

SHERMAN'S WAY

by

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Starry Night Entertainment

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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FADE IN:

Blurry flesh. Could be bodies moving in SLOW MOTION. As the mass moves away, we begin to focus. Yep, it's bodies, jogging, jumping, cavorting. Dozens and dozens of naked bodies running away from us, around us, some with backpacks, some with hats, a rainbow wig here, polka dot leggings there.

THE PACK DIVIDES AROUND A CLOTHED MAN, coming toward us. Ignoring the spectacle around him, this young man is SHERMAN BLACK, early twenties, dressed conservatively grey. He acts and strides along with the confidence born from money and privilege. He reads as he walks. And now we'll go wider to see we are

1 EXT. OLD CAMPUS - YALE - DAY

1

The naked bodies yelp and whistle as they pass out candy to students studying on the lawn. The group finally eclipses Sherman. The LAST NAKED MEMBER PUTS A CANDY IN THE FRONT OF SHERMAN'S BLAZER.

A young lady runs up to Sherman. (She's clothed). This is MARCY DELANG, twenties, sensible and charming. She's fashionable, with a touch of LLBean influence.

MARCY

(excited)

Oh my god, those guys are nuts! We should've done it.

SHERMAN

Run with the pundits? No thanks.

MARCY

Is this because your butt?

SHERMAN

Excuse me?

MARCY

'Cause you think you have a flat butt.

SHERMAN

I don't think-- You think I have a flat butt?

MARCY

(reaches for candy in Sherman's pocket)

Is that a GooGoo bar?

2 INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - DAY

2

Sherman sits, reading. Marcy stands, eating the candy bar.

MARCY

I used to love these.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

SHERMAN

Nougat and hydro-whatever-dextrose?  
Disgusting.

MARCY

Try it. Have you even tried it?

SHERMAN

I don't have to eat a turd to know  
it tastes like crap.

A HOMELESS MAN, sitting alone near the door, stands as the  
train slows.

HOMELESS MAN

Hundred tenth street! Coming up on  
one one zero! Cathedral Parkway!

For the most part, he's ignored by the passengers. Sherman  
gives him a fleeting glance, shares a smirk with Marcy,  
returns to his book. The train stops, passengers enter and  
exit. The homeless man sits.

MARCY

You read a lot.

SHERMAN

Rules of discovery. I need to...  
(back to reading)

The train starts again.

MARCY

... I just finished the "Masterpiece  
of Cairo."  
(beat)  
I'd love to see the pyramids.

Marcy watches the platform rush away.

MARCY (CONT'D)

This is our last summer.

SHERMAN

(gently)  
Marce...

MARCY

I have a new development. I talked  
to my dad. He's gonna give you an  
internship at his firm.  
(quickly now)  
We can stay at their place in Napa,  
you two can commute to San Francisco,  
we can spend our weekends and nights  
tasting wine and strolling through  
the-- Don't do that, I hate when you  
do that.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Sherman is shaking his head "no."

SHERMAN

It's a very generous offer and tell your dad thanks, but I'm fine in Manhattan.

(off her look)

It's a summer, Marce. All this, the studying, it all pays off--

MARCY

"After you've made partner," right.

SHERMAN

Right that's right. It's the foundation for a lucrative career. I miss this internship, I'm gonna fall behind.

MARCY

Fall behind who?

The homeless man stands again.

HOMELESS MAN

One hundred and third street! Now arriving at one-oh-three! Hundred three on the right!

Sherman and Marcy stare at the homeless man blankly.

CUT TO:

3 INT. CAR-PORIUM - DAY

3

A birthday cake with lit candles is carried from a dark hallway into a dim showroom floor as an off-key RENDITION OF HAPPY BIRTHDAY begins.

As the song continues, we see the BIRTHDAY GIRL, a fifty-plus secretary, surrounded by her co-workers (mechanics and sales staff et al.)

Behind the beaming birthday girl is PALMER VAN DYKE, late 50s, wearing a rumpled ensemble (an off the rack tan suit, untucked shirt and tie). The look is rounded out by his black work boots and two day growth.

He has a quiet charisma about him, which is probably what allows him to appear the way he does.

He's one of the more enthusiastic singers. As the song wraps up, he's that guy that adds:

PALMER

(singing)

"And many more!"

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

There is a ROUND OF APPLAUSE as the birthday girl blows out the candles. More CHEERS.

4 INT. CAR-PORIUM - MOMENTS LATER 4

The cake is divided by a knife. The SALES MANAGER beams, talking to the birthday girl.

SALES MANAGER

That's her second love. Jennifer, she loves to bake.

BIRTHDAY GIRL

Well, it looks absolutely delicious.

SALES MANAGER

Oh yeah. That frosting... Homemade.

Palmer is one of the many gathered around the table, waiting for his slice. He licks his lips, holding out his paper plate.

BIRTHDAY GIRL

My, aren't you eager.

PALMER

Can't help it, Cathy. I'm a sucker for chocolate.

BIRTHDAY GIRL

Well, here you go.

Palmer digs in, taking a big old bite. And almost immediately wretches, spitting the cake out. He DRY HEAVES loudly.

PALMER

What the hell's in this dog shit?

All eyes are on Palmer now. Palmer rinses his mouth with some punch. The group of employees watch him for a moment, look at each other puzzled, then:

SALES MANAGER

Um, excuse me. Who are you?

Palmer swallows his punch.

PALMER

Yeah, I'm interested in seeing the blue Roadster.

CUT TO:

5 INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - AFTERNOON 5

The train is moving again. Sherman is still in his book.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MARCY

You don't have to figure everything out, Sherman.

SHERMAN

Look, if I don't know this stuff--

Marcy closes the book.

MARCY

I'm talking about life. It's fun to see new things. Try new things. Just plain explore.

SHERMAN

Exploration's for people who don't know what they're looking for. I do.

MARCY

But maybe there's more. Expectation isn't passion. Sometimes you need to cut loose. Do things for you.

She puts a hand softly on his head.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll see there's more to life than career.

SHERMAN

Like what?

Marcy is incredulous... wounded... hurt.

MARCY

Like me.

She turns away.

SHERMAN

--Of course, you. You sure. What's that? What are you doing?

Marcy sobs quietly. Sherman stands, offering a hug.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Marcy, come on. You're causing a scene.

MARCY

(too loudly)  
So what? I'm crying. Big shit.

SHERMAN

It, it was a slip. An extemporaneous response.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

MARCY

Jesus, Sherman. Extemporaneous?  
Who talks like that?

SHERMAN

People use that.

MARCY

They don't. And you're not. You  
say I'm second to your career because  
you believe it. Nothing about you  
is impulsive.

SHERMAN

I can be. Sweetie...

Marcy broods, then:

MARCY

Call out the next stop.

SHERMAN

What?

MARCY

Call it out.  
(re: homeless man)  
He won't mind. Call out the stop  
and prove it to me. Show me a little  
impulse and I'll consider your "slip"  
an accident. ... Here it comes.

Sherman looks at the homeless man. The homeless man returns  
his look, giving Sherman a small nod to "go ahead."

SHERMAN

Marcy, this has nothing--

MARCY

Call it.

Marcy watches hopefully as Sherman considers for a moment.  
He takes in a breath. About to speak. The train slows. He  
looks around... it's a pretty full car. Then finally, the  
train stops. The homeless man stands.

HOMELESS MAN

Ninety-sixth Street! Nine six on  
the right! All out for Ninety-sixth!

Marcy is sad, resigned.

MARCY

Enjoy your summer.

Marcy steps through the exiting/entering crowd.

SHERMAN

Marcy... Marce. Hold on...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

Sherman reaches for his book, when he looks up, she's gone, mixed into the crowd on the platform. He sighs, sits down as the doors slide closed.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CAR-PORIUM - DAY

6

Palmer walks in front holding a leash, which tethers a cat. The sales manager follows. They approach a worn blue MGB Roadster.

PALMER

That's a sixty-nine, right?

SALES MANAGER

Yessir, sixty-nine. A classic.

PALMER

Sit.

The cat does. Palmer hands the leash to the sales manager. Palmer gets into the Roadster. He works the clutch, runs the shifter through a couple of gears.

PALMER (CONT'D)

You like it?

SALES MANAGER

Oh, it's a beautiful car. With a little--

PALMER

I'm talking to the cat.

Palmer whistles sharply. The cat jumps up on the trunk, takes a few steps then lays down.

PALMER (CONT'D)

He likes it. How much?

SALES MANAGER

A steal at twenty-six hundred.

Palmer gets out of the Roadster.

PALMER

Do you recognize me?

The sales manager is confused.

SALES MANAGER

I, um. Should I?

PALMER

I'm "The Bomber."

The sales manager shrugs.

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED:

6

PALMER (CONT'D)

Palmer "The Bomber" Van Dyke. From the Games. The Olympics.

SALES MANAGER

... Aren't you a bit old...

PALMER

The eighty-four Olympics, then again in Calgary. Alpine Skiing. That's downhill baby. That's me. The Bomber.

SALES MANAGER

Oh, I... Nope, still nothing.

PALMER

Well, I get oh about three or four grand for a personal appearance. The Bomber suits up, shakes some hands, creates a buzz. You with me?

SALES MANAGER

Yeah, I don't think that we--

PALMER

I'll do the appearance, you give me the wheels. You got a marketing budget?

The sales manager is dubious.

PALMER (CONT'D)

It's American pride, man. "Olympic" savings. Celebrity. A real event. From where I'm standing, the place could use a little boost in traffic.

The sales manager looks around, noting the empty lot.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. MANHATTAN - UPPER EAST SIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

7

A Park Avenue apartment building. Sherman is on his cellphone, stepping up to the building's entrance.

SHERMAN

(into phone)

Hey, Marce, it's me. Where are you?

Sherman, stops at the door, looks around for a beat.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Did you go to Janet's?

THE DOORMAN hurries up from the sidewalk, he quickly pulls open the entry with an apology.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Well, call me, sweetie.

Sherman steps into the building without acknowledging the doorman.

8 INT. BLACK APARTMENT/DEN - LATE AFTERNOON

8

It's a beautifully appointed den/office space. Professionally decorated. There are shelves of law books against one wall. Sherman notes a photograph on the desk. It's a 12-year old Sherman wearing graduation robe and mortarboard, next to him a dapper woman, mid 30s.

MS. BLACK (O.S.)

Discovery, rule 34-B.

Sherman turns to see MS. BLACK standing at the den entry (The woman in the photo) impeccably dressed.

SHERMAN

Um, requires respondents to a discovery request to provide data in a, um, searchable format.

MS. BLACK

"Electronically" searchable. And I believe the language may have changed to allow for advancements in technology. Walk with me, dear. Mother's on a schedule.

Ms. Black glides past Sherman, pulling a book from a shelf. She hands it to Sherman as she starts down the hall. Sherman follows.

9 INT. BLACK APARTMENT - HALL - CONTINUOUS

9

MS. BLACK

And where's Marcy? You said she was joining us for dinner.

SHERMAN

Oh, um. She couldn't make it.

MS. BLACK

Triny prepared for three, you should have called.

SHERMAN

You're right.

MS. BLACK

I know. Ah, Carol.

A DAPPER WOMAN in business attire approaches holding open a folder and documents. Ms. Black skims and signs documents as she talks.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MS. BLACK (CONT'D)  
(to woman)  
Call the Senator, let him know I'm a  
little behind.  
(to Sherman)  
Now, Ethics and Biotech really demands  
your focus.

Sherman wanders to the window, gazing out.

MS. BLACK (CONT'D)  
Most firms could use a boost in this  
discipline. So, I've marked some  
precedents that will undoubtedly  
come up in the interview. Sherman?

The Dapper Woman moves on as Ms. Black and Sherman start  
walking again.

SHERMAN  
Ethics and biotech.  
(then)  
Marcy, she. She's going home for  
the summer. To California. Napa.

A HAIR STYLIST and MAKEUP ARTIST join our pair, walking with  
them down the hall. They primp Ms. Black.

MS. BLACK  
(re: hair)  
Not too poofy, Sarah.

SHERMAN  
She asked me about going to Napa for  
summer. Napa Valley.  
(adds)  
I mean I told her no, of course.

MS. BLACK  
Of course you did.

SHERMAN  
Her father, he was kind enough to  
offer me an internship in San  
Francisco.

Ms. Black stops, looks at Sherman with more attention.

MS. BLACK  
You're giving this consideration?

Sherman shrugs. The hair stylist and makeup artist move on.

MS. BLACK (CONT'D)  
What do you want me to say? That  
you should go? Honestly, even if I  
said you should go, you wouldn't go.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

SHERMAN

Oh, uh, well, I might--

MS. BLACK

Sherman. You're structured, focused. And those are qualities to be admired. You know what's right. And you know the value of an internship at Kishner-Kline. Nothing compares.

SHERMAN

I know.

Ms. Black starts walking again, Sherman follows her into--

10 INT. BLACK APARTMENT - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

10

MS. BLACK

Well, to be sure, let me put a point on it. You're not the son of a cobbler. We're not making shoes. Your goal isn't to make a better shoe. The Black name is synonymous with law and success. That's one hell of a weight, but I handled it and so will you.

Ms. Black sits in a chair.

(pointed)

Now here's the shit rotten deal of it. I don't believe in heaven or hell. I don't believe there exists a God or higher power. And I don't believe in luck or fate. What I do believe in... is you. Don't let me down.

And A MAN holds a light meter in front of her face. And now we see a photography crew, camera, tripod, lights et al.

MS. BLACK (CONT'D)

Take a step to your right, dear.

Sherman steps away from the chair. Ms. Black smiles and POP goes the flashbulb.

INSET -- THE PHOTOGRAPH is composed into a MAGAZINE COVER for TIME. The headline: "Evelyn Black: Senate Hopeful Lays Down The Law."

11 EXT. MANHATTAN - MORNING

11

The city is alive with activity.

12 INT. BROOKS BROTHERS - MORNING

12

Sherman stands on a small pedestal. It's a final fitting. ONE TAILOR brushes the suit down, ANOTHER TAILOR holds up a

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

tie. Sherman, on his cellphone, shakes his head "no" to the tie. The tailor holds up another option, and another, etc.

SHERMAN

(into phone)

Marcy! Hey, how's Napa? Sleeping?  
It's already ten after nine. --Oh,  
right. Anyway, I'm starting today.  
Yeah, I'm heading over now.

Sherman steps down from the pedestal as a tailor presents a small clipboard with receipt.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

... Thanks, but luck has nothing to  
do with it.

Sherman signs the receipt and starts away without a thank you.

13 EXT. STREET/CAB - MOVING - DAY

13

Sherman is still on the cell, as the cab stops.

SHERMAN

(into phone)

... I'm sorry, Marce. I'd love to  
fly out, honest. Maybe, but not for  
a few weeks... I'll keep you posted.

14 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

14

Sherman steps out, handing the driver a ten.

SHERMAN

Gimme three back.

Sherman tweaks the sideview mirror, getting a look at himself.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Tell you what, why not come back for  
a weekend? We'll pop over to Sag  
Harbor.

15 INT. HIGH RISE - LOBBY - DAY

15

Sherman walks through the grand lobby to the elevator banks. He's still on the cell.

SHERMAN

(into phone)

... Okay, no, I was thinking... No,  
that's good, I'm glad. What? Well,  
it sounds like something...

16 INT. HIGH RISE - UPPER FLOOR - LATER 16

Sherman exits an elevator, walks up to reception. It's a posh law office.

SHERMAN  
(into phone)  
Listen sweetie, I gotta go. I'm  
here. Okay then. Bye bye.  
(to receptionist)  
Sherman Black for Mr. Kishner.

17 INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY 17

Behind a large desk, sits KISHNER, senior partner. Behind him, a magnificent view of Manhattan. Sherman peeks his head in the door.

SHERMAN  
Mr. Kishner?

Kishner works on some papers, doesn't look up.

KISHNER  
Come in, come in.

Sherman steps into the office.

KISHNER (CONT'D)  
Sit, sit.

Kishner directs Sherman to sit in a chair which faces the desk. Kishner stands, crossing around his desk, walking behind the chair, sitting on a sofa against the wall.

KISHNER (CONT'D)  
Sherman, you know there are literally  
hundreds of applicants for internship.

Sherman twists around in his chair, awkwardly trying to look at Kishner.

SHERMAN  
Yessir, and I'm very grateful for--

KISHNER  
Your mother, she's very influential.  
The buzz has her a lock for senator.

Sherman twists around the other way, it's just as awkward.

SHERMAN  
Sir, do you mind if I--

Sherman motions to a chair next to the couch. Kishner nods okay. Sherman crosses over.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

KISHNER

An internship at this law firm is a serious prize.

Sherman sits in the large overstuffed chair, he sinks a bit, his feet elevate off the ground. He looks small.

KISHNER (CONT'D)

It's a piece to a puzzle that just about assures you a spot in law school. I'm about hard work, Sherman. Sweat of the brow. I've never been gifted a thing in my life. I've worked for it. Does that imbitter me? Absolutely.

SHERMAN

Sir, I'm a very hard worker.

KISHNER

I'm sure it doesn't matter. In cases like yours, it rarely does. So my expectations are minimal. You want flying marks from this experience, remember one thing: I like my coffee black with two Equals.

SHERMAN

I don't understand.

KISHNER

To put it bluntly, it's enough that you were born your mother's son.

18 INT. SUBWAY - AFTERNOON

18

Sherman is solemn, deep in thought. Passengers begin to line at the door as the train slows. Sherman breaks his thought, watches the platform through the window. 51st street. Sherman is about to speak. The train stops.

SHERMAN

(not loud)

Fifty-first.

Some passengers look around, not sure where the voice had come from. Sherman, too, looks around. The train doors open, passengers exit. Sherman lets out a breath and a small smile.

19 INT. SUBWAY - LATER

19

The train slows, coming up on another platform. Sherman takes a breath-- stands.

SHERMAN

(louder now)

Fifty-ninth Street. Five nine.

(CONTINUED)

- 19 CONTINUED: 19
- He sits. Satisfied. He greets the stares with a smile.
- 20 INT. SUBWAY - LATER 20
- The train slows, another platform. Sherman springs up.
- SHERMAN  
(shouts)  
Sixty-eighth Street! Six eight on  
the right! Hunter College! All out  
for sixty-eighth!
- He sits. He's smiling big. He can hardly contain himself  
as we--
- CUT TO:
- 21 EXT. SKY - DAY 21
- A commercial airliner at cruising altitude.
- 22 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 22
- Sherman is on the airphone.
- SHERMAN  
(into phone)  
... No sir, I'm on the plane now. I  
just wanted to confirm your address.  
Your home in Napa. Two four two...  
Yeah, great. No sir, I'm expecting  
to be there by three. Terrific.  
Sir, would you mind if I asked you  
not to tell Marcy? Yessir, a  
surprise. Thank you again, Mr.  
Delang. I'm looking forward to it.
- Sherman hangs up. The "fasten seat belts" sign DINGS on.
- SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
Fasten your seatbelts!
- 23 EXT. CAR-PORIUM - DAY 23
- A stage has been set up in front of the sales office. A  
small sloping ramp on one side. There is Olympic-style decor  
everywhere. A banner hangs above the stage reading: "Olympic  
Savings!" And in smaller type: "Meet Alpine skier Palmer  
"The Bomber."
- The promotion is a success, evident by a few dozen spectators  
and balloon-toting children who gather around the stage.
- Palmer's cat is on the stage, behind a small amplifier. The  
cat watches the crowd for a moment, then jumps off the stage,  
and walks--



24 INT. CAR-PORIUM - CONTINUOUS

24

The cat crosses into a sales office to meet Palmer. With a cigarette dangling from his mouth, Palmer puts on his scuffed up helmet.

PALMER

We got a good crowd today?

The cat jumps on the desk, sits. Palmer pulls on the tattered chin strap. It breaks.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Ah shit.

He stands, removing his coat. He is dressed in an aerodynamic skin suit. At one time, it was brightly colored. Now, it's a bit faded and worn. Instead of a racing number, the white chest tag proclaims "12.9% Financing."

Palmer snuffs the cigarette out on the carpet. He shakes a mint from a tin, pops it. He shakes another mint free, then tosses it up. The cat snaps it out of the air.

PALMER (CONT'D)

It's showtime.

25 INT. SFO AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - AFTERNOON

25

Sherman looks up at the "Welcome to San Francisco" sign. He smiles satisfied with himself.

SHERMAN

I can do spontaneous.

PORTER

All set, sir.

WIDER NOW

To see Sherman lead the PORTER who pushes a baggage cart loaded down with two full-sized suitcases, a garment bag, a computer case and backpack.

26 EXT. CAR-PORIUM - DAY

26

Palmer exits the showroom, stepping behind the stage, hidden from the crowd. He sees the sales manager addressing the crowd over the PA system.

SALES MANAGER

(mid-speech)

... making an appearance in three Olympic games and two national championships, with a history of attacking the course without cowardice...

The Sales Manager sees Palmer behind the stage.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SALES MANAGER (CONT'D)  
... Okay, get ready... He's coming  
right up...

The sales manager hops down.

SALES MANAGER (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Get up there.  
Everyone's waiting.

PALMER  
(re: platform, to  
sales manager)  
Yeah. You know, normally, I just,  
you know, walk out, skis in hand...

SALES MANAGER  
Oh no, no, no. What are you doing  
to me? We talked about this. Now  
come on. Get up there.

PALMER  
(concerned)  
Yeah, okay.

Palmer heads up the stairs as the sales manager hops back  
onto the stage.

SALES MANAGER  
Okay, folks, we're all set now. So  
here he is... three time Olympian...  
The one, the only, Palmer the Bomber!

There is applause, a few hoots as a small curtain drops away  
to reveal him atop the platform. He smiles, offers a thumbs  
up, then pushes off.

The crowd cheers as Palmer zooms down the ramp--and onto the  
stage--then off the stage--and onto a family.

The fanfare dies immediately. The crowd is stunned.

VOICE  
Somebody call an ambulance!

27 EXT. CAR-PORIUM - LATER

27

Some emergency vehicles populate the lot. A WOMAN comforts  
a LITTLE GIRL as a PARAMEDIC wraps her arm.

Palmer sits on the edge of the stage, away from the crowd.  
He checks some damage to his forearm. The cat jumps up on  
stage to join Palmer, a pack of cigarettes in its mouth.  
Palmer takes the smokes.

PALMER  
Shit, did you see that?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

PALMER (CONT'D)  
(lights a cig)  
That could've been ugly if that little  
girl didn't break my fall.

The sales manager is manic. He thanks the paramedic,  
apologizes profusely to the little girl's mother. He starts  
through the crowd, passing Palmer.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
Hey. Dougie.

The sales manager.

SALES MANAGER  
What? What do you want?

PALMER  
I'm looking to shove off. How about  
my keys?

SALES MANAGER  
Keys? What are you kidding? Is  
that a joke?

PALMER  
No... I'm funnier than that.

SALES MANAGER  
Yeah, you know what's funny? Getting  
sued. That's a laugh riot. Why  
don't you get the hell out of here.

The sales manager heads away.

PALMER  
Hey, that whole-- That was your thing.  
I want my car! I want my goddamn  
car!

28 EXT. ROAD/TAXI - MOVING - AFTERNOON

28

Sherman looks out the window.

SHERMAN  
This is Napa, huh? Wine country.  
Napa Valley. Grape central.

The TAXI DRIVER throws a quick glance at Sherman in the rear  
view mirror.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
Okay, um. I'm going to make a call.  
You don't care.

Sherman snaps open his cellphone, dials.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Marcy! Hey. Yeah, I'm good.  
How's... Yeah? Sounds great. I  
really wish I was with you. No, I'm  
on my way home now. But hey, I think  
I might be able to come out to Napa  
in late August.

The driver gives another glance.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
Okay. Yeah, okay. Me too. Bye-  
bye.

Sherman clicks off, pleased with himself.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
(leaning forward)  
It's a surprise. Me being here.  
I'm supposed to be working. In New  
York. You still don't care.

29 EXT. DELANG HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

29

The taxi is parked at the end of the lengthy driveway.  
Sherman crosses to the rear as the driver opens the trunk.

Sherman pays the driver, tucks his wallet away and steps  
back to allow the driver room to unload. The driver doesn't  
budge. After an awkward moment...

SHERMAN  
Oh, um. Let me just.

Sherman begins to unload the trunk.

30 EXT. DELANG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

30

Sherman sets the garment bag and suitcase on the front porch.  
He walks a few yards back to grab more luggage, toting it up  
to the front porch as A MOTORCYCLE ROARS up. The rider  
removes his helmet, approaches Sherman. The rider is KEVIN,  
early 20s, handsome. He grabs a suitcase.

KEVIN  
Need a hand?

SHERMAN  
Oh, hey, thanks. Yeah.

The two carry the luggage up to the porch. Sherman holds a  
hand out.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
Sherman Black.

KEVIN  
Kevin, hey.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Kevin knocks on the door. Sherman quickly straightens up, runs a comb through his hair. Hurried, he drops the comb. He reaches for the comb as the door opens. It's Marcy.

MARCY

Kevin!

She wraps her arms around Kevin, offering a big kiss. As the two part lips, Sherman slowly rises. Needless to say, he's stunned.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Sherman!

She quickly searches for the right words, then:

MARCY (CONT'D)

Oh, my god. This is exactly what it looks like.

31 EXT. DELANG HOUSE - LATER

31

Sherman is dragging his luggage down the driveway. Marcy is walking with him.

MARCY

I could've lied. Is that what you want? "Kevin means nothing. Stay, we'll have a great summer."

Sherman stops.

SHERMAN

... So, you want me to stay?

MARCY

Oh, well. That's what I "could" have said. You know, if I lied.

Sherman drags on.

SHERMAN

I can't believe I gave up a Manhattan internship to work with your dad.

MARCY

You spoke to my dad?

SHERMAN

You really screwed me on this one.

MARCY

I can see you're really broken up about it.

SHERMAN

You don't know what I gave up to be here.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MARCY

Well you're making it clear now,  
aren't you?

SHERMAN

I thought you should know.

MARCY

Know what? That you care more about  
your internship than me?

They stop at the end of the driveway.

SHERMAN

So I'm being penalized for having  
ambition.

MARCY

Our relationship is being penalized.  
We're just different, Sherman. And  
that's okay. And now I'm at a time  
in my life, when I need a little  
excitement. Someone who's not afraid  
to step off the path now and again.

SHERMAN

What are you talking about? I'm  
exciting. I love excitement. I  
embrace it.

MARCY

Putting "hot" mustard on your sandwich  
isn't exactly living on the edge.

Sherman's rattled by the comment.

SHERMAN

I guess you don't know me at all  
then, do you. I live on the edge.  
You wanna see living on the edge?

Sherman holds his thumb out, hitchhiking. Some cars pass  
by.

MARCY

Sherman, what are you doing?

SHERMAN

I'm going back to the airport.

MARCY

This is silly. I'll give you a ride.

SHERMAN

Oh, you've done quite enough, thanks.

Another car zips by.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

MARCY  
Sherman, please.

Marcy pulls Sherman's hand down.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
That's dangerous. You're hurt.  
You're not thinking clearly. And  
you certainly don't have to prove  
anything by hitchhiking.

On the word, "hitchhiking," Marcy holds her thumb out to emphatically make her point. Immediately, a car SCREECHES, stopping. The car, a blue Roadster, backs up and stops in front of Sherman and Marcy. It's Palmer with Sparky in the passenger seat.

PALMER  
Hey there. Where are you headed?

Marcy realizes she's still holding her thumb out. She quickly pulls it in.

MARCY  
Oh. Nowhere.

Sherman throws his carry-on into the passenger's footwell. Sparky jumps into Palmer's lap.

SHERMAN  
But I could use a lift, thanks.

PALMER  
Oh, well uh.

MARCY  
Sherman. You don't know this person.

PALMER  
I'm Palmer.

SHERMAN  
This is Palmer. Could I get a ride?

Palmer really wanted it to be Marcy... But oh well...

PALMER  
Yeah, sure.

SHERMAN  
FedEx the rest of this back to New  
York.

MARCY  
Let me call you a cab.

SHERMAN  
(to Palmer)  
Let's get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

PALMER

Hop in.

Sherman tries the door. It won't open.

PALMER (CONT'D)

No, the door's busted. You gotta hop in.

SHERMAN

Oh, sure.

(to Marcy)

We've invested a lot, you and me.  
And when it pays off, and it will,  
you won't be there to collect.

Sherman awkwardly puts a leg up, loses his footing and slips to the dirt in a heap.

MARCY

Sherman!

PALMER

Whoa. Really let the air outta your exit line, sport.

Sherman sits up, dusts himself off. As Sherman stands, his WALLET falls from his pocket. Sherman tries again, he flops awkwardly over the door.

SHERMAN

Let's go.

PALMER

No kiss?

(to Marcy)

No, I mean for me.

MARCY

Ew.

PALMER

Ew?

SHERMAN

Do you mind?

PALMER

"No thank you," maybe. But "Ew?"

And the Roadster kicks up dust as it pulls onto the road.

32 EXT. ROAD/ROADSTER - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

32

Palmer drives, swooping around the curves of a winding road. Sherman puts a hand on the dashboard. Sparky snoozes comfortably on Palmer's lap.

(CONTINUED)



32 CONTINUED:

32

PALMER

So... Sherman, is it?

Sherman nods, still stewing a little.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Looked like a break up back there,  
huh?

Palmer lights up a smoke. The Roadster picks up some speed, the tires blow up some shoulder dirt. Sherman tenses a little.

SHERMAN

... Watch the uh--

PALMER

You know if you really want to keep  
a girl, you might want to try working  
out.

SHERMAN

I do work out.

PALMER

Might be the clothes then.

The Roadster's TIRES squeak taking a turn.

SHERMAN

-- Hey, take it easy. If you don't  
mind, I'd rather not lose my  
girlfriend and my life in the same  
afternoon.

Palmer smiles, dismissing the comment.

PALMER

You might not know it, Sherman, but  
you are cruising in a '69 MGB  
Roadster. Modified with the '73 GT  
V8. A true classic. Style, and  
now, speed.

Palmer downshifts, accelerating. The Roadster crosses over the double yellow to overtake a truck.

SHERMAN

Don't! Easy!

Shift again. The Roadster picks up speed, zipping around the truck.

PALMER

Picked it up for my kid. I had one  
just like it. Great memories. A  
tune, some paint. He's gonna love  
it.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

The speedometer climbs past 70. Sherman's head whips back as he notes the speed limit sign: "45."

SHERMAN

Okay, now you're breaking the law!  
This could end in civil liabilities.  
Penal damages. Possibility of jail  
time. I'm, I'm advising you to reduce  
your speed immediately!

Palmer pulls on the wheel taking the Roadster off the highway. He locks the brakes and the Roadster begins to tail spin. Sherman holds on for life as the Roadster rotates in the dirt. Palmer YELLS, jubilant as Sherman SCREAMS, terrified. The Roadster finally stops.

Sherman pulls on his seatbelt, finally unclicks it. He jumps out of the Roadster. He's breathless, agitated.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

You... are... certifiable!

Palmer gets out of the Roadster.

PALMER

She's got pep, huh? Whooo!

SHERMAN

You could've killed us. How about  
some sense of human decency? Some,  
some compassion for mankind? Some  
sliver of a moral compass that  
considers my life. Regardless of  
your, your blatant disregard for  
your own.

Palmer runs a hand across the hood, admiring.

PALMER

It's a graduation gift.

SHERMAN

As driver, you assume some presumptive  
responsibility for your passengers.

PALMER

We've had a rough patch. But look  
at this machine. Nothing says I  
love you like an MGB Roadster.

SHERMAN

You're nuts.

Palmer tosses the keys to Sherman.

PALMER

You get us home, chief.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

SHERMAN

What? No.

Sherman tosses the keys back.

PALMER

Yeah, you take it. Open it up.  
Come on, you're gonna love it.

Palmer hops into the passenger's seat. He puts the keys in the ignition.

SHERMAN

I'd really rather not.

PALMER

She's a little loose into second, so slip the clutch a bit. You'll feel it grab.

SHERMAN

No. Just. You drive. Keep the speed down.

PALMER

You won't be sorry. C'mon, let's go. Turn this bad boy over. You'll be hooked. I tell you, you're gonna want one of these devils yourself. She likes high RPMs, so don't be shy with--

SHERMAN

I can't drive. ... Okay?

PALMER

No way.

SHERMAN

Third generation "no license" New Yorker.

PALMER

Never?

SHERMAN

I'll have you know that New York is home to the best public transportation system in the world.

PALMER

So?

Sherman is feeling a bit awkward now. For the first time, he's a little embarrassed about his lack of driving skill.

PALMER (CONT'D)

... No biggie.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4) 32

Palmer slides over to the driver's seat. Sherman heads over to the Roadster.

33 INT. SKY ROOM - LAMPSON FIELD AIRPORT - DUSK 33

It's a comfortable restaurant, but really what you might expect from an airport eatery. Nothing especially fancy, clean and practical. Through a wall of windows, we can see the airstrip and several small airplanes.

Palmer enters with Sparky on a leash, Sherman right behind them. He watches a small plane as it touches down.

SHERMAN

This isn't going to work. We're going to have to continue to Oakland.

A YOUNG WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Sir, I'm sorry, pets aren't allowed in here.

PALMER

It's okay, miss. The animal's with me for medicinal purposes. Personally, I hate the little bastard, but I put up with him because he can save my life.

WAITRESS

Save your life?

PALMER

If I have an attack, you're gonna be thankful the little guy's around.

Sparky scratches a flea from his ear.

WAITRESS

Oh, um. Three for dinner?

34 INT. SKY ROOM - LAMPSON FIELD AIRPORT - LATER 34

Palmer, Sherman and Sparky sit at the bar, with a view of the air field. Sparky in a childseat. Palmer checks the menu as small plane lifts off.

SHERMAN

Seriously, now. I'm not getting into some tuna can with wings.

PALMER

There's a bus stop at the terminal. Just take the Hound to Oakland.

SHERMAN

Oh, good. Okay. ... Remember, dinner's on me, whatever you want.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Sherman opens his menu.

PALMER

A "thank you" is fine.

SHERMAN

Actually, I prefer compensation.  
This way there's no sense of "owing."

PALMER

That one of the things you learning  
in college?

SHERMAN

No, it's a personal rule. When you  
have. When you come from. My  
family's well off. So. It's just  
easier to keep relationships at a  
distance, that's all.

PALMER

Oh yeah, having money is such a pain  
in the ass.

SHERMAN

It's tough to tell if people like me  
for me. You laugh, but it's a burden.

PALMER

Boo fuckin hoo.

SHERMAN

Hey, it's prevented me from having,  
you know, good friends.

PALMER

So it couldn't be that you're an  
asswipe.

SHERMAN

Excuse me?

PALMER

I'm not saying you are an asswipe.  
You say you don't have good friends  
because you have money. I'm saying  
there might be another reason. Like  
you're an asswipe. Or maybe you  
just got bad breath or whatever.  
You think you're protecting your  
assets, when the reality is no one  
can stand to have you around. Maybe.

Sherman smirks as Palmer returns to his menu. He turns aside  
and covertly blows into his hand checking his breath.

35 INT. SKY ROOM - LAMPSON FIELD AIRPORT - LATER

35

Paws on the bar, Sparky cleans off his plate.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

PALMER

But you're here, so why not make the most of your summer and hang out in California?

SHERMAN

Because an internship can literally make your career. This break up, you know, actually it's a good thing. It's putting me back on track.

PALMER

But you came out here for another reason.

SHERMAN

Because I was foolish.

PALMER

No, because you were thinking with your heart. There's nothing wrong with that.

SHERMAN

That's just not practical. I know that now.

PALMER

So if things don't go your way, you run home?

SHERMAN

I don't know that I'd characterize it as running home. I think I made a poor choice. And now it's important to refocus, that's all.

PALMER

Yeah, okay.

SHERMAN

It's not a cop out. People make mistakes all the time. I mean, I make mistakes. But the key is having the resilience to overcome those mistakes.

PALMER

And I take "resilience" to mean a "shitpot of money."

SHERMAN

No, no way. It's more than just money.

PALMER

Says the kid with all the money.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

SHERMAN

I'm not going to apologize for having a birthright. I'm making the most of the opportunity I've been given. I'm on track to be magna cum laude at Yale. That's Yale.

PALMER

Is that good?

SHERMAN

My SAT score was fifteen-fifty.

Palmer shrugs, unsure of the significance.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Trust me, that kind of stuff matters to people that matter.

PALMER

Sure but. You don't even know how to drive a car.

SHERMAN

It's a sacrifice, but we all do it. What do you do for a living?

PALMER

(proudly)

I'm in sports. I was an Olympian. Alpine skier.

SHERMAN

No kidding? That's great. Well then, you should know exactly what I'm talking about. I'm sure you've made sacrifices to train.

PALMER

Yeah, some.

SHERMAN

You're judged by your achievements. How many medals did you win?

PALMER

You know it's an honor just to be on the team.

SHERMAN

Oh. Okay, no medals. So maybe you didn't sacrifice enough.

PALMER

I sacrificed plenty.

SHERMAN

The goal is to get a medal, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

PALMER

Hey, it's tough out there. You're competing against the best in the world.

SHERMAN

You think it's any different in business?

PALMER

I think there are some things more important than just winning.

SHERMAN

Yeah? So your "love of the game" got you a lot of endorsement deals? Box of Wheaties, a shoe contract worth millions? You got all that?

PALMER

I have what I need.

SHERMAN

Yeah, no doubt, you're living the dream. See my point? But it's okay, because society needs guys like you. It's no fun coming in first if it's a one man race. You help fill out the field.

The waitress drops the check. Sherman picks it up, begins to search his pockets. Palmer stares at Sherman evenly. He's not so much angry as he is wounded. He stands.

PALMER

Thanks for dinner. Good luck.  
(to Sparky)  
Let's go.

Sparky jumps down, takes Palmer's side.

SHERMAN

Aw, come on. What are you doing? Listen I was just-- I didn't mean to, uh. Huh. Well. This is embarrassing.

PALMER

Hm?

SHERMAN

My wallet. I think I lost my wallet.

Palmer can't help but smile.

36 INT. SKY ROOM - LAMPSON FIELD AIRPORT - LATER

36

Palmer is at the bar with Sparky. Sherman approaches, digging through his carry-on.

(CONTINUED)



36 CONTINUED:

36

SHERMAN  
It's not in the car.

PALMER  
I have money.

Palmer pushes some money across the bar.

SHERMAN  
Thank god. This could've--

Sherman picks through the money.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
This is it? This is three. Three  
seventy. Two. And a golf token.

PALMER  
Thos're like eight bucks.

SHERMAN  
Yeah, and handy. If our steaks were  
dispensed by a ball machine.

37 INT. BLACK APARTMENT - NIGHT

37

Ms. Black sits alone in the dining room. She has finished  
her dinner.

MS. BLACK  
(into phone)  
Sherman, honey! Guess what I'm  
eating.

INTERCUT WITH:

38 EXT. SKY ROOM - LAMPSON FIELD AIRPORT - NIGHT

38

We can see Palmer through the window flirting with the  
waitress. Sherman is on his cell.

SHERMAN  
... I. Mom, please--

MS. BLACK  
Go on. Guess.  
(then)  
Szechaun pork. I was craving  
something spicy. I know how spice  
gives you gas.

SHERMAN  
Mom. I, uh, need some money. I  
lost my wallet.

MS. BLACK  
(amused)  
Really?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SHERMAN

If you have a credit card number,  
I'm sure that the manager--

MS. BLACK

This is a sign, dear. I told you  
not to go. Remember, I said it was  
foolish.

SHERMAN

If you could just get me a credit  
card number.

MS. BLACK

Well, you'll be happy to hear I  
provided for such an instance. Check  
your carry-on. The zippered pocket,  
inside left.

Sherman checks. He removes an airline ticket.

SHERMAN

What is this? A ticket?

MS. BLACK

Yes, mother took care of it. One  
way, back to the city. Now, I've  
already been on the phone with  
Brandon. It took some convincing,  
but I got him to hold your internship  
at Kishner-Kline. You begin on  
Monday.

A long pause.

MS. BLACK (CONT'D)

(prompts)

"Thank you, Mother."

(and)

Yes, I suppose this has turned out  
to be a valuable lesson after all.  
Triny convinced me that it might be  
good for you to fail on your own.  
And now that it's out of your system,  
we can get back on--

SHERMAN

I'm staying.

MS. BLACK

Dear, I've already made arrange--

SHERMAN

I'm going to find something out here.

MS. BLACK

We're not looking for a summer at  
Baskin-Robbins.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

SHERMAN

One of the guys in my class is at Greenberg-Traurig in Beverly Hills. He owes me one.

MS. BLACK

No, dear. It's you that owes me one. And I'm calling it in. You get back here by Monday. I hate to play fastball with you.

SHERMAN

Hardball.

MS. BLACK

Excuse me?

SHERMAN

It's hardball, mom. That's the term.

MS. BLACK

Is that sass? Oh dear, don't you see what this experience is doing to you?

SHERMAN

... Are we done?

MS. BLACK

I'll see you Monday.

39 INT. SKY ROOM - LAMPSON FIELD AIRPORT - NIGHT

39

Sherman enters the restaurant. He takes a moment at the door, considers his cellphone. Then checks his pockets. Still no wallet. He heads over to Palmer, who's eating pie.

SHERMAN

What's that? Why did you order that?

PALMER

So what did mommy say?

SHERMAN

Well, what do you mean?

PALMER

I assumed you called mommy. Or was it dad-ums?

SHERMAN

My father died when I was three.

PALMER

Oh.

SHERMAN

Look I couldn't get any money. Maybe there's someone you could--

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Palmer finishes up with his pie.

PALMER

No sweat, I think I got us covered.

SHERMAN

Great.

PALMER

So me and Spark are going to head for the bathroom. Give it a half minute or so, then you go. We'll slip out the--

SHERMAN

No. What? No, that's ridiculous. There must be something we--

PALMER

Okay, you think on that. I'm going to the bathroom.

Palmer heads off with Sparky.

SHERMAN

Okay. No. Palmer.

But the two are gone. Sherman sits at the bar for a beat, stands. Sits again. He sees Palmer walk from the bathrooms and out the door. Then Sparky trots from the bathrooms. The door is pushed open from the outside, Sparky exits.

Sherman sees the waitress at the register. He heads for the bathroom, then starts for the door. Then bathroom.

WAITRESS

(calls)

Hey!

Sherman, panics, pushes through the door. The waitress starts after him.

40 EXT. SKY ROOM - LAMPSON FIELD AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

40

Palmer has pulled the car around front.

PALMER

Let's go, let's go!

Sherman fumbles over the door, into the passenger seat. The Roadster zips away as the waitress comes out from the restaurant.

WAITRESS

Hey! Mister! Your change!

But the car is gone.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
(shrugs)  
Thank you!

41 EXT. STREET/ROADSTER - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

41

Sherman straightens out in the seat.

SHERMAN  
Oh my god. This is unbelievable. I  
can't believe this!

PALMER  
Food always tastes better when it's  
free.

SHERMAN  
You are just-- We stole it. We stole  
that food. Like, like common street  
hoods. We're perpetrators of criminal  
activity--

PALMER  
Jesus Christ, kid. Relax. I paid  
her.

SHERMAN  
Relax? If--  
(then)  
You paid her? You?

PALMER  
I had money. I paid her. We're not  
perpetrators of criminal activity.

SHERMAN  
So...

PALMER  
And that's how it feels to have no  
money.

SHERMAN  
What is that? That kind of emotional  
distress on the system is--

PALMER  
Relax, okay? Enough. It was a goof,  
okay? I was having some fun at your  
expense.

SHERMAN  
If that's your idea of fun--

PALMER  
Yeah, well I sold my box seats to  
the opera.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SHERMAN

That kind of moronic behavior is indicative of some chemical disorder I'm sure. I mean if--

PALMER

Okay. Alright! I get it.

The Roadster stops.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Fuck. That right there. That's why you don't have any friends.

SHERMAN

I have friends.

PALMER

You don't know how to laugh at yourself. Life is supposed to be fun. Stop being so goddamn important. Anyway, we're here.

WIDER NOW to see we are--

42 EXT. LAMPSON FIELD AIRPORT - TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

42

"Terminal" might be a bit generous for the building. It's modest, a very small complex. A few people mill about, for Lampson, that's rush hour.

PALMER

Sorry. I'm an ass.  
Nice to meet you, Sherman. No hard feelings. Take care now.

The two shake hands. Sherman sits there a beat.

PALMER (CONT'D)

God, I hope you're not waiting for a hug.

SHERMAN

I have no money. I can't, uh.

PALMER

Yeah, that sucks.

SHERMAN

I really don't know anyone out here. Except you.

PALMER

You seem like a... determined young man. But my community service is done for the day.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SHERMAN

I'm sorry about that whole... thing.  
Back there. I just--

PALMER

Hey, it's okay. Really. I took my  
shots, too. ... Now kidding aside,  
call up your mom, I'm sure she'll be  
happy to bale you out.

SHERMAN

I got a friend in L.A. He owes me.  
I'm sure I can land an internship  
through him.

PALMER

Yeah, I don't know how it works in  
New York, but out here the hitchhiker  
usually doesn't make demands on  
destination.

SHERMAN

No, no. I'm-- Okay look.

Sherman shuffles through his carry-on.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Here. This is a plane ticket. It's  
worth maybe four-fifty. It's yours.  
Just put me up for the night, I'll  
make my plans and be on my way.

PALMER

That's what I'm talking about. Isn't  
that nice that you have that ticket?  
There's your key, right?

Palmer takes the ticket. Tears it up.

PALMER (CONT'D)

There. Now you're really on your  
own. Now what are you going to do?  
You're fucked.

Sherman is shocked. Stunned, perhaps. He gives Palmer a  
look. Palmer's expecting an explosion, gets none. Sherman  
lifts himself out of the Roadster, grabs his carry-on.

SHERMAN

Thanks for the lift. And dinner.

PALMER

(not sarcastic)

So, you're gonna call your mom, right?

SHERMAN

I'll figure something out.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

Sherman heads for the terminal building. Palmer notes the torn ticket. He feels like a shithead.

PALMER  
(to Sparky)  
What do you think?

Sparky yawns.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
That's always what you think.  
(calls out)  
Hey. Sherman!

Sherman stops.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
One night.

43 EXT. LAKE LANGTRY - NIGHT

43

A dirt road leads the Roadster to a cabin style RV home on the lake. It's dark, so there's not much to see. But here's what we can see: A few vintage cars. One in the car port, two more on the dirt off the drive. The RV home looks cozy, but isn't exactly in prime shape. Overall, it's not white-trash rundown, in fact, the way the cars are lined up it may look like there's a party going on. (There isn't.)

Palmer gets out of the car, opens the trunk to remove a duffel bag. Sparky jumps out of the Roadster and follows.

SHERMAN  
Is this your place?

PALMER  
My buddy's. He's putting me up,  
we're gonna restore the Roadster.  
He'll find a spot on the couch for  
you.

SHERMAN  
The couch?  
(then)  
That's fine. Okay, the couch.

44 EXT. CABIN RV - MOMENTS LATER

44

Palmer knocks.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Who is it?

PALMER  
It's me.

The door opens. DJ, late 30s, stands in the door. He's rangy, dressed in old, stained jeans and unironed shirt.

(CONTINUED)



44 CONTINUED:

44

DJ  
Hey, Palmer!

PALMER  
Hey, Deej.

DJ wraps an arm around Palmer for a hug. Sherman notices that DJ is holding a .44 magnum revolver.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
This here's Sherman. Sherman, Dijon.

DJ  
(a look to Palmer)  
D.J.

SHERMAN  
Dijon?

PALMER  
Yeah, like the mustard.

DJ  
D.J.

PALMER  
His mom didn't speak much English when they came to the states.

DJ  
Alright, alright, come in.

PALMER  
But a big fan of the honey-dijon chicken at the Hamburger Hamlet.

They start into the cabin.

45 INT. CABIN RV - MOMENTS LATER

45

It's well kept, neat, comfortable. Eclectic knickknacks, photographs, the accumulation of years.

Sherman and Palmer cross into the living room, DJ heads for the kitchen area.

DJ  
You guys up for a beer?

PALMER  
Sure.

SHERMAN  
I could really go for an appletini.

Palmer and DJ exchange a look. Then:

DJ  
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

DJ produces a chrome shaker and appropriate liquors.

PALMER  
Deej, a beer is fine.  
(to Sherman)  
Have a beer.

SHERMAN  
What?

DJ  
It's no trouble.

SHERMAN  
(to Palmer)  
It's no trouble.

PALMER  
(to DJ)  
Beer.  
(to Sherman)  
You're a guest here.

SHERMAN  
Fine. Beer's cool. You have  
Heineken?

46 EXT. CABIN RV - CARPORT

46

DJ is under the hood of the Roadster, a worklight illuminates the engine compartment. The engine REVS, Palmer in the driver's seat. Sherman approaches from the cabin.

DJ  
Probably a valve. A compression  
leak, maybe.

Palmer joins DJ.

DJ (CONT'D)  
Give me the...

Palmer hands DJ a wrench, DJ goes in.

SHERMAN  
Okay... I did it. My buddy, Lance.  
He owed me for this time that-- Well,  
that's not important-- But I got an  
interview at Greenberg-Traurig on  
Monday. Great, huh?

PALMER  
Great, kid. Just give me a day to  
organize the parade.

DJ  
Okay, turn it over.

Palmer crosses back to the driver's seat. Sherman follows.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SHERMAN

Now, I just have to find a way to  
Los Angeles.

Palmer starts the Roadster, REVS the engine. DJ signals to  
kill it, Palmer does.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

... Any thoughts? I mean, what would  
you do?

PALMER

Well, what I would do, is I would  
get a job. What I would do if I  
were you is call my mom.

SHERMAN

No, I can do this.

PALMER

What? What are you going to do?  
Where are you going to stay?

DJ closes the hood.

DJ

It is a compression leak.  
(and)  
How about he help us out with the  
Roadster?

Palmer shoots a look at DJ.

DJ (CONT'D)

Room and board. You can take him  
down when you deliver the car to  
Taylor.

SHERMAN

Yes. Good. I like it.

PALMER

No. That's, what? Six days? No.  
It's not possible.

DJ

I can take care of the engine, you  
two can start on the body work...

Palmer pulls DJ aside.

PALMER

What are you doing?

DJ

What? She'll be done in four days.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

PALMER

You've just had a taste of this kid.  
He's probably about as useful as a  
condom made out of... something with  
holes in it.

DJ

Seriously, don't analogize.

PALMER

A screen door. Or a paper towel.  
No holes, but it's porous.

DJ

Do you want to get this car to your  
kid or not?

Palmer takes some time with this one. He's not particularly  
convincing with his:

PALMER

Of course.

DJ heads toward the cabin, wiping grease from his hands.

DJ

(to Sherman)

Okay, you're in.

SHERMAN

Alright!

Sherman holds a hand up for a high five as DJ walks by him.  
Sherman pulls the hand down into a thumbs up to Palmer.  
Palmer ignores Sherman, taking a breath. He looks a bit  
concerned.

47 INT. CABIN RV - SUNRISE

47

Sherman stirs awake on the couch. He starts to sit up, neck  
pain. He rubs it away. He looks around, the place is empty.

48 INT. CABIN RV - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

48

Sherman crosses into the kitchen area. Sparky jumps up onto  
the counter.

SHERMAN

Down. Get down.

Looking through the kitchen's window, he sees Palmer and DJ  
on the boat dock.

49 EXT. CABIN RV - MOMENTS LATER

49

Sherman walks onto the deck behind the cabin, a blanket on  
his shoulders. Sparky follows him out. The slight chill of  
the morning air is forgotten when he looks out over the porch.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SHERMAN'S POV

A panoramic view of Lake Langtry. Lush hillsides, wide open spaces and placid blue water reflecting the morning sun.

Sparky heads down toward the dock, Sherman follows.

50 EXT. BOAT DOCK - MORNING

50

Palmer fishes off the dock. DJ stands on a bass boat, pulling in tackle boxes, he spots Sherman heading toward the dock.

DJ

He's up.

SHERMAN

Hi, good morning.

PALMER

Just in time. Jump aboard, we're heading over to east shore to pull in some dinner.

SHERMAN

Yeah, um. We're kind of on a schedule, aren't we?

PALMER

Come on, it'll teach you patience. Fishing's like life. You're not always going to get what you want when you want it.

DJ

Nothing tastes better than fish you caught yourself.

SHERMAN

Oh I'm sure it's a delight that rivals the gourmet epicurean offering of Zabar's, but I'll pass.

PALMER

(to DJ)

Yeah, he talks like that.

Palmer steps onto the boat. He starts to untie the bow line.

SHERMAN

Honestly, this is valuable time, we should really consider getting a good jump. Now, I came up with a schedule, we should be able to finish early, about Friday, Saturday latest. Then of course we'll be able to relax and really enjoy a fishing trip. A reward for a job well done so to speak.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

PALMER  
So that's a "no."

And DJ pushes on the throttle and the boat heads away.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
See ya in a few!

Sherman can do nothing but watch them go.

51 INT. CABIN RV - DAY

51

In the bathroom. Sherman puts some toothpaste on his finger. He begins to rub the toothpaste over his teeth. He shakes his head, frustrated with the results.

52 INT. CABIN RV - DAY

52

Sherman finishes up with a shower, turns the water off. His hand reaches out to the towel rack, finds a small face towel.

SHERMAN  
Crap.

53 INT. CABIN RV - DAY

53

Sherman wanders into the living room, noting some photos on a table. It's a younger Palmer, wearing Olympic ski gear, with a younger DJ and two snow bunnies. They pose in front of an RV with the words "The Bomber" painted across it.

Another photo: A younger Palmer, a woman and a five year old boy. They're at a barbecue, evidenced by DJ wearing an apron, holding barbecue tongs makes a face behind the unknowing family.

54 EXT. CABIN RV - DAY

54

Sherman walks around the Roadster. He gets in the driver's seat. He grabs the wheel. He adjusts the mirrors, honks the horn. Sparky jumps up on the hood, sits.

SHERMAN  
(shouts)  
I'm drivin' over here.

Sherman gets out of the car, his knee knocks the gearshift. As Sherman heads away, the car begins to roll backward.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
Oh no. No, no, no.

Sherman grabs hold of the front bumper, but of course, it's no use. His shoes slide on the dirt as he gets pulled. Sparky, still sitting on the hood, watches Sherman struggle.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
No, shit, no, no, shit.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Sherman's feet hold ground as the car continues to pull him forward, stretching him out onto his stomach. He is dragged a few more feet and THUMP-- a tree stops the car.

Palmer and DJ stand at the top of the steps to the dock, poles and tackle still in hand. After a moment, Sherman and Sparky look over to see them.

PALMER

He doesn't drive.

DJ

No shit.

55 EXT. CABIN RV - CARPORT - DAY

55

DJ cranks the handle on an engine crane. The Roadster's engine is lifted from the compartment. Palmer exits the cabin, Sherman behind him.

SHERMAN

And a toothbrush. And maybe some work shirts. But no poly blends. You guys have Bergdorf Goodman out here?

PALMER

Is that German for Sears?

SHERMAN

And some bottled water would be nice. Voss or Panna. Pellegrino, but only as a last resort.

PALMER

You're coming with, sport. DeeJ, you good?

DJ

Yeah, yeah. Just Stuey's for the belts.

Palmer and Sherman get into DJ's convertible Skylark.

56 EXT. OAT HILL ROAD - DAY

56

The Skylark cruises along the winding road. Pure nature out here. No buildings, people. Just the road.

57 EXT. OAT HILL ROAD/SKYLARK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

57

They are in mid-conversation.

SHERMAN

I think what's important here is we stay focused.

PALMER

Focused?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

SHERMAN

That's right. Now, while you were out fishing, I made a few adjustments to the schedule.

Sherman produces a paper.

PALMER

The schedule?

SHERMAN

A roadmap. Pun intended.  
(lead balloon)  
Anyway this is a list of--

PALMER

(takes schedule)  
Let's see.

SHERMAN

I took the liberty of skimming some of DJ's books--

PALMER

Good work here.

SHERMAN

Thanks-- Hey!

Palmer throws it out.

PALMER

Look, sport. I'm from the "get it done" school. I don't like to meet about it. Or meet about meeting about it. Then meet about what we met about. How 'bout we roll up our sleeves and get it done.

SHERMAN

Well, that's just fine, isn't it? It's called a game plan, Palmer. Strategy gets it done. Think, then do.

PALMER

I've been fine without a plan so far.

SHERMAN

Yeah, I see how well it's worked out for you at the Olympics.  
(off look)  
Okay, that was too far. And I'm sorry. It is an honor just to be on the team.

PALMER

You're damn right it is.

(CONTINUED)



57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

SHERMAN

But when I was running track, I had a very specific regimen. I was State Champion for two consecutive years.

PALMER

Well winning is as much mental as it is physical. Even more so.

SHERMAN

Telling yourself you're going to win, isn't going to make you win. You still have to prepare.

PALMER

It's all in the head.

SHERMAN

You're wrong.

58 EXT. OAT HILL ROAD - DAY

58

The Skylark is pulled off onto the shoulder. Sherman jogs in place, limbers up. Palmer looks down the road.

PALMER

Okay, that tree on the right. See it there?

It's about sixty yards away.

SHERMAN

Yep, yep.

PALMER

First one there says "plan or no plan." You wanna call it?

SHERMAN

Go ahead.

Sherman lines up with Palmer.

PALMER

Ready, set... go!

And they're off! Sherman sprints like hell, steaming forward, feeling comfortable... he looks back just as...

Palmer passes him in the Skylark. Sherman slows to a walk.

WIDER

As Sherman walks up to the Skylark parked in front of the tree. Palmer reaches over to open the passenger door. Sherman hops in without a word.

59 EXT. KELSEYVILLE - DAY 59

With its classic Main Street and turn-of-the-century brick buildings, Kelseyville has a quaint village atmosphere. But, it's not totally "small town," as there are a sprinkling of trendy cafes and art galleries. Some couples stroll, walk dogs. Plenty of cowboy hats.

60 EXT. KELSEYVILLE MAIN STREET - DAY 60

The Skylark is parked on the street, Palmer and Sherman talk on the curb.

PALMER

Okay, I borrowed a few bucks from DeeJ. Here's forty. Don't spend it all on stocks.

SHERMAN

I'll get it back. Plus interest, of course.

PALMER

I'm heading over to Stuey's Auto. There's a store there. They'll have shirts, bathroom stuff. I'll meet you at Studebaker's on the corner.

Palmer heads away. Sherman starts down Main.

61 INT. KELSEYVILLE DRUG - CONTINUOUS 61

Sherman enters the store. It's one of those places that has everything from tobacco to potting soil.

ADDY (O.S.)

Good morning.

Sherman turns to see--

ADDY, mid-20s, stands behind the counter. She's disarmingly attractive, with bright eyes. She wears simple clothes beneath her shop apron.

ADDY (CONT'D)

You're new in town.

SHERMAN

Um. Yeah. Just visiting really.

ADDY

I'm not the town slut, if that's what you're thinking.

SHERMAN

I wasn't. No, I.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

ADDY

I say good morning to everybody  
because that's good business.

SHERMAN

Okay. ... Um, do you have sundries?  
Um, sundries? Toothpaste, soaps.

ADDY

Aisle three.

SHERMAN

And uh shirts? Like t-shirts, do  
you have those?

ADDY

Oh did you mean textiles?

SHERMAN

Yeah... Tex-- Um yeah.

ADDY

Back wall.

62 INT. KELSEYVILLE DRUG - LATER

62

Sherman sets some shirts and toiletry items on the counter.  
Addy begins to ring up the items.

ADDY

Old Spice Deodorant?

SHERMAN

Yeah. What?

ADDY

Mm, more like "Old Man."

SHERMAN

Oh.

ADDY

Just noting the trend.

SHERMAN

Oh and a copy of the Times.

Addy pulls a paper from the rack behind her, sets it on the  
counter. The "Kelseyville Times and Review."

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

No, no. The Times. New York Times.

ADDY

Oh sorry, we stopped carrying that  
once we realized this isn't New York.

SHERMAN

Oh, um.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

ADDY

I'm sorry. Was that rude? Sorry.  
They say I do that as sort of a  
subconscious flirting or something.

Sherman puffs up.

SHERMAN

Really?

ADDY

It's total bullshit.

SHERMAN

Oh.

ADDY

Hi, I'm Addy.

SHERMAN

Sherman Bla--

ADDY

It's a defense mechanism. I'm  
uncomfortable with silence. And  
often, I don't have anything good to  
say. So you see my dilemma.

(off register)

That'll be Twenty-nine oh four.

Sherman hands her two twenties. Addy begins to counts out  
the change.

SHERMAN

Oh, here. I have a uh, nickel.

Sherman digs it out.

ADDY

Exact change isn't cool. No, you  
want the change. You'll jingle when  
you walk.

SHERMAN

Jingle?

ADDY

Shows you're not about the money.  
"Oo, wait, wait I have two cents."  
No, that's not cool. This way, when  
you enter a room, that jingle of  
coins will bring on memories of sleigh  
bells or jackpots. A lot of coins,  
that's cool.

Sherman considers.

63 EXT. KELSEYVILLE MAIN STREET - DAY

63

Palmer crosses the street toward the coffee shop. Sherman sees Palmer, jogs up carrying his bag of goods.

SHERMAN  
Hey. Good timing. Let's get out--

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Sherman heads toward the Skylark, Palmer starts into the coffee shop. Sherman turns after him.

64 INT. STUDEBAKERS - DAY

64

It's a cozy coffee shop/restaurant, oak decor, smalltown charming. Palmer sits at a table, Sherman stands. Sherman fidgets around, digging through his bag, looking out the window. A server approaches.

SERVER

Here you go. Coffee. Scone.

PALMER

Thank you. Oh, can I have a glass a water, please.

SERVER

Sure thing.  
(to Sherman)  
You don't want anything?

Sherman shakes his head no.

SHERMAN

You couldn't get that to go?

PALMER

Sherman. Easy. I'm hungry for a scone. So, I'm gonna eat a scone.

SHERMAN

Great.

The server returns with the water.

SERVER

One water.

PALMER

Oh, is this diet?

The server thinks a moment, then laughs before starting off. Sherman shakes his head.

SHERMAN

That's stupid. That's not funny.

PALMER

Sit, would you sit? Christ. What did you buy?

SHERMAN

Some t-shirts. Fifty-fifty blends. Deodorant... Old Spice.

PALMER

Yeah the selection isn't too hot over there.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

SHERMAN

I happen to like Old Spice.

PALMER

Oh, sure. So you met Addy. She working today?

SHERMAN

Addy? Yeah, I think that was her.

PALMER

Like you didn't notice.

(then)

She's the town slut, you know. Nah, I'm kidding. You should ask her out.

SHERMAN

Yeah, right.

PALMER

Well, if you're not attracted, you're not attracted.

SHERMAN

I'm not.

The server drops the check. Sherman grabs it.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I'll get this.

Sherman unloads a pocket full of change onto the table.

65 EXT. CABIN RV - CARPORT - DAY

65

The engine is on a stand. DJ pulls off the header. Palmer and Sherman are working on the body. Sherman has on one of his new t-shirts. A red one which reads: "I'm a Pepper." And we're in the--

ROADSTER WORK SEQUENCE 1

Palmer shows Sherman how to use a dent puller, slamming the weight hammer back. The dent pops out. Sherman nods, thinks he's got it.

DJ continues to break down the engine, pulling the camshaft out, setting it on the workbench.

Palmer removes a sideview mirror. Then the trim.

Sherman sands the fender with a block.

Bondo is blended with a squeegee.

Palmer spreads the Bondo over a dent. And another dent. And another dent.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Now, the sun has set. The carport is illuminated by a couple of worklights. The engine is pulled apart. The Roadster is rough sanded. And we--

END SEQUENCE.

66 EXT. CABIN RV - REAR DECK - NIGHT

66

Fish sizzle on the barbecue. The deck is inviting. There are small china lanterns hanging about for illumination. A clay Mexican chiminea adds to the warm glow.

DJ gives the fish a turn, then throws on some skewered veggies. Palmer sits at the teakwood table, feet up, smoking a cigar. He picks on a guitar. Sherman is also at the table. In front of him, several automotive books. He reads one of them, scribbles on a pad.

SHERMAN

I'm giving us an extra two hours on the rough sand and tack. We can start masking oh around noon. That's, say three hours... We can lay down the first primer coat.

(to DJ)

Do you have a...

(checks book)

An orbital sander?

DJ nods.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Okay, good. We could get to a second primer coat, ready to base coat first thing Thursday. Sound good? C'mon fellas, we can do this.

DJ brings over the fish.

DJ

Okay gents, bon appetite.

The presentation is top drawer. The fish is finished off nicely with grill marks, lying on banana leaves and dusted with fresh lemon zest.

SHERMAN

Smells incredible. You guys caught this?

DJ

Caught it, cleaned it, cooked it. And nicely finished off with a dollop of chili and tamarillo sauce.

DJ ladles on a touch of sauce.

DJ (CONT'D)

Dig in.

(CONTINUED)



66 CONTINUED:

66

Palmer begins. Sherman takes a bite.

SHERMAN  
Oh my god. This is fantastic.  
Delicious!

PALMER  
DJ was voted chef of the year by the  
PCC Board in '98.

SHERMAN  
You're kidding me. This is  
unbelievable. This reminds me of...  
This smoky... A French fusion place  
on Madison.

DJ burns a little.

DJ  
Chez Tuscana.

SHERMAN  
Yeah. That's right. Chez Tuscana.  
Chef, uh... Lucard. Jeff Lucard.

DJ  
Jean Lucard. A fry cook. Started  
on as my sous chef. Prick stole  
half my recipes when I went to study  
in Milan.

SHERMAN  
Pardon me but Lucard is renowned.  
He's considered a, a culinary genius.  
He stole your recipes?

DJ  
(Fired up)  
What the? What?! That hack wouldn't  
know a palm grater from a mandoline  
slicer without my say so!

SHERMAN  
Okay, alright.

DJ holds up a small condiment spoon and ramekin.

DJ  
Tarragon mustard?

67 EXT. CABIN RV - REAR DECK - NIGHT

67

A few empty wine bottles on the table. Everyone's more  
relaxed now, even Sherman-- who is feeling the wine.

SHERMAN  
Seriously. I'm serious, you need to  
open your own place.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
You're wasting your talent. You  
could make big dough.

DJ  
Success has its price. No, I cook  
for me and for my friends.

SHERMAN  
Franchising. Maybe some, um, books.  
For cooking and whatnot.

DJ  
Cookbooks.

SHERMAN  
Those too. Think big. Generational  
money. Move out of this shithole.  
Score y'self a mad babe.

DJ  
Check out Grand Master Shermmy Sherm.

SHERMAN  
Me, I'm no Brad Pitt. He's a good  
looking man.

Palmer and DJ shrug in agreement.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
You need that shit. Or money. I'm  
not that. So money. That breaks  
the ice.

Palmer pulls a hair from Sherman's head.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
Ow. What the hell, you fucker.

PALMER  
Easy, here.

Sherman places the hair on Sherman's upper chest/shoulder  
area.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
Here, look... See, now it's subtle...

SHERMAN  
What's this?

PALMER  
Your ice breaker. Say you're talking  
to a girl you just met. She sees  
the hair. Now most people wouldn't  
brush off a hair from someone they  
just met. It's a personal space  
thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

PALMER (CONT'D)

Unless-- unless she wants to get to know you. If she cares enough to take it off, she cares enough to give you the time of day.

Sherman dusts the hair from his shoulder.

SHERMAN

I think it'll be easier if I just pinned my bank book to my lapel.

Sherman laughs obnoxiously. He pours himself another glass of wine, unintentionally sharing some with the table top.

PALMER

It's not all about money.

SHERMAN

Well, like it or not, we need it. The more the better. Money equals freedom. The freedom to do what you want, when you want.

PALMER

I do what I want, when I want.

SHERMAN

Yeah? You think Bill Gates is doing body work on his car? Shit, he pays some dude to do it. The "sand in big circles." There's no Bondo under his manicured nails.

PALMER

Haven't you ever made a card for your mom with glitter and macaroni?

SHERMAN

Why would I do that?

Sherman jumps up on the table, pounds what was left in his glass.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Lookie here. You want to see how liberating money is? See my glass?

Sherman throws the glass into the deck, it shatters.

DJ

Hey! That was my glass!

SHERMAN

Oh, yeah. Well, here.

Sherman takes his watch off, hands it to DJ.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
That's Cartier, man. That's no dime  
store Rolex. Take it, man. It's  
yours.

DJ smiles, nodding. Palmer reigns in DJ, motions for him to  
hand over the watch. DJ does.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
That's what money does, baby. World  
turns on that shit. Turns and  
turning.

Sherman turns, spins, then falls off the table in a heap.

68 INT. CABIN RV - MORNING

68

Sherman stirs on the couch. We HEAR some whispered talking.  
Sherman slowly opens his eyes. A blurry figure before him,  
it's Palmer.

PALMER  
Sleep. We'll be back in a couple.

Palmer and DJ head out the back.

SHERMAN  
(weakly)  
... no.

Sherman struggles to rise. It's painful, his head pounding.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
... hang on. The schedule...

It's tough, but he manages to stand. He wraps a blanket  
around himself, heads out.

69 EXT. BOAT DOCK - MORNING

69

Palmer and DJ load the gear onto the bass boat. Sherman  
hurries down in his weakened state.

SHERMAN  
Hold up. Hang on. The schedule.

PALMER  
Look at you. You're wobbling more  
than a three legged horse on a...  
surface... that would make him...  
not stable. God I do suck at those.

DJ  
I been sayin'.

SHERMAN  
I'm fine. A little hang over. I'll  
get through it.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

PALMER  
You really want to work?

SHERMAN  
I do. I'll be... fine.

PALMER  
I do have a sure fire hangover cure.

DJ  
Yeah, that's not for everyone.

SHERMAN  
Whatever. Let's have it.

PALMER  
Okay.

On that, Palmer pushes Sherman into the lake. It's a big SPLASH! Palmer and DJ bust up laughing. They laugh it out, catch their breath. A few bubbles come up from the lake. But no Sherman. They exchange a look.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
Oh shit.

Palmer and DJ jump into the lake after Sherman.

70 EXT. BOAT DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

70

Sherman is splayed out on the dock. DJ paces nervously as Palmer administers CPR. Sherman coughs up the lake. Palmer and DJ take a collective breath of relief. Sherman comes to, rolls away from Palmer, on his hands and knees.

DJ  
Easy, take it easy.

SHERMAN  
(gasping, coughing)  
... You ... are... CRAZY! Shit!

PALMER  
Who doesn't know how to swim?

DJ  
I'm guessing him.

Sherman stands. Palmer tries to help him, Sherman pushes him off.

SHERMAN  
(to DJ)  
Can I get a ride to town?

DJ  
Yeah, sure.

Sherman starts up the stairs.

71 EXT. ROAD/SKYLARK - MOVING - DAY

71

Sherman still fumes, DJ drives. It's quiet for a bit.

DJ  
This's it, huh? You're packin' it  
in?

SHERMAN  
Yeah, my tendency is to draw the  
line at near death experiences.

DJ  
What happened to the whole "experience  
would develop you further as a person"  
thing?

SHERMAN  
Who fed you that load of crap?

DJ  
Well, you. But it was "dev-lop as a  
peoples," which I reinterpreted  
because you still had a little puke  
in your mouth.

SHERMAN  
Well, I'm lucid now. And I know the  
farther I get away from Palmer, the  
better. He's an asshole.

PALMER  
Hey, I'm right here.

Palmer's in the rear, his arms stretched out across the seat  
back.

SHERMAN  
No one's talking to you. Why are  
you even here?

PALMER  
I'm taking Sparky for his ride.

Sure enough, Sparky holds his head over the door into the  
breeze.

DJ  
Sherm, you're upset, maybe a little  
embarrassed...

SHERMAN  
No I'm pissed. I wasted time. I  
put my career on the line...

PALMER  
Career? You mean the one that mommy  
gave you?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

SHERMAN

I've worked very hard to get where I am.

PALMER

Hard?! I had to work hard. I didn't have a tenth what you had when I was a kid. And this isn't even about the money. We didn't have email. We wrote a letter with a pen, then walked it to the mailbox. If we had to look something up, we went to the library. There was no Google. And we couldn't just download porn. No, we had to pay some bum to buy porn for us at the liquor store.

DJ

Those were tough times.

SHERMAN

Spare me the forty miles through the snow speech. Everybody has problems.

PALMER

I guess running away is the answer.

The remark hits a chord with Sherman.

72 EXT. KELSEYVILLE MAIN STREET - DAY

72

Jewelry store, establishing.

73 INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

73

A jeweler looks at Sherman's Cartier through a loop. And it's now we get a good look at another of Sherman's new t-shirts which showcases a line art drawing of George Jefferson and the text: "Shut Up, Honky."

The jeweler looks up.

JEWELER

... Well, she's real alright.

SHERMAN

Of course it's real.

JEWELER

You know, we're not exactly in the pawn business here.

SHERMAN

I'm selling it outright.

JEWELER

We don't get much call for watches of this... style.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

JEWELER (CONT'D)  
Folk around here like pieces that  
are a might more rugged you know...

(CONTINUED)



73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

SHERMAN  
Make me an offer.

JEWELER  
I'll go twenty-eight hundred.

SHERMAN  
That's a nine thousand dollar watch.

The jeweler doesn't blink. Sherman takes the watch back.

CUT TO:

74 INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

74

Sherman sits across the desk from an agent. It's a small agency, 70s decor, one man show type of place. The agent types into a computer terminal, Sherman is on the telephone.

SHERMAN  
(into phone)  
... I know. I know. Mom-- Mother.  
I will. Fine. Okay, hold on.

Sherman gives the handset to the Agent.

AGENT  
... Mrs. Black? Yes, ma'am. Okay,  
will do. No, that's everything.  
Bye-bye.

The Agent hangs up.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
She wants to teach you a lesson.  
You have a layover. In Portland.

75 EXT. KELSEYVILLE MAIN STREET - DAY

75

Sherman exits the agency, puts his ticket in his pocket. He starts down the street, then stops--something caught his

eye. He looks into a window of an antique store. Addy is shopping.

He checks his reflection in the window, then starts for the door. Ah, but wait. He gives the block a scan, no onlookers. He pulls a hair from his head. He places it on his shoulder. And now, he walks into the store.

76 INT. ANTIQUE STORE - CONTINUOUS

76

Sherman steps in, pretending to look at some items on a table. Addy's not looking over. He maneuvers closer and closer. Now he's looking at items on the same table as Addy. Addy, absorbed in her browsing, continues right around Sherman.

This isn't working. Sherman grabs an old book, opens it, pretending to read.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

Addy is right down the aisle, he'll casually stroll into her. He starts down the aisle, nose in the book. As he gets close, Addy moves away, an OLDER WOMAN behind her. And THUMP, the older woman goes down.

SHERMAN  
(brightly)  
Oh, hey!  
(then, horrified)  
Oh no. Oh my God, I'm sorry.

A CLERK hurries over, tries to help her up.

CLERK  
Sir, please.

SHERMAN  
I am so sorry.

CLERK  
No, you're standing on her hand.

SHERMAN  
Oh Jesus! Sorry.

The clerk helps the woman up. Addy smiles, stepping over.

ADDY  
Hey... Um, Shep, um Sheldon?

SHERMAN  
Sherman.

ADDY  
Yes. Sherman.

SHERMAN  
Addy.

ADDY  
Yes, very good. So, are you antiquing today, or did you just stop by to body check some senior citizens?

SHERMAN  
I really wanted that teapot cozy.

Beat.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
Um, okay... I'm just. Okay I have to--

ADDY  
Oh... You have a.

Addy pulls the hair from Sherman's jacket.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

ADDY (CONT'D)

There we go.

SHERMAN

Would you... like to grab some coffee?

Addy considers, smiles.

ADDY

Sure.

77 INT. STUDEBAKERS - DAY

77

Sherman and Addy sit at a table.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

ADDY

... I've been there for about three months now. But I think it's time to move on. No, I don't like knowing people have athlete's foot or hemorrhoids. I'm really a painter.

SHERMAN

A painter? That's great. What kind of stuff? Landscapes? Portraits?

ADDY

Motorcycle tanks.

SHERMAN

Oh, that's. Motorcycle tanks?

ADDY

Sort of Royo-esque fantasy femme fatales. You know, chicks with tigers. Chicks with serpents. And of course, chicks with chicks. Standard fare.

A SERVER arrives.

SERVER

Hello, what can I get you?

ADDY

Cafe Latte, extra frothy.

SHERMAN

Coke please.

The server heads off.

ADDY

And what about you?

SHERMAN

I'm studying to be an attorney.

ADDY

Lawyer, huh? Why?

SHERMAN

Well, uh. "Why?"

ADDY

Yeah, why?

SHERMAN

Oh. Um. It's a good living. Being a lawyer. A great living.

ADDY

But you don't love it.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

SHERMAN

Well, sure. I love it.

ADDY

Then why didn't you say you loved  
it?

SHERMAN

I did. I just said it.

ADDY

Normally when I ask why someone does  
what they do they say "because I  
love art." Or "selling" or "numbers"  
or whatever. You know, that's like  
the first thing. Who knows why anyone  
does anything anyway. It's not like  
anyone really sets their sights on  
being the night manager at McDonald's.  
And yet, there they are.

The server returns.

SERVER

One latte. And one Coke.

SHERMAN

(smiling)

Oh, is this diet?

(small laugh)

Sherman looks to the others for a reaction, they're confused.

SERVER

Um, did you want diet? That's just  
regular Coke.

SHERMAN

I, uh. No, that was a. This is,  
this is fine.

78 EXT. KELSEYVILLE MAIN STREET - DAY

78

Sherman and Addy walk.

SHERMAN

Did you grow up here?

ADDY

No, Seattle. Until I was fifteen.  
Then to Stillwater, Oklahoma. After  
that, Chicago. Then the Carolinas.  
A short time in Marseilles.

SHERMAN

France?

ADDY

Oui.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

SHERMAN

Wow.

ADDY

So, then I wanted to check out California. Started in San Fran and now I'm here.

SHERMAN

Pardon me for asking... But how? I mean, you said you paint motorcycle tanks?

ADDY

Now. I was at the Brookfield Zoo. Worked under Dr. Breslin. Famous scientist guy. Anyway, once the baby rhinoceros was born the whole experience took a down turn for me. Oh I was exhibited once. Art you can taste. It was experimental. As you take in the painting, you're given a flavor strip. Very Willy Wonka. An attempt for art to merge two senses. It went well until some guy's throat seized up because he was allergic to peanuts.

SHERMAN

Really?

(muses)

Wouldn't mind taking that case to court...

(then)

I mean. If it wasn't you. Of course.

ADDY

Hey, I'm sorry about that law thing earlier. The law, that's cool. Big time. You know what it is is jealousy. I'm jealous 'cause I haven't found my thing.

SHERMAN

It's not painting?

ADDY

Maybe. But I think it's important to find something I like. Not something I'd like to like.

Sherman tries to understand.

ADDY (CONT'D)

The test is whether or not you'd do something if you weren't paid to do it.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

SHERMAN

Well, actually, isn't that the only reason anyone does anything?

Addy smiles. Then, she gives Sherman quick kiss on the lips. Sherman is stunned, but thrilled. She smiles, watching him for a moment.

ADDY

That didn't cost you a dime.

She starts walking again. Sherman hangs on the moment a beat, making it last. Then, he turns to catch up with her.

79 EXT. CABIN RV - DAY

79

Palmer and DJ come up from the dock, fishing gear in tow. When they reach the rise, they see Sherman sanding the Roadster in the carport.

PALMER

Hey! Look who's back.

DJ

Yo, Sherm.

DJ takes the gear and fish, heads into the cabin. Palmer heads into the carport.

SHERMAN

I think we're good with the rough sand. We might be ready to--

PALMER

Check this out.

Palmer pulls on a tarp on the wall, revealing a surfboard.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Nine-one, Apex Longboard.

SHERMAN

Wow, that's uh. Nice. We could primer this--

PALMER

Carbon fiber and Kevlar with an epoxy resin lam. Paddles like a longboard, turns like a shortboard. Freaky light and super fast.

Palmer walks the board over to the Skylark.

PALMER (CONT'D)

There's a swell after that storm in Panama. Head high at Bolinas.

SHERMAN

What?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

PALMER

We're goin' surfin'. I got my old stick, why don't you come.

SHERMAN

The car. The Roadster. We can still make it by Monday.

Palmer retrieves DJ's surfboard from the carport.

PALMER

Mm. Yeah. We thought you left. The money for the paint. I kind of spent it.

Palmer loads the board into the Skylark.

SHERMAN

You spent it?

PALMER

Carbon fiber's not cheap.  
(explains)  
We thought you took off.

SHERMAN

Your son. You still want to get this to him, right?

PALMER

I got a thing at the Donut Hole opening next month.

DJ comes over carrying a large Thermos and towels.

PALMER (CONT'D)

(to DJ)

You set?

DJ

Fresh brewed New Guinea Roast for the road. I can't find the suits.

PALMER

Yeah, under the... I'll get 'em.

Palmer heads into the cabin. DJ tosses the Thermos and towels into the Skylark.

DJ

You surf?

SHERMAN

Don't you guys want to get this done? His son... Isn't he graduating?

DJ

(small laugh)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)



79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

SHERMAN

What?

DJ

Palmer's son, Taylor. He graduated three years ago.

SHERMAN

I don't understand.

DJ

Well, you see him. The one thing you can count on is that you can't count on him.

SHERMAN

I know the type... But you. You're making it worse.

DJ turns on Sherman.

DJ

Hey. He'll be ready when he's ready. Do you know what it's like to carry the weight of a nation and have it all fall short. We're talking years of pressure and unfulfilled expectations. So, I ask for nothing, I don't criticize and I accept him for who he is. And that's why we're friends.

SHERMAN

Well, I don't think you're helping.

DJ

Helping him or helping you?

Sherman hangs on the remark as Palmer exits the cabin carrying the wetsuits.

PALMER

Only two wetsuits, sport. But you can skin it if you want.

SHERMAN

No, I'm. Maybe I better take off.

PALMER

Yeah, okay. You take care now.

DJ

Good luck, Sherman.

Palmer hops into the Skylark. The Skylark takes off, Sherman watches it go.

80 EXT. LAKE LANGTRY - DUSK 80

The setting sun sparkles off the lake.

81 EXT. DIRT ROAD/SKYLARK - MOVING - NIGHT 81

DJ drives as the Skylark takes a turn into the Cabin RV's dirt drive. The two drink coffee from travel cups.

PALMER

... Oh, this is good stuff.

DJ

The key is a manual drip right into the Thermos. Double paper and a gradual pour over an orange peel. Magic.

PALMER

Are you sure you aren't gay?

DJ

You do look sexy tonight.

PALMER

--What's going on?

82 EXT. CABIN RV - CARPORT - CONTINUOUS 82

The carport lights are on. Sherman is on a ladder, tacking up clear plastic sheeting around the carport. He stops, comes down to greet the Skylark.

SHERMAN

Hey guys. I finished the final sand, did some filler on some pin holes here and there. I figure we can lay down the base primer tomorrow first thing.

Palmer and DJ exit the Skylark. They walk around the Roadster.

DJ

Looking good, dude.

Palmer runs a hand along the Roadster's fender, scrutinizing. He gets in close, looking at the lines. He straightens up, offers a small nod.

PALMER

Yeah, beautiful. But I told you, I--

Sherman crosses to the workbench, taps on several gallons of paint.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

SHERMAN

Primer, base, candy-apple red and urethane clearcoat. I was gonna go lacquer, but urethane's better for...

DJ

(overlaps)

... Better for chip resistance.  
Good choice.

SHERMAN

Yeah, I returned a ticket-- That's not important. Look, we lost today, but if we prime tomorrow, base coat in the afternoon...

DJ

Clearcoat Saturday.

SHERMAN

Right, polish out Sunday morning.

Smiling, Sherman looks to Palmer for acknowledgement. DJ throws a look at Palmer: "It's your call." Palmer takes in a breath.

PALMER

We'll prime in the morning.

Palmer heads to the cabin. Sherman's happy, but confused by Palmer's lack of enthusiasm. DJ puts a hand on Sherman's shoulder.

DJ

Nice work.

Sherman is proud.

83 INT. CABIN RV - MORNING

83

Sherman stirs on the couch. He sits up, rubs the sleep from his eyes. He pours himself a coffee. He looks around, the place is empty. He looks out at the boat dock, no one there.

Sherman pulls on his pants, heads out the front door.

84 EXT. CABIN RV - MORNING

84

Sherman steps out, stops. He's surprised to see Palmer and DJ working in the carport. The two have finished tacking up the sheeting around the carport.

DJ continues work on the engine as Palmer mixes primer into a spray gun. Palmer sees Sherman.

PALMER

Good morning, sunshine. Just in time.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

And we're into the--

ROADSTER WORK SEQUENCE 2

Sherman masks the windshield with tape and paper.

Palmer takes a hit from his beer, then pours some beer into his hand for Sparky.

Palmer and Sherman, each with their own spray gun, apply primer to the Roadster.

Palmer, Sherman and DJ apply spot filler on the Roadster, some wet sanding.

DJ shows Sherman how to check the contours of the fender using a strip fluorescent light.

Sherman applies a coat of finish primer to the Roadster.

END SEQUENCE.

85 EXT. CABIN RV - REAR DECK - NIGHT

85

Sherman, wearing an apron, is at the grill with DJ. Palmer sits at the teak table.

DJ  
Dust the fish with the butter pepper.

Sherman bastes with a cooking brush.

PALMER  
So wait... This is Addy? The girl  
from the store?

DJ  
Kelseyville Drug?

SHERMAN  
Yeah.

DJ  
She is hot.

SHERMAN  
She's interesting, yeah.

DJ  
And hot. Don't forget hot.

PALMER  
We'll hit some bars next week.

DJ  
Thank you.  
(to Sherman)  
Okay, now, for a little show...

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

SHERMAN

Lemon.

Sherman squeezes a half lemon over the fish. It steams and sizzles.

PALMER

(to Sherman)

I thought she wasn't your type.

SHERMAN

We're just having fun.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

PALMER

Oh, I think you like her.

SHERMAN

She's nice.

PALMER

"Nice." It must be for serious.

DJ

You bringing flowers? Ladies love the flowers. And a liter of Captain Morgans.

PALMER

Okay, so what's the plan?

Sherman hands the basting brush to DJ, removes a small piece of paper from his pocket.

SHERMAN

Since you asked... Number one, I thought we'd take a stroll through the park in Lakeport. There's a fountain there. We'll make a wish, that's always romantic. I'm bringing a few quarters. She's big on change. That's a call back, gents. It'll create an endearing moment, to say the least. So, about eight, we'll hit Rikki Fin's. There's supposed to be dancing. Then, some coffee about ten at Espresso Yourself.

PALMER

Hm.

Palmer takes the paper, looks it over.

PALMER (CONT'D)

You got a problem here.

SHERMAN

What, where?

PALMER

You didn't leave yourself time to take a shit.

DJ

Hang on, he might be bringing diapers. Are you bringing diapers?

Sherman snaps the paper back.

SHERMAN

This is a guideline, really. I'll roll with the proverbial punches should the need arise.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

85

PALMER  
Sounds romantic.

SHERMAN  
Hey, this isn't my first date, you know. I'm quite capable of managing on my own. Now, who's going to drive me?

Palmer and DJ square off.

PALMER  
I'm evens.

They count off 1, 2, 3 in a game of odds and evens. DJ tosses the keys to Palmer.

86 EXT. KELSEYVILLE MAIN STREET - NIGHT

86

We're in front of The Saw Shop. A easel holds a framed poster introducing: "The Song Ja Watercolor Collection." Some patrons mill about in front of the entrance.

PALMER  
She's meeting you here?

SHERMAN  
Yeah, after the exhibit. Come on. I want to see it, so I can say I saw it.

87 INT. THE SAW SHOP - NIGHT

87

Close on an abstract watercolor painting. It's a wash of multiple colors, nothing particularly distinctive about it.

Palmer and Sherman stare at the painting.

SHERMAN  
(whispers)  
... Isn't this kind of weird?

PALMER  
No. I think it's expressive. An improvisation of color.  
(off pamphlet)  
This is called Picture Without Reason.

SHERMAN  
No I mean the fact that this place is a um, gallery slash restaurant.

WIDER NOW to see the painting hangs above a booth where a family of four are dining. Palmer and Sherman stand at the edge of their table. Sherman looks at the little boy in the booth, who opens his mouth to reveal tonight's dinner.

Palmer and Sherman move on.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

SHERMAN (CONT'D)  
DJ, you know... he said you were  
kind of a... big shot. In the  
Olympics.

PALMER  
The biggest shot on the block--  
Almost. But it didn't work out.

There's a beat as Sherman pretends to look at a painting.

SHERMAN  
(carefully)  
Well, your wife... Is that why she...  
left you?

PALMER  
No, I left her.

Sherman has another question, but Palmer walks on.

88 EXT. THE SAW SHOP - NIGHT

88

Palmer and Sherman are out front. The lights are clicked  
off from inside, the owner exits the gallery, locking up.

PALMER/SHERMAN  
Good night.

The owner heads off.

SHERMAN  
I can't believe I was stood up.

PALMER  
She'll show.

SHERMAN  
She said after the exhibit. It's  
after the exhibit. Let's get out of  
here.

PALMER  
Oh my god, are you kidding me? You've  
never been late?

SHERMAN  
(unthinkable)  
No.

PALMER  
Well, take it easy, junior. You  
know Addy grew up with a mom who was  
always rushing her. Her mom was a  
real pill if she wasn't ready on  
time. But that ain't all. It was  
the clothes she wore, the way she  
did her hair... She was always getting  
shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



88 CONTINUED:

88

PALMER (CONT'D)

So, Addy was good with most of the stuff, giving in. But the "on time" thing, this is where she took a stand. That's her quiet rebellion.

SHERMAN

Wow. Really?

PALMER

(too angry)

Hell, I don't know. But who cares? Time is a loose reference. A point on life's line. If you move it a little this way or that it shouldn't make a whole lot of fucking difference.

SHERMAN

Okay. Alright. We'll wait.

Sherman steps away, leans against the Skylark. Palmer cools down. It was an anger that he thought he let go a long time ago:

PALMER

I stopped watching when the difference between first and fourth turned out to be three hundredths of a second.

Sherman isn't sure how to respond, so for once, he decides to stay quiet.

ADDY (O.S.)

Hey!

Palmer and Sherman turn to see Addy approaching. She looks fantastic. Sherman beams.

SHERMAN

Addy, hi.

ADDY

Hi Sherman. Hey, Palmer. Do you two know each other?

SHERMAN

Well, I'm helping Palmer out. We're fixing up a car for his son. Body work. Manly stuff. Tune. That sort of thing.

ADDY

That's awesome. So, it looks like we got the fixin's for a three way.

Palmer and Sherman laugh, then awkwardly stop when their eyes meet.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2) 88

ADDY (CONT'D)  
Shall we?

89 EXT. STREET/SKYLARK - MOVING - NIGHT 89

Palmer drives. Addy is in the front seat. Sherman in the back.

ADDY  
I hope you don't mind, Sherman. I  
get car sick in the back.

SHERMAN  
(a bit bitter)  
Oh no. No problem.

ADDY  
You should come up front with us.

SHERMAN  
No, that's just silly.

PALMER  
He likes the back seat. It's a  
chauffeur, passenger thing. Come on  
Sherman, come up here.

SHERMAN  
I'm fine, thank you.

Addy pulls her coat around her neck.

ADDY  
Chilly tonight.

She scooches closer to Palmer, grabbing his arm. Sherman  
takes note.

90 EXT. STREET/SKYLARK - MOVING - NIGHT 90

Palmer, Sherman and Addy sit in the front seat of the Skylark.  
Addy is in the middle.

PALMER  
So what's the plan then?

SHERMAN  
Actually, we're going to the park in  
Lakeport. Stroll around. See what's  
what. I mean, if that's okay.

ADDY  
Oh, yeah. I love it there.

Sherman beams.

PALMER  
Okay then.

91 EXT. KELSEYVILLE PARK - NIGHT

91

It's a wonderfully moonlit night. The park lamps create warm pools of light on the footpaths. It's a charming scene worthy of Hallmark. Just what Sherman was hoping.

Sherman and Addy are walking together.

ADDY

We should go back and get Palmer.

SHERMAN

Oh, he's fine. This park is great.

ADDY

I love it. I come here so I can walk without thinking. I like to leave all my thoughts about work at work. Just wander.

SHERMAN

Me, I can't do that. My mind's always working. I just can't turn it off when I get home. Every night, I try to fall asleep, but new case law runs through my head. Precedents, arguments. ... Sometimes, sometimes I think if I pursued a dull career, I could leave the work at work.

ADDY

Maybe if you had an exciting home life, you could leave work at work.

Addy steps it up, crosses to a fountain.

ADDY (CONT'D)

Have you seen this? The Bially fountain. These are American Koi fish from Blue Ridge. The pond was specially built with a heater for winter.

Sherman rustles up some change from his pocket. He hands a couple of coins to a confused Addy.

SHERMAN

Here.

Sherman closes his eyes, makes a wish.

ADDY

What's this?

Sherman tosses a couple of quarters into the pond.

ADDY (CONT'D)

No!!

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

SHERMAN

What? What's wrong?

ADDY

The copper and nickel ions from pennies and quarters are toxic. That could kill the fish!

SHERMAN

A little iron in their diet might be good for them.

Lead balloon.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Uh.

92 EXT. KELSEYVILLE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

92

Sherman is in the fountain, pants rolled up his shoes and socks on fountain's edge. Addy watches, hopeful.

SHERMAN

Okay. Here... Here we go. Number two.

ADDY

Oh, thank god. There. Don't you feel much better?

SHERMAN

Much.

93 EXT. KELSEYVILLE PARK - NIGHT

93

Palmer is parked in the lot. He's sitting on the hood of the car, back against the windshield. He eats some Chinese from a take-out carton. A box of six longnecks at his side. Two are empty, he's working on a third.

Sherman and Addy approach. Palmer sits up.

PALMER

Hey, there we are. We all set?

ADDY

Can I have one of those?

Palmer hands Addy a beer, she takes a gulp. Palmer holds one out for Sherman.

SHERMAN

No, thank you. I was thinking of maybe heading over to Rikki Fin's for--

ADDY

God, not Rikki Fin's.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

SHERMAN  
(continuing)  
... Dancing and wine...

ADDY  
Is that Peking John's?

PALMER  
Hot and spicy shrimp.

ADDY  
Gimme.

Palmer hands it over, Addy digs in. She chopsticks a shrimp holds it out for Sherman.

ADDY (CONT'D)  
Mm. Try.

SHERMAN  
No, I.

ADDY  
(sing song)  
It's good.

SHERMAN  
Spicy food and me don't exactly mix.

Palmer lays down on the hood, mouth open.

PALMER  
Me, me.

Addy obliges, she places the shrimp in his mouth, but misses a bit. They laugh, she wipes the corner of his mouth with her finger. A real "couples" moment.

SHERMAN  
Yeah, I'll have a uh, shrimp. I'll have one.

Addy chopsticks another shrimp, feeds Sherman.

ADDY  
Good, huh? Have another.

Addy puts another in his mouth. He smiles, chews.

94 INT. SKYLARK - MOVING

94

Palmer drives, Addy in the middle, Sherman next to her.

PALMER  
... Oh, no, no. I'm too old for that now.  
The two women until five in the morning--I gave that up. Now it's five women until two in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

Addy laughs. She looks to Sherman for his reaction to find that Sherman is looking a little pallid.

ADDY  
Sherman? You alright?

SHERMAN  
... Yeah, sure. The shrimp. It,  
uh. I'll be fine.

95 EXT. LAKE LANGTRY - NIGHT

95

The moonlight dances on the lake. The Skylark is parked near the shore, near the warm glow of a campfire.

96 EXT. LAKE LANGTRY - CONTINUOUS

96

The three sit around a small campfire on the beach. Addy sits between the two, but noticeably closer to Palmer. Sherman looks a little better now.

ADDY  
... And for that, you're taking him  
to L.A.?

PALMER  
What can I say, I'm a giver.

Addy wraps an arm around Palmer's arm.

ADDY  
You're always helping out, aren't  
you?

SHERMAN  
You know, sanding a car, that's no  
easy task. It requires a bit of an  
artistic touch.  
(flexes a bit)  
And lats.

ADDY  
I have to find a bathroom. Don't go  
anywhere.

Addy heads away.

PALMER  
You're blowin' it. Time to put the  
hormones in gear, chief. You feeling  
better?

SHERMAN  
Yeah, yeah. Just needed some time.  
(deep breath)  
I'm okay.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

PALMER

Okay, when she comes back, I'll  
casually wander into the woods, open  
it up for you.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

SHERMAN

(scoff)  
Oh, yeah.

PALMER

Oh yeah, oh yeah. You're lucky I got the burners on low. Because it doesn't take much for me to get the water boiling.

SHERMAN

I hardly think she's in the market for a grandfather figure.

PALMER

Let's see the softer side of Sherman here. For starters, enough about yourself, okay? If you spin one more Yale tale I'm going to bitch slap you back to New Haven.

SHERMAN

Are you kidding? Highest GPA of all matriculated undergrads. That shit is gold.

PALMER

Are you kidding? That works if you're trying to get laid at a convention of girls who... are you know nerdy. And nerd-like. Dammit!

SHERMAN

You do suck at that.

PALMER

Mensa, maybe? Mensa girls? Too obscure? Nevermind, look, talk about nature. The beauty of nature. Try this... um, "It's unlike friendship or love. It's its own reward. You don't have to search for it, or work at it. It asks nothing, expects nothing. All it wants is to be appreciated." She'll melt.

SHERMAN

Oh, please.

PALMER

Now that's gold. Girls are into the sensitive type. Trust me.

SHERMAN

We'll see. Okay, so when she gets back, you're gonna take a stroll.

PALMER

Oh yeah, no problem.

(CONTINUED)



96 CONTINUED: (3)

96

Addy returns.

ADDY  
Okay, who's up for a dip?

Addy starts to undress, heading for the lake.

PALMER  
I'm in.

Palmer undresses. Addy jumps into the lake. Sherman tries desperately not to stare as she runs into the water.

SHERMAN  
What are you doing?

PALMER  
Are you kidding? I always liked the shy girls. Come on. It's shallow. Like four feet.

SHERMAN  
But.

PALMER  
What, you never showered in gym? Same thing. Only throw in a naked woman.

Palmer runs, dives into the lake. Addy splashes him.

ADDY  
Sherman! Come in! Come on!

Sherman looks around. He undresses. He folds his pants, folds his shirt. Then a deep breath and down come the boxers. He sprints for the water. And he splashes in.

SHERMAN  
Woo! Cold!

ADDY  
Feels great, huh? Refreshing!

PALMER  
Incredible.

SHERMAN  
Well, cold. But it's cool!

Palmer splashes Sherman. Sherman splashes back. There's a little splashing fun. Then Addy dives down into the lake, giving us a quick glimpse at her perky bottom.

PALMER  
Whoa. Full moon.  
(quickly)  
This is it. Come on. Beauty of nature. It's own reward--

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (4)

96

Addy surfaces.

ADDY

I love it out here.

Palmer nods at Sherman, prompting.

SHERMAN

I've never done this. Skinny dipping.  
This is skinny dipping, isn't it?

ADDY

Doesn't get any skinnier.

Addy twirls in the water. Palmer nods at Sherman, Sherman shakes his head "no."

PALMER

Yeah, this lake is something. You missed it, but Sherman here said something really beautiful. What was it? Something about the beauty of nature. Unlike love or what?

SHERMAN

It was nothing.

ADDY

Tell me.

PALMER

Tell her.

SHERMAN

... Well, just that uh, beauty of nature is unlike love or friendship, it uh, has its own reward.

Addy is captured for the moment.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

You don't have to uh, search for it, or work at it. Because it asks nothing and expects nothing. And um this lake, the moonlight... All that's required... is that we appreciate it.

Addy melts. Sherman smiles softly. It's a quiet connection between the two. Palmer is pleased. This placid moment is interrupted by a bubbles of gas POPPING UP in front of Sherman. Yep, he farted.

Sherman is mortified, holding composure. Palmer and Addy stay serious for a beat. Their lips starting to curl now, trying like hell not to laugh. Then an explosion of LAUGHTER AND HOWLING.

97 EXT. MOUNTAIN VIEW APARTMENTS - NIGHT

97

The Skylark is stopped on the curb. Palmer is in the driver's seat, Sherman next to him. Addy stands outside the vehicle on the driver's side. Sherman is avoiding eye contact.

ADDY

Thanks guys, that was a blast. Hey, we should check out the sunflower crops tomorrow. They're beautiful this time--

SHERMAN

Can't do it. Have to finish up the Roadster. Sorry. Thanks.

PALMER

Maybe later, when we're done.

ADDY

Okay then. Bye for now. Bye Sherman.

SHERMAN

Okay bye bye.

Addy heads off.

98 EXT. STREET/SKYLARK - MOVING - LATER

98

Palmer drives. He looks over at Sherman, who is fixated on the road ahead.

PALMER

Well, that was fun. She's nice.

Sherman continues to stare at the road.

PALMER (CONT'D)

I think she likes you.

Sherman blinks, piqued a little.

PALMER (CONT'D)

She mentioned something to me when you were dressing.

Sherman waits to hear the finish. Palmer waits him out.

SHERMAN

What? What did she say?

PALMER

She said you were a gas.

SHERMAN

You're a prick.

PALMER

What?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

SHERMAN

You should've given me more space.

PALMER

Come on. I was trying to help you out.

Sherman's not angry, just plain sad.

SHERMAN

Well, you made an ass out of me.  
And you embarrassed me.

PALMER

I think you embarrassed yourself  
when you blew the ballast tanks.Palmer smiles but notes Sherman's demoralized expression.  
The kid's really bummed. Palmer's feels the guilt, turns  
his attention back to the road.

99 EXT. STREET/SKYLARK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

99

It disappears into the hillsides of Lake Langtry.

100 EXT. CABIN RV - CARPORT - DAY

100

ROADSTER REPAIR SEQUENCE 3

A sprayer lays down a base coat of cherry red.

Palmer and Sherman spray the Roadster, each working on  
opposite sides of the car.

DJ places the header cover onto the engine.

Sherman and DJ work on the engine, last tweaks and tightens.

Palmer, Sherman and DJ carefully lower the engine into the  
Roadster.

Palmer polishes out the trunk with an orbital buffer.

Sherman removes the masking from the windshield.

And the SEQUENCE ENDS as Sherman and DJ push the Roadster  
out of the carport, Palmer's in the driver's seat. Palmer  
stops the Roadster in the driveway. Sherman and DJ walk  
around the car, admiring the new paint. Sherman gives a  
spot a rub.

DJ

Fuckin beautiful, man.

SHERMAN

It's awesome.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

PALMER  
(smiles broadly)  
Well?

DJ gives him a nod. Palmer wipes his hand dry on his jeans, gets a grip on the Roadster's key. He turns it. Nothing.

Sherman and DJ watch, confused.

DJ  
The battery. Forgot the leads. Pop it.

DJ is in the hood, he connects cable to terminal. Unseen by DJ there is a small black box in the engine compartment. After he connects the lead, a small LED LIGHT on the box begins to FLASH GREEN.

DJ closes the hood, takes his position next to Sherman again.

DJ (CONT'D)  
Okay. Try it now.

Palmer turns the car over. It ROARS to life, throaty, clean. They CHEER, high five, etc. Palmer gives the Roadster some gas, IT REVS and REVS.

PALMER  
How about a test drive?

DJ extends an arm, offering Sherman the first go round. Sherman happily obliges.

101 EXT. OAT HILL ROAD - DAY

101

Some great winding roads out here. The Roadster zooms around a bend, pulling up leaves.

102 EXT. OAT HILL ROAD/ROADSTER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

102

Sherman holds his hands above his head, a la rollercoaster. He WHOOPS and HOLLERS. Palmer watches him, smiles.

THE ROADSTER

pulls to the side of the road. Palmer gets out, crosses around to the passenger's side.

PALMER  
(holds out keys)  
Here.

SHERMAN  
I don't know...

PALMER  
It's nothing. Move over.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

Sherman does. He's nervous, but excited. He takes the keys from Palmer.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Third pedal there, that's the clutch. Push that in. Here's first. Here's second, third, fourth then fifth. Clutch in to shift, then ease it out while you give it some juice.

SHERMAN

Okay.

Sherman takes a breath, turns the car over. He WHOOPS again. The Roadster lurches... And lurches. Sherman is thrilled.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

SWEET!

PALMER

Looking good!

THE ROADSTER

lurches forward, scoots, skids... and is off.

103 EXT. ROAD/ROADSTER - MOVING - LATER

103

Palmer offers instruction to the attentive Sherman, who nods along. Sherman smiles broadly, pulling the shifter into third.

THE ROADSTER

Zooms around a bend. They're moving pretty quickly now.

Sherman can't contain himself, he HOWLS, the wind whipping his hair back. Palmer can't help but enjoy Sherman's enjoyment.

104 EXT. CABIN RV - LATER

104

Palmer pulls the Roadster up to the cabin, Sherman in the passenger's seat.

PALMER

So, what's up with Addy?

SHERMAN

What? Nothing. What?

PALMER

She didn't say anything, but I did get the feeling she, you know, might think you're an okay guy.

SHERMAN

Yeah? Well... I'm from there, she's from here. Where's it going to go?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

PALMER

Maybe nowhere. Maybe somewhere.  
And if you're lucky, maybe somewhere  
great.

SHERMAN

I don't know.

PALMER

Sometimes life has it's own plan.  
If you map out your little universe  
you're painting in what you believe  
to be your hopes, dreams, desires...  
Anything outside that universe becomes  
too scary or different than what you  
think your life is supposed to be.  
You're leaving no room for  
possibility. But it's possibility...  
That's where you're going to find  
some of the greatest moments of your  
life.

Something behind Palmer catches Sherman's eye. Before Palmer has a chance to turn, he is YANKED OUT of the Roadster.

A BIG DUDE, sporting forearm tats and foo man choo mustache, holds Palmer by the collar, pressing against the door of the Roadster.

SHERMAN

Hey!

Sherman jumps out as the big dude gives a WHISTLE through his teeth. Palmer holds a hand up, keeping Sherman back.

PALMER

Hey there. Can I help you with something?

An OLD TOW TRUCK turns onto the cabin's driveway, heading in.

BIG DUDE

Nice paint.

The tow truck pulls up, stops. ANOTHER MAN gets out of the truck's cab, toting a clipboard.

PALMER

You fellas looking for something?

Sherman's nervous.

SECOND MAN

Not anymore.

PALMER

Look, I don't know what you think--

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

BIG DUDE

The vehicle has a GPS tracker you dumb ass.

SHERMAN

What's is this?

SECOND MAN

Yeah, you fell off the radar for a few days there, but it's always a matter of time, isn't it? Now are you gonna hand me the keys or is he going to have to shake them outta you?

PALMER

Okay, big man. You might be able to kick my ass. But you're gonna have to do it.

BIG DUDE

Huh?

SHERMAN

Yeah, I'm not following.

PALMER

It sounded so much more menacing in my head.

On that, Palmer raises a knee into the Big Dude's crotch. The Big Dude recoils, but doesn't go down. He throws a fist into Palmer's chest, knocking Palmer into the Roadster. Sherman runs around to help, but is held back by the second man.

SECOND MAN

Easy kid or you're next. Getting your ass kicked isn't as fun as it looks.

The Big Dude yanks Palmer out of the Roadster again. He pulls his massive fist back, ready to do some damage when we hear a LOUD BANG! A gunshot.

DJ heads over, his .44 Magnum still smoking.

DJ

How are you doing, Palmer?

PALMER

Internal bleeding maybe, nothing serious.

The Big Dude releases Palmer, who drops to his knees. Sherman rushes over to help him up. They cross toward DJ.

SECOND MAN

Take it easy man, this car's a repo.

(CONTINUED)



104 CONTINUED: (3)

104

DJ  
You forget to pay your bills?

SECOND MAN  
He stole it.

DJ  
Hey, shut up.  
(to Palmer)  
What's going on?

PALMER  
This is the thing from the dealership.  
Only he balked.

DJ  
And you helped yourself.

SHERMAN  
You stole it?

PALMER  
It's mine.

DJ  
Well, what do you want to do?

SECOND MAN  
Hey, you're lucky this is just a  
repo. But if we have to come back,  
it'll be with the cops.

Palmer considers, drops his head, nodding. He digs for the  
keys, then throws them at the Big Dude.

DJ  
Now get the fuck outta here.

105 EXT. CABIN RV - REAR DECK

105

DJ helps Palmer into a chair. He is dinged up, but more  
sore than damaged.

PALMER  
Fuckin' GPS. Can you believe that  
shit?

SHERMAN  
I can't believe you stole that car.  
You know that makes me an accessory  
after the fact. You know we are  
lucky they didn't call the police.  
They could still call the police.

DJ  
Crisis averted, relax.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

SHERMAN

You're in this too, DJ. Neck deep.  
You're an accessory too. That's a  
five year stretch.

DJ

Three years.

Palmer gives a look to DJ.

DJ (CONT'D)

Is that a stone? Are you throwing a  
stone with that look?

PALMER

Yeah, alright.

DJ

I'm going to go into town for some  
ice. What else you need?

PALMER

You don't have ice?

DJ

Yeah, but I'm outta beer. The ice  
sounded less insensitive.

PALMER

Just the ice is fine.

DJ heads out. Sherman has a seat at the table.

SHERMAN

Why did you steal it?

PALMER

Have you ever done something that  
you knew was wrong and yet you did  
it anyway?

SHERMAN

I came out to California.

PALMER

Because you cared about something.

SHERMAN

What I did was stupid. What you did  
is illegal. I knew you were reckless,  
but this. This is reprehensible.

PALMER

I'm real broken up about shattering  
your image of me.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

SHERMAN

Well, I gathered that you really don't give a damn about what others think.

PALMER

Why should I?

SHERMAN

Because maybe then you would've come out ahead.

PALMER

I think I did pretty well.

SHERMAN

Well enough for fourth.

PALMER

Hey watch it. I was happy doing what I was doing. I wasn't defined by the winning. I enjoyed the game. The sport. And that's always been enough for me.

SHERMAN

Oh, I'm sure you had a grand old time at the games. Pretty great parties there I hear. I'm sure you fit right in.

PALMER

Excuse me?

Sherman stands, crossing around to Palmer.

SHERMAN

Come on, Palmer. I see how you are. You were just good enough to go to the show. You didn't want to put in the extra effort it takes to get on the podium. This whole "enjoyed the game" shit is just an excuse to lose.

PALMER

(burning)

You don't know what the hell you're talking about.

SHERMAN

I know that if you didn't care enough to give your best and do your best... Well, you didn't care, so you shouldn't be surprised to find out that nobody else cares either.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

105

PALMER

(explodes)

I did care! I gave a hundred and ten fucking percent! I gave and gave and lost my goddamn family you shithead!

Sherman moves into Palmer, confronting.

SHERMAN

And you're still giving up on them!

PALMER

I swear to god--

SHERMAN

You didn't think they'd track down that car?!

PALMER

No! Shit no!

Palmer's getting rattled, with a small slip/concession as Sherman continues applying pressure.

PALMER (CONT'D)

... Maybe. I don't know! I didn't think--

SHERMAN

You're hiding. That's just another way out.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

You don't care about shit!

Palmer is on his feet yanking Sherman in by the collar.

PALMER

I WANTED THAT GODDAMN GOLD!

Palmer is breathing hard now, Sherman is white with fear. Palmer lets air in and out of his mouth. His eyes are burning, glassy.

Palmer releases Sherman, confronting the suppressed thought. He falls back onto his chair, but misses, landing on the deck. Sherman catches his breath, witnessing a Palmer he's never seen before. A man demoralized, frightened of the truth he put behind him:

PALMER (CONT'D)

Oh, god, I cared about that gold. I wanted to bring home the gold.

(weakening)

I was a World Cup finalist. Of course I wanted to win. I wanted it for my family. They sacrificed. My son, he sacrificed. And he waited for his dad to step up. He was holding a hug for me. That hug that says "you did it."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (4)

105

PALMER (CONT'D)

I wanted to show him it was worth it. The time away would pay off, I wanted him to be proud. So I trained. And I trained some more. It was media hype followed by "another disappointing performance" and "once again, there'll be no podium for the Bomber." I never got to collect that hug. I had a choice to make... between my family or my career.

(breaks)

I chose my career. ... I was the goddamn Bomber. I wanted that medal. A fucking medal.

Palmer is spent, propped up by the deck's railing. He looks up to Sherman now, catching his breath.

PALMER (CONT'D)

... I'm sorry I couldn't get you to your interview.

SHERMAN

Were you ever going to give him the Roadster?

PALMER

It's been too long.

SHERMAN

You don't know that.

PALMER

It's a pretty good guess.

SHERMAN

Pardon me, but uh... Where is it that-- you'll find some of life's greatest moments?

Palmer looks out over the lake, then breathes out a little guarded hope.

PALMER

I guess anything's "possible."

Sherman smiles.

106 EXT. LAKE LANGTRY - DAWN

106

A new sun rises over the lake.

106A EXT. BOAT DOCK - MORNING

106A

Sherman is on the boat dock, fishing rod in hand. He tries to cast a line, the lure slams into the dock. DJ approaches.

(CONTINUED)

106A CONTINUED:

106A

DJ  
So, you all set?

SHERMAN  
Yeah.

DJ  
We got about an hour to kill, Palmer's  
checking Spark in at the pet motel.

SHERMAN  
... So why the Roadster?

DJ thinks on this a moment.

DJ  
See this?

DJ pulls a thin leather strap necklace from around his neck.  
On the strap, a ring.

DJ (CONT'D)  
My granddad's. My grandmother gave  
this to me when he passed. It was  
his granddad's before him. New stuff,  
that's cool. But nothing's as cool  
as something that's been treasured  
by generations. It's the kind of  
stuff that creates an emotional hold.  
A connection. ... That was the  
Roadster. Palmer had one, it was  
his first car. He's talked about  
passing that torch for years. But I  
tell ya, he was closer there than I  
ever thought he'd be. So next time  
maybe.

DJ starts up the steps.

DJ (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'll be up top, I gotta season  
a new skillet.

Sherman watches him go, looks over the lake.

107 EXT. CABIN RV - MORNING

107

Palmer throws his duffel into the back seat of the Skylark  
as Sherman exits the cabin with DJ.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

DJ  
You guys all set?

PALMER  
Thanks for loaning us the wheels.

Sherman puts his carry-on in the car as DJ retrieves his surfboard from the carport.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
And where are you going?

DJ  
You guys are going south, right?  
It's crankin' at Pebble. Thought  
I'd pull in a few sets and crash at  
Henry's.

DJ wedges his board in the back seat.

PALMER  
Aw, you shit. You couldn't wait?

DJ  
Would you?

PALMER  
Get in.

SHERMAN  
Alright, let's go.

108 EXT. STREET - DAY

108

DJ drives, Palmer in the passenger's seat, Sherman in the rear. They are driving through the city of Napa.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

The Skylark pulls to the curb.

DJ  
Okay, this's it.

PALMER  
What's up?

SHERMAN  
We gotta pick up something.

DJ and Sherman jump out of the Skylark as Palmer looks around to see we are--

109 EXT. CAR-PORIUM - DAY

109

DJ is in the trunk, removing some tools.

PALMER  
What the hell are you guys doing?

DJ  
Come on, come on.

And Sherman sneaks over toward the lot, hides behind a car on the perimeter. DJ creeps up behind him.

SHERMAN  
There it is.

The Roadster sits on the lot, maybe four or five cars away from the showroom entrance. Palmer comes up behind DJ.

PALMER  
(realizing)  
Hey, no. Are you guys fucking crazy?

SHERMAN  
We worked it out last night. DJ's gonna disable the GPS.

(CONTINUED)



109 CONTINUED:

109

DJ

It's either in the trunk or the engine compartment. Snip, snip.

SHERMAN

I'm gonna run point, talk to those sales guys over there. I'll try to pull them toward that truck.

PALMER

Hold on, now.

SHERMAN

So while DJ disables the GPS, you gotta hotwire from the under the dash.

(to DJ)

Is that right?

DJ

That's the plan.

SHERMAN

Okay let's keep it tight, we'll take it on the lamb and rendezvous on Baker just past Glenn.

PALMER

Take it on the lamb?

SHERMAN

Let's go, let's go.

Sherman and DJ move into the lot.

PALMER

Jesus, what the.

Palmer looks around nervously. He watches DJ sneak up on the Roadster. Sherman waves to the salesman.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Shit.

Palmer hurries onto the lot. Sherman guides the salesman over to the truck, asking about its interior.

DJ pops the trunk of the Roadster. He runs a hand around the compartment. No GPS in here.

Palmer looks over his shoulder, walks around the Roadster as DJ closes the trunk.

DJ opens the hood.

Palmer gets into the Roadster. He reaches under the dash, yanking out a bunch of wires.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

The sales manager takes note of DJ under the hood of the Roadster.

Sherman notices the sales manager watching DJ and Palmer.

DJ scans the compartment. He brings a wrench down on the GPS box, cracking open the casing. He cuts some wires, the unit dies.

Palmer quickly clips and strips two wires, brushing them together. The car tries to turn over.

DJ closes the hood as the sales manager exits the office.

Sherman leaves the salesman, runs for the Roadster in a panic.

The Roadster ROARS to life.

SHERMAN  
Code red! Code red! Let's go, let's  
go, let's go!

Palmer slams the Roadster into gear, pulling it out of it's stall.

SALES MANAGER  
What are you guys doing?!

Sherman dives into the Roadster and Palmer jams the pedal to the floor.

SHERMAN  
That'll teach you to mess with the  
Bomber!

Sherman moons the Sales Manager as the Roadster screams out of the lot. Disappearing around the corner. DJ walks up to the Sales Manager.

SALES MANAGER  
What the hell was that?

DJ  
Long story. Okay, you got some  
paperwork for me?

SALES MANAGER  
... Yeah. Come on.

And DJ follows the Sales Manager into the showroom.

110 EXT. STREET/ROADSTER - MOVING - DAY

110

The Roadster zooms through the city.

SHERMAN  
Did you see the look on his face?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

PALMER

Did DJ get out? What happened to  
Deej?

SHERMAN

I'm not sure.

PALMER

We gotta go back.

SHERMAN

He knew the risk.

PALMER

No this is. They know who I am.  
No. You guys are cracked. I  
shouldn't have done it.

SHERMAN

With or without you, we were taking  
this car.

PALMER

Like you know how to hotwire a car.

SHERMAN

No, I would've used the key.

Sherman holds up a set of keys on a dealer key chain. Palmer  
pulls the Roadster off the road, stops.

PALMER

What is that?

SHERMAN

I bought it. Last night, I bought  
it.

Palmer's confused.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I sold my watch.  
(re: keys)  
Here.

Palmer smiles a little, wraps his hands on the wheel, giving  
it a squeeze.

PALMER

I can't. No, I can't take this.

SHERMAN

Yeah, you can. I want you to have  
it. It's payment. Consider it room  
and board for the week.

PALMER

Your watch...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

SHERMAN  
I have two more at home.

PALMER  
Yeah, I can take this.

Palmer takes the keys. Palmer starts the Roadster.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
So that's your idea of fun, huh?

SHERMAN  
It is now.

The Roadster starts away.

DISSOLVE TO:

111 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

111

The Roadster on the 101 Freeway South.

112 EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

112

Palmer pumps gas into the Roadster. Sherman's away from the car, taking in the Los Angeles skyline.

PALMER  
What you need is a joke. Loosen 'em up. I got it. Oo, this is a good one. Wait. This guy you're meeting with... He's not a Polack, is he?

SHERMAN  
I'm not going.

PALMER  
What are you talkin' about?

SHERMAN  
... You know those black iPods, the ones with video. I pre-ordered, 60 gigs, remote, it's slick. I've had it for awhile, but it's still in the box. Never even opened it.

PALMER  
Yeah?

SHERMAN  
I liked the idea of saying I have one.

PALMER  
You don't want to be a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

SHERMAN

I just want to make sure it's not something I'd like to like.

Palmer nods, Sherman smiles.

PALMER

So now what?

113 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - WESTWOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

113

Palmer and Sherman stand on the sidewalk in front of the apartment complex, looking up at the building.

PALMER

I think it's this, 3592. It might be 3295. No, I think this is it.

SHERMAN

There is a sure fire way to find out.

PALMER

The Roadster was a bad choice. I should've gone Porsche. I mean, Porsche, you know. That has wound healing possibilities.

SHERMAN

He'll be glad to see you.

PALMER

No, I've played this all in my head before. It always goes badly. No, I'm not even sure this is the building.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Hey.

Palmer and Sherman turn. Taylor, 26, handsome... A younger version of Palmer stands behind them carrying a backpack. Palmer is caught off guard, his mouth goes dry.

PALMER

Hey.

He takes a step toward Taylor. There is an awkward moment as Palmer gets close enough for a hug, but Taylor doesn't budge. Palmer steps back a bit. Note: Taylor is coolish, but not mean, there is a small sadness behind his eyes.

Sherman wanders away, allowing some space.

TAYLOR

What's up?

PALMER

Been a long time.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

TAYLOR

Yeah, what's up?

PALMER

I, uh. Look, I uh. Picked up that Roadster there. Just finished restoring the. Anyway, that's for you. That's for your graduation there. A gift.

Taylor gives the car a cursory glance.

TAYLOR

I'd rather not take that.

(pause)

What have you been up to?

PALMER

Oh. Um. I've been doing--

TAYLOR

You know what... Sorry. I really don't care to know. I don't know why I asked.

Palmer is destroyed.

PALMER

... Okay, um. I should get going.

Taylor nods. Palmer reaches to pat Taylor on the shoulder, but pulls his hand away. He moves past Taylor getting into the Roadster. Taylor turns, watching Palmer. He is sad, conflicted. He starts to speak, but refrains. He starts into the apartment building.

Sherman returns to the Roadster, getting in. He gives Palmer a long look. Palmer is deeply wounded, staring forward at nothing in particular. Sherman is sad, his friend is hurt.

Palmer starts the Roadster, pulling away from the curb.

114 EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DUSK

114

The Roadster is parked in a lot at the beachline, next to the pier. Palmer and Sherman sit in the sand in front of the Roadster. Palmer stares out over the ocean, eyes glassy. There's a long stretch of silence, then:

SHERMAN

It could've been worse.

Palmer gives Sherman a glance.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

He could've taken the car, we'd be thumbing it.

Small smile from Palmer.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

PALMER

... It plays out much worse in real life.

SHERMAN

Do you love him?

PALMER

Of course.

SHERMAN

Then he'll know in time. You let him down. You know what he counts on now? That he can't count on you. So, you'll have to show up again so he can shut the door on you again. Then you'll do it *again*. And *again* and *again*. Show him you can follow through and make him believe that you give a damn. And then, maybe one day he won't shut the door.

PALMER

And if he still shuts it?

SHERMAN

Then you let him. ... My dad, he didn't die. He left when I was three. He used to show up for birthdays until I was seven. When I was eight, I got a card in the mail. Then, nothing. I never knew why he left... but I did think about all the things I missed out on because he left. I tell myself that I'm fine without him... But still, I always wonder how different I'd be if he was around. I wonder what he would've taught me. And there's probably some stuff he could still teach me. Everyone has something to offer. --If they care enough to share it. So maybe Taylor, he might feel the same. But I gotta be honest, if my dad turned up... I'd slam the door on him too. A couple of times probably. Call it a test of sincerity. ... Do you *really* love him?

Palmer nods.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Then prove it.

Palmer nods with a sincere appreciation. He wraps an arm around Sherman.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

... And maybe then you can move past the blame and onto the road of harmony and healing.

Palmer reacts, finding the remark a bit forced.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Too much?

PALMER

Yeah, too much.

Palmer smiles, then laughs. Sherman joins the laughter.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here.

He stands, dusting off the sand.

PALMER (CONT'D)

So you heading back to New York?

SHERMAN

Not just yet.

Sherman stands. The two cross back to the Roadster.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Addy and I, we're going to a movie tomorrow night.

PALMER

You're shitting me.

SHERMAN

Nope.

PALMER

So what are we going to see?

SHERMAN

If by "we" you mean "not you," then I'm open to discussing the available choices. And maybe you'll let me borrow the car?

PALMER

Or you could take your car.

Sherman looks at Palmer, confused. Palmer tosses the Roadster's keys to Sherman.

SHERMAN

This's for Taylor.

PALMER

I had my eye on a '87 Porsche 911. Needs some body work...

(CONTINUED)



114 CONTINUED: (3) 114

SHERMAN  
I could help you with that.

115 EXT. PCH - SUNSET 115

Sherman navigates the Roadster out of the parking lot with a couple of lurches, heading north on the Pacific Coast Highway.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 EXT. LAKE LANGTRY - DAY 116

A beautifully day on the lake. DJ casts a line from the bass boat, Sparky at his feet.

ADDY (O.S.)  
Kick, kick, kick!

We hear splashing and we go:

WIDER NOW to see Addy on the bow of the bass boat.

WIDER STILL to see Sherman in the lake. With water wings on his arms, he dog paddles toward the bass boat. Palmer sits on a lawnchair on the edge of the dock, holding a beer.

PALMER  
Arms forward... Stroke and stroke...

DJ  
He's scaring the fish.

ADDY  
You be quiet.

It's not pretty, but Sherman makes it to the boat. Addy wraps her arms around him and greets him with a kiss.

ADDY (CONT'D)  
Yay! You did it!

As everyone celebrates the accomplishment, we:

FADE OUT.