

JUST A FEW
02.06.26

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?

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)
 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. Hmmm?

Teddy: Snarly. Saliva.

DEVON (CONT'D)

And tell me what is so important to read anyway. We are surrounded by 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 gets up and heads to the door. Teddy is very excited to get his way.

Devon raises a finger to indicate "Sit." Nothing happens.

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

So when Patrick does it, you sit. When I do it...nothing? 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 it at Teddy. It hits his stomach. 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.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)
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 one and lets 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
 You're right. We'll just ask
 Patrick to tell us 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
Do 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—

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
Carrot cake?

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. 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 plain 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.

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 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 is walking at a fast clip. Teddy is 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 and then run some errands.
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 work this in years.
(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)
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); 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
Rick. 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
have 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 he missed
our league this morning. Are 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 had
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, you 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 rumped. 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 have 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* that 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 is 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
 (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? Are
 you 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 ate the entire cheeseboard!

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 what 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

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, Darth Vader!

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 sometimes. 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

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.)

Trishaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

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.

DEVON

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

TEDDY

Ruff.

DEVON

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

ERIC

Everything is all set. I'll drop the platters and desserts off 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 ruffled. 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's 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 from 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 takes 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 plays 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've 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 AND 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! Come 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 linens.

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've 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 is on the couch Channel surfing.

He picks up 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
Thursday 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 are 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 an instrumental plays. Devon lights the candles that were in place for Friday.

Devon undresses and climbs into 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 is 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.

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
them 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 tosses 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 backs away further.

The doorbell 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 held up in
 the rain.

Teddy comes over, happy.

CARLY
 Oh 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're 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 don 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 bowl.

Devon picks it 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 lies 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.

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

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)

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)

DEVON (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

Ooweee. 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)

It was just a moment.

I looked back– just for a second–

Devon's eyes flood –

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)
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 pulls 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