

GREENBERG

Screenplay by  
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Story by  
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Black.

VOICE

Okay, that was the big box, now let's use the small box.

1 INT. MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

1

Florence Marr, 25, stands on a ball. A tiny woman, 40's, hovers near her.

MUSIC TEACHER

From your groin.

FLORENCE

(singing)

I'm going walking today, I'm going walking today, I'm going walking today...

MUSIC TEACHER

Your groin!

FLORENCE

(singing)

I'm going walking today, I'm going walking today...

MUSIC TEACHER

Let me see your tongue.

Florence sticks out her tongue and the teacher grabs hold of it.

MUSIC TEACHER

Again.

FLORENCE

(with her tongue being held)

I'm going walking today...

2 INT. FLORENCE'S CAR - LATER

2 \*

Florence drives. The radio plays.

FLORENCE

(to the car behind her)

Are you going to let me in? Are you?  
(waves)

Thank you.

3 INT. DRY CLEANER

3

Florence rummages through her purse.

FLORENCE

Shoot, I think I left my ticket in the car. It's under Philip Greenberg, two suits and a dress.

The dry cleaner stares at her.

FLORENCE

You don't remember me?

DRY CLEANER

I need the ticket.

Florence hesitates and hurries toward the door.

4 EXT. OPEN MARKET

4

Florence idles at the various stalls.

FLORENCE

They really liked the heirlooms I got last week. Do you have the heirlooms?

5 EXT/INT. PHILIP AND CAROL'S HOUSE, HOLLYWOOD

5

A large, open California craftsman. Florence, clutching grocery bags and dry cleaning, types in a code on the keypad outside the front door and enters.

A boy, 7 and girl, 5, rush her.

KIDS

Florence!

FLORENCE

Hey, guys. Let me put this stuff down.

A German shepherd mutt bounds toward her, wiggling with anticipation.

FLORENCE

Hi, Mahler.

6 INT. KITCHEN

6 \*

Florence unpacks the groceries. The kids dancing and chirping \* around her.

BOY

We're going on vacation!

FLORENCE

I know.

BOY

But we will come back. Right? We're not going to live there.

FLORENCE

No, that's why it's a vacation.

7 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING

7 \*

Florence hurries toward the master bedroom, holding the dry cleaning. The kids follow, still chattering.

\*  
\*

GIRL

Are you going to go with us?

FLORENCE

No, remember, I have to stay here.

GIRL

Why?

FLORENCE

Because I do.

GIRL

Why?

FLORENCE

Because the vacation is for family members only. Mahler and I have to stay in LA.

GIRL

(horrified)

Mahler isn't coming? I want Mahler to come. Mahler!

She bursts into tears and runs in the other direction.

\*

7A INT. KITCHEN

7A \*

Florence feeds the dog. The boy still jabbering. Philip Greenberg, 30's enters holding a toothbrush, harried, in the midst of packing.

PHILIP

Did you get the neck pillows?

FLORENCE

Yes. They didn't have those chocolate covered rice balls.

PHILIP

(concerned)

Did you try Trader Joe's?

FLORENCE

Yeah and Bristol Farms.

Carol, 30's, enters, equally harried, holding a sweater and pair of jeans in her hand.

CAROL

Were you able to find the liquid decongestant?

FLORENCE

Shoot!

She immediately turns around and heads for the door.

CAROL

It's okay, Florence, don't worry about it.

FLORENCE

(on her way out)

No, no, no...

8 EXT. PHARMACY

8

Florence hurries out holding the decongestant.

9 INT. FLORENCE'S CAR

9 \*

Florence puts the car in reverse, looks over her shoulder. A long scraping sound as she backs up. We STAY on Florence's face.

FLORENCE

(under her breath)

Oh, Florence.

10 INT. PHILIP AND CAROL'S BEDROOM

10

Open suitcases and bags on the bed. Florence helps Carol fold clothes and pack. Philip is organizing passports, money, keys.

CAROL

...and the toilet in the pool house is running. What else?

FLORENCE

I'll schedule the plumber for next week.

PHILIP

...and there's a package I need you to mail to my father...

CAROL

(to Philip)

Did you tell her about Roger?

PHILIP

My brother will be staying here. He might call you with things...questions or an errand or two...

FLORENCE

That's no problem.

CAROL

He just got out of the hospital.

FLORENCE

Is he sick?

PHILIP

Not that kind of hospital.

CAROL

He had a nervous breakdown.

PHILIP

Carol, come on...

CAROL

It's relevant. He's fine.

(to Florence)

Don't pack that skirt.

FLORENCE

Okay.

PHILIP

He really is fine now. I mean, he's delicate, but...

FLORENCE

Uh huh.

PHILIP

And I'm hiring him to do some work around the house. He's a carpenter.

(MORE)

\*

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
He's going to make a dog-house for  
Mahler.

\*  
\*

CAROL  
He says he's going to.

FLORENCE  
That'll look nice.

CAROL  
We hope. Oh, and can you walk Mahler  
quickly before you go...

11 EXT. RUNYON CANYON

11

Florence walks Mahler up the canyon.

CUT TO: Florence sits on a bench, Mahler at her feet.

\*

12 INT. FOYER

12

Philip and Carol hug Florence on her way out. The kids grabbing  
her legs.

FLORENCE  
Have a great trip, you guys.

CAROL  
Okay, I'll call you tonight if there's  
more to go over which I'm sure there  
is.

FLORENCE  
No problem.

PHILIP  
And you'll confirm the car service and  
the flight info for tomorrow.

FLORENCE  
(makes a mental note)  
Y-es.

CAROL  
And we can always call or e-mail. I'm  
sure there's e-mail in Vietnam.

FLORENCE  
I think there's e-mail everywhere.

PHILIP  
Oh, I forgot to write you a check for,  
what do we owe you now...

FLORENCE

I think it's three weeks. Don't worry about it.

CAROL

Oh, Florence, you have to speak up.

FLORENCE

No, I know, but it's fine.

PHILIP

(looking in a drawer)

I'm out of checks.

CAROL

I can give you some cash in the meantime...

FLORENCE

Really, don't worry about it. It's better in a way because then I don't spend it all at once.

PHILIP

I'll leave it for you in the kitchen drawer before we go.

A13 EXT. SILVERLAKE ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A13 \*

CLOSE on a TV screen. Monkeys play in a dense forest. We PAN \* down from to find Florence and her friend, Gina, 20's, outside \* the gallery window, watching this image on the TV. Florence \* finishes a cigarette. \*

They go inside the gallery. \*

13 INT. SILVERLAKE ART GALLERY - NIGHT

13 \*

Florence and Gina enter the forest installation. It's an opening. We see snippets of party conversation.

GINA

Don't wander away.

FLORENCE

Okay.

GINA

Let's make a point of sticking together.

FLORENCE

Okay. Can I borrow forty bucks until tomorrow?

13A INT. BACK ROOM

13A \*

A keg and chairs fill out the ad hoc reception area. Florence \*  
sits on a couch and leans in closely to a guy she's been \*  
talking to. \*

FLORENCE

I was thinking this morning that I've \*  
been out of college now for as long as \*  
I was in. And nobody cares if I get \*  
up in the morning. \*

They kiss. Gina appears in the doorway. \*

GINA

Florence, it's time to go home now.

Florence looks up from her kissing, a dazed look on her face.

FLORENCE

I'm gonna stay.

14 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

14

They're kissing. The guy leads Florence to his bedroom.

FLORENCE

(slowing down)

I don't know. I'm...I just got out of  
a long relationship.

GUY

This isn't a relationship...

Florence hesitates, not what she expected to hear.

FLORENCE

Um...right...I know. Okay.

She follows him down the hall...

15 INT. GUY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

15

Florence looks over at the sleeping young man. He's curled on his side, his back to her. She puts her hand on his naked back and feels his breath move in and out. Quietly she gets out of bed and begins to dress. The clock radio glows: 4:48. \*

16 INT. FLORENCE'S CAR - DAWN

16 \*

Florence drives, in the same clothes, her hair unwashed. The early morning light is starting to creep up.

FLORENCE  
(to car behind her)  
Are you going to let me in?  
(pause)  
No. Okay.

17 INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO

17

A low-rent place in the valley. Florence sorts through some song sheets. A tall, bony guy unpacks his guitar from the case.

FLORENCE  
Where's Brian?  
GUITARIST  
Brian got a gig in Frisco.

FLORENCE  
(concerned)  
I wish someone had told me. Are you going to play with me next week?

GUITARIST  
I don't know.

FLORENCE  
You don't know about the gig or you don't know your schedule?

GUITARIST  
Both.

FLORENCE  
(nods)  
Okay.

GUITARIST  
Brian said you pay for gas money.

FLORENCE  
Uh huh. How much do you need?

GUITARIST  
Five bucks. And...I get fifty an hour for practice.

FLORENCE  
I...I don't pay Brian to practice.

The guitarist shrugs.

GUITARIST  
I'm not Brian.

Florence hesitates then opens her wallet. She fingers through some bills.

FLORENCE  
Shit... Can I write you a check?

18 INT. FLORENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

18

A studio with a kitchenette. It's messy. Clothes and magazines lie on the floor.

Florence, her hair wet from the shower, and in a robe, is on her computer, answering e-mail. The phone rings. She picks up.

FLORENCE  
Hello?

GREENBERG  
(through the receiver)  
Hi, this is Roger Greenberg. I'm  
Philip's brother.

FLORENCE  
(pause)  
Oh, hey.

GREENBERG  
Is this Florence?

FLORENCE  
(pause)  
Sorry, I'm quitting e-mail. Yes, this  
is Florence.

19 INT/EXT. BEDROOM BALCONY, PHILIP'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

19

CLOSE on a stack of instructions open to:

**If you need anything call Florence Marr at:** And the number.

We're on the back of Greenberg, 40, in a T-shirt and boxers. He anxiously shifts his weight from one foot to the other.

He stands inside a door on the second floor balcony and watches a hairy burly man, 30's, leap in the pool -- his ass curls up over the water and submerges. Two women and another man, 30's, sun themselves and chat.

FLORENCE  
(through the receiver)  
Okay... Hi.

GREENBERG  
How are you?

FLORENCE  
I'm fine.

GREENBERG  
Um, there are people in the pool.

FLORENCE  
That's Marlon and Peggy.

GREENBERG  
Okay.

FLORENCE  
Your brother and Carol let Marlon and  
Peggy use the pool.

GREENBERG  
There's more than two.

He turns. We see his tired face for the first time. \*

FLORENCE  
They don't come in the house.

GREENBERG  
Okay, thanks.

FLORENCE  
Um, your brother left a check for me.  
Is that okay if I come by?

GREENBERG  
Yeah. I'll be here.

19A INT. TEENAGE GIRL'S ROOM

19A \*

Greenberg's feet creak on the wooden floor boards. On a side- \*  
board is a vintage wind-up toy girl playing vibes. Greenberg  
winds it and the girl rotates and plunks out a tune. He pours a  
pill into his palm from a container at his bedside and downs it  
with a glass of water.

Mahler stretches out in a sun patch on the floor. Greenberg  
steps into the sun stream and passes his hand aimlessly through  
the floating dust particles.

20

EXT./INT. PHILIP AND CAROL'S KITCHEN - DAY

20

Florence turns the key in the lock and enters. Mahler ambles \* toward her, his long nails scraping the floor. Florence hugs his face and scratches behind his ears.

FLORENCE  
Hi little Mahler baby.

Greenberg enters holding his cereal bowl.

FLORENCE  
Hey. I'm Florence. I hope this isn't a bad time.

GREENBERG  
No, I guess it's fine.

FLORENCE  
(to Mahler)  
Treat?

She retrieves a dried chicken lung from a jar in the pantry and feeds it to him. The dog licks her hand thoroughly -- she giggles.

FLORENCE  
His tongue is so scratchy.

She slides open a drawer and retrieves an envelope. Greenberg pats the dog stiffly on the top of the head. He chooses a song\* on the iPod. "It Never Rains in Southern California." \*

GREENBERG  
Do you remember how they used to play  
this on the radio every time it rained. \*

FLORENCE  
I'm not sure. \*

GREENBERG  
And if there was a fire they'd  
play...Burn Baby Burn or... \*

FLORENCE  
Uh huh. GREENBERG  
... what's it called? Disco  
Inferno. It's funny.

FLORENCE  
I don't think I know it. \*

GREENBERG

Before your time, I guess. You have  
to see past the kitsch.

\*

FLORENCE

I can see past it...

She makes a show of listening.

FLORENCE

Cool. Um, Philip said if you need  
anything, I can pick you up some  
groceries or things.

\*

GREENBERG

I'm okay.

FLORENCE

You sure, it's no problem.

GREENBERG

Well, I could use some things, sure.

FLORENCE

Make a list. I'll be right back.

She disappears into the other room, a door shuts. Greenberg starts a list: whiskey, ice cream sandwiches... The muffled sound of her peeing. He hesitates.

The toilet flushes. Her feet clomp across the floor. He hands her the grocery list with the two items. She grabs Mahler's green leash from a hook. Mahler jumps up, excited.

FLORENCE

I'll take him on a W-A-L-K.

GREENBERG

No... No, I got it.

FLORENCE

(hesitates)

Okay. Cool.

She hangs the leash back on its hook, walks quickly, her back to Greenberg and is out the door.

FLORENCE

Bye.

The kitchen door sticks open behind her. Mahler runs along the wall to the window. He jumps up, standing, with his paws on the sill and watches Florence walk away.

20A EXT. BACKYARD - DAY 20A \*

Greenberg sands the kitchen door on a sawhorse. \*

21 EXT. RUNYON CANYON - DAY 21

Greenberg walks the shepherd on a dirt incline. He wears painter's pants and a sweater, clearly not used to dressing for warm weather or exercise.

Greenberg rests on a bench with Mahler. \*

22 EXT. BACK YARD - LATER 22 \*

The swimmers are gone. Greenberg, in a T-shirt and shorts, walks cautiously around the edge of the pool. Mahler runs energetically in the grass. He nudges Greenberg with a frisbee. Greenberg grunts a sound that approximates "Sit." The dog doesn't respond. Greenberg wrestles the frisbee from the animal's mouth and tosses. Mahler bolts after it.

Greenberg removes his shirt and wades into the water. He shivers. Suddenly he pushes out. He can't really swim -- he keeps his head above water and dog paddles to the other end. Finally he reaches the ladder and lifts himself out. He's panting.

He lies down in a chaise and tries to relax.

22A INT. KITCHEN - DAY 22A \*

CLOSE on a handwritten letter:

"Dear American Airlines,  
 ...but my issue is not with the lack of leg room, but with the quality of the buttons on the seats. Not only was my flight attendant button busted, but so was my recline..."

Greenberg scribbles away. He eats cereal. \*

23 INT. TEENAGE GIRL'S BATHROOM - LATER 23

Greenberg empties his cereal bowl into the toilet. He scrapes \* at the remaining soggy flakes with his spoon. \*

He looks in the big, well lit magnifying mirror. \*

24 OMITTED 24 \*

25 INT. LIBRARY 25

CLOSE a scrap of paper with the name **Ivan and the number.**

Greenberg, his hair damp, dials.

GREENBERG (V.O.)  
 "...Dear Mayor Bloomberg...if you placed a police officer at strategically chosen corners of Manhattan..."

26 INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM - DAY

26

Greenberg stands in the doorway reading his hand-written letter. Across from him is a man, late 30's, in an untucked flannel over a T-shirt and khakis. This is Ivan.

GREENBERG  
 "...if they can do it in LA -- a car culture if there ever was one -- I'm confident we can do it here in Manhattan..."

IVAN  
 It's true, no one honks here really.

GREENBERG  
 In LA they understand the horn is for emergencies only. In New York it's a constant.

(pause)  
 I don't know, I don't really recognize New York anymore, you know?

Ivan takes a few tentative steps into the space.

IVAN  
 When did you get in?

GREENBERG  
 Only Monday, you're the first person I called.

IVAN  
 No, I didn't mean...

GREENBERG  
 No, I know, I was just saying.

IVAN  
 Right. How long you staying?

GREENBERG  
 About six weeks. Can you imagine going to Vietnam?

IVAN  
 You mean to fight?

GREENBERG

Well, to fight too, but I just meant  
now -- my brother and his wife are  
there on vacation.

IVAN

(shrugs)

I don't know. Some people like  
travel.

Ivan picks up a photo of a teenage girl.

GREENBERG

That's my brother's wife's daughter,  
Sara. My step-sister?

IVAN

Niece.

GREENBERG

She's at UC Santa Cruz.

Greenberg walks into the den. We STAY with Ivan. He looks at  
the attractive eighteen year old girl posing in front of the  
Coliseum.

Greenberg returns with two glasses of scotch. He hands one to  
Ivan.

IVAN

No thanks, man. I don't really drink  
now.

GREENBERG

(disappointed)

Okay.

IVAN

Yeah, I think it's best. I've gotten  
into these Arnold Palmers, you know,  
ice tea with lemonade.

Greenberg pours Ivan's drink into his own.

GREENBERG

Yeah, I don't have that.

Ivan sits on a speaker. Greenberg perches on a window ledge.

IVAN

I thought I'd told you, but I guess I  
think we talk more than we do.

PINK REVISED 4/09/09 16A.

GREENBERG  
The beard is cool.

\*

IVAN  
Yeah, you know, it's a winter beard.

\*

Greenberg stands.

GREENBERG  
I probably shouldn't be on the window  
here...  
(pause)  
Maybe don't sit on the speaker.

Ivan stands up.

IVAN  
Sorry.

GREENBERG  
What do you want to do tonight?

IVAN  
Beller is having a barbecue which  
means, you know... \*

GREENBERG  
What's he up to -- you see him?

IVAN  
Not with any regularity. He calls me  
with computer questions.

GREENBERG  
What a dick.

IVAN  
He always offers to pay.

Greenberg grabs scissors from a left behind paper-doll project  
on the table and idly snips at his hair while he talks.

GREENBERG  
It's still rude. So, let's not do  
that. What else, man? We could get a  
drink at a bar. We could stay here.  
(indicates shelf)  
They have, uh, Mannequin and...The Day  
After...

27 INT. IVAN'S CAR - DAY

27

A CD plays. Ivan winds his way up Laurel Canyon. Greenberg is  
shotgun -- he looks down at his feet.

GREENBERG  
I'm not sure about these pants. Do  
they look flare-y to you?

IVAN

I think that's the style.

GREENBERG

I feel like I shouldn't have changed.  
No one's going to be dressed up at  
this thing. \*

IVAN

Fabula and I are in a trial  
separation.

GREENBERG

Oh... Uh huh.

Ivan hesitates.

IVAN

It's a lot to go into. I feel  
terrible for Victor. I really want  
you to meet him he's like a little  
person now.

GREENBERG

I saw him a few years ago.

IVAN

Yeah, but now, he's eight, he's like a  
friend -- he's fun to hang out with.Ivan gets into the turn lane and waits for the oncoming traffic  
to pass.

IVAN

I'm glad you're here, man. It's good  
for me to get out like this.

GREENBERG

You want to put your blinker on?

Ivan does. They make the turn and continue upward, the street  
narrowing. Greenberg applies cherry chapstick to his lips.  
Ahead, people are spilling into the street. Kids run around. \*  
Balloons are tied to the outside railing. \*

GREENBERG

Are you kidding me...balloons? \*

(pause)

Keep going, keep going, keep going... \*

Ivan slowly drives past the house, both of them craning their  
necks to survey the party.

GREENBERG

I hate how the men out here all dress like children.

(watching)

What a nightmare. This kind of thing makes me want to live in Europe.

IVAN

I can maybe park over here.

GREENBERG

No, keep going...keep going...

Ivan continues winding upward. He pulls into a drive-way and turns around. Greenberg yawns, anxious, almost giddy.

GREENBERG

I feel like I have those glasses from that John Carpenter movie and I can see who these people really are...

IVAN

That wasn't bad, that movie.

GREENBERG

I thought it was terrible.

They re-approach the group now from the other direction.

IVAN

There's that space.

GREENBERG

Let's go home.

IVAN

We drove all the way out here. We'll have one drink.

GREENBERG

Let's go home. I shouldn't have let you talk me into this. It's a nightmare here. It's this kind of shit -- why I can't find a movie I want to go to in the fucking multiplex or...why when I'm in Starbucks I hear music I actually like... I had this better when I was saying it to someone a week ago -- I'm having trouble articulating it now.

27A EXT. STOP SIGN - LATER

27A \*

Ivan waits at a Stop sign.

\*

GREENBERG  
Should we go back?IVAN  
We're almost home.GREENBERG  
(hesitates)  
They might be okay. What do I know?IVAN  
You want to go back?GREENBERG  
Maybe we should have given it a  
chance.IVAN  
You're kidding me.

28 INT. BELLER'S HOUSE - LATER

28 \*

People mingle, kids run around. Ivan dumps his jacket on a chair with a pile of coats knocking some onto the floor.

GREENBERG  
(under his breath)  
Is this a fucking children's party?\*  
\*  
\*

Greenberg, in his down vest, drifts toward a wall of packed CD shelves. He looks irritated.

IVAN  
What's wrong?GREENBERG  
I just...I find Beller's CD collection  
offensive. He's...you can see all the  
effort. The amount of Brazilian  
music...I mean, I doubt he really  
needs eight Os Mutantes CD's.

\*

MEGAN (O.S.)  
Hey, manly men.IVAN  
Hi, Megan.GREENBERG  
(trailing off)  
At a certain point you're just  
showing off.

Megan, a busty short girl, embraces Ivan. She raises an eyebrow at Greenberg and smiles slyly.

MEGAN  
Hey, Greenberg, what are you doing out here?

GREENBERG  
You know...

MEGAN  
Should I know? Insert foot into mouth. Are you really big or something?

GREENBERG  
No, Megan...

MEGAN  
I'm sorry, I'm all shits and giggles tonight.

GREENBERG  
Yeah...I think you'll find I'm pretty much all shits.  
(pause)  
I'm going to get a drink.

IVAN  
Oh, can you get me a Diet Pepsi? \*

Greenberg sighs.

MEGAN  
And I'll have another white wine spritzer.

GREENBERG  
That it?

They both nod.

CUT TO: Greenberg finds the bar area. He suddenly comes face to face with a scruffy guy, 40, in a hooded sweatshirt. This is Eric Beller. \*

GREENBERG  
Hey, Beller. \*

Beller appears to make eye-contact with Greenberg, but quickly \* engages with another guy in a baseball cap, Pep Boys T-shirt, and cargo shorts, Johno. Greenberg taps Beller's shoulder. \*

GREENBERG

Hey, man, how are you?

BELLER

(dryly formal)

I'm good. I didn't know you were out here.

\*

GREENBERG

I wasn't.

(in a funny voice)

"How is Lenny?"

Beller hesitates, confused.

\*

BELLER

(to Johno)

Duder, it's called Your Grandma's Pussy -- it's like Anaconda -- you get seven cards down --

Greenberg nods, trying to participate, but neither guy addresses him. Greenberg applies his chapstick. Finally:

\*

BELLER

That shit just makes your lips drier.

GREENBERG

I know.

Someone yells: "Beth!" Greenberg turns around. Beth, late 30's, holds a young girl in her arms and the hand of a boy in a Devil costume at her side. She's greeted by Beller's wife. \* Greenberg stares.

\*

BELLER

She and Steven are getting a divorce.

JOHNO

They were a cool couple.

\*

BELLER

(looks at Greenberg)

Come to think of it he's kind of a less Jewish looking version of you.

GREENBERG

Less? I'm not even...I'm only half.

\*

BELLER

But you're doing this.

Beller holds his hands about a foot apart and shakes them, imitating Greenberg's previous gesture. Johno laughs. \*

GREENBERG  
What's...I'm thinking small...I'm...  
(trying to figure out what  
he did)  
Is this a Jewish gesture?

Beller shrugs. Johno laughs. \*

GREENBERG  
(to Johno)  
Beller, always with the self-hatred. \*

JOHNO  
You kidding, have you been to one of  
Eric's Seders? Eric gave trees to  
Israel.

BELLER  
Am I not allowed to make a joke about  
it? \*

GREENBERG  
No, I know, I'm just saying since you  
said "less Jewish looking..." Because  
people think I look Italian. And  
since my mom was Protestant I'm  
actually not Jewish at all.

They stare at him. Greenberg excuses himself and walks through  
the crowd over to Beth. At the last moment she sees him coming.

BETH  
Oh my God, hey...

GREENBERG  
Hey, Beth...

He leans over and kisses her cheek.

BETH  
How are you?

GREENBERG  
Oh, I'm fair to middling. You know.  
Leonard Maltin would give me two and a  
half stars.

BETH  
I haven't seen you since --

GREENBERG  
In his movie guide...

BETH  
-- probably like ten years ago  
in New York.

GREENBERG  
I think it was at Matt Levy's wedding  
actually. It seems like such a long  
time ago. Or maybe it doesn't, maybe  
it feels kind of recently.

BETH  
It's both.

Greenberg wipes his damp brow with the sleeve of his wool  
jacket.

BETH  
You're sweating!

GREENBERG  
Yeah.

BETH  
Sad about Matt Levy.

GREENBERG  
Yeah. Wait, what happened?

BETH  
You didn't hear? A totally random  
thing, had a really high fever, went  
to the hospital and...died...

GREENBERG  
(thrown)  
Really? I hadn't...I didn't know.

BETH  
Yeah. Some kind of rare infection.

GREENBERG  
(pause)  
We're at that age where people start  
dying. I mean, not of old age  
obviously, but the freak ones. The  
suicides and the...the weird sudden  
shortness of breath, check into the  
hospital, dead in an hour ones...

(pause)  
How are you?

BETH  
(not enthusiastic)  
I'm okay. I'm okay...

GREENBERG  
(re: the kids)  
Are any of those yours?

BETH  
Mine are the one in the princess costume and the one in the devil costume.

GREENBERG  
(re: devil outfit)  
I think that's the Flash.

BETH  
You're probably right.

GREENBERG  
(trying out his line)  
All the men out here dress like children and the kids dress like superheroes.

BETH  
What are you doing these days? You're in New York, right? You're making music?

GREENBERG  
I haven't played music in years. I'm a carpenter, you know, for money, but now I'm really trying to do nothing for a while.

BETH  
That's brave at our age.

Greenberg hesitates. Megan passes by.

MEGAN  
You owe me a white wine spritzer.

Greenberg barely nods.

BETH  
(seems familiar)  
Who's that?

GREENBERG  
I don't know.

BETH  
Well...it's good seeing you.

GREENBERG  
I'm here for a few weeks, at my  
brother's...and...do you want to have  
a drink or something?

BETH  
Okay. Sure. I think I have a pen...

She goes into her purse and writes down her name and number.

BETH  
There you go.

He wipes the sweat off his face with his sleeve again.

BETH  
You're sure you're not hot.

GREENBERG  
I'm fine. But I wish I could be one  
of those guys who doesn't care where  
he dumps his coat at a party.

She laughs and backs away.

GREENBERG  
I like your hair.

BETH  
I'm gonna go talk to my  
friend, Perry. It was good  
seeing you Roger.

Pause.

BETH  
What did you say?

GREENBERG  
Nothing.

She walks away. Greenberg looks around for Ivan. Beller plays\*  
with his kids. Greenberg sweats. \*

29	OMITTED	29	*
A30	INT. PHILIP AND CAROL'S FOYER - LATER	A30	*
	Greenberg arrives home.		*

30

INT. TEENAGE GIRL'S BATHROOM

30

He presses play on a portable CD player. The opening organ of Steve Winwood's "While You See A Chance." He stares at himself -- the music swells. We hold. And hold. The vocal starts, he reaches over and stops the CD. He starts it again from the beginning. He studies his face, deadpan, the music playing as sound-track. He stops it again at the same point. And does it again.

31

INT. KITCHEN

31

CLOSE: "Dear Starbucks, In your attempts to manufacture culture out of fast food coffee..." \*

Greenberg drops the pencil, bored already with the letter. \*

It's getting dark. Greenberg flips through a stack of papers, directions, emergency numbers...

Florence Marr.

He hesitates, picks up the phone and dials.

FLORENCE

(through the receiver)

Hello.

GREENBERG

Florence? Hey, it's Roger Greenberg.

FLORENCE

Hi.

(swallowing)

Sorry, I'm eating.

GREENBERG

That's okay.

Silence. She chews.

FLORENCE

A friend said I chew kind of loudly.

GREENBERG

Chewing always sounds louder on the phone, I think.

FLORENCE

(likes that analysis)

That's true.

GREENBERG

You want to get a drink or something?

Silence on the line.

FLORENCE

Uh, sure, okay.

GREENBERG

Is there a bar you know we could go to?

FLORENCE

There's one near my apartment, but it's pretty lame.

GREENBERG

Okay.

FLORENCE

It's in Culver City. Do you want to meet there?

GREENBERG

I don't drive.

31A EXT. PHILIP AND CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31A \*

Greenberg walks to an idling car. Florence waits in the driver's seat. She waves. He opens the passenger door -- there's a mess of CD's and papers on the seat and floor.

\*

\*

\*

FLORENCE

Oh, sorry, you can just put that on the...

\*

\*

\*

She tosses a couple of things in the back seat and clears the rest off onto the floor. He gingerly steps in the car. The sound of cracking plastic...

\*

\*

\*

32 INT. FLORENCE'S CAR - NIGHT

32

Florence waits at a light. She wears a green vinyl raincoat. Greenberg, in the passenger seat, roots through the pile of CD's at his feet. The radio is on.

FLORENCE

Those are all kind of cheesy.

GREENBERG

(indicating)

You have the light.

She turns. Greenberg reads the back of a John Mayer CD.

FLORENCE

Oh, do you mind if we stop by my house. I left my purse. Sorry.

GREENBERG

Do you need it?

FLORENCE

I still get carded.

33 INT. FLORENCE'S APARTMENT

33

Florence searches the room, turning things over. Greenberg looks at her books on shelves held up with bricks. Ed McBain and Lawrence Block-type mysteries interspersed with psychology, film and literature maybe saved from college. They're both still in their coats.

FLORENCE

(seeing him with her books)

I don't read enough. I'm such a bad reader.

A framed photo of Florence around ten wearing a T-shirt that says: Yo-Yo. A blonde man in a polo shirt has his arm around her -- she looks scared and uncomfortable.

GREENBERG

Is that you?

FLORENCE

Yeah...it's one of the rare times I was actually happy around my dad.

Greenberg nods. He moves over to the refrigerator. A colorful, abstract drawing held up with a La Brea Tar Pits magnet.

GREENBERG

Did you do this?

FLORENCE

No, that's my niece.

GREENBERG

I have a niece. Two and a step one.

FLORENCE

I know, I work for their parents.

GREENBERG  
Of course. Right.  
(re: the picture)  
It's good.

FLORENCE  
She's four.  
(pause)  
I want to have a relationship with  
her, but she's just not that friendly  
to me. You want to see, I got her  
these puppets for her birthday --

She retrieves two puppets -- a witch and devil -- from a drawer.

FLORENCE  
They might be too old for her. They  
have sticks.

GREENBERG  
I'm sure they'll be fine. What do you  
have to drink?

FLORENCE  
Oh. Um, okay. You don't want to go  
to a bar?

GREENBERG  
It's Friday -- the bars are probably  
full of bridge and tunnel people...or  
whatever the LA version of bridge and  
tunnel is.

She walks across the room, her foot catches a boot in the middle  
of the rug. She stumbles.

FLORENCE  
Sorry.

She opens the fridge.

FLORENCE  
I don't really have...there's a Corona  
Light and I have some cheap tequila  
someone left here once.

GREENBERG  
Shall we split the Corona.

FLORENCE  
Okay.

She opens it and hands it to him. He takes a swig and passes it back to her. She drinks. Hiccups.

FLORENCE

I always get hiccups when I first drink carbonation.

GREENBERG

Don't worry about it.

She offers the beer back to him.

His mouth is on hers. Their arms groping. He pulls her blouse over her head.

FLORENCE

I'm wearing kind of an ugly bra.

He nods and tries to undo it.

FLORENCE

There's no clasp.

GREENBERG

(frustrated)

It's like an ace bandage.

He lifts it -- her breasts heave toward him. The bra awkwardly stuck at her collar bone.

He leads her down on the bed and yanks down her jeans, pulls aside her underwear and shoves his face between her legs. Her eyes search the room uncomfortably.

FLORENCE

Do you hear a train? Is that a train?

She sits up stiffly. He stands, goes over to the kitchenette and pours himself a tequila.

FLORENCE

I get kind of nerdy.

She pulls her bra back down over her breasts.

GREENBERG

Don't worry about it.

FLORENCE

Can we take it slow? I'm sorry, it's just... I just got out of a long relationship and...

(pause)

(MORE)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

I don't want to go from just having sex to just having sex to just having sex.

GREENBERG

Uh huh. Who is the third "just having sex?"

FLORENCE

You. If we had sex.

GREENBERG

Okay. Then who's the second one?

FLORENCE

A guy I met at this gallery thing.

GREENBERG

You slept with him?

FLORENCE

Yeah...I did.

Greenberg looks annoyed.

GREENBERG

How did that go?

FLORENCE

What do you mean? The sex?

GREENBERG

Yeah, well...

FLORENCE

It was pretty awkward.

She gets off the bed, pulls up her pants and walks toward him. They stand about a foot apart. He takes her hands. The nails and cuticles are chewed.

She undoes his pants and sinks down to her knees.

FLORENCE

(suddenly)

Oh, there's my purse.

He looks at her head at his crotch. He holds onto the counter for stability and comes immediately. She withdraws brusquely and stands up.

Greenberg shivers, still finishing. He registers something on her face.

GREENBERG

What's that on your lip?

FLORENCE

What?

(she touches her mouth)

Nothing.

GREENBERG

It's not...

FLORENCE

No, it's not a cold sore.

GREENBERG

You sure?

FLORENCE

Yeah. I picked it.

GREENBERG

Mm. Where's your bathroom?

34

INT. BATHROOM

34

He flushes the toilet with his foot and washes his hands. He inspects a black head in the mirror, but thinks better of squeezing it. He notices a scale on the floor.

He steps on the scale. He frowns. He braces himself on the sink and pushes off his shoes. He gets back on the scale. Still a look of displeasure. He steps off quickly.

35

INT. LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM

35

Greenberg exits the bathroom. Florence wears a bulky white robe and smokes a cigarette. She listens to a message on her machine. A girl's voice. She holds the receiver.

FLORENCE

Ugh, this is so annoying, but I really have to call my friend, Gina, back.

Sorry, it's just if I don't call her right away I'll be a bad friend.

She's always got an emergency. I'm sure it's nothing.

GREENBERG

How far do you think it would be to walk?

FLORENCE

To your brother's place? Way too long. It's like five miles. You can stay...

GREENBERG

I have the dog...and...

FLORENCE

I can drive you.  
(re: the phone)  
This will only take a second.

GREENBERG

You have to call her right this moment -- won't she understand you're in the middle of --

Florence slowly puts down the phone, hesitates.

FLORENCE

No, I can take you now.

GREENBERG

I don't want to make you do that.  
You've got your robe --

FLORENCE

It's not a problem.

GREENBERG

I can probably call a cab...

FLORENCE

Okay.

She grabs a flyer from a stack on her desk.

FLORENCE

Oh...this is stupid, but I'm singing Saturday night at this place on Orange and Sunset.

She hands it to him -- it's a drawing of a bird and a guitar. Greenberg debates something in his head.

FLORENCE

I mean...if you feel like it, I know it's last minute...

She grabs it back and writes a 6 over the 4 on the address.

FLORENCE

Gina made the flyers and she copied  
the address down wrong...

GREENBERG

I don't think... What time?

FLORENCE

Like at 11:30. It's...there are a lot  
of acts so it's hard to pinpoint.  
Don't feel obligated.

GREENBERG

(pause)

We probably shouldn't do this again.  
I mean, you work for my brother.

FLORENCE

Yeah --

GREENBERG

And I'm really trying to do nothing  
right now.

FLORENCE

That's cool. And I've got to stop  
doing things just cause they feel  
good.

35A INT. FLORENCE'S APARTMENT - LATER

35A \*

Greenberg is gone. Florence is on the phone, smoking a  
cigarette.

GINA

(through the receiver)

You just gave a blow job to someone  
who got out of a mental hospital.

Florence laughs despite herself.

FLORENCE

Why do you say it like that? He's not  
crazy. A lot of people go to insane  
asylums.

GINA

A lot of people are in therapy,  
they're not in insane asylums.

FLORENCE

I blew a lunatic.

They both crack up.

FLORENCE  
He's also forty.

GINA  
Jesus.

FLORENCE  
(thoughtful)  
He seems vulnerable.

We hear a shriek:

36 INT/EXT. BEDROOM BALCONY - MORNING

36

From a distance we see Marlon climb out of the pool. Peggy is getting dressed and packing up. Mahler lies in a sun patch.

Greenberg, on the balcony, frowns and waits. Marlon sees him \* and waves. Greenberg immediately ducks back inside. \*

37 EXT. BACK YARD - LATER

37

Greenberg hauls a wooden plank from the garage. He nods to a Mexican gardener who collects fallen palm fronds from the ground. He passes Mahler who still sleeps.

37A CUT TO:

37A \*

He hammers a nail into the wood. He sweats. The gardener revs a leaf blower. The pool man fishes debris from the pool with a net on a pole. An active green hose snakes and curls in the water.

Greenberg looks at the dog lying in the shade. The sun has moved with the day, but Mahler hasn't. Greenberg reaches for the frisbee. He chuckles the disc across the grass.

GREENBERG  
Go get it.

Mahler doesn't move. Greenberg hesitates. He stands and approaches the animal slowly. Mahler's breaths are labored gasps.

38 INT./EXT. KITCHEN/BACK YARD

38

Greenberg reads his brother's number in Vietnam off of a sheet of paper and anxiously dials the endless buttons on the phone. He's interrupted by a loud busy signal. He hangs up, irritated, and tries again. Same result.

Frustrated he whips through the pages and dials another number. He paces breathlessly, on the phone.

FLORENCE  
(through the receiver)  
Hello?

GREENBERG  
Florence, it's Roger Greenberg.  
Mahler is...I don't know, he's  
breathing weird and he's suddenly  
lethargic and --

FLORENCE  
(through the receiver)  
Sometimes he gets overheated.

GREENBERG  
No, I mean, he hasn't moved period. I  
can't get through to fucking  
Vietnam...and I'm sorry to have to call  
you, but I thought you might know --

39 INT. VET WAITING ROOM - LATER

39

A woman with a guinea pig in her lap sits next to Greenberg who is next to Florence who wears her green raincoat. Mahler breathes heavily at their feet. Florence takes off her shoe and rubs her foot against his fur.

GREENBERG  
(finally)  
How long do we wait?

FLORENCE  
(shrugs)  
I don't know they seem kind of busy.

GREENBERG  
(eyeing the receptionist's  
desk)  
Should I go ask how long?

FLORENCE  
If you want.

GREENBERG  
(hesitates)  
Do you want to do it?

FLORENCE  
Um, okay...they know we're here,  
but...

She rises from her seat.

40 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

40

Greenberg looks away while three doctors spay a rabbit. Mahler rests on a brown towel in a cage. An Hispanic female vet addresses them.

FEMALE VET  
It seems like sciatica.

Greenberg looks relieved.

FLORENCE  
(relieved)  
Yeah, he's had that before.

FEMALE VET  
But his eyes are jaundiced and I'd like to run some tests. We'll keep him over night and monitor him. I'd imagine you can bring him home tomorrow.

41 INT. TEENAGE GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

41

Greenberg holds a beer. He's on the phone.

MALE VOICE  
(through the receiver)  
Eric Beller's office.

\*

GREENBERG  
Hi, is he there please?

MALE VOICE  
Who may I say is calling?

GREENBERG  
Roger. Roger Greenberg.

MALE VOICE  
Let me see if I can get him.

Hold music. Greenberg swallows the last liquid at the bottom of the beer bottle, stands and drifts aimlessly in the room. He idly sings to himself:

GREENBERG  
"It never rains in Southern Mahler-  
fornia..."

He lands in front of a mirror. He stares at his reflection.

MALE VOICE  
I'm transferring you to Mr. Beller.

\*

GREENBERG  
Thank you --

Ringing. He mouths "thank you" a second time, admiring the movement and shape of his mouth.

MALE VOICE  
Eric, you're on with Roger Greenberg.

Silence on the line.

GREENBERG  
Hello?

BELLER  
(through the receiver)  
Hello.

\*

GREENBERG  
Beller, it's Greenberg.

\*

BELLER  
(pause)  
Hi.

\*

GREENBERG  
We didn't get a chance to talk the other night so much and... Do you want to get a drink or something?

Silence. Beller takes a deep breath.

\*

BELLER  
(exhales)  
Roger...

\*

Silence. Greenberg continues to stare at himself in the mirror.

GREENBERG  
Eric, did I... Did I do...

BELLER  
(small chuckle)  
What do you want, Roger?

\*

GREENBERG  
I'm out here and I...

Silence.

GREENBERG

You know...I've been in New York, but  
I don't really recognize New York  
anymore, you know?

Silence.

GREENBERG

So, I'm here...and I'm really trying  
to do nothing for a while.

BELLER

Are the rumors true?

\*

GREENBERG

(concerned)

What rumors?

BELLER

Nothing, I just made that up.

\*

Silence. Greenberg swallows. He studies the reflection of his adams apple moving up and down. He touches it. The sound of Beller's breaths on the line.

\*

BELLER

How about next Thursday?

\*

GREENBERG

Um, I think that's probably fine.

BELLER

My assistant will call you with a  
place.

\*

42

INT. KITCHEN

42

CLOSE on a scrap of paper: **Beth and her number.**

Greenberg waits while it rings.

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

(through the receiver)

Hello?

Greenberg hangs up. He's sweating. Among the scraps from his pockets, newspaper sections, coins, he sees --

Florence's flyer.

43

INT. CLUB - LATER NIGHT

43

Greenberg enters holding the creased flyer. It's bright for a bar with a series of folding chairs and tables facing a badly painted black riser and a cheap glittery back-drop. The place is about a quarter full.

A lanky bearded guy with glasses plays acoustic guitar on a stool and Florence stands and sings at the microphone. Greenberg slides into the bar at the back and orders a beer.

FLORENCE

"There's a rugged road on the prairie  
Stretchin' all across the last  
frontier. There a stranger strives  
solitary. Blessed is the lonesome  
pioneer..."

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Florence's voice is sultry, low, and unstudied. Greenberg watches Florence sing. Gina, a short haired girl in a striped T-shirt, appears next to Greenberg. She orders from the bartender who's distracted, texting someone:

GINA

Can I get four beers?

She stares at Greenberg. She whispers:

GINA

Are you Roger?

\*

GREENBERG

Uh huh.

GINA

I'm Gina, Florence's friend.

GREENBERG

Uh huh.

GINA

I've heard a lot about you. Do you want to come join our table?

A couple of girls and a short guy sit up front and are clearly Florence's contingent.

GREENBERG

No, I think I'll stay here. Maybe later.

GINA

Isn't she beautiful? She's so ultra  
sexy and hot up there.

Greenberg nods, uncomfortable.

GINA

What's that look? You're so quiet.

GREENBERG

I'm thinking of a letter I'm going to  
write.

GINA

I hear you don't drive.

GREENBERG

Uh huh.

GINA

Did you ever drive?

GREENBERG

Uh huh. I grew up here. I drove  
then. I moved to New York and I  
stopped. I think I'm done with it.

She collects her beers from the counter.

GINA

It was really nice meeting you.

Greenberg looks back at Florence. It's hard to make out what  
he's feeling -- he looks completely thrown

43A CUT TO:

43A \*

Florence stands at the foot of the stage, holding her amp in one  
hand and a beer in the other. People are filing out or moving  
to the bar. She's surrounded by her contingent. Florence sees  
Greenberg standing alone by the door. She grins and waves. He  
waves back.

44 INT. FLORENCE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

44

Florence sits in a cushy chair and rubs her feet. Greenberg,  
stands at the kitchen counter and pours some cheap tequila. He  
says with his back to her:

GREENBERG

No, it was good.

FLORENCE

Yeah, it felt good tonight. I'm so glad you came. Very unexpected. Nice.

GREENBERG

(rushed)

Really good. You should do it more.

FLORENCE

I know. It helps when you've had three rum and Cokes. Did you meet Gina?

GREENBERG

Yeah, I met Gina.

FLORENCE

Stop.

GREENBERG

What? Nothing. I met her.

He wets a paper towel and wipes the bottom of the sticky tequila bottle then runs it across the counter.

GREENBERG

Where's your garbage?

FLORENCE

Under the sink. In that last song I kept the singer male.

He opens the cabinet below the sink and tosses the paper towel in a plastic bag tied to a hook.

FLORENCE

I don't like when people change the sex in songs.

GREENBERG

What?

FLORENCE

I don't like when people change the sex in songs.

GREENBERG

No, it was great.

GREENBERG

I used to play in a band...

FLORENCE

Really? What'd you play?

GREENBERG

Keyboards, a little guitar... I wrote  
most of the lyrics... Anyway...

(can't help himself)

We had a little following around New  
York after college... We opened for  
Fishbone once.

FLORENCE

Cool. I'd like to hear something  
sometime.

GREENBERG

I just couldn't deal with the bullshit  
of the record business...you know?

FLORENCE

Not that I would know, but I hear it's  
kind of hellish.

He opens a counter and checks out a near empty cereal box.

FLORENCE

I made Jello if you want.

GREENBERG

What do you mean?

Florence goes over to the refrigerator and opens it. She takes  
out a red Jello mold with floating fruit.

FLORENCE

I got the fruit at the farmer's  
market.

She cuts off two pieces, puts one in her mouth and hands one to  
Greenberg on a plate. He eats it.

GREENBERG

It's good.

FLORENCE

Let's just keep things sweet and  
simple, okay?

She begins to unzip his pants. He holds the Jello awkwardly and  
then places it onto the counter.

GREENBERG

Can I just... You do this  
thing...when you finish...or rather  
when I do...you immediately lift your  
mouth off of the...

FLORENCE

Uh huh.

GREENBERG

Off of the head of... And it leaves  
me feeling...cold. Like cold cold,  
winter cold. Not off-put, cold.

FLORENCE

Sorry.

GREENBERG

You don't need to apologize. I mean  
the rest of it is great.

She tries to laugh it off, but she's gone a deep shade of red.

GREENBERG

What?

FLORENCE

Nothing, you just basically told me I  
stink at blow jobs.

GREENBERG

You don't stink. It's just a small  
thing. I don't know, maybe it's how  
people of your generation give blow  
jobs. I shouldn't have said anything.

FLORENCE

No, and it's probably good advice for  
the future...

GREENBERG

(hesitates)

What do you mean, for the future?

FLORENCE

(shrugs)

I don't know. My future.

GREENBERG'S BROTHER (V.O.)

(through the receiver)

They gave him an infusion? Is it his  
white blood cells or his red blood  
cells?

Greenberg, on the phone, stands at the window pouring himself a scotch. It pours rain outside. The wind-up girl rotates and plays the vibes.

GREENBERG  
I'm pretty sure white.

PHILIP  
(through the receiver)  
Well, it makes a difference. Are you taking notes?

GREENBERG  
I haven't yet, no.

PHILIP  
You have to write this stuff down if you're not going to remember it.

GREENBERG  
I'm sorry. I'm almost positive it's white.

PHILIP  
(trying not to get angry)  
When's he coming home?

GREENBERG  
He was supposed to come home today, but the numbers dropped and they have to keep him until he's stable. They asked if the gardeners use rat poison.

PHILIP  
They're not supposed to, no... Shit, should we be getting on a plane?

GREENBERG  
No, no, he'll be okay. I mean, I'll let you know if --

PHILIP  
Fuck, poor Mahler. I'll call Florence to get the information.

GREENBERG  
(defensive)  
I'm doing it, okay? So you can call me, I pretty much know it.

PHILIP  
"Pretty much" isn't very comforting to Carol and me.

GREENBERG  
Well, he's not my dog. I'm trying to take care of it.  
(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)  
 Listen, I'm sorry...I know when Mom  
 was sick...I know you said I needed to  
 come out, but Mom said I didn't --

PHILIP  
 Listen, we've done that, Mom's dead.  
 I'm not going to baby you about it.  
 I'm talking about right now. I'm in  
 Vietnam and my dog is sick!

Silence. Philip's voice breaks:

PHILIP  
 I know you're trying. It's...it's  
 scary, you know when you're far away.

GREENBERG  
 (softening)  
 Yeah. You can trust me. Okay?

PHILIP  
 How...how are you doing, I mean...?

GREENBERG  
 Fine...fine.

PHILIP  
 Good. Carol wants me to ask about the  
 dog-house, if that even matters now.  
 Ugh.

Roger eyes the pool -- the water has filled almost to the top. \*

GREENBERG  
 Um, can the pool overflow?

The rain continues to pour. Greenberg covers the dog-house with a plastic tarp.

He drags the end of a green hose into the pool -- the water's nearly overflowing. He follows the hose back to its other end. He takes a deep breath and sucks from the opening. He removes his mouth and waits. He coughs and tries again. Suddenly water spurts out and he quickly dodges the stream.

Greenberg sits at his lap top with a stack of CD's and records, making a mix.

CUT TO: Greenberg slides a CD labeled MIX FOR FLORENCE in an envelope with her address.

48 EXT. FAIRFAX

48 \*

Greenberg runs across the street, dodging traffic, toward the post office.

49 EXT. LA BREA BLVD - LATER

49

Greenberg carries a grocery bag. The sun beats down. He sweats. Hasidic Jews mingle outside a temple. A boy in orthodox garb bikes swiftly past him.

49A EXT. STREET - LATER

49A \*

Greenberg steps into the street. A black Explorer cuts in front of him. Greenberg instinctively smacks the back window of the car in irritation. The driver slams on the brakes. Greenberg runs.

49B EXT. ALLEY - LATER

49B \*

Greenberg, clutching his grocery bag, cuts into an alley behind La Brea. He's panting and sweating.

50 EXT. CURSON STREET

50

Greenberg trudges back toward home. We ZOOM toward him. He holds his jacket and a sweater in his arms along with the bags. Sweat drips from his forehead and seeps through his clothes.

51 INT. STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

51

Greenberg sits across from Ivan who is tucked in the middle of a long, crowded banquet. They're both in blazers, Greenberg his usual sweater but with a collared shirt underneath. Greenberg has a scotch, Ivan a Diet Pepsi. \*

## GREENBERG

People don't call on my birthday anymore. I guess I don't call people on their birthdays, why should they call me? I didn't call you. When is yours?

## IVAN

In February.

## GREENBERG

That's right. I'll call you this year.

People at another table erupt into loud laughter. One guy guffaws and claps. Greenberg glances over at them, irritated.

GREENBERG  
 Laughing already demonstrates  
 appreciation, the applause seems  
 superfluous.

Ivan laughs. The guy at the table stretches out his legs. \*

GREENBERG  
 Also, it's like, just treat the  
 restaurant like it's your living room,  
 guy...  
 (pause)  
 I'm weirdly on tonight.

IVAN  
 Should we order?

GREENBERG  
 I was reading an article in the paper  
 this morning about someone running for  
 office and they gave his age as 41 and  
 my first thought was, that guy's an  
 adult. Adults run for office.

IVAN  
 Right.

GREENBERG  
 But what I'm not thinking is, "I'm 41  
 too." If I was in the paper, that  
 would be my age.

IVAN  
 I know, it's like when I look at my  
 highschool yearbook now, the seniors  
 still look so old.

GREENBERG  
 Maybe I should've invited Florence.  
 Or I should've had a party...I don't  
 know.

IVAN  
 Birthday's are hard.

GREENBERG  
 It's weird aging, right? It's like,  
 "What the fuck is going on?"

IVAN  
 I know. It's like that Eddie Money  
 song.

GREENBERG

I mean, you know it's happening.  
We're all playing by the same rules  
and still...somewhere in the back of  
my head I thought I'd never actually  
be forty. Let alone...over forty.

IVAN

It's heavy, forty.

\*

\*

GREENBERG

It's a chunky word.

\*

\*

IVAN

Youth is wasted on the young.

GREENBERG

I'd go further, I'd go, life is wasted  
on...people.

(sighs)

Should I invite her? It doesn't have  
to mean anything. I don't want to set  
up a series of expectations with her.  
What do you think?

IVAN

(shrugs)

Yeah if you want.

GREENBERG

I guess I could call her.

IVAN

Then we should wait to order.

GREENBERG

Maybe it would be good. Do you care?

IVAN  
No...I mean...

GREENBERG  
It's a different dynamic.

IVAN  
Right.

GREENBERG

She lives near here. I'll see if  
she's around. She probably has other  
plans. I won't get into it being my  
birthday.

(an afterthought)

She's young.

Greenberg gets up and heads outside. We STAY with Ivan, alone in his thoughts. He watches different women at the bar. He hums to himself. The bus boy refills his water.

IVAN

Thanks.

He tops off Roger's water.

\*

IVAN

Thanks.

The bus boy picks up Roger's napkin from the floor and puts it \* back onto the table.

IVAN

Thanks.

He overhears a girl, 13, talking to her father at the table to his right:

GIRL

I have a total love affair with Hawaii.

Ivan takes a sip of Roger's scotch. He takes out his cell phone\* and checks -- no messages. A level of self-consciousness surfaces as he surveys the restaurant.

GREENBERG (O.S.)

I don't find a lot of girls in LA attractive, do you?

Greenberg slides back into his seat.

IVAN

I do. Yeah.

GREENBERG

I said, I don't.

IVAN

Oh. I do.

GREENBERG

She isn't as pretty as Beth -- or her face is, but she's rounder. Not fat. I find it sexy. But...you'll see.

IVAN

I never found Beth as beautiful as everyone else did.

Greenberg hesitates, thrown for a brief moment.

GREENBERG  
She was my girlfriend.

IVAN  
Years ago. I didn't think you'd take offense.

GREENBERG  
Well, you like racist Portuguese women.

IVAN  
She made one remark! And it's really cultural. I mean, by our standards Fabula's mother is a bigot.  
(pause)  
I know you never liked Fabula...

GREENBERG  
Florence is... If you worked in an office with her, you'd definitely develop a crush on her. But outside of the office you'd start to wonder if she's as cute as you imagined.

IVAN  
You're describing my experience of life.

Ivan looks at the table cloth.

GREENBERG  
She's young. But I said that already.

IVAN  
I'm just saying, Fabula's a lot less possessive than she used to be...  
You'd like her more now --

Greenberg flags a guy in a white smock.

GREENBERG  
Can I get another scotch.

IVAN  
That's the bus boy.

GREENBERG  
Fine, can I get another fork, this one has some food on it?

The bus boy takes the utensil. Greenberg looks at Ivan -- he relents:

GREENBERG

Fabula never got you. She thought she'd bagged some fancy British man rather than just Ivan... I know she helped with the addiction and everything, but... You're over that. We have to find you someone. It's too bad neither of us are the type to go whoreing.

\*

IVAN

Is that her?

Greenberg startles and turns around. Florence hurries toward their table, smiling. She wears a heavy cardigan, denim skirt and sneakers. Greenberg half-stands.

GREENBERG

This is Ivan.

FLORENCE

Nice to meet you.

IVAN

You too.

She kisses Greenberg's cheek and sits next to Ivan in the banquet -- Greenberg faces them. Silence.

GREENBERG

(pause)

I'll be right back.

Greenberg gets up. We STAY with Ivan and Florence both facing forward in the banquet. We MOVE with Greenberg toward the back of the restaurant. He stops at the edge of the dining area and turns back: Florence and Ivan are still not talking.

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)

(through the receiver)

Hello?

52

INT. PHONE AREA

52

\*

Waiters and bus boys pass through in a hurry. A guy in track pants and a woman with frizzy hair wearing his jacket, type on their Blackberries. Greenberg is on his cell.

\*

\*

\*

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

Hello?

GREENBERG

Beth?

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

What?

GREENBERG

Beth?

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

Who?

GREENBERG

Is...is this a child?

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

Yes.

GREENBERG

Is your mom there?

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

Who's this?

GREENBERG

Roger.

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

Miller?

\*

\*

GREENBERG

Roger.

\*

\*

\*

\*

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

Hold on.

(shrieking)

Mom, it's Miller!

The sound of the phone dropping. Some movement. Finally:

BETH

Hello?

GREENBERG

Beth?

BETH

Who's this?

GREENBERG

Roger.

BETH

Oh, hi.

Laughter in the background on her end.

GREENBERG  
What are you doing?

BETH  
I'm sewing Charles's pants.

GREENBERG  
Uh huh. Is Charles your son?

BETH  
Yeah. Hot stuff.

GREENBERG  
You sewing his Flash suit? Is he the  
devil or the Flash? Did he ever say? \*

BETH  
(vague)  
Yeah. \*

GREENBERG  
Do you want to have a drink or  
something sometime --

53 INT. RESTAURANT

53

Greenberg returns to the table. Ivan is sitting alone.

GREENBERG  
What'd you do with her?

IVAN  
She's in the bathroom.

GREENBERG  
(sitting)  
You see what I mean about working in  
an office?

IVAN  
Where'd you go?

GREENBERG  
I called Beth.

IVAN  
Really?

GREENBERG  
Come on. I mean, Beth is a part of my  
life. She's...  
(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I don't believe things happen for a reason, but me being out here at this particular time, maybe it's happening for a reason.

CUT TO: CLOSE on a Xeroxed flyer. A phallic magic marker. The Magic Marker Live at The Coconut Teazer, March 3rd 1990. \*

We hear Greenberg and Ivan laughing -- high-pitched giggles escalate throughout the following:

GREENBERG (O.S.)

I can't believe you still have this.

CLOSE on a photo of Greenberg, Ivan and Beller standing on a \* stage. They're all around twenty. Ivan is in a baggy Italian suit with a guitar. Greenberg wears a turtleneck sweater and is on keyboards, Beller is in a soft black leather jacket and \* stands next to them.

FLORENCE

Look how cute you guys are.

IVAN

(funny voice)

"How is Lenny?"

GREENBERG

(another funny voice)

"Lenny not so good."

Ivan now has a beer. The waiters clear what is left of their steaks and fries. Florence holds on to her fries.

IVAN

It really wasn't that funny.

GREENBERG

No, I know, it wasn't.

IVAN

(to Florence)

We opened for Fishbone.

FLORENCE

Cool.

IVAN

(to Greenberg re: photo)

You had kind of a mullet.

Florence laughs.

GREENBERG  
(laughing)  
No, that's a shadow.

WAITERS/WAITRESSES (O.S.)  
Happy Birthday to you...

Two waiters and three waitresses carry a piece of strudel with a candle in it.

GREENBERG  
No...don't have them do it. Don't.

WAITERS/WAITRESSES  
Happy Birth --

Greenberg furiously blows out the candles while the staff sings. They trail off. Greenberg turns to Ivan.

GREENBERG  
You're such a fucking asshole.

IVAN  
Roger, relax.

GREENBERG  
You know I hate this shit.

IVAN  
Relax, man.

GREENBERG  
Sit on my dick, asshole.

Greenberg shoves his chair back and walks out. Silence, the waiters disperse. Ivan looks at Florence with disbelief.

IVAN  
What the fuck, right?

FLORENCE  
Well, he just got out of a mental hospital.

IVAN  
Right. I mean, really?

FLORENCE  
Yeah.

IVAN  
Wow. Well, now I feel guilty for saying that.  
(MORE)

IVAN (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
Still, this is...this is bad behavior.

FLORENCE  
I think he was embarrassed.

54 EXT. SUNSET BLVD/INT. BAR - NIGHT

54

Greenberg marches briskly for about a block. He stops, a moment, aimless, then cuts into a bar.

"Africa" by Toto plays. Greenberg sits on a stool and runs his chapstick across his lips.

GREENBERG  
Can I get a Stella?

Greenberg drinks the beer and watches a Laker game on the TV. He turns to a guy at the bar.

GREENBERG  
How's Shaq doing?

GUY AT BAR  
Shaq's on the Phoenix Suns.

GREENBERG  
(chastened)  
Oh...right. No, I know... I don't  
know what...

He takes out his phone and dials.

FLORENCE  
(through the receiver)  
Hello?

GREENBERG  
Hi.

FLORENCE  
Where are you?

GREENBERG  
At a bar. Where are you?

FLORENCE  
We're waiting to get the check.

GREENBERG  
Can you pick me up.

55 INT. FLORENCE'S CAR - LATER

55 \*

Florence drives. Greenberg sits shotgun, still furious.

GREENBERG

I mean, who does that? Gets the waiters... I'm not one of these preening LA people who likes everything to be about them -- some dickhead who does karaoke at the Farmer's Market and hosts a running charades game every Friday night and swing dances. I like to keep a low profile. He knows that too. And this was a big thing for me, involving both of you together. I'm happier compartmentalizing everything. It just works better.

\*  
\*

Florence laughs.

GREENBERG

What?

FLORENCE

You told Ivan to sit on your dick?

GREENBERG

(laughs despite himself)

Did I?

FLORENCE

(laughing harder)

Yeah.

GREENBERG

What the hell does that mean?

FLORENCE

I don't know.

Silence, both of them smiling. Florence quickly glances in the backseat.

FLORENCE

(suddenly)

Shit.

GREENBERG

What?

FLORENCE

I think I left my purse at the restaurant.

GREENBERG

Really?

FLORENCE

I'm sorry.

GREENBERG

Why...why don't you check these things?

FLORENCE

I was flustered. God. It was dumb. Is it okay if we go back? I can drop you at the house first if you want.

GREENBERG

Yeah, maybe.

FLORENCE

(distressed)

Really?

GREENBERG

(annoyed)

Fine, let's go back.

She hits the blinker and starts to make a U-turn.

56

INT. FLORENCE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

56

Florence, with her back to Greenberg, quickly wraps something in an Allure magazine cover. She spins around and hands it to him.

FLORENCE

Okay, now Happy Birthday.

He tears open the paper and holds the witch puppet up from his lap.

GREENBERG

Great. So, I got the witch.

FLORENCE

I made a snap judgement. If you'd rather the devil, you can switch it out.

The devil puppet sits on her bureau.

GREENBERG

No, I'm happy with the witch. Thanks.

Greenberg tries to manipulate the sticks.

GREENBERG

You're right these are too old for  
your niece.

Florence opens a bag of crackers and pops one in her mouth.

FLORENCE

I'm impressed by you.

GREENBERG

In what way?

FLORENCE

I don't know...I was telling my friend, Gina, how cool it is that...I mean, you seem really fine doing nothing. It's like you don't feel all that bullshit pressure to be successful...I mean by other people's standards...

Greenberg's face turns red.

GREENBERG

I'm... You know I almost had a record deal when I got out of college. I haven't done nothing.

FLORENCE

Cool.

GREENBERG

I want to be doing what I'm doing.  
I'm doing nothing deliberately.

FLORENCE

That's what I was saying. I don't know if I could do nothing and be that cool with everything.

GREENBERG

(weakly)

Well, there's so much crap out there.

Silence. She leans over and they kiss.

FLORENCE

Mahler's not at home, you could stay over. Wink wink.

GREENBERG

I'm not supposed to get involved...I mean, I'm trying not to... But, fuck it, yeah, okay...

They kiss again.

FLORENCE

Ivan's nice. Is he your best friend?

GREENBERG

Yeah, I guess so. I lost Ivan for a few years there to this racist he met in rehab. But their marriage is ending which is good for him. And me, to be honest.

FLORENCE

Oh. Good.

GREENBERG

You probably wouldn't believe this, but in college we all looked up to him. He was from England and he used to be really handsome and stylish and kind of great...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FLORENCE

I can believe that.

GREENBERG

I used to borrow his pants. You know, when you're younger you wonder how do people become who they are. Who are those beaten, ex-junkie, out of work guitar players who end up fixing your computer? And then you realize: they're Ivan. Sad.

FLORENCE

(mumbles)

Who are those personal assistants who sing at open mike nights...

GREENBERG

It's not the same thing. You're young.

(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I know it doesn't feel that way, I mean, I wish I had felt more young when I was your age. I'm probably young now and don't know it.

Florence nods.

GREENBERG

Ivan and I call each other "man," but it's meant as a joke because it's the kind of thing we wouldn't call each other. It's our imitation of other people.

FLORENCE

I know what that's like. This friend of mine, Marnie, and me, we went to this cheesy bar in Hollywood one night and we just thought, let's pretend we're kind of slutty girls looking to get picked up. Even though we weren't. And we ended up talking to these two frat guys, but like 30, who were all into their bodies and cologned, very well groomed. And we ended up going back to one of their places -- and I think one of the them was almost retarded or he was really drunk because he didn't make any sense. And they got out a video camera and Marnie and I did this kind of strip tease...it was crazy because we were still playing these girls, but here we were showing our breasts and...

Greenberg looks stricken. She stops.

FLORENCE

We ran out of there pretty fast. We were total freaks.

Greenberg, seething, gets up and goes to her computer.

FLORENCE

What are you looking at?

GREENBERG

(terse)

I'm going to see if I can find the video of you.

FLORENCE

It's not on the internet. And it wouldn't be under my name if he posted it, which I'm sure he didn't.

Florence watches as Greenberg types.

FLORENCE

There's a Florence Marr who's an ice skater who comes up a lot --

Frustrated, Greenberg marches over to the refrigerator and opens it.

GREENBERG

You never have anything good to drink.

He goes into a cupboard and pours himself cheap tequila. She comes up behind and puts her arms around his waist. He pushes her off.

GREENBERG

(furious)

That's like the stupidest story I've ever heard. Are you sure you didn't fuck these guys?

FLORENCE

Yes.

GREENBERG

Is there more? I just want to get it all out now so I don't get any more disgusting surprises.

Silence. Greenberg shoves his hands in his jacket pockets.

FLORENCE

I feel like I just got beat up.

Cars rumble by. We see Greenberg in the distance walking the pavement toward us. He removes his blazer and throws it over his arm. He clutches his witch puppet.

He looks around for a cab, but there are none. He reaches a bus stop and waits. Nothing is coming. He looks miserable. He \* holds the puppet tighter.

58

INT. VET - DAY

58

Greenberg and a stocky vet assistant slowly lift Mahler up. Ivan holds the leash.

FEMALE VET

We've basically gone past what we're equipped to do here. We think it's an autoimmune disorder.

GREENBERG

(swallows, uncertain)

Uh huh.

She hands Greenberg a business card.

FEMALE VET

This hospital has more experience with internal medicine. I've called and they're expecting you.

GREENBERG

You can't do it here? I mean, you know him now... Don't we get some say in this?

FEMALE VET

I know, but this is their area of expertise...

Greenberg shows the card to Ivan.

GREENBERG

You know where this is?

IVAN

I've got to pick up Victor at school in half an hour. Can you ask Florence?

GREENBERG

I'm trying not to call her! I'm just going to hurt her feelings, man. I'm trying not to do that to people anymore and I don't want to be asking anyone for a ride anymore ever. I just turned 41, I should be able to drive!

IVAN

Why are you yelling at me?!

GREENBERG  
(exhales, annoyed)  
What a pain in the ass.

59 EXT. VET HOSPITAL - LATER

59

A tall modern office building. Greenberg carefully leads Mahler from the open door of a "Pet Taxi." He grips a stack of oversized X-rays under his arm.

60 INT. VET HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - LATER

60 \*

A new vet, a man, addresses Greenberg.

\*

MALE VET  
Survival rate is about 50/50.  
Hopefully with the right cocktail of drugs we'll be able to get it under control and keep him stable. We'll need to keep him at least a week.

GREENBERG  
This is stupid but...I can't catch it, right? I mean...

MALE VET  
No. It's something only dogs get.  
(pause)  
I'll give you some time with him.

GREENBERG  
(quickly)  
Do you guys take volunteers?

MALE VET  
What do you mean?

GREENBERG  
Like if someone wanted to help out for a couple of hours once in a while.

MALE VET  
No. If you want to volunteer, you should maybe go to a rescue center, but here you need a medical degree.

GREENBERG  
Thanks.

60A INT. VET HOSPITAL, EXAMINING ROOM - LATER 60A \*

It's more high-tech and less homey. The X-rays are lit up on the wall. Greenberg sits stiffly on the cold linoleum floor. He pets the lethargic dog. He stares at a diagram of a dog's anatomy hanging on the wall. He places his hand gently on Mahler's torso at different spots.

GREENBERG  
(consulting the diagram)  
Heart...liver...pancreas...

He hesitates then moves his hand to his own stomach and chest.

60B INT. KITCHEN 60B \*

CLOSE on feverish scribbling: "Dear Hollywood Pet Taxi Co., You would\* think a vehicle made expressly for the transportation of animals would have a soft floor..."

60C INT. PHILIP'S CLOSET 60C \*

Greenberg looks through a series of suits and sport coats. He \* chooses a tan corduroy jacket. \*

61 INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT 61 \*

Greenberg, in a sport-coat, sits opposite Beth.

GREENBERG  
I always felt bad about that night  
after we played the Viper Room and you  
were there with your sister and I  
wanted to go to that party and you  
were tired and I let you go home and --

Beth nods vaguely.

BETH  
Which night was this?

GREENBERG  
You were with your sister.

BETH  
Uh huh. I don't think I remember that  
night...

GREENBERG

I should have been straight with you. You know, I originally got into music to meet girls and I think when we started playing around LA and I was getting some attention --

BETH

-- from girls. I understand.

GREENBERG

But I wasn't clear with you and I want to apologize for how I behaved. I kind of just let it end, left town, and was uncommunicative and I feel like I didn't even give you a reason --

BETH

But I knew.

GREENBERG

Uh huh. Well, I'm sorry.

BETH

It's okay. Like I said, I don't remember that night.

GREENBERG

You had bought a new mattress that afternoon.

BETH

(shaking her head)

Yeah, sounds plausible. Was that like fourteen years ago?

Silence.

GREENBERG

You didn't like the Sealy, you thought it was too mushy... We used to make that 1-800 Mattress joke, the extra S for extra sex...

BETH

(no idea)

Okay...okay.

Silence.

GREENBERG

We could've gotten married and...had kids...

BETH

You think? I don't think we would've.

GREENBERG

I don't know, it was a big relationship for me.

Silence.

BETH

So, you're a carpenter now.

GREENBERG

Yeah, you know, I was always good at making things so...

BETH

Oh yeah?

GREENBERG

(exasperated)

Beth, I made you that bed! Don't you remember? It was why we were buying the mattress to begin with.

BETH

I do remember that, I do remember that. Sorry. Totally. Go on...

GREENBERG

I work out of a studio in Bushwick I share with a few other carpenters and...that's been pretty good. It's political, though. Um, what else? Recently, I had this thing where I couldn't move my legs. Literally. You know, but it was psychological.

BETH

God.

GREENBERG

Yeah, so that took some time dealing with and I think that brings us up to date.

BETH

Are you okay?

GREENBERG

Yeah...I think I just needed to let go, you know.

(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I had a shrink there who said you only missed by five percent. I'm not positive what it means, but in most things ninety-five is pretty good.

BETH

I had a shrink who said to me, "You're of value." It's stupid but it always stuck with me.

GREENBERG

You look really pretty.

BETH

Thanks.

GREENBERG

My dog is sick.

BETH

Yeah? My mom's sick.

GREENBERG

Philip's dog, really, but I'm taking care of him. He has an autoimmune disorder. Since he got sick I keep thinking I have something.

(long pause)

I'm sorry about your mom.

BETH

Yeah...

Greenberg doesn't say anything.

BETH

Well, I'm glad you're feeling better.

GREENBERG

I get horrible anxiety sometimes still.

BETH

That I remember.

GREENBERG

Do you want to have dinner one night?

BETH

This week?

GREENBERG

Or next... I kind of meant like on a date.

BETH  
(off-guard)

Oh. Oh. Yeah. No. Come on, you  
know that's a terrible idea. No.  
But...no. No.

Greenberg nods, mortified. Silence. Beth tries to find the waiter to signal for a check.

BETH  
Shit, he didn't see me...

GREENBERG  
He looks harried even though no one's  
here.

BETH  
Yeah. I'm just going to go get him.

GREENBERG  
I'm sure he'll be by --

She's up, walking into the back. We STAY with Greenberg.

62 EXT. RUNYON CANYON

62

Gina and Florence hike the dirt path.

GINA  
Everyone does gross, disgusting things  
when they're young.

FLORENCE  
He said, disgusting. I don't think  
it's disgusting. It was just dumb. I  
was like twenty when it happened.

GINA  
I'm sure he's done much worse than  
flash his tits on video. Whatever got  
him in the lockdown ward.

FLORENCE  
Lots of great interesting people have  
tried to kill themselves.

GINA  
He tried to kill himself?

FLORENCE  
I don't know, I don't think so, I'm  
just saying.  
(pause)  
(MORE)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
 He sent me a mix CD. Probably before  
 our fight.

GINA FLORENCE  
 He's 40 and still making mix Should I call him?  
 CD's.

GINA  
 No, I don't like how he treats you.  
 He acts like you work for him.

FLORENCE  
 Well I do work for his brother. I  
 mean, I should thank him maybe for the  
 CD. I don't want to be rude.

GINA  
 If you keep driving him places I'll  
 stop speaking to you.

FLORENCE  
 Okay.

GINA  
 I mean, who doesn't drive?

BELLER (V.O.) \*  
 You didn't even give it a second  
 thought did you?

63 INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

63

CLOSE on Beller who talks heatedly. \*

GREENBERG (O.S.)  
 I gave it --

BELLER \*  
 You were uncomfortable and you dumped  
 me.

GREENBERG (O.S.)  
 I didn't dump you --

BELLER \*  
 You dumped me. I paid for us to  
 record the demos.  
 (getting further riled)  
 ...you were sleeping on my floor. I  
 paid for the lawyer to make the deal --  
 money which I didn't have at the time.

GREENBERG (O.S.)  
 You were going to be reimbursed --

\*

BELLER

So what! I believed in the thing.  
And suddenly you bail --

GREENBERG

I didn't like the deal.

BELLER

\*

It was completely standard. It was a record deal. It was a big thing for us. We weren't going to get any better than that.

GREENBERG

It was corporate bullshit. I didn't want to be a slave to the A&R department -- they'd fuck with the songs. We had no control.

BELLER

\*

You weren't the only one in the band. It's morally reprehensible what you did.

We now see Greenberg who is shoveling salad into his mouth with a fork. Greenberg says, wiping his chin:

GREENBERG

I'm sorry, but... I didn't want to do it unless it was on our terms.

BELLER

\*

Well, you got your way. There's no record...there's no band! That's your terms!

GREENBERG

What do you care? You've done all right. It doesn't matter.

BELLER

\*

It does matter. I was hurt by you. You're not who I thought you were.  
(pause)

Ivan was counting on it. He co-wrote the songs with you, he --

GREENBERG

(for the record)

Ivan wrote some of the music with me.

BELLER

\*

Stop rationalizing.

Greenberg leans down to his glass of ice tea. He slurps from the wide red straw.

GREENBERG  
Ivan can take care of himself --

BELLER  
I'm surprised he still speaks to you.  
(pause)  
You know, you have these scenarios in  
your head of what's going on and it's  
all...a fabrication.

Greenberg sighs.

BELLER  
What's that, what's that sigh?

GREENBERG  
(irritated)  
Nothing.

He sucks through the straw at the melted ice in the empty glass.

63A INT. KITCHEN - DAY

63A \*

Greenberg scribbles furiously on a legal pad:

\*

CLOSE: Dear Beller, What can you say to "morally reprehensible?" It's \*  
this kind of LA speak where everything is absolutes. In New York we don't  
have black and white, it's grey...

64 INT. GREENBERG'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

64

Greenberg looks at the concert flyer and the photograph of him, Ivan and Beller. A steaming styrofoam microwave soup and a tall\* glass of scotch in front of him. The phone lies next to him. He dials.

IVAN  
(through the receiver)  
Hello?

GREENBERG  
(funny voice)  
"How is Lenny?"

IVAN  
(pause, different funny  
voice)  
"Lenny not so good."

They both laugh.

65 INT. IVAN'S HOTEL ROOM - INTERCUT

65

Ivan sits up in bed. The TV is on.

GREENBERG

Not too late to call, I hope.

IVAN

Nah. Watching Just My Luck with  
Lindsay Lohan on Starz.

GREENBERG

How is it?

IVAN

Kind of funny. She's got charm.

Silence.

GREENBERG

Alright...

(pause)

I was thinking, we should maybe do  
something together again -- write some  
songs.

IVAN

Aren't you going back to New York?

GREENBERG

Yeah, but... If we got something  
going... I could stay here possibly.

Ivan mutes the TV.

IVAN

I don't think I have time really  
between the computer work and  
Victor...

GREENBERG

Uh huh. It's funny, don't you still  
think of yourself as a guitar player  
even though you don't really do it  
anymore...

IVAN

No...not...I don't. You know I hired  
a guy, Ezra, to help me with the  
company so... It's a...I have to  
concentrate on that.

GREENBERG

Okay. Um, I think I'm having a party tomorrow.

IVAN

Tomorrow?

GREENBERG

A pool party. So, come. Bring Victor. After we hang up, I'm going to call some people.

66

EXT. JON'S - MORNING

66 \*

Greenberg hurries out of the supermarket clutching two big brown paper bags.

67

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

67

Greenberg watches out the window: Peggy says something and Marlon laughs and claps. Eight year old Victor dog-paddles in the pool. Ivan glides next to him. Megan and her husband are there with two kids.

Greenberg scrapes the store-bought guacamole into a bowl. Ivan enters, in his wet trunks, and goes to the fridge.

IVAN

Megan's husband wants to know...do you know what kind of tree that skinny one with the yellow flowers is?

GREENBERG

(immediately annoyed)

No. I mean, I wouldn't even think to know something like that.

IVAN

Are you coming out? Victor wants to show you his dive.

GREENBERG

Is it okay, is it a dud? I do this, I throw a party last minute and then I'm disappointed no one can come.

IVAN

It's fine. We're having fun.

GREENBERG

(hesitates)

I need to put together the chips and quac and creamsicles I bought.

(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I got you ice tea and lemonade, but I  
didn't know the right proportions so  
you'll have to make it.

\*  
\*  
\*

IVAN

I see. Thanks.

GREENBERG

I guess I'll make an appearance.

IVAN

Are you pulling a Gatsby and watching  
the party from afar?

GREENBERG

I don't know that I need to document  
the reasons how this isn't like a  
Gatsby.

Ivan collects two beers and eyes the lemonade and ice tea mix. \*  
He hesitates and takes a third beer. He shuts the fridge door  
with his hip.

IVAN

It turns out Marlon and Peggy have a  
ten year old who went to Victor's  
school. It's such a small world.

GREENBERG

Why is that news to you? It is a  
small world, I'm surprised we all  
don't run into each other more often.  
For instance, you and I went to school  
together.

Ivan heads back outside. The door slams behind him.

67A EXT. BACK YARD

67A \*

Greenberg walks the path toward the pool. He holds a tray with\*  
a bowl of chips and guacamole and stacked creamsicles. Through  
the brush we see: Marlon, Peggy, Ivan and Victor, playing  
volleyball in the water. Greenberg hesitantly and anxiously  
approaches. Marlon turns, sees him and waves.

MARLON

Hey!

Greenberg sweats -- he waves back with his pinky, clutching the  
tray handles tightly. The phone rings inside. Greenberg --  
relieved -- turns right around and hurries back toward the  
house, balancing the tray as best he can.

67B INT. LIBRARY

67B \*

He enters the library. He stands over the machine, still holding the tray.

FLORENCE (V.O.)  
(through the machine)  
Hi, it's me. Florence. I'm sorry to be calling, but I wanted to see how Mahler was...

Greenberg lays down the tray with a clank and picks up.

GREENBERG  
Hello?

67C EXT. REHEARSAL SPACE, STREET - INTERCUT

67C \*

Florence sits in her car on the phone. \*

FLORENCE  
Sorry, I wanted to check in on -- \*

GREENBERG  
We had to move him to another vet.

FLORENCE  
(alarmed)  
Really?

GREENBERG  
Yeah, they do better with internal medicine there. I was going to call you, but --

FLORENCE  
No, no. And I realize I don't have your cell.

The vacuum turns on with a blast. Greenberg looks at the maid with disbelief.

GREENBERG  
Can you --

The maid yanks the cord out of the wall. The roar quickly winds down. He walks into the bathroom and closes the door.

GREENBERG  
Did you get anything in the mail?

FLORENCE

The CD. Yeah, it's really good.  
Thanks.

GREENBERG

My friend, Jason jokes that if they  
gave MacArthur grants for mix cd's I'd  
get one.

FLORENCE

It's got a lot of songs I love. I  
love Ruth Etting. Thanks.

GREENBERG

(disappointed)

You know her? You know a lot of the  
songs?

FLORENCE

Yeah, but not in that order.

Greenberg looks disappointed.

GREENBERG

I was limited to what my brother had  
and I couldn't figure out how to get  
stuff off my iPod...

FLORENCE

Um, I'd like to visit him at the  
hospital. If you can give me the  
information. We don't have to see  
each other, we can go at different  
times.

68

INT. VET HOSPITAL, VISITING ROOM - DAY

68

Florence and Greenberg sit on the floor on either side of  
Mahler.

GREENBERG

I liked the old vet better.

Florence removes the worn Fiorucci T-shirt she wears over her  
dress. She balls it up and places it by Mahler's snout.  
Greenberg gets a glimpse of her breasts as she leans toward the  
dog.

FLORENCE

Gina told me it's nice to leave them  
something that smells like you.

Greenberg does a quick inventory, but has nothing he can take off. Mahler's eyes blink helplessly.

FLORENCE  
Sometimes I think he's a human in a  
dog costume.

69 EXT. POOL - NIGHT

69

Florence's shirt is open, but she still has on her green jacket. Greenberg's pants are down, but his oxford is buttoned. They're having sex on the grass.

FLORENCE  
Should we stop?

GREENBERG  
No. Why? What are you thinking?

FLORENCE  
Nothing. I think I missed my chance  
to come.

GREENBERG  
Okay.  
(pause)  
There's probably still a chance for  
me.

He rolls her over on top of him. She hesitates.

GREENBERG  
What's wrong?

FLORENCE  
I don't know what to do on top.

GREENBERG  
I guess do what feels good.

FLORENCE  
But that's embarrassing -- now that  
we've talked about it. I don't know  
what I'm saying. Sorry.

GREENBERG  
Don't apologize.

She moves a little bit and then stops.

FLORENCE  
(laughs nervously)  
Moving fast reminds me of the movies.

Greenberg turns her over and is now on top of her.

FLORENCE  
We don't have to continue if you don't want to.

GREENBERG  
Why wouldn't I want to?

FLORENCE  
Because I'm being annoying.

Florence raises her legs up over his shoulders. He moves faster. She bucks and sucks in her breath. They both come. He opens his eyes: She's crying.

FLORENCE  
I'm sorry, I'm thinking of Mahler.

69A EXT. POOL - LATER

69A \*

Florence sits on the grass, she's naked and wrapped in a left-out beach towel. Greenberg is shirtless and in underwear. He drags his toes through the water. She holds a new mix CD.

FLORENCE  
I don't know any of this. I don't know Karen Dalton. Very cool.  
Thanks.

\*

GREENBERG  
You sure you don't know it?

FLORENCE  
No, no. Thank you. Thanks a lot.

GREENBERG  
You can tell me if you know it.

FLORENCE  
I don't!

GREENBERG  
Karen Dalton was like a homeless junkie in the 70's. You know, it's a woman with sandals. Maybe there's something you want to sing on there...

\*

\*

She reads track listing.

FLORENCE  
You like old things.

GREENBERG

(shrugs)

A shrink said to me once, that I have trouble living in the present so I linger on the past because I felt like I didn't ever really live it in the first place. You know?

Suddenly:

FLORENCE

Do you think you could love me?

Silence.

GREENBERG

I don't know, Florence.

She winds up the toy girl who bangs on the vibes.

FLORENCE

I think I get excited to see you and then I worry it might go too quick and I just say things to get a reaction...

Greenberg sinks into a metal chair. She slides on her jeans. Greenberg stares at her as she searches in her coat pocket for a cigarette.

FLORENCE

Have the...orals been better?

GREENBERG

Yeah...much.

She blushes. He looks at her.

FLORENCE

What?

GREENBERG

We've got to stop this.

FLORENCE

(surprised)

Really?

GREENBERG

Yeah. You've got to stop calling me. I've intentionally not called you. Even when I needed to call you I didn't. You know, I took a Pet Taxi.

FLORENCE

(hurt)

I haven't called you.

GREENBERG

You called today.

FLORENCE

That was for Mahler.

GREENBERG

Oh, come on, it wasn't for Mahler.

Florence, you... Take some responsibility. Don't put yourself in this kind of situation.

FLORENCE

What situation? I like seeing you.

GREENBERG

No you don't... You don't like it. Why are we even having this conversation, we're not really even dating and we're seeing other people...

FLORENCE

I'm not seeing anyone.

GREENBERG

Neither am I, but...I want to.

Florence's eyes pool.

FLORENCE

Who...

Greenberg hesitates. He blurts out in frustration:

GREENBERG

I don't know! Anyone. I'm doing nothing! I'm not tied to anyone. How many times do we have to go over it? Jesus. I should be with a divorced thirty-eight year old with teenage kids who has low expectations about life. I don't want to fucking do this anymore. God.

Florence quickly collects her things. Greenberg, addled, watches her walk away.

69B	EXT. BACK YARD - MORNING	69B	*
	Greenberg primes a side of the near-finished dog-house.		*
70	INT. KITCHEN	70	*
	CLOSE in long-hand: Dear New York Times ombudsman, The paper's reporters -- or should I say stenographers -- continue to uncritically regurgitate the administration's definition of "Al Qaeda" in Iraq...		
	A stack of addressed letter-sized envelopes -- The New York Times, ADT, Pet Taxi among them.		*
	Greenberg organizes various hand-written letters with their corresponding envelopes.		
71	EXT. FAIRFAX BLVD	71	*
	Greenberg hustles across the busy two-way street clutching the envelopes. He wears his down vest. He sweats.		
72	EXT. POST OFFICE	72	
	Greenberg walks out. He licks at the corner of an envelope that hasn't properly sealed.		
73	EXT. FAIRFAX BLVD	73	*
	A large blue wind-sock shaped like a man blows outside a Jiffy Lube. Using his sleeve as a buffer, Greenberg presses the button at the cross-walk a few times.		
	At a break in traffic, he hurries back across the street. Greenberg enters a Coffee Bean. We watch him through the window as he buys coffee.		
74	EXT. OGDEN STREET	74	
	He walks quickly, holding his coffee. He stops, balances the cup on a hydrant while he takes off his down vest and sweater, exposing a damp T-shirt. He throws the clothes over his arm, and sits on the front lawn of a house. We MOVE IN on his face -- he drinks the hot coffee as the sun streams down. Sweat spills down his temples. Greenberg dials his phone and wedges it between his cheek and shoulder.		
	GREENBERG (into phone) Hi, this is Roger Greenberg. I'm calling to check on Mahler... (listening) (MORE)		

GREENBERG (CONT'D)  
Uh huh...Uh huh...Okay...Okay...  
Yeah...

He hangs up and stares into space. A car slows down in front of him and a male driver leans across the passenger seat and says out the window:

DRIVER  
You okay?

GREENBERG  
Yeah.

The driver nods, satisfied. The car pulls away.

75 INT. VET HOSPITAL - DAY

75

Greenberg and Florence are at the front desk signing papers. The nurse is handing Greenberg different bottles of medication. Florence doesn't look at Greenberg.

VET RECEPTIONIST  
Half a pill three times a day with food. The blood thinner just at night, that's for blood clots and he'll get prednisone, which is a steroid, twice a day for three days and then we'll bring him down to one and a half a day and the blood thinner every other day.

Greenberg nods and nods and slides over his credit card. He says to Florence, apologetically:

GREENBERG  
I tried Ivan, but he had a birthday party.

Florence nods, refuses to look at him. A vet assistant hands a marginally healthier looking Mahler to Florence. She nestles into his fur.

FLORENCE  
Hi, little Mahler baby.

GREENBERG  
I didn't want to cram him into a shitty Pet Taxi...  
(pause)  
Thanks a lot for doing this.

FLORENCE  
(coldly)  
I'm here for Mahler. Gina said I'm  
crazy to drive you anywhere.

GREENBERG  
Gina -- who calls you in the middle of  
the night crying about nothing -- Gina  
who can't even get your flyer info  
correct. Yeah, listen to Gina.

Florence stares at him for a long beat.

FLORENCE  
Don't...you know don't say anything  
bad about...I can't think anything bad  
about Gina right now...  
(to the dog)  
Come, Mahler...

She carefully leads the dog to the door. The nurse passes the  
credit card receipt back to Greenberg. He signs.

GREENBERG  
Three thousand, eighty-four dollars.  
Jesus.

76 INT. GREENBERG'S KITCHEN - DAY

76 \*

Florence and Greenberg bring Mahler inside, he walks slowly and  
stiffly over to his dog bed, circles it and lies down.

GREENBERG  
He seems better.

FLORENCE  
(all business)  
Give me his pills I'll mark them for  
you so you don't forget.

Florence grabs a sharpie and begins to code the pill bottles.  
She takes out three pills, cuts one in half and puts them all in  
little balls of peanut butter. She brings them to Mahler who \*  
eats them from her hand. The phone rings.

FLORENCE  
If you put the pills in peanut butter \*  
they go down easier. \*

She starts a pot of water on the stove and pours in rice. The  
machine picks up.

PHILIP (V.O.)

Roger, it's Philip. Pick up. Pick up. Piicckkk uuuupppp... Fuck it. I got an e-mail from Florence with her hours: market, dry cleaners, market, market, Rite Aid -- You can imagine, it goes on... I said you could use her for things, but not for everything. And I need to know how Mahler is. Call me.

He hangs up. Greenberg tries to find Florence's eyes, but she won't look at him. Finally:

GREENBERG

Are you cooking? You want to make Jello?

FLORENCE

The vet said the steroids might upset his stomach. I'll just, I'll cook this and then I'll go.

GREENBERG

Are you going to make chicken too?

FLORENCE

(sighs)

I can pick up a roast chicken at the market. He shouldn't have the skin it's too rich.

GREENBERG

I can eat the skin. Why don't we have chicken and rice with Mahler.

Florence looks at him with disbelief.

FLORENCE

You can walk to Ralph's, it's three blocks from here.

GREENBERG

Okay. Will you be here when I get back?

She marches across the floor and out the front door. Before the door swings shut, she reenters.

FLORENCE

I'll get the chicken, but I'm going to call you when I'm pulling up and you can come out and get it.

77 EXT. GREENBERG'S STREET - LATE DAY

77 \*

Florence, in her car, hands Greenberg the shopping bag through the driver-side window. Greenberg lingers.

GREENBERG

I'm sorry about my...freak out by the pool. You know, I got to try not to do that. I get abusive. I'm working on that.

(pause)

Anyway, I apologize.

FLORENCE

(dryly)

Thank you.

Silence.

GREENBERG

I mean, it's not just me...you do participate in it too, though. I mean, don't you think?

FLORENCE

Then you're not apologizing. You know, this isn't a good day for me, I'm going to go --

GREENBERG

I'm apologizing for my side of it.

FLORENCE

That's not an apology.

GREENBERG

Well, apologizing is hard.

FLORENCE

Not for me.

GREENBERG

Well, for me! You know what I think, Florence -- I think you're transferring shit onto me. You're looking to me for the mental and physical abuse of your father...and sexual molestation or whatever...

FLORENCE

(horrified)

I was not molested.

PINK REVISED 4/09/09 89.

GREENBERG  
Or whatever. He was withholding. I'm  
right about that, right?

FLORENCE  
I was not molested.

She puts the car in gear.

78 INT. FLORENCE'S CAR

78

We HOLD on Florence as she drives. She dials her phone.

FLORENCE  
Gina, call me when you get this.  
Okay? Also, we have to be there at  
seven in the morning so you should  
pick me up at six-thirty.

79 INT. FLORENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

79

Florence plays Blood, Sweat and Tears loudly on her small  
stereo. She's drinking champagne and singing along. The phone  
rings.

FLORENCE  
(casual)  
Hey.

80 INT. GREENBERG'S KITCHEN - INTERCUT

80 \*

Greenberg drinks a tall scotch and studies Florence's  
instructions. He presses each pill into a ball of peanut  
butter. Mahler lies next to him.

GREENBERG  
(taken aback)  
Hey.

FLORENCE  
(hesitates)  
I thought you were Gina.

GREENBERG  
No, it's me. Roger.

He takes one of his own pills and chases it with the whiskey.

GREENBERG  
(to Mahler)  
This one's for me.

FLORENCE

What?

GREENBERG

I'm talking to Mahler.

FLORENCE

Why are you calling me? You need more  
granola?

GREENBERG

I wanted to speak to you.

FLORENCE

(making herself laugh)  
Or ice cream sandwiches.

GREENBERG

(irritated)

Come on...

FLORENCE

(frustrated)

I mean, I'm just...are we seeing each  
other or not?

GREENBERG

Well, that's what I want to talk  
about. I don't know, I mean, I'm  
leaving in a like a week --

FLORENCE

That gives you enough time to find  
your thirty-eight year old divorcee.

Silence. Greenberg walks outside and across the yard.

FLORENCE

Hurt people hurt people.

GREENBERG

(confused, repeating it to  
himself)

"Hurt people hurt --"

FLORENCE

It's something a singing coach of mine  
told me. Shit! Sorry... Sorry... I  
spilled...my champagne. Forget it.

GREENBERG

(suddenly suspicious)

Is somebody there?

FLORENCE

No.

She retrieves a sponge from the kitchen and wipes up the spill.  
Greenberg enters the den at the other side of the yard.

GREENBERG  
You never fucked that guy who plays  
guitar with you?

FLORENCE  
No, he's not even the same guy  
anymore! Sorry, I'm trying to get  
drunk. I don't mean this to sound  
dramatic...and I wasn't going to say  
anything. And Gina's taking me... I  
mean it's not yours...It's...I found  
out a couple of days ago...and...I  
don't know... It's...it's got to be  
my ex's because I'm six or seven weeks  
and you and I only just... And you  
used a condom anyway... I didn't want  
to tell you, I mean, it's weird, I've  
been pregnant this whole time...

GREENBERG  
Uh huh.

FLORENCE  
I made an appointment for a D and C.  
I'm really sensitive to pain so I  
asked for anaesthesia. Sorry, I'm  
trying to get drunk now. And I can't  
eat after ten.

GREENBERG  
(pause)  
I'll take you to do it.

FLORENCE  
(considers)  
How is that going to work? Am I going  
to drive you to take me?

81 INT. IVAN'S CAR - DAY

81

Ivan drives. Greenberg rides in front. Florence in back.  
Greenberg turns up a song on the radio.

FLORENCE  
Can you turn it down?

He does.

FLORENCE

I'm sorry, it's...my head is killing me.

GREENBERG

No, it's fine, don't worry. It's your day. Or...you know what I mean.

82 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

82

Florence is in a hospital gown. She sits in a wheelchair, her hair in a cotton shower cap. A nurse is behind her.

GREENBERG

We'll be here when you get out.

FLORENCE

Okay. Thanks.

GREENBERG

Don't be nervous.

She nods and looks distracted.

FLORENCE

I just don't know what I'm doing with my life.

GREENBERG

(pause)

You're of value.

FLORENCE

(irritated, dismissive)

I know that. You don't have to say that.

Greenberg turns red. She's wheeled away.

IVAN

We could go get her flowers.

GREENBERG

I thought since she couldn't eat she might be hungry when it's over.

They walk down the hallway.

IVAN

We had Victor in this hospital.

GREENBERG

Do you think they take volunteers  
here?

IVAN

In the hospital? I'd think you'd need  
some kind of training.

GREENBERG

She likes All American Burger.

83 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

83

Florence opens her eyes. Fuzzy images slowly come into focus. Greenberg sits at her bed-side. A burger wrapped in tinfoil in his lap. Ivan hangs back by the door.

GREENBERG

Here.

He holds out the burger. She tries to take it, but is too drugged. Greenberg places it on her stomach. He thinks better of it and takes it back.

GREENBERG

When you're ready.

FLORENCE

Thanks.

(pause)

Can we go?

GREENBERG

They apparently won't let us go until  
you pee.

FLORENCE

Oh. I don't have to.

GREENBERG

Maybe when you get to the bathroom  
you'll feel like it.

FLORENCE

I need to lie for a little longer.

GREENBERG

Okay.

FLORENCE

I'm going to close my eyes for a  
second.

GREENBERG

Okay.

FLORENCE

(eyes closed)

You like me so much more than you  
think you do.

84

INT. HOSPITAL LOUNGE

84

Greenberg straightens a crinkled dollar on the edge of a candy machine. Ivan drinks a soda.

GREENBERG

It's a stupid rule. I mean, what does  
peeing have to do with anything.

IVAN

I can't remember why it's important.  
I used to know.

GREENBERG

I wish it wasn't too late to go to  
medical school.

IVAN

It's not too late.

GREENBERG

I'd be over fifty by the time I got my  
degree.

IVAN

It's four years, right?

GREENBERG

Yeah, but I know myself I'd  
procrastinate, take time off... Eight  
years at best. Who's going to hire a  
forty-nine...let's just call it fifty.  
Fifty year old vet.

IVAN

I'm confused, are you going to vet  
school or regular medical school?

GREENBERG

Neither, clearly.

Greenberg tears open a Doritos bag.

GREENBERG

I have to get back for Mahler's pills.

IVAN  
(eyes the snack)  
Fabula makes this rice dish with  
raisins and pineapples that's really  
delicious.

GREENBERG  
I think you'll find lots of girls will  
be able to make that dish.

IVAN  
No, this is a Brazilian specialty.

GREENBERG  
Still.

A nurse enters the lounge.

NURSE  
Are you Florence's friends?

GREENBERG  
Yeah.

NURSE  
She's sleeping and she wants to stay  
the night.

GREENBERG  
Did she pee?

85 EXT. GREENBERG HOUSE - DAY

85 \*

Greenberg gets out of Ivan's car. He looks back in the passenger window. Ivan is still in the driver's seat.

GREENBERG  
You want to come in? Watch a video.

IVAN  
Nah, I should get going.

GREENBERG  
Where?

IVAN  
I think I'll go back to the motel and  
take a nap. I didn't sleep well last  
night.

GREENBERG  
I'm leaving in like a week.

IVAN

We'll hang out more, don't worry...

Greenberg doesn't move.

GREENBERG

You're sure it's okay I left? She might wake up and is scared...

IVAN

She'll be fine. The nurse seemed nice. We'll get her in the morning.

GREENBERG

I had to get back for Mahler.

IVAN

I understand.

GREENBERG

No, I know, I'm not explaining myself to you, I'm just --

IVAN

You're just saying. Right.

GREENBERG

Come on, one drink.

IVAN

I really got to go.

GREENBERG

Okay.

(says awkwardly into his collar)

I appreciate your friendship...

Greenberg releases his grip on the open window. Ivan relaxes and reaches for the gear shift. Greenberg pokes his head back in the window.

GREENBERG

Can I ask... What do people say about me? Like...negative things I wouldn't know.

IVAN

Let me go, man.

GREENBERG

Come on, I'm sure people must trash me when I'm not around.

IVAN

They don't trash you.

GREENBERG

Okay, but what criticisms do they have?

IVAN

I don't... You really want to know?

GREENBERG

Yes.

IVAN

I don't know, I'd say the biggest criticism they have of you is that you have trouble making fun of yourself.

GREENBERG

(surprised)

Really? That's incredible. I'm the funniest person I know.

IVAN

Well, not about yourself.

GREENBERG

Really?

IVAN

That's what people say. I wouldn't get too worried about it. These aren't difficult things to fix.

GREENBERG

(backing away)

Right...

IVAN

Some people think you lie about things that you don't need to lie about. That you don't make any effort.

GREENBERG

Who says... Who are these people? That's just totally insane.

IVAN

I'm just telling you what I've heard.

GREENBERG

If anything I'd say I'm too honest. Don't you think?

IVAN  
(vaguely)  
Uh huh.

GREENBERG  
I'm pretty up front with... No  
effort? I'm making my brother's  
family a dog-house. You know, I  
brought my tool belt from New York, I  
had to check my bag because of that.  
I always do carry-on. Look at my  
hands, I have callouses. Does Beller  
say this?

IVAN  
I think he's said it, yeah. Others  
too... Maybe Johno once and Anna --

GREENBERG  
(stung)  
That's funny. Completely wrong, but  
funny.

86 INT. GREENBERG'S FOYER/LIVING ROOM - DAY

86 \*

Greenberg, alone, hangs his vest on the back of a chair. He looks upset. His attention turns to objects scattered on the floor: Small, bunched socks, an ice cream sandwich wrapper, a pair of jeans that look like their owner stepped right out of them. Greenberg turns a corner --

Two twenty year old girls sit on the couch drinking white wine. They both have wet hair. (Sara is recognizable from her photos.)

GREENBERG  
Sara?

SARA  
There's the strange man who's sleeping  
in my room.

She jumps up and hugs Greenberg. She's in a one-piece bathing suit with a sweat-shirt over it.

SARA  
This is Muriel.

Muriel is tall, round and busty with an open face.

MURIEL  
(Australian accent)  
Hey.

SARA

I heard you killed our dog.

GREENBERG

No, no, not at all. He's all better.  
We just brought him home.

SARA

Where is he? Mahler!

She runs out of the room, leaving Greenberg with Muriel. They stand in silence.

MURIEL

We leave for Australia tomorrow  
morning.

GREENBERG

Isn't that like a twenty hour flight?

MURIEL

It's fourteen.

GREENBERG

(does the quick math)  
So that's like seven movies.

87

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

87

Music blares. The house is filled with twenty year old boys and girls talking, dancing, drinking. Greenberg sits in a corner with a scotch, observing. He dials his cell.

IVAN

(through the receiver)

Hello?

GREENBERG

A party of twenty year olds has  
suddenly happened in my house.

IVAN

(vaguely)

Hey, man.

GREENBERG

Hey, man, you take your nap?

(pause)

Where are you?

IVAN

I'm...I'm having dinner with my  
family.

GREENBERG  
Your parents?

IVAN  
No...my other family.

GREENBERG  
Fabula?

IVAN  
Mm hm.

GREENBERG  
Do you want me to come over there?

IVAN  
No.

GREENBERG  
Just don't do anything.

IVAN  
I'm not sure I know what you mean.

Two girls walk by Greenberg. He tries to draw their looks, but they don't turn. Greenberg sighs.

GREENBERG  
They're really not interested in me.  
I just look like some old guy to them.  
It's so insulting.

IVAN  
I've got to go, man.

GREENBERG  
In my mind I'm still the youngest guy in the room... IVAN  
Okay --

GREENBERG  
You should come here after.

IVAN  
I really got to go.

GREENBERG  
Okay, man, I'll call you later.

A girl holds her red plastic beer cup down to the ground. Mahler laps from it.

GREENBERG

Hey!

The girl looks up guiltily. Greenberg in the doorway.

GREENBERG

He just got out of the hospital.

GIRL

I'm so sorry.

GREENBERG

You know, don't give him beer.

GIRL

I'm sorry.

She slinks away.

GREENBERG

He's got an autoimmune disorder.

Greenberg retrieves a pill container from the pantry. He opens the refrigerator and takes out a container of peanut butter. He presses the pill into a ball of peanut butter and brings it to \* Mahler who gobbles it.

Greenberg picks up glasses, pours out cigarette butts, runs the water and starts doing dishes.

89

INT. LIVING ROOM

89

Greenberg enters. Two girls push a compact back and forth across the floor trying to get it to land in a square patterned portion of the wood.

A boy, Rich, 20, digs into the pocket of his corduroy jacket and produces a tinfoil ball.

RICH

You have a cool place.

GREENBERG

Oh...thanks... It's not totally mine,  
but...

RICH

What do you do?

GREENBERG

Oh, I'm kind of doing nothing for a  
while...

Rich peels the tinfoil back --

GREENBERG  
Is that coke?

RICH  
Yup.

GREENBERG  
I'd heard coke was in again.

RICH  
You want some?

Greenberg pulls up a chair. Sara, Jerry and two other girls, Olivia and Anita, also scoot over. Greenberg passes him a VHS of Gung-Ho and Rich cuts the lines on the box. He hands Greenberg a rolled dollar bill.

GREENBERG  
Is it okay to mix coke and Zoloft?

RICH  
Totally.

Greenberg does a line.

GREENBERG  
I haven't done this in like fifteen years. Since college or since a couple years out.

The kids nod politely, doing their lines in succession.

GREENBERG  
This is very unlike me. I actually hate coke. I hate it politically and I hate how it makes me feel. But when it's done I may have to kill one of you out of sheer frustration.

Anita looks at him, alarmed.

GREENBERG  
(leaps up)  
I'm going to change the record. We need better coke music.

RICH  
Put on some Korn.

GREENBERG  
I've got the perfect thing.

Greenberg runs across the floor, jumping over one of the compact sliding girls. He enters the den. He rifles through the jewel boxes. He takes out his cell and dials while he looks.

IVAN  
(through the receiver)  
Hello?

GREENBERG  
Hey, man.

IVAN  
Hey, man.

GREENBERG  
I just did a line. I think the last time I did coke was with you.

IVAN  
Uh huh.

GREENBERG  
It was just a line, but I feel really wired. I guess my tolerance is less.

He finds Duran Duran's "Rio" and puts it on the stereo. He advances the tracks -- the song, "The Chauffeur" plays.

JERRY (O.S.)  
Oh, come on!

GREENBERG  
Fuck off, Jerry.  
(into the phone)  
Are you done with dinner?

IVAN  
No, we're still eating.

GREENBERG  
You sure you don't want me there.

IVAN  
Yes.

GREENBERG  
I almost feel like I could get in a car and drive.

IVAN  
Don't do that.

GREENBERG

You got to come here when you're done.

IVAN

Tonight's not good, man.

GREENBERG

Man, you've got to come. I can't believe you lied to me about your dinner.

SARA (O.S.)

Do you have ACDC?

GREENBERG

It's actually a pretty fun party.

IVAN

Man, I can't --

SARA (O.S.)

Put on ACDC!

GREENBERG

I can't decide if they think I'm really cool or totally pathetic. I'm not sure I know the answer to that either.

SARA (O.S.)

ACDC!

GREENBERG

I've got to go. See you soon.

Greenberg hangs up. He runs back into the living room. He's about to jump over the girl again, but she throws up her arms:

GIRL

Don't, okay.

Greenberg swerves around her and lands back in a chair.

SARA

ACDC.

GREENBERG

Are you kidding? Duran Duran is great coke music. Give it a chance.

JERRY

Let's maybe not keep saying "coke" in every sentence.

Greenberg looks the group over.

GREENBERG

I read an article -- aren't you guys  
all just fucking on the internet.

JERRY

Not all of us.

GREENBERG

But some?

SARA

I guess, some. No one I know, I don't  
think. Well, maybe Paige...

ANITA

Yeah, Paige has a site. But it's more  
art than porn.

JERRY

They shot a skin flic on my campus.  
Couple of guys and some townies and  
they acted in it.

GREENBERG

Sick.

RICH

Can't we put on Korn?

GREENBERG

No, we can't put on fucking Korn.  
Jesus. You guys smoke crack at all?

Greenberg massages his neck.

SARA

I haven't.

JERRY

Once or twice.

GREENBERG

I might get back into drugs.

RICH

I've got a Vicodin, if you want?

GREENBERG

I could use that actually.

Rich takes a white tablet out of his pocket, breaks it in half,  
and hands part to Greenberg. Greenberg downs it with his  
scotch.

GREENBERG

Thanks.

SARA

You want a neck massage?

GREENBERG

Okay. Normally I'd say, no, cause I'm a little OCD. But okay.

Sara gets behind him and massages his neck.

GREENBERG

That's great.

(pause)

Are you kids really different from me? I mean, do the movies on the iPods and facility with MySpace pages make you guys really different?

JERRY

I don't know.

GREENBERG

Every article I read seems to be saying that.

(pause)

I definitely feel it. Good coke.

The girls laugh.

GREENBERG

What?

ANITA

Nothing.

OLIVIA

You're funny.

GREENBERG

You're mean. The thing is about you kids is that you're all kind of insensitive. I'm glad I grew up when I did. Your parents were too good at parenting. All that Baby Mozart and Dan Zanes songs. You're so sincere and interested in things.

(surveying the group)

Would it kill you to use a coaster? There's a confidence in you guys that's horrifying.

(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

You're all ADD and carpal tunnel --  
you wouldn't know agoraphobia if it  
bit you in the ass. And it makes you  
mean. You say things to someone like  
me who is older and smarter with this  
blithe air. I'm freaked out by you  
kids. I hope I die before I end up  
meeting one of you in a job  
interview...

Greenberg turns around to Sara and puts his face in hers.

GREENBERG

Fuck or fight?

SARA

(laughs)

What?

GREENBERG

Fuck or fight?

SARA

What are you so angry about? What are  
you fighting against?

GREENBERG

(vaguely quoting Marlon  
Brando)

What do you got?

SARA

I don't got much.

GREENBERG

Then that's what I'm fighting against.  
Not much.

The Duran Duran shuts off and hardcore music blares.

GREENBERG

What the fuck?!

He leaps up, grimaces in pain.

GREENBERG

Rich, you asshole.

RICH

I didn't do anything.

Rich is sitting on the floor with the compact tossing girls.

GREENBERG

Oh.

Greenberg marches toward the stereo. Two guys in knit caps look at liner notes and go through records.

GREENBERG

Get off the stereo. I was listening to that.

The guys laugh. Greenberg makes a face and presses Stop.

GREENBERG

Where's the Duran Duran?

KID

(mocking)

"Where's the Duran Duran?"

GREENBERG

Careful, those are my brother's records.

KID

"Those are my brother's records."

GREENBERG

(under his breath)

Fuck off.

The kid grabs Greenberg by the collar. Greenberg shoves him. \*  
The kid shoves back. Greenberg shoves again. The kid pushes \*  
Greenberg who falls to the floor. \*

GREENBERG

Jesus, ow, fuck.

\*

\*

GIRL (O.S.)

There's something in the pool!

90

EXT. POOL

90

Greenberg hobbles outside. A guy hands a slice of pizza to Mahler.

GREENBERG

Don't feed him!

Mahler snatches the pizza and runs. Greenberg chases after the dog with his arms outstretched.

GREENBERG

Drop it. Drop. It.

He pulls the pizza from Mahler's jaw, tearing it in half. Mahler gulps the rest of it down.

SARA (O.S.)  
It was crazy, his mom was dying and he didn't come to visit...

Greenberg stops in his tracks, and listens to Sara who speaks to Muriel.

SARA (O.S.)  
I don't know, I guess he couldn't deal.

GREENBERG  
(to no one in particular)  
She told me not to bother, she was going to be okay.

A bunch of the kids surround the water. Greenberg approaches. The sound of the wind-up girl playing the vibes.

A dark animal floats in the middle of the pool. One eye is visible, bobbing above the water. Greenberg edges closer.

RICH  
What is it?

GREENBERG  
It's a...

JERRY  
I think it's a bird or an opossum.

SARA  
I think we had one of these once before...

Greenberg squints, tries to make out the creature. The single eye of the dead animal stares back. Muriel grabs him suddenly and fakes throwing him in. Greenberg jolts.

GREENBERG  
Holy shit, don't!

The kids laugh. Rich takes a pool net on a pole and starts to fish the animal out. A guy, Zach, hands Greenberg a joint.

ZACH  
I'm sorry your dog has AIDS.

GREENBERG

He doesn't have AIDS. It's an  
autoimmune disorder.

People squeal as Rich swings the animal toward everyone. He turns the net over and dumps the soggy creature on the grass. People gather around it.

Greenberg tokes on the joint and spies his dog-house in a corner of the yard. Two kids sit on it making out. Discarded cups and glasses lie atop the loose pine boards.

He rubs his cherry chapstick across his lips. A car door slams. Greenberg walks to the fence. Ivan approaches from the street.

GREENBERG

(brightens)

Ivan...

90A EXT. GREENBERG HOUSE - SIDE GATE

90A \*

Greenberg hugs his friend near the gate. The joint dangling from his lips.

\*

\*

GREENBERG

How is Lenny?!

IVAN  
Are you okay, man? Is that pot,  
where'd you get that?

GREENBERG

You want a puff?

Ivan shoos it away.

IVAN

No, man, you know I quit that.

GREENBERG

I know, man. I know. But you drink.  
What's that?

IVAN

But I shouldn't be drinking.

GREENBERG

Okay, man. Okay. Isn't this weird?  
It's so weird. How amazing is it that  
there really are palm trees in LA?  
(pause)  
So, how'd it go?

IVAN

Fine.

GREENBERG

And...

IVAN

I think...we might give it another try.

GREENBERG

(appalled)

You're shitting me!

IVAN

Please don't make this hard for me.

GREENBERG

Oh, god, man. Don't give in. I know it's the harder, more painful decision to stay free, but that's what adulthood is. I mean, I could just stay with Florence because it's easy, but I don't want easy.

IVAN

You've been dating Florence for a month, I've been married for ten years with a child. Don't tell me what adulthood is.

GREENBERG

We weren't dating exactly.

IVAN

That's my point!

GREENBERG

You're shouting at me, man.

IVAN

(sighs)

It's been a really hard time for me, Roger. I mean... I miss my family. I feel like...all the work I've done over the years, you know, kicking the drugs, being a dad. I feel like it's all going away.

\*

Greenberg massages his own shoulder with his fingers.

GREENBERG

It's not going away... It's transforming. You're going through something. Which means...you'll get somewhere.

IVAN

I don't think you understand what it's been like for me out here. How my...how the kind of life I had hoped for... It is huge to finally embrace the life you never planned on.

Ivan wipes a tear from his chin. Greenberg is at a loss.

IVAN

I wanted to make that record.

GREENBERG

We never would have survived at a major label with those restrictions --

IVAN

How the fuck do you know?

GREENBERG

Because that's not how the world works!

IVAN

What could you possibly know about how the world works?! You've never entered the world.

GREENBERG

(hesitates)

Listen, man, I think you're playing out some old family dynamic here. Apropos of what we were saying before about what people say about us -- people feel you hold onto petty resentments and --

IVAN

You asked me what people say about you. I don't want to know.

GREENBERG

No, you should know. People think you play the victim. I don't mean this in a bad way, but you let people feel sorry for you when it just protects your narcissism --

IVAN

I don't want to know!

GREENBERG

Well, that's why I didn't want to be in a band with you! Because you won't acknowledge any of your shit. You were fucked up all the time and -- What do you want me to say?! I didn't know it was going to be our only offer. I didn't know I had the power to blow it. I thought we were all just giving our two cents. I didn't know the band would fall apart because of me. I just thought, "Fuck 'em!" Maybe, obviously I'd do it differently now...

Greenberg is suddenly crying in sloppy, jagged sobs.

GREENBERG

Of course I know what it's like to live a life I didn't plan on. What do you think I'm doing right now?

He sputters and sobs. Ivan takes a deep breath.

IVAN

You know, the people I hang out with, we say, "Oh, I'll lend you that graphic novel" we mean it. We do it. You don't know how to do that.

Ivan starts to walk away then comes back.

IVAN

This is a small thing and I know it's probably boring for you, but you know it would've been nice if you'd made an effort to know Vic.

GREENBERG

Who's Vic?

IVAN

My son.

GREENBERG

Oh, Victor. I didn't recognize the diminutive...

IVAN

Florence told me you were in a hospital. You know, I understand that kind of stuff. We could have talked about it. Maybe made each other feel better. And instead we don't talk about anything good...

GREENBERG

She knew? Who else knows?

Ivan shakes his head and walks away.

91 INT. SARA'S BATHROOM - LATER 91 \*

Music booms through the floorboards. He's on the phone. \*

GREENBERG

Florence, I don't know if you need yet or you're going to get this message tonight but I gave Mahler two of his pills but then he ate pizza and one he's supposed to take on an empty stomach, and -- I don't know what to do. I know so little about basic shit. I can't even swim in the pool. My brother's in Vietnam and I can't swim in the fucking pool! We have the same parents, I can't blame that. There was something else I wanted to tell you. You, know, I'm sorry I can be...whatever it is I can be. It's half my fault and half the atmosphere. That's a Leonard Cohen lyric. You should cover that song. You sing great. You should go on YouTube and all that stuff you guys do. Just do it. You go girl. I can't believe they closed Tower Records. How did that happen? What was it I wanted to say --

(a knock on the door)

Occupied! I don't understand what happened to me...You remember Charlie Sheen standing on his balcony in Wall Street saying "who am I?" Did you see that movie? Philip and I used to make so much fun of it. I'm thinking now it wasn't so stupid. I like you.

(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I'm never going to be one of those  
 people who remembers people's  
 birthdays or gives a shit about their  
 friends' kids. I mean, you and Ivan  
 seem to get pleasure from that shit.  
 I could never get pleasure from that.  
 Oh, this is a good song. Someone once  
 said to me, "Hurt people hurt people."  
 It's kind of trite, but it stayed with  
 me...

(remembering)

Was that... that was you like a few  
 days ago. I used to have a good memory  
 too... Anyway, we do. I do. Hurt  
 people. Hurt...

(pause)

...people. I think Ivan and I broke  
 up. I wish I could remember what it  
 was I wanted to tell you. I told you  
 I liked you, it wasn't that, Mahler  
 ate pizza, Mahler drank beer... Maybe  
 there wasn't anything. Love, Roger.

92

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

92 \*

Sara sleeps in her frilly bed. The witch puppet is on the night stand. There's movement, she opens her eyes. Greenberg is next to her.

SARA

What are you doing?

GREENBERG

It's my bed too.

SARA

Come on, get out -- I have to get up  
 early.

Greenberg nudges his face right up to hers. She laughs.

SARA

You're bombed.

He kisses her. She responds then pulls away.

SARA

Okay, go away now.

GREENBERG

Come on...

SARA

No, we're practically related -- it's  
really disgusting.

GREENBERG

We don't share blood. My brother fell  
for your mother, why shouldn't we --

SARA

Seriously, get out.

He gropes at her. She groans and kicks at him. He reluctantly slides out of the bed, grabs a pillow, and leaves.

93 INT. DEN - NIGHT

93 \*

Muriel sleeps on the couch. Greenberg enters, holding his pillow and the witch puppet, and gets under the covers with her. His face glistens with sweat.

GREENBERG

God, my heart is racing. I hope I  
don't die.

MURIEL

(laughs)

You won't die.

She coughs -- it's ragged and guttural.

MURIEL

I smoked too much tonight.

He presses his face into her soft, big bosom and closes his eyes.

GREENBERG

Can you just tell me I'm going to be  
okay?

The faraway sound of an alarm...

93A INT. DEN - MORNING

93A \*

Greenberg opens his eyes. The phone is ringing. White sharp \* light fills the room. He climbs off the couch. He makes a face -- his body stiff and in knots. Greenberg massages his temples. Muriel's bags are gone.

It's morning.

93B	INT. LIVING ROOM	93B	*
	Greenberg, in underwear and an old Steve Winwood "Back in the High Life" concert T-shirt, treads through the living room. Cups, cigarettes, stains, debris. He shakes his head in irritation.		*
	Murmuring in the other room...		
93C	INT. GREENBERG HOUSE - FOYER	93C	*
	Greenberg walks through.		*
93D	INT. GREENBERG HOUSE - DINING ROOM	93D	*
	Greenberg walks through.		*
93E	INT. KITCHEN	93E	*
	Greenberg enters the kitchen which is a disaster. Sara and Muriel, freshly showered, sit at the breakfast table drinking coffee. Mahler lies amidst their bags on the floor.		*
	SARA Good morning, Sunshine.		
	GREENBERG (holds his head) Holy shit.		
	Mahler hops up and approaches Greenberg.		
	MURIEL (sly smile) How are you feeling, Sunny?		
	GREENBERG What's...what's Sunny?		
	They laugh, Muriel's turning into a hacking cough.		
	SARA We decided that's our name for you.		
	Greenberg grins, he likes that. He scoops out a cigarette butt from Mahler's drinking water. Out the window: Marlon and Peggy arrive at the pool. A gardener drags a brown garbage can in the grass.		
	GREENBERG I think I'm still drunk.		

The New York Times is spread out on the table. Greenberg grabs the A section. He flips to the back. His eyes search. He grins. He tosses the paper down between the girls.

GREENBERG  
They printed my letter about Iran.

They both smile politely.

SARA  
Cool.

GREENBERG  
"Roger Greenberg, Hollywood  
California."

For a moment, Greenberg is glowing. He arranges Mahler's pills on the counter. The girls chat animatedly at the table.

SARA  
I mean, I've got no problem with just giving some guy a blow job, but she takes it to the extreme...

Greenberg listens to the girls' conversation. He opens the fridge and takes out the butter.

MURIEL SARA  
Why do guys like to do that -- (laughs)  
come on you and spread it... They don't all like it --

He collects the butter pads and crouches down. Mahler eats from his hand.

SARA  
You're really good with him. You have dogs?

GREENBERG  
No. Florence showed me how to do it.

SARA  
(grinning)  
Did you start an affair with Philip's assistant?

GREENBERG  
No.

MURIEL  
I'm jealous.

A slight smile breaks across Greenberg's lips.

MURIEL

You should come to Australia with us.

GREENBERG

Yeah? There's a great Kinks song  
called "Australia."

SARA

Totally. You should totally come.

He licks the remaining butter from his fingers.

GREENBERG

Maybe I will.

SARA

But you better hurry we have to leave  
in like five minutes.

Greenberg's face.

93F INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - DAY

93F \*

Greenberg furiously throws clothes into a duffel.

\*

SARA (O.S.)

What are we going to do about Mahler?!

GREENBERG

Fuck.

Greenberg hesitates.

94 EXT. POOL

94

Greenberg tears across the garden. Mahler galloping alongside  
him. Marlon, in his trunks, with blue tinted sunglasses is  
collecting his things. Peggy, disgusted, holds up a large black  
feather. Marlon turns -- Greenberg is almost upon him.

MARLON

(startled)

Woah, what's happening?

GREENBERG

(panting)

Can I ask you guys a favor?

MARLON

Okay.

GREENBERG

I'm Roger by the way.

MARLON  
Marlon and Peggy.

GREENBERG  
Hey, hey.

Greenberg's foot kicks over a half-filled beer bottle -- the liquid seeps into the grass.

GREENBERG  
Sorry it's such a mess.

PEGGY  
Yeah, we're going home.

GREENBERG  
Um, can you take Mahler until  
Wednesday?

MARLON  
(looks to Peggy)  
Uh...yeah, I guess.

PEGGY  
Sure. We love Mahler. Come baby!

Mahler runs to Peggy. Greenberg hesitates a moment, seeing the dog eagerly rubbing against her legs. A sadness passes over him.

GREENBERG  
Um, wait a second.

Greenberg removes his Steve Winwood concert jersey and hands it to Marlon.

GREENBERG  
You know, put it by his nose.

MARLON  
No problem.

GREENBERG  
Great. I'll write this out for you,  
but...he gets prednisone, which is a  
steroid, twice a day for three days...

Greenberg looks over at his near-finished dog-house in the grass. Beer bottles on its roof. \*

MARLON  
You make that? Nice craftsmanship.

GREENBERG  
Thanks, man.

95 EXT. GREENBERG HOUSE

95

Greenberg, in his sweater and down vest, hurries out, lugging his duffel. The girls wait in their rental car. The engine running.

SARA

Let's go! We're going to have to get you a ticket.

GREENBERG

I'm coming...

MURIEL

(to Sara)  
It's fucking peaceful is what it is.

SARA

You saw sharks last time, right?

Greenberg reaches the vehicle, breathing heavily.

MURIEL

I love that you're doing this.

SARA

(to Muriel)  
And we have to go surfing in Byron Bay...

Greenberg opens the back door and hits his knee.

GREENBERG

Ow, fuck...

He exhales in frustration and pain. Pause.

SARA

Come on!

Greenberg jumps in.

96 INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

96

Sara drives, Muriel shotgun. Greenberg sits in the back, a giddy look on his face. Music plays on the radio.

MURIEL

I've seen a Great White. And there are some amazing wrecks --

SARA

I literally cannot wait.

Greenberg massages his temples.

GREENBERG

Is this completely crazy?

SARA

No!

GREENBERG

I mean, it's what people do, right?

SARA

You'll love Australia.

GREENBERG

For some people this is nothing.

MURIEL

Who knows how much longer the Reef's going to be around. It's these starfish that are killing the marine life.

SARA

Roger, are you certified?

GREENBERG

To what?

MURIEL

And the pollution.

SARA

Dive.

GREENBERG

No. I don't really swim.

The girls laugh, Muriel's turning into a cough.

MURIEL

You can go look at whales while we dive.

SARA

Sunny will look at whales!

GREENBERG

Okay, you can cut out the "Sunny" business...

The car stops at a light. Sun streams into Greenberg's face. He squints and tries to move out of the way of the beam. He reaches into his pocket and fishes around. He frowns, irritated.

GREENBERG

Shit, I left my chapstick...

Greenberg looks outside. A blue wind-sock in the shape of a man billows outside a car dealership.

A look of discomfort crosses his face -- the hang-over settling in. His skin glistens, damp and pale. He considers something. He says quietly to himself:

GREENBERG  
"Dear Florence..."

He takes a deep breath of anxiety. His hand grips the door handle:

GREENBERG  
You know what --

He pulls the handle, but the door is locked. A helicopter passes overhead. The roar vibrates the car. The music is loud, the girls oblivious. Sara is checking out something on Muriel's arm.

SARA  
That's so weird.

Greenberg takes deep, hoarse breaths.

GREENBERG  
I've got...I'm supposed to get someone from the hospital --

The car starts to move.

GREENBERG  
Ho...ho... Hold it!

Sara laughs.

GREENBERG  
Open my door!

SARA  
No, you're our prisoner!

MURIEL  
Exactly!

GREENBERG  
Open it. Open the fucking door!

The girls are laughing.

GREENBERG  
Come on, open it!

The car brakes. Sara presses the automatic lock just as he pulls the handle. It's still locked. He yanks it again.

GREENBERG  
Sara!  
SARA  
I'm trying. Stop pulling it.

She releases the lock. He yanks the handle and shoves it open.

MURIEL  
Oh, come on, Roger!  
He climbs out, dragging his duffel.

GREENBERG  
You know... I can't go. I  
can't...afford it, I can't... I have  
to pick up my friend --  
(pause)  
Have a good time.

The car pulls into traffic.

SARA/MURIEL  
Bye!

96A EXT. STREET - DAY

96A \*

He's left outside the car dealership. The blue man dancing. Greenberg sweats. Cars roar past. Using his sleeve as a buffer, he presses the button for the cross-walk. He pushes it a couple of times.

We HOLD on Greenberg's face. The helicopter circles back overhead. The pavement shakes. Greenberg takes deep hoarse breaths -- his panic escalating with each intake.

97 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - DAY

97

A sleepy Florence scribbles her signature on a form. Greenberg, sticky and pale, stands next to her -- his duffel leaning against his legs. He points to another sheet of paper.

GREENBERG  
I think you have to do that one too.

98 EXT. FLORENCE'S BUILDING - LATER

98

Greenberg helps Florence out of the taxi.

99 INT. FLORENCE'S APARTMENT - LATER

99

Greenberg lowers Florence into the bed.

FLORENCE  
Thanks.

She's still a little groggy from the drugs.

FLORENCE

I've got to get insurance. The anaesthesia was so expensive, I'm such a baby about pain. I stayed over night! I'm glad your brother's coming back next week, I need to work more hours.

She runs her fingers over her dry lips.

FLORENCE

I really picked my lips in my sleep.  
(sleepily feels a scab)  
This was possibly about finding a pet in the canyons.

GREENBERG

Do you get the New York Times?

Florence shakes her head.

GREENBERG

It's good to get the paper. I'll pick you up one.

FLORENCE

Okay.

GREENBERG

Did...did you get my message?

FLORENCE

I haven't checked yet. What did you say?

GREENBERG

Um...I reassessed the movie, Wall Street, among other things.

FLORENCE

I don't know it.

Greenberg's attention goes to a gift wrapped in a Marie Claire cover on the desk.

FLORENCE

I wasn't going to give it to you because I was pissed, but you can open it. Happy Birthday again.

GREENBERG

Thanks.

Greenberg tears open the present.

FLORENCE

Hey, thanks for picking me up.

GREENBERG

It's no problem.

It's the devil puppet.

FLORENCE

Now you have the set. Not that  
they're a set.

GREENBERG

What about your niece?

FLORENCE

Remember the sticks are too old...  
She's coming over this weekend -- I  
framed her picture.

Her niece's drawing is now framed and propped up on the floor.

GREENBERG

You have a tape measure?

FLORENCE

I think there's a ruler in the desk  
drawer.

Greenberg opens the drawer and finds a foot ruler with each inch  
representing a different animal. He turns it and they dissolve  
into dinosaurs. He grabs a pencil.

GREENBERG

You want it on this wall here?

FLORENCE

Okay.

Greenberg measures in one foot intervals on the wall. He makes  
small marks with the pencil.

He stands on a chair, leans one foot on her desk and bangs a  
nail into the wall. He crouches down, lifts up the picture and  
hangs it on the nail.

FLORENCE

Cool. Like a professional.

He steps down from the desk.

GREENBERG

I am a professional. Well, I build things.

Florence smiles sleepily.

GREENBERG

I know you know I was in a hospital. I'm not hiding it. But it's not what defines me, you know.

FLORENCE

I understand.

(pause)

I want to listen to my message.

She dials her voice-mail. Greenberg watches her.

GREENBERG

I'd...I'd had some to drink.

She listens.

FLORENCE

Gina...

They wait.

FLORENCE

My mom...

Silence.

FLORENCE

Okay. This is you.

She listens. We hear echoes of Greenberg's ramblings. Greenberg tries not to watch, but can't help peaking back at her. Their eyes meet briefly before they both glance away. Florence stares at the floor, Greenberg at the wall.

Someone leans on a car horn in the street. Florence laughs at something, her eyes now finding Greenberg and holding. He brushes away dust from a corner of the desk.

We STAY on Florence's face.

Black.