PARENTHOOD
Pilot Episode

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PARENTHOOD

INT. SARAH’S TRENTON, N.J. APARTMENT — DAY

A CRAPHOLE. MOVING BOXES everywhere. Two indifferent MOVING MEN struggle to move a large CABINET out the front door. SMASH! Into the doorway--

SARAH BRAVERMAN (37), pretty but worn and constantly on edge from years of single parenting, follows them out to the hallway stairs.

SARAH

Like I said it’s been in the family for years, are you sure--

MOVER ONE

Lady, we got it.

SARAH

--Well, I have to tell you, I don’t like that angle. Maybe if we just had a little strategy session here--

MOVER TWO

Whoa, whoa, whoa--

SLAM! Into the metal railing.

SARAH

Okay, okay. I’m not going to watch this--

MOVE with Sarah as she heads into her apartment where DREW (12) at that awkward pre-teen period of having recently discovered his penis, plays Nintendo.

SARAH (CONT’D)

Drew, could you pretend to help? Amber, we are moving in a half hour, I do not want to hit that traffic... Amber!

She flings open the door to Amber’s room and stops cold. EMPTY! The window leading to the fire escape is open wide. Sarah just stares, dumbfounded. Then recovers. Smiles. She’s isn’t going to let this get to her.

SARAH (CONT’D)

(all is well)

Drew, sweetie, we have an extra stop to make.

CUT TO:
EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAY - MOVING

BEAUTY SHOTS. Italian delis, the Schuylkill River, Rittenhouse square, row houses, a pick up basketball game. Neighborhoods. This is where our show is going to live, and it’s not a bad place to be. We land on a humble turn of the century house on a middle-class street, the kind where two houses share one driveway with old basketball hoops mounted on the garages. WE PRELAP:

ADAM’S VOICE
I don’t want you to be afraid to get in there and take your cuts.

INT. ADAM & KRISTINA’S HOUSE - DAY

Where we find ADAM BRAVERMAN (41). Beneath this affable, humane, good looking guy there is an insane lunatic, driven beyond reason to have a normal, happy family. Adam, dressed in his coach’s jacket and baseball cap, kneels next to his son, adjusting his uniform which is a little askew as usual. MAX (8) is sweet, quirky, a bit “off,” as Adam continues.

ADAM
This season is all about learning. Taking swings. Going for it. If you strike out, you strike out. I want to see you take your cuts. Sound good?

Max looks at Adam and says simply.

MAX
Do I have to go?

ADAM
Max, you don’t have to go. This is not a have to. This is a want to.

MAX
Do I have to want to?

KRISTINA (37), Adam’s pretty, wise and quietly forceful wife, who loves her husband and kids, but would also love at some point to get her life back, witnesses this. A look is shared between Adam and Kristina -- one that says they’re both concerned about this little boy.

HADDIE (15), their pretty, good-girl daughter walks by on her way out, cell phone in one hand, iPod in the other.

HADDIE
Love you, Mom, love you dad. Bye.
ADAM
I thought you were coming with us to the game.

HADDIE
I talked to Mom like five days ago.

Haddie leaves.

ADAM
She should be coming with us. Family time.

KRISTINA
Honey, she’s fifteen.

ADAM
You realize in three years she’ll be in college. After that we will never see our daughter again. We have a hundred and fifty weekends left and then it’s game over.

KRISTINA
That’s such a healthy perspective.

Max comes out in his uniform, still looking slightly disheveled -- shirt half untucked, etc. Adam looks at Max with a big smile.

ADAM
You look great. The glove goes on the other hand. There you go. This is gonna be fun.

INT./EXT. JOEL & JULIA’S HOUSE - DAY

JULIA BRAVERMAN (32) is beautiful, successful smart, even in her sweats and a ponytail she could still do a magazine shoot. She has meticulously packed the back of their SUV-hybrid with picnic lunch, frisbee, picnic blankets, etc. Her angelic looking daughter SYDNEY (5) comes out, still sleepy eyed, and Julia kisses her all over her body.

JULIA
You’re up. Yum, yum, yum, yum, I think I’m going to eat you for lunch.

SYDNEY
Mommy, stop, it tickles.
JOEL (early 30s), Sydney's startling good looking stay-at-home-dad husband walks out--

JOEL
(re: the packed car)
What’s this?

JULIA
I know I’ve been working so much this week, but this weekend, it’s just the three of us. I’m talking frisbee. I’m talking kids concert in the park. I’m talking crazy ass bonding.
(off their stares)
What?

JOEL
It’s Joey P’s birthday party at Chuck E Cheese this morning. Her entire class is going.

JULIA
That’s today? Oh no. Do we really want to eat pizza at ten in the morning? I made frittatas.

SYDNEY
They have unlimited tokens, Mom.
Unlimited. Like a google. More than a google. Like infinity tokens.

Julia looks at the picnic lunch she just worked for hours preparing. Then at Sydney’s pleading eyes, Julia does what is harder for her than most people, switch gears. She reaches for a large bottle of Purell and puts on a brave smile--

JULIA
Okay. It’s Chucky E Cheese!

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD – DAY

The “Mackabee Hardware Cubs” take the field and Adam excitedly yells out encouraging words from his head coach position in the dugout.

ADAM
Jordan take a few steps over toward second. Gabriel, five steps in.

Max is playing second base. His feet are crossed.
ADAM (CONT’D)
Max, let’s uncross those feet.

The pitch. Ground ball to second base! Adam screams out.

ADAM (CONT’D)
Max. Get in front of it. Gobble it up.

The ball goes right through Max’s legs into right field. A COMMUNAL groan from the field and even some of the parents. Adam winces, exchanges a pained looked with Kristina, then recovers.

ADAM (CONT’D)
That’s okay. That’s okay, pal. You’ll get the next one.

Adam takes out his cell, hits speed dial. A GROGGY VOICE picks up.

ADAM (CONT’D)
Where the hell are you? The game started. You’re my assistant coach. I need you here, jackass.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KATIE’S LOFT – DAY

CROSBY BRAVERMAN (31), natural slacker charm, the youngest of four he has made a life out of falling through the cracks. He’s whispers on the phone because he is laying next to a mostly naked KATIE (33), his long time on again off again girlfriend.

CROSBY
I can’t really talk right now.

ADAM
What do you mean you can’t talk? Are you with someone? Katie? Are you back with Katie? Did you have make up sex?

Crosby rises and heads to the kitchen.

CROSBY
You’re pathetic.

ADAM
Just married. Get over here, it’s the third inning already. What kind of brother are you?
CROSBY

I’m walking out the door.

Crosby hangs up and reaches into the freezer and grabs the coffee. He stops, seeing something odd:

He reaches in and takes out a small vial with a medical label filled with milky white liquid. OFF Crosby wondering why his girlfriend has frozen sperm in her freezer, we,

CUT TO:

INT. TRENTON N.J. APARTMENT IN INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY

A door bursts open and Sarah, Drew in tow, storm in the apartment where she finds her daughter AMBER (16), provocatively dressed, with an attitude to match. She’s with DAMIEN (19), her shirtless, tattooed musician boyfriend.

AMBER

Philadelphia is a living hell, Mom. I’m not moving there. I’m moving in with Damien. We’ve decided, right Damien?

DAMIEN

(not convincing)
Uh-huh.

SARAH

Damien, I would like to speak to my daughter, could you give us a moment? Perhaps, you could use the time to put on a shirt.

AMBER

Stay right there, Damien. Don’t let her scare you. She’s all bark and no bite.

Sarah and Amber stare down. Then, as Sarah lunges toward Amber, we,

SMASH TO:

EXT. DAMIEN’S INDUSTRIAL APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sarah drags Amber out by the arm. Drew walks along like this is an everyday occurrence.
AMBER
You’re ruining my life. Why are you doing this to me?

SARAH
I’m doing this so you two could be in decent schools and be around your family and maybe grow up to be decent upstanding citizens of the world.

DREW
I hardly even know my cousins.

SARAH
Of course you know them. Don’t be ridiculous. I am telling you this is going to be great. I feel things turning around for us. Who’s turn is it to push?

DREW
Hers.

Drew gets into the driver’s seat as Amber and Sarah get in the back of the car and start pushing.

AMBER
You couldn’t park going downhill?

IN A WIDE SHOT: Amber and Sarah PUSH the car.

SARAH
(to Drew)
Drop it into second, sweetie!

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCK E CHEESE - DAY

Mayhem! Packed with kids on sugar and adrenalin highs. Julia and Joel walk through as one mom after another smile and wave to Joel. Apparently, he’s the best thing to happen to the afternoon pick-up line in awhile.

JULIA
God, you’re like a rock star. Can I touch you?

Julia notices RACQUEL (early 30s) enter with her adopted Chinese daughter HARMONY (5). Racquel has the look of a free spirited artist -- long sexy unkempt hair, jeans covered with paint. She’s Julia’s diametric opposite. Julia’s face falls as Sydney literally jumps into Racquel’s arms.
JULIA (CONT’D)

Who’s that?

JOEL
Harmony’s Mom. Racquel.

JULIA
Sydney seems so close to her.

JOEL
We’ve had a few playdates.

SYDNEY
(running up)
Mommy, mommy look. Racquel gave it to me. It’s a Buddha.

Sydney shows her mother a little jade Buddha.

JULIA
Oh, how cute.

Racquel walks up--

RACQUEL
Hey, Joelskies. Oh my God, finally. You must be Julia. Joel has told me so much about you.

JULIA
You too. So nice to meet you.

SYDNEY
Mommy, I’m totally going to be a Buddhist.

A mom, APRIL, overhears this, can’t help but interject.

APRIL
That is so adorable.

JULIA
It is. You’re not a Buddhist, sweetie.

RACQUEL
Oh, so are we on for tomorrow at the park? It’s your turn to bring the elixir.

(to Julia)
He turned me on to his half caf soy macchiatto and now I can’t get enough of them.
JULIA
He’s a devil.

RACQUEL
Harmony, sweetie, you have to take turns.

Racquel is off leaving Julia and Joel momentarily alone.

JULIA
Joelskies?

JOEL
Shut up.

OFF Julia reaching for the Purell, we,

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

QUICK CUTS:
--Boom! MAX strikes out.
--Bam! MAX drops a fly ball in right field.
--Wham! The other team hits a ground ball home run and celebrate at home plate.

RESUME...

OUR TEAM’S having a late inning rally. Crosby has now arrived, and stands next to Joel, holding the score nook. A batter walks, loading the bases.

ADAM
Okay, we’re only down by seven! We can do this.

But the energy in the dugout dies as Max steps out of the dugout holding a bat in his hands.

TEAMMATE
Oh, no, Max is up. We might as well go home.

ADAM
Hey! Not cool.

Adam walks up to Max, who heard this, and kneels next to him.
ADAM (CONT’D)
Okay, Max, I know I said to swing away,
but remember a walk’s as good as a hit.

Max looks at Adam, he looks like he’s on the verge of
tears.

MAX
Can’t someone else hit?

ADAM
What?

MAX
Please. I suck. I’m going to strike
out. Everyone’s going to hate me.

ADAM
Listen to me. Okay? It doesn’t matter
whether you get a hit or not. The game’s
all about having fun.

MAX
I’m not having any fun.

Adam doesn’t have a comeback for this.

ADAM
Just try your best, pal.

Max reluctantly walks to the plate.

ADAM (CONT’D)
Alright, Max. Let’s bring it, baby.
Bend your knees. Not that much. Bat
back. Elbow up.

The PITCHER winds, delivers. SWOOSH! Strike one.

CROSBY
That kid can’t be eight. Did you see
that pitch?

ADAM
I saw it.

The Pitcher winds. WOOSH! Strike two!

CROSBY
What did they do, bring him in from the
Dominican Republic?
ADAM
Any time you want to shut up would be great. Okay, Max, gotta cover the plate now, buddy. Swing at anything close.

The Pitcher delivers. And Max swings and CONNECTS! Well, barely. The ball goes about a foot and a half and stops. In fair territory. Shocked, Max just stands there. Then like in a dream ADAM starts screaming:

ADAM (CONT’D)
RUN! RUN MAX RUN!

Max finally breaks for first. Picks up speed. The big bruiser of a CATCHER runs for the ball. Picks it up. Throws to first. The ball and Max get there at almost the exact same moment. The UMPIRE yells, “OUT!”

All goes silent. HOLD ON Adam. Frozen. No, it can’t be. He couldn’t possibly have made that call. And then suddenly something comes over Adam, something primal, something he isn’t in control of.

WE MOVE WITH ADAM as he marches ONTO THE FIELD toward the Umpire and COMPLETELY FUCKING LOSES IT.

ADAM (CONT’D)
Are you kidding me? He was safe. What the hell is wrong with you? You can’t do that, you can’t take that away from him. No way.

UMPIRE
Stand back, Coach.

ADAM
No, I’m not going to stand back.

And as Adam’s anger begins to build the dialogue drops out giving way to score. Adam gets up close, arguing nose to nose with the Umpire, like it were the major leagues. Kristina watches, shocked. As does Max. Crosby tries to calm Adam down. Both teams stand in the dugout stare at the crazy man, as do all the parents. Finally, Adam kicks dirt at the Umpire and the Ump, with a grand gesture, throws him out of the game.

In a wide shot, Adam walks across the field toward the parking lot.

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

EXT. ZEEK & CAMILLE’S - DAY

Sarah’s Volvo with a U-Haul trailer pulls to a stop in front of her childhood home -- the least kept up house on the block. Sarah honks the horn to indicate their arrival and a gaggle of Bravermans cascade out through the front door to greet them. This is everyone we’ve already met (Adam, Kristina, Haddie, Max, Julia, Joel, Sydney, Crosby) and CAMILLE (60s) winning, elegant, sarcastic from years of marriage. AND last but not least ZEEK (60s) Vietnam vet, turned hippie, turned actor, turned entrepreneur, embraces Sarah, his favorite -- the complicated one, the one who he feels most resembles himself--

ZEEK
Sweetheart. This was a brilliant idea to move back.

SARAH
It was your idea, Dad.

ZEEK
We’re going to whip those kids into shape. Drew, get over here. Shake my hand. No. Like a man.

CAMILLE

INT. ZEEK & CAMILLE’S HOUSE - DAY

A lot of elbow bumping as the adults crowd around the dining room table, devouring Camille’s lasagna.

ADAM
Okay, it was not that big of a deal.

KRISTINA
Oh my God, honey, it was mortifying.

JULIA
Did his neck veins pop?

CROSBY
Like crazy.
ADAM
Why am I the villain here? The Ump was trying to end the game early so he could get to the Phillies game. It’s unconscionable.

JULIA
Sarah, have you thought about work?

SARAH
Oh yeah, I have a few irons in the fire. I already have an interview set up on Tuesday.

CAMILLE
That’s great, honey.

ZEEK
Adam, don’t you have something for your sister?

Wow, that makes everyone uncomfortable--

ADAM
Dad...

CAMILLE  SARAH
Zeek, for God’s sakes.  Dad, please--

ZEEK
After what Adam’s done for that business, the least they could do is give your sister a job.

SARAH
Okay, can we please talk about something else?

Julia’s cell phone rings. She looks at the caller.

JULIA
Oh God, important client. Gotta take this. Sorry. (into phone)
Hiiii! No, you’re not interrupting anything.

Sarah in particular is irked--

SARAH
Some things never change.

CUT TO:
INT./EXT. ZEEK & CAMILLE’S - AFTER DINNER

IN THE BACKYARD

Basketball game. Zeek and Max take on Crosby and Adam.

ZEEK
Max -- move! Boards! Go. Max, how many times do I tell you, when I say break, you break!

ADAM
Dad! Leave him alone.

Adam looks through the kitchen window exchanging a frustrated look with Kristina, taking us into--

THE KITCHEN

Julia, Sarah and Kristina load and rinse--

JULIA
You are not going to believe who I keep running into at Starbucks downtown. Jim.

SARAH
Not Jim Kazinsky.

KRISTINA
Who’s Jim Kazinsky?

SARAH
No one, nobody.

JULIA
Julia’s old boyfriend. They were one hot couple. Smoking hot. You should call him.

SARAH
Yeah right. Like I’m going to call Jim Kazinsky. What’s he look like?

JULIA
Exactly the same. Plus, he’s got the three “S”s: sane, smart and single. I’m setting it up.

Crosby and Adam run in with Max blood all over his face.

ADAM
Tissue!
CROSBY
Bloody nose. Major flow.

KRISTINA
What happened?

ADAM
My dad was handing out life lessons.

ZEEK
(entering)
If you’re near the paint you have to be ready.

KRISTINA
Zeek, you hit him with the ball?

ZEEK
He’s gotta expect the ball. Let’s face it, when he gets to high school he’s gonna have to make up for deficiencies in height. He’s gotta be a ball handler.

KRISTINA
Zeek, he is eight years old.

ADAM
We’re not raising him like you raised us.

ZEEK
What the hell is that supposed to mean?

ATTIC - EXTRA ROOM
Amber sits with Haddie, they can hear Zeek and Adam’s voices rise from the kitchen.

AMBER
Is there some drama happening down there between your Dad and Grandpa?

HADDIE
If I had to guess, it’s Max related. Most everything revolves around Max.

AMBER
Is it true he wears a pirate costume to school?

HADDIE
We think he’s working through that.
AMBER
So what’s it like at Roosevelt. Who runs things? Let me guess -- a bunch of stuck up bitches whose ideas of good times is running for student council.

HADDIE
Actually, I’m vice president of the student council.

AMBER
Oh. Cool.

Amber LIGHTS up a cigarette and blows the smoke out of the tiny window. Haddie looks at her, astonished.

AMBER (CONT’D)
Something wrong?

HADDIE
No.

IN THE BASEMENT

Crosby and Adam play on a warped ping pong table, as Joel watches, presumably waiting to play winners.

JOEL
So you’re saying that there was sperm in her freezer?

CROSBY
Yes.

JOEL
Human sperm?

CROSBY
As far as I know.

ADAM
This is crazy.

JOEL
What’s she going to do with it?

CROSBY
Gee, Joel, I don’t know. I haven’t asked her.

ADAM
It’s uncool.
CROSBY
We’re not even technically together.

ADAM
Hey never mind. She slept with you with another man’s sperm in her freezer. It’s unconscionable. She has to be confronted. So, when is she ovulating?

Joel and Adam both look at Adam askance.

CUT TO:

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Katie is playing Twister with Sydney. Drew plays Nintendo.

KRISTINA AND SARAH

... watch Katie, out of earshot.

SARAH
Her ass defies every law of physics.

Sarah and Kristina both unconsciously reach down and feel their own asses.

KRISTINA
I’ve gotta get back to Pilates.

Katie gets entangled on the Twister board putting herself in a particularly provocative pose and Drew can’t help but look up from his Nintendo and gawk. Sarah notices her son noticing Katie which provokes her to say:

SARAH
He has pubic hair.

KRISTINA
I’m sorry?

SARAH
Drew. Pubic hair, wet dreams, morning wood. The whole nine yards.

KRISTINA
Oh...

SARAH
I try to talk to him, but he shuts me down completely.

(MORE)
The only official information he has about what’s happening to his body comes from the Trenton public education system. He needs a male role model.

KRISTINA
He has one. Adam. Adam will take him out, just the two of them.

SARAH
No, he’s so busy and I know you have your hands full with Max.

KRISTINA
Oh, what do you mean?

SARAH
Nothing. I just thought... Isn’t he still wearing the Star Wars costume to school?

KRISTINA
It’s a pirate costume. And we think he’s working through that.

SARAH
Oh, that’s great...

KRISTINA
Anyway, I’ll talk to Adam. He would love it.

(then smelling something)
Is someone smoking?

Sarah’s mind immediately goes to Amber:

SARAH
I don’t smell anything.

INT. ZEEK & CAMILLE’S - LATER

Tired from a long ay, Sarah comes out of the bathroom in her P.J.s, still flossing. She walks into her childhood room where Drew and Amber lay in bed.

SARAH
Good night, guys, sleep tight.

AMBER
Mom, we’re not three.
SARAH
So Amber, there seemed to be a scent wafting into the kitchen earlier.

AMBER
Whatever. Could you not floss in front of me. It’s gross.

SARAH
Do not whatever me. You know that you are not allowed to smoke. And you are certainly not to smoke in your grandma and grandpa’s house. We are guests here.

AMBER
I thought we lived here.

SARAH
Screw this up. And I’ll kill you.

Sarah walks out--

INT. ZEEK’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Where she is set up to sleep. She stops to look at Zeek’s fondest memories -- he as a soldier, an actor, with all his children. Sarah smiles sadly. She reaches into the small middle drawer in his desk and looks around, finds a scissor, cuts off a tag on her pajamas. She puts the scissor back, is about to close the drawer when she notices something disturbing--

She reaches in and pulls out a box of condoms. OFF Sarah, looking completely confused on the way to being devastated, we,

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM & KRISTINA'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Kristina makes lunch for Max while Adam cooks eggs.

ADAM
I’m supposed to talk to him about sex?

KRISTINA
(re: the breakfast)
Max won’t eat those.
ADAM
What? They’re scrambled eggs. He eats scrambled eggs. How am I supposed to bond with him. He doesn’t say anything.

KRISTINA
Take him somewhere with burgers and a plasma TV. Bonding will occur. And you have to cook Max’s eggs in the orange pan.

ADAM
That’s absurd. We cater to him too much. He’s eating these eggs. I’m drawing a line in the sand.

Haddie enters in her pajamas.

HADDIE
He won’t eat those.

KRISTINA
Sweetie, why aren’t you dressed?

HADDIE
Because someone took my good jeans.

ADAM
Yes, that’s what we do. We go into your room in the middle of the night and steal your clothes to play with your head.

KRISTINA
Check the dryer, honey. Oh, and I want you to invite Amber out tonight.

HADDIE
Amber? Mom. I gave up my Sunday night to her.

KRISTINA
And you will invite her out with your friends tonight. She’s your cousin, she just moved to town.

HADDIE

ADAM
Maybe if you can come up with a couple more words for nothing we would then understand.
HADDIE
This is like oppressive.

Max comes in dressed for school, which in his case means he is in full pirate regalia. Haddie looks at her parents to see what they’re going to say.

KRISTINA
Morning, sweetie.

ADAM
Hey, pal. I made you eggs.

Adam puts the eggs on a plate in front of him. Max shakes some salt and pepper on them, takes a forkful, puts them in his mouth, starts to chew, and then spits them out all over the table.

Adam just looks at him for a long beat, then--

ADAM (CONT’D)
This one time.

Adam takes out the orange frying pan, cracks some eggs.

HADDIE
I’m living in an insane asylum.

ADAM & KRISTINA
Shut up, sweetie.

CUT TO:

INT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

All the chaos of a public high school at peak lunch hour. Amber stands there pathetically in her provocative clothes holding a sad looking bowl of turkey chili on her tray and scopes the place out. Just what she thought. She’s completely alone. She takes a seat on her own.

ANGLE ON HADDIE a few tables over, seeing Amber. She’s with a bunch of girlfriends. They’re all pretty enough to not seem like dorks, but too well behaved to be considered cool. Amber notices Haddie whispering something to her friends, and they all look over to Amber. Amber smiles back, annoyed. Haddie rises and walks over to Amber.

HADDIE
Hey.
AMBER
What up?

HADDIE
My friends and I are hanging out tonight. Nothing too fabulous. We go to the pizza place which I know probably sets off all kinds of dork bells for you, but, whatever. If you want to stop by or something...

AMBER
Is this your mom’s idea?

HADDIE
Noooo.

AMBER
Sure. Whatever.

HADDIE
Great.

OFF this not so warm invite, we,

CUT TO:

INT. DENGRAF & PROSSLER - VIDEO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Julia, who pulls off the perfect balance between corporate and sexy, sits in this high tech room of a successful corporate law firm. She’s got her game face on.

JULIA
I’ve thought this through, and I’m just not comfortable with this under any conditions.

REVEAL ON THE WALL-SIZED PROJECTION SCREEN: Sydney’s face.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Sweetie, you’re not a Buddhist.

INTERCUT WITH:

JOEL & JULIA’S
Sydney talks to her Mom on Joel’s Mac.

SYDNEY
I like Buddhas. They’re cute.
JULIA
I’m going to explain to you your spiritual lineage, though it’s complicated. You’re approximately four tenths Jewish, vaguely Catholic, if my suspicions are correct you’re one sixteenth Cherokee, and of course there’s your atheist-Communist great grandfather -- though that’s not a religion.

SYDNEY
What’s your point?

JULIA
The point is I am going to make a concerted effort to be home at nights and have dinner with you, and be around more. Of course that isn’t going to be able to happen tonight. But it will. It’s my plan. And I’m going to carry it out.

This goes way over Sydney’s head, she’s not sure why Julia is so intense.

SYDNEY
Okay.

JULIA
Okay. I love you. You be a good girl tonight. I’ll kiss you when I get home.

SYDNEY
Love you, Mommy.

JULIA
Love you too.

Sydney is up and gone. Julia stares for a moment at the empty screen, feeling the toll her career is taking on her ability to mother her daughter. As we PRELAP the sound of a BLACK GOSPEL CHOIR, we,

CUT TO:

EXT. BREAD FACTORY - DAY

Brick exterior. Faded out letters read “WONDER BREAD” and we go inside to--
INT. BREAD FACTORY RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

PAN the faces of AFRICAN AMERICAN men and women singing in beautiful four part harmony about Chevrolet in this hip, converted Bread Factory. Behind the glass of the control booth Crosby is at the controls. It sounds amazing. Katie walks in, clearly a producer here.

KATIE
Is something off in the sopranos?

CROSBY
No.

KATIE
Yeah, something’s a little...

CROSBY
It’s called a major seventh chord.

KATIE
I’m the producer. I’m the one who has to answer to the client. Why so testy?

CROSBY
It could have something to do with the sperm in your freezer?

KATIE
Oh. I was wondering if you saw that.

CROSBY
Jesus, Katie. Jesus...

KATIE
Sweetie, you know I’m ready to have a child.

CROSBY
Were you going to mention this to me?

KATIE
We’ve been broken up for months.

CROSBY
And you slept with me again, started things up again -- there we are in one room reconnecting, while you knowingly had another man’s sperm in your freezer. That’s unconscionable.
KATIE
Crosby, I love you. But you’re four years younger biologically, and from a maturity-point of view, at least two decades.

CROSBY
I’m immature? You’re the one scrounging up some guy’s sperm.

KATIE
I didn’t scrounge it up. I bought it. For a lot. It’s amazing sperm. The donor was an Olympic athlete. And a Rhodes scholar.

CROSBY
I...I don’t want you to do this. When is this happening?

KATIE
I’m ovulating Friday.

CROSBY
Friday? Jesus.

The Choir has gotten to the end and Crosby presses a button and speaks to the singers through the glass.

CROSBY (CONT’D)
Beautiful. Let’s do it one more time. And Priscilla, when you hit that major seventh really punch it up. Let’s not hide it.

Crosby turns triumphantly to Katie, who shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

PAN a 2nd grade class doing an art project. Jeans, t-shirts, sneakers, until we reach Max, the pirate. They are cutting out pieces of construction paper in different shapes -- maybe for a kite. Max is having trouble cutting a straight line. Embarrassed, he takes the construction paper and hides it under him, sitting on it, and tries his luck on another piece of paper. He screws up again, and with building anxiety, hides another piece of paper under him and starts again. AMOS a kid next to him, notices.
AMOS
Maximo, save some paper for the rest of us.

Max doesn’t respond. He starts to cut another piece of paper, again he isn’t satisfied with the result and he starts again. A NICE GIRL next to him, notices--

NICE GIRL
Max, do you want me to help you?

But Max experiences this as more embarrassment. Max starts to cut another piece of construction paper, messes up again. Now a few other KIDS are noticing. Whispers. He messes up one more time, and Amos just slaps his own face with his hand in frustration.

AMOS
Freak.

All of a sudden Max loses it. He lunges for Amos and attacks him.

AMOS (CONT’D)
Dangit, dangit, Max, what the hell--

The Teacher, MS. A (20s), earnest and NPR-like, makes a bee line.

TEACHER
MAX!

AMOS
HE BIT ME! HE BIT ME! Animal.

The Teacher pulls Max off Amos and looks at the entire class who is out of their seats, staring at Max.

TEACHER
Back to work.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE - DAY

Adam and Kristina sit with the Principal, surfer/Harvard grad named GABRIEL (early 30s), Ms. A, and the school counselor DR. BARBARA SCHACTER (50s), the one person who looks like a genuine adult here.

KRISTINA
I just can’t believe Max would do that.
ADAM
He must have been taunted.

GABRIEL
And we will definitely deal with Amos as well, but right now, we really want to focus on Max.

Adam’s body language shows he’s not very happy with this.

MRS. SCHACHTER
Kristina. Adam. Often when we see these kinds of behaviors, the child is telling us something. That he has a lot of anxiety, that he doesn’t feel safe.

ADAM
Aren’t we over-analyzing this a little? Maybe if we didn’t let him come to school in a pirate costume he’d fit in a little better.

KRISTINA
(touches a nerve)
We all decided that we were going to monitor the pirate situation--

ADAM
No, everyone else decided, and now he’s getting picked on, which is exactly what I thought would happen.

GABRIEL
There’s really no reason to cast blame--

ADAM
You indulge him. The pirate uniform. The eggs from the orange pan. (to Dr. Schachter)
She nursed him until he was two--

KRISTINA
Adam!

GABRIEL
Guys, if we could just stay on topic? I think what we’re trying to say here is we’re not sure Sullivan Elementary is the right fit for Max.

This gets Adam and Kristina’s attention. They are completely flabbergasted, rejected.
KRISTINA
What?

GABRIEL
He may need an environment where he gets more support.

Kristina and Adam look at the room, suddenly the whole dynamic has shifted as they realize this was the purpose for this whole meeting.

ADAM
Are you giving us the boot? Are we shitcanned?

KRISTINA
Adam. For God’s sake.
(then)
Are we?

GABRIEL
I think we need more information. We’d like you to bring Max in for educational testing.

Kristina and Adam stare at them, barely able to process this news.

INT. VINNIE’S PIZZA – NIGHT

A godforsaken dump. Amber hangs out with Haddie and her buds, GEORGIA and STELLA, and while they’re all dorks, they’re sort of nice, and Amber is getting into the fantasy of this more innocent life.

AMBER
This pizza sucks.

GEORGIA
We know.

AMBER
So are you just here to gawk at those guys?

Amber refers to a group of TEENAGE BOYS most notably EVAN at another table.

GEORGIA
Haddie’s totally in love with Evan.
AMBER
Which one is he? The Kurt Cobain throwback or the Jo-bro wannabe.

STELLA
The latter.

HADDIE
Okay, please, shut up.

AMBER
You guys are sad.

Amber smiles devilishly and rises--

HADDIE
What are you doing?

Amber struts across the restaurant fearlessly.

HADDIE (CONT’D)
Oh my God, what is she doing?

GEORGIA
She’s fearless.

STELLA
She’s like God.

We stay with a terrified Haddie as she watches Amber go up to the table and totally own them. They talk, they crack up, she totally knows how to work it. She points over to Haddie and the others, and the guys all look over. Haddie, Georgia and Stella wave back lamely. And Amber walks back over.

AMBER
They want to know if you want to go to hang in some park or something.

HADDIE
McCallister?

AMBER
That’s it.

STELLA
You are God.

INT. ZEEK & CAMILLE’S HOUSE – NIGHT

Sarah runs to pick up the phone.
SARAH
Hello? -- This is who? -- Oh my God.

As Sarah listens, with building alarm, we,

SMASH TO:

INT. ZEEK'S CAR - NIGHT

Sarah sits in the passenger seat trying to stay calm. Zeek drives.

SARAH
The first day. First goddamned day. I'm going to kill her.

ZEEK
Sometimes questioning authority is the first step in really defining who you are.

SARAH
Shut up, Dad.

There's a beat, then--

SARAH (CONT'D)
Kristina and Adam are going to hate me.

ZEEK
Stop it. Adam’s your brother. How could he hate you?

SARAH
Because my daughter corrupted their daughter. Their perfect, pristine, never before caught smoking pot and ending up in jail daughter.

(then vulnerable)
I wanted this to work so bad.

ZEEK
Hey. Hey. Stop that. Don’t go to that place. It happened. It’s over. We move on. Right?

Sarah wants to believe this. She appreciates Zeek saying this, but for some reason it brings up her doubt about her father, which brings up something else.

SARAH
Dad, why are there condoms in your drawer in your office?
ZEEK

What?

SARAH
I mean, I'm sure there's some explanation other than you're cheating on Mom, but I have to ask, because I just moved my family here to be in the bosom of my parents and siblings and I need there to be an explanation.

A long, pregnant, condom-related pause -- then.

ZEEK
Things between your mother and I are complicated.

SARAH
I know they're complicated, I grew up in your fucking house, I'm asking why you have--

ZEEK
Sarah. Honey, you need to take care of your own business.

She stares at him, feeling betrayed, and sad, and shocked. He just drives, they’re pulling into the police station.

ZEEK (CONT’D)
Don’t mention this to the others. They wouldn’t understand.

SARAH
And I do?

INT. POLICE STATION – NIGHT

Sarah walks the gauntlet past scary looking guys in handcuffs, and prostitutes, up to Kristina and Adam who are there with a cluster of PARENTS. Amber, Haddie, Georgia, Stella sit looking contrite, young and dumb, as Adam finishes signing them out.

SARAH
Adam--

ADAM
It’s okay. They weren’t officially booked. It’s not going on their records.
SARAH
Thank God. Kristina, I am so sorry.

KRISTINA
It’s okay. It’s over.

But Kristina is a little less warm than usual, and Sarah feels stares from some of the other Moms. Amber glares at Haddie who does nothing to dispel the myth that this is all Haddie’s fault.

KRISTINA (CONT’D)
Sarah, you remember Lisa and Jan.

SARAH
Yeah, hi--

LISA & JAN
Hi... / Welcome to Philadelphia.

But they’re decidedly cool, which is not lost on Sarah. Clearly Amber is taking the blame for all this, and Sarah is guilty by association.

ZEEK
You know sometimes rebellious behavior is just a sign of the mind starting to really fire--

SARAH & ADAM
Shut up Dad.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Sarah walks briskly several feet ahead of Amber and Zeek, up to Zeek’s car. As Zeek walks to the driver’s side to get into the car, Amber has a private moment with her Mom.

AMBER
It wasn’t my pot.

SARAH
Great. That’s so great. I’m so proud of you, Sweetie.

Sarah gets into the car and slams the door shut. OFF this, we,

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. JULIA AND JOEL’S BEDROOM – DAY

Joel and Julia finish having morning sex. There’s a beat of breathing, then..

JULIA
She totally wants to sleep with you.

JOEL
Who?

JULIA
Who? Racquel. (even her name’s annoying)
Racquel. Does she have to walk around in those painted jeans?

JOEL
She’s an artist.

JULIA
So, she can’t change? She has one pair of jeans? I can’t believe you’re drinking half caf soy macchiattos with her. That’s our drink.

JOEL
(rising, so to not deal with this)
We’ve gotta get Sydney out of bed.

JULIA
Oh, listen could you take Sydney to have her bangs trimmed after gymnastics? Her hair’s getting in her eyes again, it’s driving me crazy.

JOEL
I meant to talk to you about that. We dropped gymnastics.

JULIA
What? What are you talking about?

JOEL
She’s got rehearsals for her school play--

JULIA
Wednesdays and Fridays, which doesn’t conflict with Tuesdays and--
JOEL
She wanted some non-scheduled time.

JULIA
So were you planning on mentioning this to me?

JOEL
It’s hard enough getting on your call sheet. I have more quality time with your assistant than I do with you.

JULIA
I want her to have this. I competed until I was twelve. Gymnastics was an incredibly powerful part of my growing up.

JOEL
Your mom forced it on you.

JULIA
I’m glad she forced it on me. To this day I can touch my toe to my nose.

JOEL
Which I find oddly erotic, but what the hell does it have to do with Sydney?

JULIA
I feel like I’m not getting to raise my daughter. It’s not fair.

JOEL
(touches a nerve)
Sweetie, you chose the corporate lawyer path. You chose to be the one to keep working. It was what you wanted.

OFF Julia taking this in, we,

CUT TO:

INT. CHILD PSYCHOLOGY CENTER - DAY

Max sits at a table across from DR. CAROLINE SANCHEZ a warm, empathic developmental pediatrician. Adam and Kristina sit on the other side of the office, observing, trying not to look tense, nervous and emotional.

DR. SANCHEZ
Max! Hey, look what I’m going do to. Watch me, Max.
Dr. Sanchez takes a series of small, wooden blocks and places them one after the other. She puts four in a row, and then takes the fifth block and places it on top.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Choo! Choo! Look what I did, Max. I made a train. Choo, choo! See that?

Max nods indicating he does. Then Dr. Sanchez takes the blocks and scrambles them up on the table.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Okay, now you do it!

Max looks at Dr. Sanchez, unsure.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Go ahead, try to make a train just like I did.

Max tentatively reaches out and starts to move the blocks around. This is painful because he isn’t able to make the train. Adam watches, squirming out of his skin. Kristina too. Max finishes. It’s totally wrong.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
That’s good. Okay, let’s try again, Max.

She makes the exact same train.

DR. SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
See it? Okay. Take a really good look at it. Okay, now you try.

She scrambles up the blocks again.

ADAM
Max, focus, dude.

Dr. Sanchez looks over to Adam and smiles--

DR. SANCHEZ
Let him try it--

ADAM
He’s having a bad day. He can do this--

DR. SANCHEZ
Mr. Braverman, it’s not a test.

ADAM
Of course it’s a test. This is ridiculous. Who cares about blocks?
(MORE)
ADAM (CONT'D)
Ask him about the starting rotation of the Phillies since 1907. Ask him about fighter planes in World War II.

KRISTINA
Adam.

Adam stops himself, feeling frustrated. With himself. With his son’s inability to build a train out of blocks. Max finishes. It doesn’t look anything like what Dr. Sanchez did. OFF Adam and Kristina’s wrenching worried smiles, we,

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY
Haddie turns from her locker and sees Amber.

HADDIE
Amber.

But Amber walks right past her. Haddie catches up.

HADDIE (CONT’D)
Amber, wait. I’m sorry for letting you take the hit last night. There’s just a lot of heavy shit going on in my family right now. This is on the down low but my little brother might be getting thrown out of school and I’m supposed to be the good daughter and my parents just wouldn’t be able to deal.

AMBER
Okay.

HADDIE
Good. So we’re cool?

AMBER
Sure.

HADDIE
So, do you want to hang out again with us.

AMBER
I don’t think that’s gonna happen.
Amber turns and walks. Haddie closes her eyes, feeling like an incredible wimp.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEO’S CHEESESTEAKS - NIGHT

A huge sign on the side of the building says “CHEESESTEAKS.” There should be little confusion about what to order here.

INT. LEO’S CHEESESTEAKS - NIGHT

Adam and Drew sit at a table together, they both take a bite of their cheesesteaks.

    ADAM
    What do you think?

    DREW
    It’s okay.

Adam looks at him, incredulous.

    DREW (CONT’D)
    Aren’t you worried about clogging your arteries?

    ADAM
    Not until you just said that.

Adam looks at him, determined to break the ice.

    ADAM (CONT’D)
    So, how was your first couple days at school?

    DREW
    Alright.

    ADAM
    Have you met anyone yet?

    DREW
    Yeah, I have three girlfriends and a golfing buddy.

Adam smiles at Drew, won’t let him get away with that shit.
ADAM
Drew, Philadelphia is a great city. There’s history, there’s culture, the people are great once you get to understand their idiosyncracies—

DREW
I hate Philadelphia. I’m only here because my mom forced us to move.

Adam hits his breaking point.

ADAM
You know Drew, I know we don’t know each other all that well, but you’re my nephew. You’re blood. So I’m going to give you a piece of advice. You’re here. You might as well try to make it work. If you keep shrugging like that, here’s what’s going happen -- the world is going to shrug back at you. You don’t like your situation, do something about it. Don’t just sit around with an annoyed look on your face. Take action. And by the way, this cheesesteak isn't okay. It’s the best fucking cheesesteak in the world. And don’t worry about my cholesterol. I’m taking Lipitor.

Adam takes a big, messy defiant bite of the cheesesteak. Drew meets Adam’s eyes, certainly a bit shocked by his candor.

ADAM (CONT’D)
So, you have any questions about sex?

DREW
What?

ADAM

DREW
We learned all that in Health.

ADAM
Right, well. Good. Good.

Off this, the most awkward moment of either of their lives, we,

CUT TO:
INT. CHILI’S - NIGHT

Sarah enters looking all spiffed up and pretty, not a hundred percent used to heels, and scans the room for Jim -- doesn’t see him. We notice a MAN who is seated right next to her who looks at her.

MAN

Hi.

SARAH

(still scanning the room)

Hi.

MAN

Sarah? Hi. -- It’s me. Jim.

SARAH

Jim! Oh, my God...

JIM has gained a lot of weight, lost a lot of hair and way less dressed than for the occasion than Sarah. Sarah overcompensates for her shocked disappointment with unbridled enthusiasm--

SARAH (CONT’D)

Jim! Wow.

JIM

You look great.

SARAH

And you... You look so different.

They do one of those sort or handshakes, sort of hugs, and end up bumping heads.

JIM

Oh, shit. I’m--

SARAH

I’m okay--

JIM

That was. I didn’t realize you were approaching from the right.

SARAH

It’s really...

(she sits)

So, Chili’s. What a fun idea.

JIM

Is it alright?
SARAH
Yeah, I take the kids here all the time
back in Trenton, so it’s
really...familiar. Anyway, Julia told me
you ran into her at Starbucks near her
office. Do you work downtown too?

JIM
Yes, I do.

SARAH
Oh, great. Where do you work?

JIM
Oh, maybe Julia didn’t... I work at
Starbucks.

SARAH
(frozen smile)
You do?

JIM
Yup. I’m a Barista.

SARAH
Wow, that’s great. So how long have you
been in...the whole...caffeine game?

JIM
Well, it’s a long story actually--

But Sarah rises--

SARAH
Can I just, I’m sorry, I totally forgot I
had to make one call--

JIM
Oh, no, it’s fine, I’ll order some
appetizers.

Sarah is speed dialing on her cell as she heads out to--

EXT. CHILI’S - CONTINUOUS

Once out the door, Sarah just gets pissed--

SARAH
(into phone)
I can’t believe this is how you think of me.

INTERCUT WITH:
JULIA’S HOUSE - Julia on the phone.

   JULIA
   (into phone)
   What are you talking about?

   SARAH
   I’m sorry I’m not a big lawyer walking around on the weekend in Juicy sweatpants, but does that mean I should be going out with a short, fat, balding barista? Really? Is that who I am to you?

   JULIA
   Oh God, Sarah--

   SARAH
   Don’t you dare “Oh God” me. I know you’re sexier than me, Julia. Everyone does. For God’s sake you’re married to a fucking Ken doll. Did you really have to do this?

   JULIA
   Do what?

   SARAH
   You always have to prove you’re better than me. You’ve always been setting me up with the B team--

   JULIA
   Oh God, Sarah, will you just grow up already? Everything’s not a goddamn conspiracy.

   SARAH
   I will never let you set me up again. Ever.

   JULIA
   Good. Because I’m done trying to help you.

   SARAH
   Oh, what am I, a charity case--

   JULIA
   Screw you--
SARAH
No, screw you! More later. I have a fucking date.

She hangs up and walks back up to--

HER TABLE --

She puts on a demur smile. Sits.

JIM
Everything okay?

SARAH
It’s great.

JIM
Hey, I have to show you something.

Jim takes out a ring, it has one of those yin-yang symbols on it.

SARAH
Oh my God, is this--

JIM
It’s yours. It’s the ring I gave you.

SARAH
How did you wind up with it?

JIM
Oh, well, I don’t know if you remember, you sort of threw it at me that night you broke up with me.

SARAH
Oh my God, that’s right. I got you right in the eye--

JIM
Remember I said, you should really try out--

SARAH & JIM
For the Phillies--

They both laugh. There’s a beat then--

JIM
So I want you to know I’m not just a barista.

(MORE)
JIM (CONT'D)
I re-build trucks from the 30s, I have several ping pong trophies on display in my otherwise unimpressive apartment and if that isn’t enough, which I’m sure it is, the New Yorker just told me they were publishing one of my poems.

SARAH
What? Oh my God. That’s... The actual New Yorker?

JIM
Yeah, thanks...

She smiles at him, remembering how charming he is. He looks at her, growing serious.

JIM (CONT’D)
I’m really glad you called. I’ve always thought about you, Sarah.

Sarah is incredibly touched by this. By the idea of being seen by someone, even someone who hasn’t seen her. She starts to tear up.

JIM (CONT’D)
Are you--

SARAH
Oh, Jesus, I can’t believe myself.

JIM
What’s wrong--

SARAH
I’m just, I don’t know. You just kept this ring all these years and you’re funny and nice and I married a complete asshole with all kinds substance abuse issues -- I’m such a fucking jerk. Oh God, I’m so sorry, this is morbidly embarrassing. You have to understand I’m out of practice with the whole dating thing. And even in my prime, I was really bad at it which I don’t have to tell you...

She wipes her eyes, blows her nose, finally meets his eyes, feeling vulnerable. He just looks right back at her smiles.

JIM
You’re more beautiful than I remember you.
SARAH
Shut up.

JIM
You are.

SARAH
Seriously, you had better shut up right now. -- Really?

OFF Sarah, remembering what it’s like to smile, we,

CUT TO:

INT. BREAD FACTORY - NIGHT

Crosby is leaving the studio for the night and he sees a light on in Katie’s office. He stands out there, makes a decision and gives two short knocks and walks in. Katie looks up wearily from her laptop -- she’s paying the bills.

CROSBY
Just so you know, he never actually participated in a single Olympic game.

KATIE
What?

CROSBY
You’re phenomenal sperm. Spencer Attias traveled with the Rugby team as a back up. He never got in a single game. And the U.S. Rugby team isn’t exactly winning gold medals anyway. Just thought you’d like to know, before you pull out the old turkey baster.

KATIE
Oh my God, you Googled my sperm.

CROSBY
Yes, I Googled your sperm.

KATIE
That’s pathetic.

CROSBY
No, you’re pathetic, Katie. After all these years, you’re just going to end it without even discussing it with me? What if I hadn’t looked in your freezer?
KATIE
Crosby, I can’t stand to have one more conversation with you about this. Every time I mention the word commitment you wince.

CROSBY
That is not true.

KATIE
You just winced.

CROSBY
Prove it.

KATIE
You’re an infant.

CROSBY
And you’re panicking.

KATIE
I’m thirty two. I want a baby.

CROSBY
Do you really want to raise children by yourself? You should talk to my sister about it. It’s no walk in the woods.

KATIE
You’re not ready and I don’t want to wait.

CROSBY
And you never heard of compromise?

KATIE
Like what? You want to have half a child? A bunny? What’s a compromise?

CROSBY
No, like setting a schedule. You wait a little, until I’m ready.

KATIE
Will you ever be ready?

CROSBY
Yes.

KATIE
When? Like in a decade? When we’re practically dead?
CROSBY
I don’t know when.

KATIE
That’s not good enough.

CROSBY
Fine. Five years. Tops.

KATIE
I’ll give you three.

CROSBY
Fine!

KATIE
Okay!

CROSBY
Good!

Katie stops taking in what just happened. She grows moved, emotional. Crosby grows terrified. But it’s too late, she’s already coming into him and kissing him, all teary and flush and sexed up by talk of kids.

KATIE
So you’re saying you want to have a baby with me in three years?

CROSBY
Yes...?

KATIE
A little baby. A cute adorable little bundle of love?

CROSBY
Yes!

KATIE
Oh my God. I love you. I love you, I love you, I love you.

CROSBY
I love you too.

And she pushes him to the floor. Boom! Office Sex!

INT. ZEEK’S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door bursts open. And Sarah and Jim enter, kissing and groping, like a couple of teenagers, only not.
JIM
Is your dad home?

SARAH
Jim, it’s okay. We’re thirty-seven.

JIM
Damn! No condoms. I’m sorry, I’ve just become so accustomed to the idea of not getting lucky.

SARAH
That’s okay.

Sarah goes to her father’s desk and takes out his sinful, extramarital Trojans, and rips one open.

JIM
Why does your dad have condoms in his drawer?

SARAH
Let’s not ruin this.

As they fall on top of each other out of frame we...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. ZEEK’S OFFICE – LATER

Jim and Sarah lay naked in each other’s arms, breathing hard.

SARAH
Wow, if we did this steady, I could save so much money on those spin classes.

They lay there, she looks at him smiles.

JIM
Listen, I want you to know that this is not my actual weight.

SARAH
It’s not?

JIM
I’m twenty pounds lighter than this. At least. I’ve just been badly deceived by this certain brand of protein bar. Turns out it’s got like four thousand calories per bite, and you really can’t blame me.
She laughs. Which makes him feel good.

JIM (CONT’D)
Hey, you think your dad still has that blackberry brandy?

SARAH
Let’s find out.

Sarah puts on Jim’s flannel shirt, and they sneak out into--

INT. DOWNSTAIRS LIVING AREA - DAY

They walk into the kitchen, and start looking through all the cabinets. It’s sweet and fun and super-immature.

SARAH
Ooh, chocolate covered pretzels. Yum.

JIM
I really couldn’t.

He says as he shoves a few into his mouth.

SARAH
Eureka.

Sarah pulls out a bottle of really gross looking blackberry Brandy.

JIM
Yessssss!

As Sarah takes a big hit off the bottle, LIGHT goes on. It’s Drew. He looks at his mom wearing nothing but a man’s flannel shirt and holding a fifth of booze. Then he looks at Jim, wearing only his white Hanes briefs that probably are a size too small. Mortified, the only words out of Sarah’s mouth are:

SARAH
Hey, honey, how was your dinner with Uncle Adam?

Drew just turns and goes back into his room.

SARAH (CONT’D)
I am so dead.

END OF ACT TWO
EXT./INT. PUBLIC JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL/ZEEK’S CAR - NEXT DAY

Sarah pulls to a stop outside the school and Drew is about to get out. Sort of a moment of truth. She’s got to say something.

SARAH
Drew...?

He stops for a moment, his hand still on the door handle, indicating he’s not up for a big talk.

SARAH (CONT’D)
About what happened last night.

DREW
It’s okay. I don’t want to--

SARAH
I know I’m your mom, but I’m also a woman... Oh God, delete, delete, delete. What I’m trying to say is that no matter what you saw last night, and no matter what permanent indelible mark it might have left on your memory, that I’m first and foremost your mother and that you and Amber are my number one priorities. Always.

There’s a long beat, Drew seems thoughtful, then--

DREW
I want to move back in with Dad.

Sarah’s expression freezes. She is completely blindsided.

SARAH
What?

DREW
Look, I’m glad you’re able to be with your brothers and sisters and your old boyfriends or whatever, but this isn’t home to me. I want to be back in Trenton. So I figure it makes sense.

SARAH
Drew, you don’t even know your father.
DREW

Yes I do.

Drew gets out of the car and closes the door. Sarah sits there, flabbergasted.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIA AND JOEL’S - DAY

Julia is getting ready for the day (Joel and Sydney have already left) and she walks by Joel’s office. She stops for a minute, looking at his computer. She walks up to it. It’s opened to his AOL account. She sits. Looks at the screen. Growing disturbed.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIA AND JOEL’S - KITCHEN - LATER

Joel’s laptop now sits on the kitchen island. Julia paces back and forth as Kristina and Sarah crowd around the computer reading through it.

JULIA

Tell me I’m crazy. Am I over reacting?

SARAH

You’re not over reacting.

KRISTINA

I’m seeing a trend here. First they’re very formal. Who’s picking up who, who’s bringing the coffee, and then they get more and more friendly.

SARAH

“Joelskies”? What is that about?

KRISTINA

And those insidious little smiley faces.

SARAH

And you see right here, on this November 9th e-mail, she starts with the “xoxo” thing.

KRISTINA

Sarah’s right, that’s significant. You “xoxo” girlfriends, you could do it to your husband, you don’t do it to a person of the other sex.
JULIA
Joel would never have a...a thing.

KRISTINA
Well, you must have called us for a reason, Julia.

Julia looks at them, then--

JULIA
Read the most recent one.

Sarah and Kristina open an e-mail, each of them filling with rage as they read--

SARAH
Oh no--

KRISTINA
This is not good.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Adam and Crosby play in a good sweaty, mixed race, pick up game. Nice and east coast, a little extra shoving -- highly competitive. Most everyone here are more Crosby’s age than Adams.

TIME CUT TO:

BASKETBALL COURT - POST GAME

Adam is hunched over on a bench, gasping for air.

CROSBY
Do I need to call a Paramedic?

ADAM
I happen to be in the best shape of any forty-year-old ever.

CROSBY
Roger Clemens, Randy Johnson, Craig Biggio, Barry Bonds, Tom Glavine--

ADAM
Shut up.

CROSBY
I’ve gotta show this to you. Look at this.
Crosby shows Adam an e-mail on his I-Phone.

ADAM
What’s this?

CROSBY
It’s from Jasmine? Remember her. The dancer. From five years ago. The flexible one.

ADAM
Oh, God yeah, she was really. Flexible.

CROSBY
She’s contacted me. After all this time. My e-mail’s changed five times since we went out. This woman’s totally pursuing me. “Be in town next week? Can I stop by?”

ADAM
Stop by. That’s so--

CROSBY
--I know. Bold.

CROSBY (CONT’D)
So do you think it’s cool for me to see her even though I’m sort of quasi engaged.

ADAM
You’re what?

CROSBY
Katie and I are potentially in negotiations to get engaged.

ADAM
I thought you said you were done with her.

CROSBY
Hey, I could do a lot worse. Maybe it’s time I grow up.

ADAM
Crosby, you can’t just decide to grow up. And I would argue that getting engaged to a woman just because you were jealous of her donor sperm is not actually the act of an adult.
CROSBY
That would be a tough one to explain to
the grandkids.
(beat)
So getting back to the Jasmine issue.
What are your thoughts?

Adam just looks at him, incredulous. Then, simply:

ADAM
You’re an idiot.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JULIA’S CAR/ANGELO’S CAFE – DAY

Julia drives by in her car and cranes her neck looking
through the window of this groovy, cafe. She gets
distracted seeing Joel and Racquel at a table. A honk.
A swerve. A near miss. Julia pulls over and a car goes
by flipping her the bird. Julia has landed in a good
spot from which to spy on. Feeling like an idiot she
takes out a pair of binoculars and looks through them.

IN THE RESTAURANT Joel and Racquel, smile at each other.
They’re fighting over the check. Their hands touch,
their eyes meet. Julia watches, feeling ill.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOROW MEDIA – DAY

Adam is working when an assistant sticks her head in.

ASSISTANT
You’re wife’s on the line. She says it’s
important.

Adam picks up the phone.

ADAM
(into phone)
Hey.

KRISTINA (VOICE ON PHONE)
(dire voice)
I’m downstairs.
EXT. DOCTOROW MEDIA - DAY

Kristina paces in front of a large office building in the business district Adam walks out.

ADAM

What’s going on?

KRISTINA

I heard from Doctor Sanchez.

There’s a beat. He looks at her. Doesn’t seem like good news.

KRISTINA (CONT’D)

She says she has concerns about Max.

ADAM

Uh-huh.

KRISTINA

She feels he has learning differences.

ADAM

Look, I’ve been thinking about this. We talk to the school and get Max a tutor. Help him through this period.

KRISTINA

Honey, this isn’t about academics--

ADAM

I know the biting thing is an issue. I get that--

KRISTINA

Dr. Sanchez thinks he might have Aspergers.

ADAM

Aspergers? What, like Autism?

KRISTINA

It’s not classic autism--

ADAM

Max isn’t autistic.

KRISTINA

Adam--

ADAM

I’ve seen Autistic kids. The Lessing’s kid, with the hand flapping--
KRISTINA
He was saying that when she was with him
she saw certain patterns--

ADAM
He was having a bad day--

KRISTINA
I know he was--

ADAM
And her tests were ridiculous. An he
didn’t have a connection with her. You
know how important it is for him to
connect to someone--

KRISTINA
She thinks once we get him better tools
to learn--

ADAM
That’s what I said, a tutor--

KRISTINA
She’s not just talking about a tutor--

ADAM
I’m not putting him in special ed--

KRISTINA
Adam, something is wrong with our son!

This sort of stops the conversation. This is the most
painful conversation two parents could have.

KRISTINA (CONT’D)
It’s not just the academics. It’s not
just the biting. It’s not just the
pirate costume. Or the fear of fire. Or
the tantrums. It’s everything. There’s
something going on with him.

Adam looks at her, every cell in his body unwilling to go
along with this.

KRISTINA (CONT’D)
Adam, please don’t make me be alone with
this.

OFF the two of them, her eyes filled with tears. He
looks at her, not wanting this to be true.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT./EXT. ADAM’S CAR/ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Adam pulls to a stop with Max, in his pirate costume. Max walks out of the car, is about to close the door—

ADAM
Max. Your bookbag.

Max reaches in and gets his bookbag. Adam gets out and starts walking Max up the block to the school. Adam looks his son, watching everything in a new way. Another student passes Max—

OTHER STUDENT
Hey Max!

Max doesn’t respond.

ADAM
Max. That kid just said hello to you. If you don’t say hello he’ll think you’re being rude.

MAX
Okay.

ADAM
Did you hear him say hello?

MAX
Uh-huh.

Adam’s heart is breaking in two. The bell rings. Max turns to leave.

ADAM
Max? -- Max!

Max turns.

ADAM (CONT’D)
I love you.

Max smiles, and turns around and walks away. Adam watches. Devastated. The whole thing is sinking in on him. Hitting him like a ton of bricks. PAUL, another dad, approaches somberly.

PAUL
Adam, hey.
ADAM
Hey, Paul.

PAUL
Listen this is a little uncomfortable. The board at the Little League had a meeting last night. The consensus was it might be better if you stepped aside. Let someone else coach the rest of the year. Jordan Shefranick’s dad is able to step in.

Adam nods. Not entirely thrilled. Not surprised either. Then the tough part--

PAUL (CONT’D)
And Adam, they’ve also asked me to tell you that you can’t be present at future games. They’ve gotten some complaints from some parents. Apparently, the Umpire is threatening a lawsuit. Really sorry, Adam.
(then, compelled)
It was a bad call.

Paul walks away. HOLD on Adam.

CUT TO:

INT. DENGRAF & PROSSLER - DAY

Julia stands in the office of her boss LEON DENGRAF (40) really successful, handsome, sees a world of potential in Julia -- unstated sexual tension looms large between them.

LEON
Part time?

JULIA
Yes.

LEON
Explain that to me.

JULIA
You know. Like either three days a week. Or preferably, five days a week where I come in early and leave by two thirty.

Leon is silent, considering, and Julia feels the need to fill the void.
JULIA (CONT’D)
I could work at night at home after
Sydney goes to sleep. So it’s really not
part time at all. I’m just looking for a
balance.

LEON
You want me to say no.

JULIA
What?

LEON
You want to feel that you tried, you did
everything you could, but it’s not
possible.

JULIA
This is my daughter. I feel like I
hardly know her. I’m not around. She’s
being raised by a fake Buddhist who
happens to be lunching on a regular basis
with my husband.

LEON
Are you saying Joel is--

JULIA
This isn’t about Joel. It’s about
Sydney. I’m losing control of her. And
I’m not good at losing control.

LEON
Okay.

JULIA
Okay? Like yes?

LEON
Julia, you’re a lawyer. A good one.
Maybe a great one. You’re an up and
comer. And this is one of the hottest
law firms in the city. At a time when
there are layoffs left and right, we
barely have time to invoice our billable
hours. Look, Ed’s going to kill me for
bringing this up to you without him, but
under the circumstances -- we’re making
you partner.

Julia is literally shocked. She starts to cry, knowing
there’s no way out from the bed she has made.
LEON (CONT’D)
Are you alright?

JULIA
Yeah, I’m just so blown away. Thank you.

LEON
Your family situation will work itself out. Maybe you could take a few extra days at Christmas.

OFF Jula feeling like she has just sealed her fate...

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBERTY HALL - DAY

Drew and Sarah stand looking at the building for a beat, then--

DREW
Why are we here again?

SARAH
Well, it’s our nation’s history, and I thought you and I could have some special time together.
   (he rolls his eyes)
Please don’t roll your eyes.

DREW
Can we go now?

SARAH
Yeah. Sure.

Drew starts to walk away and, then--

SARAH (CONT’D)
Drew. Your father isn’t the answer.

DREW
I told you I--

SARAH
I wish he was, honey. I do. It isn’t fair. You deserve a father. You deserve a great father. I shouldn’t have married him. I was young and in love and stupid and he was this amazing guitarist -- and I should have listened to Grandma and Grandpa but instead I just wanted to prove them wrong.

(MORE)
And I have been paying for that choice for a long time. And you have too. And I’m sorry, Drew. I’m so sorry. But you can’t go on forever believing that your dad’s this cool, famous musician who played on three Jackson Browne records. It is not enough. And it’s not enough for a father to take his son out to Phillies games three times a year and forget about him the rest of the days. It is not okay. I want you to know the truth. You’re old enough now. Look at you. You’re a young man now aren’t you? How did that happen? And for what it’s worth you’ll always have me. And I’m really sorry but that’s going to have to be enough.

In a rare moment Drew falls into her arms. She holds him like she never wants to let go.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - FRONT ENTRANCE NIGHT

The mood is festive as the family makes their way toward the school for Sydney’s play. Sydney is pumped with energy, wearing her white tights and runs lines with Zeek. Julia holds her angel wings for her. And Joel videotapes it all. The whole thing could not be cuter.

Haddie looks at Amber who gives her another cold stare. Finally, Haddie can’t take it anymore. She approaches Adam and Kristina.

HADDIE
Can I talk to you for a second?

Haddie looks to Amber. Haddie faces her Mom and Dad, this is the hardest thing she has ever done.

HADDIE (CONT’D)
That whole thing that happened the other night wasn’t Amber’s fault. It was my fault. Amber didn’t even want to go to the park. I dragged everyone there because I’m totally into Evan Summerton. Totally. Amber had nothing to do with me smoking pot. She wasn’t smoking or drinking. I was. She tried to stop me.

(MORE)
And I couldn’t tell you the truth because I feel like I’m supposed to be this perfect person to make up for all the weirdness around here. But it’s too much pressure. I’m not that person. And I can’t pretend to be anymore. Oh, yeah, full disclosure. This is mine.

She hands them a bag of WEED.

Okay. So, I’ll give you guys some time to discuss my punishment.

Haddie turns and walks into the auditorium trying to not shake. Adam and Kristina just look at each other.

When it rains it pours.

Crosby walks up late, sees the weed.

Cool. Where’d that come from?

That’ll teach you to show up late.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

The show is on. Sydney playing an angel, glows with her classmates. It’s cute, messy, and you could feel the love from the parents and relatives in the audience which each syllable uttered.

IN THE AUDIENCE

PAN the delighted faces of Parents, Siblings, Grandparents until we FIND The Braverman’s. Julia seated next to Joel, wondering what will be; Haddie looks at Amber wondering if she’s won any points back; Sarah seated between her children reaches out and takes Amber’s hand. Amber pulls away. She grabs it again. Doesn’t let go. Then she takes Drew’s hand. Drew pulls his away. She grabs it again. Doesn’t let go. She’s going to have a family moment if she has to pull their hands out of their sockets. Zeek seated next to Camille -- he looks around looking, curious...

(whispering)

Where’s Adam and Max?
Camille looks at him, she doesn’t know.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL – EVENING

Adam sits outside on the steps -- we can hear the sound of five-year-olds singing from within. Max is ten or fifteen feet away continuously jumping off of a step onto the ground. Over and over. Relentlessly. The loneliness of having an autistic kid.

Zeek comes out. Sizes up the situation.

ZEEEK
What the hell are you doing out here?

ADAM
We’re fine. Go back in. You’re going to miss the end.

ZEEEK
Get inside.

ADAM
He can’t go in.

ZEEEK
What?

ADAM
There are candles in the hallway. He can’t walk past them.

ZEEEK
That’s ridiculous. He just needs to walk past them and he’ll see that it’s fine. Max!

ADAM
Dad?

ZEEEK
Max, come on. We’re going inside.

ADAM
Dad. It’s not that simple.

ZEEEK
Believe me, I raised four kids. Max, let’s go. We’re going inside.
ADAM
Dad, there’s something wrong with my son.
There’s something wrong.

And these words open up a flood gate. To speak the most
dreaded thing on his mind is both empowering and
incredibly sad.

ZEEK
What do you mean?

ADAM
(fighting emotion)
Something’s wrong and I’m going to need
you to help me.

Zeek stands there and looks at his son suddenly seeing
the little boy in him.

ZEEK
Sonny...

Zeek walks over and puts his arms around Adam. HOLD ON
THIS, and, we,

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM & KRISTINA’S – NIGHT

Only the adults are around -- Julia, Kristina, Adam,
Crosby, and Sarah. (Joel has taken Sydney home to
sleep.)

KRISTINA
Oh my God, Sydney was so adorable.

JULIA
Can you believe what a little ham she is?

SARAH
Where could that she have gotten that
from?

JULIA
Shut up.

Everyone looks over to Crosby who is rolling Haddie’s pot
into two joints.

ADAM
What are you doing?
CROSBY
I think the most parental thing we can do right now is see exactly what kind of mischief Haddie has been getting herself involved in. From the look of things, I think it’s Columbian mischief. But there’s a slight possibility this could be Hawaiian mischief.

ADAM
You are not smoking pot in this house.

SARAH
You really are turning into Dad.

ADAM
Who says I’m turning into Dad?

SEVERAL
Everyone.

A joint is lit. It’s passed. Some smoke. Some don’t. (Look forward do many conversations with standards and practices.) Adam shakes his head, grows thoughtful, looks at Kristina, then he just says to everyone.

ADAM
Max is autistic. He’s got, what is that called...?

KRISTINA
Aspergers.

Everyone takes this in. Then Sarah reaches out and takes Kristina’s hand. Crosby puts an arm around Adam’s back. Julia takes his hand. Somehow a joint gets lit. Passed around. Adam doesn’t smoke, but he just sort of shakes his head, not really judging it.

KRISTINA (CONT’D)
(to Sarah)
I’m really sorry that I judged Amber like that.

SARAH
It’s okay.

KRISTINA
I’m glad you moved back.

Sarah hearing this, fights emotion--
SARAH
I’ve been waiting for someone to say that.

ADAM
Dad said it.

CROSBY
Like a thousand times.

JULIA
You’re his little cutie-cutie.

SARAH
Oh my God, you’re still jealous of Daddy loving me more. You’re thirty-two.

JULIA
Old wounds, babe.

ADAM
So Crosby, did you take care of that situation yet?

CROSBY
Could you shut up?

JULIA
What situation?

ADAM
Crosby’s engaged.

JULIA / SARAH
You’re what!? / To the Ass?

CROSBY
(to Adam)
Thank you.

KRISTINA
Oh my God--

ADAM
But he also has a hot date set up with a hot dancer from New York.

CROSBY
Shut up.

SARAH
What?!

KRISTINA
That is sick.
JULIA
Men are jerks.

CROSBY
Hey, I made the date weeks ago. It’s grand fathered in. And Katie and I aren’t even engaged. The only thing we know for sure is we’re going to pop a kid in three years.

SARAH
You are a blemish on this already screwed up family. At least I have one piece of good news. Sarah got laid.

Julia and Kristina screech with delight!

KRISTINA  JULIA
What?! Was it Jim? Or did the gas man drop by?

CROSBY  JULIA
Slut. How was it?

ADAM
Please, I don’t need to hear the details.

SARAH
Well, the parts all still work.

And then BOOM! A knock on the door.

JULIA
It’s Mom!

ADAM
Damn!

SARAH
Hide the shit, hide the shit.

Like teenagers one of them flushes the joint, another opens a window, another waves their arms toward the window as if to push the smoke out as Julia goes and opens the door.

JULIA
Mom!

Camille just takes in the situation. The guilty faces. The red eyes. The layer of smoke wafting in the air.

CAMILLE
Are you smoking pot?
ADAM
It wasn’t me, Mom.

CROSBY
Adam’s a chimney, Mom. I’m worried about him.

KRISTINA
We all are.

ADAM
You’re insufferable. All of you. Where’s Dad?

CAMILLE
That’s what I was about to ask you. He hasn’t been here?

KRISTINA
No.

CAMILLE
He said was going to stop over and see everyone.

FAVOR Sarah, growing more and more uncomfortable with the secret she is holding.

ADAM
I’m sure he’s fine. You know Dad. He gets into a conversation with someone and the 7-11 and he’s there for three hours.

KRISTINA
Come in, sit down, and we’ll wait til we hear from him.

JULIA
We were just going through all of Crosby’s fatal flaws.

CAMILLE
Oh please, the list is long.

ON Sarah, holding onto that secret.

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

INT. ADAM & KRISTINA’S - KITCHEN - SUNDAY MORNING

Adam walks in with a big bag of bagels and other brunch fare.

ADAM
They were out of salt bagels again. I know we don’t like to have this conversation, but I think we may need to consider changing our bagelry.

But Kristina stares at the window. She indicates for Adam to come over. Adam does and the two of them look out the window at

ZEEK & MAX

They’re playing in the backyard. Zeek is throwing tennis balls to Max who joyfully swings at them with a broomstick. Max is having fun. Zeek is having fun. We hear Zeek say things like, “That’s okay, you’ll hit the next one.” We see Max hit a crappy grounder and Zeek says, “That’s a hit, baby...” Etc.

Adam watches, moved, he takes Kristina’s hand.

ADAM (CONT’D)
This is gonna be okay. We’re going to be okay.

Kristina nods, hoping beyond hope that he’s right.

CUT TO:

INT. CROSBY’S APARTMENT - DAY

Crosby has fallen asleep with the TV on. His doorbell rings. He rises, stumbles to the door. Looks through the peephole. He sees JASMINE (late 20s), African American, gorgeous, intelligent face, dancer’s body. This guy does have the life.

CROSBY
Jasmine?

He opens the door, smiles at her.

CROSBY (CONT’D)
Hi.
JASMINE

Hi.

Crosby senses something in his peripheral vision. He looks down where he sees a BOY, about 5, African American, with an angelic face.

CROSBY

Who’s this?

JASMINE

This is Jabbar.

CROSBY

Hi Jabbar.

JASMINE

Your son.

Crosby’s smile fades.

JASMINE (CONT’D)

Can we come in? We need to talk.

CROSBY

Sure.

HOLD ON Crosby, a stunned man...

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM & KRISTINA’S - LATER

Brunch is on. Everyone but Crosby is here. Lots of reaching for bagels. Sarah looks at Camille for a beat, then makes a decision. She walks up to Zeek and speaks, very quietly very firmly--

SARAH

Whatever it is you’re doing with whoever it is you’re doing it with, you’ve got to talk to Mom. If you don’t, I will.

And she walks away. Hold on Zeek for a beat. Crosby walks in, goes to Adam.

CROSBY

Major situation.

As Crosby pulls Adam aside and starts talking, we see Adam’s Holy Shit face form.

Sarah comes up to Amber.
SARAH
Listen, I just want to let you know I’m sorry. I blamed you for the whole thing with Haddie. And I shouldn’t have.

AMBER
Good. Listen, I have good news. I decided not to move back to Trenton with Damien.

SARAH
That is so great.

AMBER
He’s moving here. Turns out the music scene in Philly blows Trenton out of the water. The entire band’s coming.

Sarah’s smile freezes.

SARAH
We’ll talk about it.

AMBER
What are we going to talk about? They’re on their way.

SARAH
They are not on their way.

AMBER
How do I say this? They’re on their way.

And in the middle of it all Max walks in and says.

MAX
Isn’t the game today?

Adam is shocked. Everyone is shocked.

ADAM
Buddy, I thought you were done with baseball.

MAX
It’s my team.

Adam exchanges looks with his brothers and sisters, Mom and Dad. He looks at his watch.

ADAM
Game starts in ten minutes.

And everyone snaps into gear.
KRISTINA
Haddie his uniform’s in--

HADDIE
Laundry room, got it--

CROSBY
I’ll pull the car up.

Adam tosses him the keys.

KRISTINA
Oh shit, shit, shit, I’m the snack mom today.

JULIA & SARAH
We got it.

KRISTINA
Come on, Max, let’s go upstairs and start getting ready. Shoot, could someone find his glove? I think it’s in the garage.

A voice out of nowhere.

DREW
I’ll find it.

And everyone is shocked, most of all Sarah.

ADAM
Good man.

And Drew goes off to the garage.

As we begin to hear the song FOREVER YOUNG begins, we go to a...

MONTAGE

Of snacks being slapped together; gloves being found; a desperate search for a matching pair of baseball socks, and...

The faces, the faces, the faces...

THE SONG
May God bless and keep you always/May your wishes all come true/May you always do for others/And let others do for you...
... the beautiful absurdity of twelve people coming together to get one eight-year-old boy to a baseball game.

THE FAMILY makes it outside and they load into TWO MINIVANS

AT THE FIELD

The entire family bails out of the MINIVANS and run with Max to join his team in the dugout.

Except ADAM who has been banned from the game. He has to watch through a hole in the fence.

THE SONG (CONT’D)
... May you build a ladder to the stars/And climb on every rung...

Max steps to the plate. Adam closes his eyes, and consults with God... “Please.” He opens his eyes, and mutters to himself, willing Max from a distance:

ADAM
Bend your knees, not that much, bat back, elbow up...

As the Pitcher winds, delivers, we move close on Adam’s face. As we HEAR the crack of a bat hitting a ball and HOLD ON Adam’s amazed face, we...

BLACK OUT.

THE END