

# St. Vincent (de Van Nuys)

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The sex sounds made during...sex.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A bedroom stuck in the 1970's. Felt wallpaper, cigarette smoke stains, thick dust. Pictures everywhere of a MAN (VINCENT) and a WOMAN (SANDY) in love. They couldn't look happier. Young, full of life.

On the bed, an African American woman, CHARISSE, rides on top of someone we'll soon meet. Charisse is lost in her 30s, rough, tattooed, too much makeup, and somewhere underneath it all...beautiful. Furthermore, she's pregnant. Who knows how long, she's so damn skinny.

Grinding away.

CHARISSE  
You eat breakfast yet?

She's talking to VINCENT (mostly VIN.) Whom she's riding. He's the guy from the pictures, although now in his 60s/70s. Beat-to-hell, raw, irreverent. He gave up on life years ago.

VINCENT  
(puffing a cigarette)  
You didn't eat?

CHARISSE  
I forgot.

VINCENT  
How do you forget to eat?

CHARISSE  
It happens.

Vincent returns his gaze to...the TV on top of his dresser. An old Abbott & Costello movie is playing. Charisse adjusts herself, continues grinding on Vincent. Then...

VINCENT  
You want go to breakfast?

Sure.

INT. NAT'S DINER - LATER

A greasy spoon. Vincent and Charisse are in a booth eating breakfast. Charisse is scarfing down Huevos Rancheros, like she hasn't eaten in days.

VINCENT  
I get reflux just looking at you.

CHARISSE  
Can get a pill for that.

VINCENT  
Bastards have a pill for everything. That's a fact, lady. Killing us all, ten milligrams at a time.

Vincent sifts through his pill pouch. Pulls out a dozen or so...the day's dose.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Where's the water? Didn't I ask for water?

CHARISSE  
Ask 'em again.

VINCENT  
Coming here twenty years, still can't get their shit together.

Calling off to a Mexican server (JESUS.)

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Jesus. Aqua. Pills.

Jesus smiles, nods.

CHARISSE  
I ain't never takin' me that many pills.

VINCENT  
Just crack and meth. That's a better plan.

CHARISSE  
Fuck you, Vin. Stay off my shit.

She reaches across the table for his toast.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
You wan' your toast.

Jesus returns with a glass of water. Lots of ice.

JESUS  
Here you go, Mr. Vincent.

VINCENT  
Can you put more ice in it? I want to make sure I choke while I'm swallowing my poison.

Jesus is confused.

CHARISSE  
He don't wan' no ice.

JESUS

Oh. Si.

VINCENT

Yeah. Oh, si. Just like everyday  
I come in here. Water no ice.

No one really knows what to say. They've heard it all  
before. Daily.

JESUS

Uno momento, Mr. Vincent.

Jesus walks off, nonplussed.

VINCENT

Uno momento. That's all they say  
around here.

Vin takes a pill, swallows.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What did Jesus say to the Mexicans  
before he left?

CHARISSE

Don' know.

VINCENT

Don't do anything till I get back.

Charisse doesn't laugh.

CHARISSE

Talking for Jesus ain't right.

VINCENT

Really. From you?

Vin takes another pill. Swallows.

EXT. A BANK - DAY - LATER

Standard bank. Vin's car's parked outside. A Dodge  
Duster in crap shape.

INT. THE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Vin's sitting across from a mortgage counselor, TERRY.  
He's reviewing paperwork.

VINCENT

(pointing)

That one there. Says the line's  
been frozen.

Terry shuffles.

TERRY

Uh-huh. Got it. Yes. Let's see...so...with these reverse mortgages you can only borrow a percentage of the equity you have in the house. That's called the loan-to-value.

VINCENT

Don't need a financial seminar. I own the damn thing outright. 40 years.

TERRY

Yes. Yes. Well...you did. But now, since you've been getting monthly payments from us for the last...

(searches the papers)  
eight years...you've reached the cash out limit. That's that loan-to-value thing I just mentioned.

VINCENT

The house is worth-

TERRY

It was worth. Whatever it was worth. And I'm sure you know housing prices have fallen dramatically since the financial crisis. Right. Unless you've been living under a rock.

His attempt at humor...not appreciated.

VINCENT

You do stand-up?

Vin rises.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This is my life here, pal. I need that money.

TERRY

I'm sorry, Mr. Canatella. There's really nothing I can do. It is what it is.

VINCENT

Everybody's says that now. You know what it means, "You're fucked, so stay fucked."

He walks off.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
I'm closing my accounts forthwith.  
You don't get my business another  
day.

THE TELLER LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Vin waits in line, steaming. Ding. An electronic arrow  
points him to TELLER WINDOW #23.

TELLER WINDOW #23 - CONTINUOUS

Vin hands TELLER #23 his ATM card.

VINCENT  
I want to close this account.

TELLER #23  
I'm sorry to hear that, sir. May I  
ask why?

VINCENT  
Lady. I don't want to tell you to  
go fuck yourself. You're just a  
spoke on a wheel, trying to make a  
living like the rest of us  
schmucks. Let's just leave it at  
that.

TELLER #23  
Okay.

Tap, tap, tap on the keyboard.

TELLER #23 (CONT'D)  
That's one hundred twelve dollars  
and fourteen cents.

VINCENT  
Small bills.

TELLER #23  
No, sir...you're overdrawn that  
much.

VINCENT  
What's that mean?

TELLER #23  
It means you don't-

VINCENT  
I know what overdrawn means.

TELLER #23  
We've sent several notices.

VINCENT

So. I can't close my account.

TELLER #23

You can, when you get it back to zero.

Vin takes his card. What's to say.

INT. VIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vin labors into the car. Charisse is waiting in the passenger seat. He hands her a few crumpled bills.

CHARISSE

What's that?

VINCENT

What's what?

CHARISSE

This shit ain't lay-a-way. I ain't no JC Pennies.

VINCENT

I'm a little tight right now. You know I'm good for it.

Charisse looks him over.

CHARISSE

I'm not making like I used to Vin. Only a few freaks like the belly, awlright.

She gets out of the car.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)

Gotta save for maternity leave, asshole.

She heads off down the sidewalk.

VINCENT

See you next week.

CHARISSE

Extra twenty when you do.

Charisse moves on, bag in hand, adjusting her junk. Vin drives off. A few NEIGHBORHOOD MEN whistle at Charisse. She heads over to them.

EXT. THE BUCK - NIGHT

The local dive bar. SMOKERS outside litter the sidewalk. The windows are painted with "Happy New Year" greetings.

INT. THE BUCK - CONTINUOUS

Old neon. Older PATRONS. Vin sits at the bar next to LINDA and GUS, a weathered married couple in their late 60s. They're dressed to the nines. The hanging TV set plays New Year's Eve coverage from around the country.

They're all fairly lit...although Vin's in a class by himself. Very thick tongued.

LINDA  
You have a good Christmas, Vin?

VINCENT  
(slurring)  
Best Christmas I ever had. No people. No presents. No bullshit. Just celebrating the birth of the baby Jesus.

Tips his tumbler to heaven.

LINDA  
Ah, you don't mean that, Mister.

VINCENT  
What do you know what I mean, Linda? You a psychic now?

GUS  
Ay, ease up there, Vinny. We're just talking.

VINCENT  
You should get a talk show. You're so damn good at it. The "Linda and Gus Just Fucking Talking Talk Show."

Vin flags the bartender, ROGER.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Rog. Another Maker's.

Roger steps over.

ROGER  
We got three hours till the ball drops there, Vin. Why don't we give it a break for a minute.

VINCENT  
Give what a break?

ROGER  
The liquor.

VINCENT  
You're not gonna serve me?



ROGER

For a minute.

VINCENT

You know how much money I've spent  
in this dump over the years?

Roger tries to keep it smooth.

ROGER

Don't be like that, Vin. I'm  
watching out for you here.

VINCENT

Watching out for me?

Vin stands, wobbles. He's drunker than even he realized.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You serve poison to people  
everyday. So they can die while  
they're alive. Now you're watching  
out...is that right?

Gus stands, tries to help Vin.

GUS

Let me give you a ride home.

VINCENT

Don't touch me, Gus. Don't touch  
me. I'll drive home drunk like  
I've done every night while Roger  
here's been watching out for me.

Vin pushes free, walks to the door.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Happy New Year.

8

He's out.

8

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - LATER

The Dodge Duster whips into the driveway. Hits the  
picket fence on the neighbor's border. Crash. It  
topples. Hits his own mailbox on the other side. Crash.  
It flies onto the lawn.

Vin shuts the car off. Sits for a minute. Then steps  
out and swerves to the toppled mailbox. Gets on all  
fours, opens the door, gets the mail...pounds of it.

INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY - LATER

Vin stares at a mountain of unopened mail, overflowing a  
basket. He empties the basket onto the floor, then  
tosses the new mail into the empty basket. All sorted.

INT. VIN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Vin puts his feet up on a weathered coffee table, watching TV from his paisley pattered couch. The decor is feminine inspired, twenty years ago. Coverage of the Times Square New Year's Eve Celebration plays.

Vin's cat, FELIX THE CAT, jumps onto his lap. Starts to pur.

VINCENT  
There you are. Where'd you go  
tonight, ha? Screwing that little  
Tabby on the corner...

He rubs the cat all over. His only love.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
I bet you're hungry, aren't you?

He takes Felix in his arms, shuffles to the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen is trashed: dishes to China, mold, stacks of newspapers a decade old. Vin opens a can of gourmet cat food. Dumps it in a bowl. Felix waits patiently on the counter...the food arrives. He eats like there's no tomorrow.

Vin needs another drink. He holds his tumbler to the ice maker in the fridge door. It grinds. No ice. He opens the freezer door and grabs a glob of ice cubes stuck together, puts them on the counter.

Grabs a hammer from the junk drawer.

BANG. BANG. He smashes the ice into pieces, chips fly.

BANG! He hits his finger.

VINCENT  
UGHHHH. Shit. AHFFF.

Vin stumbles with the pain. His foot gets ever so close to an ice chip on the tile floor...

Slip. Flip. Smack.

Vin flies up in the air, lands on the floor. Crack! His head hits the tile hard. He's out. Or dead.

Felix looks at his owner. Goes back to eating. He's seen it all before.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TV insert. The ball is dropping in Times Square. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Happy New Year. PEOPLE hug, kiss, celebrate.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

MEN screaming in Spanish. We pan away from Vin's house, over towards the source of the racket.

In the neighbor's driveway, a moving truck is backing into the drive and ripping tree limbs along the way. Vin's tree limbs. A LATIN MOVER is screaming instructions to the LATIN DRIVER.

LATIN MOVER  
Alto! Alto! You hit the tree,  
man. Come on!

LATIN DRIVER  
Meda, I can't see it!

He notices the roof: peeled like a sardine can.

LATIN MOVER  
You broke the roof! Ay Dios mio!

They fight on.

INT. KITCHEN - VIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vin's where we left him: face down on the kitchen floor. A small pool of blood sits stagnant under his face.

The yelling outside irks him to consciousness.

VINCENT  
Shut up out there. People are  
sleeping.

He groans. Holds himself up. Felix the Cat stares from a safe distance.

Vin sees the blood.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Ah, piss.

He feels his face, and for the first time we see it...he looks like a prize fighter after the twelfth round. A gash above his eye is the origin of the blood. It probably needs stitches. He'll never get them.

Vin sits there for a second, collects himself.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Vin walks outside, searching for the commotion. He shields the sun from his eyes. The fighting Movers are still at it.

VINCENT  
 Hey! Hey! What's the problem?  
 This is a neighborhood. People are  
 sleeping.

The Movers stop. Stare.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 You comprende?!

Nothing.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 Habla English?

LATIN MOVER  
 We speak English, senor.

VINCENT  
 What the hell are you doing here?

Vin looks up, notices the tree ripped.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 What the?!? That's my tree you  
 assholes hit?!

There's a large tree limb sitting on Vin's car and across the fence (which he knocked down last night.)

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 And my fence! My damn car!?!

Silence.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 Do you speak English!?!

Just then a car pulls up, parks in front of the house. A WOMAN in her late thirties steps out. This is MAGGIE, Vin's new neighbor. She'd be prettier if she weren't always so worried.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 I'm calling the cops.

Vin heads inside.

MAGGIE  
 Excuse me...

He turns.

VINCENT

What do you want?

MAGGIE

I'm Maggie. I guess I'm your new neighbor.

Really.

VINCENT

So.

MAGGIE

Yes. We're moving in today.

VINCENT

I noticed that. These dipshits with you?

MAGGIE

They're with the moving company.

Maggie walks to the fence, stands on her side. Looks around.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh, boy.

VINCENT

Oh, shit...more like it. That fence is twenty years old. The car's forty. And the tree's older than me.

MAGGIE

I'm really sorry. I don't know what to...this is not the way to meet.

She turns to the Movers.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Did you guys do this?

VINCENT

Of course, they did it. What are you stupid? Look at the scene.

Maggie doesn't take kindly to being called stupid.

MAGGIE

Excuse me. There's no need to be rude. Okay. I'm just moving in here. I hired this company. Okay. Accidents happen.

A LITTLE BOY comes up to Maggie's side. This is OLIVER. Twelve. Frail. Four eyes. Painfully awkward and very sensitive. He's one of those invisible types.

VINCENT

Accidents happen. What're you a fucking adjuster?

Maggie puts her arm around Oliver.

MAGGIE

Do you mind, mister?

Vin looks at Oliver. Absorbs him.

VINCENT

That car's an antique, missy. Worth a lot of money.

She looks at the car. More like a piece of shit.

MAGGIE

I'll figure out how to-

VINCENT

You. You don't have any money. No offense. You don't look like you do. And I'll bet Chico and the Man over there are "off the books." No, thank you, blondie, I'll sue the moving company.

Vin walks off.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You can buck up for the tree and the fence.

He hits the front door. Oliver looks up at his mom.

OLIVER

That's our new neighbor.

MAGGIE

Yep.

OLIVER

It's gonna be a long life.

INT. MAGGIE & OLIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Oliver's bedroom. The room has a bed in it, little else. The evening ritual is in progress: bedtime book time. Although...Oliver is the one reading: "The Giving Tree." Maggie's on a beanbag on the floor, nursing a Chardonnay.

OLIVER

(reading)

"I wish that I could give you something, but I have nothing left." I am just an old stump. "I don't need very much now," said the boy.

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 "Just a quiet place to sit and rest. I am very tired." "Well," said the tree, straightening herself up as much as she could, "Well, an old stump is good for sitting and resting. Come, Boy, sit down. Sit down and rest." And the boy did. And the tree was happy.

Maggie drinks her wine.

MAGGIE  
 God, that's depressing.

She gets up.

OLIVER  
 No, it's not. The old tree was made to give. So to be able to give everything and have nothing left is the best life the tree could ever have.

She tucks Oliver into bed. Kisses his forehead.

MAGGIE  
 That's one way to look at it. Need you to catch the bus tomorrow.

OLIVER  
 It's my first day.

MAGGIE  
 Mine too. Can't be late.

Maggie goes to turn off the light.

OLIVER  
 Where's the bus line?

MAGGIE  
 Get on the internet in the morning. You're good at that. Good night, love.

OLIVER  
 Night.

She turns the light off. Oliver settles into the darkness.

EXT. CITY STREET - THE NEXT MORNING

Bus stop. Maggie's old Volvo sits in the bus lane. Oliver's outside the door, leaning in the window. He's dressed in a Catholic School uniform. Maggie hands him a lunch box.

MAGGIE  
Peanut butter and bananas.

OLIVER  
Thanks, mom.

MAGGIE  
Snack money in the pocket. You  
have your key?

OLIVER  
Yes.

MAGGIE  
Map?

OLIVER  
Yes.

MAGGIE  
What time you get out?

OLIVER  
2:45.

MAGGIE  
Straight home, 'kay. Start your  
homework.

OLIVER  
Okay.

A bus pulls up behind Maggie.

MAGGIE  
(re: the bus)  
This is yours. See you tonight.

OLIVER  
Wait. Ma...you're not picking me-

MAGGIE  
I'm in the bus lane, Oliver. Be  
good. Okay. I don't need another  
ticket.

Maggie blows him a kiss, pulls off.

Oliver backs away from the curb, as the bus pulls in.

INT. BUS - LATER

Riding the bus. Oliver's sandwiched between an OLD  
JEWISH LADY and a PIERCED HIPSTER. He's looking at a  
Mapquest print out.

INSERT - THE MAP: AN "X" MARKS THE SCHOOL'S LOCATION -  
ST. FRANCIS de SALES.



EXT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - LATER

PACKS OF STUDENTS mosey towards the campus. A classic brick and stone Catholic School.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

St. Francis de Sales Catholic School is just like any other middle school. Diverse. Modern. Noisy. Dozens of KIDS crowd the hallways, dig through lockers, socialize with FRIENDS.

Oliver can't open his locker. He tries the combination again...no dice. He looks around for help. No one makes eye contact.

The tardy bell chimes.

Oliver gives up, drags all his stuff with him. Rushes down the hallway.

INT. BROTHER CRESPI'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Religious Studies class. Brother Crespi stands in front of THIRTY CHATTY PRETEENS. Crespi's in his thirties, preppy and full of new teacher idealism. Oliver stands at his side, he could pass out.

BROTHER CRESPI

Settle down. I know it's hard to come back to school after three weeks of vaca...but your education must continue. Believe me, you need it.

The kids settle in.

BROTHER CRESPI (CONT'D)

This is Oliver. He's joining us mid-stream here at St. Francis. We're happy to have him. Aren't we..?

The CLASS speaks in unison, albeit bored and cynical.

ENTIRE CLASS

Welcome to St. Francis, Oliver.

BROTHER CRESPI

Such genuine caring. Okay, Oliver, why don't you lead us in morning prayer?

Shit. Oliver is frozen. The class stares.

BROTHER CRESPI (CONT'D)

Everyone does it sooner or later.

Oliver's turning red. He leans in to Brother Crespi, whispers something in his ear.

OLIVER  
I think I'm Jewish.

BROTHER CRESPI  
Okay. That's good.  
(to the class)  
Oliver thinks he's Jewish.

A few KIDS speak out.

RANDOM KIDS  
(on top of each other)  
So am I. I'm Buddhist. There is  
no God.

Brother Crespi raises his hands before it gets out of control.

BROTHER CRESPI  
We celebrate all religions in this  
classroom. That's why we're  
called...

The kids complete:

ENTIRE CLASS  
(with fun sarcasm)  
Religions of the World, with  
Brother Cary Crespi.

BROTHER CRESPI  
Bravo. Now, I happen to be  
Catholic, which is the very best  
religion in the world. Because we  
have the most rules. But some of  
us are Buddhist, Agnostic, Baptist,  
Presbyterian, Christian, and "I  
don't know." Which seems to be the  
fastest growing religion on the  
planet. And now we have Oliver.  
Who "thinks he's Jewish." Which is  
a new one for us as well. But...it  
doesn't preclude you from morning  
prayer duty. Bow your heads.

Heads down. Oliver has no idea where to begin. Crespi  
whispers to him:

BROTHER CRESPI (CONT'D)  
Say anything you want. Doesn't  
have to be special.

Oliver bows his head.

OLIVER  
Dear...

Silence.

BROTHER CRESPI  
(whisper)  
God...etc, etc.

OLIVER  
Dear God. Thank you.

More silence.

BROTHER CRESPI  
(whisper)  
Amen.

OLIVER  
Amen.

The class repeats.

ENTIRE CLASS  
Amen.

Oliver breathes. Crespi smiles at him.

BROTHER CRESPI  
You made it. Go grab your seat.

Oliver walks to his desk.

BROTHER CRESPI (CONT'D)  
Let's wipe the dust off that  
textbook, young ones. Chapter  
twelve. Catholic Saints.

Books shuffle. Pages turn. Oliver sits down. Beyond  
embarrassed.

EXT. SANTA ANITA RACE TRACK - DAY

Horse track. Shitty cars litter the lot.

THE TRACK BREEZEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vin's filing out his race form. He closes his eyes, puts  
the form to his temple. Channels the racing gods. It's  
his ritual.

TRACKSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

A TRUMPETER sounds the BUGLE CALL as JOCKEY'S on HORSES  
settle in their stalls. The gates open...and they're  
off.

Vin's sitting in "his" booth. Eating lunch. Drinking.  
He's always drinking.

VINCENT

Come on. Come on. Dig in.

The horses fly around the track.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Dig. One time. One damn time.

And just like that...Vincent's horse...loses.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

He crumples up his race form. Throws it on the floor.  
It lands at a MAN'S FEET.

MAN (O.S.)

No need to get pissy, Vincenzo.  
You lose all the time. Should be  
comfortable by now.

Vincent looks up and sees...Zucko. His bookie. Dirty  
fingernails. Hairy eyeballs.

VINCENT

Yeah. Rough day.

Zucko sits. Takes a pull of Vin's Maker's.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Help yourself.

ZUCKO

You owe me, Vin. I'm thirsty.

VINCENT

I don't have it right now, kid.  
Got a situation I'm working out.

ZUCKO

We all have situations. If you're  
breathing. Thing is, I'm not a  
sole proprietor here, Vinny. Got  
my own people to answer to. You  
know that.

VINCENT

I just need a little time, you  
know.

ZUCKO

What do I tell 'em?

VINCENT

A month.

ZUCKO

You're funny, Vin. I always loved  
your jokes. They kill me.

VINCENT

I always pay, don't I?

Zucko hits Vin's Makers again.

ZUCKO

Split the difference. Ya got two weeks.

Zucko stands.

ZUCKO (CONT'D)

I hear "Lucky By Numbers" is the inside on the fifth. But you got bad luck, right. So...go the other way.

24 He leaves. Vin pushes his lunch aside. Appetite gone. 24

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Gym class. Oliver's straining with all his might, trying to do a sit-up. A PARTNER holds his feet.

On the mat next to him, ROBERT OZINSKI, the school bully reps through sit-ups like a rabid Marine.

COACH MITCHELL blows the whistle, asks the PARTNERS for the count. Oliver's Partner holds up one finger.

THE TRACK - LATER

Relay races. Ozinski sprints past the finish line. He's a specimen for a twelve-year-old.

Oliver is at the farthest end of the track. Running in slow motion. He's lapped by a SMALL ASIAN GIRL.

CHIN-UP BARS - LATER

Ozinski's ripping off chin-ups like a baboon. As a matter-of-fact, he looks like one. KIDS count off: fifteen, sixteen, seventeen.

Oliver's on the next bar, shaking like a leaf. He may die.

Finally, COACH MITCHELL blows the whistle. Oliver's Partner holds up a goose egg.

COACH MITCHELL

Time. All right. Good job, kiddos.

Ozinski drops to the floor.

COACH MITCHELL (CONT'D)

We're done.

Exodus towards the lockers. Coach Mitchell taps Oliver, who's still hell-bent on getting his chin to that bar. It's not going to happen.

COACH MITCHELL (CONT'D)

You can let go now.

Oliver looks down at the drop. He's chicken shit. Coach grabs him by the back, lowers him like a feather.

OLIVER

Thank you.

COACH MITCHELL

You have PE at your last school?

OLIVER

Yes, sir.

COACH MITCHELL

Did you take it?

OLIVER

Yes, sir.

Hmm.

COACH MITCHELL

Go get changed.

Oliver walks away, in the wrong direction.

COACH MITCHELL (CONT'D)

The other way. Those doors.

He stops, looks. Changes direction.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver enters the locker room. Most of the KIDS are fully dressed already, and leaving. Ozinski starts heckling the moment he sees Oliver.

OZINSKI

There's the strong man.

Laughs. One of Ozinski's buddies (BROOKLYN) chimes in.

BROOKLYN

"I think I'm Jewish."

More laughs. Oliver takes a seat in front of his locker.

OLIVER

My name is Oliver.

OZINSKI  
 (like a retard)  
 My name is Oliver.

Just then Coach walks in.

COACH MITCHELL  
 You guys hear that bell?

Silence.

COACH MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
 That means get moving.

Shuffling.

COACH MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
 Go on. Get to class.

They're off.

COACH MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
 (to Oliver)  
 You need a map?

Oliver nods.

OLIVER  
 No, sir.

COACH MITCHELL  
 Double time it or you'll be late.

Oliver nods. Coach walks off.

He opens his locker. It's empty. His pants, uniform...everything's gone.

OLIVER  
 Shit.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - SIDEWALKS - LATER

School's out. KIDS everywhere: jumping in cars, riding bikes, walking home.

It's easy to spot Oliver in the crowd, he's the only student wearing short gym shorts, a tank top and sneakers.

As expected, STUDENTS comment, laugh, text, chide. It's not been a good first day for Oliver.

He reaches the crosswalk. Looks up at the street sign, it doesn't look vaguely familiar. He crosses anyway.

## MONTAGE OF OLIVER WALKING - LOST

-- Oliver crosses a major Boulevard. Cars everywhere.

-- He stops in the middle of a block. Looks around. Then turns and goes back in the direction from wince he came.

-- Oliver walks in front of a row of houses. A DOG tears up and jumps on the picket fence, barking. Oliver runs off.

-- Oliver reads a street sign. Thinks. Walks on.

## INT. VIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vin's driving through major traffic. He pulls up next to a bus load of PUBLIC SCHOOL KIDS. They stare at him. He stares back. The light turns green, the bus pulls off.

Then in tandem, the WHOLE WINDOW ROW OF KIDS flip him off. Damn kids. Vin lights a cigarette.

## OLIVER WALKING - CONTINUOUS

Finally, Oliver recognizes his block. He runs towards what he thinks is his house...looks...that's it. He's home.

## EXT. MAGGIE &amp; OLIVER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver, at the front door, reaches into his pocket for the key. Damn. He's not wearing his pants. His key and phone were in the pockets of his stolen uniform.

He could cry. But he's not the type. He slumps down in resignation and sits on the cold concrete steps.

## VIN'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vin's car pulls in haphazardly. He runs over some of the toppled fence. Curses, with the windows up...so it sounds like Charlie Brown's parents.

Vin climbs out of the car. Walks to the fallen mailbox, lowers himself onto the lawn, pulls mail out until...

OLIVER

Sir?

Vin hears something. Stops, looks around. Confused.

VINCENT

Take me, God. Don't play with me.



Oliver steps forward, down the walk.

OLIVER  
It's me, sir.

Vin squints. Finally sees the kid.

VINCENT  
Yeah. What?

OLIVER  
I was wondering if I could use your phone?

VINCENT  
My phone?

OLIVER  
Yes.

VINCENT  
In my house?

OLIVER  
Yes.

VINCENT  
For what?

OLIVER  
To call my mom. I'm locked out. I was in gym class and these kids took my pants and I had my-

Vin cuts him off.

VINCENT  
I don't need the whole story.

Vin stares at the little shit. Pulls himself up off the lawn.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
One call.

Vin walks away. Oliver walks across the lawn and through the demolished fence into Vin's yard.

INT. VIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Oliver's on an old rotary phone in the kitchen. Vin's fixing a Maker's Mark in the background.

Ring. Ring. Ring. Voicemail.

OLIVER  
Hi, Mom. I...ah...lost my key for the house. So, I'm at the old guy's next door.

Oliver turns to Vin.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Sir...what's your name?

VINCENT  
Vincent.

OLIVER  
Vincent.  
(whispers)  
The mean one...

The conversation trails.

VIN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Vin's sitting in his La-Z-Boy, facing Oliver on the couch. Felix the Cat is sitting in Vin's lap, staring at Oliver. They don't get much company around here.

The silence lasts forever. And ever.

A little longer.

Then...

VINCENT  
What's your name?

OLIVER  
Oliver.

More silence.

VINCENT  
Little cold for shorts, don't you think?

OLIVER  
It's a long story, sir.

VINCENT  
I'm sure it is.

Silence.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
I don't like "sir."

OLIVER  
Sorry, sir.

Hmm. The phone rings.

THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Vin picks up the phone.

VINCENT

Yes.

INT. MISSION HILLS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The CAT scan lab. Maggie's in scrubs, whispering in the corner of the room. ANOTHER NURSE is manning the controls, as a PATIENT (seen through the glass) is slid into the tube.

MAGGIE

This is Maggie, Oliver's mom. Is this Vincent?

INTERCUT WITH VIN IN THE KITCHEN

VINCENT

Your kid's here.

MAGGIE

Yes. I just got his message. Is that all right?

VINCENT

Is what all right?

MAGGIE

That he stays there?

VINCENT

Stays here. Like what, stays here?

MAGGIE

I'm at work and...we got a few more cases. So, I don't get off for a couple of hours and I can't get him the key anyway. I'm in a little bit of a bind right now...

VINCENT

You want me to baby-sit?

MAGGIE

Well, he's hardly a baby. He won't bother you. He'll just do his homework.

Oliver walks into the kitchen.

OLIVER

Sir?

Vin holds up his hand, shushes Oliver.

VINCENT  
What're you paying?

MAGGIE  
Excuse me?

VINCENT  
For baby-sitting. I'm not a philanthropy.

MAGGIE  
Okay...ten dollars an hour.

VINCENT  
Twelve.

Maggie is amazed.

MAGGIE  
Fine. Great. Can I talk to him?

Vin puts the phone down on the counter, walks off.

VINCENT  
It's for you.

Oliver walks to the phone, picks it up.

VIN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Oliver and Vin are sitting on the couch watching an old Abbott & Costello movie. Vin's smoking, drinking.

Felix the Cat is sitting in Oliver's lap. Vin's not thrilled.

VINCENT  
He doesn't like many people.

OLIVER  
I'm good with animals, sir.

VINCENT  
Yeah. He doesn't usually like people who say they're good with animals either.

Oliver laughs at the movie. It's rare.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You've never seen Abbott & Costello?

OLIVER  
No, sir. Are they old?

VINCENT  
They're dead. That's the oldest you can be.

OLIVER  
Or the youngest. Time freezes when  
you die.

Hmm.

VINCENT  
Where'd you learn that?

OLIVER  
A book.

VINCENT  
What book?

OLIVER  
A kid's book, sir. I doubt you  
know it.

Little shit. Then...

VINCENT  
It's dinner time. You hungry or  
something?

Oliver looks at Vin, studies his face.

OLIVER  
A little, sir.

Vincent looks annoyed. He's the kind of guy that gets  
annoyed when someone wants something, even if he offered.

VINCENT  
Figures.

KITCHEN - VIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Vin's scouring the kitchen, looking for something to feed  
the kid. All he finds is a can of Spam and a package of  
Saltines. He cracks the Spam open. Slices it like it's  
sushi. Decorates a dirty plate with concentric circles  
of Spam and stale crackers. Not bad.

VIN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Oliver's eating a Spam cracker sandwich. Watching the  
movie. Perfectly at home.

Vin's drinking his dinner, a huge stack of mail sitting  
on his lap. Bank statements, overdraft notices. He rips  
them up, one by one. His idea of filing.

The doorbell rings.

VINCENT  
Probably your mother.

OLIVER  
Probably, sir.

Oliver doesn't move.

VINCENT  
I guess I'll get that.

OLIVER  
Thank you, sir.

Vin aches his way out of the recliner.

THE FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Vin peeks out the peep hole, then opens the door for...Maggie.

MAGGIE  
Hi. Vincent.

VINCENT  
Yep.

He doesn't instinctively let her in.

MAGGIE  
Thank you so much for watching  
Oliver. I just started a new job  
and...

VINCENT  
I don't need the whole story.

MAGGIE  
Ok. Right.

Maggie digs in her purse and pulls out some cash.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Here...three hours. Twelve dollars  
an hour-

VINCENT  
Thirty six.

MAGGIE  
Yes, I know.

She hands him two twenties.

VINCENT  
I don't have change.

Of course he doesn't.

MAGGIE  
That's...fine.

Vin counts the money, puts it in his shirt's breast pocket.

VINCENT  
Where's his father?

That's personal.

MAGGIE  
Well. That's a long story...see...

VINCENT  
Don't worry about it then.

A beat. We hear Oliver laughing in the background. Maggie smiles.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
How come you don't have anyone to watch this kid after school?

MAGGIE  
We just moved in-

VINCENT  
I was there.

MAGGIE  
Right.

VINCENT  
You gonna pay for my fence?

MAGGIE  
Of course.

VINCENT  
And the tree?

MAGGIE  
The tree? How-

VINCENT  
Everything has a price. You're an adult, you should know that.

MAGGIE  
Okay. How much?

VINCENT  
I'll figure out something fair.

A beat.

MAGGIE  
Let me know.

VINCENT

I can the watch the kid too. After school for a few hours. Same price.

Maggie is speechless.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'll do eleven bucks an hour if you supply the snacks. Little shit ate all my Spam.

INT. MAGGIE & OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER

Maggie and Oliver sit at a tiny round table, off the kitchen. Oliver is chowing down on a frozen dinner.

MAGGIE

You ate at Vincent's house, no?

OLIVER

Can we buy some Spam, ma?

MAGGIE

Sure. Remind me next time we're at the store.

OLIVER

Okay.

MAGGIE

You like him?

OLIVER

Who?

MAGGIE

Vincent.

OLIVER

He's interesting. In an old, grouchy sort of way.

MAGGIE

That he is.

A beat.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You know, he offered to watch you after school.

OLIVER

He did?

MAGGIE

Yep. I was thinking maybe that's not such a horrible idea.

(MORE)



MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
It's right next door. Would save  
me having to find a baby-sitter.

OLIVER  
You'll be home though. Right.

MAGGIE  
Late mostly, baby. We have to eat.  
I have to work. Your  
father's...not helpful. The new  
school isn't cheap.

Oliver eats, thinks.

OLIVER  
I guess he's too old to be  
dangerous and not too old to be too  
dangerous either. If you know what  
I mean.

MAGGIE  
That's what I thought. Maybe we'll  
give it a whirl. See what happens.

OLIVER  
Sure.

Then...

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Ma, are we still Jewish?

INT. BROTHER CRESPI'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS  
Crespi, teaching.

BROTHER CRESPI  
What is a saint?

Hands go up. Never Oliver's. He's doodling.

BROTHER CRESPI (CONT'D)  
Rachele.

A tiny ASIAN GIRL answers.

RACHELE  
Individuals who display and act out  
of exceptional holiness.

Damn.

BROTHER CRESPI  
Okay. That's pretty perfect,  
Rachele. Thank you. Who can name  
a saint?

Hands.

BROTHER CRESPI (CONT'D)

Keesha.

KEESHA

St. Michael the Archangel.

BROTHER CRESPI

Great. He's a classic. Jeremiah?

A LATIN BOY answers.

JERMIAH

St. Jude.

BROTHER CRESPI

Good one. What's he known for?

JERMIAH

He has a hospital.

Laughs.

BROTHER CRESPI

He sure does. Okay...anyone know a modern day saint? Bridgette?

A tall, athletic girl pipes up.

BRIDGETTE

Mother Theresa.

BROTHER CRESPI

Excellent. So...saints are human beings we celebrate for their dedication and commitment to other human beings. For their sacrifices. Their work to make society better for those around them and those that'll come after them.

A KID calls out from the back.

ANOTHER KID

You're a saint, Brother Crespi.

BROTHER CRESPI

Yes. I am. Thank you.

Crespi turns on the Smart Board. The title on the presentation: "Saints Among Us."

BROTHER CRESPI (CONT'D)

And so...our semester project is thus aptly named: "Saints Among Us." You're going to research an actual Catholic saint that inspires you...

Oliver doodles a word: "Saint."

INT. MISSION HILLS HOSPITAL - LATER

Lockers. Maggie is packing up to go home after a long shift. Her supervisor, GLEN, finds her.

GLEN  
Maggie.

MAGGIE  
Hi.

GLEN  
Robin called in sick today. Got about six cases backed up.

MAGGIE  
I'm sorry. I have to pick up my son.

GLEN  
Ah. Got it. It's double time, you know.

She needs the money.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
Doesn't happen that often.

Thinks.

MAGGIE  
Let me see what I can do.

INT. VIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vin's sleeping in his recliner. The phone rings. He opens his eyes, agitated.

THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Vin picks up the phone.

VINCENT  
Yeah?

INTERCUT WITH MAGGIE IN THE HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM

Maggie's on her cell phone. She hears Vin's voice, hangs up.

Vin hears the click.

VINCENT  
Cowards. Try to sell me something, go ahead.

He hangs up. Moseys back.

HOSPITAL BREAK / SNACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie can't do it. Glen the Supervisor comes in.

GLEN  
You ready? We're seven deep now.

MAGGIE  
Oh. I'm-

GLEN  
All good, right? I already told  
scheduling we're all set.

MAGGIE  
Yeah. It's good. Let me just-  
(motions to the phone)  
Finalize...

Glen exits.

GLEN  
No problem.

Maggie is stuck.

INT. VIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vin's almost sleeping again...when that fucking phone  
rings. His eyes pop open.

VIN'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Vin picks up the phone, battle ready.

VINCENT  
What!?

INTERCUT WITH MAGGIE IN THE HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM

MAGGIE  
Vincent?

VINCENT  
I'm gonna wait till you give your  
whole spiel before I hang up.

Maggie has no idea how to respond.

MAGGIE  
Vincent?

Vin's equally confused.

VINCENT  
Who is this?

MAGGIE  
Maggie.

VINCENT  
Maggie?

MAGGIE  
Your next door neighbor?

VINCENT  
What the hell do you want?

EXT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - CARPOOL - LATER

School pickup. Oliver's an ant amongst the THRONGS OF KIDS waiting for a ride home. He's buried in a book, when Vin's car puttters in...a thorn amongst the black Crossovers.

Vin scans the CROWD OF KIDS, spots Oliver. Honks his horn. Way too long. Everyone stares. Oliver looks up. Mortified.

INT. VIN'S CAR - LATER

Vin's driving. Oliver's still recovering. A large basket of clean laundry sits between them.

VINCENT  
Better buckle up.

OLIVER  
You're not buckled.

VINCENT  
My life is my problem.

Oliver buckles.

OLIVER  
This the way home?

VINCENT  
No.

Then...

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Let's lay down some S.O.P. here.

OLIVER  
I don't know what that means, sir.

VINCENT

Standard Operating Procedure. You go where I go. Do what I say. Get your homework done somewhere along the way. And most importantly, don't annoy me. I'm not happy when I'm annoyed.

OLIVER

Are you annoyed right now?

VINCENT

Not particularly.

OLIVER

Really.

Vin stares at him. Smart ass.

EXT. SEVEN ELEVEN STORE - LATER

Vin pulls into a convenience store.

INT. VIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Parks.

VINCENT

Here's a quarter. Call your mom, tell her you're wearing your seat belt.

OLIVER

It's more than a quarter.

VINCENT

Since when.

OLIVER

Since before I was born.

VINCENT

What's wrong with this country.

Vin digs some more change out of the ashtray.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

If it's more than that, call collect.

Vin's out, to the 7-Eleven.

EXT. SIDE OF THE STORE - LATER

Oliver's dialing a number, when FOUR KIDS ON SKATEBOARDS round the corner. It's Ozinski, Brooklyn and TWO OTHER PUNKS.

Oliver turns his back...it won't work. They wheel right up.

OZINSKI  
Hey. It's dipshit.

BROOKLYN  
You live in this neighborhood?

Oliver doesn't talk.

OZINSKI  
I got detention cause a you.  
Asshole.

OLIVER  
You got detention because you took  
my stuff.

OZINSKI  
How do you know I took it?

Ozinski flips his skateboard into his hand, moves in.

OZINSKI (CONT'D)  
Fucking narc.

INT. VIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vin's back at the car. Leaning on his door, smoking a cigarette. Watching Oliver get knocked around. It's entertaining for him. And embarrassing.

EXT. SIDE OF THE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Ozinski slams Oliver hard into the payphone. His nose starts bleeding.

OZINSKI  
You're a bleeder.

BROOKLYN  
I got a band-aid.

Oliver does the unimaginable...he swings at Ozinski. Well, rather, he slaps him in the face. Ozinski barely moves.

OZINSKI  
What was that supposed to be?

BROOKLYN  
He just slapped you.

Oliver tries to run. Brooklyn slides his skateboard under him, and the little guy goes flying to the pavement.

Ozinski rolls up. Wheelies his board, pins Oliver's chest.

OLIVER  
Please...that hurts.

From around the corner, Vin's voice.

VINCENT (V.O.)  
What're you little shit heels  
doing?

They turn to see Vincent, holding a tire iron.

VINCENT  
That you Robert Ozinski?

OZINSKI  
No, sir. My name's John.

VINCENT  
Bullshit, you little prick. You're  
Reesa's kid. Reesa Ozinski. I  
recognize you from your fat Polish  
nose.

Vin walks towards them.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Just like your prick father's nose.  
Guess the apple doesn't fall too  
far from the rotten tree.

Vin lights a cigarette.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
I got a deal for you little bully  
shits. Whatever you do to the  
little guy there...I'm going to do  
to your mothers.

Vin smashes a skateboard with the tire iron. It shatters. Scared to shit, the four haul-ass out of there.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Get on, pencil dicks!

Vin walks up to Oliver. Looks down at him. Offers his hand. Oliver hesitates.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You need a paper invitation?

Oliver takes his hand. Vin pulls him up to his feet, heads to the car.



INT. VIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driving.

VINCENT  
Who taught you how to slap?

OLIVER  
I don't know. Just an instinct, I guess.

VINCENT  
Well, you should unlearn that.

Vin lights a cigarette.

OLIVER  
I'm allergic, sir.

VINCENT  
To what?

OLIVER  
Cigarette smoke.

Vin rolls down his window, hangs his cigarette outside.  
Keeps smoking.

VINCENT  
Your father never taught you how to take care of yourself?

OLIVER  
No, sir. He's a pacifist.

VINCENT  
This country wasn't founded by tree huggers, kid. That's for sure. You gotta stand up for yourself or you get mowed down.

OLIVER  
I'm small, if you haven't noticed.

VINCENT  
So was Hitler.

OLIVER  
That's not a great comparison.

VINCENT  
Making a point, fella. Small means nothing. It's what you got in here.

Vin points to his head.

OLIVER  
Or here, sir.

Oliver points to his heart. Vin looks at the little fella. This kid's got something.

EXT. SUNNYSIDE RESIDENCE FOR THE ELDERLY - DAY

An expensive, well-kept convalescent center. Vin's car pulls in and parks in a handicapped spot.

INT. SUNNYSIDE RESIDENCE FOR THE ELDERLY - CONTINUOUS

Vin and Oliver are walking down the hallway. Oliver's carrying the laundry basket. Vin's putting on a lab coat, carrying an old-school, leather doctor's bag.

OLIVER  
This is like a mansion.

VINCENT  
Don't talk when we get in there.

OLIVER  
Where are we going?

VINCENT  
Practice not talking now.

Vin turns a corner.

PATIENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A WOMAN lies in a bed, watching TV. This is Vin's wife. SANDY. She has advanced Alzheimer's. Vin and Oliver enter.

SANDY  
There you are, doctor.

VINCENT  
Good to see you, Sandy.

Vin puts his doctor's bag on the foot of her bed, digs in it.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
How're we feeling?

SANDY  
Today's my birthday.

It's not. Vin pulls out an old stethoscope.

VINCENT  
Okay. Well, happy birthday.  
(to Oliver)  
Put that stuff in the drawers over there.

Oliver complies.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Let's see what the old ticker  
sounds like.

Vin moves bedside, puts the stethoscope to Sandy's chest.

SANDY  
Can you tell them I don't like the  
green beans, when they put the  
bacon bits chopped up in there with  
them. It's too greasy for me.

Vin moves some hair off Sandy's face. Lightly touches  
her cheek.

VINCENT  
You bet, Sandy.

EXT. SUNNYSIDE GROUNDS - LATER

"Doctor" Vin and Oliver are sitting on a bench next to  
Sandy (in a wheelchair,) in front of a gorgeous pond,  
cluttered with ducks.

SANDY  
They say I'm going home next week.

They don't.

VINCENT  
That's the plan.

It's not.

SANDY  
Is that your grandson?

VINCENT  
Nope.

Sandy looks Oliver over.

SANDY  
Is he a doctor?

VINCENT  
Sure.

SANDY  
What's his specialty?

Vin looks him over too.

VINCENT  
I don't know.

## NURSE'S STATION - LATER

Vin's talking with Sandy's nurse, ANA, a kind-eyed Filipino lady in her forties. She hands him a bundle of dirty laundry.

ANA  
You know, we can do the laundry here, Mr. Vincent. We have the service.

VINCENT  
Gives me something to do.

Vin hands the laundry off to Oliver.

ANA  
Who's your helper?

VINCENT  
He's twelve bucks an hour.

OLIVER  
It's Oliver actually.

ANA  
Nice to meet you, Oliver. I'm Ana.

Vin heads off. Stops.

VINCENT  
She doesn't like the green beans.

ANA  
I'll make a note, Mr. Vincent.

Ana writes in a pad.

VINCENT  
Broccoli's good. She always liked broccoli.

Vin walks off. Oliver catches up.

## INT. VINCENT'S GARAGE - LATER

Oliver's standing in a fight stance across from Vin, who's wearing a bandana, holding a Maker's Mark in one hand while leaning against a hanging body bag.

Oliver punches the bag. It's like a butterfly kiss.

VINCENT  
That's just going to get you beat up real bad.

OLIVER  
I don't want to fight anyway.

VINCENT

No one wants to fight, kid. You think I wanted to go to war? You think an eighteen year old wants to sit in a rice paddy while bullets are screaming past his ears on both sides?

OLIVER

When was that?

VINCENT

Vietnam.

OLIVER

You were there?

VINCENT

No, I'm imagining it.

Vincent steps back, thinks.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

All right. I'll teach you one thing, it's probably the only hope you got. If you do it right, you'll break his nose with one shot.

Oliver is rattled.

OLIVER

Break his nose.

VINCENT

Don't worry, you won't do it right.

EXT. MISSION HILLS HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LATER

Maggie's walking to her car after work. She's exhausted. Just as she puts her key in the door...a MAN walks up.

MAN

Maggie?

She turns, clutches her purse.

MAGGIE

I have mace.

MAN

I have papers.

The man holds up an envelope. Moves closer.

MAN (CONT'D)

LA County Family court.

He hands the papers to Maggie. She hates taking them.

MAN (CONT'D)  
As they say, "You've been served."

He turns off, stops.

MAN (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean to scare you. Just a  
job.

Maggie nods, leans against the car.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - LATER

It's late. Maggie knocks on Vin's door.

INT. VIN'S HOUSE - LATER

Vin's leading Maggie into the den.

VINCENT  
I'm working up an estimate on the  
fence. And we're looking at three  
hundred on the tree. Not gonna  
negotiate with myself.

MAGGIE  
I get paid at end of next week.

VINCENT  
That's good for you. Rough out  
there.

In the den, we find Oliver asleep on the couch. Felix  
the Cat is curled up on top of him.

MAGGIE  
I'll pay you of course for the  
extra time.

VINCENT  
I wasn't offering a rebate.

Maggie scoops up a sleeping Oliver.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
What you been crying about?

It's very obvious that Maggie's been bawling.

MAGGIE  
It's a long story.

VINCENT  
What's the punchline?

MAGGIE  
Oliver's father wants custody.

Vin thinks.

VINCENT  
There goes my job security.

Maggie smiles.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
That could've gone either way.

EXT. THE PINK CADILLAC - STRIP CLUB - THE NEXT DAY

Classic dumpy titty-bar in a rundown industrial strip.  
Vin's sitting in his car in the parking lot. Waiting.

Charisse eventually comes rolling out a side door. Spots  
Vin. Walks his way.

INT. VIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Charisse hops in, pissed.

VINCENT  
Who pissed in your Cheerios?

CHARISSE  
Can't dance no more.

VINCENT  
That a surprise?

CHARISSE  
Screw you, Vin. I need the money.

VINCENT  
The self-employed racket is a tough  
road, I'll say that.

CHARISSE  
I should sue 'em. It's...what's  
that...discrimination. Against  
pregnant women and shit.

VINCENT  
I think you have case.

CHARISSE  
This baby's costing me a lotta  
jack.

VINCENT  
Not as much as he's gonna cost ya.

CHARISSE  
He's not a he.

VINCENT  
It's a she?

CHARISSE  
It better be. I don' want no boy.

VINCENT  
You don't know?

CHARISSE  
Know what?

VINCENT  
The sex of the baby?

CHARISSE  
How I know that, Vin? I'm some  
kinda psychic and shit.

VINCENT  
They have technologies-

CHARISSE  
I know what they got. How 'bout I  
just ask my "employer" to fax them  
an insurance card.

Vin gets it.

INT. OBGYN'S EXAMINING ROOM - LATER

Charisse has her legs up in stirrups, as an ULTRASOUND  
TECH squirts gel on her belly in preparation for an  
ultrasound.

CHARISSE  
That thing's cold.

ULTRASOUND TECH  
Sorry. Forgot to tell you that.  
It's cold. But just for a minute.

The Tech places the wand on Charisse's belly.

ULTRASOUND TECH (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna move this around here and  
take some pictures of the baby.

CHARISSE  
That thing takes pictures?

ULTRASOUND TECH  
Well. Sort of. More like images.  
(motions to the monitor)

Charisse looks at the monitor.

ULTRASOUND TECH (CONT'D)  
It's pretty cool. See...there...  
right...there. That's the head.



CHARISSE  
That's a big head.

ULTRASOUND TECH  
Biggest part at this age.

Adjusts the wand.

ULTRASOUND TECH (CONT'D)  
And these are her little legs.

CHARISSE  
Her?

ULTRASOUND TECH  
Oh, it's a girl. You didn't know?  
I'm sorry, did you not want to  
know?

Charisse could cry.

CHARISSE  
Na. I wanna know.

INT. OBGYN'S LOBBY - LATER

Vin and Charisse are checking out with a MEDICAL  
RECEPTIONIST. Vin is digging through his wallet.

VINCENT  
What's my deductible running?

MEDICAL RECEPTIONIST  
I couldn't verify her with your  
insurance, Mr. Canatella.

Charisse butts in.

CHARISSE  
We just got married.

VINCENT  
That happened.

MEDICAL RECEPTIONIST  
Really?

VINCENT  
Yep. Told my insurance. You know  
how slow they are. Paperwork.  
Bureaucracy. State of the medical  
profession in general.

CHARISSE  
Don't get 'em started.

The Receptionist doesn't believe a word of this.

VINCENT

What's that deductible run?

MEDICAL RECEPTIONIST

Twenty dollars.

Charisse puts her head on Vin's shoulder.

CHARISSE

Thanks, baby.

Vin forks over a twenty.

VINCENT

(to Charisse)

You owe me, lady.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Dodge ball in progress. TWO TEAMS OF BOYS compete, throwing the ball as hard as they can at each other.

Coach Mitchell's on the opposite side of the gym, working on basketball drills with the GIRLS.

Ozinski and Brooklyn are mowing down their OPPONENTS one after another...until only Oliver remains. He's hard to hit, he's so tiny.

Ozinski has the ball.

OZINSKI

Get ready for a red ass, shit bag.

He runs. Throws. Oliver jumps. The ball bounces under him and hits the wall, heading back towards Ozinski.

Oliver runs for the ball, as fast as his fawn legs will take him. It's like slow motion.

At the half line...the ball is feet away from crossing back onto Ozinski's side. Oliver dives for it.

Thud. He lands hard on the gym floor, his face smacks the half line.

Ozinski grabs the ball. Smiles. Runs toward Oliver.

OZINSKI (CONT'D)

Say your prayers, you little pussy.

Ozinski winds up. Oliver stands, trying to get the hell out of there.

Ozinski's a few feet away. He hurls the ball at Oliver's mug...

Thwwapppppp. Right on the kisser. This is bad.  
 Oliver's glasses fly off his head. He crashes to the  
 floor in a heap. Both hands over his face.

Silence. You could hear a pin drop. KIDS gather around  
 Oliver, concerned, curious, scared. He's not moving.

Even Ozinski looks worried. He walks over, closer to  
 Oliver.

A whistle blows. Coach Mitchell runs across the gym  
 towards the scene. He gets there, just as Oliver lifts  
 his head, uncovers his face. Blood everywhere.

Coach Mitchell pushes through the crowd. Ozinski backs  
 up. Out of nowhere...Oliver screams, a guttural kind of  
 attack call.

OLIVER

You mother fucking, ass-face, dick  
 bag...

He has the wildest, animalistic look in his eyes...and  
 he's running directly at Ozinski.

The entire class is frozen in disbelief...what the hell  
 is he doing?

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Asshole, cock sucking, son-of-a-  
 whore...

With his hand in some sort of death grip-blow, he hits  
 Ozinski square in the nose...and up Driving his schnoz  
 into his brain.

Splickkkk! Ozinski's nose explodes with blood. He falls  
 flat backwards, passing out along the way.

Thud. Ozinski smacks down on the gym floor. Game over.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - LATER

Oliver runs up to the house, bangs on the front door.

Waits. Bangs again. Waits.

Finally...Charisse opens the door, wearing one of Vin's  
 old robes.

CHARISSE

Yeah.

OLIVER

Who are you?

CHARISSE

Who are you?

OLIVER  
I'm Oliver.

CHARISSE  
Why you gotta bang so many times?

OLIVER  
He's hard of hearing.

Vin screams from within.

VINCENT  
Let him in.

CHARISSE  
Who you yelling at!?

Charisse opens the door wide for Oliver.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
Always yelling at somebody.

INT. VIN'S HOUSE - THE DEN - LATER

Vin and Charisse are sitting on the couch. Oliver's standing in front of them, his eyeglasses are patched together with tape.

VINCENT  
(a tinge of pride)  
You broke his nose.

OLIVER  
Yes, sir. I think so. There was blood everywhere. You should have seen it.

VINCENT  
You must have hit it just right.  
Let me see.

Oliver demonstrates: the hand position, the stance.

CHARISSE  
You taught him that?

VINCENT  
He needs to learn how to defend himself. He's a runt.

Charisse stands, had enough.

CHARISSE  
Where's my cash?

VINCENT  
It's on the dresser.

CHARISSE  
Last week?

VINCENT  
It's all there. Minus the  
deductible.

Charisse walks off.

CHARISSE  
You shouldn't be teaching nobody  
nothing.

She's gone.

OLIVER  
Who is she?

VINCENT  
A hooker.

OLIVER  
What's that?

Vin lights a cigarette.

VINCENT  
One of the more honest ways to make  
a living.

INT. SANTA ANITA RACE TRACK - DAY - LATER

Vin and Oliver are staring up at the betting board.

VINCENT  
The board tells you what the day's  
action looks like. Race number.  
Who's running, riding, so forth.

OLIVER  
What's 20 slash 1?

VINCENT  
Odds. Some bookie outta Vegas  
thinks that horse has a one in  
twenty chance of winning.

OLIVER  
And what do you get if he does?

VINCENT  
Twenty times your money.

OLIVER  
That's a good deal.

VINCENT  
Sure. If you win.

THE ENCLOSURE - LATER

Vin and Oliver stand at the fence, watching HORSES and JOCKEYS walk.

VINCENT

(re: a horse)

That one there with the wraps...is a dog.

OLIVER

Doesn't sound like a compliment.

VINCENT

The odds of him winning are astronomical.

Beat.

OLIVER

We should take him across the board.

The kid is fast.

VINCENT

Don't get ahead of yourself.

TRACKSIDE - LATER

Vin's in his "booth." Eyes closed, holding his racing form to his temple. Oliver's studying his own race form.

OLIVER

What's a-

VINCENT

You see what I'm doing here?

OLIVER

Praying?

VINCENT

Praying?

OLIVER

That's what it looks like.

VINCENT

I thought we talked about talking.

Vin opens his eyes. Annoyed. Oliver could care.

OLIVER

What's a trifecta?

VINCENT

You pick three horses to finish 1-2-3, in the order they come in. High risk, high reward.

OLIVER

Sounds improbable.

VINCENT

If you're gonna gamble, you might as well have the chance to win big.

Oliver scans the form, thinks.

OLIVER

Wishful Thinking. Sweeter Lady. Champagne Flute. One, two, three. 800 to 1.

VINCENT

How much money you got?

Oliver un-Velcros his wallet.

OLIVER

Seven dollars.

VINCENT

Lunch money?

OLIVER

Yes, sir.

VINCENT

You might as well learn the hard way.

Vin pulls some cash from his wallet. Stands.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'll go in with you.

They're off to the betting window.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(on his back)

That's called mitigation.

THE FINISH LINE - LATER

The HORSES fly across. One. Two. Three. We whip over to Vin and Oliver standing at the rail, screaming like school kids. They hit it! The trifecta. For the first time we see Vin's smile. It's the kind of smile that lights up a life.

As Oliver jumps up and down...Vin catches Zucko in the stands.

He crumples his race form and starts to throw his usual "just lost" tantrum. It's a good act. Oliver's confused.

OLIVER  
We won? Didn't we win?

VINCENT  
Roll with it, kid.

Without missing a beat, Oliver throws his hands in the air. Tosses his race form.

OLIVER  
Son-of-a-bitch.

Damn good.

VINCENT  
Son-of-a-bitch.

Vin kicks his chair, walks off. Oliver follows.

OLIVER  
Mother fuckers.

Zucko shakes his head at the losers.

VINCENT  
(under)  
Ease up there.

EXT. RACETRACK - PARKING LOT

Vin's practically running. Ducking in, out, around and between cars, a plastic shopping bag in his hand. Oliver's on his tail.

INT. VIN'S CAR - LATER

A wad of cash sits between the two. \$5,600 to be exact.

VINCENT  
Your mom can't know about this.

OLIVER  
Exactly.

Oliver nods.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
She could really use it though.

VINCENT  
Not if she knows where it came from.



OLIVER  
You keep my half for me?

Vin knows that's not smart.

VINCENT  
Well. I don't want. Let's not go  
there.

OLIVER  
What am I going to do with it?

INT. THE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Vin and Oliver sit at the banker's desk, waiting. Terry  
strolls up.

TERRY  
Good afternoon.

He recognizes Vincent.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Canatella.

VINCENT  
Kind of you to remember. Need to  
open up a savings account for my  
grandson here.

Terry has a seat. Vin slides a stack of cash across the  
desk.

TERRY  
Never too young to start banking.

Vin slides over a few more bills

VINCENT  
And this'll get my account back to  
zero. Close me out, while you're  
tapping away there.

Vin smiles a fuck you at him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
(to Oliver)  
Don't grow up to be a pencil  
pusher, kiddo. They're spineless.

INT. THE BUCK - NIGHT - LATER

Vin is dancing solo to Steely Dan's, "Do It Again." He's  
wasted. Maker's in one hand, a smoke in the other.  
His dance is a bizarre mix of slow-motion Tai Chi moves  
and yoga poses. In it we see the punch he taught Oliver.

From the bar, Oliver watches. Perplexed.

BAR - LATER

Celebration dinner. Vin and Oliver are bellied up to the bar, eating a feast of bar food. Burgers, fries, mozzarella sticks, onion rings, Coke, a few Maker's Marks.

Oliver slurps his drink to the bottom.

VINCENT  
You want another?

OLIVER  
Yes, please.

VINCENT  
Go for it. We're living today.

Oliver calls out weakly to the bartender (Roger.)

OLIVER  
Excuse me, sir.

VINCENT  
You kids. Damn small talkers. No point in yapping if nobody's listening. Let's hear it.

Oliver belts out.

OLIVER  
Excuse me, sir.

VINCENT  
Can't get nothing in this life without being heard.

Roger walks over.

OLIVER  
Another Coke, please.

VINCENT  
You can hit me while you're at it there to, Rog.

Roger knows Vin is wasted.

ROGER  
I'm all out Maker's, Vin. You cleaned me out.

VINCENT  
Don't lie to me, Roger. Be a man.

ROGER  
Vin. And he shouldn't be sitting at the bar.

Vin digs some cash out of his pocket. It's a slow process. He tosses too much on the bar. Grabs his drink.

VINCENT

We're going to find another place to our spend money.

OLIVER

He's just doing his job, Vin.

Vin stares at Oliver.

VINCENT

Turncoats. Everywhere you look. No loyalty anymore. Everyone taking care of themselves in the old U.S. of A. That's why we're falling apart.

Vin drains his wet ice, then smashes his glass on the bar. It shatters. His hand is ripped open.

ROGER

Damnit, Vin.

VINCENT

Just a cut, pal. I've had a lot of them.

Vin gets woozy, leans into Oliver.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Let's get you home, kiddo. Got homework to do.

He passes out.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

A taxi pulls into the driveway. The headlights illuminate a very pissed off Maggie, standing on Vin's lawn.

Vin and Oliver climb out of the car. Vin's hand is bandaged.

OLIVER

Hi, mom.

MAGGIE

(to Vin)

Where the hell's your car?

OLIVER

It broke down.

VINCENT

It broke down.

MAGGIE

Really. I don't appreciate you taking him anywhere without asking me.

VINCENT

This is gonna be fun.

MAGGIE

Don't be a smart ass for once. I need to know where my son is at all times, okay?

OLIVER

We went to eat.

VINCENT

He should starve?

MAGGIE

Get inside Oliver.

OLIVER

Mom-

MAGGIE

Go on.

Oliver slumps off.

OLIVER

Good night, Vin.

VINCENT

We'll see.

Oliver goes inside.

MAGGIE

He's fighting at school. You know about this?

VINCENT

Mentioned something like that.

MAGGIE

Great. He tells you. Not his mother.

VINCENT

If you haven't noticed...you're not home much. Kinda hard to have a conversation with someone when they're not there.

MAGGIE

I love it when people like you give people like me advice. Especially parenting advice.

VINCENT

I didn't sign on for hormones here,  
deary. That'll cost you 15 bucks  
an hour.

MAGGIE

You don't have kids. You don't  
have anything to think about but  
yourself.

Vin starts to walk away.

VINCENT

What do you know about me? Really?  
Tell me. I'd love it.

Vin stops. Maggie thinks.

MAGGIE

Okay. You're right. I don't know  
a whole lot about you. Because you  
don't want much known. So you act  
like a prick and everyone stays  
away.

VINCENT

If it ain't broken...

MAGGIE

It is broken. Look at it.

Vin goes into his house. Gets the last word in before he  
closes the door.

VINCENT

I'm up to 40 hours this week. 41  
starts time-and-a-half.

He's gone.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Oliver's sitting on a bench outside the Principal's  
office. Across from him, Ozinski's sitting with his  
MOTHER (REESA.) Ozinski's nose is bandaged like a prize  
fighter's.

REESA

(to Oliver)

You're a real tiny fella, aren't  
ya.

OLIVER

Yes, ma'am.

REESA

You take Judo or something.

Ozinski is embarrassed.

OZINSKI

Ma.

REESA

Shut your face. You don't talk for a month.

Ozinski slumps.

REESA (CONT'D)

I'm glad it was a little shit that knocked the snot outta-ya. Now ya got no excuses.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Maggie's sitting across from PRINCIPAL O'BRIEN, a puffy-faced official looking gent in his fifties. Maggie's reading a report.

MAGGIE

I can't even say these words.

PRINCIPAL O'BRIEN

They're...creative.

MAGGIE

That's one way to put it.

PRINCIPAL O'BRIEN

Adjusting to a new school is tough on children at this age. At any age. So, I don't want to minimize that...but is there anything else going on that we should be aware of?

MAGGIE

I don't even know where to start.

PRINCIPAL O'BRIEN

How about his father?

MAGGIE

Oh. Well. Please. That'll take up your whole day. We're in the middle of a divorce. Oliver's father...was sleeping with his assistant. And our accountant. And her assistant. And my hairdresser. While she was still cutting my hair. That was fun. Now he's filed for custody of Oliver. Full custody. And he won't pay support till he gets his way. You see. Plus he's a lawyer, so. So. I just took Oliver away as fast as I could and took this job at Mission Hills.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm a CAT scan tech, so I see a lot of rough situations. Tumors. Cancer. Cysts. Clots. All that. And of course, I know what I see and I can't say anything to people. Which is miserable, as you can imagine. And I work really late, trying to get our act together. Give Oliver a better education and a semi-normal life. And fight David and this custody shit. Excuse me. That's his name. David. My ex. He never wanted kids anyway. He just doesn't want me to be happy. Oliver's adopted. Do you know that? How would you. I'm not able to have kids. Something about my Fallopian tubes being twisted. I think they were just recoiling from David's sperm.

Maggie reaches for a tissue.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

Principal O'Brien shakes his head "no." He has no words.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure all of this has permeated into Oliver's little being. And he's acting out, as they say kids do in these situations. Right?

Principal O'Brien smiles. Maggie blows her nose.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - BATHROOM - LATER

Detention. Two adjacent bathroom stalls. Oliver's in one, Ozinski in the other. They're scrubbing the shitters, floors, walls, et al with scouring pads, toothbrushes.

Quiet. Finally Ozinski breaks the silence.

OZINSKI

My real name's Robert. Ozinski is my last name. People call me Ozinski cause Crespi called me that last year. Now everyone calls me that.

Oliver stops scrubbing.

OZINSKI (CONT'D)  
 I don't really like it. Ozinski.  
 Just too many kids call me that  
 now, so it's not like I can go  
 'round all day and tell 'em, "Dick  
 wad, don't call me Ozinski, my  
 name's Robert." Cause I would  
 spend my whole life doin' that.

Oliver stands, takes a piss.

OZINSKI (CONT'D)  
 You takin a wiz?

OLIVER  
 Sorry, can't hold it.

Then.

OZINSKI  
 Robert was my dad's name. So, I'm  
 a junior. He's not around though.  
 I don't really know him, cause he  
 left when I was a baby.

OLIVER  
 My dad's not around either. He did  
 some bad things to my mom and so we  
 left and I haven't seen him in a  
 while.

OZINSKI  
 No shit.

Oliver flushes. Ozinski shuffles around. Then, Oliver's  
 house key and cell phone slide under the stall.

OZINSKI (CONT'D)  
 Your dad the one that taught ya how  
 ta fight?

Oliver takes his stuff.

OLIVER  
 Nah. My baby sitter.

INT. SUNNYSIDE RESIDENCE FOR THE ELDERLY - DAY - LATER

Tacky office. Vin's sitting across from the rehab  
 director, SHIRLEY JORSTIN, a tight-lipped, tough egg in  
 her 50s.

SHIRLEY  
 There's plenty of affordable health  
 care options, Mr. Canatella.  
 Sunnyside's pricey. It's not for  
 everyone.



VINCENT

My Sandy, she's gotta have the best. So, I'll just figure this thing out.

She hands him a folder: invoices, bills, statements.

SHIRLEY

You're months behind. We're not in the credit business, as you know.

VINCENT

I get that.

Vin looks inside, just a glance is enough to know he's fucked.

SHIRLEY

So...

VINCENT

So, what's that mean?

SHIRLEY

We need payment in full and three months in advance.

VINCENT

Got it.

SHIRLEY

By tomorrow.

VINCENT

Tomorrow.

SHIRLEY

We'll transfer her wherever you decide to put her.

VINCENT

Put her. That's it. Or we get the boot?

SHIRLEY

That's not the best way to phrase what's happening.

Vin stands, pissed.

VINCENT

What is the best way to phrase it?

SHIRLEY

It is what it is.

Imagine that.

EXT. SUNNYSIDE GROUNDS - LATER

Vin's pushing Sandy around the pond. He's wearing his doctor's getup.

SANDY  
I can't wait for autumn. They  
plant the most beautiful mums all  
around the water.

VINCENT  
Yep.

Vin parks in front of their bench.

SANDY  
Every color you can imagine. I  
don't know where they get them all.

VINCENT  
At the garden store.

Sandy laughs. Touches his hand.

SANDY  
You've always been so funny, Vin.

Vin...she said Vin.

VINCENT  
Sandy.

A beat. Sandy looks confused.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
It's me, babe. Vin.

And just like that, she's gone.

SANDY  
The ducks eat them though. We have  
to shoo them away. It's such a  
shame.

Vin could die. It's just too much.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Vin gets the dirty laundry bag from Ana. The ritual.

VINCENT  
It's a lot lighter.

ANA  
She didn't change much this week.

VINCENT  
Easier on my back.

Vin reaches into his pocket, pulls out some cash. A few wrinkled bills. He hands them to Ana.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You think we can get some plants or something for the room.

ANA  
Sure. I can have the concierge order something.

VINCENT  
Mums. Or the like. I'm not a florist.

He gets a few more bucks.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Here. For the trouble.

ANA  
No. No, sir, Mr. Vincent. This is my job. I take care of people. Please.

VINCENT  
You go way beyond doing your job, Ana. You been an angel for my Sandy.

He puts the money in her smock pocket.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
It's the least I can do.

Ana's practically blushing.

ANA  
Okay, Mr. Vincent. We don't make habit now. Okay?

VINCENT  
Deal. I'm shit broke anyway.

She laughs on her way out.

ANA  
I go tell the concierge.

VINCENT  
Thanks, doll.

Ana disappears behind the station.

Vin looks at the cabinet on the wall behind the counter...full of meds. He looks around.

EXT. SHITTY NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

The neighborhood is lined with decrepid houses, iron gates shielding every window and door. Vin sits in his car outside one of the more indigent shacks. Sunglasses and a hat conceal his mug.

After too long...Charisse comes waddling out of the house with a paper bag. Leans into the window.

CHARISSE  
Hundred bucks.

VINCENT  
Hundred bucks? I pay more than that for one prescription.

Charisse pulls bottles of meds out of the bag. Names them.

CHARISSE  
For epilepsy. Prostate flaring. Shit softener.

VINCENT  
That should have some value.

CHARISSE  
And for pissing harder.

VINCENT  
Five hundred bucks. That stuff is high dollar.

CHARISSE  
He said a hundred, take it or leave it. Can't sell this shit to get high. Have to find some freak or a desperate old fucker.

Vin just stares at her.

VINCENT  
I'll take the hundred.

INT. TELLER WINDOW NUMBER 23 - LATER

Vin's at the bank, standing at TELLER WIDOW #23 again.

TELLER #23  
You're account's closed, Mr. Canatella.

VINCENT  
I know that. Withdraw from my grandson's account there. I should be on it.

Vin hands her his ID. She doesn't think anything about it.

TELLER #23  
How much, sir?

VINCENT  
What's the balance?

THE TRACK BREEZEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vin's standing below the board, holding his race form to his temple. Communicating with the racing gods.

INT. RACETRACK - CONTINUOUS

Vin slides a wad of cash through the window. Huge bet.

VINCENT  
Lucky Lincoln. New Dime and  
Sammy's Savior. One, two, three in  
the third.

The ATTENDANT takes the cash.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
That's going to make me all better,  
my friend.

Vin collects the ticket. Rubs it for good luck.

INT. RACETRACK - BAR

Vin's watching the race on the bar TV.

The race trumpet blows. The HORSES writhe in their stalls. The buzzer sounds. The gates fly open. And...they're off.

Vin can't watch, he closes his eyes. Takes a long drink of his Maker's. Puffs his cigarette. Listens.

The ANNOUNCER calls the race.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And that's New Dime taking the  
early lead on the rails, followed  
by Pretty Patty and Lucky Lincoln.

The Announcer keeps barking in the background. Vin never opens his eyes.

EXT. RACETRACK - LATER

Vin's walking towards his car. He lost. It's in his gait.

INT. THE BUCK - LATER

Vin's slumped, ruined in his mind. Head down. Cigarette dangling from his lips. Gus and Linda are sitting on their regular stools, playing Kino.

GUS  
Vin give me a number?

VINCENT  
Five grand.

GUS  
A Kino number.

VINCENT  
You got five grand I can borrow, Gus? I'll probably die before I pay you back even.

GUS  
You serious?

VINCENT  
Dead serious.

GUS  
If I had five grand, I wouldn't be sitting here. Let me tell ya. We'd be on that Carnival Cruise ship somewhere.

LINDA  
The Alaskan one, Gus. They say that one's the prettiest.

GUS  
Whatever one. Eating the buffet. They say those buffets are like something else. Endless crab and lobster and salad bar.

LINDA  
The drinks are gratis too. Champagne in the morning with orange juice. They gotta name for it...

VINCENT  
Mimosa.

LINDA  
That's it.

Vin stands, lays some money on the bar.

VINCENT  
 (calls out to Roger)  
 Rog. Get these two some Mimosas on  
 me.

LINDA  
 (surprised in the least)  
 Oh. That's sweet of ya, Vin.

Vin walks off.

VINCENT  
 I hope you two get to that cruise  
 one day.

He leaves. Gus and Linda are in shock.

LINDA  
 That was real nice a him.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Vin's car labors through traffic. Endless traffic.

EXT. VIN'S DRIVEWAY - LATER

He pulls into his driveway. Parks.

INT. VIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vin sits there. Looking at his house. His life. What  
 now?

INT. VIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vin walks in. Shuts the door behind him. Turns when he  
 hears...

ZUCKO  
 You must think I'm not a very  
 serious person, Vinny.

How the hell did he get here?

VINCENT  
 You broke into my house?

ZUCKO  
 The back door was "ajar."

VINCENT  
 You have no right to be here. How  
 the hell do you know where I live?

ZUCKO

I do homework on assholes that owe money.

Another THUG walks into the room from the bedroom. This is ANTWAN. Big, dirty. He's carrying an antique jewelry box.

VINCENT

That's my wife's, you son-of-a-bitch.

Vin makes a move for the kitchen.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'm calling the police.

Zucko stands, pulls out a gun.

ZUCKO

You think that's realistic? We're just gonna sit here and let you pick up a phone and dial 911. Are you that old? Or that stupid?

Vin turns to Antwan, yanks the jewelry box out of his hands.

VINCENT

Get the hell away from that.

Antwan pushes Vin. He flies across the room. Hits the fireplace wall. Jewelry everywhere.

ZUCKO

You always have to take the hard way, Vin. Why is that?

VINCENT

It's more interesting.

Vin rolls up his sleeves. Preparing to fight.

ZUCKO

It's more painful. Even I know that.

Vin takes a step towards Antwan.

VINCENT

Let's do it then.

ANTWAN

This mother fucker's crazy.

ZUCKO

Don't kill him, just get close.

Vin takes another step. Stops. Something's wrong. He's wobbly. He grabs his head. Shakes it.



ZUCKO (CONT'D)  
 What are you doing, old man?

Vin is blurry eyed. He drops to his knees. Hard. His eyes roll back in his head. It looks like a seizure.

ANTWAN  
 He's dying, man.

Vin falls face first onto the floor. Thud.

BLACK OUT.

ZUCKO (V.O.)  
 (in the darkness)  
 Don't touch him. Leave that shit.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - SIDEWALKS

Oliver's walking out of the school with Ozinski.

OZINSKI  
 I have a cousin that's Jewish. He had a big shit party when he turned 13.

OLIVER  
 A barmitzah.

OZINSKI  
 Yeah. That's it. Biggest party I ever seen.

OLIVER  
 It's a coming-of-age ceremony. Supposedly a boy becomes a man at that age.

Ozinski thinks long and hard. It hurts.

OZINSKI  
 Nah. My cousin ain't no man. He's a little pussy. His wiener ain't even shaved.

OLIVER  
 Circumcised.

They stop at Ozinski's bike, chained to a rack.

OZINSKI  
 You know a lotta fancy words. You're like an Einstein.

Oliver smiles.

OLIVER  
 I read a lot.

OZINSKI  
That's cool. See ya tomorrow.

OLIVER  
Yep. Bye, Robert.

Ozinski nods. Oliver walks away. Then...

OZINSKI  
Hey, how come ya don't have a bike?

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Oliver's riding on the back of Ozinski's bike. Scared for his life, but loving every minute of it.

EXT. RESEDENTIAL STREET - LATER

Ozinski and Oliver arrive in front of Vin's house. Oliver jumps off the bike.

OZINSKI  
Ya think I could meet the old bastard?

OLIVER  
Sure. Just know he's not real friendly at first. It takes him a long time to warm up.

Ozinski parks his bike.

INT. VIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver keys in. Ozinski right on his tail. Something's not right, the house, the energy.

FELIX THE CAT  
Meow. Meow.

Felix rushes up to Oliver, hides behind his legs.

Oliver walks into the room...and then he sees...Vin. Sprawled out on the floor, face first. Still.

INT. MISSION HILLS HOSPITAL - LATER

CAT Scan lab. Maggie and ANOTHER NURSE are strapping in...Vin. His eyes are open, but no one's home.

MAGGIE  
Hi, Vincent. It's me Maggie.  
Oliver's mom.

He looks blankly at her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We're going to put you in this machine here and run some tests, okay? It won't hurt a bit.

ANOTHER NURSE

He can't understand you, Maggie.

Maggie nods. Upset. Vincent grabs her hand. Holds it. He understands.

MAGGIE

There you are. This takes about thirty minutes, okay?

Vin says, "I understand" with his eyes.

THE WAITING ROOM - LATER

Oliver's sitting in the waiting area. Amongst STRANGERS. Maggie walks in, worried, looking for her son. Finally she sees him...

OLIVER

He okay, ma?

She puts her arms around him.

MAGGIE

You're such a brave little man.

OLIVER

We thought he was dead.

MAGGIE

Who's we?

OLIVER

Robert Ozinski and I.

MAGGIE

The bully kid?

OLIVER

We get along better since I broke his nose.

MAGGIE

I don't even know what you're doing anymore.

Maggie starts to get teary, she rubs Oliver's head.

OLIVER

Ma. Stop feeling sorry for me. And yourself. We're doing good. You're working hard, every day and we need the money. It's okay.

Holy shit. Maggie is speechless, he's a grown-up all of a sudden.

MAGGIE

I think he's had a stroke. You know what that is?

OLIVER

I've seen some billboards. "Know the signs of a stroke and call 911 immediately." But they never say what the signs are so...

MAGGIE

It's a blockage in a brain artery.

Oliver knows this is serious.

OLIVER

That's not good.

Maggie puts her arm around him.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - DAY

Crespi's class. Oliver's standing in front of the darkened classroom, presenting, using the Smart Board.

OLIVER

I chose Saint William of Rochester, the patron saint of adopted children.

Oliver clicks the Smart Board and a picture of Saint William pops up on the screen.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

As a young man, William led a "wild and misspent youth." Which included gambling, womanizing, drinking and other things considered inappropriate-

Brother Crespi interrupts (from the back of the room.)

BROTHER CRESPI

Why did you chose Saint William?

Throughout, Oliver clicks through slides on the Smart Board.

OLIVER

Well, he found a baby on the church steps and took it in and raised it as his own. He named him David.

Click.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

And then years later he went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land with his son. And David went, like...crazy, and clubbed Saint William and cut his throat and then robbed the body.

The slides are stock footage pictures of a crime scene. Blood. Mayhem.

BROTHER CRESPI

Ouch. Okay. Didn't see that coming.

OLIVER

It's a pretty interesting story. Which is why I chose it. The other saints I looked at were all so... "saintly" I guess.

BROTHER CRESPI

What's "saintly" mean to you?

OLIVER

I don't know. I don't really believe in saints and all that stuff. I mean, it seems like St. William gets to be a saint just because he was killed by the boy he adopted. People get killed everyday these days. They don't get to be saint for it.

BROTHER CRESPI

So you don't think we have saints living amongst us?

OLIVER

I don't know any.

BROTHER CRESPI

Thank you, Oliver.

Oliver walks to his seat. Brother Crespi moves to the front of the class.

BROTHER CRESPI (CONT'D)

Despite young Oliver's reticence. I believe there are saints all around us today. They might never be recognized as such by a religion, but they're every bit as important to our society as the saints in the textbook.

He flips on the Smart Board: "Modern Day Saints" is the heading.

BROTHER CRESPI (CONT'D)

Thus...you're going to research someone you know, or know of, and determine if they have the qualities of a saint. Hence the catchy title: Modern Day Saints.

Hands go up, lots of questions.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - LATER

Oliver's walking home from school. He sees SOMEONE sitting on Vin's steps. It's Charisse.

CHARISSE

Where's he at? His car's here.

OLIVER

He's in the hospital.

CHARISSE

Doin' what?

Oliver just stares at her.

INT. MISSION HILLS HOSPITAL - LATER

Maggie, Oliver and Charisse are walking down a hallway of PATIENT rooms.

MAGGIE

How do you know each other?

CHARISSE

I work for the old guy.

MAGGIE

Doing what?

CHARISSE

Working for him.

Maggie looks at Oliver. He's buttoned up.

INT. VIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vin's lying in bed, wide-eyed. He looks pissed. A SPEECH THERAPIST is trying to "therapize" Vin.

The stroke has caused Aphasia and language apraxia. It's a struggle for Vin to talk, and hard to understand.

The Speech Therapist holds up a flash card with the word "Dog" printed on it.

SPEECH THERAPIST

Try to sound it out.

Vin pretends to think, then holds up his middle finger.

SPEECH THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Not quite.

Vin holds up the other middle finger. Double bird.

SPEECH THERAPIST (CONT'D)

You didn't lose your sense of humor.

Maggie, Oliver and Charisse walk in.

MAGGIE

You have some company, Vin.

CHARISSE

Ain't staying long. Don't like hospitals.

Oliver walks to Vin's bedside.

OLIVER

You look a lot better.

VINCENT

(slurred, re: Therapist)  
Getttt this dippppshitt outta here.

Oliver's confused with Vin's slurred speech.

OLIVER

Wha'dya say?

VINCENT

Getttt this...dipppppp...

Vin gets frustrated, his mouth won't work. He swipes hospital effects off the bedside table.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Getttttt outtta herrrrr.

Maggie interrupts.

MAGGIE

Okay, Oli. Let's let Vin work with the therapist.

SPEECH THERAPIST

Thank you. We'll be about an hour.

VINCENT

Fuccckkk you, annnnn hour.

SPEECH THERAPIST

Maybe less.

Maggie covers Oliver's ears.

CHARISSE  
Why you all grumpy n' shit? You're  
still breathing.

Maggie pulls Charisse and Oliver out of the room.

MAGGIE  
Let's go get a snack.

INT. HOSPITAL BREAK / SNACK ROOM - LATER

Maggie, Oliver and Charisse are sitting in the visitor's lounge drinking coffee. Charisse is eating a candy bar.

MAGGIE  
He may talk like that for a while.  
That's what happens sometimes when  
a person has a stroke.

OLIVER  
He sounds...

CHARISSE  
Retarded.

Out of anyone else's mouth that would be offensive.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
Well, he ain't smart anyways. So  
retarded ain't that far owf.

Charisse finishes her candy bar.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
Anybody gotta dollar? I'm  
starvin'. Didn't eat nothing  
today.

Maggie digs in her purse.

MAGGIE  
I do.

She opens her wallet. Pulls out a dollar.

CHARISSE  
I think it's a dollar fifty.

Maggie...gives her two bucks.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
Bueno.

She's off to the vending machines.



MAGGIE  
 (re: her belly)  
 Is that Vincent's...?

OLIVER  
 Baby?

MAGGIE  
 Yea.

OLIVER  
 I don't know. It's not polite to  
 ask a woman if she's pregnant. So,  
 I avoid the whole situation.

MAGGIE  
 Well. She's obviously  
 pregnant...so...

OLIVER  
 Vin's like 90 something. That  
 would be inappropriate.

Charisse returns with two chocolate bars. She offers one  
 to Oliver.

CHARISSE  
 If you hit it just as it's dropping  
 the first one, you can get two to  
 come out.

Oliver takes it. Unwraps. The three of them sit  
 awkwardly comfortable together.

EXT. VAN NUYS - DAY

Time passes. Spring is in the air.

-- A Homeless Guy, wearing shorts, soaks up the sun from  
 a bus stop bench.

-- The Buck. An ARTIST is painting the front window for  
 St. Patty's Day.

-- Doctor's Office. Ozinski gets his nose bandage  
 removed. His nose is completely crooked.

-- Vin's House. The lawn is out of control. A foot  
 high. A MAILMAN bends down and puts mail in the toppled  
 mailbox.

INT. VIN'S KITCHEN - ANOTHER DAY

Charisse is feeding Felix the Cat a can of Spam.

CHARISSE  
 Don't eat too fast. I ain't comin'  
 back till tomorrow.

Charisse looks at the stacks of dishes, mold, dirt, grime, shit everywhere. Fuck it. She rolls up her sleeves, turns the sink on. Starts to clean.

INT. VIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Vin's perched in a recliner. Oliver is sitting on his bed shuffling a stack of flash cards.

OLIVER

Try this one.

He holds up a card. It reads: "I want fresh crab." Vin studies the card. Then:

VINCENT

I waannnnnt fressssh crap.

Oliver looks at the card. Damn Vin.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - ANOTHER DAY

Crespi's class. Ozinski is presenting in front of the class. His voice is nasally, due to the "new" nose alignment.

OZINSKI

And for my real-life saint, I picked...

He clicks the Smart Board. A picture of Oliver pops up.

OZINSKI (CONT'D)

Oliver Bronstein. He's like one a them martyrs. Cause he was persecuted too, when he first got here. By me. Mostly. And a few others, who I'm not gonna rat out. You know who you are.

Ozinski stares directly at a few FELLAS in class. Brooklyn sinks in his chair.

OZINSKI (CONT'D)

Anyways. He's my saint. Cause he forgave me for being such a dingleberry, when I was acting like an a-hole.

The CLASS laughs. Oliver is all smiles. He's a hundred feet tall.

IMAGES OVER MUSIC:

-- Charisse is vacuuming Vin's living room. It sounds like she's sucking up marbles. It's so damn dirty.

-- Vin and Oliver are racing down a hallway in wheelchairs. It's neck and neck. Vin's lit cigarette drops in his lap. Oliver wins.

-- At a grocery store, Maggie and Oliver are buying cat food. Lots.

-- Oliver wheels a piece of carryon luggage into Vin's room. He lays the luggage carefully on the bed and unzips. Felix the Cat climbs out unaffected.

-- Vin's sitting in a wheelchair outside the hospital (in street clothes.) A NURSE stands behind him. Charisse pulls up in Vin's car. Honks. Vin stands up, walks to the car using a cane.

-- Driving. Charisse can barely steer the car over her about-to-pop belly. Vin lights a cigarette. Charisse snatches it out of his hand.

CHARISSE

What's wrong wit you?

She tosses it out the window.

INT. VIN'S HOUSE - LATER

Living room. Charisse leads Vin inside. The place is spotless.

VINCENT

Wherrre's mmmmmmy dirt?

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Vin's sitting on his couch, looking around. The place is foreign to him.

Charisse waddles in with a plate of food. A turkey sandwich with a side of carrots. Healthy. Vin inspects.

VINCENT

Whhhhhattt're these?

CHARISSE

Vegetables, what. You never seen one.

VINCENT

Donnnnn't eeeeat them.

CHARISSE

You do now, bitch.

Vin picks up the sandwich. Takes a damn bite. What choice does he have?

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
You paying me hourly now, pappi.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
Whaaaattt for?

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
Whatcha mean, what for? I'm taking care of your ass. And we obviously ain't bumping uglies no more. So don't be askin'. I'm too fat and you're too old.

Vin thinks. Shakes his head in agreement. The sandwich is pretty good.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
Fifteen an hour, plus room and board.

Charisse walks out. Vin damn near chokes.

EXT. LA COUNTY FAMILY COURT - ANOTHER DAY

A gray stone court house. A gray day.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, Oliver and their attorney, RICHARD WALTERS are on one side. On the other side: Oliver's father, DAVID BRONSTEIN, tall, dark and disconnected, sits next to his attorney BARRY BRILLSTERN.

JUDGE REYNOLDS presides, he's examining a file full of photos.

JUDGE REYNOLDS  
(directed to Richard)  
Who is Vincent Canatella?

Richard is stumped. He turns to Maggie.

RICHARD WALTERS, ESQ.  
You know him?

MAGGIE  
He's our next door neighbor. He watches Oliver sometimes.

RICHARD WALTERS, ESQ.  
Your honor, he's my client's neighbor. He occasionally watches Oliver. Sometimes.

JUDGE REYNOLDS  
He's a baby sitter?

Again, Richard turns to Maggie.

MAGGIE

Yes. Of sorts. I pay him. And Oliver goes there after school for a few hours while I'm at work.

RICHARD WALTERS, ESQ.

(to Judge)

He's a baby sitter, your honor. Of sorts. A paid position. May I ask why this is relevant?

Judge Reynolds flips through more pictures.

JUDGE REYNOLDS

Is your client aware that Mr. Canatella takes her son to a race track and they gamble? He also takes him to a local bar, The Buck? And a strip club, The Pink Cadillac?

Maggie is lost. She looks to Oliver.

OLIVER

We went to see the horses a few times.

Maggie could die. She turns back to Richard.

MAGGIE

I...this...is news to me.

RICHARD WALTERS, ESQ.

My client is unaware of these events...as am I. Which is a big surprise, I must say, right now.

JUDGE REYNOLDS

I'll bet there are quite a few surprises in this folder then.

Judge Reynolds holds up a pound of pictures. Maggie gasps.

MAGGIE

Oh, God.

JUDGE REYNOLDS

Charisse Langers? Are you aware of her...occupation?

Richard turns to Maggie. Maggie turns to Oliver. Oliver whispers in Maggie's ear. She turns pale white. Maggie whispers in Richard's ear. He goes blank.

RICHARD WALTERS, ESQ.

Your honor, I need a few minutes to confer with my client.

INT. MAGGIE'S VOLVO - LATER

Driving. Maggie's so mad, she's past mad. Oliver's avoiding eye contact.

MAGGIE

I guess gambling at the horse track is like a math lesson. Have to figure out how to bet and all that.

OLIVER

The odds.

MAGGIE

Thank you. And the bar...well I imagine that could fall under current events.

OLIVER

More like social studies.

MAGGIE

Nice. It's the strip club and the hooker that are the ones I can't wrap my head around.

OLIVER

Biology. Commerce?

MAGGIE

Don't talk anymore.

VIN'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Vin's wearing only underwear, watering the dirt pit he calls a lawn. It hasn't seen water in a month. Maggie yells out from behind him.

MAGGIE

Vin!

She yells louder.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Vin!

He turns.

VINCENT

Whyyy do you people think mmmmy people cann't hear?

MAGGIE

What kind of man takes a child gambling, drinking, smoking?

VINCENT

Oh. Goodie.

MAGGIE

Hanging out with prostitutes.

VINCENT

What kind of mother leaves her son with a mannnnn like that?

Ouch.

MAGGIE

Fuck you, Vin.

VINCENT

Now we're talkinnng.

MAGGIE

Fifty-fifty custody with his asshole father now. I have you to thank for that.

VINCENT

You have yourrrrrrrself to thank for that. He needs someone besides his deadbeat mother.

That's rough.

MAGGIE

Good one. Maybe I deserve it. I left him with you. What the hell was I thinking?

VINCENT

Mmmmy sentiments exactly.

MAGGIE

He can't come over here anymore. That's a given. I'll get that fence money to you real soon.

VINCENT

They'll be sommmme interest.

Maggie shakes her head, walks off. Vin squirts the hose, it hits Maggie's back.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Sorrrryy. I'm a littttle slower with the reaction time these days.

MAGGIE

You were never fast. Just stupid.

INT. VIN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vin sits at his counter. Looking at the biggest pile of bills and mail. He fishes through, tossing most aside. Eventually...the answering machine comes into view. The red light is blinking.

Vin hits play.

ANA (V.O.)  
Hello, Mr. Vincent. This is Ana  
from Sunnyside. I have some news  
about your wife, Sandy, sir.

INT. VIN'S CAR - THE NEXT DAY

Charisse is driving. Vin riding. The answering machine  
plays under.

ANA (V.O.)  
(another message)  
Mr. Vincent, this is Ana again at  
Sunnyside, sir. I've left you a  
few messages now. I hope that you  
are okay...

INT. SUNNYSIDE RESIDENCE FOR THE ELDERLY - CONTINUOUS

Vin's walking down the hallway. The answering machine  
continues.

SHIRLEY (V.O.)  
Mr. Canatella, this is Shirley  
Jorstin over here at Sunnyside.  
Sir, I hate to be the bearer of bad  
news, but your wife is dead. And  
she's been dead for a few weeks  
now. And we haven't heard from  
you. Which is concerning as well.

SHIRLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Vin's sitting at Shirley's desk. Shirley enters with a  
box of personal items.

SHIRLEY  
Oookay, Mr. Canatella. Here we go.

Shirley sits. Puts the box on her desk.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)  
All her personal items are in  
there, sir.

Vin looks at the box.

VINCENT  
Where is shhhee?

SHIRLEY  
Who?

VINCENT  
My wwwife.



SHIRLEY  
She died, Mr. Canatella.

VINCENT  
I know that. Where isss she?

SHIRLEY  
(indicates the box)  
She's in there, sir.

VINCENT  
Where?

SHIRLEY  
In the box. Her remains.

Vin is speechless. For once.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)  
She died a few weeks ago, Mr. Canatella. We tried to contact you several times. So there's that. And when we didn't hear back from you. Well. We just went ahead and followed your death directives, sir.

She pushes a signed paper towards, Vin.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)  
You did want her cremated. That's what's on the signed directives there.

Vin looks at the paper, then back at the box.

VINCENT  
She's in that bbbox?

SHIRLEY  
Her remains are, sir. Yes. In a box inside that box. We can't just keep a body lying around. I'm sure you understand. That would be inappropriate. And legally we just can't do that, of course. You could imagine the litigation potential.

Vin stands. Takes the box.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry for your loss, Mr. Canatella.

Vin stares at here, then walks away.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)  
 There is the other matter of your  
 outstanding balance we should  
 discuss.

Vin keeps walking.

VINCENT  
 (over his back)  
 I'll maiilll it to you.

He's gone.

EXT. SUNNYSIDE GROUNDS - LATER

Vin's sitting on the bench in front of the pond. Sandy's  
 spot. Charisse sits next to him. The box in the middle.

CHARISSE  
 This shit is peaceful.

VINCENT  
 It wwwwas.

He lights a smoke.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 Telllll mmmme what's in there, would  
 ya.

Charisse opens the lid on the box.

CHARISSE  
 Picture of...

Inspects it. Pulls it out. It's Vin and Sandy's wedding  
 picture.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
 That you?

Vin nods.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
 And her?

He nods again.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)  
 Man, you went downhill.

VINCENT  
 You'llll ggget there.

She digs around in the box.

CHARISSE  
 Another box. Looks like suede or  
 some leather shit.

VINCENT

Don't touch that one.

Fishes. Pulls out an envelope.

CHARISSE

Has your name on it.

Vin takes the envelope. Opens it. Official looking paperwork...and a key. Hmm.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - GYMNASIUM - ANOTHER DAY

Oliver and Ozinski are sitting against a wall. A dodge ball game in progress in front of them.

OZINSKI

Being with your dad ain't so bad. Least he's around. And wants to see ya.

OLIVER

My mom's the one who hates it.

OZINSKI

That's her problem. These woman gotta learn to let go.

Oliver is impressed with the rare deep thought.

OZINSKI (CONT'D)

I'm seeing a shrink.

OLIVER

That's cool.

OZINSKI

My Ma's makin' me. Thinks me acting out all the time is due to the fact that my father left us and I got no positive male role model in my life. So I do bad shit to get attention.

OLIVER

What's the shrink say?

OZINSKI

He thinks my Ma is overbearing and controlling and actually I'm acting out to rebel against her.

OLIVER

That makes more sense.

OZINSKI

That's what I'm fucking thinkin'.

OLIVER  
You talk to her about it.

OZINSKI  
No. She'd whop my ass.

A whistle blows. The dodge ball game is over. Next up.

OZINSKI (CONT'D)  
Let's tag team these ass fags. You  
go high, I'll shoot for the nuts.

Oliver and Ozinski run onto the court.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - SIDEWALKS

After school. KIDS everywhere. Oliver's walking out  
with Ozinski. A HORN honks. Maggie's sitting in her  
Volvo in parent pickup.

INT. MAGGIE'S VOLVO - LATER

Maggie's driving. Oliver's riding. And a strange Latin  
lady is sitting quietly in the backseat. This is AMELDA.  
Oliver's new nanny. Short, stout, pointless.

MAGGIE  
It's your father's idea of safer  
child care.

OLIVER  
Does she speak English?

MAGGIE  
(to Amelda)  
Poquito?

AMELDA  
Si.

MAGGIE  
Guess that's good enough.

AMELDA  
Si.

MAGGIE  
Yes. Si.

OLIVER  
Everyday?

MAGGIE  
And every other weekend when you go  
to your dad's.

Oliver's not thrilled.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
That's the deal now. You get  
shuffled back and forth between  
your father and I.

OLIVER  
He is my dad.

Maggie takes this in.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I know he cheated on you...a bunch  
of times. And that why we left.

MAGGIE  
You know that?

OLIVER  
It's a secret? You tell anybody  
who'll listen. Grandma, Aunt Judy,  
all the cousins...it's your  
Facebook status.

MAGGIE  
I been meaning to change that

Maggie considers this.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
I'll just say that I'm single.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Backyard. Vin's sitting on a beach chair, staring at the  
box with Sandy in it, perched on the lawn table in front  
of him.

Oliver walks around the side of the house. Amelda's  
right behind him.

VINCENT  
You cannnn't be here.

OLIVER  
Mom said I could say...goodbye.

Oliver just stands there. Not knowing what to say.

VINCENT  
That mmmmy replacement?

OLIVER  
Yea. I guess so.

VINCENT  
She lllllegal?

Amelda chimes in.

AMELDA

Si.

VINCENT

Hate to havvvve to report your  
mother to INS.

Amelda knows this term. She bulls up.

AMELDA

Mr. Oliver, vamanos.

She makes her way back from where she came.

OLIVER

What's in the box?

VINCENT

Mmmmmmy wife.

OLIVER

She...died?

VINCENT

No. Sssshe shrunk herself and now  
she's living in there rent free.

OLIVER

Oh. I'm really sorry, Vin.

VINCENT

Never understood wwwwwhy people  
sssssay that.

OLIVER

They don't know what else to say.

VINCENT

Welllll, it's a shit saying. How  
'bout, "What was she like?" "Do  
you miss her?" "What're ya gonna  
do now?"

Oliver has no words.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Listennnn. Do yourself a favor,  
kid, and get a life. Oookay. Stop  
living mine. It hasn't been for  
shit.

OLIVER

That's not true.

Vin lashes out.

VINCENT

The hhhell do you know about me?  
You act like I'm some kinda role  
model. Are you stupid?

Oliver strikes back.

OLIVER  
Yeah, I'm stupid. Mostly for  
thinking you were more than just a  
drunk, mean, old man.

Oliver starts to tear.

VINCENT  
Don't cry while your fighting.

OLIVER  
Don't teach me any more gems, Vin.  
Save 'em for the nobody left in  
your life.

Toe to toe. Vin backs down.

VINCENT  
I gotta be mmmme, kid.

OLIVER  
Yeah. That's the sad part.

Oliver walks off. Vin stares at the box.

VIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vin's sitting on the bed. The box, next to him. He  
talks to it.

VINCENT  
I loved you to the moon there,  
Sandy.

Then...

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
So...what nnnnnnow?

Vin inspects the room: packed full of shit, memories,  
pictures. It hasn't been touched since she left.

Vin grabs a picture of himself and a FEW MARINES posing  
in Ho Chi Minh. He studies it. Then throws it in a bag.  
He grabs another picture...then another. Throwing  
everything in site, all the memories, pictures,  
knickknacks into the bag. Purging.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vin drags two full trash bag loads of junk across the  
lawn. He dumps them into trash barrels.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver watches Vin from his bedroom window. He shuts the blinds and sits on his bed. Thinking.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - LIBRARY - DAY

Computer lab. Oliver, Ozinski and OTHER STUDENTS are working on computers, wearing headsets. Oliver digs in his backpack and pulls out Vin's Vietnam picture. The one Vin tossed in the trash.

He flips the picture over, reads the handwritten inscription: "la Drang, Vietnam, 1965. Sgt. Vincent Canatella."

Oliver pecks on his keyboard:

Insert - Google search bar typing: "Sgt. Vincent Canatella."

The search reveals several pages with headings: "War Hero," "Bronze Star," "Sgt. Canatella Rescues Two Officers," "The Battle of la Drang." Etc.

Oliver clicks on the first link and starts reading. A picture of a younger Vin pops up. He's a proud looking soldier.

Oliver hits Ozinski. He leans over and looks.

OZINSKI  
(too loud)  
That's the old fucker.

Oliver nods. Everyone and their mother heard that.

INT. CRESPI'S CLASS - LATER

Crespi's concluding class. As kids shuffle out.

CRESPI  
Two weeks, children. The grand stage, as they say. Our "Saints" assembly. Don't forget to invite your parents, significant others, etc., etc.

Crespi stops Oliver and Ozinski.

CRESPI (CONT'D)  
No expletives in your presentation, Ozinski.

OZINSKI  
My name's Robert, sir.



OLIVER  
He doesn't like Ozinski, Brother  
Crespi. Never has.

And with that the two boys walk off.

INT. BANK - DAY

Vin's being escorted through the vault by his favorite banker, Terry. He's looking through a file.

TERRY  
She rented the box about eight  
years ago, Mr. Canatella. Prepaid  
to the end of this year actually.

They stop in front of a row of safety deposit boxes.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
I have to key in with you.

Terry puts his key in the slot of a small box. Vin pulls his key out of his jacket. Keys in. It opens.

Vin stares at Terry until...

TERRY (CONT'D)  
I'll be outside, sir.

Vin opens the door to the box. There's only one thing inside of it: a trifold pamphlet. He pulls it out. Unfolds it.

It's a life insurance policy. Vin leans against the boxes. Shakes his head at the blessing.

**MONTAGE OF OLIVER RESEARCHING, VIN MOVING ON**

EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - DAY

Ozinski waits on his bike outside Oliver's house. Oliver comes running out, jumps on the back of the bike. Amelda waddles out after him, holding a jacket. She puts the jacket on Oliver. And they take off.

STREETS - LATER

Oliver and Ozinski ride through traffic. Hauling ass.

EXT. THE BUCK - NIGHT

Ozinski's bike is parked in front of the bar.

INT. THE BUCK - NIGHT

Oliver and Ozinski are sitting at the bar drinking Shirley Temples. Oliver is interviewing Gus and Linda.

GUS

Oh heck, he won the Bronze Star in Vietnam. Pulled two officers out of an ambush in la Drang. Only a few got outta there.

LINDA

It's famous. He never told ya about it?

OLIVER

No, ma'am.

Oliver takes notes.

EXT. RACETRACK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Vin's car. Charisse is driving. Vin directs.

VINCENT

Therrrrre's a spot.

It's handicapped.

CHARISSE

I ain't parking there.

Vin pulls a handicapped parking placard from the glove box. Hangs it on the rear-view mirror.

VINCENT

Best thing that ever happened to me.

Charisse pulls in.

INT. RACETRACK - BREEZEWAY - LATER

Zucko's walking down a quiet breezeway, whistling. He turns a corner.

CRACK! He's hit in the face with a cane. Falls backwards, dazed, bleeding from the mouth. Teeth are gone.

Vin hovers above him, waving his cane.

VINCENT

That'ssss the for the elder abuse, asshole.

Vin tosses an envelope on Zucko's chest.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

There's my dues. Plus interest.  
Don't come around no more. I'm  
done with the horses.

Vin walks off, a spring in his step.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - GYMNASIUM - ANOTHER DAY

The chin-up bar. Oliver's pulling with all his might. A  
CROWD OF CLASSMATES, lead by Ozinski, scream him on from  
the ground.

OZINSKI & CLASSMATES

Oliver! Oliver! Oliver! Oliver!

Coach Mitchell smiles, watching in anticipation.

Oliver strains, pulls, twists. And finally, his chin  
goes over the bar. The kids erupt in cheers. Oliver  
drops like a sack of potatoes.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - SIDEWALKS - DAY

Oliver is walking towards a new Jaguar parked in parent  
pickup. It's his dad, David, waiting.

INT. FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - LATER

Oliver and David are sitting in the window eating frozen  
yogurt. David's trying to connect.

DAVID

So. How's things?

OLIVER

Good. Can't complain.

DAVID

Mom. Good?

OLIVER

Yep.

DAVID

Friends?

OLIVER

Dad. We don't have to small talk.  
Whatever happened between you and  
mom, that's your deal. I don't  
want to be in the middle. We can  
just be us. Okay?

DAVID

Got it.

They eat...in comfortable silence. Then...

DAVID (CONT'D)  
How's school?

Oliver smiles.

EXT. SUNNYSIDE RESIDENCE FOR THE ELDERLY - ANOTHER DAY

Oliver is interviewing Nurse Ana. David's sitting on the lawn a few feet away, waiting. Oliver scribbles in his notebook, lots of notes.

EXT. MAGGIE & OLIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David carries a sleeping Oliver into the house. Maggie holds the door open.

INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David puts Oliver in bed. Maggie flips the light off.

EXT. MAGGIE & OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER

Maggie and David stand by David's car. Awkwardness is all they know.

DAVID  
I can pick him up after school on Friday.

MAGGIE  
Sure.

DAVID  
Okay, then.

MAGGIE  
Yep.

David gets into the car. Maggie knocks on the passenger window.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
You know, this is okay. I'm okay with it. You're his father. An asshole. But still his father. So. I'll get over it. Just going to take some time.

DAVID  
Good night.

MAGGIE  
That's all you're going to say?

DAVID  
I don't disagree with anything you  
said. So.

MAGGIE  
Even the asshole part.

DAVID  
Especially that part.

Maggie thinks.

MAGGIE  
Alright. Good night.

DAVID  
Good night.

David drives off.

INT. HOME DEPOT - ANOTHER DAY

Oliver and Ozinski are loading a cart full of fence  
building materials. Pickets, posts, nails, etc.

CHECK OUT COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

David pays for the supplies.

EXT. STREETS - LATER

David's SUV cruises down the road. Fencing supplies tied  
haphazardly to the roof.

INT. VIN'S HOUSE - LATER

Vin is peeking out the living room blinds...watching  
Oliver, Ozinski and Amelda fixing his fence.

VINCENT  
Ttthat'll be straight.

He shuts the blinds.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Oliver, Ozinski and Amelda are working on the fence.  
Amelda's the "foreman," as she's the only one who knows  
what she's doing.

Charisse pulls up in Vin's car. Lumbers down the  
driveway with a bag of groceries.

CHARISSE  
 Vin know you're doing that?

OLIVER  
 He peeks through the blinds every  
 few minutes.

CHARISSE  
 Ain't come out?

OLIVER  
 Nope.

CHARISSE  
 (disgusted)  
 Still playing the stroke card.

INT. NAT'S DINER - ANOTHER DAY

Oliver is interviewing Charisse. Amelda is eating, along  
 for the ride. Charisse is holding a flier for Oliver's  
 school assembly: "Saints Among Us."

CHARISSE  
 Why you want him to come to shit?  
 He ain't been nothing but an  
 asshole.

OLIVER  
 I think he's just misunderstood.  
 By himself mostly.

CHARISSE  
 Cause he's an asshole.

OLIVER  
 That's a possibility.

Jesus comes over, refills Charisse's coffee.

CHARISSE  
 (to Jesus)  
 Jesus, you got any job applications  
 back there?

JESUS  
 Si.

CHARISSE  
 You bring me one?

JESUS  
 Si.

Jesus is off. Oliver...impressed.

CHARISSE  
 Shit, they need someone can speak  
 English 'round here.

**END OF MONTAGE**

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Oliver's room is full of Vin's pictures. The memories rescued from the trash. Oliver's getting ready for school. Standing in front of a mirror, tying a Windsor Knot on his tie. Maggie calls from the kitchen.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Oliver. Breakfast is ready.

Oliver furrows with confusion.

THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Oliver walks in to find a full pancake breakfast. Bacon. Toast. The works. A big surprise in this household. Maggie's pouring OJ.

MAGGIE

Gotta have fuel for your big day.

Oliver is touched.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I took the day off.

He hugs his mom.

OLIVER

Thanks, mom.

MAGGIE

You're welcome, bub.

Somehow Maggie's become a mother.

OLIVER

I love you.

MAGGIE

Don't get sentimental on me.

She kisses his head.

INT. VIN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vin's sitting in his Lazy Boy, zoned out on Abbott & Costello. Charisse rushes into the room.

CHARISSE

I think my water busted.

VINCENT

Callllll a plumber.

She kicks his chair.

CHARISSE

Get up.

Vin climbs out of his chair. Damn baby.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The auditorium is packed to the gills with STUDENTS, TEACHERS, PARENTS and GUESTS. The curtain opens and Brother Crespi's entire class walks out and takes seats behind the on-stage podium. Oliver and Ozinski sit next to each other. Friends for life.

A projection screen displays the banner, "Saints Among Us." The CROWD applauds.

INT. VIN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Charisse is driving like a nut. Vin's white knuckled. He tries to light a cigarette. Charisse swipes it from his mouth, tosses it out the window.

CHARISSE

When you gonna grow up, man?

She shakes her head in disgust, then goes back to fake deep breathing.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Brother Crespi steps up to the podium and announces the next speaker.

BROTHER CRESPI

Our next speaker is Mr. Oliver  
Bronstein.

The CROWD claps. Maggie hoots from her seat. She's sitting next to ex-husband David. They may end up civil.

Oliver walks up to the podium. Strong. Courageous. A different kid than the one who couldn't utter a word in front of his class. He clears his throat.

OLIVER

Saints are human beings we  
celebrate for their dedication and  
commitment to other human beings.  
Brother Cary Crespi, circa 2011...

Laughs.



EXT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - CONTINUOUS

Charisse whips the car into the school's lot. Pulls into a handicapped spot. Vin is suspect.

VINCENT

This isn't the hospital.

Charisse tosses the flier in his lap.

CHARISSE

Get your ass inside.

Charisse steps out of the car, moves on. Vin looks at the flier.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Oliver's in mid-presentation. On the massive projection screen behind him, we see a portrait of St. William of Rochester. Click. The screen refreshes...and a picture of Vin pops up.

OLIVER

For my modern day saint, I chose a man who shares many of the same qualities as St. William of Rochester: Mr. Vincent Canatella.

He continues.

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES - CONTINUOUS

Outside the auditorium. Vincent stands in front of a marquee board. It's the "Saint Wall." Under each student's name are two pictures: a real Saint next to a Modern Day Saint.

Under Oliver Bornstein, we find: St. William of Rochester and...Vincent Canatella. And he's one fucked-up looking "saint." Eyes black, face distorted, assuredly on drugs, lying in his hospital bed.

Vin stares at the picture of himself.

He hears Oliver's voice within. Walks to the auditorium doors.

OLIVER (O.S.)

Mr. Canatella was born in Newark, NJ, in 1950, the son of first generation Italian immigrants.

Vin cracks the door open. Just as he's doing this a PRIEST comes up behind him and opens it the rest of the way.

FATHER

(whispers)

After you...

Vin defaults. Walks in first. He stands at the back of the auditorium. Oliver continues:

OLIVER

Growing up poor on the streets of New Jersey, Vincent learned all the things a kid shouldn't need to know. Fighting, cursing and gambling.

The slide show shuffles images of VINCENT AS A BABY. Then a YOUNG BOY. Poor. Tough. Street. Pictures of a hard life. All the memories Vin had tossed in the trash.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

In 1965, as a member of United States Army's 5th Regiment, Vincent was among the 450 soldiers dropped into the Ia Drang Valley, and immediately ambushed by 2000 Vietcong troops.

A headshot of Vincent as a young Marine in Vietnam. Smoking a cigarette, proud, strong.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

There he heroically saved the lives of two officers pinned down by enemy fire and carried them to safety.

Newspaper clippings of Vin's heroics. A picture of Vin receiving the Bronze Star. In the back of the auditorium, Vin is frozen...seeing his life through the eyes of another.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I imagine the best way I can tell you who Vincent Canatella is...is to tell you what he's done for me.

For the first time, Oliver sees Vin standing in back.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

When my mom and I first moved here, we knew no one. And Mr. Canatella took me in. When he didn't have to. And probably didn't want to.

Laughter.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

But he did it anyhow. That's what saints do.

A wedding picture of Vin and Sandy pops up on the screen.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

We visited his wife of forty years,  
Sandy, who recently passed away.  
Vin's done her laundry every week  
for the past eight years, even  
after she no longer recognized him.

Another picture of Vin and Sandy.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Because saints never give up.

A picture of VIN AS A FIGHTER, with boxing gloves on.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

He taught me how to fight. How to  
stand my ground and be brave. How  
to speak up and be bold.

Maggie is crying. David hands her a tissue.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Because saints fight for themselves  
and others. They are heard.

Vin is glued, hearing what he means to another, is the  
warmth that melts an iceberg.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

He taught me how to gamble. Horse  
racing, Keno, the over and under.  
Which is a big reason why I'm  
grounded till I'm eighteen.

Laughs.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

But in that I learned how to take  
risks and go for broke. Because in  
life the odds can be stacked  
against you.

A picture of Vin's cat, Felix.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

This is Vin's cat, Felix, who eats  
gourmet cat food. Vin eats Spam.

The CROWD loves it.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Because saints make sacrifices.

Maggie, David and Charisse are mesmerized, proud,  
inspired.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Mr. Vincent Canatella is flawed.  
He's rough, drinks too much, smokes  
and curses.

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 He's angry, mad at the world, and  
 I'm sure full of regrets.

Vin takes it in.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 Because after all, saints are human  
 beings. Very human beings.

The picture of St. William next to Vincent replays on the  
 projection screen.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 Courage, sacrifice, compassion and  
 humanity. These are the markings  
 of a saint. And what makes Mr.  
 Vincent Canatella not so far  
 removed from St. William of  
 Rochester...

Vin's picture solos on the presentation.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 And with that, I'd like to present  
 my friend and baby sitter, Mr.  
 Vincent Canatella for sainthood.  
 And hereby proclaim him St. Vincent  
 de Van Nuys.

The place is wild with applause.

Vin doesn't know what to do. People are looking around  
 for him. Finally...he starts walking down the aisle.

Brother Crespi helps Vin up the steps. And towards  
 Oliver, who's holding the "Saint Medal."

Vin steps in front of Oliver. He leans over as Oliver  
 puts the medal around his neck.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 Thank you, sir.

VINCENT  
 Thanks, kkkid.

And...without warning...Vin starts crying. Maybe for the  
 first time in his life.

PEOPLE rise in their seats to applaud him.

Oliver hugs Vin.

INT. MISSION HILLS HOSPITAL - ANOTHER DAY

The break room. Oliver and Vin stand in front of a  
 vending machine, considering their options. Vin's  
 wearing scrubs. His speech impediment is not so  
 abstruse.

VINCENT

They got the same selection from when I was a kid.

OLIVER

Surely not. They'd be really rotten by now.

VINCENT

Nah. They're all jacked up on preservatives. Crap has a half life of plutonium.

Oliver digs in his pocket for change.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I got it. I owe you money anyhow. What's it going to be?

OLIVER

The hard pretzels.

VINCENT

Just what I was looking at.

Vin puts coins in the slot.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Hit the buttons would ya. If I do it, we'll end up with Twinkies.

Oliver keys in the selection.

OLIVER

If you hit it just right...you can...

Oliver hits the machine just as the bag of pretzels is about to drop.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

...get two for the price of one.

A second bag of pretzels drops down behind the first.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Pretty cool.

Oliver grabs both bags, hands one to Vin.

VINCENT

That's stealing though, right?

Oliver thinks about it. A NURSE pops her head into the room.

NURSE

Mr. Canatella, it's about that time.

Vin rushes off.

VINCENT

Hold your horses.

Oliver stands there, eating his pretzels. He digs into his pockets, grabs some change and slips it in the coin slot. He walks off.

INT. LABOR & DELIVERY ROOM - LATER

Charisse is in the final stages of giving birth. She's calm and focused. A DOCTOR between her legs calls out the final push. The BABY is crowning.

DOCTOR

One more time. Big breath. Big push.

CHARISSE

You said one more time last one more time.

DOCTOR

This time I mean it. You're almost there.

Charisse pushes. And...a BABY is born. The doctor does his thing, suctioning, inspecting.

CHARISSE

Let me see.

The doctor holds her up.

DOCTOR

Here she is.

The baby cries. A voice from the corner breaks the moment:

VINCENT (O.S.)

What is it?

Vin has one foot in the room, one out.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Black, white, in the middle?

CHARISSE

Get outta here.

VINCENT

What's wrong with asking?

A Nurse takes the baby.

NURSE  
 (to Charisse)  
 You want him to cut the cord?

CHARISSE  
 No.

VINCENT  
 I'm a little shaky. Let a  
 professional handle that.

The Nurse cuts the cord. Vin sneaks a closer look at the baby.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 Sure aren't pretty when they pop  
 out.

CHARISSE  
 Get the fuck out of here.

Vin walks off. Mumbles.

VINCENT  
 All doped up. No sense 'a humor.

The doctor rests the baby on Charisse's bosom.

CHARISSE  
 Come here. My little princess.  
 Let mommy hold ya.

INT. VIN'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

A "family" dinner. Charisse is serving a homemade meal of spaghetti and green beans. Fancy it's not.

Oliver and Ozinski sit on one side of the table. Maggie on the opposite side. The baby's in a bassinet, set within a high chair. And Vin is in the captain's seat.

VINCENT  
 (re: the food)  
 It's colorful. I'll say that.

CHARISSE  
 How 'bout you don't say nothing.

MAGGIE  
 I love green beans.

Oliver jumps in.

OLIVER  
 You do?

MAGGIE  
 Sure. Don't get 'em that often.

OZINSKI  
My ma makes 'em out of the can.

VINCENT  
That's why your brain is stilted.

Charisse sits. Vin starts to dig in.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Well. Beats Spam. By a hair.

Everyone just stares at him.

OLIVER  
Don't you want to say something?

VINCENT  
Like what?

OLIVER  
A blessing or something.

Vin thinks. Lowers his head, closes his eyes. Thinks better.

VINCENT  
I better not.

Figures.

EXT. VIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The camera pulls back from the house, as the MAILMAN, on all fours on the front lawn, shoves mail in the felled box.

VINCENT (O.S.)  
You waiting for a paper invitation?  
This crap ain't good enough to eat  
cold.

We float past the "fixed" fence and up into the atmosphere above Van Nuys.

FADE TO BLACK.

The end.