

CRAZY, STUPID, LOVE.
(aka UNT. DAN FOGELMAN)

by

Dan Fogelman

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FADE IN:

1 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT (PASADENA, CA) - EVENING 1 *

Soft music. A classy joint. Below the tables, WE PAN well-heeled feet nuzzling. Finally we SETTLE ON: *

A PAIR OF FEET

WHITE SNEAKERS sitting opposite FANCY HIGH HEELS. These feet aren't nuzzling. There's distance here.

PULL UP, REVEALING CAL WEAVER (42) and his wife, TRACY (41). A handsome couple. He'd be JFK to her Jackie O... *
if he gave a shit. Unfortunately, he doesn't (i.e.: *
white sneakers in fancy French restaurant).

Cal pulls out READING GLASSES, looks at the menu.

CAL

Well, I'm full. You were right,
hon. I shouldn't have eaten all
that bread.

(then)

Want to just share a dessert?

Tracy is lost in thought, gazing at a menu.

CAL

You okay, babe? You seem out of
it.

TRACY

Yeah, I'm just thinking about what
I want.

CAL

Me too. Okay, let's say it at the
same time. One. Two. Three...

TRACY

I want a divorce.

CAL

Creme Brulee.

CUT TO:

2 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE (PASADENA) - SAME EVENING 2 *

JESSICA (17) chases after MOLLY (9). Jessica's skinny,
wears glasses, a hipster T-shirt. In five years, she's
going to make all the boys' heads spin. But not yet.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

JESSICA

I'm gonna getcha! I'm gonna
getcha!

*

She grabs Molly and tickles her. Molly SQUEALS with
delight. As she kicks... SMASH! A picture falls off the
nearby console. Jessica picks it up:

*

*

ON SMASHED PHOTO

Cal and Tracy. This is their house.

BACK TO SCENE

*

JESSICA

It's okay, my fault.

(then)

Alright, kiddo, it's getting late,
let's get you to bed before your
parents get home. Don't give me
the puppy eyes, you little maniac.
Go brush your teeth!

Molly GIGGLES, RUNS upstairs. Once Molly's gone, Jessica
looks at the photo. She eyes Cal affectionately.

*

CUT TO:

3 INT. BAR

3

Meanwhile, TWO YOUNG PROFESSIONAL WOMEN drink and laugh
at a table. HANNAH (24) is clearly buzzed.

*

HANNAH

I don't care. I love him and
given the opportunity, I'd have
his babies.

Her best friend, LIZ (29), LAUGHS.

LIZ

Seriously? Conan O'Brien? You'd
do Conan O'Brien?

*

*

HANNAH

I'm just saying, Richard's a lot
of things: successful, smart...

*

LIZ

Boring, workaholic, sexually
repressed...

*

*

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

HANNAH

But he's not very funny, that's all.

*

LIZ

Yeah, well, you want funny, go watch 'Cosby' reruns. You want a good lay, go get yourself some of... that.

She motions off to the side.

HANNAH

What?

LIZ

The hot piece that's been checking you out for the last hour.

THE CROWD PARTS, revealing: JACOB PALMER (32). The smoothest, coolest son-of-a-bitch you've ever seen. He tilts his glass at them, toasting.

*

4 INT. LEXUS SUV

4

Meanwhile, Cal sits in the passenger seat, dazed. A "to-go" box from the French restaurant in his lap. Tracy drives.

TRACY

Aren't you going to say anything?

Nothing.

TRACY

Almost twenty-five years of marriage, you have nothing to say?

She looks at him. He turns to her, about to say something, then... stops himself. Turns back forward.

It's silent. Devastating.

CUT BACK TO:

5 INT. CAL AND TRACY'S HOUSE

5

Meanwhile, Jessica (the baby-sitter) stops at a bedroom door. She hears MUSIC coming from inside, puts her ear to the door. It's Lady Gaga. It's awful.

*

*

She smiles, knocks and opens the door at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

JESSICA

Hey, your sister's asleep, just
checking you're alive --

She SCREAMS as --

*

ANOTHER ANGLE

ROBBIE WEAVER (13), quickly covers himself up. He was
masturbating.

*

ROBBIE

Close the door!

BACK TO JESSICA

who slams the door shut.

JESSICA

(through door)

I'm sorry, Robbie! I didn't see
anything, I swear.

*

*

BACK INSIDE ROOM

Robbie lies there frozen, horrified.

*

*

6 INT. BAR

6

Meanwhile, where Liz and Hannah keep drinking.

LIZ

I don't know, Hannah. Your life
is just so... PG-13.

*

Hannah's mouth drops open.

HANNAH

My life is not PG-13!

*

LIZ

It so is. You've never left LA.
You pass the bar you're gonna be,
what, a patent lawyer, probably
married to that snooze-fest
Richard. I just worry about you
is all. Hell, you've resorted to
fantasizing about Conan 'Ginger-
Dick' O'Brien.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH
 (adorable)
 He's funny.

LIZ
 He looks like a carrot, honey.

Hannah LAUGHS.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Who?

They turn. It's Jacob Palmer (the stud from earlier). *

LIZ
 Hi.

JACOB
 Hi. Who looks like a carrot? *

LIZ
 Conan O'Brien. My friend Hannah
 thinks he's sexy.

JACOB
 I think your friend Hannah is
 sexy.

Hannah LAUGHS.

HANNAH
 You didn't really just say that.

JACOB
 Pretty sure I did.

HANNAH
 How old are you?

JACOB
 Thirty-three next month. *

HANNAH
 Then you should know by now that
 cheesy pick-up lines don't work.

Jacob sits down at their table, uninvited.

JACOB
 I find you incredibly sexy. It's
 a fact, not a cheesy pick-up line.
 (MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

There are many attractive women in this bar -- including your friend here -- and I've been unable to take my eyes off you, only you, for the past two hours. Again: not a cheesy pick-up line, just a fact.

(then)

Answer this quickly, without thinking about your answer: do you find me attractive?

Hannah doesn't flinch.

HANNAH

I don't.

JACOB

Yes you do.

LIZ

Yes, she does.

JACOB

I'm an accomplished lover. If you come home with me, I am confident you will leave satisfied. Multiple times.

*
*

HANNAH

You've got to be kiddi--

JACOB

We'll make love and it will be amazing. You'll laugh afterwards and say 'I never do this kind of thing.' Then you'll do it again.

*

HANNAH

Is that so?

JACOB

It is. So now I'm going to ask if I can buy you another drink. If you say yes, we'll have one more cocktail each -- just enough to start losing inhibitions, not enough to get sloppy, after all: I promised to satisfy you.

*

LIZ

Multiple times.

*

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

That's right. So, here we go,
Hannah: can I buy you a drink?

Hannah and Liz share a look.

HANNAH

What do you expect me to say to
that?

JACOB

Margarita, rocks, salt.

HANNAH

Wow.

She STANDS, grabs her coat and Liz's hand.

HANNAH

Okay, time to go.

Liz doesn't move.

LIZ

I'll go home with you, you can
call me Hannah, I don't give a
crap --

*

HANNAH

Liz!

LIZ

(whispering to him)
Another time, maybe.

GIGGLING, the girls leave the bar.

Still driving, Tracy looks at Cal. He remains silent.

TRACY

I'm unhappy, Cal. I've tried not
to be. We've been married so
long, somewhere we became...
stagnant, you know?

He keeps staring straight ahead.

TRACY

Okay, you're not talking and you
know that only makes me talk more.
Maybe that's good, maybe that's
good. Okay...

*
*
*
*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY (CONT'D)

(then)

There's this person.

*

*

No response.

*

TRACY

We've been spending time together.
Lunches, meetings, that kind of
stuff...

*

*

*

Silence. She closes her eyes tightly.

*

TRACY

I slept with him. Kind of.

*

Tracy opens one eye, taking a peek. Nothing.

*

TRACY

No, no kind of. I can't believe I
said kind of. That's just not
something you do in a kind of way.
I slept with someone. There. I
said it. I slept with someone.
Oh God. It's the worst thing I've
ever done but it feels so good to
say out loud. I slept with
someone. I SLEPT with someone. I
slept with SOMEONE. I slept with
... please stop me, please say
something.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

No reaction.

*

TRACY

David Jacobowitz. From work. You
met him at the Christmas party.
You remember that party? They had
the giant paper-maché wreath? I
kept asking the decorator how he
made it? You wore that sweater --

*

*

*

*

*

Finally, Cal speaks --

CAL

Please stop.

TRACY

The last person in the world I'd
ever want to hurt was you, Cal --

CAL

If you keep talking, I'm going to
get out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

TRACY

But the fact that I did, that it
could happen at all, I think it
just shows how broken we are and --

*
*
*

CAL

Okay.

Just like that, Cal OPENS THE DOOR to the moving car and,
simply, steps out. Tracy SCREAMS as Cal goes flying.

She screeches to a stop as he tumbles to the curb in her
rearview mirror.

8 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

8

Tracy runs to him. He's on the curb, BLOODIED but okay.

*

TRACY

Are you out of your mind!?

He looks up at her, pleading.

CAL

I'll leave tonight, I'll sign
whatever you want me to sign, if
you'll just stop talking about it.

She touches his bloody forehead, affectionate. There's
still something here.

TRACY

Okay.

CAL

Okay.

He stands, limps back to the car.

9 INT. THE WEAVER HOUSE

9

Meanwhile, Jessica sits on the living room couch. Robbie
ENTERS, stands there. He's a precocious, adorable,
masturbation-addicted, thirteen-year-old.

ROBBIE

I'm sorry that you had to see
that.

She keeps staring straight ahead.

JESSICA

I should have knocked.

(CONTINUED)

Silence. After a long beat.

ROBBIE

For the record: I think about you
while I do it --

JESSICA

Robbie!

ROBBIE

I have a picture of you and I look
at it the whole time --

JESSICA

Stop it!

ROBBIE

I love you, Jessica. And I know
you're seventeen, and I know I
just turned thirteen, which is the
same age as your little brother,
and you're technically my baby-
sitter, but someday soon our age
difference will be inconsequential
which is good because...

*
*

JESSICA

Robbie --

ROBBIE

I'm pretty sure you're my
soulmate.

She stops, looks at him and smiles gently.

JESSICA

Listen, Robbie --

LIZ (O.S.)

We're home.

ROBBIE

Shit.

Jessica jumps off the couch.

JESSICA

Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Weaver. How was
dinner...

(noticing)

Oh my God, Mr. Weaver, you're
bleeding. Why are you bleeding?

CAL

Mrs. Weaver told me she wants a divorce so I jumped out of the car. Hope the kids behaved. Come on, I'll drive you home.

Robbie steps INTO FRAME.

ROBBIE

Dad?

CAL

Oh. I didn't know you were here. *

ROBBIE

You're getting divorced?

CAL

Yes.

TRACY

Cal!

ROBBIE

And you jumped out of a car?

CAL

A moving car, yes.

TRACY

Cal!

CAL

(to Robbie)

I'm sorry you found out this way.

ROBBIE

I'm sorry you jumped out of a car.

CAL

Thanks.

(then)

Jessica, you got your coat?

JESSICA

Uh-huh.

Cal drives now. Jessica in the front. Awkward. Finally, Cal starts talking to himself. Almost shell-shocked. *

CAL

We'll talk to the kids tomorrow.
Tell them we're separating. Just
separating. We'll do it together.

He thinks.

CAL

I'll have to tell Nanna. Uch,
she's gonna be crushed. But not
right now. She's got enough to
worry about...

He trails off. Another long beat of silence, then he
remembers his company and turns toward Jessica.

CAL

(with energy)
So, I hear Stanford early
admission, huh. I know your dad
is so proud.

*

JESSICA

Yeah.
(then)
You're bleeding real bad, Mr.
Weaver.

She goes to touch his eye. Out of nowhere... he starts
BANGING THE SHIT out of his steering wheel.

CAL

David Jacobowitz! Are you kidding
me!? DAVID FUCKING JACOBOWITZ!
GOD DAMN HER!

*

He calms down, slowly. Pulls up to a DRIVEWAY.

CAL

Sorry about that.

JESSICA

It's okay.

Jessica reaches for the door, but stops. She takes a
deep breath, adorable.

JESSICA

Mr. Weaver, I know you don't know
me very well, but I've been baby-
sitting for your family for three
years. You're the nicest dad of
any of the families I baby-sit
for, by a country mile.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You're funny, and you're always really generous, and you're the only dad who's excited -- genuinely excited -- to check on his kids when he gets home from dinner. Now I like Mrs. Weaver, I like her a lot, but if she wants to divorce you, well... then I think she's batshit crazy.

Cal smiles, distracted but grateful.

*

JESSICA

In fact -- and, I hope this doesn't make you uncomfortable -- I think I've even developed a little crus--

CAL

(not listening)

Hey: do me a favor -- can you not mention what's going on between Mrs. Weaver and I to your parents? It's probably better they hear it from us. Okay?

JESSICA

Uh-huh.

CAL

That's my girl.

Jessica awkwardly gets out of the car.

CAL

Hey, Jessica? Thanks for listening.

She smiles, turns back. She freezes when she sees... He's holding CASH out the window to pay her.

CAL

You put this to that fake ID you'll need up at Stanford.

*

And with a sad wink, he drives off -- leaving her standing there, lovelorn and forty-five dollars richer.

CUT TO:

Cal sits at the bar, drinking away his sorrows. He's disheveled, a bit wobbly. He motions for the BARTENDER.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Another vodka cranberry?

CAL

Yes. Just... yes.

A GIRL (30s) approaches the bar. Cal taps her shoulder, a drunken train-wreck waiting to happen.

CAL

Guess what?

GIRL

What?

CAL

My wife is having intercourse with someone who isn't me.

GIRL

I'm sorry to hear that.

CAL

That's very nice of you to say. She just told me tonight, obviously it came as a bit of a shock and you're not listening anymore.

The Girl has turned back to a group of friends. *

CAL

I bet you wouldn't ignore me if I were David Jacobowitz. My wife doesn't ignore David Jacobowitz.

(to no one)

She screws him. *

Something catches Cal's eye across the bar. We PAN TO... *

JACOB PALMER

wearing his two thousand dollar suit, he's now got TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN fawning over him at his table. *

Cal takes him in for a long beat, turns back to the bartender, and decides: *

CAL *

(re: Jacob) *

Gay. *

12 EXT. CORPORATE APARTMENT - MORNING 12 *

You know these places: basically a "strip" of identical housing units -- usually occupied by newly-divorced dads. *

A WOMAN (60s) gives Cal the tour. *

WOMAN *

So it's pretty no-frills. Unit 2 is a lot like unit 1 except you're downstairs so... the ground is closer. Which is nice. *

13 INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 13 *

The most depressing, empty, beige place ever. *

CAL *

I guess the price is right. *

WOMAN *

Yeah, well, tons of divorced guys here. You'll fit right in. *

Cal SIGHS, un-enthused. *

CAL *

I'll take it. *

WOMAN *

Ooh, the gym has an elliptical machine... I assume you want to get back in shape? *

Cal looks down, embarrassed. *

CAL *

I guess. *

WOMAN *

Great! I'll let you know when they fix it. *

14 INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON 14 *

Cal sits at his desk, doing paperwork. His BOSS ENTERS. *

BOSS *

Cal, I just got the weekly sales report, good good good! You really killed this quarter! *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

BOSS (CONT'D)

Keep it up you're going to be
sitting in my seat by year's end.
Really great, Cal. Seriously.

*
*
*

CAL

Who told you Tracy and I were
getting a divorce?

*
*
*

BOSS

(relieved)

Divorce! That's it. Amy heard
you crying in the bathroom. We
all thought it was cancer. Thank
God.

*
*
*
*
*
*

CAL

I have to go buy furniture now.

*
*

Cal stands, EXITS.

*

BOSS

Go for it!

(then, calling after)

It could have been cancer, buddy!

*
*
*
*

15

INT. FURNITURE STORE - LATER

15

Cal is sitting on a plain, faux-modern couch. He's
staring into space. A SALESMAN APPROACHES.

*
*

SALESMAN

Can I help you, sir?

*
*

CAL

My wife is sleeping with David
Jacobowitz. I need a couch.

*
*
*

SALESMAN

Ooh, I understand. Can I give you
a word of advice, one divorced man
to another? If you don't mind?

*
*
*
*

CAL

Sure.

*
*

SALESMAN

Get the matching chaise, killer
deal.

*
*
*

He pats the adjacent piece. Cal processes this.

*

CAL

I want it in beige.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

SALESMAN *
I'll write you up. *

16 INT. BAR - NIGHT 16 *

Cal's back at the bar, sipping on his drink. He looks absolutely exhausted. He looks across the bar. *

At his usual table, Jacob is now wooing a NEW WOMAN. *

Cal shakes his head, amazed at this guy's chutzpah. A GUY grabs the open bar stool next to Cal. Cal reacts. *

CAL *
Oh, no, I'm sorry, I'm waiting for *
a friend. *

GUY *
You've been holding the seat for *
an hour. *

CAL *
(too loud) *
Yeah, well, my wife is screwing *
David Jacobowitz so eat me. *

The guy shrugs, walks away. Cal looks at his watch, puts a napkin on his drink, and stands. *

17 INT. BATHROOM - LATER 17 *

Cal pees. Jacob steps INTO FRAME in the adjacent urinal. Cal does a friendly "I'm peeing next to you" nod. Then: *

CAL *
Can't help but notice that you're *
always surrounded by women. *
Multiple women. *

Jacob doesn't even turn. *

CAL *
I'm getting divorced. Or, in the *
process. Gonna be single again. *

Nothing. *

CAL *
Any advice? *

JACOB *
Yeah. *

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Jacob zips, flushes, turns. *

JACOB *

Don't start conversations with
people while they're pissing. *

He walks away, washes his hands, EXITS. A beat, then: *

CAL *

(to himself) *

So gay. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

18 INT. BAR - LATER

18 *

Cal's a few drinks in now. The door to the bar opens as
BERNIE (late 40s) rushes in. An oak tree of a man. He's
carrying a SHOPPING BAG. *

BERNIE *

Sorry I'm late, I had to pick
something up from Macy's. *

CAL *

Don't worry about it, here, sit,
I've been guarding this stool with
my life. *

Bernie sits, looks uncomfortable. *

CAL *

It's good to see you, man. I've
called you a few times. It's been
a rough couple of days, obviously.
Nothing I could use more than my
old pal Bernie to unload on. Hey,
we should play racquetball, when's
the last time we played
racquetball? *

BERNIE *

Claire won't let me be friends
with you anymore. *

Cal takes this in. *

CAL *

I'm sorry, what? *

BERNIE *

She said we had to choose between
you and Tracy. I chose you. She
said no. *

(CONTINUED)

He pulls a WRAPPED PACKAGE from the bag, hands it to Cal. *

BERNIE *

It's cologne. *

CAL *

Are you breaking up with me? *

BERNIE *

Claire's waiting in the car. *

Um... there's a gift receipt in
there. Sorry. *

Bernie stands, awkwardly. He pats Cal on the shoulder,
lingers a beat too long, then simply turns and EXITS. *

Cal is left alone. He raises a finger at the Bartender. *

CAL *

Do you have anything with a worm
in it? Because I'd like a gallon
of that now. *

ON JACOB *

Legs crossed, martini in hand, he's been watching Cal get
dumped this whole time. *

He PANS UP from Cal's feet. The white sneakers. Bad
navy blue dress socks. Dad khakis. An ill-fitting,
untucked, dress shirt. Half-lidded eyes. Rumpled hair.

Jacob shakes his head. Jesus Christ. He says something
to THE WOMAN who currently sits at the table. She nods,
gets up and walks away. *

BACK TO CAL *

As the Bartender pours him a second shot. He's now
showing pictures from his wallet to the Bartender. *

CAL *

This is my youngest, Molly. Her
two favorite things are *High
School Musical* and her mother. I
hate both of her two favorite
things. *

A SHARP WHISTLE interrupts. Cal turns, sees Jacob.

Jacob motions for Cal to come over. Every move Jacob
makes is practiced, perfectly cool.

(CONTINUED)

Cal points at himself: "Me?" Jacob nods: "Yep." Cal SHRUGS, stands, and wobbles over towards Jacob. *

JACOB

Jacob Palmer.

CAL

Cal Wea--

JACOB

I'd like to buy you a drink, Cal.

CAL

I already have a drink.

JACOB

Let me buy you a drink, Cal.

CAL

Okay.

Jacob motions to the Bartender who NODS. Cal SITS.

CAL

My wife is cheating on me with --

JACOB

David Jacobowitz, yes, Cal, I've heard. We've all heard. For the last two nights, I've watched you batter every poor soul in this bar with your sad-sack loser sob story. *

Cal takes this in. He STANDS.

CAL

You know what, I don't need this crap -- *

JACOB

Sit down, Cal.

CAL

Okay.

Cal sits. Jacob's that powerful. Cal's that drunk.

JACOB

Cal, I'm going to make you an offer, it's probably the best offer you're ever going to get, and you're extremely drunk, so it's wildly important that you don't answer until I've finished and you've taken a few moments to process what I'm saying. Do you understand?

Cal goes to answer, Jacob holds up a finger. Cal stops himself. Once he's settled, Jacob continues:

JACOB

As I said, I've been watching you for two days now and I can say, without hesitation, that you are the sorriest man I've ever seen in my life -- don't interrupt, Cal, it's the truth, and you need to hear it. You're sitting there with your Supercut haircut, getting drunk on watered down vodka-cranberries like a fourteen-year-old girl, wearing a 41R jacket when you should be wearing a 40L -- I don't know if I want to help you or euthanize you -- stop drinking out of the goddamn straw, Cal.

*

*

Cal stops drinking from the wimpy red straw.

*

JACOB

You asked me for advice before, Cal, so I'm going to help you. I don't know why. Maybe I'm just bored. Maybe all my friends have abandoned me for wives and children and labradoodle puppies, who cares why? Why doesn't matter. The point is, you've got a good face, and a good head of hair, and I'm bored as hell and need a project. So if you want, I'm going to help you rediscover your manhood. Do you remember when it was that you lost it?

*

*

*

Cal shakes "no."

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

Doesn't matter, we'll find it.
And when we do, when I'm through
with you, that wife of yours is
going to rue the day she decided
to give up on you too early.
That's my offer. What do you say?

Cal stares at him blankly. A long beat of silence. Cal goes for a drink, almost uses the straw... then catches himself. He puts down the drink. Looks up.

CAL

Yeah, okay.

JACOB

Mall food court, Thursday, six
o'clock.

CAL

I'm sorry, what?

Jacob downs his drink, nods at THE WOMAN (now nearby). *

JACOB

You ready to go? *

She nods, subservient, and follows him out.

Cal shakes his head, picks up his drink, and slurps the rest of his vodka cranberry out of the straw.

19 EXT. THE WEAVER BACKYARD - DAY (ONE WEEK LATER) 19 *

A well-maintained yard, bordered by shrubs and bushes. A long driveway runs parallel to the yard. A medium-sized U-HAUL is parked in the driveway. *

Cal EXITS the back door, carrying a BOX. He loads it into the U-haul and takes a last look back at: *

HIS BACKYARD *

A weathered playground sits off to the side. You can tell it hasn't been used in quite some time. Baseball equipment lays all over, the site of many father-son catches. An oft-used barbecue next to the house. *

You can tell a lot about this family from seeing this backyard. You like this family a lot from seeing this backyard. *

(CONTINUED)

TRACY (O.S.)

Cal?

Cal looks up. Tracy approaches. She's wearing sweats. It's pretty obvious that she's been crying. Awkward silence. Neither knows what to say.

TRACY

I just wanted to say that...

Her voice cracks. She turns away.

TRACY

Shit.

She gathers herself. Cal steps forward. Instinct tells him to comfort his wife but he can't anymore and he stops himself. She realizes this. There's something harsh and complicated about the reality of it all.

Tracy looks at the U-HAUL, wipes her eyes and tries to lighten things.

TRACY

Do you want me to back that thing out of the driveway for you?

CAL

I'll be fine.

TRACY

You have trouble in reverse is all.

CAL

It was two times --

TRACY

Three if you count my father's foot.

CAL

I did that on purpose.

TRACY

I knew it.

They smile, in rhythm for a moment. Then they realize, stop smiling. Cal turns awkwardly.

CAL

Once I'm settled, I'll get the kids so they can see the place.

He walks to the truck. Tracy's voice stops him.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

I think I'm have a mid-life crisis
maybe. Can women have mid-life
crisis?

CAL

(avoiding engagement)
Make sure the lawn gets enough
water.

TRACY

In the movies it's always men
having them and buying ridiculous
yellow Porsches, but I'm not a man
and I really don't want a yellow
Porsche --

CAL

You have to fertilize once a
month. Not twice a month, not
once every two months.

She takes a deep breath, finding her balance.

TRACY

We got married so young, Cal. And
I'm forty-one. And that's so much
older than I thought I'd be.

CAL

The sprinklers turn off behind
you.

TRACY

And I got really upset with an
umpire at Molly's t-ball game last
month -- like really upset, like I
screamed at him and wished he
would die -- and I started feeling
like the person I promised I
wouldn't turn into, you know?

CAL

If it rains a lot, you need to
shut off the automatic setting.

TRACY

And we haven't been us, not for a
long time. And I don't know when
you and I stopped being 'us'
but... I mean, do you?

Cal finally turns and looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

CAL

I think it was when you screwed
David Jacobowitz.

*
*
*

Ouch. Tracy's face registers the blow, but she nods:
she also understands it.

*
*

CAL

Make sure my azaleas get enough
sun.

*
*
*

Cal turns, gets in the U-HAUL, and backs out...

*

And immediately crashes into the neighboring FENCE.

*
*

20 INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT - EVENING

20

*

Cal leads in Molly and Robbie.

*

CAL

Okay, well, this is it. What do
you think? Didn't have a lot of
time to house-hunt, but...

They look around his depressing, beige apartment. A
pathetic TV plays the Disney Channel in the corner.

*
*

CAL

There's a second bedroom with twin
beds so you two can stay over
whenever you want! Anytime!

ROBBIE

So... you're like, actually going
to live here?

*

Molly looks like she's going to cry.

CAL

Hey, hey. Come on now, you'll
visit all the time. Every
weekend. It won't be that bad.

MOLLY

Don't you love us anymore?

Cal takes Molly's face in his hands, starts tearing up.

*

CAL

Listen, baby. What's happening
with your mommy and I... it's not
what either of us wanted, not what
either of us planned.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAL (CONT'D)

But you need to understand that
you kids have done nothing wron--

MOLLY

TROY!

She bolts past Cal to the TV, where ZAC EFRON is on-
screen, prancing about in a basketball uniform. Robbie
and Cal stand there, awkwardly.

ROBBIE

Don't take it personally. That
show's like crack to her.

Cal NODS.

ROBBIE

You okay?

CAL

You?

Robbie shrugs.

ROBBIE

Can I say something with a curse?
One time?

CAL

Yeah. Why not?

Robbie NODS, takes a deep breath.

ROBBIE

Love is fucked.

Cal LAUGHS, a bit of tension relieved.

CAL

Is that so? You in love, buddy?

ROBBIE

Well, if you must know --

JESSICA (O.S.)

Ding dong.

They turn -- it's Jessica, the baby-sitter.

ROBBIE

What is she doing here?

CAL

Oh, right, hey, Jess, thanks for
coming --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAL (CONT'D)

(back to Robbie)

I have to run out really quickly,
just for a few hours, and your
mother wants you to stay here
while she's out hooking --

ROBBIE

What?

CAL

Huh?

JESSICA

(changing topics)

The place is... nice, Mr. Weaver.

CAL

Yes, well, that's a generous
adjective, thank you.

(to Robbie)

Anyhow, Jess is gonna keep an eye
on you guys for a few.

ROBBIE

But I don't need a babysitter!
She's only four years older than
me! You need to know that! She
needs to know that!

CAL

I know, buddy.

Cal musses Robbie's hair.

CAL

My little boy's growing up, Jess.
He's in love already, can you
believe it?

Uch. Robbie thumps the wall with his head, dying. *

CAL

Molly, say bye-bye to Daddy? *

No response, she's glued to the television.

ROBBIE

Wait, where are you going?

CAL

I'm, uh... I decided to take a
class.

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA

That's great, Mr. Weaver. It's a difficult time for you, it's important that you find new interests, try new things, maybe things you'd never have considered trying before...

*

Cal looks down, Jessica has her hand on his shoulder. It's a bit odd. She realizes, takes it off.

CAL

Okay, well... Molly, last chance!?

*

But Molly is still locked on Efron.

CAL

That's my angel. Back in a few.

*

ROBBIE

But, Dad --

CAL

Nope.

The door slams. Robbie stands there with Jessica, awkward. Tries to maintain some semblance of cool.

ROBBIE

I don't need a baby-sitter.

JESSICA

I know, Robbie.

An awkward beat, then.

ROBBIE

I love you so much --

JESSICA

Jesus Christ.

21 EXT. SHOPPING MALL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

21

Cal pulls into the parking lot, grabs a space.

CAL

What am I doing?

22 INT. SHOPPING MALL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

22

He ENTERS, still going.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CAL

What the hell am I doing?

He walks past a CHEESECAKE FACTORY. Inside is...

*

Hannah (girl from the bar who Jacob tried picking up).

*

23 INT. CHEESECAKE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

23

She's sitting at a table with Liz (her friend) and a GROUP OF REALLY BORING WHITE PEOPLE in suits. There are SMALL GIFTS in front of Hannah.

Holding her hand is an average guy (33), her boyfriend, RICHARD. We PICK UP mid-conversation.

RICHARD

I think you're wrong. I think that's Tucker.

WHITE MAN

No, no, no. Chris Rock is the stand-up comedian. Chris Tucker is the actor.

WHITE WOMAN

Is it racist that I can't tell them apart?

Liz nods her head "yes" at Hannah. Hannah stifles a LAUGH. Liz stands.

LIZ

Well, Richard: thank you for inviting me to Hannah's 'goodbye' party. The conversation has been riveting, like stepping back in time. Before I go, a toast.

*

She holds up her glass, toasting.

LIZ

Sweetie: go into your hole and study your cute little ass off for that bar exam. We'll see you when you emerge.

*

RICHARD

She's gonna kick that bar's butt!

All the dorks CHEER. Liz SHRUGS.

LIZ

Yeah, okay.

(CONTINUED)

Liz CHUGS her drink, turns to Hannah.

HANNAH
(smiling)
I'll walk you out.

Before they clear...

RICHARD
Hey, Liz? When my girl passes,
we're gonna have another little
celebration, right here. Hope you
can make it. It's going to be a
special night.

LIZ
Richard, you just give me a heads-
up so I can get really drunk
before-hand, okay?

RICHARD
You know it!

Hannah leads Liz out of the restaurant, WHISPERS:

HANNAH
Did you hear that? 'It's going to
be a special night.' You think
he's going to propose?

LIZ
At the Cheesecake Factory? Oh
God, I hope not.
(then)
Why? Do you really want him to?

Hannah SHRUGS.

HANNAH
He's nice.

LIZ
Yeah, well... Jesus. Really? *
(with a shrug)
Okay. Not my life, I love you,
call me if you need anything. *

Liz KISSES her goodbye, EXITS. Hannah looks at her
table. Everyone is typing on their BLACKBERRIES. *

She SIGHS, heads to rejoin them. *

24 INT. FOOD COURT

24 *

Meanwhile, Cal sees Jacob, standing against a pole in the food court. Jacob is eating pizza, cool as ever. *

JACOB

You're late.

(then, offering)
Sbarro's?

CAL

No thanks. So what exactly are we --

JACOB

How much money can you afford to spend on clothes today?

CAL

I dunno. Five hundred?

JACOB

Three thousand.

CAL

Okay.

JACOB

We'll start with shoes. Let me see those sneakers you're wearing.

Cal holds up his foot.

JACOB

Take them off.

Cal bends down, takes one off. *

JACOB

(chewing)
Other one too, please?

Cal does as he's told. Jacob holds out his hands. Cal SHRUGS, hands Jacob the shoes.

Jacob simply turns and throws them over the railing. *

CAL

What the hell!?

JACOB

Are you in a fraternity, Cal?

CAL

Those were my favorite shoes.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB
ARE YOU IN A FRATERNITY, CAL!?

CAL
No.

JACOB
Are you Steve Jobs?

CAL
What?

JACOB
ARE YOU THE BILLIONAIRE OWNER OF
APPLE COMPUTERS?

CAL
No. I'm not Steve Jobs.

JACOB
Then you don't need to walk around
in New Balance Sneaker, ever.
Let's go.

Cal (barefoot) follows Jacob around the store.

CAL
I think this whole thing might
have been a bad idea.

Jacob ignores him, grabs a pair of BLACK DRESS SHOES. *

JACOB
Any man can rebuild his entire
wardrobe with sixteen simple
items.

CAL
Ha! I think I read that in GO.

JACOB
You did. I wrote it.

CAL
Really?

Jacob CHUCKLES. Cal CHUCKLES back, clearly unsure what
the chuckle symbolizes.

JACOB
Numbers one and two: pair of
dress shoes, pair of loafers.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Cal is looking at a pair of ARGYLE SOCKS. *

CAL
I'm sorry, I'm lost: do you
really write for GO?

Jacob slaps Cal's hand, knocking the socks away. *

JACOB
Your credit card please?

MONTAGE - FROM STORE TO STORE

We watch as Jacob narrates the wardrobe essentials (and as Cal's arms get progressively fuller) in each store.

26 IN A SUIT STORE 26

Cal gets fitted.

JACOB (V.O.)
Two suits: one black, one grey.
One sports jacket, navy preferred.

Jacob leans in toward the tailor.

JACOB
Take it in there... and there. *

27 AT ANOTHER STORE 27

Cal holds jeans in front of him, eyes them suspiciously.

JACOB (V.O.)
One pair of quality jeans.

CAL
These are two hundred and thirty
dollars. Can't we just go to the
Gap?

He looks up. Jacob is gone. *

SMASH CUT TO: *

28 EXT. MALL - MOMENTS LATER 28 *

Cal runs outside. Jacob is already halfway to the car. *

CAL
I'm sorry! Don't leave! *

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Jacob immediately heads back inside and answers:

*

JACOB

No, Cal. We can't just go to the Gap.

CAL

What's wrong with the Gap?

JACOB

In Hell, every store is the Gap, that's what's wrong with the Gap, Cal. It's lowest common denominator. Be better than the fucking Gap, Cal.

29 IN A NEW STORE

29

Jacob holds up a pair of beige slacks.

JACOB (V.O.)

One pair of chinos.

CHING. A cash register DINGS.

JACOB (V.O.)

Four dress shirts.

CHING. CHING. CHING. CHING. Cal's arms are filling.

JACOB (V.O.)

Three casual button-downs.

CHING. CHING. CHING. In a dressing room shirts come flying over the wall at Cal.

30 A NEW STORE

30

Cal struggles to get a sweater over his neck.

JACOB (V.O.)

Two v-neck cashmere sweaters, and finally, a long overcoat.

Cal stands there in an overcoat and sweater.

CAL

I'm very warm.

31 IN A BEAUTY SUPPLY STORE

31

Jacob leads Cal through the store. He tosses him a TUBE.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

JACOB

You rub this in around your eyes
every night and every morning.

CAL

What does it do?

JACOB

(sarcastic)

It gives you x-ray vision, Cal.

(then)

It tightens things up. The skin
around your eyes looks like Milton
Berle's ballsack.

Cal stops, examines his eyes in a mirror.

CAL

Oh my God, it does.

32 IN A SALON

32

Cal is getting his hair cut at a fancy salon. The
HAIRDRESSER is young, hip, and beautiful.

CAL

I like to use a number four on the
sides and the back, go longer on
the top.

JACOB

Oh, okay. Thanks for that, Vidal
Sassoon. Tiffany, hon? Scissor
cut, tight on sides, get him some
texture up top, take off about...

*

He touches Cal's hair, measures it between his fingers.

CAL

Eww.

JACOB

... inch off the top.

TIFFANY

Yes, sir.

CAL

But --

Tiffany starts chopping.

*

33 INT. SALON - LATER

33

Jacob and Tiffany wait for Cal (inside a changing room).

JACOB
What are you putting on?

CAL (O.S.)
Items one, three, eleven, and
fourteen.

JACOB
Perfect.
(then, to Tiffany)
You smell great by the way.

TIFFANY
(smitten)
Thanks.

JACOB
What are you doing tonight?

TIFFANY
I don't know.

JACOB
That's okay, I do.

She GIGGLES. Cal calls out.

CAL (O.S.)
Seriously? You just ask her out
like that?

JACOB
Yes, Cal, just like that.

CAL (O.S.)
And it works?

JACOB
Yes.

TIFFANY
Yes.

CAL (O.S.)
Crazy.
(then)
Okay, I feel kind of stupid but...

The DRESSING ROOM DOOR opens. We TILT UP... FROM
expensive shoes, TO pants, TO fitted sweater over a
fitted shirt and bright tie. The new haircut...

A new man. He looks... unbelievable.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Wow.

JACOB

Yep.

CAL

Can I blouse out the shirt a little? I like to blouse out my shirts a little.

JACOB

Shut up, Cal.

(to Tiffany)

You'd fuck him, right?

CAL

(horrified)

Jesus!

TIFFANY

Yeah, probably.

CAL

Tiffany!

(then, realizing)

You would!?

Tiffany SHRUGS.

JACOB

You see that, Cal? The simple act of opening your mouth instantly causes Tiffany to lose interest in sleeping with you. Your personality is actually your weakest link.

Cal takes this in.

CAL

Well, that's the meanest thing anyone's ever said to me.

JACOB

No, Cal. The meanest thing anyone's ever said to you is this: your wife cheated on you because you lost sight of what it took to keep her content at home -- as a man, as a husband, and probably as a lover.

Cal's lower lip begins to quiver.

*

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

CAL

Yeah, okay, that was meaner.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BAR - NEXT NIGHT

34

Cal sits next to Jacob. Cal is wearing his new "outfit." He looks great, but not yet comfortable in his new "gear."

*
*

Jacob, on the other hand, looks like he's walked out of a men's magazine. And he knows it. Cal looks at Jacob.

*

CAL

I notice you only button your shirts up, like, halfway. I can't pull that off, right?

JACOB

No. Listen, Cal, I'm going to be calling women over to our table shortly.

*

Cal rubs his hands together, nervous.

*

CAL

We should have some background on each other, no? I'm in insurance, more on the corporate side. My kids are --

JACOB

Cal, the only thing I care less about than corporate insurance are your kids. Here's the only thing I need to know: how many women have you been with?

*

CAL

Sexually?

JACOB

Yes.

CAL

In my entire life?

JACOB

No, synchronized swimming. Yes, Cal. Sexually.

*
*

Cal thinks. He MUMBLES to himself, counting it out on one hand.

(CONTINUED)

He smiles at Jacob proudly when he has to move the count to a second hand. Then:

CAL

One.

Jacob CHORTLES. But Cal just stares at him blankly. *

JACOB

Wow, okay... wow.
(then, checking) *
Not at a time? Total? *

CAL

What? I married young. We met in high school.

He smiles, remembering.

CAL

Tracy was so damn beautiful. You know those women, the ones who can be wildly sexy and unbelievably cute all at once? I never knew how she did that. I still don't know how she does it.

(then)

Anyway, we had a bit of a hiccup our senior year but we made it -- *

JACOB

Cal, I literally stopped listening at 'Tracy.' Okay, here we go.

CAL

(a bit emotional)
I miss my wife.

JACOB

Shut up, Cal.

A YOUNG WOMAN slides into the booth at Jacob's side.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hi.

JACOB

Hi. Jacob Palmer. *

YOUNG WOMAN

Amy Johnson.

Cal extends his hand.

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

CAL

Cal --

JACOB

(quickly)

Don't.

He pulls it back.

CAL

(to himself)

-- Weaver.

JACOB

Can I get you a drink, Amy?

CUT TO:

35 A DRINK

35

gets handed over to: a NEW GIRL, on a NEW NIGHT.

*

JACOB

Tell me about yourself. What do
you do?

NEW GIRL

Does it really matter?

*

JACOB

It does to me.

She looks up. He looks completely earnest, repeats:

JACOB

It does to me.

She smiles.

PAN TO CAL: just sitting there watching, horrified.

36 BACK TO JACOB

36

Now with NEWER GIRL.

*

NEWER GIRL

And that's when I started writing
the column for *LA Weekly*. God,
how long have I been talking?

*

Jacob takes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JACOB

Listen, I'm going to be honest:
it's getting late and I think
you're interesting. I also think
you're one of those rare women who
manages to be both wildly sexy and
incredibly cute all at once.

ON CAL

Mouth agape. That was his line!

ON JACOB

JACOB

Let's get out of here. I know
it's forward of me but just... I
think we should get out of here.

She thinks, then NODS.

NEWER GIRL

Okay.

FLASH CUT TO:

37 THE SECOND GIRL

37

JACOB

I think we should get out of here.

NEW GIRL

Okay.

FLASH CUT TO:

38 THE FIRST GIRL

38

JACOB

I think we should get out of here.

FIRST GIRL

Okay.

38A BACK TO CAL

38A

waving goodbye awkwardly as Jacob leaves with each of the
girls (IN QUICK CUTS). Finally:

(CONTINUED)

38A CONTINUED:

38A

Cal just sits there, completely alone. But then A PRETTY GIRL arrives at his table. Cal looks up, smiles. She smiles back, then:

She drops THE BILL on the table. She's a waitress. And he's been left with the tab.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON (ONE WEEK LATER) 39

ON THE BLACKBOARD: "SCARLET LETTER, THEMES." *

Robbie Weaver sits at his 8th grade desk. In the b.g., we hear a FEMALE TEACHER drone on about The Scarlet Letter. Under his desk, Robbie is TEXTING. *

INTERCUT WITH: *

40 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - JESSICA 40 *

receiving the text. *

ON THE CELL PHONE SCREEN

The text: "Hi, Jessica. FYI: Demi Moore is 15 yrs older than Ashton K. They seem really happy. Love, Robbie."

Her phone BEEPS with a NEW TEXT: "P.S. did you know Demi Moore starred in the movie version of The Scarlet Letter?" *

Her phone BEEPS a third time: "She shows boob :-)" *

She SIGHS. *

41 BACK TO ROBBIE 41 *

Pleased with himself. The FEMALE TEACHER drones on in the b.g. *

TEACHER (O.S.)

While Hester is forced to wear a scarlet 'A' as punishment for adultery, Reverend Dimmesdale's 'A' is self-inflicted --

Robbie's PHONE BEEPS. A "NEW MESSAGE." Robbie smiles. *

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

ON THE CELL PHONE SCREEN

The text: "Robbie: please stop. U r making me very uncomfortable."

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie stares at the screen, crestfallen.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Mr. Weaver? Are we interrupting?

Robbie looks up: the WHOLE CLASS is staring at him.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Mr. Weaver!

Slowly, Robbie stands. We HEAD IN TIGHT ON him.

ROBBIE

You want to talk about The Scarlet Letter, Mrs. Thompson? Here you go: the 'A' they're both wearing -- I think it stands for ASSHOLE. Wanna know why? Because they're in love, and love is for stupid ASSHOLES. So thanks for choosing this book, Mrs. Thompson, because this is what I need right now: to read a boring, confusing book about a bunch of stupid assholes who fell in love, like assholes, and then had to die, like assholes. I'm sorry for cursing.

CUT TO:

42

INT. TRACY'S OFFICE - LATER

42

Tracy works at her desk. A KNOCK at her door interrupts. A TALL MAN (40's) stands there: DAVID JACOBOWITZ.

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

You have a second?

TRACY

Oh, David. I'm just a little swamped right now so...

He closes the door behind him.

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

You've been avoiding me.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

No, I haven't.

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

You ran away in the other
direction when you saw me coming
down the hall yesterday.

(beat)

You're very fast by the way.

She SIGHS, gives up.

TRACY

I ran track in high school.

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

That must be it.

He turns serious.

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

I'm sorry about you and Cal.

TRACY

Thank you.

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

I'm also not sorry, if I'm being
completely honest.

(gathering himself)

I want to make sure you know how
much I like you.

TRACY

No, I do --

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

A lot. Just to clarify. I like
you a lot. I had no intention of
falling for a married woman. I
just wanted someone to go to lunch
with who didn't make me want to
shoot myself in the face. But we
started having lunch, and talking,
and suddenly I was an accountant
who was popping out of bed in the
morning, excited to get to work.
That doesn't happen to
accountants. Ever. I've checked
with other accountants.

She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

So when the time is right for you
to get back out there again,
officially, I just... I'd like to
throw my hat in the ring.
Officially. That sounded weird.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Tracy LAUGHS lightly, leans forward.

*

TRACY

David, you've been a great friend
to me. And you were the first man
in a very long time to make me
feel... noticed, I guess? What
happened between us that night...
it meant something to me. You
weren't the only one excited to
come to work lately.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

David smiles.

*

TRACY

But now, when I see you, all I see
is his face. All I see when I
look at you is what I did to my
marriage.

*
*
*
*
*

She's losing it, wipes her eyes.

*

TRACY

You see this? I'm saving you from
disaster, David, 'cause you're
asking to pre-board the Titanic.
Honestly, do you really want any
part of this?

*
*
*
*
*
*

Before he can answer... BUZZ! It's Tracy's phone.

*

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Your son's school on two.

*
*

Tracy quickly picks up phone. As she talks, David
scribbles something on a postcard, EXITS.

*
*

TRACY

(into phone)
Right, okay. No, I understand.
Of course, right away.

*
*
*
*

She HANGS UP, looks at the Post-It. It reads, simply:

*

"Yes." Tracy looks up, but David is gone.

*

43 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - LATER

43

Robbie sits, waiting. Tracy EMERGES.

*

TRACY
(calling back in)
Yes, of course. Absolutely,
Principal Sapienza, it won't
happen again.

She closes the door behind her, looks to Robbie.

TRACY
Seriously?

ROBBIE
Sorry.

She SIGHS.

TRACY
It's been a rough couple of weeks,
you deserve a freebie. C'mon, I
have to get back to work.

They walk out together.

TRACY
They still make kids read The
Scarlet Letter, huh?

Robbie NODS.

TRACY
You'd really think someone would
have written something better by
now.

Robbie LAUGHS, the tension broken a bit.

44 INT. TRACY'S OFFICE - LATER

44

Robbie wheels around in an office chair as Tracy tries to
work behind her desk. He stops, noticing a PHOTO.

*

*

It's an older picture of CAL AND TRACY. They look happy.
Very much in love. Tracy notices.

*

TRACY
Guess I should take it down, huh?

ROBBIE
I guess.

(CONTINUED)

Tracy NODS. She places the picture face down gently.
She tries to return to her work, but can't.

*
*

TRACY

How is he? I've spoken to him but
only about bills, or you kids,
but... how is he, really?

Robbie hesitates.

TRACY

Sorry, that's unfair. Ignore me,
I'm almost done here.

She turns back to her work. After a beat:

ROBBIE

He's dressing a lot better. Going
out a lot.

TRACY

Oh. Well, good. That's... really
good.

(then, covering)

We'll get take-out for dinner
tonight, okay? Think about what
you're in the mood for.

Robbie hesitates, then adds:

ROBBIE

He's sad. He looks better, but...
sadder, too, I think. You know?

*

TRACY

Yeah. I guess I'm pretty sad,
too.

ROBBIE

I know.

TRACY

You do?

*
*

ROBBIE

I heard you crying the other night
and... I didn't know what to do.
I'm thirteen years old and... can
you just tell me what I'm supposed
to do in that situation? I didn't
want to Google it.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

She smiles, shakes her head.

*

TRACY

Oh God, baby, you're so much like me it's scary. You wound up with all my stuff, Robbie. I'm so sorry.

*
*
*
*
*

ROBBIE

I'm okay with being like you, Mom. I like you.

*
*
*

She puts down her pen. Smiles sadly at Robbie.

TRACY

It's my fault, what happened with your father. It's grown-up stuff that I can't talk about but... it's my fault. Not his. So just... be good to him, okay?

*
*

ROBBIE

It'll be okay, Mom.

TRACY

(emotional)
You promise?

He NODS, the most soulful thirteen-year-old ever.

DAVID JACOBOWITZ (O.S.)

Hey, they need you in the conference room for a sec... oh, sorry.

*

They look up. It's David. Tracy gathers herself, stands.

*

TRACY

David, this is my son, Robbie.
Robbie, this is David.
(forced)
We work together.

Robbie takes him in, shakes his hand.

TRACY

I'll be right back, okay, honey?

ROBBIE

Okay.

DAVID

Okay.

Awkward. Really awkward. Tracy starts to say something, thinks better of it, and EXITS.

David moves into the room, sits down opposite Robbie.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

So, Robbie... I hear you're quite the soccer player.

ROBBIE

So, David... I hear you broke up my parents' marriage.

He LAUGHS awkwardly, shocked.

ROBBIE

You are David Jacobowitz, right? From accounting?

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

Um, yes I am --

ROBBIE

Here's the thing, David: in the end, she winds up back with my dad. He's better than you, in every category except probably math. And she still loves him.

*
*

Robbie props the PHOTO of Tracy and Cal back up.

*

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

Listen, Robbie --

ROBBIE

Now I know what you're thinking: 'he's just in 8th grade, what does he know about love?' I know a lot more than you think, David. Just today, I had a meltdown, almost gave up on the love of my life. My dad's having his meltdown now, but long-term? He won't stop fighting for my mom any more than I won't stop sending Jessica texts that make her uncomfortable. And you need to know that.

*

Tracy RE-ENTERS.

TRACY

You ready to go?

ROBBIE

(suddenly sweet)
Mommy, can we do Chinese for dinner tonight?

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (4)

44

Tracy waves to David as she and Robbie EXIT, leaving him stunned in the middle of her office, staring at:

*
*

THE PHOTO OF CAL AND TRACY that Robbie has left directly in his line of sight.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. THE WEAVER BACKYARD - LATE EVENING

45 *

Bushes rustle. Once, then twice. It's Cal, sneaking into the backyard. He takes a covert look inside the house. All is quiet. He gets to work.

*
*
*

-- He spreads FERTILIZER on the grass.

*

-- Trims some bushes.

*

-- Picks off some petals from some dying flowers.

*

It's the strangest goddamn thing you've ever seen. Finally, he finishes.

*
*

ON CAL

*

Content. His yard may not be his anymore, but it's back in order. As he takes it all in...

*
*

A LIGHT pops on.

*

Cal DIVES into a SHRUB.

*

46 INT. BAR - THAT NIGHT

46

Another night at the bar: Cal's in his position, Jacob in his. Cal sips his drink, staring aimlessly forward.

Jacob looks at Cal. Cal looks great, more comfortable in his new "skin" than when we left him. He's drinking a martini, rather than a red-strawed vodka cranberry.

A WAITRESS passes. Without speaking, Cal taps the rim of the glass, silently requesting a refill. It's a cool, practiced move... and he did it instinctively.

Jacob smiles, leans forward.

JACOB

I think you're ready, Cal.

CAL

For what?

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

To talk to a woman, take a woman home.

CAL

Oh, no. No, I'm not.

JACOB

You've been watching me do it for two weeks.

CAL

Yeah, well, I've been watching LeBron James for years, doesn't mean I can suddenly dunk a basketball.

JACOB

Cal, do you remember the part in *Karate Kid*, where Mr. Miagi keeps having the kid wax the car and the kid gets all bent out of shape because he doesn't see the point, but the movements were actually building blocks for throwing and blocking punches?

*

*

*

CAL

Oh God. Are you going to make me fight someone?

Jacob stretches his neck, trying his patience:

JACOB

Cal, what's the first thing I do when a woman sits down?

CAL

You ask if you can buy her a drink.

JACOB

And what if she says no?

CAL

You order her a drink anyway, let it sit there.

*

JACOB

When she asks me a question about myself?

CAL

You deflect it back to her. You never answer questions about yourself.

JACOB

And what happens?

CAL

They talk about themselves. A lot.

JACOB

And what do I do?

CAL

You act really interested. You nod a lot.

JACOB

And at the end of the night?

CAL

You compliment them, then you ask if they'd like to come back to your place.

JACOB

Do I ask?

CAL

No. You confidently tell them you'd like them to come back to your place.

(then)

Holy shit! You Mr. Miagi'd me!

Jacob BOWS to Cal, Japanese style. A PRETTY WOMAN stands near their table. Jacob stands, smiles.

JACOB

Oh, and no talking about your job, your children, your pathetic sexual history, or David Jacobowitz. Okay, here we go...

*

CAL

What, no, I'm not ready for --
(then, to woman)

Hi!

Jacob has pulled her over. She's attractive, mid-thirties.

*

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

Cal, this is Kate. Kate, Cal.

Jacob NODS at Cal ("you've got this") and leaves them. *
Kate SITS. Cal smiles at Kate, nervous. She smiles
back. Cal MOTIONS for a waitress in the distance.

CAL

Can I buy you a drink, Kate?

KATE (PRETTY WOMAN) *

Oh. No thank you.

Cal smiles, portrays confidence.

CAL

I'm buying you a drink anyway,
Kate, so you might as well tell me
what you want. *

KATE

Really, thank you but it's okay. *

CAL

I'm guessing you're a vodka girl,
am I right? Yeah? A nice dirty
martini? No, no, no: a Grey
Goose, rocks, extra lime? C'mon,
one drink! Picture those ice
cubes clinking together. Mmmm.
Can't you taste it? *

She smiles.

KATE

Yes, I can but... I'm, uh, five
years sober so...

Cal's face drops. The WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

What can I get --

CAL

Nothing. We don't want anything.
Don't come back here ever.

The Waitress leaves, confused. Kate looks around,
uncomfortable. She tries small-talk.

KATE

So... what do you do, Cal?

CAL

What do you do, Kate?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

I asked you first.

CAL

I asked you second.

She LAUGHS lightly, thinks he's being funny.

KATE

Seriously, what do you do?

CAL

Seriously, what do you do?

Now it's getting a little weird.

KATE

I'm a teacher. Now, c'mon: what do you do?

Cal NODS, exaggerated.

CAL

Teacher. Interesting. I'm very interested in teaching.

KATE

I'm sorry, are you not going to tell me what you do?

He's still nodding, as if fascinated.

CAL

A teacher with an alcohol dependency no less, I bet that's actually more common than people realize...

KATE

I should get back to my friends --

Kate STANDS. Cal puts his face in his hands.

CAL

I'm sorry! I'm supposed to deflect your questions... oh screw it: I'm in corporate insurance. And I have children. Plural. More than one. The only thing I have ONE of, is sexual partners, that would be the woman I recently separated from because she was cheating on me with David Jacobowitz who I wasn't supposed to tell you about either.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

Kate turns back, curious.

KATE

What were you supposed to tell me?

CAL

I don't know: that you're a perfect combination of sexy and cute -- it was something I said about my wife that's since been corrupted. But I'm tired, and I'm at least fifteen years older than you, and this sweater is called slim fitting but it's really just uncomfortable and itchy.

KATE

You think I'm a perfect combination of sexy and cute?

Cal looks up.

CAL

That's what you took away from that?

She smiles, sits back down.

KATE

Wow, an actual honest man. I don't know what to do with that. It's kind of... rare around here.

(then)

It's nice, actually.

CAL

It is?

KATE

You have no idea. I'm kind of a magnet for these jerk-offs. They charm me, and I fall for it, and at some point they just... never call me again.

CAL

(genuine)

I don't understand. Look at you. Who wouldn't call you again?

She looks up. It's not a line, it's a genuine compliment. She smiles warmly. Holy shit, Cal is in!

(CONTINUED)

KATE

So... what were you 'supposed' to do next?

CAL

Well, eventually I'm 'supposed' to ask you if you want to get out of here. Actually no, I'm supposed to tell you, confidently, that you should come home with me.

KATE

Why don't you give it a shot, see what happens?

Cal looks up, surprised. He clears his throat, then:

CAL

You're very pretty, Kate. And I can't tell if you're being serious, but I think you should come home with me.

KATE

(playful)
Ask me again.

Cal smiles and leans forward, faux-confident. *

CAL

I'm not asking you, Kate. I'm telling you: you should come home with me.

Kate looks up, genuinely turned-on.

CUE MUSIC: "SEXYBACK" by Justin Timberlake.

SMASH CUT TO:

Cal and Kate BARGE in, passionately kissing. *

CAL

(gasping for breath)
This is my dumpy apartment that I had to move into when I left my wife.

47 CONTINUED:

47

KATE

(turned on)

I love that you're being so honest. It's so different, so hot.

*

CAL

I've never been with a woman besides my ex-wife.

KATE

More, tell me more.

CAL

I'm worried you have AIDS.

She stops.

CAL

Only a little.

She pushes him down on the couch, takes her sweater off. She's wearing just a bra. She looks amazing.

KATE

What do you want to do with me?

*

CAL

Show you off to my wife to make her jealous.

She GROWLS and dives on top of him as we launch:

*

48 CAL WEAVER'S "SEXYBACK" MONTAGE (THE NEXT FEW WEEKS)

48

-- The next morning a DISHEVELED CAL lets Kate out, gives her a big passionate kiss, and closes the DOOR.

-- We STAY ON the DOOR. After a beat, it opens up: as Cal bids farewell to a NEW GIRL on a new morning.

49 AT THE BAR

49

Cal strides in -- a skip in his step, a perfectly tailored suit on his body. Everything's in SLOW MOTION. He points at someone, winks at a waitress...

A SAD SACK GUY at the bar watches Cal stride by, jealous. Cal Weaver has evolved into "the fucking man."

*

*

52 CONTINUED: 52
 They LAUGH, quickly becoming inseparable. *

53 INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - EVENING 53
 A late 40s couple eat dinner: BERNIE (the big guy who "broke up" with Cal earlier) and CLAIRE, a bubbly little woman -- the polar opposite of her husband. *

CLAIRE
 Oh, I almost forgot -- heard some good gossip at the nail salon. *

BERNIE
 For God's sake, Claire.

CLAIRE
 (sing-songy)
 It's about Cal. *

BERNIE
 Leave the poor bastard alone, would you? I gave him the cologne like you told me to. We don't have to dance on his grave. *

VOICE (O.S.)
 What did you hear about Mr. Weaver, Mom?

PULL BACK -- JESSICA (THE BABYSITTER) SITS AT THE NEARBY COUNTER, EATING NEXT TO HER LITTLE BROTHER (13). *

CLAIRE
 Apparently, Mr. Weaver has become quite a man-about-town if you get my drift. *

JESSICA
 What?

CLAIRE
 Lots of young women coming in and out of his apartment lately. *

BERNIE
 Claire, would you cut it out?

CLAIRE
 It's good for Jess to know. She still baby-sits for him after all.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

BERNIE

Oh, c'mon! Enough.

*
*

CLAIRE

Well, it's good gossip at the
least. Ooh, guess what else I
heard...As she CONTINUES CHATTERING in the b.g., we HOLD ON
Jessica. Thinking.

*

54 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

54

Jessica waits at her LOCKER. She spots a TALL BLONDE
GIRL moving down the hallway, texting as she walks.

*

JESSICA

Madison! Madison, wait!

Madison stops walking, but not texting.

JESSICA

Hey, I had a question --

Madison holds up a finger ("one second") and continues
texting. Finally, she stops. Looks up. Smiles.

MADISON

Hey, Jessica, whassup?

JESSICA

I had a question for you, Madison.
It's kind of on the personal side
so...

*

MADISON

My lips are...

Madison extends her arms, begins clapping and making
WEIRD NOISES. Jessica stares at her blankly.

MADISON

(explaining)

Seals.

(then)

My lips are seals.

JESSICA

Oh, okay. So, Madison, here's the
thing... I don't mean to be blunt
or insulting but, let's call it
what it is: you're always
sleeping with older guys, right?

(CONTINUED)

MADISON

(nodding)

Always.

JESSICA

Lots of college guys, I've heard.

MADISON

Lots of them.

JESSICA

Even rumors about a few teachers.

MADISON

Totally.

JESSICA

So my question is: how do you do that? I mean, how do you get them not to see you as... well, a kid in high school?

MADISON

Oh, well first off, I have a huge rack.

*
*

JESSICA

You do, yes.

MADISON

So that helps.

JESSICA

Yes, I'm sure it does.

MADISON

You don't have a huge rack.

*

JESSICA

No, I don't unfortunately.

MADISON

So that's not gonna work.

JESSICA

Nope.

Madison SIGHS.

MADISON

Okay, here's what you do. Wait, how old is he?

JESSICA

Old.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON

Like really old?

JESSICA

Like parent old.

MADISON

Nasty. Rock on, Jessica.

JESSICA

Thank you, Madison.

MADISON

Alright, you have to hook him.
Force his hand. Make him unable
to stop himself from doing what he
knows to be wrong.

JESSICA

How?

MADISON

Do what I do. Send him a postcard
from downtown.

*
*

JESSICA

Huh?

*

MADISON

Go TMZ on his ass.

*

JESSICA

I'm not following you, Madis--

*

MADISON

The full gyno.

*
*

Off Jessica's blank look.

*

MADISON

A crotch shot? A nip slip?

(then)

A dirty picture! You can even
Annie Leibowitz it. Tasteful but
with nipple. Yeah, that's what
you should do: make it artistic.
Black and white. Make this face.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

She makes a raw sexual face.

*

JESSICA

Jesus, Madison!

*
*

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

54

MADISON

Well, you came to me for advice,
that's my advice. You put those
across his radar, he won't see you
as a little girl anymore, that's
for sure.

Madison walks off, calls back.

MADISON

Don't send it to him as a jpeg,
though. He'll put it up on his
fantasy football web-site. And
then your brother sees it, tells
your mom, and suddenly you're not
allowed to use Facebook for a
month. Thanks, Kevin!

*
*
*
*
*

She leaves Jessica there, processing the advice.

*

55 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATER THAT DAY

55

Jessica EXITS the school, lost in thought. There's a bit
of commotion outside. TEENAGERS are pointing and
LAUGHING at something.

Jessica pushes through and sees:

*

ROBBIE, standing atop a man-made, tall, wooden
platform/scaffold in front of the school.

*

*

ROBBIE

(dramatically)

There she is!

ON JESSICA

Oh shit.

BACK TO ROBBIE

as he RIPS OPEN his button-up shirt, revealing a SCARLET
J taped to his pale, hairless chest. He has recreated
the famous Scarlet Letter tableau. He pulls out a piece
of paper, reads it.

*

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote in *The Scarlet Letter*: 'No man for any considerable period can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.'

Robbie puts down the paper, ignoring the jeers.

ROBBIE

I am not bewildered! Jessica Riley is my soulmate. She's the one! I know it to be true, and so now do the multitude.

(correcting himself)
Multitudes?

(then, deciding)
No, multitude.

*
*
*

JESSICA

Robbie, get down!

ROBBIE

I have marked myself with this Scarlet J, Jessica! For you. Because your name starts with a J. It's just tape and construction paper but one day I will get a permanent tattoo when I'm old enough that my parents won't freak out on me.

JESSICA

Robbie Weaver! I am your baby-sitter and I'm telling you to GET YOUR ASS DOWN FROM THERE NOW!

That does the trick. He gets down to mocking APPLAUSE. Jessica pulls him off to the side.

JESSICA

(heated whisper)
What the hell are you thinking?

ROBBIE

You like the scaffold? It has wheels. Took four weeks to build it.

(then)
Oh, those are my friends, they helped me wheel it down. Wave hello.

(CONTINUED)

OFF TO THE SIDE: Three excited THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLDS WAVE and give THUMBS-UPS to Robbie. Jessica waves, confused, turns back to Robbie.

JESSICA

This has to stop, Robbie.
Seriously.

ROBBIE

You'll learn to love me. I
promise.

JESSICA

I won't.

ROBBIE

Just because I'm four years
younger than you?

JESSICA

BECAUSE I LOVE SOMEONE ELSE!!!

This stops Robbie dead in his tracks.

JESSICA

I've been spending time with him
for a while.

Robbie stumbles, less sure-footed than usual.

ROBBIE

No. You can't. I've checked. No
boyfriend since ninth grade. No
date for Spring Formal last
month --

JESSICA

He's older. I don't want my
parents to know.

And with that, Robbie literally just sits down on the ground, all the wind taken out of him. It might be the cutest thing you've ever seen.

ROBBIE

Who is he?

JESSICA

It doesn't matter.

ROBBIE

Do I know him? Is he from town?

JESSICA

I don't know. Yes, kind of.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

ROBBIE

I'll kill him if he hurts you.

Jessica tries not to smile.

JESSICA

I know. But this all has to stop now, Robbie. The speeches, the texts, all of it. It's very sweet, but it has to stop.

He just sits there, lost.

JESSICA

I'll see you around, okay?

She EXITS. Robbie remains seated on the grass. Devastated. His three friends approach.

ROBBIE'S FRIEND

We should probably get the scaffold back on the road before dark.

ROBBIE

Yeah.

56 INT. CAL'S CORPORATE APARTMENT - AFTERNOON (NEXT DAY)

56

Robbie's on the couch, dejected. His little sister sits next to him, watching High School Musical as always.

In the adjoining kitchen, Cal is on the phone.

CAL

(into phone)

Hey, Nanna! I know, it's been forever. Have you been getting out at all? I'll bring you some of that deli you like one night, okay? The kids? They're fine.

(to other room)

Kids, say hi to Nanna.

ROBBIE AND MOLLY

Hi, Nanna!

CAL

Oh, I've been keeping busy. Made a new buddy, I've been spending time with him. Yeah, I'm going to see her tomorrow night. Of course I miss her. You don't know how much I miss...

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

His voice cracks. He turns, sees Robbie staring. He heads into the bathroom with the phone, closes the door.

Robbie SIGHS, turns back to the TV.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. CAL'S CORPORATE APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

57

Cal and Robbie are having a catch. Robbie is listless. *

ROBBIE

So you're seeing Mom tomorrow, huh? At my parent-teacher thing?

CAL

Yeah.

ROBBIE

First time in a while.

CAL

Yeah, but no biggie.

Cal tosses him back the ball.

CAL

Hey, what's with the moping?

ROBBIE

Nothing. It's just... there's this girl. *

Cal smiles.

CAL

Oh yeah? You like her?

ROBBIE

I like Pringles. This girl's my soulmate. I'm like crazy, stupid, in love with her. And she wants someone else. *

CAL

But she's your soulmate? *

ROBBIE

Yeah. *

CAL

Well you can't just give up.

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE

Why not?
 (then, quietly)
 You did.

Cal freezes. *

ROBBIE *

Mom was yours, right? *

CAL

I didn't give up.

ROBBIE

Listen, Dad. I love you. I have your back, always. But let's be honest here: the woman told you she wanted a divorce and you jumped out of a car.

CAL

It was slightly more complicated than that. And I'm a different guy now.

ROBBIE

You're the same guy. You just have different clothes. Do you still love her? *

CAL

How old ARE you?

ROBBIE

(strongly)
 Do you still love Mom?

Cal doesn't say anything. His silence speaks volumes.

CAL

Weren't we talking about you? *

ROBBIE

We are. Your son is in desperate need of some romantic inspiration. So set an example for your boy. Don't give up. It's complicated? Uncomplicate it. She says no? Change her mind. Look at you, you're the man right now, Dad. Get her back. *

(dramatically)
 Get back my mom.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2) 57

Robbie punctuates his pep talk by tossing Cal the ball, hard.

Cal is lost in thought. The ball sails past him and THROUGH THE WINDOW of a nearby car.

58 EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - NEXT NIGHT 58

PARENTS walk hand-in-hand, into the school. It's Parent-Teacher conference night. *

59 INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - NEXT NIGHT 59 *

Cal sits on a small chair outside a classroom. Tracy approaches. *

TRACY (O.S.)

Wow.

Cal looks up. Tracy stands there. She's dressed down, but looks amazing. Vulnerable and nervous. *

TRACY
(floored)

You look great, Cal.

CAL

Oh, well turns out I've been buying the wrong size suit for twenty years so...

TRACY

Well you look great. Really.

Cal smiles.

CAL

Thank you.
(then)

You always look great, so...

Awkward. Neither knows what to say now. Tracy takes the seat next to him. *

CAL

I talked to Nanna yesterday.

TRACY

Me, too. She sound okay to you? *

CAL

She sounded like... Nanna. She worries about us. *

(CONTINUED)

Tracy NODS. A long beat, then:

CAL
I feel like I'm about to get
detention.

Tracy LAUGHS, tension broken a bit.

CAL
Which teacher is this?

TRACY
Mrs. Thompson. This is the one
he pulled *The Scarlet Letter*
Asshole routine on.

Cal smiles.

CAL
He's a really weird kid, isn't he?

TRACY
Yeah.
(then)
I kind of like him, though.

CAL
I do, too. I'm so glad we
switched the babies at the
hospital.

TRACY
Me, too.

They LAUGH. God, these two are great together when
they're in rhythm. The laughter trickles away.

An awkward beat, then:

CAL
So, how are things with...
(a beat, then)
How's it going with David?

She looks down.

TRACY
Oh... it's not.
(then)
It wasn't about him, if that means
anything.

CAL
No, I know.

(CONTINUED)

*
*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

Cal looks at his watch, a nervous gesture.

TRACY

You seeing anyone?

CAL

Who, me? No. You know me. No, not really.

TRACY

Oh. Because you hear things, you know.

CAL

Yeah, well...

Another long beat of silence. Cal gathers himself, takes a breath, and turns toward Tracy.

CAL

I miss you, T.

Tracy looks up surprised.

CAL

I got complacent, I think. You find your soulmate in high school... you've got the game sewed up in the first quarter, you know?

*
*

She smiles.

CAL

I put in an effort when we were younger, didn't I? I'd do anything to make you happy: take you miniature golfing, dancing -- you were such a good dancer.

TRACY

I had to be. You were such a good miniature golfer.

He smiles, emboldened.

CAL

All I ever wanted to do was make you love me. And then you did, really early on. And we got married *so* young. And I guess... I got lazy. I got boring. And I'm furious at you for what you did. But I don't totally blame you, if that makes any sense?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAL (CONT'D)

(then)

I shouldn't have jumped out of the car. I should have fought for you. You fight for your soulmate. At least that's what our thirteen-year-old tells me.

Tracy's eyes well up with tears.

TRACY

He's a very strange boy, isn't he?

CAL

I'll be honest: he scares the shit out of me.

She LAUGHS through her tears.

TRACY

I missed you, too.

Cal takes her hand, kisses it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. and Mrs. Weaver?

They turn around.

AT DOORWAY

It's Robbie's English teacher, Mrs. Thompson... better known to us as:

KATE (the teacher from the bar who Cal slept with).

Cal freezes, his lips on Tracy's hand.

CAL

Oh God.

*

KATE

Cal? What are you doing here?

CAL

(looking to the sky)
Really?

TRACY

You two know each other?

CAL

Um, yes... we've met before.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (4)

59

KATE

We've met before? Seriously?

*

CAL

Mrs. Thompson? This is my wife.
Tracy.

KATE

Oh, so now she's your WIFE again?
HOW CONVENIENT!

Kate's getting louder now.

CAL

Why don't we head inside?

KATE

YES, WHY DON'T WE!?

She STORMS INSIDE. Tracy looks at Cal, follows her in.

60 INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

60

Kate PACES in front of the classroom.

TRACY

I'm sorry, I'm playing catch-up:
how do you two know each other?

KATE

Maybe your husband should tell
you.

Cal hesitates.

CAL

We have a mutual friend.

KATE

Ha!

*

CAL

You know, maybe we should focus on
Robbie?

KATE

Yes, let's do that. Let's focus
on Robbie.

Kate goes to her blackboard.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

As you know, Robbie's shining moment this year was when he set a school record for cursing in an eighth grade English class.

She writes on the board: ASSHOLE. She underlines it. *

KATE

Asshole. Are you familiar with this word, Mrs. Weaver?

CAL

She's heard it, yes. So in terms of Robbie's progress --

KATE

Asshole: as in, someone who tells a woman that he'll call, and never does.

CAL

We were a little concerned about Robbie's grade on his oral book report --

KATE

Asshole: as in, someone who uses 'honesty' to get a woman into bed with him, but is actually full of shit like the rest of them.

CAL

Because usually he's a very strong public speaker --

KATE

Asshole: as in, someone who allows a woman to go down on him for forty-five minutes because he's 'nervous' --

CAL

OKAY! ENOUGH!!!

Kate stops. Cal turns to Tracy. She looks crestfallen.

CAL

I can explain.

Tracy rushes out of the room. Cal calls after her.

CAL

She's an alcoholic! You can't trust what she says!

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2) 60

KATE SCREAMS in horror. Cal races after Tracy. Kate races after Cal.

61 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION 61

A three-way chase:

CAL
Tracy, wait!

TRACY
Leave me alone, Cal!

KATE
I'm sober for FIVE YEARS, you ASSHOLE!

ON SPECTATORS

TEACHERS and PARENTS (including Jessica's parents), stepping out into the hallway and following them outside.

62 EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS ACTION 62

Tracy races to her car.

CAL
Tracy, c'mon! We were separated.

TRACY
(fumbling for keys)
I know, and I cheated, so it doesn't make any sense for me to be mad at you.

CAL
Okay, so --

TRACY
I can't do this now, Cal.

CAL
Tracy, I love you.

KATE
Tell her she's the perfect combination of sexy and cute, ASSHOLE!

Tracy looks at Cal, stunned. That's their thing.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

It's a funny story, actually --

TRACY

I'm going home.

She opens the car door.

CAL

Tracy, wait! Yes, I slept with her! I slept with our son's eighth grade teacher!

GASPS from the crowd. Claire (Jessica's Mom) takes a picture with her cell phone.

CAL

But all it did was confirm what I already knew: THAT I LOVE, YOU! I LOVE YOU!!!

Tracy hesitates. Cal seizes the moment.

CAL

Before, you were the only woman I'd ever been with or wanted to be with. And now, even after I've been with eleven women, you're STILL...

He instantly trails off, realizing. MORE GASPS.

CAL

(meekly completing)
... the only woman I want to be with.

TRACY

I don't even know who you are.

Tracy gets in her car and speeds off.

CAL

(weakly, to himself)
I'm your soulmate.

Cal turns around to the crowd, only to be met...

By a SLAP ACROSS the face by Kate. She STORMS OFF.

CAL

HE DESERVED AN 'A' ON THAT BOOK REPORT AND YOU KNOW IT!

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

THUNDER CRACKS in the sky. It begins to pour. Cal stands there, soaked. He looks up at the sky.

CAL

REALLY!!!???

63 EXT. CHEESECAKE FACTORY

63

Meanwhile, the rain pours down as DINERS scurry into the restaurant.

*

64 INT. CHEESECAKE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

64

We've been here before... the same group of BORING PEOPLE at the same table. Liz and Hannah CHAT off to the side.

There's a cake on the table that says "CONGRATS HANNAH!"

Richard stands on a chair.

RICHARD

Excuse me, everyone. Everyone!?

The room goes quiet.

RICHARD

Now, if we could get our guest of honor over here... I forget what she looks like, anyone remember?

*

POLITE LAUGHS. Liz GAGS herself with her finger, looks at Hannah. Hannah takes a deep breath, downs her drink, and walks over to Richard. Is this it?

RICHARD

I'm so proud of you, baby. I had my doubts, of course...

More CHEESY LAUGHTER.

RICHARD

Now I did tell you that it'd be a special night when you passed the bar. And I'm a lawyer so you know I never lie...

More HECKLING from the crowd. Liz desperately orders another drink, barely able to take it.

RICHARD

So, Hannah, I'd like to formally ask you, in front of all our friends and colleagues...

(CONTINUED)

Hannah waits, frozen.

RICHARD

... if you'd like to become a permanent lawyer at the firm of Watkins, Goldberg, and Schmidt!?

CHEERS. Hannah steps back, breathless. Richard reacts.

RICHARD

You don't have a better offer already, do you?

Everyone LAUGHS.

HANNAH

No, that's great. I just...
(then, privately)
I'm sorry, I thought... I thought you were about to propose.

The room goes quiet, trying to hear.

RICHARD

What?

HANNAH

No, I just... it's fine. I'm sorry, I just got thrown is all.

Richard pulls Hannah off to the side.

RICHARD

Honey, I'm so sorry, I didn't realize.

HANNAH

No, no, don't be silly, it's fine.

*

RICHARD

It's definitely a possibility, down the road. I think I just need a little more time. I'm still figuring out how I feel about us, you know: long-term.

HANNAH

No, I know...
(then)
Wait -- you're figuring out how you feel about us?

She LAUGHS. Once. Then twice. Loudly. Everyone's now watching. Liz gets a good seat, excited.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

RICHARD

Honey?

She's really laughing now.

HANNAH

You know what the best part is: I would have said yes! To YOU! And I didn't even want you to propose! Just now, I swear to God: I was hoping you wouldn't propose. And I still would have said YES! That's how pathetic I am!

She snags someone else's drink from the table, DOWNS IT. She grabs Richard's cheeks.

HANNAH

I will consider your job offer, thank you so much, Richard.

Hysterically LAUGHING, she walks away. As she passes, Liz sticks out her hand and they slap five.

65 INT. BAR

65

Meanwhile, Jacob sits alone in the bar. He checks his watch. No Cal.

Suddenly, he looks very alone at his usual table.

He shakes it off, stands, and approaches the table of a group of nearby WOMEN.

ON THE WOMEN

One of them is telling a story:

WOMAN

And you know what she said?

JACOB (O.S.)

What? What did she say?

The women look up.

ON JACOB

Standing there, in all his glory. He flashes his coolest smile. They melt. We've seen this before.

SLAM! The door to the bar busts open, revealing:

(CONTINUED)

*

65 CONTINUED:

65

HANNAH.

She's dripping wet from the rain, looking almost wild.

She scans the room, quickly, searching for...

JACOB.

She spots him, marches straight to him.

For the first time, he looks like a deer in the headlights. *

She grabs him. Kisses him. A long, deep, almost angry kiss. She pulls back.

HANNAH

Do you remember me?

JACOB

Yes.

HANNAH

Do you still think I'm attractive?

JACOB

Yes.

HANNAH

Do you still want to take me home?

JACOB

Yes.

Hannah NODS, takes his hand.

HANNAH

Let's go.

She leads him out of the bar. We STAY WITH the WOMEN Jacob had just been introducing himself to.

WOMAN #1

Slut. *

66 INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - LATER

66

We haven't been here yet. It's exactly what you'd expect though: an elegant bachelor-pad. Modern furniture. Sleek. Everything just right. Jacob puts an album on his record player. *

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

This place looks like something
out of a men's magazine.

JACOB

Is that a compliment?

HANNAH

I'm not sure.

Music starts playing: "As Tears Go By" by the Stones.

HANNAH

I like this song.

JACOB

I thought you would.
(then)
Drink?

HANNAH

Yes, please.

Jacob pours two nice glasses of SCOTCH, neat. Brings
them (and the bottle) over towards the couch.

He pats the couch. Hannah nods, walks over, sits down.

JACOB

Cheers.

HANNAH

Cheers.

They CLINK. Jacob takes a sip. Hannah downs hers. She
holds out her glass for a refill. *

Jacob raises a brow, pours her another. This time she
HOLDS HER NOSE as she downs it. As soon as she finishes
choking...

HANNAH

So is this how it normally works?

JACOB

What?

HANNAH

How you woo a woman? You take
them back to your granite-
countered bachelor pad, put on the
perfect song, and make them a
drink?

*

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

Yes. That's how it normally works.

Hannah NODS, grabs the bottle, takes a swig.

HANNAH

And then you sleep with them?

JACOB

Yes.

HANNAH

So that's what happens next? We sleep together?

JACOB

At some point, yes, I was under the impression that was your plan.

She takes a deep breath, admits:

HANNAH

I'm very nervous.

JACOB

I'm getting that.

HANNAH

I know at the bar I seemed confident, but I was more just soaking wet and cold and trying to be dramatic.

Jacob LAUGHS. He actually LAUGHS.

JACOB

You're adorable.

Hannah SNAPS, already tipsy.

HANNAH

No! Not adorable! Sexy! R-rated sexy! Because I know what happens next in the PG-13 version of tonight: I get really drunk, and I pass out, and you cover me with a blanket, and kiss my forehead, and nothing happens... but that's not why I'm here!

(then)

I'm here to bang the hot guy from the bar who hit on me.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

I don't think people say 'bang'
anymore.

HANNAH

I do. We're going to bang. I'm
finally going to do something
exciting and dangerous and Liz can
blow me!

Hannah shakes her hands out, pumping herself up.

HANNAH

Okay, okay, this is happening.
(then)
Take off your shirt.

JACOB

What?

HANNAH

I need to stop thinking. Take off
your shirt.

Jacob SHRUGS, stands, unbuttons his shirt and takes it
off. He's ripped.

HANNAH

Holy crap.

She pokes a finger at his abs.

HANNAH

It's like you're photo-shopped.

JACOB

Now take off yours.

HANNAH

No way! Not with all that
happening...

She motions casually at his abs.

HANNAH

So... do you prefer to do it here
or in the bedroom?

JACOB

(amused)
In the bedroom is preferable.

Hannah stands, a girl on a mission.

66 CONTINUED: (4)

66

HANNAH
Good. Let's go there.

*

67 INT. BAR

67

Meanwhile Cal, beaten up and soaking wet from the rain,
ENTERS. He looks to his usual table, in need of a
friend's company.

But Jacob isn't there.

CUT BACK TO:

68 INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

68

Hannah lies on her back in the dim light. Jacob is on
top of her, shirtless. They're making out, gently.

*

HANNAH
(tipsy)
This pillow is amazing. It forms
perfectly to the shape of my head.

JACOB
I'm glad you like it.

They resume kissing. After a beat, she pulls back again.

HANNAH
Wait, are these those foam pillows
from Brookstone?

Off his look...

HANNAH
They are, aren't they!? I always
wondered who actually buys them!
You do! The hot guy from the bar
buys them! Of course!

She shakes her head, amazed. Gathers herself.

HANNAH
Sorry, let's proceed.

Jacob smiles, goes to kiss her... she pulls back again.

HANNAH
You don't have one of those
ridiculous massage chairs, do you?

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

(lying)

No.

HANNAH

Oh. My. God! You totally do!

*

JACOB

(admitting)

I do.

She STARTS LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY. It's infectious.

HANNAH

How much did it cost?

JACOB

Five thousand doll--

*

That DOUBLES HER OVER, hysterical. Jacob starts laughing with her... really laughing. We can tell: this is different for him. He likes her.

We watch him as he realizes that. As he processes it. We watch him look at Hannah.

ON HANNAH

Hair in her face: drunk, laughing, completely amazing. And then... Jacob does the most unexpected thing:

JACOB

Do me a favor. Ask me a question about myself.

HANNAH

What? No! I don't want to know anything about you.

JACOB

C'mon, one question.

*

HANNAH

Okay, fine, but then we bang.

JACOB

Absolutely. Now, come on, I'll answer anything. You can ask me about my job, or past girlfriends --

*

HANNAH

What's your mom like?

(CONTINUED)

The question takes him by surprise. He hesitates, then:

JACOB

Icy... I guess? Not cruel, but cold. Very cold.

HANNAH

And your father?

JACOB

He died, long time ago. Left us a lot of money, which is how I have...

He motions at his PILLOW.

JACOB

Stuff like this.

She motions at his abs.

HANNAH

And time for stuff like that?

He LAUGHS.

JACOB

My dad was the opposite of my mom, actually...

We PULL BACK as they continue chatting.

TIME PASSES, as one question leads to another, and then another.

Body language shifts.

-- Soon they're sitting in bed, sharing the Scotch from the bottle, just talking. Then kissing. Then lying on their sides, face-to-face, talking some more.

-- Until finally: it's Jacob who passes out. And it's

Hannah who covers him with a blanket, and kisses him on the forehead, and begins falling in love with him.

CUE MUSIC as we begin a...

*

MONTAGE. IN ONE CONTINUOUS DOLLY MOVE WE HEAD, FIRST, TO...

*

*

69 INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING 69 *

Hannah looks longingly at Jacob's plate of pancakes. *

He notices, switches plates. *

She smiles. He smiles. God, he's crazy about her. *

He looks at the next table, watches a LOVELORN GUY switch plates with his GIRLFRIEND. *

Uh-oh. *

70 INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT 70 *

DOLLY DOWN the row, HANDS are held between COUPLES, all entranced by the movie, until we REVEAL: *

JACOB *

staring down at his hand, locked with Hannah's. He looks terrified. *

71 INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM - EVENING 71 *

Now it's Hannah who's asleep in bed, and Jacob who stares at her lovingly. Suddenly, he catches himself. *

In a series of COMEDIC JUMP-CUTS, he wrestles with the implications of what's happening to him. *

-- Pacing. A drink. A big drink. Fingers pulling at his own hair. Hyperventilating. More staring. More pacing. *

CUT TO: *

71A INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM 71A *

And finally, he loses the battle: he tucks Hannah under a blanket, kisses her forehead, and finally... *

Gives in to falling in love with her. *

CUT TO: *

72 INT. BAR - EVENING 72 *

Cal is sitting at the table that once belonged to Jacob. He suddenly seems very alone. *

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

He looks towards the bar, notices that same SAD SACK MIDDLE-AGED GUY. Also alone. He picks up his cell. *

73 INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 73 *

Tracy sits at a table, FLOWERS off to the side. Her phone rings. She looks at it, sees it's "Cal." She hits IGNORE. *

PULL BACK to reveal DAVID JACOBOWITZ, across from her. He looks at Tracy and smiles. She smiles back weakly. *

74 EXT. WEAVER HOUSE - LATER 74 *

The awkward end of a first date. David walks Tracy to the front door. She's carrying those same flowers. *

Awkward beat. *

DAVID JACOBOWITZ *

I had fun tonight, Tracy. And I was wondering if -- *

TRACY *

David, stop. Look, I had a nice time, which is a substantial upgrade from the rest of the... times I've been having lately. So, I don't think I'm ready to start dating but my ex clearly is and there's a yogurt shop where they make this eight calorie ice cream that tastes like a laxative, so if you'd like to take me there sometime I guess I wouldn't say no. *

DAVID JACOBOWITZ *

Wow. You know, that's exactly what I was thinking. It's almost uncanny. *

They LAUGH. This is the moment. Romantic chemistry. Are they going to kiss? Holy cow. And then... *

THE DOOR OPENS. Jessica stands there. *

JESSICA *

Hello. *

TRACY *

Oh, Jessica. Hi. Sorry. *

Jessica, this is my work-friend. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRACY (CONT'D)

He's an accountant named David.
David, this is my baby-sitter,
Jessica. Okay, David, well
everything sounds great.
Spreadsheets.

*
*
*
*
*

David smiles knowingly.

*

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

I'll see you at work.

*
*

He EXITS. Tracy stands there with Jessica, awkward.

*

INSIDE THE DOOR

*

Robbie sneaks down the stairs. From a kneeling position,
he can hear and see everything.

*
*

JESSICA

So... How was dinner?

*
*

TRACY

It was just for work.

*
*

JESSICA

(pointedly)
It's a pretty dress.

*
*
*

TRACY

Oh, thanks.

*
*

Tracy reaches for her purse, awkwardly.

*

TRACY

So how much do I owe yo--

*
*

JESSICA

Did you know your kids are the
only ones I baby-sit for who
always want to stay awake so they
can see their dad when he gets
home. I mean, they fight with
everything they have to keep their
eyes open so they can hear what
Dad had for dinner, or how he
liked the movie. Lot of kids want
to stay awake for Mom -- and your
kids always want to see you, don't
get me wrong -- but not a lot wait
up for Dad. Maybe it's because
he's good, and he's kind, and he's
decent.

*
*
*
*
*
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*
*
*
*
*
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*
*

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2) 74

TRACY *
What are you talking abo-- *

JESSICA *
Batshit crazy. *

She walks out the door. Tracy looks confused. *

TRACY *
Jessica? *

Jessica turns, explodes? *

JESSICA *
I DON'T WANT YOUR SLUTTY MONEY! *

She storms off. *

TRACY *
Jessica! *

But she's gone. Tracy SIGHS ("what the hell was that") *
and CLOSES the door. *

75 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 75 *

Tracy locks the door and leans against it... processing *
what Jessica just said about Cal. *

She puts the FLOWERS down on the table, and heads into *
the kitchen. *

ON ROBBIE *

at top of the stairs, regarding the flowers. *

76 EXT. STREET - LATER 76 *

CUE MUSIC. Robbie rides his bike down the street. He's *
got Tracy's FLOWERS nestled in his handlebars. *

77 INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER 77 *

Jessica ENTERS in a huff, goes right toward a drawer in *
her dresser. She pulls out a CAMERA. *

IN QUICK CUTS *

we watch as she: Sets it on her dresser. Hits the *
timer. Steps back. Drops her clothes to the floor. *

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

Prints a PHOTO from her camera. And places it in an envelope reading: *

"Cal Weaver." With a heart. She stares at the envelope for a beat. *

Just then: HER DOORBELL RINGS. *

Jessica jumps, started. She quickly puts the envelope in a drawer and heads for the door. *

78 INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 78 *

She opens the front door. Sitting on her stoop: *

The same flowers that David Jacobowitz gave Tracy sit out front. She looks at the note. It reads: "Just give me a chance, love David J" but the "David J." has been crossed out and replaced with "Robbie." *

She shakes her head, takes the flowers, closes the door. *

79 EXT. THE WEAVER BACKYARD - LATE EVENING 79 *

MUSIC CONTINUES as we spy the Weaver family through their windows: Robbie plays video games in his room. Molly watching her show in hers. Tracy in the kitchen. *

We MOVE DOWN the house, and OUTSIDE, where we discover: *

Cal in stealth mode, tending to his backyard. He fertilizes, trims and waters. All under cover of night. *

TRACY (O.S.) *

Kids! Ice cream! *

Cal looks into the living room. Tracy has brought out ice cream: a carton with three spoons. The kids race down the stairs, join her, and start eating. Laughing. *

We take in the real-time TABLEAU: *

Cal's wife and children -- his family -- inside. Cal: watching them from the outside, looking in. *

It's touching. It's complicated. It's horribly painful. *

INSIDE... Tracy looks at her kids, thinks of something. She steps into the KITCHEN, closes the door, and DIALS her phone. Cal leans toward the window, suspicious. *

OUTSIDE... Cal's phone rings. He jumps to silence it. *

(CONTINUED)

CAL *
Hello? *

TRACY *
Hi, Cal. *

Silence. Cal is looking at her inside. She has no idea. *

TRACY *
So... I'm in the basement. I'm *
trying to get the water heater *
working 'cause the pilot's out and *
I don't know how to relight it. *

Obviously Cal sees she's not in the basement. *

TRACY *
I'm sorry to bother you, I just... *
what do I do? *

Cal lowers the phone, looks at her, hesitates. Then: *

CAL *
It's fine, it's fine. I'm glad *
you called. Here: I'll walk you *
through it. *
(then) *
Do you see the little grey door? *

TRACY *
Yeah. *

CAL *
Pull it down. *

She pantomimes this in the kitchen. *

TRACY *
Okay, it's down. *

CAL *
Now, you see the red button? I *
wrote 'push' on it? *

TRACY *
I got it. *

CAL *
Push. Now turn that to the right *
and stick the match in. *

TRACY *
Oh, there it goes! *

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Good. Now just close the door and
you're good to go.

*
*
*

Silence. The charade is over. Now what?

*

TRACY

Well, thanks, Cal. I...
appreciate your help.

*
*
*

CAL

No, anytime. Call anytime with
stuff like that.

*
*
*

(awkward beat)

*

Talk to you later?

*

TRACY

Yeah. And... thanks again.

*
*

Cal HANGS up. He takes one final look back at his wife
as the sprinklers go off in the backyard and douse him.

*
*

Cal sits on his little couch, between Robbie and Molly.
Molly is once again absorbed in High School Musical.

Cal looks depressed. Robbie doesn't look much better.

*

CAL

Nanna's coming over tonight. You
guys haven't seen her in a while.
Wanna stay for dinner?

ROBBIE

Sure.

CAL

Your mom's working till five,
we'll have to tell her.

*

(off their silence)

*

What do you guys want to do today?

MOLLY

(not looking up)
High School Musical.

CAL

Well, there's a shocker.

She goes back into her trance.

ROBBIE

She still won't talk to you?

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Not if that show's on.

ROBBIE

No, I mean, Mom.

CAL

Oh, no. Just hellos and goodbyes
when we pass you guys off.

ROBBIE

What happened?

CAL

Beyond your pay-grade, buddy.

Cal looks pained.

CAL

I will say this though: I got
close. We were laughing. Talking
about old times, all the things we
used to do...

His eyes drift to the TV. It's the timeless GOLF SCENE
from High School Musical II. A LIGHT BULB goes on.

*
*

CAL

(to Robbie)

Hey. Get your coat.

*

Robbie smiles, runs off. Cal turns to Molly, REMOTE in
hand.

CAL

Baby? I'm gonna have to turn off
the show.

MOLLY

No!

CAL

I have to --

MOLLY

NOOOO!

CAL

I'm turning it off --

MOLLY

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He just does it! He turns the TV off. Silence. Molly
turns towards him, stares. A long, scary, beat. Then:

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2) 80

MOLLY
(free at last)
Thank you.

Cal KISSES her, jumps up from the couch.

81 INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - LATER 81

Cal talks to a SALESMAN. Robbie and Molly bounce around, excited.

82 INT. PARTY SUPPLY STORE - LATER 82

Cal talks to a different SALESMAN. Robbie and Molly extend a MEASURING TAPE across the ground, assisting.

83 EXT. U-HAUL CENTER - CONTINUOUS ACTION 83

Cal rents a TRUCK.

84 INT. HOME DEPOT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 84 *

Cal picks up materials. As he rounds a corner, he runs into... BERNIE. *

BERNIE *

Oh, hey, Cal. *

CAL *

Bernie. *

BERNIE *

So how've you -- *

CAL *

Bernie: I'd love to catch up, but I'm doing something at the old house tonight and I'm in a bit of a rush so... yeah. Thanks again for the cologne. *

Cal takes off. *

85 EXT. HOME DEPOT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 85

Molly points out her three favorite DAY LABORERS, Cal hires them.

86 INT. WEAVER BACKYARD - LATER 86 *

Some kind of construction is going on back there. *

Cal's cell phone RINGS. We go -- *

86A SPLIT SCREEN 86A *

with JACOB on his. He's waiting outside a LIQUOR STORE
in his car.

CAL *

Hello? *

JACOB *

Hey, Cal. *

CAL *

Oh. My. God. It's alive. *

JACOB *

I'm sorry. I know I've been out
of circulation. *

CAL *

You abandoned me at my time of
need. *

JACOB *

I've been a little... things have
gotten a bit... I met a woman. *

CAL *

I bet you did. *

JACOB *

No, I mean, I've been spending a
lot of time with her. This woman.
One woman. *

CAL *

(disbelieving)
Okay, whatever. *

JACOB *

Actually, tonight... I'm going to
meet her mother. *

CAL *

(laughing)
Whoa!!!! Look at you! You do
realize you might actually have to
answer a question or two about
yourself? *

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

Yes, I realize that, asshole.

Hannah comes out of the wine store, hops over the car.
Jacob can't help but smile: wow, he's REALLY into her.

JACOB

Gotta go. Grab a beer next week?

CAL

You've got my number.

(then)

Hey. Good for you, by the way.

JACOB

Thanks. *

Cal HANGS up, LAUGHS to himself, and gets back to work. *

87 EXT. WEAVER HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT 87 *

Tracy pulls up to her house. As she pulls in she notices
Robbie. He's standing outside the front door in a
tuxedo... a shit-eating grin on his face. *

She SIGHS ("what now?") and parks the car. *

88 INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM 88 *

Meanwhile. Claire is putting away laundry. She throws
some underwear in Jessica's bottom drawer. *

Notices something. An envelope. It's addressed to Cal
Weaver. Curiosity piqued, she picks it up. Looks
inside. Almost faints.

89 INT. CLAIRE AND BERNIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 89

Big Bernie sits in a recliner, watching football and
drinking a cold one. Jessica lies on the floor, doing
homework. *

Claire ENTERS, ashen. Zombie-like, she hands Bernie the
envelope. Jessica looks up, sees it. *

JESSICA

No!!!!

She jumps, but it's too late.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

ON BERNIE

Staring at the picture. We don't see it, but we get the point: it's a father's worst nightmare.

Bernie, dazed, slides the pictures back into the envelope. He looks at the envelope again.

ON ENVELOPE

Cal's name. A heart.

*

BACK TO SCENE

JESSICA

Daddy?

Bernie puts a hand up. He can't speak. He marches out the door. From inside we hear a car SCREECH AWAY.

ON JESSICA

Realizing. She grabs a second set of keys.

*

90 EXT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

90

Jessica runs into a second car. Races after her father.

*

91 EXT. WEAVER HOUSE

91

*

Meanwhile. Tracy approaches Robbie. Not only is he wearing a tuxedo, he's carrying a bunch of SCARVES.
Tracy LAUGHS.

*

*

TRACY

Baby! What are you wearing!?

ROBBIE

Dad's here.

*

*

Tracy's face drops.

*

ROBBIE

I have to blindfold you.

*

TRACY

(weary)
What is this? What is he doing?

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

ROBBIE

Relax, Mom. He's your husband,
not Al Queda. You'll make it out
alive.

She can't help but smile. She kneels down, allowing
Robbie to BLINDFOLD HER from behind.

He ties a SCARF around her eyes. Then ANOTHER at a
different angle, double-knots it. Then ANOTHER!

*

ROBBIE

Okay, we're good, let's do this.

92 INT. BERNIE'S CAR

92

Meanwhile. There's no expression on Bernie's face. It's
frightening. He looks down at passenger seat. At the
ENVELOPE bearing Cal's address.

He RACES through a light. A HORN blares behind him.

93 INT. JESSICA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

93

Jessica is the one BLARING THE HORN, crying and panicked.
She too RACES through the same light.

*

94 EXT. WEAVER BACKYARD

94

Robbie leads a blindfolded Tracy into the backyard. She
looks like a zombie with all the scarves over her face.

We see what she is not yet privy to.

ON THE BACKYARD

*

Cal's Shangri-La has been transformed: the yard holds a
FULL-BLOWN MINIATURE GOLF HOLE, windmill and all.

*

Cal stands behind it all, in a tux.

*

CAL

Hi, T.

TRACY

Can I take these off, please?

CAL

Almost. Kids?

*

(CONTINUED)

Robbie CUES music (which will play throughout this scene). Molly, in a PARTY DRESS, carries a glass of champagne to Tracy and puts it in her hand.

CAL

(launching in)

Twenty-five years ago, Cal Weaver saw Tracy Boyle for the first time, walking the halls of Woodside Middle School --

TRACY

Cal: are you seriously doing this in front of the kids?

ROBBIE

(quickly)

If it goes bad I'm supposed to take Molly upstairs and put the TV on loud.

Tracy SIGHS, giving up.

TRACY

Well, might as well wait for your daughter.

CAL

She's right next to you, T.

TRACY

No, your other daughter.

Huh? Just then:

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

From inside the house steps out...

HANNAH.

CAL

Nanna!

HANNAH

Hi, Daddy.

WTF! And right behind her... JACOB. Holding a bottle of wine and smiling like an idiot. Everyone freezes.

JACOB

Cal?

(CONTINUED)

CAL

What the hell are you doing here?

JACOB

What the hell are you doing here?

HANNAH

Wait, you two know each other?

TRACY

(still blind)

Hi, Nanna.

*

CAL

Wait, what's going on?

ROBBIE

Hey, Nanna.

HANNAH

Hey, Robbie.

MOLLY

Hey, Nanna.

HANNAH

Hey, cutie.

JACOB

WHAT THE HELL IS A NANNA!?

HANNAH

It's me, I couldn't pronounce Hannah when I was little -- wait, so how do you know my dad?

JACOB

(realizing)

Oh, God.

*

CAL

(freaking)

I'M NOT UNDERSTANDING WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

HANNAH

Dad, this is my boyfriend, Jacob.

CAL

No. No. No. No.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

I want to see the boyfriend!
 (struggling with
 scarves)
 Can someone please take this off?

JACOB

HOW THE HELL DO YOU HAVE A 24-YEAR-
 OLD DAUGHTER!?

*

CAL

I WAS SEVENTEEN! SHE WAS OUR
 SENIOR YEAR HICCUP! IT'S WHY WE
 GOT MARRIED SO YOUNG!

*

JACOB

WHY DIDN'T YOU EVER TELL ME THAT?

CAL

YOU NEVER LET ME TALK ABOUT MY
 CHILDREN!

*

HANNAH

So you two, like, really know each
 other?

CAL

No way -- you and her... no way.
 End it, now.

HANNAH

Daddy!!!

JACOB

Well, that's not going to happen.

CAL

Well, then I'm going to murder
 you.

HANNAH

DAD!

TRACY

(down to two scarves)
 Will someone please take this
 goddamn thing off me!

*

CAL

Robbie, take the goddamn thing off
 your mother!

(then, looking up)
 Bernie?

*

(CONTINUED)

SLAM! A body flies into Cal and knocks him OUT OF FRAME.
It's Bernie! Behind him...

JESSICA runs after her father, SCREAMING:

JESSICA

Daddy, no!

ROBBIE

Is that Jessica?

BAM! Bernie lands a solid right into Cal's jaw.

HANNAH

Daddy!

JESSICA

Daddy!

TRACY

(yanking on
blindfold)

What's happening?

Bernie is pummeling Cal.

BERNIE

I LET HER BABY-SIT FOR YOU, YOU
SICK SON OF A BITCH! SHE'S
SEVENTEEN!

Jacob dives in. Tries to pull Bernie off. Bernie NAILS
Jacob with an UPPERCUT!

HANNAH

Jacob!

CAL

(getting pummelled)

Bernie, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT!

Bernie picks up a WINDMILL from the miniature GOLF
COURSE, readies to bash it over Cal's head. Jessica
throws herself on Cal.

JESSICA

Daddy, stop!

This breaks Bernie's trance. He hesitates.

JESSICA

He didn't do anything. He doesn't
even know.

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE

Know what?

CAL

Know what?

TRACY

(still blindfolded)

Robbie, please get this off me!

ROBBIE

(struggling with it)

I'm TRYING!

JESSICA

He doesn't even know that I'm in
love with him!

Robbie stops, turns.

ROBBIE

With who?

JESSICA

(pointing at Cal)

With him.

CAL

Are you pointing at me?

ROBBIE

Are you pointing at him?

TRACY

Who is she pointing at!?

ROBBIE

(processing)

Wait: my dad is the older guy
you've been seeing?

BERNIE

I knew it.

He gets ready to pummel some more. Jessica grabs him.

*

JESSICA

(to Bernie)

He doesn't even know about the
dirty pictures I made for him.

ROBBIE

You made him dirty pictures? Oh
God.

(CONTINUED)

Robbie looks to Cal. He's angry, jealous, and broken-hearted all at once.

ROBBIE

(to Cal)

You're the one? You're the one she...

(then, furious)

You stole my soulmate.

CAL

Wait: Jessica is your soulmate?

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, is Tracy home?

Everyone turns: DAVID JACOBOWITZ stands in the doorway. He's holding up a SWEATER in his right hand.

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

You left your sweater in my car the other night.

HANNAH

Who are you?

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

David Jacobowitz.

JACOB

David Jacobowitz!

CAL

David Jacobowitz!?

DAVID JACOBOWITZ

Is this a bad time --

WHACK!!! Jacob LEVELS David Jacobowitz with a right hook.

HANNAH

Jacob!

JACOB

You know how much misery you've put this poor bastard through!?

Before Jacob can finish, Cal LEVELS Jacob.

CAL

Stay the hell away from my daughter.

94 CONTINUED: (7)

94

Jacob JUMPS on Cal. David jumps on Jacob. Bernie tries to pull them apart.

Jessica finally gets the blindfold off Tracy. The women and children watch the battle in horror.

CUT TO:

95 INT. WEAVER BACKYARD - LATER

95 *

Cal, Jacob, Bernie, and David Jacobowitz sit side-by-side on the miniature golf hole, bloodied but still. *

REVEAL: TWO POLICE OFFICERS standing in the center of the yard. One of them finishes writing in a pad. *

POLICE OFFICER #1

Well, okay. That should about do it.

(to his partner) *

What do you think? *

The other cop SHRUGS. The first cop, thinks, then: *

POLICE OFFICER #1

Look, I'm just gonna write domestic disturbance reported but all clear, okay? 'Cause honestly, I don't even know what to put down here.

TRACY

Thank you, Officer. *

He nods, walks to the door. Stops there.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Just... simmer down, okay? We all have arguments, but if you're gonna fight -- just do it inside. *

Keep it in the family, okay?

Jacob SNARFS down a laugh. Cal glares at him.

CAL

I'll kill you.

The cops look at Cal, at each other, SHRUG, and EXIT.

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED:

95

ON THE YARD

*

Awkward silence. Our whole cast is there: disheveled and bloodied. The place looks like a hurricane has hit. A miniature golf hole torn to shreds.

*

*

Bernie turns to Jessica.

BERNIE

Let's go. Now.

*

She NODS. Looks back at Cal.

JESSICA

I'm so sorry --

BERNIE

NOW!

And that's that. Robbie runs to the driveway, looks:

*

96

IN THE STREET

96

*

as Jessica runs after her father, trying to apologize. But he won't even look at her. They get in their respective cars, drive off.

97

BACK INSIDE

97

*

Jacob approaches Cal.

*

CAL

Don't.

JACOB

Cal --

Cal turns to Hannah.

CAL

This man is a lowlife and a womanizer --

*

*

TRACY

(under her breath)

Oh, that's ironic.

*

*

*

Cal whips around.

*

CAL

I'm sorry, what?

*

*

Tracy doesn't push it. Cal turns back to Hannah.

*

(CONTINUED)

CAL

You may not be able to see it, but
I have. Over and over again. You
are not to see him any more.

*

*

*

HANNAH

Dad, c'mon, I'm not going to stop
seeing him.

Cal turns away.

CAL

Well then I don't have anything
else to say to you.

*

*

HANNAH

Dad --

CAL

GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE!

ON HANNAH

shocked.

BACK TO SCENE

TRACY

Cal, stop being unreasona--

CAL

I said: GET THE HELL OUT OF MY
HOUSE!

*

*

TRACY

IT'S NOT YOUR HOUSE ANYMORE, CAL!

*

*

CAL

AND YOU MADE DAMN SURE OF THAT
DIDN'T YOU, SWEETHEART!?

*

*

*

This time it's Tracy whose face registers shock. Hannah
takes Jacob's hand, pulls him away.

*

JACOB

(one last try)
Cal, c'mon --

But Cal won't even look at him.

*

MOLLY

(calling out)
Goodbye, Nanna.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

HANNAH
 (through tears)
 Goodbye, cutie.

They EXIT. Cal lets them go, then grabs his things. *

CAL
 She's all yours, David. *

Ouch. *

TRACY
 (wounded)
 Nice. *

Before he goes, Cal stops in front of Robbie. *

CAL
 Go big or go home, right, buddy? *

Robbie looks up at him, cold. *

ROBBIE
 Go home, Dad. *

Cal NODS, EXITS. *

98 INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - THE NEXT MONTH 98

CUE: John Mayer's "Who Says."

1) ROBBIE, at school. His spirit is crushed. He looks at his CONTACT LIST, thinks, and DELETES JESSICA. *

99 JESSICA 99

2) at home, grounded and sad. *

100 JACOB 100

3) trying to get HANNAH to make a phone call to her father... she won't.

101 TRACY 101

4) at her office, finally taking down the picture of her and Cal. And speaking of Cal... *

102 INT. BAR - AFTERNOON (THREE WEEKS LATER)

102

Cal sits back at his usual table. This isn't "Cool Cal," the Jacob disciple. No, this is "Sad Mess Cal." He's grown a patchy beard. He's wearing a ratty sweatsuit.

*
*

He's drinking, once again, vodka-cranberry out of a wimpy red straw. It's pathetic. A WAITRESS APPROACHES.

*

WAITRESS

Can I get you another?

CAL

What time is it?

WAITRESS

2:30. In the afternoon.

CAL

2:30 would have been sufficient but I appreciate the judgment, Cocktail Waitress.

(then)

Yes, another drink would be grand.

She EXITS.

Cal feels bad for that one. As she re-approaches:

*

CAL

That was uncalled for. Sorry for being a dick.

JACOB (O.S.)

Ah, it's okay, I deserved it.

*

ON JACOB

Standing there. As always, he looks perfectly put together. He takes in Cal.

JACOB

It's a nice sweatsuit, Cal.

CAL

What do you want?

JACOB

Can I sit?

CAL

I don't know, can you?

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

Okay, are we going to be mature about this, or act like children?

CAL

(mimicking)

'Are we going to be mature or act like children?'

*

JACOB

Okay, so like children then. Move over.

Jacob SLIDES in.

JACOB

I'd like to talk.

CAL

You still seeing my daughter?

JACOB

Yes.

CAL

Then I have nothing to say to you.

JACOB

Cal.

(then)

Cal, look at me.

Cal looks. Jacob still has that power over him.

JACOB

You been hanging out here a lot?

CAL

Sometimes.

JACOB

Must be missing a lot of work.

CAL

I have a lot of vacation days.

JACOB

Some vacation.

CAL

I hate the beach... you've got a lot of nerve coming here --

*

Just then, the WAITRESS re-approaches. Delivers Cal's drink. They wait her out. She EXITS.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

You want a sip?

CAL

No, she probably spit in it.

Jacob NODS as Cal pushes the drink away. *

JACOB

Your kids miss you.

CAL

You're hanging out with my kids, fantastic! You can teach Robbie how to objectify women, he'll love that.

JACOB *

His eighth grade graduation is next week. You coming? *

CAL *

Of course I'm coming. *

JACOB

Well you haven't exactly been around for him, Cal.

CAL *

He's not my biggest fan right now. *

JACOB *

Oh, that's a good excuse -- *

CAL

Alright, man-whore, if your lecture on parental responsibility is almost done --

JACOB *

I love her, Cal. *

Cal looks up. *

JACOB *

I've never been in love before. Honestly, I've never even been in 'like' before. *

(then) *

I never got it. I saw people in love -- I saw weakness. I heard them say the things they said, and do the things they do, it all just seemed so... so pathetic. *

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (3)

102

JACOB (CONT'D)

She's my perfect combination of
everything, Cal.

Cal looks up at Jacob. He smiles, gently.

CAL

I know you. I know what you are.
You are not good enough for my
daughter. And you will never have
my permission nor my approval.

Jacob stands.

JACOB

I'll see you at graduation.

He EXITS. Once more, Cal is alone. Just as he wants it.

103 EXT. GRADUATION CEREMONY - ONE WEEK LATER

103

A small MIDDLE-SCHOOL AMPHITHEATER. About 150 people
fill the crowd of an intimate middle school graduation.

Tracy, Molly, and Hannah sit in the front row. Jessica
sits with her family a few rows away. All look nice.

MANY ROWS BACK --

Sits Cal, sandwiched between RANDOM SPECTATORS. Cal is
now shaven and well-dressed but he looks miserable.

His eyes brighten for a moment as he notices...

AN EMPTY SEAT between Tracy and Hannah. He leans
forward, are they saving it for him? But just then...

Jacob arrives. Kisses Hannah and takes "Cal's" seat.
Cal looks nauseous.

ON STAGE

We WATCH the ceremony for a moment. The PRINCIPAL labors
through her introduction...

VOICE (V.O.)

... and now, to introduce the
first student speaker: our very
own English teacher Kate Thompson!

Cal's former conquest steps onto stage.

(CONTINUED)

AHEAD OF CAL

Tracy looks away, clearly uncomfortable at the teacher's presence. She accidentally catches Cal's eye. Awkward.

KATE

Our next speaker is not only the class salutatorian, but he's also one of the most...

(searching)

Spirited... young men, I've ever had the pleasure of teaching.

Ladies and gentlemen: Robbie Weaver.

Robbie takes the stage to APPLAUSE. This is not the same kid we've come to love. There's something different in his face. He's been broken. He spots JESSICA.

ROBBIE

(a bit monotone)

Thank you, Mrs. Thompson.

Welcome, Class of 2011.

(a beat)

I wasn't really sure what I wanted to talk about today. Mrs.

Thompson said it might be good to talk about growing up and getting older and stuff. So I guess I'll talk about that.

Cal watches, concerned. Where's his son?

ROBBIE

I grew up a lot this year, I think. I used to think that growing up meant really growing. Like getting taller and bigger. But now I think that growing up just makes you smaller. Your dreams get smaller, and what you want gets smaller...

(beat, then)

I grew an inch and a half this year, but I feel a lot smaller.

Cal sits forward, getting increasingly concerned.

ROBBIE

I was in love. And I know that makes parents laugh because I'm only thirteen but whatever, I was.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

I believed that there was one true
love for everyone, and if you
fought for that person, your one
true love would always work out.
But that's not how it works. It
sounded good when I was younger,
but... it's just not how it works.
There's no such thing as one true
love for everyo--

CAL (O.S.)

Stop!

Robbie turns. Cal is STANDING in the middle of the
crowd. Everyone turns to look at him.

ROBBIE

Dad?

CAL

Hi.

(awkward, to crowd)

Hi, everyone.

Silence. No one knows what to do. Cal is suddenly
really uncomfortable.

CAL

May I have a word with my son?
It'll just take a second.

Cal tries to extricate himself from his row. He steps
over people, squeezes by people, almost trips.

Finally clear, he gathers himself, and tries to keep his
dignity as he marches down the aisle -- past his family.

Robbie comes to the front of the stage, bends down.

ROBBIE

(heated whisper)

What are you doing?

CAL

I don't know. What are you doing?

Robbie's eyes well up with tears.

ROBBIE

I was wrong, Dad. There's no such
thing as --

Cal turns toward the crowd, announces:

(CONTINUED)

CAL

My son's graduation speech sucks.

GASPS from the crowd.

ON CAL

Now standing, alone, front and center in front of an entire eighth grade graduation ceremony.

He looks behind him at the panel of TEACHERS. MRS. THOMPSON discreetly gives Cal the finger.

CAL

In fairness, I don't know where he was going but I think we can all agree it was heading in a pretty depressing direction. And I basically wrote it for him. I mean, I didn't literally write it but I sure as hell influenced it, and the kid's already a spitting image of his mother and I'll be damned if this is what he's going to get from me.

People squirm, uncomfortable. This is a train wreck.

CAL

My son -- not him, my actual son -- he believes in grand romantic gestures. He believes that people have soulmates. And we always want to tell our thirteen-year-olds that they're wrong, that 'one day you'll understand, young man.' But maybe it should be the other way around.

He looks at Tracy, out in the crowd.

CAL

I met my soulmate when I was fifteen years old. Our first date, we went for ice cream. After, my dad started teasing me about my 'first date' the way dads do. And I told him: 'stop making a big deal, Dad. I'm going to go on lots of dates with plenty of girls.' That was the first time I ever lied to my father.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAL (CONT'D)

I met my soulmate when I was fifteen years old. And I have loved her with everything I have for every minute, of every day, ever since she let me buy her that first mint chip ice cream. I have loved her through the birth of our three perfect children, and I have loved her even as I've hated her -- only married couples can truly understand that one. And I don't know what will wind up happening with us -- I don't, Robbie, I'm sorry I can't give you that -- but I promise you this: I will never stop trying. When you find 'the one' you never give up trying... and I love you, my amazing boy, for reminding me of that.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Robbie hugs his father as the crowd reacts. Cal kisses his son on the head, then motions towards the microphone.

*
*

Robbie grabs it with newfound gusto and announces:

*

ROBBIE

I still love you, Jessica! I've loved you since the first time you changed my sister's diaper! I've loved you since...

*
*
*
*
*

The crowd reacts (LAUGHS, CHEERS, etc.) as Robbie continues. Cal stands back and smiles. His boy is back.

*
*

*

The ceremony is over. Robbie heads over to his family. They hug him, kiss him. Cal approaches Hannah and Jacob.

*
*

CAL

Hi, Nanna.

*
*

HANNAH

Daddy.

*
*

He smiles at her, adoring.

*

CAL

My perfect girl.

*
*

He kisses her forehead, turns to Jacob.

*

(CONTINUED)

CAL

I already ordered a gun. I'm not kidding. I ordered a Colt .45 on a shady internet site, I can show you the receipt. If you hurt her, I am prepared to shoot you in the face.

JACOB

Cal, I'm not going to --

CAL

Shut up, Jacob.

Jacob shuts up.

CAL

Wow. I like that.

Jacob smiles, shakes hands with Cal. Cal notices:

CAL

Is that a new shirt?

JACOB

Hannah took me to the Gap. It's actually not as bad as I thought.

CAL

Seriously?

JACOB

Of course not, Cal. It's the Gap. I got this at Nordstrom's.

And like that... order is restored in the universe.

OVER TO ROBBIE

Who approaches Jessica.

ROBBIE

It was nice of you to come.

JESSICA

I wouldn't have missed it.

Awkward.

ROBBIE

So, how are things with your dad?

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA

Strained. I took a summer internship up at Stanford, gonna head up there early. Figure it can't hurt to get out of his line of sight for a while.

*

ROBBIE

Yeah, probably a good idea.
(then)
You were a good baby-sitter, Jessica. I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable.

He holds out his hand, to shake, formally.

JESSICA

Wait: I thought you weren't giving up.

*

*

ROBBIE

I'm not. But I figure: you like my dad, and one day I'll look like my dad, so I'll just come for you then.

*

Jessica smiles.

JESSICA

It's a good plan.

She looks over her shoulder, reaches into her purse.

*

JESSICA

Until then: a little graduation gift. To help get you through high school.

She hands him something in an ENVELOPE: the same type of envelope she once used for...

Robbie peeks inside. His eyes BUG OUT. Jessica kisses him, sweetly, on the cheek.

JESSICA

You take care, Robbie.

Robbie watches her go. Love-struck once more. Cal steps up next to his son.

*

*

CAL

You okay, buddy?

*

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE

(re: envelope)

I am now, Dad. I am now.

*
*

Robbie runs off to join his friends. Cal smiles.

*

TRACY (O.S.)

I'm terrified of what's going to
become of him once he hits
puberty.

*
*
*
*

Cal turns, Tracy has been watching.

*

CAL

We might have to lock him up.

*
*

Tracy smiles. Cal walks over toward her.

*

TRACY

You gave a good eighth grade
graduation speech.

*
*
*

CAL

I've been working on it for thirty
years, so...

*
*
*

She LAUGHS, then... quiet.

*

TRACY

Do you think we can ever come back
from all this, Cal?

*
*
*

CAL

I don't know. I'd like to try
though. I know I'd like to try.

*
*
*

She nods, thinking.

*

TRACY

Things are just so messed up. And
it's been such a strange year.
I've been in such a strange place.
And we have all these problems, so
many problems I've lost count, but
at the end of the day, I mean, the
only thing I know --

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

She stops herself, emotional. Then, simply:

*

TRACY

I am just so glad you took me for
that ice cream.

*
*
*

Cal smiles. They share the moment in silence. And then:

*

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

It was rocky road by the way.

*

*

CAL

*

No!

*

As they JOKE and ARGUE about what flavor the ice cream was, we PULL BACK.

*

*

Off to the side, Robbie steps away from his friends and watches them enjoy one another's company.

*

*

He smiles.

*

FADE OUT.

THE END