?

She nods.

BARBARA  
They're just scared.

Kathleen watches Devon carefully.

KATHLEEN  
I thought you should meet her.

Devon nods – still looking at the tree.

DEVON  
I don't know what happens next.

Beat.

DEVON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I just...  
I think enough has happened.

He steps back.

Turns away.

Teddy comes out running down the sidewalk from the house.

Devon scoops him up.

The people at the curb fade away.

He looks down.

A weed. Sighs.

He it.

Stops.

Instead of tossing it aside, he presses it back into the soil.

He moves on.

DEVON CONT'D)  
(cracked)  
Who's a good boy?

POV on TEDDY.

TEDDY  
Ruff.

POV on Teddy again. This time Teddy looks forward, not back.

DEVON (O.S., CALM-NOT CRACKED):  
Come on, pal.

Footsteps.

Movement.

Cut to black.

SUPER: THURSDAY - 1:12 PM

No music.

Midday traffic. Baltimore ordinary.

Patrick steps off the curb.

A car passes.

Another-

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Devon stands alone.

Still in yesterday's clothes.

A NURSE approaches, hands him a clear plastic bag.

Inside: Patrick's phone. Wallet. Keys.

The phone VIBRATES.

Devon doesn't reach for it.

It vibrates again.

And again.

Teddy, on a short leash, pulls toward a closed door.

Pulls harder.

Devon doesn't move.

The buzzing stops.

Teddy lets out a low, confused sound.

Devon finally takes the phone.

He turns it face down.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HANSEN'S FUNERAL HOME

Silence.

POV - LOW, NEAR THE FLOOR

Shoes. Shifting weight. Nervous feet.

Teddy sits at Devon's feet.

POV RISES - now behind Devon.

We see the room: Carly. Trisha. Kathleen.

A sea of faces.

Then -

Sean stands.

SEAN

So...

No one moves.

DEVON

(quiet, steady)

Go out and start creating.

No one moves.

Teddy shifts closer to Devon's feet.

Devon looks down.

Puts his hand on Teddy's head.

Just that.

He stays there.

THE END

Don't add:

A title card

A time jump

A final image elsewhere

A callback to Friday