

Nesting - Sequence 1

(re-write)

by

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EXT. MAJOR HIGHWAY -- LATE AFTERNOON

COEN, a mid-50s gray haired man drives in rush hour traffic. He appears tired, yet has a comfortable look about him. As he runs his hands through his tousled hair, he scratches his five o'clock shadow. We hear the financial report on the RADIO.

AND NOW FROM MAIN STREET ON TO WALL STREET. STOCKS TOOK ANOTHER BEATING TODAY FOR THE FIFTH DAY IN A ROW. WITH THE MOUNTING FEAR AND UNCERTAINTY IN THE MARKETPLACE. MY PREDICTION IS A GRIM ONE. I THINK SOME FINANCIAL ORGANIZATIONS, BOTH SMALL AND LARGE, WILL BE CUTTING BUDGETS AND HEAD COUNT WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS. BOB, YOUR THOUGHTS? WELL TOM, I THINK THAT WE WILL WEATHER THIS STORM BETTER THAN...

Coen's phone rings.

COEN

Hello.

We hear a muddled voice on the other end of the line.

COEN

This is he.

(Beat)

Oh my.

(Beat)

Thank goodness. Well it's not exactly a surprise.

(Beat)

I'm on my way.

Coen hangs up.

INT LIVING ROOM

SHARON, Coen's mid-20s daughter sits on the couch, flipping through a magazine. The TV is on in the background. Her PHONE rings.

SHARON

Hi dad. What's up?

COEN (O.S.)

I'm running late. And I just got a call from an officer at the police station. They picked up Gran, and said that she was just sort of wandering around. She's safe and sound, however, I need to run by to un-detain her.

SHARON

Like whoa! I mean, are you totally surprised or what? She HAS been acting strange lately.

COEN (O.S.)

No, not surprised. Just worried. I'll be home later.

SHARON

I'll get something together for dinner then. Drive safe.

Sharon hangs up and tends to magazine flipping.

INT. POLICE HQ HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

Coen enters a building. The sign reads POLICE HQ VISITOR ENTRANCE on the front door. As he walks the halls, Coen looks right and left, looking for the right place to find ANNA (Gran). As he is walking, he accidentally runs directly in to TONI, a hard-nosed, rigid go-getter and independent woman.

BONK. PAPERWORK FLYING...

COEN

Oh. I'm SO sorry. Please let me help you with your files.

TONI

Didn't you see me? No. Of course you didn't!

(Beat)

And now my files are everywhere.

COEN

I'm really sorry.

Coen reaches around, fumbling to pick up loose sheets of paper and file folders that have fallen out. Toni picks up papers as well. They both reach for the same file and accidentally bump heads.

COEN (CONT'D)

Ack! God I'm a buffoon today.

Toni puts her hand on her head. Coen winces.

TONI

Please! Please just stop! You're not helping.

They gather up the rest of the loose files and Toni re-assembles her stack in a disheveled order.

TONI

Maybe I can coach you so you don't run in to someone else. Where are you heading?

COEN

I'm looking for Officer Miller. He found my mother wandering around and I'm here to pick her up.

TONI

Tenth door on the left.

COEN

Thanks. I'm Coen.

Coen reaches out to shake Toni's hand, but soon realizes that her hands are full with the files that he knocked over. Coen blushes.

TONI

Yeah, okay. I'm Toni. Nice...

(Beat)

... to meet you.

(Beat)

Look, I'm sorry I snapped at you. I'm having a horrible day, and this just made it a little bit worse.

COEN

I'm very, very sorry. I wasn't looking where I was going.

Toni sets her files down on a bench and reaches in to her pocket. Then she hands a card to Coen.

TONI

I must go. Here's my card. Let me know if you need any other precinct directions.

Toni winks at Coen. Coen glances at card, then pockets it.

COEN

Okay... Toni. Nice to meet you.

Coen smiles. Toni smiles back.

TONI

Bye for now.

Coen watches Toni gather her files and leave. He shrugs and smiles.

INT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE

JOSH, Coen's mid-20s son sits in his friend JONATHAN'S den. They are watching TV.

JOSH

Did you see the Boston series? They are going to totally own. I hope they finish this shit.

JONATHAN

Word. I am with you, man.

Jonathan passes a pipe to Josh. Josh hits. Exhales a thick cloud of smoke. Whirls fingers around in the cloud, making random shapes with the smoke.

JOSH

This is fantastic. Who is your guy?

JONATHAN

I can't tell you, it's like a code of conduct. He's not growing right now... no pun intended.

(Beat)

Dude, you mooch so much off me. And all your friends are total heads. You should start your own action.

Josh hands the pipe back.

JOSH

Nah. That seems like work. (Sarcastically) I like my shitty, low-paying, over-taxed retail job for now.

JONATHAN

Yo, I'm just sayin'.

JOSH

Okay, bro.

INT. OFFICER MILLER'S OFFICE

Coen enters OFFICER MILLER'S office. Officer Miller is in his 40s, with a beer gut.

OFFICER MILLER

Hi, may I help you sir?

COEN

Yeah, hello. I'm Coen. We talked on the phone.

OFFICER MILLER

Oh, it's you. Nice of you make it. We've got your mother here.

(Beat)

Look sir. Don't take this the wrong way, but you ma's a little nutty. You know, I think she's got some issues goin' on or something.

COEN

She hasn't been quite herself lately.
It worries me.

OFFICER MILLER
Pickin' up old ladies off the street...
second time just this week. Like I'm
the geezer whisperer or something?

COEN
Not quite your calling, eh?

OFFICER MILLER
So anyways, I got your ma over here in
the next office. I gotta get you to
Missing Persons first. It's a standard
op.

Officer Miller leads Coen back out to the hallway and down to
the MISSING PERSONS officer GARRISON. Officer Miller points to
the door and Coen enters.

GARRISON
How can I help you?

COEN
Officer Miller told me to see you. I'm
here to pick up my mother. One of your
guys picked her up.

GARRISON
She's only been here for a couple hours
and she's already entertainin' us.
You're gonna have your hands full.

Garrison opens up a folder on his desk and thumbs through it.

GARRISON
So I'd like to talk about your mom with
you. We take this sort of thing pretty
seriously around here. We don't like
it when people disappear.

COEN
I understand.

GARRISON
I'm going to refer you to a specialist
you can go see. She'll help you with

some more options about dealing with your mother's condition.

COEN
Condition?

GARRISON
Well, I'm no doctor, but I think that you might have her, you know, checked out. Here's that info.

Garrison grabs a card sitting on his desk and hands it to Coen.

COEN
Oh.

(Beat)

I see.

Garrison leads Coen to the room where his mother ANNA is. ANNA lights up when she sees him and gives him a hug.

ANNA
What took you so long?

COEN
I didn't know you'd be visiting the police station today.

ANNA
I didn't either. Funny how that works out, huh?

COEN
Alright, ma. Let's go.

Anna gets up out of her chair. She and Coen thank the staff, and then leave the police station.

INT. LIVING ROOM AT COEN'S HOUSE

Sharon and KATIE, Sharon's bratty, know-it-all 10-year old daughter, are sitting at the kitchen table eating dinner. Coen and Anna enter.

KATIE
Gran! What brings you here?

Sharon shoots a look at Coen. He acknowledges.

ANNA
I'm here for dinner, honey.

SHARON
I made extra. Have a seat!

Coen nods at Sharon. Katie hops up to grab plates for Anna and Coen. Anna follows. Coen sits at the table.

COEN
(Aside) Thanks for playing it cool.

SHARON
Anything for you, dad. Besides, I don't think Katie is ready for this. I mean...

COEN
I understand. I took Gran by the house so she could gather a few things. I think it's best if she stays here for a few days.

SHARON
Okay.

COEN
The Missing Persons guy scheduled some screening for her tomorrow.

Katie comes back with place settings for Coen and Anna and they start eating.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA -- MID-DAY

Coen and Ann sit in the waiting area. Coen thumbs around on his blackberry. Anna is reading BITCH MAGAZINE. DOCTOR ALVAREZ, a mid-40s attractive hispanic woman, approaches.

DOCTOR ALVAREZ
Good afternoon.

Doctor Alvarez looks at Coen.

DOCTOR ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
Could I see you in my office?

Coen rises from his chair and leaves Anna at her seat.

COEN
Be right back, mother.

INT. DOCTOR ALVAREZ'S OFFICE

Coen sets down his newspaper and sits across from Doctor Alvarez.

DOCTOR ALVAREZ
Coen, I want you to know that we aren't able to give sure-fire diagnoses in many of our cases. I have dealt with many, many Alzheimer's patients.

(Beat)

And I know what I see.

COEN
Okay. What do you suggest?

DOCTOR ALVAREZ
Your mother lives alone. I would advise you to find a better living arrangement for her.

COEN
Well, we're not rolling in cash over here.

DOCTOR ALVAREZ
If budget is an issue, and if you have room, you might consider moving her in with you.

COEN
I was afraid you'd say that.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Sharon and Katie are hanging out on the couch. Sharon is talking on the phone with one of her friends and Katie is reading a novel. Sharon leans over to see what Katie is reading and Katie

makes a HMMMPH noise and turns her body away. Coen and Anna enter. Coen is carrying a SUIT CASE.

SHARON

There you are. And Gran, there YOU are!

ANNA

I'm here. Yes. Here I am.

KATIE

And you've packed up some stuff. What's that about?

COEN

We're having Gran stay with us for a few days.

KATIE

(Snippy) Does that mean I'm going to lose my room?

SHARON

Katie, not now.

COEN

Well. Now that you mention it, no.

INT JOSH'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Coen enters, carrying a folded arm-full of clothes on hangers and plops them on the futon, then hangs them in to an empty side adjacent to Josh's stuff. Then he pulls out the futon opposite Josh's bed. Josh enters.

JOSH

Whoa.

(Beat)

Like, whoa. This isn't even beginning to happen. No way.

COEN

Ya way. You and I got the short straws this time. Hey, I'm not super thrilled about this either.

JOSH

Why can't Katie and sis stay in the same room?

COEN

Well, Katie is... well...

(Beat)

She needs her study space. And she has more things and clutter in her room.

JOSH

There are no words right now. Just no words.

COEN

And she hasn't moved out before like you have, young man.

JOSH

Oh, okay. Play that card. Funny.

Josh turns around and leaves.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Fuck this. I'm going for some air. For some privacy!

Coen stops arranging things for a second. Then watches Josh head down the hallway. Pauses. Then he sits on the futon and sighs. He goes to stretch out on the futon, but first takes the stuff out of his pockets. As he puts his wallet on the side table, Toni's card falls out. Coen stops.

COEN

This is a sign.

(Beat)

(Sarcastically) No, it's a card.

Coen picks his phone up from the side table and dials Toni's number.

INT. TONI'S KITCHEN

Toni is sitting on a stool at the counter, reading the paper. PHONE sitting on counter top RINGS. Toni picks up.

TONI

This is Toni.

COEN (O.S)

Uh. Uh. Hi, the.. this is Co- Coen.
From the other day.

TONI

Oh, we ran in to each other in the
hallway. How could I forget?

COEN (O.S.)

Okay, I'll be paying for that for a
while. I get it. I just wanted to
call again and apologize for running in
to you the other day.

TONI

It's okay. I'm sorry I snapped at you.

COEN (O.S.)

Actually, the real reason I called was
to see if I could take you out to din-
ner. On Friday.

TONI

I...

(Beat)

Let me, well...

(Beat)

Okay, what the hell. Sure.

INT. JOSH'S ROOM

Coen hangs up his phone. He leans back and rests his head on a
pillow. Smiles.

CUT TO BACK PORCH

Josh sits on the back steps of the house. It is silent except
for bugs humming, and dark except for the flick of a lighter. He
takes a hit and then leans his elbows back on the stairs. Then
exhales ribbons of smoke in to the still air.

CUT TO KITCHEN

Anna sits reading the BITCH MAGAZINE she stole from the waiting room. She picks up a faint smell. Rising, she follows her nose toward the back porch. She looks out and doesn't see anyone, then steps out on to the back porch.

CONTINUOUS (?)

Anna stops. Sees an object shift. Josh leans back up to take another hit.

ANNA

You gonna share that or what?

JOSH

What the...

(Beat)

Grandma?

ANNA

No, it's the pope. Yes it's me, you ninny. You gonna share that or what?

JOSH

What?

Anna takes the pipe from Josh. Then takes the lighter from his other hand.

ANNA

Now we're talking.

JOSH

This blows my mind. First, my dad moves in my room. Now this?

Anna flicks the lighter and takes a champion hit. Holds and exhales slowly.

ANNA

Your dad said I could stay in his room while I'm here. Tough cookies, kid.

JOSH

And you just took my weed.

ANNA

Don't be pissed.

(Beat)

Say, do you know anybody that sells around here?

JOSH

Well I have my guy. But he's small time.

ANNA

Well next time you see him, hook me up with a little bit.

JOSH

I, I can't believe this.

ANNA

Go on! Do it for your family! Do it for me!

Josh smiles.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT COEN'S OFFICE

Coen sits at his desk, reading e-mails. His office door is open. He hears a KNOCK on his door. His boss LARRY nods and enters.

COEN

Hi boss.

LARRY

Hey Coen. Do you have a minute?

Larry places his hands together, rubs them together and looks at the floor, then back up to Coen's face.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I have a packet for you.

COEN

Excuse me? What packet?

Larry uncovers a a packet out of his bag. He leaves the bag open and we can see a stack of packets in the bag. He hands the packet to Coen. Coen starts to untie the string holding it shut and pulls the documents out on to his desk.

LARRY

I'm not good at this. I have your severance information in this packet. It's got all sorts of...

(Beat)

helpful information on placement. And on insurance. And on severance pay.

Coen thumbs to a document that says SEVERANCE PAYMENT DETAILS. He looks at the number, then wipes his eyes as if there's something clouding his vision.

COEN

Two months? Two fucking months? That's IT? Did you know, Larry, that I've been here for ten years?

LARRY

I know, Coen. I know. This is hard for me too. I have to lay off my entire staff today. And I'm not sure about my job either.

(Beat)

Look, I put some boxes out for you. They are in the hall way.

EXT. PARKING LOT AT COEN'S OFFICE

Coen walks out, slowly, slouching and defeated. He puts the two boxes of office junk in his trunk. His phone rings. It keeps ringing. Ringing. He gets in to his car and pulls out of the parking lot.

FADE OUT