

WIN, LOSE OR DRAW

Written by

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INT. DINER - MORNING

Mike and Wyatt take a seat at a booth. A WAITRESS approaches and sets menus in front of them.

WAITRESS  
Anything to drink?

Wyatt looks at Mike.

WYATT  
Coffee?

Mike nods affirmatively. Wyatt turns his head to the waitress.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Two coffees, please.

WAITRESS  
No problem. Do we know what we'd like to order or do we need a minute?

WYATT  
We'll take a few minutes, thanks.

The waitress walks away to grab coffee.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Is there anything you might actually miss around here after you're gone?

MIKE  
Consistently available street parking.

WYATT  
Aside from the obvious?

MIKE  
You guys. Coming here...The gumbo at Louie's..The chicken parm at Gino's.

WYATT  
So, mostly food related.

MIKE  
Yeah.

WYATT

I guess I shouldn't be too surprised.

MIKE

You gonna be okay without me?

WYATT

Might be like a baby deer learning to walk initially but I'll get my legs under me.

MIKE

Good, cause once I leave that's it. I'm instituting a clean break.

WYATT

Yeah?! In that case I might need to remember how to make friends.

MIKE

So long as they don't usurp my position.

WYATT

Hey, you're the one who decided to leave. Don't get upset if I decide to recast your part.

MIKE

Fine. Nobody can fill my role anyhow.

WYATT

It's certainly a tall task. You gonna be alright on your own?

MIKE

Yeah, I'll be okay.

WYATT

You just saying that?

MIKE

I'm saying it until it feels like I'm not lying to myself.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Wyatt and Mike hurriedly pull up to Mike's house to find Mike's family all standing behind the moving truck. Their faces read sour from one end of the group to the other.

Mike exits the truck and smirks apologetically as he approaches his mother, who stands with her arms crossed in disapproval.

MIKE

Hi, momma.

She remains displeased as Mike gives her a one-sided hug.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Alright, everybody back in their places. I expect tears from each and every one of you.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike double checks to make sure he has what he needs for the drive and exchanges goodbyes with his family. Wyatt awaits at the end of the line, sharing a dude hug with Mike before he files into the truck.

WYATT

Hey, hold on.

Mike starts the engine and rolls down the window.

MIKE

What? I've got a schedule to keep.

Wyatt pulls his wallet out of his pocket and takes out a ticket stub, handing it to Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What's this?

WYATT

It's your ticket from when we went to the All Star Game down at Comerica.

Mike skims the print on the ticket stub.

MIKE

July, 2005. Shit.

WYATT

Yeah, life moves pretty fast.

MIKE

Hey. No Bueller quotes.

WYATT

I still don't understand why you  
don't like that movie.

MIKE

Nobody's that lucky.

WYATT

You're an emotional abyss of a  
human being. Alright, get outta  
here.

MIKE

I don't need your permission.

Mike checks his mirrors and slowly begins to back out of  
the driveway.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Love you, buddy.

WYATT

Love you, too.