



Scripts.com

# A Walk in My Shoes

By Wesley Bishop

Whoa.

Whoa!

Come on, come on! Come on!

Stop, stop, stop, stop! Stop!

Okay.

Hey!

- It must be a fuse.

- Fuse?

Yeah, it's probably a 20 amp.

Check the instrument cluster.

- I don't... I don't even know...

- No worries, Jake.

How did you know my name?

Come on. Come on, Tucker.

Yuck.

- Morning, Toby.

- Good morning, Dad.

Hey, pal, how you doing?

- Catch any bad guys last night?

- Not really.

- Where's your mom?

- Upstairs.

Yeah?

- What you got, huh?

- How about this?

Dana, let's go,

come on out of the bathroom.

- Hi, Daddy.

- Morning, kiddo.

Hey, Dad. Like this or that?

- That.

- Okay.

- Hey.

- Whoever came up with 24 hours a day  
really blew it.

Papers, committees, meetings.

Thirty is a number

that makes a lot more sense.

- So, how was your shift?

- It was a banner night...

Dana, come on, we got to go!

- Let's go.

- Chill, Mom. You'll get heartburn.

So, this guy's robbing a liquor

store on 22nd when we show up.  
You know,  
we tell him to put his weapon down.  
Anyway, they take him to the hospital,  
and then we found  
his 86-year-old grandmother...  
His 86-year-old grandmother's  
sitting in the car.  
I mean, she watched him get shot.  
Can you...  
Uh...  
Is there someone you can talk to  
at the precinct?  
Oh, by the way,  
I've got my Italian cooking class tonight.  
We're making fettuccine Alfredo  
and prosciutto di Parma.  
- Dana! Come on!  
- Coming!  
I'll be working an extra shift,  
so you boys will have to fix your own supper.  
And no fighting. You hear me, Justin?  
I'm going to school now!  
Did you eat?  
I can't, Mom.  
Honey, you need to eat.  
- I can't. I'm gonna be late.  
All right, come in here  
and give me a kiss before you go.  
Okay, I'm coming.  
- Hey, punk.  
- Love you, too.  
- Morning.  
- Morning.  
- I love you.  
- Love you, too.  
- See you later.  
- Where did you get this backpack?  
Oh, my...  
It looks expensive. And where did you...  
Is this a new jacket?  
Yeah, my friend had extras.  
Does his mom know?  
Yeah. Moms know everything.

- Mikey.  
- I got to go.  
- Bye, Mom.  
- Toby, stop.  
Why are you wearing that ratty old coat?  
Where's the new backpack  
I just bought you?  
I loaned them to a new friend.  
He's really cool and he really needs it.  
Oh, no, honey,  
we can't afford to buy clothes for friends.  
- Why not?  
- Well, because... Just get the coat back.  
Whoa!  
Every morning, this house is,  
like, totally insane.  
- How's calculus?  
- You're relentless, Mom, you know that?  
Honey, why don't you  
just go to the tutoring center?  
I will, I will.  
Maybe she shouldn't be in calculus.  
Honey, she needs to challenge herself.  
Uh-oh!  
Where is my prosciutto? It was right here.  
You know,  
calculus might just be too advanced.  
- Nonsense.  
- Maybe for you, Mom, but I'm not you.  
- Hey, "Bye, Dad"?  
- Bye, Daddy.  
- Bye, hon. Have a good day.  
- Next time, be my backup.  
- Love you.  
- Love you, too.  
Good morning, honey  
- Let me make you some breakfast.  
- Morning. No, I'm fine.  
Okay. Let me pour you  
a bowl of cereal, at least.  
- No, I'm fine.  
- All right.  
- Will you eat at school then?  
- No.

I love you.  
I could sure  
use some help right now.  
Yeah, I need some help.  
Hey, Toby! Toby!  
Oh, so, what is it this time?  
Some kind of meat. Just don't smell it.  
Okay, let's go. We're gonna be late.  
How's the new backpack?  
It's cool, thanks.  
Hey!  
Watch out, man!  
- Hey, hey, watch it!  
Hey, Jake.  
Did you see my ad? In the paper?  
Uh...  
They did put it in, didn't they?  
Right there. "Handyman needed. "  
You interested?  
Well, of course you are, you need a job.  
Can I have some, please?  
Mmm.  
I wouldn't think such a tough guy  
would use so much sugar.  
Okay, okay, stop, stop. What's up with you?  
We don't have time for that,  
but if you take this job,  
we will get to know each other.  
And it starts today.  
Right now, as matter of fact, if you want it.  
Yes?  
Morning, Mrs. Fahey.  
- Good morning, ladies.  
Justin.  
Hey, Jonesy, what's up?  
Ready for the big game?  
Yeah. Yeah.  
Man, you don't sound so ready.  
I got stuff on my mind.  
Like that paper  
in Mrs. Fahey's class?  
Yeah, just whatever, okay.  
Did you do it? You've got to do it, man.  
If you don't do that,

you know what's gonna happen.

I know. I got it. Just leave it alone.

- Hey, Kaylin MacIntyre!

- Hey, Jonesy.

- Hey.

- Hey.

Hey, what's up?

- You got plans for Spring Formal?

- No, not really, you know...

- You can dance, right?

- He's a dancing fool.

Dude, do you have to? Seriously.

So, you want to go? With me, I mean.

- See, the thing about Justin is he's...

- Jones!

Yeah. No, I'll go with you. It'll be great.

Okay. Great.

"An incident that changed your life. "

Did you learn anything

from this assignment?

Was it easy to write? Difficult?

Very nice, Ryan. Keep it up.

Did it change how you thought about  
what happened to you?

- Anna?

- It was hard, but it made me  
figure out how my parents' divorce  
kind of affected everything in my life.

Good. Excellent.

Susan, thank you.

Hey, Mrs. Fahey,

like, what's the point of all this?

The point, Mr. Wallace,

is to understand that self-reflection  
is a good thing, a healthy thing.

Okay, you can get your grades online.

And some of you still owe me a final draft.

Justin, I don't even have your rough draft.

- I'll get it done.

- Well, when?

You've been saying that for three weeks.

- I know, but it's hard, okay?

- Why don't you pick something else?

I can't. I got to do it, okay? It's important.

Look, I want you to pass this class,  
but you won't  
if I don't have that paper by Friday.  
Nice hustle! Hit that, hit that...  
Hey! Hey, you!  
All right, baby! Yeah!  
Justin!  
Justin, my office!  
Let's go, gentlemen, three on two.  
Move your feet. Let's go!  
It's from the principal's office.  
What's going on in English?  
I got this paper.  
Look, Coach, I'll get it done, okay?  
Yeah, well, according to this,  
you have an incomplete in English,  
which means you can't play or practice  
with the team until you do.  
- What?  
- In case you forgot,  
we have Oregon City on Friday night,  
we need you.  
You gonna let the whole team down  
because of a paper?  
Get out of here.  
I don't want to see you till you fix it.  
All right, guys, listen up, Oregon City  
is vulnerable to the man-to-man.  
That's how we're gonna beat them  
on Friday night.  
So let's run it. Five on five.  
Man-to-man. Let's go. Let's go!  
Flop two over hard,  
Adam and Eve on a raft! Gorgeous Two!  
Hi, Mrs. Fahey?  
Hi, it's Cindy Kremer.  
I got your message about Justin.  
I need to set up a parent meeting.  
I need to set up a parent meeting.  
I can be there this afternoon actually,

**by 4:**

Yes, thank you so much.  
All right. Okay. Bye-bye.

- You okay?

- Yeah, kids, life, usual suspects.

BLT, side of frog sticks!

Gorgeous One.

Thank you.

- So? Did you go?

- I can't, all right. Tony would kill me.

Sweetheart, I love you,

but Tony has been dead for three years.

Now, swallow your pride

and go get the food stamps.

- Yeah.

Adam and Eve on a raft.

Gorgeous Two.

Are you okay? What's the matter?

I can't pay my rent. My landlord's calling.

I don't know what I'm going to do.

I'm sorry.

No!

Oh, great, the icing on the cake of my day.

Mrs. Fahey? It's Cindy.

- I'm Justin Kremer's mom.

- Yes, your appointment was at 4:00.

- You're going to need to reschedule.

- I know.

- I'm sorry we just got busy at the diner.

- I've got a class.

I apologize. I couldn't get out here. Please.

Yes, well, you're the one who called  
for the meeting.

I'm begging you, please.

If Justin doesn't pass this class,  
he doesn't get to play basketball.

- Mrs. Kremer, I have 181 students...

- If he doesn't play basketball...

...178 of them turned in their papers.

Justin was warned.

Not once, not once did he come to me  
and tell me there was a problem.

- You don't do the work, you don't pass.

- He is exhausted.

Well, he is not too exhausted  
to play basketball or go skateboarding.

- Basketball is everything to him.



- Yes, but that is my point.  
Maybe he needs to change his priorities.  
Please, just give him one more chance.  
If he just turns in the paper, he won't fail.  
Mrs. Kremer, you need to stop  
enabling your son.  
Don't you get it? You're not helping him.  
Justin will never learn to be responsible  
if you keep rushing in to the rescue.  
Be in charge. Be the mother.  
Now, please, I need to go  
or I'm going to be late for my class.  
Thank you.  
Oh, no, you hit your head.  
I'm sorry.  
Who are you?  
That's quite a nasty bruise you got there.  
You better get it looked at anyway.  
There's a clinic across the street.  
No, I can't. I have to...  
- Trish.  
- I have to go to a class.  
Trish.  
- I need to go home.  
- You can't go home just yet.  
In fact, you have a little  
homework assignment of your own.  
How do you know my name?  
What's important now is for you to know  
that something is going to happen to you.  
It's gonna feel real,  
and you're gonna think that it's real.  
And maybe it is and maybe it isn't,  
but it doesn't matter  
because it all happens  
in the blink of an eye.  
What? What's gonna happen?  
- Your journey.  
- Journey?  
- I can't go on a journey, my family...  
- No, it's like I said, it's the blink of an eye.  
They aren't gonna even know  
that you're gone.  
Where am I... Where am I going? Italy?

No, not Italy.

Just to the clinic across the street.

You're gonna get your head checked.

- Hey, how're we feeling, Mrs. Kremer?

- Mrs. Kremer?

- No, no, I'm not Mrs. Kremer.

- This is your purse, right?

- No, no, that's not my purse.

- Still feeling a little woozy?

You know what, you have me confused  
with someone else.

Mom! Mom!

Mom! They just called!

You okay? How many fingers?

- I'm not your mother.

- Quit joking, okay? This is serious.

Now can we just go, please? Can we?

Wait. You know, Mrs. Kremer,

you have a really smart boy here.

Not every kid is like Mikey

who's gonna walk to this clinic...

Look, can I talk to you for a minute?

Listen, this is gonna sound bizarre,  
but I've been seeing messages  
on billboards.

- Then there was this young woman...

- Mom...

...in my car.

Wait a minute.

Maybe this is worse than we thought.

No, no. But then somehow I ended up here.

And I don't really know who this is.

- Your son.

- No, that's what I'm trying to tell you...

He's not my son. He's...

- Look, I'm a teacher.

- Mom, please, stop kidding around.

And no way she's a teacher, she's...

See, look. Waitress.

Remember, Mom? Now, let's go. Please.

Okay, we'll go to my house

and figure this whole thing out.

Wait a minute.

Where's my crashed Explorer?

Explorer! I wish.  
Mom, we've got a '94 Suburban 1500  
with 245,000 miles on it.  
No, no. Wait a minute.  
I have an Explorer. I don't have a...  
- Justin's sure right about you.  
- Who's Justin?  
"Who's Justin?"  
"Who's Justin?" Are you kidding me?  
My brother! You're getting really weird.  
So, can we just go? Please.  
Mom? You okay?  
Uh... Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay.  
You know what?  
Can you not call me Mom?  
Because I am not your mother  
and I am not okay.  
We'll just go to my house and I'll prove it.  
All right.  
See... There she is, okay.  
Dana! Dana! Come on, open the door.  
Let's go!  
I need to get in. Open the door.  
Dana, Dana.  
I have lunch  
with Cameron on Thursday.  
Let me in. Come on, open the door.  
Yeah, let me call you back.  
Someone's at the door.  
- Come on!  
- All right.  
- Hi, sweetie. I thought I was...  
- Can I help you?  
Very funny.  
- I'm sorry, who are you?  
- Enough. Enough.  
- Look, just let me in. Just tell...  
- Mikey.  
Yeah, Mikey, who I am.  
Okay. Look, I don't know who you are, lady,  
but I want you to leave.  
Mom, come on, let's go.  
- Please,  
don't do this. Look at me.

Look at me, I mean, it's different clothes...

My dad's a cop, I can get him here  
in five minutes.

- Dana, you know...

- Mom, come on!

Okay,

you're really starting to freak me out.

You stink at calculus, right?

Does the whole world know I stink at math?

That's it. I'm calling my dad.

- And my mom will be home any minute.

- Dana, I am your mother!

Look at me! Look at me! I'm your mother.

Dana, come back. Open the door!

Open the door, I am your mother.

- Don't you recognize me?

- Mom?

Dana!

Mom.

- Come on. Let's go.

- What's going on?

I can't believe you don't remember  
our address.

Address?

I don't even remember the street.

Stop. Stop! We just passed it.

Okay.

On the corner. You're out of control.

- Oh, wow.

What?

Maybe somebody bought  
that house next door.

Check out that truck. What a monster.

Come on, Mom. Come on. Let's check it out.

I'm coming, I'm coming.

- Come on, Mom, hurry up.

- Okay, you're so bossy.

Awesome wheels!

It would be great for off-roading.

Imagine the engine on this thing.

- Hey. You like trucks?

Oh, yeah.

And my dad, he really loved trucks.

Hi. Cindy, I'm Jake.

- Sorry.

- Hi.

- So you live next door?

- Yeah. Just for a bit.

- I've been hired to fix the place up.

- Yeah, well, I can understand that.

That Suburban of yours is running pretty rough. Better get it checked out.

Oh.

- Well...

- Well...

Well, I guess I better get my stuff moved in to the house.

It's nice to meet you, big guy.

- You, too.

- So long, Cindy.

Oh, sorry. Yes.

What a monster.

- You okay?

- Not so much.

Mom, I'm hungry.

Hungry, right. Okay, okay. Okay.

Well, what do you normally eat?

- Peanut butter on toast.

- Peanut butter.

Hmm.

- What is that?

- Cannelloni cavolfiore.

Sort of. Just eat it, you'll like it.

You know, you should read more

- and play fewer video games.

- Why?

- So you'll be smarter.

- Look at you.

Whammed your head and then, poof, one nanosecond later, you're, like, totally different.

That's exactly what I'm trying to figure out, what happened today.

- You have any homework?

- Not much.

- Well, where's your backpack?

- The hook.

- Hook, hook, hook...

- In the hall.

Right. Yeah.

Hey, where did you get this backpack?

Guess what, I'm off the team.

- Justin?

Did you hear me, Mom?

She whacked her head today.

- What's this?

- Some kind of food.

Hi.

- Did you hear me?

- Yeah. What...

- What happened?

- Old Lady Fahey flunked me.

- Old lady?

- Yeah, that English teacher I told you about.

You know, the one with, like,  
zero sense of humor.

I didn't flunk you.

I mean, she didn't flunk you,  
she probably just gave you an incomplete.

Same thing. I'm off the team.

Well, turn your paper in  
and you'll be back on the team.

Why are you on the teacher's side?

- You used to be fair.

- Yeah, Mom, what's wrong with you?

- Well, maybe you shouldn't sleep in class.

- I'm tired.

So spend less time on the computer  
and try going to bed earlier.

In case you forgot, I just got off work,  
which I do five nights a week  
to help pay the bills around here.

- Justin...

- I'm out of here.

This is really good.

Hi.

It's not smart to sneak up on a vet,  
you know.

- I mean...

- Sorry.

- You're a little odd, aren't you?

- Is that a compliment?

- I don't even know your name.  
- Molly.  
Molly...  
- Molly.  
- It's great. It's nice. It's short and sweet.  
I checked your references, Jake.  
B&B Construction? Iowa City?  
Yeah, what about it?  
Well, you quit without notice.  
And the manager said  
that you were trouble.  
And then you worked as a security guard  
in a mall outside Chicago  
and you quit there early, too.  
Are you running from something?  
I'm dealing with things,  
trying to find my way.  
Is that okay with you?  
All right. Here's my plan.  
I set up an open account.  
Plus an advance.  
I want you, in the next half hour,  
to put a backboard and basketball hoop  
over the garage door.  
Because it creates curb appeal.  
And families love that sort of thing.  
Are you serious? Now?  
- Square root of seven is?  
- Four?  
No. No, no, think, think, think. Think.  
- Mom? Phone.  
- What?  
- Your phone.  
- Hello?  
Uh, no, no. Yeah.  
Yes, this is Cindy Kremer.  
Mmm-hmm.  
Final notice?  
No, I've never missed  
a mortgage payment in my life. It's...  
What do you mean, I'm renting?  
I'm gonna have to call you back.  
- We're going to be kicked out of our house.  
- No, no, of course not.

We are, aren't we?  
We're gonna be homeless.  
Trish. Hi.  
Stop fighting this.  
Be the mother.  
Help them. Help yourself.  
Be the mother.  
Mikey? Mikey, look at me. Look at me.  
We are not going to be homeless, okay?  
I don't want you to worry.  
You need to trust me.  
Where's Justin?  
- Skate park.  
- All right. Well, it's late.  
You wanna call him or text him  
or whatever you do?  
I can't. He never answers his phone  
when he's there.  
That's why Dad wanted  
to get him into sports.  
All right. You know what,  
you've got 15 minutes and then  
I want you to get ready for bed.  
And just sit tight, I'll be right back.  
- Justin. What's up?  
- Hey!  
Hi. Hey! Hi, I'm looking for my son.  
Have you seen Justin Kremer?  
- Come on, lady, you're killing the vibe.  
- I'm trying to find Justin.  
I don't know. Him and his buddies  
already left, like, 20 minutes ago.  
Hey!  
- Hello?  
Hey, I'm almost home.  
- Oh, thank goodness.  
- Look, I'm sorry.  
- Okay. Okay, great.  
- I'm sorry I blew out of the house like that.  
Ow!  
Hey.  
You moving in here?  
For a bit, yeah.  
I live right next door. I'm Justin.



Oh, hey. Justin.  
You and your buddies  
nearly ran me over this morning.  
Sorry about that, man.  
You're good. Dangerous, but good.  
Hey. Let's see what you got.  
Do it again.  
Not bad, kid.  
- You a Marine?  
- I was. Five years.  
I thought it was,  
"Once a Marine, always a Marine. "  
- SemperFi and all that.  
- Yeah. Yeah. Always faithful.  
My dad used to say that to me all the time.  
- Drove me crazy.  
- Your dad's a Marine?  
He was killed in Fallujah.  
- March 21, 2007.  
- Fallujah.  
See you around.  
Justin, your dad,  
do you think he'd approve  
of you hanging out this late at night?  
- Probably not.  
- Then why do you do it?  
- I like it, so I do it.  
- It's a good reason, right?  
Your dad a good marine?  
The best.  
Then honor his memory.  
Consider the consequences of your actions.  
Justin?  
- Yeah.  
- You awake?  
- Yeah.  
Hi. You all right?  
Sure, yeah, I'm fine.  
You want to tell me?  
I did a stupid thing.  
Well, we all do stupid things. It's...  
No, not like this.  
I hurt Dad, let him down.  
Well, I think the way your father loved you,

you could never really let him down.

You should get some sleep.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Jake?

Why am I not surprised?

You want to talk about it?

The kid next door,

he told me his father died in Iraq.

You put me there in that house

next to a family with a son

whose father died in Iraq.

He died in Fallujah!

You can't change the past,

but you can overcome it.

It's up to you, Jake.

It's always been up to you.

Mikey, put that away.

Come on, we got to go.

Aren't you going to work?

Uh...

- Yeah, of course I'm going to work.

- Why aren't you wearing your blouse?

You know, the pink one

with your name on it.

Oh, Justin, do you want me to make you

some breakfast or something?

Yeah, right, Mom.

Um...

Okay.

I'm gonna change and then we are gonna...

We're gonna go where we're going.

Okay? All right, one minute.

- Hi.

- Hi.

I just replaced a bad plug, I think

that should help it run a bit smoother.

That's really kind. Thank you.

Thank you.

- What's your name again?

- Jake.

- Jake. Oh, sorry. Hi.

- That's okay.

All right, get your head out of there.

It's coming down.

- Ready?

- Let's go.

I spoke with Justin last night  
and he told me...

Well, I might have crossed a line,  
but he told me about his dad. I'm sorry.

Yeah. Me, too.

Anyway, he's a great kid.

He's a heck of a shooter.

Is he on the team?

Not at the moment.

- He has a paper due.

- What's it about?

- "An event that changed your life. "

- What's his?

I don't know.

Maybe it's his dad.

Maybe.

- From the end of the world, it's...

- Goal!

Please?

Oh, sorry.

So, I was thinking  
either, like, a midnight blue or a periwinkle.

- What?

- The exterior color.

Oh.

Well, good. I guess I better get started.

I can't wait to see this.

I don't believe it.

That's the luckiest shot I've ever seen.

Hey.

Do you like it? I mean, if you don't,

- I can wear something else.

- No.

No, it's great. It's really great.

It's kind of dressy, though, don't you think?

Justin, the theme is ballroom dancing.

We don't have to dress up, no big deal.

No. No, you have to dress up.

The world needs to see you

in that dress, seriously.

Okay.

I'll find something to wear  
to try and keep up,  
but I probably won't be able to.  
I think you probably can.  
Remind me again.  
Phoebe is the other waitress.  
Your friend, by the way. You like her.  
Harry's your boss. He can't cook,  
but you can't tell him that.  
Okay, Phoebe, Harry, got it.  
Stack of Vermont, Gorgeous One!  
Don't worry, honey. I got it. I got it.  
I got it. I got it. I got it.  
Make sure I get the appointment  
at Social Services.  
Well, don't worry about it.  
I mean, there's nothing we can do about it.  
Yeah, okay.  
Hey, Cindy.  
- Menu?  
- Oh, no. Just the usual.  
Flop two, over hard! Gorgeous Two!  
I saw you last night.  
You were outside that apartment building  
holding that baby.  
- You were there?  
- No, I was just driving by.  
Yeah. A lot of excitement, huh?  
Must be hard doing what you do.  
Well, you know,  
you get these messed up parents  
and the kids pay the price.  
You know, they get shuffled from place  
to place never knowing where they're going  
or who to trust.  
And you know, most of the time,  
these messed up parents get the kids back,  
and then it just starts all over again.  
I mean, it just comes with the territory,  
you know.  
There's good parents out there, too,  
but I just don't get called  
when people are doing the right thing.  
And, yeah, sometimes it bothers me.

Not all the time,  
but now and then, you know.  
You wouldn't be human  
if it didn't get to you sometimes.  
You got a point there.  
Means you're a good man.  
Fry two, let the sun shine!  
Excuse me.  
- Who am I tutoring today?  
Dana Fahey. Calculus.  
- Yo, Cameron.  
- All right, I'm out of here. H-E-R-E, man.  
- Hey.  
- Hey, Justin.  
Calculus, huh?  
Yeah, I just don't get it.  
I mean, I'm up, like, half the night  
trying to figure it out, you know, but...  
Don't sweat it.  
It's one of the few things I'm good at.  
I get so stressed out about school,  
sometimes I can't even sleep, you know?  
Yeah, you're not alone.  
Turn that thing off! I can't think!  
- No way! I'm at Level four.  
- Mikey!  
- Hey.  
- Hey, Mom.  
You got off work early.  
Yeah, apparently, they didn't need me.  
No work, no pay.  
I'm sorry.  
Well, guess what we're having for dinner?  
Let me guess... I'm reaching here.  
Scrambled eggs.  
I bet it's not.  
Tagliatelle alla Bolognese  
with thyme and Grana cheese.  
Told you she whacked her head.  
It's a symbolic first course  
of Italian cuisine,  
characterized by egg tagliatelle  
and a sauce popularly called  
ragu alla Bolognese.

- Wow, Mom, you win the lottery?

- I wish.

No. A cop came in today.

He's nice, really nice.

He tipped me \$20.

- Wow!

- And so, tonight, we are celebrating.

You know, you could have

paid the cable bill with that.

You don't need TV,

you need to write a paper.

And to do that, you need energy from food.

Energy, huh? That simple?

Justin, look,

if you need help with the paper,

just ask me, okay? Any time.

It's too personal.

Oh!

Hello.

Mrs. A.R. Kremer. I didn't...

Yeah. It's funny.

I didn't realize...

You see somebody every day

and you never really get to know them.

No, you don't.

So, how can I help you?

I'm so sorry, Cindy, but it's my job.

I have to deliver this.

You know, it's nothing personal.

Eviction notice?

You're giving me an eviction notice?

And according to the paperwork,

you've ignored three previous notices,

so it's a 24-hour-to-vacate notice.

- Now? We have to leave now?

- Twenty-four hours.

I wish there was something I could do.

Good night.

I really appreciate you taking us in like this.

You sure you don't mind

sleeping in the garage?

No. I prefer bare cement.

Makes me nostalgic

for the good old Shock and Awe days.

I doubt that.

- How long you been out of the military?

- About 15 months.

So you like doing this kind of work?

Mostly.

But I have no idea what I really want to do.

Girlfriend? It's the mother in me.

I just got back from Iraq  
and Rachel, my girlfriend,

she decided to drive over  
to my folks' house after work.

Guy ran a red light and hit her head on.

Wow!

I'm sorry.

I don't know.

If only I had borrowed my mom's car  
and picked her up.

Got to go, Mom. Let's go.

Okay. Just get in the car. I'll be right there.

Well, thank you for taking us in.

- What's going to happen to us?

- I don't know.

Hey, you don't have to worry.

It's going to be okay. I have a feeling.

- Me, too.

- You do? What's your feeling?

It's our house.

What's going to happen to my friends?

I've lived here all my life.

I miss my dad.

Come here, Mikey.

It's hard. It's really hard.

You're a little slow.

Do you know how long it took Michelangelo  
to do the Sistine Chapel?

As a matter of fact, I do.

Oh, the family next door,  
they lost their house.

So I told them they could  
stay here for a while. If that's okay.

Very okay.

Anyway, I was thinking  
that maybe I can give you a hand.

What?

Do you want one of my old T-shirts  
to cover your...

No, no, no. No worries.

But I like this.

Watch out Giovanni Hidalgo. Let's paint!

So, where are you from?

Here, there, everywhere.

- Brothers or sisters?

- Big family.

- Do you play basketball?

- No.

The first time I touched a basketball  
was yesterday.

What about... What about boys?

- You must have tons of botfriends.

- Not really.

Really?

You must be doing something wrong.

- Is that so?

- Yeah.

Maybe you don't get the subtleties  
of human relationships  
or the nuance of male psychology.

Hey, well, maybe you can help me.

Yeah. Yeah. Okay. Yeah. Romance 101.

If you want to get a guy,  
you got to make him feel like a guy.  
You don't shoot three-pointers,  
you let the guy shoot three-pointers.  
And even if you're smarter  
or more talented than the guy,  
you let the guy think that  
he's smarter and more talented.

Wow, that's amazing.

I would have never figured that out.

- You're a pretty incredible guy.

- Well, I know a thing or two.

So where did you learn  
all this delicate psychology stuff?  
Marines?

You know

what my favorite time of the year is?  
Christmas.

When my dad was alive,



we used to put lights all over our house.

- Me, too. We had about a million.

- We had two million.

My dad says Christmas  
is all about miracles.

I don't believe in that stuff anymore.

That's so unfair!

You so caught me off guard.

Your garage is so cool. It's like a big store.

Should we use all colorful ones

or just bright ones?

Let's use every single one.

- Every single one.

- Yeah.

You sure your mom won't mind

if I borrow these?

I'm not going to ask her.

That way I don't get in trouble.

They're not even plugged in.

Wow.

So, you have to find  
the value of  $K$ , right?

Oh!

God.

I feel like such a loser  
coming here every day.

Well, we don't have to come here  
from now on.

- Seriously?

- Yeah. No, we can do it anywhere.

I get credit no matter what.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

What was that about?

- What was what?

- Cameron!

- Oh, nothing, nothing.

- Nothing!

- No, nothing. Just solve for  $X$ .

- Okay.

Okay, right back to the problem.

Come on. Come on.

All right! Coming through!

Hey, we're a team, remember?

We're your best friends.  
We're your brothers.  
I don't know what the big deal  
about this paper is, but figure it out.  
Dude, you have no idea.  
Then don't come around here anymore.  
Can't hit threes from the sideline.  
It just ticks people off.  
Whatever, man.  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
Can I ask you something?  
Sure.  
It's about being a soldier.  
I mean, what was it like in combat?  
Please. I need to know.  
Confusion, fear.  
Big time adrenaline and sadness  
all mixed up.  
More than that you don't need to know.  
Can I read you something?  
Yeah.  
My dad wrote this to me.  
"I'm sorry about  
what happened between us.  
"I had a lot on my mind when I came home.  
"Son, I made a lot of mistakes in my life,  
"some of which I'm not that proud of.  
"But the best thing  
that ever happened to me  
"was when I married your mom  
and I had you and Mikey.  
"You're a great son.  
"I'm always proud of you,  
even when you don't think I am.  
"I have that picture of you  
when you were 10  
"and playing in your first game.  
"I show all the guys.  
"I tell them you're going to be a star.  
"Someday I'll tell you  
what it's like over here. Not now. "  
I want to know.  
Okay.

Besides being afraid 24/7,  
all soldiers think about  
and talk about are their families.  
That's it.  
Getting a letter or an e-mail from home,  
a phone call.  
So when a soldier gets wounded,  
they're dying, you think they're still  
thinking about their family?  
When a soldier gets wounded,  
the only thing he's thinking about  
is his family.  
Your dad, when he got hurt,  
he was thinking about your mom,  
your brother and you.  
That's all that mattered to him.  
Justin! Dinner!  
Justin?  
Justin!  
Hey, hey, hey.  
Hi, what's going on?  
Jake said that when a soldier is wounded,  
all they think about are their families,  
their kids.  
Yeah. I imagine that's true.  
Sure they think about their loved ones...  
No, you don't understand.  
Tell me, I want to understand. What is it?  
The last time Dad came home,  
he had only a few days' leave.  
And I had this game  
that I wanted him to come to really bad,  
but he just wanted to sit at home  
in the living room.  
I got so mad that he wouldn't watch me  
that I said I hated him.  
Oh, Justin,  
I'm sure he knew better. I'm sure he...  
No, Mom! Just listen!  
I said it. I totally said it, okay. "I hate you!"  
I mean...  
How could I do that? How could I say that?  
And that I held a stupid basketball game  
against him.

I held it against him  
and then he went back and he died.  
And I never got to say I was sorry.  
Mom, the last words  
that Dad ever heard me say  
were, "I hate you. "  
Is that what your paper is about?  
Yeah.  
You need to write it down.  
You need to write every word, every feeling,  
- everything that's going on.  
- I can't.  
You need to write it down.  
Mom, I tried so hard, I just...  
I can't get it out.  
It hurts too much, I just... I can't get it out.  
You just did. You just did.  
- You like?  
- You've got to slow down.  
The quicker this place is finished,  
the quicker we can turn it over.  
No, no, no. I told the family next door  
they could stay here until I was done.  
I'm not done yet.  
You will be.  
Soon.  
So, is Justin going to Formal?  
- No.  
- Why not?  
Tuxedo, corsage, dinner...  
No, no, no! You don't need a tuxedo.  
Look, it is ballroom dancing, 1940s.  
Tell him to stop thinking  
like a 16-year-old, okay?  
Okay. Okay. Yeah.  
- Usual?  
- Yeah, thanks.  
Hey, about the other night?  
- I'm sorry that it was me.  
- It's okay, I understand.  
And, you know,  
I wanted to thank you for the other day,  
you know, when you let me  
ramble on and on about...

You know...

You have no idea what it meant to me  
that you would, you know, just listen.

Any time.

I'm not coming on to you, okay?

I'm happily married, I love my wife.

But there's just something strange, like,

- I don't know, familiar. You know...

- There is. There is.

- You know what I mean?

- I do, I do, I do. I know what you mean.

Right.

Yeah.

Okay, well, I better get back  
to chasing the bad guys.

That's good.

Let's see.

Seriously, why am I even in this class?

I don't even get it.

So why are you?

My mother.

She has this idea in her head  
that I'm special.

Maybe you are, just not in math.

You know what I'd like to do?

- What?

- Hold this.

- Ready?

- Yeah.

Ta-da!

Wow, look at that. That's impressive.

I was thinking maybe, when I go to college,  
I'd like to major in dance.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

But, I don't know, it's kind of dumb.

No. No, it's not. It's cool.

Go for it. You know, why not?

Wow! What an engine!

Trans temperature gauge add-ons,  
propane injector.

Why would you add

propane to diesel?

It's like NOS to gasoline.

It adds three times more torque.  
Wow! You got a turbo-boost chip in here?  
Yup, right here.  
And this, this little guy  
reads your air and your fuel mixture.  
And when you plug it in, it takes  
your air and your fuel pressure  
and it bumps it up 130 horses.  
Sweet.  
- Hey, Jake?  
- Yeah?  
- I have this idea.  
- What kind of an idea?  
What are you doing?  
As you can see, Christmas lights.  
I don't get it.  
Go ahead, tell her, Mikey.  
So Dad could see us.  
Not bad, huh?  
No, it's not bad at all.  
Wow, look at you.  
It looks fantastic.  
- Turn around, let me see the back again.  
- All right.  
Great.  
It really looks great. Fits you like a glove.  
- It's cool, Mom. Thank you.  
- You're welcome.  
Now, if I only knew how to dance.  
Come here.  
What are you doing?  
Come here, put your hand here.  
This is how this goes. One hand here.  
- Just relax, relax. Loosen up. Loosen up.  
- All right.  
Find your balance, okay?  
And you just sort of go with it.  
- Just move. It's like skateboarding.  
- Oh, yeah.  
And you come around this way a little bit,  
and you look in her eyes and smile,  
and then you come around  
this way a little bit,  
and then the music picks up

and you do something fancy,

- and you go out like that.

- Okay, okay, I got it. I got it.

- All right.

- Yes. I'll go.

It's fun, you'll have fun. Good.

Kaylin's got to see this.

So, was it my imagination

or did I see you at the park this afternoon?

Yeah. Yeah, I was tutoring a girl

in calculus, Dana Fahey.

- Oh!

- Old Lady Fahey's kid.

I wouldn't call her that.

- It just might get back to her.

- Whatever. Anyway...

Dana's pretty cool.

She's really cool. And she's smart, too,  
just not so much in math, you know?

- More like the artist type.

- Is that so?

Yeah, but you know Old Lady Fahey,  
she's just...

Her mother, she's got her  
totally stressed out.

And Dana's into pleasing her,  
but she's in way over her head.

Hmm.

I mean, you got to be a geek to do  
AP in calculus, and trust me, she's no geek.

No, she's not.

- She's not?

- Mom, she's totally amazing.

Wow! Okay, right.

So, how's your paper coming?

Honestly, I could use some help on it.

- All right, this is what I got here.

- Okay.

Okay, good. Good start.

Okay, right here, third paragraph,  
you'd just come back from the game  
and your dad's on the couch in the dark...

Just write what happens.

Let the reader feel the emotion.

When did you get so good at this stuff?

Do you believe in God?

Of course.

- I don't understand.

- What?

Where was God when my dad died?

Right beside him.

Well, what do you think?

I am so proud of you.

Really?

To write honestly is a gift.

You think Dad would be proud of me?

Yes, I do.

Left in

the district championship,

- Oregon City leads Adams by a pair...

- Go, go, go!

...68 to 66.

- I got it!

- Hey, you know what?

- What?

I love basketball. Go! Go! Go!

Come on, now! I got help! I got help!

- We're number one!

- We're number one!

I got help! I got help!

Nice pass to Martinez.

Puts it up...

Oregon City back up by two.

What a ball game here tonight!

Trevor passes inside to McIntyre,  
rejected by Oregon...

I got that!

Steal by Jones!

- Set it up!

Justin! Justin!

- Justin!

- Shoot that, Justin!

He's trying to

go for a full three at the buzzer.

He did it!

Adams wins the district championship.

We did it! That's what I'm talking about!

Yes, Justin! Yes! That's State! That's State!



Trish, you get an A.  
Believe me,  
not everyone learns their lesson.  
I'm so proud of you.  
Everyone is so proud of you.  
Who? Who's proud of me?  
Who are you?  
No.  
Oh, great, the icing on the cake of my day.  
Mrs. Fahey? It's Cindy.  
- I'm Justin Kremer's mom.  
- Yes, your appointment was at 4:00.  
- You're going to need to reschedule.  
- I know.  
- I'm sorry we just got busy at the diner.  
- I've got a class.  
I apologize. I couldn't get out here. Please.  
Yes, well, you're the one who called  
for the meeting.  
I'm begging you, please.  
If Justin doesn't pass this class,  
he doesn't get to play basketball.  
- Look, I have 181 students...  
- If he doesn't play basketball...  
...178 of them turned in their papers.  
Justin was warned.  
Not once did he come to me...  
He's got homework. His job, basketball.  
Basketball.  
- Basketball...  
- It means everything to him.  
Please, just give him one more chance.  
Don't you get it?  
Be in charge. Be the mother.  
Be the mother.  
Mrs. Kremer!  
Wait.  
Yeah?  
I shouldn't have treated you the way I did.  
- Look, we're tired, we're all beat up.  
- No, no, no.  
No, wait, wait, it was wrong of me,  
and I am truly sorry.  
Yeah, well, I've got a little kid at home alone,

so I'm gonna need to reschedule, all right?

Why don't you let me drive you home?

Please? It's no trouble and we can talk...

Come on.

- I don't mind, truly.

- All right.

- Great.

- You know, Justin's a good boy  
and he's smart.

He's got this great heart  
and he's just really, really having  
a really hard time since his dad died.

Believe me, I understand not having  
enough time for your family.

Especially you, all by yourself. It's a lot.

Oh! It's right there.

You just passed it.

Oh.

- Huh! Cute house.

Yeah.

I'm not sure how much longer we'll have it.

What's going on here?

It looks like they sold the house.

New neighbor?

- I guess.

Listen, Cindy...

I know Justin has a lot to deal with.

And I have been really tough on him,  
but I want to keep pushing him

because I know he can do the work.

Yeah. I know and I really appreciate it.

I really do.

'Cause I haven't been pushing him.

And I wanna help Justin.

Like that paper,

I can totally help him on the paper.

- Good. Great.

- I can.

So thank you for listening.

I haven't been listening.

I mean, really listening,  
really hearing people's feelings,  
especially my own family.

I think I've been pretty selfish.

Hmm.  
Mom, come on.  
We don't still need to meet, do we?  
No, I don't know, do we?  
- I don't think so.  
- No.  
Thank you, thank you. I'll see you again.  
Bye. See you soon. Bye.  
- Hi, honey.  
- Bye.  
Come on, Mom, hurry up.  
Awesome wheels.  
It would be great for off-roading.  
Imagine the engine on this thing.  
Hey.  
- Hi.  
- You like trucks?  
I love trucks. My dad really liked them, too.  
Hmm. No.  
- Hi.  
- Hi, Cindy, I'm Jake.  
- Nice to meet you. Yeah.  
- Nice to meet you.  
Are you moving in next door?  
- Hey, Mom.  
- Hi, honey.  
Don't worry, I'm studying.  
Dana?  
Mom, please, I'm trying my best.  
What do you think about  
dropping calculus?  
- Seriously?  
- Seriously.  
Why not do something you enjoy?  
Something that's fun, like...  
Like dancing? Really?  
Oh, thank you, Mom.  
Hi, honey. What are you doing up?  
I am waiting for you.  
You know the money we've been saving up  
to go to Italy?  
Well, I met a woman today.  
Actually, her son is in my class.  
Let me get that.

And they're good people.  
They're really, really good people.  
And I don't know, but I just feel like  
maybe... Maybe I know them  
or maybe I've been where they've been.  
I don't know what I'm talking about.  
- What?  
- Nothing. Go ahead.  
I just feel like I want to do something.  
Really help.  
Help them, at least.  
What do you think?  
Whatever you want to do, it's okay with me.  
I love you.  
So, do you want to tell me about your day?  
- You want to hear about my day?  
- I do. Everything.  
Everything? Okay, you got time for that?  
For you, all the time in the world.  
- I almost forgot.  
- What's that?  
Delivery guy brought this. I signed for it.  
What is it?  
- I don't believe this.  
What is it, Mom?  
What?  
It's a year lease. For this house.  
Someone donated a year's rent for us.  
- Who?  
- I don't know.  
It's an anonymous donor. I mean, this is...  
Three days ago we were evicted,  
and then Jake took us in,  
and Justin finished his paper,  
scored that winning shot for Dad.  
It's a miracle.  
Really.  
I got to go.  
- Jake, thank you so much. Thank you.  
- Thank you.  
Come here.  
Thank you.  
- Thank you.  
- Bye.

- Bye.  
- You take care of yourself.  
- You, too.  
- Bye, Jake.  
- Bye.

Hey, Justin.

- What's up?

Semper Fi.

Always faithful.

- Bye!

- Bye.

Okay, all right. Everybody get in the house.

Come on, let's go.

I call the big room.

No way.

No, first we need

to rearrange the furniture.

How come, Mom?

Jake's cute, but he's no designer.

You know it's not safe for a girl

to hitchhike these days.

You're worried about me. I like that.

I have a feeling

you're not surprised to see me.

You got that right. Anonymous donor?

I had nothing to do with that.

That was somebody else.

You had no hand in that?

You know what I've never had?

Soft ice cream.

- You're joking, right?

- No, I'm not.

I know just the place.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

You like?

Very much.

Mmm.

Mind if I share a small observation?

Go ahead.

So, my truck breaks down

and you have the fuse,

you offer me a job,

but then you do all the work.

And I save a family?  
Come on,  
we both know it was you the whole time.  
Some kind of a plan, right?  
It was you, too, Jake.  
Justin needed a soldier,  
he needed someone who had been there,  
- someone who understood.  
- But no coincidence, right?  
Good! Yeah.  
You know, maybe, sometimes  
things just happen for a reason.  
Life isn't so much a puzzle as it is a plan.  
So, tell me the truth.  
You first.  
About Rachel, your girlfriend.  
You told Cindy that she was the one  
driving the night that she died.  
But it was you, wasn't it?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I lived, she died. That's...  
And you've been  
driving around this country  
trying to run away from it,  
and that really hasn't worked  
out for you, has it?  
Not until you got out of your own head  
and you helped someone else.  
It's funny how that works out, isn't it?  
How, when you help someone else,  
you heal your own wound.  
I have an opportunity in a little town  
down south that needs a mechanic.  
- You interested?  
- I don't know.  
Okay, I'll go.  
Come on.  
Okay. Okay, yeah, yeah, I'm with you.  
I'm with you.  
- You ever been on a Ferris wheel?  
- What's that?  
You know, for someone  
who pretty much knows everything,  
you sure don't know much.

- It's pretty ironic, isn't it?

- Yes, it is.

I think it makes life more delicious.

Yes, it does.

Jake, I think we're going to  
get along just fine.