

10 Years Removed

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FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN GARAGE - DAY - 1999

A garage door opens from inside, full size new SUV pulls in, a handsome man in his late thirties and dressed in an expensive suit gets out.

This is TIM SULLIVAN.

He notices the clutter in the room, he's been ignoring it for some time now.

TIM
(to himself)
I've got to clean this place up.

He walks out the garage door, notices a small ding on his right back quarter panel, shakes his head.

TIM
Damn it, at least leave a note or something.

Tim walks to a super mailbox at the corner, encounters neighborhood kids as they play ball hockey, including his 10 year old son JACOB who wears a #99 L.A. Kings Jersey.

JACOB
Hey Dad, Mom said dinner's at six,
can I play 'til then?

TIM
Yeah, I guess.

Tim looks over at the kids longingly

TIM
Hey do you guys want me to come out
there and show you how to play?

The kids all laugh as Tim starts back to his house, the neighborhood is pure suburbia.

EXT. TIM'S HOUSE - DAY

A house like all the other cookie cutter houses in the community, non descript, nice curbside appeal.

Tim shuffles through mail as he enters.

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Large foyer welcomes Tim's entrance, he puts the dry cleaning on coat tree, places his briefcase on a bench.

He walks through the well appointed, comfortable house looking for his wife.

TIM

NANCY?

Tim's wife's voice emanates from kitchen.

NANCY (O.S.)

Tim is that you?

TIM

Uh huh.

NANCY (O.S.)

Did you get the mail?

Tim places the mail on a table.

TIM

Uh huh, hey do you know we're probably already millionaires.

NANCY (O.S.)

Yeah, us and twenty million others. Listen, I hope you remembered my dry cleaning, I need that outfit for tomorrow.

TIM

I did, but can we cut down on the errands, I don't want to be driving carpool next week.

Nancy appears from the kitchen.

She's an attractive woman in her thirties with dark cascading hair, she wears expensive jeans and a loose frilly top.

She kisses Tim on the cheek as she presents a cooking stone with something resembling a quiche.

NANCY

Other than that how was your day?

TIM
(Without looking up)
Uh huh.

NANCY
That interesting?

Tim looks up, eyes the creation on the stone, thinks quickly.

TIM
You know .. we haven't had pizza in
a while.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tim, Nancy, Jacob and their daughter JULIE, aged 15 are at the table.

The table's set with nice dinnerware and goblets but contrasting this are a pizza box and soda bottle.

Julie, a platinum bleached blonde, wears a mini dress while Jacob has nice khakis on and a t-shirt reading Def Leopard.

Within view from the dining room table in the background a television plays the local news.

Montage of a series of news articles as the family eats dinner:

- A fire with a reporter shown in front of the blaze and fire trucks abound
- An anchorman with a downward graph behind them showing how the stock markets did that day
- A teenager lying on top of a bicycle, showing the bicycle has been damaged and a wheel mangled
- The final story shows a doctor talking to a reporter about psoriasis relief

The family is engaged in conversation.

TIM
Still enjoying the daily grind of
high school Julie?

JULIE
Dad, I told you high school isn't a
big deal anymore. Geez, I'm a
sophomore, only freshmen get picked
on.

TIM
So they don't stuff people in
lockers anymore, no more swirlies?

JULIE
(Looking at her brother)
Well... maybe some people.

Jacob scrunches his face, Julie sticks out her tongue and gives her brother the finger.

NANCY
That's enough young lady!

TIM
I'm just happy they're not giving
us the finger. D'you know Steve
tells me his kids don't even talk
to him anymore at all.

JULIE
Steve's funny.

TIM
That's Mr. Johnson to you.

NAN
Tim, I think it's great you're
trying to do the whole interested
Dad thing and it was fine when they
were, I don't know... SEVEN, but
maybe we should just let them be.

TIM
Well Excuuuuse me for making an
effort. I know when I was a kid my
parents made sure we all sat around
the dinner table discussing each
other's day.

JACOB
Thanks for the after school special
moment Dad.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Tim watches Sportcenter on their king size bed.

Nancy brushes her teeth in the ensuite.

NANCY
(rinsing her mouth)
I'm really nervous about tomorrow's
presentation. My boss has been on
my back all week.

TIM
You worry too much. You get all
bent out of shape and then
everything turns out fine.

NANCY
Always the optimist.

Nancy turns off the light, crosses the bedroom, climbs into
bed.

TIM
Not an optimist, just a realist
when it comes to my favorite
barrister.

NANCY
Flattery may just get you somewhere
tonight if you're lucky, good sir.

TIM
I'd rather get lucky than be good.

They embrace and make love.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CU: Clock radio on night stand. It flashes 6 AM and the
strains of a rock song sound the alarm.

Tim wakes up.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And that's another classic cut on
OLDIES 104.7 This band has
certainly not left the charts since
this hit topped the list all those
years ago. And they're still going
strong, releasing another album
this summer.

TIM
More likely a one hit wonder.

Tim uncovers, dressed in boxers and a white T shirt. He sits
on the edge of the bed, stretches before getting up. He
notices a paunch in his belly. Feels it with a few fingers.

TIM

Huh.

INT. ENSUITE - DAY

Tim reaches for the light switch. Fumbling, he finds a dimmer switch. The room gets gradually brighter, he shields his eyes as he tries to focus, the mirror seems fuzzy.

A gradual panic comes over Tim as the face in the mirror stares back.

His hair shows streaks of grey, his eyes are a little baggier, his cheeks more hollow. He sees that he's 10-15 pounds heavier.

Tim quickly picks up many of the items in the room, not recognizing any brand name, panic sets in deeper.

INT. BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Tim rushes to the bed but doesn't want to panic Nancy. He grabs the remote, looks at it in a strange fashion. The T.V. is a flat screen.

TIM

Where's the picture tube?

He sits on the bed and starts to hyperventilate.

He takes a few deep breaths, gains his composure and studies the back of the T.V. for about 10 seconds. He starts to reach all around it, feeling for the power button.

TIM

How does this thing turn on?

He finally hears the sound of the unit as it turns on. Tim pulls up a nearby chair to watch the screen come into view with a commercial for a product called SHAM-WOW.

Tim gives the T.V a weird look for a second but then come the familiar strains of his normal daily news show.

CU: Television

HOST

And welcome back to GOOD MORNING
SEATTLE.

HOST(cont'd)

It's a beautiful day here in Seattle on this 20th day of September, 2009. On the next segment of the show we'll be cooking a 4 egg omelette with our in house chef. Then Fran Johnson interviews Bradley Cooper, the star of The Hangover, one of the biggest movies this year.

Tim is beyond stunned, turns pale.

He looks around the room, his head feels like it's spinning and won't slow down. He closes his eyes tightly, reopens them ever so gently, hoping and praying this is a nightmare.

Nancy stirs, awakens.

NANCY

You don't usually have time in the morning to watch T.V., the morning commute isn't getting any quicker is it?

TIM

Nan, something is VERY WRONG!! I don't feel right. Turn on the light!

NANCY

(turning on light)
Catching a cold are we, first cold of the season is the nastiest, so hard to kick.

As the light comes on Tim looks closely at Nancy. He starts to sweat as he sees a much different version of his wife.

She has aged as well, put on a little weight just like him. She's still a striking woman but more mature.

Nancy walks across to a night stand drawer and throws an item at Tim, he fumbles with the article as she speaks.

NANCY

And why are you watching any T.V without your glasses?

You know Dr. Jack said you have to wear them all the time now. I swear, the older you get the more childish you become.

Tim places the glasses on his face. They fit perfectly.

TIM
Nan, I'm scared.

His wife brushes out her hair.

NANCY
You're such a wuss, as the kids
say. Why is it that men are such
babies when it comes to getting a
little cold?

Nancy moves over to Tim, places her hand on his forehead.

NANCY
(shaking her head)
Not even a smidge of fever.
Dear, now that you're up and
obviously not in a hurry why don't
you go put some coffee on.

Tim exits the bedroom, still in a stupor.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As he passes a bedroom he hears a voice.

JACOB (O.S.)
Hey Dad, what time is it?

Tim barely recognizes the voice, it seems strange, deep.

TIM
It's early, go back to sleep, the
bus won't even be here for another
hour and a half.

JACOB (O.S.)
Very funny Dad, just like I'm 12
years old again.

TIM
I think 10, unless I missed a
birthday or two.

JACOB (O.S.)
Funny, now are you gonna' put on
the coffee or should I?

TIM
You're going to help out around the
house? Maybe I'm still asleep.

JACOB (O.S.)

Maybe.

Tim moves down the stairs. He notices different colors on the walls and different furniture in the living room than he remembered. He almost trips over an ottoman.

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

He finds what looks like a coffee maker, starts to fumble with it.

NANCY (O.S.)

How's the coffee coming down there,
Hon?

TIM

(confused look on his
face)

Just getting things ready.

NANCY (O.S.)

Bring me a cup when it's ready,
will ya'.

Tim continues to tinker with the contraption, the machine makes some gurgling noise while steam comes out of it.

Tim hurriedly unplugs the unit.

NANCY (O.S.)

What's that noise, is everything
all right down there?

Tim just give the cappucino maker a blank stare.

TIM

Yeah, everything's fine.

Tim searches the cupboards, locates a kettle. He boils it, looks in a few other cupboards for tea.

CU: Cupboard filled with 6 different cans of tea, each a different flavour: HONEY, LEMON, EARL GRAY and GREEN. Tim selects one, places a bag in a mug, pours the kettle water

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Tim enters with a tea cup, places it on Nancy's dresser. He hears the shower turn off.

He shuffles around a bit but then retreats back downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tim paces around the room in a daze when he hears the thud of the morning paper hit the front door.

He rushes for the door and stumbles.

TIM
(hands in prayer)
Please show me I`m not crazy.

He opens the door, picks up the paper, stares at it in disbelief as he absorbs the date.

CU: Newspaper with a date reading September 20, 2009

Tim's knees buckle and he wobbles.

Slowly as he gains his composure he walks back to the living room and flops onto the couch.

Nancy enters.

NANCY
When was the last time you made me a tea in the morning, I thought you were making coffee. Now what's Jake supposed to drink?

TIM
Chocolate Milk?

NANCY
He's not 10 years old anymore. That kid barely functions on 3 cups of joe a day. What would he possibly do without caffeine? I guess he'll have to make do with one of those energy drinks he's always guzzling.

Tim starts to feel his head spin out of control again.

His face shows his exasperation as he starts to talk.

TIM
Nan, I know this seems crazy, but it's like I don't even know what day it is.

NANCY
Well it's Tuesday silly. Why don't you take the day off, you've been working so hard lately.

Tim jumps to attention.

TIM
Work, son of a bitch, I'm late.
What time is it?

NANCY
About 7:30, does it really matter,
you're already late.

TIM
I've got to get going.

Tim goes to the closet, picks out a suit. He grabs his key ring off the night stand and runs out.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Tim rushes in, doesn't turn on the light switch, goes to his Land Rover. He exits the garage and goes from the lane way to the street. An oncoming car is forced to swerve, jamming their brakes.

INT. LAND ROVER - MINUTES LATER

Tim calms down, turns on the car stereo.

He touches the power button and the vehicle shakes with rock music.

TIM
Son of a bitch!!

Another touch of a button elicits a digital readout, it stops when a station is found.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And welcome back to XM radio
station 725 where we are proud to
play nothing but 90's music all day
long.

TIM
Finally something I recognize.

Traffic is congested, he works his way onto the freeway, amazed at the volume of cars.

Tim notices a car as it comes up alongside.

CU: An SUV with the word HYBRID printed above the model number.

A little boy stares at Tim from the back seat. He chews gum, blows a large bubble which breaks, gum splays all over his face.

EXT. FREEWAY OFF RAMP - DAY

Tim pulls off and onto the city streets. He takes in all kinds of ads for products he's never heard of.

He drives to his building, enters the underground lot.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Tim hands his keys to RANDY, the parking lot valet, a chubby, balding man.

RANDY

What brings you down to the trenches, Mr S?

TIM

Land Rover, same as everyday, Randy.

RANDY

Really. Come on, where's the Porsche, I love that baby.

TIM

Porsche, I wish. Hey Randy, what the hell happened to your hair?

RANDY

You too huh, Mr. S. Don't you remember I tried that spray on shit, Rogaine, even that junk your company advertised.

TIM

Looks like I gave you some bad advice. Listen, can you take care of her for me?

RANDY

You got it Mr. S.

Tim throws keys to Randy, walks to the elevator.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Offices of the Smithson group where Tim works.

Tim exits the elevator, the surroundings seem refreshed but familiar. It seems younger, more hip than he remembered.

He notices a group that chats in front of what used to be the Smithson Group sign, notices it now says Smithson Gray Group.

He scrunches his face as he steams inside.

TIM
(to himself)
That should be my name on there.

He starts down the hallway, his back to the sign. As the group disperses the sign reveals Smithson, Sullivan and Gray Group.

He's greeted by many people as he makes his way to his office.

SECRETARY
Hello Mr. Sullivan, what a nice surprise sir. What brings you to these offices today?

TIM
Oh, same reason as always, here to sell some product.

SECRETARY
Shall I bring some coffee to the boardroom? Do you need a laptop or projector?

TIM
Laptop.. what? Projector? no I don't think so. Uh, thanks anyhow.

SECRETARY
Very well Mr. Sullivan.

As she leaves Tim can't help but notice how shapely the woman is, particularly the way her curves are accentuated by the tight skirt and blouse she's wearing.

TIM
(to himself)
When did we start hiring ones that looked like that?

Tim works his way to his office.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - DAY

As Tim enters, he sees items such as a thin monitor, an all in one printer, etc. He touches them in an unfamiliar way.

Tim is fascinated by a digital photo frame.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

A young man in his late twenties with a goatee, dressed in business casual, comes in.

This is KEITH JERICHS and he's startled to see someone in his office.

Tim's back is to Keith.

KEITH

Oh shit, you scared me. What the hell are you doing in my office man?

TIM

(Turning around)
Your office?

KEITH

Oh, Damn. I'm so sorry Mr. Sullivan.

TIM

That's alright, no harm done.
(extends hand to shake Keith's)
And you are..?

KEITH

Keith Jerichs, sir, small accounts manager. I met you once at a Christmas party but I'm sure you don't remember.

TIM

(feign a memory)
Keith, Keith.. last Christmas, right?

KEITH

Two Christmases ago actually.
What brings you down here today sir, you're not here to fire someone are you?

Keith panics.

KEITH

Oh my God it's not me is it, I know
my accounts have been a little
unproductive lately but ...

Keith begins to hyperventilate, Tim guides him to a chair.

TIM

Calm down son, I don't usually fire
many people, I'm too busy covering
my own ass.

KEITH

That's not what I hear sir.

Keith stands to readjust himself.

KEITH

Sorry sir, It's just.. I've heard
the stories and, uh, I mean...

Tim calms Keith down.

TIM

Hey kid you can cut out all the sir
stuff. I'm just like you, trying to
do a good days work, that's all.

Tim pauses for a moment.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

A group of workers kibbitz.

WORKER 1

Did you see Sullivan in the office
today?

WORKER 2

I did, but luckily I saw him go
into Jerich's office.

WORKER W

Poor bastard.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

TIM

Well where else would I be? I work here too you know.

KEITH

That's actually kind of cool. Sort of a walk a mile in their shoes kind of thing, huh.
May I offer you a drink?

TIM

This early in the morning?

KEITH

I meant like a coffee or something sir.
Jennifer, could I get you to bring me in a, a , uh..
(looks to TIM)

TIM

Water would be fine, thanks.

KEITH

Right, filtered or unfiltered?

TIM

Either I guess.

KEITH

Perrier or Evian?

TIM

Just water, thanks.

KEITH

O.. K. Jennifer, please bring me in a Perrier and an Evian will you.

INT. SECRETARY'S DESK - SAME TIME

JENNIFER

Yes sir.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Keith hangs up, offers Tim a seat, then takes up his normal chair behind the desk.

KEITH
I'm sorry again about the mix up
sir, you can use my office any time
you like. I mean you are the
partner, not me.

Tim looks around closely, finds Keith's business card holder.

CU: Business card reading

KEITH JERICHS

ACCOUNT MANAGER

SMITHSON, SULLIVAN AND GRAY

A smile comes across Tim's face, he just can't help himself.

TIM
I guess I won't kick Gray's butt
quite yet.

KEITH
Sir?

TIM
Sorry, just thinking about
something else. Now, where were we?

INT. OFFICE DOOR - SAME TIME

A knock at the door.

KEITH
Come in.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

An attractive secretary walks in the room, offers water,
starts with Tim. He looks at the two bottles, chooses the
clear one.

Keith ogles her bottom as she exits, inadvertently blurts out
a whistle.

KEITH
Would you look at that!

TIM
Some things never change.

KEITH
Sir are you heading down to 77
Sussman next, if you don't mind my
asking.

Tim makes a mental note of the street address.

TIM
Yeah, just wanted to stop at the
old stomping grounds for a minute
or two.

INT. KEITH JERICH'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A young man rushes in.

YOUNG MAN
Hey Dude, did you hear, it's all
over the building, old man Sullivan
is down here today.

KEITH
Yeah, and you know what, he doesn't
seem to be such a stuffy ass hole
as they say.

Tim shakes Keith's hand as he takes his leave, brushes by the
other man.

After Tim leaves the young man stares at Keith.

YOUNG MAN
WTF

Keith just laughs.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Tim exits the elevator, waves to the attendant.

A whistle is blown, within a minute Tim's car arrives and the
valet gets out, leaves the door open for Tim.

TIM
Thanks Randy.

He tries to palm Randy a ten dollar bill but is politely
refused.

RANDY
Nice try, Mr. S, you tryin' to
trick me?

TIM
What do you mean, I always tip you.

RANDY
You mean you always USED TO tip me,
don't you remember your memo a
while back, about how tipping is to
be curtailed because it embarrasses
you and those you are tipping.

TIM
I wrote a memo like that?

RANDY
Uh huh.

Tim looks at Randy incredulously.

TIM
I really wrote a memo like that?

RANDY
Surprised the shit outta' me too.
And took away about 5 grand a year
in unreportable income.

TIM
Have I turned into an ass hole?

RANDY
Sir?

TIM
You probably want to punch me.

RANDY
I did.

TIM
DID?

RANDY
Guess I still do.

TIM
Want to?

Tim playfully offers his chin up.

RANDY
Better not.

As Tim gets settled behind the wheel he asks Randy a question.

TIM
Listen Randy, I know this is going to sound a little crazy but trust me, it's been a crazy morning. What's the best way to 77 Sussman?

Randy thinks Tim's playing with him but after a close look at Tim's face he realizes Tim is serious.

RANDY
You mean using the easiest route right, sir. Why don't you just use your GPS?

Tim stares at him unknowingly. Randy realizes it's easier to program it himself, reaches for the dash mounted unit.

RANDY
Oh right, you're used to the Porsche's system. OK Mr. S, watch closely, just push in the coordinates, deploy shortest route.

CU: Randy programs the unit. The GPS starts to blink and makes a chiming sound.

RANDY
There you go, all set Mr. S.

TIM
All set?

Randy gives his head a shake.

RANDY
Just turn when it tells you to turn.

Oh, and a thought Mr. S.

TIM
Yeah, what's that?

RANDY
Drive safe, stay focused.

INTERIOR. LAND ROVER - DAY

Tim's listens intently as the GPS directs him.

CU: STREET SIGN READING SUSSMAN STREET

Tim looks at the sign and turns as directed

GPS (V.O.)
Turn left now.

He drives for a minute til he sees number 77 on a building

GPS (V.O.)
You have reached your destination.

Tim notices the green parking sign and pulls the Land Rover in.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

Tim slips into a spot. He hears a phone ring, looks around for something resembling a phone, instead sees a flashing light on the visor.

He pushes the GREEN button.

TIM
Hello?

Jacob's voice fills the car.

JACOB (V.O.)
Hey you took my car today Dad, what am I supposed to do now?

TIM
Your car, what are you talking about?

JACOB (V.O.)
You always take the Porsche, hey, it's not in the shop is it?

Tim thinks for a minute, not knowing what to say.

TIM
I don't, I don't think so.

JACOB (V.O.)
COOLIO! ...Do you suppose I could?

TIM
You could what?

JACOB
You know, drive it?

TIM
I guess so. I mean if I have your
car that only seems fair.

JACOB (V.O.)
Wicked!! Holy shit.
Thanks Dad!!

The line goes dead, the light on the unit goes dark.

Tim sits back to let out a sigh of despair. He runs his hands through his hair, he sweats profusely. He places his hands tightly on the steering wheel and lets out a huge scream.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

CU: Sign panel by elevator. Tim searches out his office floor.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Tim exits an elevator. He's quickly enveloped by assistants, all carry smart phones.

ASSISTANT 1
If you wanted to go to the old
offices today Mr. Sullivan I could
have called them in advance.

TIM
Uh huh.

EXECUTIVE 1
Missed the old playground did you?
Or did you go down there to get the
creative juices flowing?

TIM
Uh huh.

ASSISTANT 2
Next time you want to go down there
sir, let me know, I split my time
between both buildings, I could
drive you.

TIM

OK.

An older woman comes out of nowhere. This is JEAN GORDON, Tim's personal assistant for 15 years.

She has no time for this and pulls him away from the others as she ushers him to an office.

Tim glances at the name on the door, it's his.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

JEAN

I just don't know why you let yourself get taken in by those vultures Timothy

Tim is totally relieved to see her, he gives her a hug.

TIM

Timothy? Uh oh, it sounds like I'm in trouble Jean.

JEAN

Smart ass like the rest of them, huh. I guess you're starting to act like them are you "Mr. S"?

TIM

Just trying to feel young, Jean.

JEAN

Remember I've known you since you were just Timmy the mail boy.

TIM

Sorry Ma'am.

JEAN

Don't be cheeky Timothy.

Tim smiles gently at the mere semblance of something familiar.

TIM

Jean, could I bother you for a cup of coffee, if it's not too much trouble?

JEAN

I'll make it a strong one.

Jean leaves, allowing Tim to look around. Moving around the expansive corner office he picks up different items, studies them, tries to stir any memories.

TIM

There must be something!!

He gazes at two pictures. The first has Tim, JACK SMITHSON and STAN GRAY at a beach in Hawaii. There is a plaque that reads Partners Dinner but Tim can't quite make out the year.

TIM

When the hell did that happen?

The next is one of he and Nancy celebrating their 20th anniversary. A huge cake is in the picture and they are slicing it.

TIM

(closing his eyes)

Remember, please God, REMEMBER!!

Tim takes the picture from the wall, sits down.

He's in total shock.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A burly man, around the same age as Tim bustles into the office. This is STEVE JOHNSON, Tim's best friend for years.

STEVE

(singing out loud)

It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood. A beautiful day for a neighbor.

This snaps Tim to attention.

TIM

Hey Steve, what's up?

STEVE

What made you go to the old digs today my man. Missed the poor view and bad food in the cafeteria?

TIM

Can't a guy do anything unscheduled?

STEVE
 Listen, you're the partner buddy,
 you can do anything or anyone
 (Nods at a passing
 secretary)
 you want around here.

TIM
 You're a pig.

STEVE
 That's why you keep me around.

Steve sees the picture in Tim's hands, takes it from him.

STEVE
 Man, over twenty years for you two,
 huh. I can't get by five with a
 broad before she gets sick of me.

Jean enters with coffee and a scone for Tim.

She notices Steve.

JEAN
 Morning Steve, I should have known
 you'd be here. You spend more time
 in Timothy's office than your own.

STEVE
 Always the charmer, Jean.

JEAN
 Honestly, do you even work?

STEVE
 Ah, alright you're onto me.

Steve starts to sing again as he leaves.

STEVE
 A beautiful day in the
 neighborhood, a beautiful day for a
 neighbor.

Steve makes a bowing gesture. He reminds Tim of their plans.

STEVE
 We're still on for drinks tonight,
 right?

TIM
 Sure, I guess.

Steve does a little hop, skip and jump out of the office.

STEVE

It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood, a beautiful day for a neighbor...

Tim looks at Jean with a quizzical facial expression.

JEAN

I don't get it either. He's an odd duck. But you've kept him around a long time. If it was up to me he'd be with all the other drunks on skid row.

TIM

Jean, can you make sure to remind me end of day to meet him please.

JEAN

Yes sir, TONY'S after work for drinks with Mr. Johnson.

Jean exits, Tim fires up his computer.

CU: Main screen of computer. SMITHSON, SULLIVAN and GRAY logo appears.

Tim moves the mouse, his icons appear on a monitor. Tim clicks on an icon that says recent projects.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim has found the internet, he's entranced.

CU: Phone rings on desk. Tim picks it up.

TIM

Hello?

NANCY

Hello, Tim. Just thought I'd call during a break from court to see how you're doing. You seemed a little off today because of that cold.

TIM

Cold?

Tim remembers quickly, feigns a cough.

TIM

Oh, right. No I think it's gone now.
Hey this internet thing has really caught on, huh. I mean you can check anything on this GOOGLE.

NANCY

Tim Sullivan, is that how you spend your days at work now, playing on the internet. Don't you have some big account to schmooze or underling to discipline?

TIM

Maybe just a slow day.

NANCY

Are you sure you're OK?

Tim stops typing for a second, jolts back to reality.

Not wanting to alarm her he replies calmly.

TIM

Yeah, I'm fine.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim's still on the internet when Jean enters.

JEAN

You've been on that thing all day, not even a break for lunch.

TIM

Yeah, I guess I got caught up in it a little bit, I didn't miss anything did I?

JEAN

Now would I let that happen?

TIM

You mean this isn't me most days?

Jean fidgets for a moment, responds cautiously.

JEAN

Well..

TIM
You're not the shy type Jean, tell
me what you mean.

JEAN
Well, today you just seem
different.

TIM
Different how?

JEAN
I can't quite place it, you just
seem a little out of sorts.

Tim starts to say something but then resists the urge to ask.

TIM
Sorry Jean, I'm sure I'll be fine
tomorrow. Nan thinks I'm coming
down with a cold or something.

JEAN
Alright sir. I just came in to
remind you you're to meet Steve for
drinks at TONY'S.

TIM
Oh, right, thank you so much.

JEAN
It's my job sir.

Jean starts to make her exit and Tim calls to her.

TIM
Jean.

JEAN
Sir?

TIM
Thanks for everything today.

Jean does a double take.

JEAN
Yes sir, good night.

Tim turns off the computer, takes another look around, still
can't believe he doesn't recognize anything.

He turns off the lights in his office.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

Tim exits the building through the main entrance, many others make their way out as well.

He overhears a conversation between 2 men as they walk by.

MAN #1

Where do you wanna' go for a drink?

MAN #2

I don't know, how 'bout TONY'S?

MAN #1

No way man, place is for geezers.

MAN #2

Yeah, I guess, but I hear the partners go there sometimes.

MAN #1

Like they'd ever notice us. I swear none of Smithson, Sullivan or Gray would even recognize me if they ran me over with their car.

Tim interrupts.

TIM

You never know who you're going to see fella's.. OR who's going to see you. I just happen to be on my way to TONY's now, care to walk with me?

The men are astonished, one of them speaks, very embarrassed.

MAN #2

I'm so sorry, Mr. S., please don't take offense.

TIM

Calm down son, I was young once too. I remember the first time I met Smithson I was so nervous I forgot his name and called him mine.

MAN #2

Thank you sir, it would be an honor to walk with you.

TIM
Lead the way boys.

EXT. TONY'S BAR - MINUTES LATER

Tim shakes each man's hand, enters the bar before them.

INT. TONY'S - SAME TIME

The place is very tomy.

STEVE (O.S.)
Tim, Tim... over here.

Tim locates his friend, comes over to him.

STEVE
Hey old man, what'll you have, the usual?

Steve motions to the bartender, points to Tim.

STEVE
(slurs his words a bit)
I've got a bit of a head start.

TIM
How much of one?

Steve glances at his watch.

STEVE
About two hours.

TIM
Maybe Jean was right, huh?

STEVE
About what?

TIM
You really don't do much work.

Steve chuckles, wobbles a bit, Tim steadies his old friend.

STEVE
Old man, with someone like you around, why do I need to?

TIM
Am I really a workaholic?

STEVE
I'd say it's a tie between you and
Gray.

TIM
Some things never change.

STEVE
What's that?

TIM
Oh nothing, just reminiscing.

STEVE
Right, like with the pictures
today?

TIM
About Gray.

STEVE
Or could it be about who you won
over Gray?

TIM
Won?

STEVE
Are you serious!!

TIM
Absolutely, why?

Steve swivels Tim's head gently. Tim can't quite make out what he's supposed to be looking at in the crowded bar.

Steve steadies Tim's head, points out a gorgeous woman.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

Tim drinks her in with his eyes. She is a statuesque blonde woman in her late twenties, dressed in a voluptuous dress. This is STEPHANIE LORENS.

Many men talk to her, vying for position.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

TIM

I still don't know what you're talking about, I won her over Gray how, was she my secretary or something?

STEVE

I guess if that's what you want to call it.

TIM

Call what?

STEVE

Knock it off old friend, I know you too well. You can't take back what happened, no matter how much you try to erase the memory.

Tim stares at his friend, his friend gives him a lascivious smile.

TIM

No way, you're crazy. I'd never do anything to hurt Nancy.

The blonde suddenly appears from out of nowhere. She stares at Tim, barely acknowledges Steve.

STEPHANIE

Hello Mr. Sullivan, I couldn't help but notice you looking at me.

Tim takes a breath, realizes she is exponentially more beautiful when she stands right in front of him.

TIM

I think you were mistaken, I was just noticing how many men looked to be vying for your attention.

STEVE

It looked like a bunch of drones chasing the queen bee.

STEPHANIE

Very funny, Mr. Johnson, always quick with the joke.

STEVE

(bowing)

Thank you, milady.

Stephanie turns from the men, saunters back across the room.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF BAR - SAME TIME

An instant crowd of men greet Stephanie upon her return.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

STEVE

I hate seeing her leave, but I love watching her go.

TIM

Honestly, do you have a curly tail?

Tim gives Steve a punch in the arm.

STEVE

That's the difference between you and me. But then again I'm not the one who was looking at my anniversary picture and looking very forlorn.

TIM

You really expect me to believe the vision who was just standing in front of us was into ME?

STEVE

Quit with the amnesia thing will you. Were you just in the same conversation I was?

TIM

I'm sure she was just being a good associate.

Steve gets indignant.

STEVE

Now look, I'm glad you decided to stay with Nancy, I really am. But for you to pretend like you
(beat)

A- wouldn't still love to be hitting that

(pointing again to Stephanie)

STEVE(cont'd)

And B- that you sometimes wonder what would have happened if you made a different decision...

(beat)

Well then Buddy, you're either a great actor or you're still trying to convince yourself.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF BAR - SAME TIME

A very agitated man crosses the room. This is STAN GRAY, a man in his early fifties, balding and portly.

He grabs Tim by the arm.

STAN

Listen, dickwad. It's bad enough what you did a couple of years ago, but do you still need to rub it in my face in public?

Tim is startled, he doesn't recognize the man.

TIM

Get off me buddy, I'm just standing here having a drink with my friend.

STAN

I'm sure Johnson got you the best seat in the house, he's probably been here all afternoon.

STEVE

Hey Stan, glad to see you, but do you really want to make a scene with all these associates around.

TIM

Stan?

Tim takes a longer look at the man, he still barely recognizes him.

TIM

What the hell happened to you?

STAN

What happened to me when, when you stole my partnership ten years ago with that Connors deal, making me wait another five for mine, or when you stole something else that should have been mine three years ago?

STEVE

Listen, Stan. I'm sure you'd rather go home now. Can't we talk about this when there's no alcohol.

STAN

You god damn lush, with no alcohol around you'd be nowhere to be found.

Steve takes Stan's arm and unseen by anyone puts it in a lock behind his back. He starts to twist it, but talks in a calm voice.

STEVE

You stupid bastard, you think because you're a partner I won't hurt you.

Stan struggles but to no avail.

STAN

Johnson, let go. I'm gonna' kill you when I'm done with Sullivan.

STEVE

I'll let go if you promise to play nice.

By now many people in the bar have noticed the commotion.

TIM

Listen Stan, Steve's right. This is not the place to do this. Why don't we talk about this at the office?

Stan breaks free of the grip on him.

STAN

Screw you Sullivan, I'm gonna' make sure you get yours!!

STEVE

Drive safe, Stan.

INT. BAR FLOOR - SAME TIME

Stan makes a lewd gesture, exits the bar.

The crowd goes back to their own agendas.

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Nancy sits with Jacob, she looks at the clock.

NANCY

I'm sure he'll remember, he knows
Julie's coming over tonight.\

Jacob rolls his eyes.

JACOB

Really?

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

TIM

What the hell was that all about?

STEVE

Oh, I don't know if it was much
different than any other day.

TIM

I guess.

Tim looks at Steve with amazement.

STEVE

For Christ's sake are you really
that far out of it?
Even seeing Stephanie within five
feet of you still makes him go snap
show.

At least he didn't bring up the apartment.

TIM

Apartment?

STEVE

You know.. the apartment you rented
for two years for you and Steph.

STEVE(cont'd)

The one you told Nan you needed
when you were spending extra time
on a large account.

Tim once again feigns memory.

TIM

Oh right, that apartment.
And Nan doesn't know anything about
Stephanie?

STEVE

I don't think you'd be vertical if
she did, old pal o' mine.

TIM

What was I thinking?

Steve points directly to Stephanie.

STEVE

I'm guessing you were thinking
about that.

TIM

I've been tempted before and never
done anything. Why did I do it?

STEVE

I'm the wrong guy to ask Kimosabee.
Who the hell knows why anyone does
anything.

TIM

There must have been something.
Can you remember anything different
around that time, anything at all?

STEVE

Well, since you're asking. As I
recall it had been some time since
you and Nancy seemed happy.

Actually it looked like you two
were just going through the motions
of a marriage.

Tim seizes the opportunity to find out more.

TIM

When did this start, do you
remember? It's important Steve.

STEVE

I think it was about, oh, about seven or eight years ago, maybe a bit longer.

TIM

Anything else seem different back then too?

Steve studies Tim's face, searches it for signs of the ability to handle the truth.

He takes the chance to speak candidly.

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

NANCY

Now I'm pissed, he didn't remember.

Jacob looks at the clock.

JACOB

Listen Mom as much as I'd like to be here to see you give Dad the gears I really have to get going.

NANCY

Going? I didn't think you had any plans for tonight.

JACOB

I didn't but something just kinda' came up with this girl I've been trying to go out with me. She finally said yes.

Nancy smiles at her son.

NANCY

That's nice dear, what do you think made her change her mind.

JACOB

Beats me, women are fickle.

Jacob gets up, kisses his mom on the cheek as he takes his leave.

He smiles wryly as he takes the keys to the Porsche out of his pocket.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

STEVE

Well, remember I just said it seemed you two were going through the motions?

TIM

Yeah.

Steve takes a long slow drink.

STEVE

Ok, here goes. And at the risk of ruining a fifteen year friendship... I really mean it was YOU who seemed like you were going through the motions.

TIM

Not Nancy?

STEVE

Far from it.
Listen, are you sure you can handle hearing this?

TIM

I think I need to.

STEVE

Alright, but remember you asked for it. She was a real trooper, constantly doing little things like coming to meet you for lunch, surprising you with quick trips to exotic places, things like that.

TIM

And I didn't respond?

STEVE

Oh, you responded by doing nothing in return. You just kept distancing yourself from her, like you weren't even there, you know, detached.

TIM

And then Stephanie changed that?

Steve takes a deep breath and another drink.

STEVE

As long as we're this far down the truth highway old friend, I don't think so, no.

TIM

What do you mean? How long have I seemed distant?

STEVE

What day is today?

TIM

I'm serious.

STEVE

So am I.

TIM

You never said anything?

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

There is a ring at the doorbell.

NANCY

Just a minute.

Nancy crosses to the door and opens it, her daughter is there with her grand child.

NANCY

Hello sweetheart.

JULIE

Hi Mom.

Julie surveys the room.

JULIE

Where's Dad.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

STEVE

Oh I think I tried a couple of times but quite honestly I don't think you ever wanted to hear it, not like today.

TIM
How's that?

STEVE
Today something's different, you seem more with it but also more out of it, both at the same time... if that makes any sense.

TIM
That's what Jean said. Today buddy, trust me, nothing is making any sense.

Tim has a hard time breaking down what his best friend has said.

TIM
Well, my friend I think I need some time to process all of this.

STEVE
Are you sure you're doing OK buddy?

TIM
I'll be fine.

STEVE
Drive safe.

TIM
I always do.

Tim puts his glass down matter of factly, looks at his watch.

TIM
Damn, I'm late.

INT. TIM'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Tim puts his keys on a hook. He rushes upstairs, searches desperately for his wife.

TIM
Nancy, Nancy are you home, I need to talk to you.

NANCY (O.S.)
Tim is that you, come on down here. Someone's here to see you.

Tim realizes the voice emanates from downstairs and he runs down to talk with her.

TIM

Nancy, I need to talk with you, I need to let you kn..

Tim stops in mid sentence, Nancy's not alone, she's accompanied by a young woman holding a baby.

The baby fusses in the woman's arms as Nancy tries to settle him down.

NANCY

Now, now. There's a good boy, Grandma has a special treat for you if you settle down.

The young woman hands the baby to her mother.

JULIE

There you go JEREMY, Grandma wants to spend some time with you. Go see what's she got for you.

Julie moves over to her dad, gives him a hug.

JULIE

Hi Dad, long day at the office, huh. Mom said you might be home early, said you might be fighting a cold or something.

Tim wobbles.

As she stands in front of him she still has the sparkle in her eyes and the blond hair but now is a beautiful woman, not a cute adolescent girl.

TIM

Julie?

JULIE

Well, duh, since when did you start joking around? Maybe that cold's worse than Mom thought?

Tim rights himself quickly, responds in a more normal tone.

TIM

Sorry Jules, that must be it.

JULIE
Dad.. you haven't called me Jules
since I was fourteen.

Julie's attention turns to her mother.

JULIE
Mom, are you gonna' make him an
appointment with Dr. Isaacs?

NANCY
Already done, sweetie.

TIM
Jack Isaacs, he won't look at me.
He's just getting his practice
going, besides what would old Doc
Matthews say.

NANCY
Tim Sullivan, are you suffering
from a fever induced hallucination?
You know as well as I do Doc
Matthews retired five years ago and
Jack was kind enough to take us on.

TIM
Jack?

NANCY
Good thing you were roommates in
college, he stopped taking new
patients about seven years ago.

JULIE
Mom, maybe he's not fighting a
cold, maybe he's fighting senility.
After all he's not getting any
younger you know.

NANCY
Be careful, young lady. That means
I'm not getting any younger either
and I KNOW that's a road you don't
want to travel down.

JULIE
Sorry Mom.

The doorbell rings, Tim works his way to the front door.

JULIE

That must be Ethan, he's late, I swear that man works harder than Daddy.

Tim searches his mind for any memory of a boy that Julie knew named Ethan... Nothing.

INT. DOORWAY - SAME TIME

Tim opens the door.

ETHAN JONES, a young man in his late twenties stands there with a full load of items in his arms.. fold up stroller, bag of diapers, new outfit.

TIM

Can I give you a hand with that?

Ethan hands the package of diapers to Tim.

ETHAN

Thanks, Dad.

Tim staggers backwards with that statement.

TIM

You're welcome, uh, son?

ETHAN

Son? Christ Dad, Julie texted me you were sick but I didn't know you were that bad. Weren't you the one who told me on our wedding day.. and I quote "Ethan, I like you fine, and I know my daughter loves you, but you need to know I only have one son and his name is Jacob"

TIM

Maybe I'm getting soft in my old age.

ETHAN

I am NOT taking the bait on that one.

Ethan drops the stroller in the foyer, moves to his wife, gives her a kiss.

NANCY

Tim, you missed most of Julie's visit and now that Ethan's here the kids are going to have to leave.

Did you want to at least hold Jeremy for a couple minutes first.

Taking his grandson Tim remembers the lessons learned from when his kids were babies.

TIM

Support shoulders, protect the head.

NANCY

Tim, you've been holding Jeremy for almost two years now, do you still have to go through the whole scenario each time?

Tim reacts quickly.

TIM

Just like my pre shot routine in golf.

JULIE

Dad, sorry we can't stay but Jeremy doesn't get much time with other kids and the Jackson's have two, he needs that exposure before he gets to preschool.

TIM

Preschool? He's only two years old.

ETHAN

But he'll be three in the spring and we don't want him to fall behind.

TIM

Fall behind, when I was his age the only thing my parents were worried about was me falling on my BEHIND.

Nancy throws Tim a dagger stare.

NANCY

Tim, we've talked about this. If the kids feel it's important to have Jeremy start with a leg up then it's not up to us as grandparents to interfere.

JULIE

Thanks for understanding Mom.

NANCY

I didn't say I understood, I just said I wouldn't interfere.

Ethan notices the tension, looks at his watch.

ETHAN

Wow, look at the time, I'll take him Dad.

Ethan takes the baby, moves to another room to change Jeremy.

TIM

Are you sure you can't stay a little longer Jules?

JULIE

There's Jules again, gosh Dad, I'm a mother now. I think I'm a little too old for that name.

TIM

Seems like just yesterday you were still just a sophomore in high school.

JULIE

Oh Dad!

NANCY

(Openly angry)

Perhaps if you could have been home at a decent time you would have had a chance to see your grandson for more than five minutes. But I guess drinking with Steve outweighs family responsibility yet again.

TIM

Yikes, maybe I'll go help Ethan.

After Tim leaves Julie talks to her mom.

JULIE

Geez Mom, he's late most every day,
why so mad tonight?

NANCY

I'm sorry for that outburst
sweetie. Maybe it's just the way he
was this morning or when I called
him at lunch.

JULIE

What do you mean?

NANCY

It's nothing I guess, he just
seemed a little different today. At
least earlier, maybe a trace of
vulnerability and caring.

JULIE

I can't remember him being like
that for a long time.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The men emerge with the baby.

INT. DOORWAY - MINUTES LATER

Ethan and Julie say their goodbye's, Nancy turns her full
venom on Tim.

NANCY

DAMN IT TIM!

I thought just once the family
might take precedence but even when
you're not feeling well work or
socializing always win out.

TIM

I don't remember you saying
anything about Julie coming over.

Nancy's anger boils over as they make their way to the living
room.

NANCY

And speaking of Julie, thanks for
backing me up on the whole Jeremy
preschool thing.

TIM
I thought you just told her we
wouldn't interfere

NANCY
I don't want to interfere. I was
just looking for a little
solidarity.

TIM
We're not at war with her, you
know.

Nancy senses Tim doesn't want to argue and calms her voice
down a bit.

NANCY
Not at war no, but at least a
skirmish.

TIM
Over a preschool?

NANCY
No Tim, over the way they're
raising our grandchild. Christ I
was just thinking you could have
given me some support, like in the
old days.

TIM
Old days?

NANCY
Just wishful thinking, long before
you became a partner, spent longer
hours at work, got the apartment
downtown.

Tim quickly seizes the opportunity to make points with her.

TIM
I gave that up, didn't I?

NANCY
Yeah, after years of knock down
drag 'em out fighting you finally
relented, very benevolent of you.

Tim stands back for a second but it's too late, he gets into
the heat of the battle.

TIM

Christ that's harsh Nan, very harsh. I work all god damn day to come home to this.

NANCY

Are you saying it wasn't deserved?

TIM

Why are you so mad, I told you I needed to talk to you about something important.

NANCY

So important you just had to rush home to let me know, huh.

Tim tries to remain calm but cannot.

TIM

Sometimes I wish I still had that apartment.

NANCY

Well you'll be sleeping in the spare room again tonight, you can pretend it's the apartment you gave up.

TIM

What did I do to deserve that?

NANCY

Nothing more or less than usual. Forgive me for thinking today, just for a minute, that you were different.

TIM

Why does everyone keep saying that. Besides, I wanted to tell you what's been going on with me.

NANCY

First time in a long time for that. Listen, you've got an appointment tomorrow at eleven A.M. with Dr. Jack, why don't you talk to him about it?

Tim relents.

TIM
Pillows in the hall closet?

NANCY
Same shelf as always.

INT. GUEST ROOM - MORNING

The guest room is well appointed with various pictures of art, comfortable but not cozy.

Tim's awakened by a crick in his neck.

TIM
(Stretching his neck)
Christ, that's uncomfortable.

He gets up, puts on a robe from the closet. It's an awful color and way too tight.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tim enters, makes his way to the refrigerator when he encounters Jacob for the first time as an adult, he's still half asleep.

Jacob chuckles at the sight of the robe.

JACOB
Spare room again huh Dad. Shouldn't you have your own wardrobe in there by now?

TIM
How so?

JACOB
With the amount of times Mom's had you sleep in there.

TIM
That bad huh?

JACOB
Just seems like it's been on and off with you guys for a while now. But at least I know the drill ... You come home late, Mom get's mad. You say something pissy, Mom gets mad. You say you don't understand, she says sleep on it.

JACOB(cont'd)

Next morning you come into the kitchen in that robe once she's already gone to work.

TIM
How long does it usually last?

JACOB
Oh I guess it depends on the crime. I did see her this morning though and I don't think this one will be too long.

TIM
Why not?

Jacob points to the kitchen clock showing nine fifteen.

Tim panics.

TIM
By making me late for work?

JACOB
No, by having me call in for you.

TIM
Who'd you talk to?

JACOB
Mr. Johnson, he said he'd tell Jean.

TIM
How'd he take it?

JACOB
That's a funny thing.

TIM
How so?

JACOB
He said he was half expecting it.

Tim decides not to dwell on it, turns to ask Jacob a question.

As Tim becomes more awake he stares an extra minute at his son.

An involuntary tear starts to form on Tim's face.

JACOB
Dad, are you OK? Is it Mom, because
I just said this one should be a
short ..

Tim wipes the tear away.

TIM
No, no, that's not it. Just a
little something in my eye. I'm
sure it's nothing.

JACOB
O.K., Mom also wanted me to remind
you about your appointment with Dr.
Jack this morning at eleven
o'clock.
You want me to write it down for
you?

TIM
Please, hey how come you're still
here, don't you have school this
morning?

JACOB
Not till ten, it's all good. Hey,
do you mind if I take the Porsche
again or is it back to the box on
wheels

TIM
Box on wheels, you mean the Land
Rover. I remember the day I bought
that thing. Man, I thought it was
the best car I'd ever buy.

JACOB
I'm awful damn glad you were able
to afford something flashier.

TIM
Huh?

Jacob points to the bright red sports car in the driveway.

JACOB
That.

Tim lets out a whistle.

TIM
Oh right, the Porsche.

JACOB
So can I?

TIM
You really like driving it that much?

JACOB
Well Duhhh.

TIM
I take it that's a yes young man?

Jacob starts to blush, he changes gears quickly.

JACOB
Umm, yes sir, yes I do.

TIM
And it probably doesn't hurt your chances with the ladies either.

Jacob blushes again, remembers last night's date.

JACOB
Yeah I'd say it helps with the trim, that's true.

TIM
Trim, you mean you got it detailed, I don't know about that. I mean I said you could drive it but it is, after all, still my car.

JACOB
Different kind of trim Dad, geez Mom was right, you are out of it. You'd think working with young guys at your company every day, you might keep up with the current lingo.

TIM
I tell you what, I kind of like the feel of driving the... what did you call it, oh yeah, the box on wheels. It gives me a sense of familiarity, so why don't you just take care of the Porsche until I want it back.

Jacob is excited but nervous, afraid he didn't hear correctly.

JACOB

Are you sure, I mean are you serious.

TIM

Sure, just one thing.

JACOB

Anything, anything at all Dad. I'll wash it every day, I'll park it five spots away from any other car. I'll ...

Tim stops him mid sentence.

TIM

No nothing like that, but you do have to promise not to tell your mother.

JACOB

Sure Dad, anything.

TIM

Can you write down directions to Dr. Jack's office, no questions asked?

JACOB

Sure Dad.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A nice office building with all the accrouments of a facility recently built, lots of glass on the facade, a large revolving door at the entrance.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Tim approaches a receptionist. He notices what he thinks is a hearing aid in one ear, obligingly goes to talk in the other ear.

The woman looks directly at Tim.

RECEPTIONIST

Seattle Medical Arts Clinic, may I help you?

TIM

Yes I'm here to se..

The receptionist shakes her finger sternly at Tim, shushes him.

She carries on her conversation.

RECEPTIONIST

That's correct Ma'am. Dr. Singleton is available Tuesdays and Fridays til three. Yes Ma'am, you're welcome. Goodbye.

The receptionist now turns her attention to Tim.

RECEPTIONIST

Damn bluetooths, ever since we started using them I get the dirtiest looks. Sorry to have shussed you like that sir, now how may I be of assistance?

Tim looks around the room.

TIM

You're talking to me this time?

The receptionist giggles.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, sir. Now how may I help you?

TIM

I'm looking for Dr. Isaacs please.

RECEPTIONIST

Jack or Keenan?

TIM

Pardon?

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, I've put my calls on hold but I'm very busy. Were you looking for Dr. Jack Isaacs or Dr. Keenan Isaacs

TIM

Oh, I'm sorry.

RECEPTIONIST

G.P or Proctologist?

TIM
Do I look like I'm old enough to
need to see a Proctologist?

The receptionist gives Tim a quick look, shrugs her
shoulders.

RECEPTIONIST
Fifth floor. Suite five-oh-nine
sir.
Seattle Medical Arts Clinic, how
may I help you?

TIM
Thank you.

The receptionist gives him a wave of her hand as she returns
to her duties.

INT. DR.'S OFFICE - DAY

The waiting room is large, six to eight assembled people, a
glass partition separates the room. Seated behind this
partition is a woman in a swivel chair.

Tim enters the office, approaches the woman.

NURSE
Hello, Mr. Sullivan. It's been a
long time, not feeling well are we?

Tim searches peripherally for something that shows her name,
quickly notices the name tag on her white uniform.

CU: Nurses uniform with the name tag BETTY.

TIM
Hello Betty, yeah it's been awhile.
I guess I'm just feeling a little
off lately.

Betty checks her screen.

BETTY
It must be something more than
that, it says here you haven't been
here in two years. Oh, I see you're
wife made the appointment for you.

TIM
Yeah, she did.

BETTY

What is it with you men, you're all babies whenever you get a sniffle but too afraid to see a doctor.

TIM

Must be something about our ancestral genes, you know cavemen and all that.

Betty hands Tim a urine sample cup.

BETTY

Uh huh. Listen caveman, take this cup to the bathroom and fill it, then take a seat til I call your name.

Tim takes the cup, moves to the bathroom.

INT. WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Upon his return Tim takes a seat in the crowded room, observes all different ages of patients in the office.

TIM

(to himself)

I guess Jack makes a good living.

BETTY (O.S.)

TIM SULLIVAN

Tim makes his way to the nurse's station, Betty opens the gate from her side, escorts Tim to a room down the hall, taking the cup from him as she opens a door.

BETTY

Please take a seat, Dr. Isaacs will be in shortly.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Tim takes a seat on a chair, then, getting fidgety, stands up and starts to poke around at some of the items in the office.

He hears the door open, quickly jumps onto the bed.

JACK

Oh, hey Tim. Boy it's been what, two, three years.

JACK(cont'd)

And don't look so embarrassed, I
still play with all this stuff too.

Tim notices JACK ISAACS is just like himself, grey around the
temples, slight paunch, glasses.

He chuckles as he speaks.

TIM

When did you grow up Doogie Howser?

JACK

Still with the age thing, huh.
Listen I even put in the little bit
of grey so I could look older.

TIM

Just having some fun with you
buddy. But honestly I can't
remember seeing you look so much
like a wise old medicine man.

JACK

You mean like old Doc Matthews.
That old buzzard should have
retired about ten years before he
ever got around to it.

TIM

I liked Doc Matthews, I did. He was
like a grandfather to me.

JACK

Damn, that reminds me, I have to
make an appointment to give Jeremy
his booster shots.

TIM

My grandson Jeremy?

JACK

Right, but enough of that, what
brings you in today Tim?

Jack views a clipboard he takes from under his arm.

JACK

Hmm, says here that Nan made the
appointment for you. Feeling like a
cold or flu is it? Let's take a
look see shall we.

TIM
Honestly I think it's something
much different than a cold or flu,
Jack.

JACK
Well let's just take a look anyhow,
humor me will ya'.

INT. EXAM ROOM - SAME TIME

Jack proceeds to do a quick check of all Tim's vitals.

JACK
Everything looks fine, have you
been having any headaches, any
nausea?

TIM
No, no. Nothing like that, I told
you it's something else.

JACK
Then why did Nan have you come in?

Tim proceeds in a cautious manner.

TIM
I tried to tell her a couple times,
but then I thought if I saw you
first there might be some rational
explanation.

JACK
Explanation for what, what are you
talking about Tim?

TIM
I'm having a hard time remembering
things.

JACK
That's nothing to worry about Tim,
I can't even remember where I put
my glasses half the time. We're all
getting older you know.

Tim gets agitated.

TIM

I'm not talking about little things like my god damn glasses Jack, I'm talking about a major chunk of time.

JACK

Well sometimes it's common when under a lot of stress to forget ribbons of time, I've even read about a lawyer who lost two days of memories while working on a case.

TIM

I'm talking about a whole lot more than a couple of days here.

JACK

How long, Tim. Are we talking about a week, a month?

TIM

Try years.

JACK

You're shittin' me right. I mean this is some sort of joke, did Steve put you up to this?

Tim starts to breathe heavily, tries to convince his friend.

TIM

I'm not kidding Jack!!

JACK

Fine, I'll play along then. Tim, what is the last significant event you can remember?

Tim thinks back to the last item he can attach any memory to.

TIM

I remember starting to work on the Connors account.

JACK

Tim, I don't have any idea what you're talking about. Maybe I can ask you a couple of basic questions to get things straightened out.

TIM

Fine, go right ahead.

JACK
What is the name of your
grandchild?

TIM
That's easy, Jeremy, but you just
mentioned that, and I just saw him
the other day.

JACK
Alright then, how about this one,
how old are your kids?

TIM
I KNOW they're twenty and twenty
four, but my mind tells me I only
REMEMBER them being ten and
fourteen.

Jack notices this line of questioning gets Tim panicky.
He changes course.

JACK
Ok, how 'bout we move on to
something else. Where did the
Sonics move to?

TIM
Sonics move, I hope not. I've got
season tickets

JACK
Interesting, how bout the Mariners,
who's their best player?

TIM
That's too easy as well, Ken
Griffey Jr.

JACK
Maybe if lightning strikes twice,
listen Tim, do you know the date?

TIM
Wednesday.

JACK
Alright smart ass it's Wednesday,
but Wednesday the what?

TIM
Wednesday September twenty first.

JACK

Let's take the short cut shall we
Tim, what year is it?

TIM

Well the paper says it's two
thousand and nine but I'll be
damned if I don't think it's
nineteen ninety nine. I swear I
remember reading an article just
the other day about the world
coming to an end in January, Y2K or
something I think they're calling
it.

JACK

Christ Tim, you're seriously
telling me you can't remember
anything about the past ten years?

TIM

That's what I've been trying to
tell you.

JACK

How long has this been going on?

TIM

Since yesterday.

Jack sits on a chair, shakes his head in astonishment.

JACK

How have you been able to keep up
with things, not let it eat at you.

Tim wonders that to himself as well.

TIM

You'd be surprised at how
accommodating people can be without
knowing it.

JACK

And how have you maintained your
emotional balance. Something like
this could blow a person's mind.

TIM

Like the Mary Jane we did in
college?

JACK

No, much worse than that, answer my question, how are you staying balanced?

Tim leans back, thinks about it for a moment.

TIM

I just keep hoping it's a bad dream. That maybe I've been working too hard and it'll all come back to me any time.
And I certainly don't want to panic Nancy or the kids.

JACK

So you haven't mentioned this to anyone else. No one at all?

TIM

That's right, WHY? Is something wrong, you're scaring me here Jack.

Jack reassures Tim as he gives his answer.

JACK

No I don't think so but I don't want to guess at anything, why don't we run a couple of tests just to be certain.

TIM

Tests, what kind of tests?

JACK

They're nothing really, just a few things I'd like to check.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tim expects Nancy home soon, he hears the sound of her keys in the lock.

Nancy is surprised to see Tim home already.

NANCY

It must have been pretty serious for you to be home before me, anything you need to tell me, are you going to live?

Nancy chuckles mildly.

TIM

I'm sure it's nothing major, Jack just wants to run a few more tests at another office.

NANCY

Tests, couldn't he have run them at HIS office?

TIM

I'm sure it's no big deal. He just said he didn't have the equipment. Besides, I didn't think you'd get all that worked up after last night anyway.

Tim waits for her response, braces for another argument.

NANCY

Oh that's over with already, although I was thinking you probably want to decorate the spare room to fit your own taste.

TIM

Funny, that's what Jacob said.

NANCY

Pardon?

TIM

Nothing, I really don't sleep well without you beside me, never could. Honey, believe me, I am truly sorry, I know you were just looking for support.

Nancy's surprised and moved by Tim's comment.

NANCY

Did I just hear the word sorry come out of your mouth? I could have sworn it had been erased from your vocabulary years ago.

TIM

Well then, I'll say it again, sorry. Now, are we good, can we move on, at least try?

NANCY

Sure, I mean .. I think so. Let's get ready for dinner, I think we have some food somewhere in this house that's meant to be cooked for more than one person.

INT. CLINIC WAITING ROOM - MORNING

Tim nervously passes time as he glances at magazines. Two other people, one a girl with a wig on her head, the other a middle aged man who is sweating profusely, coexist with Tim.

MAN

So what are you in here for?

TIM

In here for, what is this, prison?

MAN

If they give you bad news it could become a life sentence.

TIM

I guess.

The sweating man extends his hand to Tim.

MAN

By the way my name's PETE.

TIM

Tim.

PETE

Sorry to scare you there, Tim. I'm sure there's nothing to worry about.

TIM

That's what my doctor said.

PETE

That's what all doctors say, what kind of tests are they doing?

TIM

Just some tests on my head, I'm having a hard time remembering some things.

PETE

We're all getting older aren't we?
I'm sure it's nothing, for me it's
the package.

TIM

Package?

The girl in the wig starts to giggle a little bit as she
overhears their conversation.

Pete apologizes to her in embarrassment.

PETE

Sorry miss, I mean they are
checking me for testicular cancer.
They say if they catch it early, I
should be fine.

A nurse enters the room, announces a name.

NURSE

Tim Sullivan

INT. DR. JACK ISAAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim's seated in a standard issue chair facing Jack's desk, he
plays with a model of the human head he finds on the desk.

Jack walks in from the outer office, leafs through a folder.

JACK

Well Tim, I've got some bad news
for you... you're going to die.

Tim sinks into his chair like he's been shot, his face
completely ashen, starts to tremble.

JACK

In about forty years I'd say,
unless you start skydiving. Then
all bets are off.

TIM

You jackass!!
I almost had a heart attack, what
the hell ever happened to bedside
manner?

JACK

Oh man, you should have seen your
face.

It takes Jack a second to contain himself.

JACK

Lighten up Timmy, actually the CAT scan shows no hematomas and no shading whatsoever. As a matter of fact you seem to have a decade younger brain than a man your age should have.

Tim regains his composure, starts to relax.

TIM

So there's no tumor, nothing at all to worry about?

JACK

I can tell you, at least from a medical standpoint, there is absolutely nothing wrong with you.

TIM

So what's with the memory loss?

JACK

There could be many reasons, I'd like to do another test before making any suggestions.

TIM

More tests, what the hell do I tell Nancy this time?

JACK

No worries, this test can be done right now.. if you have five minutes.

Tim nods

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jack looks around in a bookcase behind his desk, combs through books, mumbles to himself.

He finds the book, grabs it from a shelf.

JACK

Aha. Found it.

TIM

It, you need a book for this test?

JACK
Not just any book, my old
classmate, a book on the human
mind.

TIM
So now you're a psychiatrist.

JACK
No, I just want to see if you might
need one, however it would be a
psychologist you need, not a
psychiatrist.

Tim seems skeptical but decides to press on.

TIM
Alright, what's the test?

JACK
Just a few personal and general
knowledge questions.

Jack turns to the appropriate page.

TIM
Questions like we did just the
other day, that's going to help you
diagnose me?

JACK
No, not at all. It will just help
me decide whether everything
swimming around in your cranium is
moving upstream or downstream.

TIM
Will it work?

Jack shrugs his shoulders nonchalantly.

JACK
Let's see, here's question one.
What are the names of your parents?

TIM
Jack and Louise.

Jack jots down a note on a pad.

JACK
Fine, question two. What is the next number in the following sequence one, two, three, nine, ten, blank.

TIM
Eleven.

JACK
How many states are there in the United States?

TIM
Fifty I think, and Puerto Rico too, maybe?

JACK
Very good, and for your final question can you remember what you had for dinner last night?

Tim hesitates, takes a second to remember what he and Nancy eventually found to cook the night before... he does.

TIM
Spaghetti with a Bolognese sauce.

JACK
Excellent, just give me a second.

Jack opens the book to another page, uses a pen to circle his notes. The process only lasts about ten seconds.

TIM
Well, do you have something to go on?

JACK
Good news, Timmy, it looks like all your routine brain functions are normal as well.

TIM
So we're no further ahead after all these tests than we were before.

Tim slumps back in his chair, dejected.

JACK

Tim, what you must realize is the human mind is the most advanced computer on the planet, each one unique and no one has mapped out exactly what makes it tick.

TIM

So that's it then. Aren't there any other avenues to try?

JACK

Not medically, but I did mention that I would use the test to see if you need a psychologist.

TIM

And?

JACK

And the book says you're fine, but you still could if you want to, no guarantees, but it couldn't really hurt now could it?

Tim thinks that surely the psychologist can offer something more to go on.

He makes his decision.

TIM

Do you know anyone?

JACK

No one right off hand, but.. hang on, wait a second, there was this one person I me..

Jack's sentence trails off, he looks through his rolodex.

JACK

Here it is, I thought I remembered.

Jack offers a business card to Tim

JACK

I met this guy at a conference a couple years back. I was quite taken to how low key he was, even for a psychologist.

Tim takes the card.

CU: Business card that reads: JOSH STRASBERG
 Clinical Psychologist
 17 Elm St, Unit 315
 Seattle, Washington

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jack returns the book to it's home.

JACK
You haven't told Nancy about the
whole not remembering things for
the past number of years, right?

TIM
I'm too afraid to.

JACK
Good, now like I said, pay this guy
a visit. I'll make a call and refer
you, it'll help get you in quicker.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Tim stares at the nondescript building for a moment before he enters.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Tim notices the building directory beside the elevators.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

The elevator door opens, Tim steps onto a marble floor.

CU: OFFICE ROOM PLATE NUMBERS 311-315>

Tim heads down the corridor, enters a waiting room.

It is a luxurious area with dark paint and expensive art on the walls. There are three large, lovely chairs against one wall and a reception desk at the other end of the room.

Tim approaches a beautiful receptionist, a red headed woman in her late twenties.

TIM

Hello, excuse me. I'm have a two p.m appointment with Dr. Strasberg.

RECEPTIONIST

And you would be Mr. Sullivan?

Tim notices how truly striking she is up close.

TIM

Uh huh.

The receptionist smiles slightly, notices Tim's stare.

RECEPTIONIST

Don't worry, Mr. Sullivan, everyone is a little nervous their first time. My name's SALLY, my job is to take care of you.

Tim's mind wanders for a second, he shakes his head back to attention.

TIM

What, oh I'm sorry. What were you saying Miss?

Sally blushes.

SALLY

Call me Sally, please. I'll go through it again later. For now please have a seat. The doctor will be with you in a minute.

INT. WAITING AREA - SAME TIME

Tim sits in one of the chairs, sinks very low into the plush fabric. He reaches over to a small stack of magazines, chooses one on golf.

Not a minute goes by.

SALLY

Mr. Sullivan, the doctor will see you now. Would you like to go in?

Tim walks with trepidation to the inner office door.

TIM

Just walk right on in then?

SALLY

Yes please, the doctor will meet
you inside.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Tim enters the inner office, larger than the outer office,
even more luxurious. A large oak desk in the room has an
executive chair behind it. In front of the desk are two
chairs similar to the ones in the waiting room.

TIM

Hello?
Dr. Strasberg?

DR. STRASBERG

Hello, Mr. Sullivan. Over here
please.

Tim looks to another part of the room, there is a couch and
large chair. Seated in the chair is a man who seems very
small, Tim approaches him.

TIM

(Extending his hand)
Hello Dr. Strasberg.
Thank you for seeing me on such
short notice

DR. JOSHUA STRASBERG rises to greet Tim. He's larger out of
the chair than he seemed. He's a man in his late forties,
dressed in grey slacks, beige designer cardigan. His hair is
longish and somewhat unkempt, his eyeglasses and his shoes
designer as well.

DR. STRASBERG

No problem, Mr. Sullivan. Though I
was surprised to get a call from
Dr. Isaacs, I'd only met him once
and I didn't think I'd made an
impression.

TIM

Oh you must have, you were the
first name he mentioned.

DR. STRASBERG

No need to stroke my ego, Mr.
Sullivan. I must say when he
explained your situation I was
quite intrigued.

TIM

I just hope YOU are able to help me understand what's happening. I can't tell anyone else what's going on 'cause I'm afraid they'll think I'm stark raving mad. Especially when I think that might be true myself.

DR. STRASBERG

Would you like to take a seat on the couch and talk about it?

Tim moves to the couch.

About to sit down, he realizes he doesn't know what to do.

TIM

Do I lay down doctor, or sit down? I've never done this before.

DR. STRASBERG

It's your choice. Most people only know what they've seen in the movies. Also, please call me Josh, it's my first name, it may help you feel at ease.

Tim feels the fabric of the couch.

TIM

Okay, Dr Strasb.. I mean Josh. How's this?

Tim lies on the couch in an awkward position.

JOSH

However you're comfortable, Mr. Sullivan.

TIM

Now your turn, please call me Tim.

Josh smiles.

JOSH

Fine. Now Tim, if we can get down to it I'd like to ask you a few questions.

TIM

Is this gonna' be about my childhood, because I can save you some time... I loved my mom, but not in that kind of way, I never wanted to hit my dad and I never remember any one ever touching me "down there".

Josh chuckles for a moment.

JOSH

No Tim, it's nothing like that at all. I swear all psychological professionals are stereotyped worse than lawyers and police. What I'd like to do Tim is ask you a few questions about what state of mind you're in at the present time.

TIM

I'm sorry, Josh. I guess I'm just a little nervous, go ahead.

Josh grabs a note pad and pen, opens the note pad to a blank page, prepares to ask his first question.

JOSH

OK, let's get started. Tim can I ask you for your parent's names?

TIM

Sure, Jack and Louise.

JOSH

Fine, now can I ask you the ages of your children?

TIM

Twenty and twenty four. Listen, these are the same questions I answered for Jack. I thought you'd be asking me different questions.

JOSH

Alright, Tim. Can I ask you why you think you're here today?

TIM

I know why I'm here. I can't remember the past ten years.

Josh notes the anxiousness.

He speaks again, this time in a low voice, careful not to upset Tim.

JOSH
You remembered your appointment.

TIM
It's not yesterday I can't
remember, it's the past decade.

JOSH
Can you elaborate?

TIM
Elaborate?

JOSH
Yes, elaborate. What is it about
the past ten years you're having a
hard time recalling?

TIM
Everything, no some things. No ...
I don't know. It's hard to explain.
I can't remember getting older,
watching my kids grow up, I can't
remember my promotion, I can't
remember my wife getting older, I
can't remember having an affa..

JOSH
You mean an affair, you've been
unfaithful to your wife?
How does that make you feel?

Tim becomes frustrated.

TIM
I don't know, I don't remember. I
mean I.. I can't remember. I mean..
Jesus, I want to remember but I.. I
just..

As he sees Tim start to spiral out of control, Josh reacts quickly.

JOSH
Tim, Tim. I want you to count to
ten. Just take a moment and count
to ten slowly.
Please try.

TIM
(too quickly)
One, two, three, four, five, six,
sev..

JOSH
Slower Tim, slower please.

TIM
Okay, One, two, three .. four ..
five.. hey, this works.

JOSH
Just keep counting please.

TIM
Six.. seven..

Josh interrupts.

JOSH
That will do fine Tim, can we start
again?

TIM
(calmer now)
Yes please.

JOSH
Very good, Tim. Now I'd like to try
another line of questioning, how's
that sound?

TIM
Sure.. I mean, I guess so.

Josh deliberately moves his chair closer to the couch.

JOSH
Now Tim, I'd like to ask you to
name me the last few presidents you
remember.

TIM
Presidents, of the United States?

JOSH
Yes please.

TIM
Ok, Let's see.. there was Reagan,
Bush, Clinton.

Josh adds to the list.

JOSH
And Bush.

TIM
I said Bush.

JOSH
George W Bush?

TIM
Yeah George Bush, how would I know
what his god damn initial is?

JOSH
No I mean George W Bush, he just
left office.

Tim counts them on his fingers

TIM
I thought it was Clinton, I mean I
know it's not Clinton.

JOSH
And what about Obama, the current
president.

TIM
What's an Obama?

JOSH
Never mind, it's not important
right now.

Josh realizes Tim could lose control again. He tries a
different, shocking tactic.

JOSH
Now Tim, let's stop playing Who's
on First. Although with everything
that's gone on since 9/11 you're
actually lucky if you can't
remember.

TIM
9/11?

JOSH
Yes 9/11

Tim shakes his head.

Josh studies Tim's reaction, looks for signs to debunk the story laid out to him by Dr. Isaacs.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE

Steve sits at Tim's desk, plays on his computer

Jean walks in.

JEAN

You know Tim's not here today
right?

Steve smiles.

STEVE

Yeah I know.

Jean shakes a finger at him.

JEAN

You know you have your own office.

Steve waves her off.

STEVE

Not as nice as this one, I like the
view.

Jean just shakes her head as she takes her leave.

INT. DR. STRASBERG'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

JOSH

Tim, I want to go over something
with you very slowly now. I have a
task for you to do, a homework
assignment you might say.

TIM

Homework?

JOSH

Yes and it's not group work. You're
going to have to perform this task
alone but I don't want you to be
alone when you do it.

TIM

Task, what kind of task?

JOSH

Do you remember back in school, maybe college, when you had to research an assignment, where would you go to study?

TIM

My dorm room I suppose,.. No wait, the library. I went to the library.

JOSH

Good, now what I'd like you to do is go to a library, one with many people and browse the computers.

TIM

I thought they only had books in the library.

JOSH

Times have changed over the past decade Tim.

TIM

You're telling me, browse through them for what?

JOSH

For events that have happened in the last 10 years. I'm hoping it may combat any permanent amnesia.

Tim moves from prone to a seated position.

TIM

Amnesia, is that what I've got? I thought that only happened when you got a concussion or something.

JOSH

I didn't say you had amnesia, Tim. It's too early to offer any diagnosis at all, I just want you to do this project and tell me if it brings back any thing at all.

TIM

Why do I need the library to have lots of people?

JOSH

Well quite honestly I don't know how you're going to react and I want you to have a buffer in case you do remember something.

TIM

Do I have to do this right away?
Can I still go to work?
What do I tell my family?

JOSH

Slow down Tim, the answers to your questions are no, you can do this when you have the time, yes, you can still go to work and I suggest you tell your family that we need a little more time to work out the cause of your stress.

Tim processes the answers before he gets up from the couch.

TIM

Well, if that's it I guess this session's over. I'm off to do my homework assignment for the week.

JOSH

Good luck Tim.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim's alone in his office, he surfs the internet. He wants to at least sneak a little peek at some of the events that have transpired in the past ten years.

He doesn't notice the gorgeous woman who stands right in front of him.

STEPHANIE

Good morning, Tim. Still an early riser, some things never change I guess, but then again I can remember when we came in early for a totally different reason.

Tim looks at the vision before him, notices she wears the same perfume as at the bar.

TIM

Sorry Stephanie, you startled me. You'd think I would have noticed that lovely scent you're wearing, Lady Diamonds isn't it?

STEPHANIE

Good nose, or more probably good memory, considering you bought it for me.

Tim lets the irony of the statement sink in.

TIM

Oh, oh right. What brings you in so early this morning Stephanie?

STEPHANIE

YOU!

Stephanie glides over and gently gives him a passionate kiss.

He kisses back but only for a second before he pushes her away.

TIM

I can't!!

STEPHANIE

Sure you can, I told you we've done this before. No one else will be in for at least a half hour.. And consider it's been so long for us since we've done this I'm sure it won't take that long.

She kisses him again, grabs for his crotch.

TIM

No... I mean I CAN'T, I don't want to. Christ I don't even know what I want. I was told... I thought we stopped this a couple years ago.

STEPHANIE

You mean YOU stopped it a couple years ago. But the other day when I saw you eyeing me up, making me melt, I had to try and convince you to see things my way.

Stephanie puts her hand on Tim's crotch again, he starts to sweat.

Tim knows he has to put a stop to this once and for all.

TIM
Stephanie!!

I don't know what you expected by coming here this morning but I have to tell you...
And I need you to understand, nothing can ever come of this.

I LOVE my wife.

Stephanie searches his eyes, looks for the truth.

Dejectedly she slumps her shoulders, kisses Tim again, this time on the forehead.

STEPHANIE
You actually mean it this time.

TIM
This time?

STEPHANIE
Oh, you've said it many times before, even when you ended things a couple years ago. But I always thought we'd start up again, only, I don't know, you're different now. You've changed.

TIM
So you won't try this again?

Stephanie starts to weep gently.

STEPHANIE
No, I only want the best for you, I want you to be with the woman you TRULY love and I honestly thought it would be me 'til right this moment.

TIM
I'm glad you understand, and...
I'm.. I'm sorry.

Stephanie turns to leave, wipes away her tears.

STEPHANIE

I hope you're happy with your decision Tim, I would have waited for you for a long time... But at least for a consolation prize I can always milk Stan for a promotion. If I can't have the man I want I guess I'll settle for the man who wants me.. maybe I can even get him in shape again.

As Stephanie exits a small smile crosses Tim's face.

TIM

That's two birds with one stone.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Tim studies some storyboards. He holds them up to his eyes for closer inspection.

Steve pokes his head into the office.

STEVE

Hey old friend, on for drinks tonight?

TIM

Not tonight, I have to go to the library?

Tim realizes too late his mistake. He firms himself for the onslaught.

STEVE

(Laughing)

Did you really just say the library? Why... do you have a project due tomorrow?

TIM

Yeah, yeah, it's a long story, suffice to say I can't make drinks.

STEVE

OK, I'll give you a rain check this time but please, next time, come up with something better than the "LIBRARY", will ya'.

INT. DOORWAY - SAME TIME

As Steve leaves he remembers something, snaps his fingers and turns around.

STEVE
Oh by the way, you'll never believe
who I saw together at lunch.

TIM
Stan and Stephanie?

STEVE
Damn, you heard already. How do you
always get things quicker than I
do, no wonder why you're the
partner.

TIM
Well, that and I'm not an alcoholic

STEVE
Asshole.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Tim sits and looks at a monitor, it stares back at him. He adjusts his chair, starts his assignment.

CU: Computer Screen shows only a GOOGLE search bar.

Tim types in "1999 events".

A plethora of events comes up, he chooses one. A picture of some event comes up and Tim clicks on the picture to get a better description. This goes on for both ninety nine and two thousand.

Tim then enters the year two thousand and one into the computer.

The top event that comes up is 9/11.

Tim clicks on it, tears well up as he views the images and reads the chronicles.

A young female student walks by, she notices the tears.

STUDENT
Are you OK sir?

TIM
 (Dries his eyes)
 Yeah, yes I'm fine, thank you.

The student glances at the subject matter, acknowledges the reason for the tears.

STUDENT
 Oh I'm sorry, I still can't believe something like that happened in America.

Did you lose someone that day?

The question hits Tim like a prize fighters punch.

He searches his mind for any memory of the event, thinks of people he knows in New York.

Tim wells up with tears again, unable to comprehend that an event this catastrophic wouldn't have left an indelible impression on him.

TIM
 I don't think, I mean I can't remember anyone being ...

STUDENT
 I'm so sorry to bring up bad memories sir. I apologize for the intrusion.

The student leaves, Tim wipes away more tears, goes back to the computer, enters another year.

INT. DR. STRASBERG'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim is in a prone position even before the doctor enters. Josh notices but doesn't know what to make of it.

JOSH
 So Tim, am I to take it from your posture that your trip to the library didn't prove fruitful?

TIM
 I don't think fruitful is the word I would use. I think confused or scared would be better.

JOSH
 Can you elaborate for me?

TIM

Sure, I guess so. I went through the past decade on the computer and saw some unbelievable things but it was like I was watching a movie.

JOSH

A movie, please elaborate?

TIM

You know, detached, like when you see a car accident and you have to look but you don't feel like it's re..

Tim's interrupted by a phone on Josh's desk. Josh lets it ring twice, it stops.

JOSH

Please continue on Tim, I don't know what Sally's thinking. I'm sure it was just a mistake.

TIM

That's alright Josh. Now where was I? Oh yeah, it's like I said you see something and it just feels li..

The phone interrupts in mid sentence again.

Josh, visibly upset crosses to his desk, picks up the phone swiftly.

INT. JOSH'S DESK - SAME TIME

JOSH

Sally, you know not to disturb me when I'm with a patie.. Oh, oh I see, alright.. but only for a second.

Hello, hello JANICE. Now slow down I can't understand a word you're saying. What, what's that.. Really, a foot.. That's great news, and something to hang your hopes on. Right, well we can discuss this further at our next session. Yes, OK. Good bye Janice.

INT. JOSH'S OFFICE - DAY

Josh returns to his seat, shakes his head in disbelief.

JOSH

I'm sorry Tim, Sally never puts calls through during a session, but that was a patient I've been seeing for quite some time now. Her son has been very ill and she and her husband haven't been dealing with it well lately. Anyhow, again my apologies, where were we?

TIM

No problem, I was telling you about my library experience.

JOSH

Ah yes, please continue.

Tim settles in.

TIM

You had my hopes up that something would bring back a memory after I got going. I mean I was there, I lived those moments, I must remember something, RIGHT?

JOSH

Tim I had high hopes as well that something you found would trigger a memory but sometimes it is a latent process.

TIM

Latent what?

JOSH

A latent process... Please let me explain in layman's terms. You see there are times when simply seeing an image can cause the brain to store it and later a trigger actually hits the part of the brain where the memory is stored, releasing the memory.

TIM

And what if it never does?

JOSH

Tim, The human brain is..

Tim stops him abruptly.

TIM

Yeah, yeah, I know the most misunderstood part of the human condition, yada, yada, yada. So what you're saying is I could just be walking down the street and a memory from what I saw at the library might pop right into my mind?

JOSH

Right. Or maybe nothing at all may ever come of it.

TIM

So I'm no further ahead, I mean there's no way of knowing when, or even if, I can hope to get my memory back?

Tim becomes frustrated again.

TIM

Christ, what will I do if...

Josh feels the frustration in Tim's voice and works quickly to regain Tim's confidence.

JOSH

Tim, I must tell you this could be a very long journey. There are many different exercises that you may have to do in order to find a key to unlock those memories stored in your mind. Some may show success while others will be abject failures but rest assured I am willing to leave no stone unturned to help you... The question is are you?

TIM

Am I what?

JOSH

Ready to do whatever it takes.

This vote of support rejuvenates Tim. He relaxes on the couch.

TIM

I AM ready. Can we talk about my next exercise?

JOSH

That's better, now what you will need for this next task is someone you can talk to, someone you can talk to about anything.

TIM

That's easy, my wife, Nancy.

JOSH

Are you sure?

Tim looks questioningly at the psychologist.

TIM

Sure of what?

JOSH

Remember, you told me that your wife may or may not have known about your affair. How well do you truly know your wife, Tim?

TIM

That affair is history, I verified it with the girl. Nancy is my college sweetheart, she's my soulmate.

JOSH

And everything's been good on the home front, no arguments lately?

TIM

Well I wouldn't say we're Lucy and Ricky Ricardo, but yeah, things are OK now.

Josh pauses a moment to ponder his next statement.

JOSH

Tim I've yet to see a perfect marriage, remember I'm a psychologist.

JOSH(cont'd)

But from what you've told me you may not even know how your marriage has been the past ten years. You may only be remembering the marriage you had, not the one you HAVE!

Are you willing to take the chance she doesn't have any idea about the affair?

Tim contemplates the question.

TIM

I can't be sure, but I need to tell her. I can't do this without her, no matter what the consequences.

JOSH

Are you absolutely sure you're ready for this next exercise. I need you to have conversations about past events, even painful ones you both may have shared but you don't remember.

Tim thinks for a long time, he sits up on the couch, his resolution strong.

TIM

I know I have to try. I have to risk she doesn't know about the affair.

JOSH

Well then let's work on that assumption. I agree she has to be the one.
But be careful to go slowly.

Tim asks Josh for guidance.

TIM

Is there any danger in telling her what I'm going through?

JOSH

Well..

TIM

Well what!?

JOSH

If you overwhelm her there's always the chance she won't comprehend it all and more importantly... if your marriage isn't as strong as you think then this may set off a psunami of emotion. One which she, or you, may be totally unequipped for.

TIM

Oh is that all.

Josh touches Tim on the shoulder in a reassuring fashion. He needs to feel certain Tim can carry out this important task.

JOSH

Tim, if you're unsure or you don't want to do this you can stop, just go about your day to day activities, hoping for some memories to come back.

TIM

No!
I mean no, I want to come up with a solution to this no matter what else it costs me. I'm missing years of my life, I'll be damned if I'm just gonna' sit back and wait for them to maybe reappear.

JOSH

Then all I have for you Tim are two words...GOOD LUCK.

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tim's seated at the kitchen table, he faces Nancy. She's visibly upset, she cries and her body shakes.

TIM

Nancy, I'm so sorry I scared you. The last thing on my mind is that I would ever leave you.

Nancy works to gain her composure. She's dreaded this conversation for years.

NANCY

(Still crying)

I've been fearing it for years and when you said we had to have a serious talk... I know things haven't been good with us. I just knew one of these days you'd say you weren't coming back to me.

TIM

Coming back to you, I never left.

NANCY

Not physically but for a long time now home has simply been a place for you to hang your hat.

TIM

I don't wear hats.

Nancy smiles, tries not to laugh through the tears.

NANCY

Those are the kind of cracks I've missed the past number of years.

Tim seizes the moment.

TIM

Would you say about ten years?

Nancy ponders the query, looks into space for a moment.

NANCY

I stopped counting a long time ago. It all seems like a blur, complacencies and redundancies all just string together .

TIM

That's why we need to talk.

NANCY

I don't understand.

TIM

I pray you will. Listen if you're ready to here something fantastic, almost surreal, then I'm ready to tell you.

NANCY

Now you're scaring me again.

TIM

I just have one question. Do you still love me?

NANCY

After all we've been through how could you ever doubt it?

Tim fumbles for a minute, he runs his hands through his hair.

TIM

That's just it. I CAN'T remember what we've been through for the past number of years, that's what I need to tell you, what I need your help with.

A cordless phone on the table rings, Nancy hesitates, this isn't the right time..

She picks up the phone anyhow, looks at the call display and answers.

NANCY

Hello, Julie. What's that, oh right the party. Well listen, about that.. Yes I know he only turns two years old once in his life.. it's just that you're Dad and I are talk..

CU: Tim's face as he listens to his wife's conversation

His face becomes bright with recognition, he experiences his first memory of anything that's happened during the past decade.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY FLOOR - NIGHT

Tim and Nancy run down a hall looking for their daughter's room. They find Julie and Ethan in an embrace. The young couple see Tim and Nancy, they break apart to reveal a basinette with a tiny baby wrapped in a blue blanket.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Nancy hangs up the phone.

Tim is filled with euphoria.

NANCY

I'm sorry Tim, I just had to talk
to Julie. It's Jeremy's second
bir..

TIM

I remember, Jeremy's second
birthday next week.

(Now almost weeping)

I remember, remember the first time
we saw him, I had to get you out of
the courtroom by saying our
daughter had a ..

NANCY/TIM

Medical Emergency!!

They both laugh a little, it turns to hysteria, Nancy starts
to cry again.

TIM

Why the tears now?

NANCY

It's just that I haven't laughed
like that for so long.

TIM

Me too, I think.

NANCY

But what were you just saying,
about not remembering things.

TIM

What? No, never mind, it's nothing.
Let's just get to work at planning
that party.

INT. DR. STRASBERG'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim is excitedly sitting on the edge of the couch as Josh
enters the office and sees the enthusiasm in Tim's eyes.

JOSH

Well now, I'm guessing you're conversation with your wife went quite well indeed.

Tim is so excited he could jump through his skin.

TIM

YES! I mean NO! Something much bigger than that, I remembered something.

JOSH

Remembered something, are you sure? Was it one of the things you saw at the library?

TIM

No, no. Something that happened in my personal life.

JOSH

Something previous to 1999. Tim, we've talked about this.

TIM

No that's the beautiful part, this happened in the past two years!!

Josh contains his own enthusiasm.

JOSH

Now that is intriguing, can you tell me what the memor..

The phone rings, Josh turns red.

INT. JOSH'S DESK - SAME TIME

He storms to the phone, ready to read the riot act to Sally.

JOSH

Sally I distinctly told you that absolutely under no conditions was I to be bothered while I am in sess.. what, right now, on the phone.. oh in the office. Well tell him he'll have to wait. Wait, no I guess we can't have that. Hold on, I'll be right out.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Josh crosses to the couch to apologize.

JOSH

I am SO sorry Tim, it seems there is some commotion going on in the outer office. Can you find it in you to let me go deal with it, just for a second.

Tim answers without hesitation.

TIM

Doc, the way I feel today, nothing can bother me. Please go ahead, take all the time you need.

JOSH

Thanks Tim, It'll only take a second I promise.

Josh takes his leave so quickly he forgets to close the door fully, it's just open enough that Tim can overhear.

JOSH (O.S.)

Hello, JOHN. You know you can't come down here unscheduled and just expect to see m..

JOHN (O.S)

I'm sorry Josh, I just had to tell you the news in person. It's just that BILLY ...

JOSH (O.S)

Yes, yes I know John. As we discussed in our last session moving a leg or arm is great cause for hope.

JOHN (O.S.)

An arm or a leg!! No this is bigger than that, he OPENED his eyes!!

JOSH (O.S)

WHAT, but that's not possible.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

As Tim listens another memory comes across his mind.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

Tim and Nancy are seated with many other parents on wooden chairs. There is a makeshift stage and podium at the front of the gym.

The school principal calls out a name.

PRINCIPAL
Jacob Sullivan.

A smile beams across both their faces as Jacob approaches the podium, takes his diploma and crosses the tassel on his graduation cap.

TIM
That's my boy.

INT. JOSH'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Tim's mind snaps back to the conversation in the other room.

JOHN (O.S.)
That's what we thought. It must have been just a flicker or something but the doctors tell us it's been happening every few days now. Not enough to say he's coming out of it but ..
Oh, my God. What if he comes out of it and I'm still here. What would Janice say, I gotta' go, wish us luck Josh.

Tim hears a door close, Josh re-enters the inner office with a light hop in his step.

JOSH
Well, it looks like it's been a banner day all around.

TIM
That's ok, hey it just happened again.

JOSH
It happened, what happened?

TIM

I just had another memory, of my son's graduation.

JOSH

Alright Tim, that's great news of course but I just want to remind you it might be just a fluke occurrence.

TIM

Thanks for the vote of confidence Doc. I thought you were on my side.

JOSH

I am Tim, I just want to be cautious, that's all. I still think we should continue to see each other.. just to be sure.

Tim starts to chuckle.

TIM

Sounds like you want to milk me for a bunch more money before I'm done. But you're the Doc, what's next?

JOSH

Glad to see you've still got your sense of humor. Please see Sally to set up your next appointment.

INT. JOSH'S OFFICE

A montage of visits over the next three weeks, Tim starts off extremely enthusiastic but gets more exasperated each time, as no more memories appear.

INT. JOSH'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim is in the fetal position. Josh talks to him about something the psychologist has learned.

JOSH

Tim, I want you to know I've been doing more research after coming up empty the past few sessions.

TIM

Any luck?

JOSH

As a matter of fact I came up with something quite interesting.

Tim rises to a semi-sitting position.

JOSH

I found a few case studies much like yours, in each case the patient was diagnosed with the same illness, neural atrophy.

TIM

Atrophy, isn't that what happens to people in comas?

JOSH

Very good Tim, but that's muscle atrophy. The difference is in the parts of the body affected. Neural atrophy attacks the nerves for memories that are attached to the brain, they become complacent, very similar to how the muscles and joints of a person in a coma become stagnant with no use.

TIM

You mean I haven't used my brain for ten years. That's impossible. How have I been functioning, how can I remember something from the past few months and everything up to 1999?

Tim goes back to the fetal position, feels the desperation and frustration settle back into his body.

JOSH

That is exactly what we need to figure out.
Listen Tim I'd like to try something radically different today, if I have your permission.

TIM

Why bother, more exercises, forget it!!

JOSH

Tim, this could present a huge breakthrough opportunity.

TIM
I think I'm too exhausted, Josh.

JOSH
I understand, you've been through much more than most people could handle, I commend you on your strength.

Tim just curls up tighter, but then something sparks him and he jolts upright.

TIM
Screw it!!

JOSH
Pardon me.

TIM
I said I was in this for the long haul, nothing else has worked. Why not try a Hail Mary.
Josh, what did you have in mind?

JOSH
Hypnosis.

TIM
Parlour tricks!!
Is that the best you can come up with Josh. I'm about ready to go off the deep end and you want to try gimmicks?

JOSH
Tim, I know you're upset. But why don't we give this a try, shall we. I just need you to concentrate Tim, can you do that?

Tim calms down, takes a few deep breaths, lies down.

TIM
Yeah, I mean I guess so, I mean yes, go ahead.

Josh leans back in his chair to make sure his voice is a few more feet away from Tim.

He begins slowly.

JOSH

Alright, Tim, I just want you to concentrate on my voice and my voice alone.

TIM

This feels hokey, I don't think I can be hypnotized Doc.

JOSH

This will only work if you concentrate. Now if you'd rather not try I said I'll underst..

Tim repositions himself steadfastly.

TIM

I'm sorry Josh, I promise I'll concentrate.

JOSH

Fine, now Tim once again I only want you concentrating on the sound of my voice and my voice alone. Are you good with that Tim, I need to know you are concentrating on my voice and my voice alone.

TIM

You're voice, right, your voice.

Tim gets comfortable.

JOSH

Good Tim, good.
Now again, listening and concentrating only on my voice and my voice alone I want you to relax, relax like you're on a secluded beach. You've just had a long swim, you're lying on a luxurious blanket. The sun feels so warm on your body, it soothes you after your long swim. You feel yourself becoming relaxed as you feel the sunbeams drench your body with warmth.

TIM

Warm.

JOSH

And now you feel the warmth overtake your consciousness, you feel like you could sleep for days. You feel that you are drifting off into a long, deep sleep. Tim you need to follow that feeling and sleep. You will only respond to questions I may ask you. You will only respond to my questions with a yes or no answer.

Tim is that clear?

TIM

(Under now)

Yes.

JOSH

Good, now Tim I want to ask you a couple of questions. Is that OK?

TIM

Yes.

JOSH

Good, I want you to remember back to 1999, can you remember that year Tim?

TIM

Yes.

JOSH

Fine, now Tim I want you to think back to that year for just a minute. Were you happy that year, career, family life going well?

TIM

Yes.

JOSH

Very Good, now Tim, I want you to remember the year 2008, do you remember that year.

TIM

No.

JOSH
Alright, now Tim I want you to
remember the year 2005, do you
remember that year.

TIM
No.

JOSH
Fine, now Tim, the year 2007 is
when you're grandson Jeremy was
born, do you remember his birth?

TIM
No.

JOSH
Excellent, now Tim, this is
important. You told me that your
grandson, Jeremy, was born in 2007,
Do you remember his birth now Tim?

TIM
No.

Josh gets frustrated, upset that the answers are not what he
had hoped for.

He regroups, goes back in to Tim's subconscious.

JOSH
Fine, now Tim, it is extremely
important to me that I do not get
confused. Do you remember your son
Jacob's high school graduation?

TIM
No.

JOSH
Alright, now Tim, I want you to
remember before 1998, do you
remember that time Tim?

TIM
Yes.

Josh realizes this attempt is useless. He cannot subject Tim
to any more.

He leans forward in his chair.

JOSH

Alright, Tim I just want you to listen to the sound of my voice, the sleep you were in was the best sleep you can remember having in years. I want you to think of being on the beach and now the sun's rays have been covered by a cloud. The deep warm rays of the sun have been covered and the cool feeling of waves tickling at your toes have you starting to wake up. As you wake up you will remember nothing of our conversation while you were asleep. You will only feel the sense of awakening refreshed from the best sleep you've had in years. You will be awake and understanding everything I am saying. When I snap my fingers Tim you will be wide awake, refreshed and back to your present situation, lying on the couch in my office.

INT. COUCH - SAME TIME

Josh snaps his fingers, Tim opens his eyes wide.

TIM

Hey Josh, what's going on. Did I fall asleep?

JOSH

Does it feel like you've been asleep?

TIM

Actually, it feels like I just woke up from a great eight hours.

Tim looks at his watch, realizes it's only been a few minutes.

TIM

Does this mean the hypnosis worked?

JOSH

Mm hmm.

TIM

And did I remember anything. Did it jog my memory?

JOSH
Unfortunately not.

The answer crushes Tim like a stone.

He starts to breathe heavily, his head starts to spin.

He hyperventilates.

JOSH
Tim, I need you to relax now.

TIM
Relax, really!!

This was it, Josh, this was the last straw. I mean you tried to ask me things I should remember, right?

JOSH
Correct.

TIM
And I didn't remember anything?

JOSH
I'm afraid not but Tim that was a very trying experience. Maybe we should just take a break for a little while.

TIM
A break, how long a break?

JOSH
I would suggest a month or two.

TIM
So that's it, I just have to live like this for a month or two, I can't do it, I'll crack up.

JOSH
Tim I told you to expect a long journey, I also told you I'd do everything I could to help you. Right now I think the best I can do is offer you a break from the constant pressure of trying to remember.

TIM

Pressure? Is that what you think
this is Josh, pressure.
More like constant hell.

JOSH

That's what I'm talking about Tim,
you need to step back for a little
while.

Tim tries to compose himself.

TIM

So you want me to try and NOT
remember?

JOSH

Exactly, and who knows, a break may
be just what your memory needs too.
It's like when you're trying to
remember the name of a person
you've met before and can't, but
then a few hours or days later it
comes to you when you're not even
thinking about it.

TIM

Maybe I just have to resign myself
to leaving it up to a higher power
to decide when the time is right to
restore my memories.

Josh takes advantage of the moment to add some levity.

JOSH

Thinking of turning to religion
rather than psychology are you Tim?

TIM

Well maybe to augment it.

Josh chuckles then looks at his watch.

JOSH

Oh my goodness, I hate to do this
but we're running late. Why don't
we just leave it at this and I'll
have Sally book you in after a
couple of months.
But Tim, I want you to let me know
if anything, even the smallest
detail, changes.

TIM
Trust me Josh, you'll be the first
to know.

The two men shake hands, exit into the outer office together.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Tim approaches Sally to book an appointment.

He notices Josh greet a family in the waiting room. It is a man and woman in their forties and a young man about the same age as Jacob.

JOSH
Hello Janice, John. This must be
Billy, it truly is a pleasure to
finally meet you. Do you know that
your parents have been seeing me
for years and they've always
insisted that one day I'd be able
to talk to you in person.

Tim is about to pass the group when Josh catches his arm.

JOSH
Oh hey Tim, if you have just a
second?

TIM
What, yeah sure

JOSH
This is the MILLER family, Janice
and John, they are the ones who
interrupted our sessions.

Tim had already figured that out.

He shakes both their hands.

TIM
Hello. It must be a world of relief
to have your son back with you.
I've got a son about the same age,
I can only imagine what you've gone
through.
Dr. Strasberg said he's been sick
for quite some time, about seven
years or so?

Josh corrects him.

JOSH

Actually, Tim I said I'd been working with Janice and John for six or seven years. Billy had been in a coma for what, about two years before that?

JANICE

1999. I'll never forget.

Josh directs Tim to the young man.

JOSH

And I'd like to introduce you to Billy, their son. I'm going to be working with him trying to reintroduce him to a world that he can't remember for the past ten years or so.

TIM

Something I sure can relate to.

Billy stands up, extends his hand, Tim does likewise.

Their two hands touch.

FLASHBACK:

CU: SNAP OF LIGHT THROUGH TIM'S EYES. A FLASHBACK OF A MEMORY OCCURS

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - 1999

Tim exits the dry cleaners in the strip mall, obviously in quite a hurry.

INT. LAND ROVER - SAME TIME

He loosely hangs the bag into the back seat of the SUV, tries to get it to lay flat against the window but it's bulky and he leaves it, this blocks his line of sight through the mirror.

Tim reaches beside him for a large cellular telephone. It is a phone of the times, large body, even larger antenna. He plays with the phone, tries to get a signal with no luck at all, he chucks the phone into the passenger seat.

TIM
(to himself)
These things will never catch on.

Tim starts the truck, puts it in gear quickly.

CU: PANEL ON DASHBOARD. GEAR DISPLAY CHANGES FROM D TO R

Tim picks the phone back up, struggles to get a signal, starts to back out of the lot. He pays attention only to the phone's display, doesn't even check his side mirrors, even with his view to the rear still blocked by the dry cleaning. He throws the phone on the passenger seat in disgust one more time.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

A ten year old boy rides through the lot, the large SUV backs up. Billy notices the vehicle but he's cut through this lot safely hundreds of times before. He's sure the driver will check his mirrors, look to make sure nothing's coming.

They'll notice him, they'll hit their brakes, they always do.

EXT PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

The SUV hits the bicycle, slightly dings the back quarter panel. There's a slight thud, not noticeable to the driver, the bike crumples behind the weight of the huge vehicle. The boy on the bicycle is knocked to the ground and the mangled frame lies on top of him, tires spin from the impact.

The SUV changes gears into DRIVE, speeds away from the lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Two young cyclists who had been riding with Billy, just a little slower, enter the lot seconds later.

One of the boys runs to Billy, the other into a store as he screams for help.

FADE OUT