

EXT. PARK - DAY

Bob and Joan seem distant. They walk in the park together, awkwardly, no words spoken. It seems they've tired out of forcing things to work? Or maybe they just don't work. Or maybe it's just one of those days. Who can tell?

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bob and Joan on Joan's couch. They've clearly been here for a second, in silence and stillness, enjoying the suffering within each word, despite the nature of it all.

BOB

Sometimes I feel almost like you're two people. And one of those people doesn't care at all. That's when I feel like I'm losing you

This lingers in the air, and it all finally reaches Joan.

JOAN

Oh, Bob--

BOB

I'm sorry.

He looks around for help. There is none to be found.

BOB (CONT'D)

The other Joan is like--

Joan leans in

BOB (CONT'D)

This sweet darling girl.

Joan smiles, and a tear begins to roll down her cheek. She wipes it away. A beat.

BOB (CONT'D)

I just feel like I'm losing you.

JOAN

Bobby baby...

She takes a breath before she decides to speak

JOAN (CONT'D)

You don't have me. And I don't have you.

Bob looks at her, begging a change of heart

JOAN (CONT'D)

We're just souls, baby. You know  
how I feel.

Bob puts his head in her lap

BOB

I know.

Joan strokes his hair

EXT. DYLAN'S BACK PORCH - SUNSET.

Dylan writing a letter to Joan. A montage as he goes about  
his life as a rock star

DYLAN

The battle between good and evil.  
That's what it's all about. It  
sounds dramatic because we gave  
them names. Light and dark, yin and  
yang-- but look at the symbol.  
They're one and the same. The  
battle is a huge game of pretend.  
Battle? What battle? The Bhagavad  
Gita takes place smack dab in the  
climax of the Mahabharata. On the  
field of the Kurukshetra battle.  
Prince Arjuna is visited by  
Krishna, who gives him all the  
knowledge there is to know. But  
here's what you need to know:  
There's always cracks. Look at that  
person who only does good. There's  
something else-- something realer,  
darker, itching to get out through  
the cracks in their smiles.  
Something human. They tried to beat  
the bad into submission but it  
lives, beating at the walls of its  
cage, peering through the eyes. And  
the same goes to the opposite. Joan--  
- you know what I'm trying to say.  
I'm just taking the longest path  
because I'm scared.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Bob and Barry sit with beers

BARRY

Do you think people, for the most part, are good or bad?

BOB

Man, I don't know, Barry, that's a damn big question.

Beat

BOB (CONT'D)

I don't know if there can be a definitive answer--

BARRY

Do you wanna hear what I think

BOB

Sure

BARRY

I think that, generally, if you're good to people, people are good to you

Beat

BARRY (CONT'D)

But some stuff can always get in the way

BOB

What kind of stuff?

BARRY

Eh. You know. Human, personal stuff.

BOB

What kind of "human, personal stuff?"

Barry chuckles

BARRY

We're not going swimming enough.

BOB

Is that your answer to my question?

BARRY

Yeah. We should be getting into a body of water, like, at least once a week

BOB  
 "We," like you and me?

BARRY  
 Sure, but everybody

BOB  
 I mean I don't disagree. I'm just  
 confused where that came from

BARRY  
 Water really is healing.

BOB  
 So let's go

BARRY  
 Where?

BOB  
 I don't know, let's, find a lake or  
 something?

BARRY  
 When?

BOB  
 How's Sunday?

BARRY  
 Yeah. Let's do it. You should bring  
 along that flower girl of yours

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bob and Joan sit unhappily, over candlelit dinner, picking at  
 their uneaten food

BOB  
 Do you want to come swimming with  
 me and my brother this Sunday?

JOAN (FEIGNS APOLOGY)  
 Oh, I can't. I've got work

BOB  
 What are you doing?

JOAN  
 Another wedding.

BOB  
 Everyone's getting married.

Joan gives a quarter-hearted smile

BOB (CONT'D)

All day?

JOAN

I don't know what time they want me there yet, hon. They won't respond to my emails.

BOB

Oh well

JOAN

Where ya goin?

BOB

We're not sure yet. We'll find someplace.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bob and Barry in a car, driving along side roads. There's not another car in sight. Trees whistle in the faint wind, and the sun beams gloriously on the green leaves and dirt roads. Neither boy has a shirt on.

EXT. RIVER? LAKE? BODY OF WATER

The boys lay, floating in a body of water, secluded from the world. They splash each other and laugh, swim, and bathe in the healing properties of the water, shedding off their wrongdoings and the likes. Then they sit on the earth next to the water, in content silence. Staring out at the water and what lies beyond. Then, a phone rings. Barry picks it up, and as he listens to whoever is on the other end, he gets more and more distressed and sad, sobs breaking out. Bob remains fully intact, stoic, compared to Barry. Bob stares out at the water, unmoving, seeing it all.

INT. JOAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob and Joan, standing, sitting on counters, whatever it calls for. Softly they speaks

JOAN

I'm so sorry, Bob.

Beat. Bob speaks, surprisingly composed

BOB  
It's okay. We knew it was coming  
for a while. Really, it was just a  
matter of time.

JOAN  
Still, I'm sorry.

Beat

BOB  
Thank you, Joan

Beat

BOB (CONT'D)  
Anyway, they're burying her in  
Michigan, where we grew up. So I'm  
gonna be away for a bit

JOAN  
Of course

BOB  
We're driving up on Thursday, and  
we haven't really decided when  
we're coming back yet.

Beat

BOB (CONT'D)  
I'll miss you, Joany.

A beat too long

JOAN  
I'll miss you too, Bobby.

Long beat.

BOB (QUIET)  
We never went dancing

JOAN  
What?

BOB  
We didn't go dancing.

Joan smiles. She reaches for her phone, and plays a slow  
song. Slowly, they embrace and dance together. It's a bit  
romantic, it's lovely, and for just a second, everything  
seems so almost perfect that the almost disappears.

Then, she breaks away, switches the music to something crazy upbeat and starts to dance like a crazy person, and Bob follows her lead. They look dumb and stupid and crazy, but awesome. It feels cathartic in a way? And then, Bob breaks out in heavy sobs. Tears stream down, yelling for escape. He's on the floor, gasping for air.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry

Joan pats his head, strokes his hair

JOAN

It's ok, Bobby. It's ok.

A wide shot of them in this position. Joan feels lost, like she doesn't know what to do, and hates herself for thinking about herself in a time like this. But she stays right where she is, and so does he.

Blackout.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Joan plays a song on guitar and sings.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

At some location in Michigan, Bob, Barry, and Norma exit a car, wearing all black. Barry has a rose in his pocket. Norma walks, leaning on Bob for support. We see this in slow motion.

EXT. FUNERAL - DAY

Barry speaks. He reads from a paper

BARRY

Our mother was...

He puts the paper away, and speaks, tentatively, from the heart.

BARRY (CONT'D)

She was beautiful. In all the flawed ways one can exist. She built herself from the ground up in this goddamn flawed world. So of course she wasn't perfect.

Beat

BARRY (CONT'D)

She did her best. The best that a mother of two boys could do. She was kind to every person she met. She worked three jobs, constantly pursuing hobbies and activities for herself and her family on the side. Constantly working to remain a human. To be better. She threw so much love at us. So much that it hurt. And she tried too hard to protect us. I'm sure she knew all this, eventually, but never had the words to tell us.

Beat.

BARRY (CONT'D)

But she was great with words, too. That's probably where Bobby gets it from. I'm sure I got some other stuff from her. She used to write mass emails to her friends every few weeks -- before text was a thing-- and she had this... inane quality to always uplift you when you most secretly, deeply needed it...

He clears his throat. Sees the crowd watching for the first time, and smiles

BARRY (CONT'D)

What else... She had a beautiful voice. She never really let it out of its cage much. But when she did, it soared. And I'm sure her spirit is still soaring around, somewhere. Wings and love blowing in the wind out there. Something like that. Yeah.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bob and Barry drink, their suits loosened up by the day.

BOB

Your speech was beautiful.

BARRY

Oh. Thank you.

BOB  
No I'm serious. You said I'm the  
one who's good with words, but  
you're like a goddamn poet.

Bob slams his glass on the table, a little drunk

BOB (CONT'D)  
Fuck that bartending job, you  
should write a novel or something.

EXT. BAR - LATER

Bob and Barry smoke cigarettes in silence

INT. BAR - LATER

Bob and Barry dance the night away.

INT. MICHIGAN HOME - LATER

Bob and Barry enter the house, clearly drunk. Norma sits at  
the table with a glass of orange juice.

NORMA  
Hello, boys

BARRY  
Hi, Nana! Why aren't you asleep?

NORMA  
I don't know. I can't sleep lately.

BOB  
I'm sorry.

NORMA  
Some of the people at the service  
today remembered her and were here  
from when she lived here. They came  
up to me and told me about all the  
ways she used to help them.

Beat

NORMA (CONT'D)  
Well, good night

She walks to her room to sleep. Bob and Barry look at each  
other

INT. MICHIGAN HOME - LATER

Bob at the dining table. The clock reads 3:33 AM. He sits, with watercolors and a blank page. He makes one brush stroke

INT. MICHIGAN HOME - LATER

Bob sits on the sofa. His grandmother walks out, disoriented and disturbed, slightly

GRANDMA

I tried to sleep. I'm so tired all the time

BOB

I'm sorry.

GRANDMA

Yes. I had a dream. I was with your mother, but she was this big

She gestures to her waist to show her height.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Just this big again

She walks back to her room, numb. Darkness, silence, time.

INT. AIRPORT - EVENING

Dylan in an airport, writing a letter to Joan.

DYLAN

I've been hit by a slow movin train. Piercing my bones and piercin my brain. All modes of transport seem to lead right back to ya. I'm like water, meltin back through yr fingers. Take a quick look, gather round what you see. There's gonna be fires headed towards me.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Bob, Barry, Norma in a loud train station. They hug. Bob carries a bouquet of flowers (from the funeral) and a paper bag.

NORMA

Text me please. I'm so lonely here.

BOB  
 At least you'll have this one to  
 keep you company

He punches Barry playfully

BARRY  
 I'll see you man. I'll come home at  
 some point, but for now, I think  
 I'm gonna be here.

BOB  
 I understand. I hope you get what  
 you need.

BARRY  
 I got no idea what that is

Bob chuckles

BARRY (CONT'D)  
 But same to you. I hope she likes  
 the gift

He gestures to the paper bag in Bob's hand. They hug again.  
 Norma kisses Bob on the cheek.

INT. TRAIN STATION - LATER

Bob sits. He sighs, lights a cigarette, closes his eyes,  
 visions of Joan. He opens his eyes to see the paper bag is  
 gone. He looks left and right, but the station is suddenly  
 busy. He finally manages to see, walking away slowly, is  
 DYLAN, holding a paper bag?

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joan sits on the couch, reading. A knock at the door. She  
 gets up, and opens the door to see Dylan standing there,  
 nervous, awkwardly fidgeting with his hands in his pockets.  
 Joan is surprised

DYLAN  
 Hey Joany

A beat

JOAN  
 Dylan.

DYLAN  
 Joan.

Joan tilts her head. She blinks to make sure he's really there.

JOAN  
How'd you find me?

DYLAN  
Lucky guess?

They stand across from each other for some time, not knowing what to say.

JOAN  
Well, come in?

Dylan walks in, leaving the hallway we know well hauntingly empty.

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Joan and Dylan sit on the couch, some space between them.

DYLAN  
You got my letters?

JOAN  
I sure did. Those were some letters.

Dylan smiles

DYLAN  
You never wrote back.

JOAN  
I wouldn't have known where to send them. You've been touring around the world. I keep seeing posters

DYLAN  
God I hate those things

JOAN  
How's all of that going?

DYLAN  
How about let's talk about something else?

A beat. Joan smiles, slowly, embarrassed. He's changed, but even worse, she misses him and wouldn't have minded if he hadn't changed. Music plays and overscores the conversation as they chat more and more.

A bottle of wine is opened, poured, drank, finished. They laugh. Recount old times, recount new times. Another bottle of wine is opened, poured, drank. Suddenly, a smile from Joan. They get up, and Dylan follows Joan

INT. JOAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door closes behind them and immediately, they begin to kiss passionately. This goes on for a second, and you can tell they've missed each other -- hearts, souls, bodies, minds, all. And they're hungry. One article of clothing comes off before we cut to

INT. JOAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dylan and Joan lie in bed, Dylan in just boxers, Joan in his shirt. Dylan gets up, walks around the room, exploring with vague curiosity.

DYLAN

Can I smoke in here?

JOAN

You can do whatever you'd like

He lights a cigarette, opens a closet. Finds a guitar. Picks it up

DYLAN

Do you still sing?

JOAN

Not really. I kind of stopped.

DYLAN

Now why in the hell'd you do that?

Joan smiles. Dylan plays a tune

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Join in, if you so please

The song is *House of the Rising Sun*. His voice is gravely and strange, but beautiful. She joins in after a few bars, in perfect harmony. Her voice is angelic, and he's right. Why in the hell did she do that? The two finish the song and look at each other.

INT. JOAN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Dylan and Joan sit on the couch.

DYLAN  
I got you something, by the way

JOAN  
What?

DYLAN  
Just a gift. It's nothing

He pulls out the paper bag. At that moment, there's a knock on the door

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
I cn get it.

He gets up and walks to the door, opens it. BOB is standing there, holding flowers.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Hey, buddy, what do you need?

Bob stares for a second, breathes in, and runs down the hall, down the staircase.

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT

Joan sits, with a new bottle of wine

JOAN  
Who was it?

DYLAN  
I dunno. Some guy. He ran away.

JOAN  
Weird

DYLAN  
Hey, uh, some buddies of mine are throwing a party tonight, while they're in town. You wanna go?

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

A house party. Joan and Dylan enter - dressed to the 9s. They look good together. The world around them dances. Someone hands Dylan a harmonica which he absolutely shreds on. The people watch, enamored. Joan and Dylan kiss again, hungry for each other. Flames are everywhere, and smoky sleep engulfs them.

INT. JOAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dylan and Joan asleep in bed. Dylan wakes up. He thinks, gets up, clumsily, and walks to Joan's desk and begins to write in a notebook. Joan stirs, wakes.

JOAN  
What are you doing?

DYLAN  
I dunno. Got some stuff that needs  
to come out, I guess.

JOAN  
I've missed you

DYLAN  
I've missed you too, Joany

The sun is shining. She looks out at it, smiles, walks out.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Joan cooks pancakes. Dylan enters

DYLAN  
Oh boy you're a genius

He kisses her on the cheek, finds the bottle of wine from earlier and makes DIY fucky mimosas. He puts a cigarette in his mouth but can't find a lighter.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
This is good.

JOAN  
What?

DYLAN  
You and me. It's been a while

JOAN  
Oh, not that long.

DYLAN  
So what have you got up to?

JOAN  
Not much. Still doing the flower  
stuff. It's been nice. Quiet, for  
once.

DYLAN  
That's good.

He begins to wander around the room

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
I think I was kinda goin crazy  
without you. I dunno. I didn't  
realize

JOAN  
Your letters were intense

DYLAN  
Yeah, I guess a bit. Sorry about  
that

JOAN  
It's alright. I heard you in them,  
of course, that was nice. But I  
think it's hard to see all of you  
from just those words. Gorgeous as  
they were. And then you just came a  
knock knockin at my door. Like a  
lost puppy dog.

Dylan walks to her and kisses her. Then chuckles

DYLAN  
Lost puppy dog

JOAN  
Something like that

DYLAN  
The road's been crazy. I felt like  
a robot after a while. No sleep

JOAN  
Well, you can sleep as much as you  
like with me

DYLAN  
We'll see about that

INT. DINING ROOM? - MOMENTS LATER

They eat the pancakes and drink the mimosas.

DYLAN

And then he said to me -- "you're gonna have to punch me if you think that way." So I stare up to his big, dumb, square face, and sock him in the jaw

JOAN

Oh God! Was he alright?

DYLAN

Him? What about me?

Joan laughs, but she's unsure what she's laughing at.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I've gotta go smoke this thing. I remembered where I left that lighter.

He gets up, kisses her on the cheek. She sits, alone with her pancakes. She takes a breath before he comes back, begins smoking the cigarette.

JOAN

So where are you staying?

DYLAN

I'm crashing with my brother. But I've got a lead on a place. It's real nice. You'll love it. Actually, you wanna come by and see it today?

JOAN

Yeah, I got nothin goin on.

DYLAN

Great. I've gotta stop by my brother's and pick some stuff up first.

JOAN

Sounds good to me

INT. DYLAN'S BROTHER'S PLACE - LATER

Dylan and Joan enter the apartment. It's disgusting

DYLAN

Sorry, it's a bit messy. I haven't had much time to unpack so I kind of exploded all over the apartment. I don't know where my brother is.

Dylan walks ahead, leaving Joan in the filth to contemplate. After a moment has passed, Dylan returns with a bag on his shoulder. He smiles

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Good to go!

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Dylan and Joan inside an antique store. Dylan finds an old piano, begins to play. Joan is tickled by it. As the music plays, a montage:

- Dylan and Joan in the park. He blows cigarette smoke out of his mouth, kisses her

- Dylan shows Joan his new apartment. It's humongous

- The sun rises. Joan lies in Dylan's bed, staring at Dylan write, transfixed

- the two picnic outside together, with wine and cigarettes, as the sun sets

EXT. PICNIC - SUNSET

Joan and Dylan picnic.

DYLAN

Honestly, Baby, I never know what's goin on inside my brain, but for an awful long time I kept dreaming about you. That cute little face of yours. Sometimes you'd be crying, and I'd wake up in sweats

JOAN

God, babe, who do you think I am?

DYLAN

I don't know. But I know I had to at least look for you. And one thing led to another, I guess. Here we are again.

Joan smiles

JOAN

I just need you to know that you're  
not my whole life, okay?

DYLAN

Of course, Joany. Nor you mine

JOAN

Oh I know that. I wouldn't worry  
about that

DYLAN

What do you mean?

Joan lets out a big groan.

JOAN

AURGHH, I DON'T KNOW!

A bird flies by. They watch, intently. The sun finishes  
setting.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bob lies on the sofa, TV blaring, with a bottle of whiskey  
nuzzled into him like a child. He looks bad. We watch in time  
lapse -- the world moves around him. Quickly, we see a flash  
of a memory-- Bob sweeps Joan off of her feet, against her  
will. She laughs as he carries her around, running through  
the grass.

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Joan and Dylan in the living room, Dylan writing in just his  
boxers. Joan in boxers and a T-shirt.

DYLAN

God, I can't figure out what the  
hell this says

JOAN

What?

DYLAN (READS FROM NOTEBOOK)

Something "writing" something "is  
nothing compared to" something  
"music" something "playing piano"  
something "with a thousand human"  
something "tongues..." maybe?

Joan laughs, walks over, tries to read it. She gives up,  
laughs, throws the notebook down.

JOAN  
 God, you're like a little boy  
 sometimes

DYLAN  
 Yeah, and then sometimes I'm the  
 realest man the world's ever seen

Joan bursts out laughing at his comment

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 What are you laughing at, you  
 freak?

JOAN  
 You're just funny, that's all.

DYLAN  
 Hm. Never knew that about myself

Joan smiling, laughing, kisses him, walks away

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 A creature void of form

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bob sits, with his bottle, again. A tear on his cheek. He  
 tries not to breathe, or else the world will keep moving.

**BRIEF SUCCESSION OF IMAGES AND SHORT SCENES:**

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Bob sits, painting. Joan walks in, finds Bob and kisses him  
 on the cheek again. She looks at his painting, with images of  
 love, God, angels, and life/death polarities.

JOAN  
 My little watercolor kiddo.

EXT. PARK

Joan and Bob walk and talk and laugh and hold hands

EXT. PARK

Picnic

INT. JOAN'S ROOM

Joan and Dylan kiss

INT. JOAN'S KITCHEN

Joan and Bob dancing

EXT. STREETS

Bob walks Joan to subway

INT. ELEVATOR

Bob and Joan in elevator, holding flowers

INT. JOAN'S LIVING ROOM

Joan and Bob talking. Bob has teary eyes, crying In Joan's arms

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Bob is in the elevator. Looking disheveled and at rock bottom

EXT. CURB - AFTERNOON

Bob sits down on a curb, lights a cigarette. Next to him is a flower or plant of some sort, green and young, growing through the cracks in the sidewalk

BOB  
Hey little friend

PLANT  
Bonjour

Bob is alarmed. He looks down, looks around

BOB  
Bonjour?

PLANT  
Parlez-vous francais?

BOB  
Eh, un peu.

PLANT  
Anglais?

BOB  
Yes, please. Merci

PLANT  
Of course

The plant has a french accent, obviously

PLANT (CONT'D)  
How are you doing?

BOB  
Eh, comme ci comme ca. No. Pretty bad. How about you?

PLANT  
I'm alright. I'm just a young plant

BOB  
It's very nice to meet you

PLANT  
You as well

BOB  
I'm feeling a bit lost right now.

PLANT  
That's alright. You are too hard on yourself.

BOB  
I've been thinking about that lately. I guess I'm just trying to get away

PLANT  
What from?

A long beat, Bob thinks and tears up

BOB  
Umm. My mom passed away recently. That's a big thing

PLANT  
Don't worry. She's right here. All around

Bob looks around. Sighs

BOB  
Yeahhh... Everyone keeps saying  
that. But...

A long beat. He gives up

PLANT  
Je comprends. I understand...

BOB  
Merci.

Another long beat. Bob breathes. The plant breathes.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Everyone looks at me like they're  
expecting more.

PLANT  
Are you sure thats not you?

BOB  
What?

PLANT  
Expecting more from yourself?

BOB  
What do you mean?

PLANT  
Je ne sais pas. That's for you to  
decide. There's a lot you must  
decide for yourself. That's the  
joy. Meet yourself just where you  
are.

Bob starts laughing at the situation. Then,

BOB  
And then there was this girl. She  
confused me from the start. And---

Beat.

BOB (CONT'D)  
I guess that was the problem. I was  
always going to be confused... I  
don't know if I was distracting  
myself, or something, but--

The plant listens intently

BOB (CONT'D)

But I just liked her! She was pretty. And like a puzzle. And I just wanted her... to be...

PLANT

What?

BOB

I don't know. I guess that's the question.

PLANT

Questions are better than answers. More interesting.

Bob's cigarette runs out. He throws the butt on the ground, away from the plant.

BOB

I gotta to go back home, now.

PLANT

They both are still here. In the way you most truly desire.

BOB

Thanks...

He gets up.

PLANT

Au revoir!

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - LATER

Bob sits at his desk, with paint and a brush. He's stuck. He looks up. Breathes. Then down again. He puts the paints away. Takes out a notebook and a pen.

INT. DYLAN'S WRITING ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan writes furiously. Joan at a chair in the corner.

JOAN

What are you writing about, Baby?

DYLAN

You.

JOAN

Really?

DYLAN  
I don't know. Some lover, somewhere

Joan frowns

JOAN  
I always wanted a cat

DYLAN  
Meow

Dylan gets up, with a completed page. Walks out of the room.  
Joan follows

JOAN  
Where are you going?

DYLAN  
I don't know. Somewhere else--  
gotta keep moving.

He's on the fire escape, holding his page out to the stars,  
lighting a cigarette.