

HIMELFARB

written by

Jarrad Paul
Andrew Mogel

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Registered WGAw

OVER BLACK --

PIANO INTRO to "MAKING LOVE OUT OF NOTHING AT ALL" by Air Supply. As the vocals come up, we --

FADE IN:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

A sign on the wall reads: FIND-A-DATE.COM. A MAN in his thirties sits alone waiting for his name to be called. His hair is parted neatly to one side, he wears khaki pleated pants with a maroon jacket one size too small, he has two cell phones clipped to his belt. This is DOUG HIMELFARB. Finally, a woman calls out:

WOMAN
Himelfarb!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Doug sits across from LEANNE, a Find-A-Date employee.

LEANNE
So tell me a little about yourself,
Mr. Himelfarb.

DOUG
Please. Call me Doug. Mr. Himelfarb
is my father.

LEANNE
Alright. Doug.

DOUG
Well, I'm thirty-two years old. I
am a film producer.

LEANNE
Wonderful. Many of our clients are
in the entertainment industry.

DOUG
Oh, that's marvelous.

LEANNE
I don't know how you do it. It's
such a tough business.

DOUG
It is. It really is.

LEANNE
What films have you produced?

DOUG
What films have I produced. Well, I
actually just completed a film for
Warners.

LEANNE
Wow. Warner Brothers Studios?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
Well, Warner-Lambert. It's a
pharmaceutical company.

LEANNE
Oh. I'm confused. They make movies?

DOUG
They sure do.

LEANNE
That's fantastic. What's it called?

DOUG
Well, its tentative title is
"Company Training Video '06."

Silence.

LEANNE
Oh.

More silence, then Doug changes the subject.

DOUG
So do most people do this online,
or...?

LEANNE
I'd say about ninety-eight percent
of our business is online.

DOUG
Wow. Yeah. I should probably get a
computer.

LEANNE
Might not be such a terrible idea.

DOUG
They are kind of taking off.

LEANNE
(beat)
Right. So what is your current
dating situation?

DOUG
My current dating situation...
it's... hectic, yet at the same time
not hectic? Does that make sense?

LEANNE
(confused)
Um...

Doug sits forward in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG
Can I be up-front with you, Leanne?
Like is there some sort of doctor-
patient confidentiality thing here?

LEANNE
Well, I'm not a doctor.

DOUG
No, I'm not suggesting you are. I
just --

LEANNE
We don't share anything you don't want
us to if that's what you're asking.

DOUG
Okay. Great. I'm just going to open
up then. Put it all out on the table.

LEANNE
That's not really necessary, but --

DOUG
I've been hurt. Pretty badly. There, I
said it. And, as a result, I've put up
a wall. A sizeable wall at that. I've
gotten into the habit of shutting
people out. I have. It's me, it's my
problem. I'm aware of it, and I'm
working on it.

LEANNE
Okay, Mr. Himelfarb, I don't need
to know --

DOUG
But it's interesting...

Doug adjusts himself so that he's laying down on the sofa.

DOUG (cont'd)
...you'd think since I built the
wall, I'd have a quick and
effective way to bring it down.
(beat)
Sadly, that is not the case.

Leanne is uncomfortable. She stands, trying to hurry things
along.

LEANNE
Okay, well, we have many women in our
database that we can match you up with.

DOUG
(staring at the ceiling,
pondering)
Sometimes I feel like,
subconsciously, I need the wall.

Leanne sits back down, checks her watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG (cont'd)
 It's like my security blanket.
 Except it's a wall.
 (then)
 I kind of wish it were a blanket to
 be honest with you. Be a little
 easier to take down. Probably just
 fold it up or something. Interrupt
 me if I'm going on too long --

LEANNE
 Well, actually --

DOUG
 (continuing)
 I'm torn, you know? I want to feel
 those feelings! I want the butterflies!

In the background, Leanne gets up and tip-toes out of the room. Doug doesn't notice.

DOUG (cont'd)
 I want to move on. I do. But when
 I've tried in the past I just wind
 up hurting people, pushing them away.
 You know what I'm talking about,
 Leanne. You get it. You get me!
 (beat)
 Am I ready? I want to be ready. And
 I know my soulmate's out there
 somewhere and she wants me to be
 ready.
 (then)
 But is it too soon? Is six years
 enough time for the human heart to
 truly heal? What do you think, Leanne?
 I'd love for you to weigh in on this.

Doug just lays there. Silence.

DOUG (cont'd)
 Give it to me straight. I'm ready.

Beat.

DOUG (cont'd)
 Leanne?

Doug turns his head to see that Leanne is gone.

DOUG (cont'd)
 Leanne? Are you here?

Doug sits up, looks around the room.

DOUG (cont'd)
 Hmmm.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

Air Supply picks up again over a SERIES OF SHOTS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doug sits in the food court at the mall eating alone. He places his two cell phones on the table next to his tray. He checks them periodically... nothing.

Doug, alone in his CRAMPED STUDIO APARTMENT, watches an episode of "Charmed." As the end credits roll, Doug picks up the "Charmed" DVD box and puts another disc into his machine. He quickly realizes which episode is coming up next. He says to himself: "Ooh, this is a good one."

Doug feeds his pet COCKATIEL.

In the ARCADE, Doug waits for next at the air-hockey table. Two teenagers finish their game and high-five, Doug laughs trying to join in on the fun. He excitedly puts his quarters in the machine, then turns around -- the boys are gone. Doug shrugs it off. No big deal.

In the LAUNDROMAT, Doug sits by himself watching his clothes in the dryer. CLOSE ON the machine -- the clothes go round and round. CLOSE ON Doug -- captivated.

As the sun sets, Doug walks home by himself.

END MAIN TITLES.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON a crappy wall-mounted TELEPHONE as it RINGS. Finally, SANDY HIMELFARB steps into FRAME and picks it up. Sandy is Doug's younger brother/assistant. He is tall and lanky, less confident than Doug but probably more intelligent, although neither one of them realize it.

SANDY
(into phone)
Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN

DOUG
Talk to me.

SANDY
About what?

DOUG
Sandy, what did I say to do when I call you?

SANDY
Oh, right.

DOUG
What did I say?

SANDY
That when you call you're just gonna say "talk to me" and I should just... talk about... I should... tell you a story...? I forget.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
I say "talk to me"...

SANDY
Right.

DOUG
...then you just tell me what's
going on, what's the plan.

SANDY
(getting it)
Okay.

DOUG
The "talk to me" just means "what's
up?" "What's happening?"

SANDY
Then why don't you just say "what's
up" or "what's happening?"

Doug is silent, frustrated.

SANDY (cont'd)
Sorry. I'm sorry.

DOUG
Hey, don't beat yourself up about
it. Listen, I'm just trying to
teach you the lingo. Show you the
ropes. Remember -- you're my
brother first, my assistant second.

SANDY
Okay. Thanks, Doug. That means a
lot to me.

DOUG
But, you know, sometimes I gotta be
hard on you. You're working your
way up the ranks here.

SANDY
There's only two of us.

DOUG
(changing the subject)
I'm wondering...
(thinking)
You know what? Maybe you should
come over.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Doug and Sandy sit across from each other. They drink tea.

DOUG
I'm wondering...

SANDY
(assuming)
About Maureen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
No, I'm not wondering about
Maureen. Why would I be wondering
about Maureen?

SANDY
Because you were in love with her
and she dumped you?

DOUG
Sandy, I dumped Maureen. She didn't
dump me.

SANDY
(confused)
Oh. I thought she said she never
wanted to see you again.

DOUG
Yes, she said that after I dumped
her. If someone dumped you, would
you want to see that person again?

SANDY
No.

DOUG
Exactly.

SANDY
You just seemed pretty devastated
that's all.
(beat)
Didn't leave the house for like a
year.

DOUG
Sandy, I was hurt. You can dump
someone and still be hurt by it.

SANDY
You can?

DOUG
(flustered)
Yes, you can be hurt by the idea
that it's over. You can be... where
are you even going with this?

SANDY
I don't know.

DOUG
Jot this down.

Sandy pulls out a pad and pencil from his pocket.

DOUG (cont'd)
When speaking... rather, before I
speak, I should have a direction
mapped out for what I'm going to
say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDY
(writing)
Direction... mapped... out...

Sandy looks up, ready to hear more.

DOUG
That's all.

Sandy puts the pad and pencil away.

DOUG (cont'd)
Okay. Can we move on now?

SANDY
You mean move on to another topic?
Or move on in your love life...
from Maureen? I'm confused.

DOUG
(exasperated)
Sandy, I've moved on from Maureen.

SANDY
(gently)
You haven't really gone out with
anyone since.

DOUG
Hmmm. That's interesting. Because
it just so happens that I have a
date...
(fake thinking)
...ooh, when is it again? Oh,
that's right... tonight.

SANDY
Oh, you used the Find-A-Date gift
certificate I got you?

DOUG
(lying)
No.

SANDY
Then how'd you meet her?

DOUG
I don't know, at a function? I go
to lots of functions.

SANDY
Huh. I don't remember you going to a --
Frustrated, Doug puts his head in his hands.

SANDY (cont'd)
Sorry.

DOUG
It just saddens me, Sandy. It
really does.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG (cont'd)
Here I have this great news that I
wanted to share with you, and it
just seems like you don't want to
hear it.
(looking away)
Ah, well...

SANDY
What news?

DOUG
Nah, you're not interested.

SANDY
I am! I swear!

Doug stands and starts pacing.

DOUG
Okay, well... it turns out that our
little screening the other night
was a big success.

SANDY
Seriously?

DOUG
Seriously.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FLASHBACK

ANGLE ON A PORTABLE MOVIE PROJECTION SCREEN, on which a
TITLECARD reads: "Warner-Lambert Training Video '06." The
next TITLECARD reads: "A Doug Himelfarb Production."

ANGLE ON THE ROOM -- thirty folding chairs, five people. They
look to each other, confused.

BACK TO:

DOUG AND SANDY

DOUG
I didn't tell you this beforehand
because I didn't want you to be
nervous, but there was a very
important person in that room.

SANDY
(excited)
Oh, Doug. You sly bastard. Who?

DOUG
Did you notice the girl sitting in
the front?

SANDY
Well, yeah. There was only one girl
there.
(then, tentative)
Five people total.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
(irritated)
Yeah, I realize that. It just so happens that she's a pretty high-level assistant at a little place called Universal Studios.

SANDY
Wow. It's too bad she didn't like it.

DOUG
No, she did. I'm very perceptive when it comes to body language. And despite what she was saying...

SANDY
Pretty emphatically...

DOUG
...right, she was actually *indicating* something entirely different.

SANDY
Huh. Yeah, I totally missed that.

DOUG
It's okay. You're learning.

SANDY
I really am. Everyday. So now what happens?

DOUG
Well, she'll tell her boss about it, and he has the power to offer contracts to producers. So we'll probably be in the running for one of those.

SANDY
Really?

DOUG
Yep. It's just a waiting game from here.
(then, thinking)
How are they going to play it.

SANDY
Man, that would be amazing.
(then)
Probably not gonna happen though, huh?

DOUG
What? Why would you say that? Come on, brother. We gotta stay positive.

SANDY
Okay. You're right. But maybe we should just give up.

DOUG
Sandy, remember what Dad used to say to us?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG (cont'd)
If you want something, you have to
say you want it. Out loud. Then,
act like you already have it. The
universe and people around you will
pick up on that and they'll believe
it. And before you know it, what
was once just something you thought
about, something you dreamed
about...
(dramatic pause)
...has become a reality.

SANDY
It's so true.

Sandy pauses, lost in thought.

SANDY (cont'd)
Do you ever miss him?

Doug sits back down next to Sandy.

DOUG
All the time, Sandals.

Doug puts his hand on Sandy's shoulder. They share a look.

SANDY
Wish he was here to see all this.

DOUG
He is. In spirit.

SANDY
Yeah.

Sandy looks up toward the heavens. He smiles, comforted.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

The one at Sunset Boulevard and the 405 Freeway.

INT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

Doug sits at the bar waiting for his date. He seems nervous.
An ATTRACTIVE GUY sitting a couple of seats down looks at
Doug. Self-conscious, Doug takes out one of his cell phones
and checks his messages. Unfortunately, the volume on his
phone is turned way up -- we can HEAR Doug's voicemail:

DOUG'S VOICEMAIL
You have no new messages.

Attractive Guy hears it and smiles to himself. Doug pretends
to have a conversation with someone on the other end of the
line.

DOUG
(into phone)
Right... Sure... I will be there...
Absolutely. It's in the hills?...
Well, I'll swing by after my date...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Again, WE HEAR Doug's voicemail. It's pretty loud.

DOUG'S VOICEMAIL
If you would like to end this call,
press one.

DOUG
(still pretending)
Oh my God. That's hilarious.

ATTRACTIVE GUY
(gently)
Sir? Your voicemail is kind of loud.

DOUG
What? No, it's not --

Doug goes to hang up the phone. Before he does, he catches himself --

DOUG (cont'd)
(into phone)
I gotta go.

Doug looks at the Attractive Guy, embarrassed. Then, Doug senses something. He turns around to see --

SLOW MOTION

The PIANO INTRO to Air Supply's "Making Love Out of Nothing at All" once again kicks in as Doug's date enters -- JULIA PLESKY, 30, attractive in a small town sort of way.

SLOW PUSH IN on Doug as he stares at Julia, mesmerized.

Julia looks around and walks over to the bar. Before Doug can say anything, Julia introduces herself to the Attractive Guy. She is all smiles.

JULIA
Hi, I'm Julia.

ATTRACTIVE GUY
(thrilled)
Hi!

JULIA
Wow! What a relief!

ATTRACTIVE GUY
I'm Spencer.

JULIA
Oh. I thought your name was Dan or something. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Let's get a table. I'm starving.

DOUG
(timid)
I'm Doug. I... think you were supposed to meet me.

Julia looks at Doug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIA
(contemplative)
I don't think so.

DOUG
I'm pretty sure. You're Julia, right?

Doug takes out a print-out from Find-A-Date.

DOUG (cont'd)
(re: print-out)
See? I was supposed to meet Julia
Plesky at eight.

Silence. Julia is disappointed.

JULIA
Ah.
(to Attractive Guy)
Well, it was nice meeting you.

Attractive Guy smiles and goes back to his drink. Julia steps over to Doug.

JULIA (cont'd)
Hi.

DOUG
Hello.

More awkward silence.

DOUG (cont'd)
Should we get a table?

JULIA
Yeah. I don't know how long I can
stay, but --

DOUG
Oh, I thought you were hungry.

JULIA
No, I had a late lunch. I'm kind of
full actually.

DOUG
Oh. I must have misheard you.

JULIA
Yeah.

DOUG
Well, that's okay. I'll get us a
table anyway.

As Doug goes over to the hostess, Julia eyes the door. She could leave. Right now. She considers it. She looks over to Doug who is talking to the hostess. Back to the door. Back to Doug. Finally, just as Julia starts to make her move, Doug steps in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG (cont'd)
Table's ready. Don't worry -- I'm a
quick eater.

INT. ROOFTOP BAR - LATER

Doug and Julia sit at a table. It is obvious that she can't
wait for this to be over.

DOUG
I gotta tell you -- I've never done
this before. My brother talked me
into it.

JULIA
Me too. Well, not my brother. My
best friend.

DOUG
Gay guy or straight girl?

JULIA
What?

DOUG
Your best friend.

JULIA
Um... straight girl?

DOUG
I asked because a lot of girls
these days have a gay guy as their
best friend.

JULIA
(thrown)
Okay. That's true, I guess.

Doug sits back in his chair, staring at Julia with an odd
smirk on his face. After a beat --

JULIA (cont'd)
What?

DOUG
I'm just taking it all in.

JULIA
Taking what in?

DOUG
Taking you in. Your energy, your
spirit, your vibe. It's magnetic.
It's exciting. It's magnetic and
exciting and I love it!

JULIA
Thanks.

DOUG
You're welcome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Uncomfortable silence. Then --

JULIA
(forcing interest)
And... you're a producer?

DOUG
Guilty.

JULIA
What have you produced?

DOUG
This and that. But we're thinking
about signing a production deal
over at Universal Studios.

JULIA
Wow.

Doug's cell phone RINGS. The ringtone is "You're the Best"
from Karate Kid.

DOUG
(re: phone)
Sorry. One second.
(then, into phone)
This is Doug.

VOICE (V.O.)
Doug, this is Mark Rosann, I'm the
head of security for Universal
Pictures.

DOUG
Hey, Mark.

VOICE (V.O.)
This is a warning. Stop calling
here or we will have to file for a
restraining order.

Mark hangs up.

DOUG
(to Julia)
Studio. Looks like they're playing
a little game of hardball.

JULIA
(not interested at all)
Okay.

DOUG
So tell me more about yourself.
What do you do? What do you like to
do? What are your hobbies? I want
to hear everything. I want to hear
about Julia.

JULIA
Uh... I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG
Do you like the internet?

JULIA
(thrown)
I guess.

DOUG
Do you have any brothers or sisters?

JULIA
Um, yes, I have a younger sister.
She's eight.

DOUG
Aww. Does she live with your parents?

JULIA
(sarcastic)
No, she has her own apartment.

DOUG
Really?

JULIA
No, I was being sarcastic.

DOUG
Ooh, I love sarcasm!

Doug laughs. Julia doesn't.

DOUG (cont'd)
So are they here in Los Angeles?

JULIA
No, they live in Nebraska, where I
grew up.

DOUG
Mmmm. I love it there. What town?

JULIA
Lodgepole. It's one of the smallest
towns in the country.

DOUG
That's fascinating.

JULIA
Yeah. I'm going back in November
for Thanksgiving.

DOUG
Oh, that should be such a fun time.
(then)
We used to have those big
Thanksgiving dinners. Everybody
would come over to our house.
Fireplace going, Dad would flip on
the CBS Movie of the Week. *Short
Circuit 2*, that was my favorite.
(beat, staring off)
Although, I did miss Guttenberg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Julia is completely baffled.

DOUG (cont'd)
Now it's just me and my bro. We usually just keep it small.

JULIA
Where are your parents?

DOUG
They passed away. My mom when I was twelve, Dad a few years after that.

JULIA
(uncomfortable)
Oh. I'm sorry.

DOUG
Yeah, me too. More for Sandy, though. He's my kid brother. You'll meet him. He's great.

JULIA
(doesn't know what to say)
Um, yeah. I'd love to.

DOUG
He took it real hard. And ever since, I've kind of taken him under my wing. He looks up to me, you know? And I don't want to let him down.

Doug starts to tear up.

DOUG (cont'd)
Ahh, not here, Doug. Not in front of her.
(then)
Sorry, sometimes my emotions get the best of me.

JULIA
(very uncomfortable)
It's... okay.

Julia doesn't know what to do. She tries to console Doug, hesitantly placing her hand on his arm. Doug looks at it, then puts his hand on top of hers. He takes a beat, looks at her.

DOUG
(almost a whisper)
This is nice.

JULIA
(at a loss)
Uh huh.

Doug just sits there, stroking her hand.

JULIA (cont'd)
(dying)
Would you excuse me for a minute?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DOUG
Yes. Yes, I will.

INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julia enters, takes a long deep breath. She looks at herself in the mirror. Utter disbelief.

INT. ROOFTOP BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Doug sits by himself. He shakes his head.

DOUG
(to himself)
Slow down, Dougie. Slow it down.
You're not ready for this. You
can't lead this poor girl on.
You'll break her heart.

Julia returns to the table.

DOUG (cont'd)
(gently)
Hi.

Julia politely smiles.

DOUG (cont'd)
So listen... man, this is tough.
But I have to be up front with you.
(beat)
I'm afraid this isn't going to go
anywhere. It's not you, it's not
you -- don't you dare think that
for a second. I'm going through a
lot right now... got a lot on the
ol' plate. And I just feel like
it's not the right time? Does that
make any sense?
(beat)
You are so sweet. So sweet. And
sensitive, and kind... and just
adorable. You are adorable. And you
are going to meet a great guy, and
you are going to make him so happy.
(then, softly)
But I'm afraid I can't be that guy
for you right now.
(beat)
Did we have a connection? Absolutely.
Could I have kept my mouth shut, gone
back to your place and had sex? Of
course. But that wouldn't have been
fair to you.

Julia just stares at Doug. She is speechless.

DOUG (cont'd)
I really hope, really really hope,
that we can be friends. I know
that's probably asking a lot, but I
would really really really really
really like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doug smiles, relieved to have gotten this off his chest.

DOUG (cont'd)
Okay, good.

Doug switches gears and looks over the bill.

DOUG (cont'd)
Let's see here...
(perusing)
...you did end up getting that
salad. Hmmm. So if we were going
dutch, which Find-A-Date suggests
we do on a first meal, you would
owe thirteen.
(beat, still calculating)
Actually thirteen-fifty. But you
know what? I'm gonna go ahead and
take care of it.
(under his breath, playing
it down)
Probably just put it on the debit
card.

Julia just stares.

DOUG (cont'd)
No, no. I insist. It's the least I
can do.

CLOSE ON JULIA -- completely floored.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON the wall-mounted phone as it RINGS. Finally, Sandy
enters FRAME and picks up.

SANDY
Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN

DOUG
Talk to me.

SANDY
What?

DOUG
(annoyed)
Oh, come on, man.

SANDY
Oh, right. Sorry. Uh... what's
going on?

DOUG
Well, I had that date last night
for one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY
That's right. How'd it go?

CUT TO:

INT. SOUPLANTATION RESTAURANT - DAY

Doug and Sandy sit across from each other -- enormous salads and several empty bowls of soup in front of them.

DOUG
It went well. She's a sweet girl.
But... I don't know.

SANDY
What?

Doug thinks for a beat.

DOUG
I don't think I'm ready, man. So I
told her we should just be friends.

SANDY
How'd she take it?

DOUG
She took it well. I mean, she was
hurt. And surprised too. More hurt
than surprised I would say.
(then)
Actually, she was very surprised so
maybe they're equal.
(then)
No. They're not equal. Definitely
more hurt.

SANDY
Hey, did you hear anything from
Universal?

DOUG
Yeah, it looks good. Things are
happening.

SANDY
Really?!

DOUG
Yep. I told you. We just gotta stay
positive.

SANDY
Wow! So now what?

DOUG
Now we just sit tight. You know,
these negotiations can take awhile.

SANDY
Right.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doug sits at his desk. He writes Julia a letter.

DOUG (V.O.)
 Dear Julia... I'm writing this letter to you for two reasons. Number one, to express to you what a wonderful time I had on our date the other night. Let me emphasize again that my inability to commit on a romantic level should in no way reflect on you. Number two, this letter should represent a symbol of the first step being taken in what I hope to be a long-lasting friendship. Always... Doug.

Doug smiles, proud of his letter.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Establishing.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doug sits at his desk. He writes Julia another letter.

DOUG (V.O.)
 Dear Julia... I wrote you a letter and I haven't yet received a response from you. Possibly, you have not received my letter, or you have received it and you just haven't had time to respond, or you have responded and your letter is on its way to me and I'm just being a silly sally. But in that off chance that my original letter is lost in the mail and has not reached you, I'm writing said original letter again. It read, "Dear Julia... I'm writing this letter to you for two reasons. Number one, to express to you what a wonderful time I had on our date the other night." Parentheses -- our date was actually sixteen days ago. But when I wrote the first letter, "the other night" would have been accurate -- end parentheses.
 (then, continuing)
 "Number two..."

As Doug continues writing, his voice FADES and we --

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - DAY

MUSIC CUE: Edith Piaf's "Non, Je Ne Regret"

Doug stands by the window, looking out, contemplating. He wears a tattered bathrobe and smokes a cigarette.

Doug checks his mail -- an envelope from Universal Pictures catches his eye. He opens it to find a document, the top of which reads: RESTRAINING ORDER. Doug tosses it into his briefcase and slumps onto the bed.

Over all of this, WE HEAR a phone number being dialed, a couple of rings, then --

JULIA'S VOICE MAIL (V.O.)
Hi, it's Julia. Please leave a message.

BEEP.

DOUG (V.O.)
Hi, Julia. It's Doug.

INT. DOUG'S KITCHEN - DAY

Doug is at the stove. He stirs a pot of thick, green soup. It looks disgusting.

He continues leaving his message:

DOUG
I've written you a couple of letters, and I haven't heard back so I'm getting a little worried. I hope you're okay. I hope nothing's happened, knock on wood.

Doug knocks on the wood shelf behind him.

DOUG (cont'd)
So... give me a call, or you can give my assistant a call, or drop me a note, or come by if you want.
(then)
Okay. I'll try you on your cell.

CUT TO:

DOUG CALLS JULIA MONTAGE

A series of JUMP CUTS as Doug leaves Julia more messages (interspersed with IMAGES of Doug... hanging his head in the shower, cleaning his cockatiel's cage, eating Chinese take-out by himself, etc.) --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (cont'd)
 Julia. Doug. Himelfarb.
 (laughing)
 I love that greeting. Anyway...

DOUG (cont'd)
 Julia? Are you there? I can't tell
 if this is a machine or voicemail.
 If it is voicemail you won't be
 able to hear me right now, but --

DOUG (cont'd)
 Julia, I'm getting the feeling that
 you might not want to talk. And
 that's okay. I understand.

DOUG (cont'd)
 Hey, Jules. Did you just call me? It
 says "blocked number" on my caller
 ID and I thought it might be you.

DOUG (cont'd)
 Okay, I hear you. Loud and clear.
 You've made your point. But can we
 at least discuss it?

DOUG (cont'd)
 Julia. Doug. Listen, I'm sorry,
 okay? I'm sorry for pushing you
 away. I'm just confused, you know?
 This isn't easy for me either.

DOUG (cont'd)
 Julia... um... hey.
 (doesn't know what else
 to say)
 Okay.

Doug is on his bed watching TV, drained. At *First Sight*
 starring Val Kilmer is on. Doug watches, his eyes well up. He
 picks up the phone, dials. Again, Julia's voicemail --

JULIA'S VOICE MAIL (V.O.)
 Hi, it's Julia. Please leave a
 message.

DOUG
 Julia? Hey. Listen, I just... I...
 Just call me. I miss you. I can't
 believe I'm saying that, but it's
 the truth.

Doug hangs up the phone. He lays back onto his bed and stares
 at the ceiling, despondent.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUPLANTATION RESTAURANT - DAY

Establishing.

INT. SOUPLANTATION - DAY

Doug, looking disheveled, sits across from Sandy.

SANDY
So how are the negotiations going?

DOUG
What negotiations?

SANDY
With Universal?

DOUG
Oh, good. Real good.

SANDY
When do we get to start producing movies?

DOUG
Soon.

SANDY
Man, I'm excited. I don't know what I would do if we didn't have this deal.

(beat)
I would go as far as to say it's the one and only thing worthwhile in my life right now. Period.

(beat)
I mean, if this deal wasn't happening... boy, you would be sitting across from someone desperately trying to find a reason to live.

Sandy notices that Doug's mind is somewhere else.

SANDY (cont'd)
You okay?

DOUG
Who me? I'll be alright. Just been thinking a lot about Julia.

SANDY
I thought you decided to just be friends.

DOUG
I did. But I can't ignore these feelings.

SANDY
Has she returned any of your calls?

DOUG
No.

SANDY
Letters?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
No. But I think what she's trying
to say... without actually saying
it... or even hinting at it...
slightly... is, "I want it all."

SANDY
Sure. And you're not ready for that.

DOUG
That's the pickle. Right there.
(then)
But maybe it's just me being scared.
See, Sandy, this is why I tell
myself, "Doug, don't get involved."
And what do I do? I get involved.

Doug is clearly torn up.

SANDY
Doug, things have a way of working
themselves out. It'll be okay.

Doug looks at Sandy, serious:

DOUG
What if it's not? What if things
don't work themselves out? I mean,
maybe fate isn't real. Maybe we're
supposed to force things to work
out the way we want them to.
(beat)
I was watching *At First Sight* the
other day, and Val Kilmer is blind --
in the film, not in real life. But
then he has this operation and he's
able to see for the first time. But
if you ask me, it wasn't the
operation that truly opened his eyes.

SANDY
What was it?

DOUG
(pause)
Love.

SANDY
Wow. Is that what this is?

Doug takes a long, deep breath.

DOUG
Might be. I mean, right when she
walked in the door I felt something.
Something pretty powerful.
(beat)
And then she put her hand on my
arm... it was magic. Am I ready for
it? I don't know. Is anyone ever
truly ready? I don't know that
either. But I do know this:
(looks Sandy right in the
eyes)
I'm tired of being alone, Sandy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDY
Doug, I've never seen you like this.

DOUG
Oh, this is real.

SLOW PUSH IN as a moment of clarity comes over Doug.

DOUG (cont'd)
And I think I know what I need to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sandy carries a large SUITCASE to his nearly packed car. Doug follows carrying nothing.

SANDY
Doug, this is a pretty big step. You sure we should just show up in Lodgepole?

DOUG
Why not? What the hell am I waiting for, Sand Man? It's been six years since Maureen. It's time for the wall to come down.

SANDY
Did you talk to Julia?

DOUG
No. She's gonna be so surprised.

SANDY
So we're just inviting ourselves into her parents' home for Thanksgiving?

DOUG
Sandy, she wants us to come!

SANDY
How do you know?! You said you didn't even talk to her!

DOUG
Okay, you're yelling now.

SANDY
Sorry.

DOUG
Look, I screwed up, man. Being the idiot that I am, I let my head get in the way and I ended things. And I'm miserable without her.

SANDY
Well, are you sure she wants you back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
 You know what, Sandy? That's a very good question. An excellent question. And the answer is no, I'm not absolutely sure. But I'm eighty-percent sure. And what's eighty-percent to a Himelfarb?

SANDY
 (knowingly)
 A hundred percent.

DOUG
 That's right. We round up.
 (then)
 I'm tired of playing it safe, man. I found her. I found the one. And I'm not gonna let her get away. Are you with me or not?

Sandy contemplates for a beat. Slowly, a slight smile creeps across his face.

DOUG (cont'd)
 That's my boy.

Sandy smiles bigger.

DOUG (cont'd)
 Who's my boy?

SANDY
 I am.

DOUG
 (more enthusiastic)
 Who's my boy?

SANDY
 I'm your boy!

DOUG
 Let's ride!

EXT. LOS ANGELES - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

MUSIC CUE: Punk cover of "Land Down Under" by Men at Work
 (performed by Pennywise)

VARIOUS CITY SHOTS as Sandy's Tercel speeds down the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Sandy's Tercel passes a HITCHHIKER on the side of the road.

INT. SANDY'S TERCEL - CONTINUOUS

Sandy drives as Doug sits in the passenger seat. Doug notices the hitchhiker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
That's the life, huh, Sand Storm?

SANDY
What is?

DOUG
Out on the open road. Hitchhiking.
Nothing but you, the sky, and the
clothes on your back.

SANDY
(re: hitchhiker)
Well, he had a knapsack too. Saw it
there on his shoulder.

DOUG
No rules, no ties. Destination?
Unknown.

SANDY
He had a sign too. It said he
wanted a ride to Oxnard.

DOUG
Sandy?

SANDY
Sorry.

EXT. PLESKY HOUSE - EVENING

Snow covers the front lawn (and pretty much everything else)
of this small town Victorian-style home.

INT. PLESKY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Julia and her family are in the middle of dinner. Julia's
father, MR. PLESKY, 60, sits at the head of the table. Next
to him sits Julia's mom, MRS. PLESKY, 50's, and Julia's
adopted Asian sister, LAUREN, 8.

MR. PLESKY
(to his wife)
Can you pass the ham?

Mrs. Plesky passes the ham to her husband. Silence as the
family eats.

MRS. PLESKY
Honey, Julia just got a part in a
movie.

MR. PLESKY
(without looking up)
It's not porn, is it?

JULIA
No, Dad, it's not porn.

MRS. PLESKY
It sounds like a wonderful project.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA
It's really not that big of a deal,
Mom. I have one line.

MRS. PLESKY
So? You have to start somewhere. Tell
your father who's in the movie with you.

JULIA
David Spade.

MR. PLESKY
(annoyed)
Who?

JULIA
He was "Joe Dirt."

MR. PLESKY
(more annoyed)
Joe what?

JULIA
Nothing, Dad. He's been in a lot of
movies.

MR. PLESKY
I've never heard of him.

JULIA
You've never heard of anyone.

MR. PLESKY
I haven't heard of bums. Charlton
Heston -- now that's an actor.

Lauren speaks with a slight Asian accent --

LAUREN
Chawton Heston. He was great in the
"Pwanet of the Apes," right, Dad?

MR. PLESKY
That's right, Lauren. Who's my
smart girl?

LAUREN
Me.

Mr. Plesky smiles at his pride and joy.

MRS. PLESKY
(to Julia)
We're very proud of you too, sweetie.

MR. PLESKY
When are you going to forget all
this acting crap and get married?

JULIA
I don't know, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. PLESKY
You haven't had a boyfriend since
Trevor and that was high school for
God's sake.

JULIA
I've had boyfriends since Trevor, Dad.

MRS. PLESKY
It's okay to be picky.

MR. PLESKY
Oh, picky my shoe. There's
something wrong with her. Almost
thirty and not married? I've never
heard of such a thing.

JULIA
Dad, there are a lot of women who
are thirty and not married.

LAUREN
But that's because they have
caweers. Right, Dad?

MR. PLESKY
That's right, sugar.

Julia rolls her eyes.

JULIA
Look, it's not like I don't want to
get married, okay? I do. I want to
get married, I want to have a
family, I want all that. I just want
it to be with the right person.

MRS. PLESKY
Are you dating anyone?

JULIA
What?

MR. PLESKY
Are you a lesbian?

JULIA
No, I'm not a lesbian!

MRS. PLESKY
Is there a man who you might
like... a little?

MR. PLESKY
Something. Anything.

Julia looks up -- both her parents are staring at her waiting
for the answer. She doesn't want to argue anymore.

JULIA
Yes. Okay? I'm dating someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. PLESKY
 Ooh, I knew it. Was it that boy you
 went out with a few weeks ago? I
 had a feeling you two were going to
 hit it off.

CLOSE ON JULIA as we --

CUT TO:

QUICK FLASHES of Doug on their date:

DOUG
 I want to hear about Julia... do you
 like the internet?... I just can't
 be that guy for you right now... too
 much on the ol' plate... it's not
you... so yours adds up to thirteen
 since you did have the salad.

BACK TO:

JULIA

JULIA
 Yeah, we hit it off alright.

MRS. PLESKY
 So you've been seeing him?

JULIA
 Um...

Julia looks to her father who is still staring at her. She
 gives in to the pressure.

JULIA (cont'd)
 Yeah. I've been seeing him. Okay?

MR. PLESKY
 Does he have a job?

JULIA
 (annoyed)
 Yes, he has a job.

MR. PLESKY
 Marry him.

EXT. SMALL TOWN ROAD - EVENING

Sandy's Tercel passes by a sign that reads: "WELCOME TO
 LODGEPOLE, NEBRASKA - AMERICA'S TINIEST TREASURE. POPULATION
 348."

INT. SANDY'S TERCEL - EVENING

Sandy drives as Doug looks out the window trying to find the
 house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY
How are you gonna know which house
is hers? We don't have an address.

DOUG
I'm gonna feel it.

SANDY
Why don't we just go into town and
ask someone?

Doug throws a look to Sandy, annoyed.

SANDY (cont'd)
Sorry.

INT. PLESKY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mr. Plesky sits in his recliner watching television. The
DOORBELL RINGS.

MR. PLESKY
Doorbell.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julia is in the shower. The doorbell rings again -- she
doesn't hear it.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Plesky washes the dishes. The doorbell rings again.

MR. PLESKY (O.S.)
Doorbell!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Plesky comes from out of the kitchen and crosses to the
front door.

MR. PLESKY
Someone's at the door.

Mrs. Plesky opens the door to find Doug standing alone.

MRS. PLESKY
Hello.

DOUG
You must be Mrs. Plesky!

MRS. PLESKY
Yes...?

DOUG
(like she should know him)
I'm Doug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doug...? MRS. PLESKY

DOUG
Julia's Doug. Himelfarb. I'm here.

MRS. PLESKY
Oh. Julia didn't say you were coming. I mean, she told us about you, but...

While speaking, Doug makes his way inside.

DOUG
Well, here's the situation. I didn't think I was ready for a relationship, but I realized -- it took me a while but I realized -- Julia is special --
(sees Mr. Plesky in the living room)
-- hey, Mr. Plesky --
(back to Mrs. Plesky)
-- and I want to make her happy. I want to give her the world because, honestly... she deserves nothing less.

Mrs. Plesky is touched.

MRS. PLESKY
Aww. That is so sweet.
(to Mr. Plesky)
Honey, come meet Doug.

MR. PLESKY (O.S.)
Who?

MRS. PLESKY
Doug, the one Julia was telling us about.
(to Doug)
So she knew you were coming?

DOUG
No. I wanted to surprise her. Is she home?

MRS. PLESKY
She's in the shower.

Mr. Plesky approaches. Doug extends his hand.

DOUG
Hello, sir. Doug Himelfarb. I've heard a lot about you.

MR. PLESKY
I wish I could say the same for you.

DOUG
Well, you know Julia as well as I do. She's a little shy about these things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mr. Plesky notices Sandy standing out on the lawn with the luggage.

MR. PLESKY
Who's that out on the lawn?

DOUG
That's Sandy. He's my assistant...
and my brother.

SANDY
(calling out)
Hi!

MRS. PLESKY
Hi, Sandy!
(to Doug)
He can come in too.

DOUG
Oh, he's fine. He likes the outdoors.

MR. PLESKY
You must be pretty successful to
have an assistant.

DOUG
I can't complain. I can't complain.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julia finishes her shower and turns off the water.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Plesky glances upstairs.

MRS. PLESKY
Oh, I think she's finished with her
shower.

MR. PLESKY
It's about friggin' time.

MRS. PLESKY
She just turned off the water I think.

DOUG
Yes, I don't hear the sound I was
hearing before, and I can only
assume that it was the water.

MRS. PLESKY
Yes. It was. The pipes are a little
loud.

MR. PLESKY
The pipes are fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. PLESKY
(calling upstairs)
Julia!

Sandy starts to approach the house.

DOUG
(calling out)
No, not you, Sandy! She was calling
for Julia.

SANDY
Oh! My bad!

MRS. PLESKY
He can come in if he wants.

MR. PLESKY
(calling upstairs)
Julia! You have a visitor!

Julia calls down from upstairs.

JULIA (O.S.)
What?

MRS. PLESKY
Someone is here to see you, dear.

Mrs. Plesky winks at Doug.

JULIA (O.S.)
Who?

MRS. PLESKY
It's a surprise!

Doug winks back. WE HEAR Julia making her way toward the stairs.

JULIA (O.S.)
I'm not even dressed.

DOUG
Nothing I haven't seen before.
(laughs, then to Mr.
Plesky)
I'm just kidding, sir. No need to
worry.

Mrs. Plesky laughs. Mr. Plesky even cracks a smile. Julia, wearing a robe, reaches the top of the stairs and freezes. She gasps.

DOUG (cont'd)
Surprise!

Silence. Julia is stunned. Absolute horror spreads across her face.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, aren't you going to say
hello to your boyfriend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Beat.

JULIA
My what?

MR. PLESKY
It's Doug Heemilfarb. Your boyfriend.

DOUG
Well, we haven't officially given
it the boyfriend-girlfriend title.

Julia cannot speak.

MRS. PLESKY
Oh, she's so happy she's at a loss
for words.

DOUG
Julia, I came here because... I
couldn't be away from you for
another minute. And I know you've
been upset that I wasn't ready to
give you a chance, but guess what?
(dramatic)
I'm ready to give us a chance. I
can't believe I actually risked --
for even a millisecond -- losing
you. If you can find it in your
heart, your beautiful pulsating
pink heart, I will never... ever...
turn my back on you again.

Mrs. Plesky is quite moved. Even Mr. Plesky has been affected
by Doug's speech. Julia tries to control her anger.

JULIA
What... are you... doing here?

DOUG
I just told you. I'm ready. For you
and me. Let's just go for it!

Mr. and Mrs. Plesky look up at Julia. She senses their
anticipation.

JULIA
But... I didn't ask you to come here.

DOUG
In so many words.

JULIA
(forced smile)
In no words.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, he said he was sorry.

JULIA
Mom, stay out of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. PLESKY
Don't you talk to your mother like
that.

Beat.

JULIA
You're right. I'm sorry. I'm just a
little... shocked right now.

DOUG
It's shocking. I know.
(to her parents)
I told her one thing, and now I'm
here saying another. I'm confusing
her.

MR. PLESKY
Believe me, she was confused before
you met her.

JULIA
Daddy! Please!

DOUG
Julia, your father didn't do
anything. If you're going to be
angry you should take it out on me.

MRS. PLESKY
No one needs to be angry with anyone.

Sandy begins walking toward the house.

DOUG
Not yet, Sandy.

SANDY
Sorry.

MRS. PLESKY
He doesn't have to stay outside.

Lauren comes to the top of the stairs.

JULIA
Lauren, go back to your room.

DOUG
Hi, Lauren.

LAUREN
Who's that, your boyfwend?

JULIA
That's nobody.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, what has gotten into you?
Lauren, come down and say hi. This
is Doug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Lauren comes down the stairs. Julia tries to hold onto her arm but Lauren pulls away.

LAUREN

Hi.

Doug kneels down to greet her.

DOUG

Well, hello there. I brought a little present for you.

(then, realizing)
Oh, it's in my suitcase.

(calls out)
Sandy! What are you still doing out there?

Once again, Sandy walks toward the house.

MRS. PLESKY

Aww, he brought a gift. Isn't that nice.

(to Mr. Plesky)
Isn't that nice, dear?

MR. PLESKY

That is nice.

Julia has had enough. She moves quickly down the stairs toward Doug.

JULIA

Okay, you know what? Maybe we should go talk in private. Don't you think that would be a good idea, Doug?

She pulls Lauren out of the way.

LAUREN

(in pain)
Ow!

MRS. PLESKY

Julia, you hurt her.

JULIA

She'll be fine.

(then)
Come on, Doug.

Julia pulls Doug into --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Julia quickly grabs a KNIFE off the counter. She holds it up while standing her distance.

JULIA

You stay there.

DOUG

Julia --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA
Shut up. Just shut up.
(beat, thinking)
Are you gonna kill me? Are you
gonna kill my family?

DOUG
What? Julia --

JULIA
Are you insane? You're insane,
right?

DOUG
Where is this coming from?

JULIA
Why are you here?

DOUG
I told you. I want us to --

JULIA
Right. I heard all that. It's
crazy!

DOUG
Maybe it is crazy. But sometimes
love is a crazy thing.

JULIA
Yeah, and sometimes people are
crazy people.

DOUG
(thinking)
Sometimes, yes. That's kind of a
non-sequitur, though, Jules. Are
you feeling okay?

JULIA
(to Doug)
I want you out of my house.

DOUG
Come here. Let me feel your head.

JULIA
You're not feeling anything!

DOUG
I'm feeling sad. I'm feeling a
little down because of the way
you're reacting.

JULIA
And how exactly did you expect me
to react?

DOUG
Well, when two people are dating --

JULIA
We are not dating!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG

That's not what you told your parents.

JULIA

I told them that because -- it doesn't matter. That has nothing to do with you.

DOUG

Well, since it's me you were talking about I think it has a lot to do with me. If you were talking about someone else, then sure it wouldn't really have much to do with me. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Julia is at her wit's end.

JULIA

You are amazing.

DOUG

And I think you're amazing.

JULIA

Okay, I don't think we're understanding each other. I need you to listen to me very carefully.

DOUG

Okay. Go.

JULIA

Are you listening?

DOUG

Wait.

(beat)

Okay, now go.

Julia pauses, looks Doug square in the eyes.

JULIA

We spent two hours together at a Holiday Inn bar three months ago. Don't know if you noticed -- I didn't really enjoy myself. That's why I didn't respond to any of your letters, or your phone calls. You are ridiculous.

DOUG

Okay.

JULIA

You are completely delusional.

DOUG

Alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIA
I don't like you, and I want you to
leave.

DOUG
Hmmm.

JULIA
Couldn't have made that much
clearer. Did you hear a word of it?

DOUG
Yes, I did. And now that we've
heard your side, can we hear my
side perhaps?

JULIA
Okay. Get out.

Julia grabs Doug by the arm and tries to force him out of the
kitchen.

DOUG
Julia --

JULIA
Out!

Doug struggles to keep his balance as Julia continues pushing
him toward the door.

DOUG
Ow, you're hurting me.

Finally, the struggle ends as Doug loses his footing and
falls hard out of FRAME.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GUEST ROOM - LATER

Sandy unpacks his and Doug's luggage. WE PAN over to Doug --
he lays in bed with a huge BANDAGE on his nose. Silence for a
beat, then --

SANDY
(timid)
Uh, Doug?

DOUG
Talk to me.

SANDY
Oh. Shit. I don't remember what I'm
supposed to...

DOUG
(moving him along)
What's on your mind, Sandy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

Okay. Well, I can't put my finger on it, but are you getting the feeling that Julia... I don't know... might be uncomfortable with us being here?

DOUG

Oh, no. Not at all. This was just a lover's spat. You know, sometimes relationships take a little work.

SANDY

Right. It just seems like --

DOUG

No.

SANDY

Okay.

Mrs. Plesky enters.

MRS. PLESKY

Doug? Is there anything else I can get for you?

DOUG

No, thank you, Mrs. Plesky. I'm comfortable now.

MRS. PLESKY

Still nauseous?

DOUG

It's settling. It's settling.

MRS. PLESKY

I am so sorry for the way Julia is behaving. It is so unlike her.

DOUG

It is unlike her, isn't it? Well, she's just a little upset with me and needs a little time. But she shouldn't be punished for communicating her feelings. Communication is key in any relationship.

MRS. PLESKY

It is. You're absolutely right. Sandy, is there enough drawer space for the both of you?

SANDY

Oh, yeah. It's fine, thanks. I can keep my stuff in the suitcase.

MRS. PLESKY

Don't be ridiculous. You know, I'm not sure this room is big enough for two people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDY
No, we'll make it work.

DOUG
It's perfect is what he means, Mrs. Plesky.

SANDY
Yes, that is what I meant.

DOUG
Yeah because it sounded like you meant, "It is a little small but it will do."

SANDY
No, I meant, "It's plenty big. It's almost too big."

DOUG
Well, see, now you're patronizing Mrs. Plesky. Because she knows it's not too big.
(to Mrs. Plesky)
Do you think the room is too big?

MRS. PLESKY
(uncomfortable)
Um... I think it's... fine.

Just then, the door opens and Julia is shoved into the room by her father.

JULIA
No, Daddy, I don't want to --

Mr. Plesky quickly disappears and shuts the door.

MRS. PLESKY
Sandy, why don't we leave the two lovebirds alone to discuss things in private.

JULIA
No, Mom, we don't need --

Mrs. Plesky gets up next to Julia and whispers in her ear:

MRS. PLESKY
You apologize.
(then)
Come on, Sandy.

Mrs. Plesky and Sandy exit. Julia stares at Doug for a beat.

JULIA
I am sorry for breaking your nose.

DOUG
The doctor said I will never be able to breathe normally again.

JULIA
Well, as I just said, I apologize.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG
I forgive you. Now come here and
give me a kiss.

JULIA
I would sooner kill myself.

DOUG
Alright.

JULIA
Now what do I have to do to get you
to leave?

DOUG
What do you mean?

JULIA
What do you think I mean? Do you
honestly think you're gonna sit
around here and milk this to get
sympathy from me and my family? And
then what? I'm gonna fall in love
with you and we're gonna be
together? It's not going to happen.
We are not going to be together.
Ever. No matter what you do. Do you
understand?

DOUG
Julia, let's just calm down and talk.

JULIA
HOW? There is no talking to you!
You're not hearing anything I'm
saying!

DOUG
Well, a conversation involves two
people talking. Maybe you're the
one not hearing what I'm saying.

JULIA
(stifling rage)
And what is it that you're saying?

DOUG
That I'm sorry? That I made a
mistake? Look, if I could go back
in time and say all the right
things on our first date I would.
But I'm not a time traveler, Julia.
I'm just a normal guy.

JULIA
You are not normal.

DOUG
Look, I'm a little tired. Had a long
day, my nose got broken in four
places. We shouldn't go to bed
angry. Come here and give me a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULIA
(getting up)
You are insane.

DOUG
Give me a kiss good night.

JULIA
Oh my God!

Julia storms out.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. and Mrs. Plesky are in bed. Mr. Plesky is reading a book. Sandy sits at the foot of the bed in mid-conversation with Mrs. Plesky.

MRS. PLESKY
Then stir for ten minutes and bake
for twenty?

SANDY
That's what my mom would do. And
her mom before that. And her mom
before that. It's a Himelfarb
Thanksgiving tradition.

Mrs. Plesky writes down the recipe as Julia enters, steaming.

JULIA
Mom?

MRS. PLESKY
One second, honey.
(to Sandy)
And they would really add two
teaspoons of barbecue sauce?

SANDY
Yep. That's what gives it the extra
kick. It's the Himelfarb secret
ingredient. Which reminds me, none
of this can leave the room.

MRS. PLESKY
Did you hear that, Julia?

JULIA
Yes. Mom, I need to --

MRS. PLESKY
One second.

Mrs. Plesky finishes writing. Finally --

MRS. PLESKY (cont'd)
(to Julia)
Okay. What happened? Did you guys
talk it out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA
(to Sandy)
Can you excuse us for a minute?

SANDY
Sure.
(getting up)
Good night, guys.

MRS. PLESKY
Good night, Sandy.

MR. PLESKY
'Night, Sand.

Sandy exits. Julia takes a beat, tries to calm herself. She quietly closes the door, takes a deep breath, then --

JULIA
Okay, I have a confession to make.
I lied to you guys. Doug is not my
boyfriend. He never was.

MR. PLESKY
Oh, here we go.

JULIA
No, Dad, I just said that because
you both put so much pressure on me
to get married and it was just
easier so I went along with it.

MRS. PLESKY
We don't put pressure on you. We
just think it's a little abnormal
for a woman your age to be without
a husband. And you're not getting
any younger or prettier.

JULIA
Right. I get it. But right now
we're faced with a bigger dilemma.
This person is crazy. We went on
one blind date and it was the most
painful experience of my life.
After that, he wrote me hundreds of
letters, called me incessantly, and
not once did I even respond.
So in between that two hour date --
three months ago -- and now, we
have had not one conversation. Not
one. Nothing. And now he has
followed me across the country and
is sleeping across the hall from
your eight year old adopted
daughter.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, you're so over-dramatic. You
always do this. You always find
something wrong with every guy you
date.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. PLESKY
(sarcastic)
I guess they're all crazy.

MRS. PLESKY
You have flaws too, Julia.

JULIA
Mom, I know I have flaws.

MR. PLESKY
Plenty.

JULIA
Yeah, thanks, Dad. But that's not
the point.

MRS. PLESKY
Well, what is the point then, Julia?

JULIA
The point is... this person is --
Julia is interrupted by Doug entering.

DOUG
Just wanted to say good night. And
Mr. Plesky, rest assured Julia and
I will be sleeping in separate
rooms. This is your house and I
want to respect that.

Julia hangs her head, disgusted. Doug slides up next to
Julia.

DOUG (cont'd)
'Night, sweetie.

Doug sneaks a kiss on Julia's cheek. She winces. He exits.

MRS. PLESKY
I don't know what your problem is.
Julia, frustrated, exits, slamming the door behind her.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Julia sleeps peacefully. After a beat, she wakes up, a little
disoriented. She looks around, hears nothing. Was it all a
nightmare?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julia's bedroom door opens slightly -- Julia timidly pokes
her head out. She slowly walks toward the stairs as WE HEAR
the family laughing, having fun downstairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, WE HEAR Doug's laughter above the others. Julia sighs in agony.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Julia enters to find everyone having breakfast, laughing, having the best time.

DOUG
There she is! Sleeping beauty!

Doug runs up and hugs her. She cringes.

DOUG (cont'd)
How do you like your eggs, honey?

JULIA
I don't want eggs.

LAUREN
Doug and Sandy made us all breakfast.

JULIA
That's great, Lauren.

DOUG
You want a fruit plate?

JULIA
No.

DOUG
Yogurt? You want a bagel?

JULIA
I'm not hungry.

MRS. PLESKY
You should really have something.

DOUG
You want a waffle? Sandy, make her a waffle.

Sandy, in the midst of eating, gets up and heads toward the stove.

MRS. PLESKY
Did you ask Doug how he's feeling today?

JULIA
No.

MRS. PLESKY
Don't you think you should? Since you broke his nose?

Julia's anger is building but she tries to contain it.

JULIA
(monotone)
How is your nose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
It's okay. It only hurts when I
breathe and move.

MRS. PLESKY
Aww, poor thing.

DOUG
It'll be okay. With time.
(pause)
Anyway, I've drummed up a little
itinerary for the day. Sandy?

SANDY
I'm making the waffle.

DOUG
Sandy, she doesn't even want the
waffle. Read the itinerary.

SANDY
Okay.

Sandy pulls out a piece of paper from his apron.

SANDY (cont'd)
(reading)
7am. Sandy cooks breakfast for
entire family.

DOUG
Done. Doing it.

SANDY
8:15am. Sandy cleans up kitchen while
the Pleskys shower and get dressed.

DOUG
But let's keep it moving because at
9am the girls are going to make a
little trip to the what, Sandy?

SANDY
(off list)
Uh... grocery store?

DOUG
Nice. Continue.

SANDY
While the girls pick up items for
the big Thanksgiving dinner (see
Himelfarb special Thanksgiving item
list page 2a), the men will stay
and watch some sports on the
television. Oh, Dougie, this is
just like the old days!

LAUREN
I want to stay with Doug.

MRS. PLESKY
Aww, she likes you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAUREN
Can I, Doug?

DOUG
Of course you can.

MRS. PLESKY
Great. And Sandy can come with us.

DOUG
I love it. How's that sound, gang?

Adlibs of excitement all around. The sound FADES as we PUSH IN on Julia -- she cannot believe what is happening.

JULIA'S POV - SLOW MOTION

Doug continues reading the itinerary. Her parents smiling, eating it up, Lauren clapping.

CLOSE ON JULIA -- horrified.

RESUME

DOUG (cont'd)
How's that sound, pumpkin?

Julia tries her hardest to smile.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Sandy pushes the cart. Julia and Mrs. Plesky pick things off the shelves.

SANDY
...And so now we just got this pretty big deal with Universal -- they're a big studio in Hollywood, they make a lot of movies...

MRS. PLESKY
Yeah, I've heard of them.

SANDY
...and we're going to be based there and produce movies exclusively for them.

MRS. PLESKY
Wow. That is wonderful, Sandy. Julia, did you hear about this?

JULIA
Yeah, I heard it.

Suddenly, from OFF CAMERA --

VOICE (O.S.)
Jules?

Julia, Mrs. Plesky and Sandy turn to find TREVOR BUCKWORTH, Julia's high school boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA
Oh my God! Trevor!

TREVOR
I thought that was you!

Trevor gives Julia a big hug.

MRS. PLESKY
Hi, Trevor.

TREVOR
Mrs. Plesky, my goodness you
haven't changed a bit.

They hug.

MRS. PLESKY
Oh, thank you, Trevor. This is Sandy.

TREVOR
What's up, man?

MRS. PLESKY
(to Sandy)
Trevor and Julia dated in high school.

SANDY
Oh. Okay.

TREVOR
(to Julia)
So what's the story? How's LA? You
married? Talk to me.

JULIA
Things are good. Not married.

MRS. PLESKY
Not yet.

JULIA
Not close to being married.

MRS. PLESKY
She has a wonderful boyfriend. It's
pretty serious.

SANDY
I'm his brother.

JULIA
It's not serious.

MRS. PLESKY
He's here for Thanksgiving. Staying
with us.

JULIA
I didn't invite him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. PLESKY
He came and surprised her. Swooped
in on his great white horse like a
knight in shining armor.

JULIA
(rolls her eyes)
Oh my God.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia is still a little stunned
because he wasn't ready to commit
at first. But last night he showed
up and professed his love for her.
He gave her his heart and said he
would never let her go again. How
romantic is that?

TREVOR
Sounds like a great guy.

MRS. PLESKY
Oh, he is. And he's right -- life is
too short. You gotta just go for it!

Trevor nods. Julia changes the subject.

JULIA
Right. And how are you? What are
you doing?

TREVOR
Still at the dealership. Working
with pops. You should come by. I'll
get you a good deal on a pick-up.

They laugh. Trevor slaps Sandy on the back.

TREVOR (cont'd)
Right, man?

SANDY
(forced laugh)
Yeah.

TREVOR
Anyway, I gotta get back.

JULIA
Well, good to see you.

TREVOR
You too. I'm so happy for you.
Congratulations.

JULIA
Oh. Thanks.

TREVOR
Mrs. Plesky, say hi to Mr. Plesky
for me.

MRS. PLESKY
Will do, Trevor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR
(to Sandy)
Nice meeting you, bro.

SANDY
Yeah. Nice.

Trevor leaves.

MRS. PLESKY
I always liked him.

JULIA
Me too.

SANDY
Yeah. He's cool.

INT. PLESKY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Plesky sits on the couch watching football. Lauren plays off to the side. Doug comes down the stairs with some DVDs.

LAUREN
Daddy, can we rehuss the Pilgwim skit?

MR. PLESKY
Let's wait until Mommy and Julia come home.

DOUG
Pilgrim skit?

MR. PLESKY
(unenthusiastic)
It's a Lodgepole tradition. On Thanksgiving Day there's a pageant, blah blah blah, and they do this Pilgrim skit. Mrs. Plesky and Julia are in it every year.

LAUREN
And I get to be in it this year.

MR. PLESKY
And Lauren gets to be in it this year.

LAUREN
I want to rehuss now. I want to give good perfawmance.

MR. PLESKY
We will, sweetie. But right now, Doug and I have some football to watch.

DOUG
And I was thinking -- yes, we could watch football. We're men, that's what we do. But it's a little cliché, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PLESKY
I don't know.

DOUG
I mean, that's what I do all the time. Drink beer, watch football, talk about touchdowns and... passes... endzones... I thought maybe we could switch it up a little. What do you think?

MR. PLESKY
Uh... what do you have in mind?

DOUG
(holding up DVDs)
I've got *One Fine Day* -- George Clooney, Michelle Pfeiffer...
(reading tagline)
..."she was having a perfectly bad day... then he came along and spoiled it."

Mr. Plesky is a little unsure.

DOUG (cont'd)
(another DVD)
The Bachelor -- Chris O'Donnell, Rene Zellweger...
(reading tagline)
"One thousand brides. One hundred million dollars. Jimmie Shannon is about to discover the true value... of love."
(another DVD, excited)
Ooh! This is the one.
(reading tagline)
"Sometimes to get more out of life, you have to make more of yourself."
(showing Mr. Plesky the DVD cover)
Multiplicity. "Michael Keaton and Andie MacDowell in a comedy about a man who clones himself to save his marriage, and then almost loses his wife... to himself!" Fantastic!

Mr. Plesky doesn't seem thrilled.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Doug and Mr. Plesky sit next to each other on the couch (Lauren snuggles in between them) watching *Multiplicity* -- it's the scene when Andie MacDowell has sex multiple times with Michael Keaton. What she doesn't realize is... it's not Michael Keaton but each of his three clones. Doug laughs hysterically.

DOUG
Oh, that is good. You see, she thinks she's having sex with her husband. But it's not him! It's his clones!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (cont'd)
And what's funny is -- how does she
not know?! They're so different!

Doug laughs some more. Mr. Plesky can't help but laugh with
him -- Doug's enthusiasm is contagious.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The movie is over, the credits roll.

DOUG
Wow. Was that something?

MR. PLESKY
That wasn't bad.

DOUG
I told you.

MR. PLESKY
I was a little skeptical at first
but it turned out to be...

DOUG
Pretty touching, right?

MR. PLESKY
(conceding)
It was a little touching.

DOUG
That's Michael Keaton for you.
That's what he does best. He pulls
at you. Right here.
(points to his heart)

MR. PLESKY
I mean, it was little unrealistic,
but...

DOUG
Which part?

MR. PLESKY
Well, the whole story.

Beat.

DOUG
What do you mean?

MR. PLESKY
Well, obviously the cloning. That's
just something you have to buy into.

Another beat.

DOUG
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PLESKY

Because it's not real. You can't clone people.

DOUG

Yeah you can.

MR. PLESKY

No, I'm pretty sure no one's ever cloned a human.

DOUG

Yeah no they did. In St. Louis. And it was kind of like the movie -- the guy just had too much of a workload so one of them ran the autobody shop while the other guy took care of the family stuff.

MR. PLESKY

(beat, confused)

That doesn't sound right.

DOUG

You know what? There wasn't a third clone, or a fourth. Maybe that's what's throwing you off. They did take a little creative license in the film, I'll give you that.

MR. PLESKY

(another beat)

Are you sure? I don't think they've ever cloned a human in real life.

DOUG

No, look it up. Anyway, I think what the film is trying to get across is -- love is work. And it's not always gonna be as easy as just cloning yourself three or four times over.

MR. PLESKY

Well, it's never going to be that easy because it's not possible.

DOUG

And sure, it's great for getting some household chores out of the way, but when you're talking about keeping the romance going in a relationship, I don't think it's always the answer.

MR. PLESKY

Again, I don't think it's ever the answer, but I do see what you're saying. I see how you are with my daughter, and I'll tell you -- I'm envious. I used to be a romantic guy, but after thirty-three years of marriage I can't say I've done a lot to keep the romance alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG
Oh, come on. You and Mrs. Plesky
have a very special connection. I
still smell the fire burning.

MR. PLESKY
I don't know. I feel like it went
out a while ago.

DOUG
I think there's still a small flame
that just needs to be fanned. Or
you need to just add a little bit
of lighter fluid or gas.

MR. PLESKY
You think so?

DOUG
I'm telling you, Mr. P. Even if
there's just a small spark. Do you
know what a spark can cause?

MR. PLESKY
(going along)
A fire.

DOUG
That's right. You have to think of
yourself as that spark. And then
you have to say to yourself, "Yes,
I may be just a small,
inconsequential spark. But by
golly... I can become that fire."

MR. PLESKY
Hmmm. I'm not so sure.

DOUG
Are you a little sure?

MR. PLESKY
Um... yeah, I guess I'm a little
sure.

DOUG
How about a lot sure? Could we say
you're about eighty percent sure?

MR. PLESKY
(beat)
No, I'd say more like sixty.

DOUG
Ahh, you're underestimating yourself.
I think it's closer to eighty.

MR. PLESKY
I'd say seventy tops.

DOUG
Just say eighty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. PLESKY
(unsure)
Okay. Eighty.

DOUG
Well, you know what eighty percent
is to a Himelfarb?

Mr. Plesky shakes his head.

DOUG (cont'd)
One hundred percent.

Mr. Plesky takes a beat, thinking.

MR. PLESKY
Huh.

A moment as Mr. Plesky allows this to sink in. Then, Lauren
taps him on the shoulder.

LAUREN
Daddy, Mommy and Juria are taking
forever. Can Doug help me rehuss?

MR. PLESKY
Well... maybe. He is a big
Hollywood producer.

DOUG
Oh, I don't know about that.

MR. PLESKY
Why don't you ask him?

LAUREN
Doug, will you help me rehuss?

DOUG
Sure, I will.

LAUREN
(excited)
Yay! I go get my costume!

Lauren runs upstairs. Doug and Mr. Plesky sit in silence for
a beat. Then --

DOUG
And one more thing about the
cloning -- it's not always going to
be available to everyone.
(beat)
I mean, it was available for a
short period of time in St. Louis.
But honestly, not many people even
took advantage of it. How many,
like one or two? Do you remember?

EXT. PLESKY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Mrs. Plesky's station wagon pulls up to the house, Sandy
behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mrs. Plesky and Julia get out and walk up toward the house. Sandy pops the hatch and struggles to gather all the groceries.

INT. PLESKY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Plesky and Julia enter to find Lauren, in full Pilgrim costume, rehearsing the Pilgrim skit. Doug is directing her.

LAUREN

"I think this Pwymouth Wok. Come on, evweebody. Out of the ship."

DOUG

Okay, let's stop there. Lauren, are you happy or sad about arriving at Plymouth Rock?

LAUREN

Happy.

DOUG

Then let's see that. Don't hold back.

LAUREN

Okay.

DOUG

And don't forget -- volume. How am I gonna hear you if I'm sitting in the back row?
(to Mr. Plesky)
Could you hear her?

MR. PLESKY

Nope.

DOUG

(to Lauren)
You have to project.

JULIA

What's going on?

LAUREN

We ruhussing!

JULIA

I see that. I thought we were going to rehearse together, Lauren.

DOUG

Oh. I didn't mean to step on anyone's toes.

JULIA

Well, you are.

MR. PLESKY

Lauren just couldn't wait. She's really excited about this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA
I'm excited about it too. It's just, you know... it's a family thing. Doug doesn't even know the Pilgrim skit.

MR. PLESKY
Well, he's got some good ideas, Julia. I think his Hollywood experience is coming in handy.

JULIA
(sarcastic)
Oh, is it? That's terrific.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, he's just trying to help.

MR. PLESKY
He is helping. I tell you -- I think you guys should all get in costume. I'd like to see this whole thing on its feet.

MRS. PLESKY
That's a great idea.

LAUREN
Yay!

Mrs. Plesky heads upstairs.

JULIA
I think I'll sit this one out.

LAUREN
Aww, prease, Juria! Pritty prease!

Julia takes a beat, stares daggers at Doug.

JULIA
Fine. I'll get my costume.

Julia's angry eyes stay on Doug as she walks upstairs.

Sandy enters with bags and bags of groceries. He can hardly hold onto all of them.

SANDY
It's cool. I got 'em all.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Julia and Mrs. Plesky are now in full Pilgrim costume. Mr. Plesky and Sandy sit on the couch, Doug kneels in front of them.

DOUG
Sandy, the Fleagles next door usually play the Indians.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (cont'd)
But they're out of town so I need
you to be on script and read the
lines for Indians #1 and #2.

MR. PLESKY
I'll read one of them.

Mrs. Plesky is surprised.

MRS. PLESKY
Honey, you never want to be a part
of this.

MR. PLESKY
Ah, why not give it a whirl.

Mr. Plesky grabs a script and takes Sandy aside.

MR. PLESKY (cont'd)
(quietly)
Which part do you want to read,
Indian #1 or Indian #2?

SANDY
Well, I don't know what you're
thinking, but I'm kind of feeling
Indian #2.

MR. PLESKY
It's yours. Run with it.

SANDY
You sure? Can you work with Indian #1?

MR. PLESKY
I don't see why not.

DOUG
Okay, let's take it from the top.

Sandy and the Pleskys position themselves in front of the
couch.

LAUREN
(happier and louder)
"I think this Pwymouth Wok. Come
on, evweebody! Out of the ship!"

DOUG
(softly)
Nice, Lauren.

MRS. PLESKY
"Wow. Look at this place."

JULIA
"Yeah. It's beautiful."

DOUG
Mrs. Plesky, nice. Julia, a little
louder.

Julia rolls her eyes and continues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIA
"I wonder if anyone inhabits this
region."

DOUG
Do you really wonder that?

JULIA
What?

DOUG
If you really wonder that I want to
see it.

Julia just stares at Doug, infuriated.

DOUG (cont'd)
Take it again.

Julia regains her composure. But just before she's about to
speak --

DOUG (cont'd)
And louder.

Julia takes a deep breath, then --

JULIA
(over doing it)
"I wonder if anyone inhabits this
region!"

DOUG
Okay, we'll work on that some more
later, continue.

MR. PLESKY
(deep voice)
"HOW."

SANDY
(deep voice)
"Who goes there?"

LAUREN
"We Pilgwims! And we hungwee!"

JULIA
"We just got off the Mayflower.
We've been sailing for weeks."

MR. PLESKY
"This our land. White man not
welcome here."

MRS. PLESKY
"We want to make friends."

JULIA
"Yeah. Even though we're different,
we can still help each other, learn
from each other. Let's work
together and make a feast that
we'll all be thankful for."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mr. Plesky and Sandy move off to the side and whisper to each other. After a moment, they turn back.

MR. PLESKY
"Okay. We have decided to join forces with you. Hopefully this not bad decision and we won't regret it later."
(then)
"Here. Take bow and arrow. You'll need it to catch fowl."

Mr. Plesky pantomimes handing over the bow and arrow.

JULIA
"Thank you for your generosity, but we don't need the bow and arrow. We have these."

DOUG
Okay, and the Pilgrims take out their shotguns and that's a good place to stop.
(then)
Good first run. Mr. Plesky, Mrs. Plesky, solid. Lauren, some definite improvements. Julia...

Doug stands and paces.

DOUG (cont'd)
Julia, Julia, Julia...
(thinking)
Where do I begin?

JULIA
With what?

DOUG
First off, is that how you're going to do it?

JULIA
Is that how I'm going to do what?

DOUG
The scene. On the day.

JULIA
Yes. That's how I've done it every year.

DOUG
Hmmm.

JULIA
What?

Doug takes a beat, thinking.

DOUG
I think your performance as a whole comes off a little stiff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULIA
Excuse me?

DOUG
It's a little wooden. Like you're
just saying the lines. There isn't
much feeling behind them.

Julia cannot believe her ears.

JULIA
Are you kidding me right now?

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, he's trying to help.

JULIA
How is he helping? Better question
-- why is he here?!

MR. PLESKY
Here we go.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, he's just trying to give you
some constructive criticism. I
mean, now that I think about it,
you did seem a little vacant.

JULIA
What?!

MR. PLESKY
A little withdrawn.

JULIA
I don't believe this! You're siding
with him?!

MRS. PLESKY
Sweetie, this isn't about taking
sides. It's about making the scene
better.

JULIA
He's not making the scene better!
He's making everything worse!

DOUG
You know what? I'd like to see this
emotion in your acting.

JULIA
You shut up!

DOUG
(excited)
Yes.

Julia slowly walks toward Doug. He moves with her and
continues directing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JULIA
Ever since you stepped foot in this
house you've caused nothing but
problems!

DOUG
Better. I think you can go even
further with it.

JULIA
(mocking, dumb guy voice)
"Better. I think you can go even
further with it."
(then)
You're an idiot.

DOUG
Okay. It's a different approach but I
like it. Try it again, a little less
anger but with the same intensity.

Julia loses it --

JULIA
AHHHHHHHHH!

She lunges at Doug (directly at CAMERA) as we --

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST ROOM - LATER

Mrs. Plesky stands on one side of the bed, Julia on the
other.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, do you have something you
want to say to Doug?

JULIA
Not really.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia...

JULIA
(beat)
I'm sorry that I tried to strangle you.

WE REVEAL Doug sitting upright in bed wearing a very
uncomfortable looking neck brace and a bloody bandage around
his head.

MRS. PLESKY
And?

JULIA
(monotone)
I'm sorry I lifted you up and threw
you down onto the coffee table. I
didn't know your neck would twist
that easily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. PLESKY
And?

JULIA
And I'm sorry I stepped on your
face after all that happened.

DOUG
(whispering)
It's okay. I forgive you. Sorry, my
vocal chords are a little tender.

Mrs. Plesky gestures for Julia to continue. Julia mouths:
"NO." Mrs. Plesky mouths: "YES!" Julia takes a breath, then --

JULIA
(unenthusiastic)
And your input during the rehearsal
was invaluable. We'd love it if you
would be our producer.

DOUG
Oh, I couldn't possibly.

JULIA
(quick)
Okay.

DOUG
But I will.

Mrs. Plesky is thrilled.

MRS. PLESKY
Oh, Doug, that is great news.
(to Julia)
Aren't we lucky to have a big
Hollywood producer helping us?

JULIA
Blessed.

Doug tries to clear his throat.

DOUG
Mmmm. My mouth -- it's a little dry.

MRS. PLESKY
Do you want your juice box?

DOUG
Yes, please.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, give Doug his juice box.

JULIA
(sotto, to Mrs. Plesky)
I don't want to give him his juice
box.

MRS. PLESKY
(sotto)
Give him his juice box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Julia reluctantly gets Doug's juice box from the night stand.

DOUG
No, the grape one.

Frustrated, Julia gets the grape juice box and holds it three feet from his face.

JULIA
Here.

Doug strains to get the straw in his mouth.

DOUG
I can't reach.

MRS. PLESKY
Hold it closer, sweetie.

Julia holds it a little closer but still out of Doug's reach. Doug is really struggling (or pretending to struggle) to get the straw.

DOUG
I still can't get to it.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia!

Mrs. Plesky grabs Julia's arm and pulls it so that the juice box is right in front of Doug's face.

DOUG
Mmmm. Thank you, princess.

Doug puts the straw in his mouth. He slowly sucks juice from the straw while making a loud slurping noise. Julia stares at him, repulsed. Doug slurps and slurps while gazing at Julia with puppy dog eyes. Julia stares back, her teeth clenching in anger. Doug continues slurping until the juice box is empty. Julia goes to pull it away from Doug's mouth, but he stops her.

DOUG (cont'd)
Mmm. Mmm. I think there's a little left.

Julia brings the juice box back -- Doug sucks out a couple more drops.

DOUG (cont'd)
Okay. All done.

Julia stares coldly at Doug as she takes the empty juice box and places it on the night stand. He stares back and smiles.

MRS. PLESKY
Do you need anything else, Doug?

DOUG
Perhaps another pillow for my back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. PLESKY
Oh, yeah. That's a feather bed
mattress. You should probably be on
something a little firmer.

Julia looks at her mom -- she can sense where this is going.

MRS. PLESKY (cont'd)
The bed in Julia's room offers much
more support. Maybe we should move
you in there.

JULIA
(annoyed)
Fine. I'll sleep in here.

MRS. PLESKY
Well, Sandy's already settled in.

JULIA
Then where am I supposed to sleep?

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Dingy, dark, cramped, awful. A small cot with an old wool blanket on one side, cardboard boxes and household tools on the other. A LIGHTBULB hangs from a string. The door creaks open -- Julia stands on the other side, mortified.

She enters, struggling to fit her suitcase through the door. Once in, she sits on the cot and buries her head in her hands. She then reaches for the light string and pulls it, turning it off. After a moment in the dark, Julia turns the light back on -- she has an idea. She reaches for the phone and dials. 411 picks up on the other end.

SLOW PUSH IN on Julia.

JULIA
(into phone)
Telephone number for Buckworth,
first name Trevor.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Mr. Plesky and Lauren are seated at the table. Sandy helps the injured Doug into his seat.

DOUG
(being lowered into his
chair)
Ooh... slowly... slowly...
(then, yelling)
Ow, Sandy, my arm!

SANDY
Sorry.

Mrs. Plesky enters from the kitchen carrying the last of the food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. PLESKY
Okay, here we go.
(calling out)
Julia, dinner's ready!

SANDY
Mr. Plesky, Mrs. Plesky, I just want
to say thank you for welcoming us into
your home. It's been a long time since
we had a big family Thanksgiving.

MR. PLESKY
Sandy, it's been our pleasure.

SANDY
I'm having a great time. I really am.

Julia enters looking refreshed. She wears a sexy dress, her
hair is done up -- she looks like a new person. Everyone
reacts, impressed.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia! You look fabulous!

JULIA
Thanks, Mom. You don't look so bad
yourself.

Julia gives her mom a kiss, then makes her way over to Mr.
Plesky.

JULIA (cont'd)
Hi, Daddy.

Julia gives her father a kiss, then to Lauren --

JULIA (cont'd)
Hi, cutie.

LAUREN
Hi, Julia.

Julia gives Lauren a kiss, then to Sandy --

JULIA
Sandy, you're looking very handsome.

SANDY
Oh. Okay. Thank you.

Julia gives Sandy a kiss, then sits next to Doug.

JULIA
Douglas.

Julia turns her head and air-kisses Doug.

DOUG
(re: the kiss)
Oops, you missed me.

Doug holds his cheek up for another. Julia ignores it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIA
This food looks amazing, Mom.

MRS. PLESKY
Thanks, honey.

JULIA
It's so nice to have everyone
together like this. I know it's not
Thanksgiving yet, but if we were
sharing what we were most thankful
for...
(re: family)
...this would be it for me.

MRS. PLESKY
Wow, Julia. That's so sweet.
Someone seems to be in a good mood.

JULIA
Yeah, I feel good.

DOUG
You look good.

JULIA
(huge smile)
Thanks, douchebag.

DOUG
What?

JULIA
What? I didn't hear what you said.

MR. PLESKY
No one said anything but you.

JULIA
Oh.

Doug puts his arm around Julia.

DOUG
There is just nothing more
beautiful in the world to me than
seeing that smile of yours.

JULIA
(huge smile)
Oh you're so gross.

DOUG
What?

JULIA
(nods)
Definitely.

DOUG
Oh.
(thinks he gets it)
Oh, okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Julia eyes the front door.

JULIA
Mom, what time is it?

MRS. PLESKY
It's 7:15, sweetie.

Doug gives Mr. Plesky a little nod. Mr. Plesky nods back, then takes his wife's hand in his. Quietly he says to her:

MR. PLESKY
You really do look beautiful this evening.

Mrs. Plesky is taken aback.

MRS. PLESKY
Thank you, dear.

Mr. Plesky smiles. He winks at Doug, Doug winks back. Then --
The DOORBELL RINGS. Julia acts overly aggravated.

JULIA
Who could that be in the middle of dinner? Damn it, I'm trying to enjoy time with my family!
(quick)
I'll get it.

Julia runs to the door and opens it. Trevor stands on the other side with flowers.

JULIA (cont'd)
(loud)
Trevor! My ex-boyfriend! What a surprise!

TREVOR
You called and invited me.

JULIA
(ignoring him)
Come on in!

Julia escorts Trevor into the dining room.

JULIA (cont'd)
Look who it is, everybody!

They all adlib hello.

TREVOR
Mrs. Plesky, I brought these for you.

MRS. PLESKY
Oh, they're beautiful.

JULIA
That is so sweet. Mom, isn't he just the sweetest thing ever?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SANDY
(standing)
Here, let me put those in water.
What's goin' on, Trevor?

TREVOR
Hey, man.

MR. PLESKY
Trevor!

TREVOR
There he is.

Mr. Plesky stands to give Trevor a big hug. Julia "fake realizes" that Trevor has yet to meet Doug.

JULIA
Oh, Doug, you haven't met... this
is my... wow, this is awkward. Uh,
Doug, this is my first love and the
man I lost my virginity to, Trevor
Buckworth.
(to Trevor)
Trevor, Doug.

TREVOR
Hey, it's a pleasure to meet you.
I've heard a lot about you.

DOUG
(joking)
Uh-oh! Don't believe it all!

Trevor and Doug have a laugh.

JULIA
I'm sorry, Doug. You must feel so
insecure and out of place.

DOUG
No, not at all.

JULIA
(ignoring Doug)
Trevor, let me grab you a chair.

Julia gets an extra chair and tries to squeeze it between her
and Doug even though there is plenty of room across the
table. Trevor notices this.

TREVOR
I could just sit over there if it's
easier.

JULIA
No, don't be silly. It's done.

Julia is still trying to force the chair to fit between her
and Doug. It's a visible struggle.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia, there's plenty of room over --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JULIA
I got it!

Julia finally gets the chair to fit. She sits and taps the seat of the empty chair for Trevor to sit. He does.

JULIA (cont'd)
Wow. This is just like old times,
huh, Trev?

TREVOR
Yeah, it's like deja vu.

JULIA
(laughing too hard)
It is like deja vu! That's exactly
what it is! Oh my God, we are still
so on the same page!

Doug genuinely laughs.

DOUG
That is pretty funny. That is good.

JULIA
Remember when you used to come over
everyday after school? Mom, remember?

MRS. PLESKY
Sure.

JULIA
We were so in love. God, we had a
really adult relationship now that
I look back on it.

TREVOR
Yeah, I guess.

DOUG
Aww, that is so nice.

JULIA
Remember when we used to go down to
the basement and say we were
studying but we were really --
(fake catching herself)
Oops. Sorry, Doug.

DOUG
Don't be sorry. I love hearing
about this stuff.

JULIA
Yeah but you don't want to hear
about the wild, unadulterated sex --
oh, I did it again. I am so sorry,
Doug. It's just -- having Trevor
here has just brought back these
memories... and feelings.
(then, suddenly)
Oh, I'm so confused!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TREVOR
(places his arm on her
shoulder)
Julia --

JULIA
You feel it too, don't you?

Julia takes his hand in hers and starts kissing it over
zealously.

JULIA (cont'd)
Oh, I can't believe it. I didn't
see this coming. My first love
coming in and sweeping me off my
feet after all these years.
(shrugs it off)
Ah, well. Sorry for ruining our
thing, Doug. Mom, Dad, you
understand. Trevor, let's go.

Julia stands. Suddenly --

TREVOR
I'm engaged.

JULIA
(sitting back down)
Ah, fuck.

MRS. PLESKY
Julia!

TREVOR
I actually proposed this afternoon
after... well, after hearing about
Doug, really. About his outlook on
love and how you have to just go
for it.

Mr. and Mrs. Plesky nod in agreement.

JULIA
What?!

TREVOR
You guys are amazing together, Julia.
Anyone can see that. Doug, I want to
thank you. It's been an honor to meet
you. You inspire me, man.

DOUG
Don't thank me, Trevor. It's love
that inspires us all.

Mr. Plesky puts his arm around his wife. She looks at him and
smiles. Trevor goes to hug Doug, who pops up from his chair
seemingly unhurt. Everyone adlibs their congratulations.
CLOSE ON JULIA -- pissed.

EXT. PLESKY HOUSE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A group of TOWNSPEOPLE are seated in folding chairs. Doug addresses them.

DOUG
Thank you all for coming. My name is Doug Himelfarb. I'm the producer of the Pilgrim Skit. What we're going to do here is a little test-run. The piece is still raw, so bear with us. Under your seats you'll find a questionnaire. Please take the time to fill those out afterwards. We find them very helpful.

Mr. and Mrs. Plesky, Lauren and Sandy come down the stairs in full costume.

DOUG (cont'd)
(to the locals)
It'll just be another minute and then we'll begin.

Doug approaches Sandy and the Pleskys, gathers them together in a huddle.

DOUG (cont'd)
Where's Julia?

MRS. PLESKY
She's not ready yet. She's up in Lauren's room getting in her costume.

MR. PLESKY
(calling upstairs)
Julia!

INT. LAUREN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julia stands by the window.

JULIA
I'll be down in a minute!

She parts the curtain to look out the window. She checks her watch, anxious.

JULIA (cont'd)
(to herself)
Where the hell are they?

MRS. PLESKY (O.S.)
Julia, we're starting!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA
(snapping)
I'm coming!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doug hands out YELLOW SCRIPT PAGES to Sandy, Mr. and Mrs. Plesky and Lauren.

MR. PLESKY
What are these?

DOUG
Just some revisions. Don't worry about being "off-book" just yet. That's an industry term. It means "fully memorized." And you'll notice some changes in the stage direction. I did a little research -- turns out there were some ill weather conditions the Pilgrims were faced with upon arrival that I think we should authenticate on the stage.

MR. PLESKY
(to Sandy)
Ooh, this is gonna be a thrill ride.

SANDY
(excited)
It sure is.

MR. PLESKY
Looking forward to doing this with you, big guy.

SANDY
Likewise, sir.

MRS. PLESKY
(re: townspeople)
What are they doing here?

DOUG
Test audience. I thought it would be good to show it to some locals. See what plays, what doesn't play.

MRS. PLESKY
That's a great idea.

Lauren pulls on Doug's shirt.

LAUREN
Doug?

DOUG
Yes, Lauren?

Lauren takes Doug aside. They talk quietly --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN
I'm nervous. All the people. Are
they gonna berieve I'm a Pilgwim?

DOUG
Well, do you believe it?

LAUREN
I think so.

DOUG
Then you have to say you believe it.
Out loud. And everyone out there
will have no choice but to believe
it too. Now say it with me: "I am a
Pilgrim."

LAUREN
I am a Pilgwim.

DOUG
Good. Keep saying it.

LAUREN
I am a Pilgwim. I am a Pilgwim.
(feeling better)
Okay. Thanks, Doug.

DOUG
Don't worry. You're gonna be great.

Doug addresses the group --

DOUG (cont'd)
Alright, everyone. Let's go out
there and cut it loose.

MR. PLESKY
I am pumped.

DOUG
Excellent. I like your excitement,
Mr. P.

MRS. PLESKY
We still need Julia.

MR. PLESKY
(yelling upstairs)
Julia!

INT. LAUREN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julia is still at the window looking out. After a beat,
something outside catches her eye. She smiles.

JULIA
(to herself)
It's about time.
(then, calling downstairs)
Coming!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. and Mrs. Plesky, Sandy and Lauren take their places on the stage area that has been set up in front of the townspeople. Mr. Plesky whispers to his wife:

MR. PLESKY
I don't like being on the opposing
side of my sugar bottom.

He lovingly slaps Mrs. Plesky's behind.

MRS. PLESKY
(blushing)
Honey...

Julia comes down the stairs.

JULIA
(excited)
Is someone at the door?

MRS. PLESKY
(confused)
No.

JULIA
(re: townspeople)
What are they doing here?

MR. PLESKY
(whispers)
We're doing a test run. See how all
the beats play out.

Doug makes one last announcement to the audience:

DOUG
One more thing before we start --

Julia interrupts:

JULIA
I'll get it!

MRS. PLESKY
Get what?

JULIA
Didn't someone just knock on the
door?

MRS. PLESKY
No.

JULIA
Oh.

Doug continues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
 Babs and Morty Fleagle next door
 usually play the Indians in our
 little story, but unfortunately the
 Fleagles' lives are currently
 hanging in the balance due to a
 tragic bass fishing accident. We
 hope they'll make it back in time
 for the big show. Our thoughts and
 prayers are with them.
 (then)
 Curtain!

Doug kneels off to the side as the Pleskys begin the skit.
 Julia eyes the front door impatiently.

LAUREN
 "I think this Pwymouth Wok. Come
 on, evweebody! Out of the ship!"

The DOORBELL RINGS, interrupting the rehearsal. Julia
 immediately heads for the door.

JULIA
 (overly curious)
 Who could that be? I'll get it.

DOUG
 (to the audience)
 Just pausing for a moment.

Julia opens the door. A WESTERN UNION MAN stands on the other
 side.

JULIA
 (loud and overly
 surprised)
 Western Union? For who?

WESTERN UNION MAN
 Telegram for Doug Heemilfarb.

JULIA
 A telegram for Doug? Sounds urgent.

The locals look on, excited.

WESTERN UNION MAN
 Just sign here.

The man hands Julia his clipboard, she signs and takes the
 telegram.

JULIA
 Thank you.

Julia shuts the door and crosses back into the living room.

SANDY
 I didn't realize people still sent
 telegrams.

JULIA
 Well, obviously they do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG
What does it say?

MRS. PLESKY
Yeah, what does it say, sweetie?

Julia reads the telegram:

JULIA
"Dear Doug. I am in the midst of
filming my new summer blockbuster
movie and I need a producer
immediately. You are the man for
the job. Please come to my aid in
Los Angeles ASAP. Signed... Steven
Spielberg."
(then)
Oh my goodness!

The locals gasp.

JULIA (cont'd)
Wow. Doug, that is an amazing
opportunity!

Doug is speechless.

SANDY
You'd think Steven Spielberg would
use a more modern method of
communication.

JULIA
(snapping)
Well, he didn't.

MRS. PLESKY
You know Steven Spielberg?

DOUG
Well, I mean... we run in the same
circles. We know of each other.

JULIA
You gotto go! He needs you!

SANDY
I'll pack our bags.

Sandy heads up the stairs.

JULIA
(acting annoyed)
Damn it! And we were having such a
great time. I hate that you have to
go...
(then, smiling)
...but I totally understand.
There's a 2:10 flight, gets you
into LA at 3:30 local time.

MRS. PLESKY
I'm going to go help Sandy get your
stuff together. This is so exciting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mrs. Plesky crosses toward the stairs. Julia hugs Doug with a huge smile on her face.

JULIA
Goodbye, Doug. Take care.

She pats him on the back. Doug breaks from the hug and looks Julia in the eyes.

DOUG
I just want to say --

JULIA
(quick)
We don't have time, Doug. Go.

Doug nods. He walks slowly toward the stairs. Suddenly... he stops.

DOUG
Wait.

Mrs. Plesky stops.

JULIA
Doug, you better --

DOUG
No.

MRS. PLESKY
What do you mean, no?

JULIA
Yeah, what do you mean, no?

DOUG
No.
(dramatic pause)
I'm not going.

The locals gasp again. Sandy appears at the top of the stairs.

SANDY
Doug, do you want to wear your jacket on the plane or should I pack it?

DOUG
Don't pack another thing, Sand Box.
No one's going anywhere.

JULIA
What are you talking about?

MRS. PLESKY
Yeah. Steven Spielberg needs you, Doug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DOUG
Well, Steven Spielberg is gonna
have to wait. It's Thanksgiving...
and I'm with my family.

A heartfelt "AWW" from the locals. Mrs. Plesky is touched.
Sandy seems a little anxious.

SANDY
Doug, I think maybe we should --

DOUG
Sandy?

SANDY
Okay.

JULIA
Doug, I refuse to let you stay here
and pass up this opportunity. You
are getting on that plane.

DOUG
(in a whisper)
No, I'm not. Nothing could make me
leave.

Julia loses it.

JULIA
Okay, fine! Then just stay here then!
Stay here forever and ruin my life!

She charges out and up the stairs.

JULIA (cont'd) (O.S.)
God damn it!

EXT. PLESKY HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

"NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOW" by Starship plays on the
stereo. Mr. Plesky holds Mrs. Plesky in his arms... they
dance.

MRS. PLESKY
We haven't danced in years. What
has gotten into you?

MR. PLESKY
I don't know. I guess love is in
the air.

WE PAN over to Doug and Sandy at the dining room table. Doug
refers to a large BLUEPRINT of the pageant stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
I don't know why you couldn't just
get a rain tower, Sandy. It was a
simple request.

SANDY
Well, we're in Lodgepole. There's a
limited number of rain towers.

DOUG
So you got a fire hose? The rain is
the most crucial part of the show.
It's symbolic.

SANDY
It'll work, Doug.

DOUG
It better. Because if it doesn't,
the skit falls flat on its face.
I'm trusting you, Sandy.

Julia enters.

JULIA
Wow. Are you guys dancing?

MR. PLESKY
We sure are. Grab Doug. Get on out
here.

JULIA
That's okay. I actually came down
to apologize for my little outburst
earlier.
(to Doug)
You know, the one about you staying
here forever and ruining my life.

DOUG
Yes. I remember.

JULIA
I think that maybe I'm feeling a
little cooped up in this house. And
Doug and I haven't really had any
alone time together. I guess it all
just came out at once.

MRS. PLESKY
That's understandable, sweetie.

JULIA
Well, I'm sorry, Doug.

DOUG
Apology accepted.

JULIA
And I was thinking that maybe you
and I could go out tonight. Do
something fun, just the two of us.

Doug is thrilled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG
Sounds great! I'll go get my coat!

Doug runs off.

MRS. PLESKY
That's a wonderful idea, honey.

MR. PLESKY
You need any money?

JULIA
I'm okay, Dad.

MR. PLESKY
You two stay out of trouble.

JULIA
Don't worry. We will.

CLOSE ON JULIA -- a mischievous grin on her face as she exits.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Julia drives. Doug sits in the passenger seat rapidly scanning the radio stations. Julia is already annoyed but does her best to hide it. Finally, Doug lands on a station playing "LAND DOWN UNDER" by Men at Work. He loudly mimics the flute solo:

DOUG
Flig-a-flig-a-hoo flig-a-hee-hoo-
hee-hoo.

He starts to sing along, but since no one on earth knows the words to this song he's basically singing gibberish.

DOUG (cont'd)
"And she said HEY!...
Lie sum of a handa hunday! (*I come
from a land down under.*) Himin ho
and sen sunda! (*Where women glow
and men plunder.*) Kanna kee kanna
kee ha hunda! (*Can you hear, can
you hear the thunder.*) Hetta hun,
hetta tay tubba!" (*You better run,
you better take cover.*)

Julia loses it for a second and forcefully shuts off the radio. A beat, then --

DOUG (cont'd)
(sheepish)
I don't know all the words.

Julia regains her cool.

JULIA
I didn't notice. Sounded great to me.

DOUG
Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA
I thought we'd go to a motel.
Doug reacts, surprised.

DOUG
Oh.

JULIA
Is that okay?

DOUG
Well... I kind of thought we would
wait until we were married.

JULIA
No, I'm not into that.

DOUG
(beat)
I see.

Doug is actually a little nervous. Julia notices, smiling to herself.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

THUNDER. RAIN pours down as Julia's car pulls up.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Julia holds up the key to their room.

JULIA
Now, I want you to take this key
and wait for me in the room.

DOUG
Where are you going?

JULIA
I'll be back in thirty minutes. I
just have to go get a prostitute
and some cocaine.

DOUG
(in shock)
What?!

JULIA
(nonchalant)
What?

DOUG
A prostitute?! Some cocaine?!

JULIA
Doug, I'm an adventurous woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
Okay, then let's go...
(searching)
...on a hike! Or white water
rafting?!

JULIA
No, Doug. I want to watch the man I
love snort an assload of blow off
the chest of a cheap hooker.

Doug cannot believe his ears.

JULIA (cont'd)
If you're not okay with this, now's
the time to get it out into the open.
Because this is who I am, Doug.

Doug is silent.

JULIA (cont'd)
Huh. Maybe this isn't going to work
after all.

A long pause. Then --

DOUG
(shrugs)
Alright.

JULIA
Alright? Alright what?

DOUG
Let's do it.

Now Julia is shocked, but does her best to hide it.

JULIA
Doug, don't say it if you don't
mean it.

DOUG
I mean it. Let's go.

JULIA
I'm not kidding.

DOUG
Neither am I.

Pause. Julia doesn't know what to do.

JULIA
Are you sure? Because I might even
bring in my strap-on. If that
scares you, say it now.

DOUG
It scares me slightly, but if this
is who you are and this is what you
like to do, then I'm willing to
give it a try. Because I love you
and would do anything for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Julia stares at Doug for a beat. She's not sure if Doug is really this delusional or if he's just fucking with her. Finally, Doug breaks the silence:

DOUG (cont'd)
Will you bring me back a soda or something too?

JULIA
(beat, skeptical)
Okay...

DOUG
Great. Thanks. See in you in a half hour?

JULIA
Right.

DOUG
Okay bye!

Doug gets out of the car. Now alone, Julia starts to lose it.

JULIA
(to herself)
Alright. Alright! This is how you want to play?! Okay. I'll play. I will play! And I will play to win, fucker! I will not be defeated!

CLAP OF THUNDER. Julia has gone a little mad.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Doug, somewhat nervous, sits alone on the bed in this cheap motel room.

Julia enters with a PROSTITUTE (FIONA, late-50's, plump) -- she wears a very skimpy outfit accentuating her not-so-appealing physique. Julia carries a CAMCORDER, some LIQUOR and a "BAG Of COKE."

JULIA
Hi, honey!

DOUG
Hey.

JULIA
This is Fiona.

DOUG
Hello, Fiona.

FIONA
It's nice to meet you.

JULIA
And I got a bag of powder. That'll be enough, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
(beat, nodding)
Probably.

Julia tosses a pair of HANDCUFFS to Doug.

JULIA
So go ahead and handcuff yourself
to the bed. I'm gonna grease up.

DOUG
What's the video camera for?

JULIA
So we can share this memory
forever. And so I have proof that
it actually happened.

DOUG
Julia, I've had a little time to
think about this...

JULIA
I knew it!

Julia turns, throws her hands up on the wall, playing up the
drama.

JULIA (cont'd)
You are afraid to love me!

DOUG
Julia --

JULIA
I hate to say this... but I don't
think we can be together, Doug.

DOUG
This isn't you, sweetie.

JULIA
It is me! Maybe you don't know me
as well as you think you do. I like
to do drugs, okay? I like to do
drugs with cheap hookers...
(aside)
No offense, Fiona.

FIONA
None taken.

JULIA
...and I like to have sex with them
and videotape it. That's me. That's
Julia.

Suddenly... MR. AND MRS. PLESKY AND SANDY ENTER from the
adjoining room. Julia gasps, drops the liquor -- it shatters.

DOUG
(gently)
Julia, this is an intervention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. PLESKY
It's okay, sweetie.

JULIA
(to Doug)
You called my parents?!

MR. PLESKY
He called because he cares, darling.

JULIA
Mom, Dad, this isn't what it looks like.

DOUG
What about Sandy?

JULIA
What?!

DOUG
You said, "Mom, Dad, this isn't what it looks like." I'm just wondering if it is what it looks like to Sandy since you didn't address him too.

Julia is steaming. She takes a breath, trying to keep her cool.

JULIA
(slowly)
Mom, Dad, Sandy... this isn't what it looks like.

DOUG
Unless it looks like you're about to do coke with a prostitute.

JULIA
Shut up!

MRS. PLESKY
Don't blame Doug for this. You take some responsibility, young lady.

JULIA
Look, I don't do drugs, okay?

MR. PLESKY
But you like whores?

MRS. PLESKY
(to Mr. Plesky)
Honey!

MR. PLESKY
What? I'm just trying to understand.

JULIA
I don't like either.
(then)
No offense, Fiona.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FIONA

None taken.

JULIA

There's a very simple explanation for all this. I thought that if I told Doug I was into this kind of thing, he would get scared off and leave.

(beat)

But it didn't scare him. It didn't scare him at all. He was up for it. So I thought I'd videotape him doing cocaine with the hooker and having sex with her, and then show it to you so you could see that he's really so gross and awful and that he lies and is a phony who has somehow weaseled his way into our family and isn't this perfect fucking person you think he is because he's really a whore-banging cokehead loser who won't leave us the fuck alone!

Silence. Doug, Sandy and the Pleskys stare at Julia.

JULIA (cont'd)

What?

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG REHAB CENTER - DAY

Mr. and Mrs. Plesky, Sandy and Doug talk to DR. CORKINS. Behind them, Julia can be seen (not heard) screaming in her holding cell -- she is behind a SOUNDPROOF WALL OF GLASS.

CORKINS

We're going to have to hold her for a thirty-six hour evaluation.

MRS. PLESKY

Oh, I can't believe it. She's going to miss the pageant.

CORKINS

I'm afraid so.

MRS. PLESKY

She's going to be devastated.

CORKINS

I heard someone from Hollywood is producing the Pilgrim skit this year?

DOUG

That's actually me. Doug Himelfarb. I'm Julia's boyfriend.

Doug and Corkins shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORKINS
Oh, wow. It's a pleasure to meet
you. Word around town is that skit
is pretty spectacular.

DOUG
It's testing well, yeah. The
tracking is pretty solid.
(catches himself)
Ignore me. That's industry talk.

CORKINS
Yeah, I know. Test screenings and
tracking numbers are used as marketing
tools for feature films, right?

Corkins is correct, but Doug gestures with his hands: "sort
of, it's a little more complicated than that."

DOUG
Yes and no.

SANDY
No? I thought that's what they're
used for.

DOUG
(annoyed)
Sometimes, sometimes not.

SANDY
When are they not used for that?

Doug changes the subject.

DOUG
Dr. Corkins, this is my brother and
assistant, Sandy Himelfarb.

They shake hands.

CORKINS
Nice to meet you.

DOUG
He's in the process of "learning
the biz."

MRS. PLESKY
Dr. Corkins, is Julia going to be
okay?

CORKINS
She's going to be fine. The main
objective is for her to admit that
she has a problem.

A NURSE calls out --

NURSE
Dr. Corkins, you have a phone call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CORKINS
I better take that.
(to Doug)
Nice to meet you.

DOUG
Likewise and thank you for your
help, Doctor.

CORKINS
Not a problem. You should probably
say goodbye to her.

Corkins crosses off. Doug puts his face up against the glass.
He speaks to Julia very slowly.

DOUG
Julia, everything is going to be
okay. Dr. Corkins is going to take...

NOW WE'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS...

WE CANNOT HEAR DOUG -- the rest of his sentence we can only
lip-read.

DOUG (cont'd)
...good care of you.

Julia puts her face right up to Doug's. WE NOW HEAR JULIA --

JULIA
Fuck you, you piece of shit. I am
going to break out of here and cut
your...

BACK TO DOUG'S SIDE OF THE GLASS

We lip-read the rest of Julia's sentence --

JULIA (cont'd)
...fucking head off.

WE HEAR DOUG:

DOUG
What? I can't make out what you're
saying, sweetie.

JULIA
I fucking hate you. You...

JULIA'S SIDE -- WE HEAR JULIA:

JULIA (cont'd)
...are going to die.

DOUG
What's that?

JULIA
You are repulsive. Your face makes
me want to vomit all over myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG'S SIDE -- WE HEAR DOUG:

DOUG
I'm sorry, babe. I'm not good at
reading lips. I know it's frustrating.

Julia mouths very clearly --

JULIA
FUCK... YOU.

DOUG
(really trying to
understand)
One more time?

She mouths even clearer, gesturing as well --

JULIA
I...
(points to herself)
WANT... TO... STRANGLE...
(gestures choking herself)
YOU.
(points to Doug)

Doug just can't make it out.

DOUG
(shakes his head)
I can't understand you, pooky.
But, we're gonna get you out of
here real soon.

JULIA'S SIDE -- it's like she's playing charades.

JULIA
I'm going to get my dad's shotgun...
(mimes the shotgun)
...shove the barrel far up into
your ass...
(points to Doug, then to
her ass)

DOUG'S SIDE -- WE CAN'T HEAR THE REST:

JULIA (cont'd)
...AND PULL THE FUCKING TRIGGER!
(mimes pulling the trigger
and shooting Doug)

Doug still cannot understand her.

DOUG
Okay, we'll do that, Jules. I love
you. Get some rest.

MRS. PLESKY
We love you, sweetie. We're going
to get you through this.

As Doug, Sandy and the Pleskys exit --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MR. PLESKY
(to Doug)
She's lucky she has you.

MRS. PLESKY
She is. She really is.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A banner above the street reads: "42ND ANNUAL LODGEPOLE THANKSGIVING DAY PAGEANT." Townspeople surround the block watching the colorful, cheeply-made FLOATS (a Mayflower float, a Plymouth Rock float, a turkey float, etc.) move slowly up Main Street. GAME BOOTHS line both sides of the road -- parents win stuffed animals for their screaming, crying children. It's a joyous occasion.

At the end of the street is a STAGE AREA where the Pilgrim skit will soon be performed. Doug, wearing a HEADSET, is setting up -- he radios to IVAR, the electrician.

DOUG
(into mouthpiece)
Ivar, I need more lights, brother.

Ivar can be heard through Doug's headset. He speaks with a Spanish accent.

IVAR (O.S.)
No mas.

DOUG
I don't know what that means, Ivar.
But I can't sell a thunderstorm
with just rain. I need lightning.
Do you copy?

IVAR (O.S.)
(with accent)
Copy?

DOUG
Do you understand what I'm telling
you?

IVAR (O.S.)
No comprendo, señor.

DOUG
Excellent. Next time just say copy.
(then, calling out)
Effects!

JIM, Doug's special effects guy, runs over.

JIM
Hey, Doug.

DOUG
What's that wind machine set to in
terms of M.P.H.?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM
It's at thirty.

DOUG
Double it.

JIM
The max is thirty.

DOUG
(like it's obvious)
Then get two of them.

JIM
Okay. But that will just add more
wind. It won't increase the speed.

DOUG
Jim, is there someone else on the
effects team who I can talk to, and
then that person can talk to you,
and that's how we can communicate
from now on?

JIM
I'm the only effects person.

Beat.

JIM (cont'd)
I'm also doing wardrobe and sound.
(pause)
By myself.

Another beat.

DOUG
Just get the other fan.

INT. DRUG REHAB CENTER - DAY

We are outside Julia's cell -- Julia stands at the glass
trying to get the attention of an ORDERLY nearby. We cannot
hear her. She jumps up and down, waves her arms, frantic.

INSIDE JULIA'S CELL -- WE NOW HEAR HER:

JULIA
I need to go to the bathroom! Hello?!

OUTSIDE THE CELL

The orderly finally notices her. He approaches and unlocks
the door.

JULIA (cont'd)
I've been jumping up and down for
twenty minutes.

ORDERLY
There's an intercom button next to
your bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julia turns and sees the INTERCOM BUTTON. She turns back.

JULIA
So there is.

ORDERLY
Yeah, you can just press that
whenever you need to get our
attention.

JULIA
(sarcastic)
Oh, really?
(then)
I need to use the bathroom.

ORDERLY
I'll take you.

The orderly leads Julia to the bathroom across the hall.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julia enters. As she shuts the door --

JULIA
Thanks. I'll just be a minute.

Julia locks the door. She drops her pants, and just as she's about to sit on the toilet, she notices a small WINDOW above the sink... JACKPOT. Julia quickly pulls her pants up. She turns the water on high as she climbs up onto the sink.

Suddenly, a KNOCK on the door.

ORDERLY
You okay?

JULIA
Uh... actually, no. Feeling a
little constipated. Might be a
while.

Julia pops open the window and proceeds to climb out.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

MUSIC as Julia runs... really fast.

INT. PLESKY HOUSE - DAY

Julia enters, out of breath. FAST PUSH IN as she slowly looks up. A twisted smile creeps across her face. Like in a horror film, she calls out --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA
Oh, Dougie...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - BACKSTAGE AREA - DAY

The Pleskys, Sandy and Doug, along with Ivar and Jim, stand backstage in a circle. They have their eyes closed and are holding hands.

DOUG
We want to thank God, our lord, for giving us the strength to perform here today... for blessing us with this wonderful crew. And may we go out there and be graced with the strength and energy necessary to give the people of this town the greatest Pilgrim skit they've ever seen. And one more thing... Babs and Morty Fleagle? If you can hear me... this one's for you. May you both rest in peace.
(then)
Let's go out there and leave it all out on the stage, gang. Give it a hundred and fifty percent. But remember the most important thing... just have a good time.

They all clap, inspired.

MRS. PLESKY
So many people out there. I can't believe how nervous I am.

LAUREN
Don't be nervous, Mommy. Just say out loud: "I am a Pilgrim." Over and over. Then you believe it, and evweebody else believe it too. Trust me. It works.

MRS. PLESKY
Hmmm. I am a Pilgrim. I am a Pilgrim.

As she continues saying it, we MOVE over to Mr. Plesky -- he puts his hand on Sandy's shoulder.

MR. PLESKY
Let's knock 'em dead out there, kid.

SANDY
It's been a pleasure working with you.

Sandy pulls Mr. Plesky in for a hug.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julia bursts in on a tear -- she wildly swings the closet door open and grabs Doug's suitcase.

JULIA
Time for you to go.

She practically rips the drawers out of the dresser and begins to violently throw his things into the suitcase.

JULIA (cont'd)
(mocking Doug)
"My mouth is dry, can I have my juice box. No the grape one!"
(then)
"Get him his juice box, Julia. Apologize to him, Julia. Hey, I have an idea -- let's give Doug your room and you can sleep in the musty fucking basement because Doug is SO FUCKING GREAT!"

Julia zips up the suitcase and crosses to the window. She opens the window, takes a step back and hurls the suitcase out onto the front lawn. She grabs Doug's briefcase off the dresser and sends it flying -- but it misses the window and hits the wall. The briefcase pops open and all its contents spill out.

As Julia stuffs everything back into the briefcase, something catches her eye... THE RESTRAINING ORDER FROM UNIVERSAL PICTURES. Julia smiles -- her interest is piqued.

EXT. MAIN STREET - STAGE - DAY

The Pilgrim skit is underway. Mrs. Plesky and Lauren are on stage. Doug stands in the wings backstage. Next to him are Sandy and Mr. Plesky waiting for their cues. TWO GIANT FANS blow an excessive amount of wind across the stage. Mrs. Plesky yells over the fans --

MRS. PLESKY
"Wow. It sure is windy here at Plymouth Rock!"

Doug speaks into his headset --

DOUG
Ivar. Thunder.

ON IVAR -- he flips a switch from the control booth. WE HEAR LOUD, CRACKLING THUNDER.

BACK TO STAGE

LAUREN
"It rooks rike it might rain!"

Doug whispers to Sandy:

DOUG
This better work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sandy seems a little nervous. He crosses his fingers.

MRS. PLESKY
"I sure hope not! It would scare
away all the fowl!"

DOUG
(into headset)
Jim... make it rain.

ON JIM -- he flips a switch.

ON THE STAGE -- nothing happens.

BACKSTAGE -- Doug and Sandy look up, anxious. Finally --

ON THE STAGE -- a TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR from the fire hose.

ON THE AUDIENCE -- impressed reactions all around.

BACKSTAGE -- Doug gives Sandy a thumbs-up. Sandy smiles, proud.

TIME CUT TO:

LATER IN THE SKIT

Mr. Plesky and Sandy are on stage with Mrs. Plesky and Lauren. The rain has stopped, the wind has died down. They all hold SHOTGUNS in shooting position.

MR. PLESKY
"To the right!"

Mrs. Plesky wields around and FIRES.

ON DOUG -- he speaks into his headset.

DOUG
Jim. Fire.

ON THE STAGE -- a prop tree goes up in FLAMES. "OOHS" and "AAHS" from the crowd. Sandy howls like an Indian and shoots upward. Suddenly, a RUBBER TURKEY falls from above.

ON THE AUDIENCE -- they cheer.

TIME CUT TO:

LATER IN THE SKIT

The Pleskys and Sandy are on stage. They sit around a table enjoying the Thanksgiving feast.

LAUREN
"This wild fowl is dericious!"

MR. PLESKY
"It sure is, little Pilgrim. It
sure is."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE AUDIENCE -- they applaud wildly. WE HEAR one person in particular cheering louder than everyone else. WE REVEAL Julia, somewhat crazed, walking up the middle aisle. As she makes her way up onto the stage --

JULIA
Well done. Well done! Doug
Himelfarb, everyone. The man who
made this happen.

MRS. PLESKY
(whispers)
Julia, what are you doing here?

JULIA
(ignoring her)
Come on out and take a bow, Doug.

Doug walks out from the wings onto the stage. The crowd cheers. Doug takes a bow.

JULIA (cont'd)
Yes. Wonderful job. Splendid! Take
another bow, Douglas!

Doug takes another bow.

MRS. PLESKY
(whispers)
Julia, you're supposed to be in
your cell.

JULIA
Let's hear it for him, people! How
about those effects?!

The crowd cheers some more. Eventually, the applause lessens and Doug starts to walk off.

JULIA (cont'd)
No, take another one, Doug. You
deserve it. Another round of
applause for Mr. Doug Himelfarb!

The crowd, a little confused now, cheers some more. Doug smiles, takes another bow.

JULIA (cont'd)
Congratulations, Doug. Man, that
skit was impressive! Fuckin-A, huh?!

The applause starts to die out.

JULIA (cont'd)
What a fuckin' genius this guy is.
Am I right, folks?

MRS. PLESKY
Julia...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIA

It's funny... as I was escaping from my cell at the little drug rehab facility we have in town, I was getting worried that I wasn't going to make it in time for the "big Hollywood production" that only a "big Hollywood producer" with a "big deal at Universal Studios" could get off the ground. Right, Doug?

DOUG

Oh, stop. Sweetie, you're embarrassing me.

JULIA

Well, it's true, isn't it?

DOUG

(shrugs)
I guess.

JULIA

Yeah.
(then, reaching into her pocket)
Wait a second, what is this in my pocket? Hmmm. It's a restraining order from Universal Pictures against one Doug Himelfarb.

Grumbling from the crowd.

JULIA (cont'd)

Now why in the world would a company file a restraining order against a producer they have a lucrative deal with?

Doug doesn't know what to say.

DOUG

(beat)
Well, it's...

JULIA

Maybe because you were lying about having the deal in the first place?

DOUG

(thinking)
Mmmmmmm...

JULIA

(to the crowd)
Everyone... the man you see before you is a fake.

Gasps from the crowd. Surprised reactions from the Plesky family. Sandy doesn't know what to make of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIA (cont'd)
 I spoke with Mark Rosann at
 Universal, and Doug Himelfarb is
 not the big Hollywood producer he
 says he is. He lied to me, and he
 lied to all of you.

Sandy steps forward.

SANDY
 Is it true? There's no deal?

Doug eyes the crowd, nervous.

DOUG
 It's not that black and white,
 Sandy. Is there a deal, is there
 not a deal... it's a little more
 complicated.

SANDY
 No, it's not. Do we have a deal
 with Universal -- yes or no?

Doug feels the crowd's anticipation.

DOUG
 It's all a negotiation, Sand Bag.

SANDY
 Don't Sand Bag me! You lied, Doug!
 Didn't you?

Doug doesn't respond. Sandy turns and runs off toward
 backstage. Doug is left on stage with everyone staring at
 him. He calls out toward the wings --

DOUG
 Ivar?

Ivar runs out on stage and hands Doug a MICROPHONE. Doug taps
 it, checking to see if it works. Doug takes his time... this
 is his moment to make the big dramatic speech.

DOUG (cont'd)
 Ladies and gentlemen of Lodgepole,
 allow me to introduce myself. My
 name is Doug Himelfarb, and it
 seems I have some explaining to do.
 You see, when I was a young boy
 growing up in a town not unlike
 this one, I dreamed of one day
 moving out to Hollywood and making
 movies. But I soon realized that
 Hollywood didn't care about the
 dreams of young boys. What do they
 care about? They care about
 demographics and product placement.
 They care about foreign
 distribution and opening numbers.
 (then)
 What they don't care about is
 family, or Thanksgiving. They don't
 care about pageants and Pilgrim
 skits.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DOUG (cont'd)
They don't care about towns like
this or people like you. But I do.
And it took all this for me to
realize that.

Sandy comes out from backstage.

SANDY
Oh, come on! No one's buying this
crap!

DOUG
Sandy --

SANDY
No! Stop skating around the issue!
Just admit -- you lied. You lied to
me, you lied to Julia, you lied to
all of these people. But most
importantly... you lied to yourself.

Doug thinks for a second. Then --

DOUG
Okay, fine! I'm sorry! Is that what
you want to hear?

The Pleskys step forward.

MR. PLESKY
So, Sandy's right? You were lying
the whole time?

MRS. PLESKY
You lied to us Doug?

LAUREN
(to Mrs. Plesky)
He lied?

DOUG
(searching)
I may have assumed that the deal
was happening before the ink was
dry. So if I'm being charged with
having a little bit of hope and a
little bit of optimism in a world
filled with negativity and
deception...
(playing to the crowd)
...in a time of poverty and
cynicism, then lock me up...
because I am guilty on all counts.

SANDY
(rolls his eyes)
You're not being charged with
anything, Doug.

DOUG
It was a metaphor, Sandy.

Sandy just shakes his head. Doug turns to Julia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DOUG (cont'd)
I'm sorry, Julia. I guess I was just trying to impress you. Stupid, the things we do when we're trying to win someone's heart. But if you let me, my sweet, I will spend every waking moment of every day of the rest of your life making it up to you.

JULIA
Doug... it's not just about Universal. This whole thing is a lie.

DOUG
What else did I lie about?

Sandy steps up.

SANDY
What about Maureen? How you were the one to break up with her?

DOUG
Now wait one second -- I *did* break up with Maureen.

SANDY
Sure you did.

MR. PLESKY
What about St. Louis? Was someone really cloned?

DOUG
According to the information I was given, yes!

SANDY
What about that Spielberg telegram? Anything you want to come clean about there?

Julia looks away.

DOUG
No. And I'm not sure I care for the accusation.

SANDY
I just have a sneaking suspicion about it, that's all. I'm not saying he didn't send it, but something seems fishy.

DOUG
I think you are saying he didn't send it.

SANDY
Well, why would Steven Spielberg send a telegram?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DOUG

I don't know. Maybe the phones were down.

SANDY

What about e-mail?

DOUG

Well, the internet is tied into the phone lines, Sandy.

SANDY

Jesus! You just have an answer, albeit a pretty persuasive answer, for everything!

DOUG

It's the truth, Sandy. What do you think, I sent it to myself?

SANDY

Yes. I think you sent it to yourself to impress Julia and her family.

DOUG

Well, I didn't.

SANDY

You did! Admit it!

DOUG

I will not admit it!

SANDY

I am not leaving this stage until you admit it!

DOUG

Then don't leave the stage! I don't care!

SANDY

I will slap your face if you don't admit it right now!

Shocked reactions all around. Julia steps forward.

JULIA

Sandy, wait. Maybe he's telling the truth on this one.

SANDY

I'm sorry, Julia, but there's no way my brother turned down an offer from Steven Spielberg.

DOUG

I did turn it down.

JULIA

I assumed you turned it down because you knew it was fake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SANDY
Of course he knew! Steven Spielberg
did not send that telegram!

DOUG
Well, I didn't send it. So if it
was fake, who did?

Just then, a realization comes over Doug. He turns to Julia --
he knows it was her. Julia looks away, guilty. CLOSE ON DOUG
as he allows this truth to register. Sandy continues in the
background --

SANDY
Well, I don't buy it! Not for one
second! Because if Steven Spielberg
did send it, why on God's green
earth would you turn down an offer
like that?!

Doug doesn't take his eyes off Julia --

DOUG
I turned it down because I love
her, Sandy. I love you, Julia.

Now for the first time, Julia feels bad.

JULIA
You hardly know me, Doug. What
could you possibly love about me?

DOUG
I love everything about you. I love
the crinkle you get on your forehead
when you're fuming angry. Those cute
little bags under your eyes when you
wake up in the morning and don't
have any makeup on. I love the high-
pitch shriek your voice makes when
you yell. It's adorable.

(then)
I love your laugh. Your smile.
I love the way you cut up your food
into tiny bite-size pieces before
you eat. I love how the heat can be
blasting, the fireplace burning,
yet you're still cold.

(then)
I love your freckles. I love your
hands. I love your forearms...

JULIA
(cutting him off)
Okay. But, Doug, you had to know,
deep down, that I was maybe...
slightly... opposed to you being
here? That I didn't...

DOUG
(cutting her off)
Feel the same?

Julia nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

DOUG (cont'd)
Maybe I did. Maybe I was just acting
the part, hoping everyone would buy
it. And then at some point, what was
once just a dream...

Sandy realizes where Doug is going -- he says it to himself
as Doug says it aloud:

DOUG (cont'd)
...would become a reality.

A moment of clarity for all, especially Julia. A long beat as
everyone lets this sink in. Then --

DOUG (cont'd)
Or maybe you do love me and you're
just scared to admit it?

JULIA
(gently)
No, Doug.

DOUG
Alright.

A long pause.

DOUG (cont'd)
(contemplative)
So where does this leave us.

Julia just looks at him. She knows that he knows the answer.

DOUG (cont'd)
Okay. I guess that's my cue.

Doug hangs his head and slowly walks off the stage. As he
reaches the front near the first row of the audience, Doug
looks around.

DOUG (cont'd)
Goodbye, Lodgepole.

Pretty much everyone in the crowd shouts out a goodbye. Jim,
Ivar, members of the test audience from earlier, Trevor and
his fiance, Dr. Corkins, even Fiona, the prostitute... all
say goodbye.

Doug turns and looks up toward the stage.

DOUG (cont'd)
Goodbye, Mr. Plesky. Mrs. Plesky.
Lauren.

THE PLESKYS
Bye, Doug.

Finally, Doug looks up at Julia.

DOUG
Goodbye, Julia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

Julia looks at Doug for a beat, then --

JULIA
Bye, Doug.

Doug turns back and continues walking, the crowd parts as he passes through. The Pleskys watch as Doug makes his way past the mass of the crowd and disappears into the distance. He is gone.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY/NIGHT

MUSIC as Doug walks the streets of Lodgepole, alone. He stops at a trash can on the corner, unclips the two cell phones from his belt and tosses them.

DAY SLOWLY TURNS TO NIGHT... Doug continues on... he's beginning to feel the cold. He spots a loving couple holding hands -- he vomits all over the sidewalk. No, he doesn't. But he's pretty upset.

Doug stops in front of the Plesky house. The lights are on inside as the family can be seen preparing for dinner. Doug just stands there, watching, wishing he was a part of it. After a moment, he walks away.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PLESKY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Pleskys and Sandy eat Thanksgiving dinner. The chair next to Julia is empty. Everyone is quiet. All we hear is chewing and the clinking of silverware. They all intermittently look at Julia with blaming eyes. Finally, Julia puts down her fork and looks up, annoyed.

JULIA
What?

MR. PLESKY
Nothing.

JULIA
Mom?

Mrs. Plesky goes back to her food.

JULIA (cont'd)
Okay, so I'm the bad guy.

Silence.

JULIA (cont'd)
Look, he lied. To all of us.

Still no one responds.

JULIA (cont'd)
Right, Sandy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Even Sandy remains quiet.

JULIA (cont'd)
Are we gonna let this ruin
Thanksgiving?

MR. PLESKY
(unenthusiastic)
You're right, Julia. It's a joyous
occasion. We should be happy that
we're all here celebrating it
together.

LAUREN
Well, we're not all here.

Julia sighs. Silence for a beat, then --

MR. PLESKY
I wonder where he is right now.

Another beat.

MRS. PLESKY
I hope he's okay.

Julia abruptly gets up from the table. She exits. More
silence, then Sandy tries to change the subject.

SANDY
The sweet potato is delicious.

MRS. PLESKY
Oh. Thank you, Sandy.

SANDY
(beat, somber)
That was Doug's favorite food.

Julia enters wearing her coat and scarf.

MRS. PLESKY
(re: coat and scarf)
Are you cold, sweetie?

JULIA
You guys are right. This is my
fault. I drove him away.

She heads toward the front door.

MR. PLESKY
Where are you going?

Julia stops and grabs the car keys.

JULIA
I'm going to find him.

She exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sandy and the Pleskys sit there for a beat -- they look to each other. Then, they quickly get up from the table, grab their coats and follow Julia out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

The Plesky station wagon drives slowly down the street. Julia drives. Mr. Plesky sits in the passenger seat with Sandy, Mrs. Plesky and Lauren in the back. The windows are down as they call out --

MR. PLESKY
Doug?

MRS. PLESKY
It's us, Doug!

MR. PLESKY
Where are you, buddy?

INT. PLESKY STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

JULIA
Where could he be?

MR. PLESKY
He couldn't have gotten far.

MRS. PLESKY
Maybe we should try the lake.

SANDY
(thinking)
Doug doesn't like water.

JULIA
What about the abandoned factory?
Maybe he went there to escape the cold.

MRS. PLESKY
Poor thing.

Suddenly, Sandy has an idea.

SANDY
Wait.

They all look to Sandy.

SANDY (cont'd)
Head toward the highway. I think I know where he might be.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

The station wagon makes an abrupt U-turn and speeds off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Doug walks along the shoulder, hitchhiking -- not a car in sight. He looks like a broken man.

EXT. PLESKY STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls out onto the highway. Sandy has his head out the window, searching.

SANDY
(to himself)
Where are you, Doug?

From inside the car --

JULIA
I hope we're not too late.

Sandy scours the area. He finally spots Doug up ahead.

SANDY
There he is!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Doug continues walking as the station wagon pulls up. The car creeps alongside Doug.

MR. PLESKY/MRS. PLESKY
Doug!

DOUG
(spiritless)
Oh, hey, guys. What's up?

JULIA
What are you doing out here, Doug?
It's freezing!

DOUG
(shivering)
Is it? I didn't notice.

MR. PLESKY
Where are you headed?

DOUG
Don't know, Mr. P. Wherever the road leads me I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PLESKY
Well, I can tell you -- this road
leads to Lincoln.

DOUG
(beat)
Okay. Lincoln it is.

JULIA
That's over three-hundred miles,
Doug. Come on. Get in the car.

MRS. PLESKY
Yeah, Doug. We can't have
Thanksgiving without you.

DOUG
(dejected)
Thanks, but I already ate. A passing
couple was nice enough to throw half
an apple at me. I'm pretty sure
their intentions were good. Hard to
say for sure, though, given its
velocity. And the way it kind of
nailed me in the back of the head.
But I was appreciative nonetheless.

MRS. PLESKY
Sandy, maybe you should go talk to him.

Julia stops the car.

JULIA
I'll go.

As Julia is about to exit, Mrs. Plesky stops her.

MRS. PLESKY
Be nice, sweetie.

JULIA
I will, Mom.

Julia gets out of the car. She catches up to Doug.

JULIA (cont'd)
Doug. Wait.

DOUG
I can't talk right now, Julia. I'm
in the middle of hitchhiking.

JULIA
(looking around)
There's not a car on the road.

DOUG
Gotta be patient. Hitchhiker's rule
number one.

JULIA
Maybe they should change it to:
hitchhike around cars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Doug ignores her and continues walking.

JULIA (cont'd)
Doug, I'm kidding. Will you just
talk to me?

DOUG
Why, Julia? You broke up with me,
remember?

JULIA
I didn't break up with you, Doug.
We were never together.

DOUG
Well, to each his own.

JULIA
That phrase doesn't really apply here.

DOUG
Well, I'm sorry, Julia, that I'm
not Mr. Perfect who knows
everything about phrases.

Julia stops walking. As Doug continues ahead --

JULIA
(calling out)
I'm sorry that I don't want to be
with you, Doug.
(beat)
But I like you. You're a good
person. With good intentions. I
know that now.

Doug stops walking, but he doesn't turn around.

DOUG
But I lied to you, Julia. I'm not a
big shot producer. I'm not anything.

JULIA
Doug... you are definitely something.
Something very... unique. And you
know what? Universal deal or not,
that was the best pilgrim skit we've
ever done.

Doug doesn't respond.

JULIA (cont'd)
I want to be friends, Doug.

DOUG
You do?

JULIA
I do.

Beat.

DOUG
Friends with benefits?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIA
No.

DOUG
Do you know what that means?

JULIA
Yes.

DOUG
Okay.

Julia walks around to face him.

JULIA
Look, Doug. Let's just start over.
Right now. What do you say?

Doug thinks for a beat.

DOUG
Friends like "talk on the phone"
friends?

JULIA
(hesitant)
Yeah. I guess we can talk on the phone.

Beat.

DOUG
Everyday?

JULIA
I'm not sure we need to set that in
stone right now.

Beat.

DOUG
But probably?

JULIA
Possibly.

Beat.

DOUG
Like if you were to say a percentage...
what, like ninety percent?

JULIA
Doug, let's just take things one
day at a time.

DOUG
I'm not sure *that* phrase applies.

JULIA
No, it does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DOUG
I don't think so but anyway let's
get in the car. It's cold out here.

Doug walks toward the station wagon leaving Julia standing there, perplexed. After a beat, she follows. Doug approaches the station wagon. Mrs. Plesky gets out and gives Doug a hug.

MRS. PLESKY
You had us so worried. Are you
alright?

MR. PLESKY
He's fine.
(to Doug)
Aren't you, buddy?

Julia walks up next to Doug. Doug looks at her.

DOUG
I'm good, Mr. P. I'm good.

As Julia and Mrs. Plesky get in the car, Sandy gets out. He and Doug just look at each other for a beat. It's awkward.

DOUG (cont'd)
Sandy.

SANDY
Doug.

Long pause.

SANDY (cont'd)
You look good.

DOUG
Oh. Thanks. You do too.

SANDY
(blushing)
Oh. Thanks.

After another beat, Sandy grabs Doug and hugs him. He says in Doug's ear --

SANDY (cont'd)
Good to have you back, brother.
Thought I lost you.

They break.

SANDY (cont'd)
And I'm sorry that I doubted you
about that Spielberg telegram. I
guess he did send it.

Doug smiles and nods but doesn't say anything.

SANDY (cont'd)
When we get back, we should see if
that offer is still on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DOUG
(getting in the car)
Yeah, I'll make some calls.

Sandy gets in and shuts the door behind him.

INSIDE THE CAR

MRS. PLESKY
(to Doug and Julia)
I'm so happy you two were able to
work things out.

DOUG
Me too. We've decided to just be
friends.

MR. PLESKY
Good. Glad to hear it.

DOUG
And who knows? Maybe the possibility
of something more down the road.
Right, Julia?

Before Julia can respond --

MRS. PLESKY
That's wonderful. Nothing wrong
with taking things slow.

JULIA
I don't --

MRS. PLESKY
(cutting her off)
Now who's hungry?

LAUREN
I am!

DOUG
I am too, actually. I was lying
before when I said I wasn't. That
apple didn't do much.

Mr. Plesky starts the engine.

MR. PLESKY
Let's go home.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The station wagon makes a U-turn, and as it heads off in the
opposite direction, WE HEAR:

DOUG (V.O.)
I'm really excited about this
friends thing. It's gonna be super.
We'll finally be able to just hang
out and not have all that sexual
tension.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (V.O.) (cont'd)
We'll be talking on the phone
everyday, that we already agreed
on. We can e-mail, we can instant
message one another. Ooh, we should
get a couple of those two-way
pagers! That way, if I'm not at
home and you need to ask me
something, like "What are you doing
this weekend?" or "Hey, Doug, I
need your help with something. Can
you come over right away?" -- I can
respond immediately.

(then)
Or, we could get those Nextel
walkie-talkie phones. Whichever.

(then)
We can go out with other friends in
a group situation... go to a coffee
shop or something. It can be like
that TV show about friends where
they all hang out at one apartment.
Ooh, maybe we should live in the
same building! Do you know if
anything's available in yours? Ah,
we'll figure it all out when we get
back...

As Doug continues his voice FADES, and as the station wagon
drives off into the distance, we --

FADE OUT.

THE END