

SECOND CHANCE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

CHARLIE, 30, bag over shoulder, jogs through the concourse. Trying to make a flight, he weaves and dodges his way through the THRONG. As ordinary as the others, he runs with a focus.

INT. AIRPORT - GATE - CONTINUOUS

A female AGENT, stands behind the counter as Charlie arrives, winded and sweaty. He waves his boarding pass, and she points to the screen behind her--DOORS CLOSED.

CHARLIE

Please.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie slides into a seat and stuffs his bag under the seat in front. He connects the seat belt and leans back, closing his eyes.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

Charlie stares at the iPad in his hands.

On the screen, an older man, DAD, throws a frisbee with a young Charlie.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Charlie climbs out of a taxi. He reaches back and grabs his bag before he shuts the door.

He strides up the walk toward an ordinary house, past a sign--LAST STEP HOSPICE.

INT. LAST STEP HOSPICE - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie walks into the room. A sheet has been pulled over a corpse. Standing next to the bed, CHARLIE'S SISTER, 30s, her eyes red, a tissue to her nose.

He stops and looks. She shakes her head.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Charlie's wife, MADDIE, 30s, plump, dedicated, slices carrots for a salad. She stops and turns.

In the doorway stands Charlie, bag over shoulder. He forces a smile and shakes his head.

She drops the knife and carrot, comes over, and hugs him. He hugs back and buries his face in her shoulder.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight bathes Maddie in bed. She wakes, reaches over, and finds the other side empty. She rolls and looks at the window.

Charlie stands by the window, looking out into the night.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlie sits at his desk. In front of him is a laptop. In his hands is the iPad.

On the iPad is the video of Dad and Charlie throwing the frisbee.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Charlie and Maddie sit at the table. Charlie picks at the food on his plate. Maddie reaches over and takes his hand. He forces a smile.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Charlie stands by a workbench, tools neatly displayed on the wall. He reaches out and touches the tools. On the bench, the iPad shows the frisbee scene.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Cup of coffee on the table, Maddie types busily on a laptop. Charlie enters, bends over to kiss her cheek, and heads out. She watches a moment before she goes back to typing.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Charlie sits on a bench. Across the way, two BOYS toss a frisbee back and forth.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Maddie watches the iPad frisbee video with Dad and Charlie.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlie closes the iPad and sticks it in his desk. He turns to his laptop and grabs his cell phone.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlie stands by the window, looking out. Shaking his head, he walks to the bed and climbs in. On the other side, Maddie's eyes pop open for a moment.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Maddie stops on the sidewalk to watch a WOMAN dress a manikin in the window.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Charlie comes out of his garage and stops in front. On the porch, a MANIKIN dressed as an old man sits in a rocking chair. Next to it sits Maddie who smiles.

Charlie walks onto the porch as Maddie stands. They hug briefly and nervously.

MADDIE
You can talk to it.

CHARLIE
What?

MADDIE
Go ahead, say hi.

CHARLIE
Hi?

MADDIE
Dad.

He looks at her as if she's crazy.

MADDIE

Try it.

CHARLIE

Hi...dad.

MANIKIN

Hi, Charlie.

Charlie is stunned.

MADDIE

It's his voice. I sent them all the videos, and they converted his real voice somehow.

CHARLIE

Dad?

MANIKIN

Have a seat, son.

MADDIE

I filled out a zillion questionnaires. It knows everything--at least everything I know.

Charlie sinks into the chair.

MANIKIN

How was work?

MADDIE

Camera, face and voice recognition, AI, whatever that is, connected to the internet. It's...real.

MANIKIN

I can't play frisbee like we used to, but I enjoy chatting.

CHARLIE

Work is work as you used to say.

MANIKIN

No, work is a blessing. Golf is work.

(chuckles)

How is the car running?

Charlie settles back in the chair.

CHARLIE

Needs a good detailing. Know anyone?

MANIKIN

There are a couple of places not far from here. Four star ratings.

Maddie backs away as Charlie wipes away a tear.

MANIKIN

You know what I always say. Take care of your machine, and your machine will take care of you.

CHARLIE

That's right, that's right. I remember, I remember.

FADE OUT.