

GARDEN STATE

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY

ZACH BRAFF

**For Educational
Purposes Only**

(NO DRAFT DATE)

IN BLACK:

AIRPLANE PILOT (O.S.)
(panicky; through crackly
radio)
Los Angeles Tower, this is
Transworld two-two Heavy, we are
going down! Repeat... Engines two
and three are... L.A. Tower this is
Mayday! Mayday!

TOWER (O.S.)
(through crackly radio)
2-2 Heavy, Pull up! Pull up!

The RADIO NOISE is drowned out by the A CAPELLA, SOPRANO
VOICE of a young Indian boy as he sings a melodic Hindi
prayer.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN -- NIGHT

THE WORST NIGHTMARE IMAGINABLE:

SLOW MOTION: The plane is going down fast! Everyone panics
and screams in SLOW MOTION as the oxygen masks sway like
plastic pendulums. The SOPRANO VOICE continues the prayer.

ANDREW LARGEMAN (LARGE), 25, is the only passenger who
remains unfazed. Even as the flames from the wing echo fiery
reflections on his cheeks, even as the young mother seated
next to him clutches her newborn and wails towards God, even
as bags fall from the overhead compartment at half-speed and
the beverage cart slides down the aisle, Andrew Largeman sits
peacefully; unaffected.

He calmly reaches up and turns his air vent so it blows
directly on him. He looks up to

THE FASTEN SEAT BELT SIGN

it BINGS as the light flashes on and off. The BINGING
continues more and more frequently; at first in rhythm with
the prayer and then it dissolves into the RING of an
ELECTRONIC TELEPHONE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Whiteness. Morning sun streams through a palatial picture
window. THE PHONE continues to RING. A ceiling fan spins
above stacks of scripts, a cell phone charging, bare walls
and a small human figure dwarfed by the enormous white bed in
which he sleeps.

HIS EYES bounce back and forth under their lids as he dreams
like they're chasing each other in a game of tag.

THE PHONE is finally answered by the machine. Large's eyes
stop moving.

VOICE ON MACHINE (O.S.)
Andrew...This is your father.

LARGE'S EYES slowly float open.

VOICE
Hi, hello, it's uh. Look uh, you don't call me back so I don't know how to do this. If I can't... if you're not gonna return my calls then there's no way for us to communicate. So uh...

(starts to cry)

Look, I don't know how to do this, but you're gonna need to come home now. Last night uh... Your mother died last night, Andrew. She uhh... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. But she uh... she drowned... last night she drowned in the bath...

BEEP. The machine cuts the voice off.

LARGE'S EYES processing.

They slide slowly left, then back right as if scanning in data. He blinks. He blinks again slowly. His eyelids float closed. He falls back to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

IN BLACK:

The RUSH OF WATER from the bathroom sink.

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

Large appears to stare directly at us. He's dazed. His body is there, but his mind seems absent. He reaches to the middle of the frame, almost at us, and pulls open both doors of the mirror he's been staring into.

His face and chest are immediately replaced with the two dozen orange prescription drug canisters that immaculately line the shelves of his medicine cabinet.

He closes the mirror doors and stares at himself.

MUSIC CUE: ("DON'T PANIC" BY COLDPLAY)

EXT. CENTURY CITY PAVILION -- LATER

Large rushes through throngs of people on their lunch break. He manages to avoid eye contact with all of them as he tries to find an address while checking a piece of paper.

He boards an outdoor escalator and starts climbing the stairs.

After a moment he looks to his right through a window into a gym where a man on a Stairmaster is walking alongside him. Large registers something: he isn't going anywhere.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal he's been walking up on the down side. He stands still and lets it bring him all the way down, where he moves to the "Up" one and rises towards the next level. His expression never changes.

INT. CASTING OFFICE -- DAY

A casting assistant sits behind stacks of headshots and manilla envelopes while the PHONE RINGS constantly. Large sits next to another actor that looks exactly like him; they're even dressed alike.

ASSISTANT
Casting, please hold. Casting,
please hold.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL: they are sitting beneath an eight foot photograph of "Urkel" wagging his finger at the camera. A slow 360 degree pan around the room reveals ten other actors identical to Large aggressively rehearsing their lines to themselves.

The ACTOR seated next to Large leans over to him.

ACTOR
We're whores.

Large looks at him.

ACTOR (CONT'D)
"I'm not a whore," you say. And to that I say, "If you would do this... that you would do this... you're a whore." "But it pays the bills," you say; startin' to get a little pissed. And to that I say: "how do whores, how do you think a hooker justifies what she does to her non-hooker friends?"

(beat)

It pays the bills.

(reading)

"Codey, an extreme, special-ops hacker with an edge." What the fuck is an "edge"? Can you explain "edge" to me? Is it just messy hair?

(beat)

Hey, wait. Aren't you the guy who booked the retarded quarterback?

An overweight casting assistant enters.

ASSISTANT
Lukas Fox?

ACTOR
Yeah, hey Sandy.

ASSISTANT

Leslie.

ACTOR

(under his breath)

Fuck.

ASSISTANT

Come on in.

(to the room)

Hey guys, we're only doing the first scene okay; the "I'll cut you!" scene. Thanks.

ACTOR

Good talking with you, bro.

(beat)

Peace.

We hold on Large as he swings his gaze to the actor on his other side aggressively running his lines to the air.

INT. LARGE'S CAR -- DAY

Hazy and claustrophobic in stopped traffic on the 405 freeway. Large stares absently out the window as BLARING SIRENS compete with the obnoxious ramblings of L.A. TALK RADIO.

Large suddenly squints his eyes and clutches his neck in pain.

EXT. FANCY HOLLYWOOD VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Large pulls his car into a parking spot, throws "The Club" on his steering wheel and heads towards the back door of the restaurant. But something catches his eye on the side of his car.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: a gasoline pump nozzle sitting in his gas tank with a foot of tattered hose ripped off at the end. He stares at it, trying to remember the last time he bought gas. He looks both ways and covertly pulls the nozzle from his tank.

He walks towards the back door of the restaurant and throws the nozzle in an open dumpster.

INT. FANCY HOLLYWOOD VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Large flings open the door and enters a long, dark corridor lined with stacked chairs. He passes a WAITER in a black TUNIC wearing eye make-up to make him look Asian.

WAITER.

Dick head. You've got thirty-four and twenty-five seated and Taylor booked a pilot so he quit. You picked a bad night to be late.

Large glides through the chaotic environment unfazed by any of the stress. He rounds a corner to a time card machine and swipes his card. The machine BEEPS and displays the word, "LATE" in red. He crosses to a locker and quickly changes into a black tunic and pants.

He moves through the kitchen which is whirling with over thirty people in white: chopping, frying, sauteing, YELLING. The Vietnamese Chef wears a headset and BARKS ORDERS down the line. Large is met by a FRENCH WOMAN MANAGER. She walks with him as he weaves his way through the kitchen.

FRENCH MANAGER

(french accent)

Ten resumes just today. They come in everyday from Idaho or Florida or Milwaukee and do you know what they want even more than a guest spot on "Everybody Loves Raymond"? They want your job. This will not happen again. This will never happen again. You have two tables. You are thirty minutes late; if I ever say this again, your job will go to:

She pulls off the top resume from the bunch she's grasping; revealing a headshot on the other side.

FRENCH MANAGER (CONT'D)

Todd Slauson from Duluth,
Minnesota.

During all this, Large remains calm and unphased. He takes a stick of eye make-up from the pocket of the tunic and paints his eyes to appear Asian. (As do all the white, good-looking, male waiters.)

He takes a small radio transceiver device from the pocket of the tunic and turns it on. He unwinds the ear piece, pulls it through the back of his jacket, out the neck and into his ear. Immediately we hear a VIETNAMESE MAN'S VOICE giving orders over the ear piece.

VIETNAMESE VOICE (O.S.)

(accented, but monotone)

Waiter number fifteen, your table
number twenty-three is ready.

Large takes a deep breath and pushes open the door into:

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A very fancy Hollywood Vietnamese restaurant filled to capacity with a Friday evening crowd. The energy is completely different from the other side of the door. SOFT ASIAN MUSIC plays, the room is very dim and lit by candlelight.

VIETNAMESE VOICE (O.S.)
 (through earpiece)
 Waiter ten, you forgot the order of
 forty-one for table one-o-one. All
 waiters, eighty-six tuna special.

Large remains dead-pan as he crosses to a table with six
 young, hot Hollywood types.

YOUNG HOLLYWOOD GUY
 What the fuck, man? What are you on
 break?

Large doesn't respond.

YOUNG HOLLYWOOD GUY (CONT'D)
 Don't worry about it; I'm just
 messin' with ya. Lemme get three
 Kettle Red Bulls and...

REELING GIRL
 Can I have a Kettle Cosmo with Red
 Bull, please. And some bread too. A-
 sap.

LARGE
 We don't have bread.

REELING GIRL
 What do you mean you don't have
 bread? How could you not have
 bread?

LARGE
 We just don't have bread it's...
 we're a Vietnamese restaurant.

REELING GIRL
 Well you're not Vietnamese.

LARGE
 No, I'm not.

REELING GIRL
 So?
 (beat)
 Well something to chew on -fuck.
 Bamboo... whatever.

LARGE
 I'll see what I can find.

He turns and walks off.

VIETNAMESE VOICE (O.S.)
 Waiter number twelve, flight number
 121 with non-stop service to Newark
 International will be departing
 from gate D-32.

ON LARGE'S FACE CLOSE as he closes his eyes and we:

FADE TO BLACK:

IN BLACK:

THE BLARE OF A JET LINER TAKING OFF dissolves into

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM -- DAY

THE RUSH OF WATER as Large washes his hands at the last sink in a very long row. He grabs his neck while SQUINTING his eyes closed in pain for a brief second.

A moment later he picks up his bag and heads down the line of sinks. As he passes each sink, he unknowingly activates their motion sensors and each faucet SHOOTS a tiny burst of water.

The NASALLY VOICE of a WOMAN SINGING an off key version of "Once, Twice, Three Times A Lady" with synthesizer accompaniment.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A large group of people are gathered around a steel coffin. Atop the coffin sits a framed picture of a tired looking woman in a wheelchair. This is SARAH LARGEMAN.

We find SYLVIA LARGEMAN, the source of the music. CLOSE ON HER FACE as the assorted palette of colored make-up on her cheeks swirls together with tears until it collects on the tip of her chin and drips like a leaky faucet onto:

HER LYRICS SHEET as a rainbow of tears splatter the words "ONCE" and "TWICE".

The song finishes and the rabbi begins a series of Hebrew prayers. Large squints through the mourners to see his father GIDEON LARGEMAN shovel a handful of dirt onto the casket. Behind him stands CYNTHIA DILLARD, 25, a beautiful young Black woman.

HIS FOCUS RACKS TO REVEAL two young men seated on a rusty tractor smoking cigarettes about thirty yards behind the ceremony.

WE JUMP CUT TO after the ceremony as Large weaves through the crowd and approaches the two men. We see now they are MARK, 26, good looking in a dirty way. And DAVE, 26. They are quite filthy, but each sports expensive jewelry and black yarmulkes.

They look up as Large approaches.

MARK

Holy shit!

LARGE

T'sup.

DAVE
Holy shit!

MARK
Largeman, what the hell are you
doin' here?

LARGE
(embarrassed)
Oh... uh that's my mom.

DAVE
Fuck.

MARK
Fuck. Sorry.
(beat)
Well... welcome home.

LARGE
Thanks. Yeah. How you guys doin'?

MARK
Same.

DAVE
Same.

LARGE
Nice.

Silence.

MARK
Where the fuck you been, man?
You're like still acting and shit,
right?

LARGE
Yeah.

DAVE
In LA right?

LARGE
Yeah.

MARK
That's cool. I hear that place is
pretty fucked up, man. I got a
cousin who's a writer out there. He
says that place is mad crazy. Coke
everywhere, parties, horny-ass
bitches...

DAVE
Who?

MARK
What?

DAVE
Which cousin?

MARK
Terry.

DAVE
Terry's in LA? I thought he was
gettin' his GED down in Newark.

MARK
No bitch, he's in LA now. He's a
writer. He's writin' a movie about
snowboarders or some shit, I don't
know. I should introduce you to him
Largeman, maybe you guys could do
something together.

LARGE
Great.

DAVE
So what are you doin' tonight, man?

LARGE
Nothing... no plans. I'm just here
for a couple days... nothing.

DAVE
You should come out with us, we're
gonna head over to the Gleason's
house. He's having some huge
fuckin' party tonight or something.

MARK
Supposedly.

DAVE
Supposedly.

LARGE
Really?

MARK
Yeah, he lives up on the hill.
We're probably gonna head over
there right after we bury your Mom.

DAVE
Well I gotta shower.

MARK
Same.

LARGE
Okay, well... You know I'll have to
see with all this... this.

MARK
All right. Well, welcome back.

DAVE

Peace.

Large heads back to his car. The crowd has dispersed.

INT. LARGEMAN HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON: An enormous portrait photograph that fills a wall: In it, Large (as a young boy), Sarah (not yet in a wheelchair) and Gideon Largeman huddle together with a Black woman and her young daughter (Cynthia) against a white background. They all wear white t-shirts, blue jeans and no socks. Everyone but Sarah smiles widely into the lens.

"Shiva" is in full swing as forty or so older suburban Jewish New Jersey'ites of every shape and size mingle over small food and small talk. The camera moves past several conversations:

A heavy woman with gobs of make-up and lots of gold.

WOMAN 1

...Well you had to call her; she never called anyone.

A woman in a white tennis outfit talking to a group.

WOMAN 2

This was a woman who never smiled.

An older man in glasses with cream cheese all over his lips.

MAN 1

Somebody ate all the lox.

THE CAMERA MOVES TO: Two very Jewish older ladies simultaneously telling the same story to a group of friends.

LADY 1

The new thing is "Talk to the hand."

LADY 2

That's what they're doing.

LADY 1

But you got a hold it out like this.

LADY 2

Like you're saying...

LADY 1

"I don't have the time for you."

LADY 2

"So talk to my hand."

LADY 1

"He's the only one with time..."

LADY 2
Like you're saying...

LADY 1
"I don't have the time for you."

LADY 2
"So talk to my hand."

LADY 1
"He's the only one with time..."

LADY 2
"Time for the nonsense that you're giving me."

Large sits on a couch in the den next to his Aunt Sylvia, the singer from the funeral. Some young children play on the rug in front of them. Large stares off into space as she pets one of the children's heads and looks to Large for conversation.

SYLVIA
Did you know your mother redid the hallway bathroom?

Large looks over, realizing she's talking to him.

LARGE
What? Sorry. Who?

SYLVIA
Since I met her she never showed an interest in anything. Then all of a sudden a month ago she wakes up and decides to redecorate a bathroom. I helped her.

LARGE
That's great.
(trying his best)
I'll bet it was... fun.

SYLVIA
Well I sew. I made you something.

LARGE
Me? Thank you. Did you...sew it?

SYLVIA
It's a shirt.

LARGE
Great.

SYLVIA
I made short sleeves... you know, for LA.

LARGE
Great. I'll wear it.

SYLVIA
Will you try it on now?

LARGE
Now?

SYLVIA
Well just in case I have to fix it
before you leave again and we don't
see you for another nine years, I
want to make sure it fits.

LARGE
Oh. Okay.

SYLVIA
You're gonna love the material. I
used the leftovers from your
Mother's design. Gorgeous.

INT. HALLWAY BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Large flips the light on to reveal the entire bathroom is
done in the same floral pattern; everything: wallpaper,
towels, curtains. He looks down at the shirt; it's the same
pattern.

He slides his sweater off to reveal his pale, thin chest. He
stares at himself in the mirror for a moment. He tilts his
head to the right and stares at his body.

He pulls the shirt on and buttons up the front. As he does
his entire chest and person disappear into the design of the
room. He looks at himself in the mirror; it looks like his
head and forearms are floating in mid-air.

Large almost smiles as he makes his forearms dance around in
mid-air.

INT. GIDEON'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

GIDEON LARGEMAN sits alone at his desk. Large enters.

LARGE
Hi.

GIDEON
Hello.

LARGE
How you doin'?

GIDEON
"Well besides that Mrs. Lincoln,
how was the show?"

LARGE

You know I'm not really sure what to say here, Dad, so I'm sorry.

GIDEON

Mmmn.

(beat)

Did you see Cynthia?

LARGE

From afar at the cemetery.

GIDEON

She's on call tonight; she volunteers as an EMT for the Rescue Squad. She's doing so well in med school.

LARGE

Yeah, she's amazing. I'm really happy that everything's working out so well for her. She deserves that.

GIDEON

I have very fond memories of the two of you running around here when you were little kids like brother and sister.

Silence.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

So how are you?

LARGE

I'm okay.

(searching)

I've been getting these pretty bad headaches lately. It feels like a quick little lightning storm in my brain and then it's gone. I was thinking maybe you could set me up to get it checked out while I'm here.

GIDEON

Go see Dr. Cohen first thing tomorrow morning. He's a neurologist in my building. I'll call him and he'll fit you in. I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

Silence. Large nods.

LARGE

House looks great.

GIDEON

Oh? That's nice. We've been...
doing a lot of work on it.

LARGE

Really?

GIDEON

Actually, no. I don't know why I
just said that. We haven't done
anything to it.

(beat)

We cleaned it for this; for this
whole thing. Janice has been
cleaning.

LARGE

The bathroom in the hall. I noticed
someone redid that.

GIDEON

Yeah. That's new. Did you eat? You
should eat. Aunt Sylvia put this
whole thing together out there. I
think there's enough food out there
for... everybody. I mean, more than
everybody... there's a lot of food
out there.

LARGE

Okay. I think I'll go have some..

GIDEON

There's dessert too.

LARGE

Great. Okay.

GIDEON

Cake or something.

LARGE

Great.

Large starts to leave.

GIDEON

I'm glad you're here.

Large stops in the doorway.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Saying goodbye is important. I'm
glad you could... fit it in.

They nod at each other. Large walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A tattered, vintage American Flag sits framed above the bed. Large eases past all the shelves; trinkets, nothing seems to mean anything and then

A PICTURE

Several people are seated amongst dozens of presents laughing. A seven year old Large stands with his arm around a seven year old Cynthia. They both wear enormous "chicken-foot" slippers and smile from ear to ear.

Large's POV: zooms into the face of the only person in the photo not smiling. This is Sarah Largeman. She stands; not yet requiring a wheelchair.

He crosses to the bed and sits down. The surface sends waves towards the pillows throwing them off the bed, revealing it's a waterbed.

A LOUD RING from a PHONE on the bedside table which appears to be made out of Legos. He answers it.

LARGE

Hello?... Hey. No... Yes.

INT. THE GARAGE - NIGHT

Large pulls away a tarp to reveal a classic World War II Army motorcycle with a sidecar. The corner of his mouth raises and holds the idea of a smile.

MUSIC CUE: "REMY ZERO"

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Large flies through the suburban sprawl without a helmet. THE MUSIC BLASTS.

The wind throws his hair back as Large whips through the back roads. He's going really fast. He closes his eyes, flying by a COP CAR doing eighty before he opens them again. LIGHTS FLASH behind him as he pulls over.

LARGE

Fuck.

The cop car stops behind him and blares him with the search light.

COP

Hands on your head, please!

LARGE

What?

COP
I said PUT YOUR MOTHERFUCKING HANDS
ON YOUR FUCKING HEAD PLEASE!!!

Large does it. All we can see is a silhouette of a figure standing amidst the blaring lights and swirling blue and red colors.

COP (CONT'D)
Eighty-two in a twenty-five. Are you gonna tell me your late or just tired?

LARGE
I didn't...

COP
Shut the fuck up.
(beat)
You could have killed some little kid or a baby deer.

He saunters closer.

COP (CONT'D)
You do have a license don't you.

Large takes it out and passes it behind him, squinting. When the COP gets it, he steps finally into the light. He's a skinny kid, maybe 23, with a baby face!

COP (CONT'D)
Largeman?

Large squints?

LARGE
Kenny?

KENNY
Holy shit! How you doin' man?

LARGE
Great!

KENNY
Your Mom just died.

LARGE
I know.

KENNY
I mean that's why you're home.

LARGE
Yeah... yup.
(beat)
You're a cop, Kenny?!

KENNY
I know, I know.

LARGE
Why, Kenny?

KENNY
I don't know; I couldn't think of anything better to do. And it's really cool though, man. People really listen to you. They have to. And check this shit out.

He pulls his gun out of his holster to show Large.

KENNY (CONT'D)
(pointing)
That's the safety. Plus the benefits; if I get shot I'm rich.

LARGE
Yeah but, I mean... Kenny, the last time I saw you, you were blowing coke lines off the top of a urinal.

KENNY
I had to grow up now, man. I wasn't makin' shit at the fish market. No one knew who I was. I couldn't get laid. This is a much better situation for me. Speakin' of which, how did I do?

LARGE
What do you mean?

KENNY
I mean you know... how did I do?

LARGE
You mean like... as a... cop?

KENNY
Yeah.

LARGE
I don't know. I mean I thought you were a dick... so I guess that's good.

KENNY
Ah fuck, man. I hear you're like some huge movie star; you played some big football player or something. I didn't see it.

LARGE
Yeah.

KENNY
Fuckin' DeNiro and shit.

LARGE
What?

KENNY
He's awesome.

LARGE
Yeah.

KENNY
Deer Hunter. We should talk, man; I
have some good ideas for movies,
and you could like play me and
shit. "Stories From the Force."

LARGE
Yeah, definitely.

They stand there; nodding.

KENNY
So what are you doin' tonight?

LARGE
That depends, are you arresting me?

Kenny laughs.

KENNY
Shut the fuck up! Course not.
(beat)
But you got to put your helmet on,
man; leading cause of death on the
highway for males in our age
bracket.

LARGE
Okay.

KENNY
Wanna see my kid.

He shows Large a picture in his wallet.

LARGE
You got a kid, too? Wow.

KENNY
Everybody's got kids now, man;
they're great. It's like your own
"Mini-Me"; way better than my cats.

LARGE
(re: picture)
Cute. Gold teeth?

KENNY

Well this was Halloween. He was "OL' Dirty Bastard." Yeah, already likes rap like his dad. So what d'you say you were doin' tonight?

LARGE

I think I'm gonna meet Mark and Dave over at some party.

KENNY

The Gleasons?

LARGE

Yeah, I think.

KENNY

Can you believe that kids havin' a party at that house? His brother hung himself like two weeks ago in his bedroom.

LARGE

Really?

KENNY

Cut him down myself. Seth. Did you know him?

LARGE

I don't think so.

KENNY

He tried like three times. Finally got what he wanted.

(beat)

Anyway... So okay, you get going, I'll see you over there in a bit.

LARGE

Oh, you get off soon?

KENNY

No. But we'll be by to bust it up by two. If it's crowded we might get to wear riot gear.

LARGE

Oh, that would be great... to see that. So I guess I'll see you then.

KENNY

Great seeing you, man.

LARGE

Yeah. You too.

Kenny gets in his car and pulls up alongside Large. He picks up the CB and the PA CRACKLES on:

KENNY
(over PA)
Pull over, the vehicle!

Kenny nods his head up and down to Large like "Isn't this cool?" Large waves goodbye. Kenny floors the cop car and BLARES the SIREN with LIGHTS FLASHING as he SCREECHES away.

CUT TO:

INT. GLEASON HOUSE - NIGHT

Large weaves his way through a raging, crowded high-school style party: LOUD MUSIC, smoky, sweaty drunk people, kegs. Most of the people are 18 to 21.

INT. GLEASON KITCHEN - NIGHT

A bunch of people are gathered around Mark as he tells a drunken story. The group laughs.

MARK
Holy shit look at this guy!

Everyone looks to Large at the end of the line.

MARK (CONT'D)
Get the fuck up here, bitch! This guy does not wait for a beer! This is a movie star! This is Jersey's DeNiro and shit.

Mark sloppily hugs Large. Others slap him five as Large awkwardly navigates between variations of hugs and handshakes.

DRUNK
What are you doin home?

A beat as Large realizes he has to answer that question.

LARGE
I uh...

MARK
Press junket.

DRUNK
That's phat yo. Fuck yeah, Serpico and shit...

The crowd quickly moves onto other things.

MARK
(in a whisper)
You like that? That's improvisation, bitch. You can use it.

INT. GLEASON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk through the crowd as Mark recruits cute girls to join them upstairs. They walk up the stairs past family pictures and school photos made crooked by drunken backs.

Mark points to a photo of an awkward looking young man.

MARK

You see this?

LARGE

Is that him?

MARK

That was him. Dug the hole myself.

LARGE

Did you know him?

MARK

Nah. Ugly motherfucker though, huh?

It pains Large to even try to respond to that.

MARK (CONT'D)

You want to see the most fucked up thing?

They arrive at the landing outside a door with a "New Jersey Devils" poster on it.

MARK (CONT'D)

This is the fucked up thing.

He swings the door to the bedroom open revealing the dark bedroom of your average teenage boy. A teenage couple drunkenly makes out on the bed. The mattress has no sheets.

MARK (CONT'D)

Check that out.

Mark points to a hole in the ceiling where a ceiling fan has been ripped out. Wires dangle. The fan lies next to the bed.

GUY HOOKING UP

Hey, get the fuck outta here!

MARK

Shut the fuck up. Who is that, O'Malley? I'll beat your ass!

GIRL HOOKING UP

Is that Andrew Largeman?

LARGE

(squinting to see)

Yeah, who's that?

GIRL HOOKING UP
Hey, it's Karen. Karen Dullis?

LARGE
(no idea)
Oh, hey.

GIRL HOOKING UP
You don't remember me? You
fingered me at the Dinner Dance.

LARGE
Oh hey, what's up.

GIRL HOOKING UP
Nothing. I saw you on TV.

GUY HOOKING UP
Okay, can you please get the fuck
out now.

GIRL HOOKING UP
Shut up!

Mark pulls the door closed.

MARK
I can't tell what's more
disgusting; those two hooking up in
that room, or those two hooking up.

INT. GOLF ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Everything in the room is golf. It is one man's wood paneled
shrine to the sport of golf: golf carpet, posters,
autographs, etc. A group of people sit around the couch
drinking beer, passing joints. Smoky, dark.

Large notices JESSE, a wiry 25 year old in thick glasses.

LARGE
Hey, what's going on, man?

JESSE
Largeman.

They hug and pat each other on the back.

LARGE
I heard you're kicking ass, man.

JESSE
Yeah. You gotta come by my new
place.

LARGE
Yeah, definitely.

JESSE
Sorry... you know... I heard.

LARGE
Oh, thanks... yeah - thanks.

JESSE
That's fucked up.

LARGE
Yeah... So I definitely wanna come by and check out your new pad. You gotta tell me what happened.

JESSE
Basically, "The Man" bought my silent Velcro patent.

LARGE
What?

JESSE
Well you knew I was an inventor right?

LARGE
No. But I haven't seen you since we were sixteen.

JESSE
Oh well yeah... I wasn't really an inventor yet. Anyway I developed this little item that's just like Velcro but doesn't make that annoying Velcro noise.

LARGE
How much did they buy it for?

JESSE
A lot.

LARGE
Wow. So what are you doing now?

JESSE
Nothing.

They laugh.

LARGE
Seriously.

JESSE
Seriously. Absolutely nothing. I've never been so bored in all my life. The first month I bought a whole bunch of shit, but then that got boring. But I... nothing.

LARGE

That's so crazy. But I mean like, are you gonna travel or like what are you gonna do? Shouldn't you like help starving kids or something?

JESSE

I'm not really motivated to do much at all. It's kind of funny, I guess I had kind of planned on my whole life being about struggling to get money. But now that I've got more than I ever dreamed, I'm really not sure what to do with myself. I stare at walls a lot.

DAVE

Can you believe that shit, Large? This guy has one idea and he's a trillionaire. I got a thousand ideas, but I gotta sit around and wait for all my relatives to die.

They join the group. Mark blows coke off a large golf book. Dave has a young girl on his lap. Large begins to notice that the girls in the room, although quite attractive, are pretty young; 17-19.

As he pans the room, he lock eyes with a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL. They play chicken briefly to see who will break the stare first. Large does and looks to his right where someone has just passed him a joint. He hits it and passes it on.

MARK

Here, bro.

He passes Large the golf book.

LARGE

Oh no thanks, man.

MARK

Really? But you're like a movie star and shit.

LARGE

No, no thanks.

JESSE

Well then here. Eat this.

Jesse opens his palm to reveal a tiny hit of E with a SMILEY FACE on it.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Welcome home.

Large takes it in his hand and thinks about it. He looks around at everyone else in the room eating them; including the cute girls.

LARGE

I guess I'll see you guys later.

He eats the hit. They laugh.

DANA

Should we play a game?

DAVE

Other than golf?

They laugh.

KELLY

No, let's play Spin The Bottle.

The idea is met with mixed reaction from the group.

LARGE

(to Jesse)

I'm not playing Spin The Bottle;
how old are we? Or more
importantly, how old are they?

Jesse passes Large the joint.

JESSE

They're all legal. I think.

He smiles a toothy grin. KELLY, a young hot girl with a raspy voice takes control.

KELLY

Well we just ate all this fuckin'
ex, what the hell else are we gonna
do?

JESSE

The girl has a point.

MARK

Okay, how 'bout this.

He holds up a bottle of Tequila with a ribbon around its neck.

MARK (CONT'D)

First let's finish Daddy's golf
tequila. Then we can use this
bottle.

The group loves this idea. As they laugh and party the CAMERA FINDS ITS WAY to Large's face as he feels the weed and the beginning of his trip. His eyes and face navigate the bump start.

THE REST OF THIS SCENE WILL VACILLATE BETWEEN REGULAR, SPED-UP AND SLOW MOTION.

The party seems to fast forward around Large; the MUSIC FADES TO ONE LOW NOTE until it breaks with people calling his name.

ALL

Large!

He snaps his attention to the game. The bottle is pointed directly at him.

JESSE

Largeman, this is Dana.

Large looks over to the sexy young girl whom he locked eyes with before. She smiles at him. Awkwardness fills the room.

DANA

Hi.

LARGE

(snapping out of it)

Oh, who's up?

They all laugh. She gets up and slowly walks over to the couch. She smiles nervously. Large stares at her. We see in his eyes he's feeling more fucked up every instant. She stands above him at the couch, then straddles him with her knees on either side of his legs; sitting on his lap.

The MUSIC PLAYS.

Everyone is speechless. She slowly leans in. Eye contact. They kiss softly enjoying every second. It's incredibly sexy.

HIS FINGERS CLUTCH HER THIGH

They stop and look at each other. She kisses him on the cheek and gets up. Everyone reacts and some clap.

JESSE

This is gonna be a good night.

Everything SPEEDS-UP and SLOWS DOWN. A barrage of images: people hooking up, girls kissing girls, guys feeling girls up, joints being passed, one girl crying, Mark showing off his golf swing, Large trying to take deep breaths, Jesse and Dave hugging, two-figures moving quickly under a blanket. Kenny in full riot gear letting people take turns hitting him in his helmet.

FASTER: hands gripping each other, a nose on a neck, hands gripping a waist.

ECU: Large's face as his eyes swim in their sockets; and the corners of his mouth lift with the idea of a smile.

The motion of the room is sped to a blur until finally:
BLACKNESS.

A BLARING LIGHT comes out of the darkness. Morning sun streams through a window revealing Large's face, full frame, eyes still closed. Across his forehead in thick black marker the word "BALLS" is written.

His eyes open wide. He has no idea where he is. His eyeballs swing left, then right. As Large sits up

THE CAMERA pulls back to reveal we are

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Large sits on the sofa covered in an afghan. White morning sunlight pries past the beach towels covering the windows to highlight the dust in the air.

A NOISE in the kitchen pops Large's eyes open. He has no idea where he is.

Large's POV into the kitchen reveals limited glimpses of a person walking around; like a hunter's amateur video of his Bigfoot sighting.

He can only make out pieces: a sword, boots, then a cereal box.

Then quickly the figure turns into perfect view: a Medieval Knight in full regalia. They make eye contact for a second and Large slams his eyes shut. When he opens them again the knight is gone.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Large and Mark sit with CAROL, Mark's mother and TIM PAYTON, 25. Carol is mid-forties and always looks like she's got a cold or has just been crying. Tim is dressed as a Medieval Knight.

Large and Mark stare at Tim as he SLURPS down his cereal. Carol smokes a thin cigarette. Mark is shirtless. No one addresses the fact that it says "Balls" in black marker on Large's forehead.

Silence but for the CLANKING of SILVERWARE and TIM'S SLURPING.

CAROL

It's good isn't it.

No one responds, so Tim nods to be nice.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I always try to save a couple of marshmallows for the very end, but I can never make it.

(MORE)

My mind wanders and I'm left with flakes and pink milk. And yet each time I pour a bowl I tell myself that this time, this is gonna be the time I'm gonna save at least one.

LARGE

So, Tim, how long you been working at Medieval Times?

TIM

Three years. But I've only been a knight for two. You have to pay your dues. I worked in the stables and helped in the kitchen.

CAROL

When I started he was making the coleslaw. It hasn't been the same since you got knighted.

TIM

I really just stirred it.

CAROL

Don't be modest. Mr. Modesty won the joust last night.

LARGE

Congratulations.

TIM

It's not that big a deal, it's fixed.

LARGE

What was it that happened to you in high school? You had a thing, but I forgot what it was.

MARK

He got the shit kicked out of him.

CAROL

No he didn't.

MARK

How do you know? He got the shit kicked out of him by Tyrell Freedmen.

LARGE

I remember that. That was so fucked up. Why did he do that?

TIM

I fucked him up too.

MARK
He knocked your teeth out.

TIM
He said I bit off him 'cause I got
the same Jordans.

CAROL
What?

LARGE
That's right.

CAROL
Who?

TIM
Tyrell said I bit off him 'cause I
got the same Jordans he did. But
his were the red ones and mine were
all white.

MARK
Yours were red too by the time he
was done with you.

Everybody laughs but Tim.

MARK (CONT'D)
Air bloody tooth.
(beat)
So what are those, like fake teeth
you got now?

TIM
He only chipped one tooth. So what
are you up to now, Mark, digging
graves?

Silence. A SPOON CLANKS on a plate.

CAROL
Mark's getting into real estate.

Silence. Mark FLICKS open his Zippo lighter and lights a
cigarette.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Tim can speak Klingon.

LARGE
What?

TIM
No, I can't.

CAROL
Yes, you can.

MARK
What the fuck is Klingon?

LARGE
Like the Star Trek guys?

CAROL
Yup. He can talk in their language.

TIM
She's kidding.

CAROL
No, I'm not. He's being shy. Are you being shy?

MARK
Don't be shy, Tim.

LARGE
Yeah let's hear it, man?

TIM
It's just made up. The guy who plays the wizard at work is a Trekkie. I don't really...

CAROL
He's being shy. Say what you said to me last night.

TIM
No.

MARK
Yeah, Tim. Say what you said to her last night.

Silence. Everyone stares at Tim.

TIM
I gotta get going anyway.

MARK
(Sharp)
Say what you said to her last night.

TIM
Kuntar peteeky maya. Al fook soo.

They all stare at him. Then burst out laughing.

MARK
You've got to be kidding me.

CAROL
It means, "I like to mate after battle."

TIM
(quickly)
That's not what I said.

CAROL
Yes.

TIM
No, that wasn't the one I said.
This one means "kill Kirk" and also
"hallelujah" depending on the
context.

MARK
You must have gotten it confused
with "Pleej artulyah. Hagtooth
pleep."

They laugh.

CAROL
That was good, honey.

MARK
You know what that means, Tim?

TIM
No I don't know the whole language,
I just...

MARK
Well I do. It means get the fuck
out of my house before I chop your
fuckin' head off.

Silence. Large stares at Mark in disbelief, then starts to
LAUGH. They all start to join him except Mark. They stop
laughing.

CAROL
Mark, he's a knight.

MARK
He's just a fast-food knight.

TIM
I should get going anyway.

He gets up to leave. But his sword gets caught between his
chair and the table. They all watch as he fumbles to undo
himself. He's like John Ritter at his finest. Large and Mark
just laugh.

TIM (CONT'D)
Thanks for the cereal. By the way,
it says "balls" on your face.

Carol follows Tim out. Large slides to the microwave door's
reflection.

LARGE
You asshole!

MARK
My Mom did it.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Mark and Large sit captivated by ALLIGATORS EATING ZEBRAS on TV. Large's forehead is now merely smeared with black ink.

Mark leans forward to pull a bong hit from a blackened, colored tube. He coughs out his hit and reclines his bare back against the torn pleather couch. Carol enters and stands next to them watching the TV.

CAROL
What's this?

She finds a long, thin cigarette with lipstick on it in the ashtray and lights it.

MARK
What the fuck is that shit, Mom?

CAROL
Where's this? Gimme a hit of that.

MARK
Don't bring those fucking people here anymore, Mom. Or I'm leaving. I'm serious. No Medieval Times people in this house.

He passes the bong to his Mom. She smokes it, then sits down, forcing them both to slide over. Several cats surround her.

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm declaring it. Now. It's declared, now. Thank you. No more.

CAROL
Did you tell Large about the tapes?

MARK
No, Ma. I'm not doin' the stupid tapes.

LARGE
What are the tapes?

CAROL
Real estate tapes. You can make up to a hundred thousand your first year. You should have seen the boat this one Oriental had.

(MORE)

He even had his own game show in China he made so much money. I think Mark would be perfect at it.

MARK

Mom, shut-up about those fucking tapes. It's a scam.

CAROL

It's not a scam. They show you how to do it. It's not hard, honey. Then I could retire and we could have our own game show.

Carol and Large share a laugh.

MARK

In China.

CAROL

In China is right.

LARGE

So... what, you like sell property?

MARK

It's bullshit. You were just all baked out and you thought it would be a good idea.

CAROL

Well I'm doin' it. I'm savin' up for those tapes. 'Cause I know what you could be if you just applied yourself.

MARK

I do apply myself, Mom; everyday. I work my ass off burying dead people, okay? I'm only twenty-six, I'm not in any rush. What's your rush for? Just let me be, all right? I don't rush you.

CAROL

Well then I'm gonna do them then.

MARK

Fine. Do'em.

CAROL

I will and then I won't let you come on my yacht. Large, you're welcome anytime, but leave your friend behind.

Large LAUGHS. She checks her watch.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Shit, I gotta go to my meeting.
Okay.

She stands up and then leans over and kisses Mark on the top of his head.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Okay. Love you. Okay, bye Large
good to see you.

LARGE

Yeah. Good to see you too.

She gets to the door, then crosses back to Mark.

CAROL

Don't sit in here all day you guys;
I took the batteries outta that
carbon monoxide detector 'cause it
was beeping all night.

She slams the front door.

MARK

She drives me crazy. She's gets all
fried out and makes me feel like I
gotta impress her all the fucking
time. And you know what? I'm okay
with being unimpressive; I sleep
better.

Large sits forward abruptly.

LARGE

Oh no! What time is it?

INT. NEUROLOGIST'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Large rushes in to the counter. A female Hispanic
RECEPTIONIST looks up.

LARGE

Hi, I'm Andrew Largeman. I'm sorry.
I'm a little late for my
appointment.

She looks at her watch.

RECEPTIONIST

(slight accent)

Okay, Andrew. I'm going to need you
to fill out this paperwork for me,
and we'll call you when we're ready
for you.

LARGE

Okay, thanks. Sorry.

He sits back down and begins filling out the form.

The door opens and a blind woman with a seeing eye-dog enters. The Receptionist sees her and calls out:

RECEPTIONIST

Hi Mrs. Lubin.

MRS. LUBIN

Oh, hello there.

RECEPTIONIST

Just have a seat and we'll be with you soon.

MRS. LUBIN

Thank you.

She sits. Large turns back to his paperwork. He fills out a line before he notices the "seeing-eye-dog" has wandered over to him. Large looks at him.

LARGE

(cold, disinterested)

Hi, how are you?

The dog looks both ways before mounting Large's leg and proceeds to thrust his groin to and fro.

Large tries to shove him off. He looks back at the blind woman who stares off in the other direction. Large is about to say something to her but he stops himself.

LARGE (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

Get off. Off.

The dog thrusts away.

LARGE (CONT'D)

(Tight whisper)

Stop it. Heel. No thrust.

Finally Large gives up and decides to just let it hump away. He tries to return to his paperwork. Someone BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. Large turns to see a cute 20 year old GIRL he hadn't seen sitting in the corner. She wears really big headphones.

LARGE (CONT'D)

Got any suggestions?

GIRL

Kick his balls.

MRS. LUBIN

Ready for me?

The girl and Large look to each other, the receptionist is gone.

GIRL
(impersonating
receptionist)
Not yet Mrs. Lubin.

The dog humps away.

The girl comes over and sits one seat away from Large.

GIRL (CONT'D)
(softly)
Kick his balls.

LARGE
I don't want to hurt him.

GIRL
It's the only way to teach them. I
have three Dobermans. If I didn't
kick them in the balls regularly
I'd never get anything done.

LARGE
Yeah, but I don't want to like
destroy future generations of
charitable dogs. Besides he's got
to be close to finishing by now.

GIRL
Not yet, here comes the lipstick.

They sit and watch him go.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Oh, he's gonna be sore tomorrow.

WIDE SIDE ANGLE ON: the whole waiting room. Everything still
but the dog's thrusting pelvis.

RECEPTIONIST
Mrs. Lubin?

MRS. LUBIN
Yes.

RECEPTIONIST
We're ready for you.

MRS. LUBIN
Okay. C'mon Arthur.

Arthur immediately responds to her voice and returns to her
side to lead her into the office.

LARGE
I feel so used.

She laughs.

LARGE (CONT'D)
Thanks for your help. Or at least
your good intentions.

SAM
I recognize you.

LARGE
Oh, did you go to Columbia High?

SAM
No, not from high school, from TV.
Didn't you play the retarded
quarterback.

LARGE
(Wishing she'd go away)
Yeah.

SAM
Are you really retarded?

He stares at her.

LARGE
No.

SAM
That's cool. Great job, man. You
were- I mean I thought you were
really retarded. You were just as
good as that Corky kid and he's
really retarded. I mean if there's
some kind of like retarded Emmy you
could win. You'd kick Corky's ass.

LARGE
I got to fill this thing out, but
thank you for... that.

SAM
Oh, okay. Right on. My cousin's an
actor. Jake Ryan Winters. I doubt
you'd know him. He was on "Sheena"
once as some gnome or something. I
think that's great though.

LARGE
Thank you.

SAM
Oh that last scene where you make
that speech to the whole stadium
and your Dad gives you the thumbs
up; that was - it was emotional. I
mean I didn't cry, but I think my
Dad did.

(MORE)

I couldn't totally see, but he got up to go to the bathroom and I think I heard him snifle. Could've been dander...

LARGE

Well thanks. Thank you.

SAM

So are you doing anything else?

LARGE

No. Not right now I'm just...

SAM

Any other retarded roles? I'm sure you could definitely get more of those.

LARGE

No, I'm just auditioning and...

SAM

I can't believe you're not really retarded. Jake's not a very good actor. I mean on "Sheena" you couldn't really tell 'cause he was in a hairy gnome suit, but he used to put on these really low-budge renditions of Andrew Lloyd Webber musicals in our attic when we were kids and they were awful. It sucks 'cause there isn't a whole lotta work for little people, you know? Anyway sorry I talk too much, fill out your forms.

Large just stares at her. She's funny.

LARGE

What are you listening to?

SAM

"The Shins." You know them?

LARGE

No.

SAM

Oh are you kidding me? You gotta here this one song, it'll change your life I promise you. Oh but you have to fill out your forms. Conundrum.

(beat)

Well do it while you listen to this.

She hands him her huge earphones. The Shins' "New Slang" is playing.

He looks at Sam and she just stares at him and nods smiling. After a moment, he takes the phones off and hands them back to her. The SONG CONTINUES SOFTLY from the headphones.

LARGE

That's cool. I like it.

SAM

So what are you doing here?

LARGE

What are you doing here?

SAM

Waiting for a friend. You?

LARGE

I'm uh... there's a...

SAM

Fuck, that was nosey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be nosey. That was so nosey.

LARGE

It's alright. I... I uh get headaches. So I just wanna have that checked out.

SAM

Cool.

RECEPTIONIST

Andrew Largeman?

LARGE

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST

We're ready for you.

LARGE

Okay.

He stands. He turns to Sam.

LARGE (CONT'D)

It was nice meeting you.

SAM

You didn't. I'm Sam.

LARGE

Andrew.

SAM

(disappointed)
Cool. Well, bye. Good luck with your head.

LARGE

Thanks.

RECEPTIONIST

Don't worry Sam, we'll get to you next.

Large turns to Sam. She looks away.

INT. NEUROLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Large sits alone in a barren office. He pans around the room staring at all the diplomas. His eyes follow them up from the base-board all the way up to the ceiling to reveal: there's actually one on the ceiling. The doctor enters.

DOCTOR

Mr. Andrew Largeman.

LARGE

Yes - hi.

DOCTOR

There's absolutely nothing wrong with you.

Large stares.

LARGE

What?

DOCTOR

I'm just kidding, how would I know that?

LARGE

Yeah.

They shake hands.

DOCTOR

I'm Doctor Cohen. What can we do for you today, Andrew?

LARGE

I've been having these really intense headaches. They only last for a split second and then they're gone. It's like a lightning flash; almost like a surge of electricity and then it's gone.

He looks at the chart.

DOCTOR

You're Gideon's kid. I didn't even put the two together.

LARGE

Yeah.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry about you're Mother.

LARGE

Yeah. Thank you.

DOCTOR

I must have missed you at shiva last night.

LARGE

Yeah.

DOCTOR

So how long have these headaches been going on?

LARGE

Well I think I've had them in some form since I was a little kid. But they've been getting more and more frequent over the last year.

DOCTOR

(looking at chart)

How long have you been on the Lithium?

LARGE

Oh uh, I've been on some form of it since I was ten or so.

DOCTOR

And what about Paxil, Zoloft, Celexa, Depakote; did any of that ever help you?

LARGE

No. I mean I don't know. It's recently occurred to me that I might not even have a problem. Only I'd never know it, because as far back as I can remember I've been medicated. I grew up on it. I left them in LA. This is the first time I haven't had it in my body since I can remember.

DOCTOR

Well it'll leave your body pretty fast. I'll write you a prescription.

LARGE

Actually I was thinking about taking a little vacation.

DOCTOR

Have you spoken to your psychiatrist about that?

LARGE

Uh well, my psychiatrist is my Dad. So uh... he... I think he'd prefer me to stay on it. He likes to think it makes me happy. And I let him think that because he's sort of consumed by the idea of making everyone happy.

DOCTOR

Well look, I'll examine you and give you a Catscan just so you won't worry that it's anything serious. But to be honest, I think the headaches are something else. Our bodies do very funny things when they're consumed with stress and anxiety. Things you'd never expect. I found my ex-best friend's cuff links in my wife's purse and I couldn't get an erection for a year and a half.

(beat)

For example.

LARGE

But that doesn't really feel like it. I mean I don't feel stressed or really anxious at all.

DOCTOR

Well with all the Lithium he's had you on it's amazing you can even hear me right now.

LARGE

Oh, right.

DOCTOR

First of all, I do think you need to find a psychiatrist that isn't your father. That just's something that should have been remedied years ago. He knows better. Secondly, I'm not in a position to comment on whether or not you should stay on the meds or not; I don't know your story. But my opinion, since you're paying for it, is that those drugs may help as a means to an end. But if you're not in any sort of therapy, sooner or later what's ever going on in your mind will find a way to peek it's little head out of the water. Just something to think about.

(MORE)

(beat)
But, for now, let's have a look at
you.

CUT TO:

INT. CATSCAN ROOM - LATER

MUSIC PLAYS

AN OVERHEAD SHOT OF: Large staring at the wall as he lies on a white slab covered from the waist down by a white towel. AN OLD FEMALE NURSE straps him to the slab ignoring the OBSCENE WORDS and DRAWINGS in black marker that cover his chest.

THE CAMERA CRANES DOWN to reveal Large and the slab being sucked into the Catscan tunnel.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Large drives out of the parking lot. There, seated at the bus stop is Sam bobbing her head to music. She wears a backpack and holds an odd looking helmet in her hand.

He pulls up alongside her.

LARGE
Why were you really there?

SAM
Charging. I'm a robot.

LARGE
Do you lie a lot?

SAM
What do you consider a lot?

LARGE
Enough for people to call you a
liar.

SAM
People call me lots of things.

LARGE
Is one of them "liar"?

SAM
I could say "no", but how will you
know I'm not lying.

LARGE
Because I'll choose to trust you.

SAM
You can do that?

LARGE
I can try.

SAM
Who's bike is this?

LARGE
It was my grandfather's. It was the only thing he left to anyone in my family and he left it to me. And I like it.

SAM
This is the point where you ask me if I'd like a ride home?

LARGE
It is?

SAM
Yup.

LARGE
Would you like a ride home?

SAM
Fine, but I'm not getting in that sidecar.

LARGE
Why not?

SAM
Sidecars are for bitches. Anyone who gets in that thing is automatically your bitch. Thus, I will ride on the back.

She climbs on the back behind him.

LARGE
(re: the helmet)
What are you like... a hanglider?

They drive off.

EXT NJ STREET/MOVING--DAY

SAM
I thought my boyfriend was gonna pick me up on his bike, so I brought it... But then he couldn't so...

LARGE
So what, it's like one of those tandem things?

SAM

No, it's a Ninja. Way faster than this thing.

LARGE

But what kind of helmet is that?

SAM

You can use it on a motorcycle. Anyway, how's your head?

LARGE

I should live through the day.

SAM

Cool. Make a right here.

They stop at a light.

LARGE

Are you doing anything right now?

SAM

Can you elaborate on "doing anything"?

LARGE

Well, I just had this idea. I promised this guy I'd stop by his house that's right up here, but I don't really wanna stay very long. So I was just thinking if you came with me I could say I have to take you home when I'm ready to go.

SAM

Wow. Well that's pretty damn random of ya, Andrew.

LARGE

I know.

SAM

'Nice to meet you. May I use you?' That's the Hollywood in ya I guess.

LARGE

No, it's not like that, c'mon. It'll be fun. I promise.

(beat)

I'll tell you what. We'll have like a signal. When you pull on your ear that's the code and then I'll say, "Well I've got to get her home now." And then we'll go.

She mulls it over.

SAM
Can we have code names too?

LARGE
If you'd like.

SAM
Okay. But don't try and like
kidnap me or anything, because my
step-uncle's a bounty hunter and I
could have you tracked and killed.

LARGE
Liar.

The light changes and they drive off.

EXT. JESSE'S MANSION'S FRONT YARD - DAY

The poorly maintained backyard of a mansion; pools,
fountains. Jesse stands shirtless and unshaven holding an
enormous bow and arrow aimed at the sky. The end of the arrow
is on fire. A joint hangs from his lips. Sam and Large look
terrified.

JESSE
'Kay ready?

He unleashes the arrow into the air and the three of them
scramble around in terror trying to avoid wherever it will
land. It plunges into the earth three feet from Sam's foot.
Frozen, she yanks on her ear; hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Sam and Large stand on the front porch of her working class
house.

LARGE
I'll be fine. Am I the first boy
you've ever brought home?

SAM
(Yes)
No. But I lied about my boyfriend
driving a Ninja.

LARGE
He doesn't drive a bike?

SAM
No, I don't have a boyfriend.
(beat)
He might drive a bike; wherever he
is.

LARGE

Well we're off to a great start.

SAM

Okay so sometimes I lie. I'm weird, man. About random stuff too; and I don't even know why I do it. It's like a tick. I swear, sometimes I hear myself say something and then I think: "Wow, that's not even remotely true."

LARGE

So how am I supposed to know what's real?

SAM

Well, I always feel bad and admit them when they're lies.

(beat)

Can you trust that?

LARGE

Open the door.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE: FOYER -- CONTINUOUS

She pushes the front door open and immediately three enormous Doberman Pinchers BARK and CLIMB all over Large.

SAM

Down, Kevin! Mom! Kick their balls!
Kick their balls! Anthrax, heel!
Mom!

Sam tries slapping them on their backs.

OLIVIA, Sam's Mother, comes rushing in clutching a hamster with a bloody nose.

OLIVIA

Everybody down! Who wants to eat?
Do you want to eat? Well then get
the fuck off him! Kevin! Steven!
Get off!

She smacks their asses and they eventually retreat to the other room.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, we just don't have
the time to train'em. Who has time
to train'em? When they were
puppies it was cute, but now it's
like having a herd of Clydesdales.
It's just too much.

(MORE)

Kevin's the baby, he really just follows the others but last week Anthrax and Steven killed a dove and left him on the front porch. Or maybe it was a pigeon, he was grey. 'Member that, Samantha?

SAM
Mom, this is Andrew...

OLIVIA
Welcome, welcome. The place is a wreck, I'm so sorry. You look very familiar.

SAM
He's the retarded quarterback.

OLIVIA
Shut up! Oh my God! You are the retarded quarterback. You were so good on that show. Now I'm really ashamed. Look at this place. And I'm wearing sweat pants.
(to Sam, through her teeth, while nodding at Large)
Is he really retarded?

LARGE
No.

OLIVIA
Oh, tell me, what's that Alan Thicke like? I've heard he's a cocky son of a bitch.

LARGE
No, he's a really nice guy.

OLIVIA
Oh. Well, welcome, welcome. Samantha I told you to take the wheel out of the hamster cage.

She holds up a dead hamster.

SAM
I forgot, Mom.

OLIVIA
Well you forgot and now Jelly's dead. Luckily I got Peanut Butter out in time.
(to Large)
We have to get the only hamster on planet Earth that can't figure out a stupid hamster wheel. Now the rest of 'em can't even get a good sweat going.
(MORE)

There's a shoe box on the kitchen counter. You can do the honors. I have to run to work.

She sighs and absentmindedly pats her forehead with the hamster.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
It was so nice to meet you...
Andrew right?

LARGE
Yes.

OLIVIA
Samantha put the clothes in the dryer and bury Jelly.

She kisses Sam on the cheek and then she's gone.

They stand there a moment to catch their breath. Then they both start laughing.

SAM
Come on in.

They walk into the LIVING ROOM.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Big couches with tattered afghans on them. A Christmas tree with the lights on in the far corner; a few unwrapped presents underneath. An enormous hamster labyrinth, a fish tank, three cats, a bird cage.

SAM
So this is it.

LARGE
It's nice.

SAM
No it's not. You don't have to say that just 'cause you can't think of anything else to say.

LARGE
I'm not. It's really nice. It's very cozy. You guys are a little early on the tree, huh?

SAM
Yeah, well we never got around to taking it down, so when it got to be fall again we just figured we might as well leave it. Are you freaked out? You're totally freaked out aren't you?

LARGE
No, not at all. I like it.

SAM
Wanna see my room?

LARGE
Yeah, sure.

They cross to the staircase and are met by TITEMBAY (Ti-TEM-bay) a handsome, young Black Man in a sweater carrying books.

SAM
Titembay, this is my friend,
Andrew. Andrew this is my brother,
Titembay.

LARGE
Hi, nice to meet you.

TITEMBAY
(Slight accent)
Nice to meet you. I'm sorry about
Jelly.

SAM
Oh, it's okay.

TITEMBAY
I saved some mac and cheese for
you. It's in the fridge.

SAM
Thanks.

TITEMBAY
Anyway, I'm late for class, it was
nice meeting you.

LARGE
Yeah, you too.

They walk up the stairs.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

We watch the locks turn as Sam uses a key from the outside.
Music posters everywhere. Warm, cozy.

SAM
This is it.

She puts on a CD, (the song: "I'm Doing Fine" by Colin Hay).

SAM (CONT'D)
Nothing fancy, but...
(off Large)
What?

LARGE

Uhh... It's Titembay right?

SAM

Yeah, it's weird, huh? You're so freaked out right now, you're like running for the door. You can go, don't feel bad.

LARGE

Stop doing that.

SAM

What?

LARGE

That whole thing you just did. Don't do that. I want to be here, and I wouldn't be here if I didn't want to be, okay? Trust me, my family's way more fucked up than yours, okay?

(beat)

Okay?

SAM

Yeah.

LARGE

So, Titembay.

SAM

Yeah, he's my brother.

LARGE

Is he adopted?

SAM

Well kind of. My mom adopted him years ago from Sally Strothers. One of those: "For the cost of a cup of coffee a day" kind of things. Where she's like, "How can you sit there and not help the children?" And we just couldn't. We couldn't sit there and not help those children. So we sent him letters and pictures for years and then I got really into ice skating and we kind of forgot about 'em. Then one day the phone rang and it was Titembay and he was at the dry cleaners around the corner and he said that he was going to school at Rutgers and living in the dorms, but since he was used to living with his tribe he'd much rather live with his family.

LARGE

Wow.

SAM

Yeah and he's been here ever since. He's an amazing guy, you gotta hear some of his stories. I mean this guy struggled through so much because he wanted to learn. I think of what he's accomplished and I just feel so lazy. He's studying criminal justice at Rutgers right now and when he was a baby he was one of those kids with flies all over his face.

LARGE

Wow. I mean that's great. It's a crazy story.

SAM

That, my friend, is a true story. I'm not that good.

A pause. Sam sits on the bed. THE AWESOME MUSIC PLAYS. She breaks the moment by pulling a small tattered piece of satin fabric off the bed.

SAM (CONT'D)

This is Tickle.

Large sits down next to her.

LARGE

What is Tickle?

SAM

Tickle is my favorite thing in the whole world. It's all that's left of Nannie... my blanket.

LARGE

And Tickle is all that remains?

SAM

Yeah.

LARGE

Was there a hurricane or something?

SAM

(laughing)

Shut-up. No, I mean I had it since I was born. It was the blanket they brought me home in from the hospital.

LARGE

It's like the Wailing Wall.

SAM

What?

LARGE

The Wailing Wall. It's like the most holy place for Jews to go and pray in Israel. It's all that's left of this enormous temple that was destroyed by the Romans.

SAM

Wow, so you're like really Jewish?

Large laughs.

SAM (CONT'D)

Yeah, you are aren't you?

LARGE

No I'm not. I mean I'm Jewish, but I'm not really Jewish. I don't do anything Jewish. I don't go to temple or anything. But I don't know any Jews who go to temple. The Jews I know only go on Yom Kippur. One day; the day of repentance. Did you know that most temples are designed with movable walls so that on the one day of the year when everyone comes to repent they can actually make the room big enough to hold everyone?

SAM

I don't really believe in God.

LARGE

Just tickle.

SAM

Oh, I believe in Tickle.

They laugh. A nice moment. They hold eye contact. THE AWESOME MUSIC PLAYS.

SAM (CONT'D)

We're not gonna like make out or anything.

LARGE

What?

SAM

I'm sorry, I just totally ruined the moment didn't I?

LARGE

No, I wasn't...

SAM

I just mean we're not gonna like make out.

LARGE

Okay. I hadn't planned on...

SAM

I didn't mean to put that out there, that was lame. BLAAAAHHH. That was so dumb. You know what I do when I'm feeling completely unoriginal?

She stands up and does really weird gestures with her hands.

SAM (CONT'D)

Laba-laba-laba-laba!

Large stares.

SAM (CONT'D)

I make a noise or I do something that no one has ever done. And then I feel like... unique again; even if only for a second.

LARGE

So no one has ever done that?

SAM

Not in this spot, no. You just witnessed a completely original moment in history. It's refreshing. You try one.

LARGE

No.

SAM

Come on.

LARGE

No. Trust me yours was good enough for both of us.

SAM

Come on. What are you shy? This is your chance to do something that has never, ever been done before and will never be copied throughout human existence. If nothing else, you'll be remembered as the only person who ever did this.

He stares at her. She's not gonna let up. Large lifts his index finger in the air and twirls it.

LARGE

Zzzzzzz.

He stares at her.

LARGE (CONT'D)

How was that?

SAM

Oh, I've done that one before.

She bursts out laughing. He smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)

So I got to bury this hamster
before the dogs eat him. You wanna
help?

CUT TO:

EXT. SAM'S BACKYARD-- DAY

Rusty leaves fall on a backyard swallowed mostly by an empty
above-ground swimming pool. Sam carries the shoe box as they
walk around behind the pool to reveal

A SMALL GATED PET CEMETERY

About a dozen large rocks serve as tombstones for different
pets.

LARGE

Wow.

SAM

Yeah.

LARGE

I mean this is...

SAM

I know.

They stand in silence.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's not that we're bad pet owners
or anything, it's just that we've
had so many of them over the years.

(beat)

Besides some of these are fish.

(beat)

Not to say fish deserve less than
other animals, but most people just
flush them, and we just don't
believe in that. I mean the idea of
flushing something that had life in
it... it just makes me sad, you
know?

(MORE)

You gotta honor something a little more than that, like "Congratulations, man, you had life. Here's your trophy; a little spot in the ground to hang out in."

(beat)

Anyway, I'm gonna put Jelly right here next to "Goliath", the Rotweiler Titembay backed over during his driving exam.

She kneels down and begins to dig with a small shovel left nearby. Large sits down next to her and watches her dig. A brisk wind makes him hug his knees in for warmth.

SAM (CONT'D)

What are you thinking about?

LARGE

Now?

SAM

Yes.

LARGE

Right now?

SAM

No. A second ago before I asked.

LARGE

Uh... Right now I was thinking... I was thinking that I've been going to a lot of these things lately.

SAM

What, dates?

LARGE

No, not dates. This isn't a date. Is this a date? Funerals.

SAM

Oh. Who else died?

LARGE

(embarrassed)

Uh... that's why I'm home actually.

(beat)

Yeah, I uh... I haven't ever really told you that yet, but uh... yeah my Mom just died.

Sam stops digging and stares at him.

LARGE (CONT'D)

God, it's weird to say that out loud: "My Mom died". And uh... so that's why I'm home... now.

SAM

(shocked)

I'm so sorry. Oh, God I'm so sorry.

(beat)

And here I am putting you through another one. I mean not that Jelly's even comes close to your Mom's... Although we loved, Jelly- But still... I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

LARGE

No, it's okay. It's okay actually. I'm all right with it. Anyway I think it's what she wanted so...

SAM

How did she die?

Large thinks about that.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm so nosey. Forget I asked, I'm sorry. I just need to shut-up sometimes.

LARGE

No, it's okay. She uh... she drowned actually.

Sam's jaw drops.

LARGE (CONT'D)

My Mom was a paraplegic; she had uh... she was in a wheelchair. She was uh... taking a bath and then I guess she slipped or something. That's what they say. I don't know. But needless to say, she drowned. And so... that's how she died.

Sam is speechless. Tears well in her eyes.

SAM

When?

LARGE

This was uh... Hmm... Sunday.

SAM

Oh my God.

Tears roll down her face.

LARGE

(with a laugh)

Why are you crying?

SAM

I don't know, I'm sorry, I'm not usually like this. It's just so sad. It's so tragic. Isn't it? It is. It's like real life tragedy or something.

LARGE

Look, let's change the subject, okay? Let's really bring the focus back to Jelly. I mean what could be ruder than talking about someone else who died while you're in the act of burying a close friend.

Sam places the box in the hole she's dug.

SAM

What should we do?

LARGE

Well I've only been to one of these things,
(re: the other graves)
you appear to be the expert.

SAM

We usually say something.

LARGE

Okay, well I'll go first. I didn't really know you, Jelly. But from what I hear, you were a good pet. Had a little trouble with the wheel...

SAM

It's not funny. Jelly you were a great pet.

Tears roll down her face.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm so, so sorry I forgot to take the wheel out of the cage. I'm so sorry about that.

(beat)

Goodbye. I hope that you liked me.

Tears stream down her face as she shovels dirt onto the tiny shoe box. THE PATTERN of the SOIL HITTING the BOX is the only sound we hear as:

THE CAMERA CRANES UP above them to a bird's-eye perspective settling on a final frame that looks down on the whole backyard: the above ground pool, the pet cemetery and in the bottom right corner, Sam burying as Large watches.

INT. LARGEMAN MANSION: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Once again Shiva is in full swing.

Large passes through a doorway and begins to hear a COMPUTERIZED BEEPING to the tune of the "Shma". (A Jewish prayer.) He looks to his left to see an electronic Mazooza on the door frame. It says "The Sharper Image" on the bottom. He moves his head back and forth past it's censor and each time it begins the BEEPING of the Shma anew.

THE LIVING ROOM

A tired looking man in his 50's eating a cookie.

TIRED MAN

Avi wants his Bar Mitzvah theme to be musicals. As in Broadway musicals. Can you believe that? Paul's kid's theme was the Meta; I got to do the Hora with Mookie Wilson. Miriam and I were at one last weekend at the Pierre; whole thing was like a winter wonderland... live penguins wearing yalmulkas. Now me, I got to lay out ten grand alone for some asshole to build a barricade of French garbage across the bocce lanes at my tennis club.

THE CAMERA PICKS UP LARGE holding a plate of food: as he approaches Cynthia. She sits alone with a big photo album on her lap.

LARGE

I was just thinking.

(beat)

I was just thinking you spend you're whole life lusting for anything you don't have. You stress over money and your career, you set your clocks back, you exercise, you wait in line, you paint your house, get depressed, feel better, buy things, take your clothes to the dry cleaner, set your clocks forward and spend your whole life waiting for happiness to arrive in the mail. Then you die and people are really sad, they cry really hard...

(beat)

and then they go eat lunch.

He takes a bite of his bagel.

CYNTHIA

Oh please be a little more interesting than that.

(MORE)

Please don't be the brooding guy.
That's so unoriginal. I'd rather
hold onto who I imagined you'd
become.

LARGE

Miss me?

CYNTHIA

No. Me?

LARGE

No.

(beat)
She didn't like being alive. She
got what she wanted. This should be
a party. Instead we're supposed to
mope. About what? She never did
anything.

CYNTHIA

She made you.

LARGE

Some trophy. I do have to say I'm
impressed with the turnout.

CYNTHIA

What, you didn't think people would
come?

LARGE

Seems to me the only thing more
depressing than a funeral is a
funeral where no one shows up.
Don't you ever think about who'll
show up to yours?

CYNTHIA

No. Right now I'm alive, so I think
about living.

LARGE

It's one way to determine who your
friends are. The people who'd show
up at my funeral if it was held in
their state, that's one level of
friend. But my real friends, the
people who really love me, they'd
come if it was on the other side of
the country.

CYNTHIA

So where do I fall into that?

LARGE

You'd be there.

CYNTHIA

Oh you think so?

LARGE

I do. I think you'd show up because the truth is, that you really did miss me; you always thought of me as the brother you never had. But you've got too much pride to let me know that. You want to pout 'cause I don't return your calls.

CYNTHIA

You're way more talkative than I remember.

LARGE

Today I've been more talkative than I remember.

CYNTHIA

What about mine?

LARGE

Funeral? Honestly? I probably wouldn't travel for it- no. But don't worry, I'm sure you'll have a great turnout.

CYNTHIA

Why do you say that?

LARGE

'Cause there's also the guy who lives his life to insure a good turnout. I think that's how my Dad lives his; like he's sort of writing his own eulogy as he goes and making life choices dependent on how it will sound in a speech.

CYNTHIA

Are you implying that that's why I'm going to med school or something?

LARGE

I'm just saying a lot of people - not necessarily you - a lot of people try and accumulate accolades that will somehow justify their lives.

CYNTHIA

It's said we spend ninety-five percent of our lives trying to look good.

LARGE

Where do I sign up for not caring?

CYNTHIA

How about sucking it up and really having it out with your Dad? That would be a tremendous step towards not needing to look good.

LARGE

Wow, that was so clever how you did that. Is he grooming you to be a psychiatrist too? Med school's one thing, but please don't become him.

CYNTHIA

He's one of the most caring people I've ever met.

LARGE

Well you would say that; you're the son and daughter he never had. Hell, you're the family he never had. Has he got you on Lithium yet? Wait till he does, you'll love him even more.

He stands.

CYNTHIA

I bet my Mom a dollar you were coming home with a message. I said after nine years, he's definitely coming home with a message.

LARGE

I looked for a message; I got bored and became an actor.

He leaves.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Large enters the kitchen where JANICE, 50's, Cynthia's Mom, is doing the dishes. He walks over to the counter near the sink and just stares off across the room. She dries her hands and moves to Large. She opens her arms. After a beat he steps into her embrace. He rests his head on her shoulder and closes his eyes. Neither says a word.

FADE TO BLACK:

LARGE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Morning sun blasts the entire room. Large sits on the edge of his bed squinting at pictures:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Large peeks his head around the doorway.

LARGE

Hello?
 (beat)
 Dad?

After shutting the door behind himself he crosses to the dresser and lifts one perfume bottle out from a dozen. He smells the nozzle then brings the bottle with him as he edges towards...

INT. MASTER BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The bathroom is stark white. A large Jacuzzi tub sits at the far end of the room. The faucet drips.

THE MOUTH OF THE FAUCET

as it wells with water and overflows to DRIP onto the drain. Large crosses to the tub and tries to tighten the faucet to stop it from dripping. It continues to DRIP. He stares at the empty tub.

GIDEON (O.S.)

Hi.

Large jumps around and puts his hand to his chest.

LARGE

Holy shit, you scared the shit out of me.

He covertly slips the perfume bottle into his pocket.

GIDEON

Just wake up?

LARGE

Yeah.

GIDEON

Sleep all right?

LARGE

Yeah... fine.

GIDEON

Mmmm.

(beat)

I haven't even really been in here for a while. I've been using the one in the hall. Shower pressures awful in there though. It's by no means as good a bathroom as this one is. This one is- well we redid all this. It's uh...

(beat, catching himself)

This is hard.

LARGE

Yeah.

Silence. The FAUCET DRIPS. They avoid eye contact.

GIDEON

Janice will make you some lunch.

LARGE

Yeah... good.

GIDEON

Well I guess it's breakfast for you. What time is it?

LARGE

Yeah.

Silence. DRIP. DRIP

LARGE (CONT'D)

Look, I wanted to ask you... I mean if you don't want to talk about this it's perfectly fine, but I'm just...

GIDEON

No I can. I know. I figured you would want to...

LARGE

But we don't have to do it now. I mean you don't have to do that now. It's just at some point I would... I have some questions.

GIDEON

I knew that you would.

Silence.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Occasionally she would hum... your Mother. Always the same tune and I never knew what the song was. I don't even know if it was a song or if she just made it up - It's funny because it always struck me as so out of character for her and every time she did it... I just always liked it. But I never told her I could hear her because I knew if I ever did she would stop.

(beat)

She took a bath every night. And she was always very quiet.

(MORE)

The only thing I would ever hear when I'm in the bedroom was a little splashing of water when she was moving around. And every now and then, her humming.

(beat)

So anyway, then usually she would call me when she was done, so I could come and help her out. But this time, that night... she never called. And I just figured she was taking a longer bath or something, but when I called out to her, she didn't answer. So then I uh... When I came in, she was there.

LARGE

So she didn't yell or...

GIDEON

No. I didn't hear anything. The TV was on pretty loud. I always watch the weather report before I go to sleep.

LARGE

It's just weird.

GIDEON

What?

LARGE

I don't know, it's just that you'd think if someone was really drowning to death they would scream. I mean really scream from the terror of it all, you know? They would splash and scream I would think; I would have thought.

GIDEON

I would have too, but no. Nothing.
(off Large's look)
What?

LARGE

Don't take this the wrong way.

GIDEON

What?

LARGE

I'm not reading into this, I'm just thinking out loud so don't get upset.

GIDEON

What? No.

LARGE

What?

GIDEON

It's not that.

LARGE

I'm just saying did they check? I mean has someone ruled that out?

GIDEON

No. Because they know she drowned, Andrew.

LARGE

I'm just saying the facts.

GIDEON

No.

LARGE

And I suppose it doesn't even really matter. But I'd be curious to know. I would like to know if that's what happened; just for me. I mean would that surprise you?

GIDEON

No. Yes!

LARGE

She made it very clear to everyone she knew that nothing was ever going to make her happy-

GIDEON

I know! Do you think I don't know?!

LARGE

And c'mon let's be honest; she tried it before.

GIDEON

Shut-up! Just shut your fucking mouth.

Large is taken aback.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

(fighting tears)

If nothing else will you please just leave her alone. She's gone. That's it. That's all you get. She died. We will never see her again. She tried very hard, but she just couldn't find it. She could never find it. And I think - I know that she's found it now. I know that. And I know there's a certain amount of guilt that you must feel for the way things unfolded, but it's too late now.

(MORE)

So I'm asking you, for me, not to do that. Don't... come here and do that.

LARGE

I think I deserve to know the truth.

GIDEON

You want to make her crazy. Why? Does that make it easier for you?

Tears stream down Gideon's face. He sits down on the toilet and cries.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

It's like you want to torture yourself or something! Why would you want to think that? That that happened. Why would you ever want to think that?

Large moves closer to his father who SOBS with his head in his lap and his arms over his head. It takes everything Large has to reach out his hand and almost touch his father's shoulder, but he doesn't make it and his hand lands on the sink next to him.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

I just want everyone to be happy again.

(beat)

I dreamt last night that I had special powers. If I squeezed my eyes shut and clinched my fists closed tight enough, we'd all wake up in paradise.

(with a laugh through tears)

I was like a superhero... and that was my power.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A giant rusted yellow tractor sits parked by an open grave. Large and Jesse lean against opposite tombstones facing each other.

Mark stands in the open grave STEALING VALUABLES FROM AN OPEN COFFIN. A small PILE OF JEWELRY sits beside the grave.

MARK

How could you leave all that Lithium? I was totally gonna hit you up for some.

JESSE

This fuckin' guy. I'm glad you're back, man, because this town is so messed up. Everyone's got there drug of choice like in "Brave New World". Did you ever read that book? Who wrote that? Aldous something. Aldous-

LARGE

I don't know.

Jesse continues talking, but his voice distorts into **WARBLED NONSENSE AS**

SLOW MOTION: LARGE STARES in shock as Mark drops a WEDDING RING into the PILE OF JEWELRY he's stealing off the corpse.

MARK LOOKS UP AT LARGE STARING AT HIM AND HIS LOOT. THEY HOLD EYE CONTACT FOR AN UNCOMFORTABLE MOMENT. Large breaks it and looks away.

REGULAR MOTION:

JESSE (O.S.)

...and people are just like that here, man. Huxtable! Aldous Huxtable. That's it.

INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Sam and Large are looking through a photo album. Olivia enters with an enormous Parrot on her shoulder.

OLIVIA

Andrew would you like to see Sam's ice skating tape?

SAM

Mom, no.

LARGE

Absolutely.

OLIVIA

She was so ahead of her time. She could have gone to the Olympics.

SAM

No, I couldn't have.

OLIVIA

Yes, you could have. Don't blame it on the epilepsy, you had a gift.

Large looks to Sam, but she avoids eye contact with him.

LARGE

C'mon let me see it.

OLIVIA

Let's just show him the "Florida Stars of the Ice" opening; the Gator costume.

SAM

Mom. I'm asking you seriously.

LARGE

Don't be shy. Just let me see it.

OLIVIA

Oh, she wants you to see it. How could you not want him to see how talented you are?

SAM

Were.

They cross to the TV room where they find Titembay wearing rubber gloves, seated next to an open tool box, dusting the coffee table for fingerprints and referring to an open text book. White powder reveals fingerprints (and pawprints) everywhere, including the TV screen.

OLIVIA

Honey what are you doing?

TITEMBAY

I'm dusting for prints.

OLIVIA

Well do you think we could move the crime scene to the kitchen? I want to show Andrew Sam skating.

TITEMBAY

But someone's been pissing on my Gamecube and I'm about to close the case.

OLIVIA

It wasn't me your honor.

TITEMBAY

The pawprints point to a canine.

OLIVIA

Andrew come sit down here next to me.

Large sits next to Olivia on the couch between snoring Dobermans. He places his glass of water on the table. Sam stands in the doorway.

SAM

I can't believe you're showing him this.

THE SHAKY, AMATEUR VIDEO comes up on the screen: a person in a full alligator costume wearing white gloves skates onto the ice. The lights come down except for a spotlight on the alligator.

OLIVIA
There she is.

LARGE
You're the alligator?

OLIVIA
You can tell by the hands.

The alligator skates in and out of the white fingerprints on the TV screen to classical music. We begin to see that Sam is a talented skater. In a very odd way, it's beautiful.

TITEMBAY
Here comes the Double Axle...

OLIVIA
And... land! I mean come on. Isn't she good?

Large, Titembay and Olivia APPLAUD. As they do, the LIGHTS in the room SWITCH ON and OFF. Titembay CLAPS twice to turn them back on.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
All right!

LARGE
Wow.

SAM
Shut-up.

LARGE
That was so good. You're Mom's right you were amazing.

Titembay has begun brushing white powder on Large's water glass revealing his fingerprints.

SAM
Okay this was great, but we have to go now.

OLIVIA
All right, well I just wanted to show you how talented she is. My baby.

SAM
Mom.

OLIVIA
Okay get out of here. Wait. Give me
a hug.

Sam crosses to her mom. They hug.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I love you so much. I'm so proud of
you.

SAM
I love you too.

Olivia kisses Sam on her forehead.

OLIVIA
Okay, have a good night.

She pats Sam's butt as she walks toward the door.

LARGE
Bye. Thank you so much for dinner.

OLIVIA
C'mon, you're giving me a hug too.

SAM
Mom.

LARGE
I'll take a hug.

They embrace.

SAM
Okay, good-night.
(calling to Titembay)
Night, Tim.

LARGE
Good-Night.

TITEMBAY (O.S.)
Holla!

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Sam and Large sit in a booth of a local Irish Pub drinking
pints. They're buzzed.

LARGE
It was the only thing I ever really
liked doing; pretending to be
someone else.
(beat)
But I've been so out of it the only
parts I ever get offered are to
play handicapped people.

She tries to hold it together, but she bursts out laughing.

LARGE (CONT'D)

It's not funny.

SAM

Oh c'mon. Don't ya see that it's a joke. If you can't laugh at yourself life's gonna seem a lot longer than you'd like.

LARGE

So what should we laugh at you about?

SAM

I lied again. I have epilepsy.

LARGE

Which part are we laughing about?

SAM

I had a seizure in the law office where I work and they said their insurance would only cover me if I wore "preventative covering".

LARGE

Preventative covering?

SAM

The helmet I was carrying.

Large is silent.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh come on, that's funny. I'm the only person in the world wearing a helmet to work who isn't putting out fires or racing for NASCAR. But what do you do? I can't quit; their insurance is amazing. What can you do? You laugh. I'm not saying I don't cry a lot, but in between I laugh and realize how silly taking anything very seriously is. And plus, I look forward to a good cry. I just love the way it feels.

LARGE

I haven't cried since I was a little kid. I didn't cry at my mother's funeral. I wanted to-

(a smile)

I... tried. I thought of all the saddest things I could think of; things in movies, this image from Life magazine that haunts me... nothing came.

(MORE)

That actually made me sadder than anything; the fact that I felt so numb.

SAM
What do you mean?

MARK (O.S.)
Vagina!

LARGE
Oh, no.

Mark, Dave and Jesse appear with some others.

LARGE (CONT'D)
Hey, guys, this is Sam. This is Mark, Dave and you met Jesse.

MARK
Hey. Nice to meet you.

JESSE
Hey.

DAVE
T'sup.

MARK
I'm sorry I yelled 'vagina' just now, I didn't see you.

SAM
It's okay.

MARK
Nice. Let's get fucked up.

Off Large's smile we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JESSE'S POOL, -- NIGHT

A palatial swimming pool in the backyard of Jesse's mansion. The Manhattan skyline twinkles far in the distance.

Large, Sam, Mark, Dave, Jesse and a couple of high school girls from the bar stand in their underwear on the edge of the pool.

MARK
One, two, three!

Everyone jumps into the pool SCREAMING except for Large. He stands there staring at the water.

SAM
Hey! What are you doing?

DAVE
Largeman, get the fuck in the pool.

GIRL
Oh, it's so warm!

SAM
Can you swim?

LARGE
'Course I can swim.

JUMP CUT TO: Large in the shallow-end doing the most pathetic doggy paddle you've ever seen. Everyone stares in disbelief.

JESSE
Dude maybe you should stay on the steps; I don't know CPR.

MARK
You look like a drunken beaver.

They all laugh. Sam swims over to him sitting on the steps. She smiles at him.

LARGE
(in a whisper)
I never learned how to swim.

SAM
Fooled me. I thought you just had a
cramp.
(beat)
Or two.

He smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)
(in a whisper)
I can't whistle if it makes you
feel any better.

LARGE
There's a handful of normal kid
things I kinda missed.

SAM
There's a handful of normal kid
things I kinda wish I'd missed.

She floats on her back beside him.

SAM (CONT'D)
So how long are you gonna stay
here?

LARGE
Probably till my fingers get
wrinkly.

SAM
 (with a laugh)
 No, I mean in Jersey.

LARGE
 Oh. I think I'll probably head home
 the day after tomorrow. Well, LA.
 That's not my home.

Her smile fades.

LARGE (CONT'D)
 You know that point in your life
 when you realize that the home you
 grew up in isn't really your home
 anymore? And all of a sudden, even
 though you have a place where you
 put your shit, the idea of "home",
 is gone.

SAM
 I still feel at home in my house.

LARGE
 You'll see when you move out. It
 just kind of happens one day and
 it's gone. And you feel like you
 can never get it back. It's like
 you feel homesick for a place that
 doesn't even exist. But maybe it's
 like this rite of passage, you
 know? And you won't ever have that
 feeling again until you create a
 new idea of "home" for yourself,
 for the family you start, for your
 kids. It's like this cycle.
 (beat)
 Maybe that's all a family really
 is; a group of people who miss the
 same imaginary place.

They hold eye contact. The SPLASH of a CANNONBALL swings
 their gaze to the others horsing around in the deep end. Sam
 leans her head over and rests it on his shoulder.

SAM
 Maybe.

INT. JESSE'S MANSION: LIVING ROOM -- LATER

An enormous and desolate LIVING ROOM devoid of any furniture
 or decoration. Mark, Jesse, Sam and Large sit huddled under
 towels at the foot of a colossal fire place that houses a
 small blaze. They eat potato chips and drink canned beer.
 They are all pretty tipsy. Mark plays with a "Silent Velcro"
 sample.

MARK
 How 'bout some fucking furniture
 dude.

JESSE
I bought a chair but I didn't like
it.

SAM
Where is it?

JESSE
It's keeping us warm.

MARK
Silent Velcro. Lucky motherfucker.
I got an idea: loud tape, we'll
make millions.

LARGE
I feel like if I had showed up at
school and presented the idea of
silent Velcro they would have sent
me away a whole lot sooner.

They all laugh.

SAM
So why did they send you away?
She takes a sip of her beer.

JESSE
Whoa, listen to this girl.

LARGE
They didn't send me away.

MARK
You're the one who said they sent
you away.

LARGE
I mean they did, but... they sent
me to boarding school. "Sent me
away" implies I went to some asylum
or something. There were no straps
involved.

SAM
Why did they send you to boarding
school?

Large looks to Jesse and Mark.

LARGE
They sent me to boarding school
because uh... they thought I might
be dangerous.
(impersonating Sam)
Oh are you freaked out? You're so
freaked out right now.

SAM
(sarcastic)
That's funny.
(normal)
Why did they think you might be
dangerous?

MARK
I'm dangerous and I didn't get to
go to boarding school.

LARGE
I was a kid and I was - they
just... I was a teenager and they
were depressed and it just wasn't a
good combo.

SAM
But obviously something happened. I
mean there must have been an event.

JESSE
You're like a little detective.

LARGE
I know. You and Titembay should go
into business together; solve
mysteries out of a van.

SAM
Am I being too nosy?

LARGE
No. No. I just... it's fine, I just
haven't ever really talked about
it.

JESSE
To be honest, I never really knew
either. I mean I heard stories.

LARGE
You wanna know?

SAM
Yeah.

LARGE
Really, really?

MARK
You're gay.

LARGE
No. Drumroll... I was the reason
she was in a wheelchair.
(beat)
I pushed her.
(MORE)

(beat)
So there that is.

SAM
Shut up.

MARK
Fuck you.

LARGE
No, it's the truth.

SAM
Why?

LARGE
It was a complete freak accident. I mean it's one of those things that you replay a million times in your head and you see so clearly what a freak thing it was. I... my whole life she was depressed for no reason. Look at this picture.

He pulls the picture of he and Cynthia as children wearing chicken slippers out of his wallet.

LARGE (CONT'D)
Look at her face. That's how she was every single day of her life. And one day... I was nine years old and I just really hated her for that, and I pushed her.

(beat)
I mean it was innocent. I was just frustrated 'cause...

SAM
You couldn't make her happy.

LARGE
Yeah. Fuck yeah. And any other time, she would have just yelled at me and sent me to my room, but this time, in that moment, the door of the dishwasher was open. The latch on it was broken and it would just randomly fall open. That fucking latch; it's funny how so much of my life has been determined by a quarter inch piece of plastic. So she fell back over the door and her neck hit the kitchen counter; paralyzing her from the waist down.

Sam's eyes are wide in shock.

SAM
Oh my God.

LARGE

Still want to compare fucked up families?

JESSE

But your Mom was in the wheelchair long before you left.

LARGE

Well I was nine. They sent me to therapy and my Father put me on these drugs that were supposed to "curb my anger". And I've been on some form of them ever since. My Mother who was clinically depressed before the accident, sank even lower to the point where she just ignored everyone but our housekeeper, Janice and her daughter, Cynthia. And when I was sixteen my psychiatrist Dad came around to the conclusion that it might not be the healthiest environment for me to be growing up in. So he sent me to boarding school. And I haven't been home since.

SAM

Until now.

MARK

For her funeral.

LARGE

Until now for her funeral. I'm off to a ripping start in this life, huh? Next time through I think I'll lay low out of the gate.

He takes a sip of his beer.

LARGE (CONT'D)

The thing is though, when I think about it, I wasn't really abnormally angry at all. I mean it all happened so quickly; I got prescribed all these drugs for anxiety and depression and anger so I just kind of became what they are.

SAM

It sounds like a punishment.

LARGE

I think it was. So I left them in LA. I'm taking myself off punishment.

MARK

Please don't remind me.

JESSE

All he heard of that whole story was "left drugs in LA".

MARK

Fuck you.

JESSE

Crackhead.

A 19 year old girl from the pool comes around the corner dripping wet.

GIRL

Mark? Where's the sauna?

Mark and Jesse look at each other. They race towards her tripping drunkenly on towels and pushing each other out of the way.

Sam smiles at Large. Her face glows warm from the fire.

LARGE

What?

SAM

You're "in it" right now aren't you?

LARGE

What do you mean?

SAM

My Mom always says that when she can see I'm like working something big out she'll say, "Are you in it right now?" And I look at you, and you tell me this story and... you're... you're definitely "in it" right now.

LARGE

I think you're right. I'm "in it". But I'm so glad I'm "in it" 'cause I'm working it all out, you know? I haven't swallowed a pill in four days now and I can already feel this eerie clarity. It's probably the reason I just can't stop fucking talking; these rusty cogs in my brain have started spinning... fast.

SAM

Maybe that's why you've been getting those headaches.

LARGE
Alright can we just forget about
all that stuff please and talk
about good stuff.

SAM
Good stuff?

LARGE
Yeah, glass half-full shit. What do
you got?

SAM
I got a little buzz. That's what
I've got. What do you got?

LARGE
I got a little buzz going.
(beat)
And I like you.

Sam smiles and looks away. A beat of silence. She tries to
stifle her smile by pursing her lips as she turns back and
looks him in the eyes. She's so cute.

LARGE (CONT'D)
So... there's that. I got that.

INT. LARGEMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

Large with bedhead in his boxers hunches over into the
refrigerator. He pulls out orange juice and closes the door
to reveal Gideon standing there.

LARGE
Ah! Jesus, you scared the shit out
of me. You're always doing that.
Why are you always doing that?

GIDEON
I haven't seen you in awhile.

LARGE
Yeah I've been kind of catching up
with people around here.

GIDEON
Dr. Cohen called. There's nothing
wrong with you.

LARGE
Yeah I think I'm starting to figure
that out myself.

GIDEON
When are you thinking of leaving?

LARGE

I think probably tomorrow. I gotta lot of stuff I got to do back in LA. I'm gonna have to find a new job. So...

GIDEON

We need to talk.

LARGE

Yeah. How? I mean when?

GIDEON

What are you doing... now?

LARGE

Well actually I was supposed to meet my friend Mark. But how about later tonight?

GIDEON

Okay. And we'll talk. We owe that to each other.

LARGE

Yeah.

GIDEON

We owe it to her.

LARGE

Yeah.

GIDEON

Good.

(beat)

I'm sorry I scared you.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mark sits on his sheetless mattress on the floor, playing classical guitar; impressively. His MUSIC scores the scene.

MARK

Don't mess with all my shit; what are you doing?

Large picks up a small brown egg wearing tiny clothes.

LARGE

You still have your egg baby? Mine broke the first day.

MARK

Don't you fail if it breaks?

LARGE

Yeah, well she gave us a C cause my partner fell on some ice. My wife fell on some ice and killed our egg baby.

MARK

Jesse cooked his.

They both laugh.

LARGE

Why's it brown?

MARK

'Cause my wife was Tanisha Lubin.

LARGE

Oh.

Large laughs at Mark's earnestness.

LARGE (CONT'D)

You kept her little blue skirt on.

MARK

He's a boy. His name's Shantel.

LARGE

It's a girl, she's wearin' a skirt.

MARK

They're shorts.

LARGE

Shorts?

MARK

Yeah, he's a boy, Shantel. They're shorts.

LARGE

Oh.

They laugh. Large flips through an album.

LARGE (CONT'D)

You collect "Desert Storm Trading Cards"?

MARK

Fuck yeah, dude. Those are collectors items. Do you have any idea how much those things will be worth some day.

LARGE

Really?

MARK

Hell yeah. That shit's like an investment. I have lots of little investments - all over the place. I'm gonna sell 'em all one day and just live off 'em.

LARGE

So like how much is this one worth?

MARK

Which?

LARGE

"Night Vision Goggles."

MARK

I don't know. Mint; maybe two, three.

LARGE

Dollars?

MARK

Yeah. But it's too early. You don't sell 'em yet. Don't you know anything about investing. I'm gonna live off that shit. That "Schwarzkopf" card is worth at least five something. And if you have the complete set it's worth like thousands.

LARGE

So do you have the complete set?

MARK

Almost. The corners are bent on my "Friendly Fire" and someone stole my "Wolf Blitzzer".

LARGE

Someone stole it?

MARK

One of my Mom's Medieval Times friends, man. Drug addicts.

LARGE

For drugs they sold it?

MARK

Yeah.

LARGE

Wolf Blitzzer.

MARK

It doesn't matter if you're a rich house wife looking for your muscle relaxers or some crack head drying cars: people will do anything in this town to get their drug money. Now look, what do you gotta do today? I gotta little going away present for you. But I kinda gotta track it down. So, can you give me a ride?

LARGE

Yeah, sure I just...

MARK

What?

LARGE

Nothing I just...

MARK

Say it... speak.

LARGE

Nothing I just, I told Sam I was gonna hang out with her today...

MARK

She can come, I don't care.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS- DAY

GREAT MUSIC PLAYS.

They drive the motorcycle through the Jersey suburbs; Sam on the back and Mark in the sidecar wearing a lacrosse helmet and ski goggles.

LARGE'S POV: A mother and her stroller. A huge group of Black teenagers coming home from school. An old crossing guard. An ambulance. Two powerwalkers.

OMIT

INT. HANDI-WORLD - LATER

They walk down an aisle.

LARGE

What are we doing in the mall.
I don't wanna be in the fucking
mall.

MARK
We're making some money for your
present. Just don't look so guilty.

LARGE
What do you mean, how do I look
guilty?

VOICE (O.S.)
Andrew Largeman?

They turn. KARL BENSON, greasy hair wearing a wrinkled, red
"Handi-World" vest and dirty pants stands holding a small
box.

MARK
Oh, no. Benson.

LARGE
Oh, no.

SAM
Who's that?

MARK
Don't give him your number.

Karl approaches.

KARL
Hey, what's up, man.

LARGE
Hey.

KARL
Holy shit, I haven't seen you since
like junior year.

LARGE
I know.

KARL
I thought you killed yourself.

LARGE
What?

KARL
I thought you killed yourself, that
wasn't you?

LARGE
(beat)
No. That wasn't me?

KARL
Who killed themselves?

MARK
Just that Gleason kid. Oh, and
Tina.

LARGE
Tina who?

MARK
You remember Tina. She was like
anorexic. She did gymnastics...

Sam is horrified by this conversation.

LARGE
Oh yeah, gymnastics Tina. How'd she
do it?

MARK
I don't know. She wasn't Jewish, I
didn't bury her.

KARL
I think sleeping pills. Or that car
in the garage thing. I forgot.

Sam is yanking on her ear for Large to see, but he doesn't
notice.

LARGE
This is Sam. Sam this is Karl.

SAM
Hey.

MARK
Listen I'm gonna go grab that
thing. So just hang here and I'll
be back.

LARGE
Oh.

He walks off.

KARL
He's such a dick.

LARGE
Why'd you say that?

KARL
He stole my little brother's last
dose of Ritalin and the little
fucker glued his lips closed.
Weren't you on TV or something?

LARGE
Yeah. Yeah I was. Just this thing.
So you're like what, working here?

KARL
(dismissive)
Only for awhile I'm opening my own business. Actually, I should tell you about it. I'm looking for smart people like you, Large. I should get your number.

LARGE
Yeah, definitely.
(beat)
So what's in the box.

KARL
Oh, washers. I'm s'posed to count'em.

LARGE
Washers?

KARL
(picking one out)
You know these little round metal things you put between a bolt and a nut.

LARGE
Oh, washers. I never use those. I never knew what they were for, so I just always threw them away. I never used washers.

Silence.

KARL
Oh, well listen; I want to talk to you both about a good opportunity.
(like he's memorized it last night)
For you and your loved ones. We all have dreams. I know I do. I know of an exciting opportunity that people are talking about.

Mark returns holding a box with a picture of steak knives on the side.

MARK
Hey. We gotta get going.

LARGE
Yeah, well it was great to see you, man. I'm sure I'll see you around.

KARL
Yeah, well let me get your number.

LARGE

Oh, well we gotta run. I'm listed. Just call information. It's been so long since I've been home I don't even remember it.

SAM

Nice meeting you.

INT. HANDI-WORLD CHECKOUT - CONTINUOUS

MARK

Why is it always the losers who get into the pyramid schemes? Why isn't it ever some charming hot girl nagging you incessantly to buy shit?

LARGE

Oh, is that what it is?

MARK

Detergent or some shit. The thing I don't understand is, if it worked, why would he be working here. The guy's a freak; he pops Darvocet like it's Ritalin.

LARGE

Why are you buying knives? I don't need knives.

They arrive at the counter. A young Black woman with enormous gold earrings and long fingernails stands at the register.

MARK

I'd like to return these.

WOMAN

You got a receipt.

MARK

Actually, no. It was a gift.

She clicks her tongue. She begins filling out a form.

WOMAN

Why are you returning these?

MARK

They're not sharp enough.

WOMAN

They're not sharp enough?

MARK

No. Not for what we need them for. They couldn't cut cans.

WOMAN

You bought them to cut cans?

MARK

No, but in the commercial they say that if I wanted to cut cans I could. But with these knives I can't.

WOMAN

Well it comes with a sharpener. Did you try it?

MARK

Yeah, they're just... I don't want them; not sharp enough.

She rings it into the register and counts out bills to Mark.

WOMAN

Thirty-nine, fifty-three. I hope we came in handy at Handi-World. Please come again.

They exit the store and enter the mall.

EXT. MALL - DAY

They walk past stacks of lumber.

MARK

A major loop-hole in the Handi-World return policy permits returns without receipts on items below forty dollars.

LARGE

So how often do you go?

MARK

I hit every employee once, then wait for them to hire new ones. Luckily, no one works at Handi-World for very long. Except Karl Benson.

LARGE

You know, Mark, it's my last day in town. I have money. I can give you some.

MARK

I don't need your money, I'm making my own right now.

LARGE

Or fuck, take Jesse's - the guys a millionaire.

Mark stops and looks at Large in the eyes.

MARK

I don't take anybody's money,
Andrew. I make my own. Favors are
bad news. And the only thing worse
than a favor, is a favor involving
money.

EXT. RESCUE SQUAD -- LATER

The motorcycle pulls up behind two ambulances being cleaned
with hoses. Large sees Cynthia changing the sheets on a
stretcher. They climb off.

MARK

This will only take a second.
(to Cynthia)
Is Aaron here?

CYNTHIA

Inside.

LARGE

Hey.

CYNTHIA

Hey.

LARGE

This is Sam.

SAM

Hi.

CYNTHIA

Hey.

LARGE

(re: the stretcher)
Did he live?

CYNTHIA

She... had an eight pound boy.

SAM

You delivered him?

CYNTHIA

Yeah.

SAM

Wow.

CYNTHIA

Yeah.
(to Large)
What are you doing here?

LARGE
Mark's picking up something.

CYNTHIA
He's as friendly as always.

The three stand in awkward silence.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Help me with this.

He stands at the other end of the stretcher as she guides him through making it.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Grab that one... over... once
more... good. That side... crease
the corner...under...good. Same
thing on this one... Voila.

LARGE
So were you there?

CYNTHIA
Where?

LARGE
Were you on the call to my uh... to
the house?

CYNTHIA
No.

LARGE
Oh.

CYNTHIA
Do you wish I was?

LARGE
Yeah.
(beat)
She loved you.

Mark exits carrying a large gym bag.

MARK
Got it, let's go.

SAM
Nice to meet you.

CYNTHIA
You too.

Sam leaves them alone.

LARGE
I should go.

CYNTHIA

(softly)

You know, Andrew, the hour will come one day when you stop avoiding all the people that love you. And when it does I sure hope you come find me... 'cause I'd love to know who you are.

He backs away.

LARGE

You know me enough to know I'd travel for your funeral right? I was kidding yesterday; where ever it was... you know I'd be there right?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

He backs away and mounts his bike. Cynthia turns to the stretcher and quickly uses her thumb to swipe a tear welling in her eye.

INT. HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS/ROUTE 22 -- MORNING

Mark, Sam and Large enter the tacky lobby. Mark carries the gym bag.

Large and Sam follow Mark down a corridor and into a vending machine room. He opens a door labeled "Private" into a kitchen area. They weave through the kitchen down another hall...

INT. BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They arrive at a locked door. Mark knocks.

After a beat it's opened by an Asian teenager with bad acne blasting his walkman. The far wall is entirely covered with a blown-up mural of a New Jersey Driver's License used for making fake ID's. The space where the face would go is missing, revealing an opening in the wall. They climb through.

INT. SECRET HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

DURING THE FOLLOWING SCENE, THE CHARACTERS WILL ONLY WHISPER IN EACH OTHER'S EARS. WE WILL ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE SAYING FROM SUBTITLES.

They squeeze down a long dark corridor filled with graffiti. They come upon a young teen staring through a peep hole in the wall. Mark taps him on the shoulder. He turns his head and nods in recognition.

When he pulls away from the peep hole, the LIGHT PROJECTS THE IMAGE OF THE MOTEL ROOM ON HIS FACE.

(Yes, that really happens.) As he looks at Mark, Sam and Large, his forehead is filled with the image of a BUSINESS MAN brushing his teeth. Mark leans into his ear.

MARK
(subtitled)
Where's Diego?

TEEN
(subtitled)
Down the hall. There's a hooker in room 112. It's crazy down there. I figured I'd just chill with this.

SLOW MOTION: Mark gestures for Large and Sam to follow him down the hall. The hall is strewn with young men staring into peep holes. As Mark, Sam and Large pass them, the Peeping Tom's each turn to see who it is.

As they turn, each one has the image of what they're watching projected on their face. We hear the ECHOES of the SOUNDS FROM the ROOMS.

- An old couple slow dancing projected on another teen.

REGULAR MOTION: They arrive at the end of the hall where a group of six young guys are glued to the image being projected onto the wall opposite the peep hole. An old camera lens has been ducked taped to the peep hole causing the image to appear in perfect focus.

The projection shows a very hot, YOUNG HOOKER getting taken from behind by an OLDER GREASEBALL. Her face is no more than three feet from the peep hole. The HOOKER'S MUFFLED MOANING can be heard from the other side of the wall.

Everyone's eyes are glued to the wall. Large notices one kid has duct tape over his mouth, while another is sweating profusely. Sam's jaw is dropped open.

GREASEBALL (O.S.)
I'm fucking you! I'm fucking you.

Large notices another kid lip-synching along with the Greaseball. Mark spots DIEGO, a Hispanic guy, 32, wearing a bell-hop uniform and gestures him closer.

MARK
(subtitled)
T'sup dog? She's fuckin' hot.

DIEGO
(subtitled)
This is the most exciting day of my life. We've never had anything close to this.

MARK
I've got that Nitrous tank for you, so can I get that info?

DIEGO
You're gonna have to wait a couple.

The HOOKER MOANS.

GREASEBALL (O.S.)
Who's fuckin' you? Huh? Who's
fuckin' you?

The Lip-Synching Kid mouths, "You are."

MARK
Dude we're kind of in a rush.

DIEGO
You can wait, he's about to cum.

GREASEBALL
I'm gonna fucking cum!

Diego gestures, "Told you."

HOOKER
Cum on my back!

The group responds in silent shock. Jaws drop, Diego grabs his hair with his fists. Just as they are about to climax, we cut to:

INT. OUTER ROOM -- DAY

Mark, Diego, Large, Sam and others rush out into the outer room. They speak in quiet whispers.

DIEGO
Holy shit!

MARK
Wow.

DIEGO
That shit was hot! I got to go drop
some knowledge on that ho.

SAM
How do you know she's a hooker?

DIEGO
Of course she's a fucking hooker.
Girls that look like her do not
fuck guys that look like him unless
it's for money, coke or fame.

SAM
Julia Roberts married Lyle Lovett.

DIEGO
Who the fuck are you?

MARK

Oh, this is Sam and Large.

DIEGO

No offense.

(to Mark)

Why are you bringing these people here?

MARK

He's the guy who needs that thing. Look I brought you the tank, so can you just tell us where to go now?

DIEGO

Tank come with balloons?

MARK

Am I a fucking birthday clown, Diego? No I don't have balloons. Suck it off the tap. And I need it back when you're done; the guy's holding my thirty-nine bucks.

DIEGO

All right. Hold-up. Who here just saw some titties?!

They all stare.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Raise your hand if you just saw some titties?!

They all raise their hands. (Including Sam.)

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Thank you. So everybody needs to calm the fuck down.

MARK

We're in a hurry.

DIEGO

All right. You know where Kiernan's Quarry is?

EXT. KIERNAN'S QUARRY -- LATER

They pull up on the motorcycle.

MARK (V.O.)

Down in Newark, right?

DIEGO (V.O.)

Yeah, it's at the bottom of Hillside and Rivington.

(MORE)

You can't really see it from the street, but it's there. Park your car at the gate and hop the fence.

They do.

DIEGO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At the bottom of the quarry there's this Junkyard run by this guy named Albert. He's the one that tracked down the piece you're looking for. I'll call him right now and tell him to expect you.

LARGE

Okay, stop. What the fuck are we doing?

MARK

Just be patient.

LARGE

Dude, we've been patient all day, but it's my last day in town and you haven't told me what the fuck we're doing. I mean if you told me we were going on a six hour scavenger hunt for blow I would have passed.

MARK

Blow? Please. If I was gonna give you coke we'd have gone to the high school football practice and we'd a been reeling five hours ago.

LARGE

Well I think we've corrupted this innocent girl enough for one afternoon.

SAM

I'm not innocent.

LARGE

(getting worked up)
Yes, you are. And that's what I like about you. And I don't want this fucking guy taking you to the bottom of a quarry in a sketchy-ass neighborhood to find some Pitbull's raping each other or... crack whore's huffing turpentine or whatever it is that you have us doing!

MARK

Wow. That's the most worked up I've ever seen you.

SAM
He was protecting me.

LARGE
So.

SAM
He likes me.

LARGE
Don't be cute.

SAM
You're my knight in shining armor.

LARGE
Don't talk about knights in front
of Mark. It's a sore subject.

MARK
I'm gonna kill that motherfucker.

LARGE
Pun intended?

Beat as Mark gets it. He comes after him.

MARK
You're dead.

They play wrestle as Sam watches.

EXT. KIERNAN'S QUARRY -- MOMENTS LATER

The three of them reach the top of a small hill to reveal...

AN ENORMOUS ABANDONED QUARRY

Colossal old cranes and construction trucks loom in the distance like ancient dinosaurs frozen in rust and graffiti. The center of the quarry goes so deep they can't see the bottom. They stand on the edge. Rain clouds rapidly drift overhead. This place is surreal.

SAM
Wow.

LARGE
I never even knew this was here.

MARK
I've heard about it. They were supposed to build a mall here I think.

SAM
Yeah I remember reading about it in the paper.

(MORE)

They were digging one day and they broke through into this like natural phenomenon. It's like an underground Grand Canyon or something. So now they're in some huge legal battle over whether they can build here or not.

LARGE

Can you imagine the guy who's job it is to fight for the right to build his mall on some like geological phenomenon?

MARK

They love their mall's here man. Okay let's just find this guy and get outta here.

LARGE

You're not gonna tell us what we're getting?

MARK

It's a surprise, you'll see.

Mark walks on ahead of them down a path that winds down alongside the abyss.

EXT. KIERNAN'S QUARRY -- LATER

Further down the path. Sam looks to Large. He uses an old mop handle he's found as a walking stick.

As they continue along the path it begins to get continually cluttered with rusty junk. An old bedframe, a porcelain tub, remnants of a "Jungle-Gym", dirty broken toys.

Further along down the path amidst the junk they see a THIRTY FOOT DILAPIDATED HOUSE BOAT perched on cement blocks that sits right on the edge of the cliff. It's windows glow warm and welcoming.

Mark stands in front of the boat. This isn't what he expected. Rain begins to fall.

MARK

I guess this is it.

LARGE

So... knock. Knock and barter for "Dessert Storm Trading Cards".

MARK

Please don't tease me about my hobbies. I don't tease you about being an asshole.

They stand in the pouring rain staring at the boat. Mark steps up and pounds his fist on the wooden hull.

After a moment, ALBERT, a very gentle looking man in his mid-thirties with a newborn baby asleep on his shoulder appears on the deck. He smiles warmly.

ALBERT
(in a whisper)
Mark?

MARK
Yeah. Are you Albert?

ALBERT
(with a smile)
Yes. Come on in out of the rain.

Sam and Large look at each other, then follow Mark up an A-frame ladder that sits next to the hull.

INT. ALBERT'S BOAT -- CONTINUOUS

They step inside and the door closes behind them. It's very cozy and warm. GREAT MUSIC PLAYS. A wood burning stove heats the room and throws warm amber light onto a small LIVING ROOM with deep cushy couches.

ALBERT
You guys must be freezing. Make yourselves warm by the fire. I'm just gonna go put her down. I'll be right out.

The three of them huddle by the fire. They speak in quiet whispers.

SAM
I must say, I've been continually impressed today with how each new place you bring us manages to be weirder and weirder.

MARK
What do you mean, this is nice.

LARGE
Oh nothing, just hanging out in an old boat at the bottom of a quarry in Newark.

MARK
It's hardly the bottom, dude. Did you see that cliff?

Albert returns with FAYE, an equally gentle and caring looking woman in her early thirties.

ALBERT
This is my wife, Faye.

ALL
Hi. Hello.

FAYE

Hi. Welcome.

ALBERT

This is Mark and Sam and Large,
right?

MARK

Yeah.

ALBERT

Diego told me when he called.
Please have a seat, make yourselves
comfortable.

FAYE

It's really coming down out there,
huh?

LARGE

Yeah, it just started pouring all
of a sudden.

ALBERT

Well in a bad storm I like to
pretend this old boat's my own
private "ark". Unfortunately, if
this is the apocalypse, I'm not
quite sure it still floats.

FAYE

Would any of you like some tea?

SAM

I'd love some tea.

Large and Mark look at her.

LARGE

No thanks.

MARK

No... thanks.

Faye crosses to a small kitchen. They all sit there politely
nodding at each other.

LARGE

What is it that you do here? What
is this place?

ALBERT

Good question. We're calling it
Kiernan's Fault. And no one's
really quite sure what it is
because they haven't been able to
explore it. They're locked in a
legal battle over who has the
rights to the land.

(MORE)

So one of these days it will either be a national park or a shopping mall. But while their locked in litigation, I was hired to make sure no one comes inside.

LARGE

Oh. Wow.

ALBERT

What they don't know is that I'm a geologist working undercover for the preservation lobby. So, at night... I go down.

FAYE

He's documenting it to support their case.

SAM

Wow. So how deep does it go?

ALBERT

No one really knows. I've been in the furthest and that was about two miles down. But I like to pretend it's infinite.

Faye brings them tea.

SAM

It's kind of an odd job isn't it? Guardian of an infinite abyss?

ALBERT

Yeah, I guess it is. We also trade and deal in antique jewelry. I suppose it's pretty odd to you that we live down here like this.

SAM

No.

LARGE

Not at all.

MARK

Never crossed my mind.

ALBERT

But we think it's important.

LARGE

Why? What do you think you'll find?

ALBERT

I don't know. It's exciting. New frontiers are hard to come by these days. I guess I just like the idea of discovering something.

(MORE)

Doing something completely unique
that no one's ever done before.

Large looks to Sam.

LARGE

Yeah. "Albert's Abyss".

ALBERT

Who knows? Maybe. But I used to think that was all that mattered. No matter what it was, as long as I could put my name on it. Like it would somehow justify the fact that I lived; that I was here. "I did that. That's mine. I got this plate on my travels." But you know what? That's all ego; none of that stuff really matters. If at the end of the day I get to be with her, if I get to be with this person right here and the baby we created, then that's all I need. Just having felt that... If I die in an hour, I know I've lived.

Faye kisses his forehead.

LARGE

You know my whole life I've had that same anxiety that if I didn't discover something or... save something or...

SAM

Save something from being discovered.

LARGE

Yeah. That I'll have somehow wasted my time here. And that somewhere, whatever force created us, would resent me for it.

ALBERT

Well I think that force would rather remind you that "breathing's all it takes to be a miracle".

He takes a deep breath. Large, Sam and Mark stare at Albert;
TRANSFIXED. He's like a sage.

GREAT MUSIC BEGINS.

ALBERT

Well I suppose you want what you came all the way down here for.

MARK

Yeah, that would be great.

ALBERT
It took me awhile to track this
piece down. But I owe Diego huge.

He pulls a small paper bag off the counter and hands it to
Mark. Mark looks inside and nods his head.

MARK
That's it. Thank you.

They all stand.

SAM
Well thank you for the tea.

LARGE
Yeah, thanks.

FAYE
Okay, good luck in the rain. Would
you like some garbage bags or
something?

LARGE
Yeah, that would be great.

EXT ALBERT'S HOUSE BOAT--DAY

They open the door and venture into the DOWN POUR in their
garbage bag parkas.

ALBERT
Good-bye.

Albert stands with his arm around Faye in their warm doorway.
As the three of them climb down the ladder and head up the
path. Large turns back around.

LARGE
(yelling over the rain)
Hey Albert!

ALBERT
Yeah?

LARGE
Good luck exploring the infinite
abyss!

ALBERT
(with a smile)
Thank you.
(beat)
Hey!
(beat)
You too!

EXT. KIERNAN'S QUARRY -- CONTINUOUS

THE GREAT MUSIC CONTINUES

SLOW MOTION: Mark, Sam and Large in black garbage bag rain parkas head up the incline away from the trailer at half speed.

Large leads them to an old yellow crane that's rusty arm hangs out over the edge. He climbs up onto it's base.

REGULAR MOTION: Large SCREAMS as loud as he can, with everything he has, like he's emptying himself into the abyss. Sam and Mark look up at him and climb up alongside Large to join him.

The three of them, in their black parkas, with their hair drenched against their heads, SCREAM as loud as they can, with everything they have in the POURING RAIN.

FREEZE FRAME: The three of them smiling. A release. A perfect moment.

UNFREEZE: Sam locks eyes on Large. He stares back at her. They kiss. He wraps his hands around the back of her head and they kiss, in the pouring rain, on the edge of something.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE -- LATER

The rain has stopped as Large's motorcycle pulls up in front of Mark's house. Mark gets out of the sidecar.

LARGE

So I don't know if I'm gonna see you.

MARK

I know. Don't you wanna know what's in the bag?

LARGE

To be honest, I don't even care anymore.

Mark pulls out the bag. It practically falls apart it's so wet from the rain. He pulls out an ANTIQUE NECKLACE with a square pendant on it. He puts it in Large's wet hand.

MARK

I'd be lying to ya if I told ya this was my plan all along.

(beat)

But I got it back. That's got to be worth something, right?

LARGE

This whole day was about this?

MARK
 (nodding)
 And anyway you didn't want it down
 there with her. It's better for you
 to have it.

Large shakes his head; he's shocked. Mark backs away, still
 wearing his garbage bag parka.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Hey, if you ever need a Kato, you
 know where to find me.

Large sits back down on the bike into Sam's wet arms. He
 stares at the pendant in his hand.

SAM
 What is it?

LARGE
 It's my Mom's favorite necklace.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

They sit, soaked from the rain in the empty bath tub where
 Sarah Largeman drowned, cross-legged facing each other.
 Large wears the necklace around his neck. He plays with the
 pendant...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP INSIDE THE PENDANT: It's an antique game
 where you try to get three tiny lead balls to sit in three
 separate indentations.

LARGE
 No. I don't want to play this game.

SAM
 Why not? I'm curious. She's sitting
 here, across from you and you can
 say anything at all. All the things
 you never got a chance to say.
 (beat)

No?
 (beat)
 Well I don't want to push you. I
 just thought it might help. I mean
 isn't that what you came home for?

He stops playing with the necklace and takes a deep breath.

LARGE
 Okay.
 (beat)
 I would...
 (beat)
 If she were sitting here.
 (really thinking)
 (MORE)

If my mother were sitting here I
would tell her...

Silence. The faucet DRIPS behind him.

SAM

What?

LARGE

I really don't wanna...

(beat)

I would tell her that I'm sorry.

(beat)

I'm sorry that she wasn't happy.
And I'm sorry I couldn't make her
happy. And you know if I could have
had anything I ever wanted to have
happen in my life actually ever
happen, it would have been that she
would be happy. And...

A tiny tear wells in his lid and spills over.

SAM

Oh, my God, Large I think I see
one.

LARGE

Shut-up.

SAM

Yeah, I do. Don't move, we should
save it or something.

She finds a clear plastic cup.

SAM (CONT'D)

Here don't move, I'm gonna get it.

She tries to coerce the tear off his cheek into the cup, like
a child capturing an inch worm.

LARGE

I guess I could put it in my
scrapbook, if I had a scrapbook.

They wait.

SAM

Is that it?

LARGE

I think so. I don't feel any more
coming.

SAM

Well if you do, let me know and
I'll grab the cup, okay?

LARGE

Yeah.

SAM

This was a good idea. Keep talking.

LARGE

It's funny; this thing reminds me of this really random memory of my mother. It's so weird, I haven't thought about this in so long, but this great memory I have where I was a little kid and I was crying for one reason or another and she was kind of holding me and rocking me back and forth. And I could see the little balls in this thing just rolling back and forth. And there was just snot dripping down my nose.

(he laughs)

And she just handed me her sleeve and told me to just blow my nose into it. And I remember thinking, even as a very little kid, "Wow. This is love."

More tears start to well and overflow from his eyes. He tries to stifle them with a LAUGH. He cradles the pendant.

LARGE (CONT'D)

This is love. And it just felt so... good to be there. So safe. And I didn't feel safe very often, but at that moment...

Tears are now streaming down his face as well as Sam's. She holds the plastic cup in her hand.

SAM

Oh, Large I'm never gonna be able to get all these.

They laugh. She moves closer, wrapping her legs around his waist to hug him close. She kisses his wet cheeks.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm never gonna be able to get all these, am I?

LARGE

It's so funny isn't it? But I think that's the single most amazing moment I remember of my Mother. 'Cause she wasn't sad and she wasn't being prodded to be happy, she was just there.

SAM

To be your Mom.

He nods and tightens his lips; trying to hold in the faucet that his eyes have become; a monumental release. He almost looks like a different person. They stare directly into each other's eyes. He turns away; it's too vulnerable a place for him.

SAM (CONT'D)

Look at me.

(beat)

Look at me.

He does. And we see a vulnerable, lonely, little boy.

SAM (CONT'D)

(in a whisper)

Let go. Listen to me. Just don't hang onto any of it anymore. You're holding on so tight and you just... you don't have to hang onto any of it anymore. Just let it all go.

LARGE

(through tears)

I just don't...

SAM

Just let it all go.

He cries with his elbow over his eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

What do you feel? Describe it. That always helps me. My Mom always says, "What's the word that's burning in your chest..."

She touches his chest with her hand.

SAM (CONT'D)

What is it?

He looks away. Scared.

SAM (CONT'D)

Look at me.

He does.

SAM (CONT'D)

(gentle)

What is it?

LARGE

(in a whisper)

I would say that it's Love.

(beat)

It's this Love that I have.

SAM

Yeah, it is.

(beat)

And you've got so much of it in you... God, you do. You've got so many years of it in you, pleading to come out.

LARGE

This fucking hurts.

SAM

I know. But that... that is life. If nothing else...

(pointing to his chest)

That is life. It's real. And sometimes it burns. But maybe... it might be all there is.

(beat)

Look at you. Look at you. You look like you just came back to life.

He just stares at her.

LARGE

(baffled)

Who are you?

SAM

(smiling)

I'm your new friend, Sam.

Holding up her sleeve.

SAM (CONT'D)

Tissue?

They both laugh; a release.

LARGE

Fuck. I feel like I just get so much thrown at me; like there's so much speeding by me in a day that I feel like if I look up from the sidewalk, I'll get dizzy and fall down. So it's like I just... barrel through and don't look up, so I'll just never fall, you know? And that's really... and you know it's so sad to say this, but that's really how I've been living my whole life.

SAM

Trying to barrel through.

LARGE

Yeah.

SAM

Well it sounds like you were due to fall.

LARGE

Yeah.

(realizing)

Yeah I was.

(beat. Then with a laugh.)

Thanks Mom.

(beat, realizing)

That's funny. The definition's always confused me, but I'm pretty sure that's irony.

He smiles. He wipes his tears away with his own sleeve.

LARGE (CONT'D)

Come here.

She comes in for a tight embrace. He kisses her gently on her cheek with his eyes closed, then rests his head on her shoulder.

SAM

How do you feel?

On Large's face as he thinks about that question.

LARGE

Safe.

(beat)

When I'm with you, I feel so safe... like I'm Home.

A WIDE SHOT of the bathroom as Sam and Large embrace in the middle of the empty tub and the faucet continues to DRIP.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LARGE'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Large's STEREO PLAYS: ("I Just Don't Think I'll Ever Get Over You" by Colin Hay)

Large and Sam lie naked in each other's arms. She's asleep. He lies wide awake resting his cheek on top of hers.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES: of Large as he lies awake in different positions staring at the ceiling; processing. Sam turns to him.

He gets up out of bed and puts his clothes on.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Large stands at the end of the bed staring at Gideon lying propped up with a book on his chest, asleep. The EVENING NEWS is on the TV.

LARGE

Dad?

He sits up startled.

GIDEON

Oh, hey, hey c'mon in.

He finds his glasses on his chest and lifts the remote to turn off the TV.

LARGE

Sorry to wake you.

GIDEON

No, no, it's uh... I was just reading.

LARGE

I've been on a pretty crazy little journey these last couple of days.

GIDEON

You've been avoiding me.

LARGE

No, I just... maybe I have been.

GIDEON

I'm sure you can find plenty of things in your life to be angry about, but what I don't understand is why you're so angry at me. All I ever wanted was for everybody to be happy again, Andrew. That's all I ever wanted.

LARGE

But when were we ever all happy, Dad? I mean you always say that, but when was that? When was this time that you have in your mind that you wish we could all get back to? 'Cause I don't have it in my memory. Maybe if I did I could help steer us back there. But we should...

(beat)

You know... you and I need to work on being okay if that's not in the cards for us.

GIDEON

Well we might have a shot at it if you could just forgive yourself for what you did.

LARGE

What I did? What I did?! You know what, Dad? I'm gonna forgive myself for what I did right now: I was a little boy and somebody made a shitty latch. That's what I think now. And I'm not gonna... I mean I'm not gonna take all those drugs anymore. Because they've left me completely numb. I have felt so fucking numb to everything I have experienced in my life. And for that; I'm here to forgive you.

Gideon sits up against the headboard.

LARGE (CONT'D)

You've always said you wanted us to have whatever it is we wanted. Well maybe what Mom wanted more than anything, was for it to all be over. And for me, what I really want more than anything, is for it to be okay with you for me to feel something again; even if it's pain.

GIDEON

Going against your doctor's recommendation; that's a pretty weighty experiment to take on don't you think?

LARGE

(with a chuckle)

This is my life, Dad. This is it. I've spent twenty-six years waiting for something else to start. So no, I don't think it's too much to take on. Because it's everything there is.

(beat)

I see now it's all there is.

GIDEON

Perhaps the great tragedy of my life, will be that you both deserved more than I knew how to give?

LARGE

We deserved nothing more than you. And you deserved nothing more than us.

Large puts his hand on the center of his father's bare chest.

LARGE (CONT'D)

You and I are gonna be okay. You know that, right?

(beat)

(MORE)

We may not be as happy as you always hoped we'd be. But for the first time let's allow ourselves to be whatever it is that we are... and that'll be better. OK? I think that'll be better.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT STAIRCASE -- MORNING

Large sits next to Sam on a staircase between two escalators.

SAM

What are you doing?

LARGE

I don't want to hurt you.

SAM

No. Why? How can you... how could you... What's going on? What happened? We can figure out the long distance thing. Don't... this is a good thing, Large. Don't... you're gonna be... please don't do this.

She starts crying.

LARGE

Sam.

SAM

(through tears)

You don't realize. This is good. This doesn't happen often in your life. We can figure this stuff out. I wanna help you. We need each other; I haven't even lied in two days.

LARGE

Is that true?

SAM

No.

LARGE

Look at me. Sam, look at me. This is not over. I'm not putting a period at the end of this thing. I'm putting like... an ellipses on it. Because I'm worried that if I don't go figure myself out, if I don't go land on my feet and be okay on my own, I'm gonna fuck this up. And I don't want to do that. This matters too much to me.

He checks his watch.

LARGE (CONT'D)

This isn't a conversation about this being over. It's about me needing time to... Look, I just fired my psychiatrist, I gotta go out and find a new one.

He stares off. Decision time.

LARGE (CONT'D)

I gotta go. I'm gonna call you. As soon as I get there I'm gonna call you.

She nods; heartbroken.

LARGE (CONT'D)

Look at me.

She doesn't.

LARGE (CONT'D)

Look at me.

She turns.

LARGE (CONT'D)

You've changed my life, Samantha. And I've known you for four days. This is the beginning of something big. But right now I gotta go.

He kisses her on her mouth. As he pulls away she arcs her head to touch his lips for one more second.

FADE TO BLACK:

ANCHOR (O.S.)

Well Paul is off tonight, but we're lucky enough to have Ryan Walker here to tell us about our weather.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gideon sits on the edge of the bed cutting his toe-nails. He's naked except for white underwear. The SOUND OF WATER running in the bathroom.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

Ryan, how's it lookin' out there?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Gideon?

Gideon doesn't hear the voice as he bends over and tries to pick each toenail he's cut out of the thick carpet.

RYAN (O.S.)
Thank you, Dan. Well I have some good news. We are in for some gorgeous weather coming our way out of the northwest.

FEMALE VOICE
Gideon?

A SCREAM and a BANG from the FEMALE VOICE in the other room! GIDEON'S FACE as it whips up into frame from his task on the floor.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
GIDEON!

SHE SCREAMS AGAIN THROUGH WATER!

He darts up off the floor and races to the open bathroom door! He is about to enter and then he's STOPPED ABRUPTLY.

SARAH
Gideon!

SARAH IS DROWNING. Through the door we see SPLASHES OF WATER as they land on the bathroom floor.

GIDEON'S FACE. he can't move; frozen. His mind is racing; ADRENALINE. We can almost see how fast his mind is processing through his EYES.

The WEATHER REPORT continues low in the background.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(through gasps)
GIDE...

And then silence.

GIDEON'S FACE: Wide-eyed in terror.

HIS FINGERS as they slide down off the bathroom door frame.

He backs away slowly to the bed and sits down; staring blankly at the bathroom door. And then he starts to SOB. Quickly his whole body seems to surrender into it and he WEEPS hard. His whole back lurches upward with each SOB.

RYAN (O.S.)
So there you have it folks; get out the picnic baskets, push up those storm windows, 'cause it appears that Spring has arrived.

Gideon looks up; lost. His face is covered with tears. He reaches down to the phone and dials 911.

GIDEON
I need an ambulance.

BLACK.

INT. AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA-- DAY

Sam cries in a phone booth. A KNOCK on the glass spins her around to see Large. He opens the door.

SAM
What are you doing?

LARGE
Remember that idea I had about growing and working stuff out on my own and then finding you when I'd figured myself out?

SAM
The ellipses?

LARGE
Yeah the ellipses. It's dumb. It's an awful idea. And I'm not gonna do it. Because like you said, this is it. This is life. And I'm in love with you, Samantha.

(with a laugh)
I think that's the only thing I've ever been really sure of in my whole life. I'm really fucked up right now, but I don't want to waste any more of my life without you in it. Okay?

SAM
Yeah.

LARGE
Because I think I can do this. I know I can. I want to. We have to. Yeah?

Tears stream down her face. She smiles her angelic smile.

SAM
Yeah. Yes.

LARGE
Yes?

SAM
Yes.

LARGE

Okay.
(beat, nodding)
What do we do?

He looks at her and smiles like we've never seen him smile;
ALIVE; AWAKE; CHARGED!

LARGE (CONT'D)

What do we do?

They pause for a moment, staring at each other, transfixed by adrenaline and spontaneity. Slowly Large leans in and they kiss amidst an almost desolate baggage claim area.

MUSIC CUE: Radiohead: "Sulk"

As one lone bag circles an empty carousel waiting to be found.

FADE OUT: