

DON'T SWEAT THE SMALL STUFF

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INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

The long bar room is filled with empty tables and chairs. The bar is cleared of any glasses or plates and the place almost seems closed. Behind the bar and around the rest of the room there are baseball posters and memorabilia covering the walls of the place.

At a single table next to the bar, SAM, a young waiter who works at the bar sits and stares at baseball game on the muted TV set mounted above the bar.

Next to him, the bar owner's teenage son, TODD, turns up the radio in front of them.

The radio gives commentary for the same game that they have muted on the TV.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The pitch... Change-up. Low
and inside, that's ball 2.

The TV displays the radio account perfectly.

As Todd and Sam continue to watch the baseball game, JOHN, the owner's father and Todd's grandfather enters from outside. He is holding a small doggie bag and tosses it onto the table before sitting down next to Todd and watching the game also.

TODD

Hey, grandpa.

John opens the bag, takes out a french fry, and eats it.

JOHN

Hey, Todd. French fry?

John turns the bag towards Todd.

Todd shakes his head and goes back to watching the game.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sam?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam is concentrating on the radio and doesn't hear John.

SAM
What, John?

JOHN
Fry?

SAM
Sure. Thanks.

Sam reaches into the bag and he and John continue to eat fries and listen to the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
And the pick-off attempt...
He's safe. Young continues to
lead off. Danfourth pitches.
Strike one.

CLIFF, the bar owner, comes out of his office, a small room next to the bar.

He looks around the empty bar and sees only the three men eating and watching TV.

Cliff groans and walks over to the TV, stands on a chair, and flips it off.

TODD
Hey! We were watching that!

Cliff gets down from the chair.

CLIFF
You can do that somewhere else. This is a business.

SAM
It's a sports bar, boss.

CLIFF
Aren't I still supposed pay you every month?

Sam stops pauses before putting another fry in his mouth.

SAM
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF

Well, unless you start, I don't know, working around here stealing free french fries from me is gonna be the least of your worries.

Todd turns from his dad to the radio, hears the game, and hurries up onto the chair in front of the TV and turns it back on.

The volume is now audible and very loud.

The loud noise startles Cliff who quickly turns around and turns the TV off.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Why do you do that?

TODD

What? I want to watch the game.

Cliff walks over to the table and picks up the radio.

CLIFF

Then why listen to it on the radio?

SAM

Ah, Mr. Clark. That's just because the TV announcer doesn't talk about the game. The radio guys stick straight to the action.

John stops stuffing fries in his mouth long enough to grunt and point at the TV.

Todd turns on the TV again and then turns down the radio.

TODD

Look at this, dad.

CLIFF

I don't want to. You guys take enough of my food sitting around as it is--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And that pitch just barely misses the side of his helmet. Castilla's helmet, oddly enough is actually slightly darker than the rest of the team.

TV displays another pitch being thrown.

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And I think it really gives him a more intimidating look when he's at bat. We have a roll in of footage from different games that we play every game and the blue of his eyes and his helmet just go great together.

Castilla hits the ball on the screen and a runners on all the bases start advancing.

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

He gets his blue eyes from his grandmother. She wasn't much of a fan herself but she did raise Castilla as a child and it was then that he learned to play baseball.

Todd groans with disgust and promptly mutes the TV and turns the radio back up.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Castilla's double brings in men on second and third. The score is now 3-2 Rockies. Coming to the plate now is...

Todd turns it back down.

TODD

See, dad?

Cliff turns off the TV again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLIFF

I see... that you three are
the only ones in here and
we've been open all day.

Cliff turns to Sam.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Do something about that.

Todd gets back up on the chair to reach the TV and turns
it on.

Cliff walks over and turns it off.

Todd gets on the chair and turns is on.

Cliff moves the chair away and turns it off.

Todd grabs another chair from a table, stands on it, and
turns the TV back on.

Cliff takes the chair and while Todd is grabbing another
one, he goes around to the back of the bar and unplugs
the TV.

SAM

Mr. Clark...

TODD

Dad, come on.

CLIFF

That TV is for customers only.
You can't just come in here
and eat whatever you want
without paying.

TODD

Dad, there are no customers.
What's the big deal?

Cliff leans over the bar and shouts to John.

CLIFF

Did you hear that dad? Quit
eating all my food.

Sam plugs the TV back in, but it stays off. He starts to
clean up behind the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOHN

Don't wor--ey sahn.

John swallows a mouthful of french fries.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, son. These aren't from here.

Cliff gawks at his father and walks around the bar to the table.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I got this great burger too.

John takes a half eaten burger out of the bag.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It was great. This is the second one I had though, so I couldn't finish it all. It's delicious though. Why don't we get a burger like that Cliff? And how many orders of fries does a meal here come with?

Cliff ignores his father and snatches up the bag, reading the name of the restaurant.

CLIFF

This is from the new restaurant across the street.

John reaches into the bag while Cliff is holding it and takes out another fry.

JOHN

I know, it's great. I can go there for the meal and come here for the baseball game.

Todd comes over to the table and looks at the burger.

TODD

Wow. That looks great. Our burgers never come out that way.

Cliff slams the bag down on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JOHN
Careful! Those fries are
delicate.

John looks at Todd.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It's weird, you know? They're
soft yet still crispy. I don't
know how they do it.

CLIFF
Dad! Get that out of here,
right now!

TODD
Hey dad. Go get some of our
fries. I wanna see the
difference.

Cliff a french fry.

CLIFF
What am I? You waiter? Ask
Sam. Oh, that's right. He just
comes here for the baseball
game, too.

Cliff mashes up the french fry in his hand and throws it
on the floor.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Sam, clean this up.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Dad, you can't bring food from
another place in here.

TODD
Why not? You can wear shoes
from a different place when
you're in a shoe store.

Cliff growls.

JOHN
Relax. Have some fries.

Cliff takes the burger, drops in into the bag, walks
over to a nearby trash can and throw it away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CLIFF

That's what happens to any meal in this place that's not on our menu.

Cliff walks back into his office and slams the door.

JOHN

Well, what's his problem.

Sam walks over with a mop to clean up the fries Cliff threw on the floor.

TODD

You think, the food's still good? I mean it is in a bag.

John gets out of his chair.

JOHN

I don't care it's too good to go to waste.

John takes the bag out of the trash can and brings it back to the table.

The three of them continue to eat the fries while John takes a bite of his burger.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, Todd. Turn the game back on.

Todd grabs a chair and turns the TV on again, mutes it, hops down and turns the radio back up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Todd walks through the dark room to the sink to wash his hands.

Cliff turns on the lights and opens the refrigerator to look for any leftover food his wife, JENNIFER may have made.

CLIFF

Let's see what we've got tonight.

Todd sits down at the table, waiting to eat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Hmm...

Cliff takes a large tupperware container out of the refrigerator.

TODD

That means either leftover chicken, or leftover pasta. Man, what I wouldn't give for a burger from that new restaurant now.

CLIFF

My money's on the chicken. And this kitchen is another place where we do not mention the food from Olkin's Restaurant. We either eat the food at Clark's Bar or the stuff your mom cooks.

TODD

I'm afraid of both, which says a lot considering we ate those fries out of the trash can once you walked away.

Cliff puts the tupper ware away.

CLIFF

Well, I'm going to eat what your mom made.

Todd grabs a bag of chips from on top of the refrigerator.

TODD

Have fun with that.

Cliff walks over to the microwave and pops the tupper ware inside.

Todd strolls out of the room popping chips in his mouth.

CLIFF

You going to bed?

TODD

Yeah, see ya in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cliff looks back at the microwave as he listens to Todd crunching and stomping up the stairs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Cliff, now having changed his clothes and prepared himself to rest for the night, enters his bedroom to find his wife sleeping in their bed. He cranes his neck above himself to see that she is snoring gently, and attempts to softly tip toe his way across the hard wood floor to their bed.

With each step he takes, no matter how cautious his movements are executed, the floor boards squeak and creak violently.

Cliff continues to sneak up on his bed meticulously slowly until he gets halfway across the room and realizes that the floor with creak no matter what.

He stops, considers his options of waking Jennifer and decides to run for the bed quickly, making noise for only a few seconds.

Cliff begins to run towards the bed, the floor boards squeaking under his every footfall. Just before he reaches the edge of the bed, he tries to stop his feet but clumsily makes more noise.

When he tries to quiet his feet and slow down simultaneously, he runs into the side of the bed, causing him to fall sideways onto his wife.

She wakes up and opens her eyes just in time to see her clumsy husband roll all the way off her side of the bed, accidentally knocking a book of hers and a pair of reading glasses off their night stand.

CLIFF

(from floor at bedside)

Ow!

JENNIFER

(sitting up)

You rolling off of me, for a book and your glasses; Why am I reminded of our college years?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

(climbing into bed)
This is completely different.
I was good in bed back in
college. Now, (kisses
Jennifer) I'm great.

JENNIFER

(taking the book and glasses
from Cliff's hands)
It's not completely different.
The only change is now you're
sneaking into our room after
midnight from a bar you own.

CLIFF

(laughs and looks at book)
What's this? (skims pages)
Something from your class?

JENNIFER

Actually, it's a list of
negative aspects in my life.
I'm supposed to figure out if
I'm causing any of them myself
and come up with a solution.

CLIFF

It sounds more like you're
learning to be a patient than
the doctor. Let me see the
list.

Jennifer hands him the list.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

"I'm gaining too much weight."

Jennifer begins to talk but Cliff cuts her off.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Nah. I don't even want to
know. As any husband should
know after a while, just say
no to those conversations.
There's less of a chance
you'll say something stupid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNIFER

You make it sound like talking to your wife is a bad drug habit.

CLIFF

It can be.

Jennifer gawks and hits him with a pillow.

JENNIFER

There's a difference between drugs and drug abuse.

Cliff pulls the pillow off of his face and covers his head from another blow.

CLIFF

Exactly. It's only bad if I talk to you too often.

JENNIFER

Yes. But don't feel like everything that comes out of your mouth isn't significant or enlightening. I meant, that you can abuse talking to your wife by saying something stupid.

CLIFF

Oh, like everything you say is brilliant?

Jennifer picks up her book and starts reading again.

JENNIFER

Well, you've just managed to say something stupid. I think I'm still in the clear.

Cliff sits up and taps Jennifer with the pillow. She doesn't respond in the playful manner he hopes for.

CLIFF

Why is it always fine when you insult me, but the second I even mention something wrong with you, I'm the jerk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jennifer slams the book shut, looks at Cliff and sticks her tongue out.

JENNIFER

Jeez, I was just playing with you. Someone's a little paranoid. We only seem mad because you men have no idea what us women are thinking. According to this book, many women simply feel that the amount of responsibility and effort they have to put into marriage is unfair.

CLIFF

If this is any reflection of me, what do you want me to do? What do you want, me to pay reparations for childbirth?

Jennifer stands up.

JENNIFER

Well that might be the reason that married women are so reluctant to have sex. I was just talking about psychology, though.

CLIFF

Yeah... Freud was a great psychology person and he was all about sex.

JENNIFER

Cliff, take something seriously for once. Speaking of psych class, did you guys finish all of the food I made?

CLIFF

(laying down)
You do realize you left me vacuum-sealed leftover pasta for dinner, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JENNIFER

That is perfectly healthy; and what do you have against me dedicating my time to my psych class?

CLIFF

No. I ate it. Todd wouldn't though. You should talk to him. He wouldn't listen to me today at the bar either.

JENNIFER

You can't say anything to him?

CLIFF

I tried. He just doesn't listen. He and my dad were eating this burger today from that new place across the street and I got angry.

JENNIFER

So what did Todd do?

CLIFF

I told them to get rid of it and they wouldn't. Him and dad are bad enough. What's even worse is having Sam lounging around with them.

Cliff rolls back over in bed.

JENNIFER

You know, I don't see how Todd's the problem here.

CLIFF

He won't listen to me.

Cliff sits up in bed to face her.

JENNIFER

You're the one who needs to change. You need to set boundaries and be stricter with Todd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLIFF

I told him he had to eat the
stuff you left for dinner.

JENNIFER

And?

CLIFF

He blew me off. He took a bag
of chips to his room. You
should punish him or
something.

Jennifer sits on the bed next to him.

JENNIFER

Cliff, why do I have to be the
one to do that. I'm always the
parent when it comes to Todd.

Cliff gets up.

CLIFF

You want me to go talk to him?

Jennifer lays down in bed.

JENNIFER

You shouldn't try to
discipline your son while
you're trying to clean up a
bar.

Cliff lies down in bed and thinks of how Todd growing up
in the bar has affected him.

INT. BAR - TEN YEARS EARLIER

a 7-year old Todd approaches a DRUNK about to leave from the
bar. The Drunk is stumbling around towards the door when Todd
pulls him over to a chair.

TODD

You can't drive, mister.

DRUNK

(slurring)
I'm fine.

Todd puts his hand to his chin to think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

Well, I was counting and you
had a bunch of drinks tonight.

The drunk starts to nod off and wakes up abruptly.

TODD (CONT'D)

And as far as your level of
intoxication goes, you'd have
to weigh more than 400 pounds
for the alcohol not to affect
you that much.

The drunk laughs.

TODD (CONT'D)

Do you weigh more than 400
pounds, mister?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

CLIFF

Well, growing up there has
made him responsible.

JENNIFER

That's not how I remember it.

INT. CLARK HOME - DAY

A 12-year old Todd walks in with a scrape on his arm.

JENNIFER

Todd, what happened?

Todd picks at the scab.

TODD

There was this guy at the bar
trying to buy this other lady
a drink, and I noticed his
hand and I asked him if that
was a wedding ring he was
wearing. The lady looked at it
too and walked off. Then the
man growled at me and I fell
off my stool.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -PRESENT DAY

CLIFF

Well, he's more careful when
I'm around watching him.

JENNIFER

What about that fire in the
kitchen?

CLIFF

Hey! Neither of us could have
seen that one coming. He could
have had a fireman next to him
and that still would have
happened.

Jennifer rolls over away from Cliff.

JENNIFER

Ugh. Good night.

INT. BAR - MORNING

Cliff unlocks the front door, enters, and turns on the
lights.

He begins taking chairs down off the tables and getting ready
to open for the day.

Cliff stops at the table where Todd and John were
sitting the day before and pauses. He looks at the radio
and then takes it away to his office.

INT. CLIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff enters with the radio in his hand.

He hides the radio under his desk and goes back out to
the bar room.

INT. BAR -LATER

As Cliff continues to open up he gets annoyed with all the
baseball memorabilia.

He reaches up above the bar to grab a glass and
accidentally knocks a suspended baseball bat down, which
hits him on the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
Every god damned day.

He mounts the bat on the wall behind him and knocks down a framed picture.

The frame shatters.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Dammit!

Cliff ducks under the bar to grab the broom and dustpan to sweep up the glass.

When he can't find the dustpan, he's forced to settle for the baseball glove displayed near the bar to collect the glass in.

Cliff walks over to the trash can to shake the glass off of the glove.

He removes the glove and accidentally pricks himself with a small piece of the glass.

INT. BAR - BEGINNING OF THE LUNCH RUSH
Cliff and Sam, both wearing bar aprons pace back and forth behind the bar as they gather food and other items such as plates and menus. Meanwhile, Todd walks towards the bar from the other side of the room, as a small group of customers enter. The group is led by John.

Two of the customers head down to the other side of the restaurant to sit while John and one other man have a seat at a bar stools, say hi to Sam and Todd, and wait for Cliff.

TODD
(taking a stool)
Hey, Grandpa.

JOHN
(to Todd)
Hey Toddy, this is my friend, Greg. He just took me out to lunch so I could get away from your grandma.

Cliff stops fetching plates and leans up from the bar to interrupt John. Todd takes the plates John was reaching for and takes them to a table across the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

What's wrong with mom?

JOHN

Nothing.

CLIFF

Then what's Greg helpin' you with?

JOHN

I just been having some trouble lately?

CLIFF

What's the problem?

JOHN

Your mother.

CLIFF

What's wrong with her?

JOHN

Nothing.

CLIFF

Then why does-

GREG

(cutting in)

I'm just getting John out of the house while the old lady invites all of her friends over for this crossword puzzle group she's gotten together. What about "If the clue's an abbreviation, then so is the answer" is so hard to understand?

CLIFF

(smiling)

Dad, how bad can it be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN

Oh, no, it is. When you're looking for which state's bird is the mockingbird and state is written "S-T" you shouldn't have to listen to ten old women go "M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I".

CLIFF

How many of her friends did she invite this time?

JOHN

And you know what's worse? The mockingbird is the state bird of three different states. Mississippi, Tennessee, and Texas.

GREG

(thinking)
Betty Cutter.

JOHN

Hobo! She's always comin' over asking for donations for her church.

GREG

(disregarding John and continuing)
Alice...

JOHN

Ah, the Storyteller! Senile old hag! She will tell you the same story seven times like you never heard it before (imitating) "Didya hear about what happened at one of these crossword groups?" "I told you this about the mockingbird, didn't I?" "No wait did I tell you?" "I told you this one. Oh well, here's what happened. I was sure it was Mississippi, because of the number of spaces in the puzzle.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN (CONT'D)

But it turns out I was wrong and Mississippi is spelled M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I." "Did you hear I was right, though?" "I found out that the mockingbird is the state bird for three different states..."

GREG

(to John)

Oh, come on. (to Cliff) Who else did your mom invite?

JOHN

Who cares?! It's like the Seven Dwarfs over there! Crappy, Sleepy, Mopey, Crock!...

GREG

Audrey Wilkins said she'd make it today, too. But that's it.

JOHN

(sarcastically)

Oh, good. Audrey's gonna make it. The Laxative Queen!
(normal) Honestly, this woman always thinks there's something seriously wrong with her, usually like a stomach virus or a tapeworm, so she takes laxatives to get rid of it.

TODD

Oh, sick!

JOHN

You're tellin' me. The only thing wrong with that woman's stomach is its size. She's like a whale. What a fatty!

CLIFF

(interrupting)

Dad! Don't say that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I heard mom said she's going in to have her gall bladder removed next month.

JOHN

Yeah, if they can find it under all that blubber.

Todd returns and has a seat at the bar.

TODD

What did you and Greg have for lunch?

JOHN

We went back to Olkin's across the street.

GREG

He kept on telling me about that burger he had the other day. You should get thinner patties like them.

JOHN

The french fries were even better this time. The menu said they were cut from all-real potatoes.

John takes a pretzel from a bowl at the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They had just the right amount of seasoning on them, too.

Cliff looks at his father, stunned.

CLIFF

What do you think our fries are made from?

JOHN

I don't know, but just knowing that fact puts your mind at ease so you can really enjoy the taste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLIFF

Dad! What's wrong with my restaurant? You know, the one you're in right now?

JOHN

Well for one thing, these pretzels hardly compare to those french fries. Besides, I eat here all the time. I can't try a new place?

TODD

Yeah, dad. Relax.

CLIFF

You can't keep eating there. And if you have to, stop coming here right after and telling everyone how great it is.

JOHN

Fancy restaurants like that are different than places like your dad's.

TODD

How?

JOHN

Well, we put our restaurant rating in the front window so you can see it when you come in. Theirs is on the inside wall so you only notice it as you're walking out after the meal. I think it's because joints like that don't alarm the public as much with their flashy decorations and atmosphere. When people see this place, they need that reassurance so it's important that they see the rating right away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CLIFF

Do you hear yourself when you talk?

TODD

Can you smell yourself when you stink? That's a more interesting question. The nose grows accustomed to certain scents after being exposed to them for a while and you're always gonna be exposed to yourself, so I wonder...

JOHN

Well, I ate those fries almost an hour ago and I can still smell them on my breath.

GREG

Gee. You can say that again. Cliff, get your dad something to wash that down with.

Cliff still looks stunned and mechanically pours a drink for John and places it on the bar in front of him.

TODD

That might happen since your sense of taste and sense of smell are connected to one another.

CLIFF

What are you guys talking about?!

JOHN

Nothing. Just how great this place across the street is. The steak I had was excellent.

TODD

He knows. You just said that. Was their rating an "A" by the way? Cause ours is too, so I don't think it should matter where we display that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Everyone continues to be involved with Todd and John and no one notices Cliff stomping off.

A bar patron stops Cliff.

BAR PATRON

Hey, uh, what's the name
autographed on that bat back
there? It looks like--

CLIFF

Are you here to eat or stare?
It's a restaurant, not museum.

The bar patron grunts disgustedly.

Cliff returns the gesture and looks back at John who is now pointing across the street as more people continue to watch.

Cliff's face goes rigid and as he marches over to John, the phone rings in his office.

He turns and goes to pick it up.

INT. CLIFF'S OFFICE -MOMENTS LATER

Cliff answers the phone and continues to watch John through the doorway.

CLIFF

Hello?

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Yes. This is Clifford.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I'm aware you still haven't
received the payment. I'm
sorry.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

One week? Thank you.

Cliff looks out at a few people leaving and even more people huddled around John.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Business has just been a
little slow, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cliff hangs up and immediately goes to his desk and starts rifling through papers.

Cliff mouths the words "one week" back to himself not believing it's an accurate figure.

Cliff falls into his chair and runs his hand through his hair.

Cliff collects himself, stands up and goes back out into the bar room.

INT. BAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff stops behind John's group of listeners.

CLIFF

All right. If you're not eating anything, order something or get out. We need to make room for the customers.

The group stops and looks at Cliff, then resumes talking.

Cliff takes a menu and passes it around the circle surrounding John.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

And what will you be having, sir?

MAN

Nothing right now.

Cliff takes the menu back.

CLIFF

I'm afraid I'm going to need you to leave. You're sure you don't want a meal.

MAN

Well, I am hungry, but I'm thinking of checking out Olkin's. That guy says they have great food over there.

Cliff pretends to laugh and calls for Sam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cliff has Sam walk the man and some of the others out.

INT. BAR - LATER

Only a few patrons are sitting around looking bored. Most of them are just picking at a single order of fries and not eating a full meal.

Cliff walks around and notices everyone.

CLIFF

Sam. Go tell them that they can't just order fries. They come with a meal. I'm trying to run a restaurant.

SAM

No offense, Mr. Clark, but if you're gonna make these people stay here to eat, can we at least turn on the ball game?

Cliff groans and hands Sam the remote.

CLIFF

Fine. But you're only using the TV.

Sam turns on the baseball game on TV and the customers immediately liven up and begin to watch.

Cliff drudges back to his office.

He sinks into his chair and sighs.

INT. CLIFF'S OFFICE - ONE WEEK LATER

Sam walks into Cliff's office holding a check.

SAM

Mr. Clark, I'm really sorry about watching the games with Todd but did you really have to dock my pay so much?

Sam slides the check over to Cliff.

Cliff looks down at the check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

Oh, jeez. I'm sorry, Sam. That was a complete accident. How about I just straighten it out when I pay you next month?

SAM

I'd feel better getting it now. I was kind of expecting it.

Cliff stops smiling.

CLIFF

Oh. Well, I'll take care of it then.

SAM

Thanks, Mr. Clark.

Sam walks out of the office and Cliff shuts the door behind him.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cliff walks into the room, plops onto his bed and turns out the lights.

Jennifer promptly turns them back on causing Cliff to raise his head from the pillow to see Jennifer with an open book in her hand.

JENNIFER

Excuse me, I'm reading.

Cliff groans and turns the lamp off again.

Jennifer turns it back on and keeps reading but is interrupted when the phone rings.

She looks at Cliff who isn't moving. She slams her book shut, drops it onto the floor disgruntled and snatches up the phone.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Hello?

She turns to Cliff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Cliff. It's the bank on the phone.

Cliff rolls over wide-eyed and takes the phone.

CLIFF

Yeah?

Cliff looks at Jennifer and listens to the phone receiver silently.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. Bye.

Cliff hands Jennifer the phone back and she hangs it up.

JENNIFER

What was that about?

CLIFF

Oh... It was nothing.

JENNIFER

Cliff, is something wrong?

Cliff rolls over.

CLIFF

No. It was about the bar.
Nothing to worry about.

Jennifer sits up.

She looks at him with his face down in the pillow.

JENNIFER

Are you sure you're--

Cliff rolls over and quickly cuts her off.

CLIFF

Oh, hey? How was your psych class today?

JENNIFER

Fine, I guess.

Cliff rolls back over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF

That's good. Good night, Jen.

Jennifer goes to kiss him but he's already asleep.

She stops, turns out the light and lays down for bed also.

INT. CLARK HOME- NEXT AFTERNOON

Jennifer approaches Cliff as he is leaving.

JENNIFER

Cliff, the bank called again this morning. They said they're waiting for you to make a payment on the bar. What's going on?

Cliff walks towards the door.

CLIFF

Don't worry about that. It's nothing. I gotta go pick up Todd from school.

EXT. SCHOOL - LATER

Cliff pulls up in his car in front of Todd's school. Todd and his friends come out of the school.

TEEN # 1:

You guys wanna go to the movies? I've got nothing else to do right now.

TEEN # 2:

Sure. Which theater? I can follow you over there. Where are you parked?

The first Teen points to a brand new car parked a few spots away.

TEEN # 2: (CONT'D)

Nice car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN # 3:

Yeah. Mine's pretty new too.
What about you Todd? You down
for the movies?

TODD:

Um, I don't think--

TEEN # 1:

Don't worry. We can all drive
over at once so we can leave
later. Where's your car
parked?

Todd sighs and points to Cliff parked near the curb.

TEEN # 1: (CONT'D)

Oh... Well, I guess one of us
could give you a ride if your
dad can't drive you over
there.

TODD:

No, that's ok. I'll just go
with him. He's probably got
stuff for me to do at the bar.

The others start gathering their things and walking
towards their cars.

TEEN # 2:

See you later then, Todd.

TODD:

Yeah, bye.

Todd stands still and waits for all of his friends to
drive away and out of sight before walking over and
getting into Cliff's car.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Todd groans as he drops his backpack in front of the
passenger seat.

TODD

Hey dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

What's wrong with you?

Cliff's cell phone rings. He looks back between his phone and Todd.

Todd buckles his seat belt.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Hold on, let me take this.

Todd sighs again and rests his head against the window.

CLIFF:

(on phone)

Honey, I told you not to worry. I was just late making the payment. The bar's fine.

Todd sits up and looks at Cliff listening to the conversation.

CLIFF: (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Ok. I'm sorry. I just didn't want you to get concerned... I just got Todd. We'll be home later.

INT. CLARK HOME - CONTINUOUS
Jennifer is on the phone with Cliff.

JENNIFER

Ok. Don't keep him out at the bar too late.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR -CONTINUOUS

Cliff cringes at hearing the words "bar" and "too late". He doesn't respond right away and then catches himself.

CLIFF

Oh. Ok. Bye, Jenn.

Cliff hangs up.

INT. CLARK HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer does not hang up the phone.

JENNIFER

Bye. I love y--.

She pulls the phone away, looks at it, scoffs and places it on the table.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cliff is looking out the window driving not noticing that Todd is staring at him.

CLIFF

Oh, right... Are you okay
Todd? What was wrong with you
back at school?

Cliff turns to Todd and he laughs.

TODD

What's wrong with me?! Are you
sure you're all right?

Cliff looks at him, then back at the road, then back at Todd.

CLIFF

What do you mean?

TODD

What really happened with the
bank? You seemed like you
really didn't want to talk to
Mom.

CLIFF

It's nothing.

Todd slinks down in his seat and looks out his window.

TODD

(mutters)
Yeah, nothing. My car problem
is nothing. I don't know what
you're dealing with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF:
What was that?

Todd turns to Cliff.

TODD
No, you're just gonna tell me
I can't do it.

CLIFF
Do what?

TODD
Well... All of my friends have
gotten their drivers licenses
and cars.

Todd waits to see Cliff's reaction.

Cliff just listens and Todd continues.

TODD (CONT'D)
And their parents all bought
them their cars. But!... But
you know I've been saving up
to buy my own car. And I know
I have enough money to get one
now. And I'm really close to
getting my license.

Cliff grumbles and looks at Todd sternly.

CLIFF
I'll think about it. Just
think. This is up to your
mother also. Now maybe in a
few days I can stop by the
bank and we can see if you
really do have enough money to-

Cliff smiles.

TODD
Dad?

Cliff starts muttering numbers to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TODD (CONT'D)

Dad, don't worry about the math. I have different cars picked out depending on the price range.

Cliff stops.

CLIFF

Huh? Oh, yeah. Good thinking. We'll see about the car.

EXT. BANK - NEXT DAY

Cliff pulls up in front of a bank building, looks around the empty parking lot and goes in.

INT. BANK -CONTINUOUS

Cliff walks up the teller.

TELLER

How can I help you, sir?

Cliff looks around again.

CLIFF

I'd like to make a withdrawal.

TELLER

Who is the account under?

CLIFF

The name is Todd Clark.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAYS LATER

Cliff and Todd walk through the dealership looking at various cars.

Cliff points to various cars and walks around talking to one of the salespeople.

Todd continues to reject Cliff's various selections and walk around the dealership anxiously.

Todd stops in front of an Eclipse Spyder and rests his hands on the hood adamantly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cliff looks down, then looks at Todd and sighs walking away.

Todd rejoices quickly and follows his dad out of the dealership.

INT. OLKIN'S RESTAURANT

John and Todd are waiting to be seated.

John points out the rating sign in near the door on the inside wall.

Todd looks up from the Kid's Menu and gets a glimpse of the sign.

RACHEL, the waitress, comes to get another group whose table is ready. She looks at a pad at the front desk and looks around.

RACHEL

Beck! Party of three. Beck?

Rachel waits a second and then calls out the name again.

TODD

I'll never understand how waiters and workers can be so calm about yelling out those names and having no one come.

JOHN

You mean, cause they're missing out on the business?

TODD

No. I mean, it would worry me if a group of people set a reservation on my watch and I managed to lose them in 15 minutes. I would wonder where they went, and just saying their name twice wouldn't put me at ease.

JOHN

I guess it is pretty discomfoting when you think about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

And it's just cruel the way they move right onto the next party of diners without any concern.

JOHN

Yeah. The others shouldn't be seated until they figure out where the first group went.

TODD

"Clark, search party of two."

RACHEL

Clark! Party of two.

Todd and John get up to follow her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh, John, it's you again. Aren't you in one of my classes?

JOHN

You two know each other?

TODD

Yeah. Rachel, right? I'm Todd.

RACHEL

Huh. We've never really talked before. Anyway, your table's ready.

INT. CLIFF'S OFFICE

Cliff is going over papers and punching numbers into a calculator when Sam enters the room.

Cliff slides a check under a stack of papers as Sam walks up to the desk.

SAM

It doesn't look like anybody else is gonna be coming in tonight. Are you sure you don't wanna lock up now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

Let's just wait til normal closing time. It's just an hour or so off.

Sam exits.

Cliff pulls the check out from under the papers, looks at the exact amount and types it into the calculator before groaning loudly.

INT. BAR - LATER

Cliff is closing up things behind the bar and locking away the cash register while Sam is gathering his things and heading for the door.

CLIFF

It seems pointless locking this thing up when it's empty like this.

SAM

It's even worse having to stare at it all day long.

Cliff turns the lights out and they both walk out.

INT. CLIFF'S CAR/EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LATER

Cliff pulls up next to the curb of a plain looking house.

He puts the car in park and turns it off.

He looks at the house window where he can see the light of a TV playing.

Cliff removes his seat belt but keeps the doors locked and sits there.

He hits his head against his seat and watches the light flicker from his car for a minute before finally getting out.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff rings the doorbell and Sally gasps when she see her son through the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sally opens the door and Cliff walks in.

CLIFF

Hi, mom.

Sally tries to take his coat and shuts the door behind him.

SALLY

Cliff, what are you doing here?

Cliff looks around at the walls covered with pictures of him as a child and Todd at younger ages.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Cliff?

Cliff turns around from looking at all of the pictures.

CLIFF

Oh, I'm just here to see dad. It's, uh, it's nothing.

SALLY

Well, do you want anything to eat?

CLIFF:

No, I'm fine.

SALLY

Well, he's still eating a sandwich from dinner.

CLIFF

That's okay.

SALLY

You know how much he hates to in private in front of other people.

Cliff growls.

CLIFF:

Fine. Make me a sandwich, too. I'll eat with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY

What kind?

CLIFF

I don't know! I'm just using
it to talk to him. Give me
leftovers or something. I'm
probably not gonna finish it.

Sally walks off into the kitchen.

Cliff rounds a corner and sees John sitting in a chair
in front of the TV watching the baseball game.

He notices there is no radio present like John and Todd
like so the volume on the TV is on.

Cliff steps into the room and the floor creaks.

John turns around looks at the empty room, looks at
Cliff's empty hands and glances down at his sandwich
hesitantly.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm getting food
too.

Cliff sits down next to John.

Cliff opens his mouth to speak but is interrupted when
Sally comes in to bring him food.

John continues to stare at the baseball game on the TV.

Sally leaves the room,

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Who's winning?

JOHN

We are.

Cliff takes a bite of his sandwich.

CLIFF

What do you think of their
relief pitcher?

John has a full mouth of food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN

He's all right. He hasn't given up any hits yet but he's walked a guy.

CLIFF

Oh. I guess that's to be expected with anyone.

JOHN

Hmm.

Cliff shifts restlessly in his seat as the two continue to eat in silence.

CLIFF

How about--

John drops his sandwich on to his plate.

JOHN

Look, if you wanted to interrupt my baseball game I could've watched it at the bar, now what do you need?

Cliff goes wide eyed.

CLIFF

Dad. I mean, you don't think--

John picks up the remote and turns the TV off.

JOHN

Why did you come all the way over here tonight?

CLIFF

It's about the bar.

JOHN

If the baseball is really that distracting to you, we can turn it off when we're there. Okay?

CLIFF

No, dad. It's not that. The bar is going to close.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I haven't been able to make
the payments.

Cliff looks down at the sandwich avoiding John's eyes.

John pushes aside his plate and stands up.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Dad?

John walks out of the room and returns with his
checkbook.

JOHN

How much?

Cliff stares at John with his jaw hanging open.

CLIFF

Uh...

Cliff pulls out the check from Todd's savings account
and hesitates.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Ninety one or sixty one...

JOHN

How much, son?

CLIFF

Sixty-one thousand.

John writes the check and hands it to Cliff.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Dad. I don't know what to say.
I mean, you come to the bar
and I yell at you. I make you
turn the game off. I only
wanted to ask you for help,
not to pay all of it. Thank
you, dad.

John sits down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOHN

So you feel like really
watching a baseball game now
and not asking questions every
ten seconds?

Cliff moves to sit down and stops.

CLIFF

I can't. I gotta get home to
Jennifer. Thank you again,
Dad.

Cliff walks out of the room.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

(yells)
Bye, Mom!

Cliff begins to walk out the door and stops in the room
John is again.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Dad, you are welcome to watch
baseball, do whatever you want
in that bar. I mean it's as
much yours as it is mine now.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cliff and Jennifer are making dinner together.

CLIFF

You know I can't cook. Why
can't you have me help out by
washing the dishes or
something. That's simple.

Jennifer walks over and lightly hits him on the head.

JENNIFER

It's easy. You're just boiling
water. This is how you make
real pasta before it becomes
leftover pasta.

Cliff takes a bite out of an uncooked noodle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

Can't we ever eat anything else?

JENNIFER

Well, if you feel like learning to cook something else feel free to.

CLIFF

No. Boiling the water's fine.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Do you need help with anything else?

Jennifer walks over and kisses him.

JENNIFER

No, but thank you for asking. I think you've already done enough for our son.

CLIFF

What?

JENNIFER

Todd told me about you taking him to the dealership to look at cars. I'm so--

CLIFF

But, I didn't tell--

JENNIFER

Don't panic. He told me that you said it was up to me also, and I think it's a great idea.

CLIFF

Really? What about the money?

JENNIFER

Oh, Todd said not to worry. He told you he'd pay for it if he had enough.

Jennifer goes to chop vegetables and turns her back to Cliff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF

Are you sure we should let him do this now? I mean he really was just looking.

The water starts to boil.

JENNIFER

Why? How much money did Todd have when you went to the bank the other day?

Cliff mimics pulling his hair out.

CLIFF

Oh... enough. But not enough to really do much if you know what I mean.

Jennifer turns around to grab a pot and begins stirring something and turns her back to Cliff again.

JENNIFER

Well I think we should set some aside, but have him invest a good amount of his money in that car. It's good for his maturity.

CLIFF

(weakly)
Sure.

Jennifer turns around.

JENNIFER

Cliff! The water's boiling. Do something.

Cliff rushes over to the stove and starts dropping pasta in splashing himself.

CLIFF

Ow!

INT. BAR - MORNING

The bar just opened and Cliff and Sam are the only ones around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cliff walks out of his office.

CLIFF

Sam, I gotta run to the bank
and take care of some things.
Take care of the place, will
you?

Sam pops up from behind the bar where he is cleaning.

SAM

Sure thing. Mr. Clark.

INT. BAR - LATER

Cliff returns to the bar to find John and a number of
customers being served inside.

John yells to Cliff from behind the bar.

CLIFF

What's going on, here?

JOHN

We got customers! That's what.
Todd and I redid some stuff.

Cliff looks up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yeah. We moved the TV from
over the bar so everyone could
see it, and we've been telling
people all about the baseball
stuff all over the place.

Cliff looks over at a customer who is holding his
autographed baseball and drops it.

Cliff winces in pain and walks into his office.

INT. CLIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The noise stops and it is silent once Cliff closes the door
to his office.

INT. BAR - DAYS LATER

Cliff walks through the noisy gang of customers gathered and laughing around John.

INT. CLIFF'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Cliff shuts his and eyes and the door and goes to sit in his chair to find it's been moved.

Cliff opens his eyes and sees John has made Cliff's office his office. Things are moved and Cliff's things are shoved into the desk drawers.

Cliff picks up a picture frame of what was once a picture of Todd and is now his parent's anniversary photo.

INT. BAR - DAYS LATER

Cliff tiptoes past John's crowd of spectators. Just before he can get to the kitchen John waves to him.

John tosses Cliff a mop and a rag and points to the messy tables around the room.

INT. CLIFF'S OFFICE -LATER

Cliff walks in and drops the mop and rag and collapses into his chair. When he opens his eyes he sees a large bag of food from Olkin's restaurant sitting on his desk.

As Cliff is staring at the bag, John walks in.

JOHN

Hey there, Cliff. Looks like
we both need a break this time
of day.

John pulls up a chair next to Cliff and starts eating out of the bag.

Cliff who is still slumped over in the chair sits up and watches John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

French fry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

What is wrong with you?!

John opens his mouth to speak but half chewed french fries fall on to his lap.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

What makes you think you have
the right to do all this?!
This is my bar, Dad!

John swallows his food.

JOHN

Cliff, what are you talking
about?

CLIFF

I'm talking about you coming
in here and moving my
television. Putting on your
damned baseball games, doing--

JOHN

You specifically said we could
watch baseball when I helped
you keep this place open.

Cliff slams his fist on the desk and stands up.

CLIFF

I didn't say you could steal
this bar from me. For last
couple of weeks you've been
behind the bar, ordering Sam
around, working Todd, and
torturing me.

JOHN

But son--

CLIFF

Shut up. Don't even say you're
trying to help me. You helped
pay for this bar, but I'm
still the manager and you have
no right to tell me what to or
rearrange my office!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

John puts down his food, stands up and puts his hand on Cliff's shoulder.

JOHN

But son, don't you see it's for the best? I mean look at all the customers we've been getting lately. You won't even need me to help make the payments at this rate.

CLIFF

How can you say you're trying to keep us in business?

JOHN

I--

CLIFF

How can you say that?!

JOHN

Cliff--

CLIFF

You're sitting here, in my office, eating lunch from the god damned competing restaurant that put us out in the first place! Are you insane?! Get out! I don't need your help and I don't need your money. Take your damned food and get out of my bar.

John takes the bag of food and picture frame and leaves.

INT. CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

Todd walks into class when he notices Rachel, the waitress from the other restaurant that John was talking about.

TODD

Hey there.

RACHEL

Your grandpa stopped by for lunch yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

Oh. Yeah, he raves about your place like it's the best food in the whole world.

RACHEL

Wow.

TODD

It's relative though. You have understand what else the man eats.

Todd sits down in the chair next to Rachel's.

RACHEL

His food can't be that bad. I mean your place does business too, doesn't it?

TODD

You'd be surprised at what really attracts people to a restaurant.

RACHEL

Really?

TODD

Oh, sure. Half the people that come don't eat that often. They might get fries or something small but that's it.

RACHEL

What? Why do they bother going.

TODD

For the same reason I hang out there. It feels like a second home to a lot of people.

RACHEL

I don't think Olkin's will ever be a second home to anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TODD

Yeah, well, places tend to have more of a homey feel when there's a TV, alcohol, and a bunch of people yelling.

Rachel laughs.

Todd smiles.

TODD (CONT'D)

Honestly, sometimes I forgot we serve food. I think we have like one printed menu for the guests.

RACHEL

You guys sound pretty professional.

TODD

I used the copy room at my old school to make it.

Rachel laughs again.

TODD (CONT'D)

Well I'm sure the menus at your place at least have pictures of the food in them.

RACHEL

For some dishes, yeah.

TODD

I guess we could, but we didn't for two reasons.

Rachel waits to hear.

TODD (CONT'D)

Well first of all, taking a picture of a meal would involve making the meal, and we weren't so hot in the kitchen back then.

RACHEL

Aw, that's a shame. I love to cook.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It's one of the reasons I took the job at Olkin's. I really wanna get into the kitchen someday.

TODD

Really? Have you learned anything from working there so far.

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL

Not really. They're not exactly friendly.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

John is leaving as Cliff emerges from his office.

TODD (V.O.)

Our bar's all about friendly. You stop by and see it sometime.

Cliff yells at a couple of customers for making a mess near their table.

He takes away all the bowls of pretzels, chips, and fries that the people are devouring while watching the baseball game.

INT. CLASSROOM -CONTINUOUS

RACHEL

That sounds like it'd be better than working all day at Olkin's.

TODD

Oh, you'll love it. It's great. Me and my grandpa have got this great way of watching baseball games with the radio and TV. I'll just show it to you.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cliff turns off the TV, unplugs the radio and tosses it underneath the bar.

TODD (V.O.)
It makes the game so much
better.

The patrons who were watching the game start yelling at Cliff some stand up to approach the bar.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh, and best of all are the
people in there. Every one of
them is interesting and most
of them have seven different
opinions about the same game
and they're all talking or
laughing or yelling at once.
Everybody's got stories about
the pictures and souvenirs
that are around the walls.

Cliff begins tearing down the memorabilia.

Cliff yells at the sports fans at the bar and points to the door.

They all get up and walk out glaring back at Cliff.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's like one big happy
family.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Todd finishes talking and both he and Rachel are wearing big grins at the thought of the bar.

The bell rings and Todd goes back to his own seat.

INT. BAR - THE NEXT DAY

Todd brings Rachel to the bar.

The two walk in and are immediately shocked.

Rachel looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Todd looks like he's just been punched in the face. The television is pushed to the side above the bar where no one can see it. The tables are empty. Sam is cleaning the same spot over and over again. Even the room itself looks gray without all of the baseball things covering the walls

TODD

Grandpa!

Cliff walks out from his office.

CLIFF

What's going on Todd?

TODD

What happened?! Where are the people? Where's everything?

Rachel, now less shocked manages to step forward.

CLIFF

Things are fine the way they are. Don't worry, Todd.

Todd stammers.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Who's this?

RACHEL

Hi. I'm Rachel. Todd was gonna show me the bar today.

Cliff smiles.

CLIFF

Well, you came to the right place. Show her around Todd.

Todd lifts a lift fingers and points.

TODD

There's the bar. There's the kitchen. That's an office. The bathroom's back there. I showed it to her. Can we go now?

Cliff motions for Sam to come over and goes back into his office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sam walks up to Rachel and Todd.

SAM

Can I get you guys anything to eat?

RACHEL

Um, sure. What do you have?

Todd still frozen on the spot and looking around manages to croak.

TODD

Don't eat it. It's too horrible for words.

Sam laughs.

SAM

He's got a point. Nobody's been in here since John left.

RACHEL

So it really was like Todd said?

SAM

Oh yeah! If anything it was better. You had to see it to really get it. That's a real shame about your dad Todd.

TODD

Rachel, let's go. We can go somewhere else. I don't think I'm going to be back here for a while.

INT. CLARK HOME

Jennifer arrives of from Psych Class to find Cliff laying alone in the living room.

She puts her things down and sits next to him.

JENNIFER

What's wrong?

Cliff sits up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

Oh, it's my father. The bar's been a disaster for the past few weeks.

JENNIFER

Because of your father?

Cliff rubs his eyes and walks over to the wall.

CLIFF

He's had me doing everything from cleaning out my desk to scrubbing the floors.

Jennifer stands up and looks at him puzzled.

JENNIFER

Why?

CLIFF

I've, I've kinda been having money problems with the bar lately.

Jennifer stands up perfectly straight and rigid.

JENNIFER

What?!

CLIFF

It's nothing now. My dad loaned me the money, but he just took over the bar.

JENNIFER

How much did you owe for the payment?

CLIFF

Not a lot. But more than we could afford to put into the bar.

Jennifer falls onto the couch.

JENNIFER

That's why the bank's been calling you. How long has this been going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cliff turns to face her.

CLIFF

A couple of months.

Jennifer throws her arms in the air.

JENNIFER

How could you not be honest with me?! A couple of months. Cliff, I could have helped you.

CLIFF

I was just--

JENNIFER

What?

CLIFF

I was afraid you'd be angry, all right?

JENNIFER

Why would I be angry if you needed help?

CLIFF

Well, you don't think I realize it but I know that you're not happy with how much time I spend there as it is. I didn't want to worry you about it.

Jennifer smiles and stands up and hugs Cliff.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I have wanted to be with you for so long. There are so many days where we just sit in the bar and do nothing. But I still keep it open all day because I have to hope someone will come in. It's the only way we can live.

Todd walks into the room, drops his stuff and walks directly up to Cliff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TODD

What did you do to grandpa?

CLIFF

Look, Todd. I'm sorry, but he was ruining the--

TODD

He was saving the bar! You shut up! You yelled at him and made him leave because you want to do things your way.

JENNIFER

Todd, it's your father's bar. He should be able to things his way.

TODD

His ways weren't working!

CLIFF

Todd! Your grandpa can come to the bar whenever he wants, just as long as he knows he's only a customer like everyone else in there.

TODD

Can't you at least see what he was doing was attracting business.

JENNIFER

Really? Cliff why don't you want people in--

CLIFF

All he was doing was giving his friends a place to sit around and watch the game and eat free food.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cliff comes into the room and sits on the edge of the bed.

CLIFF

Hey, Jenn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

What's wrong?

CLIFF

Do you think we'd be able to make another payment on our own for next month?

Jennifer rolls over.

JENNIFER

What happened?

Cliff lays down.

CLIFF

Well after this month's payment I don't really have my dad's help anymore.

Jennifer sits up and turns the light on.

She leans over the edge of the bed and picks up her purse and takes out her checkbook.

JENNIFER

What about next month's payment?

CLIFF

I wasn't worried at first, but business has gone south again and we're not making anything.

Jennifer puts the checkbook and purse away.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Are you sure there's no way we could come up with it together? What have you been doing lately?

JENNIFER

I've been going to psychology class. I'm just relieved you could make this payment on your own.

Cliff sits up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF

You said you'd be supportive
of me.

Jennifer rolls over and faces him.

JENNIFER

Cliff, I am supportive of you.
I hope things work out. But
you haven't asked me to
anything yet. I can't just
give you money that I don't
have.

CLIFF

Well, what's important is that
I'm asking you now. I need
your help keeping this place
open, any way you know how.

Jennifer pulls the sheets off of herself and straightens
her legs out.

JENNIFER

I've needed you for years,
Cliff, and that bar's been
more important to you.

Cliff stand up.

CLIFF

That's not true.

JENNIFER

Yes, it is. What have you done
for me? I've sacrificed so
much for you and that damned
bar!

Cliff sits down next to her and kisses her.

CLIFF

Jennifer, you shouldn't think
of it that way. I needed you
and you helped me. Thank you.

Jennifer pushes him away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNIFER

If you believe that is how things should be, and you don't see that as a sacrifice, then you don't deserve my help.

Cliff tries to kiss her again.

CLIFF

I promise I can make this better.

INT. OLKIN'S RESTAURANT -DAY

Rachel is quitting her job at Olkin's restaurant. Todd is with her and John has followed them, to try and talk Rachel out of it.

Todd and John are sitting and waiting near the entrance under the rating sign.

Rachel returns and stands in front of them with her apron crumpled up in her hands.

TODD

Well, what happened?

Todd stands up.

RACHEL

I quit. I told them I only took the job because I wanted to be around the cooks. That's what I want to do.

JOHN

But, you can still do that. You don't have to quit.

John stands up.

RACHEL

The pay was lousy and I'm tired of just waiting on tables.

John grabs Rachel by the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Oh, but the food here was so good. You were our excuse for coming here.

TODD

If our place weren't such a drag with Dad I'd say you should cook over there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Cliff and Jennifer are at home for once and are able to spend time together.

CLIFF

You don't have your class today?

JENNIFER

I don't have class a lot of days. I just don't always feel like cooking a big dinner.

CLIFF

That's always encouraging as your husband.

JENNIFER

What about the bar?

CLIFF

Only about six guys still show up on a regular basis. I figure I don't need to be there today.

JENNIFER

Oh.

CLIFF

You wanna do something today?

JENNIFER

Well, I was going to make some calls. The bank called again and we're getting in deeper by the day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

That can wait. Let's go
somewhere.

JENNIFER

Are you serious?

CLIFF

Yeah. You've been dying to do
something and get out of the
house and away from that
class.

JENNIFER

That doesn't change the fact
that this might be the last
time we can go anywhere before
we're living in poverty.

CLIFF

Ok. So we're letting off a
little stress. I know this is
what I need. I'll worry
tomorrow.

JENNIFER

Fine. Let me get my stuff.

INT. LIVING ROOM -MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer is waiting with her purse. Cliff is taking
forever getting his bowling gear together.

JENNIFER

(yelling for Cliff)
You don't even fit that lame
shirt anymore, so that better
not be what's holding us up.
It looked good when we dated
20 years ago.

INT. CAR

Cliff is wearing his lame date outfit, smiling, and
driving faster than normal. Jennifer is staring at him
half-amused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

You know you I took less time getting ready for our wedding than you just did.

CLIFF

You remember our wedding? I'm impressed.

JENNIFER

It hasn't been that long.

CLIFF

It feels that way.

JENNIFER

Why can't you always be this way?

CLIFF

Because, sweetheart, if I had to wear this ridiculously shirt everyday, I would have a rash so big--

JENNIFER

I mean, why can't you have a close to normal conversation?

CLIFF

I don't know, getting my mind of things does this to me. Sure we could be bankrupt tomorrow but I can forget about life for right now so we can enjoy ourselves.

JENNIFER

And you wonder why I try to psycho-analyze you? You are begging for therapy.

CLIFF

What?

JENNIFER

(mocking)
"I can forget about life..."
Happy people don't say that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF

Happy people don't understand
how owning a failing bar can
put a dampener on your mood.

JENNIFER

I'm not gonna argue with that.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

Todd and Rachel are standing in John's living room.

TODD

Oh, come on. Sam says he'll be
gone for the whole day. We can
go in make everything like it
was before and when he comes
back all you have to do is let
him be in charge and we can
keep the customers and the fun
party restaurant.

RACHEL

You live in a dream world
don't you?

TODD

Sometimes. Granted my life is
falling apart and we're losing
all our money. My dreams are
all I got.

JOHN

Fine. Meet me there later
today. You guys can think of
something. We're not doing the
same thing.

TODD

Why not?

JOHN

As fun as that was, your dad
was right about one thing.
None of those guys paid for
that much food. We need to
focus on keeping the bar open
and making money.

INT. CLARK'S BAR -AFTERNOON

Todd and Rachel walk through the door towards John, who is sitting at the bar.

TODD
We need a menu.

John stands up and reaches around under the bar.

JOHN
You mean the menu. I think we have two that are just a front and back cover.

John pulls out a couple of Clark's Bar menus.

RACHEL
The real one would be nice.

John hands Todd the menu.

JOHN
I can tell she's smart already. Good luck.

Todd and Rachel walk to the other side of the restaurant and stop at a booth.

Todd takes a seat and slides down next to the window.

Rachel sits down and moves next to him and places the menu on the table in front of them.

TODD
(reading)
I don't even think that's the restaurant's phone number anymore.

Rachel scoffs, smiles, and opens the menu to the first page.

RACHEL
Take it from someone who can cook, and knows food. This food can be good, but you need to be able to make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

As I'd imagine is the case
with most foods, ideally.

RACHEL

(seriously)
Do you know anyone else that
can cook?

Todd pauses and then looks at Rachel.

TODD

You mean someone that doesn't
have a catchphrase and that I
haven't seen on TV.

RACHEL

(mockingly)
Ideally...

Todd stops to think.

TODD

There was a time... when yours
truly could produce a mean
fried rice, chicken, and
noodles with vegetables in no
time.

RACHEL

What happened?

TODD

That Chinese place down the
street stopped making
deliveries. Can you believe
that?

Rachel sighs, frustrated with Todd.

RACHEL

Can't you be serious? I really
want to help you.

TODD

I avoid serious as much as
possible. Especially in
serious situations such as
keeping my bar in business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL

You called it your bar. That's
a start.

John walks up to their table with drinks for them. As he
leaves their drinks on the table he overhears.

JOHN

He really does. You can't
blame him though. It's a
recessive tumor, skips a
generation in our family;
prevents a person from simply
giving an answer when they're
asked a question.

Rachel laughs and lightens up as John walks away.

RACHEL

Well at least answer this for
me?

Todd looks at her.

Rachel points at an item on the menu.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

How long does it guys take you
to prepare this soup fresh?

Todd reads and then stops.

TODD

Prepare? Fresh?

Nick walks in the door, waves to John and Sam who has
just come out of the kitchen. He spots Rachel and Todd
in the corner.

TODD (CONT'D)

(to Rachel)

Are you sure you wanna know?
It involves a can opener and a
microwave.

RACHEL

Todd! Come on!

Nick walks up to their booth and has a seat across from
the two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICK

Hey, we still going to the
batting cages tonight, Todd?

TODD

Yeah. We were just having a
"serious discussion" about how
we prepare our soup here.

Nick puts his backpack on the floor below their table
and looks up.

NICK

(absent-minded)

Oh, right. The can opener, so?

Todd looks at Rachel innocently.

TODD

I told you.

Rachel laughs and groans at the same time and presses
her face into the table.

INT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - LATER

Cliff and Jennifer are walking along the pavement both
holding clubs and balls in their hands.

JENNIFER

You know this might have been
a sweet way for us to spend
time together if we were our
son's age.

CLIFF

Well, excuse me for not
wanting to go out to a fancy
restaurant for dinner.

Jennifer puts her ball down at the start of the next
hole.

JENNIFER

You know Cliff. Not all
restaurants are out to crush
your tiny little bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

You didn't think it was so tiny when I first bought it.

JENNIFER

That's because it was three times the size of the apartment we were living in.

Cliff puts his ball on the ground and takes his shot.

CLIFF

You ever miss living in an apartment like that?

JENNIFER

No. Why do you ask?

CLIFF

I figure if the bar goes under and we have no money, that's the kind of place where we'd move.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Jennifer is laying in bed when Cliff walks in.

CLIFF

Sam just called.

JENNIFER

Is everything all right?

CLIFF:

Apparently, the bank sent someone over to the bar in person to tell us that even if we don't go out of business, they are shutting us down unless we have made that payment by next week.

JENNIFER

There has to be something we can do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

I can't think of any other way
we can increase our income
even a little.

Jennifer gets out of bed and grabs the phone.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JENNIFER

There's no one there this late
but I can at least call and
make an appointment.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jennifer is standing outside in a business suit.

She walks through the front door and waves to a few
people that she recognizes.

She walks up to the receptionist's desk.

JENNIFER

Hi. I'm Jennifer Clark. I have
a 2:00 appointment with Mr.
Richards.

RECEPTIONIST:

Ok. Hold on one moment.

The receptionist picks up the phone and dials.

RECEPTIONIST: (CONT'D)

Mr. Richards' two o'clock is
here. Okay. Thank you.

She hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST: (CONT'D)

Okay. Go on ahead to--

JENNIFER

I know where it is. Thank you.

Jennifer walks down the hallway to the elevators where
she is stopped by one of the workers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WORKER:

Jennifer?

JENNIFER

Hey! I've got a meeting with Richards. Will you be here when I get back.

The elevator opens and Jennifer gets in.

WORKER:

Yeah, of course. Please tell me you're coming back to us.

JENNIFER

I don't know yet.

WORKER:

Oh, man I'll bet you're just as fierce as you ever were.

Jennifer nods good-bye as the elevator doors close.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer is sitting in a chair looking across the desk at her former boss.

JENNIFER

Look, I really need this job. My family needs it.

MR. RICHARDS:

Jennifer, there's no denying you would be good for your old job. But I'm sorry. The job is taken and there's nothing else I can offer you right now.

INT. CLIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff is standing next to the closed door while on the phone.

CLIFF

There's no chance? I don't know what to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I went out earlier and got some of our financial papers to see if there's anyway we can come up with some money.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Okay. I'll talk to you later.
Bye.

Cliff hangs up and walks over to his desk.

He looks down at some papers and at the bottom signs his name and Jennifer's name.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

It's still gray and barren since he took everything down. A few customers are seated at the bar in front of Sam.

CLIFF

I'll be back.

SAM

Okay.

INT. CLARK HOME - NIGHT

Jennifer runs down the stairs and pounces at Cliff as he walks in the door.

JENNIFER

Clifford Clark! You lying bastard!

Cliff moves to dodge the jacket she throws at him.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You were never planning on buying your son a car.

CLIFF

Jenn--

JENNIFER

You stole all of your son's savings and put it into that bar of yours, months ago!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Did you think that as long as the bar stayed open the money would magically go back to Todd and you could forget everything?!

CLIFF

Jennif--

Jennifer runs down the stairs and starts hitting him.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

No! You get out! Don't come back! Go to your god damned bar! It means more to you than your own family does.

Jennifer pushes him out and slams the door in his face.

Cliff yells and stomps to his car.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - AFTERNOON

Todd and Nick are walking to the batting cages.

They pick out an empty two cells and go inside.

NICK

How fast do you think I can take these?

TODD

You? Nothing above sixty.

Todd picks up his own bat and turns on the machine.

Balls begin flying at the two of them as they swing at them.

NICK

What's the deal with you and Rachel?

TODD

We're just friends.

NICK

Really? There's nothing more to it than that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

Nothing right now at least.
The only thing we've been
doing together lately is
trying to get the bar on its
feet again.

NICK

Sounds romantic enough.

TODD:

It feels like a lost cause. My
dad isn't doing anything.

NICK

You're kidding?

TODD

Well, he keeps trying to get
money to keep the place open
but being open and doing
business are two separate
things.

NICK

I guess... There's really
nothing between you and
Rachel?

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

As Todd and Nick are leaving the batting cages.

Todd stops and points to a car in the parking lot.

TODD

Hey, that's my dad's car.

NICK

Was he supposed to pick us up
or something?

TODD

I don't think anyone knew we
were here. Where is he?

Nick and Todd see Cliff in the distance inside one of
the batting cages.

They run up to get closer to him and stop in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cliff is hitting ball after ball coming out of the pitching machine at top speed. He isn't even looking at the balls. He's just staring straight ahead hitting ball after ball.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Todd corners his father in the kitchen and finally gets him to sit down.

TODD

Dad. Wait. I'm not gonna yell at you about the money for my car.

CLIFF

What are you going to yell at me for?

Todd sits down.

TODD

Why did you buy that bar?

CLIFF

I wanted to own a bar.

Todd raises his eyebrows.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I wanted to play baseball, professionally.

TODD

Did you try to make it?

CLIFF

I didn't make it. I did meet some great athletes though. Hear some great stories and I managed to pick up quite a few souvenirs along the way but I never made it.

TODD

And then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

I bought the bar. It was supposed to be this great baseball place where I could work until I was good enough to go pro.

TODD

Dad. You're running out of time. It's already too late for you to ever play pro ball, but you can still save the bar. Really save it. Turn it around and make into a place where people want to go.

Cliff gets up.

CLIFF

I'll be at the bar with your grandpa if you need me.

INT. BAR - LATER

John and Cliff return to the bar together.

JOHN

You took out a second mortgage to keep the bar open another month?!

CLIFF

Look, just don't mention it to anyone. I'll take care of it.

JOHN

Was your first idea of taking care of it a second mortgage?

CLIFF

Todd convinced me I need you to get this place breathing again. So I'm being as honest as I can with you. Just don't tell Jennifer until we can get this straightened out.

JOHN

Son, you can't think that--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

She doesn't need to know everything. I've been trying to convince her that we're going to be fine. And now that I have another month to think of how to fix things it shouldn't be a problem.

JOHN

No, Cliff. You don't have a month to think of a way to fix it. You have one month to fix it.

CLIFF

Don't worry about it, dad.

JOHN

Cliff, believe me, I haven't been worrying about it. All this time I've trusted you knew what to do, but this... a second mortgage to keep a failing bar open. Now, I'm worried.

CLIFF

Dad, wait. I have all of the mortgage papers, all of the information from the bank. I'll go with you. I can get us out of this.

INT. CLARK HOME - MOMENTS LATER

JENNIFER

Where's dad going?

TODD

Something just came up at the bar. He'll be back. Grandpa's with him.

JENNIFER

Are you sure? He just took off. Those two wouldn't even talk to each other yesterday.

INT. CAR - LATER

Todd and Jennifer are in the car. Jennifer makes a turn off of a main road.

TODD

What are you doing? Dad said to go home.

JENNIFER

I'm just gonna stop by the bar, real quick. We'll go home right after that.

TODD

(under his breath)
Assuming it's still our house by then.

INT. CLARK'S BAR -MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer and Clark enter the bar.

TODD

This should be a night to remember.

JENNIFER

What, Todd?

Todd walks over and sits down at the bar.

TODD

I'm gonna have a root beer float.

Jennifer walks behind the bar.

JENNIFER

That's okay. I'll make it for you.

Jennifer begins taking the necessary things out of the freezer and grabs a glass from the bar.

Cliff walks out from his office not noticing his wife and son. He is holding a stack of papers in one hand and a phone to his ear with the other hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF
(into the phone)
Be straight with me. How much
business does this bar have to
pull in within the next month
before you foreclose on my
house?

Jennifer continues making Todd's drink but her eyes are
now wide and on her husband.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
That's impossible. How much
did I owe before then?

Cliff turns around and sees Jennifer.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Okay. I'll see what I can do.
Thank you. Bye.

Cliff hangs up the phone and begins to walk to the bar.

Jennifer continues, at an even quicker pace to make more
root beer floats. Todd takes the first one and begins
drinking it. Then the second. As she works she begins to
yell at Cliff.

JENNIFER
How exactly did you manage to
take out the mortgage--

CLIFF
Second.

JENNIFER
How? The last time I checked,
we both had to sign off on
something like that.

CLIFF
Honey, I forged your
signature. Don't be mad--

JENNIFER
Don't be mad?!

Todd sips his drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TODD

I told you to work on your delivery.

JENNIFER

This is unforgivable! You spend weeks trying to convince me that your bar is struggling but going to make it, and now this!

John walks out from the kitchen.

JOHN

Hey, Cliff. What did the guy-- Oh, crap. She knows.

John turns around and goes back into the kitchen.

JENNIFER

What, did you think if we stopped arguing about spending time together and communicating, it would suddenly be okay for you to lie to me, steal from me, and sign away our house!

CLIFF

I just needed--

JENNIFER

You just needed to go about your wasted life in your pathetic little bar is what you needed.

CLIFF

That's not true. I--

JENNIFER

Forget about whatever your wife may think. Forget you have a son to raise. Drop everything in your life for this bar that's on its way out anyway!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLIFF

I haven't forgotten anything!
You don't think I was worried
about you and Todd right from
the beginning?

JENNIFER

Honestly, no. I think you were
more concerned about your
precious bar.

CLIFF

But--

JENNIFER

I see the way you gloat about
this place. The way it reminds
you of when you were Todd's
age. You're not Todd's age
anymore and if that's the only
thing keeping you tethered to
this bar then--

CLIFF

What's wrong with this bar
making me happy?

JENNIFER

It's wrong because it's the
only thing that makes you
happy. Not me, not Todd.
You're only at peace when
you're living in your little
dream world that you built
this bar in.

CLIFF

Dream world? Getting this bar
running was no dream.

JENNIFER

I know! I was there.

John walks out of the kitchen and sits down next to Todd
and picks up one of the drinks.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

But back then, you had big
plans for this place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You wanted to make people feel like they were having fun.

CLIFF

So what?

JENNIFER

So, what the hell happened to this place, Cliff?

CLIFF

What?

JENNIFER

This is just any old bar. In fact it's worse than that.

CLIFF

Don't say that!

JENNIFER

But, it's true. No one thinks of this place as fun and even the saddest remnant of your baseball glory is only when the three of you sit here and do your stupid radio thing. It's pathetic!

CLIFF

Jennifer, I just wanted to make sure you were calm until I could fix things.

JENNIFER

That's a lie.

CLIFF

Oh, great. Here we go again about what I'm thinking and what my intentions are.

JENNIFER

Clifford!--

CLIFF

Back to you indulging yourself in that useless psychology class.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Let me guess, you're going to
try and tell me what all of
this means now?

Jennifer slams a final glass down on the table and
approaches Cliff.

JENNIFER

It means, we have no money and
we're going to lose our god
damned house. I'm glad I could
help you figure that one out.

Jennifer storms out the front door.

Cliff sits down at the table in front of John and Todd
and puts his head in his hands.

CLIFF

Go ahead. Say it.

Todd puts his drink down.

TODD

Well, at least it's over with.

CLIFF

Are you kidding? My problems
have just started. I have to
get this place taking in
business in the next month or
lose the bar, my house, my
family, everything.

TODD

You're not gonna lose your
family dad. Well, that's not
true. I might graduate and
move away, and grandpa could
go at any minute.

JOHN

Gee, thanks.

CLIFF

I've wasted almost 20 years in
this bar. (laughs) She's
right. It's nothing more than
it was the day we opened it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TODD

So do something about it.

Cliff laughs.

CLIFF

Like what? All I ever wanted to do was to make this place more than just a bar. And that's exactly what it is. All this baseball crap.

TODD:

What baseball crap? This place looks pretty blank to me. You could do whatever you want with it.

JOHN

What about getting rid of your office room? What did you actually do in there?

CLIFF

Lately? Cry. Argue with the bank. Forge Jennifer's name on housing papers.

Cliff stands up.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

What if we... move the entry way to the side here? Make it just a door that leads straight in. Then, we'd have this whole area from next to the door to the end of the wall down there.

Todd stands up too.

TODD

You could move a lot of the tables over there to the left of the bar also, and move the other table closer to the bar.

INT. CLARK'S BAR - ALMOST ONE MONTH LATER

Everyone (Cliff, Jennifer, John, Todd, Rachel, and Sam) is helping remake and clean up the bar.

Jennifer and Sam are moving a table across the room when an UNEMPLOYED MAN walks in behind them.

UNEMPLOYED MAN

Hey, I saw the help wanted sign outside. Is there still a position open?

Sam puts down the table.

SAM

Oh, sorry about that. We were never really hiring in the first place.

John walks by with a mop.

JOHN

(mopping)
Although we could be.

UNEMPLOYED MAN

What?

Todd walks by reading a piece of paper. He puts his hand on the Unemployed Man's shoulder.

TODD

It all depends if we stay in business.

Todd walks off.

UNEMPLOYED MAN

So you guys don't need any help right now?

Rachel stops in front of him holding two posters.

RACHEL

Yes, we do. Do you want to help?

He looks at her confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel holds up the two posters.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I need your opinion. This one
or this one?

The unemployed man points to one of the posters.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Thanks, that's all I needed.

Rachel takes the two posters and walks past him.

As the unemployed man leaves the bar.

EXT. CLARK'S BAR - DAYS LATER

Cliff and John are sitting at the bar together.

CLIFF
Dad, I want to thank you again
for helping pay for all of
this.

JOHN
If you're willing to pull that
stick out of your ass and
actually host the people that
come in here. It'll be well
worth it.

CLIFF
I wasn't that bad, was I? I've
only had money trouble these
last few months.

JOHN
Yeah, but you've been bitter
for years. You should have
heard some of the stuff the
guys were saying about you
while I was in charge.

CLIFF
What kind of stuff--

JOHN
You know, there's still the
matter of Todd's savings
account.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cliff sighs and presses his face into the table.

CLIFF

Oh, I feel like such a bad father. I stole from my own son and didn't tell anyone.

JOHN

Well I'm, not gonna say I didn't like stealing control of this bar from you also. It was a good feeling. One I want you to have, too.

CLIFF

There's no way we could have afforded to pay for these renovations if you hadn't helped us.

JOHN

Well, you always went off about how your mother and I never seemed to have the same kinds of problems that you and Jennifer were having. That's because all throughout our marriage I had a steady job and all I would do was work and come home.

CLIFF

I'm just glad you saved all of that money you earned over the years.

JOHN

It was money well spent. A father to son kind of thing.

CLIFF

That reminds me. I finally managed to keep my promise to Todd. I can't fill up that bank account just yet. But I can do the next best thing.

EXT. CLARK'S BAR -MOMENTS LATER

Cliff has brought his entire family out to the parking lot to reveal the brand new car he has bought for Todd.

Todd smiles and walks around the car admiring its perfect condition.

TODD

Thanks, Dad.

CLIFF

I told you I'd keep my promise son.

JENNIFER

Well, I'm happy for both of you.

TODD

Don't be.

JOHN

What's wrong?

TODD

Well, I never really expected this. I never got my driver's license so I think I should do that first.

CLIFF

You're kidding?

TODD

No. I thought you knew that.

CLIFF

Why the hell would I know that? I've spent the last three months putting my life back together.

INT. CLARK'S BAR -THE NEXT DAY

The bar looks completely new. The tables have been moved around and everything is either new or clean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John's sports memorabilia is now on display throughout the bar, and the TV, muted of course, is showing a baseball game to compliment the commentary coming out of a radio on the edge of the bar.

Cliff is standing behind the bar marveling at what he and his family have accomplished with the renovations.

John and his group of old men friends are filling up every seat at the bar talking and laughing.

A steady stream of teenagers suddenly bursts through the door and take seats at various booths and tables.

Sam and Jennifer quickly hurry around to take everyone's order.

Cliff watches in awe as his son comes in behind all of the customers.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END