

INT. ROLAND'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Roland enters the room squinting and trying to read his cell phone. He dials slowly and waits for his party to answer. Suddenly, we hear a CELL PHONE RING; it's his son MARK as he enters the front door. Roland turns with a smile.

ROLAND

Mark, I was just trying to call you.

The phone continues to ring.

MARK

Yes, I know. You can hang up now.

Roland squints and examines the phone and tries to figure out how to shut it off. Mark takes the phone from his hand and swipes it off.

ROLAND

They just don't make those buttons large enough.

MARK

It's the largest screen we can find, Dad.

ROLAND

Well I'm glad to see you, son. What brings you over?

Mark holds his hand out.

MARK

I need your car keys.

ROLAND

No you don't---

MARK

Dad, I mean it.

ROLAND

What am I going to do without my car?

MARK

I don't know, keep from getting sued or maybe even save a life.

ROLAND

Gawd dammit. Mabeline is my only joy in life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I rebuilt her with my own hands. A lot of blood, sweat, and tears went into that marvelous machine, not to mention a ton of money.

MARK

Yes, and it would be worth a lot more if you hadn't damaged it already.

ROLAND

Eh, it only has a few dents and dings.

MARK

Dad, you don't have a license anymore. You promised you would sell the car six months ago when you failed your driver's test.

(beat)

I got a call from Clara. She said you ran over her mailbox and drove away like nothing happened. Did you even know you did that?

ROLAND

Clara's a bitch.

MARK

What if it was a dog, or a small child?

ROLAND

You're overreacting.

MARK

Oh really? Remember last year when I had to remove a rose bush from your front grill? You had no idea it was there.

Roland is visibly agitated.

ROLAND

All right, fine.

Roland retrieves the keys from his pocket and hands them to Mark.

~~MARK~~ Roland.

How am I supposed to get around? The grocery store is four miles away and Frank's house is six?

(CONTINUED)

Roland sits in his favorite chair.

MARK

I know how you feel, Dad.

ROLAND

You have no idea. Ever since your mother passed, I can't sit still. I have to keep busy. I need to go places.

MARK

Look, I called the assisted living center and they have an opening.

ROLAND

Aw, crap. You promised me you would never put me in one of those retirement homes.

MARK

It's not a retirement home, Dad. It's a place with people just like you, who are independent but need a little extra help.

Roland fidgets in his seat for a few moments.

ROLAND

I'd rather stay here. I'll have my groceries delivered. But don't be surprised if you find me sitting in this chair babbling at the TV from having lost my mind.

MARK

Can you at least take a look at the place?

ROLAND

(sarcastic)

I'm sure it's lovely.

As Mark prepares to leave...

MARK

I've already set an appointment for a tour tomorrow. Megan and I will pick you up at 9:00am.

ROLAND

What about Mabeline?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

We'll drive her over to our place after the tour. You'll have plenty of time to say your good-byes.

ROLAND

Whatever you do, don't sell it to some young punk.

MARK

I'll make sure it goes to someone who appreciates it. I'll see you tomorrow, Dad.

Mark exits out the front door. Roland gets up to watch from the window.

After a few moments, Roland squints into his phone and dials.

ROLAND

Frank? This is Roland. I think it's time for that road trip... No, my son took the keys to Mabeline, wants to put me in a home... Yes... I know... I told you it would happen one day.

(chuckles)

Of course we can, I have an extra set of keys. Start packing. I'll be over in a couple hours...

(beat)

Oh, bring cash and don't forget your meds... I don't want any excuses to have to turn around.

Roland hangs up and goes back to the window to double check, as we...

FADE OUT.