

BACK TO:

"LAST CHANCE"

WRAPAROUND STORY

FADE IN:

INT. LAST CHANCE MUSEUM - DAY

As Mom and Dad chuckle over the story, Junior shakes his head in confusion.

JUNIOR  
(monotone)  
C-YA? I don't get it.

The light dawns on Junior.

JUNIOR  
Oh! Cover your ASS!

MOM  
(to Junior)  
Language! That'll cost you  
a quarter. Pay the kitty.

As Junior goes to dig a quarter out of his pocket, his elbow brushes up against the withered ivy plant, and he jumps as though he's been bitten. Jack and Junior's parents try not to, but they can't help but break out laughing.

JACK  
Got you spooked there, didn't  
I?

DAD  
You should have seen yourself  
jump!

Junior scrapes up his damaged pride and lashes out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNIOR

(to Jack)

You can't scare me. You're  
just a crazy old man who doesn't  
know anything!

Mom and Dad are aghast at their son's behavior.

DAD

You apologize to the man  
right now!

Junior twists around to stalk off, but Jack grabs his  
arm and whirls him back. The boy tries to wriggle  
away, but Jack is strong and has something to say.

JACK

You listen to me, little boy.  
I know things--lots of things.  
Things better left unknown. I  
know where the wind's been and  
where it's going. I know the  
secrets it hears along the way.

(beat)

I know what the moon sees when  
it slides across your window  
in the middle of the night.

(beat)

I know what you do to those  
poor little creatures in your  
"laboratory."

Junior stops struggling, and Jack leans in close to him  
and whispers:

JACK

You don't know why you started  
doing it.

(beat)

You don't know why you can't  
stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack's eyes whip over to the ever-smiling Sis then back to the boy.

JACK

But I do.

The look on Junior's face is as good as a confession, but Mom isn't going to have one of hers treated like this.

MOM

How dare you speak to my  
son like that!

Jack lets go, and the boy staggers back behind his little sister, almost as though she can protect him.

Without missing a beat, Jack now turns his attention on Mom.

JACK

What about that bottle of  
little pink pills rattling  
in the bottom of your purse?

Mom's indignation does a quick fade into guilt.

JACK

Mother's little helpers,  
aren't they?

Jack leans in close to deliver the zinger.

JACK

All those sweet dreams of  
youth fading away while you  
waste your life married to  
a nobody who'll never amount  
to a hill of beans?

(beat)

No problem.

(CONTINUED)