SHAMELESS
"MY FUNNY VALENTINE"

Written by
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INT. GALLAGHER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The mantel is a mess. There’s an empty beer bottle, some streamers leftover from some party, Lip’s high school diploma in a frame, a framed photograph of Debbie and Aunt Ginger and another frame that is turned face down.

Asleep on the sofa Frank is SNORING loudly and cradling a half-empty bottle of beer.

Debbie, who sits at the coffee table beside the sofa, is embarking on an elaborate art project.

She cuts a piece of red paper into the shape of a heart and glues it onto the front of a pink card. On the inside she writes: DEAR GRAHAM, HAPPY VALENTINE’S DAY, LOVE DEBBIE.

She hesitates for a moment, then quickly scribbles a heart at the bottom of the card, shuts it, and puts it aside. Frank SNORTS.

Frank stirs awake. He opens his eyes, looks down at the bottle in his hand and takes a swig.

DEBBIE
   Hello, Daddy.

Frank is unresponsive at first. He looks over at Debbie, then pushes himself a little more upright on the arm of the sofa.

Debbie continues with her work.

DEBBIE (CONT’D)
   Feeling any better?

FRANK
   What are you doing up so early?

DEBBIE
   It’s 11:30. At night.

FRANK
   What are you doing up so late?

DEBBIE
   It’s Valentine’s Day tomorrow. I’m making cards for my classmates.

     Oh.
Frank’s posture slumps again. He downs the rest of the beer. He holds the bottle out in front of him and regards it with a certain curiosity before turning back to Debbie.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Think you could get me another one of these?

DEBBIE
Fiona said not to.

FRANK
Fiona said? Well, fuck what Fiona said.

Frank, with effort, sits up on the sofa and faces Debbie and leans toward her. Debbie remains hard at work.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Debs, sweetie, I’m dying here. And if Fiona wants to see me waste away in misery that’s her own damn problem. But you wouldn’t deny your own father his final wish, would you?

DEBBIE
We’re also out of beer.

FRANK
Out of...

Frank slumps on the sofa, the bottle dropping from his hand and falling to the floor.

DEBBIE
Fiona said that if you want more you have to go out and get it yourself.

FRANK
She does want me to die in misery. Imagine, her own father.

DEBBIE
Do you wanna see my Valentine cards?

FRANK
Sure.

Debbie gathers up the cards off the table and knee-walks over to Frank and dumps them in his lap.
Frank picks a few of them up and flips through them like flipping through someone’s vacation photos.

FRANK (CONT’D)
These are beautiful, honey.

DEBBIE
Thanks, Daddy.

Debbie glows with pride. Frank returns the cards to his lap.

FRANK
Valentine’s Day always reminds me of your mother. That’s when I met her, you know?

DEBBIE
I thought you met mom at the drunk tank that time you--

FRANK
No...

Frank’s eyes wander as he considers whether or not to continue with the lie.

FRANK (CONT’D)
That was... somebody else.

DEBBIE
Oh.

FRANK
No, I met Monica at this crazy party where there was a significant number of half-naked chicks all trying to get with me. But you know what? As much as my Johnson wanted to be with all of them... at the same time... I only had eyes for your mother.

Frank looks off into the distance.

FRANK (CONT’D)
She was the most beautiful woman there.

DEBBIE
Really?

Frank is barely paying any attention to Debbie anymore. He looks lost. Sad, even.
FRANK
Sure she was, Debs. Sure she was.

Frank turns his back to Debbie and curls up in the corner of the sofa, knocking a few empty beer bottles onto the floor.

Debbie looks down at her lap, bit lost.

DEBBIE
Do you miss her, Daddy?

Debbie turns her head to see that her father has decidedly checked out of the conversation.

DEBBIE (CONT’D)
(mostly to herself)
‘Cos I do.

Debbie stands. She gathers her Valentine cards from Frank’s lap and puts them on the table.

She picks up a blanket from off the floor and puts it over top of Frank.

She kisses him on the top of his head.

DEBBIE (CONT’D)
(whispers)
Get better soon.

She leaves. Frank remains motionless.

INT. GALLAGHER LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The sun rises, shedding light on Frank, who hasn’t moved. Loud BANGING can be heard from upstairs.

FIONA (O.S.)
Kids!

More BANGING is heard. Then Fiona, dressed half for work and half for bed, comes down the stairs. She stops at the bottom and gazes for a long moment at the sofa where Frank lays.

FIONA (CONT’D)
Come on, kids! It’s time to get moving!

Something FALLS from the mail slot. Fiona walks over to retrieve it.
INT. GALLAGHER KITCHEN - MORNING

Fiona walks over to the messy counter and carelessly dumps what appears to be nothing but fliers. She runs a hand through her hair, then spots a wrapped package on the counter.

Lip enters the kitchen and goes straight to the fridge behind Fiona. He pulls out a near empty jug of orange juice.

LIP
You know, we can only water this stuff down so much before it ceases to be actual juice.

He goes over to the sink and starts adding water to the jug.

FIONA
You got any idea what this is?

Lip looks over at Fiona, looking at the package.

LIP
It’s from Jimmy.

FIONA
Jimmy?

LIP
For Valentine’s Day.

Lip returns the juice to the fridge and walks over to the counter. Fiona looks distressed.

LIP (CONT’D)
Electric bill come in yet?

FIONA
I haven’t looked through the mail. I’ll deal with it later.

Lip sips from his glass of juice.

Carl comes down the stairs, awkwardly carrying Liam. He sets his brother down on the chair then goes up to the counter.

CARL
You should’ve seen Liam trying to crawl out of his crib again this morning. He fell right on his head!

FIONA
You sure you didn’t just throw him?
CARL

No.

FIONA
Well, Frank did drop Lip on his head more than once, and he finished high school. Maybe there’s hope for Liam yet.

LIP
Frank dropped us all on our heads.

Fiona grabs a box of cereal from the top of the fridge, hands it to Carl and ushers him toward the table.

FIONA
C’mon. Eat up and get to school.
(beat)
Where’s your sister?

Lip and Carl both shrug. Fiona sighs.

FIONA (CONT’D)
(yells upstairs)
Debs, come on, you gotta get up.

Lip fixes himself a bowl of cereal.

Fiona goes over to the laundry basket and digs through it for a top.

FIONA (CONT’D)
Where’s my good shirt?

Veronica enters through the kitchen door.

VERONICA
‘Morning Gallaghers.

LIP
Hey, V.

Fiona turns around. Veronica goes right up to her for a hug. This surprises Fiona a little.

FIONA
Hey.

VERONICA
I just came to make sure you were doing okay.
FIONA
(confused)
Uh, thanks. We’re fine. Just as
fine as any other day.

VERONICA
Well you know, I just thought, with
it being Valentine’s Day and the
whole Jimmy thing...

FIONA
Oh, yeah, it’s fine. Really.

Fiona starts busying herself making sandwiches for Carl and
Debbie.

FIONA (CONT’D)
Carl, go find those library books
before I get another call from Mrs.
Mathews. Lip, get Liam ready for
the sitter for me?

Carl and Lip leave to fulfill their orders.

VERONICA
Fiona, it’s fine if you don’t want
to talk about it, I’m just saying--

FIONA
It’s just a day right? Like any
other day. It doesn’t--

FRANK (O.S.)
(from the living room)
Fiona!

Fiona closes her eyes and sighs, exasperated.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Fiona! We need more beer!

VERONICA
Still?
(beat)
Whatsit? Been, like, a week and a
half now?

FIONA
Been too long is what it’s been. He
lies on the couch all day and all
night. Won’t get up even to grab a
drink from the fridge. Gets the
kids to do it for him.
VERONICA

Jeeze.

FIONA

I’m cutting him off. He finished off the last case last night and from now on if he wants booze he’s going to have to (louder, so Frank can hear)

Get off his lazy ass and get them himself!

VERONICA

Think it’ll work?

FRANK (O.S.)

Oh come on, Fiona. Your own father?

FIONA

Something’s got to.

Debbie enters the kitchen from the outside door.

FIONA (CONT’D)

Where’ve you been? You gotta get ready for school.

DEBBIE

I am ready.

Debbie stands at the counter fishing through the mess, mail included, sorting out her Valentine cards and tossing them into her backpack.

Lip comes down the stairs toting Liam and a diaper bag. He’s followed by Carl.

FIONA

Did you find the books?

CARL

Half of one.

Carl holds up a book so it hangs open in his hand. The spine is practically empty.

FIONA


Fiona distributes the sandwiches respectively. Debbie holds up an envelope.
DEBBIE
When did we get this?

FIONA
Uh, I think that’s mostly today’s mail. Why?

DEBBIE
It’s from Ian.

Lip freezes, staring at the letter. The rest of the room takes a beat.

CARL
DEBBIE
It’s from Ian?
Can we read it?

FIONA
Hang on, hang on. We can read it later, when everyone has time--

The kitchen door SLAMS shut. Everyone falls silent.

Lip is gone with Liam and the diaper bag.

FIONA (CONT’D)
Alright you two, you should get going as well. Come on.

Fiona takes the letter from Debbie and hangs it on the fridge, then leaves to retrieve something from another room.

Debbie opens the fridge after Fiona’s left, slips a single bottle of beer out of her backpack and places it at the forefront of one of the shelves in the fridge.

Taped to the bottle is a heart shaped card addressed to “DADDY.” The fridge door closes.

Carl and Debbie leave.

Veronica is left standing alone at the counter, stirring a cup of coffee. Fiona re-enters holding her good shirt. It has a large stain down the front.

FIONA (CONT’D)
My one good shirt--

Veronica holds out the coffee mug to Fiona.

VERONICA
Need a pick me up?
EXT. SHEILA’S HOUSE - MORNING

Lip, diaper bag slung around his shoulder, and Liam sitting on his hip, walks down the street toward Sheila’s house. He gets to the end of the walkway, then hesitates before continuing to the front door.

Lip KNOCKS.

Sheila opens the door.

LIP
Hi, Sheila.

SHEILA
Oh, hi, Lip! Hello, little Liam. (baby voice)
How’s it going?
(to Lip)
I’m sorry, Lip. I thought I told Fiona that I wasn’t able to take Liam today. I kinda have something special going on, that’s all.

LIP
No worries, a lady down the street owes us a favour, so she’s going to take Liam today. I just came by to find out how Karen’s doing.

SHEILA
Karen...

Sheila grows solemn.

SHEILA (CONT’D)
Karen is... doing alright. Not much progress, but Jodi’s taking good care of her. He sent some pictures, do you want to come inside. Take a look?

LIP
No, no. It’s okay. I was just... checking, I guess.

SHEILA
Oh. Okay.

Lip averts his eyes but makes no move to leave the porch. Sheila watches him.
SHEILA (CONT’D)
You’re feeling a little lonely, huh, Lip?

LIP
What?

SHEILA
A little lonely?

LIP
Uh, nope. No. I was just, uh, passing through.

SHEILA
Well, okay then. You take care of yourself now.

Lip finally walks away from the front door.

SHEILA (CONT’D)
(calls after him)
Oh, Lip! Has Fiona left for work yet? I just need her help with something real quick.

INT. GALLAGHER KITCHEN - MORNING

Fiona is standing at the kitchen table, desperately scrubbing at the stain in her shirt with a bar of soap and damp cloth. Veronica sits with a cup of coffee, examining the gift from Jimmy.

VERONICA
From Jimmy?

FIONA
Yup.

VERONICA
I’m sorry.

FIONA
So am I. What about you and Kev? Are you guys doing for V-Day?

VERONICA
Oh, Kev usually forgets. You know how it is.

FIONA
Huh.
VERONICA
Besides, I think Kev’s already
gifted me every dildo model ever
made. Anyway, what’s Lip’s deal?

FIONA
I dunno. Teenage boy stuff. Doesn’t
know what he wants to do with his
future, whether or not he actually
does want to go to college. I think
he misses Ian a lot too.

VERONICA
We all miss Ian.

FIONA
Yeah. Think this will look
different when it dries?

Fiona pulls the shirt over her head. The stain appears to be
gone, but is replaced by a large damp spot. Veronica doesn’t
look convinced.

VERONICA
You got something you can put over
top of it?

Fiona goes back to the laundry basket.

FIONA
Anyway, it was really great of Kev
to give him a job at the bar.
Hopefully it’ll help take his mind
off things a bit.

FRANK (O.S.)
(from the living room)
Kev can’t afford to hire Lip. Kid’s
a goddamn genius. That’s gotta at
least double, triple his value as
an employee. He’s not just some
lowly bartender you know.

VERONICA
Frank, you don’t know shit about
what Kev can and can’t afford. He
is paying Lip exactly what he
deserves.

FRANK (O.S.)
I know he can’t afford a genius.

Fiona pulls a sweater over her head and rejoins Veronica at
the table.
FIONA
Just ignore it. It stops eventually.

FRANK (O.S.)
And can someone please get me a beer? My body needs alcohol to function. I’m already dying here.

Fiona rolls her eyes and shakes her head. There’s a KNOCK on the door. Sheila enters without waiting for an answer.

SHEILA
Hello. Good morning, Fiona. Lip told me I could stop by before you went to work.

FIONA
You saw Lip this morning?

SHEILA
Yeah. I just need a little help with something.

FRANK (O.S.)
Sheils? Is that you?

Sheila peers into the living room.

SHEILA
Oh. Hi Frank. How are you?

INT. GALLAGHER LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING

Frank doesn’t even look at Sheila as he speaks to her. He plays with the hem of the blanket he’s under.

FRANK
Not good Sheils. Not good. Say, you think you could run out and grab some booze for me. You know, for old time’s sake?

Sheila can see Frank’s figure slumped on the sofa.

SHEILA
Sorry, Frank. I’m kinda busy today. I have a date.

FIONA
Sheila, you have a date?

Sheila turns her attention to the women at the table.
SHEILA
Yeah. I met him online.

FIONA
Wow, that’s great.

FRANK
I’m laying here dying and you’re going on some Internet date like what we had didn’t matter?

INT. GALLAGHER KITCHEN - MORNING

SHEILA
Of course it mattered, Frank.

FIONA
Well, who is this guy?

Sheila approaches the table, digging through her purse. She pulls out a couple of paper printouts.

SHEILA
His name is Barry. Isn’t he a dream?

Fiona and Veronica peer over the photos. The pictures are of a fit, handsome man in his late 20’s.

VERONICA
(under her breath)
Robbing the cradle there?

SHEILA
What’s that?

VERONICA
Nothing.

SHEILA
There’s just one problem.
(beat)
He thinks I’m about... twenty years younger.

Veronica WHISTLES, and stands up from the table.

VERONICA
Well, I’ll leave you to handle this one, Fiona.
FIONA
Actually, V, I think you’d love to help Sheila.

VERONICA
I would?

Fiona also stands from the table. She puts her coffee mug on the counter and gathers her purse and things for work.

FIONA
It’s just that I’ve got an important office job to get to and I know you wouldn’t just leave this poor lady for the wolves.

Sheila gives an earnest look.

Veronica raises an eyebrow.

FIONA (CONT’D)
Good. Veronica meet Sheila, Sheila meet Veronica.

Fiona heads out the door.

FIONA (CONT’D)
See you guys.

And shuts it behind her.

Sheila and Veronica stand in silence looking each other over.

SHEILA
It’s very nice to meet you, Veronica.

FRANK (O.S.)
You know, Sheila, half of those guys you meet on the Internet are serial killers.

VERONICA
(sighs)
Alright. We better go to my place.

INT. VERONICA & KEV’S BEDROOM – DAY

Kev is sprawled on his front in his and Veronica’s bed. He stirs when he hears the front door OPEN.

Veronica enters the bedroom, Sheila trailing behind her.
KEV
V, baby. Where’ve you been?

Kev sits up. Only after he blinks the sleep out of his eyes does he see Sheila.

KEV (CONT’D)
Whoa, who’s this?

Vernoica walks over to a dresser and starts going through drawers. Sheila stands back politely.

VERONICA
Went over to Fiona’s to see if she needed any, you know, emotional support, ended up with a first date crisis.

Kev eyes Sheila. She looks a little guilty.

SHEILA
I’m Sheila.

Sheila leans toward Kev and offers her hand. He takes it.

KEV
Kev.

Kev looks over at Veronica, picking up on what might be making Sheila a little nervous.

KEV (CONT’D)
V’s really great with helping people out in situations like this. She’s probably just feeling a bit uptight right now ‘cos her mom’s having our baby.

Sheila’s eyebrows nearly rise off her forehead, but she nods sympathetically.

SHEILA
Well that’s... a new way of doing it.

VERONICA
(defensive)
I am not uptight.

KEV
Sure. Doesn’t mean you couldn’t loosen up. Even a little bit.
Kev gets out of bed, buck naked, walks over to Veronica, and holds her from behind, nuzzling her neck. Sheila’s eyes widen, and she averts them.

KEV (CONT’D)
Not even an eeny, weeny, teeny, tiny, little bit?

Veronica smiles to herself. She lets Kev nuzzle and hold her a little longer before slapping his bare thigh.

VERONICA
(playfully)
Get outta here.

Kev walks into the bathroom.

KEV (O.S.)
(from within the bathroom)
So, Sheila.

The tap RUNS briefly before Kev emerges from the bathroom in a pair of boxer shorts and a t-shirt.

KEV (CONT’D)
Who’s your hot date?

Veronica moves over to the closet, collecting articles of clothing on her arm as she goes. She throws a couple things at Sheila, who’s having trouble keeping up.

VERONICA
Try those. They’re from my fat days.

SHEILA
Oh, uh. Well, his name is Barry. I met him online and he’s a professional dog trainer.

KEV
Cool. I love dog shows.

VERONICA
You’ve never been to a dog show, babe. What do you think about this?

Veronica holds up a glittery club dress. Sheila frowns. Veronica throws the dress aside, and keeps looking.

KEV
 Doesn’t mean I can’t like them. Right, Sheila?
SHEILA
Right, absolutely. Anyway, even though it’s only our first date in person, we thought it’d be sweet to have it on Valentine’s Day, you know?

KEV
Aw, that is sweet.
(beat)
Wait, what day?

SHEILA
Well, it’s Valentine’s Day. Today.

VERONICA
Did you forget, baby?

KEV
What? No.

Veronica stops rooting through the closet and looks over her shoulder.

VERONICA
(unconvinced)
Mhm...

KEV
I mean, momentarily, yes, I did forget. But don’t worry, or anything--

VERONICA
(defensive)
I’m not worried--

KEV
I made plans, and, and, you’re gonna love your gift.

VERONICA
Kev--

Kev dashes out of the room.

Veronica puts a hand on her hip and frowns. After a beat Kev rushes back into the room to grab a pair of jeans, and is out again in a flash.

SHEILA
I’m sure he’s being honest.
VERONICA
I’m not. How old did you tell this
guy you were?

SHEILA
35?

VERONICA
Okay, you’re gonna need more than
clothes to pull that off. C’mon.

Veronica beckons Sheila toward the bathroom.

INT. WORLD WIDE CUP - DAY

Fiona enters the office, clinging to the bag slung over her
shoulder, putting on a brave face.

FIONA
(to herself)
It’s just a day. Just like any
other day.

Fiona’s face drops.

Paper hearts taped to the windows.

Little, red, heart shaped confetti decorating someone’s desk.

A plate of heart shaped cookies on a table under a banner
that reads: HAPPY VALENTINE’S DAY!

The entire office is decked out for the “day that’s just a
day.”

Fiona blinks a couple times.

FIONA (CONT’D)
What the fu--

CONNIE (O.S.)
Hi Fiona!

Connie stands, grinning broadly and waving at Fiona from the
table bearing the plate of cookies.

CONNIE (CONT’D)
Happy Valentine’s Day. Want a cookie?

FIONA
Uh, no thanks. Not hungry.
CONNIE
Suit yourself.

Connie takes a cookie for herself, indulging in a large bite.

Fiona turns away and heads for her desk, averting her eyes from the blatant decorations as much as she possibly can. Before she notices it, there is a suit jacket and a tie standing right in her way.

Fiona walks right into Mike.

FIONA
Oops, sorry.

MIKE
Oh, hey, Fiona.

FIONA
I didn’t see you.

MIKE
Happy... uh...

Fiona stares at Mike blankly.

MIKE (CONT’D)
You know. Uh, whatever.

FIONA
Yeah, uh. Yeah, you too.

MIKE
Alright.

Fiona and Mike move at the same time and do the “which-way-are-you-going-?-dance.” Finally Mike steps to the side, gesturing for Fiona to pass. Fiona barely looks at him as she walks toward her desk.

Once at her desk Fiona drops her bag on the ground and slumps down in her chair. Then a look of disgust crosses her face.

On her desk sits an oversized card with a heart on the front of it. Inside the heart reads: HAPPY VALENTINE’S DAY FROM YOUR WORLD WIDE CUP FAMILY.

FIONA
Are you serious?

She picks up the card and opens it. Inside reads the same message: HAPPY VALENTINE’S DAY FROM YOUR WORLD WIDE CUP FAMILY. Below the message are a bunch of photocopied signatures, supposedly from the superiors at head office.
FIONA (CONT’D)
Jesus.
Fiona looks around to see if anyone’s watching. When she thinks she safe she aggressively rips up the card and throws it into the recycling bin under her desk.

Hal, peers over his office divider.

HAL
Fiona?

Fiona spins around abruptly.

FIONA
What?

HAL
(beat)
Never mind.

Hal sinks back behind his divider.

INT. GALLAGHER LIVING ROOM - DAY
Frank has the appearance of a dead man lying on the sofa. After a while he stirs, finally opening his eyes, and makes a feeble attempt to sit upright.

Frank looks around blearily for a moment then reaches for the bottle nearest his hand. He brings it to his lips, but when he gets not a drop out of it he tips it back desperately.

The bottle gives him nothing. Frank holds it out in front of him, tips it upside down and smacks the bottom. As the bottle continues to give him nothing his smacking gets more and more aggressive.

FRANK
Goddamn it! Goddamn it! Goddamn it!

Frank drops the bottle to the ground then looks around, murder in his eyes. Finally, with great effort, Frank picks himself off the couch.

FRANK (CONT’D)
This house cannot be completely dry.
INT. GALLAGHER KITCHEN - DAY

Frank enters the kitchen and heads directly for the fridge. He opens it and spies the bottle that Debbie left him immediately.

Frank takes the bottle, opens it, and downs it without even looking at the card. He swallows and lets out a satisfied SIGH. With another look at the bottle, Frank finally finds the card marked “DADDY.”

He takes the card, setting the bottle aside, and opens it. Inside reads: “CHECK UNDER PORCH. LOVE DEBBIE.”

Frank smiles.

FRANK
Must be hiding a case under there for me. What a sweetheart.

Frank puts the card in the pocket of his jeans and heads for the kitchen door.

AT THE DOORMAT

Frank’s feet stuff themselves into a pair of tatty, old boots.

EXT. GALLAGHER HOUSE - DAY

Frank walks out of the house and down the stairs. He walks around to the underneath of the porch stairs and kneels down, peering inside.

FRANK
It’s filthy under here. Don’t those damn kids know how to keep a good yard?

Frank crawls halfway under the porch on his belly, legs sticking out. He can be heard SHUFFLING things around under there.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT’D)
(muffled)
Ok, it’s gotta be under here somewhere.

We hear some more SHUFFLING and then a GROWL and a BARK. Frank YELLS and starts scrambling out from under the porch, BANGING his head in the process.
FRANK (CONT’D)

Fuck!

Frank straightens himself out, on his knees, and rubs his head.

FRANK (CONT’D)

What in the name of all that is holy...?

Cautiously Frank peers under the porch.

Peering back at him is the face of a sad looking dog.

Frank scowls.

FRANK (CONT’D)

What are you looking at?

The dog BARKS again then WHIMPERS.

FRANK (CONT’D)

C’mon. Get out of there you mutt.

Moping, the dog drags his sorry self out from under the porch. He comes out as far as the rope he’s tied to will let him and reveals himself to be a shaggy, unkept, blond, sheepdog.

The dog WHIMPERS again, tilts his head and stares at Frank.

Frank stares back, trying to hold his ground, but soon gives in.

FRANK (CONT’D)

Alright, fine. But if I untie you, you gotta get lost, ok?

Frank begins to untie the rope from the dog.

FRANK (CONT’D)

I am way too depressed for this shit.

When Frank finishes untwisting the rope, he stands to give the dog room to leave. The dog doesn’t move.

FRANK (CONT’D)

You heard me. Get lost, you stupid animal.

Frank indicates the way out with wild arm movements. Still the dog doesn’t move.
FRANK (CONT’D)
Fine. You be that way. I’m going back inside.

Frank, hanging his head, mopes back up the stairs to the house. The dog trails after him in the same fashion.

Frank opens the door and walks into the house. The dog is right behind him, but as the dog goes to enter the house Frank slams the door in the dog’s face. The dog WHINES.

INT. ALIBI ROOM - DAY

The place is fairly empty with only a few REGULARS scattered about here and there. Lip stands at the bar drying glasses and putting them on the shelves behind the bar.

Kev enters, walking right up to the bar.

KEV
This is not good, man. Not. Good.

LIP
I know. Merv’s been here a half an hour and he’s already passed out on the floor.

Lip and Kev look over to MERV, slumped on the floor, one arm caught between the backrest and seat of a chair.

Kev returns his attention to Lip.

KEV
No, man. It’s Veronica. I think she’s on to me.

LIP
What now?

KEV
About forgetting Valentine’s Day.

LIP
Don’t you always forget Valentine’s Day?

KEV
Yeah, but V always remembers. And I think this year it’s finally getting to her.

Kev takes a seat at the bar. Lip sets a foaming glass of beer in front of him.
LIP
Need one of these?

Kev takes a swig.

KEV
She was acting all weird and standoffish this morning, you know? If that’s not her inner crazy bitch waiting to come out, I don’t know what is.

LIP
I hear that.

KEV
Yeah, you have dated some crazy bitches in the last little while, haven’t you?

Lip shrugs and averts his eyes. He turns his back to Kev to put some more glasses on the shelves.

KEV (CONT’D)
Look, man. You’ve gotta help me out here. I gotta find something for Veronica, and it’s gotta be good.

LIP
I dunno. I’m not really a “love you till the end of time,” kinda guy. Anyway, you said it yourself, I haven’t had much luck with the ladies recently.

KEV
Aw, Lip. I didn’t mean that. Karen was nice. I mean, she was kind of a slut. And she did lie to you about having your kid and stuff. But besides all that she was nice.

LIP
Yeah, I guess so.

KEV
C’mon. You’ve got to help me out here. You’re the smartest guy I know and I’m coming to you in a crisis situation. You turn your back on me, who else have I got?

Kev gives Lip a desperate look.
Lip surveys the sad collection of patrons in the mostly empty bar.

    LIP
    Fine.
    KEV
    Yes!

Kev makes a fist.

    LIP
    But this is a one time deal. I’m only a high school graduate, not some relationship guru.
    KEV
    Deal.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway is crowded with students walking this way and that, and just standing around their lockers in clumps.

Debbie walks through the sea of people, passing out her Valentine cards here and there.

    DEBBIE
    Happy Valentine’s Day.

She offers a card to a tall girl who takes the card and immediately tosses it into the nearest garbage can.

    DEBBIE (CONT’D)
    Happy Valentine’s Day.

Debbie offers a card to a chubby girl who holds her hand up and scoffs.

    DEBBIE (CONT’D)
    Happy Valentine’s Day.

Debbie offers a card to a jock boy.

    JOCK BOY
    Dork.

Debbie approaches Holly, leaning against her locker checking her phone. Debbie leans against another locker, in front of Holly, trying to imitate.

    DEBBIE
    Hey, Holly.
Holly looks up from her phone to Debbie.

HOLLY
Hey.

Holly’s eyes return to her phone.

DEBBIE
Happy Valentine’s Day.

Debbie tentatively holds out a card. Holly doesn’t even look.

HOLLY
I heard you were handing those out. Is this part of your elaborate scheme to get Graham?

Debbie lets her hand fall.

DEBBIE
No.

HOLLY
Right. Look, Debbie. You’re not in kindergarten anymore. This is middle school. Haven’t you learned by now? If you want Graham it’s going to take four inch heels and a pushup bra. Not a Valentine’s Day card.

Holly puts her phone in her pocket and starts off down the hallway.

DEBBIE
(calling after her)
Ok, Holly. Thanks for the advice.

Holly disappears into the crowd of middle schoolers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Debbie approaches a garbage can and is about to dump all her remaining Valentine cards when she spies GRAHAM, older, cut, and handsome, talking to a group of his “COOL” FRIENDS.

Debbie looks from the group of boys to the cards in her hands. After a moment’s consideration she picks out the one for Graham and tosses the rest. A card addressed to Simon sits on the top of the pile.
She adjusts her shirt, fixes the necklace around her neck and runs a hand through her hair. Then, clutching the card, she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath before turning and approaching Graham.

**GRAHAM**
Aw, man. You should’ve seen his face!

Debbie stops on the outskirts of the group as they all LAUGH at Graham’s story. No one notices her.

**DEBBIE**
Excuse me.

**GRAHAM**
Then finally, he gets back up, and just as he’s going to--

Debbie CLEARS HER THROAT.

**DEBBIE**
(louder)
Excuse me!

The whole group turns to regard her.

**GRAHAM**
(annoyed)
Can I help you?

**ACNE STRICKEN BOY**
Get outta here squirt!

The ACNE STRICKEN BOY makes a “jerking-it” motion with his hand. The rest of the group laughs.

Debbie turns red.

**DEBBIE**
(less confident)
I... I just wanted to give this to Graham.

Gingerly, Debbie holds the card out. The group collectively “OOH”s. Somebody WHISTLES.

**GRAHAM**
Why, thank you, Debbie.

Graham takes the card. As soon as it’s out of her hands, Debbie turns and walks away.
GRAHAM (CONT’D)
Wait, come back. Let me read it.

Debbie turns back around, hopeful.

Graham extracts the card from the envelope with care. He 
opens it and reads.

GRAHAM (CONT’D)
Dear Graham. Happy Valentine’s Day. 
Love Debbie.

ACNE STRICKEN BOY
Look, guys, she put a heart over 
the “I” in her name!

LONG HAIRERD BOY
Aaaawwwwweee!

The group LAUGHS.

BUZZ CUT BOY
That’s adorable!

Debbie turns and scurries away, humiliated.

GRAHAM
(calls after her)
I love you too Debbie!

The LAUGHTER follows her down the hallway.

Simon, who’s leaning against a locker nearby, stands up when 
he sees Debbie coming toward him.

SIMON
Hey, Debbie...

Debbie brushes right past him, in a hurry to get away.

SIMON (CONT’D)
Debbie, wait up!

Simon tails after her down the hall.

INT. WORLD WIDE CUP – DAY
Fiona sits at her desk talking on the phone.

FIONA
Well, we at World Wide Cup are 
happy to be doing business with you 
too. Thank you.
Fiona goes to hang up the phone, but is stopped by something the person on the other end said. Fiona looks appalled.

FIONA (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, what did you say?
(beat)
Actually, it’s not a happy Valentine’s Day, thank you very much. Some of us don’t have a Valentine because our Valentines did stupid things like steal cars and piss off bad people and then left without saying anything, with no way for us to know if they’re dead, or naked on a beach somewhere sipping martinis being blown by some sexy, foreign chick. In fact, it’s a very unhappy Valentine’s Day.

Fiona hangs up the phone in a huff.

FIONA (CONT’D)
Bitch.

Hal peeks up over the barrier of his work station and chews his lip, looking for the right words.

HAL
Bit of a rough day, Fiona?

FIONA
Huh?

Fiona turns to face Hal.

HAL
I just noticed... you know, well... you just... seem a bit... off, that’s all.

FIONA
Uh, thanks, Hal. I’m just a little... tired.

HAL
Sure. Right. Okay.

Fiona gives him a weak smile, then turns back to her desk.

Hal starts to disappear behind the barrier, but quickly perks back up again.
HAL (CONT'D)
You know, I completely sympathise with you about the whole Jimmy thing. It was not fair what he did to you.

Fiona turns back to Hal.

FIONA
Thanks for your concern, Hal, but this isn’t really about that. I mean, I don’t really find it to be a big deal. I think I just need a coffee.

HAL
You just got a coffee.

FIONA
Well, I guess I already need another one.

Fiona stands, turns, and walks right into Mike.

MIKE
Whoa, hey.

FIONA
Damn it, sorry.

MIKE
That’s the second time today.

Mike LAUGHS a little nervously.

FIONA
Yeah, I’ve been a little... off, I guess.

MIKE
No worries. Are you okay? Do you want to... you know, talk about it... or whatever?

FIONA
Nah, I was just gonna grab another coffee.

MIKE
Too bad. I was hoping you’d say yes so I could ask you to lunch.

Fiona is caught off guard.

FIONA
Oh... uh...

Mike’s eyes wander anywhere but Fiona’s face.
MIKE
Don’t, uh, don’t worry about it. I understand.

Mike hesitates, before walking past Fiona. Fiona turns.

FIONA
You know, I could do without the talking, but I wouldn’t mind the lunch.

Mike turns back to Fiona and smiles broadly.

MIKE
Great. That’s great. See you then.

Mike continues on his way.

Fiona turns her back to him and smiles, a little sheepishly, to herself. She starts walking.

INT. SHEILA’S BEDROOM – DAY

Sheila stands in front of a mirror wearing Veronica’s clothing.

She tugs at a mini skirt that is really mini on her.

She smooths out a very tight fitting T-shirt.

Her ankles wobble a little in a pair of tall pumps.

Sheila regards her reflection intently. She is wearing way too much makeup keeps adjusting the pony-tail in her hair.

SHEILA
There. I could be 35 if I wanted.

Her reflection forces a grin, then reconsiders.

SHEILA (CONT’D)
Maybe 36.

From downstairs the doorbell RINGS.

SHEILA (CONT’D)
Oh!

Sheila hobbles out of the room. After a moment, she runs back to the mirror, quickly sprays herself with some perfume, gives herself one more look over, then leaves.
INT/EXT. SHEILA’S FOYER/SHEILA’S PORCH – DAY

Sheila opens the door. A look of confusion crosses her face.

Standing outside is BARRY (45), receding hairline, with glasses, in his best polo shirt and shorts. He smiles broadly.

    BARRY
    Hi.

    SHEILA
    I’m sorry, can I help you?

Barry’s smile turns to embarrassment.

    BARRY
    Sheila?

    SHEILA
    Yes.

    BARRY
    Barry.

Barry points at himself.

    SHEILA
    Oh. Barry. Who I have the date with. Hi. Come in, come in.

Sheila opens the door wider and let’s Barry inside.

    SHEILA (CONT’D)
    I’m actually, uh... I’m not quite ready. Would you like to take a seat at the dining table? I’m just going to... change.

Sheila looks down at her clothes, suddenly self-conscious.

    BARRY
    Sure.

Barry heads toward the table.

    SHEILA
    Okay.

Sheila watches him go. When she thinks he’s not looking she runs up the stairs.
INT. GALLAGHER LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank lies on the sofa, covered entirely by a blanket, except for an arm which sticks out and dangles off the edge.

From outside the dog can be heard WHIMPERING and SCRATCHING at the door. This goes on for some time before Frank finally reacts.

    FRANK
    (from under the blanket)
    Cut that out, goddamn it!

The noise stops momentarily. From under the blanket Frank SIGHS. But it’s not long before the WHINING and SCRATCHING starts up again.

    FRANK (CONT’D)
    (from under the blanket)
    Oh, Christ’s sake. Can’t a man get any quiet around here? Whatever happened to rest in peace?

The WHINING and SCRATCHING continues. Frank throws the blanket off his face and scowls. Laboriously, he turns his head to the door and glares. When that doesn’t stop the noise Frank finally sits up.

    FRANK (CONT’D)
    Fine then. Have it your way. You win.

Frank sulks over to the door and opens it.

The dog simply sits on the porch, tilts his head, and stares back at Frank.

    FRANK (CONT’D)
    What? You want in, don’t you? I’m letting you in.

The dog GROWLS. Then picks himself up and mopes into the living room.

Frank closes the door, and watches the dog go.

    FRANK (CONT’D)
    You’re worse than my ungrateful kids. Jesus.

Frank follows the dog, who now lays on the floor in front of the sofa, and resumes his own recline.
EXT. BABES AND BEERGLASSES - DAY

A rundown store front that looks foreclosed were it not for the tacky, flashing sign that reads BABES AND BEERGLASSES: OPEN.

INT. BABES AND BEERGLASSES - DAY

Lip stands at a counter closely examining a small cardboard box.

At his side, Kev is chugging a glass of beer. Once the beer’s downed, Kev SLAMS the glass on the table.

A bored SHOPKEEPER stands behind the coutner, reading a newspaper. Lip peers into the inside of the glass.

On the bottom of the glass is the picture of a hula girl bending forward, hiking her skirt up a little, with the caption: FANCY A FUCK?

Lip looks up at Kev.

Kev grins.

Lip shakes his head.

EXT. ODDS&ENDS STORE - DAY

The window of the store displays all manner of lighted signs. One that blinks and reads: OPEN. Another that reads: SOUP DE JOUR. Another of the Budweiser logo.

Lip and Kev walk along the window and stop at the very end of the display to look at a sign that reads: GET IT HERE in pink letters, with a moving graphic on the bottom of a girl opening and closing her legs.

Kev looks to Lip. Lip shakes his head. They continue on.

INT. ROMANCE SHOP - DAY

Lip leans against the counter. Kev holds up a pink dildo decorated with red hearts. Grinning broadly, Kev flicks a switch on the bottom of the contraption.

The dildo lights up and flashes lights. It then starts vibrating - normal at first, then violently. The dildo starts to spark. Kev looks panicked and struggles to flick the switch again.
When he finally turns it off, Kev just holds the dildo in his hands, looking stunned.

Lip glares at the CLERK behind the counter. The clerk shrugs.

INT. ALIBI ROOM - DAY

Lip is working behind the bar. Kev comes in and joins him.

   KEV
   Alright, she should be here any minute. This is perfect. V’s gonna love it.

   LIP
   Yeah, this is actually the best idea you’ve had all day.

   KEV
   My other ideas weren’t that bad.

   LIP
   Sparking dildo?

   KEV
   It was faulty, not my idea. I can’t be blamed for poor craftsmanship.

   LIP
   Hey, when you and Veronica are done with this... super special Valentine’s Day present, d’you think I could... have a go?

Kev looks at Lip, considering.

   MADAME ZELDA (O.S.)
   Hello, boys.

Lip and Kev both turn to see MADAME ZELDA, a black, over the top, Rocky Horror, type drag queen walking toward the bar.

   MADAME ZELDA (CONT’D)
   I’m looking for a Mr. Kevin Ball. Contacted me about a threesome?

Lip and Kev exchange glances.

   KEV
   Uh... Madame Zelda?
MADAME ZELDA
This is she. But only when the sun goes down.

Madame Zelda winks and GIGGLES.

LIP
Kev, she’s supposed to have boobs, not balls. Did you read the entire ad?

KEV
I thought I did.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALIBI ROOM - DAY

Madame Zelda sits at the end of the bar. Kev puts a drink in front of her.

KEV
On the house.

MADAME ZELDA
You sure you don’t want any of this? I’ve got plenty to offer.

KEV
No, it’s not for me. It’s for my wife. For Valentine’s day.

MADAME ZELDA
Well, you change your mind, you know who to call.

Madame Zelda sticks her finger in her mouth and pulls it out slowly, eyeing Kev intently the whole time.

Kev’s eyes widen with both confusion and infatuation. He walks back over to Lip.

LIP
I stand corrected. That is definitely the single worst idea you’ve had all day.

KEV
What do you think she’s got under that dress?
LIP
Seriously, at this rate we’re not going to find anything.

KEV
I mean, like, what is she wearing? Some kind of thong thing for dicks? Whatever it is, it’s gotta be sexy, right?

LIP
That’s it, Kev.

KEV
Do they even make those?

Lip SMACKS Kev’s arm to get his attention.

LIP
Kev.

KEV
What?

LIP
I think I got something.

INT. GALLAGHER LIVING ROOM - DAY
An empty beer can hits the wall and falls to the floor.

FRANK (O.S.)
(bored)
Fetch.

Another empty can hits the wall. Then another. And another.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT’D)
C’mon. Fetch, you stupid creature.

The dog does nothing more than paw at the pillow he’s resting his head on.

Frank leans back on the sofa and sighs, defeated.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Pathetic.

The dog WHIMPERS a little and looks up at Frank. Frank returns the look.
FRANK (CONT’D)
It’s a sad, shitty world out there, isn’t it?
(beat)
And we’re part of it.

The dog picks up one of the cans off the floor with his teeth and places it on the table.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Yeah, you understand that, don’t ya?

The dog BARKS. He continues picking up cans and placing them on the table, essentially cleaning up Frank’s mess.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Maybe you’re not so stupid after all.
(beat)
Frank Jr.
(beat)
What do you think of that name, huh? I always wanted to name one of my kids Frank Jr. But Monica never let me.

Frank Scoffs. Frank Jr. BARKS and starts pawing at a pillow on the ground.

FRANK (CONT’D)
You’re right, Frank Jr. She is kind of a bitch.

The dog BARKS again. When Frank doesn’t respond the dog BARKS again.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Alright, alright, don’t push it.

But the dog continues BARKING.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Shut up for Christ’s sake or I’ll retract the name. That name is a high honor.

The dog’s BARKS become more and more urgent. He starts pawing at Frank.

FRANK (CONT’D)
What!?

Frank shakes the dog off his arm and gives him a scowl.
The dog, not noticing and excited, picks up the pillow he was pawing at with his teeth and starts shaking it. Out of the hole he’d created pillow, small change starts falling out. Then, as the hole gets bigger, bills start falling out.

Frank gets off the couch and starts gathering the money off the floor, amazed.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Frank Jr., we’ve hit the jackpot! Looks like you have a certain... aptitude. Just like your daddy. You know what this means?

The dog BARKS.

FRANK (CONT’D)

Frank grabs his jacket off the floor and heads for the door. Before he can open the door, Lip does from the other side. They nearly walk into each other.

They engage in a stare-off.

LIP
What’s wrong with you?

FRANK
Nothing. In fact I’m feeling much better, thank you for your concern, son. Frank Jr. And I were just on our way out to get some provisions.

LIP
Frank Jr.?

FRANK
Yes. My new favorite son.

The dog BARKS. Lip glares at him, then spies the money in Frank’s hands.

LIP
Where’d you get that?

FRANK
The dog found it. In my pillow. On my couch. In my house.

LIP
Oh. So you stole the rest of Debbie’s Christmas money.
FRANK
My couch. My house--

LIP
Yeah, yeah.

Lip brushes past Frank into the house.

LIP (CONT’D)
Asshole.

Frank zips up his jacket. Then looks back to Lip, who is now walking away.

FRANK
Hey, Lip. You wanna know who my second favorite son is?

Lip doesn’t answer. He simply disappears into the kitchen.

FRANK (CONT’D)
(calling into the kitchen)
Ian! At least he’s doing something worthwhile with his life. Serving his country so that sorry bums like you can hang out in a bar all day.

Frank waits, but Lip still gives no response. After a while, Frank leaves the house, Frank Jr. trailing after him.

INT. GALLAGHER KITCHEN – DAY

Lip’s fists are clenched.

He is standing in front of the fridge, staring at Ian’s letter. Carefully he pulls it free from the magnet and holds it in his hands before stuffing it into the pocket of his jeans.

Lip then grabs the gift off the kitchen counter, where Fiona left it, and makes for the door, leaving the kitchen silent and empty.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL STAIRWELL – DAY

Debbie sits on the stairs moping. She rests her chin on her knees, one arm hanging onto the stair railing the other hand drawing patterns on the toes of her shoes.

A few KIDS pass her walking up the stairs. They ignore her, she ignores them.
Simon walks down the stairs, coming up behind her. He keeps a distance between them.

SIMON
Hey, Debbie.
(beat)
Happy Valentine’s Day.

Debbie ignores him, continuing to stare down at her shoes.

Simon shifts his weight, nervous. He cautiously walks down the steps to where Debbie is and takes a seat beside her.

SIMON (CONT’D)
You know, I saw what Graham and those guys did to you. That was pretty mean of them.

DEBBIE
I don’t want to talk to you about it.

SIMON
Alright, that’s cool. That’s cool.

They sit in silence a moment. Another GROUP OF KIDS come bustling down the stairs. To get past Simon and Debbie they shove Simon’s shoulder into Debbie’s.

SIMON (CONT’D)
Sorry, sorry.

The group of kids leave the stairwell and there’s another silence.

SIMON (CONT’D)
Do you want to get lunch at the cafeteria with me? Soup’s vegetarian this week so you don’t have to worry about it twitching at the bottom of your bowl.

DEBBIE
I can’t.

SIMON
Why not?

DEBBIE
No lunch money.

SIMON
That’s alright. You can share with me.
Simon stands and looks down at her.

DEBBIE
If I say yes, can we split your Jell-O 60/40? Favouring me?

SIMON
Debbie, you can have all of my Jell-O.

Simon offers Debbie his hand.

Debbie wears the slightest of smiles.

DEBBIE
Then, sure. It’s a deal.

Debbie stands, completely ignores Simon’s hand, and goes up the stairs.

Simon just stands there, letting his hand fall.

DEBBIE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Come on. They’re going to sell out.

Simon follows after her.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Simon puts a cup of red Jell-O in front of Debbie. Debbie opens the lid and digs in greedily. He sits down beside her.

SIMON
You sure you don’t want anything else?

DEBBIE
Nah, I’ve found better food in the garbage cans outside rich people’s houses.

Simon looks at his spoonful of soup for a moment, then eats it anyway.

SIMON
Okay, well, I got an extra chocolate milk, just in case.

He puts a chocolate milk carton in front of Debbie. Debbie stops eating, turning to smile at Simon, who doesn’t seem to have taken his eyes off of her for one minute.
EXT. HOTDOG STAND - DAY

Fiona receives a dressed up hotdog from a vendor. Mike is already taking a huge bite out of his.

MIKE
(mouth still full)
This is my favorite hotdog stand--
(swallows)
In all of Chicago.

FIONA
Really?

Mike grins. The two wander away from the stand.

MIKE
It’s also the closest.

FIONA
Can’t undervalue convenience.

Fiona takes a bite.

MIKE
It’s true. These things matter.
(beat)
So, how do you like it?

FIONA
It’s good, it’s good. Definitely worth the 5.75 which you might have to take out of my paycheck over the course of a few weeks ‘cos I don’t think I have any cash on me.

MIKE
No, no. My treat.

FIONA
Well, as generous as that is, I don’t know if I should really be accepting “treats,” from my boss.

Mike stops to look at Fiona.

MIKE
Why not?

Fiona considers this.

FIONA
Well, because...
MIKE
You’re not with that other guy anymore, right?

FIONA
No.

MIKE
Then what’s the harm?

Fiona considers this as well.

MIKE (CONT’D)
You know, it’s not charity if the person on the receiving end is attractive.

FIONA
Excuse me?

MIKE
What?

FIONA
What?

MIKE
Sorry.

Mike averts his eyes and grins shyly. Fiona smiles.

FIONA
Well, if it’s not charity then, what is it?

MIKE
How about a date?

FIONA
Oh, you think?

Mike shrugs.

MIKE
I dunno. Could be. Why? What do you think it is?

Fiona walks over to a bench and sits down. Mike follows, sitting beside her.

FIONA
I guess a date isn’t entirely out of the realm of possibility.
MIKE
So it is a date?

FIONA
I didn’t say that.

Mike gazes at Fiona, chewing his lip, building his courage.

MIKE
Well... how about now?

FIONA
What?

Mike leans in for a kiss.

Their lips make contact and Fiona’s eyes widen. She doesn’t reciprocate and they separate.

Fiona looks like she feels bad.

Mike looks like he just strangled a cat.

For a long moment nobody does anything.

FIONA (CONT’D)
I’ll, uh. I’ll see you back at the office. Thanks for lunch.

Fiona gets up from the bench and walks away. Mike is left holding his half eaten hotdog, knowing he screwed up badly.

INT. SHEILA’S DINING ROOM - DAY

Sheila, in much more Sheila-like clothes, and Barry sit at opposite ends of the dining table in silence. Sheila has already finished her meal and watches while Barry continues to eat.

BARRY
You ever own dogs?

SHEILA
No, but I had a husband. That’s similar, right?

Barry CHUCKLES.
SHEILA (CONT’D)
(thoughtful)
No, I’ve done my fair share of
taking care of others without
having a dog. I do miss it though,
what with Karen gone now.

BARRY
Who’s Karen?

SHEILA
My daughter.

BARRY
Oh. You never mentioned having a
daughter in your online profile.

SHEILA
Well I might’ve been a little...
selective about the information in
my profile.

Sheila fixes her hair a little.

BARRY
Fair enough. You never know who’s
out there anyway.

Barry takes a bite of food.

BARRY (CONT’D)
My buddies set mine up for me. I
don’t even know what’s on there.

SHEILA
(to herself)
Oh, well, that explains it.

BARRY
What’s that?

SHEILA
Nothing.
(beat)
You have kids, Barry?

BARRY
No.

SHEILA
Oh.
Barry takes the last bites of his meal. When he finishes he puts down his utensils, wipes his mouth with a napkin, and pushes his plate away.

BARRY
That was very good, Sheila.

SHEILA
Thank you.

Barry puts his napkin down and folds his hands in front of him, trying to fill the silence with some sort of action.

SHEILA (CONT’D)
Well, I guess I’ll just grab the dishes get ready for dessert.

Sheila stands, gathers the dishes, and exits.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - EVENING

The sun is setting on the city. The street is practically empty.

Lip approaches from a distance, head hung, and hands deep in his jacket pockets.

Mandy walks toward Lip. When she sees him coming her way, she stops.

Lip keeps his head down, but as he gets closer to Mandy he slows down and eventually stops, a distance between them.

Mandy takes a few careful steps forward.

MANDY
Lip.

Lip looks up, and takes a moment before speaking.

LIP
Mandy.

MANDY
How you doin’?

LIP
Alright I guess.

Lip takes his hands out of his pockets and starts rubbing them together to indicate the cold.
Mandy doesn’t notice. She looks out into the open street, considering her next words carefully. Finally she returns her attention to Lip.

MANDY
Have you heard anything from Ian yet?

Instinctively Lip’s hand goes to his pocket. The corner of Ian’s letter sticks out a little. His hand lingers, then falls to his side.

LIP
No.

MANDY
Any ideas where he’s gone or why he might’ve left?

LIP
I have my theories. But I can’t know for sure if I haven’t heard from him, can I?

MANDY
Right. Well, when you do find him, tell him the South Side is lonely without him.

LIP
Uh-huh.

Lip fidgets, uncomfortable and wanting to leave. Mandy nods.

MANDY
Right. See you ’round then.

Mandy starts walking again.

LIP
Yeah, see you ‘round.

Lip walks on. They pass each other. Mandy stops and turns.

MANDY
Happy Valentine’s Day.

Lip ignores her, walking straight ahead. Mandy watches his back go. She scoffs, turns on her heel, and goes on her way.
INT. WORLD WIDE CUP - EVENING

Fiona stands at her desk organizing some papers.
She looks over to the closed door of Mike’s office.
Hal pops up from behind his barrier.

HAL
Good night, Fiona. See you tomorrow.

Fiona looks distractedly over at Hal.

FIONA
Yeah, see you.

Hal exits.

Fiona looks down at her desk, then back to the closed door.
She grabs her bag and starts walking toward Mike’s office.

INT. WORLD WIDE CUP - MIKE’S OFFICE - EVENING

Mike sits with his feet up on his desk. He has a folder of papers in his hand. He fingers the corners of the papers absently, but he’s clearly not reading them.

There’s a KNOCK on the door. Mike is caught off guard.

MIKE
Uh, come in.

Fiona enters just in time to see Mike getting to his feet.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Oh, Fiona.

Mike sub-consciously fixes his hair and brushes a hand down his suit jacket.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Hi.

Fiona closes the door behind her, but stays close to it.

FIONA
I was just coming--
MIKE
I wanted to--

They both stop and LAUGH nervously.

FIONA
I wanted to--
MIKE
I was hoping that--
This time there’s just awkward silence when they stop talking.

MIKE (CONT’D)
You go.

Mike gestures to Fiona.

Fiona holds her hands up.

FIONA
No, no. It’s alright.

Mike shoves his hands in his pockets and walks in front of his desk.

MIKE
I wanted to apologize for this afternoon. I made an assumption based on our... camping history. And I realize I was very unprofessional. And I’m sorry.

FIONA
No, I’m sorry. It was sweet, you just caught me off guard. I did want to kiss you, but...

MIKE
But?

FIONA
I got a present from Jimmy this morning.

MIKE
So you are still with that other guy?

FIONA
No. I haven’t heard from him in weeks. My brother was storing it for him and decided to give it to me.

MIKE
What was it?

FIONA
I didn’t even open it. It’s still pretty painful, you know? And just, what with it being Valentine’s Day and everything...
MIKE
Ah. I see. I should’ve known.

FIONA
It’s okay. It’s not you’re fault.

MIKE
Well, it is my fault for trying to kiss you.

FIONA
I guess that is true.

Mike shifts his weight, pretending to be interested in the carpet.

MIKE
Look, Fiona, if you want to put this all behind you I understand--

FIONA
No, I want to...

Fiona walks toward Mike so they are nose to nose.

They regard each other carefully. After a moment Fiona plants a very small kiss on Mike’s lips. Mike closes his eyes. Then opens them.

MIKE
Are you sure?

FIONA
Maybe we can just... take it slow for a while.

Mike nods.

MIKE
Okay.

They share a breath. Then engage in a passionate make-out.

INT. SHEILA’S KITCHEN – EVENING

Sheila stands at the sink, literally up to her elbows in soap bubbles, washing dishes. She passes the dishes to Barry who stands beside her with a towel, drying the kitchen wares and putting them on the counter.

They are silent for the most part, until Barry CLEARS HIS THROAT.
BARRY
You, uh, you have a very nice house, Sheila.

SHEILA
Thanks. You really don’t have to help, you know. It’s no trouble for me.

BARRY
No, no. I don’t mind.

SHEILA
Okay then.

More silence

Then, from within the bubbles Sheila pulls out a very odd looking, old fashioned, mechanical whisk.

She hands the whisk to Barry who takes it and examines it with curiosity.

BARRY
What is this?

SHEILA
That is a whisk. It’s also a family heirloom, actually. My mother gave it to me when I moved out, and her mother gave it to her when she moved out and so on.

Barry holds it up to the light, turning the wheel.

BARRY
Huh. Looks like a torture device. Or like it could be used for some kind of brutal internal exam, if you know what I mean.

SHEILA
Trust me, I have a whole box of worse things you can use for an “internal exam.”

Barry LAUGHS.

BARRY
What?

Sheila realizes what she said and her eyes go wide.
SHEILA
I mean...

BARRY
Have you...?

Barry looks from the whisk to Sheila, then turns the wheel on the whisk.

Sheila averts her eyes and twists her mouth.

SHEILA
I might... you know...

Barry raises his eyebrows.

Sheila shrugs.

INT. SHEILA’S BEDROOM - EVENING

Barry’s face is a contorted mixture of extreme pleasure and extreme pain. He SCREAMS.

BARRY
Ah! That hurts so good!

INT. VERONICA AND KEV’S HOUSE - EVENING

Veronica sits on the sofa flipping through “mommy” books. She looks a little put out. She hears THE DOOR OPEN but doesn’t bother to look.

VERONICA
Hey, Kev.

Kev comes into the room, excited and pleased with himself, hiding the gift behind his back.

KEV
Happy Valentine’s Day!

He leans down to Veronica and starts smothering with kisses. Veronica smiles and LAUGHS a little, but isn’t overly enthused.

VERONICA
Awe, thanks, baby.

KEV
Here. I got something for ya.
Kev plops down on the other end of the couch and tosses the package to an unready Veronica.

VERONICA
Oh!

Veronica fumbles with the package before holding it in front of her and examining it. She recognizes the wrapping immediately.

VERONICA (CONT’D)
(suspicious)
You got this for me?

KEV
Yup. Just like I told you I did.

Veronica raises an eyebrow, but still goes ahead and unwraps the paper. From within the wrappings are revealed a tacky pair of hot pink panties and a hot pink bra with black lace and rhinestones, and a pair of boxer shorts to match.

Veronica holds up the undergarments and looks at them, confused.

KEV (CONT’D)
See. One for him and one for her!

Kev lunges on top of Veronica, kissing her chest. Veronica just continues holding the undergarments and staring at them.

VERONICA
Kev...

Veronica pats Kev’s shoulder, trying to get his attention.

VERONICA (CONT’D)
Kev.

Kev looks up.

KEV
Yeah, baby?

VERONICA
Did you get these from Fiona?

KEV
No. Lip grabbed them for me. I mean, they were my idea, obviously. He was just helping.
VERONICA
Then Lip got them from Fiona. They were meant for her from Jimmy, only he wasn’t here to give them to her. I know because he asked me what I thought about them. I told him they were tacky as--

Kev looks stunned.

KEV
Oh my god. I’m sorry, baby. I’m so sorry. I just didn’t want you to be upset because I didn’t get you anything.

Kev sits upright. Veronica, again, looks confused.

VERONICA
Why would I be upset? Of all the Valentine’s Days that you’ve forgotten when have I ever been upset?

KEV
Well, I dunno. You were just kind of acting really weird this morning. You know, you weren’t home the first time I woke up, and the second time I woke up you were layin’ all your V-sass on me with that Sheila woman.

VERONICA
I wasn’t given’ you no V-sass.

Kev shrugs.

Veronica sets Kev’s gift on the coffee table and takes Kev’s hands in hers.

VERONICA (CONT’D)
Baby, I’m sorry you thought that I was upset with you. But, you said it yourself, all this stuff with Mama and the baby has been making me a little... uptight.

KEV
Awe, I didn’t mean that. You’re not uptight.
VERONICA
No, no. You were right. I’ve just been worried, you know.

KEV
About what?

VERONICA
I don’t know. I’m just afraid I won’t be good enough, you know?

KEV
Baby, of course you’ll be good enough.

Kev takes Veronica in a tight embrace.

Veronica closes her eyes, savoring the moment.

They separate.

KEV (CONT’D)
You got nothing to worry about.

VERONICA
Thanks.

(beat)
Now, d’you wanna see what I got you for V-Day?

KEV
You got me something?

Veronica stands.

VERONICA
‘Course I did. I’m not the one who always forgets.

Veronica leaves momentarily.

Kev smiles.

When Veronica returns she’s holding a small gift bag.

VERONICA (CONT’D)
It’s not really for you, necessarily. But I think you’ll enjoy it anyway.

Veronica sits back down on the sofa and hands Kev the bag.

From the bag Kev extracts a tiny, blue, baby onesie. He holds it up to look at it.
The onesie reads: DADDY’S LITTLE SQUIRT, and has a graphic of smiling, animated sperm.

Kev’s face melts with happiness.

KEV
V, this is awesome. Thank you.

Kev puts the gift aside and lunges on top of Veronica again. He speaks in between kisses.

KEV (CONT’D)
Our baby’s going to be the coolest, most loved, little squirt on the South Side.

This time Veronica SQUEALS with laughter, a big smile on her face.

They start making out.

EXT. GALLAGHER HOUSE - EVENING

Lip walks down the sidewalk. He turns into the Gallagher’s yard, walks up the steps to the porch and enters the house.

INT. GALLAGHER LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Frank is lounging on the sofa sipping a cold one. Frank Jr. is sitting by him on the floor, having his long hair pulled by Carl. Debbie and Simon are sitting on the coffee table talking, and petting the dog, Liam on Debbie’s lap.

Lip enters, SLAMMING the door behind him. Slowly, he walks into the room.

FRANK
Philip, my boy. Come join the family!

LIP
I didn’t think you wanted me in the family any more.

FRANK
Just because you’re my...

Frank counts on his fingers.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Fifth favorite son, doesn’t mean you’re not a part of the family.
Lip rolls his eyes and slumps down in an armchair in the corner of the room.

DEBBIE
Dad, Simon bought me Jell-O for lunch at school today.

FRANK
Oh yeah?

SIMON
Yes, sir.

Frank leans close to Simon.

FRANK
Well, Simon. Let it be known from this moment onward, that if I hear about you doing anything more than buying my little girl Jell-O I will personally strangle you with my bare hands.

Simon pales.

DEBBIE
Ha. Ha. Good one, Dad.

Frank leans back on the sofa.

In the corner Lip is holding Ian’s still unopened letter in his hands.

CARL
Some kid at school showed me a video of a dog like this getting its hair lit on fire.

Slowly, Lip turns the letter over and begins opening the seal.

DEBBIE
Carl! That’s horrible!

He finishes opening the seal and pulls the letter out of the envelope. He unfolds it and begins reading.

Fiona enters and looks around, confused.

FIONA
What’s going on here?

Everybody in the room stops chatting to look at Fiona.
Lip looks up from the letter at Fiona.

FIONA (CONT’D)
What’s going on here? Why is Frank drinking? Why is there a dog in our living room?

FRANK
The daughter who loves me gave me Frank Jr. as a Valentine’s Day present. And I’m drinking because I got more booze.

FIONA
Touching. But the dog isn’t staying. And if you’re still drinking, nor are you.

DEBBIE & CARL
Awe.

Frank Jr. BARKS a few times.

FRANK
Why not? The dog didn’t do anything. And drinking is just a part of my life.

FIONA
And if you keep it up it’s going to be a part of your death!

Silence.

FIONA (CONT’D)
I’ve seen you do a lot of despicable things, Frank. But if you think I’m going to sit here and watch my father kill himself then you can go f**k yourself. Just not under my roof.

Fiona storms into the kitchen.

FRANK
You’re roof? Really, Fiona...

FIONA (O.S.)
(from kitchen)
It’s not like I haven’t tried, Frank! It really isn’t.

Fiona can be heard AGGRESSIVELY PREPARING DINNER from the kitchen.
FRANK
Oh, get over yourself. I’m not hurting anyone.

The dog starts BARKING and doesn’t stop.

Liam starts CRYING.

DEBBIE
(to Simon)
I’m sorry about that.

Debbie bounces Liam on her knee, trying to soothe him.

FRANK
Would you shut that dog up?

CARL
(to the dog)
Hey, cut it out.

Lip watches from his corner of the room, clutching Ian’s letter in fists.

Carl starts hitting the dog, trying to get it to quiet down.

The dog continues BARKING.

Fiona walks back into the living room, throwing the empties into a bin.

FIONA
Things are finally starting to come together for us, and I am not going to let you ruin everything, like you always do.

FRANK
I do not ruin everything. Carl! Shut that dog up!

The dog breaks from Carl and runs a lap of the room. As he passes Lip he grabs the letter with his teeth, tearing it in half, and makes a break for the open front door.

Lip jumps to his feet.

LIP
Fuck!

Debbie and Simon immediately go after the dog.

DEBBIE
Frank Jr.!
Carl follows after Debbie and Simon.
Fiona and Frank stop arguing and both turn their heads.
Everybody is making a rush to get outside at once.

EXT. GALLAGHER HOUSE - EVENING

Debbie holding Liam, Simon, Carl, Fiona and Frank are all crowded on the front steps of the house. Lip pushes through them.

LIP
Give it back!

The dog is on the other side of the street, half of Ian’s letter in his teeth. The dog starts running back toward the house.

Lip runs toward it.
The dog runs onto the street.
Lip makes it to the sidewalk, but stops.
A car SCREECHES to a halt.

DEBBIE
No!

Frank Jr. goes flying.
The faces of all the Gallaghers and Simon on the porch are complete shock.
Lip staggers backward.
THE DRIVER of the car rolls down their window and leans out.

DRIVER
Watch your fucking pets!
The driver rolls their window back up, drives onto the sidewalk, around the motionless dog, and carries on down the street.
The collective Gallaghers and Simon are still in shock.

CARL
D’you think it’s dead?

Finally Debbie starts walking toward the scene.
FRANK
Wait!

Debbie stops. Everyone turns their attention to Frank.

FRANK (CONT’D)
The dog stays alive, I stay alive. Otherwise, well, I’d rather die drunk.

Debbie looks to Fiona. Exasperated, Fiona shrugs.

Debbie passes Lip, who puts a hand to her shoulder, trying to stop her. She shakes him off and slowly makes her way to the dog.

The Gallaghers and Simon watch from the porch as Debbie kneels over the motionless animal. They can only see her back.

Debbie gently shakes the dog. Her eyes well with tears.

Debbie turns to everybody else and simply shakes her head.

Everybody standing on the porch seems to deflate. Everyone turns to regard Frank, but he is gone.

Debbie stands and takes off down the street.

FIONA
Hey, Debs!

LIP
Let her go.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

Frank is walking away. Debbie chases after him.

DEBBIE
Daddy, you don’t have to go this time.

FRANK
It’s my house, Debbie. Of course I don’t have to go. I want to go.

DEBBIE
Why?
FRANK
Because! Because the only thing
left that I gave a shit about just
died.

DEBBIE
What about us?

FRANK
What about--
(scoffs)
You were the one who brought a
living thing into my life. Allowed
me to care for it. And now it’s
gone.
(beat)
And so am I.

Frank walks on.

DEBBIE
Daddy!

Frank doesn’t stop or turn around. He just walks on down the
sidewalk, into the distance, until he is out of sight.

EXT. GALLAGHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Debbie is sitting on the porch steps. Lip comes down the
stairs carrying a shovel. He puts a hand on Debbie’s
shoulder.

LIP
C’mon, Debs.

Lip starts digging a hole in the ground.

Fiona carrying Liam, Carl, and Simon also come down the
stairs. Simon stops and offers Debbie his hand. She takes it.

Carl goes out into the street to retrieve the dog’s body.

The Gallaghers and Simon stand around the dog-sized hole in
the yard. Candles are lit. Everybody has their heads down and
their arms crossed in front of them. Everybody is silent.

After a while, Lip and Carl lift the dog’s corpse and gently
lower it into the hole.

Tears stream down Debbie’s face. Simon hugs her.

Fiona just stares blankly ahead.
They stand there a little while longer. Then Lip grabs the shovel and starts refilling the hole.

Fiona ushers everyone else inside.

Fiona grabs one of the candles and BLOWS out the flame.

Darkness.

**TAG**

INT. GALLAGHER HOUSE - BOYS’ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lip is a heap under the covers of the top bunk.

There’s a soft KNOCK at the door.

Fiona opens the door just a crack and peeks in.

FIONA  
(softly)

Lip?

Lip doesn’t answer. Fiona tiptoes into the room, places the remaining scraps of Ian’s letter on a pile of Lip’s things, and exits.

Lip’s eyes are wide open, staring at the wall.

The door is heard CLOSING.

Lip clutches his half of Ian’s letter tightly to his chest.

**FADE OUT.**