

DEMENTED

Screenplay
Written by

Bill Birney

Copyright 2026, Bill Birney

1134 Al Anderson Ave.
Langley, WA 98260
Bill_birney@hotmail.com
(425) 890-0391

DEMENTED

INT. JUNE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A modestly appointed room in a cute-as-a-bug, but grossly over-priced 60s-era home in the hills of Brentwood, CA. A woman (late 60s) can be seen working in a flowerbed out the window at the far end of the room. Coats are folded over an end table in the FOREGROUND.

After a long, quiet moment, a phone starts to RING with a muffled sound. The RINGING goes on for quite a while before the woman notices. She stops and looks in the window. She runs out of view, then reappears seconds later in the room by the window. She's holding a trowel and her clothes are muddy. She waits for the next RING, then rushes to a cell phone on the dining table. After the next RING, she sets it down and searches the room. She rushes toward the FOREGROUND coats and tosses them aside, revealing a landline phone. She grabs the receiver.

WOMAN

(On phone, out of breath,
wary)

Yes?

CALLER (V.O.)

(Overly cheerful)

Oh, thank God. I'm so glad I caught you. Is this June?

WOMAN

(Annoyed)

Who's calling?

JANICE

Oh sorry, it's Janice. Uh, Janice Samples? You knew me as Janice Thode? You know, Roy's little sister? You remember Roy?

(June freezes)

This is June Fillmore, right? I wasn't sure about the number. It's the only one I could find. I'm sorry if-

JUNE

Roy Thode? You're his sister?

JANICE

Yes. Exactly. You're June, right?

CONTINUED:

JUNE

What do you, uh...

JANICE

I'm sorry to bother you. This was the only number I had, so I took a stab in the dark. I know, it's a little weird, just calling out of the blue like this. But I had to give it a shot.

JUNE

(Still wary)

It's my landline. I never use it, so it caught me by surprise.

JANICE

I totally understand. I just, uh...

Janice tries to find the right words.

JUNE

(Worried now)

Is everything alright?

JANICE

Oh yeah, yeah. Everything's fine. I just um. You know Roy. He's been... wondering about you, how you're doing, and... I told him, "Well give her a shout and see for yourself." But, he was shy. You know Roy.

As Janice yammers on, June roams around the room with the cordless phone, straightening things.

JANICE (CONT'D)

So I just thought I'd check in, you know, for him, and, uh maybe, you know, get you two... He's lonely. By himself. Lives by himself and he's, he needs, he needs a friend, you know, someone he can connect with, so I thought I'd give it a shot.

(BEAT, no response)

So what do you think? Is this too weird? Coming out of the blue like this? You know you can tell me to go to hell and I'd totally understand. Really-

CONTINUED: (2)

JUNE

So you're asking if you can... What are you...

JANICE

I'm sorry to be so confusing.

JUNE

(Annoyed)

It's ok.

June steps into...

INT. JUNE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She makes her way to the refrigerator and locates a small faded color photo under a magnet. She pulls the photo out.

CLOSE ON PHOTO. It's June from the 70s standing by a serious young boyfriend with long unruly hair and beard. June studies the photo.

JANICE

Basically... What do I want? I want for Roy to have a friend... and I was hoping it could be you. And I don't know a good way to ask you, other than to just do it. That's the way I am. As I say, you can tell me to go to hell...

JUNE

No, I just need a little time to...

She carries the photo to the kitchen table and sits.

JANICE

I get it. Coming out of blue like this. You need time to process. So, there's no rush or anything.

(BEAT)

You know, if you're amenable, but only if you're like totally amenable, I can relay that to Roy, that I got ahold of you and you just need time to process, if that's ok. But at least I got ahold of you and we had a good talk.

(BEAT)

Can I tell him that?

JUNE

I don't suppose it could hurt.

CONTINUED:

JANICE

Great, great. Can I check back with you in a few days?

JUNE

Alright. I don't want him to, you know, get his hopes up. It's been a long time.

JANICE

I get it. No pressure, no rush.

JUNE

Like 50 years maybe.

JANICE

Or longer.

June looks off at nothing, speechless.

JANICE (CONT'D)

So, one foot in front of the other, huh?

(BEAT)

I'll be in touch. Ok?

JUNE

Ok.

They hang up. June stands, staring, frozen in thought.

INT. JANICE'S DEN - DAY

She lives with her husband PHIL in a plush, over-decorated double-wide at Lake Havasu. She hangs up and raises her arms, emitting a cathartic blast of WHOOPS and HOLLERS.

Phil looks up from his morning coffee, annoyed by the display. (But then he's annoyed by everything.)

PHIL

Well?

JANICE

Don't worry about it.

PHIL

What did she say?

JANICE

What do you care?

CONTINUED:

PHIL
Is she going to take him or not?

JANICE
What do you think?

PHIL
Well, we can't have him here.

JANICE
I'm working on it, Phil! I'm
working on it. Relax.

He shrugs and goes back to something he's reading on his phone. She paces, victoriously, imagining her next step.

INT. JUNE'S KITCHEN

June goes to the refrigerator and sticks the photo back under the magnet. WE HOLD ON the photo.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

FLASHBACK to a 60s middleclass residential neighborhood in Santa Monica, CA. A tall thin serious boy (11), wearing public school clothes is waiting impatiently on the sidewalk, staring down the walkway at a closed front door.

Finally, the door flies open and a girl of the same age rushes out, disheveled and unprepared. She smiles and waves to the boy, who doesn't return the gesture. Then, she races down the walkway toward him, as he turns and fast-walks ahead of her down the sidewalk.

CHILD ROY
We're going to be late, of course.

CHILD JUNE
So.

She has to skip to keep up with him and his long legs.

CHILD ROY
You like going to the principal's
office?

CHILD JUNE
I don't care.

CONTINUED:

CHILD ROY

Yeah, right.

CHILD JUNE

I don't. Seriously. It's not a big deal. It's nothing. It's not even a deal. Who cares if we're like 5 minutes late?

CHILD ROY

They do.

CHILD JUNE

So. You worry too much. You always think everything's like the end of the world. Relax.

CHILD ROY

You relax.

BEAT.

CHILD JUNE

Worrywart.

She thinks she's given him the ultimate putdown, but he just LAUGHS at the word.

CHILD ROY

What?

CHILD JUNE

You're a worrywart.

CHILD ROY

A worrywart? Well, I wouldn't have to worry if there wasn't so much to worry about. Like you.

CHILD JUNE

I'm not asking you to worry about me.

CHILD ROY

(Smiling)

Well if I'm a worrywart, you're a...

(Thinks of a stupid word)

Chatterbox.

CHILD JUNE

No, I'm not. What's that?

CONTINUED: (2)

CHILD ROY
It's someone like you.

CHILD JUNE
Someone who doesn't worry?

He thinks about that a moment.

CHILD ROY
I guess.

He slows a bit and she skips ahead of him.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Child Roy and Child June are seated alone at an outdoor table, finishing lunch. June is uncharacteristically solemn, has something weighing on her.

CHILD JUNE
I know what a chatterbox is.

CHILD ROY
You do?

CHILD JUNE
Do you really think I talk too much about trivial matters?

CHILD ROY
Nah, not really. It was just... you know, I was trying to be funny.

CHILD JUNE
Well, if you ever think that, tell me, okay?

CHILD ROY
Ok. I'm sorry.

CHILD JUNE
Because I don't want to be a burden to you, Roy Thode.

CHILD ROY
(Surprised by the new word)
Burden? You're not a burden.

CHILD JUNE
What am I?

CONTINUED:

Straight out of left field. He has to think about this.

CHILD ROY

What are you? You're a... a friend.
You're my, you know, best friend, I
guess.

CHILD JUNE

Is that all?

CHILD ROY

Pretty much.

The right answer. She slides close to him, smiling. His face
relaxes into his version of a smile.

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON TRAIL - DAY

FLASHBACK. It's the early 70s. All around, WE SEE the
devastation from a forest fire. The voices of TEEN ROY and
TEEN JUNE FADE IN as they trudge toward US up a trail above
the highway.

TEEN ROY

You know how I feel. We've been
over it a million times.

TEEN JUNE

But you already know everybody.
They're not like total strangers.
We're just going to sit around and
talk a little and smoke some dope
and leave. That's it. I promise. I
hate going to these things by
myself all the time. It's just one
night.

TEEN ROY

I don't like parties.

TEEN JUNE

I know. But... I don't always like
hiking and I do it. Why can't you
do this for me?

Roy stops to deliberate, as he touches the blackened remains
of an oak tree branch.

TEEN ROY

You're right. I'll do it for you.

She's taken aback.

CONTINUED:

TEEN JUNE
You will?

TEEN ROY
Yeah.

He's distant, distracted.

TEEN JUNE
(What's the catch)
Good. Thank you. But what?

TEEN ROY
(Exhaling)
The world is turning to shit all
around us.

This again.

TEEN JUNE
I know.

TEEN ROY
It's hard to get pumped about a
party... when everything's going to
hell.

TEEN JUNE
So, you'll go but you'll be in a
shitty mood the whole time?

Moving his arms out to indicate the fire damage and smog and
hell on earth.

TEEN ROY
Do you see what man has done?

TEEN JUNE
It's terrible. But it's just one
little party. It's not going to do
that much damage to the
environment. Is it? Really? Maybe a
little weed smoke.

She gives him a weak smile. He turns, looks deep in her eyes
and hugs her with passion, closes his eyes, overwhelmed by
the tragedy smoldering all around them.

INT. PARTY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The smoke-filled room is dimly lit by a lava lamp and
candles. Ten or so college-age kids are gathered, sitting on
smelly used couches or cushions, passing around a bong.

CONTINUED:

Roy is sitting with the guys.

PARTY GUY 2

(Down)

I got like a 37.

PARTY GUY 1

That sucks. What are you going to do?

PARTY GUY 2

I don't know. Maybe join up.

PARTY GUY 1

And go to fuckin' Nam? Don't do it, man.

TEEN ROY

Yeah, join the Peace Corps.

PARTY GUY 2

What's that?

TEEN ROY

It's the thing they don't tell you about because everyone would do it.

PARTY GUY 2

Oh yeah?

TEEN ROY

You join up and they send you to some country like Ethiopia and you do shit like dig trenches or teach English. You know, shit like that.

PARTY GUY 2

Cool.

TEEN ROY

Instead of killing people, you help them.

PARTY GUY 2

Whoa, what a concept.

TEEN ROY

After college, I'll do the peace corps, then come home and teach or write books and practice environmental law.

PARTY GUY 1

Whoa. That's so... concise.

CONTINUED: (2)

TEEN ROY

That's me.

Roy takes a big hit from a bong.

PARTY GUY 2

What are you going to write about?

TEEN ROY

(Exhaling the smoke)

Oh, environmental degradation,
acidification of the oceans, global
warming, destruction of the ozone
layer, how the multi-national
corporations are destroying the
earth. You know. It's never ending.
As long as people inhabit the
earth, every living thing is in
jeopardy.

PARTY GUY 2

Sucks.

The party guys just stare at him.

ANGLE ON JUNE. She's standing across the room with a few
girls. She glances over and sees Roy mesmerizing the crowd
with his gloom and doom stories. She smiles.

EXT. INTERSTATE OUTSIDE BARSTOW - SUNSET

The misshapen sun slowly sinks into thick layers of smog and
agro-pollution. A small SUV passes, heading west.

INT. JANICE'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

ON INFOTAINMENT SCREEN, a woman's finger presses a recent
phone number, labeled Roy. After trying to connect...

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

The voicemail box you are trying to
reach is full-

She hangs up. Then, presses *Phil*.

ON JANICE. As Phil answers.

PHIL (V.O.)

Yeah?

JANICE

I just filled up in Barstow.

CONTINUED:

PHIL

Any luck?

JANICE

No. I'm worried. His phone's still dead.

PHIL

Janice, he's fine.

JANICE

How do you know?

PHIL

He's a survivor. That's his whole schtick. He swam with piranhas in the fucking jungle! He's more capable of taking care of himself than you or me put together.

JANICE

I don't know. I just have this feeling. I need to see what's going on. I'm almost there. I'll find a motel in Palmdale.

PHIL

Whatever.

JANICE

Don't forget to feed the cat.

PHIL

Don't worry. I'll take care of the cat.

JANICE

You know, I can tell if the cat's been traumatized, so don't even try.

PHIL

Ah, you're no fun.

They hang up.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - EVENING

The home is set back 100 feet from a narrow highway, on a lot surrounded for miles by rocks, Joshua trees and high-desert shrubs. The only light comes from a bare bulb hanging next to the front porch. The interior is dark.

CONTINUED:

In the distance, WE SEE the headlights from Janice's SUV turn off the highway onto the long dusty driveway.

She stops next to a rusted-out pickup, and gets out. She sees that the house is dark and grabs a flashlight before heading to the front door. She raises her hand to knock, but decides to just charge in.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens slowly with a blast of light. Janice pans the flashlight around, as she enters the room.

ON JANICE'S POV, as the flashlight reveals the depth of squalor that we find ROY living in - trash piled high, garbage and food waste left everywhere, vermin gnawing on leftovers. It appears he hordes newspapers, magazines, books, survival gear, boxes of junk.

JANICE
(Calling)
Roy? Are you here?

Before she can explore further, a large nasty dog bounds into the room, BARKING and SNARLING with excessive intensity. She trains the light on the dog to slow its advance - a massive rottweiler with razor-sharp teeth, dripping with saliva. She freezes. It advances toward her, poised to attack at the least provocation. But just before it makes its move...

ROY (O.S.)
(Shouting)
Shut the fuck up! Jesus!

The dog immediately backs off, sits and glares at Janice. Roy steps into the room and hits the ceiling light, sees Janice and freezes with his mouth agape. She switches off the flashlight and they stare at each other.

Roy is completely naked, years deep into advanced malnutrition. His hair and beard are long and wild, nails have been growing untamed for months. There's a wide-eyed craziness emanating from his being - the picture of death warmed over. And there's his sister - the picture of Lake Havasu overconsumption. She attempts a smile.

JANICE
So, you look good.

He doesn't move.

CONTINUED:

JANICE (CONT'D)

How are you? Do you remember me?
I'm your sister. Janice. I live at
Lake Havasu. With my husband, Phil.
And a cat. Thought I'd drop by to
see how you were-

ROY

I'm hungry.

He turns abruptly and heads back into his room. A moment later, WE HEAR the SHOWER start O.S. The dog continues to stare holes through Janice.

INT. ALL-NIGHT CAFE - NIGHT

They are sitting at a booth. Roy is wearing whatever they could throw together last minute. His hair is pulled back and shoved into a hat they found on the floor. They are quietly looking through the menu. The waitress approaches.

WAITRESS

Welcome to Denny's. Do you have any
questions?

JANICE

Nope. I'm ready.

She looks at Roy. He turns to the waitress with a blank look.

JANICE (CONT'D)

So I'll have the country-fried
steak, well, and mashed potatoes.

(BEAT)

Roy? Have you... Do you like
burgers? Or pancakes? Maybe an
omelet?

ROY

I don't know.

WAITRESS

That's fine. Let me know when
you're ready.

Waitress leaves. Long pause, while Janice stares into his crazy eyes.

JANICE

(Smiling)

So, where to start, huh?

CONTINUED:

ROY

Who are you?

JANICE

Ok. That's a good place to start. I'm your sister, Janice. Do you remember us growing up in Santa Monica? You going to UCLA? The peace corps? What do you... do you remember anything? Do you remember your books? Writing your books? I like your books. I've read or at least looked through one of them.

ROY

The one I sent you.

JANICE

(Progress)

Yes! The one you sent me! I still have it. What else can you tell me?

He shrugs.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Do you have a dog? He barked at me and that's how we met.

ROY

You know, I'm not an idiot.

JANICE

I know. You're very smart. You just don't remember me. And that's ok. We can work on that. If you want.

ROY

What do you want?

JANICE

I want... I want you to have a good meal. Then, I want to find out what's been going on in your life. Then, I want to help you.

ROY

I don't need your help.

JANICE

Ok then. Can I at least buy you dinner tonight?

CONTINUED: (2)

ROY
(Looking at the menu)
I don't want this.

Roy gets up and walks out of the restaurant. After the initial shock, Janice follows.

EXT. TACO TRUCK - NIGHT

The two are seated at a rickety table next to the truck, under a glaring streetlight, swarming with bugs. Janice is eating a polite basket of fish tacos. Roy is ravenously downing a bowl of frijoles with tortillas.

JANICE
This is delicious. How're your
beans?

He just nods. Takes a swig of horchata.

JANICE (CONT'D)
(Soto voce)
Heaven help me.

She waits for the right time.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Say, I have an idea. It's so late,
why don't uh... You know, I'm
staying at a mo... a pretty nice
motel close by and it might be fun
if you stayed there tonight...
rather than drive all the way back
to your place. What do you think?

No answer.

JANICE (CONT'D)
You can have your own room. And
I'll take you home tomorrow. Roy?
What do you think? I'll pay for it,
of course.

ROY
(Flat)
Ok.

JANICE
(Surprised)
Oh, good. If you want, we can talk.
I'd like to see how you're doing.
Or not.

CONTINUED:

She decides not to push it.

INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open from the outside and Janice reaches in and turns on the overhead light.

JANICE

Here you go.

Roy shuffles into the room and flops face down on a saggy double bed. She places his key on a table.

JANICE (CONT'D)

So, here's your key. I'll be right down there in room 12, if you need anything.

It's obvious, he has passed out and is no longer listening. She leaves, closing the door behind her.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL - MORNING

The place looks much better at night. Janice is heading down the walkway to Roy's room. She stops and knocks. She waits. Tries again. Nothing. She pulls out two keys from her pocket, uses one of them to open the door.

INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She can see he's still in the same position she left him in. She enters and sits on the bed across from him. He appears to be breathing. She gingerly shakes his shoulder.

JANICE

Roy? Roy?

He awakens, slightly, looks around, disoriented, looks up at Janice with those creepy empty eyes.

ROY

What the fuck. Who are you?

Here we go again.

JANICE

I'm Janice? Your sister? From Lake Havasu? With Phil my husband...

ROY

And a cat.

CONTINUED:

JANICE

Yes! A cat!

(Uplifted)

So, what are you feeling? Do you want to get some breakfast? I paid for another night if you want to relax here?

ROY

Yeah.

JANICE

You'll stay? Here? In the motel?

ROY

That's what I said.

JANICE

Good. I just wanted to make sure. That's fine. I'll just... hang out, as they say.

She stands, pondering her next move. She pulls a twenty out of her pocket, sets it on the table.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Here's some money if you want to get something to eat. There's a mini-mart next door. I'll put it right here.

No response.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

She leaves.

INT. JANICE'S SUV - DAY

She's driving fast down a rural highway. WE can hear the RINGBACK TONE from a call she has placed. It goes on for quite awhile before someone answers.

JUNE (V.O.)

(Out of breath, wary)

Yes.

JANICE

Hi June. It's Janice. Janice Samples, formerly Thode, from Lake-

CONTINUED:

JUNE (V.O.)
Yes. Hello.

JANICE
Good news. I spoke with Roy and he's very excited about talking with you. Have you had a chance to...

INTERCUT WITH.

INT. JUNE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She's standing by the landline phone, pacing.

JUNE
I have. I'm free Thursday, if he'd like to talk.

JANICE
Thursday.

JUNE
And let's do a video call, if that's ok. Then, we can see who we're talking to.

JANICE
Thursday, as in tomorrow?

JUNE
Yes.

JANICE
Well, that should work.

JUNE
What time?

JANICE
Uh, he's a late riser. I think later in the day would be best.

JUNE
Two, three, four...

JANICE
Um, three?

CONTINUED:

JUNE

That's fine. I have your cell number, so I'll text you and you can send me back your email address. Then, I'll send you an invite for the call.

Janice isn't prepared.

JANICE

Oh good. Well, I'll have to make sure it's ok with him, of course. But I don't see a problem. Let's go ahead and pencil that in. You can, uh...

JUNE

Done.

JANICE

Good. See you tomorrow, then.

Janice hangs up. Her head is spinning.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

Janice pulls up and parks. She gets out and walks along the front of the home, looking for an open view of the inside. Curtains, sheets and dirt cover most of the windows. She finds a clear spot.

JANICE'S POV through the dirty window - boxes, stacks of newspapers, an old broken recliner. She goes to the front door and reaches out to open it, then stops. She looks around the yard and finds a heavy stick with bite marks on it. She goes back to the door, reaches for the doorknob and stands to the side. Then, she takes a breath and shoves it open.

On cue, the rottweiler runs to the door, BARKING its brains out. Janice hurls the stick into the desert, and the dog takes off after it. She runs into the house and SLAMS the door closed.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM

She looks out the window. The dog returns with the stick, realizes it's been had, drops the stick and starts BARKING again.

Janice turns to the mess. She slowly surveys the array of crap, wondering what happened to her brother's brain.

CONTINUED:

He obviously spends a lot of time in an old recliner watching an antique TV. Dirty dishes are stacked on a TV tray. Who knows what else goes on here?

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME BEDROOM

She moves into the room and looks through the contents - a very old saggy mattress with no linens, dirty clothing left everywhere, a closet full of boxes.

She picks up his cell phone on the nightstand. It's dead. She puts it in her pocket.

Across the room are several file cabinets, next to a heavily-cluttered desk, with a laptop and monitor. (He's not a total luddite.)

She checks a couple of file drawers, stuffed full of random paperwork. Then, she turns to the desk and looks through the papers, focusing on a stack of unopened mail. She pulls out letters from a bank and a financial planner. She hesitates, then opens the one from the bank.

CLOSE ON LETTER, as she pulls out the contents. It's a statement showing checking and money market accounts. The total at the bottom reads, "\$640,270.23."

RESUME JANICE. Her jaw drops. She opens the other letter and greedily pulls out the statement.

ON STATEMENT. The bottom line reads, "5,471,660.10."

ON JANICE. She hastily replaces the statements and covers her mouth, eyes wide. This changes everything.

She plops into the desk chair and spins slowly, looking over the mound of paper on the desk. Behind the mound she sees a framed picture. The only one on the desk. She picks it up.

ON PHOTO. It's a faded color shot of Roy in his twenties with his arm around a woman. It's June.

INT. JANICE'S SUV - LATER

She plugs Roy's cell phone in and touches the screen. It's locked. (WE can hear the DOG BARKING in the house.)

JANICE

Oh crap.

(Thinks)

His birthday.

CONTINUED:

She presses 0, 5, 1, 5. The screen unlocks. There are 5 recent calls. She checks. They're all from her.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL - AFTERNOON

Janice pulls up in front of Roy's room. He's sitting outside by the door in a rusty metal chair. She marches up to him with newfound over-confidence. He looks up.

JANICE
Roy. Let's go eat.

ROY
Who are-

JANICE
I'm the one who's paying for the room you're staying in.

ROY
Oh yeah.

JANICE
Janice.

ROY
The cat lady.

JANICE
Come on.

She marches off. He gets up and follows after a spell.

INT. QUICK DIP DINER - AFTERNOON

The two are sitting at a table.

JANICE
Roy, do you remember June Fillmore?

He lights up.

ROY
Of course.

JANICE
Of course you do! Yes!

ROY
She's my sister.

CONTINUED:

JANICE
(Disappointed)
No. I'm your sister. Janice. She's
your old girlfriend from the 70s.

ROY
(Not so sure)
No.

JANICE
Anyway. Good news. She wants to see
you.

ROY
I don't think so.

JANICE
No, she does. Would you like to see
her?

Roy is silent, mixed up. Suddenly, nothing makes sense.

ROY
It's not possible.

JANICE
Ok, well let's just say for a
moment that it is, because it is.
Would you like to see her?

ROY
I would.

Their food comes. Roy stares at Janice in disbelief as the
waitress sets the food in front of them. Janice sets the
scene for Roy.

JANICE
You have to trust me, Roy. It's
real. All those years you've been
apart are about to be erased.

Roy looks up in reverie. She plays it up.

JANICE (CONT'D)
She's come back and she wants to
see you. The woman of your dreams.
Just like in the 70s. You and June.
June and you. It's a beautiful
thing. And you're going to see her
tomorrow at 3.

He just stares. She can't tell if he's actually listening.

CONTINUED: (2)

JANICE (CONT'D)

Isn't that exciting? But we have to get you ready. Ok? You'll want to make the best impression. You'll need some new clothes and we'll need to do something with all... your hair. Is that ok?

ROY

June.

JANICE

Yes, June is back. And we don't want to lose her again.

ROY

My sister.

Janice shakes her head and looks down at her food swimming in oil.

INT. TARGET - DAY

Janice moves Roy through the clothing section, grabbing items and holding them up to see how they look. His mind is off somewhere, as usual.

INT. TARGET BY DRESSING ROOM - LATER

He emerges from the dressing room a new man, wearing a fake ill-fitting Izod shirt, matching polyester slacks and a cheesy sportscoat. She even found him a little bling to wear around his neck. He's a dated Mr. Hollywood. He does a spin around for her, looks in a mirror.

ROY

I look like a fucking idiot.

JANICE

You look fine. June will be impressed.

ROY

Fuck this.

He walks away with the price tags flapping behind him.

INT. BEAUTY SCHOOL - DAY

A student is cutting off the hair and doing what she can to shape it into something. Someone else is doing his nails. Curious students are standing around watching the show.

INT. DENTAL SCHOOL - DAY

A student is attempting to clean years of plaque off his teeth.

EXT. DENTAL SCHOOL

Janice is on the phone, pacing by the front doors.

JANICE

Yeah, it's probably going to cost a few hundred or more.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JANICE'S DEN

Phil is feeding the cat.

PHIL

Jesus. And then there's the motel and the food.

JANICE

Phil, don't worry. It'll be worth the investment.

PHIL

You sure about those statements. Did you look at the date?

JANICE

They're current. It's real. I just need to figure out how to get him to free up some of it. He's obviously not using it. And he's probably just giving it away to some save the whales or feed the dolphins.

PHIL

All I got to say is good luck.

EXT. HILTON PALMDALE - AFTERNOON

Janice pulls up to the hotel entrance. She gets out and hurries toward the lobby with a laptop bag and grocery sack. Roy takes his time getting out and then shuffles after her.

INT. HILTON LOBBY

She has finished booking a room. She turns away from the counter with the keycards and faces Roy. She's rushed and nervous about executing her plan, but mostly about Roy.

JANICE
Alright, here's your key.

ROY
What's going on?

JANICE
I told you. We're staying here tonight.

ROY
At a fucking Hilton? Fucking emblematic of American greed and arrogance.

She starts rushing past the counter with Roy in tow.

JANICE
We want to make the right impression with June.

ROY
June.

JANICE
(Looking at her watch)
Yes. In half an hour. June.

She rushes out the door to the pool area.

EXT. HILTON POOL AREA

She enters and paces around, like a director looking for the best angle. She finds a spot with a background of pool and palm trees, pulls a metal table over and sets her equipment down.

JANICE
Why don't you have a seat here while I set up. Ok?

CONTINUED:

She arranges a chair next to the table and places Roy in it. Then, she pulls out the laptop and arranges it to frame Roy and the background. Then, she pulls a margarita glass out of the sack, fills it with margarita mix and plops two umbrellas in it, and then places it to look like it belongs to Roy - Mr. Hollywood. Roy watches the activity with amusement.

EXT. HILTON POOL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

ON LAPTOP MONITOR, the video call app is open and Roy and his background are nicely framed in it. Janice scoots a metal chair in next to Roy, sits and arranges herself to fit neatly in the frame with Roy getting the favorable angle.

They wait, Janice staring into the laptop with a big fake smile and Roy looking around, lost and amused.

ROY

Am I supposed to drink this?

JANICE

No, it's just for show.

ROY

But I'm thirsty.

JANICE

Alright, you can have a little.

He guzzles the whole glass. She shakes her head. Then, she gets up and pours out more margarita mix. He drinks that.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Roy, we need to keep some in the glass, ok?

She pours more.

ROY

But I'm thirsty.

JANICE

After the call, we can go to the bar and you can have all the margarita mix you want-

CLICK. Janice turns to the monitor as it flashes and June's face appears. Janice quickly sits and resumes her fake smile. Roy downs the margarita mix.

JANICE (CONT'D)

June. Hi. It's so nice to finally get to see you.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JANICE (CONT'D)
This is so exciting. I'm so glad we
could set this up. How're you
doing?

JUNE
(Ignoring Janice)
Roy?

He turns to the monitor, lost, mouth agape.

ROY
That's me.

JUNE
Do you remember me?

ROY
Barely. Your voice sounds the same.

JUNE
But we don't look the same, do we?
You look great.

He thinks about that with a Roy smile.

ROY
(Turning to Janice)
I have to pee.

JANICE
Well, Roy. Umm, can you hold it
until...

He stands and walks out of frame. Janice smiles.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Temperamental talent. He just drank
a lot of... You know when you get
to this age, it's hard to...

He is PEEING OS. Janice turns to the sound.

JANICE'S POV, Roy is peeing in the pool.

RESUME JANICE and MONITOR. Janice makes a "what are you gonna
do" face for June.

JANICE (CONT'D)
It'll just be a moment.

JUNE
I can call back.

CONTINUED: (2)

JANICE

No, no, no. He'll be... So we've been enjoying our time together out here in Palmdale.

(Peeing continues)

We've been... just hanging out. The weather's been lovely. Of course, we get quite a lot of sun and lovely weather at the lake too. Lake Havasu is quite lovely. And you're? Where are you?

JUNE

I live in Brentwood, Mandeville Canyon.

JANICE

Quite a view, huh?

He returns, sits, satisfied.

ROY

So, what did I miss?

JANICE

Well, we were just-

ROY

(Warmly, he's present,
lucid for once)
How have you been, June?

JUNE

I've been great. You?

They look fondly into each other's eyes.

ROY

Eh, not so great, but I'll get better.

JUNE

Typical Roy.

They CHUCKLE.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Working on anything?

ROY

It's a kind of memoir slash history of environmental activism in California. But I keep getting sidetracked by...

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROY (CONT'D)
not wanting to live. It sort of
sucks all the air out of the
moment, you know. How about you?
Still married to that Hollywood
guy?

JUNE
Steve and I divorced, what, some 47
years ago. And it's just been me
and my cats, and they keep
disappearing. I retired almost 20
years ago.

ROY
Hell, I'll never retire. It's so
good to see you.

JUNE
Yeah.

They look in each other's eyes. Janice wants to move things
along.

JANICE
(Treacly)
You guys look so cute together.
(BEAT)
Hey, you know what'd be nice? If
you guys could rekindle that thing
you had going in the 70s.

She dabs her eyes. Roy and June grow increasingly perturbed.

JANICE (CONT'D)
It would be a real sweet story.
Don't you think? Two lonely people,
with a common bond of, you know,
all that history, friendship,
romance... I mean, you guys have
always clicked. You know. It would
be a shame for all that to be, to
be for not. Anyway...

The dam breaks.

ROY
(To June, through clenched
teeth)
The truth is, she thinks I need
someone to take care of me. She
doesn't want to do it herself and
fuck if I'm going into a facility,
so she's trying desperately to
stick you with the job.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROY (CONT'D)

But rest assured, I'm not asking for a caretaker. I don't need one. I don't want one. I'm not causing anyone any trouble. I don't care if I live or die. I just want to be left alone. I'm sorry she brought you into this. I wish we had seen each other under different circumstances, instead of through this contrived phone call. But know this... Know this... I still love you. I think about you everyday. And that's the truth and if you remember anything about me, you know I never lie. And Janice, I'm sorry to fuck up your plans. But this isn't going to work.

All Janice can do is smile, while Roy fills up his glass with margarita mix, tosses it down and walks off.

INT. HILTON LOBBY - EVENING

She's carrying her sack and laptop around the lobby, looking for Roy, while talking on the phone with Phil.

JANICE

It was a disaster. I'm mortified. He told her that I'm trying to stick her with him. Stick her with him! What the hell!

PHIL

But you are.

JANICE

But you don't just blurt it out. How do you think that made me feel after all the time and effort I've put in?

PHIL

And money.

JANICE

We're fucked now. Excuse the French. It's all down the drain. If that fucker had just kept his GD mouth shut...

PHIL

Calm down.

CONTINUED:

JANICE
More than fucked.

PHIL
You'll think of something.

She spots Roy at the bar with a glass.

JANICE
I see him. Gotta go.

She hangs up.

INT. HILTON BAR

She marches over to Roy.

JANICE
(Zero patience)
Come on, Roy.

ROY
Haven't finished my drink.

JANICE
Oh, you're finished. Let's go.

She pours the drink in the peanut bowl.

ROY
(To Bartender)
What do I owe you?

BARTENDER
(Not wanting to get into
it)
Don't worry about it. It's just the
mix.

She grabs him and pulls him out of the bar.

ROY
I thought we were staying here.

JANICE
Not anymore.

INT. JANICE'S SUV

Janice and Roy are moving slowly through a McDonald's drive-thru. Her sack is jammed between them.

CONTINUED:

She is still seething and out of control. Roy is barely listening, off in his crazy world.

JANICE

(Burning mad)

So, what are you going to do? Huh? What's your plan? I had a plan and everything was going fine, until you opened your GD mouth. You don't have a working car, probably don't even have a license. Who knows how you get your groceries, pay your bills? Your memory's like Swiss cheese. You live out in the middle of the fucking, excuse the French, desert in a rat-infested trailer with that dog beast. Really. What are you thinking? Tell me. Enlighten me. Maybe you have some secret plan you're cooking up. All I know is, you're a disaster. A disaster of a human being. It's obvious, you can't take care of yourself anymore, you refuse to go to a home and I ain't gonna have you at my place. That's for GD sure. So, what's the plan? Enlighten me.

They reach the pick-up window and Janice turns to the counter help.

COUNTER HELP

That'll be 6.75.

As she hands the guy some bills, Roy looks in the sack. He sees his phone and takes it out, looks it over and puts it in his pocket.

Janice turns in and plops a small sack of burgers on Roy's lap, and then takes off.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL - AFTERNOON

Roy is sitting in the rusty chair outside his room. He looks in the McDonald's sack and pulls out a burger, smells it and tosses it back in.

Janice approaches from the office holding keys. She unlocks his door, leaving the key in the lock. She's cooled down a bit.

CONTINUED:

JANICE

Ok. We're staying here for a few more days until we figure out what we're going to do with you. Understand? Roy?

She snaps her fingers in his face.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Comprendo? Do you hear what I'm saying? Any of this getting through?

ROY

Why are you doing this? Why don't you just take me back-

JANICE

(Talking to a child)

Because of what I said. Do you want me to say it again? You and I are going to come up with a plan for you.

She takes off down the walkway. Roy reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone.

ON PHONE. He opens it and checks contacts, scrolls down the list to "Fillmore, June".

INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Next morning, while Roy is sleeping...

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

An animal control worker wearing heavy protective clothing comes out the front door with the rottweiler in chains, SNARLING and struggling. With the help of an assistant, they lift it and stuff it into a cage on their truck.

Janice watches from the safety of her SUV parked in front.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - LATER

A large truck from Palmdale Crime Scene Cleaners pulls up and the head worker gets out and walks to the house. Janice meets him at the front door, and ushers him in.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME

The head worker enters, and she gives him a tour.

JANICE

I went through everything and
marked the items I want to keep.
They're going into storage.
Everything else can go.

HEAD WORKER

You mean dispose of it.

JANICE

Exactly. I never want to see it
again. And then deep clean the
place.

HEAD WORKER

Any hazardous materials? Blood,
toxins, chemicals, animal waste...

JANICE

Nothing serious I'm sure. Maybe a
rat or two. I had to evict a guy
for not paying his rent for six
months and this is what he left me.

HEAD WORKER

Okay, then.

The head worker turns to the others as they enter. Janice
leaves him to his task and goes into...

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME BEDROOM

The desktop stuff has been dumped into boxes and tagged. She
grabs the laptop, looks around and steps out.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM

As she heads to the front door, two more workers wearing
hazmat suits enter and the head worker shows them around.
Janice takes one last look, then leaves.

INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Roy is leaning casually against the counter in a one-way
conversation with a polite, young Indian woman. He's wearing
an odd combination of his Mr. Hollywood outfit and what he
had on the first night.

CONTINUED:

ROY

They just don't make them like that anymore. Nope. Last time I was out here they barely knew the language. Now with all those modern gizmos, they can track anyone with a cell phone or a chip implanted in their teeth - radar, sonar, GPS, homing pigeons, it's all the same. You take the average male cadet and they don't know which way is up. They get lost tying their own shoes. Of course, back then who wore shoes? Now, I'm not so sure. It's like watching the Superbowl. You never know who's going to win. Ever see a Superbowl where both teams lost? That's about as impossible as it gets.

She shakes her head.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME BY POWER SHUTOFF - DUSK

A power company worker shuts off the main switch and tags it. He hands a copy of the work order to Janice and walks back to his truck.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - EVENING

The crime scene cleaner truck is pulling away, headed toward the highway. Janice is facing the dark, empty home. The tagged items are piled in front next to a dumpster. She turns on her flashlight and walks into the house.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM

It's empty and sanitized, exposing the interior shell of cheap wood paneling and stained linoleum. As she surveys the home, a terrible emptiness fills her heart.

She walks to the bedroom door and scans the room with the flashlight. Then, she goes to the front door, turns in and takes one final look, and then leaves.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL - NIGHT

Janice pulls up outside Roy's room. His room is dark. She KNOCKS on the door, waits and tries a few more times. Then, she gets out the key and opens his door.

INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM

She enters. She can make out the shape of Roy lying facedown on top of the bed. He is unusually still. She walks over to the bed, turns on the light and shakes him. He doesn't respond. She tries again. She turns him over, feels for a pulse. She finds one, but there's no sign of life.

JANICE
Roy? Roy? Wake up.

She slaps his face. Nothing. She stands and covers her mouth.

INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Paramedics are lifting Roy onto a stretcher. Janice looks on as they carry him out to a waiting ambulance.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL

She follows them and gets in her car. The ambulance leaves and she follows.

INT. EMERGENCY TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Janice is watching a doctor and nurse examine Roy. He's got an IV drip in his arm, and an EKG machine running a test with another nurse monitoring the read-out. The doctor turns to Janice.

DOCTOR
When was the last time he ate?

JANICE
I don't know. I left him alone with a twenty to get something at a mini-mart.

DOCTOR
Well, he's severely malnourished.
We know that for sure.

JANICE
The mini-mart wasn't that far.

DOCTOR
Could be anything from a blood sugar crash to a major stroke.
We'll know more when we get the labs back and a CT scan.

CONTINUED:

He turns back to Roy. She backs slowly out of the room.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

She's pacing, on the phone with Phil.

JANICE

How was I supposed to know he was
malnourished?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JANICE'S DEN

Phil is on the phone with Janice.

PHIL

(On phone)

All the more reason to get him to
sign a power of attorney.

JANICE

How do I do that?

PHIL

How do I know? Look online. If he's
unable to care for himself, you'll
be able to sign for him and get to
his money.

JANICE

Phil, he's my fucking brother,
excuse the French. I'm not after
his money. I want to make sure he's
taken care of.

PHIL

Well, that's how you do it. And if
you need some cash to pay for motel
rooms, you can get that too...
without waiting for his permission.

Makes sense to her.

INT. EMERGENCY TREATMENT ROOM

Roy is lying in bed, unconscious and alone.

EXT. RURAL CONSTRUCTION PROJECT - DAY

FLASHBACK to the 70s. A dirt construction road leading to acres of pristine forest is blocked by protesters, sitting cross-legged, spread across the road with arms interlocked. Facing them is a line of heavy construction vehicles spewing black diesel exhaust, and several reporters and photographers.

A foreman wearing a hardhat is standing with arms akimbo, about to burst a blood vessel, shouting through a bullhorn at the protester in the middle. It's TEEN ROY.

FOREMAN

This is private property and you are trespassing! You are not allowed to block access to this property! You are not even allowed to be here! Please remove yourselves from the property immediately or you will be removed by the authorities!

The angry dialog overlaps throughout.

TEEN ROY

(Shouting)

We do not recognize this as private property. It is National Forest property and it therefore belongs to the American people. We demand that construction be halted immediately.

FOREMAN

We have contracts, signed by Federal officials to complete construction. It has been approved and signed...

TEEN ROY

The contracts are illegal. We do not recognize them and intend to continue to resist your actions...

FOREMAN

Do you realize how much trouble you're in? Do you even realize what's at stake here? This is not some game for a bunch of rich college kids...

CONTINUED:

TEEN ROY

Do you realize that what's at stake is the American legal system that forbids private interests from taking over lands belonging to the American people...

FOREMAN

Listen, we have a schedule and you are holding up a multi-million dollar project that's supposed to start immediately...

TEEN ROY

The contracts and schedule were made illegally and we therefore do not recognize them. You must halt construction immediately...

FOREMAN

Bastards. You'll pay for this.

TEEN ROY

We are already paying for this, you, me, all of us, while the multinational developers reap the profits.

A police van squeezes in on the shoulder by the construction vehicles, and six or so cops get out, wearing riot gear and carrying clubs.

ROY

If you realized that, we would all be working together instead of fighting each other...

FOREMAN

Fuck this.

The cops quickly engulf the protesters and begin separating their arms with the clubs. The protesters hold their own, as the struggle ensues.

Eventually, all of them but Teen Roy and the girl next to him, Teen June, have given up and are standing around while the cops cuff them and march them off to the paddy wagon.

A cop approaches Roy.

COP

Hey, come on guy. You made your point. Your friends are all in the wagon. It's time to give up.

CONTINUED: (2)

Roy continues staring down at the dirt between his knees.

TEEN JUNE

(Soto voce)

Come on Roy. It's time.

COP

Listen to her, bud. I don't want to hurt you, but I will if I have to. Come on. Chop, chop.

Roy shakes his head. He's in it all the way.

TEEN JUNE

(To Roy)

I'm going to stand.

He thinks about that, then slowly releases her, as she pulls away gently. Still looking down at Roy, she stands and holds her hands behind her to be cuffed. She doesn't take her eyes off him, as they guide her to the van.

The press move in to Roy and take a flurry of shots. Two cops grab Roy's arms, lift him with his legs still crossed, and carry him off the road. June can see Roy holding his own, as the trucks start rolling by him down the road, blanketing him in a cloud of dust.

The police van turns around and heads away. She watches him recede from view out the back window.

INT. UCLA FRAT PARTY - NIGHT

It's a subdued college event with a polite group of 30 or so gathered in a fraternity common space, drinking, chatting. Teen June is paired off with an older law student, STEVE, who exudes a fake romantic vibe, with a healthy dose of arrogance and superficiality.

STEVE

When you do entertainment law, you don't have to worry so much about getting hauled off in a police van.

TEEN JUNE

He's very serious.

STEVE

Serious is good. I'm serious.

TEEN JUNE

Well, there's serious and then there's serious.

CONTINUED:

STEVE
Which are you?

She just smiles.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Want another drink?

TEEN JUNE
I'll come with you.

They get up and head across the room.

STEVE
My mom did entertainment law before she retired at the age of 50. That's how I got the bug. You get to meet movie stars, go to screenings, you know, live life behind the scenes. You sometimes get burnt out dealing with the personalities and convoluted contracts, but it's fun to see your name in the credits, when it happens.

They come across CLIFF and his date JULIA.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Hey, Cliff, I want you to meet June Fillmore. This is Cliff Spielberg.

TEEN JUNE
As in...

CLIFF
We've never actually met.

STEVE
But Cliff here does have a nice car.

CLIFF
With a name like Spielberg, you need a nice car.

They LAUGH.

TEEN JUNE
(Turning to Julia)
I recognize you. Aren't you Julia... I'm sorry... From Manifest Destinies?

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIA
Fangolo. Yes.

They shake.

TEEN JUNE
I'm sorry I didn't remember your
name.

JULIA
Don't worry about it.

TEEN JUNE
I love the show.

STEVE
I'm trying to convince June to get
into entertainment law.

CLIFF
Do it. There's no down side. Trust
me.

TEEN JUNE
That's what I'm finding out.

STEVE
Talk to you later.

TEEN JUNE
Nice to meet you.

CLIFF
It's a pleasure.

JULIA
Ciao.

When they're clear of Cliff and Julia...

STEVE
See? If you were blocking
bulldozers, you'd never get a
chance to meet Julia what's-her-
name and a guy who's distantly
related to Spielberg.

Steve grabs two drinks and hands one to June.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Allow me to propose a toast.

CONTINUED: (3)

JUNE
(Smiling)
Ok.

STEVE
To the two of us.

JUNE
You're so cheesy.

STEVE
But you love it. And I love you.

CLINK. They smile and drink.

EXT. UCLA SHAPIRO COURTYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Roy and June are alone, seated on a bench.

JUNE
He asked me to marry him.

ROY
You can say no.

JUNE
But I don't think I'm going to.

Roy looks away. He's devastated to the core but it's all internal.

ROY
He's so vacuous.

JUNE
I knew you'd think that.

ROY
Everything he does is driven by self-interest. He has no life outside his own empty little bubble. How can you be happy with someone like that?

JUNE
I think I need that. He's not driven like you are and that's good for me. Life doesn't have to be so intense.

ROY
I'm sorry.

CONTINUED:

JUNE

No. Don't be sorry. You need to be intense and driven and in love with all that. That's the way you are. I love that you're that way. And I love you. But for me, I just need some... vacuous. You know? Just a touch. Just a little mindlessness. A nice, big, dumb house built by a multi-national developer, with a pretty view and a big vacuous garden to roam around mindlessly in, with some cats and a kid or two, never having to worry about the end of the world all the time.

ROY

But we've always been together. We wouldn't be what we are without each other.

JUNE

I know. But... We just need to go in different directions now.

ROY

You're making it sound so easy.

JUNE

I know. It's just going to take some time. I'm sorry.

He's out of arguments. He stands. Then, he sits and they hug. Tears well in his eyes. He can't let go. Then, she does. Then, he does.

Then, he gets up and walks away from her without looking back, slowly, with his head hanging low. This is her final vision of him. A strong, handsome guy, broken to pieces by something as trivial as human love, walking away from her, vulnerable and alone.

INT. HOSPITAL KITCHEN MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

STELLA the kitchen manager is sitting at her desk, working on a computer. Something catches her eye. She turns to the window facing the kitchen, just as an old guy wearing a hospital gown with nothing under it walks by and knocks on her door.

STELLA

(Suspicious)

Yes?

CONTINUED:

The door opens. It's Roy.

ROY
(Ruffled)
Excuse me, are you Stella Madrid,
the kitchen manager? That guy over
there said I should talk to you.

She gets up and approaches him.

STELLA
You shouldn't be back here, sir.

ROY
I want to lodge a complaint.

She pushes him out of the office...

INT. HOSPITAL KITCHEN

She attempts to usher Roy to the exit door.

STELLA
Ok, you need to talk to someone on
the floor. You're not allowed-

ROY
I want to know why you aren't
composting your waste.

STELLA
We have garbage disposals for that.

ROY
Those things just send the waste to
a treatment plant, where it's
dumped right into the ocean.

STELLA
That's not my problem.

ROY
(Getting steamed)
Well, who's problem is it then? Do
you ever think about that? If you
don't deal with the waste it
becomes a problem for every living
thing that comes in contact with
it. The fish in the sea. People who
eat the fish-

CONTINUED:

STELLA

Listen, you're going to have to take this up with the hospital board or something. I can't-

ROY

You're just passing the problem on to someone else, who's going to pass it onto someone else, and then nothing happens. Why don't you take the initiative? Turn this place into a model that everybody can be proud of. Do something good for the earth, instead of being complicit in the annihilation of every living thing-

She HITS a button that opens the kitchen door.

STELLA

Out!

He looks out the door. Janice, a security guard and two nurses are facing him with worried looks.

EXT. HOSPITAL FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Roy is in a wheelchair. Janice is next to him on a concrete bench. They're seated off to the side of the entrance to try to keep their conversation private.

JANICE

(Syrupy sweet)

Well, the good news is, you're doing fine. No stroke. The bad news is, you need to get some food in you. You're just a bit malnourished. And they're going to want to observe you for a few days before you leave. Ok?

He nods.

JANICE (CONT'D)

The big question is, where are you going to go from here?

ROY

Back home.

She makes a BUZZER sound.

CONTINUED:

JANICE

Wrong. Unfortunately, you've proven to everyone you clearly can't take care of yourself. You need someone to help you.

ROY

(Shouting)

I don't need your help! I don't need anyone's help!

JANICE

(Highly frustrated)

I don't get it! Why do you refuse help?! It doesn't make sense! You have your choice of any number of excellent...

(Searches for the right words)

Adult living places. You can have your own deluxe suite, with a kitchen, bathroom, balcony, fireplace. Total privacy. Just like your own apartment. You have the money. You can get something really nice. Hell, I'd do it if I could.

ROY

Then, you do it.

JANICE

(Drops a bomb)

Roy, listen carefully. They won't release you unless you have someone to take care of you. Do you understand?

ROY

(Shocked)

How can they-

JANICE

They, the professional medical people, have decided that that is the way it's going to be. You read me? Living in that disgusting trailer by yourself is not going to happen. And I will not be able to take care of you at my place. I was hoping to convince June, but you shot that idea to hell. That leaves a facility.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANICE (CONT'D)

Or you become a ward of the state
and they stick you wherever they
want. How does that sound?

ROY

I refuse to believe that.

JANICE

Believe it. I've done the research.
It's time for a change. Your memory
is... they're pretty sure you have
the beginnings of dementia by the
way you've been acting, and it's
only a matter of time before it
gets worse. I didn't want to have
to tell you that, but there it is.
Dementia. I suggest, for your own
good, you choose a nice adult
community with memory care. I can
help you if you want.

She presents him with a power of attorney form. He looks it
over.

JANICE (CONT'D)

And when your memory finally goes,
I can help you with all that legal
mumbo-jumbo and pay your bills-

He explodes, grabs the form and stands up from the
wheelchair, paces and gesticulates.

ROY

Oh! Here it comes! Power of
attorney! You've crossed the line!
You almost had me. I was just
beginning to almost buy parts of
your little story. But then you go
and bring power of attorney into
it.

(Pointing angrily)

Bullshit! This is bullshit! You
think you can bullshit me, an
attorney who's lived his entire
fucking life dealing with insane
crap like this. I might be crazy
but I'm not stupid. Why do you
think I live by myself in the
middle of the fucking desert? I'll
tell you. Because I can't trust
anybody. And the farther away from
people I get, the better. And
you're just like all the rest of
them. My sister.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROY (CONT'D)

Trying to bullshit me into signing
over my legal rights. Do you have
any idea who I am?

(Leaning in, grinding his
teeth, pausing for
effect)

If I lose my mind, it won't be
because of dementia, it'll be
because the thought of living in a
world with people like you is too
much to bear.

He tears up the form and throws it at her. She stands.

JANICE

(Livid)

Well Roy, you just shot down your
last option!

Spitting mad, she storms away toward the parking lot. People
coming out of the hospital stare and give her a wide berth.
She turns.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You got your wish. You're on your
own. And you can go to hell! And
you can go fuck yourself, excuse
the French!

He sits and leans back. He watches her, as he thinks of his
next move.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY

Roy pushes the wheelchair up to an ATM machine. He puts his
debit card in and presses buttons on the screen, and it spits
out what could be \$300 or more. He puts the money in his
pocket. Then, he sits in the chair and rolls himself toward
the nurses station.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSES STATION

He rolls up to a nurse and she looks down.

NURSE

(Smiling)

Hi. You ready to go back to your
room?

ROY

Yes, please.

CONTINUED:

She pushes him down the hall.

NURSE

So, I don't know if anybody told you, but we're going to keep you here for a few days to try to put some meat on your bones. You got pretty malnourished there.

He smiles back at her.

INT. ROY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Roy has just finished a big meat-and-potatoes lunch, and an orderly is loading the empty dishes on a tray.

ORDERLY

Good job. Looks like you were hungry, huh?

ROY

It was delicious. Thank you. I especially liked what you did with the red Jell-O with the little... things in it.

ORDERLY

Thank you. I'll relay your compliments to the chef.

Wink. Ha, ha. Roy waits for the orderly to leave and close the door behind him. Then, he gets out of bed, wearing the hospital gown. He sits and puts on his shoes, grabs the bottle of water and takes a huge swig. Then, he stands and rolls up his jeans and a tee-shirt, and puts everything in a plastic bag.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - DAY

Roy opens the door and looks down the hall. A couple of nurses are talking about something on a chart. He heads down the hall in the opposite direction, checking back occasionally. One of them sees him. He smiles and waves. She smiles and waves back.

At the end of the hall, he comes to an exit door. It doesn't appear to be wired to an alarm, so he checks back down the hall, opens it quietly, and casually walks out.

EXT. HOSPITAL BY EXIT DOOR

He hides in an alcove and quickly removes his pants and puts them on. Then, he takes off the gown and slips into the tee-shirt. He checks back one last time, then makes his way down the walkway toward the edge of the hospital property, which just happens to sit next to miles of open unimproved high desert.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Little do they know, this is Roy's turf. The wild outdoors. It's where he belongs. And we can tell, as he makes his way comfortably around Joshua trees, cactus and creosote bushes, over hills, around boulders, deeper and deeper into the untamed environment. We can make out highways off in the distance, but they would need a helicopter to find him now.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

The sun is nearing the horizon but Roy is still moving at the same comfortable pace. He stops, leans against a boulder, and takes a healthy swig from the water bottle. We can see it in his eyes, as he surveys the land. He has been here before many times. He knows where he is and why he's here, the first time in days we have seen a sparkle in his eye.

INT. JANICE'S SUV - AFTERNOON

She has pulled off the highway and is on the phone, pissed as hell.

JANICE

(On phone)

How could he just take off?! Wasn't anybody watching him?!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL NURSES STATION - AFTERNOON

A head nurse is on the phone with Janice.

NURSE

Of course. But as you know, he's got his own way of doing things.

JANICE

Which is why you should've been more careful!

CONTINUED:

NURSE

We're doing all we can, ma'am. You don't have to worry. We have procedures for handling incidents like this. He's not in the building, so he must've wandered off outside.

JANICE

Did you call the police?

NURSE

Of course. They're looking for him as we speak. He couldn't have gone too far.

JANICE

You don't know my brother. He's like a lizard. He can survive for days in the desert.

NURSE

I'll let them know that. Are you staying close by?

JANICE

I was heading back to Lake Havasu, but now I don't know.

NURSE

Well, there's really nothing you can do here. The police pretty much have it covered. As I say, we're doing all we can.

Janice hangs up. She's out of her mind. After giving it some thought, she SCREAMS with rage and cranks the steering wheel hard.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Janice's SUV turns around rapidly and peels out, heading back in the opposite direction.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

BY THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE. A sheriff's cruiser is parked with flashers on. Two deputies can be seen through the front window, searching the interior with flashlights. They give up and make their way out the front door to the cruiser.

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY 1

We checked the residence. It's empty. Power's off. We'll head back up L street and see what we find, but it's too dark now to continue.

RADIO (V.O.)

Copy that.

IN THE DESERT, about 50 feet from the front of the home, Roy is crouched behind a bush, watching the deputies. After they turn onto the highway, Roy makes his way to the front door.

BY FRONT DOOR. Roy opens the door.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM

He enters the space slowly, flips the light switch. No power. He turns on his phone flashlight. Freezes. He can't believe what meets his eyes. He slowly checks every inch of the place. Nothing is left, not even the smell.

After leaving his bedroom, the flashlight goes out on his phone. He presses the screen several times. Nothing. The battery is dead.

Moonlight provides enough light for him to find a place to sit on the floor against a living room wall. He stares out the window, no doubt wondering what he did to deserve this.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM - LATER

Roy is lying on the floor. It's dark and very quiet. Then, headlights sweep through the front window and a car pulls up O.S. A CAR DOOR OPENS and CLOSES, and FOOTSTEPS approach. A flashlight shines through the front window, scans the room and stops on Roy, lying on the floor.

The light goes away and reappears a moment later, shining through the front door, as it opens. The person's face remains in the dark, as they make their way across the room, slowly. They approach Roy and kneel beside him. When they set the flashlight down, WE SEE their face. It's June.

Roy is lying still. She checks his pulse, then shakes him. His eyes open slowly. She lifts his head and rests it on her knee. Strokes his face. He looks at her with distant, lizard eyes.

JUNE

(Very quietly)

Can you get up?

CONTINUED:

With a great deal of effort, she gets him upright and standing. His left arm dangles loosely. She holds him around the waist and walks him to the door, then out to the car.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME

She opens the passenger door and stuffs him in the seat.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - NIGHT

She is driving on a freeway with Roy strapped in securely. He is semi-conscious, eyes half-lidded and trying to focus.

ROY
(Slurring badly)
What's going on?

She reaches over and touches him.

JUNE
I'm going to make you better. Just
relax.

He looks in her direction and his face relaxes.

EXT. JUNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She is parked in the driveway, pulling Roy out the passenger door. She grabs him around the waist and leads him to the side door.

INT. JUNE'S SECOND BEDROOM

She brings him in and drops him on the bed. Then, she removes his shoes and covers him, sits next to him and takes his hand.

JUNE
Do you want anything?

ROY
Water.

She leaves the room. Water RUNS O.S., filling a glass. Roy looks around the room. It's clean and there are pictures of flowers hanging on the wall. The quilt covering him is soft with colorful picture panels. The dated end table lamp has a tiffany shade.

CONTINUED:

She returns with the water and lifts his head. He chokes the water down with huge gulps. She lays his head on the pillow and straightens the quilt under his chin.

JUNE

Get some sleep and we'll talk in the morning.

He falls asleep, staring at a painting of perfect orchids.

INT. JUNE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

It's very serene and sunny. Roy appears from the hall, looking around a corner into the kitchen, not sure what he'll find.

June is seated at the kitchen table, nursing a cup of coffee. She turns to him and smiles.

JUNE

(Chipper)

Morning. How did you sleep?

It takes him a moment to gather himself. He is lost, floating in a very strange space.

ROY

Fine. Where am I?

JUNE

You're at my home. In Brentwood. Off Mandeville Canyon. I brought you here last night. Do you remember last night? Anything?

ROY

June.

JUNE

Yes.

ROY

I'm sorry. I should've known that. My memory isn't... You know...

JUNE

(Smiling)

It's ok. You were probably shocked as hell when I appeared out of nowhere last night and kidnapped you.

She notes that he seems oblivious to her attempt at humor.

CONTINUED:

JUNE (CONT'D)

You were asleep on the floor of
your mobile home. Do you remember?

ROY

My sister Janice destroyed
everything and drenched my house in
toxic chemicals. She even took my
dog. He was an asshole but he
didn't deserve what he got.

JUNE

I figured as much. Sit down. Do you
want me to make you some breakfast?

He approaches her slowly and sits in the chair she indicates.

ROY

You got any toast?

JUNE

I can do that. All I have is whole
grain.

He nods. She walks to the refrigerator and starts preparing
the food. Roy stares out the window at her surreal, sunny
green backyard and vacuous garden.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I was able to get your address from
your publisher, Moe. He was very
concerned about you, after I told
him what happened. Your sister
strikes me as something of a
douchebag. Sorry. But that's how I
feel. I wasn't sure what she was up
to but... I had the sense she was
up to no good. I hope it was ok to
bring you here. I can take you back
today, if you want.

ROY

I can't go back. They're after me.

JUNE

Who is?

ROY

The institution.

JUNE

(Suspicious)

Oh.

CONTINUED: (2)

ROY

They said I was demented and tried to keep me there, but I escaped.

JUNE

They being...

ROY

The hospital staff.

JUNE

Oh. You were in a hospital?

ROY

If I go back, they'll take me into custody, and Janice will make me sign a power of attorney.

JUNE

(Studying him)

Roy, you can stay here for as long as you like.

They trade smiles.

INT. GELSON'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

Roy is tagging along behind June in the produce section. He's a different person now with June - less spacey, relaxed, happy, feels safe.

JUNE

Remember when we tied ourselves to that tree? I don't know why we thought it was so cool.

ROY

We did it to prove a point.

JUNE

And what was that?

ROY

Trees are important.

JUNE

Oh right, but a lot of things are important and we don't tie ourselves to them.

ROY

We would if they were trying to take them away from us.

CONTINUED:

JUNE

Do you like broccoli? It's like a little tree.

He smiles.

JUNE (CONT'D)

What kind of meat do you like?

ROY

I like all meat, as long as it's left on the animal.

JUNE

That must be from one of your books.

ROY

Have you ever read one?

JUNE

All of them.

ROY

And...

JUNE

Do you want me to tell you how brilliant you are?

ROY

(Smiling)

Umm, yes.

JUNE

I agree with most of what you say?

ROY

Why not all?

JUNE

Because there are no absolutes.

ROY

Touché.

JUNE

Artichokes?

INT. REI STORE

They're shopping for clothes in the underwear section. She holds up a pair of men's orange bikini briefs.

CONTINUED:

JUNE
(Smiling)
What do you think?

ROY
I don't wear underwear, especially
that.

JUNE
I figured you'd outgrown that
notion by now.

ROY
No, but I definitely outgrew
those... about the age of 12.

JUNE
They stretch.

ROY
Yeah well, they might work for some
men.

JUNE
But you like to feel free.

ROY
What's wrong with that?

JUNE
Nothing, as long as you know your
boundaries. You can't have freedom
without boundaries, right?

ROY
I refuse to let some underwear
define my boundaries.

JUNE
You're undefinable.

ROY
Thank you.

JUNE
What about pants?

ROY
Same thing.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

They're walking next to the waves, allowing the water to flow over their bare feet. They aren't saying much. Thinking about things. She takes his hand. They stop and face one another and then move in close and hold each other tight.

EXT. PALMDALE DESERT - DAY

A sheriff's helicopter is flying low and slow over a section of desert. A deputy is leaning against a sheriff cruiser by the hospital, talking on the radio.

DEPUTY 2

I showed the photo to all the businesses around here. No one's seen him. We'll start going door to door in the residential areas next. The chopper is sweeping the desert by the hospital now for the third time. Nothing so far.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

Janice is sitting by an ASST. DEPUTY'S desk, showing him photos. She's trying to appear concerned.

JANICE

Those are all the pictures I have of him.

ASST. DEPUTY

These should be very helpful. Thank you. And his cell phone? That would save us a lot of time.

JANICE

I have his phone.

ASST. DEPUTY

It would be helpful if we could look through it.

She turns to her purse and rummages through it.

JANICE

Damn. It must be back in my room. I'll look for it as soon as I get back there. By the way, I'll be staying in town and available anytime you need my assistance.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JANICE (CONT'D)
I'm not going to give up until we
find him.

ASST. DEPUTY
Well, actually if we can just get
that cell phone that's pretty much
all we need.

She attempts a fake smile to show her appreciation.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL - SUNSET

Janice is bent over looking through every crevice of her car
interior, on the phone with Phil.

JANICE
(On phone)
I grabbed his phone before they
cleaned the GD place. I'm sure I
did. I plugged it in and looked
through it in my car.

She pulls the grocery bag out and removes the margarita mix,
glass and a few other items, but no phone.

PHIL (V.O.)
Maybe he took it.

JANICE
I sincerely doubt that. He was
pretty gonzo at the time.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JANICE'S DEN

Phil is feeding the cat.

PHIL
When do they give up searching?

JANICE
Maybe never. I'm his closest
relative but his estate is locked
until they find a body.

PHIL
What about suing the hospital?

CONTINUED:

JANICE
(Getting all excited)
I'm seeing an attorney tomorrow.

She pulls notes out of her pocket.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Gross negligence involving a
patient with a mental disorder;
reckless, conscious disregard for
patient safety; criminal charges,
major malpractice lawsuits,
hospital chain with deep pockets.
They'll want to settle rather than
go to court.

PHIL
That's what I like to hear!

JANICE
And if they find a body, it gets
even better... I mean worse, of
course.

PHIL
(Joking)
Sounds like you're already in the
grieving process.

JANICE
(She lights up)
Hold on. I got an idea.

INT. JANICE'S MOTEL ROOM - LATER

She is sitting on the bed working furiously on Roy's laptop.

ON SCREEN. She opens the FindMy app on the laptop. There's
his phone! She presses the icon. The box displays the address
of Roy's mobile home, the date and shows that the battery is
dead.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - LATER

Janice is finishing a desperate search of the home with her
flashlight. She finally gives up and pulls out her cell
phone.

JANICE
(On phone)
I looked everywhere. It's not here.

CONTINUED:

PHIL (V.O.)
And that was the last known address
before it died, huh?

JANICE
Yup.

PHIL (V.O.)
Well, if you didn't leave it there,
then I don't know. He must've got
it somehow.

JANICE
I don't know how that could've
happened, but if he does have it
and he tries to charge it, we'll be
able to track him.

She stares out the window at a patch of moonlit Joshua trees.

INT. JUNE'S KITCHEN - DAY

June comes in the backdoor with a bag of groceries and sets
them down. She looks out the window and sees Roy sitting in
an Adirondack chair in the backyard with his back to her.

EXT. JUNE'S BACKYARD

She approaches Roy with two glasses of iced tea, and sets
them on the table next to him. He's busy working on a laptop
and doesn't look up.

JUNE
Having any luck?

ROY
Nah. It's impossible. She did
something with all my files.

JUNE
Is the laptop working okay?

ROY
It's fine. Thanks.

JUNE
Maybe you can make notes or an
outline...

ROY
Yeah, I guess.

CONTINUED:

She notes that the screen is blank. She sits. He continues to stare at the screen.

JUNE

(Cautiously)

Roy, why were you sleeping on the floor in an empty house?

ROY

What do you mean?

JUNE

I was just wondering. It doesn't seem... normal to me... Unless something is very wrong.

ROY

They're after me.

JUNE

Why? Why are they after you?

ROY

(Thinking hard)

I escaped.

JUNE

Roy, I'm trying to determine why you had to escape. What were they doing to you that made you feel like you had to do that?

ROY

(Not so sure anymore)

They want to put me in one of those facilities.

JUNE

Could it be that the hospital is looking for you because they're worried about you? That maybe...

(measuring her words

carefully)

You're not making the best choices now?

He doesn't know.

JUNE (CONT'D)

What are you really hiding from?

ROY

Why do you want to know?

CONTINUED: (2)

JUNE
I want to help you.

ROY
I don't need your help.

Frustrated, she stands and turns toward the house. Then, she stops and turns back.

JUNE
Roy, you do need help.

ROY
No thanks.

JUNE
Not from me, from doctors and scientists, people who do this for a living. You have a memory problem. You know you do. Would you be willing to see someone? Get tested or something? To see... what could be wrong?

His mouth tightens.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Deputy 2 is on the phone with Janice.

DEPUTY 2
June Fillmore. Do you know anyone by that name?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CAFE

Janice is eating a salad. She almost chokes on a mouthful.

JANICE
June Fillmore. Hmm.

DEPUTY 2
We found the name in his contact list. It showed that he accessed it fairly recently.

JANICE
Accessed it? You have his phone?

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY 2

No, no. We can see the list he saved online.

JANICE

I see.

(Appearing to search her memory)

Hmm. June Fillmore.

INT. JUNE'S LIVING ROOM

June is standing at the front door, facing two cops.

JUNE

(Pretending to search her memory)

Roy Thode.

COP 1 (O.S.)

Your name came up in a missing persons search and we're just checking it out.

JUNE

Well, as a matter of fact, I do know him.

COP 1

Has he contacted you recently?

JUNE

(She thinks a moment)

I haven't seen Roy in, I don't know, 50 plus years. What's going on?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JUNE'S KITCHEN

Roy is hiding by the passage into the living room, listening to the O.S. conversation.

COP 1

He was being treated at a hospital in Palmdale and left before he was released. And they've been unable to locate him. His sister and the hospital are very concerned for his safety.

CONTINUED:

Roy panics. He turns and heads to the backyard door.

JUNE

What was he in the hospital for?

COP 1

We can't really talk about that for
privacy reasons...

EXT. JUNE'S BACKYARD

Roy closes the door quietly and runs into the yard,
frantically checking all around him. Then, he heads toward
the canyon at the edge of the property and looks down.

INT. JUNE'S LIVING ROOM

She's finishing the conversation with the cop.

JUNE

Sorry, I couldn't be of any help.

COP 1

I appreciate you taking the time.
Here's my card. Please call if he
tries to contact you. Thank you.

She closes the front door, looks out the window until they
are safely in the cruiser, and goes to the kitchen.

JUNE

(Calling)

Roy? Roy?

INT. JUNE'S HALL

She walks through the kitchen and continues down the hall,
calling his name.

EXT. JUNE'S BACKYARD - LATER

She is frantic, looking everywhere, calling his name. Then,
she walks to the edge of her property, looks out over the
steep hillside that leads down into the canyon. She CALLS.

Head down, she turns to a garden shed - the last place she'd
expect to find him. Opens the door.

CONTINUED:

JUNE
(Shocked)
Oh my god!

Roy has the appearance of a cornered animal - staring, fearful, crazy eyes, anything but normal.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - DAY

She's focused, as she drives through heavy LA traffic. Roy is slouching in the passenger seat.

ROY
Are there drugs involved?

JUNE
I don't think so. It's research.
We'll find out more when we get there.

ROY
Are they going to cure me?

JUNE
Maybe. I don't know. I think they're mainly gathering data.

ROY
How's that going to help?

JUNE
The ad says they're researching something with the brain and memory issues. It's a start. It'll get us headed in the right direction anyway.
(Turns to him)
You said you'd be ok with this.

ROY
Yeah, I know.

JUNE
We need to start somewhere, Roy.

He looks out the side window. He is SILENT.

INT. UCLA CLINIC - DAY

Roy and June are standing in a short line at the intake counter. They're speaking quietly, looking over a form they just filled out.

CONTINUED:

JUNE

Do you think we got everything?

ROY

(Pointing to the form)

I don't really have sleep deprivation.

JUNE

You're up all night peeing.

ROY

That's a different problem. I don't feel that deprived.

JUNE

And you snore.

ROY

That's a sign of sleeping.

JUNE

It's a sign of bad sleep.

ROY

How do you know?

She exhales. They step up to the INTAKE GUY and hand him the form. He checks it over.

JUNE

Snoring is a sign of sleep apnea. Haven't you ever heard of that?

ROY

Everyone snores. What's the big deal?

INTAKE GUY

Alright. Looks good. The doctor will check this over and meet with you to go over the details of the study.

She smiles and gives Roy a thumbs up.

INT. UCLA TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

The doctor is sitting on a wheeled stool, giving Roy a blood pressure test. He takes the BP cuff off and returns to the form they filled out.

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

Well the good news is, physically, you're in pretty good shape. The memory test shows some memory and cognitive issues, but overall not that bad for someone your age. The bad news is, you don't qualify for our pharmacokinetics study. In fact, you probably don't even have dementia.

JUNE

But, what about all those symptoms?

ROY

I have issues.

DOCTOR

Do you want to know what I think? You could have something like chronic depression. Maybe you had a stroke. You could be malnourished, have a vitamin B12 deficiency. Your weight is on the low side. Do you eat meat?

ROY

(Proudly)

Not a drop.

DOCTOR

Well, there you go.

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

Roy is picking at a huge mound of fried eggs and potatoes. June is watching him as she eats a salad.

JUNE

When was the last time you ate an egg?

ROY

Probably never. I hate them.

JUNE

Well, I don't know what to do. You won't eat meat or fish, so...

ROY

(Making a face)

It's okay, it's okay. I'll do it.

Takes another disgusting bite.

CONTINUED:

JUNE
And the vitamins.

ROY
And the damn vitamins.

JUNE
We're just trying to make you
better, Roy.

ROY
(Muttering)
Yeah, you and the fucking
healthcare industry, so I'll
become a good little consumer of
their pills and liposuction and
breast implants...

JUNE
What? I didn't hear you.

ROY
(Smiling)
Mmmm.

BEAT.

JUNE
(Shaking her head)
Worrywart.

ROY
(Smiles)
Chatterbox.

She takes a deep breath.

JUNE
Okay. Well, now that we've got your
health issues under control, I
think it's time we called the
police.

ROY
Why?

JUNE
To tell them the truth. They've
been wasting all this time looking
for you. And of course your sister
is probably worried.

ROY
She could give a shit.

CONTINUED: (2)

JUNE

I can tell them you're staying with me, so you don't have to worry about them putting you away in a facility, if that's even a thing, which I doubt.

ROY

But you broke the law.

She freezes, hadn't thought of that.

JUNE

Yeah, I suppose I technically did.

ROY

They could accuse you of harboring a missing person.

JUNE

Probably only a misdemeanor, but still...

ROY

We'll need to change the lie to something that's more...

JUNE

Tenable.

EXT. PALMDALE STREET BY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

June pulls her car over to the curb and stops half a block from the station. Roy gets out, opens the backdoor, and grabs a backpack and sleeping bag. He attaches the bag to the backpack and puts both on his shoulders. He gives June a thumbs-up and heads toward the station.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

Roy enters and goes to the reception desk. The RECEPTIONIST looks up, not expecting to see an old fart with a load of camping gear on his back.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes?

ROY

I believe you're looking for me.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION BY ASST.DEPUTIES DESK

Roy walks up to the deputy's desk. He looks up, shocked.

ASST. DEPUTY
Roy Thode?

ROY
That's me.

ASST. DEPUTY
Holy shit. Have a seat.

Roy removes the bundle on his back, sets it on the floor and sits.

ASST. DEPUTY (CONT'D)
So... where have you been? We've
been looking all over for you.

ROY
(Rehearsed line)
I was camping up around Yosemite
for a couple weeks and didn't hear
the news that I was missing.

ASST. DEPUTY
(Incredulous)
Camping! You decided to go
camping?!

INT. JUNE'S CAR - DAY

Roy dumps the camping gear in the backseat and gets in. June starts the car and drives off.

JUNE
Well?

ROY
They weren't very glad to see me.

JUNE
Did they buy the camping story?

ROY
It upset them quite a bit. It
would've been better if I'd been
eaten by the dog.

CONTINUED:

JUNE

We're just no good at making up stories. Did you tell him you'll be staying with me?

ROY

It never came up. I don't think they care what happens to me.

EXT. JANICE'S BACK PATIO - SUNSET

Janice is on the phone, pacing. Phil is sitting in a chaise lounge, drinking a beer.

JANICE

(Incredulous)

Camping!?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION BY ASST.DEPUTIES DESK

The deputy is on the phone.

ASST. DEPUTY

That's what he said.

JANICE

But how did he get from the hospital to fucking Yosemite, excuse the French? He doesn't even have a car!

ASST. DEPUTY

Don't know. Didn't ask. He could've teleported himself there for all I care. As far as we're concerned, the case is closed.

JANICE

But it doesn't make any sense.

ASST. DEPUTY

My job isn't to make sense of what people do.

JANICE

Right. Thanks for calling.

She hangs up and turns to Phil.

CONTINUED:

JANICE (CONT'D)
Camping in Yosemite! What am I
missing?!

PHIL
He's obviously lying.

JANICE
Why would he lie?

She sits in a chair across from Phil, looking down, deep in
thought.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They're driving on the freeway.

JUNE
Hey, guess what? You're not missing
anymore.

ROY
Ha. Never thought I was.

JUNE
But nobody knows where you are.

ROY
Man of mystery.

JUNE
If only people knew.

ROY
Well, I'm not going to tell 'em.

EXT. JANICE'S BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

She's seated now, facing away from Phil, head down.

PHIL
You know, this could prove that he
was mentally stable when he took
off.

JANICE
Yeah, so?

PHIL
So, if he was stable, the hospital
isn't liable, and there goes the
lawsuit.

CONTINUED:

JANICE

Phil, there are more important things to worry about than the fucking lawsuit.

She gets up and leaves.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Excuse the French.

He shrugs.

EXT. SANTA MONICA MALL - DAY

Roy is tagging along, as June window shops.

JUNE

...Dennis Jackman, Sandy Weston, Graham Thule, Johnson Butterly?

He shakes his head.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Ever heard of Dancing with Eagles? Big hit. Santa's Home? Close to the Sun?

ROY

I think I saw an ad for the dancing eagle movie.

JUNE

Anyway, those were some of my clients. I can't believe I worked for that firm for 20 years.

ROY

Did they give you a nice office?

JUNE

(Trying to sound impressive)

Well, the 34th story of the Century Plaza Towers.

ROY

Ooo, fancy.

JUNE

I had an unobstructed view of Culver City all the way to the airport. High-power meetings at studios. Bonuses.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JUNE (CONT'D)

First class seats. Got a ton of miles. Short drive home.

ROY

But were you happy?

She stops and looks right at him.

JUNE

I know what you're thinking. Vacuous. But for your information, I was happy. I really was. There wasn't one dull moment. A ton of work, but lots of bennies. Lots of fun. And early retirement. And I really deserved it.

BEAT.

ROY

I suppose I deserve what I got too.

She pats his arm. Roy, then June turn to the window they're standing in front of. Surprise!

ON WINDOW. It's a bookstore featuring an impressive display of Roy's books - a banner announcing their rerelease, and big posters of Roy from the publisher with a quote: "We can't fix the environment out there until we fix the one in here."

JUNE

Wow. I wasn't expecting that.

ROY

(Unimpressed)

I could use a new set of books.

He heads toward the store.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Roy grabs one of each of his books off a special Roy Thode display table and heads to the counter, followed by June.

JUNE

(Impressed)

I never thought of you as a celebrity.

He shrugs.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You must be really proud.

CONTINUED:

ROY

Not at all. I couldn't have written all this if I'd been motivated by ego, if I'd viewed myself as more important than saving the fucking earth.

JUNE

I appreciate that.

He sets the books on the counter and starts counting out some cash, as the clerk TYLER grabs a book and turns it over for the barcode. He sees the big professional portrait of Roy. His jaw drops. He looks up.

TYLER

You're Roy Thode.

ROY

That's me.

TYLER

(Embarrassed)

Oh my God. I, uh... I'm honored.

He extends his hand and they shake.

ROY

Thank you.

TYLER

(Flustered)

Tyler Bernstein.

ROY

Nice to meet you.

TYLER

Well, uh, there's no charge, of course.

(BEAT)

That is, if you wouldn't mind signing a few books. Please? Of course, there's no charge anyway, but if you wouldn't mind...

ROY

Uh, sure.

TYLER

Thank you so much. Seriously. Thank you, thank you.

Tyler runs over to the table and grabs a dozen books.

CONTINUED: (2)

ROY

(To June)

I hope you weren't in a hurry.

June smiles.

INT. ENVIRONMENTALIST'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler and forty or so people are jammed into this middleclass room, listening to Roy, who's seated facing them. He's healthy now, sincere and in his element.

ROY

(Speech in progress)

The thing is, you can't give up.
You can't stop. You have to feel it
in here.

(His heart)

Unlike some war in the middle east
or stock market crash,
environmental degradation effects
every living thing on earth. It is
bigger than any problem man's ever
created. Your advocacy is a
lifelong commitment to changing
people. It means pissing off guests
at parties, boring friends with
facts, sounding like a broken
record wherever you go. But that's
how it works. These issues can't be
addressed by technology alone. It's
about motivating people to feel it
in their hearts and minds. Thank
you.

The crowd gives him a heartfelt round of APPLAUSE. June is in the crowd, CLAPPING, smiling.

INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS in the bedroom, see the light from a gas lantern. Janice walks in, carrying the lantern. She's looking around, checking for problems. She notes a few bullet holes in the front window, par for the course around these parts.

She's down. There's a sadness in her eyes. She meanders back toward the kitchen to pour another glass of wine. Her phone RINGS. She picks up.

CONTINUED:

JANICE
Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JANICE'S DEN

Phil is in his usual spot, on the phone. (The cat is lying on the table in front of him.)

PHIL
Hi. I was waiting for your call.

JANICE
Sorry, I didn't have anything to say.

PHIL
How's his house look?

JANICE
The same.

PHIL
Any sign of him being there?

JANICE
No. He's just disappeared.

PHIL
Well... I'm sorry, hon.

JANICE
Yeah.

PHIL
He's out there someplace. He's a survivor. He's someone you don't have to worry about. You know? He'll show up.

JANICE
I know. I'll talk to you tomorrow and let you know what I decide.

PHIL
Ok. I love you.

JANICE
You too.

She hangs up. Then, she goes into...

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME BEDROOM

There's a mat on the floor with a sleeping bag and pillow laid out on top of it. She sets the lantern down, sits, takes her shoes off and climbs in. Then, she stares straight up at the ceiling.

EXT. MANDEVILLE CANYON RD - DAY

CLOSE ON someone angrily digging through trash and transferring pieces from one garbage cart to another. After a moment, an even angrier male voice interrupts...

VOICE (O.S.)

What do you think you're doing?!

ON ROY, the person in the trash, facing a short thin NEIGHBOR in his 30s. The Neighbor is in bare feet, wearing a robe. He's standing at the entrance to a long stairway, leading up to a glitzy modern house on the hill.

ROY

(Combative)

Is this yours?!

NEIGHBOR

Yeah, what the fuck are you doing?

Roy holds up a plastic bottle.

ROY

This is recyclable. It goes here.

He dumps it in the recycle cart and picks up a handful of used Styrofoam to-go containers.

ROY (CONT'D)

These are landfill. They go here.

He dumps them.

ROY (CONT'D)

Do you even know why you have two bins? Have you ever even heard of an environment outside your own shallow, fetid, little, pointless life?

NEIGHBOR

What the fuck!

CONTINUED:

ROY

Exactly.

(Mocking him)

What the fuck!

Roy continues sorting.

NEIGHBOR

(Stepping closer)

Hey, listen to me. Get your hands out of my fucking trash now! You have no right to invade my personal space!

ROY

Why are you so bitchy this morning? Didn't get a callback from that porn movie?

NEIGHBOR

(About to burst)

This is my property! You have no right-

ROY

Actually, the trash is on public property and I can do whatever I want.

NEIGHBOR

There are laws! In Brentwood! Against looking through people's trash! Did you know that? You are fucking breaking the law.

The neighbor pulls out his phone and dials.

ROY

There are laws against scavenging. I'm not scavenging your trash. I'm organizing it...

ROY (CONT'D)

...which is supposed to be your job. You are the one who's in violation by not abiding by your agreement with LA Sanitation.

NEIGHBOR

(On phone)

I want to report a strange homeless person going through my trash. (BEAT) No. (BEAT) Yes, it's on the street.

(The person is agreeing with Roy)

But...

He hangs up, turns and starts walking up the stairs.

CONTINUED: (2)

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

This isn't right! You have no right! And don't go anywhere near my property. I have alarms. I'm fully secure! And you'll be soooo fucking busted!

He steps on a pebble and YELLS!

INT. JUNE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

She opens the front door, revealing Roy standing between two cops.

COP 1

Hello again.

JUNE

What happened this time?

COP 1

We got complaints about your friend Roy here going through people's trash.

ROY

Your Brentwood neighbors don't know the first thing about recycling. Or they don't care. And that's a problem.

JUNE

But Roy...

ROY

Thanks for the lift.

Roy walks away from them into the house and OUT OF FRAME. Cop 1 watches him for a moment.

COP 1

He didn't break any laws that we know of, but he was being something of a nuisance, so... He's having trouble adapting.

JUNE

I know. I'll have a talk with him. Sorry about all this.

CONTINUED:

She closes the door and turns into the room. He's lying on the nice couch with his dirty shoes on. June takes a deep breath.

JUNE (CONT'D)
Roy, you can't do that.

ROY
Someone has to.

JUNE
No, they don't. No one has to. It's not a requirement.

He stands and paces. June watches him remove his shoes from the couch.

ROY
Your entitled Brentwood neighbors are exactly the people who need to get the message. Think of how much waste they produce everyday. Think of all the overconsumption and the negative environmental impact of their affluent lives. They don't think it's their problem, so they don't care.

JUNE
They do care.

ROY
They throw money at it. But that's not enough. The problem is only going to persist until they realize it's their problem too. Until they feel a part of it.

He walks into the kitchen.

ROY (CONT'D)
When they are able to come down to that level and humble themselves to the forces that are destroying the world, then we will see change.

June watches, as he continues out the back door and sits in an Adirondack chair with his head down.

INT. JUNE'S KITCHEN

She walks in and opens the back door.

CONTINUED:

JUNE

(Calling)

Roy, I'm going to run down to the store and grab something for dinner. Is there anything you want?

He shakes his head. She's at a loss.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - LATER

She's driving with that same concerned look. She turns the corner onto Mandeville Canyon Rd. She drives a few blocks, then pulls over and stops. She thinks, then pulls out her phone, looks for a number and pauses. Then, she puts the phone down.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Janice is standing by the front window looking out across miles of empty, lonely desert.

She turns into the room and WE PULL BACK to reveal what she has been up to recently. The items she had put in storage have been moved back into the living room - recliner, TV, side table. She walks into...

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME BEDROOM

WE SEE that the file cabinets, desk and papers have been moved back too. She sits in the desk chair and continues organizing the papers.

INT. JUNE'S HALL

Roy's bedroom door is open. The room is filled with junk that Roy has been scavenging from the neighborhood over the past weeks - broken electronic devices, furniture, a couple of chairs, boxes of crap, newspapers, clothes.

ON JUNE. She has a haggard expression, as she enters the room and picks up his cell phone on the end table. She checks it. It's still dead. She picks up the charging cable and is just about to insert it, but stops and turns to the sound of the FRONT DOOR OPENING. She sets the cell phone down and makes her way warily to...

INT. JUNE'S LIVING ROOM

Roy is closing the door, holding a small dog under his arm. He turns to June and sees the face of exasperation.

JUNE
You have a dog.

The dog wriggles out of his arms and immediately takes off after one of June's cats, BARKING wildly as it chases it into the kitchen.

ROY
Sorry. I'll take care of it.

He runs after the dog. June follows.

JUNE
Roy, where did you get the dog?

ROY
It was wandering around in the street. Obviously mistreated and malnourished.

JUNE
What are you going to do with it?

ROY
Don't worry, I'm on top of it.

JUNE
We can't have a dog here.

ROY
I know. Sorry.

The cat is on a counter, HISSING at the dog, which is jumping at the cat and BARKING incessantly. Roy grabs it and holds on tight.

ROY (CONT'D)
Is there an animal rescue shelter around here?

JUNE
I don't know.

He runs down the hall and tosses the dog in his bedroom. Then, he closes the door.

ROY
There.
(Noticing her look)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ROY (CONT'D)

You're not happy. I can tell. But I had no choice.

JUNE

It was in the street?

ROY

Well, near the street.

JUNE

In someone's backyard?

ROY

Kind of.

JUNE

You stole it out of someone's backyard?! Roy, you can't keep doing things like this-

ROY

If you saw the conditions the dog was being forced to live in, you'd do the same.

JUNE

It doesn't matter. You can't do that, Roy.

ROY

I had too.

JUNE

No, you didn't. Get the dog. We're going to take it back.

He opens the door and the dog runs out and down the hall in the other direction. They run after it.

INT. JUNE'S LIVING ROOM

The dog runs in and finds another cat to chase. They run after it into...

INT. JUNE'S KITCHEN

The dog corners the cat against the counter baseboard and a fight ensues - scratching, GROWLING, HISSING, BARKING. The dog YIPS, as the cat takes a chunk out of its nose. Roy grabs the dog, trying to avoid the cat's claws. He holds on tight.

CONTINUED:

JUNE
(Sternly)
Come on.

She marches toward the backdoor. Roy follows.

INT. JUNE'S CAR

They're driving slowly down the street.

JUNE
Which house?

ROY
I think we should take it to the-

JUNE
It's not our dog. We don't have the
authority-

ROY
The dog was being tortured,
abandoned, sleeping in its own
filth-

JUNE
Then, we'll follow the correct
channels and deal with it
correctly! Not steal it!

ROY
I saved it!

JUNE
Which house?!

ROY
I'm not going to tell you.

JUNE
Roy!

ROY
I'm not telling you. It's not
right!

She slams on the brakes and pulls over. Then, she grabs the
dog and shoves the door open.

EXT. MANDEVILLE CANYON RD

She marches down the road with the dog, examining the houses she passes, looking for a likely backyard.

Roy gets out and follows. He catches up with her. She's boiling mad.

ROY

June. The dog's wealthy owner is just going to get off on a technicality and nothing will happen! The dog will keep suffering. You know that's the way it'll go.

JUNE

I don't want to talk to you.

ROY

I don't know what you're so upset about.

JUNE

You don't, huh?

ROY

I was just trying to save an abused animal from-

JUNE

I don't want to hear it.

ROY

Ok, fine. I give up. Okay? You win. The dog loses. Just one more tale of woe from the greedy gulches of Brentwood.

She stops and turns to him.

JUNE

Roy, you're the tale of woe!

ROY

What is that supposed to mean?

JUNE

Every living thing on earth is just trying to get by and you're making everything worse.

ROY

How is doing the right thing making-

CONTINUED:

JUNE

The right thing! The right thing isn't yelling and screaming all the time and hating people and putting people down and being a constant source of, of negativity. You're always negative. You're so negative, you don't even know what positive is. You're trying to tell people what to do by telling them what not to do. And you've been this way so long, I don't even think you know what you want. Only what you don't want. And that makes no sense. To live a life focused on what you don't want.

ROY

(Not so sure)
That's not true.

JUNE

But what is true. Tell me how putting this dog in a shelter is going to improve its life.

ROY

It's better than the life it-

JUNE

Which house?

She starts walking again.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I'm not listening to your arguments anymore because you're wrong.

ROY

You'll see.

JUNE

This house?

A few more steps.

ROY

That one.

He points to a small filthy enclosure fenced in with chicken wire. There's a dirty dog bowl and a damaged cardboard box for the dog to sleep in. The dog has successfully tunneled under the fence in a few spots.

CONTINUED: (2)

June stops and stares at the enclosure. Then, she pets the dog and it looks up at her with an expression that says, "Don't put me back in there."

INT. JUNE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roy is sitting on the couch, petting the dog, which is resting beside him. June comes in and sits on the other side of the dog.

JUNE

The guy from the animal cruelty task force says they'll investigate and that we can go ahead and keep the dog here, otherwise they'd just have to put him in a shelter.

BEAT.

ROY

Told you.

She tries to find the right words.

JUNE

(Bristling)

It's, it's all about... how you handle situations. You can't just take people's dogs and trash and furniture. We don't do that here.

ROY

I get it. I know about Brentwood and its rules and culture and mores and do's and don'ts and bla bla bla. But I don't have to like it.

BEAT. June closes her eyes, searches for her happy place.

JUNE

What do you want to call him?

ROY

The dog?

JUNE

If we're going to take care of him, he needs a name.

ROY

(Thinking)

Lucky. Unlike the thousands of other pets that aren't.

CONTINUED:

JUNE

Worrywart.

ROY

Chatterbox.

She takes his hand.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME BY POWER SHUTOFF - DAY

A power company worker breaks the tag on the shutoff switch and turns the power back on. He hands Janice a clipboard and she signs the work order. He tears off a receipt and hands it to her, then grabs his tools and the clipboard and heads to his truck.

She turns and notices a post office van coming up the driveway.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

She walks to the front door and meets the van as it stops. A postal worker gets out and grabs a large sack of mail, then approaches her.

POSTAL WORKER

(To Janice)

Hi, I'm looking for a Roy Thode.
This his place?

Janice fabricates a story on the spot (which is her style).

JANICE

Yes it is, but he's not in right now.

POSTAL WORKER

(Disappointed)

Oh darn. When do you expect him?

JANICE

Well, he's gone actually... away... on a trip... an extended trip. Not sure when he'll be back exactly. Can I help?

POSTAL WORKER

Well, there's a problem. He usually picks up the mail from his postbox every week or so. But it's been like almost two months, as you can see.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

POSTAL WORKER (CONT'D)
I thought I'd drive it out to him,
and um... We don't usually do that
but he's been a customer for so
long...

JANICE
Well, you can leave it with me and
I'll make sure he gets it when he
returns.

POSTAL WORKER
And you're his wife or...

JANICE
Sister. From Lake Havasu. He asked
me to watch his place for him.

POSTAL WORKER
Well, we don't usually do that but
I don't want to have to close his
mailbox...

JANICE
I'll make sure he gets it. I
promise.

The worker hesitates, then hands her the sack.

POSTAL WORKER
Let me know when he's coming back.

JANICE
I will. Thanks.

POSTAL WORKER
No problem.

He heads back to his van.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM

Janice dumps out the sack of mail on the floor, and starts
pouring through it. There's probably over a hundred letters
and a lot of junk.

ON MAIL, as she checks return addresses on envelopes. Most
mail is from random people, probably fans or people wanting
something, people with crazy ideas, people wanting to argue,
flakes, kids, nutjobs.

Then, she grabs one very important looking envelope,
addressed from the Pulitzer Center. She tears it open.

CONTINUED:

Inside is a brief personal letter with an authentic signature. In the first line we read, "Congratulations."

ON JANICE, she stands and paces, as she reads the letter fully, eyes wide. It's good news.

INT. JUNE'S HALL - NIGHT

June is standing, arms crossed at the opening to the kitchen, staring at the closed bathroom door, listening to the SOUNDS coming from inside. Roy is finishing a shower O.S. He turns off the water, gets out, blows his nose loudly into the sink (she hopes), dries himself as he HUMS some unrecognizable tune, and then SLAMS the door open and STOMPS across the hall naked to his room, leaving a trail from his wet feet. Then, he SLAMS his bedroom door.

She closes her eyes and takes a big breath. She looks in the bathroom - wet towels on the floor, water splashed everywhere, a wad of hair in the drain, a cloud of steam because he forgot to turn on the fan. Then, she looks down at her feet.

HER POV, a wet dog turd is squishing out from under her slippers. She looks down the hall at a trail of excrement leading to where she stepped on the turd in the kitchen.

She wants to scream.

INT. JUNE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roy is slouching on the couch with his feet up on the glass coffee table, petting the dog next to him, watching a very serious documentary on melting glaciers, accompanied by an apocalyptic score.

INTERVIEWEE ON TV (V.O.)

(Depressed, French accent)

We were appalled to say the least.
We sat there and watched helplessly
as more and more sheets of ice
calved and slipped into the sea.
Acres of land were immediately
exposed to light that hadn't shown
on it for hundreds of thousands of
years. A great sadness came over
us. We were speechless.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM

June is sitting on her bed with a serious expression. She picks up her cell phone and presses a recent number.

JUNE

(On phone)

Hi. It's June Fillmore. Do you have time to talk?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Janice is sitting in Roy's recliner on the phone. She picks up on June's downbeat tone.

JANICE

(On phone)

Sure.

JUNE

Well, it's about Roy.

JANICE

He's been missing.

JUNE

Yeah, I know. He's been living with me in Brentwood.

JANICE

(Suddenly elated)

Oh, my God. That's wonderful!
That's amazing! I'm so relieved.
He's been gone for so long and his phone is dead. And, and, I was worried sick. Is everything ok? How are you handling it?

JUNE

We've had a great time together, actually.

JANICE

Oh, my God! I knew you guys would hit it off. I knew it!

JUNE

And his health has improved quite a bit. He had a serious vitamin B12 deficiency. He's much better now.

CONTINUED:

JANICE

Yes! And he was malnourished.

JUNE

He's eating like a horse. And of course we... I love your brother.

JANICE

Me too.

JUNE

And I want him to be happy.

JANICE

Of course.

JUNE

But he can't live here anymore.

JANICE

(Alarmed)

Why? What happened?!

JUNE

(A serious condition)

He's driving me crazy.

There's a pause, then Janice can't hold it any longer. She bursts out LAUGHING. June picks up on it, starts CHUCKLING. When their LAUGHING FIT subsides a bit, one of them bursts out again and infects the other. It's some time before they can talk again.

INT. BEV HILLS RESTAURANT - SUNSET

It's a swank rooftop eatery at a fancy hotel. June and Roy ENTER FRAME, being shown to a table with a breathtaking sunset view. She's wearing a chic, but reasonably priced, evening gown. He's wearing something minimally acceptable. They sit.

JUNE

Are you ok? Is the sun in your eyes?

ROY

I'm good.

He looks around him with obvious disdain, about to burst.

JUNE

Remember what we agreed on?

CONTINUED:

ROY

I know. But it's so excessive.

JUNE

I got it. Don't worry about it.
Just enjoy the view.

He looks at the view with disdain. He glances at the menu briefly, then closes it.

ROY

I guess I'll just have a salad.

JUNE

(making it sound
appealing)

Look, here's a tasty mushroom
risotto with a medley of wild
mushrooms. Porcini, chanterelles,
shiitake, finished with truffle oil
or white wine. Sounds vegetarian.

ROY

I like salads. I really do.

JUNE

But you're just getting it because
it's cheap. We're here to
celebrate. Be extravagant for once
in your life. Let go. Enjoy
yourself.

ROY

Celebrating three months living
together is somewhat contrived,
don't you think?

JUNE

Of course it is. We're doing it
because it's fun.

ROY

Sorry. You're right. Fun. I'll have
fun.

He takes a deep breath and shakes his body to get into
character. He looks at the menu again, smiling.

ROY (CONT'D)

You know, I believe I will try that
mushroom risotti...

JUNE

Risotto.

CONTINUED: (2)

ROY
Risotto. Sounds delish.

JUNE
Good.

ROY
Do you think they set it on fire? I
love fires... and explosions...
disasters of any kind.

He closes the menu again. Gazes out at the sunset, tries on a smile.

JUNE
I know it's hard for you.

ROY
Hard, no, this isn't hard. In fact,
it's soft, very soft. The sunset,
the food, the whole... "ambiance"
is very, very soft... limp,
flaccid, wanting in rigidity,
almost mushy.

JUNE
Roy.

ROY
Sorry. When you said I should have
fun, I took it literally.

JUNE
I know. Fun for you is hating
everything.

ROY
You didn't really think I could
come to a place like this and not
be cynical.

JUNE
It's in your DNA.

ROY
Not really. But, I'm done. That was
it. I promise.

He goes through another character transformation and puts on a big fake smile.

ROY (CONT'D)
There. I'm good. I'm on. I'm here.
Now. In the moment. It's beautiful.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROY (CONT'D)

It really is. Wow. The sunset.
Fabulous. Seriously. We get 'em all
the time out in Palmdale. Big, red,
hot, sunny. Can't get enough of
them.

Changing the subject.

JUNE

Did I tell you the animal cruelty
people called?

ROY

(Worried)

No.

JUNE

The owners of the dog are being
fined. They shut 'em down. They
said we could keep Lucky if we
want. He's all ours.

ROY

(Elated)

That's good news. One small step,
huh?

She closes the menu and looks away from him, finds it
suddenly difficult to say what she has to say.

JUNE

Good and bad, actually.

ROY

You don't like him.

JUNE

It's not that I don't like him.
It's that... there just isn't a
place for him in my house.

ROY

(Serious)

Oh.

JUNE

He would be happier in another
environment, one that doesn't cramp
his style, you know, where he can
be himself, with no cats to bother
him, where he can run around on his
own and be free.

She looks right at Roy.

CONTINUED: (4)

JUNE (CONT'D)

He needs to be free. Without freedom he would eventually end up sick and miserable, just like he was in that muddy pen.

ROY

You think?

She takes his hand.

JUNE

I know. I'm sorry. It's just not going to work out.

ROY

(A lump in his throat)

What do you have in mind?

Roy's smile drops. The waiter comes.

WAITER

Good evening. How are you tonight?

JUNE

Very good, thank you.

ROY

Fine, thank you.

WAITER

Would you like to start with an appetizer, cocktail?

JUNE

I'll have a gin martini, please.

WAITER

Excellent. For you, sir?

Roy is looking right at June.

ROY

Scotch, straight up. Make it a double.

WAITER

Very well.

The waiter takes off.

ROY

I'm going to have fun.

She's not so sure.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - DAY

Roy and June are driving through the high desert on the freeway. The atmosphere is somber. Roy is looking out the side window, in the dumps. The dog is between them, sitting on the backseat.

ROY

It was the dog, wasn't it? We should've taken him to a shelter to begin with like I said.

JUNE

I like him. But I'm afraid the cats will gang up on him someday and perform some kind of ritual sacrifice to the cat gods. We'd find him one morning flayed on the kitchen floor with a stake in his heart.

She's trying to cheer him up.

ROY

I don't think I can do it.

JUNE

What?

ROY

Sell my home.

JUNE

We talked about it. I thought you were ok with... looking at some options. What are you thinking now?

He thinks.

ROY

Looking at options, I guess. I don't know. You're right, of course. Living out there by myself isn't very smart.

JUNE

Living out there in squalor - malnourished and suicidal - isn't smart.

ROY

I'm confused. I thought you were against me living there.

CONTINUED:

JUNE

It's an option. Something you have to decide. That's why we're doing this.

EXT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME - LATER

June drives up to the house and parks next to Janice's car. Janice is standing on the front steps, waving.

The two get out of the car. Roy picks up the dog. He immediately notices that things have changed. There's a curtain that didn't used to be there covering the front window. Lights are on inside. Roy also notices the windows and siding have been cleaned. And what is Janice doing here?

JANICE

(Smiling)

Come on in, guys.

June leads Roy up the steps and into...

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Surprise! The two are swept away by the new interior. A banner stretches across the back wall, "Welcome Home Roy." The room has been cleaned, walls painted a cheery color, area rugs added here and there, and a bunch of new furniture, arranged tastefully.

Roy is speechless.

JANICE

It's all yours, Roy. If it's ok. I bought it all at thrift stores. I know how you hate overconsumption and all that. Actually, that chair I found on the street. I knew you wouldn't want anything too fancy. Although, I did add those flowers on the table. Couldn't help myself. Come in the bedroom.

She guides them into...

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Roy is still without words.

CONTINUED:

JANICE

The mattress is new, but cheap. Got it at Costco. They won't let you buy used mattresses anymore. The frame is used, anyway, and the nightstand, lamps, and everything else.

He walks over to the desk. The papers have been organized into folders. The laptop is waiting for him. He opens a file cabinet drawer. It's just as he left it - a mess.

He opens the bathroom door. Everything is sparkling. A flower sprouts from a small vase on the toilet.

The whole look is warm and inviting. He notices small details, like doilies and coasters. Janice approaches him with the Pulitzer letter.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. This came in the mail.

He opens it, smiles and nods. Then, he walks back into...

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM

He sits in his old recliner, holding Lucky, and takes it all in.

JUNE

So, let's talk options.

ROY

(Near tears)

Did you guys do all this?

JUNE

Janice did most of it.

JANICE

Oh, come on. You did a lot. You found most of the furniture.

JUNE

Yeah. Culver City. There was that giant thrift store.

(To Roy)

So, what do you think?

It takes him a moment to collect himself.

ROY

I'm happy.

CONTINUED:

The women CHEER. Janice grabs an open bottle of champagne and starts pouring it into paper cups. Then, she hands them out.

JANICE
(Raising her cup)
Here's to... happiness, wherever it
may be.

They CHEER and drink to the toast.

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLE: A MONTH LATER

WE MOVE THROUGH the room. It now has a lived-in look - piles of newspapers, junk, stuff found in the desert, dirty dishes stacked on the end table.

WE MOVE INTO...

INT. ROY'S MOBILE HOME BEDROOM

The desk has been disorganized, but arranged strategically for some serious writing on the laptop. WE MOVE to the bed. Roy and June are lying together. Lucky is lying between them at their feet.

JUNE
I think Janice appreciated the
money you sent her.

ROY
All she had to do was ask. She
didn't have to try to take it from
me with a power of attorney.

JUNE
I know, but most people don't know
how to handle your kind of
generosity.

ROY
Do you want me to give you a
million too?

JUNE
No thanks. I'm good.

ROY
Because I will if it makes you
happy.

CONTINUED:

JUNE

Nah, forget the money. You know
what I want?

She moves in close.

ROY

What?

JUNE

I want your Pulitzer.

ROY

My Pulitzer?

JUNE

That's right, baby.

She turns into a kitten and starts writhing against him and
stroking his chest.

ROY

Oh really. Too bad I didn't know
about this sooner. I have a second
Pulitzer and several lesser awards
you may be interested in too.

He gets into it.

JUNE

Oh, bring it on.

She smothers him in kisses.

ROY

You know, all this ego
gratification is going to ruin my
writing. How can I be authentic
about saving the earth?

JUNE

Oh Roy. Tonight, you are the earth
and we're saving Roy Thode.

They make love.

THE END