

WISHBONE

By

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Not to be produced without
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INT. CAR - NIGHT

NICK (mid-thirties, hipster-handsome) sits on the passenger side. On the drivers side is CHLOE (early-thirties, attractive, confident). Both smile and laugh flirtatiously.

NICK
So, this penguin waddles into a bar...

CHLOE
Yeeaah?

NICK
He's frantically flapping his wings in a panic. The bartender asks: 'What's the matter?'. The penguin replies: 'I lost my brother'. The bartender then says: 'What does he look like?'

CHLOE
Don't quit your day job, cowboy.
(*Serious*)
It's time to go.

NICK
It's time.

Nick leans over and kisses her deeply.

NICK
In a while, crocodile.

CHLOE
Later, 'Gator.

Nick smiles, moves to get out of the car.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE IN ON NICK'S HAND AS HE CLOSES THE DOOR.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Nick, (unkempt beard, disheveled) stands next to a dilapidated car in a dimly-lit parking lot.

YOUNG WOMAN (O/S)
Mr. Francis?

Nick shudders, turns to see a YOUNG COUPLE on the other side of parking lot. THE WOMAN has a book under her arm.

YOUNG WOMAN

I wanted to-

She stops in her tracks off of Nick's pained expression. The MAN steps forward.

YOUNG MAN

C'mon, honey. Now's not the time.

Nick turns away, pulls a car cover over the destroyed, desolate vehicle.

EXT. STREET BY BEACH - BREAK OF DAWN

Early in the morning. Daybreak... misty and moody. Nick runs with conviction, but no joy.

Nick comes to the end of his run, sits down on a bench facing the ocean. Sips from a water bottle, stares out indifferently into the sunrise.

MIDDLE AGED MAN (O/S)

This view never gets old.

Nick, taken aback, spins to his right to reveal:

A middle-aged man in a black suit, white shirt and black tie, next to him on the bench.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

It's strange... For a long time, beauty like this didn't register. It would pass me by in a blur. Blotted out by the monotony of the grind. But then I learned, it's important to be grateful.

Nick is agitated. He briskly walks away.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

And I am grateful, Nick. More than words could ever express.

Nick accelerates into a run.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - LATER THAT MORNING

Back from his run, Nick is unlocking his mail box. As he shuts the mail box door, an older, large-set MAIL WOMAN emerges carrying a mail bag. She beams at Nick.

MAIL WOMAN

Good morning, Mr. Francis.

NICK

Bit early for a delivery, isn't it?

The mail woman pulls out a small package and clipboard from her bag.

MAIL WOMAN

Please sign for this.

Nick reaches out and starts to sign. As he does this, the Mail Woman pulls out a book from her mail bag. She looks up sheepishly at Nick and holds out the book and a pen.

MAIL WOMAN

Would you sign this too?

Nick sighs, annoyed. He *gruffly* grabs the book, scribbles something and hands it back abruptly. She smiles. Nick doesn't. He turns and walks away.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Minimally furnished living space. Devoid of color and personality.

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

-Nick sits on the end of his bed, takes his sneakers off

-Nick in the shower

-Nick brushes his teeth

-Nick gets dressed

-Nick puts the kettle on

-Nick puts a tea bag into a cup

-Sits alone at the kitchen table with his tea

END SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY AFTERNOON

NICK -- sits on a solitary chair in the middle of his living room, smokes, while he types on his laptop.

A light KNOCK on the door. NICK, stops. Waits. Continues to type.

RAP-RAP-RAP.

Knocks get louder, so NICK stops and gets up.

CUT TO:

NICK opens his front door. On the other side of the door is KAT (alternative, pretty, in her mid-twenties). She holds a brown bag full of groceries.

KAT
Nick Francis?

NICK
Yes?

KAT
Hi! I live down the hall. I'm-

NICK
Are you locked out?

KAT
No. No. I was just at Yentils.

NICK
Ok.

KAT
The Yiddish grocer on 5th?

NICK
Right?

KAT
They have this amazing roast
chicken and-

NICK
What do you want?

KAT
Well, I have all this food, and
thought-

NICK
That's what you have, not what
you want.

KAT
(Wavers)
Uh, I just figured you may be
hungry.

NICK
That's for me?

KAT
Yeah.

NICK

Why?

KAT

Why? Um, random act of kindness?

Nick hesitates in the doorway.

KAT

And it's really kinda heavy.
C'mon, let a girl in.

Nick pauses, opens the door slightly.

Kat confidently walks through and over to the kitchen table. She lays down the bag of groceries and shakes out her arms.

She unpacks Styrofoam containers, and a roasted chicken.

KAT

Gotta admire your zen-li-ness.
I'm a proud, card-carrying
pack-rat. But I s'pose for you it
makes sense... uncluttered space,
uncluttered mind, right? Which is
important-

NICK

Ok.

Kat looks bemused. Nick walks brusquely over to a shelf and grabs from a pile of books that share the same cover.

SUPER ON SCREEN - name of the book:

'Adrift in the Abyss' - by Andy King'

Photo of Nick at the back.

END SUPER ON SCREEN

Nick opens it, pulls a pencil from behind his ear, scribbles something in it and then TOSSES it over to Kat.

NICK

Here.

Unfazed, Kat takes a moment to study the back of the book.

KAT

Why Andy King?

NICK

Because of this.

They both stare at each other.

KAT

Well aren't you full of piss and vinegar. You'd think from your book you'd be more Gandhi, than grumpy.

NICK

Look, I don't know what your game is, but I'm not comfortable with-

KAT

People?

NICK

Random acts of kindness.

KAT

Understood.

NICK

So, what do I owe you?

KAT

Nothing.

NICK

I insist.

KAT

So do I.

Kat goes to leave, notices a picture of CHLOE on the fridge. This makes her pause.

KAT

She's beautiful.

Nick's mood darkens.

KAT

Okay. Outta bounds. Roger that.

Nick moves back toward the door. Reopens it.

NICK

I'm on a deadline.

KAT

Maybe another time?

Nick nods, non-committal. Kat moves toward the door.

KAT

Kat.

Nick looks around the room, confused.

NICK

Where?

Kat points to herself with her thumbs.

KAT

Front and center.

Kat walks through the doorway, after a few steps, stops and turns around.

KAT

Well... later, 'Gator.

Nick pauses. Before he can say anything, Kat walks away. Nick closes the door.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (SAME DAY)

NICK sits alone, surrounded by papers. He looks up in search of inspiration. He notices the chicken on the kitchen table.

A look of guilt crosses Nick's face. He gets up and walks over to the kitchen. He takes the lid off the packet, and smells the chicken. He's ravenous.

Starts to take the chicken apart. Eats a little. Goes to do it again. Pauses, reaches in and pulls out a WISHBONE. Looks at it, and a sliver of a smile cracks his lips.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME NIGHT

Nick stands quietly in front of a door. He reaches up to knock, but hesitates. Finally, he knocks on the door. Softly. The door immediately opens.

Kat stands in her PJs in front of Nick.

KAT

Nick Francis?

NICK

Just Nick. Nick Francis is kinda a grumpy asshole.

KAT

Sometimes.

Nick answers with a half smile. They stand awkwardly by the door. Kat shrugs and moves into her apartment. Nick stays by the doorway. Kat notices he's not following.

KAT
What? Are you a vampire?

NICK
No. I just wasn't expecting-

KAT
Nick Francis I invite you into my
humble abode. But no biting...
unless I say.

Nick glowers, embarrassed. He steps in and shuts the door.

INT. KAT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Unlike Nick's apartment, Kat's place is a colorful and vibrant cornucopia of clutter.

Kat sprawls herself down on a sofa, where there is a bottle of wine and a half-filled glass. Nick still stands sheepishly by the door.

KAT
Grab yourself a glass... cabinet
over the sink.

NICK
No thanks.

KAT
Suit yourself, cowboy.

Kat gestures for Nick to sit. Nick walks over to Kat, but only to stand next to the couch. They both stare at each other for a while.

Kat sips her wine, then clears her throat.

KAT
The Super suggested your book,
after my, uh, razor blade
incident.

Nick shuffles awkwardly.

NICK
Why...?

KAT
My fiance, Josh.

Kat sits cross-legged.

KAT
We were walking home after
brunch... Standing on a corner
(MORE)

KAT (cont'd)
 talking, laughing... it was a
 beautiful day.

(Wells-up)

Then this bus popped a corner and
 the side mirror... took his head
 clean off... I was still holding
 his hand.

Nick catches his breath... sits down softly next to Kat.

KAT

After the tears. The condolences.
 The shock. There was nothing.
 Just emptiness. I couldn't sleep,
 eat, or even leave my bed. I
 thought moving might help, but it
 didn't. So, I tried to... leave.

(Smiles)

Then... then I read your book.

Nick nods.

KAT

There are others you know.
 Millions in fact.

NICK

Fans?

KAT

No, not 'fans'. We're talking
 re-birth, sanctification, seeing
 the light. Whatever you want to
 call it. You're right up there
 with Deepak Chopra. Don't tell me
 you've never Googled yourself...?

NICK

Listen, Kat... It's just a book.

Kat places her hand over Nick's. Nick tightens.

KAT

No it's not. It's so much more
 than that; It's like this sonnet
 to everlasting love and the power
 of hope.

Nick slumps.

KAT

At least it is for us.

Nick looks away, lost in thought.

KAT
 Writers wish to be what they
 write and write to be what they
 wish.

Nick looks back at Kat and nods. Kat smiles.

KAT
 What do you wish for, Nick?

NICK
 I gave up on wishing a long time
 ago.

KAT
 That's not true.

Nick takes his time to think of a response.

NICK
 I wish I could go back...

KAT
 ...just for a few minutes...

NICK
 ...so I can change...

NICK/KAT
 Everything.

For a moment, they stare into each other's eyes. Kat leans in and kisses Nick. Nick is stiff at first, but then allows himself to be kissed for a second, then abruptly pulls away. Kat smiles apologetically.

NICK
 I should go.

KAT
 You don't have to.

NICK
 No, I do.
(Cracks a smile)
 Besides, the sun'll be up soon.

Nick jokingly bears his fangs, they share a laugh, as Nick turns to leave...

NICK
 Oh, I almost forgot...

Nick hesitates, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a WISHBONE. Kat suppresses a giggle.

KAT

Didn't you quit wishing?

NICK

Maybe I fell off the wagon.

Kat reaches out and her fingers momentarily wrap around Nick's... their eyes meet. Kat slowly opens her fingers until her pinky wraps around the WISHBONE. Nick does the same and smiles.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATE SAME NIGHT

Nick sits on the side of his bed, seeming moderately cheerful. He twiddles the BIGGER HALF OF THE WISHBONE between his fingers.

But then he notices Chloe's wedding band on the bedside table. His mood dips.

Nick OPENS HIS HAND and puts the bigger half of the WISHBONE beside the ring. He then turns out the light.

INT. HALLWAY - DAYTIME

NICK'S DREAM.

Nick stands at the end of a long, narrow hallway. At the far side is a door with glass panes. A blinding light seeps through. In front of Nick is CHLOE, with her back turned to him.

Nick tries to reach his hand out to touch her, but she continues inexorably toward the end of the hallway - out of reach.

Nick tries to say something, but she can't hear. He screams. She still can't hear. Chloe opens the door and the light FLOODS THE HALLWAY, it blinds Nick.

The door SLAMS SHUT, and Nick is left in the silent, foreboding dark.

The silence is interrupted by the sound of SCREECHING BREAKS, and then a loud thunderous CRASH.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Nicky!

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE IN on Nick asleep in bed.

He's in the same room he fell asleep in... yet it's different. He turns--eyes still closed--toward the middle of the bed. He's clean shaven.

Nick OPENS HIS EYES to see a woman (CHLOE) staring back at him with a sleepy smile.

Nick SCAMPERS to the end of the bed, confused.

CHLOE

Babe?

NICK

Ch... Chloe?

CHLOE

You okay?

NICK

It can't be.

CHLOE

Nicky, what's going on?

Chloe reaches out to touch him. Nick recoils, like zapped by a cattle prod.

NICK

Don't.

CHLOE

You're scaring me.

NICK

(Under his breath)

Wake up. Wake up. Wake up.

CHLOE

You are awake. What are you saying?

NICK

No. I have to go. I have to go, right?

CHLOE

Go where? We're home.

Chloe moves toward him again, Nick falls off the bed and scampers into the corner of the room like a scared animal. She approaches him.

CHLOE
Let me help you.

NICK
No, you're not real. Get away
from me.

CHLOE
Nicky please...

Chloe tries to touch him again... Nick aggressively pushes her away.

NICK
I have to go, I have to go, I
have to go.

WHACK! Chloe SLAPS Nick.

CHLOE
Nicky! Snap out of it.

Nick reaches up to his face where he was slapped. Feels his cheeks... notices the lack of beard.

CHLOE
I'm so sorry...
(Off Nick's reaction)
It's okay... You're awake.

Chloe grabs Nick's hands.

CHLOE
C'mon... let a girl in.

Chloe touches his face. Nick's features soften, as he starts to *recognize* Chloe.

NICK
Chloe?

CHLOE
Yeah. I'm right here, Nicky.

NICK
This can't be real. Can it?

Chloe kisses Nick. He stares at her in wonderment.

CHLOE
Is that real enough for you?

Nick smiles and nods in disbelief. He takes a deep breath to steady himself.

CHLOE
What was that?

NICK
I don't know how to explain.

CHLOE
I'm gonna call Doctor. Prekash.

NICK
No, no, I'm fine. Really.

CHLOE
Fine? I just bitch-slapped you.

They both laugh uneasily.

NICK
Honestly... I'm good.

CHLOE
You sure?

NICK
Yeah, I'm sure.

CHLOE
You know I have to go to work,
right?

NICK
Yeah, of course.

CHLOE
Which means you'll be alone.

NICK
If I have another episode, I'll
bitch-slap myself, okay?

CHLOE
(Laughs)
Okay. Now, go make me some
coffee...

Chloe saunters over to the bathroom. Off screen, starts to run a shower.

Nick smiles. He pulls on a t-shirt and leaves the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nick walks over to the kitchen. Grabs a remote control, turns the TV on in the background. He starts to make the coffee... a wide, almost *too-good-to-be-true* smile on his face the whole time.

Off screen, we can hear a newscaster.

NEWSCASTER (O/S)

Celebrations went late into the night in Chicago, following President Elect, Barack Obama's victory speech in Grant Park. The crowd of 240,000--including celebrities such as Oprah Winfrey--braved the cold to celebrate with the soon-to-be 44th President of the United States.

Nick suddenly stops what he's doing, as he remembers something. He drops the package of coffee, and urgently runs to the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick bursts into the bathroom. The shower is running. Chloe is still in her nightie. Nick abruptly turns the shower off.

CHLOE

What the hell, Nicky!?!

NICK

What day is it?

CHLOE

Friday!

NICK

Friday, November 5th, 2008?

CHLOE

Yes.

NICK

Oh my fucking God.

CHLOE

What is it?

NICK

You can't go to work today.

CHLOE

I have to, the deposition.

NICK

Call in sick.

CHLOE

Babe... I've been working on this for months.

NICK

I know you have, but... My head... I don't think I should be alone.

CHLOE

That's it. I'm calling Dr. Prekash.

Chloe goes to leave the bathroom, but Nick grabs her arm.

NICK

I don't want Doctor Prekash. I want you...

Chloe studies Nick for a moment.

CHLOE

Okay... But I gotta drop off the files, first.

NICK

You don't understand-

CHLOE

It'll take fifteen minutes.

NICK

So, get a courier.

CHLOE

That's ridiculous.

NICK

Chloe. You. Can't. Leave.

Chloe sees just how serious Nick is being. She acquiesces, nods.

CHLOE

Must've been some dream.

NICK

You have no idea.

Chloe steps closer to Nick. Nick embraces her.

CHLOE

It wasn't real, you know that right?

Chloe pulls Nick's hands onto her body.

CHLOE
This... this is real.

Nick savors the touch, the warmth and the smell of Chloe.
They kiss.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-Chloe handing a package to a courier at the door.

-Nick in the shower, Chloe joins him.

-Nick and Chloe sitting in the kitchen, drinking coffee
and eating a sandwich.

-Nick and Chloe at their dining room table, both working.
Nick occasionally looking up at Chloe and smiling in
wonder.

-Nick and Chloe on the couch, at night, watching a movie.
Chloe melts into Nick's arms as they both fall asleep,
comfortable and contented.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAYTIME

NICK'S DREAM

Nick stands in the front of the mirror in a dimly lit
bathroom, looking normal. Behind him is a bathtub, with
the curtain drawn.

On the sink is a clean razor. He picks it up. Looks in the
mirror again and this time his face is COVERED IN BLOOD.
The razor, is also now laden with blood. He feverishly
tries to wash away the blood.

KAT (V/O)
Mr. Francis?

The voice is coming from the bathtub. Nick looks
tentatively at the bathtub and slowly -- cautiously walks
over.

Nick PULLS BACK the curtain.

Laying in BLOODIED bathwater is KAT. Only her face isn't
submerged in the water. Her eyes are closed.

Nick is panicked. Unsure of what to do.

Kat's eyes suddenly OPEN.

KAT
Millions.

CLOSE IN on Nick scrunches his eyes shut, trying to shake
off the image.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - MORNING

CLOSE in on Nick's scrunched up eyes.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Nick is sound asleep in an armchair, with loose papers scattered all around him. His eyes flutter open.

CHLOE (O.S)
Nicky, wake up...

Nick sits up to see Chloe behind him. He stumbles off his chair, startled.

Chloe looks older. Her hair is in a ponytail and she's wears glasses. She's holds two cups of coffee.

CHLOE
Woah... Babe, you okay?

NICK
Just gimme a second... I'm-

CHLOE
Hungover?

NICK
You look...

CHLOE
What?

NICK
Older?

CHLOE
Uh... Pardon me?

NICK
No, no, no... I didn't mean you look... its just you're... you're... a woman. A beautiful woman.

CHLOE
Ten out of ten for the recovery, Nicky. Now, wanna start again? You say, 'Good morning, Mrs. Francis... you look positively radiant... oh, and thanks for getting my hungover-ass coffee'.

Chloe winces, hurriedly puts down the cups of coffee on the desk.

CHLOE

Uh-oh.

Chloe quickly grabs a garbage can from underneath the desk and VOMITS.

NICK

(Disoriented)

What the hell's going on?

CHLOE

Seriously? It's called morning sickness. And it's kicking my ass.

NICK

I'm having a baby?

Chloe sets aside the garbage can, and slowly stands up.

CHLOE

No... I'm having the baby. You're here to rub my feet and get me ice cream on demand.

(Looks at her watch)

You're gonna be late.

Nick reaches one of the cups of coffee and drains it in one go.

NICK

Late for what?

CHLOE

Work, bozo.

NICK

I work from home.

CHLOE

Today? Great.

NICK

Always. I always work from home... right?

CHLOE

How much did you drink last night? Wait... did you quit?

NICK

Quit what?

CHLOE

Um, I dunno... making sense?

(Irritated)

Babe, your job.

Nick picks up some of the loose pieces of paper from the floor and reads them.

NICK

I'm a copywriter?

CHLOE

Oh. My. God. You're so predictable. I told you not to give up on the writing. But no, no, no, you insisted on a soul-sucking nine-to-five. How about you buy yourself a motorcycle, get inked, learn guitar... and then 'boom', midlife crisis averted. Whaddya say, babe?

NICK

What do I say? What do I say? I say I don't need any of those things, 'cos all of this is perfect. Absolutely fucking PERFECT!

Nick forcefully embraces Chloe. She breathes him in.

CHLOE

Hmmm, you smell good. These Mommy hormones got me like a cat in heat.

Chloe starts to unbuckle his pants, Nick pushes her up against the desk, knocks over the tea cup.

CHLOE

Keep it down, you'll wake Andy.

Nick pauses, looks up and back. On the door behind him is a name spelled out in kid's BLOCKS: **ANDY**

Nick stares--open mouthed--at the door. He abruptly let's go of Chloe--almost drops her--and walks tentatively toward the door.

CHLOE

Did you hear something?

Nicky holds up a hand to gesture silence. He delicately opens to door, and peers inside.

CHLOE

(Hushed)

Is he awake?

ANDY (O/S)

Dada!

Nick looks over his shoulder back at Chloe. He wears a smile of wonder from ear-to-ear.

NICK

Yeah... he's awake.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER IN THE MORNING

Nick drinks coffee at the kitchen table. In front of him there is a plate with a donut on it, and a newspaper.

Chloe is at the kitchen counter, she pours herself a cup of coffee.

CHLOE

Feeling better?

NICK

Yeah. I just... I keep having these weird flashbacky visions... Like *de ja vous* but not. It's hard to explain.

CHLOE

Or maybe, it's just prenatal empathy. Next thing ya know, you'll gain thirty pounds. Then again, please don't do that.

Chloe snatches the donuts away from the plate and winks at Nick.

CHLOE

It's for the baby.

Something in the newspaper catches Chloe's eye. She leans in and reads.

NICK

Anything new in the world today?

CHLOE

Well, apparently Trump wants to ban all muslims from the United States.

NICK

What an evil prick.

CHLOE

Hitler evil.

NICK
Gotta be stopped.

CHLOE
Amen to that.

Flicks to another page in the newspaper. Notices something.

CHLOE
Oh, that's sad.

NICK
What is?

Chloe reads from the paper:

CHLOE
Katherine Carter was found dead in her apartment on Saturday the 6th of November. The coroner's report indicates that she took her own life. Ms. Carter lost her fiancée in a traffic-related incident one year ago...'.
(Puts paper down, sighs)
God, I can't imagine. If I ever lost you. I just... I couldn't carry on.

Chloe KISSES Nick on the cheek. Nick reaches for the paper and starts reading it, as Chloe goes back to the kitchen sink.

Nick's expression darkens.

INSERT NEWSPAPER

A picture of a woman... KAT.

END INSERT

Nick puts the paper down and stares out into the ether, remembers something.

KAT (V.O)
Millions.

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

- THE YOUNG COUPLE from the parking lot
- The MIDDLE AGED MAN on the beach
- The MAIL WOMAN from his apartment building
- And KAT, dead, in a blood-filled bathtub

END SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES:

Nick pauses, remembering something. He puts his hand into his pocket and pulls out a WISHBONE. A look of abject pain spreads across his face as he looks over at Chloe.

NICK

Baby... If... If... you had a chance to go back in time and kill Hitler before he rose to power. Would you do it? Even if it meant altering the time so we never meet?

CHLOE

Little early for existentialism, Nicky.

NICK

Seriously. What would you do?

CHLOE

I dunno. My head says; save millions of innocents. But my heart dies at the thought of losing our family. I mean, without you, my world would be without reason. What would you do?

Nick looks anxiously at the WISHBONE.

NICK

Millions.
(Looks at Chloe)
The right thing.

A sadness flickers across Nick's face as he reaches out and LOOPS his pinky finger around the WISHBONE.

Looks over tearfully at Chloe.

NICK

Let's make a wish.

END