

BRENDAN
That's all I need.

Brendan stands up. Shakes Frank's hand.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I appreciate it.

FRANK
Let me know when you're coming
down.

BRENDAN
(walking away)
Well, I'm just gonna go get my
stuff from the car.

FRANK
Now?

Brendan puts his dukes up and smiles as Frank shakes his
head.

EXT. BRENDAN AND TESS'S HOME - NIGHT

Brendan pulls into the driveway of his modest home, gets out
of his Camry, and looks to the street, where Paddy stands
outside his Olds, leaning on the passenger door.

Brendan carries a gym bag and wears work out clothes. He's
clearly not happy to see Paddy, who stands there,
uncomfortable and heavy hearted in the light of the street
lamp.

PADDY
Hey, Brendan. It's me, Pop.

BRENDAN
What're you doing here?

PADDY
I have some news for you.

BRENDAN
Something wrong with your hands?

Paddy shakes his head, unsure what he means.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
If there's nothing wrong with your
hands then there's no reason for
you not to phone. That's the deal.

PADDY
Yeah, I forgot--

BRENDAN
Phone or mail, Pop. Non negotiable.

Paddy holds his hands out, palms down.

PADDY
Hey Brendan, have you ever seen my hands so steady? Have you?

BRENDAN
I'm going inside.

PADDY
I've got a thousand days. A thousand days sober today.

BRENDAN
Well, that's great, Pop. But it doesn't change anything.

PADDY
What do you mean it doesn't change anything? Have a heart, Brendan.

Paddy's words set Brendan off. A side of him we haven't seen before emerges. He approaches his father fiercely.

BRENDAN
You listen to me. You take your have-a-heart bullshit and you run it down the road. Run it out on someone who doesn't know you like I do.

PADDY
C'mon, Brendan. I thought maybe we could break bread. Open some lines of communication.

BRENDAN
You got two lines of communication, the telephone and the post office. Just because you decide it's a special day, it doesn't make it one for me. I got a wife and kids inside and they're waiting for me, so I don't have time for whatever this is.

PADDY

I know you got a wife and kids in there. I got a grand-daughter I haven't seen in three years and another I haven't even ever met.

BRENDAN

Why is that, Pop? Why is that? Do you remember having anything to do with that?

Paddy nods. Casts his eyes down in shame.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

That shit you pulled. Never again. And all the shit I saw growing up? That doesn't happen here.

Brendan looks at the reformed Paddy, a measure of sympathy on his face. Then he heads for the house.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself.

As he's halfway through the yard, Paddy calls out.

PADDY

Tommy's back.

Brendan stops in his tracks. He turns and looks at his Dad.

PADDY (CONT'D)

He's in the 'Burgh.

BRENDAN

Tommy's in Pittsburgh?

PADDY

He came to see me.

BRENDAN

He came to see *you*?

PADDY

He's over at the house. We're doing a little training at Fitzzy's. Remember Fitzzy's? It ain't Fitzzy's anymore.

Brendan walks closer. Incredulous.

BRENDAN

You and Tommy are training together?

Paddy nods.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Tommy Conlon.

PADDY
Riordan. He's using your mother's
maiden name now.

BRENDAN
I know what her name is.

PADDY
I thought you'd want to know he's
back. That's why I drove all the
way over here.

BRENDAN
I thought you came to break bread
over a thousand days?

PADDY
That too.

Brendan looks at him. Considers.

BRENDAN
Did he say if he wants to see me?

PADDY
He doesn't say much. He's just not
that happy kid he was.

BRENDAN
Wow, look at you. Mister inside
man.

Paddy frowns.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
You and Tommy training together
like nothing ever happened. This is
unbelievable. Now I know what
you're really doing here.

PADDY
What's that?

BRENDAN
You came to gloat.

PADDY
I did not come to gloat. I came to
get my son back.

BRENDAN

Well, there you go. You got your son back.

PADDY

I'm talking about you, Bren--

BRENDAN

You got your son back.

Brendan starts to walk away, then turns around again.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

You know, part of the reason I stuck around was 'cause I thought I'd finally get you all to myself. But you didn't have any interest in training me. Tommy was the one.

PADDY

Ah, Brendan. I was a drunk. I mean, you know. I'm sorry.

BRENDAN

Forget it. You were always a front runner. You never had any interest in underdogs. But I was your son.

PADDY

You are my son.

BRENDAN

Am I?

PADDY

Yeah, you are. I'm just asking you to find just a little space in your heart to forgive me.

BRENDAN

Yeah. Alright. I forgive you. But I do *not* trust you. Tell Tommy this is where I am if he wants to see me.

PADDY

Alright. But they're not different things. You've gotta trust to forgive--

BRENDAN

Goodnight, Pop.