

# #AnnieHall

by

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(Reg. WGA East)

FADE IN:

White credits on a black screen. No sound.

FADE IN:

INT. - NONDESCRIPT BACKDROP

Abrupt medium close-up of J.P. Porter (JP), reality-show confession style. He's wearing jeans and a T-shirt with a 70s advertising icon.

JP

There's this old joke... a Buddhist monk walks up to a New York hot dog vendor and says, "Make me one with everything." That's kinda how I feel about life. You hope for enlightenment, but you'll settle for junk food. The other joke for me is usually credited to Richard Pryor, but I think he was referencing Sartre's "Being and Nothingness." A man says to his girl, "I'm gonna find me some new pussy," and she says, "if you had two more inches of dick, you'd find yourself some new pussy." That about sums up my relationships with women—I think they don't have what I want, but it always turns out I don't have enough to give. I dunno. I just turned forty. And it's not like I'm getting morbid about it—I'm pleasantly surprised that I lived this long. I'm getting a little soft in the middle, but it's encouraged me to switch from beer to vodka. I think I'm gonna be one of those polite, martini-sipping elderly gentlemen. Unless I become a millionaire and turn into a Viagra-popping perv with an entourage of 19-year-old lingerie models.

(sighs)

Minnie and I broke up. A year ago, she was crazy about me, and now... I can't stop turning it around in my mind. How did I blow it? And... what does it mean? Am I destined to ruin everything good in my life?

Coz the thing is, I'm generally pretty happy, for a pessimist. Which is funny, coz I was a miserable kid.

CUT TO:

INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE-DAY

JP as a young boy sits next to his mother in a 1970's psychiatrist's office, surrounded by books. The SHRINK is behind the desk, smoking a cigarette.

MOM

He says he's depressed. It's ridiculous—he's too young to be depressed. He's never done anything.

SHRINK

JP, would you like to tell me what's bothering you?

MOM

He reads too much, that's what's wrong with him. Too many big ideas.

SHRINK

What have you been reading, JP?

YOUNG JP

The Russians have nukes.

SHRINK

But we have nukes, too.

YOUNG JP

And if they launch a nuke, we launch a nuke, and they launch more nukes, and the whole world will fall into a nuclear winter, and the half life of uranium-238 is 4.47 billion years and that's the end of the human race.

MOM

And we'll all be together in heaven!  
(to Doctor)  
He won't do his homework.

YOUNG JP

Social studies isn't going to help.

MOM

(exasperated) He wants to build a bomb shelter. (to JP) You don't need a bomb shelter! You need some sunshine!

SHRINK

JP, it's natural to worry a little. But you have to have faith that our president will keep us safe.

YOUNG JP

Ford? He wasn't even elected.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - COMPUTER SCREEN / CHILDHOOD

A mouse flips through Facebook ("Throwback Thursday") showing JP as a child in different locations.

JP

(VOX)

My priest says I'm hyperbolic— probably because I was never good at math— but I swear, we moved a hundred times when I was growing up. It's probably why I was always reinventing myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. JP'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

JP's DAD carries a stack of Amway boxes into the garage.

JP

(VOX)

My father became an Amway salesman when we got to Cleveland. He was an ex-marine, so he used to let me smash up the old boxes.

Outside the garage, YOUNG JP smashes up empty cardboard boxes with a broomstick as his father reappears, looking on approvingly.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The camera pans across three '70s hip-looking TEACHERS standing in front of the blackboard. One looks straight from the disco.

JP

(VOX)

Teachers were just the grown-ups you had to con to get to the next grade. Most of them were probably on dope anyway.

CUT TO:

TEACHER KAYLEN stands at the front of the room with her hand on YOUNG JP's shoulder. He is wearing a Kiss T-shirt with a star drawn over one eye, a-la Paul Stanley's Starchild.

TEACHER KAYLEN

Now class, we have a new student today, John Paul.

YOUNG JP

It's JP. Do I look like a pope?

Students titter.

TEACHER KAYLEN

JP. All right. Class, please make him feel welcome.

The camera pans to show the classroom; the students are rocking '70s feathered hair, ski jackets, holding trapper keepers.

YOUNG JP walks to the back of the class, where the bad kids have their desks turned towards each other, ignoring the teacher. MIKE SMITH plays with a pencil in his mouth, totally spaced out.

JP

(VOX)

The other kids were all morons. Every school seemed to have a kid named Mike Smith, usually the kind of kid who got high on pot with his stepdad.

In the very back of the classroom, the DIRTY KID is trying to touch a young SHY GIRL KID, who keeps pulling away.

JP

(VOX)

And there was always some kid who was quick to show his dick to the girls on the playground. I learned a lot from kids like that.

As YOUNG JP approaches, the DIRTY KID acknowledges him.

DIRTY KID  
 What's up JP? Hell shit damn where you  
 been?

JP shrugs, leans over and kisses the girl, who doesn't resist. She then  
 grabs him and kisses him again.

Pan to reveal JP, as an adult, sitting in the back of the classroom.

JP  
 I never went through that "girls are  
 icky" phase. And something about lip  
 gloss still does it for me.

TEACHER KAYLEN  
 You were a horndog, pure and simple.

JP  
 I like girls, what's wrong with that?

SHY GIRL KID  
 But JP, don't you believe in monogamy?

YOUNG JP  
 I'll get back to you on that.

CUT TO:

Teacher writes on the blackboard.

JP  
 (VOX)  
 It was the same in every school. First  
 I'd be stuck in a classroom with a bunch  
 of idiot kids...

TEACHER KAYLEN  
 And who can tell me what the first  
 amendment is?

MIKE SMITH KID  
 Thou shalt not steal?

YOUNG JP rolls his eyes, then goes back to drawing a picture of a stick  
 figure with massive breasts, as JP looks on.

JP  
 Those were the salad days. But sooner or  
 later, the school would get wise and move  
 me into a class with all the smart kids.

CUT TO:

INT. AP CLASSROOM - DAY

YOUNG JP, without the Kiss makeup, sits in a classroom full of squares.  
 JP sits in the back.

AP TEACHER  
 When the Texas Revolution ended, with the  
 signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe  
 Hidalgo-

EMILY KID  
 It was the Treaty of Velasco. The Treaty  
 of Guadalupe Hidalgo ended the Mexican  
 War.

JP  
 Miss smartypants, Emily Kowalik. What a  
 little bitch. I felt bad for the  
 teachers.

(MORE)

JP (cont'd)

These kids would grow up to make more money in a year than those poor saps did in a decade— and contribute less to society. What do you do now, Emily?

EMILY KID

I'm an anesthesiologist. Sometimes I like to huff ether.

MIKE SMITH walks by the door of the classroom with a hall pass.

MIKE SMITH KID

I got off the green and onto the white. I'm a day trader. 2008? My bad.

Cut to other talking heads:

KID WITH GLASSES

I manage a multi-million dollar porn conglomerate.

GOODLOOKING KID

I'm a lawyer.  
(he gestures to several other grinning kids behind him.)  
We're all lawyers.

MONTAGE - COMPUTER SCREEN / ADULT - VIDEO CLIP - JP ON "THE DAILY SHOW"

Facebook images of JP as an adult, onstage and off with burlesque performers.

JP

(VOX)

I moved to New York as soon as possible, started hosting burlesque shows, and became a comedy writer with the occasional onscreen appearance.

INT. JP ON "THE DAILY SHOW"

JP enters, about to be interviewed on "The Daily Show with John Stewart." (David Spade stunt appearance.)

JP

(Onscreen)

I wanted to write the next Judd Apatow movie, but my scripts didn't have a high enough DJPM.

JOHN STEWART

(Offscreen)

What's that?

JP

(Onscreen)

Dick jokes per minute.  
(John Stewart laughs)

INT. JP'S CHILDHOOD HOME

JP's MOM abruptly turns the TV off and stands up.

MOM

You always had such a filthy mouth.

JP

It's how people talk, mom.

MOM

It's not how everyone talks. What are you so afraid of? Why do you hide behind this wall you build up?

JP

Mom...

MOM

You're still paranoid. As paranoid as when you were the new kid at school.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

A gorgeous sun-dappled street. JP and his best friend, Will, walk down the street in conversation. Will is much taller than JP, and possibly Jewish.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN wearing a white dress passes the camera before they do.

JP

He called me "Whitey."

WILL

You're imagining things.

JP

My first day in the writer's room—and the boss YouTube's one of my bits, says it's "mighty funny." Everyone's laughing, and the Pakistani guy says, "Yeah, Whitey funny." Not mighty. Whitey.

WILL

I'm sure you misunderstood. Or maybe he's dyslexic. Up-down dyslexic.

JP

No—I'm the token Whitey. Two black guys, the Pakistani, a kid who's half-Sumerian or something, and the big Hawaiian girl you like.

WILL

My Polynesian Queen.

JP

There are no generic white guys left in comedy. You have to be orca fat, or gay, or Republican—it's bad enough I'm not Jewish.

WILL

I keep telling you to convert. (beat)  
You're paranoid. No one cares.

JP

They were talking about this new hipster BBQ joint, and the Pakistani points at me and asks the black guys, "You wanna grab a white to eat?" Not a BITE to eat--

WILL

That's hilarious.

JP

(beat)  
It's a little funny.

WILL  
Isn't that what they pay you for? To come up with stupid shit?

JP  
It's a pressure cooker. You're stuck in a room with strangers and expected to be funny. Like a zoo, with homework.

They catch up to the camera, which moves to follow them on "Palo Alto":

WILL  
Beats writing advertising copy—or digging ditches.  
(Beat.)  
Come to Palo Alto with me, Earl.

JP  
Quit calling me Earl. It's 20 years since we were getting high to Cypress Hill.

WILL  
I'm trying to keep you grounded. Come to Cali. Hot blondes, all the sushi you can eat—

JP  
Double entendre intended.

WILL  
—and the only guys out there are coders with no sense of style.

JP  
Like you.

WILL  
Only with millions of dollars.

JP  
Why do I want to live in a suburb? We grew up in the suburbs. It's like being in the desert without the benefit of solitude.

WILL  
What's so great about New York? Rich in culture? Wouldn't you rather be rich in money?  
(beat)  
When are you meeting Minnie?

JP  
I got time. Let's get a drink.

EXT. NIGHTHAWK CINEMA -DAY

JP paces in front of the theater, looking around. Two HIPSTERS see him, point and whisper to each other. JP notices and turns away. One of the guys walks over to him, uncomfortably close.

HIPSTER  
Hey, didn't I see you on Jimmy Fallon?

JP  
I don't know what you saw.

HIPSTER  
What's your name?

JP  
Brad Pitt.

HIPSTER  
Come on.

JP  
(Pause.)  
JP Porter.

HIPSTER  
That's right—

JP  
I'm pretty sure.

HIPSTER  
—you're a comedian or something.

JP  
Mostly a writer—

HIPSTER  
Can you get me an intro?

JP  
What?

HIPSTER  
Get me an intro to Jimmy. My boy's mad  
funny—really—this guy—

(he waves his friend HIPSTER 2 over) Yeah! He knows him! This is your ticket. (To JP) You gotta get us an intro, B.

JP  
I don't—it doesn't really work that way.

HIPSTER  
(putting an arm around HIPSTER 2) For  
reals, my boy's fockin' hilarious. You're  
discovering a comedy legend right here.  
C'mon!

JP takes a deep breath and looks at the friend.

JP  
A friend got me a one-week gig on the  
show because somebody had a baby. That  
day, the writers were daring everyone to  
drink Amaretto and guava juice. The kid  
who was supposed to be on-camera was  
throwing up into a fifty bucks to stumble  
onstage and say his lines. I don't even  
remember doing it. I wish I could help  
you, really.  
(the HIPSTER blinks at him,  
then high-fives his buddy.)

HIPSTER  
Yo, that is awesome! Lemme get a picture.

JP  
You don't want my—

HIPSTER  
C'mon, c'mon.

The HIPSTER gets his arm around JP's shoulders as his friend takes a cell phone pic. JP looks uncomfortable.

Minnie arrives. JP sees her, makes an exasperated face, disentangles himself and ducks into the theater ahead of her.



INT. NIGHTHAWK CINEMA LOBBY -DAY

Minnie and JP enter, nearing the bar. (At the Nitehawk, the bartender is also the box office.)

JP  
 Could you be any later? I almost got mugged for my LinkedIn contacts.

MINNIE  
 I'm sorry, I woke up late.

JP  
 Shocking. What's with the hat?

MINNIE  
 I ran out of sunglasses.  
 (beat)  
 I could use a drink.

JP  
 Crampy?

MINNIE  
 Who said cramps? What's wrong with you?

JP  
 What? It's on the calendar.

MINNIE  
 Whatever. Can we get a drink? The movie probably started already.

JP  
 What does it matter? We've seen it a hundred times.  
 (to the box office girl)  
 Are we too late for "Annie Hall?"

BOX OFFICE GIRL  
 No, the previews just started.

MINNIE  
 Forget it.

JP  
 What?

MINNIE  
 I've seen the film a hundred times, I want to see the previews.

JP stares at her.

BOX OFFICE GIRL  
 Yes? No?

JP makes a face and pulls Minnie aside.

JP  
 I don't wanna argue with you—

MINNIE  
 I don't believe you.

JP  
 Can we just go in and miss the first preview?

MINNIE

No. I'm sorry I'm late, ok? I just don't like to walk in when it's already dark.

JP

I swear, my neurosis is starting to rub off on you. Why don't we see "The Battle of Algiers?"

MINNIE

I don't want to see a documentary about a bunch of Arabs getting slaughtered by French colonialists.

JP

It's not a documentary.

MINNIE

It's in black and white, it's a true story, I'm not going.

JP

Then we'll go get a drink and come back for the next showing.

MINNIE

Not feeling it.

JP

Come on, I have the day off, and all I wanted was to go to the movies. I can't just NOT go to the movies. I'm set on it.

MINNIE

Hung up on it, you mean.

INT. NIGHTHAWK CINEMA LOBBY -DAY

The crowd is lined up. Minnie flips through her phone. Behind JP a man talks loudly to his date; JP is intolerant.

MAN IN LINE

We're re-watching Lynch. We're almost through his entire oeuvre and I still haven't found anything to get excited about. I think "Elephant Man" may have been his best effort. It was autobiographical—a freak searching for acceptance. Technically masterful, not radically surreal. But in black and white, without justification. That made it more mawkish and sentimental than it needed to be.

[Reference: "The Spectacle of Deformity: Freak Shows and Modern British Culture," Nadja Durbach: "much more mawkish and moralizing than one would expect from the leading postmodern surrealist filmmaker", "unashamedly sentimental"]

JP

I'm going into anaphylactic shock.

MINNIE

Just tune him out.

MAN IN LINE

(Overlapping)

But after "Blue Velvet" became such a hit, he suddenly had carte blanche to be as weird as he wanted.

JP  
Tune him out—he's on top of me. I'm allergic to pretentious bullshit.

MINNIE  
You're allergic to humans.

MAN IN LINE  
And by "Twin Peaks" he became a media obsession. He's indulged, is what he is. Studio success, a TV show—he's the most indulged of modern directors.

JP  
(making a fist)  
I'd like to indulge--

MINNIE  
(interrupting him)  
Just don't.

MAN IN LINE  
--A critic's darling who sells tickets. You know, "Star Wars" lost the Oscar to a movie about people talking.

MAN IN LINE fumbles for his complicated electronic cigarette gear and starts to set up.

JP  
Why are you in such a bad mood, anyway?

MINNIE  
I'm just mad that I slept so late. I missed my Reiki session.

JP  
What? You know I still have to pay for that even if you--

MINNIE  
JP, I know. Why do you think I'm upset about it?

JP  
I'm sure it has nothing to do with my wallet.

MINNIE looks up from her phone, annoyed, and takes a long, slow look at him.

MAN IN LINE  
I can see the artistry in the technique, I suppose. The slowness, the brooding Badalamenti, but it doesn't blow my mind.

JP  
(muttering)  
I'd like to blow his brains out.

MINNIE  
JP! Relax!

MAN IN LINE  
"Mulholland Drive" is blatantly pornographic, masked in '50s naivete.

JP  
(sneaks a look at the MAN's date)

(MORE)

JP (cont'd)

This is the thing about the domination of online dating—you can order exactly what you want. "Thirty-something blowhard seeks young, cute, deaf-mute."

MAN IN LINE finishes re-assembling his electronic cigarette and puffs away.

MINNIE

(quietly, but severe)

I care about your wallet, but honestly, I'm more upset about missing my session because it would be nice to have someone touch me considering I never get laid anymore.

JP

Can you please keep it down.

MINNIE

(Louder)

I should keep it down? You should express your childish intolerance of others—after you chose to live in a city of 9 million people—but I should suppress what really matters?

JP

What do you mean, you never get laid. We had sex last week.

MINNIE

And that was last week.

MAN IN LINE

Deadly, is what it is. Peter Brook—deadly.

JP

If you are so under-satisfied, you could always go out, and—

MINNIE

No, I know you, JP, You're such a pent-up Catholic—you would FLIP if I took another lover.

JP

"Took another lover"—you sound like an 18th century libertine. And I wouldn't flip. It would depend what she looked like.

MINNIE

Keep dreaming.

JP

Now who's pent up.

MINNIE

Me! Me! That's the point!

MAN IN LINE

Now, Slavoj Zizek tries to defend "Lost Highway" as an example of the "ridiculous sublime." But he bases his deconstruction on the gnostic dualism of his heroes. He wants us to believe that the psychological unity of the characters deteriorates into nothingness—

JP

(addressing the audience.)

I—I can't even think.

MAN IN LINE  
 -and that the first half of the movie  
 destroys the second half.

JP steps out of the scene and speaks directly into the camera.

JP  
 What are you supposed to do with a douche  
 like this? I wanna smack him.

The man joins him.

MAN IN LINE  
 What is your problem? It's a public  
 place, I'm just talking.

JP  
 Well, can't you be more interesting? Or  
 at least less insipid? Slavoj Zizek—you  
 don't know shit about Slavoj Zizek.

MAN IN LINE  
 I write a very popular blog about The  
 Cinema—I'm often picked up by the  
 Huffington Post. My opinions are quoted  
 all over social media—I understand Slavoj  
 Zizek implicitly.

JP  
 Yeah?

MAN IN LINE  
 Yeah.

JP  
 That's fantastic, because I have Slavoj  
 Zizek on Facetime.

JP pulls out his phone to reveal Slavoj Zizek on Facetime.

MAN IN LINE  
 Oh shit.

JP  
 I wish.

[Reference: Slavoj Zizek- "Art of the Ridiculous Sublime, On David  
 Lynch's Lost Highway"]

INT. MOVIE THEATER

Screen shows the opening titles of "The Battle of Algiers."

INT. BEDROOM - JP & MINNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Minnie is in bed reading as JP gets undressed.

JP  
 You know, it's hard to enjoy good  
 violence when you know it's based on a  
 true story. That could've been a really  
 fun movie in the '80s, with Sylvester  
 Stallone.

MINNIE  
 I wonder if I'd make a good  
 revolutionary.

JP  
You still feel guilty every time you eat a shrimp.

MINNIE  
But for a good cause? You would have to fight, wouldn't you?

JP  
I don't know. You'd think there'd've been riots in the street after the Supreme Court anointed Dubya Bush our supreme leader, but we all just rolled over for it.

MINNIE  
Mm.

JP leans in and kisses her on the neck.

MINNIE  
Knock it off.

JP  
Really? After the way you complained at the theater?

MINNIE  
I just saw a thousand people get shot up. I'm over it.

JP  
Well let me take your mind off it. (Reaches under the covers.) And then you can take my mind off it.

Minnie pushes him off.

MINNIE  
No, not tonight. I'm nervous about performing tomorrow night, and I just want to wind down.

JP rolls over, grabs a book, opens it.

JP  
You were right, though. We used to do it all the time. Every night, almost every morning. As often as we brushed our teeth.

Minnie rolls to him and give him a soft kiss.

MINNIE  
Don't make it into a thing. It's a relationship. Ups and downs, the roll of the ocean. We'll have hot times again. Come on—you lived with women before. What was it like with Marta?

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE AT POLITICAL RALLY

JP peeks into the theater, where the SALON HOST talks about the war in Iraq and the economy to an audience in suits and black cocktail dresses. "MoveOn.org" banners are everywhere.

SALON HOST

(OS)

Five years later, and we show no sign of leaving Iraq—a country that is now wracked by civil war, nowhere near being able to survive without the United States, and arguably worse off than before Bush decided to invade.

Marta, an efficient-looking and beautiful young woman, approaches JP. She holds a clipboard and wears an OBAMA button.

MARTA

You have a few minutes. He said he's close to wrapping it up when he gets to the part about health care reform.

JP

I guess I know why they wanted me to go after this guy.

MARTA

Hm?

JP

He's so depressing, the crowd will need a good laugh.

(Beat.)

I don't know why they invited me to this thing—I don't do political humor. I thought Sarah Palin was a skin condition.

MARTA

Are you nervous?

JP

Of course I'm nervous. I'm about to walk into a cold room and tell penis jokes. I may as well be at a children's cancer ward passing out condoms.

JP peeks into the theater.

SALON HOST

(OS)

...began his term with the largest budget surplus in the history of the American presidency. Eight years later, we're caught in a quagmire of 2 wars, a lower opinion of our nation in the eyes of the world...

He's beating them into submission. Is that how you get money out of people?

MARTA

He paid for the catering.

JP suddenly notices her.

JP

What's your name?

MARTA

Marta.

JP

Marta what?

MARTA

Marta Tomashefski.

JP  
Polish?

MARTA  
Good guess.

JP  
Grew up in Greenpoint, parents won the Greencard lottery, still barely speak English. Your girlfriends are all stay-at-home moms, hate their husbands. You went to Hunter, got a cubicle job, marketing, maybe. Recovering Catholic, on the pill, but still go to mass on Easter. Stop me if I'm off base.

MARTA  
You're not far off, but that doesn't mean you're not an asshole.

JP  
I'm sorry, I'm—trying to warm up. I'm about to go out there pantsless. Let me make it up to you—pants on.

Applause erupts from the other room.

MARTA  
I'll think about it.

JP  
Don't watch my act, ok? I wouldn't want you to fall in love with me.

MARTA  
I wasn't planning on it. You're up.

JP  
Are we ok? Say something nice.

MARTA  
I thought you were cute until you opened your mouth.

JP goes in to perform, and Marta watches.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER.

JP on stage.

JP  
I think I might have been asked to come here by mistake. I mean, I'm into politics, but I've never been in a rich person's home before. (Beat.) I guess that proves I'm a democrat. (Beat.) Usually, I just make dick jokes. But in politics, Dick is his own joke. (Beat.) It's impossible to make a joke about Dick Cheney, because the truth is infinitely funnier than anything I could make up. When I heard that the Vice President had shot someone in the face, I thought—who, Monica Lewinsky?

Audience laughs; Marta watches from backstage.



INT. MARTA'S STUDIO APARTMENT

JP lies back on the couch with Marta on top of him, kissing him hard. She works her way down, suggesting impending oral sex. JP's mind is elsewhere.

JP  
I'm not saying they knew exactly when it was coming, I'm just saying that somebody knew something.

MARTA  
(sitting up)  
Are you kidding me right now?

JP  
You've got the NSA, the FBI, the CIA, all listening to "chatter" and no one hears anything? You've got a known terrorist in Minnesota arrested because his flight instructor thought it was suspicious that he didn't want to learn takeoffs or landings.

MARTA  
That's a myth, JP. He learned takeoffs and landings.

JP  
Ok, maybe the media got it wrong. But Condi is telling us no one could have predicted an airplane being used as a weapon, but al-Qaida was plotting that back in 1995.

[Reference: slate.com what you think you know about 9.11]

Marta gets up and goes to the counter for a glass of water. JP buttons up.

MARTA  
You think everyone's in on it.

JP  
I don't know about everyone. But I know that agent John O'Neill either quit or was pushed out of the FBI because no one would take him seriously about al-Qaida, and his next job was head of security at the World Trade Center. (makes a throat-slitting gesture).

MARTA  
So... because O'Neill wanted to stop a terrorist act from happening, our government conspired to get him a job in the target building.

JP  
It could have been a coincidence. But conspiracies thrive on making collusion look like coincidence.

MARTA  
I wish I were a terrorist hijacker. Just to have TWO giant phalluses to slam into.

JP  
What are you saying?

MARTA

I'm saying that your paranoid delusions have nothing to do with why you're not boning me. What kind of man would rather talk politics than get a blow job?

JP

(to the camera)

Seriously. What kind of man...? Look at her, she's hot, she's super smart, even quick-witted. And she's good to go. What am I, just bored?

(Beat.)

It's that damn Richard Pryor joke all over again. If I just had two more inches of dick, I'd still be with her.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Establishing shot:

A small, cute house on Fire Island, and the sound of JP and MINNIE laughing.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

A rented house. JP and Minnie are in the kitchen, groceries and supplies on the counter and stacked on a parked little red wagon. JP has a raw rock cornish game hen--another lies on the counter-- and he's animating it, making it walk around.

MINNIE

OM-effin-G, THAT'S what you were carrying all the way out here?

JP

I wanted to get lobster, but you said--

MINNIE

I can't--that's the most un-kosher thing-- My bubbe would kill me.

JP

But it's the bacon of the sea.

(Minnie laughs.)

You don't even keep kosher. I've seen you eat cheeseburgers.

MINNIE

But lobster? Just seems so wrong.

He's got the hen dancing.

JP

But gefilte fish-- that seems right?

MINNIE

He's making a break for it!

JP reacts, jumps the bird down to the floor and walks it towards the edge of the fridge.

JP

Don't let him get away! Or we'd have to rent a fox to track him down!

MINNIE

Run, chicken!

JP  
It's a hen--who's side are you on? Get  
his friend. Call him off.

Minnie resists, but picks up the second hen gingerly and plays along.

MINNIE  
Bawk bawk!

JP's hen is walking around in circles.

JP  
He's totally blind. If he could see he'd  
be halfway back to Pennsylvania by now.  
We're in luck.

MINNIE  
I don't know, JP...

JP  
What? Just wave some rosemary around,  
we'll lure them both into the roaster.

JP stands with the hen and squeezes past Minnie with hers; they do-si-do in the kitchen, he steals a kiss, tosses both hens in a roasting dish. She wipes her hands on a rag.

MINNIE  
I'm getting my camera.  
(She runs out.)

JP  
Do you think they resent that we trash-  
talk them whenever anyone's acting  
scared?

JP picks up a hen, looking at it with interest, as Minnie enters with a new Polaroid camera.

MINNIE  
Hold it.

JP  
Come on.

MINNIE  
You come on, you ham. (Beat.) Ham and  
cheese. Give me a cheese.

JP relents, holds up the hen with a big dumb smile. Minnie takes the shot and the camera spits out the film; she removes it and does the Polaroid shake. They look at each other.

MINNIE  
One more.

She drops the picture and leans in with him, holding the camera away to take a picture of both of them.

JP  
So what's wrong with my hens?

MINNIE  
(Mushy)  
They're so small and cute.

JP  
And delicious. Wait--chickens are not  
cute.

MINNIE  
Little chicks?

JP  
Chicks? So-- what about veal?

MINNIE  
Don't say veal!

JP  
(wagglng the hen, doing a  
silly voice)  
"It is so nice of you to have me to  
dinner!"

MINNIE  
(Giggling)  
Stop it!

JP  
"I am so happy to meet you, Minnie."

She runs out of the room with JP chasing her with the hen.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DUSK

JP and Minnie are seen through the window, going for a walk. There are Chinese food cartons in the kitchen, the hens lie uncooked.

EXT. BEACH-DUSK

MINNIE  
I'm happy with you.

JP  
You are.

MINNIE  
Yes.

JP  
But you must've been happy before. Right?  
With boys.

MINNIE  
With my other paramours?

JP  
(rolling his eyes)  
Paramor. Who says that?  
(Beat.)  
Who? Who made you happy.

MINNIE  
I liked Andrew. He lived close to us in  
Queens when I was going to high school in  
Manhattan. He was in love with me.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

A much-younger Minnie is standing outside of Madison Square Garden; her outfit borrows at least one elements from Britney Spears. She's chewing gum. She takes the gum out of her mouth as a YOUNG JEWISH KID kisses her.

MINNIE  
(VOX)  
He'd meet me after school, take me out  
somewhere, then take me home to Queens.

JP

(VOX)

Cruising Bell Boulevard, making out in the back of his dad's car.

MINNIE

(VOX)

The front of his dad's car. He still saw me as a nice Yeshiva girl. And he didn't get very far. Then there was Gary, the musician.

CUT TO:

A keg party in a small apartment. GARY THE MUSICIAN has Minnie--all punked out--pinned in the kitchen. Kids drift in and out pumping the keg, loud rock music coming from another room.

JP and Minnie drift in and watch the scene.

JP

Ohmygod. Hilarious.

MINNIE

What? I'm hot.

JP

Of course you're hot. But that guy--what is he, auditioning to get into the 90s?

GARY THE MUSICIAN

I don't care. It's not really about albums anymore. In ten years it won't even be about songs. It's about the sound, man, finding the perfect sound for the moment and sending it into the world like a comet.

JP

Oh, that's deep.

MINNIE

(In the scene)

Yeah, yeah... like finding the sound for now.

JP

(to MINNIE)

Really?

MINNIE

Hush.

GARY THE MUSICIAN

Like, when I think about dying... I wanna die with a bang.

MINNIE

(In the scene)

A bang?

GARY THE MUSICIAN

I wanna get electrocuted on stage. (at the room in general) FRY ME ON STAGE, BABY!

Gary runs to the keg and takes a long pull straight from the spout.

JP

That's quite a catch.

MINNIE

He really was a great guitar player. And look at him—he's sexy. He feels... things. I thought he was fun.

JP gives her a look.

Gary goes back to MINNIE, grabs her.

GARY THE MUSICIAN

Kiss me. Kiss me like we're gonna die tonight.

JP

And... scene.

EXT - BEACH - DUSK

POV:

View of the beach and the ocean at sunset as JP and Minnie walk along. Their voices are heard off-camera.

JP

So is Gary big in Japan?

MINNIE

Methodone program.

JP

Mm. Good thing you found me.

MINNIE

Riiiiiiight?

JP

(laughs)

That is so Queens--so 80s. You're too young to even know that--

MINNIE

Too "towny" for you? I know you love those Greatneck girls.

JP

Whoa--red flag. It was only one Greatneck girl--

MINNIE

You wanted to marry her.

JP

--and I learned my lesson.

INT. GREAT NECK HOUSE - DAY

A cocktail party at a swanky home, with caterers and an endless chatter of fast-talking Long Island accents. JP grabs three glasses from a passing waiter, empties one into another for himself, puts the empty back on the tray and hands the third to MINNIE.

RAVEN

Omigod omigod omigod. I gotta find Sarah--I have so much to tell her--and I can't tell her in front of (pointing at a guest). (Whispering) He's going to lose his job at the agency, and after the divorce that might be too much.

JP

Or just enough to get renewed for another season.

RAVEN

Don't be obnoxious.

JP

But indiscreet is ok?

RAVEN

Just try to be nice to the hostess. She's doing the seating for Michelle's wedding in August. There's her husband—Oh, Bruu-uce! (waving)

HOSTESS' HUSBAND

(passing)

"...old bones, old rags, that raving slut Who keeps the till."

[Reference: Yeats, "The Circus Animals' Desertion"]

JP

Someone did his homework. Does the hostess know her husband's gay?

RAVEN

Hush. You may be right, but don't talk about it.

JP

They're just so soft. The last one of these, that guy Adam told me he didn't know how to change a tire.

RAVEN

He lives in Manhattan.

JP

He grew up on Long Island—he's been driving his whole life. Said he would just use his cell phone.

RAVEN

So?

JP

So. How do you get lugnuts off with a cell phone?

RAVEN

Don't get all insecure, just because it's my friends and not yours.

JP

These people make me feel poor AND overeducated. They get their worldview straight from Pox News.

RAVEN

Fox News?

JP

No, Fox merged with the New York Post—it's all Small Pox now.

RAVEN

Don't be elitist.  
(she moves into the crowd)

JP  
 (muttering)  
 --in the wealthiest zip code on Long  
 Island.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

JP sits on the bed watching the Preakness Stakes.

TV RACE ANNOUNCER  
 --and it's Lion Heart into the back  
 stretch...  
 (commentary continues)  
 Raven enters.

RAVEN  
 What are you doing?

JP  
 I watch 6 minutes of sports a year, and  
 this is two of them. Hold on. (to screen)  
 Come on, come on.

RAVEN  
 What's entertaining about watching a  
 bunch of poor animals being traumatized?

JP  
 These animals are better cared for than  
 anyone at this party. Aren't girls turned  
 on by horses? Plus, I got money on this.  
 -Oh my god! He's pulling it out!

TV RACE ANNOUNCER  
 --and as they hit the top of the stretch,  
 Smarty Jones has taken the lead!  
 (TV RACE ANNOUNCER gives  
 heated commentary as)

JP  
 Omigod! Omigod! Do it! Do it!

TV RACE ANNOUNCER  
 It's Smarty Jones!

[Reference: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FT2c\\_C5vXEg](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FT2c_C5vXEg)]

JP  
 Yes! I just made like a hundred and fifty  
 bucks!

RAVEN  
 (not impressed)  
 Wonderful.

JP  
 You know I always like a little action.  
 (he touches her.) It puts me in the mood  
 for a little action.

RAVEN  
 JP, stop! This is Laurie and Bruce's bed!

JP  
 And we're pretty sure they're not using  
 it for sex. Come on--it'll be great.  
 They're all out there talking about  
 reality shows, and we'll be in here  
 making one.



RAVEN

Some of these people I've known since middle school. What would they think?

She gets up and exits.

JP

That "Seven Minutes in Heaven" was a fun game?

INT. JP & RAVEN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Hidden beneath an undulating blanket, JP and Raven have just finished having sex. There is much groaning as they disengage and appear from beneath the covers, JP's head coming out the wrong end of the bed. Raven finger-combs her hair; JP is out of breath.

JP

Wow. That was super slutty.

RAVEN

What did you say?

JP

That... last part. And the middle part, too. It was hot.

RAVEN

That's not what you said.

JP

I said it was slutty--what's--?

RAVEN

I'm not going to have you talk about me that way.

JP

I'm talking to you.

RAVEN

And who else?

JP

Why, is there someone in the closet who's going to join us for round two? Coz I could be into that.

RAVEN

I can't have sex with you if I don't trust you, JP.

JP

It might be too late for that.

RAVEN

I'm serious.

JP

So am I. We're open sexually, so why can't we talk about it the way it is? THAT was hot. Let's do THAT again.

RAVEN

I'm taking a Klonopin.

She crawls out of bed, pulling on a robe. Gets a bottle from the nightstand.

JP

Why--what the--

RAVEN  
I'm upset. (takes pill)

JP  
Because I said "slutty?" It's always one little thing sets you off. One wrong word and you're off the deep end. Last week, when I said that color wasn't flattering on you.

RAVEN  
That upset me.

JP  
So I should let you go out in public looking like that blueberry girl from Willie Wonka?

RAVEN  
Violet Beauregarde?

JP  
Whatever. (He gets up.)

RAVEN  
Where are you going?

JP  
To take a shower. I'm covered in sluttiness.

INT. BROOKLYN BAR - DAY (HAPPY HOUR)

Will is standing outside, smoking a cigarette, as JP holds the door open for him, waiting for him to finish. Will hands it off to JP, who leans outside and takes a furtive drag, and hands it back.

WILL  
We're playing doubles.

JP  
I hate doubles.

WILL  
You'll like these girls.

Will flicks the cigarette into the street, they enter and move through the bar to the back room during:

JP  
When are you quitting those things?

WILL  
When I get to California. It's a jailable offense out there. I'll have to switch to weed.

JP  
A monoculture of the rich and Instagram-famous. Welcome to the Big Cupcake.

WILL  
Come to California. Play in the ocean—it's free.

JP  
All that fresh air would kill me. I'd have to start smoking.

SHIFT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN BAR - POOL TABLE - DAY

Minnie and Jane stand by the pool table holding cues, chatting and giggling.

JP and Will enter. Will gives Jane a flirty shove and introduces everyone.

WILL  
JP, Jane, Minnie.

JANE  
Hi.

JP  
(shaking hands)  
Hey, how are ya.

MINNIE  
Hi. I'm not very good.

WILL  
Neither is JP.

JP  
Nice.

WILL  
Why don't you take Minnie, and Jane and I  
will show you how it's done.

JP  
Break 'em up.

MONTAGE - POOL GAME

The gang play and drink beer, with great celebration when good shots are made and great laughter when shots are missed. Fun, flirty. JP is not bad, but Will is quite good and so is Jane—they win.

INT. BROOKLYN BAR - DAY (HAPPY HOUR)

Happy hour has erupted and the bar is now packed and deafening. Will is about to cut out with Jane, who looks boozy and smitten.

WILL  
(yells)  
See ya!

JP waves as they exit. He's just gotten a drink and tosses a couple bucks on the bar as Minnie approaches. She bellies up to the bar, separated from JP by a LOUD D-BAG, waits to get the bartender's attention. She mimes "check."

Minnie raises her hand in a wave. JP waves back.

**All the sound washes out of the scene, as if they are alone in silence.**

MOS:

JP and Minnie communicate via sign language as barflies converse around and between them and others pass by.

JP mimes "pool" and gives the thumbs up.

SUBTITLE: JP: You're good at pool.

Minnie makes the "so-so" gesture, then gestures back to JP, gives the thumbs up, then shakes her head.

SUBTITLE: Minnie: I'm ok. You're good. Not that it matters. It's all bullshit.

JP smiles, makes drinkie gesture.

SUBTITLE: JP: Can I buy you a drink?

Minnie shakes her head; the bartender gives her a tab to sign.

SUBTITLE: Minnie: No. Shit, I drink too much.

JP points to the door, makes a walking gesture.

SUBTITLE: JP: Are you leaving?

Minnie shakes her head. Tries to mime "subway," or "swipe."

SUBTITLE: No, too far to walk. And my Metrocard expired.

JP draws an "L" and a "G" in the air.

SUBTITLE: JP: Are you taking the L or the G?

Minnie draws a "G," points north.

SUBTITLE: I live on the G.

JP gestures in the other direction; mimes making a call.

SUBTITLE: I should get out of here, but I live the other way. Let's call a car.

Minnie points at him, makes "driving" gesture.

SUBTITLE: Do you have a car?

JP, confused, gestures.

SUBTITLE: JP: No. I'll CALL a car.

Minnie points to herself, makes "driving" gesture.

SUBTITLE: Minnie: I have a car.

SUBTITLE: JP: YOU have a car?

SUBTITLE: Minnie: Yes.

JP makes a series of unreadable gestures.

SUBTITLE: Why would you say you were taking the subway if you have a car?

SUBTITLE: Minnie: What?

SUBTITLE: JP: What?

SUBTITLE: Minnie: I should go--you have a full drink.

JP knocks it back.

SUBTITLE: Let's get out of here.

The noise of the bar comes roaring back as they smile at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS- DUSK

Minnie has a yellow Volkswagen bug, the new model. JP straps himself in as she pulls out.

MINNIE  
Fun, right?

JP  
Um, yeah. You sure you're not too drunk?

MINNIE  
I had like 2 beers.

They stop at a red light.

JP  
Ok. (covering his nerves) So how do you know Will?

MINNIE  
Oh, I just met him at the bar. Jane's gonna sleep with him, I think. I know her from my knitting class.

The light turns green and she slams the gas; an abrupt stop as they hit the next stop light, as JP holds on for dear life.

JP  
Knitting? Yeah?

MINNIE  
Yeah, I did silkscreening, and then I got into artisanal cheese—you know, everyone's doing pickles and homemade whiskey and stuff. But I crocheted kipas in Yeshiva so I thought I'd try knitting.

JP  
Are you from New York?

MINNIE  
Forest Hills.

JP  
Where?

MINNIE  
Queens. Not far from Jamaica.

JP  
You mean, South of Cuba?

MINNIE  
Ha ha. Jamaica, Queens. Y'know, JFK? Fitty Cent.

They keep driving through the neighborhood. While driving, MINNIE starts rummaging through her bag.

JP  
What the hell are you doing?

MINNIE  
Looking for a cigarette!

JP  
Let me—

JP goes through her bag as they roll, finds her cigarettes and hands her one. They come to a stoplight.

JP  
You have a light in here?

MINNIE  
No, I don't smoke. I just like to hold it  
in my mouth, it helps me concentrate.  
Hey--where do you live again?

JP  
South 2nd. It's... the other way.

MINNIE  
I just start driving and the bug knows  
the way. I'm just up in Greenpoint.

JP  
(nervous)  
Yeah, go ahead.--I could use the walk.

The light turns green, the car behind them honks.

MINNIE  
(to the car) Rega! (to JP) Yeah?

[Reference: Rega = wait, in Hebrew]

JP  
Sure, sure.

They take off.

EXT - OUTSIDE OF MINNIE'S BUILDING, GREENPOINT

The bug pulls up, and Minnie parks and JP jumps out quickly.

JP  
Is that your first time driving?--not  
counting video games?

MINNIE  
Hilarious.

JP  
No, really, you're a terrible driver.  
Worse than the kamikazes in Mexico.

MINNIE  
Weren't Kamikazes Japanese?

JP  
You've never seen a Mexican bus driver.  
Really, my whole life just passed before  
my eyes, and the worst thing is it was  
edited for content.

MINNIE  
(beat)  
Oh, like... "this movie has been modified  
from its original version..."

JP  
"--formatted to fit this screen--"

MINNIE  
"--to run in the time allotted--"

MINNIE & JP  
(Unison)  
"--and edited for content."

They look at each other a moment.

MINNIE

I'm not used to having passengers. You're more distracting than Jane.

JP

I should hope so. Next time, I'll drive.

MINNIE

Next time?

JP

I like your style, though. The cigarette in your mouth—very 1950s. And the—what you're wearing. Very becoming.

MINNIE

Thanks. This was a hand-me-down, from my Bubbe.

JP

Your Bubbe? You really are from Queens, aren't you.

MINNIE

I'm a nice Yeshiva girl from Forest Hills.

JP

I never had a "Bubbe," just Irish-Catholic alcoholics on both sides. Well you uh, you wear it very well.

MINNIE

You saying I'm pretty?

JP

I'm saying I'm thirsty.

MINNIE

Come on up.

INT. MINNIE'S FIRST APARTMENT

Your basic studio with a couch, a bed, and a kitchenette. A laptop and a stereo, books, stacks of vinyl records and a cat. JP looks around, peeks at the books. Minnie ducks into the kitchen and rummages in the fridge.

MINNIE

I have half a bottle of white wine left. Or water.

JP

I'll take wine if you're having some.

MINNIE

Yeah... I like to get a little buzzed while it's still daylight.

JP

You can get it in under the wire.

Minnie finds the wine.

MINNIE

You don't have to be sober for anything, do you?

JP

No, I got nothing til later, when I see my priest.

MINNIE  
Really?

JP  
Yeah, it's hard to get over growing up Catholic. I've been seeing him every week or so for fifteen years. Of course my priest was, technically, removed from his ministry.

MINNIE  
Whoa—

JP  
No no, nothing like that. He's not a pedophile or anything, just normal, regular gay. He got caught with one of his parishioners.

MINNIE  
I don't think they go for that. Rabbis are allowed to have sex—it's totally different.

JP  
Yeah?

MINNIE  
Of course. And sex on the sabbath is a mitzvah.

JP  
That's amazing.

MINNIE  
It's a-marvelous.

JP picks up a record, Nirvana's "Nevermind."

MINNIE  
I always liked that record, and it sounds so much better on vinyl.

JP  
I remember when it came out. Kurt Cobain: A tortured soul and brilliant junkie whose inevitable suicide was misinterpreted as tragic.

MINNIE  
You don't think so? What about all the music he might have made?

JP  
But Dave Grohl would still be stuck behind a drum set.

She approaches him, holding a half-empty bottle of wine.

MINNIE  
(Nods.)  
But you have to admit it. That record is cool beans.

JP  
Cool beans? I don't think anyone's said that since the '60s. Who's this?  
(pointing to a photograph)



MINNIE

That's my cousin, Aviv. Isn't she pretty? She's from the orthodox side, just got married—she wears a wig now. I don't have any brothers or sisters, but I have a million cousins.

JP

(not following any of it)  
A wig? (Pause.) So who's this?

MINNIE

That's my Aba—my father. He's dead now. And that's my Ima—my mom. And that's my Safta.

JP

What's a Safta?

MINNIE

It means grandma in Hebrew. My mom's mom is Safta. My dad's mom—he was Polish, and spoke some Yiddish, so his mom is my Bubbe.

JP

Bubbe.

MINNIE

Bubbe Wohl.

JP

Your name's Wall?

MINNIE

Dub-a-ya-O-H-L. And that's—that's Sophie.

JP

Wow.

MINNIE

I know. She was so beautiful. And what a story.

JP

Tell me.

Minnie walks through the room looking for glasses and finds two reasonably clean Mason jars, and pours the wine. During this she tells the Sophie story, laughing throughout.

MINNIE

When the Nazis came into Poland, Sophie made it as far as Lisbon, in Portugal. There were a bunch of Jews there. And this surgeon from Brussels sent a telegram to Winston Churchill, who said, ok, these Jews can go to a refugee camp, in Jamaica—real Jamaica. The British owned it, or something. So Sophie went to Jamaica for 3 years, until the end of the war. There were only like 250 Jews there in the camp, and she had her own little business, doing sewing for people. And then, somehow she came to New York, she worked, she was successful, she got very wealthy, and she had all these suitors, and I think she eventually got married, but no kids. She was a spitfire.

(MORE)

MINNIE (cont'd)

But then she got older, and she spent years just lying in her bed, watching oldies on Turner Classic Movies, shrinking, you know, and all her family were scheming to get her money and her property. She had this real valuable painting, one of her nephews just took it. And then, she's lying there, on the Upper East Side, and then... well, she died. During an episode of "Law and Order, SVU."  
But you know... um. Incredible. Incredible life.

JP

That's a... great story.  
(not convinced)

MINNIE

It is a great story. She could've died in the gas chamber. She told me, "Take all the pleasure you can from life," y'know, because of what old age does to you.  
(laughs)  
L'chaim.

They toast, drink. They go out on the balcony.

EXT - BALCONY

JP

It's nice out here.

MINNIE

Mm. You can smell the bakery on the corner in the mornings.

JP

Do you—do you have something to do? Coz I can bail if you—

MINNIE

No, no, it's fine.

JP

Because I don't usually let strange women take me home.

MINNIE

You don't?

JP

Not this early. Late-night you can always say you didn't know what you were getting yourself into.

MINNIE

What time is your, um...

JP

My priest. Later.

MINNIE

Fifteen years?

JP

Yup. When I get to twenty I get a free Lord's-name-in-vain. Cheers.

MINNIE

L'chaim.

They toast.

MINNIE

You're what Bubbe Wahle would call a real goy.

JP

That's good, right? Like, Shiksa-appeal?

MINNIE

Not really. You're not marrying material.

JP

I think I knew that.

MINNIE

My bubbe doesn't trust the gentiles. You can't really blame her—they killed all her friends and family.

JP

But then these other gentiles created the state of Israel, so they could oppress the A-rabs.

MINNIE

Oh, you can't talk politics with my Bubbe. Even my Ima opposes a two state solution.

JP

I'm sorry, I—didn't mean to—

MINNIE

No, no, it's fine.

TEXT DING. Minnie checks her phone.

MINNIE

Hang on, Jane is texting me.

JP is relieved by the distraction. TEXTS between Minnie and Jane, and between JP and Will, appear as iPhone-y SUBTITLES. JP and Minnie continue their conversation while texting.

**Jane: Are you gonna bang that dude?!**

TEXT DING. JD looks at his phone.

JP

Now Will is texting me.

**Will: What happened with the girl? Any luck?**

JP

Did you take any of those photographs?

**JP: IDK. She is so cute. Under-the-radar sexy.**

**Minnie: I took him home! He must think I'm an idiot.**

MINNIE

Just the one of my cousin. I was never really into photographs, but with the whole camera-phone thing, I thought, why not?

**Jane: OMG You SLUT!!!**

JP  
Yeah, it's wide open now. Everyone has a phone in their pocket.

**Will: Take her directly to bed.**

MINNIE  
I'd like to be better, you know, not just an Instagram girl. Take some real classes somewhere.

**Minnie: Nothing happened, you whore. Just having a drink-- he's kinda funny.**

JP  
Yeah, sure. Even Instagram made so much more possible, easier for the masses. So if you want to distinguish yourself there's a real opportunity.

**JP: Too soon. She'll get buyer's remorse.**

MINNIE  
You mean, like, being better at Instagram than everyone else?

**Jane: So what? Can he lick pussy? Will says he needs the charity.**

JP  
No, I mean doing something different, like you are. Using a real camera, not just a cameraphone.

**Will: Jane says she needs a good routing.**

MINNIE  
I'd like to. I think it would be cool to take some classes, get good, maybe shoot some online stuff for Time Out New York.

**Minnie: Not if he's another douche. I don't need the tsuris.**

JP  
Why not? That would be... great.

**Will: JUST LUCK HER.**

**Jane: JUST DUCK HIM.**

MINNIE  
Yeah, just to get some... exposure.

**JP: What a jerk.**

**Minnie: What a jerk.**

They both notice but resist a chuckle at the bad pun; sip their wine for a moment.

JP  
I should probably go.

MINNIE  
That's cool.

JP  
Thanks for the wine, though--and the ride.

MINNIE  
Sure.

JP  
Hey—What are you doing tomorrow night?

MINNIE  
Nothing.

JP  
Maybe we can meet up.

MINNIE  
Sure, just text me tomorrow.

JP  
Let's make a plan.

MINNIE  
Usually boys just text me last minute.

JP  
I'm no boy. Besides, that's bullshit.

MINNIE  
(beat)  
I think so, too.

JP  
--and tomorrow's Tuesday, and Tuesday is the best-luck day for a first date. —Oh, I'm an idiot.

MINNIE  
What?

JP  
I— I have a date tomorrow night.

MINNIE  
(laughs)  
It's ok. Really—I'm supposed to perform at this club anyway.

JP  
But... you just said that you were gonna meet up with me.

MINNIE  
I thought I'd cancel.

JP  
(Beat.)  
I'll cancel. I'd like to see you perform.

MINNIE  
You would?

JP  
Of course. You're... beautiful. And if you can sing that's even sexier. And if you can't sing you'll still be pretty to look at.

MINNIE  
Eyeroll.

JP  
What time are you singing?

MINNIE  
I'm not singing, it's a-- it's embarrassing.

JP  
What? You said club, so I thought--

MINNIE  
I know, it's-- It's a burlesque performance.

JP  
Seriously? I work in burlesque--

MINNIE  
I know. I know who you are, that's why I'm embarrassed--

JP  
I'm coming.

MINNIE  
What if I suck?

JP  
What if you don't?

MINNIE  
We can do another night--

JP  
Forget it. I want to see you.

Minnie looks at him.

MINNIE  
Ok.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

It's a burlesque show. As JP enters, a BURLESQUE PERFORMER is removing her last articles of clothing and twirling her tassels. He finds a place to stand towards the back--other performers and waitstaff passing through recognize him and say hi. The audience goes wild as the girl finishes, and the BURLESQUE HOST comes out.

BURLESQUE HOST  
Wow! Wasn't that something! Give it up again for her!  
(applause)  
Now we've got something else. Something a little different, a debut on the Slipper Room stage! Making her first burlesque appearance, please give a warm welcome to Minnee with 3 E's!

Minnie enters, extremely nervous.

The recorded music starts up and she begins a classic bump and grind to "It Had to Be You." She looks lovely, and can move, but she's very uncomfortable and the audience has just seen much better. The crowd is restless, chatting, heckling her to "take it off." When she goes to remove her dress, her zipper snags.

JP watches her, rapt. He can't take his eyes off her.

EXT. GREENWICH AVENUE-NIGHT.

Minnie and JP walk down Greenwich Avenue.

JP  
You were great.

MINNIE  
The audience didn't think so.

JP  
The producer shouldn't have put you right after that other act. They just need to learn where to put you.

MINNIE  
I need to learn how to do it better.

JP  
It was your first time, and you were great.

MINNIE  
Really?

JP  
Really. We'll get you some classes with Jo and you'll be tearing it up in no time.

MINNIE  
Really.

JP  
Yeah, really.

JP stops walking (possibly in front of Zachary's Smile at 9 Greenwich Ave.), and Minnie stops. He looks at her.

JP  
You're beautiful. (He kisses her.)

She swoons slightly.

MINNIE  
I am so glad you did that.

JP  
Why?

MINNIE  
You're hanging out, you have a few drinks, and you get a little sloppy when you should go home, because you're agonizing: Is he gonna kiss me? It's torture.

JP  
That's what I was thinking. If you're gonna reject me, do it now. And if not, well, you should know that I'm, like, interested.

MINNIE  
Yeah.

They both start walking again.

JP  
You hungry?

MINNIE  
Starving.

INT - KATZ'S DELI - NIGHT

It's late, and the place is jumping. A waiter comes to take their order.

JP  
I'll have the cheesesteak.

MINNIE  
Let me have a knish and little bit of  
whitefish salad.

The waiter leaves.

JP  
Did you just order a fish salad?

MINNIE  
You never had whitefish salad? Hey—isn't  
this the deli from "When Harry Met  
Sally?"

JP  
The fake orgasm scene. Yeah. My ex loved  
that movie—I've seen it 50 times.

MINNIE  
Did you ever live with a girlfriend?

JP  
Two, actually. Not at the same time.

MINNIE  
Is that hard—when you break up?

JP  
Horrible. Like getting a divorce without  
a lawyer. And until you find another  
apartment, you're living with someone who  
hates you—it's like being in a "Tom and  
Jerry" cartoon.

MINNIE  
(laughing)  
Or "Itchy and Scratchy."

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JP and MINNIE are in bed, after.

MINNIE  
(stretching)  
That was fun.

JP  
Mm, thank you. As Woody Allen said, "I  
practice a lot when I'm alone."  
(MINNIE laughs)  
You were fantastic.

[Reference: from "Love and Death:  
Countess: You're the greatest lover I've ever had.  
Boris: Well, I practise a lot when I'm alone.]

MINNIE  
Shut up.

JP  
No, you were—mindblowing. I'm having  
organ failure. Or maybe it's early-onset  
Alzheimers.

MINNIE  
Now you're overdoing it.



JP  
No, really, that was the most fun I ever  
had without laughing.

MINNIE  
Whattaya mean, you were laughing like  
crazy when we fell off the couch.

[Reference: Likely originated with H.L. Mencken; also attributed to  
Bogart, before Allen said it in "Annie Hall." Yale book of quotations,  
p513; Mencken #41.]

JP  
Was that today? That feels like a week  
ago. Am I having a grand mal seizure?

MINNIE  
(laughing)  
Stop it.  
(She reaches over the bed to  
grab her purse, takes out a  
small Altoids tin and takes a  
pill out of it.)  
You want a Xanax?

JP  
No, no—I'm not a pill-popper.

MINNIE  
(takes the pill)  
I'm not either, I just-feel relaxed. Want  
to feel relaxed.  
(She snuggles into him)

JP  
I can't do pills. I took a Rohypnol once  
at a New Year's party and woke up in  
Punxatawnee on Groundhog Day.

MINNIE  
(laughs)  
You're crazy. You know that, right?

JP  
Crazy about you.  
(beat)  
My organ failure seems to be passing....  
You, uh, ready to go again?

MINNIE  
Waiting on you.

He grabs her.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

MINNIE and JP browse a bookstore. JP approaches her with two books.

JP  
I'm gonna buy you a couple of books. I  
want to see you read something besides  
Danielle Steel.

MINNIE  
Danielle Steel is a brilliant  
businesswoman. And great beach reading.

JP  
I don't doubt it. But I think you should  
read these.

(MORE)

JP (cont'd)  
 (He hands her Jose Saramago's  
 "Blindness" and Albert Camus'  
 "The Plague.")

MINNIE  
 Are you trying to bring me down?

JP  
 I don't see it as a downer. I just think  
 a lot about death.

MINNIE  
 Look, man, I'm a Jew. Don't talk to me  
 about death.

JP  
 I always liked what Don Juan Matus told  
 Carlos Castaneda about Death—that Death  
 sits next to you all the time, and you  
 should look to him as an advisor. Y'know,  
 you're going to die tomorrow, so think  
 about how you want to spend today.

MINNIE  
 That's pretty maudlin.

JP  
 It's realistic. Look, there are two types  
 of people in the world. First you have  
 the pessimists. They always imagine the  
 worst, they don't expect much, and  
 they're happily surprised if anything  
 good happens. I'm a pessimist.

MINNIE  
 And the others?

JP  
 Idiots. (beat) No, really—many of the  
 mentally retarded live quite happy lives.

MINNIE  
 (laughs)  
 Y'know what my Bubbe says...

JP  
 What?

MINNIE  
 There are two kinds of people in the  
 world. Those who divide the world up into  
 two kinds of people... and those who are  
 led to the gas chamber.

JP just looks at her.

EXT. DUMBO CAROUSEL - DAY

MINNIE and JP sit on a bench near the carousel and make fun of random  
 people as they walk by.

(Ad-lib. Excellent place for a cameo, as Truman Capote did in Woody's  
 film.)

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

JP and Minnie walk along the Williamsburg waterfront with the  
 Williamsburg Bridge looming. The long view shows the Manhattan and  
 Brooklyn bridges in the distance. JP has his arm around her, and it's  
 one of those idyllic moments.

JP  
 Do you like me?

MINNIE  
Maybe. I'm still deciding.

JP  
I like you.

MINNIE  
I know.

JP  
Wow, that's—that's one way to encourage a compliment.

MINNIE  
You like me? That's a compliment?

JP  
Yeah. I don't like many people.

MINNIE  
Thank you.

JP  
You're so cute.

MINNIE  
(aggressively)  
Cute?

She stops, mock-offended, and they look at each other, the bridge behind them.

JP  
—and sexy, and such a badass.  
(she laughs)  
I mean it. All of it. If you weren't so cute I'd be terrified.

MINNIE  
I like you. I didn't mean to, but I do.

JP  
That's great news. Otherwise I'd feel a little stupid, looking at you all moony-eyed.

MINNIE  
(quietly)  
Do you love me?

JP  
Do I—I'm sorry, can I get a replay on that? Do I...?

MINNIE  
(laughs)  
Do you love me.

JP  
Is this a trick question?

MINNIE  
It's a question-question.

JP  
Yes. I think... maybe. I'm afraid I might.

MINNIE  
Good.

JP  
Good? That's good? Well, good.

MINNIE

Good.

She pulls him in, he holds her and they kiss.

INT. JP'S APARTMENT

JP

But why would you want to give up your apartment? You've been renting it on Air B&B—you're making money—

MINNIE

But they keep raising my rent, so I'm making less and less, and it's a hassle.

JP

But you're always saying you're broke.

MINNIE

I'm always here anyway, and the back and forth is killing me. It's not worth all that time on the B62.

JP

Still, it's a great apartment.

MINNIE

You hate my apartment.

JP

I hate it, but you can't take my word on anything. I hate it because it's cramped and it's a fifth-floor walkup, and there are always drunk Pollacks yelling in the street.

MINNIE

Poles. That's racist.

JP

When they're drunk at 11am you're allowed to call them Pollacks.

MINNIE

So why should I keep it?

JP

It's a cozy apartment with a fifth-floor view in a colorful neighborhood—it's a vacationer's dream.

MINNIE

My roommate moved out, and I can't afford it.

JP

It's a moneymaker!

MINNIE

In the summer, when the tourists are here. In the winter... who knows? What if I can't rent it? Then what?

JP

Then we'll—I don't know, we'll have a cute winter hideaway in Greenpoint.

MINNIE

There's no heat in the winter. Besides, it's twenty-seven hundred dollars a month.

JP  
(defeated)  
For that tiny apartment? Jesus.

MINNIE  
If you don't want to live with me you're going to have to say so.

JP  
No, no—I want to live with you, I just want...

MINNIE  
An escape hatch.

JP  
You make it sound like a terrible thing. I'm merely positing a... buffer zone. An opportunity for us to return to our own neutral corners when necessary.

MINNIE  
You can close the door. I can take a walk when you make me crazy.

JP  
You haven't lived with a boyfriend before. It's suffocating. I'm always here, you're always here. Familiarity breeds contempt. It'll be like we're married.

MINNIE  
We're not married.

JP  
I know—

MINNIE  
You don't take me seriously. You don't take us seriously. You're always thinking about what might happen to us.

JP  
If anyone's not taking someone seriously—you said yourself, I'm not Jewish, I'm not marriage material.

MINNIE  
And you'll never stop throwing it back at me. Meanwhile you want to turn me into somebody else—weird books and college classes.

JP  
I don't want you to be someone else, I want you to be the best YOU you can be.

MINNIE  
And you don't think I am?

JP  
I do, I just... sometimes I think you're coasting by on your charm and your beauty.

MINNIE  
So?

JP  
What happens later? Beauty fades.

MINNIE  
I'm beginning to see what you mean by  
neutral corners.

EXT. FERRY TO FIRE ISLAND - DAY

Travel shots as they head to the beach.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Minnie is partially dressed, looking particularly alluring, flipping through an NYU Continuing Education schedule; JP is reading.

MINNIE  
What do you think about "Digital  
Photography and Ambient Lighting."

JP  
What do you want to take photography  
classes for? You know how to take  
pictures.

MINNIE  
I want to get better. You're always  
saying I should stop being such a  
dilettante.

JP  
No-no-I said, "stop being so delicious."  
(He kisses her)  
If you put that down I'll throw my book  
across the room and ravage you.

MINNIE  
(Looks at him; keeps reading.)  
Do you want to go to that party tonight  
in The Pines?

JP  
No...

MINNIE  
Why not? I thought you liked Carl and  
Adam.

JP  
I like Carl and Adam, I just don't need  
to spend the evening pressed up against a  
hundred of Carl and Adam's closest  
friends. ("raises the roof" and imitates  
club music.) Bm, ts, bm, ts, bm, ts.  
Besides, I thought we came out here to  
work on our heterosexuality. (Paws at  
her.)

MINNIE  
Ok, hang on a minute.  
(she jumps up and goes to the  
other room.)

JP  
Aw, no, really?

MINNIE  
(off)  
What-it's just a Xanax.

JP  
But every time, Minnie? I thought we were  
over this.

MINNIE comes back in with a pill and reaches for a glass of water on the nightstand but JP stops her.

JP  
 Couldn't we-try doing it once in a while just, straight?

MINNIE  
 It relaxes me. Makes it easier. To take your giant--

JP  
 You don't need to flatter me, the size of my manhood has been established. You don't need it, you're comfortable with me, it's not like when we were first dating--

MINNIE  
 I want to take a Xanax, what's the big deal?

JP  
 But you're altered. You gotta take a break before we can even get into it. Where's the spontaneity?

MINNIE  
 You're one to talk. Five seconds after you come you'll be making a reservation to go to confession.

JP  
 I don't go to confession--

MINNIE  
 Fifteen years with a priest, safe dif. You're guilty about pre-marital sex. With a Jew.

JP  
 The fact that you're Jewish has nothing to do with it.

MINNIE  
 Come on, we'll go up to the party, get all drunk and coked up and really DO it. Give you something to feel guilty about.

JP  
 Did you bring blow with you?  
 (MINNIE nods)

JP  
 You can take the girl out of the city, but you can't stop the girl from putting the city up her nose. For a nice Jewish girl from Queens, you sure have a lascivious streak.

MINNIE  
 Complaints?

JP  
 None. Hey-I brought something special too. This is better than blow-it'll blow your mind and your body.

He rummages in a bag and comes out with a small vibrator that affixes to his finger. He turns it on. Minnie doesn't seem impressed but smiles gamely. He flips it on.

JP  
 Hmm?

MINNIE  
 Sure.

They get into it. He starts to kiss her and she turns away, but he continues kissing her neck while working the vibrator. She's completely unresponsive.

JP  
 How's that?

MINNIE  
 Mmm.

JP  
 Yeah?

MINNIE  
 Yeah.

JP  
 You're not very convincing.

MINNIE  
 You can turn that off. Just... go ahead.

Minnie gets out of the bed and slips a cheap blow-up doll in her place. She sits down in a chair, pulls out a baggie of blow and does a big bump. JP starts to fuck the doll.

JP  
 You seem kind of... cold.

MINNIE  
 No, I'm into it.

JP  
 If you say so.  
 (he goes to work)

MINNIE  
 I might go for a walk and take some pictures.

JP  
 (to Minnie)  
 You are phoning it in.

MINNIE  
 Whatever, you got what you wanted.

JP  
 That's not it at all. I'm trying to get closer to you, and you keep throwing up obstacles.

MINNIE  
 I just want to enjoy myself, same as you.

JP  
 As a writer, I'm always looking for authenticity, and if you're high, it's just a thrill—we're not really... communing.

MINNIE  
 You're a "writer"? If I turn over, you won't care if I snort half of Bolivia.



JP  
 We could try that.  
 (Pause. We hear the squeak of  
 the doll as JP goes to work.)

MINNIE  
 Did you always want to be a writer?

JP  
 If you're going to be a starfish, could  
 you be quiet?

CUT TO:

INT. A CORPORATE OFFICE

Typical bland office conference room, with two guys in "business casual" sitting at one side of a conference table, and JP, in a suit, on the other side. JP nods continuously.

D-BAG 1  
 So the VC cash has made it possible to  
 expand, and that's where we think you can  
 help the web series drive traffic, uptick  
 our flow, and generate more clickthrus.

D-BAG 2  
 But that's all number crunching. YOUR job  
 would be to punch up the content, because  
 our last episode didn't do as well as the  
 first.

D-BAG 1  
 Right. Not that it didn't do well-

D-BAG 2  
 It did well, but we're looking for more  
 punchy, more jokes-per-minute. Set up,  
 spike. Set up, spike. More "Two and a  
 Half Men."

D-BAG 1  
 But not as crass.

D-BAG 2  
 Right. More like "The Office." Dry,  
 cutting. Reality-based.

D-BAG 1  
 But not as sarcastic.

D-BAG 2  
 Right. Not as clinical.

D-BAG 1  
 Cynical.

D-BAG 2  
 Right-cynical. Of course we want it to be  
 clinical! You know, think of "Scrubs."  
 Can you write something like that?  
 Something like "Scrubs," with characters  
 anyone can relate to. And with  
 minorities, because we only had white  
 people in the last episode.

D-BAG 1  
 Only less... ridiculous.

JP  
 (VOX)  
 (On top of the above.)  
 (MORE)

JP (cont'd)

Jesus Christ these asshats are pathetic. They have no idea what they want. They haven't even told me what their show's about. I wish I had the balls to start my own show. If I keep nodding, my head's gonna fall off.

D-BAG 2

Right, right, because we don't want to go over the top. Just steady jokes. Keep 'em comin'. Good family fun. You know, like "Everybody Loves Raymond."

JP stops nodding and glares.

INT. QUEENS COLLEGE THEATER - NIGHT

JP is on stage with a microphone, the theater is packed with college students.

JP

Where am I? Queens College? So... none of your parents could afford NYU?

(audience laughs)

I went to college in New York, too—and it changed everything for me. I grew up in the Midwest. My brothers beat the shit out of me because I was smart, kinda shrimpy, and really nervous all the time. So when I got to New York I fit right in.

(audience laughs)

No, really, they say college is supposed to prepare you for real life. I studied acting. First day, they gave the leading role to a taller guy and made me wait tables in the cafeteria. Said, "That's it, kid, you've learned everything you need to know."

(laughter)

Good news is I only had to pay for one semester.

INT. THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

JP poses for some camera-phone pictures with kids as MINNIE gushes over him.

MINNIE

You were great. It was so fun to see you on that stage, at my alma mater.

JP

College kids. Such a warm audience.

MINNIE

I think I'm starting to get what you mean when you talk about pacing.

JP

This crowd made it easy. It's not like that all the time.

They move towards the exit.

COLLEGE STUDENT

Can I get a pic?

MINNIE

Here.

She takes the phone, takes the shot of the kid with JD.

COLLEGE STUDENT

Thanks.

MINNIE

I'm looking forward to tomorrow—my cousin Avi is staying with Ima until she gets her own place, so my Aunt Miki came for the holidays. You'll get to meet my whole family.

JP

I'm sure they'll hate me.

MINNIE

Why would you say that? It's Rosh Hoshanah—Everyone will be happy, and we'll eat. No ceremony or anything—it's not like Pesach.

JP

And then we can play, "Kill the Christian."

MINNIE

Your people hate my people, not the other way around.

EXT. MINNIE'S IMA'S HOUSE

Establishing shot of a quaint middle-class house near Forest Hills, Queens.

CUT TO:

INT. IMA'S DINING ROOM

JP and MINNIE's family are eating Rosh Hoshanah dinner. It's a nice spread, with challah at the center of the table. Seated are Minnie's IMA, Minnie's BUBBE, Minnie's AUNT MIKI, Minnie's cousin AVI, and JP. IMA and AUNT MIKI speak with heavy Israeli accents. Everyone talks on top of everyone.

IMA

JP, you dip the apple in the honey.

AVI

So you have a sweet new year.

IMA

It's so you have a sweet new year.

AVI

I just told him.

BUBBE glares down the table at JP.

IMA

Give him challah. Miki, the challah—

AUNT MIKI

(pulling some off for herself)  
Rega, rega—

SUBTITLE: Wait, Wait—

AVI

Ima, give me the kugel.

BUBBE is still glaring at JP.

CUT TO: JP now dressed in an SS uniform, hair slicked down and with a Hitler mustache.

IMA  
Give some to—

AVI  
Ima. Relax. You made enough for an army.

AUNT MIKI  
Which army?

AVI  
Did I tell you the one about—

IMA  
Day!

SUBTITLE: Enough!

AVI  
It's a funny joke.

The dishes go around, JP's plate is piled high.

AUNT MIKI  
Tell me after dinner. So. JP. Our Minnie tells us you have a very close relationship with your priest.

IMA  
Miki.

MINNIE  
(to JP)  
I'm sorry.

AUNT MIKI  
I want to know. It's interesting, no?

JP  
(under AUNT MIKI)  
No, it's fine.

IMA  
(In Hebrew)

SUBTITLE: Please, don't embarrass Minnie's boyfriend—

AUNT MIKI  
In English!

IMA  
(In Hebrew)

SUBTITLE: I'm only talking to you! Stop it.

AVI  
Yeah, JP, is that one of those "close" priest relationships we read about in the paper?

MINNIE  
Avi!

JP  
(Over the top of everyone)  
No, Avi, I'm way too old.  
(laughter)

JP turns and speaks to the camera.

JP

Can you imagine, a priest/pedophile joke right out there in the open? I love it. And Minnie's mom, she's gorgeous, and she's in her 70s. And her Bubbe... sure, she hates me, but who could blame her? And the food is delicious. And all talking on top of each other, still with their language and customs of the old country... these are real Americans. Nothing like my family.

The screen splits in half. On the other side is JP's family—MOM, DAD, and his two brothers, TOMMY P. and MARK P., at the table at JP'S CHILDHOOD HOME. They eat solemnly, barely speaking. The dialogues overlap.

MINNIE

Where are David and Noa this year?

IMA

Their daughter has a new baby, so they go to holidays with them now.

AUNT MIKI

Do you have holiday meals with your family, JP?

JP

Sometimes. This is kind of like Easter dinner, I guess. We'd have a ham—hum—humongous meal.

MINNIE

Isn't Easter more like Passover? With the stories and everything?

JP

They tell the stories at church. Dinner is more about blaming everyone for ruining your life.  
(laughter)

MOM

How did the work go on the car today?

DAD

(grunts)

TOMMY P.

Dad thinks I'm useless.

MOM

Tommy.

MARK P.

You are useless.

MOM

Mark, not at the table.

MARK P.

(mocking) Not at the table.

DAD

Listen to your mother.

TOMMY P.

(talking across the split screen)

So are you Jewish yet, JP? All these years in JEW York, are you Jewish yet?

MOM

Tommy, leave your brother alone.

MARK P.

Yeah, JP, still reading them books?  
Stupid fag.

MOM

Don't make fun of your brother!

She puts down her fork, stares at the boys, and gets up and leaves the room.

TOMMY P.

Now you done it.

AVI

Psh.

AUNT MIKI

Family—the same everywhere.

IMA

JP, you want more potato kugel?

JP

Please.

(Pause. At both tables  
everyone eats in silence for  
a moment.)

DAD

(pointing his fork at Mark)  
Don't call your brother dumb. You  
couldn't make it in New York City if Mary  
Ann Murphy sent you care packages full of  
blowjobs.

INT. AVI'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Avi is sitting in her room as JP walks by.

AVI

Hey, JP. Come here.

JP

(enters)  
What's up?

AVI

Can I talk to you for a second?

JP

Sure.

AVI

You're a writer. I thought you might understand.

JP

OK.

AVI

I did my two years in the army, in  
Israel, because I wanted to have dual  
citizenship. And they teach you to watch  
for things. Anything unusual. Terrorists.  
These Arabs, you don't know what they're  
up to. And sometimes it's the docim—you  
know, the orthodox jews. They throw rocks  
at you, sometimes.

(MORE)

AVI (cont'd)

You're just trying to do your job. And then I come here, and... it's hard to turn that off.

JP

I think I know what you mean.

AVI

Right? Maybe you just stop at a gas station, and the attendant is an Arab, and he gives you a look, and walks away as the gas is pumping. And you don't know. Will he come back with a gun? Or blow up the car? Maybe it's nothing. Maybe you have to kill him. Maybe you have to kill him first -- just in case.

JP

(quietly)

I wouldn't worry about it so much.

INT. IMA'S LIVING ROOM

MINNIE is saying her goodbyes, kissing everyone.

IMA

Laila tov.

AUNT MIKI

He's so cute. Careful I don't take him from you.

MINNIE

Stop it.  
(JP walks in.)  
Ready?

JP

Thank you so much for dinner. It was wonderful. (to Minnie) Are we walking to the subway?

IMA

No no, Avi can take you.

INT. AVI'S CAR - NIGHT

Avi drives, with Minnie in the back and JP riding shotgun.

AVI

I just have to get gas.

EXT- GAS STATION - NIGHT

AVI pulls into a gas station, and Avi hands the ATTENDANT, who might be an Arab, a twenty through the window. The Attendant gives Avi a look, puts the hose in the tank, starts the gas, and walks away.

INT. AVI'S CAR - NIGHT

AVI looks after the attendant. She squeezes the wheel with both hands. She is quietly seething. JP looks like he's about to jump out of his skin. A long pause.

JP

Oh, god! I can't take it!

MINNIE

What? What is it, JP?

AVI  
You see what I mean?

EXT. NYC STREET (STALKING)- DAY

A gorgeous NYC street scene. MINNIE appears, walking, and JP appears, clearly following her.

MINNIE stops, and, a second too late, JP stops. She whirls on him.

MINNIE  
You're stalking me!

JP  
I'm not stalking you.

MINNIE  
You're stalking me.

JP  
No, I'm... I'm just catching up to you.

MINNIE  
What do you want, JP?

JP  
I dropped by to surprise you, but you were so busy hugging that guy after class-

MINNIE  
So you are stalking me. You're so suspicious, I can barely breathe.

JP  
I was right to be suspicious.

MINNIE  
Of what? You wanted to keep it open. You didn't want to "limit" me. Now you're not getting any action on the side so you're flipping out.

JP  
You want to bang a guy who teaches a bullshit continuing ed class in "Fakes, Forgeries and Stolen Art"? What a waste.

MINNIE  
And you would know. How many stupid floozies have you wasted your time with?

JP  
Floozies? (shakes it off) Those floozies gave me the sexual prowess that you've so enjoyed.

MINNIE  
I'm not even sleeping with him. He's married-he just thinks I'm groovy.

JP  
Groovy? Did he come from the 60s with Austin Powers?

MINNIE  
I said it-not him.

JP  
Yeshiva girls from Queens say groovy?

MINNIE  
What are we talking about, JP?



JP  
You. Sleeping with your teacher.

MINNIE  
(exasperated)  
I'm not sleeping with Seven!

JP  
Seven? His name— is Seven? Jesus Christ,  
what's your pet name for him—semicolon?

MINNIE  
Joke reflex. Putting up walls.

JP  
I know men. If he thinks you're "groovy,"  
it means he'll sleep with you the second  
he gets the chance.

MINNIE  
So what? I'm not enough for you,  
remember? I'm too sheltered. wasn't it  
your idea to broaden my horizons? How  
many times do we have to have the same  
argument before you remember it?

CUT TO:

INT. JP & MINNIE'S KITCHEN

JP is in the kitchen frying eggs.

MINNIE  
(off)  
Hey! You here?

JP  
Yeah. How was it?

Minnie enters, dropping various cloth and plastic bags.

MINNIE  
Totally weird. But she's nice.

JP  
Yeah?

MINNIE  
Yeah. It's more of a mind/body yoga  
class, so first we do the normal yoga,  
and then she spends time with each  
person, talking through it as we do  
poses. Do you know about "hands on" yoga?

JP  
Yeah... it's the best way to seduce a  
college student.

She turns away.

JP  
Come on, tell me.

MINNIE  
She said that I hold a lot of tension in  
my shoulders, but also in my thighs. And  
that's usually a sign that I'm  
uncomfortable in my relationship.

JP  
She said that?

MINNIE

She said she usually sees it with married women who can't get pregnant, or younger girls who are having too much sex with the wrong people.

JP

This was your first session?

MINNIE

That was just the first 5 minutes. Then I told her about you, and about how long you've been seeing your priest, and she said that for a Jew, it's very hard to have a relationship with a Catholic. Because of the sex guilt thing, and for us, it's a mitzvah.

JP

If you're married.

MINNIE

What?

JP

Nothing. And the rest of the class is hearing all this?

MINNIE

She decided she needed more time with me, so after the class she did reiki on me. And I just cried until I fell asleep.

JP

You cried? From reiki.

MINNIE

You never cry with your priest? (Beat). Anyway, we had a cup of tea and I told her about my dream.

JP

Are you still on the clock at this point?

MINNIE

I'm ignoring your jokes. As your body releases the stressors, it wants to talk it out. Anyway, the dream about Lyle Lovett.

JP

Lyle Lovett.

MINNIE

Lyle Lovett. When he's got me chained up in his sex dungeon.

JP

Dreams are weird, it doesn't have to mean anything. Nobody listens to Freud or Jung anymore.

MINNIE

But it can mean something.

JP

It can mean whatever you want. Lyle Lovett is a performer, you want to be a performer, you're... chained by your ambition-

MINNIE

She says it's you. Because Lyle is from the West.

JP

What? Lyle's from Texas. I'm from Cleveland.

MINNIE

And Lyle was wearing this sharp suit.

JP

I've got you chained up in a sex dungeon?

MINNIE

And I kicked Lyle in the balls so hard that his head, psh, popped off.

JP

Jesus. What did she say about all that?

MINNIE

She says I should come three times a week. Just think how light I'll be if I can get this much release out of one session.

JP

(muttering)

And how light my wallet will be.

MINNIE

What?

JP

Nothing.

MINNIE

What is that? You mumble and then you repeat yourself.

JP

I repeat myself?

MINNIE

You won't. I said, "You mumble and then you won't repeat yourself."

JP

No, you said, "You mumble and then you repeat yourself."

MINNIE

That doesn't even make sense!

She storms out.

JP talks to the camera.

JP

She said, "you repeat yourself." Right?

MINNIE

(reenters)

I told her that you think I'm too sheltered.

JP

I hate it when you say that.

MINNIE  
But you do! You wish I was more educated  
or cultured or something.

JP  
I just want to encourage your growth.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Minnie is at a cab, the door open.

JP  
Why would you listen to me? School was,  
is, always has been, a joke.

MINNIE  
You want to pull it away from me because  
I enjoy it. Seven is a great teacher and  
I'm learning a lot!

JP  
I bet you are.

MINNIE  
You're an asshole.

JP  
And a misguided one, at that.

MINNIE  
Then why are you stalking me?

JP  
(turning away)  
I must've thought you were somebody else.

MINNIE  
(gets in cab)  
Goodbye, JP.

JP  
Yeah.

MINNIE slams the cab door and it pulls away.

JP  
Awesome. Single again.  
(He speaks to the camera.)  
I don't know what happened. She was  
addicted to me, and then, poof, over it.  
(He walks up to a woman)  
Is it something I did?

WOMAN ON THE STREET  
It's probably something you didn't do.

JP  
That does nothing for me. The list of  
things I didn't do boggles the  
imagination.  
(he stops a man on the street)  
Listen, does your wife have to use  
external stimulants to, uh, keep your sex  
life lively?

MAN ON THE STREET  
Sometimes we go to sex parties and she  
does it with other men.

He walks on.

JP  
 Jesus Christ. Is everyone in this town  
 just- twisted?  
 (He stops a trendy young  
 couple)  
 Hey, you two look happy.

YOUNG WOMAN ON THE STREET  
 We are.

JP  
 How do you make that work?

YOUNG WOMAN ON THE STREET  
 All that's really important to me is  
 money.

YOUNG MAN ON THE STREET  
 I make a lot of money. And what's  
 important to me is having a hot  
 girlfriend.

YOUNG WOMAN ON THE STREET  
 I'm really hot.

JP  
 Perfect.  
 (They nod)  
 Thanks for your help.

JP keeps walking and comes to a dog parked outside a bodega. He sits on  
 the stoop and pets the dog, talking to it.

JP  
 I always had bad instincts about women.  
 When I was a kid, all my friends had  
 posters in their rooms of Farrah Fawcett  
 or Cheryl Tiegs or Princess Leia.  
 Me?—Joan Jett.

CUT TO:

DIORAMA/PUPPET CAM -

Tight in on action figures: A JOAN JETT Barbie doll has a conversation  
 with a figure resembling JP, voiced by MINNIE and JP.

JOAN JETT  
 You really think you could've held on to  
 me?

JP  
 Why not? I'm smart, interesting, sexy—

JOAN JETT  
 You and a million other guys in this  
 town.

JP  
 I thought we had a good thing.

JOAN JETT  
 We did, but we're just too different, JP.

JP  
 You mean... because you're gay?

JOAN JETT  
 No! Because you're talking to a Barbie  
 doll!

ACTION FIGURE WILL enters.

WILL

(VOX)

Earl, get over it. It's New York-- they keep making more of 'em. I know this girl--she's a photographer for Gawker.

EXT - OUTSIDE OF SWANKY CLUB

Penned in behind a velvet rope, a pretty female PHOTOGRAPHER stands in a loose huddle with a number of other expectant photographers (mostly men), adjusting their gear and prepping. JP, looking bored, waits with them.

PHOTOGRAPHER

There are more photogs here than there were for Beiber last week. I shot Beiber--shot him dead where he stood, in his worst fashion faux pas this year. But it was an illuminating media transpiration. Instagram from the amateurs, then Tumblr, Twitter, Tambor, and the old-new media. My shot got a hundred thousand hits before the post even ran. We're living in a magical time.

JP

For paparazzi.

PHOTOGRAPHER

"Paparazzi" is Italian for "amateur."

JP

It's a character from a Fellini film named after an annoying insect.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I agree. In the future, we'll all be wired for sound and video. Did you catch Beiber's show?

JP

I don't really--

PHOTOGRAPHER

He's the new Britney, spun out, nothing left. But THIS will be... there may not be a word for it yet.

JP

Yeah. Uh, who are we waiting for again?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Tabitha. Only needs one name. You've seen her water commercial?

JP

Um--

PHOTOGRAPHER

Most downloaded in hisotory--the it just beat "Gangnam Style" and "What Does the Fox Say?" It was leaked that she'd be here tonight.

JP

Who leaked it?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Her publicist. I mean--this is the most famous person in the universe at this moment. She is God.

(MORE)

PHOTOGRAPHER (cont'd)  
 People would literally kill themselves to  
 be here right now.

JP  
 Or to not be here right now.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 It's amazeballs. I know that's passe,  
 but... it's amazeballs.

JP  
 Does God look like a college student?  
 Because--

JP points at TABITHA, a young, flamboyantly-dressed girl across the street, obviously making an appearance. The photographers all shoot frantically, and TABITHA is quickly swept off by minders.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 (grabbing JP's hand)  
 I'm wet. I'm literally, wet. Do you  
 believe in life after celebrity?

JP  
 I'm Catholic. We believe in  
 transubstantiation of the flesh.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 Me too. Let's go to your place.

INT. JP'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

The Photographer and JP are in bed, naked. The Photographer rubs her ass appreciatively. JP, clearly in pain and looking rattled, puts his hand into a bowl of ice cubes.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 I'm sorry you hurt yourself. Usually guys  
 can get me there with just a few  
 spankings.

JP  
 No, it's fine. Something always swells up  
 when I'm emasculated.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 Having sex with you is very empowering.  
 (Beat.)  
 That's a compliment.

JP  
 You're welcome.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 I'm very into my own orgasm.

JP  
 For centuries, men claimed the female  
 orgasm was a myth, as a strategy to  
 abbreviate the sexual commitment.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 That's good. Who said that?

JP  
 (blinks) Mary Magdalene.  
 [ALT: Sydney Applebaum]

JP's cell phone rings. He leans over the bed and digs it out of his pants, looking at it in shock.

JP  
I'm—I'm sorry, I have to take this.

The Reporter shrugs and takes out an e-cigarette and puffs away.

JP  
Hello? What's going on? No—just--it's late, that's all. What? Can't it wait 'til tomorrow? Ok-ok—just—hang on, I'll be right over.

He puts the phone down and looks at the Reporter.

JP  
I have to go.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
That's cute. I used to have my girlfriend do the same thing when I went on a date I thought might suck.

INT. MINNIE'S SECOND APARTMENT

The sound of banging as a disheveled MINNIE goes to open the door. She pauses at the locks.

MINNIE  
Who is it?

JP  
(off)  
You're kidding, right?

MINNIE opens the door and JP enters, all panicky, looking at her, at the apartment.

JP  
Are you ok? What's up?—you scared the crap out of me.

MINNIE  
I'm—I'm ok. I'm fine.

JP  
What's the emergency?

MINNIE  
You're gonna be mad.

JP  
What? What is it?

MINNIE  
There's a mouse in the bathroom and he can't get out.

JP  
A mouse? You got me over here at 3 in the morning for a mouse?

MINNIE  
(upset)  
He can't get out.

JP  
Whattaya mean?



MINNIE

I kept seeing him in the kitchen, and I called the super, and I told him not to use glue traps—but he did—so I threw them away—but he must've put one in the bathroom and I didn't see it—and now he's in there squeaking.

JP

Aw, Jesus.

(he puts his hands on her)  
Don't get all upset, ok? I'll take care of it. I've told you before—you have to get those pellets.

MINNIE

But I don't want to kill anything!

JP

All right, all right. Get the live traps then—take him outside and he'll run right back in.

MINNIE

Will you just take him outside for me?

JP

Yeah. Do you have a—I dunno. Get me a magazine or something?

MINNIE

Don't touch it with my Martha Stewart Living.

JP

Ok—what about—get me a dustpan.

MINNIE goes into the kitchen to find a dustpan as JP snoops around. He picks up a flyer.

JP

You went to a rave?

MINNIE

A rave? (peeks out to see what he's looking at) It was just a concert. An EDM concert.

JP

What?

MINNIE

Electronic dance music.

JP

Right. Now even techno music is just another way for Ticketmaster to make money.

MINNIE

It was something different. I had fun.

JP

That's great. And how were the synthetic drugs and polyamorous couplings?

MINNIE

You don't have to be here if you're just going to start a fight with me.

JP  
 You're so right. Women only need men for carrying heavy objects, killing nasty creatures, and escorting them in dangerous heels to dance music orgies. So if you have a new hire, why am I freelancing?

MINNIE comes out of the kitchen with a dustpan and a mop bucket.

MINNIE  
 You forgot opening jars. (Pause.) I didn't want anyone else here at 3 in the morning, ok?

JP looks away.

MINNIE  
 Why are you so angry? (Pause.) JP, you kinda look like shit.

JP  
 I always look like shit at 3 in the morning—usually by then we'd be...  
 (trails off)  
 You said it was an emergency, I couldn't get an Uber so I walked all the way over—what—do you have a new boyfriend or not? I feel like a stunt double.

MINNIE  
 You want a drink?

JP  
 Is this a booty call?

MINNIE  
 I got some good bourbon.

JP  
 Yeah. Fine. I could use a drink. Let me deal with the Jerry.

MINNIE  
 Just don't hurt him, ok?

JP, knowing the mouse is a goner, gives a look, then covers.

JP  
 No—I won't hurt him. He'll be fine.  
 (from the bathroom)  
 Whoa—don't hurt him? I'm more worried about him hurting me.  
 (Leaning out)  
 This guy is a monster.  
 (from the bathroom)  
 Really, it's a good thing you called because he's almost worked his way out of the glue trap.

Banging and shuffling is heard. MINNIE is on eggshells. JP comes out of the bathroom with the bucket.

JP  
 Seriously, this guy is about to break free and stomp around the neighborhood.

MINNIE  
 (softly)  
 I know you're lying.

JP  
No-honest injun. He'll be fine-I'll just  
run him downstairs. Pour us a drink, ok?

JP runs out the door. MINNIE takes a bottle of bourbon and pours two  
glasses, then breaks down crying. She's a mess when JP re-enters.

JP  
Aw, Jesus. (he holds her.) I'm  
sorry-really. I know you don't like to  
hurt anything, but there's  
nothing-there's nothing I could do for  
him.

MINNIE  
(sobbing)  
It's not the Jerry.

JP  
What-what is it?

MINNIE  
I miss you. JP, I miss you so much.

JP  
Really?

JP holds her face and makes her look at him.

JP  
Really?  
(She nods.)  
Oh, I miss you too.

He holds her tight and kisses her firmly-compassion, not a lover's  
kiss. He holds her, and she starts to get it together.

MINNIE  
JP?

JP  
Mm?

MINNIE  
Did you have somebody over? When I called  
you?

JP  
What?

MINNIE  
Was someone else there. At your place.

JP  
Do you really want me to answer that?

MINNIE  
Not really. (Pause.) You'd tell me... if  
there was someone else ... important... in  
your life.

JP  
Besides you, there is no one else  
important in my life. Not even me.

CUT TO:

INT. - SHOWER

JP and MINNIE are in the shower, casually. They take turns bathing  
themselves while passing a joint.

JP  
I don't wanna break up again.

MINNIE  
Me neither.

JP  
I was miserable without you.

MINNIE  
No—you liked having your own place again.

JP  
No—I hated it. I can't stand you not being here.

MINNIE  
But I think we should get out more.

JP  
We got into a rut.

MINNIE  
Can we do some day-drinking this weekend?

JP  
Sure, you wanna go to the track?

MINNIE  
J.P...

JP  
What, you want to go to brunch or something?

MINNIE  
I'm thinking about getting a thermos full of cocktails and running around.

JP  
Ok...

MINNIE  
Ooo—you and Will are always talking about how much Williamsburg has changed—why don't you guys take me on a tour?

JP  
That would be pistol. We'll show you what a dump this place used to be.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG STREET - DAY

JP, WILL and MINNIE walk along the street looking up at the new high rises.

JP  
Jesus, I don't even recognize the Northside anymore.

WILL  
Hipster-heaven became yuppie-ville, like you predicted.

JP  
Remember, you used to call Bedford and North 7th "the corner of too cool for school and too dumb to get a job."

MINNIE  
When do we start drinking?

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S BUSY CORNER - DELI - DAY

The three stand by the door pouring pink grapefruit juice into cups and topping it with vodka from a thermos.

WILL  
(looking around)  
This place is the pits.

JP  
Yeah. The Italians sold it to some Koreans—it's just another generic deli now.

MINNIE  
I still think it's cute.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIGGS AVE - DAY

They stand on the sidewalk, sipping drinks, and look at the Crif Dog across the street.

WILL  
That's a Crif Dog now?

MINNIE  
Great hot dogs.

JP  
Yeah, but it used to be the Luncheonette.

WILL  
Dumpy, dirty, fantastic.

MINNIE laughs.

WILL  
And didn't that girl live over there... when we first moved from Cleveland, the girl who never talked.

JP  
God you're right... I could not get her to open her mouth. But she won every argument.

WILL  
Earl, you were dating your father.

MINNIE laughs.

JP  
He was the master of passive aggression.

FLASHBACK - INT. JP'S CHILDHOOD HOME

MOM is very upset, animated, talking to DAD, who sits in a chair with an open beer. JP, MINNIE and WILL walk into the scene to watch.

MOM  
Those boys are driving me crazy. Tommy starts throwing dirt clods at Mark, so Mark throws rocks at Tommy—and beans him in the noggin.

(MORE)

MOM (cont'd)

I thought I'd have to take him to the hospital. I tell them to be nice to each other, so they go after John Paul. He's in his room, reading, and they attack him with dirt clods. His room is a mess! He's in the bathtub, crying. (Pause.) I think I'm losing my mind.

DAD

What do you want me to do?

MOM

Beat the crap out of the two little shits—I don't know.

DAD sighs heavily, and rises from the chair slowly. He sets down his beer.

MOM

The movies. I'll send Mark and Tommy to the movies, and I'll take John Paul to McDonald's.

(pushing him back into the chair)

No-no—you relax, I'll take care of it.

DAD sits down heavily and picks up his beer.

JP

The master.

MINNIE

You're lucky you got out of there.

WILL

Hey Earl—who's that?

The scene shifts, and there is now a small crowd of people in the house, having snacks and beers. One man is surrounded by well-wishers.

JP

(in awe)

It's the welcome home party for my dad's cousin Joey - Joseph Hall, from out in Elyria. He was one of the Iran hostages.

[Reference:

January 20, 1981: Iran hostages released - including Joseph M. Hall, 32, Elyria, [ih LEAR ee uh] OH. Military attaché with warrant officer rank.

<http://www.rescueattempt.com/id16.html> ]

MINNIE

No kidding.

WILL

Oh yeah... JP was famous that year at school.

SHIFT TO:

JP's MOM and DAD stand near the buffet, talking to MOM's sister, AUNT TESS. MOM has been drinking, DAD holds a beer.

JP

That's my Mom's big sister Tess. She had more money than us but never married, so Mom would rub it in when she got a little drunk.

MOM  
(gesturing to Dad)  
He used to buy me flowers every time he  
took me out.

AUNT TESS  
That's nice.

MOM  
He always wore a tie, and he always told  
me how pretty I looked.

AUNT TESS  
That's nice.

MOM  
He was such a romantic.

WILL  
Your dad? That's pretty hard to believe.

MOM  
--such a romantic.  
(loud whisper)  
In the back seat.

JP, WILL and MINNIE crack up.

DAD  
(to MOM)  
All right, now.

AUNT TESS  
(mortified)  
That's... nice.

SHIFT TO:

DAWN sits to the side with YOUNG JP standing before her. She has a  
mischievous look.

JP  
(OS)  
Look-look-it's Dawn O'Sullivan, my old  
cross-the-street neighbor. She was 15 and  
always messing with me.

DAWN  
You still think Kristy McNichol is a fox?

YOUNG JP shrugs.

DAWN  
(chanting, teasing)  
Kristy McNiiiiichol, Kristy McNiiiiichol. I  
told you JP, she's a lezzie.

YOUNG JP  
Is not.

DAWN  
Is so. She'll never go out with you  
because she's a lezzie.  
(Pause. Quietly.)  
You wanna see what I got? Hm? You wanna  
see my bra? Wanna see my panties?  
(Pause.)  
Maybe when you're older.

YOUNG JP  
(walking away)  
What a tease.

EXT. STREET

JP and MINNIE walk down the street.

MINNIE  
That was fun.

JP  
Yeah? That was an ok way to spend your birthday?

MINNIE  
My birthday's tomorrow.

JP  
You gotta ring it in. What happened to the birthday week—the kids aren't doing that anymore?

MINNIE  
(laughs)  
You gonna take me out for Jagermeister shots?

INT. APARTMENT

Minnie unwraps a gift.

MINNIE  
I... I don't know what I'm looking at. Is this for Halloween?

She holds up a Cheerleader outfit.

JP  
Football is bigger than Jesus in Ohio. When I was in high school, cheerleaders came to school wearing that on game day—it's a deeply rooted kink.

MINNIE  
You want me to—I'm so embarrassed—

JP  
I thought you'd like it—it'll be fun—

MINNIE  
I don't know. This is a gift for you, is what it is. It's wishful thinking.

JP  
We'll uh discuss it. Here—open this one.

He hands her another gift. She tears into it.

It's a watch.

MINNIE  
Omigod... JP... you knew I wanted this.

JP  
See, and you never think I'm paying attention.

She slips it on.

MINNIE  
I love it. I love it.



JP

And maybe now you'll be on time when  
you're supposed to meet me somewhere.  
THAT'S a gift for me.

MINNIE

You're welcome.

She embraces him, kisses him.

JP

Let's see how that other thing fits.

She gives him a playful smack, they kiss.

INT. FANCY BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

Minnie performs, backed by a live jazz band, doing a vocal version of "Seems Like Old Times." Similar, but somewhat slower, than the version recorded by Count Basie with Rosemary Clooney.

Minnie performs a Burlesque routine with white fans, very dreamy and beautiful; akin to Michelle L'Amour's "Claire de Lune" act.

The rapt audience applauds uproariously.

CUT TO:

JP sits at the bar, clapping for another act, as MINNIE comes to join him in street clothes.

JP

Wow. You were—incredible. You're  
stunning. You're so good—I told you, I  
told you you were gonna be fantastic,  
and—you're fantastic.

MINNIE

Really? I was ok? I was--?

JP

Amazing. Amazing.

MINNIE

They—the band is really good. And the—the  
venue—I, I like it here. (Beat.) Thank  
you.

She takes his hand.

SIMON PAUL, moves through the crowd with an entourage. He approaches Minnie.

SIMON

Excuse me.

He puts out his hand and Minnie shakes it.

SIMON

I'm Simon Paul.

MINNIE

(recognizing him and/or the  
name)

Omigod. The internet billionaire?

SIMON

Ah—

MINNIE  
I'm sorry, I can't believe I blurted that out.

SIMON  
I'm technically not a billionaire yet.

MINNIE  
Sorry.

SIMON  
Forget it. Listen, your set was incredible. We just wanted to tell you how great you are.

MINNIE  
Wow. Thank you.

SIMON  
No no, thank you. You are wonderful. It was really a high point of our evening.  
(leaning over her to extend a hand to JP)  
Hi, Simon Paul.

MINNIE  
Oh, I'm sorry—this is JP Porter.

JP  
Hi.

SIMON  
I saw you host once at the Slipper Room—you were funny.

JP  
Thanks.

SIMON  
(introducing the entourage)  
This is Abhay, and Nicola, and Sparrow.

MINNIE  
Nice to meet you.

ENTOURAGE  
Hi, great set, etc.

SIMON  
(to MINNIE)  
We're having a "Silicon Valley comes to the Alley" weekend. We've got a suite at the Soho Grand, and Sean Parker and Zuck are in town—we're going over to meet them. Just hang out, get a couple bottles of champers, nothing crazy. Why don't you come with us?

MINNIE  
Really?

SIMON  
Of course. Really, you should come. Both of you.

MINNIE looks at JP expectantly.

JP  
I can't, I'm sorry. I have to get up early in the morning.

MINNIE  
You do? Why?

JP  
I have that-meeting in the morning. You should go.

MINNIE  
I don't want to go without you.

SIMON  
It's no big deal. Next time. I'm in New York all the time. Let me know when you're performing again-I already sent you a friend request. By the way-are you recording with anyone?

MINNIE  
What?

SIMON  
Recording. Video.

MINNIE  
No, just playing around, a few clubs.

SIMON  
You should be recording. Vine, Vimeo, Veminair. I'd love to talk to you about that. The next version of Spotify, we're breaking our own artists, and jazz is making a comeback. Video is the next piece. Maybe we can do something.

MINNIE  
Really? Wow.

SIMON  
Definitely. (to JP) Next time you're out West, bring her to the valley. (nods to his entourage)  
Again, great set.

JP  
Bye.

They exit. Minnie looks at JP.

JP  
What. (Pause.) What? Did you really want to go sit in a hotel suite with a bunch of dorks?

MINNIE  
Simon Paul is not a dork. Mark Zuckerberg is-more than a dork.

JP  
I said, go without me.

MINNIE  
You didn't mean that.

JP  
If you want to go, go. He said he Facebooked you-write him back, I'll put you in a cab.

MINNIE  
I want you to come with me. Meet some people, do something different.

JP  
It's not different for me. It's a  
Metrocard party.

MINNIE  
What?

JP  
A bunch of dudes in a hotel room doing  
blow. No thanks.

MINNIE  
Nobody said anything about blow-

JP  
Trust me.

MINNIE  
Fine. (Pause.) But it's so early-do you  
want to do something?

JP  
Sure, I'm up for something.

INT. - JP & MINNIE'S APARTMENT

The TV screen shows the opening titles of "The Battle of Algiers."

CUT TO:

SPLIT SCREEN:

INT - REIKI ROOM - / INT. - PRIEST'S BAR

On one side, MINNIE gets a Reiki treatment from her REIKI PRACTITIONER,  
with stones on her chakras, and a woman's hands visible working her  
body as they talk.

On the other side, JP sits at a low table in a bar across from his  
PRIEST, who pours them both straight shots from a bottle of whiskey. He  
wears a Judas Priest T-shirt.

MINNIE  
Day-drinking around the neighborhood was  
the last time I remember having fun with  
JP.

JP  
It feels like a job.

PRIEST  
How's your sex life?  
(JP shakes his head)

REIKI PRACTITIONER  
How's the sex?

MINNIE  
Textbook, when it happens. He never goes  
down anymore, and forget rimming.

JP  
She's younger than me-I can't keep up.  
She wants it three times a  
week.

MINNIE  
I get it maybe twice a week if I beg.

JP  
 She was begging for it the other night-and, I couldn't get into it. It was un-manly.

MINNIE  
 I put on a ... costume for him. His fantasy, not mine. And still-he rejected me!

JP  
 She doesn't even pay rent anymore. Why should I be obligated to put out?

MINNIE  
 I feel guilty complaining about it. He always pays for everything... I should give him more space.

JP  
 I could use a little strange, just to get my blood up. Or even just two nights a week with her out of the house so I could get some work done.

JP knocks it back. The PRIEST shakes his head and pours another.

MINNIE  
 Sometimes I wish I could sleep with other guys.

JP  
 (in unison)  
 Sometimes I wish she would sleep with other guys.

INT. COKE FIEND'S APARTMENT

JP and MINNIE with JANE at a COKE FIEND's apartment, having drinks. FIEND has a big pile of cocaine on a tray, and has just cut up a few lines to the side of the pile. He hands a rolled-up bill to JP

FIEND  
 JP, you wanna go first?

JP  
 Don't mind if I do.

He does the line and passes the bill to Jane.

JANE  
 So what happened with the yoga girl, Minnie, you didn't finish.

JP  
 Do we have to go over this?

MINNIE  
 JP's been asking about a threesome, so I suggested the girl from my yoga class. And he didn't want to do it.

FIEND  
 (to JP)  
 How could you turn down a threesome?

JANE  
 Really.

JP  
That wasn't the girl from your yoga class  
I had in mind.

JANE  
Oh, come on.

MINNIE  
You see?

JANE passes the bill and the coke to MINNIE, who does a line.

FIEND  
What difference does it make?

MINNIE  
She's very sweet and I like her. She's...  
charming.

JP  
Yes, she is, and I'd love to have her  
over for dinner. But the blonde-I'd like  
to have her for dinner.

JANE  
They're pigs.

MINNIE  
They are.

FIEND  
What kind of pig do you want?

MINNIE  
But did I tell you?—we're going to  
California.

JANE  
For fun?

MINNIE  
JP got asked to do this—

JP  
Please don't say it. Don't say it—

MINNIE  
I'm not gonna say anything. JP is super-  
superstitious. He won't tell anyone what  
he's doing until it's already done.

JP  
They could cancel it at any time.

FIEND  
I get that.

MINNIE  
It's a webisode for a very popular  
series. And they're flying him out to San  
Francisco to shoot it and I'm going.

MINNIE passes the bill and the coke to FIEND, who does a line.

JANE  
Fun!

FIEND  
Congrats, man. Hey—can you bring me back  
some weed?

JP

What—and get arrested? You can get weed here.

FIEND

Not like the stuff they got out there you can't. Besides, since September 11th, TSA doesn't give a shit about drugs.

JANE

Is that true?

FIEND

I travel with weed all the time. Just put it in checked baggage—I've even gotten that sticker that says my bag has been searched, and my weed was still there.

JP

I dunno. Hey, this stuff is pretty good. Who's your guy?

FIEND

I'll give you his number. Sixty-dollar bags, and a better deal if you buy weight. You want this lasty?

JP

Sure.

JP takes the tray, bends over, and starts to sneeze, doing a classic "ah, ah" cartoon set-up. The room goes quiet. He recovers, without sneezing.

JANE

Whoa.

FIEND

Man, I thought you were gonna blow my blow.

MINNIE

Scaring us, JP

JP

I'm sorry. Wow, that was close. Lemme—

JP reaches across the tray of cocaine to grab his cocktail, and promptly spills the entire drink onto the tray, ruining the coke.

Silence.

EXT. - HIGHWAY 101

It's a gorgeous, sun-streaked day, and WILL's classic 1960s convertible exits the highway to "PALO ALTO." Christmas music plays on the car stereo. JP is driving, with WILL shogun and MINNIE in the back, leaning forward to josh with them.

EXT. - PALO ALTO STREET - DAY

WILL's convertible rolls through tree-lined streets, touring the campus of Stanford. Christmas music in the background.

JP

Thanks for letting me take a joyride, Will—this car is a delight.

WILL

Live out here and you can drive every day.

JP  
It's a drag if you HAVE to drive every day.

MINNIE  
It's so beautiful here!

JP  
It's suburbia.

MINNIE  
It's cute! Look at all the trees!

WILL  
And this is Christmas—Christmas with the top down.

MINNIE  
I love it.

JP  
Feels unnatural. Shouldn't we be freezing?

WILL  
Don't be a grinch. I'm telling you—I've never been happier. It's so chill here. People work hard but it doesn't feel so frenetic. And the girls—all these silicon valley girls are so eager to please. And so young.

MINNIE  
You're such a pervert, Will.

WILL  
Thank you.

MINNIE  
Can we go down Lombard Street in your car?

WILL  
Absolutely. I'll drive us into the City tomorrow—we can do Fisherman's Wharf.

JP  
I'll drive us.

WILL  
Fine, Earl, if it keeps you from bringing us down.

MINNIE  
I'm so excited.

WILL  
I got us invited to a great Christmas party, too. And Earl, I want you to come by my office and see what I'm working on.

EXT. - MONTAGE - POSTCARD SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Establishing shots:

The gang drive across the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, down LOMBARD STREET, and by FISHERMAN'S WHARF.



INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

A PROGRAMMER sits in front of a computer. WILL is perched on the desk as JP looks on. The PROGRAMMER shows various internet video clips.

VIDEO: A cat does something cute.

WILL  
Let's give it fifty thousand hits for the first day.

The PROGRAMMER types, then brings up the next video.

VIDEO: A zoo animal does something cute.

WILL  
This is a wreck. Give it ten thousand today, and keep boosting it ten a day until the New Year. (to JP) Brilliant, right?

JP  
You just decide how popular it is?

WILL  
It's called "manufactured virality." What was the name of that photographer I set you up with?

JP  
I don't know.

WILL  
She turned me on to this.

JP  
You were sleeping with her?

Will shrugs.

WILL  
I make an educated guess, and the number of hits I say they get drives real hits, and the sponsors pay. I'm oddly good at it.

JP  
But isn't it immoral?

WILL  
Cat videos are more popular than the news. THAT'S immoral.

JP  
I feel queasy.

WILL  
It's just existential cognitive dissonance. A lot of New Yorkers get that in California.

VIDEO: A puppy does something cute.

WILL  
(to programmer)  
Give it a hundy.

JP  
(groaning)  
No, really, I think I'm gonna pass out.

WILL  
 Maybe it's the air conditioning. Why  
 don't you go lie down on the casting  
 couch—I'll see if I can find some  
 seltzer.

INT - CLINIC WAITING ROOM

JP sits on a stiff waiting-room chair looking pale. MINNIE joins him  
 and hands him a bottle of Gatorade.

MINNIE  
 I found this in the vending machine.  
 There wasn't any ginger ale. (JP groans.)  
 Try to drink some of it, JP—you're  
 probably dehydrated.

JP takes a small sip and makes a face.

MINNIE  
 Are you feeling any better at all?

JP  
 Ugh, worse. It's bad enough I feel  
 terrible, but I'm supposed to be at the  
 studio in like an hour. With traffic—I  
 mean, by the time we get out of here—

MINNIE  
 Just relax, ok? I'll try the studio one  
 more time.

A NURSE approaches.

NURSE  
 Ma'am? About your husband?

MINNIE  
 What—oh, we're not married. Will they see  
 him?

Minnie stands up to talk to her. Unseen by them, JP sneaks an airplane  
 mini-bottle of vodka out of his jacket and pours it into the Gatorade.

NURSE  
 I'm afraid it's going to be quite a bit  
 longer.

MINNIE  
 Really?

NURSE  
 They just brought in a bunch of kids from  
 a car accident. I'm sorry.

MINNIE  
 No, I understand—

MINNIE's cell phone rings.

MINNIE  
 Excuse me.

NURSE  
 I'll let you know.  
 (exits)

MINNIE  
 Yes? Hi—thanks for—  
 (Pause.)  
 That's great. He's really sorry—  
 (Pause.)

(MORE)

MINNIE (cont'd)

Yes, yes, I'll tell him.  
(she hangs up and sits back  
down.)

JP, that was the studio. They found  
someone else—you're off the hook. And  
they said they're be than happy to have  
to have you on next month.

JP

What? So I'm off the show now? Jesus.

MINNIE

But you can come back next month. It's  
fine.

Pause. JP takes a sip.

MINNIE

Are you really upset?

JP

I don't know. No. Not really. I had the  
worst feeling about this gig—I just knew  
something was gonna go wrong. And now  
that it has—I guess I can relax.

MINNIE

You can come back when you feel better.

She holds him and he takes a sip.

JP

Y'know, I think this is really helping.

EXT. PALO ALTO RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

WILL, JP and MINNIE get out of Will's car and walk towards a large Palo  
Alto Spanish Colonial Revival home. The street is crowded with parked  
hybrids.

INT. - PALO ALTO HOUSE - DAY

Christmas party is in full swing. People stand in loose groups  
chatting. Everyone looks young. The men are almost uniformly wearing  
jeans and hoodies. The girls are dressed a little nicer, some of them  
downright slutty. Some people drink cocktails, some smoothies, and some  
Starbucks coffees.

A nervous YOUNG ENTREPRENEUR talks to a hot young female TECH GROUPIE.

YOUNG ENTREPRENEUR AT PARTY

Right now it's still in Beta. But once we  
get the venture cap' we'll launch the  
app, and let the Tumblr drive the site  
viral. Then all we need is content.

In one corner, two CODERS face off with laptops, pounding away at their  
keyboards and watched by a few spectators. A YOUNG GIRL walks among  
them, filling their shotglasses with tequila.

CODER AT PARTY

In!

He pounds a shot; the group cheers. The GIRL refills his glass.

CUT TO:

JP and WILL looking on.

JP

I don't even know what I'm watching.

WILL  
Coding isn't an occupation, it's a lifestyle.

JP  
So this is how Stanford students party?

WILL  
JP, these kids either graduated from Stanford or dropped out. Look—  
(he points to partygoers)  
Millionaire, millionaire, billionaire, millionaire.

JP  
Jesus. And all they can wear is hoodies?

WILL  
It's the Bay Area uniform. The way to show you're rich is wear jeans, drive a Tesla, and casually mention you were hired at Facebook in 2005 and invested in Twitter in 2008.

JP  
Didn't I read that in the New Yorker?

WILL  
Oh, it's all pull quotes now.

[Reference: George Packer, "Change the World," Silicon Valley enters politics, New Yorker, May 27, 2013.]

JP  
You didn't tell me this was Simon Paul's party.

WILL  
So?

JP  
He's hot for Minnie.

WILL  
That would be great for me, coz I'm hot for his girl.

JP  
That's a mixed relief. Who's his girl?

Will nods towards a beautiful GIRL WEARING TIGHT WHITE PANTS. MINNIE and SIMON can be seen chatting in the background.

WILL  
The one with the CTR.

JP  
The what?

WILL  
It's an internet-based joke, you wouldn't get it.  
(Whispers.)  
"Camel toe raging."

[Reference: CTR=Click Through Rate]

As the GIRL IN WHITE PANTS turns, it's clear that she is rocking a camel toe.

JP  
Wow, that should be illegal.

WILL  
Earl, I want to do things to her that are  
still illegal in Bangkok.

JP  
She's all California—she's a ten.

WILL  
I never had a ten. But—

JP jumps in:

WILL & JP  
(Unison)  
—I once had two 5s.

WILL casually puts out two fingers and JP slides two fingers across  
them, giving him "two," which WILL returns. The GIRL IN WHITE PANTS  
starts walking towards them.

JP  
She's coming over.

WILL  
O, M, G, if she gets near me I'm going to  
chew her pants off.

GIRL IN WHITE PANTS  
Didn't we meet at burning man?

JP  
No, I don't think so. I'm Catholic—we  
only burn witches.

GIRL IN WHITE PANTS  
Oh. You're one of those burner-haters.

WILL  
No, no—he hates everyone.

JP  
It's true. You're better off talking to  
my translator. (gesturing to Will)

GIRL IN WHITE PANTS  
You translate for him?

WILL  
I try to convert his antisocial outbursts  
into the vernacular.

JP  
I should bugger off.

WILL  
Translation: Nice to meet you.

The GIRL laughs.

JP  
This should work out, coz you're both  
carbon-based life forms.

WILL and GIRL IN WHITE PANTS walk off together.

SHIFT TO:

SIMON and MINNIE stand together chatting.

MINNIE  
No, he got sick and he didn't go.

SIMON  
That's too bad.

MINNIE  
Yeah. Probably all in his head.

SIMON  
But as I was saying, if you came out, even for a weekend, we could record some burlesque videos. We upload that to the cloud and watch the downloads. You could make some real money.

MINNIE  
It does sound like fun. Really?—just a weekend?

SIMON  
If we need more time, we take it.

MINNIE  
I guess I could try to find an Air B&B...

SIMON  
Just stay here.

MINNIE  
What?

SIMON  
Plenty of space. No big deal.

He smiles, charmingly; she grins back at him, nervous.

CUT TO:

The nervous YOUNG ENTREPRENEUR, still talking with the female TECH GROUPIE.

TECH GROUPIE AT PARTY  
Isn't that a great idea for an app?

YOUNG ENTREPRENEUR AT PARTY  
It's an idea, but... Woody Allen strikes me as the litigious type.

CUT TO:

SIMON and GIRL IN WHITE PANTS show JP and MINNIE around the house.

SIMON  
Steve Jobs used to rent this house before he got married. And Zuck had it awhile before he gave it to me. And you wouldn't believe who else lived here.

JP  
A charming middle-class couple who were priced out of the neighborhood?

MINNIE  
JP, stop it.

SIMON  
(ignoring him)  
Justin Timberlake.

MINNIE  
No.

SIMON

Yes. He lived here briefly while they were making that movie.

They stop in an empty room, open, with yoga mats on the floor.

SIMON

This is our meditation room. You know, when I lived in New York, it was so hard to get some peace and quiet.

MINNIE

It's true.

GIRL IN WHITE PANTS

When we need a break, we just come up here and...  
(she takes a deep breath in, and lets out)

JP

I love New York. If it's too quiet, I get nervous.

MINNIE

I like this room—such a luxury to have this much space.

SIMON

It's true. If you want to get more than a few friends together in New York, you have to go out somewhere. We have big parties here all the time.

GIRL IN WHITE PANTS

We had a burrito party last week.

SIMON

Yeah... just a few guest chefs, and a contest for best burrito.

MINNIE

That sounds amazing.

MAN ON FLOOR

Hey, uh, do you guys mind?

Pan to reveal that there is a MAN ON THE FLOOR seated in deep meditation.

SIMON

So sorry, sorry to disturb you.  
(to JP and MINNIE)  
Come on, we'll show you the pool.

SIMON leads the gang out of the room. They exit, and MINNIE and JP lag behind in a hallway.

MINNIE

I love their lives here. You know they mix work and play—they work during their parties, they play while they're working.

JP

And they forget the difference, but who cares, since they're paid to do nothing.

MINNIE

(teasing)  
You sound jealous.  
(beat)  
His girlfriend is beautiful, right?

JP  
Only in a strictly feminine, built-for-  
sex kind of way.

They move out of frame, passing by a TECHIE on an iPad using Facetime. He's talking to JEFF GOLDBLUM.

TECHIE AT PARTY  
What's the problem?

JEFF GOLDBLUM  
I forgot my username.

JP moves back into the party, still in full swing. He chats with a PRETTY GIRL.

PRETTY GIRL AT PARTY  
Are you Jewish?

JP  
Why, because I'm from New York?

PRETTY GIRL AT PARTY  
I don't know.

JP  
No, I'm not. You don't have to be Jewish  
to be neurotic.

Elsewhere in the room, SIMON leans over and whispers something into MINNIE's ear.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRTRAIN AT JFK

JP and Minnie ride the Airtrain, both listening attentively to--and empathizing with--a WOMAN TRAVELLER blabbing about her vacation.

WOMAN TRAVELLER  
I loved it. I'd spend more time there, if  
only Harry weren't such a shit.  
(Beat.)  
There were cute girls everywhere we went,  
I'm sure he enjoyed himself, he just  
won't admit it.  
(Beat.)  
Right. But he can't get off if I'm there.  
Would've been a different story if he'd  
gone alone.  
(Beat.)  
Because I'm still crazy about him. And he  
was crushed the last time we broke up.  
(Beat.)  
I know. Sometimes I feel like he's  
holding me back. And I'm hanging him up.

INT. - NYC SUBWAY STATION

MINNIE and JP sit silently on the bench next to each other. She turns to him.

MINNIE  
You know, I think we should take a break.

JP  
I know. A relationship is like a shark.  
By the time you realize you're in one  
it's too late.



MINNIE  
J.P., stop. I'm serious.

JP nods.

INT. JP'S APARTMENT - DAY

JP and MINNIE go through their belongings as MINNIE packs up.

MINNIE  
Is this my iPhone charger or yours?

JP  
There's like six of 'em floating around.  
Take it.

MINNIE  
You're gonna do that thing, right? that  
passive-aggressive, "just take whatever  
you want" thing.

JP  
Let's not fight, ok? It was your idea to  
break up.

MINNIE  
And you agreed instantly.

JP  
I think it'll be good for us. We got back  
together once before—if we don't work  
apart, we can try again.

MINNIE  
You're right. It's the right thing. I  
need some new experiences, and I think  
you just need some time alone. Sorry,  
moving just stresses me out. I turn into  
you.

JP  
Nice.

MINNIE  
I'm kidding.

JP  
I know. That's the first joke I've heard  
out of you in months.

MINNIE  
Guess this is working.

JP goes over to her holding Saramago's *Blindness*.

JP  
This is the first book I bought you.  
Remember?

MINNIE  
How could I forget? You bought me two  
books about hopeless epidemics. We just  
started dating and you gave me books  
about contagion.  
(She's smiling.)  
Scared the crap out of me.

JP  
Oh—that's proper ball busting. You are  
feeling better.

MINNIE  
Maybe a little.

MINNIE moves off to pack up a box.

JP  
This is going to work. We'll stay  
friends.

MINNIE  
I hope so.

JP  
Which would be amazing, because none of  
my other ex-girlfriends will speak to me.

MINNIE  
How many of them do you really want to  
talk to?

JP  
Maybe one, counting you.

MINNIE  
Oh my god.

JP  
What.

MINNIE  
Look at this.

MINNIE holds up the cheerleader outfit that JP bought for her birthday.

JP  
Oh, wow.

MINNIE  
We never got to play that game.

JP  
You didn't want to—that was my stupid  
fantasy.

MINNIE  
No, I did want to, I—I was just  
embarrassed to put it on.

He moves to her and touches her.

JP  
What?—Why? All the other stuff we've  
done? You're not shy.

MINNIE  
I don't know, I felt self-conscious.

JP  
I'm sure you'd look great in it.

He gives her a kiss. She's a bit surprised, but kisses him back.

MINNIE  
I guess it's not too late.

JP  
Don't play with me if you're not serious.

MINNIE  
One last bash?

JP just looks at her, barely nodding.

MINNIE  
 (snapping up the outfit and  
 running out)  
 I'll get changed.

JP starts to move around and stretch.

JP  
 (calling off)  
 We're a rare breed. This is a big deal, a  
 couple that can handle something like  
 this.  
 (he looks directly into the  
 camera.)  
 I feel great about this.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WILLIAMSBURG STREET - DAY

JP talks to the camera.

JP  
 I feel awful. I blew it—I miss Minnie.

A MAN ON THE STREET stops and addresses him.

MAN ON THE STREET 2  
 She's in California, staying with Simon  
 Paul.

JP  
 (with disgust)  
 That guy? Computers and—effing yoga?

MAN ON THE STREET 2  
 He went to Yale before he dropped out.

JP  
 Yeah, and George Dubya Bush went to Yale.

JP walks off and stops another WOMAN ON THE STREET.

JP  
 What am I supposed to do now?

WOMAN ON THE STREET 2  
 There are literally millions of women in  
 this town—look around.

JP  
 I tried, believe me.

RECENT FLASHBACK - INT. - TWO BOOTS ON DRIGGS - DAY

The NEW GIRL is getting a slice while JP waits.

JP  
 I can't do it. This used to be Tony's  
 place, the Driggs Trattoria.

NEW GIRL  
 So? Two Boots is good.

JP  
 (shakes his head)  
 And that Crif Dog across the street, it  
 used to be a—

NEW GIRL

I love Crif Dogs. The Spicy Redneck is my jam.

JP

Yeah... we used to have a tacqueria on Bedford, Matamoros-

NEW GIRL

There is a taco truck on Beford. And a burrito place. Why you wanna live in the past? It's New York, it's all new, all the time.

JP

Sorry. I haven't felt at home since Williamsburg became part of Brooklyn.

NEW GIRL

When was that?

JP

1855.

NEW GIRL

What?

JP

What.

NEW GIRL

Are you joking? Williamsburg's always been part of Brooklyn.

EXT. - WILLIAMSBURG WATERFRONT - DUSK

JP walks alone, in the spot where he walked with MINNIE. The view of the bridges is stunning, but he looks wrecked.

JP walks the street, talking on his phone.

JP

It's daylight savings time, finally. Yeah, the days seem long now, and it's not dark at 4 o'clock. I've been waking up earlier and going for a walk in the morning-like you always used to bug me to. (Pause.) When are you coming back? (Pause.) If you don't come back to me, I'm gonna come after you.

EXT. - PLANE

An airplane in flight.

INT. - SAN FRANCISCO BART TRAIN - DAY

JP rides into the city from the airport, talking on his phone.

JP

I'm here. (Pause.) Here-here, in California. I'm on the BART. (Pause.) Because I have to see you, Minnie. (Pause.) Can we not do this on the phone? I'm surrounded by people. (Pause.) No, I didn't want to rent a car. I'm staying in the city, so I won't get another attack of Silicon Valley Nausea. (Pause.) I'll meet you anywhere in the city.

EXT. - BOOGALOOS CAFÉ SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

JP sits at a table on the sidewalk, surrounded by hip diners. Near him, a GAY YOUNG MAN chats on his phone.

GAY YOUNG MAN  
He got sexually harassed on Grinder?  
Isn't that the whole point of Grinder? I  
don't get it.

The WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS  
Know what you'd like?

JP  
The biscuits and gravy—is that Southern-  
style sausage gravy?

WAITRESS  
No, it's a vegetarian herb-cream gravy.

JP  
What? Ok—bring me the chorizo hash. Eggs  
over easy.

WAITRESS  
You want the meat chorizo or the vegan  
chorizo?

JP  
How can chorizo be vegan?

WAITRESS  
Whatever.

MINNIE approaches. JP sees her, and stands up to embrace her, but she abruptly sits down across from him.

JP  
It's so good to see you—

MINNIE  
What do you want, JP?

JP  
What do I—I want to see you—I want to  
talk to you. It's nice to see you.

MINNIE  
It's nice to see you too, JP. But it's  
rude to show up in town like this.  
Without warning me or anything.

JP  
Is that why you're mad? I thought you  
understood, on the phone, when I told you  
I was coming out.

MINNIE  
I thought you were being hypberbolic.

JP  
I wasn't.

MINNIE  
I see that. (beat) What do you WANT, JP?

JP  
I want you to come home.

MINNIE

I live here, now.

JP

But you can't stay—it's like a Sim City.

MINNIE

I like it here. We go to the beach, sometimes come to the city for dinner. I go swimming in the pool— and I'm knitting again. I have more time, and I'm more focused. It's good for me.

JP

But what are you doing?

MINNIE

I'm helping Simon with his music App.

JP

So you're an admin?

MINNIE

I'm his partner. And I still do some burlesque--it's nice being closer to Vegas, to the burlesque Hall of Fame.

JP

But the San Francisco burlesque scene sucks.

(Pause. She glares at him.)

Don't you miss New York?

MINNIE

I'm from New York. I'll go back for Pesach, spend time with Ima. But I talk to her more that I'm out here— it's been good for her, too.

JP

Marry me, Minnie.

MINNIE

You're crazy.

JP

No—seriously. Minnie, will you marry me?

MINNIE

No. I don't want to live in New York, I don't want to live with you—why would I marry you?

JP

Because I'm in love with you.

MINNIE

I don't even believe that. You don't want to lose me. You're freaking out because you don't like change. But love ME? Who I am now?

(Shakes her head.)

We're friends now—we're both better off. It's like Camus said, "The truth is that everyone is bored."

[Reference: "The truth is that everyone is bored, and devotes himself to cultivating habits. Our citizens work hard, but solely with the object of getting rich. Their chief interest is commerce, and their chief aim in life is, as they call it, 'doing business.'" -Albert Camus, The Plague, Part 1]

JP  
Camus? You never read Camus until I  
turned you onto him.

MINNIE  
You love to depress me.

JP  
It's not depressing. I just want to live  
in reality—not in a fairy-tale world.

MINNIE  
This is reality. Wake up.  
(Beat.)  
I have to go.  
(She gets up.)

JP  
What? I came 3000 miles just to see you—

MINNIE  
You should have called first.

JP  
So you're—running off to see Simon? Are  
you in love with him? You like him better  
than me?

MINNIE  
I'm not in love with him. But right now?  
This minute? Yes, I like him better than  
you.

She exits.

JP  
(calling after her)  
That's great, Minnie. You run with that.  
(to himself)  
I'm sure the next social media revolution  
will turn you both into billionaire  
cyborgs.

JP pulls out a twenty and throws it on the table just as the waitress  
brings his plate. He exits.

EXT. MISSION SIDE STREET - DAY

JP walks down a side street and sees trash cans and a pile of abandoned  
boxes—the trash heap of the restaurant. There is a broken broom handle  
against the wall and he snaps it up and starts beating the boxes. What  
starts as a couple of smacks becomes a savage, disturbing beating, and  
soon he's going after the trash cans.

FLASHBACK - EXT - JP'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

A YOUNG JP smashes up cardboard Amway boxes.

EXT. MISSION SIDE STREET - DAY

JP keeps beating and starts to sweat, looking increasingly insane.

He stops, letting the broom hang by his side and breathing heavily.  
There is a hand on his shoulder: it's a COP.

COP  
You all right, pal?

JP  
Never better. These, uh, boxes needed a little TLC.

COP  
Can I see some I.D. please?

JP  
Oh, yeah. That stands for "Internet Device," right? I've been studying. Here's my cell phone.

JP hands him his phone. The COP gets more serious.

COP  
Identification, please. Your driver's license, maybe?

JP  
I'm a New Yorker. We don't drive.

COP  
A passport?

JP  
Naw, I'm never leaving New York again.

COP  
Buddy, if I don't see some I.D. I'll have to take you in for vagrancy.

JP  
(almost getting his wits)  
Ok, I understand. Homeless population here, everything...  
(He takes his I.D. out of his wallet)  
I had a rough day, my girlfriend ran off with an internet music millionaire.

He starts to hand his I.D. to the COP, and suddenly chucks it into the street.

JP  
Now GO GET IT! Public servant. Ain't no law against beating up boxes.

The COP only looks at him.

CUT TO:

JP is behind bars. He looks dazed. He looks straight ahead and barely blinks.

VOX (OFF)  
JP Porter! You made bail!

EXT. - FRONT OF COURTHOUSE - DUSK

JP walks out of the building to meet WILL.

WILL  
Funny thing is, I didn't know you were in town. Strange, guy comes to town and doesn't call his best friend.  
(Beat.)  
I wouldn't've let you call her.

JP  
I know. I know.



WILL  
I had a date with twins, JP. Fraternal  
Asian twins—a girl and a boy.

JP  
You're bi now?

WILL  
(shrugs)  
It was twins.

JP  
How can you stay out here? You're a great  
writer, Will. You should be writing New  
York.

WILL  
I wrote all over New York, Earl. On fifty  
million single-serving ketchup packets.

They get into WILL's convertible with the top down, WILL behind the  
wheel. JP buckles up. WILL reaches behind the passenger seat and makes  
an odd twisting movement; a brief hiss of gas is heard. WILL sits up,  
bringing a scuba regulator up to his mouth. He puts it in his mouth and  
breathes, starting the car.

JP  
Are we driving through the bay?

WILL  
(taking out the reg)  
Heavy smog day.

JP is baffled.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

JP sits at a table with the DIRECTOR, watching TWO ACTORS rehearse the  
scene that he wrote.

ACTRESS  
It's like Camus said, "The truth is that  
everyone is bored."

ACTOR  
Camus? You never read Camus until you met  
me.

ACTRESS  
You loved to depress me.

ACTOR  
You only read him because he's so good-  
looking.

ACTRESS  
It's not true. I'm a deep person—you  
taught me that.

ACTOR  
But you want to live out here? With  
people whose greatest passion is to  
legalize marijuana?

ACTRESS  
Why is it so hard for you to enjoy life?

ACTOR

Because without you, I can't enjoy it.  
After all that we've been through... it  
can't end on Valencia Street in the  
Mission District. Come back to me. Come  
back to New York.

ACTRESS

I can't. I'm-sorry.  
(Pause.)  
I'm in love with a woman.

The camera cuts to JP, who turns and talks straight into the camera.

JP

I know, not very good, but it was my  
first screenplay. At least if a girl  
leaves you for another girl, you know you  
couldn't compete. Wishful thinking.

EXT. BAM MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Four darkened figures, JP, MINNIE, and THEIR DATES, stand outside a  
movie theater, barely visible. They shake hands, etc.

"Seems Like Old Times," is heard, the version from Minnie's burlesque  
act, with a long trumpet solo, overlapping JPs speech and into the next  
scenes.

JP

(VOX)

I did see Minnie again. I ran into her at  
the movies. I was with Sigourney Weaver--  
you can't tell in the wide shot, but  
that's her. BAM was showing "The Battle  
of Algiers," and Minnie dragged her  
boyfriend along. I felt pretty good about  
that.

INT. - WILLIAMSBURG CAFÉ - DAY

JP and MINNIE at lunch, laughing.

JP

(VOX)

(continued)

We got together for lunch and caught up,  
talked smack. And it was surprisingly not  
awkward.

FLASHBACKS in montage as the song goes on:

JP and MINNIE in the VW bug.

The day they met playing pool.

The game hen scene on Fire Island.

Walking hand in hand on the beach.

Sign language to each other at the crowded bar.

Minnie opening the door the night he came to deal with the mouse.

The bookstore, buying Camus and Saramago.

Night in Fire Island with the school catalogue.

Talking after JP spoke at Queens college.

JP holding her the night of the mouse.

Minnie first moving into his apartment.

Minnie holding up the cheerleader outfit as a gift.

Walking down the street together, hand in hand.

Kissing, on the waterfront, with the skyline.

The music ends.

INT/EXT - WILLIAMSBURG STREET - DAY

Present time. The camera looks out through the window of the café to see JP and MINNIE on the street. They hug and kiss each other on the cheek, New York casual style, and she walks off, waving. JP watches her go, then turns and goes in the other direction.

His voice is heard, and then we're back at the beginning.

INT. - NONDESCRIPT BACKDROP

Abrupt medium close-up of JP.

JP

We both had to get going. But it was fun running into her again, you know? After all that time, there was no bad feeling, just-just remembering what a wonderful person she was, and how much fun it was running around Brooklyn with her back in the day.

It reminded me of that old joke... this, this, uh baby polar bear goes up to his mother and says, "Mommy, am I a polar bear?" She says, "Of course, honey." He asks, "And you and Dad? Are you both polar bears?" "Yes, darling, we're all polar bears." "But-but what about Grandma and Grandpa," he asks, "are they polar bears?" "Of course," she says, "all of us are polar bears, our whole family. We're all polar bears. What's the matter with you?" He looks at her and says, "I'm fucking freezing."

(Beat.)

It's probably like that for most of us. We're all human beings, but most of us are uncomfortable about it. So we have to keep looking for someone else who's, you know, as cold as we are, so we don't feel so alone.

END

Black Background: Credits in white.