While We're Young

Noah Baumbach

WHITE DRAFT 8-13-13
BLUE REVISIONS 9-16-13
PINK REVISIONS 9-30-13
SOLNESS:
The funny thing is that I've become so disturbed by younger people!

HILDE:
What? Younger people?

SOLNESS:
Yes, they upset me so much that I've sort of closed my doors here and locked myself in. Because I'm afraid they're going to come here, and they're going to knock on the door, and then they're going to break in.

HILDE:
Well, I think maybe you should open the door and let them in.

SOLNESS:
Open the door?

HILDE:
Yes - so that they can just gently and quietly come inside, and it can be something good for you. . .

SOLNESS:
Open the door?

-- from Wallace Shawn's adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's "The Master Builder"
We hear an instrumental lullaby version of The Rolling Stones’s song “Under My Thumb.”

CLOSE on the peaceful face of a sleeping baby, gently floating.

INT. FLETCHER/MARINA APT. - LIVING ROOM, BROOKLYN. DAY

CLOSE on Cornelia Srebnick, 41. She’s humming softly. We MOVE out slowly to see she’s rocking the infant on a big comfortable couch fionlled with baby blankets, stuffed * animals and children’s books.

We MOVE over to see Josh Srebnick, 44, on the floor watching her -- his expression a kind of awe. She looks at him, hesitating, taken by the intensity of his look. A moment of connection and warmth passes through her.

He smiles softly back.

CORNELIA
(to the baby)
There were three little pigs and they made a house out of twigs and the wolf came and...
(to Josh)
Do you remember how it goes?

JOSH
He blows it down?

The baby starts to fuss.

CORNELIA
Yeah. But, what happens in the middle?

JOSH
(thinks)
I keep wanting to do this little piggie went to market but that’s with the toes.

The baby starts to cry.

CORNELIA
The wolf keeps blowing the house in. The pigs keep making different houses.
(rocks the baby)
Oh...shh, shh, shh.

The baby is wailing. Cornelia rocks her faster. She looks panicked.
CORNELIA
What the fuck do we do?

Josh doesn’t know. Bang, a door opens and a woman comes in with a boppy strapped around her waist. This is Marina, 30’s.

MARINA
Okay, who’s ready to eat?

JOSH
Are we taking in or --

MARINA
Who’s ready to eat?

She sits down on the couch next to Cornelia, lifts the sobbing infant from out of Cornelia’s arms and places it on the boppy. The baby’s onesie has an image from The Clash’s first album across the chest. Marina opens her bra and gives the baby her breast. The baby nurses, stretches and stops crying.

MARINA
Ha! I love how she stretches...it’s just like we do... It’s so funny. It never occurred to me that stretching is innate.

She stretches, imitating the baby. Cornelia smiles politely. A curly haired man with glasses, early 40’s, enters. Fletcher.

FLETCHER
You want to see it?

JOSH
Yeah.

Fletcher sits near Josh.

FLETCHER
It got infected with staph but it’s not the bad staph.

He pushes up his sleeve to reveal a square black and white tattoo on his bicep.

CORNELIA
What is it?

FLETCHER
Guess.
(to Josh)
You can come closer it’s not the bad staph.
MARINA *
I still don’t want the baby touching it.

He shoves his shoulder in Josh’s face.

JOSH
I can’t...tell.

FLETCHER
It’s Willow’s sonogram.

JOSH
Oh...okay.

FLETCHER
I did it for Marina. I was so *
 fucking proud of her.

MARINA *
Why it’s for me, I still don’t understand.

JOSH
Where do you even go for a tattoo?

FLETCHER
I asked a guy at work and he told me where his kids went. Place in Williamsburg. Where else? *(pause)*
You know, she didn’t get the epidural.

MARINA *
It’s a mother fucker -- it’s a ring of fucking fire -- but it was the most beautiful experience of my life.

FLETCHER
And I fell in love immediately. A love I’ve never felt. I mean, don’t take that the wrong way, Marina -- *

MARINA *
No, I know exactly what you mean. It’s pure.

CORNELIA *(how sweet)*
Aww...
MARINA
(can’t help herself)
Oh, you guys should do it!

FLETCHER
Yeah!

MARINA
You’d make such good parents.
(catching herself)
I’m sorry, I’m sorry!

CORNELIA
No, it’s fine. You know, we --

She looks at Josh.

JOSH  MARINA
We... It’s just such a game
*  changer!

We STAY on Josh and Cornelia’s faces.

FLETCHER (O.S.)
When I saw her, I thought: “I know
you.”

MARINA (O.S.)
It’s true, I recognized her
immediately.

FLETCHER (O.S.)
And because I’d been reading to her
in the womb, she knew my voice
immediately.

MARINA (O.S.)  FLETCHER (O.S.)
It’s like in one moment, I read her Stephen King’s The
everything is different. Tommyknockers.  *

FLETCHER (O.S.)
It’s like all the stuff before, fine,
you know, we’re figuring it out, but
now: Okay, real life. You know?

Josh and Cornelia nod.

EXT. COBBLE HILL STREETS, BROOKLYN. DAY

Cornelia and Josh walk home.
INT. JOSH AND CORNELIA’S APARTMENT. DAY

They enter. An open floor-through of a brownstone. The room, separated by large wooden pocket doors, looks half-finished, framed pictures lean against the wall, projects undertaken and abandoned. Some nice stuff, a couple of antique chairs or a table. A water stain untended to on the ceiling.
CORNELIA
I can’t remember Goldilocks either anymore. The porridge part, but not what happens.

JOSH
She gets eaten, right?

CORNELIA
Does she?

JOSH
There’s like an oven that’s too hot.

Josh shrugs. Silence.

CORNELIA
You don’t want kids, right? (Josh hesitates)
Because I don’t. (they both hesitate)
I’m sorry, I feel so guilty for saying that. I mean, I did. If we’d had the magic sexy version and one day suddenly had a baby... But all those drugs and shots and miscarriages -- I don’t want to do it again and it not to work.

JOSH
I know. (beat)
And I like our life as it is.

CORNELIA
(relieved)
Me too.

JOSH
I don’t want things to be different than they are right now.

CORNELIA
I know. I mean, if we wanted to take off for Paris tomorrow, we could.

JOSH
Yeah, I mean I think it would be hard to find an affordable fare on such short notice, but yeah...

CORNELIA
No, I know and I couldn’t leave work.
If we were going to do it we should plan it at least a month in advance.

A month is still in the realm of spontaneity.

No, I know. I mean, the time we spent in Rome, what was that --

2006.

(can’t believe it)

It wasn’t 2006.

Yeah because I was working with my dad on his dance film.

Rome was eight years ago already? Shit.

Yeah, I looked at the pictures recently and we’re two younger people standing at the Treve Fountain.

We look similar.

We look younger.

I tried to get you to go to Mexico last summer --

I needed to finish my documentary.

But you didn’t finish it!

They both take a deep breath. Pause.

Well, maybe the point is we have the freedom. What we do with it isn’t that important.
CORNELIA
Marina said they haven’t had sex in nearly a year. Fletcher was too weirded out by the pregnancy.

JOSH
God.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT
They eat Thai take-out at a table set for two.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT
They do dishes.

INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. - BEDROOM, COBBLE HILL, BROOKLYN. NIGHT
Josh, in his boxers, takes off his watch and puts it on the night table. Cornelia undresses.
They move about in silence, finishing their nighttime routines. Only the sounds of footsteps, water running, clothes coming off and going on, bed squeaks.
Josh lies on his back and shuts his eyes.
Cornelia gets in bed and clicks on her bedside lamp which lights up nearly everything. Josh places his arm over his eyes.

JOSH
What is that, a seventy-five watt?

She looks under the shade.

CORNELIA
I can’t see, it’s too bright.

JOSH
It’s too high a wattage.

CORNELIA
I’ll change it tomorrow.

INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. - HOME OFFICE. DAY
Josh paces back and forth in his home-office. His editor, Tim, early 30’s, sits at a desk-top attached to a series of drives. A tousled scholar, Ira Mandelstam, 50’s, talks gravely on a TV screen.
SCHOLAR (ON SCREEN)
There was a poll conducted in 1987 in which people were given a series of phrases and asked which ones could be found in the US Constitution --

JOSH
Let me see the continuity...

SCHOLAR (ON SCREEN)
One of the phrases that got the highest percentage of votes was: “From each according to his ability, to each according to his need.” This, of course, is not to be found in the Constitution, but is the famous Communist credo popularized by Karl Marx.

Josh takes the sheet and holds it about two feet from his face. He squints.

JOSH
Why do they type this stuff so small?

TIM
I think that’s 12 point. That’s normal.

SCHOLAR (ON SCREEN)
However, when this phrase was presented to people as a tenet of Communism, they, of course, overwhelmingly rejected it.

TIM
That is not 12, that’s at most eight. Look at it, it’s tiny.

JOSH
That is not 12, that’s at most eight. Look at it, it’s tiny.

TIM
We need to cut away from Ira here because...

We hear a ringing. On the SCREEN: the scholar goes into his pants pocket and retrieves a cell phone from a few years ago.

SCHOLAR (ON SCREEN)
Hold on...

He looks at it like he’s never seen anything like it before. He puts on reading glasses and very deliberately presses Talk.

SCHOLAR (ON SCREEN)
Hello?...Evelyn, I’m doing an interview...Did you look in the car? This is every fucking day, sweety!

(MORE)
I keep telling you: put them on a fucking chain around your neck!
(mouths to the camera)
Sorry.
(back to the phone)
Sweety, if you don’t stop this, I’m going to fucking scream --

Tim freezes the image on the screen.

JOSH
We could cut to me asking the question about hermeneutics?

TIM
We could, but you look like this in that footage --

He shows an image of a younger Josh in a goatee and Jew-fro.

TIM
It’s from eight years ago. And the previous shot of you asking any relevant questions is this --

He pulls up an image of Josh with short hair and his arm in a sling.

JOSH
That’s from when I fell down the subway stairs at Grand Army Plaza.
The blizzard of 06? You remember how icy that was?

We CUT between a series of Joshes from over the years.
Different hair lengths, a beard, a brief moustache, a black eye.

JOSH
You remember, I was trying my part on the other side.

Tim doesn’t.

JOSH
God, eight years ago. Has it been that long?

TIM
It’s been ten.

JOSH
(counting in his head, rationalizing)
(MORE)
JOSH (CONT'D)
Ten this fall. Nine and a half. Look at my jaw -- I had more baby fat.
(looks at his reflection in the computer screen) Are my eyes getting hollows?

TIM
I don't know.

JOSH (trying to be positive)
Well...we're getting there.

Tim looks at him, totally skeptical.

JOSH
When the rest of the grant money comes in, we'll reshoot me asking the questions along with the trip to Istanbul.

TIM
Hey, Josh, I hate to bring this up, but I'm gonna need a little money soon.

JOSH
No, I know, you've been patient. I'm just waiting for the rest of this last grant money.

TIM
But soon?

JOSH
Yeah, I'll get you.

Goes into his wallet.

JOSH
You need anything now?

He hands Tim a couple of twenties.

JOSH
You know, get Maggie some flowers or...

TIM
I'm going to use it to buy food.

JOSH
Oh, yeah, yeah...good idea.
INT. NEW SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. LATE DAY

A room with about fifty chairs, about seven of them occupied by people over 50. Josh stands at a lectern with a lap top. A blank TV screen behind him.

JOSH

"Le documentaire, c'est ce qui arrive aux autres, la fiction, c'est ce qui m'arrive à moi." “Documentary is about someone else. Fiction is about me.”

(glances out at the small crowd, having made it through the French part)
This is a quote from Jean-Luc Godard. Now, what do we think about this? Can a documentary be personal? Documentaries, I want to say to you today, can and should be about me.

Josh hesitates. A guy in the audience wearing a porkpie hat is filming him with a portable camera. Josh is momentarily distracted.

JOSH

Me meaning all of us.
(to the room)
Lights.
(pause)
Frank, can you just hit that switch?

An elderly gentleman obliges. Josh hits a button on his lap top.

JOSH

This is an image from --


JOSH

Well...shit...this should be an image of seal hunting from “Nanook of The North.”

CUT TO: Josh collects his things from a chair at the foot of the stage. A squat woman, 50’s, who runs the lecture series, shrugs and smiles tightly at him.

SQUAT WOMAN

Sorry.
JOSH
(suddenly paranoid)
About what?
The guy, 25, who was shooting Josh, comes forward. He wears his mussed hair under his porkpie hat, an old plaid shirt hanging out over slacks, and beat up boots. This is Jamie.

JAMIE
Hey. Beautiful class.

JOSH
Oh...thanks. I don’t know why the power point didn’t work, but...

JAMIE
I loved what you said about “hyper-reality.” I’m Jamie.

JOSH
Josh Srebnick. This is my wife, Darby.

A girl, 23, in a high waisted dress and lace up boots comes forward.

DARBY
Hi. Nice to meet you. It was interesting.

JOSH
Thanks. I’m not sure why the power point didn’t work... How did you get in here?

JAMIE
We’re auditing your class.

JOSH
It’s a continuing education class, you can’t audit a continuing education class.

JAMIE
(shrugs)
I’m a fan. And hey, I really loved your film, Power Elite.

JOSH
(taken aback, can’t hide his pleasure)
You’ve seen it? Hey...thanks.

JAMIE
It’s everything I aspire to and you make it look so easy.

JOSH
Do you make documentaries?
JAMIE
I shoot stuff, you know, with friends, yeah. Nothing like you’re doing.

DARBY
He’s always shooting.

JOSH
Um, don’t take this the wrong way, but how did you see Power Elite?

JAMIE
I found a VHS on Ebay. I paid like sixty dollars for it. You know what was great, was that scene with the dogs around the garbage? How did you stage that?

JOSH
Oh...those dogs were just there and I said, “Hey shoot those dogs.”
(not a great story)
And...we did.

JAMIE
(claps his hands together)
Beautiful.

JOSH
I’ve been working on this other one for...about eight years now but I think I’m zeroing in on it.

JAMIE
I’d love to see it.

DARBY
When I was a child my dog was killed in front of me by two rottweilers.
(she starts to laugh)
I don’t know why I’m laughing. It’s not funny. I was five. My dad and I were walking our poodle which I had named Toto and these two rottweilers came bounding out of an open gate and just attacked. My dad flagged down a passing car and we climbed in the back and he covered my eyes so I couldn’t see Toto get mauled.

She covers her face, she’s still laughing.
JOSH
(hesitates)
I’m sorry to hear that.

JAMIE
You want to come get a bite with us?

JOSH
Oh...I’m meeting my...wife around the corner at this Chinese place.

JAMIE
Hey, my wife and I are going to the same goddamn place!

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. EVENING

Josh and Cornelia sit next to each other. Josh is in the middle of talking to Jamie and Darby who face them across the table.

JOSH
...I’ve learned along the way that you can discover more by not knowing the answers, by allowing yourself to be surprised by what you encounter.

Jamie nods with great interest.

JAMIE
Yeah, yeah.

JOSH
Sometimes that means waiting years for something to happen. I don’t know. I could go on about this stuff for days.

JAMIE
How did you start out, like who influenced you?

JOSH
Oh, I steal from everyone, you know, Maysles, Wiseman, Pennebaker... My first job out of graduate school was working for Leslie Breitbart.

JAMIE
(impressed)
Jeez Louise.
JOSH
That’s also incidentally how I met Cornelia. He’s her dad.

JAMIE
What?!

CORNELIA
This is before they hated each other.

JOSH
We don’t hate each other. Cornelia produces her dad’s films.

JAMIE
He’s amazing.

CORNELIA
Yeah, he’s kind of annoying me right now, but...yeah.

JAMIE
He’s a giant. He’s a guy I’d love to meet. Do you also produce Josh’s films?

CORNELIA
No, Josh likes to work alone.

JAMIE
(again with real interest, to Josh)
Josh, what’s your new film about?

JOSH
Well, I’m trying to solve the problem that Eisenstein never solved -- that is how to make a film that is both materialist and intellectual at the same time --

Darby gets a text and starts to reply. Jamie yawns openly. Josh feels he’s losing his audience but keeps going.

JOSH
It’s about the distinctly American relationship between biography and history, theory and method and how that relates to power and class in our country, particularly the political, military and economic elite.

(sensing he’s lost them)
It’s really about America.
Jamie takes out a pad and pen and scribbles something down.

**JAMIE**

Eisenstein is astonishing. I just saw Strike! I’m obsessed with Europe in the 20’s, see. The interwar period, ex-patriots, that sort of thing.

**DARBY**

I keep trying to get Jamie to do something with before and afters. All humans love before and afters. Any TV show with before and afters will succeed.

**JAMIE**

(smiles broadly)

Before you said that.

(Jamie frowns)

After you said that.

**DARBY**

(shakes her head)

Fuck you.

He grabs her breast she smacks his hand playfully and returns to her phone and answers a text. Cornelia tries an accommodating smile.

**CORNELIA**

What do you do, Darby?

**JAMIE**

Darby makes ice cream.

**CORNELIA**

Oh, yeah?

**DARBY**

shrugs, texting

Yeah, I make ice cream.

**JAMIE**

I brought it over to the Whole Foods near us and they’re pumped.

**DARBY**

It’s Jamie’s idea to sell it, I just do it because I like it.

**CORNELIA**

And you guys are married?
They both nod in unison.
CORNELIA
That’s so nice and old fashioned.

JAMIE
Yeah. We said our vows in an empty water tower in Harlem.

CORNELIA
Oh.

DARBY
There was a mariachi band and a slide.

JOSH
Wow.

DARBY
Jamie wanted a big wedding. It was amazing. Some rituals exist for a reason, you know.

CORNELIA
(glances at Josh)
Yeah. We did it at city hall.

DARBY
(looking up from a text)
Isaac and Benny are walking the tracks.

JAMIE
Have you guys done this? We walked through the subway tunnels on the D line last week.

JOSH
(as if it’s commonplace)
No, no, we haven’t.

DARBY
They’re at a Bar on Essex. You want to come?

JOSH
(to Cornelia)
Oh, do we --?

CORNELIA
It’s already past our bedtime.

JOSH
(sheepishly)
Yeah, we’re usually in bed by eleven.
The check is placed on the table. Anticipating some resistance, Josh puts his hand on the check.

JOSH
Let me get it.

JAMIE
(eagerly)
Thanks.

DARBY
Yeah, thanks.

Josh’s hand remains on the check in preparation for it to be taken from him. Nothing happens.

JOSH
No, yeah, I’ll get it.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. EVENING

Jamie and Darby unlock their bikes which are chained to a street-sign with old-school bike chains. Jamie attaches the chain to his pants like an accessory.

JAMIE
If you’ve got any time -- and I know you’re super busy -- I’d love to show you what I’m working on.

DARBY
Come by our place this weekend.
(to Cornelia)
I have my fall flavors.

Jamie gives Josh an old Polaroid of himself and writes his number on it with a sharpie. His handwriting is in all caps, very precise.

JAMIE
They don’t make this film anymore. I bought four hundred packs before they discontinued it.

Jamie, without a helmet, hops on his bike which has a crocheted seat. Darby is still tying her helmet.

JAMIE
Let’s go, worm!
(to Josh and Cornelia)
Peace.
DARBY
(to Josh and Cornelia)
Jamie is always moving. I can’t leap as fast as that kid. I don’t move as quickly.

They both pedal into the center of the street. The streetlight giving them a kind of glow. We MOVE in on Josh and Cornelia. They don’t know what hit them.

JOSH (V.O.)
I like how engaged they are in everything.

INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. - BEDROOM. NIGHT

Cornelia is reading on her Kindle. Josh stands in the bathroom doorway.

CORNELIA
Mm.

JOSH
They’re all making things and they’re so excited for each other. It’s selfless. They were so respectful of us. I mean, compared to when we go out with Fletcher and Marina I feel like we’re all just talking about ourselves... They asked questions.

CORNELIA
They didn’t ask me any questions.

JOSH
When I was their age I would never have come up to me like that and invited me out. I would have been too scared... They’re really not nervous.

CORNELIA
I wish you hadn’t told him I work with my dad.

JOSH
Why?

CORNELIA
I don’t know, he seems ambitious.

JOSH
No! I don’t think he thinks that way. It’s about process.
CORNELIA
How has he even seen anything of yours?

JOSH
(like it should be obvious)
Ebay.
(scanning the room)
I love his shoes. I have some wing tips here somewhere.

He climbs into bed.

CORNELIA
It was almost like he was studying you.

JOSH
Can we go to their place this weekend?

CORNELIA
We never see our real friends, why are we suddenly going to hang out with a couple of twenty-five year olds.

JOSH
We were just twenty-five. I mean, we weren’t, but you know. It’ll be fun.

CUT TO: CLOSE on a woman, 25, scrolling through the addresses on her phone.

GIRL #1
Um, let’s see, it would probably be...Richard Dreyfuss. He’s an old friend of my parents.

GUY #1
Um, this girl who was a writer on that show, Medium.

YELLOW BLOCK TEXT on the screen: Who’s the most famous person in your cell phone?

GIRL #2
Doug Liman.

GUY #2
Bill Clinton. But I think it’s probably his office.

GUY #3
Patrick Ewing’s brother. Carl.
GUY #2
(now on his phone)
Ringing.
(pause)
Yeah, it’s his office.

GIRL #3
Robert Downey. Senior.

INT. JAMIE/DARBY APT, BUSHWICK. DAY

Jamie watches Josh and Cornelia watch the short on his computer. They’re both smiling. Darby hovers in the background, holding a white kitten, she’s seen it.

JOSH
That’s really funny.

CORNELIA
Yeah. I like Robert Downey. Senior.

JAMIE
That’s the latest anyway. I’m also doing people describing scenes from movies that they like but haven’t seen in a while. Darby’s going to do Rosemary’s Baby, see.

Josh and Cornelia look back at Darby. She obliges:

DARBY
What have you done to its eyes!?

JOSH
(playing along)
He has his father’s eyes.

Cornelia pets the kitten in Darby’s arms.

CORNELIA
I want a kitten!

DARBY
That’s Bad Cop. Where’s Good Cop?

A black kitten comes out from under the couch. Darby hands the white one to Cornelia and gathers the other one.

DARBY
I love these kittens, but I hope they don’t grow up to be assholes because that can happen.
CORNELIA
This is a great space. You know I think I’ve only been to Williamsburg once before.

DARBY
This isn’t even Williamsburg, it’s Bushwick. We were in Williamsburg, before then Park Slope, now we’re here.
(shrugs)
We live where we’re supposed to live.

She indicates a series of old typewriters.

DARBY
Jamie’s a collector. My decorating sensibilities veer towards 4th grade teacher. I like bulletin boards.

We see the place now. It’s old, open, and has the feel of being haphazardly curated: from the mouse trap stuck to the molding to the flea market furniture to the VHS tapes of random movies stacked against the wall. A framed NY Times front page of the moon landing. A framed Polish poster of the Bob Dylan doc “Don’t Look Back.” A photo of Darby going down a slip and slide in her wedding dress.

Josh looks at a stack of records. Velvet Underground, Kinks, John Coltrane, Suicide, Serge Gainsbourg, Thin Lizzy...

JOSH
This looks like my record collection. Except mine are CD’s. It took me years to discover this stuff.

Jamie smiles and puts a record on the turntable. A Notorious B.I.G/Miley Cyrus mash-up. Josh admires a long wooden desk with a computer and editing equipment.

JOSH
I need to buy a new desk.

JAMIE
You should come with me to the lumber yard. We’ll make one.

JOSH
A whole desk?

JAMIE
It’s so much cheaper than buying one, see. And more fun.
(MORE)
Joshy, don’t overpay at some douche farm like a chump.

A dark haired girl, 26, appears, in underwear and a T-shirt with the drawing of a gun as if it’s tucked into her pants.

TIPPER
Darby, can I borrow your bike, I’m going to the deli for Goldfish.

DARBY
Okay --

Tipper lifts her long bare leg and scratches the bottom of her foot.

JAMIE
Tipper, did you feed Nico?

TIPPER
(disappearing into the other room)
I forgot.

Off Cornelia’s perplexed look:

DARBY
(with a hint of disdain)
That’s our roommate, Tipper.

Jamie grabs a bag of bird seed from a counter, he opens a small door that leads to an outdoor landing. A chicken paces in a cage. Cornelia hesitates.

CORNELIA
Nico’s a chicken.

CUT TO: They sit around a small table. Darby prepares something in the kitchen.

JOSH
I have to say I really admire how you guys are so in the moment and just enjoying doing and making things. It’s inspiring.

JAMIE
Thanks, Joshy.

JOSH
The people our age are so success and results oriented, they’ve forgotten about process.
JAMIE
Josh, are you success oriented?

JOSH
No.

CORNELIA
Totally.

Josh looks at Cornelia, surprised. A crash from the kitchen.

Darby reenters, shaking her head.

DARBY
I feel like there are people who don’t drop things as much as I do.
(to Cornelia)
I don’t keep things yar.

JAMIE
She’s a mess. And an ugly eater. I say that with love.

DARBY
(playful)
Fuck you.

Darby places down a home-made container with a hipster cow on it and four spoons. She and Jamie eat straight from the container. Josh and Cornelia follow.

DARBY
It’s an avocado and almond milk sorbet. Benny designed the container.

JAMIE
It tastes like that candy that they sometimes make into pigs or little fruits.

JOSH
Yeah, it’s... Shit. I know that.

CORNELIA
I keep wanting to say baklava, but that’s a Greek dessert.

JAMIE
Right... “The almond tasting pigs and fruits are made of...”

Josh pulls out his phone.

JOSH
(realizes, excited)
I’ll look it up.
JAMIE
No, that’s too easy.

DARBY
Let’s try to remember it.

They all sit in silence, racking their brains.

CORNELIA
How long until we decide we don’t know?

JOSH
(re: his phone)
Can I...now?

JAMIE
No, let’s just not know what it is.

CUT TO: Technology MONTAGE:

A10  INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. DAY  A10
Cornelia reads her Kindle. Josh watches a Daily Show video on his phone.

B10  INT. JAMIE/DARBY APT. DAY  B10
Jamie removes a VHS tape of The Howling from a beat up box and slides it into the VCR.

C10  INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. DAY  C10
Josh streams a movie on Apple TV.

D10  INT. JAMIE/DARBY APT. DAY  D10
Darby puts a worn Kris Kristofferson record on a turntable. She secures old-fashioned headphones to her head.

E10  INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. DAY  E10
Cornelia selects a NPR podcast from her iPod mini and puts on her sleek noise-reduction Bose headphones.

F10  INT. JAMIE/DARBY APT. DAY  F10
Jamie types a letter on an old IBM Selectric typewriter.

G10  INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. - LIVING ROOM. DAY  G10
Josh plays a video game on his iPad.

H10  INT. JAMIE/DARBY APT. DAY  H10
The chicken sleeps in his cage. END MONTAGE.

EXT. BUSHWICK - STREET BEACH. DAY

CUT TO: CLOSE on a text being typed:

Joshy, street beach in effect! get your goddamn self to the bush of wick for bourbon and ice creeeeem.

CUT TO: CLOSE on a hand receiving the same text.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
We have news!

INT. RESTAURANT, SMITH ST. BROOKLYN. LATE DAY

Josh sneaks a look at his text, smiles. Fletcher and Marina, * Josh and Cornelia sit at a table at the window. Throughout the conversation, everyone is dealing with his/her phone.

FLETCHER
I decided, with Marina going back to work, I’m taking a leave of absence from the firm and am going to take care of Willow.

JOSH
Oh...cool. How long?

FLETCHER
Indefinite.

MARINA
* It’s such a load off and I’m making enough --

FLETCHER
Yeah, it’s really just my ego at stake.

JOSH
Time to rewatch Mr. Mom. FLETCHER
Already Netflixed it. I got some laughs.

MARINA
* We’re the boring couple with the baby. What have you guys been doing? Tell us something fun!

JOSH
Well, we met this interesting couple. Jamie and Darby. He’s a young documentarian and she makes ice cream.
CORNELIA
I don’t know what to make of them honestly. I like her.

JOSH
They make everything. It’s infectious. For about twelve hours I thought I could build my own desk.

CORNELIA
There is something about being around them that...that energizes you. You know?

MARINA
How old are they?

CORNELIA (looks to Josh)
I think around 26.

JOSH
26 or 27.

MARINA
They’re children!

FLETCHER
Nine years ago, they couldn’t vote.

CORNELIA
But they’re married.

FLETCHER
Why?

Josh squints at his menu. He picks up a candle and holds it close to the menu in order to read.

JOSH
You should see this guy’s record collection. It’s Jay-Z, it’s Thin Lizzy, it’s Mozart. Their taste is democratic. It’s The Goonies and Citizen Kane. They don’t distinguish between high and low, it’s wonderful.

FLETCHER
When did The Goonies become a good movie?

CORNELIA
It’s like their apartment is full of everything we once threw out but it looks so good the way they have it.
Silence. Josh feels his phone vibrate. He starts texting. Everyone else takes this opportunity to text as well. Fletcher looks up.

FLETCHER
(re: texting)
Why is it once one person goes on their phone everyone else has to.

CORNELIA (distracted, on her phone)
I just have a quick thing--

MARINA (distracted, on her phone)
I’m not on my phone. I’m just... The baby.

FLETCHER
Each of us is so certain that we’ve got the most important thing to do right now...

CORNELIA (texting)
I know, it’s rude.

FLETCHER (texting)
It’s not anymore. It used to be but now it’s accepted. It’s like showing your ankles in the 1800’s.

Josh gets a text. He lights up.

JOSH
The almond tasting pigs and fruits are made of...

CLOSE: Marzipan!

He and Cornelia both exclaim, laughing:

JOSH/CORNELIA
Marzipan!

11 EXT. SMITH STREET, BROOKLYN. LATE DAY
It’s still light out. They emerge from the restaurant.

JOSH (to Fletcher and Marina)
You guys want to hit this street beach with us?
FLETCHER
I don’t know what you’re saying.

JOSH
Something Jamie and Darby are doing.

FLETCHER
Since when do you guys do two things in an evening? You never go anywhere.
JOSH
(defensive)
We go anywhere.

MARINA
* 
We have to get back for the sitter...Scratch that, we want to get back.

FLETCHER
I hate being away from her!

JOSH
The sitter?

FLETCHER
Yeah!

(beat)
No, Willow.

MARINA
You should see how much he cries when he has to leave her.

FLETCHER
It’s true.

CORNELIA
Oh, we’ve lost you to the baby!

MARINA
You guys have to come see her again! She’s already a different person.

FLETCHER
We’re always home so just stop by!

They kiss and hug goodbye. They part ways.

CORNELIA
(now to Josh)
We have lost them to the baby.

JOSH
We go anywhere. Right?

CORNELIA
We never go anywhere.

TIPPER (V.O.)
High kick contest!

12 
12 

EXT. BUSHWICK. LATE DAY

CLOSE on an open fire hydrant hemorrhaging water.
Tipper, in a homemade, totally unofficial t-shirt that says I've Been To A Lot of Hard Rock Cafes, kicks her leg high in the air. Guys in vintage plaid shorts and porkpie hats and beards and bare feet try to kick higher. Most everyone is filming everyone. Young women in swim suits toss a beach ball.

Jamie, with an apron that says Kiss the Chef, finishes kicking and sees Josh and Cornelia approaching. He brightens and waves.

JAMIE
What's the rumpus, Srebnicks?

Darby hands Cornelia a pinkish drink in a clear plastic cup.

DARBY
Have you tried this? Someone at college figured out that if you put Jolly Ranchers in vodka for twenty-four hours -- it's awesome.
(nods to herself)
Some kind of date rape genius.

Cornelia drinks, she nods.

CORNELIA
I'd rape me.

DARBY
You want to take a dance class with me?

BENNY (O.S.)
Ow fuck!

Benny, a bearded white kid in an afro, sits at the curb, wincing and pulling a piece of glass out of his foot. Jamie and Josh wade through the bathers to a hibachi grill.

JAMIE
Can I run an idea by you?

JOSH
Sure, what?

JAMIE
It's a project I want to shoot.

JOSH
Okay.
JAMIE
I’ve never done Facebook, it’s not my thing, see --

JOSH
Oh, really? I was against it at first...but it’s actually quite a useful tool. It makes me feel like I’m really connected. And there’s pictures--

A beach-ball hits Josh in the head.

JOSH
What the shit? Watch it!

He realizes very quickly that he over-reacted, tries to be a good sport and tosses the ball back with a forced laugh.

JOSH
Ha! Back atcha!

JAMIE
It’s lame, yeah. That’s why I’m doing this new thing with it: I’m going to start a profile and wait for people to contact me.

JOSH
Well, that part’s normal, that’s Facebook.

Josh is doused with water from some splashing partiers. He tries to continue unfettered. He wrings out his shirt sleeves.

JAMIE
And whoever the first person is from my childhood -- someone I’m no longer in touch with -- who contacts me...instead of responding on Facebook, see. I’m going to go find them in person. With my camera.

JOSH
Okay.

JAMIE
Like make Facebook real. It’s like you want to talk to me, let’s talk.

JOSH
Kind of just like real life?
JAMIE
Exactly.

JOSH
Well, real was there before Facebook.

JAMIE
Right!

JOSH
It sounds interesting. I’m not sure it’s enough --

JAMIE
What do you mean?

JOSH
Well, think about what you want to say. I mean, what are you hoping to find?

JAMIE
I’ll know when I get there. You said, we should be open to surprises, right?

JOSH
It’s a nice beginning. But it might not be a full enough meal yet, you know? Keep digging.

Jamie nods, trying to mask his disappointment.

SCHOLAR (V.O.)
When I criticize quantitative analysis, it’s not because statistics don’t tell us anything.

INT. IRA’S LIVING ROOM. DAY

Books and papers and yapping dogs. Tim holds a boom. Josh looks through the eye piece of a digital camera on a tripod. Ira, the scholar, older than we saw him on the Avid, now sports a mostly gray goatee. He has stained khakis, cheap running sneakers and a band-aid on his forehead.

SCHOLAR
On the contrary, I’d say that they are often very revealing. Indeed, they are often most revealing when --
(pause)
I have to go to the gents.
JOSH
Okay.
The scholar gets up --

JOSH/TIM
Wait, wait/Wait!
The scholar is yanked back by the lavaliere mike pinned to his lapel. Josh and Tim both rush to his aid, unhooking him. He shuffles to the bathroom and pees with the door open.

JOSH
I guess he’s just doing that.

TIM
Yeah. Hey, Josh, how’s that grant money doing?

Josh immediately goes into his wallet.

JOSH
I’m expecting an email any day now which should confirm --

Josh offers him a few twenties.

TIM
No, thanks, but the rest of the grant money is coming, yes?

JOSH
Ye-s. Assuming they’re funded again for the next calendar year

TIM
What does that mean?

JOSH
I don’t know, one of the donors left his wife and...I don’t know -- they’re confirming the funding.

TIM
Why’d he leave his wife?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET. DAY
Cornelia carries a grocery bag, she listens to her iPod, singing aloud. She sees someone off-camera and smiles broadly.

CORNELIA
Hey Fox!
A few feet ahead coming her way: Marina carries Willow in a Baby Bjorn next to two other younger mothers, early 30’s, holding young children.

MARINA
Hey Foxy Fox!

CORNELIA
I was just going to call you to see if you wanted to get lunch.

MARINA
Oh, how sweet. This is Pepper and Elise. This is Cornelia.

CORNELIA
Hey.

PEPPER/ELISE
Hi./Nice to meet you.

MARINA
We’re going to a music class.

ELISE
It’s really just for the mothers, they don’t do anything yet.

MARINA
Do you want to come?

CORNELIA
Oh...maybe...

MARINA
Come on, then!

Cornelia starts walking with the mothers.

ELISE
How old are your kids?

CORNELIA
Mine? I don’t have any.

ELISE
Oh...I didn’t...you were just coming to hang out. Cool.

MARINA
It’s adorable. If you didn’t know better you think they’re having seizures!
INT. MUSIC ROOM. DAY

Brightly lit with solid primary colors. A guy, 20’s and a girl, 20’s sing a song about trains as mothers and nannies bounce their babies and sing along. Cornelia, her lap empty, sits next to Marina, less enthusiastically singing along. She looks embarrassed and miserable.

Cornelia whispers something in Marina’s ear. Marina * protests, but Cornelia is insistent. Cornelia gets up and winds her way through singing mommies and babies.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET. DAY

Cornelia comes out of the building, her breathing raspy and shallow. She leans against the brick and composes herself.

CORNELIA
Holy shit...

She takes out her phone and dials a number --

EXT. STREET IN REDHOOK. DAY

Darby and Cornelia walk together.

CORNELIA
I mean, I love her, she’s a great mom, but I always felt like if I had a baby, the baby would just fold into to my life. I mean, if you spend all your time at baby classes, you become a baby. It’s like the mothers are infantilized. You know?

DARBY
(talking generally)
I know, just like: have a baby. You’re cool, you know cool people who have a house and, I don’t know, just have a baby. You’re going to Mexican food and there’s a baby on the floor.

CORNELIA
I know. That’s how I grew up.

DARBY
I want a baby. Maybe I’ll just have a baby right now.

CORNELIA
You should. You can.
DARBY
I like kids who don’t speak English.
(pause)
When are you going to have babies?

CORNELIA
(hesitates)
A couple of times I got pregnant but it didn’t happen.

DARBY
I’m sorry.

CORNELIA
The longest only went four weeks.
After thirty-five it’s a shit-show.

DARBY
I’m sorry. You don’t have to tell me.

CORNELIA
No, it’s okay. It’s what happened.
I like telling you.
(smiles, shrugs)
I like our life as it is. I think.
Even if we did have a kid, neither of us can cook. You can’t get baby take-out.

Darby opens a door to a building and they start up a narrow staircase.

INT. HIP HOP CLASS. CONTINUOUS

DARBY
I like how you give Josh a hard time.

CORNELIA
I don’t think I give him a hard time.

They enter a dance room filled almost entirely with black, Filipino and Latina women.

DARBY
It reminds me of my mom.

CORNELIA
How she was with your dad?

DARBY
No, with my brother.

Cornelia frowns.
Darby smells her underarms and makes a face.

DARBY
Sorry, I stink.

She changes into a tank-top and baggy track pants. Cornelia puts on a leotard.

CORNELIA
What kind of class is this again?

They enter a crowded dance studio.

DARBY
Hip hop.

Tupac’s “Hit Em Up” blasts on and the women start doing 90’s music video dance moves. Cornelia tries to keep up, but looks less like a fly girl than a farmer doing a hoe-down. Tupac continues over:

MONTAGE

EXT. HAT STORE, BROOKLYN. DAY
Josh and Jamie admire the hats in the window. Josh points to an Irish cap. Jamie shakes his head.

EXT. SUBWAY TRACKS. DAY
Jamie, Darby, Cornelia and Josh (in his new porkpie hat which he’ll wear from now on) walk along the outdoor tracks. A train rushes by on another track. Darby squeals with delight. Jamie whoops. Cornelia and Josh look terrified.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS, BASKETBALL COURT. DAY
Jamie is the only white guy in a pick-up game on an asphalt court.

INT. GYM. DAY
Josh runs on a treadmill.

INT. JOSH AND CORNELIA’S APARTMENT. NIGHT
Josh tosses his hat onto a chair. He pulls Cornelia’s shirt over her head. She unbuttons his pants. Their open mouths crash into one another. They make love on the floor.
INT. BIKE SHOP, BUSHWICK. DAY

Jamie and Josh browse different bikes. Josh checks out an elaborate ten speed. Jamie shakes his head and points to a single speed vintage, shitty-looking Raleigh.

EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS. DAY

Josh, a helmet strapped to his head, and Jamie, helmetless, ride their bikes. Jamie lifts up his arms, soaking it all in. Josh tries to do the same. Josh looks suddenly disconcerted and grabs his side. He slows to a stop as we continue with Jamie soaring onward.

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE. DAY

Josh sits on an examining table. A bald doctor is inspecting his legs.

DR. NAGATO

Well, it’s a just strained muscle. But the more concerning thing here is your arthritis.

JOSH

Arthritis?

DR. NAGATO

Yes. You have arthritis in your knee.

JOSH

Is arthritis a catch-all for some kind of injury to the --

DR. NAGATO

No, arthritis is a degradation of the joints.

JOSH

I know what traditional arthritis is.

DR. NAGATO

I’m not sure what you mean by “traditional,” but this is arthritis.

JOSH

Arthritis arthritis?

DR. NAGATO

Yes, I usually just say it once.

JOSH

At my age?
DR. NAGATO
You’re what, 42?

JOSH
44.

DR. NAGATO
Well, it happens at 42 and it happens at 44.

JOSH
Uh huh.

DR. NAGATO
I’m going to get you a prescription for Paracetamol. We’ll start there and see how it progresses, okay?

He hands a prescription sheet to Josh. Josh holds it about a foot away and squints.

DR. NAGATO
Have you had your eyes checked recently?

JOSH
I have genetically great eyes.

DR. NAGATO
(shrugs)
You’re growing up.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG RESTAURANT. DAY

We start on Jamie yawning open mouthed. We MOVE out to find Josh in black rimmed glasses and his porkpie hat talking across the table from him.

JOSH
It’s weird...you know, I’m at that age where the things you think are only going to happen when you get older are actually happening.

JAMIE
If I’m going to be totally honest with myself, I don’t think I’m ever going to die. I know that’s crazy.

JOSH
It’s crazy.

JAMIE
I think I’m pathologically happy.
JOSH
(hesitates)
I mean, Cornelia and I...for a while the fact that we got married was so amazing...I mean, we were married! Now we’re just married, you know? Did you feel that way?

JAMIE
Best decision I ever made.

JOSH
(glancing around)
I really like this place.

JAMIE
(excited)
Oh, hey, I got my first response on Facebook.

JOSH
Yeah?

JAMIE
This guy, Kent Arlington. I haven’t seen him since highschool in Santa Cruz.

JOSH
Did you flesh it out more, the idea?

JAMIE
A little, yeah. He’s living in Poughkeepsie. Tipper and I will train it up there and find him.

A shaggy white haired man, late 60’s, in a jean jacket and jeans enters the restaurant.

JOSH
Shit.

JAMIE
What?

JOSH
My father-in-law.

Jamie yanks his head around.

JAMIE
Where?
Breitbart sees Josh and gives a tired smile. He approaches. Josh half-rises to shake his hand.

BREITBART
How are you?

JOSH
Good, Leslie, you?

BREITBART
Good. Gearing up for my memorial.

JOSH
(to Jamie)
Leslie is having a tribute at Lincoln Center next month.
(to Leslie)
What are you doing here? How do you even know about this place?

BREITBART
Are you kidding? I’ve been coming here for the speck since it opened.

JOSH
This is Jamie, a friend of mine.

Jamie stands up and shakes Breitbart’s hand.

JAMIE
I’m sure you hear this all the time, but both “Wedding” and “Giving Arlo a Bath” changed my life. It made me want to tell stories in a non-fiction mode.

BREITBART
Thank you.

JAMIE
Thank you for your films.

BREITBART
(to Josh)
How are the grandkids?

JOSH
Still don’t exist.

BREITBART
You’ll never regret it.
(beat)
How’s my daughter?
JOSH
How does she seem to you?

BREITBART
I think she seems well.

JOSH
So, why are you asking me?

BREITBART
Cornelia says you’re looking for finishing money.

JOSH
Um...maybe...it depends on this grant, if this guy leaves his wife or not...

BREITBART
I met a guy, hedge fund or something or other, he’s looking to put money in docs. I’ll arrange a meeting if you’re interested.

JOSH
Uh... Don’t be proud, Josh. I’ll call you tomorrow with his number.

BREITBART
Okay.

JOSH
(defeated)

BREITBART
(to Jamie)
Nice to meet you.

He walks to another table in the back and is greeted by another man in a suit.

JAMIE
Jeez Louise, working with him must’ve been astonishing.

JOSH
It’s complicated, I felt I was seen as his protege and...I married his daughter, I needed to establish my own voice. I think he thought I rejected him, that I was arrogant. Maybe I was.

Jamie yawns and texts.
JAMIE
But you’ll take that meeting --

JOSH
Probably not.

JAMIE
You have to, Yosh. I mean, money’s money, right?

JOSH
Yeah, but I never pitch...I just don’t think in sound-bites...

(musing)
I understand we’re a culture of sound-bites, but --

JAMIE
(interrupting)
I’ll help you. You know, make it sound beautiful -- it is beautiful -- but beautiful to some suit.

JOSH
Maybe.

Josh looks over at Breitbart chatting with his lunch companion.

JAMIE
You can totally say No to this, but would you have any interest in co-directing with me?

JOSH
Oh... No, it’s your thing, it should be your thing.

JAMIE
(quickly)
I totally get it, yeah --

JOSH
(hesitates)
Yeah...it should be your thing.

Josh puts his hand on the check.

JOSH
I got it.

JAMIE

Cool.
Josh still anticipates some resistance or more appreciation, something, but gets nothing. He hesitates then throws down cash.

    JOSH
    Shall we go?

    JAMIE
    You go ahead, I gotta take a leak.

They embrace. We MOVE with Josh to the door. Something occurs to him. He turns around --

Jamie’s at Breitbart’s table. He gestures animatedly. Breitbart laughs heartily. Josh watches. Finally, he turns and exits.

28 INT. JOSH AND CORNELIA’S APARTMENT. DAY 28

Josh is laying random white items of clothing on the bed. Cornelia practices a hip hop routine.

    JOSH
    He just offered it to me like it was nothing. I’ve been trained to hoard credit, these kids are so generous.

    CORNELIA
    I know.

    JOSH
    Yeah. What do you mean, you know? Which part?

    CORNELIA
    About credit. My dad always said that about you. You don’t collaborate well.

    JOSH
    He “always” said that? What’s “always?”

    CORNELIA
    I don’t know, twice. I wanted to do that thing about the public school in the Bronx and you were really excited about it until I suggested we do it together and then you kind of dropped it.

Josh is about to defend himself. He hesitates.
JOSH
Maybe we should have done it. We still could.

CORNELIA
The time has past.

JOSH
I’m sorry about that. I want to be better about that stuff.

CORNELIA
(hesitates, touched)
Thanks.

Cornelia’s phone rings. She dances over to it. Josh regards her.

JOSH
What is that, a hoe-down?

CORNELIA
No! It’s hip-hop.

Cornelia finds her phone.

CORNELIA
(into phone)
Hey Fox!

INT. FLETCHER AND MARINA’S APARTMENT. INTERCUT
Marina nurses the baby.

MARINA
Fox! Do you guys want to come to the Connecticut house this weekend?

Josh starts hip hop dancing with Cornelia.

CORNELIA
(laughing)
Connecticut this weekend?

JOSH
(loud whisper)
No, we have the ayawasca.

Fletcher walks by in the background.

FLETCHER
Where’s the cardboard sleeve for this Wilco CD?

MARINA
What’s on it?
FLETCHER
The same image that’s on the CD.

MARINA
Why do you need it? The CD is right here.

FLETCHER
I don’t know. It makes it special.

MARINA
It’ll be us and Pepper and her husband Reade and Elise and Dwight. And then Willow, Oscar and Peter who they’re calling Nemo.

CORNELIA
That’s a lot of people.

MARINA
Well, the last three are infants.

Josh shakes his head, No and dances more vehemently.

CORNELIA
(trying not to laugh)
Oh...you know... Actually, we’re doing this ayawasca ceremony with Jamie and Darby.

MARINA
What’s an ayawasca ceremony?

CORNELIA
I guess...there’s a shaman and you drink this sludgy liquid made from a Peruvian root and you hallucinate and vomit up your demons.

MARINA
Oh... Okay. We’re just having a cookout and maybe playing charades so...

CORNELIA
It sounds great. Just bad timing.

Josh and Cornelia are both laughing now and doing some combination of hip-hop/hoe-down.

MARINA
(clearly disappointed)
Yeah.

A circle of kneeling people all dressed in white. It’s whatever white they had available at home so it’s mismatched,
A tall thin guy, 30’s, with pale skin and long black hair kneels at a make-shift shrine. This is the shaman. In front of him is an altar decorated with crystals and laminated cards of St. Francis, Gandhi, Merlin, King Tut.

Josh leans over to Cornelia:

JOSH
How did King Tut become magical all of a sudden?

Jamie, in a white Puma track-suit, leans forward over a couple of people on Josh’s other side.

JAMIE
It’s because they discovered his tomb in the occult boom of the 20’s.

“Shhh!” from the group.

The shaman pops open what looks like a Coke bottle and pours a brown sludgy liquid into a shot glass. He says a benediction. People, in succession, crawl over to him, he does a blessing of sorts on their forehead and hands them the glass. They drink and return to their original spots.

We watch as Jamie, Darby, Cornelia and Josh drink the dark sludge.

Jamie drinks without thought.

Darby does the quotes thing in the air before she drinks.

DARBY
This is our twenties!

CORNELIA
I’m forty-one.

Cornelia sips it. She looks up at the shaman who smiles encouragingly. She downs it and hands it back to him proudly.

Josh hesitates, looks back at the group. He shrugs and downs it, a significant portion missing his mouth. He quickly wipes at his chin and tries to get the spillage back into his mouth. He licks his fingers and palm and the sides of the glass then hands the glass back to the shaman, who looks mildly irritated.

They’re back in their circle. The woman next to Josh whispers:
WOMAN
Supposedly everyone sees Egyptian imagery.

JOSH
Oh yeah?

WOMAN
I want to clear some father issues. You?

JOSH
Oh, I don’t know.

WOMAN
It’s good to have a focus.

JOSH
(thinks about it)
Fear of death? You know, linear time not being such a big deal.

The lights are lowered. The shaman’s assistant clears the air with an eagle feather.

JOSH
(whispers)
What’s the bucket for?

WOMAN
Puking.

People “shhh” Josh. The shaman goes around the room and makes a cross on everyone’s forehead. Josh closes his eyes.

The FOLLOWING is in choppy, almost impressionistic images:

People start to trip. Darby gets up and joins a couple who is dancing.

SHAMAN
We are purging dark energies, past pain.

He plays some bongos and shakes a shaker.

DARBY
(under her breath)
This shaman is kind of a d-bag.

The woman next to Josh grabs a bucket and pukes.

JOSH
That’s my bucket.
WOMAN
I’m puking out your shit!

Josh crawls next to Cornelia.

JOSH
I feel it! Oh my God, I see a fucking pyramid. And a sphinx. It’s true, you see Egyptian shit. Honey, what are you seeing?

CORNELIA
I’m in a deli in Bensonhurst.

JOSH
The serpent, Apep is speaking to me. He’s saying, go to the cattle of Ra. The Celestial Cow is waiting.

CORNELIA
I’m purchasing a bag of Sun Chips.

CUT TO: Jamie stands with the shaman.

JAMIE
I don’t believe in any state supported art. I think you need to just do it yourself.

He vomits.

JAMIE
(gargling vomit)
I voted for Romney.

Everyone vomits. We see this in succession.

SHAMAN
Watch the carpet!

CUT TO: Josh opens his eyes. The room is a blur -- white figures drifting past. Josh gets up.

Cornelia talks with the shaman in a corner. Josh waves her over madly. She excuses herself.

JOSH
Maybe don’t flirt with the shaman.

CORNELIA
He was telling me about his boat.

Cornelia grows quiet. Her eyes are glazed.
JOSH

What?

CORNELIA

I wish you’d look at me the way you look at Jamie and Darby.

JOSH

I look at you that way...

CORNELIA

No, you don’t. You used to. When we first met you were like you are with them, you wooed me with romantic emails...

JOSH

There’s no point in us emailing now...we’re in the same room all of the time.

CORNELIA

(hesitates)

I don’t want to take away your enthusiasm for Jamie and Darby, I’m glad you like them so much...I just wish I could feel that energy from you once in a while.

CUT TO: Darby leans her head against the wall. She talks to the man next to her.

DARBY

I was falling asleep today on the L train and you know how your brain gets in these loops? I couldn’t remember the shape of a pineapple: “Are they like pears?” No, they’re like footballs with the ends cut off. It’s hard to call to mind the shapes of things. Do you find that?

She vomits.

CUT TO:

31 INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DARK ROOM. NIGHT

Cornelia wanders into a dark room. She sees Josh coming toward her.

CORNELIA

Josh, I’m sorry.
She embraces him. He holds her. They rock side to side. Cornelia kisses Josh on the mouth, long and passionate. She hesitates.

    CORNELIA
    You taste different.

Cornelia pulls back.

    CORNELIA
    Josh?

    JAMIE
    It’s me.

    CORNELIA
    Jamie, shit. I thought you were Josh. I’m so fucked up. I’m sorry.

She puts her head on his shoulder.

    CORNELIA
    Ugh, how embarrassing.

    JAMIE
    It’s okay, worm.

She looks up at him and they kiss again. She stops.

    CORNELIA
    Let’s never do that again.

She walks away.

    CUT TO:

32 INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - HALLWAY. NIGHT

Josh drifts down a hallway. His eyes blinded by drifting geometric shapes and figures.

    JOSH
    It stopped working. Cornelia, mine stopped working anymore!

But Cornelia isn’t there. He slips and rights himself with the wall.

    JOSH
    Nothing is happening.

He trips and hits the floor with a thud.

Jamie is picking Josh up --
JAMIE
How you doing, Yosh?

JOSH
Is yours working? Mine isn’t working.

JAMIE
Mine’s working.

JOSH
What if I don’t find anything out?

He looks at Jamie, tears rolling down his face. He now sees that Jamie is filming him.

JAMIE
Just roll with it. You’re going to be fine, see.

JOSH
Thanks, Jamie. You’re so kind. And so generous. I’m so proud and selfish. I want to be generous like you. I want to help you with your film. I’ll come with you to film the guy. I don’t want credit or anything, just to help out.

JAMIE
Thanks Joshy, that’s beautiful.

JOSH
Before we met, the only two feelings I had left were...wistful and disdainful. And being around you...I see what’s possible again. Is that corny?

JAMIE
It’s goddamn corny, Joshy.

JOSH
Yeah, I guess it is. I’m a cornball. (pause) I’ve felt like a failure for years. I wish Cornelia and I had had kids.

JAMIE
It’s not too late, is it?

Josh vomits. Jamie holds his head while he retches.
Thanks.

No problem, Jussle.

Jamie vomits.

Cornelia sits on the stairs. She looks exhausted. People on the street are starting their day, taking kids out, moving cars.

JOSH (O.S.)
It’s still tonight for us, but it’s tomorrow for everyone else.

Josh sits beside her. He looks tired, pale, worse for wear.

Let’s have kids! Or a kid. Something.

Did the Celestial Cow tell you this?

Yeah, but that doesn’t make it any less true.

Cornelia picks at the dry skin on her lip.

(re: the houses and pedestrians)
All these people have babies -- what’s the big deal?

I thought we’d decided... I don’t want this to be every time you take a hallucinogen you want to have a baby.

Not every time.

We missed our chance. I missed my chance. I’m fine with that.
JOSH
(pause)
The serpent suggested we could adopt.

CORNELIA
He didn’t tell me that.

JOSH
You don’t want to?

She slowly shakes her head. Pause. Josh notices something.

JOSH
Is that the shaman’s Vespa?

INT. FLETCHER/MARINA’S BUILDING - ELEVATOR. EVE

Josh and Cornelia, dressed casually. She holds a couple of take-out bags. Another couple, dressed up, stands next to them holding a bag with a ribbon.

CORNELIA
He’s been cooped up at home with a baby, and she loves these soup dumplings. This will be a great surprise.

JOSH
I haven’t spoken to Fletcher for a while. I think he’s exhausted.

CORNELIA
(laughs)
We’ll probably be waking them up!

The doors open. Both couples exit.

INT. FLETCHER/MARINA BUILDING - DOORWAY/LIVING ROOM. EVE

Josh and Cornelia approach the apartment. Josh starts to clock the other couple walking right next to them. They all reach an apartment door.

Voices and music from inside. Cornelia frowns. Josh rings. He looks at the other couple who smile.

Marina opens the door in a party dress, beaming and holding a white wine. Party guests mingle behind her.

MARINA
(horrified)
Cornelia...Josh.
(welcoming)
Gaby, Mike!
CORNELIA
Hi.

COUPLE
You look amazing!

The other couple enters the party. Fletcher appears in the background loudly bantering with another guy.

FLETCHER
...I know! I felt like I was in one of those sci-fi movies where everyone is ranked by intellect --

His face drops when he sees Josh and Cornelia.

FLETCHER
Oh...fucking shit...

He and Marina come out into the hallway, the door ajar behind them.

CORNELIA
Did we...I guess you’re having a thing.

MARINA
Uh...yeah. We... God, this is embarrassing.

CORNELIA
Is it a baby thing or...?

MARINA
No, actually...Willow’s at my mother’s.

CORNELIA
Oh...

JOSH
We weren’t invited.

FLETCHER
Well...we didn’t think...

MARINA
Oh, God, I don’t know what to say...

Another couple appears behind Josh and Cornelia.

COUPLE #2
Hey, girly girl. You look fiiiiine!
They kiss and hand Marina a wrapped gift.

WOMAN
Hey Cornelia, how are you?

CORNELIA
Fine, Grace, you?

WOMAN
Great.

MARINA
(to the other couple)
Come inside, there’s a full bar --

The other couple enters the apartment.

CORNELIA
What is going on?

MARINA
I’m sorry...we didn’t think you’d want to come or...

JOSH
Why?

MARINA
Well, for one thing these are people our own age.

CORNELIA
Oh, come on!

FLETCHER
And maybe you have a titseeka ceremony or something.

JOSH
Ayawasca! It was therapeutic. I learned some shit. I think Cornelia did too.

CORNELIA
(awkwardly)
I did too. Learn some shit.

FLETCHER
You guys were wacked out on Peruvian mescaline, of course you’re going to learn some shit. I went under during a colonoscopy last week and I learned some shit.
JOSH
Don’t patronize us, man.

FLETCHER
Listen, we don’t know how else to say this, but...we’re worried about you guys.

MARINA
Yeah, you know...I mean, it’s cool you don’t want to have kids --

CORNELIA
Don’t make this about the baby cult, Marina. Okay? I don’t appreciate that kind of superior attitude. It’s really ugly.

MARINA
That’s not what I’m saying! I can’t help it if I want you to have kids.

FLETCHER
We think you guys would really benefit from it. That’s all.

CORNELIA
(suddenly emotional)
But you don’t realize how inappropriate it is to say it like you say it. Not everyone wants a baby! Not everyone can have one all the time!

COUPLE (O.S.)
Hi sexy lady!

Yet another couple, Elise and her husband, arrives, kisses Marina and Fletcher.

MARINA
(smiling hostess)
Elise! Come in! Come in!

They enter. Marina brings her voice down:

MARINA
Since we’ve had the baby, I feel you pulling away, Cornelia. I just do.

CORNELIA
(to Josh)
I went to a fucking baby music class with you! Do you know how humiliating that is?

FLETCHER
What’s with the hat?
JOSH
What?

FLETCHER
You look like assholes we went to highschool with who would cruise by the prom but not go in.

MARINA
Why is it humiliating? This is my life now!

* (getting emotional)
It can be very isolating and lonely when you have a kid.

CORNELIA
(re: the crowd inside)
Yeah, I can tell.

FLETCHER
We’re old men, Josh.

JOSH
Speak for yourself.

FLETCHER
You’re an old man with a hat.

CORNELIA
(sadly)
Let’s go, Josh.

FLETCHER
Stay, you’re here...come in.

JOSH
(emphatic)
There is no way we’re coming in.

CUT TO:

INT. FLETCHER/MARINA APT. - LIVING ROOM. EVE

Inside the APARTMENT. Josh and Cornelia sit alone by the window. People are laughing, talking loudly. Cornelia downs her wine in one. Josh looks furious.

JAMIE (V.O.)
(sings)
“You’re playing Nintendo.”

INT. JAMIE’S CAR. DAY

Jamie drives, Josh next to him. Cornelia, Darby and Tipper, who wears a T-shirt that reads: Some Crappy Band, are squeezed in the back. Jamie sings and Tipper responds:
TIPPER
(sings)
“That’s not what I’m doing, that’s not what I’m doing.”

JAMIE
“You’re surfing the web.”

TIPPER
“That’s not what I’m doing, that’s not what I’m doing.”

JAMIE
“You’re crying your eyes out.”

TIPPER
“That’s not what I’m doing, that’s not what I’m doing.”

TIPPER
(she beats the back of Josh’s seat three times)
“I’m making a sandwich!”

Both of them, flush and beaming look around the car.

JOSH
Nice.

CORNELIA
(trying to be positive)
Fun.

Darby grumbles. She turns to Cornelia.

DARBY
Connecticut has the best thrifting. He’ll drop us off before they do their filming.

JAMIE
Tipper and I started a band called Cookie O’Puss. Have you seen that on YouTube?

JOSH
(a bit annoyed)
That was a commercial when I was a kid.

JAMIE
It’s fucking hilarious.

JOSH
(trying to own it)
I know, we used to always do his voice.

TIPPER
“My name is Cookie O’Puss!”
JOSH
(trying to do it first)
“My name is Cookie O’Puss.”

JAMIE
“My name is Cookie O’Puss.”

JOSH
Right.

JAMIE
It’s the name of our band.

EXT. POUGHKEEPSIE STREET. DAY

Josh films Jamie as he gets out of the car. Tipper films the house.

JAMIE
He was this kind of amazing combination of jock and brain and he could sing, he was in the acapella group called the Night Owls. I mean kind of the perfect guy.

EXT. CLAPBOARD HOUSE. DAY

The three of them wait at the door. Tipper films. Jamie knocks. A skinny woman in her 30’s appears.

JAMIE
Hey, I called, my name’s Jamie, I’m a friend of Kent’s.

SISTER
Kent isn’t here.

JAMIE
Oh...well, will he be back soon?

She shakes her head. She looks over at Tipper who’s filming.

SISTER
What’s --

JAMIE
We went to school together. It’s been a while, but he contacted me recently on Facebook. It would mean a lot to me if I could see him.

The sister hesitates. She’s debating something in her head.
INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY. DAY

Jamie, Josh and Tipper are led by an orderly down a long sterile hallway. They reach a set of automatic doors. A loud buzz.

They go through the doors to another set of doors. Another loud buzz. They open.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Kent, 20’s, pale and thin, lies in bed watching a cooking show. He’s eating ice cream out of a container. Jamie, Tipper and Josh enter. He looks up as they approach, placing the ice cream on the bed-side table.

CUT TO: Josh shoots Jamie. Tipper shoots Kent. Kent sits up in bed, he talks somberly. Jamie sits at his bed-side.

KENT
A ceramic platter didn’t break and accidentally cut both my wrists.

JAMIE
No?

KENT
No. I’ve been unhappy. I did it to myself. I cut my wrists.

JAMIE
You broke a ceramic platter and used the shards to cut your wrists?

Josh starts to say something, he knows where Kent’s going with this, but he holds himself back.

KENT
No, there was no ceramic platter. I mean, there is, I had one in mind when I was telling the story.

JAMIE
But the shards were from the platter?

JOSH
(can’t help himself)
What Kent is saying is he imagined an actual platter to make his story feel more authentic, but really he just cut his wrists with what, probably a razor blade?

Kent and Jamie look over at Josh. Kent looks annoyed.
KENT
(to Jamie)
Who is he?

CUT TO: Jamie leans in. Kent seems emotional.

JAMIE
You were the guy, you know. You were beautiful. I mean you dated Jenny Pepperdine!

Kent flashes a weary smile.

JAMIE
You know I bought a necklace like the one you used to wear --

KENT
My puka shells?

JAMIE
Yeah. You know, I was going through a tough time in high school, my mom was really sick with ovarian cancer, I was pretty promiscuous, but I couldn’t love anyone, I had body issues --

We slowly ZOOM in on Jamie as he talks.

Josh’s closed eye opens. While keeping the camera trained on Jamie, he inspects it, bewildered. He’s not pressing anything. He sees --

Jamie holds a small remote in his hand. He’s zooming in on himself.

JAMIE
You had written a poem for English, you were this athlete and you wrote this beautiful poem. Do you know what poem I’m talking about?

KENT
I wrote a lot of poems.

JAMIE
It was a line, very simple, but effective, “I want to be unbridgeable.” That one line got me through my mother’s illness.
KENT

JAMIE
Life is other plans.

KENT
Yeah.

JOSH
(from behind the camera)
Life is what happens when you’re making other plans.

Jamie and Kent both startle and turn to the camera.

KENT
(again annoyed)
Who is he?

DARBY (V.O.)
I keep trying to get people to agree with me on this: I hate Tipper.

INT. OLD BARN
Antiques and vintage clothing. Darby helps Cornelia lace up a corset.

DARBY
She ends every word she can with “ish.” I thought she was making fun of this way of talking until it was clear that she wasn’t.

CORNELIA
She tries too hard.

DARBY
Exactly! But it’s low-key so you don’t notice it. I shouldn’t shit-talk Tipper. I have so many things.

CORNELIA
You and Jamie were highschool sweethearts?

DARBY
No, Jamie was only in Santa Cruz for a semester.

(MORE)
DARBY (CONT'D)
His dad worked for a medical supply company that was contracted by the army and they were never in one place very long. Jamie can be at home anywhere.

CORNELIA
Josh is only at home at home.
The corset is laced. Cornelia turns and looks at herself in the mirror. She’s horrified.

INT. DINER, HUDSON, NY. DAY

The four of them and Tipper in a booth. Jamie and Tipper have just finished telling Darby and Cornelia about the day. Josh is looking at something on his phone.

TIPPER
He was soulful-ish, you know.

JAMIE
Sister, that’s an understatement. You can tell he’s been to some dark places.

DARBY
(petulant)
We went to some dark places too. I bought a dress. Cornelia didn’t buy a corset.

JAMIE
(eating)
Mm, this burger is in-cred-ible.

JOSH
(re: his phone)
Holy shit.

CORDELIA
What’s wrong?

JOSH
No...nothing...I just Googled Kent...
(looks up to Jamie)
Did you Google him?

JAMIE
No, I wanted it to be fresh.

JOSH
This...it’s there’s a picture, it’s the same guy. He was in Afghanistan.

JAMIE
(surprised)
Really?

JOSH
Yeah...he...this article says he was part of a massacre in Wanat.
(MORE)
They opened fire on a bus full of civilians... He then spoke out
publicly about it and then he refused
to fight. He was jailed briefly then
he returned to battle, was injured
and given the Purple Heart.

JAMIE
You’re kidding?

Josh hands Jamie his phone. Jamie beams.

JAMIE
It says two men in his unit have
killed themselves. Tipper --

Tipper gets out the camera and turns it on Josh. Josh looks
into the lens strangely.

JAMIE
Do it again, what you did.

JOSH
Which part?

JAMIE
The phone, the discovery, everything.

JOSH
Oh...

Josh awkwardly looks at his phone then back up. The four of
them are waiting.

JOSH
(stilted)
It’s the same guy... Is that what I
said? How did I say it?

Jamie yawns, impatiently. Josh tries again:

JOSH
(acting now)
It’s the same guy! Holy shit.
Jamie, take a look at this.

Tipper swings the camera at Jamie. He grabs Josh’s phone and
reacts almost identically.

JAMIE
It says two men in his unit have
killed themselves.
JOSH
(excited, getting the hang of it)
We have to go back!

JAMIE
Yeah?

JOSH
We have to get him talking about this. This is the movie! Now it’s not just some stupid Facebook thing.

Jamie looks at Josh oddly. Josh backtracks:

JOSH
Not that that wasn’t a good idea too. But, and I hate this expression, but you stepped in shit!
(suddenly)
Cornelia!

CORNELIA
(caught off guard)
What?!

Josh kisses her.

JOSH
I don’t know!

Jamie digs into his food.

JAMIE
Thank God I’ve got you, Joshy! We did what you said: we didn’t know the answers, we discovered it. I should get a good book on Afghanistan. And war in general. I really know so little about it.

JOSH
(decides to go for it)
You know who you should talk to. Ira Mandelstam, the guy in my film he could tell you a lot about war and the politics of war.

JAMIE
That’s your guy, though, Joshy. I can’t take your guy.
JOSH
I don’t care. I want to share him with you.
    (to the table)
Look ma, I’m sharing!

JAMIE
Jeez Louise, that would be fucking beautiful.

CORNELIA
    (suddenly, caught up in the whole thing)
You know, if you want help... I could help or...produce this for you...

Josh looks at Cornelia, surprised. He smiles.

CORNELIA
My dad’s between things now...

JAMIE
Oh, my God. Are you kidding, I’d be so pumped. Thank you, thank you.

Josh keeps smiling. He wants very badly for this to feel good.

INT. SCHOLAR’S APARTMENT

Ira, the scholar, is talking about the power structure of the United States. Jamie shoots him. Tipper holds a boom. She wears a T-shirt that reads in generic lettering: A College I Didn’t Go To. Cornelia stands close by. Josh sits in a chair in the back, listening through headphones. His eyes drift away from the scholar and turn inward. He looks almost afraid.

INT. SCHOLAR’S BEDROOM

A mess of books and clothes and dogs and dog beds. Josh pulls Cornelia inside and shuts the door.

CORNELIA
What?

JOSH
    (hushed)
Can I say something I’m ashamed of?

CORNELIA
Yeah.
JOSH
It’s not generous. And I probably don’t really mean it.

CORNELIA
Okay. Go.

JOSH
And I think Jamie’s great so --

CORNELIA
Say it!

JOSH
(snapping)
I can’t fucking believe his idiotic Facebook idea paid off! It’s so fucking stupid! And my thing is a mess. A total fucking mess.
(pause)
Sorry, I feel bad saying that. But I also hate the fact he’s calling his band Cookie O’Puss.

CORNELIA
What’s wrong with that?

JOSH
It’s just some funny old kitschy thing to him he saw on YouTube. But that was my commercial. I actually experienced it. You know?

CORNELIA
I don’t know from Cookie Puss.

JOSH
Really? It was for Carvel. Cookie Puss was the original one but they did an ice cream cake for Saint Patrick’s Day and it was this floating green Irish cake that said, “My name is Cookie O’Puss.”

Cornelia is silent.

JOSH
(exhales)
I’m being ridiculous. I probably don’t mean any of it.

CORNELIA
My dad likes to say, “The more, the more.”
JOSH
That’s because your dad has everything. And then he gets more.
(off her look)
No, he’s right. There’s enough to go around for everyone.

JAMIE
Yo, Yosh! You got a pitch you got to attend!

She kisses him.

CORNELIA
Good luck.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT. DAY

Jamie walks with Josh through stopped traffic toward the Goldman Sachs building.

JAMIE
Remember, ask him questions. You’re interviewing him. He’d be goddamn lucky to invest in your film.

JOSH
Okay.

JAMIE
And talk about shit he understands, see. Short and to the point.

A bike messenger swerves by them on the sidewalk.

JAMIE
(suddenly furious)
Ride on the street, man!
(and then back to Josh not missing a beat)

JOSH
Right.

JAMIE
Be yourself, everyone else is taken.

Jamie straightens Josh’s jacket collar.
JAMIE
Ira was beautiful today. I’m gonna have a screening of the cut footage at the apartment on Friday.

JOSH
You cut it already? We just shot it two days ago.

JAMIE
I know. I was up all night. (patting Josh on the back) We’ll be okay, Joshy. Don’t you fret.

JOSH
Maybe take a day or two to make sure you like it.

JAMIE
Or I can take ten years.

Josh hesitates, taken aback. Jamie laughs.

JAMIE
I’m fucking with you, Joshy. Your thing is going to be totally brilliant.

They reach the doorway of the office building. Jamie takes the big headphones from around his neck and puts them on Josh. Jamie presses Play. “Eye of The Tiger” by Survivor.

JOSH
I remember when this song was just considered bad! But it’s working.

JAMIE
Remember, he’s lucky to have this opportunity. You’re friggin’ Josh Srebnick.

JOSH
My name sounds so much better when you say it.

INT. OFFICE, HEDGE FUND. DAY

Josh shakes hands with a bulky fratty looking hedge fund guy, 30’s, in a suit. This is Dave.

Josh sits on a couch, Dave in an armchair. Dave drinks from a highball glass.
HEDGE FUND DAVE
You see Mad Men?

JOSH
No.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
(waves it off)
It’s really apple juice. Nah, it’s whiskey. Nah, it’s not. It is.

He drinks.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
So, tell me more about your project.

JOSH
Well, maybe a good way to start is by asking you a question.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
Hey, they were all raped when I got there.

Josh stares at him blankly.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
(re: highball)
This is my second in twenty minutes. Shoot.

JOSH
Do you know the percentage of African American adult males currently in jail?

HEDGE FUND DAVE
I don’t.

JOSH
Take a guess.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
(playling along but not really thinking)
Like 60%?

JOSH
Jesus, no!
(pause)
It’s over 9%. That’s nearly 1 in 10 African American adult males, nearly a million and half.
HEDGE FUND DAVE  
A million and a half is a lot.

JOSH  
It's insane, but people don't realize this. They think because we have a black president...

HEDGE FUND DAVE  
(as if he's helping Josh out)  
So this is about prison. Like a black Shawshank. But real. A real, black Shawshank.

JOSH  
thrown)  
No, not... no.  
(pause and then speaking quickly)  
There's a section, an Entr'acte really, on the function of race in the prison industrial complex...  
(trying to get back on track)  
But the film is really about how power in America works... Do you know the historian, Ira Mandelstam?

HEDGE FUND DAVE  
Yeah.

JOSH  
(pleased)  
Really?

HEDGE FUND DAVE  
No.

JOSH  
Well, we have over a hundred hours of interviews with him. Now --

HEDGE FUND DAVE  
The movie's a hundred hours?

JOSH  
No, we'll cut it. Now, this guy, he's not particularly charismatic, he's kind of anti-social, maybe asbergers, but not interesting asbergers. He's kind of boring even. But he's a charismatic thinker.
HEDGE FUND DAVE
How do you show what he thinks?
Cartoons?

JOSH
(what?!)  
No, not cartoons. He says it.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
But he’s boring.

JOSH
Well...yes, but like many boring
things, the longer you watch it, it
takes on a different dimension --

Josh wipes the sweat that has now accumulated on his face. Dave’s glance goes to his Blackberry. He types something quickly.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
Mmm hmm. So, what’s it about?

JOSH
It’s really a very simple idea. The
three sections correspond to the
three nodes of what Mills called the
power elite: the political, military
and economic. But, and this is key,
each part has to interconnect to show
how none of these three nodes
functions without the other.

Dave tries to surreptitiously glance at his Blackberry.

JOSH
It’s a linear film of course, but I
imagine it as a kind of hypertext.
To be clear, the film is really about
the working class and, I can’t speak
on behalf of the working class. I
can’t make their film, of course.
They have to be felt as the
impossible subject of the text.
Through an examination of the power
structure the voice of the working
class has to be revealed in the
margins through its very absence. If
that makes sense.

The phone rings. Both Dave and Josh look at it.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
Hey, I’m suddenly so popular.
JOSH
( barrels on)
But it’s not even really about the
power structure but about what it
means to make a film about it. It’s
about the very possibility of making
this film...It’s really about America.

Dave can’t help it. He lunges for the phone.

The sound of KNOCKING.

INT. BREITBART’S APARTMENT – DOORWAY. DAY

Josh stands in the doorway, he wears his bike helmet and
holds his hat. Breitbart smiles.

BREITBART
I was just working on my speech for my
memorial. What’s on your mind, son?

Josh nervously unstraps his bike helmet and puts on his hat.
An awkward exchange as he has trouble holding both. He
exhales. Breitbart finally accommodates by taking the helmet.

JOSH
Would you watch what I have? I think
I’m at a point where I need a new set
of eyes.

BREITBART
Ten years with the same project will
do that to you.

JOSH
Yeah.

BREITBART
(warmly)
Of course I’ll watch it. Come in,
son.

CUT TO:

INT. BREITBART’S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY

They watch the scholar on Breitbart’s new TV. Josh can’t
look at the screen, his eyes on are Breitbart.

CUT TO: Josh, still watching Breitbart. The movie ends.
Breitbart nods, shuts off the TV with a remote.

BREITBART
I just got this TV. It’s a smart TV.
He gets up and stretches, clearly very stiff from sitting for so long.

BREITBART
I’ll put a kettle on. You want some tea?

JOSH
Okay.

Breitbart goes to his kitchen. Josh waits, impatiently.

BREITBART (O.S.)
Well, you have a lot of good material there.

JOSH
Uh huh.

BREITBART (O.S.)
Lots to think about. I need to process it.

JOSH
Uh huh.

Breitbart reappears in the kitchen doorway.

BREITBART
Do you need the stuff about Turkish politics?

JOSH
Yes, because it connects to what he’s saying about the shift in power in the contemporary global economy. And, of course, it relates back to the earlier stuff on the Ottoman Empire.

BREITBART
Right, but it feels like a detour. What about the lengthy history of the Triangle Shirtwaste Factory Fire? Do you need that?

JOSH
The interview with Tillie Kupferschmidt’s great great niece? That’s the emotional center of the movie. That’s where things come together. Without that scene...why make the film at all?
BREITBART
But it’s too long.

JOSH
It has to be long. The point is it makes you uncomfortable.

BREITBART
(gently)
I wasn’t uncomfortable, I was bored.

The kettle goes off. Breitbart goes back into the kitchen. Josh follows him in.

JOSH
Well, maybe boredom is your defense from the discomfort.

BREITBART
(growing impatient)
You just showed me a six and a half hour movie that runs about seven hours too long. I’m trying to help.

JOSH
I understand, I understand. I think I need to shoot some more interviews --

BREITBART
(quickly)
Don’t shoot anymore! You have enough.

JOSH
Yeah? I just don’t think you’re getting it or maybe there’s something about me or what you saw that’s clouding your judgement.

BREITBART
I’m telling you what I really feel.

JOSH
I don’t believe it. I think you’re being deliberately critical.

BREITBART
Josh, I’m trying to help you.

JOSH
Bullshit! Is it because Cornelia and I didn’t have children?

BREITBART
Oh, come on, Josh.
JOSH
We tried. There were miscarriages. I had to give her a shot in her ass every day for three months. It’s a huge fucking needle.

BREITBART
I didn’t know you tried so hard. She didn’t tell me. I thought you guys didn’t want kids.

JOSH
We didn’t want to hope for something we probably couldn’t have. (collecting his things) This was a mistake.

BREITBART
I’m sorry you feel that way.

Josh starts for door.

JOSH
I know you think I didn’t reach my potential.

BREITBART
No, son, no I don’t think you did. (beat) Your first film was so wonderful and entertaining. We recognized ourselves in it. This is ungenerous, it’s like you took your ball and went home.

JOSH
You know what? I’m sorry I didn’t become you.

BREITBART
I don’t want you to be me, Josh.

JOSH
Yeah, right.

BREITBART
I’ll see you at Thanksgiving.

JOSH
I’m not going to eat another fucking fried turkey FYI.

BREITBART
Then make your own.
Josh slams the door.

EXT. WEST END AVENUE. DAY

Josh walks up to a sign-post. His chain-link chain has been severed in half. His bike is gone.

JOSH
Fuck!

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS, BASKETBALL COURT. DAY

Jamie aggressively drives to the basket, pulls back and makes a jump shot over a leaping defender. He fist bumps his teammates as they hurry back on defense.

Josh watches through a chain link fence.

CUT TO: Jamie, sweating, sees Josh through the fence. He jogs over and they talk through the chain-link.

JAMIE
Yosh! How did you find me?

JOSH
(sheepishly)
There’s like eight different ways to find out where you are on the internet. And also through people we both know.

JAMIE
Ha! You want to play?

JOSH
Nah, I don’t have the right shoes.
(pause)
Hey, I was thinking...you know how you asked...maybe, if you’re still up for it, I will co-direct with you...

Jamie hesitates.

JOSH
You know...if that’s still cool?

JAMIE
I’m not sure, Yoshy, I’m...at this point, I’m kind of in it, you know?

JOSH
(his face turning red)
Uh huh.
JAMIE

I mean, I’m kind of into doing it all now... I mean...you know?
JOSH
Uh huh.

JAMIE
I better get back to the game. I’ll see you tonight, yeah?

JOSH
(quickly)
Yeah.

INT. JAMIE AND DARBY’S APARTMENT, BUSHWICK. DAY

Josh enters -- he’s late. The space is packed -- mostly with a sea of 20-something kids who lie on top of each other on the floor watching Jamie’s movie. Tipper, dressed up in a sort of Mary Jane outfit and horn-rimmed glasses, perched up on a table, watching very seriously, her arms wrapped around her long bent legs. Jamie stands in back, he looks nervous. Darby a few feet away from him is texting. Cornelia waves from a crowded corner. Josh smiles wearily.

Kent talks soberly on screen.

KENT (ON SCREEN)
In the report it says we followed procedure. A flashlight, three flares, and the hand signals...

A quick jerky zoom into Kent, missing his face and then adjusting to find him. He does the hand signals, punctuating them with:

KENT (ON SCREEN)
...bum, bum, bum...but that’s not how I remember it. It was sheer fucking panic when the bus approached the convoy. We opened fire --

Josh moves closer, looking for a place to sit or stand. He steps over a couple lying on the floor.

BENNY
Ow. Those are my fingers.

JOSH
Sorry, sorry.

Josh stops in his tracks. Over on the side, the Moon Landing headline above his head, stands Breitbart. To his right, the hedge fund dude, Dave.
A light sweat breaks out on Josh’s face. Darby is looking straight at him. She gives him a sad smile. Josh looks back at the screen.

CLOSE: Josh’s scholar, Ira, talking about the politics of war.

CUT TO: The movie is over. The mostly 20-something crowd laughs, drinks beers. Breitbart picks an Oreo from a bowl of Oreos on a table. Josh pushes through the kids to find Jamie.

JAMIE
Yoshy!

JOSH
You invited Breitbart?

JAMIE
Yeah, he called me after you introduced us.

JOSH
He called you?

JAMIE
Yeah...and at our dinner I invited him to tonight.

JOSH
At “our dinner?” Dinner with him? When did you have dinner?

JAMIE
After he called me, he suggested we get dinner.

JOSH
Uh huh. (pause) Where’d you go?

JAMIE
This beautiful joint, um, on the Upper West Side --

JOSH
Jackson Hole.

JAMIE
Yeah! How’d you know?

JOSH
That’s where he goes.
JAMIE
Great burgers. Have you been there?

JOSH
Yes, I’ve been there with him a million times.

JAMIE
Have you gotten the Buffalo burger?

JOSH
Of course!

JAMIE
He dug the footage.
(pause)
Is something wrong?

JOSH
I guess I wish you’d asked me before you just went to him...

JAMIE
Hey, I’m sorry. I called him actually just to ask him a question about how he shot something and we just got to talking, see, and he asked me what I was working on...

JOSH
So you called him?

JAMIE
What?

JOSH
You said he called you.

JAMIE
He called me back, yeah.

JOSH
Does Cornelia know?

HEDGE FUND DAVE (O.S.)
Very cool! Very cool.

The hedge fund guy, Dave, does a double fist bump with Jamie which they mime exploding.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
I’m proud to be part of it.
JAMIE
Dave, you know Josh.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
(barely looking at Josh)
Nice to meet you.
(to Jamie)
Seriously dude, this movie is kill-
aahhh.
(does a little dance)
We’re going to Afghanistan, we’re
going to Afghanistan...

JOSH
(taken aback)
You’re going to Afghanistan?

JAMIE
To interview soldiers in Kent’s unit.
We’ve got a butt-load of work to do
before we go. I’m going to need
help.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
Afghanistan, Afghanistan!

Josh starts to retreat into the crowd. He hesitates. It
pains him to say this, but:

JOSH
Um, if you have any other editing
work, my guy Tim, is great and could
use some cash.

JAMIE
That would be beautiful.

JOSH
(defeated)
I’ll text you his info.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
(to Jamie)
Dude, I want you to meet Diane, she’s
a reporter for the Times.

Dave drags Jamie across the room. Darby takes Jamie’s arm as
he passes, she asks him a question. He replies tersely back.
She walks away, pissed. Dave pulls Jamie onward.

We MOVE in on Josh. Color vanishes from his face as a
terrible sinking feeling enters his body.

Two hands wrap around his neck like choking. He reacts.
JOSH

Ahh!

It’s Cornelia. She smokes a cigarette.

CORNELIA
I’ve been looking for you.

JOSH
You’re smoking?
(re: everything)
What’s going on? This is like a fucking bad dream. Everyone is here doing weird shit. Where’s my highschool algebra teacher, Mr. Morelli riding a fucking turtle?

Across the room, Breitbart is approached by Dave and Jamie.

CORNELIA
(re: her dad)
I had no idea Dad was coming. I saw him when I got here.

JOSH
Are you sure? Are you sure you’re not just saying that?

CORNELIA
Yes, Josh! Why would I lie to you?

JOSH
Do you think Jamie came to my talk because he knew I was married to you? That this was all so he could meet your dad?

CORNELIA
Josh, you know, the world isn’t a conspiracy against you.

JOSH
You know, fuck you.

CORNELIA
Fuck you. Don’t talk to me like that.

JOSH
I’m saying “Fuck you” in that way Jamie and Darby say it where it’s not a real Fuck you, it’s a semi-playful Fuck you.
CORNELIA
We’re not Jamie and Darby. We don’t talk to each other that way. If you say Fuck you to me it feels like a real Fuck you.

JOSH
It is real.

CORNELIA
Fuck you. And not semi-playfully either!

JOSH
Fuck you. Total real, cutting to the core: Fuck you.

EXT. JAMIE AND DARBY’S BUILDING. NIGHT

Josh comes outside, furious. Darby is making out with a Latino guy who looks like a gang member.

JOSH
Darby?

Darby lets go of the guy and looks at Josh.

DARBY
Hey, sir.

JOSH
Are you okay?

DARBY
Shit’s bad.
(pause)
You want to get some goat?

INT. CARIBBEAN RESTAURANT, BUSHWICK. NIGHT

Josh and Darby eat at a table.

DARBY
Crushes fade. Things lose their luster, you know? Maybe I’m just down on relationships right now.

JOSH
What about Jamie?

DARBY
Jamie’s in love with Jamie.
JOSH
I thought you guys seemed great.

DARBY
You know how no one will ever pick up just a male hitchhiker? But if it’s a couple, you might pull over? I’m the girl so you’ll pull over and pick up Jamie.

(pause)
Doing ayawasca I realized I never forgave my mom for dying and until I do I’ll never have a decent relationship with a guy.

JOSH
When did she die?

DARBY
When I was in highschool. She had ovarian cancer.

JOSH
I’m sorry...

(realizing)
Isn’t that also how Jamie’s mom died? He talks about it in the film.

Darby hesitates.

DARBY
Why’d you let Jamie use your scholar?

JOSH
I was trying out being generous. He’d do the same for me. That’s how you guys are.

DARBY
(with sympathy)
Oh, Josh... You’re such a man-fox.

JOSH
A man-fox? I wish it didn’t need the “man” qualifier?

DARBY
Because you’re like a hot dad. Without children.

Suddenly, she pulls her chair over to him, leans in, and kisses him on the mouth. He slowly moves away.
JOSH
We shouldn’t...

She slides her chair back to her side of the table. She hesitates, embarrassed.

DARBY
This is the part where I say, “I was a bet?!”

JOSH
What?

DARBY
You know those romantic comedies where the girl was a bet?

He nods. She nods too.

DARBY
Yeah. Just because they did, doesn’t mean we have to.

JOSH
What...what do you mean?

DARBY
She never told you? Jamie and Cornelia made out at the ayawasca. It was in the Papyrus reeds behind the pyramids.

Josh looks staggered.

DARBY
I’m sorry, I stole one of Tipper’s adderalls. You want to go dancing?

JOSH
(now getting angry)
Yeah, I’m not going home tonight.

55
INT. AFTER HOURS GAY CLUB. LATE NIGHT

Darby dances with Josh amidst muscular shirtless gay men. He throws himself into it, trying to lose himself completely.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Thanks for meeting me so early.

56
INT. JACKSON HOLE RESTAURANT. MORNING

Jamie sits across from Cornelia. She looks tired and distracted.
JAMIE
We’ve got a butt-load to do. Dave needs a budget for Afghanistan.

CORNELIA
I’m almost finished with it.

JAMIE
I’ve been reading a lot about Afghanistan. It’s crazy. You know no one’s ever been able to successfully occupy Afghanistan.

CORNELIA
(looking at her phone to see if anyone called) Yeah...I’ve heard that.

JAMIE
I think we got something now. With your help, it can really be something. (pause) Leslie’s notes were awesome.

CORNELIA
He’s smart that way.

JAMIE
And he’s really chill to kick it with.

She hesitates, she wipes a tear from her chin.

CORNELIA
I’m sorry. Josh and I had a fight last night and...he didn’t come home.

Cornelia starts to cry. Jamie hands her a napkin.

JAMIE
Hey, hey, it’s going to be okay. Joshy will come back.

CORNELIA
(wipes her face) Thank you. I’m sorry I’m like this.

JAMIE
Hey, no worries. (his eyes avert her) I was thinking, maybe you and your dad would want to work on my thing together. (MORE)
He seems to want to get involved. It might be kind of great, right?

A moment, Cornelia studies him. Jamie inspects his fork.

JAMIE
I mean, you’re producing, but he could bless it essentially...

CORNELIA
Bless it? Like a sneeze?

JAMIE
(smiles)
I was thinking more like the Pope.

CORNELIA
He doesn’t do that kind of thing --

JAMIE
I think if you asked him, he might.

Cornelia hesitates. She says, suddenly:

CORNELIA
Did you ever see Power Elite?

Jamie gets up and exchanges his fork with one on another table.

JAMIE
What’s that?

The corner of Cornelia’s mouth turns up.

JAMIE
(catching himself)
Josh’s movie! Goddamn, yes. I told him that. I loved that scene with the dogs.

Jamie returns with the new fork.

CORNELIA
When you went to Josh’s class, you knew Josh and I were married, didn’t you? And that Leslie was my dad.

JAMIE
(hesitates)
Hey, I admire lots of people, I want lots of things. You know what I mean. We all want stuff -- it doesn’t mean we’re douche bags.

(MORE)
JAMIE (CONT'D)
You’re a hip chick. You kissed me, you’re married to my friend, but I get it --

CORNELIA
I thought you were Josh.

JAMIE
The first time.

Cornelia stiffens.

JAMIE
You know, but out of context, if other people heard about it, it might be misconstrued.

Cornelia looks out the window. Josh is across the street.

EXT. JACKSON HOLE RESTAURANT. MORNING

Cornelia approaches Josh, he’s in the same clothes from last night. She’s furious.

CORNELIA
Where were you last night?

JOSH
I went dancing with Darby at an after hours gay club.
(angry and suspicious)
Is this some kind of private meeting?

CORNELIA
Did you follow me here?

JOSH
I follow him on Twitter! You can’t lie like we used to lie anymore. Everything is reported. Nothing is private.

CORNELIA
There’s nothing going on --

JOSH
Don’t lie to me. You kissed him. I know all about it.

CORNELIA
I thought he was you, Joshy.
JOSH
Don’t call me Joshy! You don’t call me Joshy.
CORNELIA

Sorry.

JOSH

It’s all a pose...it’s like he once saw a sincere person and has been imitating him ever since! And you’re falling for it.

CORNELIA

(shakes her head)

I didn’t even like them! You convinced me how awesome they were.

JOSH

They’re entitled little brats. And don’t you see, this is all a plan. He wants to destroy me.

Jamie appears across the street, he holds a small video camera. He waves at Josh.

JOSH

Go back inside!

Josh takes off his porkpie hat.

JOSH

You and your father can have him. You always wanted a more successful me, so go for it.

CORNELIA

What is wrong with you?

JOSH

I didn’t know when we got married that you also wanted to play kissy face with the twenty-five year olds. I didn’t know you wouldn’t want to have kids.

CORNELIA

I didn’t know it either. I didn’t know you’d never finish your movie.

JOSH

I’ll finish it! I want to get it right.

CORNELIA

It’s obsession. It’s fear. I don’t know.

(MORE)
CORNELIA (CONT'D)
It’s not really about making anything. At least Jamie makes something!

JOSH
Do NOT compare what I do with him.

CORNELIA
Why not? When you felt a part of it, you loved it.

(Josh says nothing)
And you use your career as an excuse not to do anything. We don’t make decisions, we don’t go on vacations, we don’t have kids.

JOSH
I want a kid.

CORNELIA
You want it now that it’s impossible.

JOSH
It’s not impossible.

CORNELIA
No. It’s over. It’s done. I’m not putting myself through that anymore.

(indicating her body)
This is closed.

Josh hesitates and then throws his hat into a garbage can. He starts to walk away. He turns around, retrieves the hat from the garbage and walks away for real.

INT. FLETCHER/MARINA APT. - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT
Josh blows into an air mattress.

FLETCHER (O.S.)
Marina’s at a work dinner.

Fletcher enters with a couple of old looking sheets. Willow, the baby, sleeps in a moby wrapped around Fletcher’s torso.

FLETCHER
They’re both top-sheets but...you know...

JOSH
Thanks.
FLETCHER
You might wake up when I come through here for Willow’s 2 AM feeding. And then 5 AM. And then all the other times she wakes up.

JOSH
That’s okay.

Fletcher pours them both whiskeys. Josh picks up a cardboard sleeve from a Wilco CD off of a table. He smiles.

JOSH
(re: the baby)
How is she?

FLETCHER
(looks down at her)
Pretty good. Cool baby. To be honest, though, it’s a little hard for me to relate to an infant.

JOSH
It seems kind of cool though.

FLETCHER
It’s like the pregnancy is its own thing. You get so used to it. After a while I just felt, we did this, we don’t actually need the baby.

JOSH
(nods)
I’m sorry if I’ve appeared crazy or...I don’t know...

FLETCHER
I’m sorry we didn’t invite you to the party.

JOSH
(shrugs)
I think I’ve been jealous of you guys having a kid...

FLETCHER
You know, before you have a kid, everyone tells you, “It’s the best thing you’ll ever do.” As soon as you bring that baby back from the hospital, the same people say, “Don’t worry, it gets better.” It’s like, what the fuck was that all about before?
JOSH
Having Willow must have changed your whole perspective on life.

FLETCHER
(pause)
Not as much as I hoped it would.
(lowering his voice)
I love my kid but I’m still the most important person in my life.

Fletcher winces as he sits in a chair.

FLETCHER
Did I tell you I have a herniated disk, C5 or some shit... I’m getting an epidurol on Monday.

JOSH
(laughing)
I have arthritis in my knees.

FLETCHER
What the fuck is happening to us?

INT. TIM’S APARTMENT BUILDING – HALLWAY, BROOKLYN. DAY

Josh waits outside an apartment door. A shirtless eight year old boy opens the door. Josh nods at him.

Tim opens the door further.

JOSH
Hey, man, I’m sorry about...not paying you.

TIM
Yeah...

JOSH
I mean, I hoped the money would come in... It didn’t. I kind of fudged that.

TIM
I just can’t work for nothing, you know?

The kid shakes Josh’s hand.

TIM
But thanks for hooking me up with Jamie, I’ve been freelancing a bit for him.
If you’re not too busy there, I want to hire you back for a couple of weeks. I can pay you.

Did the grant money come in?

No, I sold all my CD’s. And some other things.

Tim and Josh sit in front of the screen.

Leslie suggested we cut the bit on Turkish politics, I told him it was crucial because of --

(immediately)
I think it’s a good idea.

Yeah?

Yeah. We got to cut something.

Okay, let’s try it.

Tim puts up an image on the SCREEN. It’s Kent.

Oh, this is Jamie’s footage. Stuff I was working on... Let me...

He moves to take it down.

Wait --

What?

Hold on that image of Kent.

Okay.
Tim freezes it.

JOSH
(dramatically)
Blow it up.

TIM
I can’t do that on this machine.

JOSH
Really?

TIM
No.

Josh leans in. He squints. His POV: CLOSE on the home-made ice cream container in Kent’s hand. The hipster cow.

JOSH
That’s Darby’s ice cream.

TIM
It looks like mint of some kind.

JOSH
(distracted)
It’s avocado.

Tim unfreezes the image. We ZOOM in on Jamie.

JAMIE (ON SCREEN)
...my mom was really sick with ovarian cancer, I was pretty promiscuous, but I couldn’t love anyone, I had body issues --

JOSH
Darby was there before we were.
Don’t you see, she brought Kent the ice cream.

TIM
(confused)
I know Jamie’s your friend, but to be honest, he’s kind of a prick.

On SCREEN, Jamie’s open, earnest expression, his eyes watery and full of emotion.

61 INT. RENTAL CAR. DAY 61

CLOSE on Josh. His face is intense, his arms grip the wheel.
JOSH
(absent-mindedly singing)
"You’re playing Nintendo. That’s not
what I’m doing, that’s not what I’m
fuck-ing doing --"

He bangs the wheel three times.

JOSH
I’m fucking exposing your shit,
mother fuck-ahhhhh --"

EXT. KENT’S HOUSE, POUGHKEEPSIE. DAY

Josh rings the bell. The sister appears behind the glass. She wears a party hat.

JOSH
Hey. Is Kent here?

INT. KENT’S HOUSE/EXT. BACKYARD. DAY

Josh is lead by Kent’s sister through the house. We hear screaming in the backyard.

JOSH
Is everything okay?

SISTER
My son turns seven today.

JOSH
Oh, happy birthday.

They walk through the small space, stepping over toys and discarded plates of food and reach a cramped, uncultivated backyard. Kent, in a top coat and tails is pulling an endless streamer out of his mouth. The kids scream with delight.

INT. BREITBART’S APARTMENT. SAME

CLOSE: Cornelia stares intently into her father’s eyes. They’re inches apart.

BREITBART
You’re so intense.

CORNELIA
I’m focusing.

We see now: Cornelia ties her Dad’s bow-tie. She’s very concentrated on the action.
CORNELIA
(finishing)
The.

BREITBART
Thank you.

He looks at himself in the mirror and approves.

BREITBART
It’s been very strange looking back over my career. How did I accomplish all of that? If I’m honest with myself: it sometimes took being a selfish prick. Of course, you can’t say that. In my speech I attribute it to talent, work and luck. It’s something I don’t think your husband realizes. He still believes the speeches.

CORNELIA
When I first started dating him, he reminded me so much of you.

BREITBART
His problem is he wants what I have but he’s not merciless enough to get it.

CORNELIA
(simply and sadly)
You know I am disappointed in Josh. On some level I feel like he failed. But I don’t know if I actually feel that because I feel that or I feel it because he does. Either way it’s a terrible thing to think about your husband.

BREITBART
You know, Josh told me… I didn’t know you miscarried.

CORNELIA
A few times. The magic of youth is that every decision is the right one and you don’t have to make any of them. The terror of adulthood is there are limited options and you have to pick.
BREITBART
There’s no magic in being old. Some asshole tried to offer me a seat on the subway yesterday.

She smiles. She takes her phone from her pocket and checks it. No calls.

BREITBART
You young people are always checking your devices.

CORNELIA
(embarrassed)
I’m sorry...it’s habit.

EXT. KENT’S BACKYARD. DAY

The kids smash a pinata with a baseball bat.

Josh eats birthday cake off of a Space themed plate. Kent, still in his magician clothes, does tricks for kids as they come by.

KENT
I learned magic from a dude, Elvin, over in Afghanistan. He was shredded by a land mine.

JOSH
That’s terrible.

KENT
I’m more old fashioned in my approach. I don’t lock myself in a box or anything, it’s mostly cards and balls. I learn from YouTube videos. It keeps me from going out of my head.

JOSH
Yeah...we need distractions. For me it’s the internet. I’m trying to go on less, you know. You know, it’s like how many times can I check the Huffington Post?

Kent does a card trick for some kids.

KID
It’s in your other hand!

Kent opens his hand, the card is gone.
KID
How did you fucking do that?

SISTER
Louis!

KID
Sorry.

JOSH
What made you contact Jamie on Facebook?

Kent looks at Josh strangely. Josh shovels a piece of cake into his mouth.

KENT
What do you mean?

JOSH
(clears his throat)
What made you reach out to him?

KENT
I didn’t. He contacted me.

Kent indicates to Josh that he has icing on his face. Josh wipes at it.

KENT
Other side. I had no idea who he was.

JOSH
Really?

KENT
He said he lived with Darby and that we’d gone to school in Santa Cruz together for a short time in the 90’s.

A kid hits Josh in the leg with the bat.

JOSH
Ow! Fuck!

KENT
Louis, don’t be a prick!

KID
Sorry.

KENT
(to Josh)
And you, language.
JOSH

Sorry.

(beat)

But you remembered Darby...

KENT

Darby’s been a good friend for years. We’d Skype sometimes when I was in Kandahar. The reception was really shitty though. It would freeze up all the time.

JOSH

Did she know about...that you were in the hospital?

Kent hesitates.

KENT

Who are you again?

JOSH

I’m Jamie’s cameraman.

KENT

And why are you asking this stuff?

JOSH

Fact checking the movie?

KENT

Uh huh. Yeah, Darby knew. Darby was the first person I called. She came to visit a few times before you guys arrived.

Some kids knock Kent’s top hat off and run with it across the garden.

KENT

Bring that back, you fuckers!

SISTER

Kent!

KENT

Sorry.

JOSH

What did you think when Jamie talked about Darby’s childhood as if it was his own?

KENT

He said he was playing a part.
Josh
He said that when?

Kent
He called me a week or so before you guys came up and filmed me.

Josh reaches into his pocket and takes out a small portable video camera. He turns it on and shoots Kent.

Josh
Can you say that again?

INT. BREITBART’S APARTMENT. DAY

Cornelia, on her phone, has stepped away from her Dad who practices his speech in the background. She gets Josh’s voice-mail.

Cornelia
Josh...it’s me...again...I just...I am so sorry...I hope you come to my Dad’s thing, he’d like it and I’d like it and...I’m so sorry for all the things we said and I said and...I haven’t said and...I’ve said but haven’t said to you. This sounds cryptic, and maybe insane, but it’s not. I just, can you call me back? Can you come, please? (beat)
Where are you, Josh?

The doorbell rings. She brightens.

Cornelia
Wait! Maybe this is you!

She hangs up and hurries to the door.

Cornelia
I got it!

She opens the door: a hand extends from behind the wall, clutching a dozen roses. She is touched:

Cornelia
Josh, I...

Jamie steps into the door-frame.

Jamie, actually. Don’t worry, it’s not weird. These are for your dad.
Cornelia’s expression drops.

BREITBART (O.S.)
There he is!

EXT. JAMIE AND DARBY’S APARTMENT, BUSHWICK. LATE DAY

Josh leans on the buzzer.

INT. JAMIE AND DARBY’S APARTMENT. LATE DAY

Darby opens the door. A duffle bag and suitcase, computer and cat carrier with mewing cats are at her feet. Josh enters. He’s sweaty and dirty and angry and out of breath from the trip.

JOSH
I’ve got to talk to Jamie!

DARBY
He’s not here.

JOSH
Are you going somewhere?

DARBY
(embarrassed)
Tampa. If I stay here any longer I’ll girl interrupt.

JOSH
I was just with Kent.

DARBY
(with real feeling)
Oh...Kent...I love Kent...

JOSH
I saw your ice cream in Jamie’s video.

Darby nods. She smiles sadly.

DARBY
Well played, sir.

JOSH
He let me think I was the one who found out about Kent in Afghanistan. Why?

DARBY
Jamie doesn’t want to disappoint you. None of us want to disappoint you. (MORE)
DARBY (CONT'D)
You’re such a purist. Jamie would never have made the movie without Afghanistan. When I told him about Kent and the massacre he thought it would make a good movie. He just had to figure out how to tell it.

JOSH
But why not tell it honestly?

DARBY
It’s more entertaining this way. (beat)
And now it has a before and after which, as you know, Americans love.

JOSH
Of course he had body issues, they were yours. (off her look)
I don’t mean, of course you had body issues, but...
(pause)
People have to know. He can’t get away with this.

DARBY
Jamie does whatever he wants.

JOSH
This goes against everything he said he admired in me. The whole principle of making a doc. Darby, you don’t understand. This is fraud. It’s a big deal. People are jailed for this kind of thing.

DARBY
I don’t like to meddle with people. If they’re going to change, they’ll change.

JOSH
Where is he?

DARBY
He’s at your father-in-law’s tribute.

JOSH
(realizes)
Oh, shit! That’s now! And I returned the rental car. (re: his appearance)
I’m a mess.
DARBY
    I can give you a jacket. And you can take Jamie’s roller blades.

JOSH
    Thanks.

DARBY
    (she goes to retrieve the items)
    You know, me and Jamie always wondered how are we going to get old and the answer is: just like everyone else.

EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS. LATE DAY

Josh, in a thrift store jacket over a hoody, jeans and sneakers attempts to roller blade, trying to get some momentum, but he can’t really skate. A woman, 50’s, on a Citi Bike whizzes by him. A little kid on a scooter rolls past.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER. SAME

Breitbart and Cornelia enter the building among suited patrons. Photographers shoot Breitbart who wears a suit with a scarf. Jamie hangs back. He’s more dapper than we’ve seen him in a suit and wide colorful tie.

PHOTOGRAPHER
    Can we get one with you and your daughter!

Breitbart takes Cornelia’s hand. Cameras click. Then Jamie steps into the shot. More cameras click.

A photographer leans in to Jamie, holding a pad and pen.

PHOTOGRAPHER
    What’s your name?

JAMIE
    Me? Jamie Massey.

INT. LINCOLN CENTER. LATE DAY

Tables are set up for a big dinner. Breitbart and Cornelia take their seats. Dave leans over from an adjacent table and shakes Breitbart’s hand. Jamie plops down next to Cornelia.
JAMIE

Jeez Louise. I’ve never been to a rat fuck like this. Did you see Lou Reed?

EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS. LATE DAY

We see Josh appear on the horizon, blading toward us. He’s getting the hang of it now. We come in CLOSE on his intense, determined face. He can do this!

INT/EXT. JEFFERSON AVENUE SUBWAY STATION STEPS

Josh, jerkily descends sideways, clutching the railing.

INT. JEFFERSON AVENUE SUBWAY STATION TURNSTILE

Josh rolls through, swiping as the passes.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Josh stands in his blades holding onto the bar.

EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE LINCOLN CENTER. NIGHT

Josh stands in his blades pushing the walk button. Cars whizz in front of him.
EXT. LINCOLN CENTER. NIGHT

Josh blades across the plaza.

INT. DINING HALL. NIGHT

Josh enters from the back, disheveled and on his blades.

He rolls to a railing that looks over the reception. The lights have dimmed and on a screen: A black and white CLIP from the 60’s of a little boy getting a bath.

Josh scans the tables and finds Breitbart’s group.

The CLIP ends to applause. Jamie leans over and says something to Cornelia. She nods. Her gaze goes in Josh’s direction. Josh rolls backward and steps behind the bar.

OLDER PATRON  
Can I get a Shirley Temple?

Josh nods and starts to pour her drink. The bartender stares at him.

BARTENDER  
What are you doing, dude?
JOSH
Can I stand here for a second?

BARTENDER
No.

Josh grabs a bottle of whiskey and rolls behind a plant. He removes his blades and stashes them in the planter. Jamie gets up from the table and walks toward the rest-rooms. Josh slugs from his whiskey bottle, and follows along the back of the hall.

INT. LOBBY


JAMIE
Yoshy!
(beat)
You okay? Is that my jacket? Are those my blades?

JOSH
(sarcastic)
Are they? Who knows, maybe they’re Darby’s. Darby’s, yours, mine. Cookie O’Puss.

JAMIE
(unfazed by Josh’s dig)
Where have you been? Everyone’s asking about you.

JOSH
(slugs from the bottle)
I was in Poughkeepsie.

JAMIE
Okay.

Jamie watches Josh for a beat.

JOSH
It seems like you made a whole lot of stuff up.

Applause from the other room.

JAMIE
I don’t want to miss his speech

CUT TO:
Breitbart takes the stage.

BREITBART
I’ve been thinking of tonight as my memorial for so long I had completely forgotten I had to actually be alive for it.

(laughter)
I was hoping I could just sleep through it...

CUT TO:

Josh and Jamie.

JOSH
You know, it’s your responsibility to be honest. People are going to believe it.

JAMIE
I didn’t do anything nobody else does --

JOSH
(trying to make sense of that sentence)
“I didn’t do anything nobody else...” You reveal everything and nothing.

(beat, composes himself)
You said you wanted to be a real documentarian.

JAMIE
I do.

JOSH
I thought you were about process. Process and...ice cream. But you really will do anything to be successful...

JAMIE
Success isn’t my thing, Josh. It’s yours.

Josh is about respond, he hesitates. Nods.
JOSH
Yeah, you’re right, it is my thing.
I have a fucked up relationship with
success. I want it and I don’t have
it. But what you have scares the
shit out of me. You’re not
uncomfortable at all.

JAMIE
Why should I be uncomfortable?

JOSH
See, that I just find weird.

JAMIE
You’re the only person who is weird
about this. I asked you to co-direct --

JOSH
Yeah, because you knew I’d say, No!

CUT TO:

78 INT. DINING HALL. NIGHT

Breitbart’s speech.

BREITBART
Now people have criticized me and
some of my colleagues saying that we
were pretending to be objective when
there is no objectivity.

CUT TO:

79 INT. LOBBY. NIGHT

Josh and Jamie.

JAMIE
Jeez, Joshy. Everyone does this kind
of thing.

JOSH
I don’t. I don’t do something like
this. I’m trying to make movies to
figure out the truth.

JAMIE
(incredulous)
Really?
JOSH

Yes!

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL. NIGHT

Breitbart.

BREITBART
Okay, we were trying to capture truth, but the truth of experience, of being in the moment, of seeing something as it happens.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY. NIGHT

Josh and Jamie.

JOSH
(sadly)
I do know that documentaries are over.

JAMIE
Are you kidding? It’s what everyone is doing.

JOSH
(indicating Breitbart)
His documentaries are over. What you’re doing is something else. If everyone is filming everything, what’s a documentary anymore? It has no meaning, it’s just shit you recorded! Is that old man talk?
Maybe it is. You kids have been told you can do anything. You can’t.

(beat)
Well, you, Jamie, can, but most people can’t.

Jamie shrugs. Josh, annoyed, imitates him by shrugging back.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL. NIGHT

Breitbart.
BREITBART
What we were trying to say as filmmakers is that what we were filming was more interesting than we were...

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY. NIGHT
Josh and Jamie.

JOSH
You think everything is out there for you to have. It’s not.

JAMIE
Nobody owns anything. If I hear a song I like, or a story, it’s mine. It’s mine to use. It’s everybody’s.

JOSH
No it isn’t! That’s not sharing Jamie, that’s...stealing.

JAMIE
That’s old man talk.

JOSH
I am an old man!

Applause as Breitbart finishes his speech. Josh, emboldened, turns to Jamie.

JOSH
I can’t let Cornelia and Leslie walk down this road with you. I want you to go in there and tell them what you’ve done. If you won’t, I’ll do it for you.

For a brief moment, Jamie’s face elicits what looks like fear. It passes.

JAMIE
Okay.

JOSH
I’m sorry, kid. But there are standards, there are...standards.

INT. DINING HALL. NIGHT
Josh walks with purpose toward the table. Jamie trails behind him.

CORNELIA
Josh!

JOSH
Sorry I’m late.
(to Breitbart)
Leslie, I caught your speech from the lobby, though and it was really inspiring, spot on...

BREITBART
Are you okay, son? Do you want to sit down?

JOSH
Jamie has something he wants to tell all of you.

Josh takes a seat and crosses his legs comfortably.

JOSH
Go ahead.

They all look at him and then Jamie blankly.

JAMIE
Not all of the stuff in my movie happened exactly as I said it did.
(sighs)
I played around with some of the timeline.

BREITBART
Okay.

JAMIE
(humbly)
Yeah...

JOSH
“Yeah?” And...

JAMIE
And what?

JOSH
You did a lot more than that, come on.

Josh stands back up. He says to the table:
JOSH
He didn’t even know Kent. Darby did.
And Darby’s mother died of ovarian cancer. Jamie’s mom is probably alive and kicking in Idaho.

He sits back down.

BREITBART
(trying to put an end to it)
Josh, this is kind of my night --

JOSH
You just need to hear this.

JAMIE
That’s basically it.

Josh leaps back up.

JOSH
No, that’s not basically it! You knew that Kent had tried to kill himself...

JAMIE
Right.

JOSH
Say it!

BREITBART
Josh, come on, let him speak.

JAMIE
The gist is the same. I authored a bit of how we came to it. I mean, I’m not that good a writer. If I made it all up, I’d be the best writer in Hollywood and...and Kent would be Marlon Brando.

Breitbart laughs. Hedge Fund Dave laughs harder.

JOSH
I never said it was amazing. I just said it was faked.

JAMIE
And some of the time-line was adjusted --
JOSH
Stop with the time-line crap!

Josh pulls out his video camera and gestures with it.

JOSH
Jamie knew that Kent tried to kill himself. That he’d been in Afghanistan. We didn’t just stumble upon it. It was rigged. Jamie invented the whole Facebook thing because he knew it would play better.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
Kent wasn’t in Afghanistan?

JOSH
No, Kent was in Afghanistan.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
So, what’s the problem?

JOSH
It’s…it’s…the way, the way he said that he found him is not true.

HEDGE FUND DAVE
Kent served our country, you’re being offensive.

Breitbart looks at Jamie.

BREITBART
Is what Josh is saying true?

JAMIE
Well…I did know, but I don’t think it really matters though, the movie’s not about that.

JOSH
Of course it matters. Leslie, explain…

BREITBART
I don’t know that it matters totally in this case.

JOSH
(shocked)
What?

Dave leans in from the next table.
HEDGE FUND DAVE
I don’t care.

JOSH
(dismissive)
I didn’t expect you to care.
(quickly back to Leslie)
Leslie, are you kidding me? You
don’t care? You just gave a speech
about authenticity!

HEDGE FUND DAVE
(thinks about it again)
Yeah, I don’t care.

BREITBART
I just think the movie works on many
levels, the happenstance of it, to be
honest, I find the least interesting
part.

Josh sputters, practically stomps his foot.

JOSH
I can’t believe it! This movie isn’t
worth the...RAM...it’s...stored on.
(pointing at Jamie)
He’s a con artist. Leslie, your
generation of sit-ins and protesters
and...pack rats would be horrified by
this...demon!

BREITBART
You’re hysterical, Josh.

JOSH
(hysterically)
I’m not hysterical!

He swings his arm, gesturing, knocking a tray full of food
and glasses out of a waiter’s arms. It goes crashing to the
ground.

JOSH
Shit, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.

He helps the waiter pick up the plates. Everyone at the
table waits. Josh finally gets back up.

JOSH
Cornelia...
CORNELIA
I don’t know. I think he’s an asshole, but the movie’s pretty good. And I’m sorry I think that.

Jamie takes a seat and starts eating the dessert that was placed in front of him.

JOSH
This is so frustrating! I’m going to get no satisfaction here, am I? This guy’s just going to win no matter what.

Everyone at the table stares at Josh. His says with certainty:

JOSH
This is not how the world works.

We MOVE in on Josh. His face fills with emotion.

BREITBART
Why does it have to be one thing or another? Things change. Different things matter now.

JOSH
Forget ethics then. What about me?! You played me. I was played.

JAMIE
(under his breath)
But you acted in it.

JOSH
Only because I thought it was real!
(pause, with genuine feeling)
I loved you.

JAMIE
I like you too! We’re friends.

JOSH
(sadly)
I really believed it.
(his throat full of sadness)
I was a bet!

BREITBART
Are you okay, son?
Josh wipes his face.

**JOSH**
I’m not crying. I’m not.

Josh’s attention goes to a tiny camera in Jamie’s lap aimed right at him.

**JOSH**
Are you filming this?!

**BREITBART**
Josh, your sleeve is on fire.

Josh’s sweatshirt has dipped into the flame of a candle on the table and is indeed on fire. Jamie stands, grabs a pitcher of water and douses Josh.

Josh drips, soaked. He shakes his head like a wet dog and, dejected, moves to leave. He hesitates and turns to Breitbart:

**JOSH**
I took your note by the way. I cut the stuff on Turkish politics out of my film. You were right, I don’t need it.

**BREITBART**
I’m glad to hear that, son.

---

**EXT. LINCOLN CENTER**

CLOSE: Kent, in his magician outfit, speaks to the camera. DELETE? comes up on the SCREEN. YES is selected. The file is deleted.

Josh puts the video camera back in his tote. He sits on the steps with his roller blades and whiskey bottle. Cornelia arrives. She holds a plate with a napkin covering it. She hands it to Josh.

**CORNELIA**
It doesn’t matter that it’s faked. (Josh nods)
It doesn’t matter because it’s not about Afghanistan and it’s not about Kent it’s about Jamie.

**JOSH**
(sighs)
In my head, when I was blading over, I swept in here and exposed everything. I was such a hero.
He lifts the napkin on the plate to see a piece of chocolate cake drizzled with chocolate sauce and a fork.

JOSH
Thanks.

Cornelia takes a swig from the bottle.

CORNELIA
When we first started seeing each other I was so jealous. I would get so upset when you’d talk to another girl at a party.

JOSH
I know! I liked that...

CORNELIA
I was so sure you’d fall in love with someone else and leave me.

JOSH
Did you want me to?

CORNELIA
I think I wanted to know that I wasn’t your only option. But you didn’t fall in love with someone else. Until you did. And then it was two people.

(beat)
I’m so sorry I kissed him. I really did think it was you at first...then I kind of kissed him again. I don’t know why I did it. I wanted to like him as much as you did.

Josh starts to eat the cake.

JOSH
(mouth full)
I wanted so badly...I wanted to be admired. I wanted a protege.

CORNELIA
I know.

JOSH
He looked at me like I was a real grown-up person. Someone who has done things. For the first time in my life I stopped thinking of myself as a child imitating an adult.
CORNELIA
You feel that way too?

JOSH
(nods)
I’m forty-four and there are things I will never do. Things I won’t have.
(pause)
What’s the opposite of “the world’s your oyster?”

Cornelia’s eyes water. She nods.

CORNELIA
I think I stopped taking you in.

JOSH
Am I a failure?

CORNELIA
You’ve never failed me.

JOSH
But am I a failure?

CORNELIA
I feel like I failed you. I wish we could go back and meet each other all over again.

JOSH
I’d present myself differently. So I didn’t get your hopes up. Maybe not use the expression “conquer the world” so often.

CORNELIA
You said that a lot.

JOSH
I think it’s hard for me to have something be great every day and to acknowledge it.
(smiles at her)
I have something great every day. If we were different people, I’d ask you to renew our vows.

CORNELIA
I think it’s nice to renew vows.

JOSH
Maybe we are different people.
Silence.

CORNELIA
What are you thinking about?

JOSH
Twenty years ago I was twenty-four.
In twenty years I’ll be sixty-four.

BLACK

86
INT. CAR/EXT. JFK AIRPORT. DAY
CLOSE on Willow, a year older, in a car seat.
TITLE: A YEAR LATER
Fletcher drives, Marina in the passenger seat. Josh and Cornelia in the back with Willow. Fletcher pulls up to the terminal.

**MARINA**
Call when you get there!

**CORNELIA**
We will, Fox.

Josh and Cornelia get out of the car and grab the bags from the trunk. Marina joins them. Fletcher steps out of the car, but hangs by the door.

**MARINA**
You’re going to be such great parents.

**FLETCHER**
The guy is waving at me, we have to move, Marina! They changed the rules.
(to Josh and Cornelia)
See you when you get back.

Marina hugs both of them.

**MARINA**
Oh, Fox, I’m going to cry.

**FLETCHER**
The cop is coming, Marina! We’ll be back in a week.

**MARINA**
Send pictures of the little man! We love you guys.

**CORNELIA**
We love you too!

**JOSH**
I love you, Fletcher.

**FLETCHER**
I love you too but I’m not getting arrested for you. Marina!

---

**CLOSE:** An airplane departure screen. JFK to Port-au-Prince, Haiti.
Josh sits outside the gate, bags at his feet. He plays a game on his phone. Cornelia sits down next to him with a stack of magazines. She hands Josh a yogurt.

**JOSH**

Thanks.

(re: her stack of magazines)

You really need ten?

**CORNELIA**

It’s three and half hours to Port-au-Prince.

Cornelia slides a photo of a Haitian baby out from between the pages of a hard cover book. She smiles.

**CORNELIA**

I can’t believe it.

**JOSH**

Me neither.

He takes the photo from her. He gazes happily at it. She opens a magazine.

**CORNELIA**

Oh...look who it is.

She presents the magazine for Josh to see: CLOSE on a PHOTO of Jamie at Sundance.

CLOSE on the PULL QUOTE:

*Are you a hipster?*

“Well, I’m of a certain age and I wear tight jeans.”

**CUT TO:**

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SUNDANCE

Jamie, in a black trenchcoat and a knit cap, is being interviewed by a cute interviewer in a parka.

**JAMIE**

But I’m just about out of the cool-age demographic.

**INTERVIEWER**

What happens when you exit the cool-age demographic?

Jamie thinks about this.
JAMIE
I enter the power-age demographic.

We MOVE down to Jamie’s lap. He holds a small video camera trained on the interviewer.

CUT BACK TO:

89 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. DAY

Josh hands the magazine back to Cornelia.

CORNELIA
It’s out there. The evil is unleashed.

JOSH
No, you were right, he’s not evil. He’s just young.

CORNELIA
I heard from Darby, she Facebooked me.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. TAMPA ECO PARK. DAY

Darby, her hair in a braid, a name-tag on her shirt which has a parrot on it, runs a net through mud. A motorboat behind her.

CORNELIA (V.O.)
She’s an eco-tourguide at a wildlife refuge.

DARBY
This mud is filled with organisms.

She sticks her hand in the mud and pulls out a worm-like thing.

DARBY
This is a nudibranch. And if you keep your eyes peeled you might spot a gopher tortoise or a woodstork.

CUT BACK TO:

91 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. DAY

Josh opens his yogurt. He pauses for a moment, looking at the container.
CORNELIA
(frowns)
What’s wrong?

JOSH
No. Nothing. We’ll have a baby before this yogurt expires.

Cornelia suddenly leans in hard, her face colliding with Josh’s.

JOSH
(laughs)
Oww, your teeth.

They kiss long, intimately. Finally, they release. Both are grinning.

In the row of seats across from them: A mom is going through her tickets and itinerary. Her toe-headed one year old son is on his iPhone.

Josh and Cornelia watch the little boy -- his fingers move quickly, gracefully on the keys. He’s totally immersed in what he’s doing. Nothing else exists. Then he puts it to his ear.

We CUT TO: BLACK.

As the CREDITS ROLL we

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. DAY

A VIDEO IMAGE of Josh. He sits in an armchair looking at the camera. He consults a piece of loose-leaf paper, and with Cornelia’s help from behind the camera, re-asks his ten years-
worth of questions for his documentary.