

While We're Young

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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.

1 INT. FLETCHER/MARINA APT. - LIVING ROOM, BROOKLYN. DAY 1 *

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 epidurol.

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

A2 EXT. COBBLE HILL STREETS, BROOKLYN. DAY

A2

Cornelia and Josh walk home.

2

INT. JOSH AND CORNELIA'S APARTMENT. DAY

2

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.

JOSH

If we were going to do it we should plan it at least a month in advance.

CORNELIA

A month is still in the realm of spontaneity.

JOSH

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

CORNELIA

2006.

JOSH

(can't believe it)
It wasn't 2006.

CORNELIA

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

JOSH

Rome was eight years ago already? Shit.

CORNELIA

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

JOSH

We look similar.

CORNELIA

We look younger.

(pause)

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

JOSH

I needed to finish my documentary.

CORNELIA

But you didn't finish it!

They both take a deep breath. Pause.

JOSH

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.

A3 INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT A3

They eat Thai take-out at a table set for two.

B3 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT B3

They do dishes.

3 INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. - BEDROOM, COBBLE HILL, BROOKLYN. 3 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.

4 INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. - HOME OFFICE. DAY 4

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.

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, sweetie!

(MORE)

SCHOLAR (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
 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 scree --

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.

5

INT. NEW SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. LATE DAY

5

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 --

Nothing happens on the screen behind him. Josh presses the button again. Nothing.

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.

JAMIE

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!

6 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. EVENING

6

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 slip
and slide.

JOSH
Wow.

<p>DARBY Jamie wanted a big wedding.</p>	<p>JAMIE It was amazing. Some rituals exist for a reason, you know.</p>
--	---

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.

7

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. EVENING

7

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.

8

INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. - BEDROOM. NIGHT

8

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.

9 INT. JAMIE/DARBY APT, BUSHWICK. DAY

9

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)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

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
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.

I10 EXT. BUSHWICK - STREET BEACH. DAY I10

CUT TO: CLOSE on a text being typed:

Josh, 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!

10 INT. RESTAURANT, SMITH ST. BROOKLYN. LATE DAY 10

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

11

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	FLETCHER
You should see how much he cries when he has to leave her.	It's true.

*

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

MARINA	FLETCHER
You guys have to come see her again! She's already a different person.	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 EXT. BUSHWICK. LATE DAY

12

CLOSE on an open fire hydrant hemorrhaging water.

Tipper, in a home-made, 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.

13 INT. IRA'S LIVING ROOM. DAY

13

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 lavalier microphone 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?

14

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET. DAY

14

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 PEPPER/ELISE
Hey. 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!

15 INT. MUSIC ROOM. DAY 15

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. *

16 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET. DAY 16

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 --

17 EXT. STREET IN REDHOOK. DAY 17

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.

18

INT. HIP HOP CLASS. CONTINUOUS

18

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
Yeah, she'd yell at him but iron all his weird racing T-shirts. I mother Jamie.

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

- 19 EXT. HAT STORE, BROOKLYN. DAY 19
Josh and Jamie admire the hats in the window. Josh points to an Irish cap. Jamie shakes his head.
- 20 EXT. SUBWAY TRACKS. DAY 20
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.
- 21 EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS, BASKETBALL COURT. DAY 21
Jamie is the only white guy in a pick-up game on an asphalt court.
- 22 INT. GYM. DAY 22
Josh runs on a treadmill.
- 23 INT. JOSH AND CORNELIA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 23
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.

24 INT. BIKE SHOP, BUSHWICK. DAY 24

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.

25 EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS. DAY 25

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.

26 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY 26

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.

27 INT. WILLIAMSBURG RESTAURANT. DAY

27

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...

BREITBART

Don't be proud, Josh. I'll call you tomorrow with his number.

JOSH

(defeated)

Okay.

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!

29 INT. FLETCHER AND MARINA'S APARTMENT. INTERCUT 29 *

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 MARINA
Where's the cardboard sleeve What's on it? *
for this Wilco CD?

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

31

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

32

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.

JOSH

Thanks.

JAMIE

No problem, Jussle.

Jamie vomits.

33

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH. MORNING

33

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.

JOSH

Let's have kids! Or a kid. Something.

CORNELIA

Did the Celestial Cow tell you this?

JOSH

(pause)

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

Cornelia picks at the dry skin on her lip.

JOSH

(re: the houses and pedestrians)

All these people have babies -- what's the big deal?

CORNELIA

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

JOSH

Not every time.

CORNELIA

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?

34 INT. FLETCHER/MARINA'S BUILDING - ELEVATOR. EVE 34 *

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.

35 INT. FLETCHER/MARINA BUILDING - DOORWAY/LIVING ROOM. EVE 35 *

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 fiiiine!

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
mescallen, 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

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

FLETCHER

(to Josh)
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!

*

MARINA

(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:

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

36 *

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."

37 INT. JAMIE'S CAR. DAY

37

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!"

40 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY. DAY 40

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.

41 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 41

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 highschool, 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

Yeah? I don't know why I stopped writing poetry. I stopped doing a lot of things. Why do we stop doing things? I guess life happens.

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.

42

INT. OLD BARN

42

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.

43

INT. DINER, HUDSON, NY. DAY

43

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.

CORNELIA

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)

JOSH (CONT'D)

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.

44 INT. SCHOLAR'S APARTMENT

44

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.

45 INT. SCHOLAR'S BEDROOM

45

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.

46

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT. DAY

46

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)

Psych him up. Talk about money. Talk about war. Power. Race. Make it relevant to him.

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.

47 INT. OFFICE, HEDGE FUND. DAY

47

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
(playing 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.

48 INT. BREITBART'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY. DAY 48

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:

49 INT. BREITBART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY 49

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 Shirtwaist 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.

50 EXT. WEST END AVENUE. DAY 50

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

JOSH

Fuck!

51 EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS, BASKETBALL COURT. DAY 51

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, Yosh, 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.

52

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

52

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-
aaahhhh.

(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.

53 EXT. JAMIE AND DARBY'S BUILDING. NIGHT

53

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?

54 INT. CARIBBEAN RESTAURANT, BUSHWICK. NIGHT

54

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 55

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 56

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)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

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.

57

EXT. JACKSON HOLE RESTAURANT. MORNING

57

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.

58 INT. FLETCHER/MARINA APT. - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

58 *

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?

59 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY, BROOKLYN. DAY 59

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.

JOSH

If you're not too busy there, I want to hire you back for a couple of weeks. I can pay you.

TIM

Did the grant money come in?

JOSH

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

60

INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. - HOME OFFICE. DAY

60

Tim and Josh sit in front of the screen.

JOSH

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

TIM

(immediately)

I think it's a good idea.

JOSH

Yeah?

TIM

Yeah. We got to cut something.

JOSH

(relents)

Okay, let's try it.

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

TIM

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

He moves to take it down.

JOSH

Wait --

TIM

What?

JOSH

Hold on that image of Kent.

TIM

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 --"

62 EXT. KENT'S HOUSE, POUGHKEEPSIE. DAY 62

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

JOSH
 Hey. Is Kent here?

63 INT. KENT'S HOUSE/EXT. BACKYARD. DAY 63

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.

64 INT. BREITBART'S APARTMENT. SAME 64

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)
There.

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.

65

EXT. KENT'S BACKYARD. DAY

65

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.

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!

Sorry.

KENT

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?

66 INT. BREITBART'S APARTMENT. DAY

66

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
Jamie, actually. Don't worry, it's
not weird. These are for your dad.

Cornelia's expression drops.

BREITBART (O.S.)
There he is!

67 EXT. JAMIE AND DARBY'S APARTMENT, BUSHWICK. LATE DAY 67

Josh leans on the buzzer.

68 INT. JAMIE AND DARBY'S APARTMENT. LATE DAY 68

Darby opens the door. A duffle bag and suitcase, computer and cat carrier with mewling 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.

69 EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS. LATE DAY 69

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.

70 EXT. LINCOLN CENTER. SAME 70

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.

71 OMITTED 71

72 INT. LINCOLN CENTER. LATE DAY 72

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?

E73 EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS. LATE DAY E73
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!

D73 INT/EXT. JEFFERSON AVENUE SUBWAY STATION STEPS D73
Josh, jerkily descends sideways, clutching the railing.

C73 INT. JEFFERSON AVENUE SUBWAY STATION TURNSTILE C73
Josh rolls through, swiping as the passes.

B73 INT. SUBWAY CAR B73
Josh stands in his blades holding onto the bar.

A73 EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE LINCOLN CENTER. NIGHT A73
Josh stands in his blades pushing the walk button. Cars whizz in front of him.

73 EXT. LINCOLN CENTER. NIGHT 73

Josh blades across the plaza.

74 INT. DINING HALL. NIGHT 74

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.

75

INT. LOBBY

75

A wide carpeted room with high ceilings. A view of the park. Jamie looks out the window. Josh appears behind him. Jamie turns around, startled.

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:

76 INT. DINING HALL. NIGHT

76

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:

77 INT. LOBBY. NIGHT

77

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

78

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

79

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:

80 INT. DINING HALL. NIGHT

80

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:

81 INT. LOBBY. NIGHT

81

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:

82 INT. DINING HALL. NIGHT

82

Breitbart.

BREITBART

What we were trying to say as filmmakers is that what we were filming was more interesting than we were...

CUT TO:

83 INT. LOBBY. NIGHT

83

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.

85 EXT. LINCOLN CENTER

85

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

86

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! JOSH
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! *

87

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. DAY

87

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:

88 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SUNDANCE

88

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 89

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 90

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 91

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:

92

INT. JOSH/CORNELIA APT. DAY

92

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.