

The Perfect Day

By

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FADE IN.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A wrinkled hand lowers the needle of a record player, and we hear energetic, yet soothing CLASSICAL MUSIC begin to play (e.g. Mozart's Magic Flute Overture).

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

OSCAR LIVINGSTON (OZ) tightens a his tie to a perfect knot around his collar.

Oscar is 23 years old, unemployed, and lives with his grandparents in a house near the ocean in southern California.

A plastic comb dips into a jar of hair gel. Oscar's nose smells the comb before he runs it through his hair.

He puts his thick-rimmed glasses on and we see his face for the first time. He resembles a younger Joseph Gordon Levitt, with well-tamed black hair.

OSCAR
(to nobody)
Hi, I'm Oscar. But my friends call
me Oz.

We can tell this is an important day by the way he is dressed.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Oscar sails through the hallway. The ceiling latch to the attic is a few inches open.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

GRANDPA TED (80's) scoots away from the record player with a cane in hand and sits in his armchair.

Grandpa Ted has bad vision, bad hearing, and bad memory. He is old, and he is content.

Oscar skips down the stairs, passes his grandfather, and picks up a leather-bound resume holder from the kitchen counter.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Oscar makes his way down the sidewalk of an urban area. He carries his resume holder at his side. His actions are flawless, and he moves in perfect harmony with the music. Each step he takes corresponds to a beat in the song, and each sidewalk square that he steps on he imagines lighting up.

Oscar is about to enter an office building when a lady walking a tiny white dog cuts in front of him. He drops his resume holder on the ground, ending his flow of perfection. The music slows to a halt and is replaced by a faint clicking sound like that of a combination lock being turned.

Oscar grabs the dog by the leash and begins spinning in a circle. He releases the leash and the dog hurls into the front of an oncoming bus. Oscar's disheveled hair now gives him a deranged look.

DOG OWNER

I'm terribly sorry, young man.

The lady offers Oscar his resume holder. He looks down to see the white dog beside its owner, perfectly fine. Oscar forces a smile and takes the resume holder.

He enters the office building, which has letters on it spelling out "Gourmand International."

INT. OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Oscar walks down an empty corridor. A few strands of hair droop out of place over his forehead.

OSCAR (V.O.)

I'm Oscar Livingston. My friends
call me Oz.

He clutches his resume holder.

INT. OFFICE ROOM - DAY

FERNANDO MEZILLO (30) gets up from his desk to shake Oscar's hand as he enters the room. He has Oscar's thick-rimmed glasses and short, dark hair.

FERNANDO

Hi, glad you could make it.

(CONTINUED)

Their hands meet for the handshake, but Oscar's hand misses its target. He ends up grabbing more of Fernando's fingers than his actual hand.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Butchered the handshake right out
of the starting gate. That's going
to cost me.

FERNANDO
Fernando Mezillo.

A name card rest on his desk with the words "Fernando
Mezillo."

OSCAR
Oscar Livingston. Pleased to meet
you. I have a copy of my resume for
you right here.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Good recovery. Be careful on the
handoff.

Oscar hands Fernando his resume holder. They sit down.

FERNANDO
Wonderful, what would you like me
to call you? What do your friends
call you?

OSCAR
My friends call me Oz. But you can
call me Oscar.

Fernando looks up.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Shittttt.

OSCAR
I mean--or you could call me Oz.

FERNANDO
So, Oscar, it says here you
graduated from Columbia with a
degree in Economics, very
impressive.

OSCAR
Thank you sir.

FERNANDO

You know, we usually don't hire too many Econ majors. Most new analysts are the finance or accounting types, but I'm going to let you in on a little secret.

Fernando leans in towards Oscar.

FERNANDO (CONT.)

You're looking at another Econ guy right here.

OSCAR

You?

FERNANDO

That's right. Studied economics at Boston University, well, econometrics.

(jokingly)

But don't tell anyone, I want to keep my job.

OSCAR (V.O.)

A connection on a personal level. I'm back in the game.

FERNANDO

Hey, how many economists does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

OSCAR (V.O.)

Seven, plus or minus ten.

OSCAR

I don't know, how many?

FERNANDO

Seven, plus or minus ten.

Oscar shares a fake laugh with Fernando.

OSCAR (V.O.)

We are laughing at the same time. That means we are bonding.

FERNANDO

So why do you want to work at Gourmand International? Why not any other financial company like Rapacia Group or Esurience?

(CONTINUED)

Oscar notices that Fernando is bending the cover of his resume holder as far back as it goes. This bothers Oscar.

He also notices a framed picture of Fernando and a smiling woman, presumably his wife. The picture frame is crooked on the desk. Oscar reaches for it.

OSCAR

Gourmand understands people the way
they really are...

Fernando likes that answer.

Instead of picking the picture frame up, Oscar straightens it on the desk.

OSCAR (CONT.)

...Numbers.

Fernando doesn't like that answer as much.

OSCAR (CONT.)

There is something poetic about
reducing millions of people's lives
into numbers. Taking a living
person, with a wife and kid, maybe
even a golden retriever, and
stripping away everything until
he's nothing but a tax bracket and
a credit score. Then he fits neatly
into a spreadsheet... That's the
stuff of dreams, wouldn't you
agree?

FERNANDO

Sure, well I like to think of it as
helping people.

OSCAR

Absolutely. Help them help us.
We're all people, and people are
numbers. I couldn't agree more.

FERNANDO

Actually... that's not--Well, let
me ask you something. Would you
consider yourself a people person?

Oscar looks quizzical. He swallows.

OSCAR

A people person?

(CONTINUED)

He focuses on a tiny desk figurine of Atlas holding up a globe.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Hi, my name is Oscar Livingston.
But my friends call me Oz.

OSCAR
I love people.

Oscar and Fernando look at each other. The song "Surfin' Bird" by the Trashmen begins to play.

INT. SURFER BURGER - DAY

An old juke box, playing "Surfin' Bird."

Surfer Burger is the boardwalk burger joint where the young crowd hangs out. It is a greasy pit where greasy employees serve greasy food.

OSCAR (O.S.)
He asked me if I was a people
person.

Oscar sits in a booth across from DONNIE PALOMINGO (20's). From his appearance, we can tell Donnie is a Southern California native. He also wears a Surfer Burger employee uniform, complete with a stupid paper hat.

Donnie wipes his side of the table with a wet rag over and over again, as if he is working.

DONNIE
Yeah, and what did you say?

OSCAR
Well it was a stupid question,
Donnie. Has anyone ever said "no"
to that question? Like, "Are you a
people person?" "No, can't say that
I am."

DONNIE
But you answered him, right?

OSCAR
Yeah...

Oscar sips some of his cola through a straw.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (CONT.)
I said I love people.

DONNIE
You love... people?

OSCAR
Yeah, I love people.

Donnie looks blankly at Oscar.

DONNIE
Then you'll get the job for sure,
and if you don't, who cares?

OSCAR
I can think of one person who would
care...

DONNIE
I can think of one person who
shouldn't care. Hey, what do you
think about this girl?

Oscar turns around in his seat. A WOMAN about Oscar's age
stands in line to order food. She wears skin-tight exercise
clothes and holds a yoga mat under her arms.

OSCAR
Yoga Girl? What do you mean what do
I think of her?

DONNIE
You know what I mean. What do you
think of her?

Oscar sighs.

OSCAR
Grilled Chicken Salad. Medium berry
smoothie.

Both guys listen as she orders.

YOGA GIRL
(to Cashier)
Uhhhhh could I get a grilled
chicken salad, andddd... a berry
smoothie?

CASHIER
What size?

(CONTINUED)

YOGA GIRL
Uhhhhh a small.

DONNIE
(to Oscar)
Did she say small?

OSCAR (V.O.)
She's not done.

YOGA GIRL
No a medium! I deserve it.

DONNIE
(to Oscar)
Are you kidding me? You need to
tell me how you do that.

OSCAR
It's easy. You know she is going to
order a salad, that's obvious. She
just worked out, so her body needs
protein. And a smoothie is healthy,
but a small isn't enough. Ipso
facto, grilled chicken salad,
medium berry smoothie.

DONNIE
Well it sounds so simple when you
say it like that.

OSCAR
It is simple. People are simple.
Once you realize that, you can
guess their orders perfectly. Oh,
that reminds me. How hard do you
think it would be to live a day of
absolute perfection?

DONNIE
A day of... what?

OSCAR
Of perfection. A day of perfection.
If we can't live a perfect life,
shouldn't we at least be able to
live a perfect day?

DONNIE
What? Why? Who cares?

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

Think about it. The perfect day.
Flawless. No mistakes. Twenty-four
hours of complete--

DONNIE

--Hold on a second.

The song has reached the point where the singer yells
"Surfin' Bird!" This means all employees must do the Surfer
Burger chant. Donnie and everyone else behind the counter
stand up and moan:

SURFER BURGER EMPLOYEES

SUR-FER BUR-GERRR! Bbbblubblubluhh!

They shake their heads like maniacs as they spew nonsense
syllables in unison with the song. Oscar sits in his seat
dumbly.

The chant ends, and Donnie sits back down in his seat.

DONNIE

So what were you saying?

OSCAR

I don't even know anymore.

DONNIE

You know what you need? You need to
relax. What are you doing tonight?

OSCAR

I'm going to relax.

DONNIE

No you're not! You're coming with
me to the city. You don't need a
perfect day, you need a perfect
night! There's a party at Tommy's
place tonight, and it's going to be
hectic.

OSCAR

(reluctant)

Which one is Tommy again?

DONNIE

He's the surfer.

OSCAR

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

Oscar looks toward the kitchen. It is inhabited by four fry cooks who all look identical: tan, athletic build, and long blond hair.

DONNIE

The theme of the party is misogyny, and there's going to be plenty of bitches there.

OSCAR

That's sounds like a terrible idea.

DONNIE

Okay I made that part up, but there seriously are going to be women there.

OSCAR

I just don't think a night of alcoholism is what I need right now.

DONNIE

It's already decided. You have no say in the matter. Oh-- What about this guy?

Oscar turns around in his booth.

An OVERWEIGHT MAN with sideburns stands at the cash register to order. He wears a white leather suit and tinted sunglasses.

OSCAR

Who Elvis? Lets' see... Double cheeseburger, no mayo. Uhh... medium fries. Diet Pepsi.

DONNIE

Diet Pepsi? For a guy like that? Are you sure?

OSCAR

I'm sure about the Pepsi. It's the mayo I'm not sure about.

ELVIS GUY

(to Cashier)

Yeah... How about a double cheeseburger, hold the mayo... a medium fry... and let's make it a Pepsi Diet.

Donnie looks dumbfounded. Oscar smirks.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
(Elvis voice)
Uh-thank you very much.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Donnie and Oscar stand in a corridor outside an apartment door. Muffled dubstep music can be heard coming from inside. Donnie still wears his paper Surfer Burger hat. He bangs loudly on the door. Oscar notices a faint stream of smoke flowing out from under the door.

OSCAR
You're not actually going to wear
that hat inside are you?

DONNIE
You've got a lot to learn, my
friend.
(whispers)
Bitches love hats!

The door to the party opens with a cloud of smoke. Oscar enters the party behind Donnie.

INT. APARTMENT PARTY - NIGHT

People in their twenties crowd the kitchen entrance of the apartment and the connected living room. The party is alive with loud dubstep music and dancing partygoers.

Oscar inhales.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Alcohol.

A hand grabs a can of beer out of a cooler.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Marijuana smoke.

Two SMOKERS share a joint on the couch. One takes a hit.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Cheap perfume.

A girl named STACY passes Oscar. She has bleached hair and way too much mascara.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

And sweat.

A HIPSTER GUY talks to a HIPSTER GIRL. He wears a huge fashion-statement of a scarf and his shirt has giant sweat stains.

HIPSTER GUY

It's just a little chilly in here.
That's why I'm wearing it.

Condensation drips down the plaster walls as if they were sweating themselves.

Oscar sits alone on a couch on the outskirts of the party. He sips beer from a plastic cup.

Across the room, Donnie talks to a CUTE GIRL. She takes off his paper Surfer Burger hat and puts it on her head. They both smile.

OSCAR (V.O.)

What are these people thinking?
What is going through their heads
right now? What are these two guys
thinking about?

TWO GUYS in their twenties pass a handle of vodka back and forth. One wears a vest over a long-sleeved shirt, and the other has shaggy brown hair.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

Are they thinking at all? Do they
realize that Han Solo takes two
swigs for every swig that the
Chewbacca takes?

The guy with the vest takes two swigs of vodka and passes it to his friend who takes one swig.

Across the room, TOMMY from Surfer Burger talks with SHY GIRL. They both hold plastic cups.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

This asshole has had an empty cup
for 20 minutes, but he keeps
sipping from it.

Stacy, the girl with too much mascara, stands close by. She stares back at Oscar.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Catwoman has enough makeup on to
rob a bank, and from the looks of
it, she is going to come talk to me
in the next 20 to 30 seconds. Shit.

Oscar looks at his watch as he takes a sip of beer. He spots
Hipster Guy talking to Hipster Girl.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
What about this guy? The comedian.
He's losing at his own game and he
doesn't even realize it. You can
tell how funny a joke is by the way
a person tilts their head. If
something is actually funny, the
person will tilt their head upwards
slightly.

Tommy says something to Shy Girl. She laughs genuinely, her
head tilting upwards slightly.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
But if they tilt their head down
when they laugh, that's bad news.
You're about as funny as dirty
dishes.

Hipster Guy says something to Hipster Girl, clearly trying
to be funny. Hipster Girl gives a fake laugh, tilting her
head towards the ground.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Then there are the people who tilt
their heads WAYYY too far.

A DRUNK GIRL holding a plastic cup reacts hysterically to
something that a DRUNK GUY said to her. They both tilt their
heads up and back as far as they go. Drunk Girl leans into
Drunk Guy.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Those people are drunk.

A skinny, white EMCEE wearing a wife beater and a wool cap
stands in front of his laptop as if it were a turntable.
Many partygoers dance throughout the room.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
This fine musician is the reason
dubstep exists. This song could be
skipping like a cheap '80s Walkman
and nobody would even know the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.) (cont'd)
difference. Here she comes, right
on schedule.

Stacy sits down next to Oscar and leans uncomfortably close to him. She holds a plastic cup that is filled up to the brim. Her drunkenness is noticeable in her speech.

STACY
Heyy what are you doing over here
sitting by yourself?

OSCAR
(flat)
I was waiting for you to come sit
with me.

STACY
Awww you are sooo sweet! What's
your name?

Oscar notices her drink spilling out of the cup a tiny bit onto his leg.

OSCAR
I'm Oscar. But my friends call me
Oz.

STACY
Oz? Hi Oz, I'm Stacy. Isn't this
music great?

OSCAR
Yeah I love it. It sounds like my
head is inside a jet engine.

Oscar looks at Stacy, and she does the drunk laugh, tilting her head ridiculously far back. Her drink spills even more.

STACY
Hahaha! That's so funny. You're
sooo funny!

Without subtlety, Stacy adjusts her shirt to show more cleavage.

STACY (CONT.)
Are you... Are... Are you thinking
what I'm thinking?

The song has a momentary point of silence, just long enough for Oscar to say:

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

One day we will all be dead.

The music resumes with vengeance. Oscar gets up from the couch and walks out of the room.

Stacy sits on the couch astonished. Her mouth agape. More beer pours from a slightly tilted cup.

Donnie notices Oscar leaving. The girl still wears his hat.

INT. BREW HA HA - NIGHT

Brew Ha Ha is a semi-classy coffee shop where starving writers might go for inspiration or free wifi. The shop is currently empty, aside from one person:

Oscar sits at a table. He folds a paper napkin with precision.

OSCAR (V.O.)

I know I'm a real person. I'm
definitely a real person.

The folded napkin takes the shape of a paper hat.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

But maybe I'm just not as real as
other people. A real person would
have stayed at that party. A real
person would have poured some more
beer into his brain and swapped
spit with Catwoman. So what am I?
I'm like an imposter. Hi my name is
Oscar Livingston, and I'm an
imposter.

Oscar laughs out loud to himself.

A female Brew Ha Ha employee named ALEX MERRIHEW (20's)
delivers a slice of pie to Oscar's table on a tray.

ALEX

Lemon meringue.

OSCAR

Thanks.

Oscar looks up. Alex possesses a shy, natural beauty that
takes Oscar off guard.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
Nice origami.

Alex turns to walk back to the counter. Oscar stares at her for a second, then realizes she is talking about the napkin he folded.

OSCAR
Oh, yeah, thanks. Hey can I ask you something?

Alex turns to face Oscar.

OSCAR (CONT.)
Do bitches really love hats?

Alex smiles at the weird question.

ALEX
Yeah. Bitches love hats. But who loves bitches?

Alex walks away behind the counter.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Who loves bitches...

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Oscar enters the house and grabs a gallon of milk from the refrigerator.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oscar sits on the couch with his glass of milk.

An old grandfather clock CHIMES eleven O'clock.

Grandpa Ted makes his way slowly down the stairs into the living room. Because of his poor vision, he does not notice Oscar. He flips a record on the record player, lowers the needle, and then sits in his armchair.

Oscar sips his milk silently on the couch behind his grandfather. We hear upbeat classical music begin to play like the morning before (Mozart's Magic Flute Overture).

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

OSCAR slips on a t-shirt. He dips his plastic comb into a jar of hair gel and smells the comb before running it through his hair. Oscar puts on his glasses and looks into the mirror.

OSCAR
(to nobody)
Hi, I'm Oscar Livingston. Or Oz.
Whichever you prefer.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, BATHROOM- DAY

Oscar dries his faces after washing it in the sink. His glasses rest on the counter beside him.

Grandpa Ted sees him through the open door.

GRANDPA TED
Oh, Oscar, I wasn't sure you made
it home last night.

OSCAR
Sorry Grandpa, I got home late. You
were already asleep.

GRANDPA TED
What's the plan for today? Move
into your new office?

Oscar smiles.

OSCAR
Not yet. They have to give me the
job first.

GRANDPA TED
How's about you come outside and I
show you how to start up the old
push mower. It's an old family
secret!

He waves his hands towards Oscar in a comical way, but he accidentally knocks Oscar's glasses off the counter onto the floor. Oscar picks up the glasses. One of the lenses is cracked.

The classical music comes to a slow halt once again and is replaced by the faint clicking sound of a combination lock.

(CONTINUED)

Oscar clenches his jaw. He squeezes the glasses in his hands. The frames bend, and both lenses crack into pieces. His hands begin to bleed from the crushed glass. Oscar shatters the bathroom mirror with his fist, launching shards of glass everywhere.

GRANDPA TED

I'm sorry Oscar, I didn't mean it.

Oscar puts his glasses on the counter where they once sat. The mirror is intact, his hands are unharmed, and aside from the cracked lens, the glasses are fine.

OSCAR

(softly)

It's okay. It was an accident.

Oscar exits the bathroom, leaving his grandfather.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Oscar hurries through the hallway. The ceiling latch to the attic creaks open a couple inches as he passes.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Grandpa Ted looks at the broken glasses with grief. He repeats his hand motion, as if to practice the motion.

GRANDPA TED

(to himself)

It's an old family secret.

Again.

GRANDPA TED

(softly)

An old family secret.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Grandpa Ted pushes a rusty old lawn mower around the yard at a snail's pace, holding his cane the whole time.

The yard is Grandpa Ted's pride and joy, and it shows. It is a healthy green, compared to the brown prickly grass next door.

INT. BREW HA HA - DAY

Donnie stands at the counter to order. He talks smoothly with a flirtatious tone.

DONNIE

So what is the caffè macchiato?

Alex stands at the register to take his order. She does not return the flirty tone.

ALEX

It's espresso and milk.

DONNIE

Mmm. That sounds good. So then what is the latte macchiato?

ALEX

It's milk and espresso.

DONNIE

Mmm. That sounds good too. I just can't decide. What would you order?

ALEX

Umm...

She turns around to look at the chalkboard menu hanging overhead. When her back is turned, Donnie takes a \$1 bill from the tip jar. She turns back around.

ALEX (CONT.)

I like the iced vanilla latte. You should get that.

DONNIE

Okay, you've convinced me. I'll get that. You're a good saleswoman.

Donnie puts the \$1 bill back into the tip jar and winks.

Donnie joins Oscar at a table. Oscar is sorting a pile of paper coasters into color-coordinated stacks. He doesn't look up.

OSCAR

What did you order?

DONNIE

I don't know, some iced coffee shit. Dude you shouldn't have left so early last night. You missed all the shenanigans.

(CONTINUED)

Oscar starts counting the number of coasters in each stack.

OSCAR
Shenanigan, huh?

OSCAR (V.O.)
Five red... three white... and four
green.

DONNIE
Two chicks started going down on
each other in the middle of the
living room. Also, Tommy broke his
nose, so that was pretty cool. Oh,
and that girl I was with left the
party with my hat. But it was okay
because I left the party with her
best friend.

This sparks Oscar's interest.

OSCAR
You took a girl home with you?

Donnie tries to hold a smile, but his smile fades.

DONNIE
No, that was a lie. I struck out
last night. Man I need a new hat...

Alex delivers two iced coffees to the table. She places a
cup beside Oscar, and the two make eye contact.

ALEX
Two iced vanilla lattes.

OSCAR
Thanks.

She turns to walk back to the beverage station.

OSCAR (V.O.)
She remembers me. I know she
remembers me... She is going to
look back...
(firmly)
She is going to look back.

At the last moment, Alex turns around and makes eye contact
once again with Oscar. She returns to the register.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

Look at that girl at the register.
She has been staring at me since
she delivered our drinks.

Donnie looks over to Alex. She is preoccupied with a
customer at the register.

DONNIE

Dude I don't think she knows you
exist...

OSCAR

Really? Okay. Watch this.

Oscar puts his drink on the table.

OSCAR (CONT.)

Ready?

Oscar takes a big yawn. Donnie looks at Oscar unsure.

DONNIE

What?

OSCAR (V.O.)

Wait for it.

Oscar looks to the register and Donnie follows his gaze.
Alex yawns. Donnie looks back at Oscar with a dumbfounded
expression. Oscar casually takes a sip from his iced coffee.

OSCAR

I'm contagious.

DONNIE

Go talk to her.

OSCAR

Why? She's busy.

DONNIE

(exasperated)

If you don't go talk to her, I
swear... Oz, I swear... I'll quit.
I will leave El Cariño Bay and go
live in the wilderness with a pack
of wild boars because I will have
given up on humanity!

OSCAR

But she--

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

Oz look at her right now. You're
the mind reader. What's she
thinking?

Oscar sips from his cup and smiles.

OSCAR

Actually, I think she wants me to
go talk to her...

Donnie grabs the cup violently out of Oscar's hand. Oscar
gets up.

OSCAR (CONT.)

Okay, fine! Just... shut up!

Donnie slaps Oscar on the butt when he passes.

Oscar walks to the register. No customers are in line. Alex
watches as Oscar approaches.

OSCAR

Hi.

ALEX

Hi. I remember you. Origami guy,
right?

OSCAR

Oh, heh. Yeah, that's right.

ALEX

You look handsome with your glasses
off.

OSCAR

Thanks, you too. Err...

OSCAR (V.O.)

That was clumsy. Pull it together.

Alex smiles.

ALEX

What's your name?

OSCAR

I'm Oscar.

OSCAR (V.O.)

...Livingston, but my friends call
me Oz.

(CONTINUED)

We focus on Alex' lips as she says:

ALEX

Oscar.

OSCAR

What's yours?

OSCAR (V.O.)

Her name is Alex. It says so on her name tag.

ALEX

Alex.

OSCAR

Nice to meet you Alex.

ALEX

So... do you want to order anything?

OSCAR

Oh, umm...

Oscar looks back to Donnie sitting at the table. Donnie watches intently but quickly averts his gaze.

Oscar pulls out a coffee punch card the size of a business card from his pocket.

OSCAR (CONT.)

...Yeah. I have this punch card here that has been punched ten times. That means I get something for free, right?

ALEX

Oh, no. Those are "no-reward punch cards." There is no reward, it's just a way to keep track of how many coffees you have bought.

Oscar blinks. The punch card slips out of his trembling hand onto the counter.

OSCAR (V.O.)

No-reward punch cards? That has got to be the most idiotic idea in the history of mediocre coffee shops! Let's just alienate our most loyal customer base by crushing their expectations of one miserable cup of coffee!

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

Oh, so you're saying this doesn't
get me anything?

Alex takes the punch card and begins to write on it with a
pen.

ALEX

I'm saying... it doesn't get you
any coffee.

Alex passes the punch card back to Oscar. Written on the
card is a phone number.

Oscar joins Donnie back at the table.

DONNIE

What happened? You got shot down,
didn't you? You should have worn a
hat. What have I always told you?

Oscar puts the punch card on the table.

DONNIE (CONT.)

Is that...? Did you...? I don't
believe you.

OSCAR

I'm contagious.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Oscar dials a number on the house phone. A look of
anticipation as the other line rings. Someone picks up.

OTHER LINE (O.S.)

Gourmand International, this is
Fernando Mezillo.

OSCAR

Hi Fernando, this is Oscar
Livingston.

Grandpa Ted listens with GRANDMA LUCILLE from the other end
of the kitchen. Grandma Lucille (80's) is a young spirit in
an elderly body. Her hearing and memory are almost as bad as
Grandpa Ted's. Her trademark is her retro cat eye glasses.

FERNANDO (O.S.)

Oh Oscar! Thanks for returning my
call. I just wanted to follow up
about our interview yesterday. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FERNANDO (O.S.) (cont'd)
think we had a really valuable
conversation, and I think you
definitely have some... interesting
things to say. Unfortunately...

Oscar shakes his head at his grandparents. They shuffle out
of the kitchen.

FERNANDO (O.S.) (CONT.)
I called to tell you that Gourmand
will not be needing your service at
this time. Now usually I don't do
this, but from one Econ guy to
another, I know a couple people at
some other firms in the area. HR
reps, places like Rapacia Group,
and a few others. If you have a pen
handy, I can give you their names.

OSCAR
Yeah yeah, certainly!

Oscar scrambles for a pen. He pulls out the coffee shop
punch card from his pocket.

FERNANDO (O.S.)
The first contact is a lady named
Deborah Valentino.

OSCAR
Uh huh.

Fernando trails off. Oscar keeps responding into the phone,
but he doesn't write anything. His attention is on the punch
card, which reads "Alex- 420-867-5309."

OSCAR
Okay thanks a lot. Take care.

Oscar hangs up. He stares at the number.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

The Boardwalk is a sunny seaside strip resembling Venice
Beach. Graffiti walls, palm trees, and food trucks. It is a
Mecca of colorful people.

A pink blimp with the word "Love" on it hovers in the sky
overhead.

(CONTINUED)

Oscar buys two plastic cups of bubble tea through a store window. He brings a cup to Alex, who is engrossed in watching a STREET PERFORMER. The street performer is dressed as a Shaolin monk and squats with his feet in a bed of coals. A second monk beats a drum.

ALEX
How does he do that?

OSCAR (V.O.)
I don't know.

Alex looks at Oscar, then starts to walk away. Oscar realizes he has not said anything yet.

OSCAR
(quickly)
I don't know.

Oscar follows after Alex.

ALEX
You still haven't told me what you do yet.

OSCAR
What I do? Like for a job? Well that's kind of a funny story because right now I am keeping my options open... mostly because I don't have any options. I'm unemployed.

Oscar steps on the cement squares in a perfect pattern. Each square "lights up" and makes a harmonious chiming noise. Oscar silently notices Alex step on the squares in a sloppy uneven pattern. Each step makes a noise that is out of key.

ALEX
How do you pay your rent?

OSCAR
That's another funny story because I kind of, sort of live with my grandparents.

ALEX
Oh just you and your grandparents?
Do you have any siblings?

We hear the distracting clicking noise of a combination lock. Oscar steps on a wrong square and it makes a dissonant noise.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.)

Do you have any siblings, Oscar
Livingston? Any siblings? Do you
have any--

OSCAR

No, I don't. Check out those kids
by the fountain.

Oscar points to a group of GOTH TEENAGERS with white painted
faces and black eye liner. They sit silently on a bench in
the distance.

OSCAR (CONT.)

They look like a bunch of depressed
mimes.

Oscar does the invisible wall mime trick with a sad
expression on his face. Alex giggles.

ALEX

That's too much teenage angst for
one bench. Let's keep walking.

Alex walks ahead. One of the goth teenagers looks up at
Oscar. Oscar pulls an invisible rope in the direction that
Alex walked.

A girl named NINA (20's) approaches Oscar. Nina is straight
out of the sixties, with dreadlocks and hemp clothing. She
holds a sign with a red cross and a marijuana leaf on it.

NINA

You want to buy some medical
marijuana?

OSCAR

No thanks, I'm good.

Nina steps in front of Oscar, causing him to halt. Oscar
steps on another wrong square on the ground. It lights up
red and makes a sound that is out of key.

NINA

It will cure your glaucoma.

OSCAR

Oh great! Now I just need to get
glaucoma.

NINA

Hey it's all natural, man.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
You know what else is all natural?
A shower.

NINA
Look in the sky, man.

The "Love Blimp" floats overhead.

NINA (CONT.)
The only shower I need is love.

OSCAR
Ah! Look at the time. It's 4:20.
(whispering)
I gotta go.

NINA
Alright, man. You're just a slave
to the system. Go and live a life
of bondage!

Oscar catches up to Alex.

ALEX
What was that girl saying to you?

OSCAR
I don't know. I think she's into
bondage.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Beware my brothers!

Oscar and Alex direct their attention to the noise. A young man named TITO shouts through a loudspeaker. Despite wearing a t-shirt that says "The end is near," he looks educated. He distributes paper handouts to passersby.

TITO
The rapture draws near! The Sun
shall be darkened, the Moon shall
not give its light, and the stars
shall fall from Heaven!

Tito hands Oscar a pamphlet.

TITO (CONT.)
Save the date, brothers! Next year
on the first of April, the sky will
fall!

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
(to Alex)
Does he realize that's April Fool's
Day?

ALEX
(to Oscar)
I don't know. But look, his
pamphlets are printed on recycled
paper.

Alex points to the pamphlet where it says "100% recycled
paper."

ALEX (CONT.)
At least he wants the world to be
clean when it ends.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Oscar and Alex walk on a sandy beach a distance away from
the Boardwalk.

OSCAR
He was kind of right though.

ALEX
Who?

OSCAR
That guy back there. Chicken
Little. He had a point.

ALEX
And that point was?

OSCAR
The world is kind of going to shit.

Alex starts to laugh. About thirty feet away, a scruffy
homeless man named MASLOW scans the beach with a metal
detector. He grumbles to himself.

OSCAR (CONT.)
I mean just look at this guy. Fifty
years old. Homeless. And probably
schizophrenic, since he appears to
be having quite an engaging
conversation with himself.

(CONTINUED)

MASLOW
(to himself)
I built the pyramids! I'm a
pharaoh, God dammit!

ALEX
But he looks happy.

OSCAR
Sure, he looks happy. Happier than
anyone who is living with enough
money to pay taxes. But why is
that? Is it the taxes that make
people so unhappy? Is it the money?

OSCAR (V.O.)
Is it the living?

ALEX
Why don't you get a metal detector
and bring it out here? It could be
your full-time job.

OSCAR
Oh yeah, my old man would be
thrilled about that. He would come
home and find me combing the beach
for lost wedding rings.

ALEX
Come home from where?

Oscar looks uneasy.

OSCAR
Come home from Japan. Never mind, I
shouldn't have brought it up.

ALEX
What's he doing in Japan?

OSCAR
(reluctant)
Mr. Livingston is a business
consultant. He's usually away from
home for months. Which is great for
me, except he kind of expects me
to, you know...

ALEX
Be like him?

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
Yeah, something like that.

Maslow gets closer to where Oscar and Alex stand.

OSCAR (V.O.)
If we listen to this guy's
conversation, would it be
considered eavesdropping?

ALEX
Excuse me! Excuse me sir! What's
your name?

MASLOW
Maslow.

ALEX
What are you looking for, Maslow?

MASLOW
Don't know. But I'm lookin'.

ALEX
(to Oscar)
At least he's looking.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Grandpa Ted kneels in the flower bed in front of Oscar's house. He digs with a trowel. Oscar enters the yard.

GRANDPA TED
Oh Oscar is that you?

OSCAR
Hi Grandpa. What are you doing
working so hard out here? I thought
you were supposed to be retired.

GRANDPA TED
I just need to clean up this patch
of flowers, then I'll retire. Oh!
If you're going in the house, Oz,
could you grab me the hedge
clippers?

Oscar halts.

OSCAR
The hedge clippers? You mean from
the attic?

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA TED
Those are the ones.

OSCAR
Couldn't you just get them?

Grandpa Ted stops to look at Oscar.

GRANDPA TED
Me? Have you looked at me? I'm
eighty-two years old. It took me an
hour to get into this position. By
the time I stand up I'll probably
be dead. Do you know what it's like
being my age? My bones are made of
chalk. It's a scientific fact
that--

OSCAR
Okay, fine. I'll get the clippers.

Oscar enters the house. Grandpa Ted continues mumbling.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

The ceiling latch to the attic rests a few inches open. Oscar pulls the string to open the latched door. A set of wooden stairs folds out. Oscar stares up into the dark attic. We hear the faint clicking sound of a combination lock. Oscar climbs the stairs.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY

Oscar makes his way through a cluttered attic. The room is dark and cramped. Oscar pulls the string on a hanging light switch. Nothing happens.

A single beam of sunlight shines through a boarded-up window onto a dusty cast-iron safe. Oscar squats next to the safe and flicks the dial with nimble fingers. The door clicks open. Satisfied, Oscar closes the door and stands.

Above the safe hangs a pair of hedge clippers. Oscar grabs the clippers and exits the attic.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

CLASSICAL MUSIC plays.

Oscar combs his hair with gel.

OSCAR
(to nobody)
I'm Oscar Livingston. You can call
me Oz.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Oscar walks down the sidewalk, on a mission. The squares
light up at his feet.

He hops onto a bus.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Oscar sits in a seat near the front of the bus. A
HANDICAPPED WOMAN enters the bus and announces to the bus
driver:

HANDICAPPED WOMAN
I don't got no money, but somebody
will pay for me.

She rolls past Oscar and runs over his foot. The ticking
noise begins once again. Oscar looks at the lady with rage.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Oscar throws the Handicapped Woman off the bus onto the
sidewalk.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Oscar silently sits next to the Handicapped Woman on the
bus. She starts knitting.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Oscar sits next to Donnie in the waiting area of a Thai
massage parlor. Puts the magazines into neat piles on the
coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

She was like an epileptic at a
techno rave.

Donnie gyrates his body with a glazed look on his face.
Oscar shows no interest.

DONNIE (CONT.)

You should have seen it.

OSCAR (V.O.)

It was hectic, man.

DONNIE

It was hectic, man... So what's the
deal with you and coffee girl?

OSCAR

Alex? She's coming over for dinner
tonight.

DONNIE

What? You're not introducing her to
the family already are you? How do
you do it Oz? It's a miracle if I
can get a girl to stay with me for
more than an hour!

OSCAR

Well maybe instead of trying to win
girls over with your fry cook
hat...

Oscar snatches Donnie's paper hat off his head.

OSCAR (CONT.)

...you should try to win girls over
with respect. You know what I mean?
With chivalry.

DONNIE

Oh yeah, I think I know what you
mean. Get some chivalry up in this
bitch! Watch this.

A cute ASIAN GIRL sits on a stool at the front counter.
Donnie approaches the counter.

DONNIE

Excuse me, madame. Hi. Sorry to
bother you, but my friend and I
have been watching you, and we just
can't agree on the best word to
describe you.

(CONTINUED)

Donnie gestures to Oscar.

DONNIE (CONT.)
See, my friend says you're "cute."
But I was telling him that you're
"sexy." But now that I see you up
close, I think you're both.

Oscar watches. The girl looks at Donnie blankly.

ASIAN GIRL
Massage fifteen dollar?

DONNIE
Do you speak English?

ASIAN GIRL
Steam bath twenty dollar.

DONNIE
Does anyone speak English here?

A older ASIAN MAN appears at the counter and speaks with a strong Chinese accent.

ASIAN MAN
How my I help you?

Oscar sits, shaking his head.

OSCAR (V.O.)
No Donnie, don't do it.

DONNIE
Oh, you speak English! Great. Could
you tell this girl that I think
she's sexy?

The man's eyes open wide.

ASIAN MAN
Dat sexy girl is my daughter!

Donnie stops smiling. Oscar closes his eyes.

DONNIE
Oh shiii...

OSCAR
...Chivalry.

The man takes a bamboo backscratcher from the counter and THWACKS Donnie on the head each time he says:

(CONTINUED)

ASIAN MAN
Filfy! Filfy! Filfy! Filfy boy!

The dad escorts the girl away. Donnie clutches his head and sits back down next to Oscar.

DONNIE
I think that chick wants my cock.

OSCAR
I think her dad wants your cock,
dude.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Oscar sits on a massage bench in nothing but a towel. The cute Asian Girl (the MASSEUSE) enters the room and places a tray of oils on the counter.

Oscar extends a \$20 bill to her.

OSCAR
I'm sorry about my friend. He... is
a douchebag.

The masseuse holds the money, a bit surprised.

OSCAR (CONT.)
Do you know what douchebag means?
Bag of douche? Yeah?

The masseuse appears to know what Oscar is saying. She smiles and nods her head.

INT. SECOND MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Donnie sits on a massage bench in a towel. The Asian Man (the MASSEUR) enters room and drops a tray of oils on the table. Donnie lies face-down on the massage bench with a terrified face.

The masseur squirts oils onto Donnie's back from two different bottle at the same time. He cracks his knuckles and rubs his hands together quickly as if to start a fire. He chuckles slowly like a lunatic. Donnie whimpers pathetically.

DONNIE
So not hectic...

The masseur winds up with one hand over his head, about to slap Donnie's back.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Oscar lies on his back while the masseuse massages his thighs.

We hear a comical SHRIEK come from another room. Oscar opens an eye to look in the direction of the other room.

The masseuse squirts oil onto Oscar's thighs. Oscar inhales deeply.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Lavender.

A bottle of scented oil says "Lavender" on it.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Green Tea.

A second bottle says "Green Tea."

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
And something else... What is it?
It's like lemon, but it's not...

Oscar's head suddenly bolts up from the massage bench. The masseuse has just removed Oscar's towel and is about to perform oral sex on him. Oscar leaps off the massage bench and covers his crotch with his hands.

OSCAR
Ooooookay! That's not-- I didn't mean-- Wow! I'm sorry! That is not what I meant at all! Trust me, if I were any other guy, I would totally be on board for this, but...

The masseuse's lip starts to tremble.

OSCAR (CONT.)
I just met this girl, and her name is Alex, and she likes bubble tea, and you probably don't understand anything I'm saying, but...

The masseuse starts to cry into her hands. Oscar awkwardly hugs her, still naked.

OSCAR (CONT.)
No no no! I think you're a wonderful girl, really. A wonderful girl. There there... Okay... I... am going... to leave now.

(CONTINUED)

Oscar separates his arms from the masseuse and covers himself with the towel. He exits through the door. A moment later, Oscar enters the room once again. He picks up a bottle of massage oil and reads the label.

OSCAR (CONT.)

Lemongrass! I fucking knew it!

He leaves the room.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Oscar walks next to Donnie on the Boardwalk. Donnie walks as if his entire body is in pain. His shirt drapes over one shoulder. Red slaps marks cover his back.

DONNIE

Okay, so that was a bad idea. I'll be the first to admit it. I just wanted to help you relax about this whole job search thing. You're not going to find an entry level position as CEO of Bank of America, and that's okay.

A SILVER MAN is performing on the Boardwalk. He is covered in all silver clothes and paint, and he stands perfectly still.

DONNIE (CONT.)

See, look at this guy. He didn't wait for someone to hire him, he just bought a couple cans of spray paint, and he went out there.

OSCAR

All he does is stay completely still. He'd be better at his job if he were dead.

DONNIE

A job is a job Oz.

OSCAR

Investing someone's life savings is a little different than spray painting yourself to look like a robot.

Donnie puts his shirt on.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

Look at me. I'm a fry cook. My shift at Surfer Burger is going to start in ten minutes. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to work hard, and I'm going to earn an honest wage.

EXT. SURFER BURGER ALLEYWAY - DAY

Donnie sits in the alley behind Surfer Burger. He inhales from a joint.

NINA (O.S.)

Hey you want to buy some medical marijuana?

Donnie turns to where the voice came from with an expressionless gaze. Sunlight creates an angelic glow around Nina. At the sight of her, Donnie exhales smoke as he says under his breath:

DONNIE

(muffled)

Chhhhivalry...

He extends his joint towards her. Nina smiles.

NINA

Right on.

Nina sits next to Donnie.

NINA (CONT.)

Nice hat.

She takes a hit from his joint.

NINA (CONT.)

What are you doing out here?
Shouldn't you be in... there?

Nina points to Surfer Burger with the joint. Donnie takes the joint.

DONNIE

Yeah. I'm supposed to be working hard and earning an honest wage. But suddenly... I don't want to.

(CONTINUED)

NINA
Me neither.

DONNIE
I want to not do work.

NINA
Yeah. I want to not do work too.

DONNIE
Do you want to not do work with me?

Nina lets her medical marijuana sign drop on the ground.

NINA
Okay.

Donnie smiles and exhales smoke through his teeth.

DONNIE
Okay.

INT. SURFER BURGER - DAY

Donnie sneaks into the entrance of Surfer Burger. He puts a quarter in the juke box and selects "Surfin' Bird." The song starts to play. All of the fry cooks groan in the kitchen.

Tommy now has a bandage over his nose. He raises his spatula towards the ceiling.

TOMMY
(yells)
FUCKKKKKKKK!!!

The employees at the register look to see who selected the song. Donnie has already run out the front door.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

"Surfin' Bird" continues to play.

Donnie chases after Nina on the Boardwalk, weaving in between crowds of people.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Oscar looks up from the sidewalk at an office building that says "Rapacia Group." He wears his business suit and clutches his resume holder.

INT. CORNER OFFICE- DAY

Oscar sits on an uncomfortable couch in front of a glass coffee table. A job interviewer named DEBORAH reads Oscar's resume. Deborah is a lonely middle-aged woman who knows how to dress professionally.

Oscar sees that Deborah does not have a ring on her finger.

OSCAR (V.O.)

No wedding ring. Forty years is a little old to still not be married.

DEBORAH

You went to Columbia and you studied Economics. Okay, from looking at your resume, I can tell you're not a bubblehead, so instead of asking you questions, I'm going to let you ask me questions.

OSCAR (V.O.)

This woman is lonely and desperately wants attention. She wants to talk about herself. About her interests.

Oscar notices a mini zen garden in the middle of Deborah's desk.

OSCAR

Is that a zen garden on your desk?

Deborah's face lights up.

DEBORAH

Why yes it is. Although, I prefer the Japanese word kare-sansui, meaning "dry landscape."

OSCAR (V.O.)

Her social life is a "dry landscape."

(CONTINUED)

DEBORAH

You know, in the 14th Century,
Buddhist monks would use zen
gardens to help them meditate on
the true meaning of life. I have
carefully arranged the rocks in
this garden to represent happiness.

Deborah turns the mini garden so Oscar can see. The rocks
are arranged in the shape of a smiley face.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

"Surfin' Bird" resumes.

Alex sneaks up to the Shaolin Monk who is squatting over a
bed of coals. Careful not to disturb him, she lights a new
joint on the coals.

A GRAFFITI ARTIST spray paints a stencil on Donnie's bare
chest. When Donnie turns around, we see it is a giant
marijuana leaf. Nina approves.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

DEBORAH

Please Oscar, have some "Clean
Tea."

Deborah hands Oscar a cup of tea. Oscar takes a sip.

OSCAR (V.O.)

This tastes like hot water.

OSCAR

What's in it?

DEBORAH

Nothing! It's just water. I like to
call it "Clean Tea." It has only
what your body needs, none of that
other stuff. I thought of it
myself.

Oscar nods and takes another sip.

OSCAR (V.O.)

This is hot water. I am drinking
hot water.

(CONTINUED)

DEBORAH

Oh, Oscar I noticed something was missing from your resume.

OSCAR

Really? I thought I included everything...

DEBORAH

Your sign.

OSCAR

Hmm?

DEBORAH

Your sign. You forgot to put your Zodiac sign.

Deborah points to a tapestry hanging on her office wall. It has the twelve signs of the Zodiac arranged in a circle.

OSCAR

Oh... right. My sign. I am a...

Oscar looks at the different signs on the tapestry, going from Aries, to Leo, to Cancer.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Cleavage... Sperm... Sixty nine...

OSCAR

Uhh... Libra?

DEBORAH

Oh thank God! I was afraid we wouldn't be compatible. But I'm a Gemini, so I know we'll get along just swimmingly! Libras are known to be very outgoing and extraverted. Oh that reminds me! Would you consider yourself a people person?

Oscar slowly takes a sip of his tea.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

"Surfin' Bird" resumes.

Donnie and Nina giggle as they watch the Silverman pose perfectly still. They blow pot smoke into the Silverman's face. He struggles to stay still. Coughs. Donnie and Nina laugh as they run away.

INT. CRAMPED OFFICE - DAY

A tiny office overflowing with file cabinets.

Oscar sits at a desk across from a new job interviewer named TERRY. Terry has a bulbous figure and wears a pair of thick glasses.

TERRY

Alright Oscar, I'm going to go ahead and give you a few brain teasers, just to see what kind of answers you can come up with. See if you can think on your toes. How does that sound?

OSCAR

Sounds fine to me.

TERRY

Fantastic. Okay. Now, let's say a man suspects that his wife is cheating on him with one of his two friends...

Terry takes off his glasses and rubs his eyelids.

OSCAR (V.O.)

This man's wife is cheating on him.

TERRY

One of the friends is a liar, and the other tells the truth, but he doesn't know which one. What question should the man ask if he wants to find out which friend is the backstabbing schmuck who has been plowing his wife?

OSCAR

Terry, I think you should just talk to your wife and tell her how you feel.

Terry glares at Oscar. Oscar picks up his resume from the desk and hurries out of the room.

EXT. BOARDWALK PIER- DAY

"Surfin Bird" resumes.

Donnie chases Nina onto the pier, where tourists take pictures and local fishermen drink beer. They reach the railing at the end of the pier.

INT. SURFER BURGER - DAY

The song reaches the point where the singer yells "Surfin' Bird!" All of the Surfer Burger employees do the Surfer Burger chant:

SURFER BURGER EMPLOYEES
SUR-FER BUR-GERRR! Bbbblubblubluhh!

They shake their heads with the song.

EXT. BOARDWALK PIER - DAY

Donnie and Nina jump off the railing into the ocean thirty feet below.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Oscar knocks on the door of an apartment. Alex opens the door. She wears a vibrant red-and-white striped sweater. It is the first thing we see.

OSCAR
Hey! Ready to go?

ALEX
Yeah!

Oscar steals another glance at her sweater. Something about it bothers him.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Oscar grips the railing in the corner of the elevator. The space feels tight. Everything in the elevator seems closer to Oscar than it actually is. A bead of sweat drops down Oscar's nose. Alex looks at him.

ALEX
Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
Yeah, I'm fine.

OSCAR (V.O.)
No, I'm not.

ALEX
Are you claustrophobic or
something?

OSCAR (V.O.)
Yes.

Oscar pauses.

OSCAR
A little.

Alex hits a button and the elevator stops. The doors open.

ALEX
Then let's take the stairs.

She walks out of the elevator without waiting for a response. Oscar stands where he is in the elevator. The doors start to close. Oscar bolts out of the elevator.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Oscar and Alex eat dinner with Grandma Lucille and Grandpa Ted at the dining room table. Oscar focuses his attention on Alex's sweater, trying to be subtle.

OSCAR
(whispering)
Don't take it personally if my
grandparents forget your name. They
have been trying to learn my friend
Donnie's name for twelve years.

Alex looks at Grandma Lucille eating.

OSCAR (CONT.)
(whispering)
Oh and don't worry about them
hearing this. You could launch a
space shuttle in the kitchen
without them knowing.

GRANDMA LUCILLE
(loudly)
How do you like the meatloaf?

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
(loudly)
It's great Mammy.

Oscar signals to Alex with his eyes.

ALEX
(loudly)
It's delicious Mrs. Livingston,
thank you. You are a wonderful
cook.

GRANDMA LUCILLE
Thank you darling. Meatloaf is
Ted's favorite.

GRANDPA TED
(loudly)
What?

GRANDMA LUCILLE
(loudly)
Meatloaf is your favorite!

GRANDPA TED
I know that!

Oscar and Alex exchange looks.

OSCAR
(whispering)
Do you want to hear how my
grandparents met?

ALEX
(whispering)
Okay.

OSCAR
(loudly)
Grandpa you'll never guess where I
was today.

GRANDPA TED
Oh yeah? Where?

OSCAR
Surfer Burger.

GRANDPA TED
Surfer Burger! Did I ever tell you
I met Lucille at Surfer Burger? It
was over fifty years ago.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
(to Alex, whispering)
This is actually a pretty good
story.

EXT. SURFER BURGER PARKING LOT - NIGHT - 1950'S (FLASHBACK)

The parking lot of shiny and lively Surfer Burger. It is alive with neon lights and adolescents.

A YOUNGER GRANDPA TED (20's) leans on the hood of a Cadillac Eldorado convertible. He wears a black leather jacket and has slick gelled hair.

GRANDPA TED (V.O.)
I met Lu on a blind date.

His wingman JOEY (20's) leans next to him.

GRANDPA TED (V.O.) (CONT.)
Double date, that is. I was with my
pal Joey. He was my... waddya call
it? My partner in crime! I was like
Butch Cassidy and he was Sundance.
Say nothing about the silly gangs
you hear about on the news
nowadays. In those days, Joey and
I, we ran this town.

Ted and Joey walk towards the entrance with purpose. Two WOMEN stand outside waiting for them: MARYLIN (20's), young and beautiful, and YOUNG GRANDMA LUCILLE (20's). We can tell it is her from the vintage cat eye glasses.

GRANDPA TED (V.O.) (CONT.)
Joey convinced me to swap dates
with him at the start of the night.
I'll never pay him back enough for
that.

While walking across the parking lot, Ted switches places with Joey. Ted meets Lucille, and Joey meets Marylin. The two couples enter Surfer Burger, the girls holding onto their man's arms.

INT. SURFER BURGER - NIGHT

Joey and Marylin have an intimate conversation with each other. Lucille and Ted feed each other French fries in an adorable fashion.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA TED (V.O.) (CONT.)

There we were. Joey and me in the Burger with our girls. We stayed together all night... and for the next fifty years. Joey married his girl, and I married mine.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

ALEX

That's amazing! All these years!

GRANDMA LUCILLE

Alex you may not believe it, but I used to be a beautiful young lady!

Grandpa Ted starts laughing in agreement. His laugh sounds more like a wheeze than anything.

ALEX

And you still are, Mrs. Livingston.

GRANDMA LUCILLE

Maybe not as beautiful as you though. Did I tell you that I just love that sweater on you? I just think it's the cutest thing. It looks like the one that Charlie used to wear, doesn't it Ted?

Oscar stops eating.

GRANDPA TED

It does, doesn't it?

GRANDMA LUCILLE

Oscar's brother Charlie used to have a sweater just like yours. He would never take it off!

Alex looks at Oscar, confused.

GRANDPA TED

We still have it, don't we?

GRANDMA LUCILLE

Gosh, I think you're right.

We hear the familiar ticking noise.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA LUCILLE (CONT.)
Would you like to see it, Alex?

OSCAR
No Mammy! Alex doesn't want to see
your ratty ass sweater! Just eat
your damn meatloaf.

A moment of awkward silence at the table. Alex has a shocked
and confused look.

GRANDPA TED
That sweater isn't ratty.

Oscar puts down his fork and leaves the table. He grabs his
jacket from a hook in the kitchen and leaves through the
front door. Alex wipes her lips with her napkin.

ALEX
Thank you for dinner Mrs.
Livingston. It was a pleasure to
meet you both.

She gets up from the table and follows Oscar out the door.

GRANDPA TED
What a charming young lady. Why
can't Oscar find a girl like that?

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Oscar's car pulls out of the driveway, stopping just long
enough for Alex to hop in.

INT./EXT. OSCAR'S CAR - NIGHT

Oscar and Alex look at the road ahead.

OSCAR (V.O.)
I'm sorry.

Alex looks out her window.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry
Alex!

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
This one's for all you surfers out
there! Here is The Trashmen with
Surfin' Bird!

Oscar turns off the radio.

INT./EXT. OSCAR'S CAR - NIGHT.

Oscar parks outside Alex's apartment building. Alex gets out of the car.

OSCAR (V.O.)
I'm sorry Alex! I'M SORRY!

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Alex stands in the elevator alone.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alex unlocks the door to her apartment. We hear someone rushing up the stairwell. Oscar bursts out of the stairwell door into the hallway. He is out of breath.

OSCAR
I'm sorry.
(heavy breathing)
I'm sorry Alex. I'm sorry.

Alex opens the door to her apartment and motions inside with her head.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The narrow entranceway doubles as a kitchenette. Oscar leans against the countertop as Alex wipes his forehead with a dry washcloth.

ALEX
Do you want something to drink?

OSCAR
Do you have milk?

ALEX
Milk?

Oscar pauses to think.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Yes.

Oscar nods his head. Alex takes a gallon out of the fridge and begins pouring a glass.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Does this sweater bother you or something?

OSCAR

No, no. It's fine.

ALEX

Because I'm not really sure what happened tonight...

OSCAR

Listen, I love my grandparents. I really do... I just...

OSCAR (V.O.)

I'm sorry.

OSCAR

I'm sorry.

Alex hands Oscar a glass of milk.

ALEX

Why didn't you tell me you have a brother?

The faint clicking noise starts again.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Do you have any siblings, Oscar Livingston? Any siblings?

OSCAR

I don't.

ALEX

But your grandmother sounded like she--

OSCAR

--My *grandmother* is older than the phonebook and she gets confused sometimes.

Oscar takes a sip of his milk. Alex stares at him.

ALEX

Oscar.

Oscar's eyes meet Alex's.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

(softly)

Okay. I did have a brother... I
don't anymore. I should have told
you. I'm sorry.

Oscar takes a sip of milk and sets the glass on the counter. A milk mustache forms on his upper lip. He attempts to slowly slip past Alex in the narrow kitchen. Alex partly blocks his path. Their bodies linger in close proximity. There is a long moment of hesitation without eye contact. Alex leans in and kisses Oscar on the cheek. Another moment of hesitation. Alex kisses Oscar on the lips. He kisses her back, and the milk mustache spreads to her lip. Oscar stops.

OSCAR (CONT.)

Actually that sweater does bother
me. I should have told you earlier.

Alex wipes the milk mustache off her lip. She walks out of the kitchen, taking the sweater off and dropping it on the floor as she goes. She wears only a bra. Alex looks back at Oscar with a sultry glance before leaving the room.

Oscar watches intently. He takes one last sip of milk and follows Alex out of the kitchen.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oscar and Alex are standing next to a bed, making out. Oscar stops.

OSCAR

Can we try something?

ALEX

(intrigued)

What do you want to try?

OSCAR

I want to have a conversation.

ALEX

(disappointed)

Oh.

OSCAR

I want you to tell me exactly what
you're thinking. Okay? And I will
tell you what I'm thinking. Kind of
like an experiment.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Okay.

OSCAR

Just say whatever comes to mind.
Whatever you're thinking about.
Don't hold back.

ALEX

You start.

OSCAR

I like your eyes. I think they're
beautiful.

Alex smiles and bites her lip playfully.

ALEX

I like your lips.

OSCAR

I like your face.

ALEX

I like the shape of your jawbone. I
want to touch it.

OSCAR

Touch it then.

Alex touches Oscar's cheek with a hand.

ALEX

Your face feels prickly. I want
to--

Alex puts a second hand to Oscar's other cheek. Oscar does
the same with his hands on Alex's face.

OSCAR

Your hands smell good. Is that
lilac?

ALEX

Yes. I think it's creepy how you
can do that--

OSCAR

I want to kiss you again.

ALEX

Okay.

Alex and Oscar kiss once more. Oscar pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
Are you mad at me about dinner
tonight?

ALEX
No.

OSCAR
What are you thinking about right
now?

ALEX
I'm wondering what color your
underwear is.

Oscar immediately strips his pants to the ground.

OSCAR
I'm wearing whitie-tighties. I used
to be embarrassed by it, but now I
don't give a shit what anyone
thinks. My balls need support.

ALEX
I think ball support is sexy.

They start making out again. They fall onto Alex's bed. Alex
is on top of Oscar.

ALEX (CONT.)
I don't want you to leave.

OSCAR
I don't want to leave.

They stare into each other's eyes for a moment, then start
making out again.

Enchanting STRINGS MUSIC begins to play.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Alex's turns a knob on the radio to increase the volume.

An egg cracks open into a sizzling frying pan. The egg white
and yolk form two perfect concentric circles. Two flawless
strips of bacon lie exactly parallel to each other in a
second pan. Two slices of toast pop out of the toaster.
Oscar spins around Alex and she takes his place in front of
the stove. Perfect harmony.

(CONTINUED)

Oscar pours milk into two glasses next to each other. The liquid levels are perfectly even in both glasses. Oscar spins back into his place at the stove. He holds a coffee mug in one hand and a spatula in the other.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

A goofy 300-pound man named REDFOOT stands in the doorway. He appears to come from Native American descent. He wears only boxers and a wolf shirt and has a long beaded ponytail. Tucked under his arm is a bongo drum.

ALEX
Morning, Redfoot.

REDFOOT
Oh, hey Alex.

Redfoot seems preoccupied by the action taking place on the stove.

Alex moves in front of his line of vision.

ALEX
Redfoot. What's up?

REDFOOT
Oh... Uh, is this your bongo?

Redfoot holds up the bongo drum.

ALEX
No that's yours. You've had that for like eight years.

REDFOOT
Oh. Okay... Hey is that bacon I smell?

Alex sighs.

ALEX
Oscar, this is Redfoot, my landlord. He owns Brew Ha Ha.

Oscar closes his eyes.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Propane. Bacon grease. Lilac. Time to meet a new person.

Oscar cranes his neck towards the doorway with his feet planted.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

Nice to meet you, Redfoot. I'm Oscar.

OSCAR (V.O.)

... Livingston, but my friends--

REDFOOT

Pleased to acquaint you, chief.

OSCAR

You own the coffee shop? So you're Alex's boss?

REDFOOT

It's a tough job, but somebody's gotta do it! Am I right, chief?

Redfoot hits Oscar playfully on the shoulder. Coffee wobbles precariously in Oscar's mug.

OSCAR

Yeah... right. Are you, by any chance, the person who thought of the punch card idea? The... um, "no-reward punch card?"

REDFOOT

Whoa, chief, you must be quite the loyal customer!

OSCAR (V.O.)

Answer the question, Wolf Man.

OSCAR

Heh heh... Yeah, right. So was that you?

Redfoot looks at Alex.

REDFOOT

Yeah, that was my idea. My brain child. You know what I mean, chief? It was like my brain had a child.

Oscar releases the spatula onto the counter with a stiff hand.

REDFOOT (CONT.)

See, I could never remember how many coffees I bought. So one day I thought of it: a little card that helps you keep track of how many

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REDFOOT (CONT.) (cont'd)
drinks you order. What do you think
of that, chief?

As Oscar forces out his words, he turns the knob on the
stove higher and higher. The eggs SIZZLE louder.

OSCAR
It's so... simple, yet so...
sophisticated. An entrepreneurial
breakthrough. There is certainly no
overstating the economic merits of
the "no-reward punch card"...
chief.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Suboptimal utility. Compromised
customer loyalty. Reduced sales.
Decreased revenues. Lower profit
margin.

ALEX
Oscar actually has a degree in
economics.

OSCAR
It's just a useless piece of paper.
It doesn't mean anything.

ALEX
That's not true!

REDFOOT
Economics? Is that right, chief? So
what kind of jobs can you get with
a degree in economics?

OSCAR
Well... you can teach economics.

After a moment, Redfoot realizes Oscar is joking, and he
emits a booming laugh. He points to Oscar like he is an
animal at the zoo.

REDFOOT
You can teach economics! Ha ha!
Alex where'd you find this guy?

ALEX
It was more like he found me.

(CONTINUED)

REDFOOT
Put 'er here, chief.

Redfoot extends one of his thick hands.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Steady now, Oscar.

Oscar receives a vigorous handshake, causing a few drops of his coffee to spill from the mug. Oscar watches them slowly splash onto the floor. His perfect day is ruined. The radio station music slows to a stop. We hear the familiar ticking noise.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Wolf Man, you son of a bitch.

In slow-motion, Oscar punches Redfoot in the face with his coffee mug. Like a fist-enhancer, the mug smashes into Redfoot's jowls. Hot coffee and glass shards scatter everywhere.

ALEX
I'll get it.

Alex grabs a paper towel. Redfoot is completely unharmed. Oscar holds his coffee mug.

REDFOOT
Oh, look what I did. Sorry about that! I've been here for a minute, Alex, and your friend already knows my secret!

ALEX
Redfoot is clumsy. That's his secret.

REDFOOT
I better leave before I spill the rest of your breakfast on the floor. Or into my mouth. HA! Oh, I'm bad! Did you hear that Alex? I am *bad*! Okay I'm leaving now. See ya Alex. Later, chief.

ALEX
Peace out, Redfoot.

REDFOOT
I'm gonna take this bongo with me, 'kay?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Okay. And maybe go get some pants on.

The door closes behind Redfoot.

REDFOOT (O.S.)

Well, you can teach economics...
HA!

Oscar turns the stove off. He crouches by Alex to help clean up the spill.

ALEX

A college degree is not just a dumb piece of paper.

OSCAR

I was being modest.

ALEX

You were lying.

OSCAR

Same thing.

Oscar stands up and looks at the stove. The yolk of the fried egg has leaked yellow onto the egg white. Oscar sighs.

OSCAR (CONT.)

Alex. Do you think it's possible to have a perfect day?

ALEX

Well, it's Sunday, so nothing is stopping us.

OSCAR

No I mean like an actual perfect day. It can't be today. Today was already messed up.

ALEX

How?

OSCAR

The coffee. The coffee spilled.
Game over. Better luck next time.
And look at this egg.

Alex examines the egg in the pan.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

What's wrong with it?

OSCAR

See how the yolk is leaking all over the place? That's not a perfect day. That's... a shitty egg day. *Every day* is a shitty egg day.

ALEX

Maybe to you it is, but to me it's a delicious egg day. If you don't want it, I'll eat it.

On the counter is a glass half-filled with milk.

OSCAR

You still want it?

ALEX

(Imitating Redfoot)

Put 'er here, chief.

Oscar slides the egg onto a piece of toast on a plate.

OSCAR (CONT.)

But do you think it's possible? A perfect day?

ALEX

I don't know, Oscar. I don't really get what the big deal is.

OSCAR

Well, in a way, once you have a perfect day, you are fulfilled. Once you reach perfection, your life is complete. Right?

Oscar's mug leaves a ring of coffee on the counter. He wipes it off with a paper towel.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Right?

A knock at the door. Redfoot pokes his head in, smiling.

REDFOOT

Hey Alex one other thing.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Yeah?

REDFOOT

Yeah.

Alex and Oscar stare at Redfoot.

ALEX

What is it?

REDFOOT

Oh, you still owe me three months rent.

ALEX

Just take it out of my paycheck.

REDFOOT

I did that. Three months is what's left.

ALEX

Well how much exactly?

Redfoot takes out a crumpled piece of paper from his boxers and reads:

REDFOOT

\$621.00. Can you remember that?
Here, this always helps me remember things. Do this:

Redfoot beats on his bongo in a rhythmic pattern.

REDFOOT (CONT.)

Six-hun-dred and twen-ty one.
Six-hun-dred and twen-ty one. Sing
it with me. Six-hun-dred and
twen-ty one. It'll help you
remember. Six-hun-dred and twen-ty
one.

Alex just looks at the floor.

REDFOOT (CONT.)

How 'bout you, chief? Six-hun-dred
and twen-ty one. No one's doing it.
Six-hun-dred and twen-ty one. I'm
th only one. Six-hun-dred and
twen-ty one.

Redfoot drifts into the hallway. The door closes behind him.

(CONTINUED)

REDFOOT (O.S.)
(distant)
Six-hun-dred and-- wait-- Six...
Six-hun-dred...

Silence. Alex and Oscar do not move.

REDFOOT (O.S.) (CONT.)
(distant)
Six...
(silence)
Six...

Redfoot lets out a high-pitched chuckle.

ALEX
Okay *now* it's a shitty egg day.

Oscar wraps his arms around her from behind.

ALEX (CONT.)
Oscar... I don't have it. I don't
have that much money just lying
around.

OSCAR
That's okay. I do.

The fried egg sits on top of the piece of toast. We hear a
CHIRPING sound.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

A baby bird lies helplessly in the lawn, CHIRPING.

Grandpa Ted stands over it with his hands on his hips. He
looks up. A bird's nest rests on a tree branch high above.

A dangerously flimsy ladder props against the side of the
house.

Grandpa Ted scoops up the baby bird. He climbs the ladder
slowly, his ankles shaking. He reaches the top of the ladder
and stretches a hand towards the high tree branch. His body
bends into an extremely precarious position, leaning several
feet away from the house.

Grandpa Ted releases the tiny bird into the nest with a
sweet chuckle. He descends to the ground and carries the
ladder away.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, FATHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

A framed photograph of Oscar and his father, Ken. It is a professional portrait. They stand stiffly, looking at the camera as if it bears unpleasant news.

Oscar removes six one-hundred-dollar bills from a cigar box on the dresser. He smells the money.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Cotton. Charcoal.

Oscar hands the money to Alex.

ALEX
Are you sure?

OSCAR
Of course I'm sure. I counted it
twice.

Oscar puts the cigar box back in its place in the dresser. Alex notices the framed photo.

OSCAR (CONT.)
That's our family portrait. My dad
wanted it taken so he could show
all his coworkers what a happy
family he has.

They gaze at the photo. It is not centered. There is an empty space next to Ken where a third person should have stood.

OSCAR (CONT.)
What a dumbass.

ALEX
What happened to your brother?

Alex continues looking at the photo.

OSCAR
Let me show you.

Oscar leaves the room.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY

Oscar and Alex stare silently at the iron safe.

OSCAR
Six minutes.

Alex looks at Oscar.

OSCAR (CONT.)
A person can last six minutes in there. And, of course, there's no way to open it from the inside, so the word "safe" is kind of misleading.

ALEX
Do you know how to open it?

Oscar crouches by the safe. He turns the dial as if he has done it hundreds of times before.

OSCAR
Go twice all the way around. Stop on the first number. Twenty-seven. Go back. Pass the first number. Stop on the second number. Forty-five. Then the third number. Go straight to thirteen. Do not pass "Go," do not collect two-hundred dollars.

The safe lock clicks.

OSCAR (CONT.)
You'll never guess what's inside.

ALEX
What?

Oscar pulls the door open. Alex looks afraid of what she will see. The safe is empty.

OSCAR
Nothing.

Oscar laughs and SLAMS the door closed. He walks out of the attic.

OSCAR (CONT.)
Come on. You have six hundred dollars to spend.

INT. DONNIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN- DAY

Donnie removes a cheeseburger from a paper to-go bag. He places it carefully on a fancy china plate. He dumps French fries onto a second smaller plate. He squeezes out ketchup from a dozen packets into a fancy silver dish. He pours orange soda from a paper cup into champagne glasses.

Donnie examines himself in the mirror. He takes off his Surfer Burger hat. He actually looks handsome.

INT. DONNIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Donnie carries everything on a silver tray into his living room, which doubles as a smoking den. Tacky tapestries and Bob Marley posters line the walls. Donnie sets the tray on a coffee table next to a towering bong.

DONNIE

Okay, now open.

Nina sits on the couch in front of the coffee table with her hands over her eyes. She removes her hands to see the glorious sight. Her face lights up.

NINA

Donnie!

DONNIE

Oh I almost forgot!

Donnie leaves the room, and comes back with something in his hand.

DONNIE

I got Oreos too.

NINA

Aww. Baby, you're such a gentleman!

Nina hugs Donnie. They kiss.

DONNIE

Bon appétit.

They clink their two champagne glasses together.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Grandma Lucille places a bowl of soup on the dining room table. Before she can sit down, the doorbell RINGS.

INT./EXT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, DOORWAY - DAY

Grandma Lucille opens the door to find Tito, the man from the Boardwalk, standing outside in the doorway.

TITO

Good afternoon, ma'am. Lovely day,
isn't it? I'd like to talk to you
about the end of the world.

GRANDMA LUCILLE

What's that? Speak up, boy.

Tito extends a pamphlet.

TITO

(louder)

It is my duty to inform you that
the rapture will begin on the first
of April.

Grandma Lucille laughs.

GRANDMA LUCILLE

April? I'm not going to last that
long!

She shuts the door in Tito's face.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Lucille walks past the dining room table and notices the bowl of soup. She pauses and looks around for her husband.

GRANDMA LUCILLE

Ted?

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grandpa Ted sleeps in his chair listening to old records. His cane balances across his lap.

GRANDMA LUCILLE (O.S.)

TED!

(CONTINUED)

Grandpa Ted startles out of his chair and grabs his cane. He looks around, then at the record player.

GRANDMA LUCILLE (O.S.) (CONT.)

TED!

Grandpa Ted looks curiously at the record player as if it is calling him. He lifts the needle off the spinning vinyl.

GRANDMA LUCILLE (O.S.) (CONT.)

TED!

Grandpa Ted looks astonished. Grandma Lucille enters.

GRANDMA LUCILLE

Ted are you awake?

Grandpa Ted spins around to face his wife.

GRANDPA TED

I don't know.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

The bowl of soup sits on the table. The grandparents look at it curiously.

GRANDMA LUCILLE

Did you make this?

GRANDPA TED

I don't know.

GRANDMA LUCILLE

Did I make this?

GRANDPA TED

I don't know.

Grandma Lucille produces a second spoon.

GRANDMA LUCILLE

Do you want to share it?

Grandpa Ted smiles and nods.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

Oscar and Alex dine at a classy Italian restaurant. Alex wears a ribbon in her hair. They sit in an outdoor courtyard area shaded by umbrellas. They feed forkfuls of pasta into each other's mouths.

INT. DONNIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nina and Donnie feed each other French fries in the same way that Ted and Lucille did on their first date.

A marijuana leaf poster hangs on the wall with the words "One Love" written on it.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Grandma Lucille and Grandpa Ted deliver spoonfuls of soup into each other's mouth. They could not look happier.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

The "Love Blimp" floats in the distant sunset.

A SNOBBISH WAITER delivers the restaurant bill to the table and glides away. Oscar reaches for the bill, but Alex stops him.

ALEX

Have you ever done this before?

OSCAR

No, I've never been dumb enough to do this before. You have \$600 in your pocket. Give me one reason why we would even think about doing this.

ALEX

Because we'll never forget it.

Oscar pulls the bill towards his side of the table. He glances up to notice a black cat hopping across the umbrellas of the courtyard.

OSCAR (V.O.)

What's the price of a memory?

Oscar opens the leather check holder and peeks inside. The bill is \$33.76. Oscar places it back on the table.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

Okay.

ALEX

Okay?

OSCAR

Okay. Let's do it.

ALEX

Five more seconds.

OSCAR

Wait what?

ALEX

Three, two, one.

Their waiter turns the corner inside the restaurant, out of sight. Alex rises and leaves the table. Oscar scrambles to follow after her. He catches up to Alex's side. She links arms with Oscar.

ALEX

Act natural.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Natural. When real people walk naturally, they place their hands at their sides. Palms in. They swing their arms, but not too much.

Oscar moves his hands precisely the way he describes.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

A real person doesn't look down. He looks up. He admires the ugly people around him.

Oscar watches the people around him. Retired country clubbers dine throughout the courtyard.

The restaurant RECEPTIONIST has an enormous mustache protruding from his face like the Monopoly Guy. He watches Oscar and Alex approach. Alex looks down to avoid eye contact.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

...He stares the world in its ugly face.

Oscar strolls past the Receptionist, rotating his head to maintain intense eye-contact.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
My name is Oscar Livingston, and
I'm an imposter.

The Receptionist watches Oscar and Alex exit onto the Boardwalk through the front door. As soon as they are outside the restaurant, Alex bolts down the boardwalk. Oscar runs after her. The concerned Receptionist watches them from the doorway.

The Snobbish Waiter collects the check holder from the table and finds nothing but the bill inside. No money. He closes the check holder forcefully. The waiter lifts Oscar's plate to clear the table and finds forty dollars folded underneath it. Relieved, he tucks the money into his shirt pocket.

Perched on the courtyard roof, the black cat sits with a white cat. The two cats rub their heads against each other.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Oscar and Alex sprint down the boardwalk, laughing while the sun sets. In the twilight, we see the lighthouse far away on the beach. They walk towards it.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Oscar stands at the base of the lighthouse, looking up at its red and white stripes.

ALEX
You need to see this.

Alex opens the reinforced door to the lighthouse, and it creaks like a bank vault-- or the door to a safe. The lighthouse is uninhabited and cramped. A tiny spiraling staircase leads to the top.

OSCAR
It looks pretty tight in there.

Alex takes off her hair ribbon.

OSCAR (CONT.)
Alex I can't go in there.

Alex wraps the ribbon around Oscar's eyes and ties it in a knot.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (CONT.)

Alex--

ALEX

--Shh... It's okay. I'm here.

Alex leads Oscar inside.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE STAIRS - DAY

We are blindfolded by Alex's ribbon. However, we hear FOOTSTEPS amidst the dampened, echoing cadence of the lighthouse interior.

Alex guides Oscar, step by step.

The LAUGH of a young boy bounces up the staircase, accompanied by flashes of red and white stripes. Oscar breaths heavily.

YOUNG BOY (O.S.)

(distant)

Oscar?

Oscar stiffens.

OSCAR

What was that? Who...?

ALEX (O.S.)

It's okay. I'm here.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE TOP - DAY

The blindfold brightens and we hear the sound of the beach. Alex removes the scarf from our vision, unmasking a breathtaking evening view of the ocean. The fishing pier leads to a view of the Boardwalk, which begins to light up. Only a sliver of the sun is left over the horizon, accented by the shadow of the "Love Blimp."

ALEX

So? What do you think?

OSCAR

It's... perfect.

ALEX

I told you.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.)
It's perfect.

Oscar raises his hand towards the Boardwalk as if he were feeling the view with his fingertips.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Not a single brushstroke out of place. How is it possible?

OSCAR
Look, the sun is almost down.

ALEX
How long, do you think, before it sets?

OSCAR
I'd give it six minutes.

Oscar holds Alex's hand and she puts her head on his shoulder.

EXT. BOARDWALK PIER - NIGHT

An OLD FISHERMAN sits by the edge of the pier. Fishing rod in his hands, a red and white cooler at his side. Inside the cooler, a fish is slowly dying, suffocating as it gulps air. The Fisherman closes the cooler and departs from his spot. Something catches his eye:

Oscar and Alex sitting atop the far away lighthouse. The powerful lighthouse spotlight rotates above their heads.

He squints to focus on them, then wanders away.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex lies across Oscar on the couch, both with a serious lack of clothes. Alex wears only a bra; Oscar wears nothing. They exchange intimate kisses.

The grandfather clock CHIMES eleven O'clock. Oscar freezes and cranes his heads towards the top of the staircase. On cue, Grandpa Ted creeps down the stairs, one at a time, with his cane leading the way.

Alex whirls around as Oscar cups his hand over her mouth. She wears a panicked expression on her face. Oscar motions, "shh."

Grandpa Ted's steps correspond to the clock's tolling.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.)
Cane. Step. Cane. Step. Cane.

Alex squirms on top of Oscar, but he keeps her contained with a bear hug. Grandpa Ted reaches the bottom of the stairs and inches towards his record player.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Flip the record. Lower the needle.
And sink into the furniture like a
vampire into his coffin. Now for
Mozart's Magic Flute Overture in
the key of E flat major. Because
predictability is the sound of
magic.

Grandpa Ted's actions follow Oscar's predictions with perfect accuracy. He retires to his armchair chair with his cane strung across his lap, oblivious to the two naked people behind him on the couch. The CHIMING of the clock is replaced by the SOUND OF MOZART.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Old age has its benefits. Wisdom
and blindness.

EXT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Donnie stands alone in an empty parking lot, illuminated by neon light. He is in silent awe. Nina joins his side, curious as to what he is looking at.

NINA
Baby?

Donnie does not react. He continues staring. Nina follows his gaze. In front of them is a giant neon sign, its glowing letters spelling "Drug Store."

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa Ted listens to his record player, with Alex still quietly strewn on top of Oscar.

Something causes Oscar to shoot Alex a frenzied glance. Instead of fear on Alex's face, she has a playfully mischievous grin. Alex starts to pivot her hips. She gives him a sly smile, and Oscar returns with a panicked shake of his head ("No!"). She continues and Oscar struggles to stay quiet.

INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Donnie and Nina stand in an aisle, hypnotized by whatever they see on the shelf.

NINA

Baby?

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex continues gyrating on top of Oscar. He bites on his lip, reaching silent ecstasy. Grandpa Ted is still in the world of classical music.

INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

A teenage CASHIER GIRL chews a piece of gum at the register, watching Donnie and Nina with judging eyes. They are the only customers in the store. They stand motionless in the aisle. The Cashier pauses her gum chewing to cast an expression that says "Are you serious?"

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oscar and Alex cuddle on the couch in their underwear. Grandpa Ted is asleep in his chair.

A tall figure enters the room, KEN LIVINGSTON (50). He is the image of success. Smartly dressed in business attire. Ken absorbs the scene from behind the couch.

KEN

It appears that I'm overdressed.

Oscar and Alex react with startled reflexes. Alex falls off the couch and wraps a wool blanket around herself. Oscar jumps to his feet.

OSCAR

Dad! ... Dad? You're here.

KEN

I'm here.

OSCAR

You're not in Japan. You're... here.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Yes, last time I checked. I'm home.
Why don't you come over here and
show your old man some love?

Oscar smiles with relief and walks towards Ken. But they
don't hug-- instead, Ken holds out his hand.

OSCAR (V.O.)

This is it.

Oscar's hand approaches his father's. But he blunders!
Oscar's hand closes too soon, grasping only the tips of
Ken's fingers. Ken looks oddly ashamed, disgusted even.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

Just kill me now.

KEN

Oscar. You look... healthy.

OSCAR

Yeah. Thanks... You too, I guess.
(motioning to Alex)
Dad, this is Alex. She's my...

ALEX

Girlfriend. It's a pleasure to
finally meet you, sir.

Still wrapped in the blanket, Alex extends her hand towards
Ken, who considers it, then shakes it.

KEN

(phony)

Oh the pleasure is all mine, Alex.
So Oscar, where are you working
these days?

Ken has a *dangerous* smile.

OSCAR (V.O.)

How many economists does it take to
screw in a lightbulb?

KEN

Rapacia Group? Esurience?

OSCAR (V.O.)

Seven, plus or minus ten.

(CONTINUED)

KEN
Gourmand International?

Alex looks to Oscar with uncertainty.

OSCAR
I don't-- uh, I'm not.

KEN
You don't have a job? ... But where
do you work?

OSCAR (V.O.)
I'm keeping my options open.

OSCAR
I'm k-- I'm keeping my options
open.

Ken's smile is gone.

KEN
Get out of my house.

Oscar thinks about it, then starts to leave.

KEN (CONT.)
Not you. You.

Ken points to Alex.

OSCAR
What the hell did she do?!

KEN
(calm)
This is my house. I pay the
mortgage.
(furious)
AND I DIDN'T INVITE HER!
(calm)
So I want her out.

Grandpa Ted stirs from all the commotion. He rises from his
chair to discover the three other people in the room.

GRANDPA TED
Ken? Oscar?
(re: Alex)
Oh...

Alex slips on a t-shirt.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
I should go.

OSCAR
No. You're staying.

ALEX
Oscar. I need to go.

Oscar looks between her and Ken, conflicted.

OSCAR (V.O.)
My name is Oscar Livingston. Have
you met my father? He's just like
me.

Oscar grabs Alex's hand and leads her out, pausing before he
leaves to say:

OSCAR
Welcome back to El Cariño, Mr.
Livingston. We *really* missed you.

Oscar exits. Ken approaches Grandpa Ted with his arms open
for a hug.

KEN
Hi dad. Good to see you.

Grandpa Ted extends his arm for a handshake. Ken hesitates,
then reluctantly accepts a handshake.

GRANDPA TED
Hello Ken.

Grandpa Ted sits back in his chair, showing no interest in
talking to his son.

INT./EXT. OSCAR'S CAR - NIGHT

Oscar drives; Alex in the passenger's seat.

OSCAR
(mocking)
Show your old man some love! How's
about a nice, warm... *handshake!*

Alex and Oscar giggle.

OSCAR (CONT.)
(mocking)
It's so great to be home with my
family! Now get the hell out!

(CONTINUED)

They laugh more.

OSCAR (CONT.)

You mean you're not employed? Why don't you have a *job*, you low-life fucking *burnout*?!

Oscar is serious now. Alex can tell. She stops laughing.

OSCAR (CONT.)

You worthless disgrace of a son! Nobody hired you?! Doesn't anyone want you? I certainly don't, but someone must!

ALEX

Oscar. Just listen to me, okay?

OSCAR

What?

ALEX

LOOK OUT!!!

An unidentified person has walked into the street in front of Oscar's moving car. Oscar hits the brakes. The car burns to a halt, just short of the pedestrian. She stands with her back to the car, apparently oblivious. She turns around. It is Nina. Oscar recognizes her.

OSCAR

Bondage girl?

ALEX

Who?

Donnie joins Nina's side with a shopping bag, grinning because near-death experiences are funny. He shades his eyes from the headlights to see who is driving the car.

OSCAR

(to himself)

Donnie?

DONNIE

Oscar? Heyyyy! OSCARRRRR!!!

Donnie tries to open the back door of the car. It is locked. He knocks on the Oscar's window and tries the door again. Still locked. He knocks again.

Oscar looks to Alex as if to say "I'm sorry," and unlocks the back door. Donnie leads Nina into the backseat of the car, without bothering to ask permission.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE (CONT.)

Holy shit! That almost got hectic!
Am I right Oz?

(re: Alex)

Well hellooo! I didn't realize we
were in the presence of Mrs. Oz!

OSCAR

Alex, this is Donnie.

ALEX

Nice to me--

DONNIE

--We've already had the pleasure of
meeting.

ALEX

Oh.

DONNIE

At Brew Ha Ha. You recommended the
iced vanilla latte. I ordered it,
and it was *exquisite*.

ALEX

Wait were you the one with that
ridiculous hat?

DONNIE

(ignoring)

Guys, this is Nina.

NINA

I'm Mrs. Donnie!

DONNIE

Nina, meet Oscar and Alex.

OSCAR

Sorry, Nina, I don't think I gave
you a very good first impression.

NINA

Yeah, you almost ran me over!
Forget about it, Ozzie. I already
have.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Bondage Girl doesn't remember me.
That's a good thing.

Donnie examines his receipt from the drug store.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

Good thing you ran into us, or whatever, because we just paid 33 dollars and 76 cents for a night of pure bliss.

NINA

Pure bliss!

OSCAR

What are you talking about? What's in the bag?

Oscar reaches for the plastic bag. Donnie pulls it away.

DONNIE

Whoa, Oz! Easy.

NINA

Easy, Ozzie! Whoa!

DONNIE

We don't open the bag until we're back in the abode.

OSCAR

Donnie, I'm not going to your smoke shack.

DONNIE

TO THE BUNGALOW!

OSCAR

Donnie, I'm not driving you all the way to--

Donnie is busy making out with Nina. Oscar looks to Alex for her opinion. She shrugs.

ALEX

I kind of want to know what's in the bag.

INT. DONNIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The four of them sit around Donnie's coffee table. Nina moves the enormous bong out of the way. Donnie turns the bag upside down. Dozens of jars of baby food pile out onto the table.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Baby food?

OSCAR

You... *dunces* bought twenty jars of baby food?

DONNIE

Sure, it's baby food now, but just wait until later...

Donnie offers Oscar his joint.

OSCAR

Donnie you know I don't smoke weed.

Donnie and Nina hiss with laughter.

DONNIE

I know. But it's not weed.

They laugh more. Nina is going hysterical.

OSCAR

What is it?

DONNIE

It's just a harmless flowering plant from Mexico.

NINA

It's a member of the mint family.

DONNIE

Psychoactive? Yes. Addictive? No.

NINA

It's all natural.

ALEX

I'll try it.

NINA

Alright! Way to go Mrs. Ozzie!

Alex accepts the joint and peeks tentatively at Oscar before taking a hit. She can't help but cough afterwards.

DONNIE

Your turn Oz.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.)
I'm stuck. Trapped. No way out.

DONNIE
Take a sample of the mint, Oz.

OSCAR
Checkmate.

Oscar inhales from the joint. A high-energy TECHNO REMIX of "Surfin' Bird" begins to play.

DONNIE
And now we feast.

Donnie pops open a jar of baby food and pours it into his mouth. Nina follows his lead and Alex copies. Oscar tentatively opens the lid and smells the orange-ish contents.

OSCAR
\$33.76. The price of a memory.

Oscar pours baby food into his mouth.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa Ted sits motionless in his armchair. Ken sits behind him on the couch, reading the El Cariño Times newspaper. He sips from a glass of wine.

INT. DONNIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oscar licks a trail of baby food off of Alex's bare stomach. They suck on each other's faces.

Nina eats baby food off of Donnie's finger. Donnie rips open his flannel shirt. Buttons fly everywhere. Nina feels Donnie's chest. A giant marijuana leaf is still spray painted on him.

NINA
My brave knight!

DONNIE
My noble queen!

Donnie bows dramatically in front of Nina. Then they attack each other's faces.

(CONTINUED)

The room warps with the colors of a psychedelic trance. Deborah, the job interviewer, appears on a poster on the wall.

DEBORAH

Please Oscar, take a sample of the mint.

OSCAR

Huh?

DEBORAH

It has only what your body needs, none of that other stuff.

OSCAR

Okay.

Alex takes another hit and exhales the smoke into Oscar's face.

Fernando Mezillo, the first job interviewer, appears on another poster.

FERNANDO

Would you consider yourself a people person?

OSCAR

(dazed)

Yes! *I LOVE PEOPLE!*

Oscar, Alex, Donnie, and Nina sprawl in a sloppy heap on the floor, licking baby food and kissing whomever is near them. Body parts churn in an orgiastic pile of flesh.

The song reaches the point where the singer yells "SURFER BIRD! Bbbblubblubluhh!"

INT. DONNIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Half-eaten jars of baby food lie strewn about the room. The burnt remains of a joint collect on the coffee table. Everyone is passed out, mostly naked on the floor. Arms and legs weave around each other, decorated by smears of baby food.

Oscar wakes, untangles himself and stands up.

OSCAR

(whispers)

Oscar Livingston. Call me Oz.

Oscar takes one step and trips over Donnie. He falls into a pile of jars on the table.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

A disheveled Oscar enters the house, grabs a gallon of milk from the fridge, and pours himself a glass.

Ken sits on a stool at the counter and studies a pile of business documents.

KEN

It's past noon. Where were you?

OSCAR

(re: clock on the oven)

It's 11:55.

KEN

That clock is slow. It's 12:03. I have a satellite watch.

Oscar continues to walk past his father.

OSCAR

I was at Donnie's house.

KEN

Where?

OSCAR

Donald's house. Donald Palomingo. He has a house on the corner of Mediterranean Avenue, near the Boardwa--

KEN

What's that smell?

Ken grabs Oscar's shirt and sniffs it. Oscar freezes.

KEN (CONT.)

What is that?

OSCAR

Carrots.

(silence)

Puréeed carrots.

KEN

What else?

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
Peaches.

KEN
What else?

OSCAR
There's some apples in there too.

KEN
And?

OSCAR
That's all I can smell.

KEN
Don't you lie to me.

Oscar breaks eye-contact.

OSCAR
Actually now I smell it. I think it
might be salvia. Some people like
to smoke it for its hallucinogenic
effect. It's a member of the mint
family.

Ken's head is about to explode.

KEN
What?! Some people like to what?!
Are you telling me you're a...
doobie dabbler?

OSCAR
It's all natural.

KEN
Don't give me that horseshit! You
want to know what else is all
natural?

OSCAR (V.O.)
A shower.

Oscar can't hold back. He grins. Chuckles.

KEN
Just what's so god damned funny?!

Ken slaps Oscar across the face. He stops smiling.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.)

My name--

KEN

--Anything else you want to tell me?

OSCAR

I took \$600 dollars from your cigar box and gave it to Alex.

KEN

WHAT?! I leave for a three month business trip and now you're a freeloading *junkie* who steals my money to pay some overpriced *whore*!

The ticking noise begins.

OSCAR (V.O.)

My name is Oscar Livingston...

OSCAR

She's not a whore. She's a friend of mine.

KEN

Friendship ain't that expensive, kid.

Oscar finishes the milk in his glass, then smashes it across Ken's face. Glass shards scatter and Ken falls to the floor.

OSCAR (V.O.)

My name is Oscar Livingston, and I'm a real person.

Oscar takes a deep breath and the ticking noise subsides. Tiny shards of glass line the floor next to Ken. His face leaks blood.

Without any urgency, Oscar fetches a slab of beef from the fridge. He taps Ken's face with a dishcloth and applies the cut of beef to his forehead.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Stop the bleeding. Then stop the swelling.

KEN

Don't touch me! You've done enough already.

Ken removes the meat from his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

KEN (CONT.)
You've done quite enough already.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A cooked steak sits on a dinner plate, neglected.

Ken sits across from Oscar with a small bandage above his eye. The grandparents sits in their usual spots.

A fluttering candle wick has only a tiny bit of wax remaining.

OSCAR (V.O.)
That candle has three minutes left to live.

KEN
Lucille did you hear the news?
Oscar is a drug addict. Could you pass the salad?

Grandma Lucille reaches the salad, which would be much easier for Oscar to pass, if he cared.

GRANDMA LUCILLE
I made this Caesar salad especially for you Ken because I know how much you like it. What did you say about Oscar?

OSCAR
(loudly)
He was making a joke, Mammy. But it wasn't very funny.

Grandpa Ted takes a sip of wine. Some of it spills out a corner of his mouth.

The candle flame dims slightly.

KEN
Dad did Oscar tell you where he is working these days? Tell him, Oscar.

OSCAR
I'm not working anywhere, Grandpa Ted. I'm still unemployed.

Ken laughs sarcastically.

(CONTINUED)

KEN
Did you hear that dad?

GRANDPA TED
(slurred)
When I was his age... Met Lu when I
was his age... Double date on the
Boardwalk.

Oscar looks at Grandpa Ted with concern.

KEN
(ignoring)
I just never thought my oldest son
would still be living with his
grandparents when he was 23.

OSCAR
Oldest son? *I'M YOUR ONLY SON!*

KEN
Yeah, you made sure of that.

Oscar clenches his steak knife.

GRANDMA LUCILLE
Ted?

Grandpa Ted starts to lose his balance. His head leans
forward and drops onto his plate.

KEN
Dad?

Ken rushes over to Ted's side.

GRANDMA LUCILLE
Ted wake up!

The flame of the candle dies, leaving a trail of smoke.

Ken looks helpless.

KEN
Oscar what's happening?!

OSCAR
He's having a stroke. Well, past
tense. It already happened.

KEN
What do I do?

Oscar stands up and walks to the phone.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

Nothing.

Oscar dials 911.

OSCAR (CONT.)

Just sit down and eat your steak.
It's getting cold.

Ken looks like he just lost his manhood. His sits down quietly.

OTHER LINE (O.S.)

911 What is your emergency?

OSCAR

My grandfather is dying. Get your
ass over here.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Grandpa Ted sits motionless in a wheelchair. Oscar sits motionless on a couch next to him. They are in a sterile room with tacky wallpaper. Elderly residents follow their walkers aimlessly.

Ken speaks with a NURSE out of earshot.

Oscar inhales.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Lysol.

An EMPLOYEE wipes a table with a rag.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

Oatmeal.

On the table is an abandoned bowl of oatmeal.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

Stale coffee.

The dregs of an old cup of coffee.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)

And baby powder.

A SLEEPING LADY (90's) rests in a wheelchair with her mouth wide open.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
What are these people thinking?
What is going through their heads
right now? What about these two? Do
they realize they are having two
different conversations at once?

A FRAIL WOMAN (80's) sits with a FRAIL MAN (80's), talking
at the same time.

FRAIL MAN
Fifteen miles per gallon if
you put it in first gear.
You could tow a flatbed
across the country for a
small fortune.

FRAIL WOMAN
She's just the cutest thing
I've ever seen. And her
brother too. Both of them,
just adorable.

They both laugh at the same time as if they are on the same
page.

A HUNCHBACKED MAN (80's) watches intently out the window.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Will Quasimodo ever find Esmeralda?
No, not in a million years. But at
least he's looking... At least he's
looking.

OSCAR
Grandpa you'll never guess where I
was today. Surfer Burger.

GRANDPA TED
Oh.

Oscar is disappointed by the lack of life in his
grandfather. A sign above the entranceway says "Living
Room."

OSCAR (V.O.)
If this is the living room, I'd
hate to see what the other rooms
look like.

A LUNATIC LADY (70's) spots Oscar.

LUNATIC LADY
There you are! I've been looking
everywhere for you!

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
Are you sure?

LUNATIC LADY
Yes!

The lady sits next to Oscar on the couch.

LUNATIC LADY (CONT.)
Are you... Are... Are you thinking
what I'm thinking?

OSCAR (V.O.)
One day we will all be dead.

OSCAR
Probably not.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Oscar stands over Grandpa Ted's old push mower. He pulls the starter cable. Nothing.

Alex sits on the front steps of the house, looking bored. Oscar tries again, with more force. Nothing. They exchange looks. Oscar pulls the cord vigorously over a dozen times in a row.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oscar and Alex sit together on the couch.

OSCAR
Grandpa Ted knew how to start that
thing. He was eighty-two, but he
could start it.

ALEX
I have to go.

OSCAR
He started it every day.

ALEX
I have work in twenty minutes.

OSCAR
That yard was his pride and joy.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Oscar.

Alex kisses Oscar's head.

ALEX (CONT.)

Stop thinking about your
grandfather. Think of something
else. I have to go.

OSCAR

Okay.

Alex kisses Oscar once more and leaves the room.

The grandfather clock breaks the silence with three CHIMES.

Ken walks down the stairs instead of Grandpa Ted.

KEN

Oscar. Could I get a hand up here?

Oscar does not react.

KEN (CONT.)

Please?

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Ken and Oscar hoist a cardboard box up the folding stairs to
the attic. The box says "DAD" on it.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY

They struggle with the box.

KEN

Right here.

They set the box down and catch their breath.

KEN (CONT.)

I don't think we'll need these for
a while.

Oscar begins to exit the attic.

KEN (CONT.)

Oscar I'm leaving tomorrow.

Oscar stops.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR
For how long?

KEN
Six months this time.

Oscar says nothing. Ken wipes some dust off the top of the safe.

KEN (CONT.)
I don't know why we keep this old thing up here. There's nothing in it, as far as I can remember.

Ken brushes his hand off.

KEN (CONT.)
The combination is written down somewhere, in one of these drawers.

Ken opens a random wooden drawer filled with old parchment.

OSCAR
I think I remember it.

Oscar spins the lock skillfully and the door clicks open instantly.

KEN
Huh.

Ken closes the drawer.

OSCAR
I filled out a job application today.

KEN
You did?

OSCAR
Yeah. I turned it in and they gave me the job on the spot.

KEN
(intrigued)
Is that right? They must have recognized your last name... So where is it?

OSCAR
They have a building down by the Boardwalk.

(CONTINUED)

KEN
The Boardwalk?

OSCAR
Yeah. With a nice view of the
ocean.

Ken puts his arm around Oscar and looks into an antique bathroom mirror. The image looks similar to their "family portrait."

KEN
My son. A working man.

Ken laughs and directs his attention to other dusty junk in the attic. Oscar returns to the open safe.

OSCAR
Do you love me?

KEN
I should say so.

OSCAR
That's a relief.

The door of the safe SLAMS closed. Ken whirls around and Oscar is gone. He stampedes over to the safe and attempts to pry open the door. He fruitlessly tries a random combination, then beats his fist on the door. He shoots a panicked look to his surroundings; wooden drawers everywhere.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY - FLASHBACK

A YOUNGER OSCAR (6) enters the attic followed by his younger brother, CHARLIE (5). Charlie wears a red-and-white striped sweater.

Oscar hides behind a rotating mirror. Charlie discovers his hiding place and they both laugh.

Charlie runs behind an antique dresser.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Ken furiously pulls the drawers out of the antique dresser, rummaging through its contents looking for the safe combination. He overturns a table in order to reach a desk.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY - FLASHBACK

Charlie creeps around the side of the safe, unsure where his brother is. Younger Oscar watches from above, perched on top of the safe. He yells, and Charlie scampers inside the safe laughing. Oscar hops down and closes the door of the safe, also laughing.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Ken tears apart the attic. He looks inside a dresser and throws all of the clothes across the room. At the bottom of the drawer is a slip of paper with "27-45-13" written on it.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY - FLASHBACK

Younger Oscar tries to pry the safe open with his fingers. YOUNGER KEN (33) moves Oscar out of the way and starts entering the combination. The door opens and Charlie's body topples out. Oscar feels his lifeless cheek, and Ken pushes him away.

KEN

Don't touch him! You've done enough already.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Ken opens the door of the safe. Oscar sits calmly inside. He opens his eyes and sees Ken staring back. Ken latches his arms around him and does not let go. Tears stream down Ken's face. Oscar's face is blank.

OSCAR (V.O.)

We're all people, and people are numbers. 27-45-13... That's the stuff of dreams.

Charlie's old sweater lies in a heap on the attic floor.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Familiar CLASSICAL MUSIC begins.

Oscar stares into the mirror.

OSCAR

I'm Oscar Livingston. Just call me Oz, bitch.

Oscar dips his comb in hair gel and brings it to his nose. He inhales the scent almost like he is snorting cocaine.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

The ceiling latch to the attic is a few inches open. Oscar grabs a book from a nearby bookshelf and uses it to close the latch overhead. He gives the book a skillful flip and puts it back in the bookshelf.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Grandma Lucille faces the stove. Oscar enters and finds a glass on the counter with only a small amount of milk left. He pours a perfect stream of liquid into his mouth from two feet above his head.

Oscar kisses his grandmother on the cheek.

OSCAR
Today's the day, Mammy.

GRANDMA LUCILLE
Is it April already?

Oscar exits the house. Grandma Lucille turns to her glass of milk, perplexed by its emptiness.

A fried egg cooks on the stove. The pan, the egg white, and the yolk form three perfect circles.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Oscar walks in perfect harmony with the music. Each sidewalk square that he steps on lights up.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Life is a chance to awaken from the
slumber of ignorance, to comprehend
the story of our existence in this
world. But the thing is, most
people never even gain
consciousness.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Oscar stands in the aisle of a crowded bus. Sitting next to him is the Goth Teenager from the Boardwalk. She stares at Oscar.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
They just blunder through life in a
stupid trance like they've been
shot in the ass with a
tranquilizer. Then they die when
they can't think of anything better
to do.

The bus stops. Oscar leans towards The Goth girl.

OSCAR
Cheer up. One day we will all be
dead.

The Goth girl smiles.

Oscar steps backwards out through the bus' rear doors, keeping eye contact with the Goth. The doors close behind him.

Oscar stands in front of Surfer Burger.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Why should I be any different?

Oscar puts a paper Surfer Burger hat on.

INT. SURFER BURGER - DAY

Oscar shouts into the kitchen, where Donnie and Tommy stand by the grill.

OSCAR
Two veggie burgers, one with bacon!

DONNIE
Right-Oh, Bossman.

Oscar spins back around and places two cups under the soda fountain; one under 7-Up and one under iced tea. He hops back to the register and starts pounding buttons. The receipt starts to print.

The Hipster couple from the party stand in line.

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER GUY

Could we have two veggie burgers, a 7-Up, and an iced tea please?

HIPSTER GIRL

And could you put bacon on mine?

HIPSTER GUY

Natalie!

HIPSTER GIRL

What?

OSCAR

Your total is 7.55.

He tears the receipt off and slides it across the counter.
Ken is next in line.

OSCAR (CONT.)

Welcome to Surfer Burger, sir. What can I get for you?

KEN

So this is your new office, huh?

OSCAR

Might I recommend the original Surfer Burger with cheese? Go back to basics with everyone's favorite Boardwalk burger.

KEN

I'm leaving, Oscar. I'm on my way to the airport right now.

OSCAR

Or maybe you're feeling daring enough to try the Dumpster Burger? Three beef patties drowned in chili with enough calories to last you the week.

KEN

Listen Oscar, it was wrong for me to treat you the way I did. You're my only son, okay. You're all I've got. And I love you. I always will, no matter where you work, or what you smoke, or whatever.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

If this one's to-go, why not grab a Hang Ten Shake? When the sun is shining, it's the perfect way to stay cool.

KEN

Would you just listen to me Oscar? I'm trying to say that I'm sorry.

OSCAR

Just a moment please sir.

The jukebox is playing "Surfin' Bird," and it has reached that special point in the song. Oscar and all of the other employees yell:

SURFER BURGER EMPLOYEES

SUR-FER BUR-GERRR! Bbbblubblubluhh!

Oscar shakes his head around like an idiot and stammers out the ridiculous noises of the song.

Ken slowly backs away, then leaves the restaurant.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Oscar walks on the sidewalk to Brew Ha Ha, continuing his perfect day. Each square he steps on lights up.

INT. BREW HA HA - DAY

ALEX

Actually those are only meant to keep track of how many coffees you have bought.

She speaks to a middle-aged female customer. We recognize her as Deborah.

DEBORAH

Well, young lady, I have punched every hole on this card. I think I deserve some sort of reward for it.

Alex notices Oscar waiting for her.

ALEX

Would you like to speak to the manager about this?

(CONTINUED)

DEBORAH
Well, if you think it's
necessary...

Alex takes off her apron as she passes Redfoot.

ALEX
Redfoot I'm out for the day. You
want to take the register?

Redfoot waves to Oscar.

REDFOOT
Alright Alex. Don't do anything I
would do. HA!

Alex kisses Oscar, and they leave the shop.

Redfoot mans the register and picks up Deborah's card.

REDFOOT (CONT.)
Let's see here, ma'am, from the
looks of this card, you have
bought... ten coffees.

Redfoot smiles and hands Deborah the card.

REDFOOT (CONT.)
Next!

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Oscar carefully plugs a power cord into an outlet. The cord
attaches to an old record player. Alex watches as Oscar
lowers the needle onto a spinning record. CLASSICAL MUSIC
(Magic Flute Overture) plays.

Grandpa Ted and Grandma Lucille sit across the room with
their backs to the record player.

Grandpa Ted's face lights up as he recognizes the music. He
leads Grandma Lucille to the middle of the room. They dance
to the music, Lucille standing and Ted in his wheelchair.

Oscar and Alex start dancing as well.

The Frail Man and Woman notice the jubilation and join in.

The Sleeping Lady wakes up and starts conducting the
imaginary orchestra in her wheelchair.

Oscar whispers something in Grandpa Ted's ear. He smiles and waves his hands in the air as if to say "It's an old family secret."

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

The music continues.

Oscar stands next to the rusty old push mower. He loops the starter cord around the end of Grandpa Ted's cane and pulls it back slowly. When the starter cord reaches full extension, it zips back and the mower clamors to a start.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Everybody's looking for something.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Ken lies on a private massage table in only a towel, being pampered by a JAPANESE STEWARDESS.

He hands the stewardess a \$50 bill. She removes his towel. Ken stares at the ceiling with contentment.

INT. REDFOOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

A cluttered apartment. Wolf memorabilia litter the walls and counters.

Redfoot cooks bacon in his underwear. Something causes him to abandon his post at the stove: his bongo drum rests near his front door. Redfoot picks up the drum and pokes his head out into the hallway. He looks both ways. No one is there.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Some people are looking for
someone.

Donnie and Nina stand in an aisle, staring at the shelf. Donnie turns to look at Nina for a second. She does not notice.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Maslow scans his metal detector over the sand.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Some people don't know what they're
looking for.

Maslow looks up into the sunset. The "Love Blimp" floats in the sky.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Oscar and Alex sit at the top of the lighthouse with their legs dangling over the side. They watch Maslow scan the sand below.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
Others have already found it.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Grandma Lucille feeds Grandpa Ted spoonfuls of baby food. The jar indicates that it is "meatloaf" flavored.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
And some people will never find it.

The Hunchbacked Man peers out the window.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
So I really only know two things
for sure.

Deborah listens to Tito on her front porch. She looks like she is hearing absolutely devastating news. When she reads Tito's pamphlet, she has to sit down on her front porch swing.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
The end of the world will be a good
day...

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oscar sits on the couch with his Surfer Burger hat on.

OSCAR (V.O.) (CONT.)
...And bitches love hats.

He stares at Grandpa Ted's vacant armchair. Oscar reaches for a full glass of milk on the coffee table and accidentally knocks it over.

Milk spreads all over the table and drips onto the floor.

FADE OUT.