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Rabbit Hole

By David Lindsay-Abaire

Becca?

Becca?

- Hey, Peg.

- It looks so nice back here.

Well, I'm just, you know,
trying to get things back into shape.

Listen, we were wondering
if you and Howie were free tonight.

- We're having a few people over for dinner.

- That's very sweet of you, Peg.

- I know, it's really short notice...

- Actually, we have plans.

But another time, though?

Yeah, I haven't talked to Pete in ages.

You haven't missed much.

He's still the same SOB he always was.

Oh, God. I'm so sorry.

- It's okay.

- I'm so sorry.

- No, no, no. No, it's fine.

- These stupid feet.

Well, have a great dinner, Peg.

- We'll do it again next time.

- Yeah. Absolutely.

- Say hi to Howie for me.

- I sure will.

- Bye.

- Bye-bye.

- Smells good in there.

- Hey, if Peg asks, we went out tonight.

Where did we go?

- Saw the Stoppard play.

- Really? Did we enjoy it?

Very much.

She asked us to dinner again.

- She's just being nice.

- You're more than welcome to go over there.

- And abandon your risotto?

- Careful, Howie. The pan's hot.

- Hey.

- Hey. I'm gonna hop in the shower.

About 20 minutes.

Hello?

What time is it?

What's going on?

Thank you.

- Have you got nothing to say?

- Thank you?

- You were in a bar fight.

- It wasn't a bar fight.

- You were in a bar fighting.

- It wasn't a fight.

Some drunk girl was screaming in my face,
so I hit her and that was the end of it.

- Well, who was she?

- I don't know.

People don't just scream at you
for no reason.

Sure they do! You should get out more.

- God, Izzy, it's so Jerry Springer.

- What does that mean?

What, do you think I'm trashy?

You can't keep doing this.

You're not a kid anymore.

I didn't know there was a cut-off date.

Yeah, for acting like a jackass,
there's a cut-off date.

I want to stop worrying about you.

Hey, don't worry about me.

She was the one on the floor.

Can I stay with you tonight?

I got you! I got you!

Danny, look at me when you turn back.

- He's getting juice.

- No, he's not.

Danny, look at this.

Now, Danny,

I'm gonna tell you a secret, okay?

When you go back down,

I want you to give Mom a big kiss, okay?

Ready? One, two, three. That was high!

- Danny, look at me when you come back.

- He's getting juice.

- You want any cake?

- Yes.

Do we have cake today?

- Yeah, we do.

- Yes.

- We do?
- No, it's brownies. Come on.
Oh, my gosh. You really want some.
Well, if it isn't Ma Barker.
I'm sure that would be very funny
if I knew who that was.
Rick and I are gonna play squash.
I have my cell if you need me.
- Yeah.
- Squash. You go play squash, Howie.
- You don't even know what squash is.
- I don't care what squash is.
Hello?
Yeah. Yeah!
She's gonna kill me.
Yeah, I know.
I think Auggie must have told her.
Hey, I gotta go. Bye.
Thank you, Becca.
I know what this stuff is now.
- I like the way it cracks.
- Of course you do.
So, did you know that woman?
My God, why are you listening
to my phone conversations?
- You're sleeping with the girl's boyfriend.
- It's been over between them!
They're just living together
because of the rent.
- Then why did she accost you?
- Because she's a lunatic.
And Auggie must have told her
that I'm pregnant.
- You are not.
- You're gonna love him.
He's a really...
He's a great guy. He's a musician.
- Well, that's terrific.
- Yeah, he works.
He gets work as a musician.
- How long have you known?
- A few weeks.
Did you tell Mom?
Come on. You told Mom before me?

- I had to.
- Why didn't you tell me?
Why do you think?
I'm sorry, Becca.
I know the timing really sucks.
What are you gonna do?
I'm just glad you finally told me.
Debbie has been driving me crazy
with these kitchen renovations.
I tell you, the countertop
negotiations alone.
I told you not to marry an agent.
She still hasn't called, you know.
No, I know.
I mean, I don't mean to be a pest about it,
but I just know Becca
would love to hear from her.
I know. I tell her, Howie, I do.
But she's still...
I don't know. Freaked out, I guess.
- It's been eight months.
- I know. I'll talk to her.
Thank you. Hey, how are the kids?
They're good.
Emily's doing ballet. Robbie is in T-ball.
T-ball.
Hey, have you guys talked at all
about having another?
No.
No, it's a little soon.
- Just be a little open. That's
all I'm asking. - I'm here, aren't I?
- Hey.
- How's it going?
Good, good. We're hanging in there.
- You sure?
- Yeah.
- Hey, Kevin.
- Hi. Hi.
Yeah, we... We just...
We found out
that Becca's sister is pregnant, so...
- Howie.
- What?

That can be hard.

I remember when my cousin got pregnant.

Yeah, it's not really a big deal.

Okay.

If you want to talk about it, though,

you know, the group's here, so...

Yeah, no, I don't think so.

- "Hey, everybody, fresh meat."

- Becca, be nice.

Doesn't she remind you of Lydia?

There was this woman in our group

a couple of years ago.

It was four. Four years ago.

You know,

it doesn't really matter when she was here.

My point is, is that

she reminds me of Lydia.

She really wasn't

into the support-group model at first.

- So, how long have you been in group?

- It'll be eight years in June.

I didn't... I didn't

realize it was that long.

You know, we're the veterans.

You know, for us it's...

It's a good way to touch base.

Everyone's on a different schedule.

Of course. Of course.

She... You know,

she visits me sometimes in dreams

and she tells me it's okay,

that she's with God.

And we had some good days,

and you think that when you have enough

good days, it actually is gonna get better.

You know, it does get better and then...

- It was her anniversary last week and...

- A year last Tuesday.

And it just starts all over again.

We just have to remind each other that...

- It's just part of God's plan.

- Yeah.

And we can't know why.

You know, only God can know why.

God had to take her.
He needed another angel.
He needed another angel.
Why didn't he just make one?
Another angel.
I mean, he's God, after all.
Why didn't he just make another angel?
Just...
Just putting it out there.
I'd like to go.
I think we're gonna go.
Is that all right, honey?
Excuse us.
They're talking, it's their time,
and you have to respect that.
- Come on.
- I mean, you sit there for weeks
and you don't say a word...
I'm sorry. I can't stand the God freaks.
You know that.
But they're not all like that.
Kevin and Gaby aren't.
No. Kevin and Gaby
are professional wallowers.
I mean, come on. Eight years, Howie. Eight.
If that's what you want to become, then...
- If you want to take a break...
- No, not a break. I'm done.
- I know that Izzy stuff got under
your skin. - Please don't do that. Please.
One semester of psychology 15 years ago
and suddenly you can analyze...
Jesus, Becca.
I don't like the group.
- I gave it a try. It's not for me.
- Okay.
It's not for you.
Thank you.
Do you mind if we not eat here,
'cause nothing's really jumping out at me.
Taz! Stop, stop. Come here and eat.
Come on. Come on.
Stay. Sorry, he's not really dangerous. Eat.
- Yeah.

- He's just kind of dumb.

No, I know. He's my dog.

You're Becca.

I should have recognized you, of course.

I'm Auggie.

- Hi, Auggie.

- Hi.

Oh, my God!

Why didn't you tell me

you were coming over?

I would have picked up the house.

- That's Auggie.

- Yeah, we met. Is Izzy here?

Yeah, she's here.

She got fired from Applebee's.

I was planning on taking

it all down to Goodwill,

but now I'm glad that I didn't,

because look at these shirts.

Look at them. And these sweaters...

I don't know, Becca.

I mean, they're in baby clothes for so long.

It'll probably be a while

before he can even fit into that stuff.

No. It comes up very quickly, you'll see.

You're gonna be happy that I saved it.

- Is he living here?

- He has to. His girlfriend kicked him out.

- Ex-girlfriend.

- She knows what I meant.

- Did you see this one?

- That's cute. Look at that.

What if it's a girl?

Well, then...

I don't know, I'll give it to someone else.

But you're gonna... You're gonna thank me.

There's a couple of years' worth

of clothes here.

Think of all the money you're gonna save.

- It's not about the money.

- Well, it should be.

Come on, Izzy.

You gotta start thinking about that.

I mean, especially if the dad's a musician. It

costs a lot to raise a child, I'm telling you.

It would just be weird, Becca,
if it was a boy, to see him running around
in Danny's clothes.

I would just feel weird about it.

Yeah.

- I'm sorry. Of course it would be weird.

- It was a nice offer.

You're gonna get a lot of clothes.

Christmas, birthdays.

- You don't have anything to worry about.

- It's probably a girl, anyway.

You know,

I'm a little psychic about these things.

Remember, I said Sheila was having a girl?

And Karin!

- I think there's a girl in there.

- I hope there is. I mean, I want a girl.

I want it to be healthy, obviously,

but I really hope it's a girl.

Me, too.

You want some coffee cake?

I've got some coffee cake for us.

I'm actually gonna take off

because I promised Howie

that I'd pick up some dinner.

Looks good, though.

Here. Eat some cake.

- When did Rick ever beat me at squash?

- Did he mention Debbie at all?

You can call her, you know.

Get the reports directly.

I don't want to call

her. She should call me.

I would have been there for her if anything
had ever happened to Robbie or Em.

I wouldn't have vanished the way she did.

I wouldn't.

Howie?

You know what I mean?

Yeah.

Howie.

Turn around.

Come on. You need to relax.

- Your shoulders are all knotted up.
- Yeah.
Yeah.
Forget about Debbie
and whatever else is bothering you.
I know what this is. Dimming the lights...
You're trying to seduce me.
You're plying me with... With liquor.
It worked in college.
That's enough. That's enough.
Where are you going?
No, I just... I'm feeling antsy tonight.
I'm sorry. It just... It was a weird day.
- Right.
- What, now you're gonna pout?
- It's been eight months.
- But who's keeping track?
I am. I'm keeping track.
I'm not ready yet, Howie.
All right? I'm just...
I'm sorry if you think that that's abnormal.
I don't.
I don't think it's abnormal at all, but...
So, what's the problem?
We need to at least head in that direction,
which might feel strange at first, but...
- But you want to have sex.
- Don't say it like that.
- You're trying to rope me into having sex.
- I am not. I wasn't roping you into sex.
- Al Green isn't roping?
- No.
- Al Green?
- I thought it was nice. That's all.
I was trying to make things nice.
You can't. You just can't, all right?
I'm sorry. Things aren't nice anymore.
Babe, will you hold him for a second?
Just hold him like that.
- Taz, quit it.
- Yeah, tell Taz to quit it.
- All right. Now...
- 'Cause Taz wants to go on the tire.
- Hold on. Let me see Mama and...

- Okay, you ready? I'm gonna let you go.

- Ready?

- Yes.

Here it goes. There!

- Keep your feet up.

- Danny.

- Look at me on the way back, Danny.

- Keep your feet up, Danny.

Hey.

If you're not gonna go to group,

I need you to see someone.

- Any plans for the day?

- You're looking at them.

- I'll see you tonight.

- Yeah.

I'm here to see Scott Baiter

in the Events department.

I don't have a Baiter listed.

That's weird.

- Kate Finn. What about Kate?

- I have a Robert Finn in Dec Arts.

If you have an appointment,

I can just call up there.

Who are you?

I... I don't have an appointment. I...

I'm an old friend. I used to work here.

Becca?

- Gary!

- Hey! What are you doing here?

I had some errands to

run in the city and I...

I thought I'd pop in and say hello,

but apparently nobody works here anymore.

Yeah, no, Scott went over to Christie's

back in March. Traitor.

It's good to see

you're still doing the coffee runs, though.

No. No, no, no. I don't usually.

I'm in Scott's old job.

- Hey, how's the family?

- You know what, Gary, I...

I know how busy it gets up there,

so I'm gonna let you get back to it.

Yeah, that hasn't changed.

- It was great to see you, though.
- You, too.
- There are fines, you know?
- No, I know.

The book's quite overdue.

We sent out several notices.

- Yeah, that's why I'm here.
- \$7.00.

Thank you.

Can I help you?

Yeah, actually. Would it be possible for me to check this out?

Certainly.

"I will become a fish in a trout stream and I will swim away from you."

- He's an iguana.
- Yeah, he is.

"'If you become a fish in a trout stream,' said his mother,

"'I will become a fisherman and I will fish for you...'"

Sorry.

What do you think's gonna happen?

- I don't know.
- Let's see.
- Hey.
- Hey.

I just scored Yankee tickets off of Rowan. Tonight. You interested?

- I can't. I got group.
- You can't skip one night?

They're right behind home plate.

- Another time.
- If there is one.
- You going stag tonight?
- Yeah.

No. Becca, she's...

She's gonna take a little break.

From the group.

I'm gonna get a coffee.

- Want to sit?
- Yeah.
- Hello?
- Hi, Mom. It's me.

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

I was thinking about making Izzy's birthday cake. Would that be all right?

Honey, you don't have to do all that.

I was just gonna grab her

one of those Carvel things. She likes those.

I don't mind. I really don't.

I mean, it will give me something to do.

Okay, okay.

No group tonight?

Howie's there. It's too

much God talk for me.

- What?

- Nothing. It's just that...

You know,

some people find that comforting.

Yeah, well, it pisses me off.

You know, Becca, when your brother died,

I found the church very helpful.

I know. I know you did, but that's you.

That's not me, and Danny...

Danny isn't Arthur.

You know,

I brought you to church every Sunday.

Let's not start this again, okay, Mom?

I'm just... I'm just calling about the cake.

You're not right about everything,

you know?

- What if there is a God?

- Then I'd say he's a sadistic prick.

- All right, Becca, that's enough.

- "Worship me and I'll treat you like shit."

No wonder you like him.

He sounds just like Dad.

I'm sorry.

You're gonna do the cake, then?

Yeah.

All right, I'll see you tomorrow.

Who has a birthday party

in a bowling alley, anyway?

I mean, Izzy thinks she's still 14.

If you're not up for

this, we don't have to go.

No, it's just a party. I'm fine.
I wish you'd take that thing out of here.
We're hardly in this car.
What's the difference?
It's weird. It feels weird.
What if we gave it another try?
- What?
- Another baby?
I mean, we're not getting any younger.
Is that what the sex thing
was about the other night?
- No.
- You're trying to get me pregnant.
Becca, no, of course not.
I know it's scary, but maybe it might
- help us get back on track.
- On track?
What, we can't talk about it?
I think we should sell the house.
I've been thinking about it,
and since we're on the topic...
What? What do you mean?
How are we on the topic?
I talked to a realtor,
and she thinks we can pull together...
- What do you mean, talked to a realtor?
...an open house pretty quickly, and then...
Why would you talk to a realtor
without telling me?
I'm telling you now.
You want us to get back on track,
I think it would help if we moved.
- We love that house.
- He's everywhere, Howie.
I can see his fingerprints on the door jams.
- I see puzzles, I see his highchair.
- I like seeing his fingerprints.
Yeah, but that's because you don't have
to sit and stare at it all day.
You get to go to work. You get to escape.
- Yeah, but I don't want to move!
- I don't want another baby!
Jesus!
- What are you doing?

- What do you think I'm doing?
I just had to check the cake. It's fine.
Are you kidding? The Kennedys?
With the assassinations
and the lobotomies?

- Yeah.
- Right here.
Yeah. That's not a curse, though.
- It's just bad luck.
- The plane crashes?
Too much money. That's their curse.
If those Kennedys lived like normal people,
most of them would still be alive.
I think it's sad.
All those good-looking people
falling out of the sky like that.
It's a frigging waste.

- Didn't I say no wine?
- She brought it herself.
Isn't this nice? Just sitting
around talking politics like this?
I never do this. It's a nice change.
- Let's do gifts.
- Yes.
- Yeah, gifts!
- All right!
- Yes!
- Okay.
- It's heavy.
- So pretty. I hate to ruin it, but I will.
It's a bathroom set.
More of a practical gift.
Is this your way of telling me you don't
like my Three Stooges shower curtain?

- I didn't know what to get you, so...
- Seriously, it's great.
- Say thank you.
- Thank you, Becca. Thank you, Howie.
- Don't thank me, Becca picked it out.
- Now me.
- Thank you.
- I know it's a little early, but...
- Oh, my God!
- Lovely.

So sweet. Thank you, Mama.

I thought we weren't doing baby stuff for the birthday.

I thought we were doing it...

We were waiting for the shower.

No, honey, it's not baby stuff, it's mommy stuff.

This is perfect, Bec.

I needed a bathroom set.

- Yeah, but you need baby stuff more.

- We can take it back.

- That's right, we should.

- No.

I'm gonna get you a basket of Mustela lotions.

- They prevent stretch marks.

- No. Becca, let it go.

You can get me the lotion another time.

- No, come on.

- You can get me the lotion another time!

I got it, I got it. It's okay. It's all right.

- I didn't...

- Thank you. Thank you, Becca.

Here.

I just remembered what I was gonna say about Aristotle Onassis.

It was about the son who died in a plane crash.

Are you ready to go?

You should have stopped him from going off

on all that Kennedy stuff, because my point was Onassis and how he put up a reward to anyone who could prove that someone had sabotaged his son's plane.

He was so desperate to blame somebody.

Did you read this?

- He needed a reason for losing his son.

- Mom, why are you telling this story?

- I'm just talking. I can't talk?

- You never just talk.

You guys, thanks for coming to my party.

Becca, the cake was so good.

You forget what I went through

when your brother died.

You think I don't know anything,

but I do, Becca.

- Like who to blame?

- Guys, please. It's my birthday party.

- No, let it go. That's their stuff.

- No, I'm not talking about blame.

- I'm talking about comfort.

- Comfort.

- Where are you getting it?

- Comfort? I'm not.

Well, I think you should.

Okay, well, let me get on that

and see what I can dig up on eBay.

I'm just trying to help you, Becca.

You know, I wish somebody had given me

a little advice when Arthur died.

You know what I wish?

I wish you would stop comparing Danny

to Arthur.

- Becca.

- Danny was a 4-year-old boy

who chased his dog into the street,

and Arthur was a 30-year-old heroin addict

who OD'd.

Frankly, I resent

how you keep lumping them together, Mom.

He was still my son.

We're gonna go.

I hope you enjoy the bathroom set, Izzy.

I'm gonna.

When Arthur died

I was just as upset as she was,

but I didn't take it out on other people.

What about Mrs. Bailey?

Nobody's talking about Mrs. Bailey.

- Hey, did you call that guy about the roof?

- No, I couldn't find the number.

Becca, it's in my phone. It's on the mantle.

What's his name?

It's not under his name.

Then how am I supposed to call him if I...

- It's under "roof guy."

- "Roof guy."

- Well, what was I supposed to put it under?

- I don't know how to use this.

- It doesn't...

- No. Okay, now scroll down.

- Now what? You do it.

- Scroll down with your finger.

- Roof guy.

- Thank you.

You're welcome.

Are you waiting for me?

Yeah. Yeah, I'm sorry.

I thought that you took the bus.

- I do.

- But not today.

Not today. I skipped school.

Well, you shouldn't be playing hooky,
young man.

Why are you waiting for me?

I thought we could talk.

About what?

- Is this okay?

- Yeah, it's fine.

- Not too weird?

- No.

I mean...

No, I know, it's...

It's weird for me, too.

- Don't you like school?

- I like it all right.

I just thought 'cause you... I don't
know, you seem to not be going, so...

I've been accepted to college already, so...

- Not a big deal, then.

- No, it is a big deal,

but only if my mother finds out.

She said she would confiscate my phone
if I did it again.

Not that I use my phone anyway.

- So, where are you headed?

- Connecticut College.

Right. That's a good school. Not far.

I bet your parents are pleased
that you're gonna be close by.
It's just my mom, but, yeah,
she's pretty happy about it.
She keeps saying she's gonna apply
to the grad program
so she can keep an eye on me
while I'm up there.

- She's just joking, though.

- Yeah.

She's not really looking forward to it,
'cause I'm the only one at home now,
but I told her I'd come home
on the weekends and stuff if I could.
Well, that'll be nice.

So...

I'm sorry.

I know.

- You don't have to...

- I know that doesn't help.

No, it does, it really does, but...

- I know I should have
tried to get in touch... - It's fine.

I just really wish I had driven down
a different block that day.

I know.

You know, I should maybe go.

It's all right.

No, I gotta... My mom's gonna start
to wonder where I'm at.

It's okay. You really don't have to. It's...

Can we do this again sometime?

Sure.

Okay.

Jesus Christ.

- Hey, Gaby.

- I can't... I know.

God, I can't believe
you just saw me do that.

I didn't mean to sneak up on you.

I thought something was wrong,
but, obviously, everything smells fine.

You can smell it, huh? God.

- Everyone in there's gonna know.

- Nah.
- I swear I never do this.
- Where's Kevin?
He's not coming to group.
And I blame your wife, by the way,
'cause I think she put the idea in his head.
Yeah, well, he didn't really seem
to like group all that much.
God, you know, he's got me so upset.
I mean, like, look at me. I'm... I'm...
I am smoking pot in a parking lot.
It's like I'm in high school. It's...
I'm ridiculous.
You got any more?
Yeah.
Come on in, partner.
Well, if today is rage day,
most of you know that I'm a little bit
more comfortable with rage,
talking about rage.
I deal with rage every single day.
I listen to guys at work going on and on
about paving their driveways or whatever.
Stupid nonsense.
They don't know. They haven't
had their lives ripped apart yet.
- They're not in the club.
- Exactly.
Meanwhile, I'm like,
"Hey, guys, my daughter died of leukemia."
I'm sorry. I have to get some water.
You're one of those bad kids
my mother warned me about.
Yes, yeah, I am corrupting you.
But don't worry, I won't tell Becca.
I'd appreciate that.
- Bye.
- Good night.
Becca?
- Becca? What'd you do here?
- What?
- God damn it.
- What?
- What'd you do to my phone?

- Jesus, Howie, I thought something had...
This morning, when you used it,
what did you do to my phone?
Nothing, I just...
- I just got the number for the roof guy.
- For God's sake.
- What? You told me to call him.
- You deleted Danny's video.
No. No, I didn't. No.
I just... You were right there.
I just got the number.
Yeah, and you kept pressing the screen.
Because I couldn't figure out
how to use your phone.
- I checked already, it's gone.
- We have 100 videos of him.
That's not the point, Becca.
Then... Then you should
have put it on your computer.
- Right, right, it's my fault.
- I didn't say that.
- I said it's gone!
- Jesus, Howie! I didn't do it on purpose!
- Are you sure?
- What does that mean?
What, you think I deliberately
deleted his video?
I don't know.
- You don't know?
- It's like you're trying to get rid of him.
I'm sorry, but that's how it feels.
Every day it's something new.
- Really?
- Yeah.
It's like you're trying to get rid
of any evidence he was ever here.
- What? You took the paintings
off the fridge. - To save them.
- To save them. They are
in a box downstairs. - Okay, his clothes.
We don't need all that stuff, Howie.
We just don't.
You wanting to sell the house.
Your sending Taz to your mother's.

There's a lot going on.

The dog got underfoot.

- Right. And he was a reminder.

- Yes, yes, he is a reminder.

- And since you never wanted the dog...

- I wanted one less reminder. For God's sake.

If I hadn't bought the dog,

Danny would still be alive.

If I hadn't have run back in to get

the phone, if I had latched that gate...

I left the gate unlatched!

Come on, I'm not playing this game again,

Howie, I'm not!

- It's no one's fault, and I'm not...

- Not even the dog's!

Dogs chase squirrels! Boys chase dogs!

- I know that.

- He loved that dog and you got rid of it!

Just like I'm getting rid of the video, huh?

It's not about the video, Becca.

It's not about the video!

It's not just the video,

it's about Taz and the paintings

and his clothes and everything!

There's no pictures of him around!

There's no fingerprints! There's nothing!

God damn it!

You have to stop erasing him!

You have to stop it!

Do you really think that I don't see him

every second of every day?

The video was an accident, Howie,

and believe me,

I will beat myself up about it forever,

I'm sure,

just like everything else

I could have prevented.

- That's not what I want, Becca.

- No? Because it feels like it is.

It feels like maybe

I don't feel badly enough for you.

Maybe I'm not feeling enough.

What do you want from me?

Something's got to change, because this...

I can't do this like this anymore. It's...
It's too hard. It's too hard.
And I want that dog back.
- Your mother's making him fat.
- Howie.
I miss the dog.
I'm sorry, but I miss him. I want him back.
- Did you really make these?
- I did.
That's good.
- They're still warm.
- I'm glad you like them.
I've been reading that book,
the parallel universe book.
Yeah? Did you like it?
Yeah. It's interesting.
I don't know if I buy it,
the whole alternate reality thing, I just...
I don't know.
But it's interesting.
- Did you have to do it
for a school project? - No, it's research.
Research?
It's a comic book.
It's impressive.
- Did you do all of this?
- Yeah.
Wow. It's amazing.
- What's it about?
- A scientist, I guess, and his son. The...
The father discovers this network of holes
that leads to other galaxies and...
- Parallel universes.
- Yeah, and, well, the scientist dies,
so the son has to go into this rabbit hole
to try and find him,
but it's not him because he's dead,
so it's, like, another version of him.
It's kind of stupid.
- No.
- No? Okay.
Not at all. I would love to read it.
Yeah, it's... Sorry. It's not... It's not
done yet, but when it is done, I will...

I will let you read it.

- Okay.

- Okay.

I don't want you to feel uncomfortable.

I... I...

I might have been going too fast
on that day.

I mean, I'm not sure, but I might have been,
so that's something

I've been wanting to tell you.

It's a 30 zone,

and I might have been going 31 or 32.

I usually look down and check,

and if I'm going over

then I would slow down, obviously,

but I don't remember checking

on your block.

So, it's possible

that I was going too fast and...

And... Well, the dog ran out really fast,
you know?

So I swerved. I didn't know.

I didn't know.

I thought you should know,

I might have been going

a little over the limit,

and I can't be positive.

- Okay.

- Okay.

Yeah.

All right.

Okay.

Thank you.

I don't want to go in there.

Yes, yes, yes!

- I'm sorry. It was...

- Be nice.

- My God.

- Come on.

- I'm sorry, you suck.

- I would be doing better,

but your pot messed up

my depth perception.

- All right.

- Yeah.

I'm gonna support that one.

I'm totally gonna support that one.

Thank you.

Hey. You know what?

I have a confession to make.

- Remember when I said Kevin left group?

- Yeah.

What I meant to say was

he left me.

He left me.

Yeah, I...

I came home and he was gone.

- God, no note or...

- No. God, there was a note. Well, not...

Not a note so much as a manifesto

on all the ways

that we were destroying each other.

I'm sorry.

I mean, this is how it

generally goes, right?

It changes you. It literally changes people.

You know,

a part of me thinks it was inevitable.

I love my wife.

Of course you do.

I love her very much.

Okay.

I... I think you're right. We should maybe

look into selling the house.

It's probably for the best.

Okay.

Don't do that. Quick as a Band-Aid

or we'll never get through this. Here.

Hi, kids.

Welcome to the light-up alphabet apple.

- Hi, kids...

- I don't know how to turn it off.

Only people without children

give gifts like this.

- Come on. Come on. Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

I hope you'll visit again soon.

- So, have you heard from Debbie yet?

- Nope.

That's too bad.

Although, it can be worse the other way.

You know, I remember when Arthur died...

You can say his name.

- Can I?

- Yes.

You know, I don't know your rules.

I don't want to get scolded again.

You can talk about Arthur.

I just don't like the comparisons.

Okay.

- So, how's it worse?

- You remember Maureen Bailey?

Yeah.

Well, I couldn't get rid of her
after your brother passed away.

- She was always at the house.

- Yeah, I remember that.

Yeah, well, you know,

I never had a moment to myself,

so finally,

in the middle of coffee one afternoon,

I said, "Maureen, why are you always here?"

- And what'd she say?

- She said,

"I want to be there, Nat.

I want to share in your grief."

And I said, "Well, it's not working.

"You plant your fat ass in that chair
every fricking day."

You did not say that!

- I did.

- Mom!

- I did say that.

- You said "fat ass"?

She sucks up all my coffee.

"And I don't see you leaving with any
of this alleged grief you're sharing.

"In fact, the only thing you do take out
of here are my cinnamon buns."

- So I never saw her again, obviously.

- Oh, my God, I can't believe you said that.

I feel guilty now.

- You do not.
- I do.
You're right. I... I don't miss her at all.
Okay, moving right along.
That takes care of Taz.
The old apple pie trick, eh?
For the open house.
Warm baked goods make it feel homier.
No, I'm just... I'm just making a pie.
I thought you were doing it
for the open house.
- So... Now. Now, you're not going to stay?
- God, no. No, no. You shouldn't either.
You shouldn't.
Come on.
Becca, I'm not going to bother anyone.
So we have the garbage cans in the back,
the sign out front, I mowed the lawn.
I thought we'd set the sign-in sheet here.
We can move through the living room.
That's fine.
Now, my wife's gonna hide out, but I'll
stick around, if that's okay with you.
Sure. However you want to do it.
- Okay. Perfect.
- Okay.
- Bye, babe.
- Bye.
Think that's everything.
I know, it's just gorgeous...
Southern-western exposures. Sun all day.
- Why don't we take a look upstairs?
- That's a great idea. I'll show you.
- Good. Cool.
- Follow me.
- Come on, honey.
- It's on 3/4 of an acre,
which is the largest
lot in the neighborhood.
We can start with the master bedroom
if you want to see that.
Wait. What's in here?
Well... This is... This is...
This would be a good room

for the little guy, obviously.
How about that, buddy? You like this room?
- Careful with that.
- Sweetheart. That's not our stuff.
- Thank you.
- So, how old's your son?
This is your son's room, I assume?
It... It was. It was his room.
But he died, my son. He died.
There was a car right out front.
- Oh, my God.
- I'm...
- I'm so sorry.
- Thank you.
This must be so difficult for you.
It's... It's pretty weird.
It's funny because I still...
I forget that he's not here sometimes.
Like maybe he's just hiding under the bed,
he's gonna pop out like he used to do.
But...
I still feel him here.
- Would you like to see the master bedroom?
- Yeah. Okay, come on.
Yeah. Sure, I'll be there.
- Who's that?
- Becca. She wants to hang out.
- This was a good idea.
- It's nice, right?
God, you're starting to show so early.
I know. I feel like a big old balloon.
I swear, once this kid is born,
I'm going right to the gym.
While Mom watches the baby.
What does that mean,
"While Mom watches the baby"?
While you're at the gym,
Mom can watch the baby. She loves that.
Auggie could watch the baby.
He works at night, so he'll be home.
Okay. Auggie then.
I resent the feeling that I get from you
that I don't deserve this baby.
Or that I'm not mature enough

or smart enough to take care of it.

I mean, my God, if Mom could do it,
how hard could it be?

- This all right?

- Yeah. It's fine.

I've just got to pick up a few things
and then we can do lunch.

- Okay. Yeah.

- They're made of strawberries.

Mommy, please,

can I have some Fruit Roll-Ups?

- No, Sammy. You know the answer.

- Please?

- Can I have some, please?

- Sammy, no.

I want the Fruit Roll-Ups.

- Not happening.

- Please, I'll be good.

- Stop it.

- Please.

- No. You're not gonna get them.

- I promise.

You know what? It's only three bucks.

Why don't you give him the Roll-Ups?

Not that it's any of your business,
but we don't allow candy in our house,
and my son knows that.

Come on, it's just fruit.

Why don't you give him the treat?

Are you a mom?

Yeah, I didn't think so. Excuse me.

Go to the car. Becca, go to the car.

Sammy, it's okay.

She just lost her son eight months ago,
and she's not feeling really very well.

- I'm so sorry...

- I don't care.

Mommy's okay.

- Hey-hey.

- Hey.

Fun day out?

- How'd it go here?

- Not so good. Not so good.

I think we need to clean out that room.

Okay.

Maybe make it into a guest room
or something.

Don't get any ideas.

Jesus.

Hello.

The door was wide open, so...

- And I knocked, but...

- Taz, shut up!

I saw the sign out front,
so I thought it'd be okay to...

- Looking to buy a house?

- Howie.

No.

No, I just came to give you this.

I said I'd let you read it
when it was done, so...

What is this?

Thank you.

We bumped into each other in the...

In the library.

And... And we decided to meet.

You decided to meet?

Yeah. Couple of times.

Okay.

- Sorry. I didn't realize that you...

- It's...

- Did you meet here?

- No. No. We met in the park.

You met in the park.

Yeah.

So, my wife

agrees to meet you in a public place,
and you...

And you what? You apologize?

- I guess.

- You guess? Okay.

- Okay. Okay. You apologize and...

- Come on, Howie, that's enough now.

- And then what?

- That's enough.

- Look at me.

- Howie. That is enough.

- What is that?

- It's a comic book.
It's a comic book? A comic book.
Did she tell you to bring it here?
- No, she didn't.
- No, she didn't,
because this is our house!
And just because there's a sign out front
doesn't mean that you can pop in!
- Howie, all right. All right. - And you
just don't... No, it's not all right!
You just don't walk into somebody's home
like that!
- You should show a little fucking respect!
- I gotta go.
You're an asshole.
Wait! Wait, Jason! Wait a minute. I'm sorry!
I'm an asshole.
Taz, stop it.
Taz! Taz!
Taz, stop it!
Buddy.
Why didn't you tell me?
Same reason you don't tell me
why you come home reeking of pot.
Does it ever go away?
No.
I don't think it does. Not for me,
it hasn't. It's going on 11 years.
It changes, though.
How?
I don't know.
The weight of it, I guess.
At some point, it becomes bearable.
It turns into something
that you can crawl out from under
and carry around like
a brick in your pocket.
And you even forget it for a while,
but then you reach in for whatever reason,
and there it is.
"Right. That."
Which can be awful.
But not all the time.
It's kind of...

Not that you like it, exactly, but it's what you've got instead of your son.

So, you carry it around.

And it doesn't go away.

Which is...

Which is what?

Fine. Actually.

Hello?

Hi.

Hi, it's Howie.

Howie Corbett from group.

Hi, Howie.

There you go, boy.

- Hey.

- Hi.

You going to group?

- Yeah. You didn't want to go, did you?

- No.

...the president, essentially, will get up.

What do you think?

Hi, it's Jason. Please leave a message.

You find the house okay?

Howie?

I'm sorry.

Becca?

Becca?

Becca?

Becca?

God!

Sorry.

- What time is it?

- **Almost 6:**

And you're just getting home?

- So, how was it?

- It was okay.

- Well, you look nice.

- Thank you.

Is she your girlfriend?

No, she's just a friend.

- She's pretty.

- Yeah.

She is pretty.

I liked this so much.

- It's... Well, it's beautiful.

- Thank you. Thanks.

It reminded me of Eurydice and Orpheus.

Do you know that myth?

No.

Eurydice dies,

and Orpheus misses her so much

that he travels to Hades to retrieve her

and... Well, in the end, it doesn't work out.

I should read it.

So, is the scientist your dad?

- The scientist that the boy's looking for?

- No.

- Is it based on him?

- No, my dad was an English teacher.

I was curious about that.

It's just a story.

- I know. I was just...

- Reading into it.

- Do you think they're real?

- Parallel universes?

I think it's basic science.

You know, if space is infinite,

then everything's possible.

So, somewhere out there, I'm what?

I'm making pancakes?

- Or I'm at a water park?

- Sure. Yeah.

- Yeah?

- Yeah, both. You know, whatever.

I think, you know,

it's the laws of probability.

There are tons of you's out there,

and there's tons of me's floating around.

Yeah. And this is just

the sad version of us.

Yeah, I guess.

But there's other versions,

and in these other versions,

- everything goes our way.

- Assuming you believe in science.

I like that thought. It's nice.

Somewhere out there
I'm having a good time.
I thought you'd left.
No, I didn't leave.
I was thinking we could invite
Rick and Debbie over for a cookout.
Well, she's never gonna call me.
She thinks I hate her, so...
I'll let her off the hook.
- A cookout?
- Be good to see the kids.
Have to...
Have to get something for Emily, though.
It was her birthday.
She turned four last week.
Right.
Okay.
- Danny's is coming up.
- I know.
- It's gonna be a tough one.
- Yeah.
So, that kid,
Jason,
- did you tell him we didn't blame him?
- We don't blame him.
No, I know, but did you let him know that?
Yeah, I guess so.
That's good.
- You could talk to him if you want.
- I don't want to.
Okay.
It's so quiet.
Well, that's 'cause I slipped Taz
a couple of Ambien.
- Funny.
- You think I'm joking?
So, what're we gonna do?
About what?
I don't know.
I don't know. Just pick something.
Well,
we could go to Village Toys.
Pick up Candy Land for Emily.
It's probably something she'd like.

Candy Land. Yeah.

And then what?

Then we wrap it.

And then

we have the cookout.

And they'll come over.

- Hi.

- Hi.

And we'll have a couple other people over,
so it's not too awkward for anyone.

Hi! Oh, my gosh. Look at you!

And then, to make them feel comfortable,
we'll ask a bunch of questions
about what the kids have been up to,
and we'll pretend we're really interested.
And then...

And then we'll wait for someone
to bring up Danny
while the kids are playing,
and maybe that will go
on for a little while.

And after that,
they'll go home.

And then what?

I don't know.

Something, though.