

INT. HOUSE - DAY

There are people all over the house, seated in the living room, standing in the kitchen and loitering in the hallway. They're all dressed in black.

DEAN (36), is navigating through the rooms making sure to speak to everyone as they all vie for a moment of his time. His jacket is off and the sleeves on his white dress shirt are rolled up to his elbows.

He walks past an elderly woman sitting in a chair with a plate of food on her lap. She grabs his hand as he walks by.

MRS. RUBY

Hey.

DEAN

Yes ma'am.

MRS. RUBY

I'm so sorry baby.

He squats down to meet her eye level. She cups his face between her two fragile hands.

MRS. RUBY (CONT'D)

You're such a good boy, just like him.

DEAN

Thank you Miss Ruby. I...

MRS. RUBY

Did you know he used to run me to the store whenever I needed something or just to play the numbers. He used to tell me, "Miss Ruby, don't you try to walk down to that store, you just call me and I'll take you or I'll go for you. You hear me?"

Her face grows somber and the smile on her aged face disappears.

MRS. RUBY (CONT'D)

I don't know how I'm gonna get...

DEAN

Don't you worry about that Mrs. Ruby. You need to go to the store, you just call me okay?

She smiles again and slowly leans forward to kiss him on the forehead.

MRS. RUBY

You're a good boy just like him.

Dean gently removes her hands from his face, kisses her hands and stands up. He takes two steps and is met by GWEN.

GWEN

Hey.

DEAN

Hey.

GWEN

How you doing?

DEAN

I'm okay. Just trying to make sure everybody is okay.

GWEN

Yeah I see that. Why don;t you come upstairs with me for a minute and catch your breath.

DEAN

Babe you know I can't do that. With all these people here?

GWEN

But you...

Before she can finish, someone calls out from another room.

Hud (O.S.)

Yo D! Hey D! Come here real quick!

Dean looks at Gwen and they share a quiet moment, looking into each other's eyes. Then she reluctantly lets him go. He kisses her on the lips and then walks over to two men standing near the fireplace.

DEAN

What's up?

HUD

Yo, remember when we were kids and your pops used to take us to an empty parking lot and let us take turns driving his van in circles.

Dean grins as Hud and the other man laugh hardily.

HUD (CONT'D)
 (to the other man)
 And this fool Dean had to ruin it
 for everybody one day cause he
 wanted to try and do donuts and
 blew pops tires out. Man that van
 started zigging and zagging all
 over that parking lot and scared
 the shit outta pops.

DEAN
 And us.

HUD
 And us!

Hud starts laughing until his laughter turns into crying.

HUD (CONT'D)
 (crying)
 Oh shit bro, I'm sorry. My bad. I'm
 crying like he was my pops.

DEAN
 You know he loved you Hud, it's
 cool.

HUD
 I'm gonna miss him man.

DEAN
 Me too.

Hud sees Gwen coming towards them and wipes his face and
 tries to compose himself. She doesn't say anything but she
 grabs Dean by the arm and pulls him away from the men,
 through the living room and up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter the room and Gwen shuts the door behind them. She
 stands directly in front of her husband.

DEAN
 What?

She doesn't say anything.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Baby, stop playing. We got people
 downstairs.

He tries to walk past her but she steps into his path.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Gwen.

She still doesn't say anything but her eyes fill with tears. He looks away.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Cut it out Gwen.

He looks at her as a tear rolls down her cheek.

He stares at her and his demeanor begins to unravel. His stoic expression starts to crack and reveal pain and sadness.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(fighting back tears)

I don't have time for this. I...

Suddenly she grabs his hand and he instantly doubles over as if in pain and he starts to sob. She squeezes his hand tighter. His legs weaken until they buckle and he's on his knees in front of her, sobbing.

GWEN

It's okay baby. It's okay.

His sobs get louder and Gwen's face tenses up as if she physically feels his pain. He wraps his arms around her waist and buries his face in her stomach to muffle his cries.

She places her hands softly on the back of his head for support and comfort.

Then there's a knock at the door.

FADE OUT.