

A CHURCH

Across the street. And it is HOPPING. Lots of people. Well dressed men and women -- FAMILIES -- milling around outside.

ON KEVIN. Looking a little... empty? HE BURPS. Drops the beer back into the console, turns the IGNITION as we CUT TO:

INT. GARVEY HOUSE - DUSK

Kevin unlocks the front door, steps inside with a handful of mail. Drops it into an (overflowing) tray on an end-table.

IN THE KITCHEN

LIGHTNING QUICK CUTS -- Kevin VIGOROUSLY MASHES GROUND BEEF with his hands -- CUTS VEGETABLES WITH A SHARP KNIFE -- POURS A BOTTLE OF KETCHUP onto the BEEF -- SLIDES A CASSEROLE DISH WITH THE MEATLOAF INTO THE OVEN -- TURNS A TIMER -- DING!

ON THE STAIRWELL

Weary, Kevin heads up the stairs... and then he STOPS.

There are FAMILY PHOTOS lining the wall up the stairwell. Right now, Kevin is DOOKING AT ONE. Then, without warning --

Kevin SLAMS HIS ELBOW INTO THE FRAME -- GLASS BREAKS.

And without further ado, he continues up the stairs, giving us a look at the PHOTO WITHIN.

A POSED FAMILY PORTRAIT. KEVIN SMILES, hands on the shoulders of TOM and JILL... A couple years younger than they are now, but if we hadn't figured it out already, this pretty much confirms they're his KIDS. But more importantly --

There is a WOMAN standing next to Kevin... But the SHATTERWEB OF GLASS where Kevin's elbow hit (or perhaps, was AIMED) happens to be RIGHT OVER HER FACE, obscuring her identity.

HOLD ON THAT photo. A family frozen in a better time... the ICE cracking around them. And we CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - GARVEY HOUSE - EVENING

Kevin sits at the dinner table, takes a forkful of MEATLOAF. Pours a can of beer into a TALL GLASS as --

AIMEE (O.S.)

Thanks so much for letting me crash
your dinner, Mr. Garvey...

(MORE)

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AIMEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 It's awesome that you guys do this
 whole like, "family" thing every
 night.

Reveal AIMEE, sitting next to him at the table. JILL sits
 across from her. Eyes low, picking at her food, distracted.

 KEVIN
 You hear that, Jill? Aimee thinks
 it's awesome.

Jill looks up at Aimee -- "Thanks for that."

 KEVIN
 How was hockey practice?

 JILL
 (a beat; shrugs)
 Same old, same old.

Kevin gives her a good look. Instincts tell him otherwise --

 KEVIN
 ... What?

 JILL
 What?

 KEVIN
 Something you want to tell me?

Jill just looks at him. Evenly.

 JILL
 This meatloaf is fucking
 spectacular.

Kevin ALMOST reacts angrily... but quickly decides that's
 exactly what she wants him to do. Instead, he SMILES --

 KEVIN
 That is the nicest thing anyone's
 ever said about my cooking.

Aimee grins, charmed by Kevin. Jill is not.

 AIMEE
 So, Mr. Garvey, are you like,
 keeping the peace and stuff at the
 whole parade thing tomorrow?

 KEVIN
 You're not going are you?

AIMEE

Prob'ly not. It sounds depressing.

Now it's JILL'S instinct that kicks in --

JILL

Do you not want us to go?

KEVIN

I'd rather you didn't.

JILL

Why not?

KEVIN

I'd just rather you didn't.

JILL

I'd rather you tell me why not.

KEVIN

Do you even want to go, or are you just busting my balls?

Aimee lets out an surprised SNORT. Jill is faux aghast --

JILL

"Busting your balls?"

KEVIN

All bets were off when you said "fucking meatloaf," honey.

ON JILL. Touché. Kevin looks right at her --

KEVIN

Please. Don't come. I'd really appreciate it.

As Jill considers this, Aimee sees her opportunity --

AIMEE

Actually, Mr. Garvey, Jill and I have been discussing her attitude lately and we both think, y'know, she's under a lot of stress and maybe she needs to come out tonight and have a good time.

Kevin turns to Aimee. Likes her more than he TRUSTS her --

KEVIN

Where is this good time happening?

AIMEE
Some guy's house. Jay Dorfman.

KEVIN
"Dorfman?"

AIMEE
I know, right? Anyway, it's a small get together thing, his parents will totally be there. And it's like, way across town, so maybe Jill can borrow your car?

Kevin turns back to Jill. Looks at her. Thinks. Then --

KEVIN
No drinking.

JILL
I don't drink.

She looks at him like he should already KNOW that.

KEVIN
All right then. Have fun.

Jill nods, VICTORIOUS, puts down her fork and gets up --

JILL
C'mon, Aimee.

KEVIN
(calls after her)
Text me this Dorfman's phone number. And if it's a party, you better hope no one calls the cops.

JILL
Yeah, yeah...

But she's gone. Aimee SMILES, hopping up to follow Jill, puts her hand on Kevin's shoulder as she goes --

AIMEE
You're rad, Mr. Garvey.

And so, Kevin is ALONE. He kills his beer. Puts the empty glass down. Wipes his mouth with his napkin. And now --

His eyes fall upon an EMPTY CHAIR across the table -- A MEMORY of the person who once occupied it. And we CUT TO: