

Comeback
an original screenplay by
J.L. Blakely

J.L. Blakely
Box 396
Wakaw, SK S0K4P0
306-233-5657
jaqblakely@sasktel.net

FADE IN

INT. UCLA STUDENT SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

The office swarms with STUDENTS wearing backpacks and carrying books. A buzz of conversation floats on the air. A bell goes off in the hall. More Students pass by the open office door.

DELILAH DERRIKSON, 25, nervously twirls a strand of her long, dark hair as she stands at the front of a line, queuing up to talk to the woman sitting at a large desk at the front of the office. Delilah's pretty - the kind that doesn't know it. She wears a skirt and jacket, little makeup - an attempt to look grown up.

Delilah holds a well-worn letter in her hands. She peers over her glasses at the woman she waits to see.

On the desk is a placard with the name: MRS. CLARK.

MRS. CLARK, a thin woman in her 50's, short blond hair that's teased oddly, sits in front of a female FRESHMAN student, shaking her head, trying to look sorry. The Freshman sobs.

MRS. CLARK

I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do.

Mrs. Clark shrugs. The Freshman gets up and cries her way out of the office.

Delilah watches Mrs. Clark, fear-struck. She holds her letter tighter.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)

Next.

Delilah freezes.

Mrs. Clark glances up, impatient.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)

Next!

Delilah step up to the desk and sits down.

DELILAH

It sure is busy in here.

MRS. CLARK

How can I help you?

Mrs. Clark stares at Delilah, her bored expression giving away no hint of help.

DELILAH
I need...I mean...I just need some
time.

Delilah squeezes the letter in her hand.

Mrs. Clark points to the letter.

MRS. CLARK
Your tuition letter?

Delilah nods.

Mrs. Clark reaches for it. She has to pry it from Delilah's
hands.

Mrs. Clark opens the twisted envelop. She reads the letter.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)
Delilah Derrikson...blah, blah,
blah...PHD., specializing in
reproductive endo-crin-ology and
infertility.

Mrs. Clark looks up, bored.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)
Sounds fascinating.

DELILAH
It is. I love the idea that I'll be
helping so many people be able to
have children.

MRS. CLARK
And the world needs more children?

Mrs. Clark continues to read the letter.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)
Says here your tuition for this
semester-

DELILAH
My very last semester-

MRS. CLARK
Needs to be paid by the end of the
month.

She puts down the letter.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)
Why are you here?

DELILAH

I need more time.

MRS. CLARK

Don't we all. Sad really. Time isn't always on our side.

DELILAH

Please.

MRS. CLARK

Sorry, Delilah. Nothing I can do. You have a few weeks to come up with the money.

Mrs. Clark eyes her lewdly.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm sure you'll think of something.

Delilah exhales deeply, deflated.

INT. BANK - DAY

TARA DERRIKSON, 23, blonde, pretty but slightly unkempt, stands in front of the bank teller. A name tag on his lapel indicates his name is Jorje. His delicate stance indicate's he's très gay.

Tara's jeans are worn and the sweatshirt she wears is a bit wrinkled.

TARA

I don't want to see loans officer. I just need a five dollar loan until next week. I had just enough money for my tuition...

(yelling)

But you took out my bank fees first and bounced my check!

JORJE

Excuse me. I, personally, did not take out your account fees. The bank did. It's automatic.

TARA

I don't care what it is, I just need you to put it back!

JORJE

Wouldn't matter.

Jorje shrugs.

Tara looks at Jorje, incensed, WTF?

JORJE (CONT'D)

First, the university will charge you a fifty dollar insufficient funds fee. Then, the bank will charge you a thirty dollar insufficient funds fee. You'd actually need eighty-five dollars.

TARA

I had sufficient funds!

Tara slaps her sweaty hands on the marble counter.

Jorje spritzes the marble with sanitizer and wipes it clean with Kleenex.

JORJE

Would you like to see a loans officer?

TARA

I'm all loaned out! I just want you to undo what was done and make my check good!

Jorje throws the Kleenex in a garbage can below the counter.

JORJE

Sorry, no can do.

Jorje looks beyond Tara, dismissing her.

JORJE (CONT'D)

Next.

TARA

Please.

JORJE

Next.

An OLD LADY moves to the teller. She stands behind Tara.

TARA

(to Jorje)

Will **you** loan me five dollars and reverse it all?

Jorje rolls his eyes, shakes his head. Tara turns to the Old Lady.

TARA (CONT'D)

Got five bucks you can spare?

The Old Lady clutches her purse tight.

OLD LADY

Get a job.

TARA

I have a part-time job. I'm in school.
I **need** tuition.

Tara turns and exits.

EXT. SIDEWALK COFFEE SHOP - LATER

The sidewalk cafe is full of coffee and latte sipping patrons.
A WAITER runs between tables, grabbing orders, serving coffee.

Tara and Delilah sit at a table in front of a couple of
coffees and heavily icing'd brownies.

DELILAH

I'm screwed. There's no way I can
come up with the cash by the end of
the month.

Tara takes a huge bite of her brownie.

TARA

(mouth full)
Me too..Maybe Mom...

DELILAH

We can try, but she's pretty tapped
out.

Delilah pokes at her brownie with her fork.

TARA

There's always Dad.

Delilah nearly chokes on her coffee. Tara polishes off her
brownie.

DELILAH

You can't be serious. We haven't
seen him in twenty years.

TARA

Why not?

Tara picks at Delilah's brownie, scraping off a huge piece.
She eats it.

DELILAH

Mom would have a fit! You know what
he did!

TARA

I'm sure he didn't spend all his millions. He's probably got it stashed offshore.

Tara licks her fork.

DELILAH

Tara, he was a drunk. A deadbeat!

TARA

Maybe in a Swiss bank.

DELILAH

And the drugs!

TARA

Dad was John Derrikson, rock legend. He has to have something! And he owes us.

INT. JD'S TRAILER - DAY

The trailer is littered with dirty ashtrays, dirty dishes and empty take-out boxes. A pair of dirty underwear is draped over a lampshade.

A song like GOOD DAY SUNSHINE blares from outside.

Sunlight filters in through the shades, but even the sun's rays, caught on the dust, look dirty.

IN THE BEDROOM

The blinds are broken and let in shattered rays of sun. JOHN (JD) DERREKSON, 61, lays under the blankets. There's a covered body lying next to him. He groans and pulls his pillow over his head. On his arms are full sleeve tattoos.

JD

(English accent)

Bloody hell!

JD reaches for his alarm clock. He bangs it on the top.

JD (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

The clock reads 12:45. Next to the alarm clock is an unfinished glass of whiskey.

JD (CONT'D)

Oh God!

He rolls over. Long, straggly gray hair, unshaven, sickly looking man.

JD (CONT'D)

That bitch!

JD rolls over and nudges the sleeping form next to him.

JD (CONT'D)

C'mon love. Rise and shine.

The form moves, then jumps up out of the blankets. It's a large mongrel dog. The dog shakes, then jumps off the bed.

JD grabs the glass of whiskey as he gets out of bed. He's dressed in a dirty t-shirt and shorts. He swirls the liquor in his mouth as he heads for the-

BATHROOM

Nudie magazines litter the floor. The sink is filthy, the towels that hang nearby are stained with sooty hand prints.

JD takes a whiz. The dog whines at the doorway.

JD (CONT'D)

Hold your willy.

JD jiggles and taps, then steps in front of the mirror. He stares at the grotesque image before him.

JD (CONT'D)

Ugly bugger.

JD grabs a toothbrush from the countertop and dips it into his whiskey. He brushes his teeth. Spits. Looks in the mirror again.

JD (CONT'D)

There, that's better.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Tara sips her coffee, thinking.

TARA

Maybe he's changed.

Delilah searches her wallet. No money.

DELILAH

You really think it's possible for him to change?

TARA
Stranger things have happened.

Tara sips her coffee.

DELILAH
Wouldn't he have gotten in touch
with us?

TARA
Maybe he's afraid. Ashamed even.

DELILAH
Ashamed. This is the man who mooned
the president. I don't think he'd
be ashamed of anything.

TARA
What other options do we have?

DELILAH
I'll think of something. I don't
want to see him.

Delilah pushes her plate away.

TARA
But-

Delilah looks at Tara sharply. Her eyes say NO with a capital
N.

DELILAH
Don't suppose you have any cash on
you?

Tara shrugs.

TARA
You?

Delilah shakes her head. Tara looks around the patio,
nervous.

The WAITER rushes inside the coffee shop.

DELILAH
We need to go.

Tara looks up. Delilah is nodding to the sidewalk. They
both get up and dash off down the busy street.

The Waiter sees them as they run off but loses them in the
crowd. He runs to their table and looks for money. None.

WAITER

Deadbeats!

EXT. JD'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

JD stands on his porch. GOOD DAY SUNSHINE is still blaring. The dog runs around JD's small fenced-in yard.

BONNIE FINNAGIN, 65, stands in the street in front of JD's trailer, smoking a cigarette, holding a cup of coffee.

BONNIE

You need to walk her. Molly deserves better!

JD

You need to turn your fuckin' music down, Bonnie. You're waking up the whole bleedin' neighborhood.

BONNIE

It's almost one in the afternoon, JD. Just because you're the walking dead doesn't mean the rest of us can't enjoy life.

JD

I like my life just fine, thank you very much!

BONNIE

Sure, what's not to like!

Bonnie laughs as she walks away.

JD sits on the steps of his deck. Molly runs to him. He drapes his arm over her neck and rubs her head.

JD

We gotta good life, don't we girl.

INT. DELILAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tara sits in the passenger seat playing on her iPad as Delilah drives through the busy lunch hour traffic.

TARA

I just think you should consider it.

DELILAH

Even if Mom forgives him, I'm not sure I can. I was five when he walked out. I still remember him.

Tara pulls a stick of gum out of her purse. She offers a piece to Delilah. Delilah waves her off.

TARA

Did you know it's scientifically proven that chewing gum helps people remember better.

Tara pops the gum into her mouth.

DELILAH

Some things aren't worth remembering.

TARA

I wish I could...remember him, I mean.

DELILAH

No you don't. You wouldn't want to remember the yelling and the smell of whiskey that permeated his skin. No, you wouldn't want that.

TARA

It wasn't all that bad. It couldn't have been.

Delilah is silent.

INSERT FLASHBACK

Delilah, four, stands at her parent's bedroom door. Clothes are strewn over the floor. An empty wine bottle lies tipped over on the night stand. Music blares from a portable boom box.

JD, 41, long, dark hair, is in bed with TWO WOMEN, laughing. On his head is a pair of red ladies panties.

It's as if Delilah's world has gone slo-mo.

DELILAH

Daddy?

JD sits up and stares at Delilah. Sally runs to the door carrying two-year-old Tara.

JD

Sally!

SALLY

John.

John's startled; Sally's devastated.

END FLASHBACK

INT. DELILAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A car pulls out suddenly in front of Delilah's car. CRASH. The airbags deploy. Tara SCREAMS.

DELILAH

Great.

EXT. SALLY HOUSE - DAY

Nice, middle class neighborhood with large trees and sizable yards. Sally's house is painted yellow with brown trim. It looks happy. Like a big smiley face.

Tara and Delilah walk up the front sidewalk. They're tired and Tara drags her purse on the ground.

The door opens. SALLY DERRIKSON, 61, slender, dark blond hair, flashing smile, opens the door. Sally wears a funky-patterned loose shirt with glass beads over her form-fitting jeans.

Delilah steps into the house.

SALLY

What happened?

INT. SALLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior is decorated with vivid colors, it's Bohemian and earthy. Masks and ancient fertility symbols adorn the walls. Furnishings are plush, overstuffed, over-welcoming.

DELILAH

I give up.

Tara follows Delilah inside.

TARA

Me too.

INT. JD'S TRAILER - DAY

JD fixes himself a drink. He peers into his fridge. A can of dog food, a jug of milk, he smells it - it's gone bad, some cheese and several candy bars.

JD grabs a candy bar and the dog food. He opens the cupboard and grabs a paper plate. JD opens the candy bar and chomps on it, then scoops the dog food out onto the paper plate and drops the plate on the floor by Molly.

JD

There you go, love.

He grabs his drink and walks to the sofa. He sits heavily, watching the dog eat as he finishes his candy bar. Next to the sofa is a coffee table and an end table. On the coffee table is a phone.

JD grabs the phone and reaches over to the end table. He pulls the drawer open and pulls out the phone book.

The phone book falls to the floor. A photo falls out of the phone book.

INSERT PHOTO

Delilah, four, and Tara, a chubby two-year-old, sitting on Santa's knee.

END INSERT

JD picks up the photo.

JD (CONT'D)

Ah, my girls.

He sets down the phone and leans back into the couch, lost in thought.

JD (CONT'D)

You were better off without me.

You can see loss and regret in JD's bloodshot eyes.

CELEBRATE, or similar good-feel song blares outside.

JD (CONT'D)

Fuck off, Bonnie! Take your sodding music and shove it up your fat ass!

JD lays the photo on the end table and staggers to his front door. He opens it.

JD (CONT'D)

(yells)

For the love of God, Bonnie, please just fuck off!

Bonnie laughs O.S.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is artsy, dec'd out with Sally's paintings, sculptures and an expensive Persian rug. A fire glows in the fireplace.

Tara, Delilah and Sally sit on the couch, sipping wine.

SALLY

I haven't sold any paintings in the past few months. I'm living off savings and they're getting pretty skimpy.

DELILAH

Hard times all around. That job I had in the lab - they laid me off.

TARA

I had the money! The bank fucked me over!

SALLY

Tara, don't talk like that.

TARA

It's true! They bounced an otherwise good check because they got their grubby little hands on my money first.

Tara downs her wine.

DELILAH

If I can't finish this semester, I'll have to wait until next year to get the courses I need. If I do that, they'll expect me to start paying my student loan. I'm hooped.

Delilah sets her wine glass down on the coffee table.

SALLY

There has to be a way, girls. We've always managed before.

Tara picks up Delilah's wine and downs it.

TARA

Well maybe we shouldn't have to do this alone.

Delilah looks to Tara and nods.

DELILAH

Don't.

SALLY

Don't what?

TARA

JD should help us.

Sally rushes to her feet.

SALLY
No way! That man is a louse!

Sally paces.

SALLY (CONT'D)
We've come this far without him.
He's not going to come in and save
the day.

Sally picks up a statue of a naked man. It's an art piece that kind of looks like a Ken doll, but with an overlarge penis. All body parts are movable and plug into the body easily.

DELILAH
I agree!

SALLY
What am I saying? He's not capable
of helping anyone, not even himself.

Sally twirls the little doll-man's head around and around.

TARA
I just thought we should ask.

Sally pops the head off the doll. Delilah stares at the head. It stares back.

SALLY
Did you find him?

TARA
Not yet. But I'm pretty sure I can.
Remember, I'm the computer whiz.

SALLY
He's probably in a gutter somewhere.
Or dead.

DELILAH
I don't think this is a good idea.

Delilah pushes the head under the table with her toe.

SALLY
I don't know. The more I think about
it, the more I like the idea. Why
should he get off Scott free?
Besides, he owes me for years of
child support. Maybe this isn't a
bad idea.

Sally pulls off the doll's penis.

Delilah stands abruptly.

DELILAH

Mom, can't we just let sleeping dogs lie.

SALLY

No. It's time that mutt had a wake up call.

She points the doll-penis at Delilah, then plugs it onto the neck, where the head should be.

Tara can't contain her excitement and lets out a little squeal.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Find the dick.

EXT. JD'S TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

JD and Molly walk up to the bank of mailboxes near the trailer. Molly squats for a pee.

JD

My check should be in, Mol. A fresh bottle for us tonight.

JD opens his box and gathers his mail. He sorts through the many bills. Most show that red window that indicate they haven't been paid. One is marked URGENT.

JD (CONT'D)

Where's my money?

He re-sorts through the mail and finds an envelop from Unemployment Insurance Benefits. He scrambles to open the envelop.

INSERT LETTER

Dear Mr. Derriks,

Your claim has now been exhausted. Per the previous letter sent to you last month, you will receive no further payments.

END INSERT

JD (CONT'D)

NO!

JD sits down on the ground and leans up against the mailboxes.

JD (CONT'D)

Bastards.

Molly moves in for a head rub. JD absently pets her head.

JD (CONT'D)

Well, I guess it's off to the welfare office for us tomorrow.

The dog looks up and licks JD's face. JD stands.

JD (CONT'D)

C'mon. Let's go home.

The walk back toward the trailer.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sally and Delilah stand behind Tara, who sits at a computer. She's in her zone, transfixed on the screen.

TARA

So far, it looks like he's been all over the south.

Delilah leans in.

DELILAH

What's that one?

Delilah points to a link.

INSERT COMPUTER MONITOR

Is John Derrikson dead?

END INSERT

SALLY

I've wished him dead many times. I didn't think the old bastard would ever die.

Tara clicks the link. Sally leans in.

TARA

Says that there are no reports of anyone seeing him for ten years.

Tara looks back over her shoulder.

TARA (CONT'D)

Doesn't mean he's dead. People are just speculating. Let me dig a little further.

SALLY
I guess those years of computer
school...

Tara rolls her eyes.

TARA
You have no idea what I do.

Sally shrugs.

SALLY
I do email and Facebook. That's the
extent of my technical knowledge.

TARA
Mom, really, you could do this.

DELILAH
Who would want to!

Tara continues her search.

TARA
There, look, he's going by JD Derriks.

DELILAH
JD Derriks?

SALLY
Probably just too lazy to spell his
whole name.

Sally and Delilah laugh. Delilah gives Sally a high five.

DELILAH
You know it!

Tara types and clicks a few more moments.

TARA
I found him.

Tara turns around. The three stare at each other,
dumbfounded.

DELILAH
Now what?

TARA
We go see him.

Sally moves to object but stops.

INT. JD'S TRAILER - NIGHT

It's dark except for the light from one small lamp on the end table. The room is a shambles - dirty ashtrays, dirty socks, years of dust laying on every surface - but near the couch set is a TV and stereo. The stereo sits on a record cabinet full of records.

JD takes a record from the record cabinet. He stares at the cover.

INSERT ALBUM COVER

It's him in 1969 - an 18-year-old with life in his eyes and defiant hope written on his face - he's posing with his tongue stuck out. The album title is RECKLESS WITH A PURPOSE.

END INSERT

He gently removes the record and sets it on an old stereo. He turns on the stereo. The turntable turns. Though unsteady, he places the needle on the record. The music plays.

JD listens to his music as he stares at the cover for a few moments.

INSERT FLASHBACK

JD is in a hotel room with several girls. ROCK MUSIC BLASTS loudly from a ghetto blaster. He's smoking pot with one girl and snorting coke from between another girl's breasts.

Sally enters from the bedroom. She sees JD, shakes her head, grabs her purse and leaves.

END FLASHBACK

JD

Ballocks!

He turns off the stereo. The music slows and then dies. JD walks away.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - DAY

Tara and Delilah stand at the doorway with their small overnight bags packed. Sally stands nearby. Her purse sits on a chair by the door.

DELILAH

(to Sally)

You should go with us.

Sally crosses her arms.

SALLY

No. Way. I never want to see that man again! You know what he did! The best I can do is offer the use of my car and some cash.

Sally hands her keys to Delilah.

Tara shuffles uncomfortably, deep in thought.

DELILAH

It just feels strange. You know, I haven't seen him in so long.

SALLY

You don't have to do this.

TARA

(to Delilah)

If you really can't do this, you could take my tuition money. I can find a full-time job...finish school next year.

Delilah shakes her head.

DELILAH

It wouldn't be right. Besides, I'd still be short.

Tara moves to speak, but Delilah holds up her hand.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I can do this.

SALLY

I just can't.

Sally hugs Delilah. Tara joins for a group hug.

Sally digs into her purse and retrieves her bank card.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Here. You know the pass code.

TARA

Thanks Mom.

DELILAH

Wish us luck.

Delilah and Tara exit.

Sally watches them from the doorway.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - DAY

Delilah drives the sedan through LA traffic. Tara plays with the GPS, setting the location.

TARA

Flagstaff, Arizona, here we come.

Delilah throws on a CD and turns up the music, playing something like The Ghost at Number One by Jellyfish.

The girls drive through LA, onto the freeway, passing signs that lead them to HWY 15, then to HWY 40. The desert speeds past them.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF STREET - DAY

JD walks down the street, hands in his pocket, tired, depressed.

INT. WELFARE OFFICE - DAY

The office is full of desperate-looking PEOPLE waiting to be seen. JD sits amongst the group. He looks like he's just crawled out of a dumpster - dirty clothes, hair in tangles, dirty hands. No one sits near him.

The WELFARE OFFICER enters.

WELFARE OFFICER

JD Derriks.

JD gets up and follows the woman into her office.

EXT. STREET - FLAGSTAFF, AZ - DAY

JD dances down the street with a check in his hand. He dances into the bank - then out of the bank - then dances into an ABC - and out of the ABC with a bag of liquor, smoking a cigarette.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - DAY

Drinks sit in the cupholders between Tara and Delilah.

Tara plays Second Life on her iPad.

TARA

I think Borg's going to ask me to marry him.

DELILAH

You need to get a real first life - nevermind about a second life.

TARA
 You should talk! Anyway, it's just
 a stress reliever.

Delilah takes a sip of her drink.

DELILAH
 What if he has nothing. I mean,
 what if this is all a waste of time.

Tara puts the iPad away.

TARA
 I'm hopeful. I couldn't Google Map
 the address, but it sounds nice.
 123 Argyle Street. Sounds like a
 rich neighborhood.

EXT. JD'S TRAILER PARK - DAY

JD walks past the crooked, rusty street sign.

INSERT SIGN

ARGYLE STREET

END INSERT

And past his trailer. On the trailer are the numbers 123.

Molly barks from the yard.

JD
 It's party time, Mols!

JD opens the gate and Molly jumps on him.

JD (CONT'D)
 Settle down, lass. There's enough
 for the two of us!

JD sits on the porch, rubbing Molly's head.

Music starts to blare from Bonny's trailer.

JD (CONT'D)
 For fuck's sake!

Veins bulge in his neck.

JD (CONT'D)
 Why must she torment us?

Bonnie sticks her head out of her trailer window.

BONNIE
Mornin', JD.

JD gives her the finger. Bonnie gives him two fingers back.

JD
Come on, Mols, let's get a drink.

JD enters the trailer with Molly.

INT. JD'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The TV is on. It's playing a documentary on Woodstock.

INSERT TV

The camera pans the crowd as they scream and dance.

NARRATOR
There were over 400,000 people at Woodstock. Bands like The Who, Jefferson Airplane and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, and solo artists Joe Cocker, Jimi Hendrix, and young John Derrikson made history that day.

John Derrikson, 16, jumps onto the stage, playing electric guitar to rival Hendrix. He starts singing a soulful, bluesy song called You Have The Key.

END INSERT

JD walks to the TV and turns down the sound. He watches himself for a moment, then changes the channel to cartoons.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - LATER

Delilah pulls down Argyle Street. It starts off promising, with potted flowers on the sidewalk, nice homes...

TARA
Oh, look, we're close.

Tara points to a house number 354.

The further Delilah drives, the worse the neighborhood becomes. A bum stumbles down the street. The homes are dilapidated. Then, she drives up to the trailer park.

DELILAH
Oh, God. He's here.

TARA
No, it can't be. Maybe I got the address wrong.

Delilah pulls up in front of JD's trailer.

DELILAH
123 Argyle Street.

Delilah points at the numbers on the front of the trailer.

TARA
Maybe we should ask someone for
directions.

DELILAH
Directions on how to get here? We're
here, Tara. This is it!

Tara stares at the dirty yard, beaten-up trailer, and overflowing garbage cans set out front.

TARA
Maybe he's become a recluse.

DELILAH
And maybe he's just a bum.

TARA
A bum with money?

Delilah turns off the car.

DELILAH
Well, there's only one way to find
out. C'mon.

EXT. JD'S TRAILER - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Tara and Delilah stand at the front door. Delilah shakes her head and knocks on the door.

DELILAH
I hope you're ready for this.

TARA
It'll be fine.

The door opens. JD stands before them, peering at them through the screen door. He's got a cigarette in one hand and his drink in the other.

JD
What do ya want?

Tara's intimidated but shores up her confidence.

TARA
John Derrikson?

JD moves to shut the door.

DELILAH

Dad?

He stops cold and looks at Delilah.

INT. JD'S TRAILER - DAY

Tara and Delilah sit on the edge of the couch. JD sits in the chair across from them. Molly lays on the floor by his feet.

JD

I don't know what to say.

DELILAH

You can start with I'm sorry I ran out on you.

TARA

Dee...

JD

No, she's right.

JD looks around his trailer and is suddenly aware of what a shambles it is. He gets up and starts to tuck things here and there, cleaning up.

JD (CONT'D)

How's Sally?

DELILAH

Mom's fine. She's not why we're here.

JD picks up a plate of food covered with flies. He throws it in the garbage, plate and all.

Tara and Delilah grimace.

TARA

We need help.

Molly gets up and jumps on the couch with Tara and Delilah. Tara pets her head.

JD

Molly, down.

TARA

She's okay.

JD tucks his shirt into his pants and smooths down his hair.

JD
I wasn't expecting company.

DELILAH
We're family, Dad.

JD
I know. Sorry. I just...

DELILAH
Lost our address?

JD
No...

JD sits down on the arm of the chair.

TARA
Dee, stop. That's not why we're here.

The silence is deafening.

JD
Why are you here?

DELILAH
We're both in university.

JD
Ah, we did well then.

DELILAH
You didn't do anything. Mom did real well.

JD
I always loved her.

DELILAH
You slept with her best friends.
Both of them. At the same time!

JD's mildly amused.

JD
She told you. Strange thing for a mother to share...

TARA
Father...

The word sounds foreign to Tara.

TARA (CONT'D)

JD, we need money to finish school this semester. Dee's going to be a fertility doctor. I'm in computer sciences.

Tara's proud for a moment, sitting tall, then she sees JD and the look of a let-down about to come.

JD

Tara, love, look around. I have nothing.

TARA

No offshore savings?

JD

Zip. I can't even sell my blood for cash. Alcohol content too high, they said...can't believe that.

TARA

No millions stashed away for a rainy day?

Delilah stands.

DELILAH

Come on, Tara, let's go. He's worse off than we are.

Sadness washes over JD's face.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(to JD)

Bathroom?

JD points down the hall.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(to Tara)

Pit stop and then we're off.

Tara walks down the hall, dodging dirty socks and underwear. She enters the bathroom and spies the nudie magazines. The bathroom is disgusting.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

A truck stop would be better.

She turns to leave then turns back quickly, staring at the magazines on the floor. An idea blooms.

Tara runs into the living room.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I've got an idea.

Tara and JD look up to Tara.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

You're a rock and roll legend.

JD sits up a little prouder.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

We'll sell your sperm.

Tara's eyes light up.

TARA

E-bay! This could be worth thousands!

JD

Wha...

DELILAH

Pack up, Dad. We've got to get you someplace where you can dry out and get into shape. It's time for your comeback.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - DAY

JD sits in the back seat with Molly.

TARA

I can set up a web site. Get your...um...product...on E-bay.

DELILAH

We can share the proceeds-

JD

50/50.

TARA

75/25!

DELILAH

We need to pay our tuition.

JD

Where are you taking me?

DELILAH

To Mom's.

The car drives down the highway, Molly's head hangs out of one window - JD's head, the other.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Tara and Delilah stand in the doorway with Sally.

SALLY
No fucking way.

TARA
Mother, language.

SALLY
He's not saying here!

Delilah looks out at the car. JD is being licked to death by Molly.

DELILAH
I never thought I'd ask this, but we need a place to dry him out and get him back.

SALLY
A comeback? At his age?

TARA
It's been done. And there are rockers who are a lot older than Dad, still performing.

Sally looks over Tara's shoulder, spotting JD.

SALLY
He looks like homeless person.

DELILAH
He needs some TLC.

SALLY
He needs a kick in the ass.

Sally moves to the living room. She sits down on the couch.

SALLY (CONT'D)
So this plan of yours-

Delilah moves to the living room and sits down next to Sally.

DELILAH
Will work! We'll have to get some legal papers together-

Tara joins them.

TARA
 Purchasers will have to sign off any
 type of inheritance-if there ever
 was one-

DELILAH
 And we'll sell to the highest bidder.

SALLY
 Who will want it?

DELILAH
 Thousands of women. Women who can't
 have kids.

TARA
 Women who'll want a piece of history.

Sally nods. Tara exits to the car.

SALLY
 Let's see what we've got to work
 with.

Sally stands and walks to the door. JD stands before her -
 Molly standing next to him.

SALLY (CONT'D)
 John.

JD
 Sally.

Pity fills her voice, longing, his.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- at a salon, JD getting a shave then a haircut
- JD shopping for clothes with Tara and Delilah
- JD passing a liquor store, he goes in but Tara pulls him
 back out empty handed

INT. SALLY HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

JD stares at the new him in a full length mirror. He's
 dressed in sharp jeans, a white button up shirt, cuff links,
 and black boots. He looks pretty good - still got the paunch
 but he cleaned up real well.

Molly lays on the bed.

JD
 What do you think, girl?

Molly yawns.

Sally enters carrying an electric guitar.

SALLY

I kept it.

She hands the guitar to JD. He holds it awkwardly.

JD

I haven't played in years.

JD sits down on the bed. He starts picking a song.

He looks up.

JD (CONT'D)

Thank you.

SALLY

Don't thank me-

JD

For doing such a great job with the girls.

SALLY

We managed.

JD

I can do this. I want to do this -
for them. For you. I owe you that.

JD begins playing again. He starts to sing, his voice is a little wobbly and off key. Molly howls.

JD (CONT'D)

Looks like I need practice.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

The office has become a war room. JD's records sit in a pile on the floor. Photos from various phases of JD's career are strewn on the table near the computer.

Tara sits at the computer typing furiously.

Delilah and Sally enter.

TARA

It's almost ready.

SALLY

Let's hope he is.

DELILAH

Let's see.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

TITLE

Legend in a Bottle

Tiny pale blue sperm dance on a pink background

TEXT

Infertile? Want to have a baby with a legend?

Sperm by John Derrikson available on E-bay.

PHOTO OF JOHN DERRIKSON AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER

END INSERT

JD enters. He looks over Sally's shoulder.

JD

Not bad...Can you make the spermy things more masculine looking?

DELILAH

There's no such thing as masculine looking sperm.

JD

Maybe make them growl or something.

Tara types in a few more computer commands. ROARS come from tiny sperm mouths.

TARA

How about this?

JD

Better.

SALLY

So now what?

TARA

We list it on E-bay and wait.

DELILAH

In the meantime, I got Dad an interview on radio, KDLA, tomorrow.

JD's eyes go big, he's nervous.

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

BOB ATTASON, 34, sits before JD and Delilah. Large microphones sit in front of them. Bob looks like the biological child of Howard Stern and Danny Bonaduce, with long, red, curly hair.

Bob taps a pencil on the table, excited.

BOB

So rock fans, you'll never believe who I have with me today. It's none other than John Derrikson.

JD shuffles nervously in his seat. He takes a deep breath.

BOB (CONT'D)

I know, I know, I thought he died some time ago too, but he's here, in the flesh. Welcome, John.

JD fidgets. Delilah nudges him.

JD

Oh, thanks.

BOB

So what brings you out from under that rock you've been hiding all these years?

JD looks to Delilah. She nods and smiles.

JD

My daughters, actually. Thought it was about time I made a comeback.

BOB

A comeback. Wow. You heard it here first folks. Many of you remember John from his first appearance at Woodstock - what were you 17, 18?

JD

Sixteen.

BOB

Right, and you came on right after Hendrix. That must have been nerve wracking for such a young kid.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sally and Tara listen to the radio and pace the living room.

JD (O.S.)
I was bloody well mad, not nervous.

INT. RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

BOB
Mad?

JD
Ya, I was getting ready, practicing
ya know, and I was going to open
with my electric version of God Save
the Queen. Then Hendrix walked by-

BOB
And the rest is history! Wow.

JD
Ya, after he played that Star Spangled
thing I couldn't do my piece. I had
to go with my second choice.

BOB
You Have the Key.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sally sits down on the couch.

JD (O.S.)
Yeah. I wrote that song for a girl
I'd just met.

BOB (O.S.)
And you went on to marry that girl.

JD (O.S.)
Yeah, eventually. Messed things up
there though.

Tears well in Sally's eyes.

JD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But...shit happens.

Sally straightens up, angry.

SALLY
Shit happens?

TARA
Shhh...

INT. RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

JD
She's a great lady. We have two
beautiful daughters.

BOB
So, John, as I understand it, you
are also a bit of an entrepreneur.
I didn't get much detail on this so
can you fill me in?

JD leans back in his chair and smiles.

JD
I'm selling my sperm.

Bob's jaw drops. The phone switchboard lights up with calls.

JD (CONT'D)
John Derrikson Sperm, Inc.

JD leans in to the mic.

JD (CONT'D)
Available on E-bay.

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Delilah and JD exit, laughing. Delilah grabs JD's arm.

JD
So, how'd I do?

DELILAH
I thought you were brilliant!

The two stroll down the street, arm in arm.

JD
Really brilliant or just mildly
brilliant.

DELILAH
Exceptionally brilliant.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Tara sits at the computer. Delilah steps into the room.

DELILAH
How's it going.

TARA

Slow. We have two more days, but
the bidding...

Tara shakes her head.

DELILAH

I'll have to line up some more
publicity. I know someone at Channel
4. Maybe I can get him on the morning
show.

JD walks into the room.

JD

How am I doin'?

Tara puts the computer to sleep.

TARA

Good. Pretty good.

DELILAH

Yeah, not bad at all for the first
day.

JD steps forward.

JD

Let me see.

Tara reluctantly brings up the computer.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

E-bay

Legend in a Bottle Current Bid \$7.50

Love potion of John Derrikson

See website for more details

END INSERT

DELILAH

It'll get better.
(to Tara)
Where do you have it listed?

TARA

Collectables, sub-
category...um...antiques.

JD blinks blankly and blows a gust of air from his speechless lips.

TARA (CONT'D)
Sorry. I didn't know where to put it.

DELILAH
That must be the problem! Look, put it in Entertainment.

JD turns, shoulders slumped.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
It'll work better now, Dad.

Tara types on the computer and moves the ad.

TARA
There, Dad, all fixed.

JD turns and smiles.

JD
(to Tara)
That's the first time you've called me dad.

JD exits.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There's a fire in the fireplace. The house is quiet except for music playing in the background.

Sally sits on the couch sipping wine.

JD enters.

JD
Where are the girls?

SALLY
Delilah's on a date and Tara's in her room playing that silly game.

JD plunks down on a chair across from Sally.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I hear things are going a little slow on E-bay. Only a couple of days left for this one-

JD
This one?

SALLY
You didn't think this was a one-time
thing did you?

Sally laughs a little.

JD
I thought...well, yeah.

SALLY
Your first, um, donation may get
Tara back in school, but you've got
a long way to go to pay for Delilah's
tuition.

JD
How long?

JD stands and begins pacing.

SALLY
Fifteen thousand dollars long.

JD stops mid-stride.

JD
I can't do this! I'll be yanking my
wanker for the rest of my life.

Sally burst out laughing.

SALLY
You signed up for it.

JD
I thought it was once. Wham, bam,
take your bottle ma'am. I didn't
think I'd be milked for every ounce
of man-juice I could produce.

Sally rises and stands menacingly close to JD.

SALLY
Your in this one, you're not leaving
until you're done.

JD
I'm a prisoner, then?

SALLY
No, a father.

JD
So I spank the monkey-

SALLY
Choke the chicken, churn the butter,
bash the bishop, I don't care what
you call it-

JD
Torturing the one eyed clown-

SALLY
You'll keep your promise to the girls.

Sally turns and walks out of the room.

JD winces, horrified, and yet amused.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The table is set for four. Toast is on the table as is a
full coffee pot. Sally cooks scrambled eggs at the stove.

Delilah enters and grabs a piece of toast.

SALLY
How was your date?

Delilah pours a coffee.

DELILAH
It was good. I think I like really
like him.

JD enters looking like death warmed over.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
(to JD)
Are you sick?

JD
Just didn't sleep well.

Sally smiles as she brings the eggs to the table.

JD (CONT'D)
Who's this fellow, the one you're
dating?

DELILAH
I met him at school. He's very smart
and extremely good looking.

JD
Name?

DELILAH
Cedric.

JD

There, I knew there had to be something wrong with him.

JD winks at her.

Delilah opens her mouth to object. Tara bursts into the room.

TARA

We're up to nine hundred dollars!

JD

Overnight?

TARA

Yep!

Tara high fives Delilah.

JD pours himself a coffee. He shakes a little.

SALLY

That's great news, isn't it John.

JD

Yeah. Great news.

DELILAH

And I called Channel 4. They want to do an interview with you on their morning show, tomorrow.

JD looks at his daughters and then at Sally, who's smiling at him. He takes a deep breath.

JD

Well, then, I guess this ball is rolling. Can't stop this train.

DELILAH

At this rate, it should only take a month or two-

JD's eyes pop.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Of course, there are the outstanding student loans you could help with.

Tara munches on a piece of toast.

TARA

Yeah, what do we owe between us?
(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
Something like a hundred and thirty
thousand-

JD
A hundred and thirty thousand?
Dollars?

TARA
Yeah. University's real expensive.

Sally sits down.

SALLY
Let's just get your tuitions paid
first.

Sally smiles at JD. He fakes a smile back.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

JD sits in the bright lights on stage, getting makeup applied to him by KIM, the makeup girl.

KIM
You ever been on TV before Mr.
Derrickson?

JD
Yeah, a long time ago.

Kim wipes the sweat from JD's face.

KIM
You seem a little nervous.

JD
I'll be okay.

TRENT CASEWELL, 38, strides onto the set. Trent could have been a model, square jaw, dark hair, tall and carries himself with the confidence that comes from knowing he's a great lay.

TRENT
John Derrickson!

Trent holds out his hand to shake but pulls it back abruptly.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Is it true, what I'm hearing?

Trent eyes JD's crotch.

JD

Like you've never pulled your weed?

Trent nods an agreement.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Places.

Trent sits down in his seat and Kim scurries off with her makeup.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

In five, four, three...

The camera's red light goes on. Delilah stands beside the camera.

TRENT

Welcome back.

Trent turns to JD.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I guess I should be saying that to my guest, rock 'n roll legend, music prodigy, John Derrikson. John, there are just so many questions to ask. Where have you been, why are you back, and what's going on at E-bay?

INT. SALLY HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Sally stares at her computer, watching email E-bay bids come in.

She sits back in the office chair and smiles. O.S. the front door opens.

DELILAH (O.S.)

Mom? Mom?

SALLY

In here.

Delilah and JD enter the office.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I take it the interview went well?

Delilah steps forward and looks at the monitor.

DELILAH

Are those all bids?

SALLY

Yep.

EXT. JD'S TRAILER - DAY

A NEWS CREW stands outside JD's trailer. The NEWSCASTER starts her story.

NEWSCASTER

We're live at Argyle Trailer Park.

INT. BONNIE'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie sits on her couch reading a book and somewhat watching the local news on TV.

INSERT TV

She see's JD's trailer and realizes something's going on.

END INSERT

Bonnie peers out of her blinds, sees the news crew, sits back down and turns the TV up.

NEWSCASTER

And this is where rock legend John Derrikson has been hiding out all these years, in a tiny trailer in Flagstaff Arizona.

BONNIE

That son of a bitch.

Bonnie smiles and looks out the blinds again.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

I'll be damned.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

JD sits on his bed, practicing his guitar. Molly sits on the floor at his feet.

He begins to sing. His voice is stronger, bearing his growing confidence.

Sally stands at the doorway, listening.

JD finishes his song.

JD

I missed singing to you.

SALLY
Are you really going to do it? The whole comeback thing?

JD
I'm gonna try. I'd like to make enough to help the girls with their loans...maybe pay you some of what I owe you.

A look of doubt crosses Sally's face.

JD (CONT'D)
What?

SALLY
Nothing.

She turns to leave.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Bidding's over tomorrow morning. Tara can pay her tuition when the money comes in.

JD
Guess I'll be up.

Sally grins.

SALLY
In more ways than one.

Sally exits.

JD strokes Molly's head.

JD
What have I gotten myself into, Mols.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Tara sits in front of the computer, smiling. Delilah enters quickly - still dressed in pajamas.

DELILAH
Well?

Tara jumps up.

TARA
One thousand nine hundred and seventy two dollars and fifty cents.

Tara jumps up and down with Delilah, screaming with delight.

TARA (CONT'D)

I'm in! I'm in!

Sally and JD rush into the office.

SALLY

So?

DELILAH

Almost two grand. Enough to finish paying Tara's tuition and pay all the fines and late fees.

TARA

With a lot left over to start on Delilah's.

JD steps around the room, nervously.

JD

So, what's next.

TARA

I'll close the deal and set up a time for the...uh...transaction.

JD

Alright then. The deed will be done.

TARA

And I'll set up another bid.

Tara, Sally and Delilah begin to exit.

DELILAH

I'll work with the recipients and make sure they have the proper instructions.

The girls are in the hall now.

SALLY (O.S.)

I guess I'll buy some reading material.

The girls laugh. JD stares at the computer and sighs.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- JD going into the bathroom, Sally giving him a thumbs up
- JD putting plastic cup into paper bag and rolling the bag shut.

- a woman coming to the door to retrieve her goods. Sally hands over the paper bag. Delilah hands over the instructions.
- JD being interviewed for another TV show
- a woman coming to the door to retrieve her goods. Sally hands over the package. Delilah hands over the paper instructions. A few reporters watch and take pictures.
- JD practicing his guitar, Sally watching
- JD on the cover of People magazine
- a woman coming to the door to retrieve her goods. Sally hands over the paper bag. Delilah hands over the instructions. A hoard of reporters watch and take pictures. A mobile news team pulls up in front of the house.
- Bonnie sits in a lawn chair outside of JD's trailer with a sign that reads: PEEK INSIDE FAMOUS ROCK LEGEND JOHN DERRIKSON'S HOVEL - \$5.
- JD walking past a group of males. They mock a jerk off motion. JD mocks back, laughing.
- A woman comes to the front door of Sally's house. Sally hands over a paper bag. The woman hands over cash.
- JD going into the bathroom again. Molly follows him in, he ushers her out.
- An old man recognizes JD and laughs and mocks the motion. JD mocks and laughs in return.
- JD doing a radio talk show

INT. SALLY HOUSE - HALL OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY

Sally hands JD a small, plastic cup.

SALLY

You're doing really well, JD.

JD

JD? You haven't called me that since you started hating me.

Sally smiles coyly.

JD (CONT'D)

Sure you don't want to come in and help?

Sally pushes him into the bathroom.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Sally, JD, Tara and Delilah sit around the dinner table, Tara and Delilah poking at their meals.

TARA
They shut us down.

SALLY
No!

DELILAH
E-bay finally caught wind of what we were doing. And we're still short four thousand dollars for my tuition.

Delilah is near to tears.

JD
So we're done?

DELILAH
Looks like. There's no way we can meet my deadline next week if we don't have a visible site.

TARA
Yeah, Dad's personal web site isn't getting much traffic yet.

SALLY
Can't you post is somewhere else?

Fire sparks in Tara's eyes.

TARA
Craig's List! We can post there!
It's even better! I can post multiple times, in national regions.

DELILAH
We're going national?

TARA
National!

DELILAH
I can stay in school! Fantastic!

JD
(to Sally)
Are you sure they're mine? I hated school.

The phone in the living room rings. Delilah gets up and answers it.

DELILAH

Hello.
 (beat)
 Yes.
 (beat)
 That'd be great!
 (beat)
 Yes, I'll tell him.
 (beat)
 He'll be there!

Sally, Tara and JD all stare at Delilah.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(to JD)
 You're going to be on The View!

JD wipes his lips with his napkin and throws the napkin on his plate.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

JD sits next to Delilah, who is looking out the window. A LARGE woman sits next to JD, crowding him.

JD

I mean, I'm just not sure this is such a good thing.

DELILAH

You're just nervous.

JD moves closer to Delilah and talks close to her ear - but the lady next to him is still trying to listen in on the conversation even as she falls asleep.

JD

I have a right to be! What if they don't like what I'm doing. I could be sitting in the middle of four very angry vagina's.

Delilah smirks.

DELILAH

Dad, you're doing women who can't have children a great service. Not only do they get to have a baby, but they get to have **your** baby.

JD

You know, I really never gave it much thought, but now I don't know if I like that. I barely know you and Tara. Now I'll have hundreds of spawns walking around the globe.

Delilah's silent for a moment.

DELILAH

When we didn't know you, I guess it didn't matter to us.

JD

Now it does?

Delilah hesitates.

DELILAH

It might.

JD gets up to go to the bathroom. This is an ordeal as he has to climb over the Large Lady who is sleeping next to him. He makes himself as skinny as possible to fit through the small space left between the large woman and the seat. He ends up straddling the armrest with her arm stuck between his legs. Finally, he pulls himself free.

He walks by a YOUNG MAN and his WIFE. The Young Man recognizes him, nudges his wife and makes like he's pulling his wanker.

YOUNG MAN

Look Hun, it's that guy.

JD waves him off.

JD

Yeah, yeah.

He passes a FAT MAN in the aisle. The Fat Man laughs and also pulls his wanker.

JD (CONT'D)

Stop it!

JD pushes the Fat Man down in the aisle.

JD (CONT'D)

It's not funny!

Two FLIGHT ATTENDANTS run to Fat Man's rescue. An AIR MARSHAL jumps up from his seat and tazers JD. He flops in the aisle on top of Fat Man.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

JD sits next to Delilah in a full Greyhound bus.

JD
I'm sorry I got us thrown off the
plane.

DELILAH
It's alright.

JD
And the show.

Delilah sighs.

DELILAH
Press is press, doesn't matter if
it's good or bad.

JD
Did you call your mother?

DELILAH
Yes, she knows.

Delilah leans her head against the window and closes her eyes.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sally sits on the couch and reads a magazine as she sips a glass of wine. JD's picture is on the cover.

JD enters.

JD
Sal?

Sally looks up.

SALLY
What is it?

JD grins from ear to ear.

JD
I just got a playing gig!

Sally jumps up. They hug.

SALLY
That's wonderful!

JD

I know! They just called! It's fan-fucking-tastic!

SALLY

Congratulations! I knew you could do it.

JD

I didn't!

JD hugs her tighter, then draws his arms down over her back slowly. He moves in for a kiss.

Sally kisses back for a moment, then pushes him away, tears in her eyes.

SALLY

No.

JD's confused.

SALLY (CONT'D)

You don't get me in this.

JD

I just thought...you know how we've been. We're together, then we split, then we get back together-

SALLY

And then we had children! You think you can come back into our lives like you'd never left? Twenty years, John. It's been twenty long, hard years that I had to put in. I was the one raising these girls, working late hours to make ends meet.

JD casts his eyes down, ashamed.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Where were you? Where were you?

JD

I-

SALLY

And you never once said you were sorry for the all the pain you caused.

Sally walks away.

SALLY (CONT'D)

So while you can come back into the girls lives, it stops there.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- JD meeting Sally in the hall on his way to the bathroom with his little cup. She avoids looking at him. He frowns.
- JD looking at an apartment
- JD playing at a packed bar
- JD buying furniture
- JD playing at another packed venue
- JD sitting on his couch in his new apartment, sadness in his eyes.
- Tara and Delilah in the office. Tara presses the delete button. The website vanishes.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Tara, Delilah and Sally sit at the dinner table in front of a huge platter of spaghetti and meatballs.

TARA

Where's Dad?

DELILAH

We have something to tell him.

JD walks into the room.

JD

I have something to say as well.

DELILAH

Dad, Tara and I - we thank you for all you've done, but we don't want you doing it anymore. We deleted the ads and the website.

JD takes a step toward the table. He places his hands on his chair.

TARA

We've almost got enough to pay for Dee's tuition. She can take out a loan for the rest.

JD nods.

DELILAH

I thought about what we talked about.
The spawns all over the world - and
Tara and I agreed. Enough is enough.

JD

Well I guess timing is everything.

JD stares at them.

JD (CONT'D)

I've found an apartment. In fact,
I've already kind of moved in.

There's a small suitcase by the doorway.

JD (CONT'D)

And here-

JD digs into his pocket and pulls out an envelop of cash.
He hands it to Delilah.

JD (CONT'D)

That should be enough to cover the
rest of your tuition.

Delilah takes the envelop and looks amazed.

JD (CONT'D)

I've got regular, paying gigs now.
And I'm working on a few other
projects so I hope to be able to
keep contributing.

DELILAH

Thank you.

JD

So I guess this is goodbye.

JD turns and walks away, picking up his bag.

SALLY

So this is it? You're gone again?

He turns.

JD

No, I'm back - just out of your way.

JD exits.

INT. TANK'S NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

JD and his band finishes a set. JD walks off the stage to the bar.

The bartender, handlebar-mustached JOE, 30, pours him a whiskey.

JOE
That set rocked! Your vocals are really getting strong.

JD
Yeah, almost back to my old self.

HELEN JONES, 32, long-legged brunette with eyes of a tigress, walks up to JD. She's dressed to deal: mini skirt, stiletto heels and a low cut blouse.

HELEN
John Derrikson! You're on fire tonight!

Helen holds her hand out.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Helen Jones.

JD shakes her hand and gives her a lusty once-over.

JD
Helen Jones. Pleasure.

HELEN
(to Joe)
Dirty Martini.

Joe mixes her drink.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I've been listening to you over the past few weeks and I think you're ready for prime time.

JD moves closer, curious.

Joe sets down Helen's martini in front of her.

JD
Prime time?

HELEN
Yes.

Helen pulls out her business card and hands it to JD.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You're back in the big leagues.

Helen sips her martini.

JD looks at her card.

INSERT BUSINESS CARD

Helen Jones

Talent Acquisitions

Virgin Records

END INSERT

JD smiles and looks up at Helen, who's beaming a million dollar smile.

HELEN (CONT'D)

We'd like to sign you.

INT. UCLA STUDENT SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

Delilah stands in line, confident, waiting to see Mrs. Clark.

MRS. CLARK

Next.

Mrs. Clark is writing something on a piece of paper.

DELILAH

Good morning!

Mrs. Clark doesn't look up. Delilah looks at what she's writing.

INSERT PAPER

On the paper is written over and over again:

I'm successful, good looking, and everyone likes me.

END INSERT

MRS. CLARK

Actually it's been a crappy morning.
And now **you're** back. What's on the
menu? Tears, pleading, false
promises...

Mrs. Clark looks up.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)
Bribes perhaps.

Delilah sets a check down on the table.

DELILAH
Nope, just my tuition.

Delilah stands to leave.

Mrs. Clark reads the name on the check.

MRS. CLARK
Oh, right, you're the daughter of
jerk-off guy.

Mrs. Clark laughs a little, letting out small gasps of
laughter as she holds the check.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)
Daughter of John 'the wanker'
Derrickson.

The students look at Delilah. Some giggle and laugh. Delilah
seethes with anger.

DELILAH
(stutters)
His sperm got me here!

MRS. CLARK
In more ways than one!

DELILAH
Just cash the damn check.

Delilah storms out of the office.

MRS. CLARK
It **is** a good morning after all!

INT. TAI CHI CLASS - NIGHT

Twenty STUDENTS proceed through several slow movements from
Bend the Bow Shoot the Tiger to the Conclusion. Tara, Delilah
and Sally are in the last row, bending, stretching, holding...

The instructor ends the class and bows.

Quietly, the Students exit.

Tara, Sally and Delilah walk towards the door.

TARA
Why'd he keep leaving?

SALLY
Oh, don't, I'm in such a quiet state
of mind.

INT. CHANGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Benches and lockers - WOMEN changing, coming and going.

Tara, Sally and Delilah pull their shoes and purses from the lockers.

TARA
Mom, you were with him almost twenty
years before we were even born.

SALLY
No, we **knew** each other that long.

DELILAH
(to Tara)
Why do we need to go over this?

TARA
(to Delilah)
Because I want to know! You at least
have childhood memories of him as a
father. I don't. I want to know
why.

Sally sits on the bench and sighs.

SALLY
We met when we were sixteen.

TARA
At Woodstock.

SALLY
That's right. I lied to my parents -
told them I was going on a girl scout
camping trip. Hitchhiked to the
concert with my friend-

TARA
Patty?

Delilah puts on her shoes.

DELILAH
Some friend.

SALLY
We were best friends. Then.
(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I met JD on the field a day or so before he performed. He looked at me and his eyes sparkled. Set my heart on fire.

Sally puts on her shoes.

SALLY (CONT'D)

We dated, then he went back to Manchester, we wrote and called - and then he moved to the States. We'd live together, then fall apart. Then live together again only to fall apart again.

DELILAH

What made you leave us?

SALLY

We got married. His career was failing. I thought he'd settle down. But he got depressed instead. Self indulgent. Drank too much. Did too many drugs, then ended up in bed with Patty and Joan. I walked in on them with you two and that was it for me. I thought a family would have changed him.

Sally shrugs.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I was wrong.

DELILAH

He's doing really well now. He's been playing at Tank's. We should go see him. I kinda miss him.

SALLY

I don't.

But you can see in her eyes that she does.

Tara slips on her shoes.

Sally and Tara exit. Delilah slowly shuts the locker door, deep in thought.

INT. TANK'S NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

JD and band play on stage. The place is packed. Delilah squeezes her way to the far end of the bar. She can barely see him.

JD finishes his song and walks to the bar, passing well wishers and back slappers along the way.

Helen waits for him. He greets her with a huge kiss.

Delilah watches, hurt. JD glances up from the kiss and sees Delilah. He motions for her to come to him. Delilah stands still, angry, tears in her eyes.

JD walks to Delilah. Helen follows a few seconds later.

JD stands before Delilah.

JD
I'm glad you came.

Helen strides up next to JD, slipping her arm through his.

JD (CONT'D)
(to Helen)
Helen, this is my daughter, Delilah.

Helen moves to shake hands but her phone rings. She holds a finger up - just a sec - moves away and takes the call.

DELILAH
Wow, you didn't waste any time.

JD
What? Helen? You've been busy with school and she's kind of my manager now.

DELILAH
Manager with benefits.

Delilah turns to leave. JD grabs her by the arm.

JD
Delilah-

DELILAH
What do you two have in common.
She's got to be half your age.

JD lets go of Delilah's arm.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
If you want to be a father to someone, try being one to Tara and I, not some woman with a daddy complex.

JD
That's not fair!
(MORE)

JD (CONT'D)

I wanted to make it work again with your mother. She didn't want it.

DELILAH

You didn't try hard enough. You know, you're just lazy. You never tried hard enough to keep anything - not her, not your career, not even your own children.

Delilah turns and exits. Helen resurfaces and stands next to JD.

HELEN

Everything okay?

JD

Yeah, sure.

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The hall is about half filled with sleepy STUDENTS. A PROFESSOR lectures on the stage below her, showing slide after slide of reproductive organs.

Delilah is lost in her thoughts. She stares at a text on her phone.

INSERT PHONE

I love you. Come see my new place. Pleasssssse. Dad.

END INSERT

Delilah deletes the text. She sits up and pays attention.

INT. RECORD STUDIO OFFICE - NIGHT

It's a party! And every who's anyone in the music industry is here. There's people like ELTON JOHN, and over there is MOBY, and MYLIE's hanging off the arm of JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE - etc... But everyone flocks around a world famous singer like PAUL MCCARTNEY or JON BON JOVI - a family man. He sits at the piano singing.

Helen takes JD by the arm and strolls over to a quiet corner.

HELEN

Are you okay? You don't seem happy.

JD

No, the signing party's great. I guess I just wish my girls were here to celebrate with me.

HELEN
Did you invite them?

JD
I tried.

JD shakes his head.

HELEN
Go. Mingle. This is the official
start of your comeback.

LATER

Paul McCartney is cornered by several GUESTS, but he's looking for an exit. JD notices.

JD
Paul, can I talk to you for a moment.

PAUL
(to guests)
Excuse me guys.

He steps away from the groupies and he and JD walk outside onto the balcony.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Thanks. I was cornered.

JD
No problem.

PAUL
So you're really back! I thought
you were dead.

Paul grins.

JD
I guess I was, for the most part.

PAUL
You think you'd be a happier man.
You just signed a multi-record
contract with a huge studio after a
twenty year absence.

JD
Yeah, but my personal life is a
shambles.

He turns to face Paul.

JD (CONT'D)

How'd you do it? You had all those kids.

PAUL

Not that many.

JD

And you traipsed all over the globe - worked with your wife, for God's sake. How'd you keep it all together?

PAUL

It was easy, really.

JD

Easy?

PAUL

Love, man. When you love someone, you hold on tight. The minute you let go, a door opens, and when that door opens someone usually goes out.

JD nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hey, listen, I have to go but give me a call next week. I'm in LA for a bit.

Paul exits. JD stands outside looking over the well lit city. He'd deep in thought. A handsome young man, DALE PRESTON, 35, joins him.

DALE

Hi, Dale Preston.

Dale holds out his hand.

DALE (CONT'D)

VP of Sales over at Rolling Stone magazine.

JD shakes his hand. Helen joins them.

JD

Helen, have you met Dale?

HELEN

No, I haven't.

Helen and Dale shake hands. Helen smiles that beautiful smile. Dale's instantly into her.

JD
I'll be back.

JD exits.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

JD walks the shoreline, thinking, staring out over the ocean. He sits on the sand. A song like SALVATION by Langhorn Slim floats on the air. He walks down the beach. Throws stone into the waves. Then he sits and watches out over the horizon until the sun comes up.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's Thanksgiving. Seasonal decorations are hung here and there. A turkey is laid out on a platter on the dining room table.

Three places are set and Tara sits down at the table with her cell phone.

Delilah and Sally enter from the kitchen carrying plates of food.

Tara picks up her phone and starts texting.

DELILAH
Who are you texing?

TARA
Dad. He's not answering his phone.

SALLY
Don't. He has a new life now.

Tara puts her phone down after she presses send.

Molly sits at the table beneath their feet.

SALLY (CONT'D)
This is how he works. Last time he left me with two small children. This time, his dog.

Sally shakes her head.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Let's eat. Food's getting cold.

Sally picks up the potatoes.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Delilah?

Delilah takes the potatoes and plunks some onto her plate.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(to Tara)

How's mid-terms going?

TARA

Great! I'm acing them. I can't wait to finish so I can get a job and a life.

(to Delilah)

What about you Dee? How are things going?

DELILAH

Good.

SALLY

Just good?

DELILAH

I failed one of my classes. I'll have to do it again in the spring.

SALLY

Did your father-

DELILAH

No Mom, I have other things on my mind. Cedric and I broke up.

TARA

When did that-

DELILAH

Doesn't matter. We just weren't meant for each other I guess. That happens, doesn't it?

Delilah looks to Sally. It's the most depressing holiday meal ever. Long faces, and now, silence.

TARA

That happens a lot to you.

Delilah looks up, shaking her head.

TARA (CONT'D)

You never get past the just getting to know you stage.

DELILAH

Well at least I fill my life with real people!

SALLY
Stop it, girls.

Sally brings her wine glass up.

SALLY (CONT'D)
A toast to all the women John
Derrickson has fucked up.

She drinks her wine.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Happy God damned Thanksgiving.

Tara and Delilah look at Sally as though she's just lost her marbles, not sure if she's going to cry or yell next.

Sally breaks a smile and they all laugh.

TARA
Happy God damned Thanksgiving!

They all toast.

INT. JD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is starting to look like his trailer - dirty dishes everywhere, dirty clothes on the floor, empty bottles of booze on the kitchen counter.

JD sits on the couch playing guitar, writing a song. His phone announces a message. He picks up his phone. Reads the message.

JD
Not yet.

JD puts down his guitar and picks up a magazine.

INSERT MAGAZINE

JD is on the cover

Title: Has musical genius John Derrickson gone missing again?

END INSERT

JD (CONT'D)
I'm not missing. I'm working you
dolts.

The phone rings. He sees it's Helen.

JD (CONT'D)
Hello.

INTERCUT

Helen is at a posh club with Dale. It's packed. The music is pounding. Helen struggles to hear JD.

HELEN
John, come join us. People are starting to talk.

JD
(slurring)
They're starting to write nasty rumors.

JD picks up the magazine.

HELEN
You need to be seen. How much have you had tonight? Alcohol is a great friend-

JD
But a poor master, I know. You want an album don't you? I'm working on my new material. I always hole up when I'm working.

HELEN
I just wanted to thank you for introducing me to Dale, buy you a drink. Dale's a really great guy.

Dale walks up to Helen. She caresses his face tenderly. He smiles then steps away.

JD
I thought you'd hit it off. Listen, I just need another week or so, then I'll be in the studio.

END INTERCUT

HELEN (O.S.)
I've got a surprise for you when you get there.

JD
I'll see you then.

JD hangs up the phone.

He strums his guitar and sings a beautiful love song, one that's clearly written for Sally. One that apologizes for all the wrongs, for all the bad times, and then stops abruptly.

JD (CONT'D)
But how do I finish it?

EXT. JD'S TRAILER - DAY

JD stands outside of his trailer. Music blares from Bonnie's trailer - it's one of his songs. Bonnie peers out her blind.

Bonnie, still in her bathrobe, rushes over to JD as he walks up the steps.

BONNIE
So you're John fucking Derrikson?

JD
So they say.

JD pulls out his key.

JD (CONT'D)
Nice choice of music.

BONNIE
Where's Molly?

JD
She's with my wife.

BONNIE
You're married?

Bonnie screws up her face.

JD
Technically.

JD enters his trailer. It's still in the state of emergency he left it in. He moves to the end table and retrieves a large yellowed envelop. He opens the envelop and pulls out the papers inside.

INSERT PAPERS

Divorce forms from Sally dated 1995.

END INSERT

He puts the papers back in the envelop. JD digs deeper in the drawer and pulls out a handful of pictures of he and Sally, of his daughters, when they were younger.

Bonnie stands in the doorway.

BONNIE
Are you moving back?

JD
Not a chance.

BONNIE
Can I have your stuff.

JD walks by her and hands her the keys.

JD
Sure.

Bonnie glows with a smile.

JD exits, giving one last look around the disaster area,
then exits.

INT. JD'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is clean.

JD sits on the couch next to his guitar. He stares at the
divorce papers that rest on the coffee table, pen in hand.
His hand shakes but he signs his name.

He picks up his guitar and begins working on his song again.
This time, he finishes it.

JD sets down his guitar. He picks up his cell and dials.

JD
Hey, Helen. I'm ready.
(beat)
Sure, I can be in first thing
tomorrow. I just have one stop to
make.

EXT. SALLY HOUSE - DAY

JD walks up the driveway, envelop in hand. He rings the
doorbell. No answer. He tries again. No answer.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tara plays Second Life on the computer. She has a headset
on and is oblivious to the doorbell.

TARA
(into headset mic)
This is getting serious, Borg. Maybe
we should meet in real person.

EXT. SALLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JD leaves the envelop in the mailbox. He looks up at the
house, silently making a wish, then walks away.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Tara removes her headset, smiling.

TARA

He's actually going to meet me.

She walks out of the office-

INTO THE HALL

Where she grabs her purse from the chair and then exits.

EXT. SALLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She sees the envelope in the mailbox. She sees it's addressed to her mother. She tucks the envelope into her purse.

Tara gets into her-

CAR

Where the envelope falls out of her purse, onto the floor amongst the clutter. She drives off.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

JD walks into the studio. Helen greets him.

HELEN

So nice to see you back in the land of the living.

JD

Gawwwwd. I go missing for twenty years and no one comes looking but now every time I'm gone for a few days people think I'm dead.

Paul enters but JD's back is to him.

PAUL

John! How you doin' man?

JD

Wha-

PAUL

When you didn't call I called Helen to see what was up.

HELEN

Meet your new producer.

Paul smiles and slaps JD on the back.

PAUL
C'mon you slacker. We've got work
to do.

Paul and JD move into the studio.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Let's see what you've got.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- JD playing guitar, Paul listening
- Paul playing guitar, JD listening in awe
- JD playing guitar and Paul shaking his head no
- Helen standing in the booth watching
- JD singing and Paul shaking his head no
- JD playing guitar, Paul playing piano
- JD singing into a microphone
- Paul and Helen in the booth - Paul adjusting settings
- JD and Paul in the booth, JD adjusts a setting, Paul hits his hand and puts the dial back to where it was
- JD, Paul and Helen listening to the final results, smiling

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

JD, Paul and Helen listen to the end of the last song.

PAUL
So, what are you going to call the
album?

JD
Sorry.

PAUL
The album?

JD
The name - it's going to be Sorry.

Helen thinks for a second and nods.

HELEN
I like it. It'll speak to a lot of
people.

JD
I just need it to speak to three.

Paul smiles and nods.

EXT. SALLY HOUSE - DAY

The house is decorated with Christmas lights. A family of wooden reindeer nibble on the grass.

Tara pulls into the driveway. BORG, 25, computer geeky, is in the passenger seat of her car.

Tara gets out. Borg starts to get out.

BORG
I'll be there in a sec.

TARA
What are you doing, Borg.

BORG
I dropped something.

Tara starts to walk back.

BORG (CONT'D)
I'll be right in.

Tara shrugs and enters her house.

Borg continues to search through the fast food garbage on the floor. He finds the trampled, dirty envelop that contain the divorce papers. He looks at it, sees it's addressed to Sally and puts it on the seat.

He continues to dig through the garbage and finds a diamond engagement ring. Borg smiles. He puts the ring in his pocket, grabs the envelop and heads for the house.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Borg enters with the envelop in his hand. Tara greets him with a kiss.

BORG
I found this in your car.

Tara looks at the envelop.

TARA
Oh! That came weeks ago.

Tara walks to the living room and places the envelop on the coffee table.

TARA (CONT'D)

Whoopsi.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sally, Tara, Delilah and Borg sit at the table, finishing dinner, sipping wine. Borg sits next to Tara.

SALLY

Boris, are you taking the job at IBM or did you decide to stay where you're at?

BORG

I took it.

Borg beams proudly.

TARA

Congratulations! Why didn't you say anything.

BORG

I wanted it to be a surprise.

DELILAH

More money?

BORG

Ten grand a year more.

SALLY

That's wonderful!

TARA

Two more semesters and I-

BORG

Will hopefully be preparing-

Borg pulls the ring out of his pocket.

BORG (CONT'D)

To get married.

Borg gets down on one knee.

TARA

Yes! Yes! In real life! I'll be Mrs. Boris Gunderson!

Sally glows with a huge smile. Delilah's grinning ear to ear.

Tara stands and pulls Borg to his feet. Sally and Delilah stand and move in for hugs.

BORG

I was going to wait until Christmas Eve, but I was afraid I'd lose this thing.

Borg puts the ring on Tara's finger. Tara looks at it and shows it to Sally and Delilah.

DELILAH

You'll be a beautiful bride.

TARA

Maid of honor?

DELILAH

Of course!

The group hugs, looks at the ring, hugs.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - DAY

Sally stands at the front door readying to leave. She opens the door and before her is a HOARD OF PRESS PEOPLE.

REPORTER #1

Where's John?

REPORTER #2

Has John spoken to Barbara Miggs yet? She's threatening to sue.

REPORTER #3

Does he know he has a low sperm count?

Sally shakes her head.

SALLY

He doesn't live here!

Sally shuts the door.

Delilah enters. The reporter's clamor from the outside is clearly heard.

DELILAH

What's going on?

SALLY

They want John. There's trouble.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Tara sits at the computer. She types furiously. Sally, Delilah and Borg stand behind her.

TARA

She was the last purchaser.

SALLY

What if they all were duds?

DELILAH

So far it looks like she was the only one who actually had it tested. Let's just give her the money back. How much did she pay?

TARA

Three thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars.

DELILAH

Thankfully, I did add the disclaimer to the legal paperwork they signed off on. There was no way to guarantee results.

SALLY

So, he's shooting blanks?

Delilah shrugs.

DELILAH

Could have just been that sample. We were working him pretty hard. But he is sixty-one, drank excessively, smoked a lot of pot...who knows.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Twenty REPORTERS vie for position near the stage. Flashbulbs go off as JD and Helen enter the room and stand on the stage.

The REPORTERS yell out questions but it's hard to make them out:

- When will your new record be released?
- Why did you go into hiding all these years?
- Are you going to settle with Barbara Miggs?

HELEN

John would like to speak and then
he'll answer a few questions.

Helen steps back and JD takes the mic. He stares out over the mob and remembers back to the days at the height of his career.

INSERT FLASHBACK

- JD being mobbed by mob of reporters and unable to finish a press conference

END FLASHBACK

JD

It's good to be back.

The reporters applaud.

JD (CONT'D)

I've just finished laying tracks on my new album. It should be released in early February. It's a new sound with a funky, nostalgic feel and I think you'll all love it.

JD looks to Helen. She motions him to continue.

JD (CONT'D)

Helen, here, pulled Paul McCartney in to produce the album. The results are - well -

JD beams proudly.

JD (CONT'D)

- you'll have a peek at the first cut off the record in a couple of weeks.

JD steps back. Helen takes the mic.

HELEN

We have time for a few questions.

She points to a DAN, a reporter in the front row.

DAN

How long were you working on the album? Is that why you went underground again?

JD

It's been about a month and yes,
underground is where I do my best
work.

Helen points to SYD, another reporter.

HELEN

You.

SYD

What was it like working with
McCartney?

JD

A lot better than I expected.

The reporters begin shouting out their questions.

DAN

Would you say you didn't like
McCartney before the recording
session?

JD

That's not what I said.

SYD

JD, so you didn't think much of
McCartney as a producer?

JD

I didn't say that!

Helen steps forward, angry. JD steps back, confused.

PAM, a young reporter with cat-eye glasses, nudges forward.

PAM

What do you think of your low sperm
count and are you going to settle
out of court with Barbara Miggs?

JD

Low sperm count? Who's Barbara -
who?

JD's clearly overwhelmed. He steps back, panicked.

PAM

Have any of the other women had
problems conceiving?

HELEN

We're done here. Thank you.

She grabs JD and ushers him out of the room.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tara texts on her cell.

SALLY
Did you get him?

TARA
No, not yet. His phone isn't on.

Delilah grabs her jacket.

DELILAH
I'm going to see him.

Tara grabs her purse.

TARA
(to Sally)
It'll be okay.

Tara and Delilah exit.

Sally moves into the-

LIVING ROOM

And sits on the couch. She spots the dirty envelop on the coffee table. She picks it up, looks at the front, then opens it and pulls out the papers.

INSERT DIVORCE PAPERS

JD's signature is on the papers.

END INSERT

Sally's face softens in a thoughtful repose.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Delilah drives. Tara resumes her texting vigil.

TARA
Is it going to be okay?

DELILAH
Is it ever with Dad? That's the thing - you just can't trust anything to go right with him - or men in general.

TARA
Is he why you and Cedric spilt?

Delilah stops at a red light.

DELILAH
What are you talking about?

TARA
You've never had a long-term
relationship. It's like anytime a
guy gets close to you, you find a
reason to end it.

Tara looks at the light. It's green.

TARA (CONT'D)
Green.

DELILAH
That's not true.

TARA
Go!

A car behind them HONKS its horn. Delilah starts driving.

DELILAH
Cedric was...

TARA
What? Too nice? Too responsible?

Silence.

Tara gets a text.

TARA (CONT'D)
It's Dad. He's at his place.

INT. JD'S APARTMENT - DAY

JD paces in front of Tara and Delilah.

JD
She's suing me for fraud?

DELILAH
Apparently.

JD
What if the rest-

TARA
We have a legal student we used-

JD
A student?

DELILAH
Cedric.

JD
This is all my fault.

JD pours himself a stiff drink.

JD (CONT'D)
I've screwed up your lives, again.
I can't even make a proper comeback.

Delilah stands up and takes the drink from his hand.

DELILAH
We made this mess. We'll clean it
up.

INT. JD'S CAR - DAY

JD drives a new Mazda Miata, fully decked out. The sun is high and the top is down. The radio is on and Bob, the DJ starts his banter.

BOB (O.S.)
Tough news about the rock legend,
John Derrikson, being sued for selling
faulty sperm. Guess that's what
comes from trying to cash in on your
own DNA! This guy has to be the
world's biggest loser!

A song like HOWEVER MUCH I BOOZE by The Who plays. JD drives faster; reckless.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This one goes out to John D. You
poor schmuck. John Derrikson, sperm
salesman, has a new album coming
out. That's one you don't wanna
miss. I can just hear the songs
now: Pump Me Mamma or how about Take
A Load Off Me or Jizzin' For Cash.

Bob laughs. JD drives on the freeway like a maniac.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - DAY

Sally comes downstairs in her bathrobe. She sees a CROWD growing outside. She runs to the front door and looks out.

In her yard are REPORTERS and FOUR WOMAN WITH SMALL BABY BUMPS CARRYING SIGNS: CARRYING JOHN DERRIKSON'S CHILD, JD IS LOADED, JOHN'S MY BABY DADDY, PROUD TO BEAR A DERRIKSON BABY!

SALLY
Tara! Delilah!

Sally runs upstairs.

SALLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tara! Delilah! Wake up!

INT. SALLY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sally, Tara and Delilah look out the front window.

DELILAH
They showed up!

TARA
Great idea, Dee!

SALLY
You did this?

Delilah shrugs. She picks up the phone and dials.

DELILAH
Cedric, it's me. Can you come over?

INT. SALLY HOUSE - DAY

Delilah opens the door. Cedric, 26, curly light hair, angelic face, stands at the door. Delilah smiles shyly.

The Reporters and Pregnant Picketers are still on the lawn.

CEDRIC
Can I come in?

Delilah opens the door.

DELILAH
Yes, of course.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sally, Tara, Delilah and Cedric sit around the living room.

CEDRIC
There's no way she can sue. I made sure that document was iron clad. There were seven pages of fine print!

Delilah nods.

DELILAH
I didn't think it'd be problem. But
she's not going away.

CEDRIC
Besides, looks like there's iron
clad proof of his virility out on
your lawn.

Tara stands and assesses the situation.

TARA
Should we give a statement to the
press.

SALLY
Sometimes it's best to say less. We
should let JD handle this.

CEDRIC
I guess it that's it-

Cedric gets up and starts walking to the door.

DELILAH
Wait, I'll go with you.

Cedric and Delilah walk outside. The Reporters move in around
them.

EXT. SALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

DELILAH
Remember our deal? Stay away from
the fake deer.

She points to the street.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
We'll get someone here to talk to
you guys soon.

The reporters back off.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
(to Cedric)
I'm sorry.

Cedric stops and turns to face Delilah. He stares at her
for a moment.

CEDRIC
What was it?

DELILAH
It doesn't matter?

Cedric frowns. He starts to walk away.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Can we try again?

Cedric stops and turns to Delilah again. He smiles and takes a step towards her.

JD pulls into the driveway, gets out of his car and rushes to Delilah.

The Pregnant Protesters squeal and run for JD. He reads their signs quickly.

JD
I'm being sued?

The Reporters YELL from the street: WE WANT TO TALK TO JOHN!
GIVE US JOHN! YOU PROMISED US JOHN.

DELILAH
It's okay, Dad.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
(to Reporters)
Hold your horses!

JD
Are those women suing me?

JD points to the Pregnant Protesters.

DELILAH
No, Dad. They're here to prove that
you didn't commit fraud.

JD scans the ladies' glowing faces and gets it.

JD
They're all - they're all mine?

Delilah nods.

JANICE, 38, steps forward from the group of pregnant moms.

JANICE
John, on behalf of the other mother's
and myself, we'd like to give you
this.

Janice hands John a Father's Day card.

JD

It's not-

JANICE

We know, but without you, we wouldn't be having these babies - and we just wanted to say thank you.

The other pregnant women move in closer.

Sally and Tara come outside.

JD pulls Sally away from the commotion.

JD

I've had the worst possible day!

A slick, black sedan pulls into the driveway behind JD's car.

SALLY

Now what?

A very tall, polished man, 45, gets out of the car holding an envelop.

He walks to Sally and JD.

POLISHED MAN

John Derrikson?

JD nods.

POLISHED MAN/ DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm David Haskins, a lawyer-

JD

We can't be sued. Look! Look at my spawn! I'm not sterile!

David smiles and holds out the envelop.

JD pulls back as if the envelop was poison.

DAVID

That's the strangest reaction I've ever seen to a two million dollar check.

JD grabs the envelop.

JD

Two million dollars.

He stares up at David.

DAVID

Your royalties from record sales, movie sound tracks, radio air play, cover artists, you know, for the past fifteen years or so. We lost track of you.

Tara, Delilah and Cedric move in around JD.

DELILAH

Two million.

DAVID

We held it in escarole, but then your music label went bankrupt and your manager died. We lost all contact with you.

JD stares at the check in disbelief.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I just finished up the paperwork and turned on the radio. Um, you're kind of a big news story. Wasn't hard to track you down.

Tara and Delilah hug JD. Sally smiles and Cedric leads David back to his car.

INT. SALLY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christmas carols play throughout the house. The house is decorated with fat Santa's, rustic reindeer, and lots of silver and gold balls and glitter.

Tara and Cedric are in the living room playing a video game on the TV. The doorbell rings.

Tara gets up and answers the door. It's JD.

JD

I've come bearing gifts!

Tara hugs JD.

TARA

Christmas isn't until tomorrow.

JD holds three CDs in his hand.

JD

Well this is only part of the gift. It's my new single.

Tara grabs one and runs to the CD player. She puts the CD in and plays it.

Sally comes to the door.

JD (CONT'D)
I brought you a present.

JD holds out the CD. Sally takes it. She listens to the words playing on the CD.

SALLY
You're new song?

JD
Sorry. It's called Sorry. It was something I've been meaning to say for a very long time.

Sally listens to a few more words, tears in her eyes.

Delilah comes down the stairs.

TARA (O.S.)
Dee, this is dad's new song!

DELILAH (O.S.)
I love it!

JD
I know. I've been a lazy sod. I've never pushed myself hard enough to be anything memorable to anyone. I want to stop that. It's time for something new.

Sally nods, wipes away her tears.

SALLY
You wanna come in and celebrate the birth of yet another child?

JD
This one's not mine, is it?

SALLY
We can safely rule that out.

JD smiles and exits. Sally watches him get into his car. She closes the door and leans on it. She's in love...again.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Tara's wedding celebration is underway. She's radiant in her wedding dress; Borg actually looks hip in his tux.

The bride and groom finish up their dance and retreat to the head table.

Delilah and Cedric sit at the head table, gazing into each others' eyes. Delilah nods.

JD and Sally are still slow dancing on the dance floor, finishing up what's left of the song.

DJ

Let's get everybody up on the floor.

A song like GOOD DAY SUNSHINE starts to play. JD rolls his eyes.

JD

Gawd! This song haunts me.

SALLY

Be good.

JD grabs Sally tight and twirls.

JD

So, how does it feel?

SALLY

How does what feel?

Sally pulls away and eyes JD.

JD

Dirty mind. I was talking about your freedom. How does it finally feel?

It clicks. Sally averts her gaze.

SALLY

I'm not sure really...about the same I suppose.

JD

You do know I signed the divorce papers, some time ago.

They stop dancing.

SALLY

It took you almost twenty years to sign them. I didn't just rush them to the lawyers office.

JD

So we're still-

SALLY

Legally.

Sally smiles. JD grabs her and holds her close to him. They sway to the music.

JD

Gawd.

JD rolls his eyes to the music.

SALLY

Now what?

JD

Nothing. It **is** a good day.

EXT. PARK - DAY

SUPER: 5 years later

A banner strung up on a tree reads: John Derrikson Annual Father's Day Picnic. The sun shines high in the sky.

JD and Sally, now nearing 70, sit at a picnic table under the trees, laughing, holding each other, watching the children run and play.

Nearby, Tara, Delilah, Cedric, Borg and fifteen pair of PARENTS watch their CHILDREN play at the park. Tara pushes a youngster on the swings. Delilah holds a baby in her arms.

FADE OUT

THE END