



R.I.P.  
DAD

You're Invited to

The **FIRST**  
Last Family  
Reunion

October 9, 2008

*Better Late Than Never*

**The First Last Family Reunion**

By

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FADE IN:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO, BACKSTAGE - MORNING

The empty eyes of TONY GREENE, (34, perfectly groomed black hair, \$2500 Armani suit) stare absently into a make-up mirror just off-stage, alone in his thoughts.

He winces in pain, then reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a small bottle of Aleve, opens it and pops a few into his mouth as an ASSISTANT sidles up and whispers.

ASSISTANT

You're up next. Let me mic you.

The assistant pins the device to his belt loop, as Tony walks toward the set, focused.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - LATER

Tony sits across from the slick-looking HOST of financial cable show MORNING MONEY, mid-interview with a panel of GUESTS around the table.

HOST

Mr. Greene, your positions have made KDS Securities and your clients an obscene amount of money, which as you know, I have no problem with. But with the market down 20% over the past year and signs we're staring over the edge of a major global collapse, aren't you benefiting from the worst kind of Capitalism?

TONY

I know you don't believe in a 'worst' kind of Capitalism--

GUEST #1

Well, I do and so do millions of hard working Americans who are suffering as a result of your firm's greed.

HOST

Let Mr. Greene finish.

(to Tony)

But to his point, some accuse you of scamming the system.

TONY

I've simply leveraged the mistakes that our government continues to make during this crisis to benefit our clients. The \$700 Billion bailout last week was icing on the cake.

The panel explodes.

GUEST #2

Icing on the cake? Big banks are treating our money like chips at a craps table.

GUEST #1

As the top 1% watch the collapse with a smile on their face.

HOST

Mr. Greene, let's address that. Are you betting against the have-nots to favor the already-haves?

Tony's as cool as the other side of the pillow.

TONY

Absolutely not. I feel for the hundreds of thousands of hard-working Americans facing the loss of their jobs and homes in this crisis. The only bright light I can offer is...

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Tony exits his black limousine outside the busy glass monument of commerce off Wall Street and heads inside.

SUPER: OCTOBER 6, 2008

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

The Wall Street office of KDS Securities explodes with activity. Phones ring incessantly as the bullpen hums.

Tony winces and pops more Aleve as he walks through the hallway to the elevator...

TONY (V.O.)

...that if they have a 401k with their former employers locked in with KDS Securities...

INT. AUSTIN COLLINS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...and ends up in an expansive office overseeing Wall Street and beyond.

The President of KDS Securities, AUSTIN COLLINS, a tall, thin, silver-haired man, stands next to Tony watching the interview on his television.

ON MONITOR

TONY

...their savings are actually increasing right now instead of falling off a cliff.

BACK TO SCENE

Austin clicks the PAUSE button and beams. Shakes his hand.

AUSTIN

That's my favorite part! My phone's been ringing off the hook.

Austin crosses the room to his desk, turns, motions for Tony to sit, and is all business. Tony obliges.

AUSTIN (cont'd)

One of those calls was from Thomas Poole. He's extremely unhappy with his philanthropic portfolio and getting his business is critical for our bottom line. How long do you think this bloodbath will continue?

TONY

We've just entered a bear market since peak last year, and our shorts are secure. Environment is ripe for a few more months until it recovers.

AUSTIN

Good. Poole's portfolio is your ticket to that promotion we've discussed. When should he come in?

TONY

By Friday, I'll have that portfolio turned around where he needs it.

Austin grins and slaps his shoulder. Motions to the door.

AUSTIN  
I'll set it up. Make sure you take  
care of him.

Austin shows Tony to the door, marching orders given.

TONY  
Consider it done.

AUSTIN  
'Falling off a cliff'...just great!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Tony walks briskly down the hallway toward his office. Chaos erupts all around him as screens and monitors prepare for the day's carnage on the trading floor.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He enters to find three obnoxious colleagues giving high-fives and fist bumps. One of them, STEVE WILCOX (34), is the natural offspring between a shark and a weasel.

STEVE  
Tone! You were awesome this morning.  
Fuckin' nailed it!

Holds his hand up waiting for the high-five. Tony delivers.

TONY  
I didn't look too thin? I felt like-

The other two, ROBERT and CHARLES, chime in.

ROBERT  
Grand slam, baby. Great interview!

CHARLES  
Let's go out tonight and celebrate,  
man. Let's go to Tiffany's.

STEVE  
Not Tiffany's again. Let's do Nobu.

TONY  
Can't tonight. But I need you to guys  
to do me a huge favor.

STEVE  
Sure thing, what's up?

TONY

The Poole portfolio. He's coming in Friday to verify his position. There's a small window for success and I need your help.

Steve smirks. Smells blood.

STEVE

Has he seen the big board lately? Everything's in the shitter. Never seen anything like it.

TONY

That's exactly the point. We need to act quickly and today's the perfect day for it. I'll put an extra short game in play, and I need your help to execute it perfectly. I have a doctor's appointment to get to, so I need you to stay on top of it.

The phone BUZZES. It's his secretary, KAREN.

KAREN (O.S.)

Your ex-wife on line one. Are you in?

Tony hits the intercom button.

TONY

Hell, no, take a message.

He turns back to his team.

TONY (cont'd)

I'll send you the playbook and just make sure it gets done. No room for error here.

Steve smiles through wolf's eyes.

STEVE

We've got your back, boss.

(to the others)

C'mon fellas. Let's get ready.

They leave the room as Tony looks at the phone. The BLINKING red light turns off. Karen enters his office.

TONY

What did she want?

KAREN

She said it was your day to pick up  
Eddie for school and you forgot.

Tony winces.

TONY

Shit. Did you tell her-

KAREN

-about your schedule, yes. She didn't  
care. She said you need to get him  
after school and she'll meet you in  
Central Park at five to pick him up.

TONY

Dammit, I don't have time-

KAREN

I've cleared your afternoon, so you  
will be fine after your appointment.

TONY

Thanks.

KAREN

Crazy day, huh?

Tony looks at her, then over at the big board as the Dow  
Jones plummets on the opening bell.

Down over 200 points early. Winces again as he pops more  
Aleve and downs it with coffee.

TONY

It's going to get worse.

KAREN

And this just arrived for you.

She hands him a colorful and artistic 3" x 5" INVITATION.  
STARES at it.

It's the shape and color of a GRAVESTONE with bold capital  
letters on it's face. And a cute birthday hat in the corner.



ON INVITATION

"R.I.P. DAD.  
YOU'RE INVITED TO  
THE LAST FAMILY REUNION.  
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BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

BACK TO SCENE

TONY  
Yeah, okay. Thanks.

KAREN  
You should leave for the doctor in  
fifteen minutes.

Karen closes the door behind her.

He pockets the invitation and winces as he grabs his back.  
Looks outside his window, DARK clouds in the sky above.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

DARK shadows on an MRI image populate the monitors, as  
DOCTOR FISHER points at them. Tony squints at the outlines.

DR. FISHER  
These are your kidneys and they're  
very sick. These shadows are cysts on  
both, which is very rare. It's called  
PKD, Polycystic Kidney Disease.

Tony sits up.

TONY  
I'm sorry, what?

DR. FISHER  
In most cases, only one kidney is  
affected and can be removed, leaving  
the patient able to recover and live  
a healthy life. But when both are  
affected like this, a transplant is  
necessary, and it must be a match.

Tony sits back absorbing the blow of the information.

TONY  
Are you saying I'm dying?

DR. FISHER  
It's a critical situation. You need a healthy kidney very soon. The best chance is with a relative. Without that you wait for the lottery, and I'm afraid you just don't have time for that.

TONY  
Time? How much time?

DR. FISHER  
Impossible to say with certainty. But I think it's best to start planning now. Do you have family close by?

Tony pauses and inhales slowly.

TONY  
In North Carolina. I just...haven't talked to them in a while.

DR. FISHER  
Now's a good time to start. Any siblings? You'll need a donor that's preferably similar in age somewhere between twenty-five and sixty-five.

TONY  
Yeah, two brothers and two sisters. My parents are in their seventies, and my dad's health is failing.

DR. FISHER  
Talk to your siblings. Meanwhile--

The doctor scribbles a couple of lines on a script and hands it to him.

DR. FISHER (cont'd)  
--I know an expert in the field at Duke University. I'll discuss the case with him and he can help after you talk to your family. But talk to them soon.

TONY  
Yeah...okay doc.

Tony gets up slowly and heads out.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - LATER

Tony sits at his desk, staring aimlessly into his monitor as chaos explodes outside his office. Lost in his own world.

His phone RINGS, snaps him out of his daze. Taps SPEAKER.

TONY

What?

INT. STEVE'S WORK AREA - CONTINUOUS

Steve leans back in his chair and looks at his monitors.

STEVE

Holy fuck, you ever see something like this? What do we do?

INTERCUT BETWEEN TONY AND STEVE

Tony re-focuses and turns to the monitor. Takes a breath.

TONY

We don't panic, is what. Buy the dip. It'll come...

STEVE (O.S.)

The fuck it will. When?

The steep nosedive on the monitor pauses.

TONY

Wait...now! They'll claw back but stay alert. I'll send the update.

STEVE

Oh, fuck yeah, let's go. I got it.

Tony stares at the gravestone invitation on his desk. Taps at it.

TONY

I've got to do some research for the Poole Portfolio. Can I count on you to execute the playbook?

Steve looks over at Charles and Robert sitting next to him. Winks and smirks.

STEVE

You know it, Tone. Lead the way, we'll get you there.

TONY

Keep an eye on today and I'll send tomorrow's playbook before morning. Got it?

STEVE

You know it, boss.

Steve hangs up and looks over at Charles and Robert.

STEVE (cont'd)

Blood in the water, boys. Time to gut the fish.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tony hangs up as Karen interrupts across the intercom.

KAREN (O.S.)

Sir, you should leave now if you want to be on time for your son.

Taps the invitation on the desk, picks it up and pockets it.

TONY

I'm going. Do me a favor and get me on a flight to Raleigh. Tonight.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - AFTERNOON

Tony smiles as he watches his son, EDDIE (8), play freely.

EDDIE

C'mon, Dad, let's race!

Eddie takes off across the park in a flash.

Tony starts a slow jog, but tires quickly and stops halfway. He holds his left side and bends over to catch his breath.

TONY

I can't keep up-

Eddie stops and turns.

EDDIE

Let's go, slow poke!

Tony grabs his knees and waves his hand back and forth.

TONY  
I give up, you win! Now, let's get  
that milkshake.

Eddie pauses and comes back to help him up.

EDDIE  
You're getting older faster than  
everyone I know.

TONY  
Don't I know it.

Tony's Blackberry CHIMES. He looks at it. Lifts it up.

TONY (cont'd)  
It's your mom. Milkshake wins. She's  
at the boathouse.

EDDIE  
Beat you there!

Eddie takes off down the path toward the-

BOATHOUSE

-and greets his mom with a hug. Tony arrives shortly after,  
sweaty and winded.

MICHELLE RANDOLPH (33), crisply-dressed and royally pissed  
off, waits with arms crossed.

MICHELLE  
(to Eddie)  
Honey, go look at the boats for a  
minute. I need to talk to Dad alone.  
Give him a hug.

Eddie runs over and hugs his dad.

EDDIE  
Love you, Dad. See you Thursday for  
the school play, right? I'm a cow!

TONY  
Oh, uh, yeah. About that...I have to  
go out of town--

Eddie looks at him, crestfallen. Fights back a tear as he  
turns and runs toward the boats.

TONY (cont'd)  
Bud, wait--

Michelle turns to Tony, Mama Bear about to beat his ass.

MICHELLE

First you forget it was your morning for pick up and now you're backing out of seeing his play? Jesus, Tony, that's just perfect.

TONY

Look, something important--

MICHELLE

Your son is important! You can blow me off anytime you want, but when you blow off your own son, the gloves come off.

TONY

I had an important interview this morning, the market is collapsing, and I just found out I'm-

MICHELLE

I, I, I...You're a selfish son-of-a-bitch and you don't give a shit about him or his needs. I'm not going to let you hurt him anymore. Let's face it, you just don't care.

TONY

Stop poisoning his head with that bullshit.

Michelle gathers herself.

MICHELLE

We're moving on, Tony. I'm getting re-married and Eddie and I are moving to Boston. You'll have to work out travel for visitation and I'm well within my rights--

TONY

--You're...what? Now wait a minu-

Michelle turns to her son.

MICHELLE

Eddie, time to go. Wave bye to Dad.

TONY

Wait a minute. We need to talk-

Michelle walks toward Eddie as his son waves and takes her hand as he turns, sad.

EDDIE

Bye, Dad.

Tony watches them walk away, past two GUYS taking batting practice on the nearby field. The THWACK, THWACK, THWACK sound repeats as he stares blankly at them.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A shadow of a large MAN holds a thin object and WHACKS the backside of a BOY cowering beneath him as his SISTER fights to stop him and a MOTHER begs for restraint.

MOTHER

Peter, stop! That's enough! Stop it!

The man WHACKS the boy again and again, as a young TONY peers from behind a door, ajar. Watching it all unfold. Afraid for his life.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - EVENING

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT holds out a scotch in a plastic 'crystal' cup for Tony.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, your drink?

Her voice snaps him back into the moment.

TONY

Oh, sorry.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Thought I lost you there.

TONY

Not yet.

Tony takes the drink and stares down at the invitation. Taps it on the tray table repeatedly.

One word jumps off the card.

LAST

EXT. GREENE COUNTRY HOME - LATER

Tony steps onto the porch and starts to knock--

--as the door swings opens to a short, spunky woman with pink-tipped hair. This is Tony's older sister, LISA (36).

LISA  
Look what the cat dragged in.

Tony pulls out the tombstone invitation and smirks.

TONY  
A bit morbid, but nice touch.

Lisa smiles with pride, then gives him a big hug.

LISA  
It worked, right? Good to see ya.  
Almost everyone's here.

TONY  
(sighs)  
Great.

INT. GREENE COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Tony enters the foyer to be met by his salt-and-pepper haired mother, RUTH, (71, spry and light, filled with the love of her family) who palms his cheeks and smiles.

RUTH  
Oh, honey! I'm so glad you came.

TONY  
Hey, Mom. Thanks.

She embraces him and he responds as if hugging a stranger.

A loud voice BELLOWS from the nearby kitchen, making Tony step back for a moment.

A barrel-chested giant, somewhere between The Rock and Hulk Hogan, stands up. This is his older brother, ROGER (42).

ROGER (O.S.)  
Well I'll be God-damned. The prodigal son returns.

A loud SCREECH blasts across the room like a coach's whistle...the source, his oldest sister IRIS (45), a woman of faith as loud as the noise piercing the kitchen.