

He eyes his sack lunch consisting of a sandwich and cookies.

John, content, settles into his seat at the dining room table and uncovers his warm breakfast.

He stuffs some eggs into his mouth and enjoys them.

CLUNK

John whips his head toward the back door.

FOREMAN (O.S.)

Hey Tommy, put all the two-by-fours in a pile on the side of the house.

CONNOR (O.S.)

What are you building first?

RING

The phone blasts.

John quickly stands and looks at the phone.

EXT. SKILLPA HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

The phone rings OFF-SCREEN throughout.

John pulls the door open.

JOHN

What are you doing?

Connor and a burly FOREMAN (45) stand on the porch looking at the backyard. A pile of lumber is stacked off to the side of the caboose.

A few other WORKMEN mill about, stacking lumber and moving bits of debris.

CONNOR

Good morning John, we're just starting on the grandstand.

FOREMAN

We need to make sure that the caboose is stable enough to have the platform--

JOHN

I said no, no rally.

Connor steps forward.

CONNOR

But Emma told me yesterday that it was okay.

JOHN

Emma?

John jumps down off the porch, picks up a piece of splintered wood and throws it angrily towards the wreckage.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Get out! All of you!

CONNOR

John, there really is no need--

JOHN

Shut up!

Connor nods to the Foreman.

FOREMAN

Okay fellas, let's take a break. Head out.

The shocked workmen drop what they are doing and leave with the Foreman.

Connor turns to John.

CONNOR

Okay Mister Skillpa, okay.

John plops down on the porch and studies the scene.

JOHN

Mister Black, you can't let her ruin everything.

Connor fidgets with his watch, and then exits.

John takes a long hard look at the pile of lumber stacked next to the caboose.

JUMP CUT TO: