

Artist Anonymous

By

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INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING - DREAM SEQUENCE

ALAN'S (late 20s) eyes open. He is lying in a bed composed of white linen sheets, looking up at the ceiling. His face is full, healthy and clear. He takes, a long deep breath. There is a silence.

He glides from his bed across the room, adjacent to a wall of windows, as clothes gravitate towards him, aggregating upon his body. Alan continues to glide across the apartment, proceeding through the door, as his surroundings melt from his 17th floor studio apartment, and...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

reforms as a busy city street. He is at a BUS STOP, where a BUS waits for passengers.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Alan steps onto the bus, and looks at the DRIVER who nods towards the coin collector. Alan realizes he has no wallet, yet still feels the urge to reach into his brown and red plaid coat pocket.

He pulls out three paint brushes, which he proceeds to break in half and drop into the machine. The Driver looks at Alan with a smile.

INT. BUS - LATER

The bus whirs down 5th avenue, quiet and nearly empty. In the center section sits Alan with a blank look on his face. He turns his head towards the back of the bus.

Sitting across and down from him are three people dressed up in costumes. A RABBIT, PIG, and DUCK costume, in that order. They simultaneously turn to meet his gaze. Alan slowly turns his head back to center, and stares ahead as the bus continues to go.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - MORNING

Alan glides up the rising, grand steps of the MET. As he reaches the top step, he looks up at the great entrance in awe.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - MORNING

Alan turns a corner, and finds himself struck by Claude Monet's *Morning on the Seine Near Giverny*. He gazes at it, with the same fervor as one would a first love; completely immobilized, mesmerized. He feels vulnerable.

He is pulled closer and closer by the painting. The painting looks back at him. Lovers locked in a gaze. A beat.

Something catches his eye in the bottom right-hand corner of the Painting.

He squints: it is a break; a crumbling hole in the painted canvas. It is as though the Painting really isn't a painting at all. It is something sinister. Alan feels the urge to touch the rip.

He slowly lifts his hand. The din of the gallery fades away, and all movements become slow and dragged out. The world around him is slowly coming to a halt. Just as he goes to touch it, the rip begins to crumble and expand.

Sound slowly begins to return to the world, its volume growing until everything is a shout. It is overwhelming. Alan's vision begins to distort, until...

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING - PRESENT

SFX: PHONE RINGING

Alan awakens to the sounds of the phone. He sits up in bed.

He looks at the calendar. The call goes to voice mail.

AMY (O.S.)
(hesitant)
Hey! It's me. Your sister.

Alan listens.

AMY (O.S.)
Just wanted to say... happy
birthday!

Alan is reminiscent. Amy's voice guides his thoughts.

BEGIN MONTAGE

AMY (O.S.)
It's been... a while. I hope you're
doing well.

Alan gets ready for the day. He sets up an easel and canvas in the center of the room.

Alan begins to paint. Multiple versions of him appear around the room, completing various tasks, conveying the passage of time.

INT. GALLERY - DAY

AMY (O.S.)
I hope the city is treating you
well.

Alan smiles as he presents his painting. His smile slowly fades as the judge rejects his work for show.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT

Alan comes home, rejected painting in hand. He puts it in the closet.

EXT. ATM - DAY

Alan takes out money from an ATM.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Alan sits on a park bench, happily sketching his inspirations.

AMY (O.S.)
We just moved back to New York. Me
and Jacob.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Alan sits, drinking and laughing with a group of people.

AMY (O.S.)
He got into a really good school in
Manhattan.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alan is on the phone talking pleasantly.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - DIFFERENT TIME

Alan paints, focused.

INT. DIFFERENT GALLERY - DAY

Alan, with a little more apprehension, presents his work, only to be denied once again. He is miffed.

AMY (O.S.)

Mark and I thought it best if we
took some time apart.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - PRESENT

Alan sits in painful contemplation.

AMY (O.S.)

I just got a place in Queens.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alan talks on the phone, frustrated. He is cracking.

He paints more vigorously. He looks weak, with bags under his eyes.

AMY (O.S.)

Doing the numbers for some local
business.

INT. DIFFERENT GALLERY - DAY

Alan has little amusement on his face as he is once again rejected.

EXT. ATM - DAY

Alan takes more money from the ATM.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Alan sits on the park bench, unfocused. His hand, uninspired, drags across the page of his sketchbook.

AMY (O.S.)
M-mom and Dad say hi. They're doing well. Though I doubt you want to hear that.

INT. BAR -

Alan drinks and dances around a jukebox. He is definitely drunk.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT

Alan's phone rings. He is upset that it disturbed his work.

As time continues, his trepidation evolves into madness and melancholy.

AMY (O.S.)
God, it's been a long year.

A second version arrives with exhaustion.

A third version arrives with anger.

A fourth arrives drunk.

The state of Alan's room over time gets worse, as bottles and bills begin to decorate the apartment.

Alan's phone continues to ring incessantly. Some version answers, drunk and screaming, some version doesn't answer at all.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - PRESENT

Alan rubs his face.

AMY (O.S.)
Are you still painting?

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alan talks on the phone, frustrated. He is cracking.

EXT. ATM - DAY

Alan takes out a lot of money.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Alan sits on the park bench in defeat, staring straight ahead. There is a bottle in his hand.

AMY (O.S.)

I check the papers for your name
sometimes. But I haven't seen
anything.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Alan is very drunk. He's having a one-way conversation with another patron.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Alan's phone rings. He looks at it with anger, bottle in his hand. He ignores it.

AMY (O.S.)

(chuckling)

I still get your mail from RISD
sometimes.

INT. DIFFERENT GALLERY - DAY

Alan, uncaring, sits there as his painting is rejected. He expects no less.

EXT. ATM - DAY

Alan takes out even more money.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Alan is alone and drinking profusely at the bar.

He passes out.

AMY (O.S.)

Anyway, I uhh, have to drop Jacob off, but uhh... call me. Let's get a drink or something. God knows I could use one.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alan comes home to a mess. He is very drunk, and very upset. He goes to the closet.

INT. ALAN'S CLOSET

All the paintings are stacked and jammed together. Alan screams at them and slams the door.

BLACK.

AMY (O.S.)

Happy birthday.

END MONTAGE

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - PRESENT

Alan cannot face the world. He goes back to sleep.

EXT. PARK - EARLY MORNING

Alan awakens, sprawled out on his usual sketching bench. His eyes are bloodshot, his face skeletal and full of pock marks. He has become a caricature.

He sits up, bottle in his hand, still drunk from the night before. He finishes whatever is left in it.

He looks around. People are staring, giving dirty looks. He sneers at them.

Alan gets up and staggers away.

EXT. ATM - MORNING

He puts his card in and sets up his account info.

He tries to withdraw money. His account is negative.

Frustrated, he smacks the ATM machine. It starts beeping.

Alan is startled. He runs away, forgetting his card.

A beat. He comes back for his card, trying to pull it out, but it's jammed.

He eventually gets it out.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Alan opens the door to his place. He walks by a calendar with names on numerous dates. They are crossed out.

Alan stops. He examines the current date. Written in its box is "Helen."

He takes a deep breath, grabs a painting, and goes.

INT. GALLERY - FLASHBACK

Alan marvels at his painting. A beat. The Gallery is full of people. All are preoccupied with other works. All but one. Alan looks to his left and sees an OLD MAN looking at his piece with him.

ALAN
(childlike)
That's my piece.

OLD MAN
(disinterested)
Oh?

ALAN
Took me months.

CHARLIE
Mmm.

ALAN
You like it.

OLD MAN
 (absently)
 Uh, yeah.

Charlie walks off, but Alan doesn't notice. He continues to bask.

ALAN
 You know, it's funny, I wasn't even
 going to-

Alan looks and sees the Old Man has wandered off. He grimaces slightly, looking around. He's put off when he sees the attention other people's work is getting.

One piece in particular are toenail clippings in a jar. A group of PEOPLE ponder its meaning. Alan is both disgusted and miffed. He inspects its plaque.

The plaque reveals its name and its price. Quite high for such a ridiculous piece. Alan glances at his piece. Then at the plaque. There is no price on it. He sucks his teeth.

Alan examines the room. He sees one piece that is just a marker on a stand. Alan rolls his eyes, and pushes through the crowd of people to get to the piece. He grabs the marker of its stand.

He tried to act casual as he approaches his plaque. He writes on it, quickly and crudely.

AMY (O.S.)
 Last minute changes?

Alan cranes his neck to see AMY (mid-late 30s).

ALAN
 (playing it off)
 Uhh, yeah. Just some
 misinformation.

Alan pulls her arm to leave.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 I think we should go.

As they leave, Alan tosses the marker back onto its pedestal. People "OOH" and "AHH" it.

INT. GALLERY - PRESENT

Alan is still. He gazes at where his painting once was. His inner-lament is interrupted.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
You like this one?

Alan turns. It is seemingly an assistant at the gallery. They are young and very well-kept.

ASSISTANT
Are you here for Helen?

Someone Alan would've been like in his youth. They motion to Alan's canvas.

ALAN
(sheepish)
Oh yeah, yes.

ASSISTANT
Do you have an appointment? We don't usually take submissions in person//

ALAN
(desperation)
//Tell her it's a friend.

ASSISTANT
O..K...

The assistant looks at him questionably, but Alan is desperate. The assistant begins to walk away.

ALAN
I'm curious: what happened to the previous piece that was here?

The Assistant comes back.

ASSISTANT
I'm... not sure. We usually put our less successful pieces in storage. Were you thinking of purchasing it?

Alan fends off the embarrassment.

ALAN
No, no. I couldn't... afford it. Just curious.

The Assistant nods and smiles.

ASSISTANT
I'll go get Helen.

ALAN
Thanks.

The Assistant walks away. Alan's eyes grow defeated. A beat. He looks up at his replacement with jealousy.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE

The canvas is laid out on a fancy glass desk. HELEN (50s-60s) examines it for a beat. The silence is uncomfortable. Alan stands there, forcing a smile. Helen pays him little mind.

ALAN
(trying to buddy up)
Good to see you again Helen.

HELEN
(does not care)
Yes, it is.

ALAN
So what's it like being curator?

HELEN
Uh huh.

ALAN
Pretty big step up from professor.
Must be really... uh, fun!
Exciting!

HELEN
My feet hurt from standing, my ass hurts from sitting, this dress is too tight, I have a headache from answering dumb questions, and the basic purpose of my job is to appease entitled snobs, who I hate.
(pause)
But it's work. And it pays a helluva lot more than teaching.

A beat.

ALAN
Glad to see you've... found your calling.

HELEN

Okay enough chit-chat, what do you want.

ALAN

Uhh...

He points to the canvas in her hands.

HELEN

Oh, yeah. What is it?

ALAN

It's my painting.

HELEN

You want to sell it?

ALAN

Well no, I mean yes, eventually. But I was thinking since I previously had work here, that maybe you'd be open to letting me get my own solo exhibition?

HELEN

With what, just this?

ALAN

Well there will be more.

HELEN

When?

ALAN

I don't have a concrete answer right now.

HELEN

Well give me one anyway, for shits and giggles.

Alan stares at her, frozen.

ALAN

I-I//

HELEN

//We only exhibit artists who already have new works completed. It is a rigorous vetting process, and we don't have time to wait around for people to finish.

ALAN
I can have something done!

HELEN
Today?

ALAN
No, but//

HELEN
//I'm sorry. We're not interested
right now.

Helen gives him the canvas. He takes it. tension. A beat. He decides to speak.

ALAN
You said I was one of your most
promising students.

HELEN
(matter of fact)
You were.

ALAN
But...

HELEN
But you were not one of my most
determined.

ALAN
Helen, you know my work is good. It
is good!

HELEN
I don't need good. I need to see
someone who has shown growth as an
artist. I need someone with
passion! Drive! In practice,
technique, you're great! But...

She sways and shrugs. Alan is displeased.

ALAN
So that's it.

HELEN
I don't know what more you want. An
argument? The answer is no. I'm
trying to let you down easy, trust
me. This isn't college anymore.

Alan takes a breath. He is clearly stricken by reality.

A beat.

ALAN
Well can I at least have my old
painting back?

EXT. STREET - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE

Alan walks uncomfortably holding his larger than life painting.

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET

He struggles as to stay on his feet as he crosses the street.

INT./EXT. SUBWAY CAR

Alan stands in the subway, straight-faced. The crowd around him gives him dirty looks as they pass.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Alan wrestles with the painting, trying to get it through the front door.

INT. STAIRWELL

Alan tries to get it up the stairs.

END MONTAGE

INT. ALAN'S HALLWAY - LATER

Alan tries jamming the painting through the front door. He grunts in frustration. He continues to push. The frame is heard beginning to crack.

Alan strains harder. The frame is bending under the FORCE. Alan does not care. He is too frustrated.

Alan continues to shove the painting. It will not budge. He feels someone watching him. He stops, turns towards the hallway. It is the landlord (40s).

LANDLORD
Just the man I wanted to see.

Alan panics.

Alan quickly puts the painting down and goes inside.

The landlord chases after him.

LANDLORD
N-n-n-n/

Alan shuts the door in his face.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)
Come on!

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alan puts his back out against the door.

LANDLORD (O.S.)
You can't keep avoiding me, Mr.
Bradworth.

INT. ALAN'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

LANDLORD (CONT'D)
You're two months late on rent.

This is just as painful for him to say as it is for Alan to hear.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

LANDLORD (O.S.)
I know you're struggling, and I'm
sorry. But I can't keep holding out
for you anymore.

Alan hangs his head.

LANDLORD (O.S.)
Please don't make this any harder.
Let's just talk it out. Open the
door.

Alan slowly puts his hand on the knob. At the last minute he stops himself. A beat.

INT. ALAN'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The landlord waits... nothing.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Fine.

He walks away.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

And get this painting out of the hallway. It's a fire hazard.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alan unlocks the door, and looks out into the hallway.

INT. ALAN'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alan looks at the painting. He is not satisfied.

EXT. ALAN'S BUILDING - EVENING

Alan's painting is rested next to the dumpster outside his building. Alan exits the building and walks away.

EXT. ALAN'S BUILDING - SUNRISE

Alan staggers back into his building, drunk.

INT. ALAN'S HALLWAY - MORNING

Alan awakens with someone standing over him. He looks up.

It is his sister AMY (mid-30s), standing over him.

AMY

Good sleep?

Alan rubs his eyes, breathing deep.

ALAN

(sarcastic)

The best.

AMY

You been drinking?

ALAN
Maybe.

AMY
(witty)
Couldn't even get through the door.

ALAN
Help me up.

Amy does so.

Awkward pause.

ALAN
So... it's been awhile. Last time I
saw you was//

AMY
//The exhibit.

ALAN
Right.

AMY
Two years.

ALAN
And three months.

He shifts his weight uncomfortably. A pause, then...

ALAN (CONT'D)
You grew your hair out!

AMY
You... lost some weight...

He stares at her, trying not to react.

ALAN
Yeah, bangs didn't suit you anyway.

Another awkward pause.

AMY
Thanks... for returning my call.

ALAN
Your call?

EXT. PAYPHONE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Alan cries hysterically on the phone. He sinks to the floor.

INT. ALAN HALLWAY - PRESENT

ALAN
I don't remember that.

AMY
Yeah, well I just thought I'd come
check on you. I was... worried.

ALAN
Well as you can see, I'm doing...
great!

AMY
Are you?

ALAN
Uhh, yeah.

AMY
Can I come inside?

ALAN
Uhh, no!

AMY
Why not?

ALAN
Because I am... busy.

AMY
Busy what?

ALAN
Painting.

AMY
Ooh, new work, can I see?

ALAN
S-same work. I'm just... touching
it up.

AMY
Touching up the same work?

ALAN

Well a piece of art is never truly done. Always evolving.

AMY

So you have nothing new.

ALAN

Well it's new to *someone*.

AMY

Are you working?

ALAN (CONT'D)

(deflecting)

Listen, sis... I would love for you to come inside, but, I'm just//

AMY

//Busy.

ALAN

Yeah! You get it. If I had more notice, I would've prepared, but you know... no time.

AMY

Right.

They stand there for a beat. Amy shifts uncomfortably.

AMY (CONT'D)

So you're good?

ALAN

I can assure you I'm good.

AMY

You promise?

ALAN

Promise.

The two stand awkwardly in silence.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to go inside

AMY

Oh yeah, yeah! Sorry.

Alan goes to unlock the door. Amy turns to walk away.

He unlocks the door. Amy stops.

Alan unlocks the door.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alan gets inside and closes the door and leans on the door.
A beat.

Amy knocks. Alan opens the door.

AMY
I'm sorry, something doesn't feel
right.

ALAN
Amy//

AMY
//Just let me in. If you're really
fine, you'll let me in.

ALAN
You'll just have to trust me.

AMY
When have I ever trusted you?

Alan is hurt by that sentiment. He begins to close the door.

ALAN
You can go now.

Amy pushes on the door.

AMY
Let me in.

ALAN
No!

AMY
Let me IN!

They have a pushing match with the door, acting like little kids. After a long beat, Amy wins.

She pushes her way inside. Alan falls back, slamming his head into the wall.

Amy gets into the room. She is in shock at the mess.

AMY

You liar!

Amy sees bottle after bottle, a mess on every surface. She is silent and somber.

ALAN

I think I have a concussion.

AMY

I cannot BELIEVE you!

Alan grips the back of his head, leaning against the wall for balance.

Amy isn't listening.

AMY

Look at this. Look at you!

ALAN (CONT'D)

Amy... Amy... I think I'm going to pass out.

Alan collapses to the floor. Amy stands for a beat.

INT. ALAN'S KITCHEN - LATER

Amy examines his head.

ALAN

Ow!

AMY

Well I don't see any swelling. But just in case...

She hands him some ice for his head.

ALAN

Glad to know you got some use out of nursing school.

Amy cleans up the bottles around the kitchen as she speaks.

AMY

If that's what you call a stolen textbook "some use," then yeah.

A beat. Amy leans against a counter.

ALAN
Why didn't you finish?

Amy shrugs.

AMY
It's just... not what I wanted.

ALAN
And being a bookie is?

AMY
No, but... my work isn't my life.

Alan rolls his eyes. A pause.

AMY (CONT'D)
Sorry about your face. Not that the
old one did you much good anyway.

Alan chuckles, though tries not to. Amy does a bit, too.
It's a tender moment.

ALAN
I missed you.

AMY
Well someone's gotta keep things
light. And me too.

The moment dies down. A beat.

AMY (CONT'D)
So... what's going on? What's
with...

Amy motions to the mess of an apartment. Alan takes a beat.

ALAN
I... I'm fine.

AMY
No you're not.

ALAN
Yes. I am. I'm just... waiting for
inspiration.

AMY
Inspiration? I thought you had a
plan.

ALAN

I did.

AMY

What happened to all the galleries?

Alan doesn't answer.

AMY (CONT'D)

The interviews? Connections?

Alan is quiet. He can't look at her. She looks around.

AMY

Where's all your artwork? What happened?!

ALAN

(sharp)

It just... didn't happen. Hasn't happened. I just need time.

AMY

Time for a reality check.

Alan grimaces.

AMY

And what are you doing for money? Do you have a job?

ALAN

No.

AMY

(repulsed)

How much did Mom and Dad give you?

ALAN

Not as much as you think. I'm two months late.

AMY

Well why do you insist on suffering. You can't keep this... fantasy up. Look at you. It's not good//

ALAN

//I didn't ask for a lecture!

Alan is stern. A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I can handle things on my own.

AMY
Fine.

Amy checks her watch.

AMY (CONT'D)
Look, I gotta go. Let me know when
you're done with your starving
artist routine.

Amy heads for the door. Alan watches her.

AMY (CONT'D)
Remember, keep your head on ice,
and if you experience any blurry
vision or loss of balance, call a
doctor.

ALAN
Yep.

Amy leaves, closing the door behind her.

Alan goes to the door and listens to her footsteps.

He looks down at the end table next to the door and sees a
ripped piece of paper.

INSERT: AMY'S NUMBER AND ADDRESS WRITTEN ON THE PAPER

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Alan enters his familiar bar. It isn't too lively. A few
people scattered around. He takes a seat.

He calls to the bartender.

ALAN
Could I get a whiskey, neat?

The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER
Oh no no, I'm not servin' you.

ALAN
Come on Sam, you know I'm good for
it.

BARTENDER
You got last weeks tab?

ALAN
I'll pay it after this.

BARTENDER
I'm not your debt collector, just
pay up.

ALAN
You'll get it, you'll get it! Just
let me get one first.

The Bartender is not amused with his hubris.

BARTENDER
Get out.

ALAN
Are you kidding me?

BARTENDER
Don't play dumb.

He points to the exit.

ALAN
Bullshit!

The bartender comes out from behind the bar.

Alan gets up quickly. The Bartender chases him to the
entryway.

ALAN
Nice. Real fucking nice, Sam. I
thought I was your friend.

BARTENDER
No, you're a mooch. And I'm the
fool who made you one.

The bartender turns and heads for the counter.

Alan, in all his pettiness, grabs a bar stool, and slowly
lowers it to the floor.

The bartender turns around and catches Alan.

BARTENDER
Knock it off!

ALAN

Make me!

Alan does the same with another stool.

BARTENDER

I'm serious!

Alan does it again, this time with force.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Alright!

The bartender grows rightfully aggressive, and takes Alan by the shoulder to escort him out.

ALAN

Hey don't put your hands on me!

BARTENDER

You come in, you don't pay, now you're makin' a mess? I'm not givin' it out free, I got a business to run! Now let's go, you're disturbing my *paying* customers.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alan is guided out on to the street.

ALAN

So what do I do now!

BARTENDER

It's New York City, there's a bar on every corner. Go be someone else's problem.

The bartender goes inside. Alan thinks of a comeback.

ALAN

Fine! Your drinks are watered down anyway.

He turns to someone walking by.

ALAN (CONT'D)

His drinks are watered down.

Alan cups his hands and shouts into the night.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Attention citizens of New York!
This bar has watered down drinks!

The bartender comes back out.

BARTENDER
Hell, are you still here? Get out
of here and stop turning away good
business!
(to passersby)
My drinks are not watered down.

ALAN
I could down five whole gin and
tonics... nothing!

BARTENDER
That's 'cause you're a drunk.

Alan has never been called this before. It strikes a nerve.

ALAN
A drunk?

Alan steps forward aggressively.

BARTENDER
What you gonna get all huff 'n'
puff at me because of your problem?

ALAN
I don't have a problem, pal. The
only problem is you.

BARTENDER
Look at you. Fiending for drinks
you can't even pay for. You're
sick! Quit barking at me and get
out of here.

ALAN
Fuck you!

Alan presses him, but the bartender takes no shit.

The bartender kicks at him.

BARTENDER
Get outta here!

Alan quickly grows small and skirts away down the street.

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - LATER

Alan wanders about. He's restless and upset.

He mumbles to himself. He needs something to do.

He needs a drink.

INT. BODEGA - LATER

Alan puts a cheap six pack of beer on the counter, and slaps down some crumpled bills.

He stands there impatiently hoping.

The cashier counts the money.

CASHIER
Got a dollar?

ALAN
That's all I got man.

CASHIER
Sorry...

The cashier eyes over to the fridge where he got it from.

Alan grabs the can with a aggravated look.

He opens the beer fridge, but freezes before he puts it back. He eyes the cashier, then the beer. He stares at it, debating.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Alan walks the city streets, chugging beer to his heart's content. He is a stumbling mess.

He passes his familiar bar.

Finishing the last of his drinks, he takes it upon himself to go inside.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Alan staggers in. The place is now packed with bodies, laughing and chatting.

Alan stands at the entryway, taking it in. He takes a deep, muddled breath.

ALAN
(softly)
Excuse me...

The din continues. A beat. Alan speaks up again, this time louder.

ALAN
(normal volume)
Excuse me.

No one is listening. He grows angry.

ALAN
EXCUSE ME! HELLO!

The room goes silent. All eyes are on him. The bartender comes around to him.

BARTENDER
(calm)
Come on buddy, it's time to go.

The bartender tries to grab him, the Alan evades him.

ALAN
Don't TOUCH me.

Alan stumbles further into the room knocking into people.

BARTENDER
I already told you to get lost, I
ain't playin' games!

The bartender tries to grab Alan again, but he is rather quick for a drunk, and evades him. Alan gets up on the bar, pointing at the bartender.

BARTENDER
Jesus, he's gonna do a speech.

MAN 1
Let him talk!

A few laughs from around the room. Everyone is amused.

People start egging him on for a speech.

The bartender obliges.

ALAN
Thank you.

Alan takes a bow.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This man! Sam... your precious bartender. This procurer of drinks, purveyor of inebriation has ousted me. He has refused to serve me, for reasons so foolish, I must laugh.

Alan laughs a drawn out and mockingly cringe-worthy laugh.

ALAN (CONT'D)

He said... that I was a DRUNK! A boozer. A no good alcoholic! Now, I ask you, good people... patrons of this... odious establishment: Do I look like a drunk to you!

The room is silent for a beat. From the back...

MAN 2

...Yes.

The bar erupts with laughter. Alan feels small.

ALAN

Who said that?!

This is the moment Alan had always feared: ridicule.

ALAN

Show yourself!

Alan jumps off the bar, and searches the room. People boo him to leave.

BARTENDER

Alright, alright, you've had your fun, now COME ON.

Alan continues to search, until he finds the person. He's still laughing along with his friends.

A rage builds inside Alan.

He grabs the guy off his stool.

ALAN

Take it back.

HECKLER

Get off me man!

Alan pulls him close. Everyone stops laughing.

ALAN
Take it back!

HECKLER
You're crazy man!

Alan begins to punch him out.

ALAN
I'm not a drunk!

Gasps are heard around the room. Alan continues to punch him. The man starts bleeding.

ALAN
Say it! I'm not a drunk!

The bartender and some others grab him, making Alan let go.

ALAN
Come on you mother fucker! Say it!

Alan is pulled out of the bar.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alan is tossed out. He stumbles and fixes his clothes.

BARTENDER
I warned you! I fucking warned you!

Alan spits at the bartender. The bartender lands a clean right hook on Alan.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Alan walks the city streets, cold and pissed.

From somewhere...

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)
Hey...

Alan looks for the voice.

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)
Down here. On your left.

Alan looks.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
You got a dollar?

Alan gives him a good blank stare.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Alan sits on the ground with the homeless man.

ALAN
And they had the nerve to kick *me*
out. For what, defending myself? A
mean, a drunk? Really?! Do I look
like a drunk to you?

Alan gives the homeless man an empty stare, mouth agape.

The homeless man entertains him.

HOMELESS MAN
Not at all.

ALAN
See?!

A passerby and drops a coin into the homeless mans cup.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(to passerby)
Thank you buddy. Bless you.

Alan begins to get up.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Anyway, thanks for listening to my
story.

Alan takes the VERY LAST of his money from his wallet.

ALAN (CONT'D)
This is all I got. Literally.

Alan chuckles.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I mean, I'm basically just like y//

Alan stops himself. In his discomfort...

ALAN (CONT'D)
Here, have a drink.

HOMELESS MAN

Oh, no thank you sir. That's what
got me here in the first place.

Alan gives him a pensive look.

ALAN

Hey. You want to hang out some
time?

The homeless man looks at him.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Alan and the homeless man skip through the park, arm in arm.

They sing a tune, or more-so shout one.

Alan is clearly plastered.

ALAN

You're my best friend!

HOMELESS MAN

Eh, you're alright.

ALAN

Oh. Hold up, I gotta use the
bathroom.

The two run off.

EXT. BUILDING WALL - LATER

Alan, arm against the wall for balance, pees. The homeless
man leans against the wall.

HOMELESS

And that was the last time I ate a
banana...

Someone clears their throat near him. The homeless man runs
away. Alan continues to pee.

ALAN

Hey, where you going man?

OFFICER (O.S.)

Excuse me...

ALAN

Huh?

Alan turns his whole body, still peeing. He makes direct eye contact with the officer as he pees on his shoe.

The officer is clearly upset. Alan does not register what's going on.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Alan holds an ice pack to his bruised face. He looks overtired. The common holding cell is filled with a few people of a similar stature.

OFFICER (O.S.)

You.

Alan looks up. An officer is point at him.

OFFICER

You made bail.

ALAN

But I don't have any money.

The office opens the door.

OFFICER

Well then you have a guardian angel. Come on.

Alan exits the holding cell.

He pauses at the threshold. He attempts to give the officer the ice pack. The officer doesn't take it, and it falls to the floor.

They exchange uncomfortable eye contact. The officer is uncaring.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Down there is where you can collect your belongings.

INT. COLLECTIONS DESK - CONTINUOUS

CLERK

Okay, a pack of cigarettes, six
bottle caps, keys, and a wallet, no
cash.

ALAN

Don't remind me.

Alan begrudgingly takes his belongings.

He makes his way to the waiting room.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alan walks out into the waiting room.

Along a wall of chairs stands Amy.

ALAN

I assumed as much.

Alan approaches.

AMY

Well when you called me telling me
you've been arrested, what else
could I do.

He gives Amy a look. She gives one right back.

AMY

Come on, I'll take you home.

EXT. ALAN'S BUILDING - LATER

Amy pulls up to the building. Alan gets out, and goes to the
front window. She rolls it down.

ALAN

(hard to say)
Thank you.

AMY

Didn't think you'd actually say it.

ALAN

Well I mean it.

AMY

You're my brother. I'm not just going to let you rot in jail, no matter how much I hate you.

Alan chuckles.

ALAN

You couldn't hate me if you tried.

AMY

Go inside, I'm already late for work.

Amy rolls the window up. Alan goes inside.

INT. ALAN'S HALLWAY

Alan gets to his door. He takes out his keys.

He tries to put them in the deadbolt lock. It doesn't work.

Alan grunts. He tries the door handle lock. Nothing.

Alan punches the door.

EXT. PAYPHONE - LATER

ALAN

You locked me out?

LANDLORD (O.S.)

I gave you plenty of time to get the money together.

ALAN

But no warning?

LANDLORD (O.S.)

You got your warning when you ran away from me last week!

ALAN

Can't we work something out?

LANDLORD (O.S.)

I'm sorry man, but I'm losin' money here.

A pause. Alan grows angry.

ALAN

Oh fuck you! "I'm losin' money."
I'm losing my fucking home! It's
all about money with you. Why don't
you try doing something out of the
goodness of your heart, and stop
punishing those less fortunate.

LANDLORD (O.S.)

Fine, you can get your stuff at the
auction.

ALAN

AUCTION?!

LANDLORD (O.S.)

When a tenant vacates the
apartment, their property becomes
legal ownership of the landlord.

ALAN

I didn't vacate, you locked me OUT!

LANDLORD (O.S.)

She you at the auction.

ALAN

(scrambling)

No wait! Please. I just want my
paintings. They're all I have. You
can have everything else... just
let me get my paintings.

This is really hard for Alan to say. A beat.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Alan exits his apartment building, for the last time. He is
carrying as much as he could take of his artwork, including
his portfolio and paints. He sports a backpack as well.

He takes one last look at the building, then searches his
pocket for Amy's note. He looks down and reads it. When he
looks back up...

INT./EXT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER

The subway charges through the darkness. Alan rides,
uncomfortably trying to hold his stuff while keeping
balance.

People stare at him.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy opens the door to a disheveled Alan. He looks at her with desperation. She sighs hard, then moves aside so he can come in.

AMY

You can put your stuff over there.

JACOB (O.S.)

Mom, who is it?

AMY

(to Jacob)

Go to your room.

(to Alan)

You can take the couch.

ALAN

Thank you//

AMY

//Don't.

ALAN

Really. Thank you.

AMY

How long do you need?

ALAN

I don't know.

AMY

We'll figure this out. Right now...
just get some sleep.

Amy makes her way upstairs. Alan unpacks what remains of his life. He sits down on the couch, eyes heavy.

INT. STADIUM - DREAM SEQUENCE

Alan hears cheering. He hears a bell ding. He opens his eyes.

He is in a boxing ring. He puts up his fists to fight, but is immediately punched, knocking him down.

He takes a knee, looking up. Standing over him is Helen, counting.

Alan gathers his strength. He gets up. He is punched down. He gets up again. He is punched again. A bell is heard. He looks up. He sees himself standing over him.

It is a recreation of *Taking The Count* by Thomas Eakins.

Alan is grabbed and pulled to his corner.

This is a recreation of *Between Rounds* by Thomas Eakins.

He sits in the stool, being treated for his wounds with alcohol and a cloth. It burns. Empty bottles surround the stool.

The Bartender talks at him, but he cannot make out what is being said over the drone of the crowd. The Bartender puts the cloth over his face.

Alan is held down as the Bartender pours alcohol is poured over his face, suffocating him. Alan struggles but he cannot get up. He continues to drown until...

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Alan is asleep on the couch. He wakes slowly, then all at once. His eyes open, and are met with another pair of opulent blue eyes. This is JACOB (10). He watches Alan closely, curiously.

Alan doesn't seem to recognize the boy. He sits up slowly, scanning the room. The living room is classic 70s. The rug is a green shag, and the walls are a dark panel. The couch he resides on is a maroon with green and faded white highlights.

Alan rubs his head in pain. He makes eye contact with Jacob.

They stare for a beat, until...

AMY (O.S.)

Jacob! Get your bag. The bus will be here soon.

Quick and quiet as a mouse, Jacob sprints upstairs. Alan WATCHES as he disappears upstairs, the resounding of his footsteps still heard. Amy pops her head around the corner.

AMY

Oh great, you're up! Come. Kitchen.

Her head vanishes back behind a wall. Alan stands with caution and intrigue. He crosses the threshold where Amy previously was.

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN

AMY
(pleasant)
Good morning! Coffee?

Amy does not look at him, as she is preoccupied with wrapping Jacob's lunch. She grabs a mug and holds it in his direction.

ALAN
Uhh, yeah, thanks.

He takes it. A pause.

AMY
How'd you sleep?

ALAN
Was that-

AMY
Jacob? Yes.

ALAN
I didn't realize how big he's gotten.

AMY
Well, you know... time. Does weird stuff.

Alan pours himself a cup of coffee.

ALAN
How old is he now, like 16?

Amy looks baffled.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I don't know, I don't have kids.

AMY
Does that kid look sixteen?

ALAN
Does he?

AMY
Yeah, my four and a half foot son with a Power Rangers backpack is 16. Should I give him the keys to my car? Let him drive himself to school today?

ALAN
Okay, okay! My bad.

A beat. He sips his coffee. She makes a lunch.

AMY
He's ten.

ALAN
Last time I saw him he was-

AMY
Eight.

ALAN
I know basic math.

Alan takes another sip, uncomfortably.

ALAN
I suppose I should be getting out
of here soon?

AMY
No it's fine. Stay. I'd rather have
you here, than out on the street.

Alan nods.

AMY (CONT'D)
(looking at a clock)
Shit.

Amy hands Alan Jacob's lunch.

AMY
(hurried)
Could you uhh, finish making
Jacob's lunch? I'm running late.

ALAN
(taking lunch)
Yeah, sure...

Amy walks away, fraught.

AMY (O.S.)
Thank you. Everything's there on
the counter, j-just put it
together.

Alan stands at the counter, examining the measly lunch.

A beat.

JACOB (O.S.)
Is that for me?

Alan turns around. Ready for the day with his backpack on and glasses lopsided, is Jacob. He stands slightly hunched.

Alan lifts the sandwich from the bag.

ALAN
Ham.

Jacob takes the sandwich from his hand, and examines it.

JACOB
(sighing)
She forgot the mayo... again...

Jacob puts the sandwich on the counter, and goes to the fridge, getting the ingredients he wants. Alan sits and watches.

He spreads mayo across his sandwich for a beat. Then he stops and looks at Alan.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You're my uncle, right?

ALAN
Uhh, yeah...

Jacob nods and continues perfecting his sandwich. A beat.

He's putting a lot of mayo on his sandwich.

ALAN (CONT'D)
You really like
mayo.

JACOB
No. But I hate ham.

ALAN
(uncomfortably)
Ah.

Alan rocks in discomfort. Another beat.

Footsteps are heard racing down the stairs.

Amy comes into the kitchen, still putting the final touches on her outfit. She looks clean cut and professional, but stressed about the time.

JACOB
 Mom, can you walk me to the bus
 stop today?

AMY
 Jacob, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but
 I'm running late today.

A look of disappointment but understanding falls upon Jacob.
 Amy turns to Jacob and quickly thinks.

AMY
 How about your Uncle walks you to
 the bus stop this morning! That
 sounds fun, *right*?

Amy darts her eyes back, signaling Alan.

JACOB
 Okay.
 (to Alan)
 But when we get there, can you wait
 until I get on the bus?

Alan shoots a look towards at Amy. Amy shoots one right
 back.

ALAN
 (not sure what to say)
 Uhh, yeah, of course! I'll just put
 my jacket on then we'll go, okay?
 Why don't you wait by the door.

JACOB
 (shrugging)
 Okay.

He trots out of the kitchen, lunch now packed. Alan gets up,
 bothered by this new task.

AMY
 (sarcasm)
 What? You don't want to spend time
 with your nephew? Who you haven't
 seen in two years? Pretty low if
 you ask me.

Alan tries not to smile. Amy gives a sincere look, mouthing
 a "thank you." It eases Alan.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

Alan and Jacob WALK side-by-side down the street. Jacob WATCHES his feet as he WALKS. Alan is THINKING of something to say.

ALAN
So do you like school?

JACOB
I guess.

ALAN
Yeah? Who's your best friend.

JACOB
I'm the new kid. New kids never have friends.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(changing subject)
Must be nice to finally live in a house though.

JACOB
It smells like Gramma.

ALAN
Have you... smelled Gramma recently?

JACOB
No, but I think that the house smells like how Gramma would smell.

ALAN
(going with it)
Ah yes.

A beat. Jacob looks at Alan's face.

JACOB
Did you get in a fight?

ALAN
Uhh, yeah.

A beat.

JACOB
Did you win?

Alan is uneasy.

ALAN
Yeah. Yeah, I did.

A beat.

JACOB
It looks like you lost...

A beat. Alan is thrown by Jacob's honesty.

JACOB
Are you an alcoholic?

Alan tenses up.

ALAN
Why do you ask?

JACOB
I heard Mom talking about it on the
phone this morning.

ALAN
Do even you know what that is?

JACOB
It's like someone who--

Jacob mimes drinking a bottle, and pretends to stumble to the ground. He laughs.

Alan is mortified. Other people around him watch. Alan gets down to Jacob's level.

ALAN
(trying to be an adult)
Jacob, that is a v-very, very bad
term. It's a very serious thing to
accuse someone of. S-so... don't
say it, okay?

JACOB
Okay.

They both look up. The BUS arrives. Jacob taps Alan.

JACOB
Make sure you watch me get on the
bus.

ALAN
Why?

JACOB
Just doooo it!

Jacob trots towards the bus, and waits in the boarding line. Alan watches for a beat. But looks away briefly.

JACOB (O.S.)
Watch me!

Alan turns back to Jacob, who flares his nostrils at him. Alan smiles and waves.

ALAN
I gotcha, I'm watching.

Two BOYS (10) run onto the line, shoving Jacob in the process.

YOUNG BOY 1
(laughing)
Sorry.

Alan looks at the boys with angered confusion.

Alan watches as Jacob disappears onto the bus. It drives off.

EXT. NEAR AMY'S HOUSE - LATER

Alan walks towards the house, just as Amy is leaving.

AMY
(rushing)
Thank you, thank you. I'll see you tonight.

ALAN
Yep.

Amy continues to the car, but stops and turns before getting in.

AMY
I know this situation isn't ideal, but I think it'll be good for the both of us.

Alan grows hostile.

ALAN
(petty)
No I'm not sure it will.

Amy's face grows confused.

ALAN
Your son just asked me if I'm an alcoholic.

A beat.

AMY
Well... are you?

Alan guffaws.

AMY (CONT'D)
What?

ALAN
That's not the point.

AMY
So what is the point?

ALAN
The point is you're telling my business to others.

She approaches Alan.

AMY
When you show up to my house in the middle of the night asking for help, it becomes my business. Now you got my kid wrapped up in this too. Jacob... he has a curious mind. He's gonna ask questions. You expect me to lie to him? He's going to figure out eventually.

ALAN
Yeah...

It makes sense to Alan. He backs off.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I just wish you'd... show more nuance.

AMY
(sarcasm)
Yes, I'll use more subtlety next time... now are we cool? Because I don't to be want to later than I already am.

ALAN
(light sigh)
Yeah. Go. See you later...

Alan goes to the door, Amy goes to her car. Alan goes to open the door, but the handle doesn't turn. It seems being locked out has become his M.O.

He turns to get Amy's attention, but she's already pulling off down the street. He walks out to the street, waving for her, but to no avail. She's gone. He looks to the house.

INT. AMY'S ROOM - LATER

Alan crawls through the open window to Amy's room. He falls into the room. He springs to his feet, and examine the room.

It's a mess. A look Alan understands very well. Though where Alan had bottles, Amy has papers. Divorce papers. Alan briefly skims them.

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alan peeks into Jacob's room. It's very simple, with few toys, and a small bed.

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alan looks around carefully. There are few family photos or art, and very basic furniture. He's realizing that Amy and Jacob don't have much.

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Alan is going through his portfolio, examining his work. A knock is heard at the door.

He opens the door. Standing in front of him is Lincoln (60s). His face is welcoming.

LINCOLN
You Amy's friend?

ALAN
Brother, yeah.

Lincoln puts his hand out for a handshake.

LINCOLN
Name's Lincoln. I run some of the
local AA meetings.

ALAN
I guess you're who she was talking
to this morning?

LINCOLN
Yeah, she said you would be here.

ALAN
Here I am.

LINCOLN
Yeah, look I just wanted to come
by, invite you to a meeting some
time. No pressure. Just to come see
what we're all about.

ALAN
Yeah, I think I'm familiar.

LINCOLN
I'm sure you've heard a lot about
us. But hearsay is different than
actually being there. Of course,
it's your choice. Just uhh, wanted
to let you know.

ALAN
(cold, but kind)
I appreciate it. I'll think about
it.

INT. AMY'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

The three of them sit at the dinner table. Amy and Jacob
each take a head, while Alan sits dead center. It is quiet.

ALAN
How was your day?

AMY
Fine. Your friend came by.

AMY
And?

ALAN
And I told him I'd try to swing by
some time.

Amy shakes her head at Alan.

AMY
Jacob, how was school?

JACOB
Neil Wegman called me a bitch.

Alan laughs a single, cold laugh.

AMY
Language!

Amy gives Alan a serious look.

JACOB
He said it, not me!

AMY
Just because he said it, doesn't
mean you get to as well.

Alan has his mouth full of food.

ALAN
Did you punch him?

AMY
(quickly)
What?!

JACOB
No.

ALAN
Should've punched him.

AMY
No, he shouldn't have.

ALAN
I would've punched him.

AMY
Ah, thanks for the input. Is that
how you try to solve your problems?
And where did that get you?

ALAN
Ugh, fuck off.

AMY
Language!

JACOB
Language!

AMY
How do you know that word?

Jacob shrugs and slams food into his mouth.

ALAN
What, I can't curse? I'm an adult!

AMY
It sets a bad example.

JACOB
Mom, what does bitch mean?

AMY
What did I just say, Jacob.

JACOB
Well what does "it" mean?

AMY
It means... a female dog.

JACOB
Why would Neil call me a female dog?

ALAN
It also means he doesn't like you.

AMY
Stop. Of course he likes you, Jacob.

Alan scoffs.

JACOB
If he likes me, why would he call me a bitch?

AMY
LANGUAGE.

ALAN
Look Jacob, not everyone's going to like you, and that's a fact. You think everyone likes me?

AMY
No one likes you.

ALAN
I don't think that's true. Jacob do
you like me?

JACOB
I guess.

ALAN
See? A solid 'I guess.'

Amy is imploding.

AMY
Fuck you!

ALAN
Language!

JACOB
Language!

Amy can't help but laugh.

A knock is heard on the door.

AMY
Oh god.

She goes to the door. She opens it forcefully.

AMY (O.S.)
Oh! Hi!

She is pleasantly surprised by who it is. Oh! Hi! 59.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
You uhh, left this at work today.

Alan is piqued by this unfamiliar voice. He sees Jacob roll
his eyes. Alan cranes his neck to look.

INT. ENTRYWAY THROUGH DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's Charlie (30s). Charlies is a bit flirtatious, but Amy
tries to deflect it.

AMY
Oh really, and you brought it...
here?

CHARLIE
Yeah it was no trouble. Just be
glad I found it.

AMY
Yeah, thanks.

Amy smiles.

CHARLIE
May I come in?

AMY
No! Uhh, I'm just sitting down to
dinner with Jacob. And my
brother...

CHARLIE
Oh! Got it. Sorry.

CHARLIE
Well will I see you tomorrow?

AMY
Yeah.

CHARLIE
Good.

They stand for a beat.

AMY
I'm gonna... go now.

AMY
(chuckling)

Okay.

CHARLIE
Goodnight.

AMY
Night.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amy closes the door. Alan and Jacob jump back into eating,
as though they weren't eavesdropping. Amy sits back down.

A long beat.

ALAN
Who was that?

AMY
A friend.

JACOB
(resentful)
That was *Charlie*.

ALAN
You two are//

AMY
//We are just friends.

JACOB
Didn't seem like friends to him...

Jacob is clearly miffed. Alan tries to cut the tension.

ALAN
Hey, you know that's alright! Glad
there's a... cool... guy in your
life.

AMY
What? I don't need a "cool" guy in
my life right now.

Alan shrugs.

AMY (CONT'D)
(being a Mom)
Plus, I got the coolest guy I know
right here, right Jacob?

JACOB
That just sounds weird.

Amy backs off, embarrassed.

ALAN
Sorry. Just thought you were, you
know, moving on. I thought the
papers were an indication of that.

AMY
Papers?

ALAN
The divorce papers.

Amy and Jacob react as though he had just confessed to murder. A beat.

ALAN

What?

AMY

You went in my room?

ALAN

Only for a second! I got locked out and had to climb in through the window.

AMY

Is that why the screen is broken?

ALAN

Yeah, and I'll pay for that//

AMY

Okay. We're setting some ground rules. First rule, and I can't believe I even have to say this: don't go through other people's stuff.

ALAN

Well I didn't really go *through* it, it was kind of out in the//

AMY

//SECOND rule, you're getting a job.

ALAN

A job? Like a normal job?

AMY

I don't like you staying in the house alone all day.

ALAN

You don't trust me?

AMY

Not anymore.

ALAN

(redirecting conversation)
Okay, when did this turn into a job fair. I thought we were talking about Mark.

AMY
Mark's not here.

ALAN
Exactly! Forget about Mark. Who
needs him.

JACOB
I do!

Jacob is getting heated. Amy puts her hand on his.

AMY
Look, as long as you're here, you
gotta have some structure. I'm not
letting you be some freeloader.

Jacob's arms are crossed.

AMY
Enjoying dinner, honey?

Jacob sulks at Alan.

ALAN
Sorry.

Jacob is hurt.

JACOB
That's my Dad, bitch!

Alan gasps. Amy is silent.

ALAN
You're not going to say anything?

Amy shakes her head, and keeps eating.

Alan purses his lips, and crosses his arms.

ALAN
Okay, I'll get a job. Know anyone
hiring?

EXT. STOREFRONT - LATER

Alan stands, surrounded by hearty men who stare at him. He stares back. The owner Charlie (late-30s) looks him up and down.

CHARLIE
You ever paint before?

ALAN
(brag)
Yeah, I've painted before.

CHARLIE
Oh that's right, you're an artiste!

Everyone snickers.

CHARLIE
Painting a wall is a bit different
than a canvas.

ALAN
I think I can handle it.

INT. EMPTY STORE - LATER

Alan struggles to reach the top portions of the wall.

CHARLIE
Need a ladder?

ALAN
I got it, just gimme a sec.

Alan continues to struggle more.

CHARLIE
I'll get you a ladder.

ALAN
I'm fine!

Alan looks so foolish to Charlie.

CHARLIE
You're wasting time, man.

ALAN
I got it!

Alan falls into the wall, and gets paint all over himself. A long beat. Alan is embarrassed.

ALAN
Could I get a ladder?

CHARLIE
(pieved)
Yeah.

INT. STOREFRONT - LATER

Alan stands on a ladder painting. He looks away, distracted. He become affixed to what he sees.

It is a bodega across the street. He continues to stare, becoming particularly invested in the neon 'BEER' sign.

Sound begins to disappear from the world. He stares more. He hears a voice, but does not respond.

After a beat...

CHARLIE
Hey Picasso!

Alan is startled. He looks at Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Lunch.

Alan climbs down from the ladder.

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Alan walks through the door, work gear still on.

Jacob sits on the couch. Amy stands over him, interrogating him.

JACOB
I'm sorry!

ALAN
What happened?

AMY
You want to tell your Uncle what happened?

Alan walks closer, intrigued.

JACOB
(ashamed)
I got banned from the bus...

AMY
And how did you get banned from the bus?

JACOB
(even more ashamed)
I punched Neil Wegman...

AMY
He punched Neil Wegman!

Alan is surprised.

ALAN
Did he cry?

AMY
That's not the question you ask him.

ALAN
Oh... why'd you punch him?

JACOB
Well you were saying at dinner that that's what you would do!

AMY
You hear that? "That's what you would do."

JACOB
Mom, I'm sorry!

AMY
I just don't know why you thought that was a good idea.

JACOB
Because he called me... a you know.

Jacob is clearly confused and distraught. Amy sits down beside him and comforts him.

AMY
I know, honey, I know. Listen, I know you were sticking up for yourself. But in life, we all have a choice. A choice of right and wrong. And it's about how we make our choices to deal with our issues that make us the people we are.

These words have an oddly profound affect on Alan.

AMY (CONT'D)

We can talk about this more later.
Right now, you give your Uncle and
I a few minutes to talk.

Jacob runs upstairs. Amy gets up and puts her hands on her hips.

ALAN

Look, before you get mad, I did not
think he would ever do it.

AMY

That's not the point. The point is
he is a kid, who's easily
impressionable. Especially by you!

ALAN

What does that mean?

AMY

It means you are the only male
adult figure in his life right now.
He's obviously latching onto you.

ALAN

I don't get how that's my fault.

AMY (CONT'D)

It's not. But you need to think
about what you do and say before
you do it. Simple as that.

ALAN

He's your kid, not mine.

AMY

As long as you're living here, your
actions are just as important as
mine.

Amy is putting her foot down. Alan cannot argue.

AMY

We good?

ALAN

...Yeah.

Alan isn't fully accepting, but relents regardless,

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Alan gazes at the large double doors in front of him. There are PEOPLE around him, chatting casually.

LINCOLN (O.S.)
Glad you could make it.

Alan turns. He is met with an older looking man, LINCOLN (60s). He smiles with permanently tired eyes.

ALAN
Yeah.

LINCOLN
How are you feeling?

ALAN
Honestly? Nervous. I'm not sure if... this... is really for me.

LINCOLN
Uh huh. Look, I know you're going through it. You're not alone. Everyone here has been in your spot before.

ALAN
I'm sure.

LINCOLN
Well uhh, just stay for a meeting, and let me know how you feel.

ALAN
Sure.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - LATER

Cheesy pro-religion posters line the wall. Chairs are arranged in a circular fashion. They are all occupied. Alan's mind is somewhere else while someone talks. Everyone claps for the speaker

LINCOLN
Thanks so much for sharing, Paul. We have to remember that the things we did while drinking were not us. Though it is important to take responsibility of our actions, we also need to recognize that who we are under the influence are not who we want to be.

A beat. Alan stares at the ground.

LINCOLN

Anyway, it's good to see all of you again. Nice to see some new faces. Before we wrap up, would anyone else like to speak?

Lincoln looks to Alan. The CROWD follows. Alan feels uncomfortable.

ALAN

Uhh, hi. I don't really have any "fun" drinking stories.

LINCOLN

No pressure.

ALAN

Yeah, I'm good. Thank you though.

Alan looks to the person that just talked. He's crying.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Sorry about your loss.

The person nods.

ALAN

Uhh... excuse me...

Alan gets up and leaves.

LINCOLN

Well, I guess we're calling it. Thanks for coming out everyone. Remember we have a ceremony next week, so please come out, bring food, family...

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alan enters. The house is dark, apart from one light emanating from the kitchen.

AMY (O.S.)

I just don't know what to do about him.

Alan stops. He eavesdrops, looking into the kitchen.

Amy paces around on the phone.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm trying to be. I really am. I
feel like he just doesn't get it.

Alan crosses his arms. He thinks she's talking about him.

AMY (CONT'D)

I mean, these outbursts, the
defiance. It isn't like him.
Shouldn't he be too old to be
acting like this?

Alan is about to give her a piece of his mind when...

AMY (CONT'D)

He's ten.

Alan stops. He keeps listening.

AMY (CONT'D)

And now I have my brother here.
He's got his own shit, and it's
affecting all of us.

(heavy sigh)

I feel like he doesn't get that. I
want to help, but I don't think
it's my place. I just don't know
what to do.

Amy sits, putting her head in her hand. Alan feels guilty,
rightfully so after their conversation earlier. He knows he
needs to change.

INT. STORE - DAY

The room is an unflattering faded yellow. Mark slathers
eggshell white paint onto his brush and begins spreading it
on the wall. He is moving at a brisk pace.

Alan, not so much. He drags the paint across the wall, worn
out. He clearly does not want to be here. He looks around
the room. Everyone is busy. Alan trudges along.

CHARLIE

Come on, pick it up.

(cheeky)

I thought painting was your
specialty.

ALAN

This... is *not* painting.

CHARLIE
(laughing)
Oh get over yourself.
(to everybody)
I'm trying to have the topcoat on
by lunch!

EXT. STOREFRONT - LATER

It's lunch. The crew is eating. Alan sits with his measly sandwich, affixed on the store. He is contemplating.

INT. BODEGA

Alan opens the beer fridge. He looks at his options, and it about to grab one.

He hears two of his coworkers walk in chatting.

TED
Hey Picasso.

Alan turns and smiles sheepishly.

TED
You alright?

ALAN
Yeah... fine. Just grabbing some water.

TED
You know we got a jug in the van.

ALAN
Yeah! I just... I like my water filtered...

TED
Ah, fancy. I get it.

A pause.

TED
How you adjusting to work?

ALAN
It's alright. Painting walls is... different.

TED

Yeah, I'm sure it must feel like a downgrade. But hey, it's just a job.

ALAN

Yeah...

A beat. Ted notices Alan is in bad shape.

TED

You know, I used to be a singer in a band.

Alan is intrigued.

TED (CONT'D)

Yeah, I was real good too. Could've really made something of it.

ALAN

Why didn't you?

TED

Couldn't handle the pressure. I became so focused on success... I just wore myself out.

ALAN

Sorry.

TED

Don't get me wrong, I still love to sing, but just for fun. For me. What I'm trying to say is, your work doesn't need to be your passion, man. It can be a means to fuel your passion, sure. But sometimes, making it your passion is what causes you to lose it in the end.

ALAN

Yeah...

These words really hit Alan, but he doesn't fully get it yet.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Alan sits in the AA meeting. He stares at his shoes, contemplating what his sister said. Sound drones around him.

He gets up abruptly and leaves.

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Amy sits at the table with a bottle of beer. She sees Alan and grows sheepish.

AMY

Ah shit, you weren't supposed to see this.

ALAN

You alright?

Alan takes a seat.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What's the occasion?

AMY

Mark and I signed today.

ALAN

So it's official.

AMY

That's why I was so... on edge the other day. I've been worried about telling Jacob.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

AMY

Oh come on, you must be ecstatic.

ALAN

What do you mean?

AMY

You hated the guy.

ALAN

I didn't particularly like him... but I still wanted you to be happy.

AMY

Me too.

They sit. A beat.

AMY (CONT'D)

Am I a good Mother?

ALAN

By what standard? Mom? If so, then definitely.

AMY

(with a laugh, then serious)

No really. My whole job has been to keep him safe, keep him on the right path. But now... I didn't realize I'd be losing him so soon.

ALAN

Oh my god, he's ten. You're not losing him. You do everything for him.

AMY

Yes, I do the things a Mom is *supposed* to do, but sometimes I feel like I barely know him. I mean I don't even hang out with him, at least Mom did that.

ALAN

Mom's definition of "hanging out" was group therapy. Last time I checked, blaming your kids for stretch marks is not a determinate of motherhood.

They laugh. A pause.

AMY (CONT'D)

I just don't want my kid to end up super fucked up by this.

ALAN

You're going through a rough time. You don't have to be a Mom all the time.

AMY

Yeah... I just feel I have to be the pillar of strength for him these days. It's just us now.

ALAN
Hey, I'm here too.

Alan puts his hand on her shoulder in solidarity. Amy smiles.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Jacob is going to be fine. You raised a good one, Amy.

AMY
Thanks...

ALAN
And you are too. Don't stress.

AMY
I'm trying my best.

ALAN
Me too.

A beat. There is an understanding between them. Alan gets up to leave. He stops and turns.

ALAN
You need a hobby...

AMY
I don't have time for a hobby.

ALAN
It could be anything.

AMY
Like painting?

ALAN
(chuckling)
Sure.

AMY
Who knows, I might be really good.

ALAN
(trying to play along)
You never know.

AMY
Might be better than you...

ALAN
(cutting it short)
Alright.

AMY
Have a sense of humor!

ALAN
(brushing it off)
Yeah, yeah. Goodnight.

AMY
Night.

INT. AMY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Alan brushes his teeth. From the living room he hears a noise. Papers being moved. He goes to investigate.

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Toothbrush still in mouth, he finds the source of the noise. It's Jacob, who has found Alan's portfolio sketches. He has them laid out around him, examining them.

The toothbrush drops from his mouth.

ALAN
Jacob!

Alan rushes to him, pushing Jacob out of the way. He begins gathering everything.

JACOB
I was just looking.

Alan doesn't look at Jacob. He focuses on gathering his works.

ALAN
Well you should ask first! This stuff is delicate! This is my stuff.

JACOB
I just wanted to see.

Alan comforts Jacob.

ALAN

I know... I'm sorry. Next time,
just ask me, okay.

JACOB

What is all this stuff anyway?

ALAN

It's my portfolio. Or it was.

JACOB

What's a portfolio?

ALAN

It's like a display of your work
for others.

JACOB

So why can't I see it?

ALAN

B-because... because it's not
ready. I'm taking a break. No one
wants to see it anyways.

JACOB

I do.

Alan is oddly touched by this simple sentiment.

ALAN

Well... thank you.

Jacob kneels down next to him and grabs one.

JACOB

So you drew these yourself?

ALAN

Yeah.

JACOB

How'd you get so good?

ALAN

I went to school.

JACOB

They have school for drawing?

ALAN

Sure, they have a school for
everything.

JACOB
Do they have a school for stopping
super villains?

ALAN
Yeah, it's called a law school.

A beat. Jacob examines the sketch. Alan is piqued by Jacob's curiosity.

JACOB
Could you teach me to draw like
this?

ALAN
Y-yeah. I mean I don't really
teach, but... yeah, I could do
that.

JACOB
Those who don't do, teach.

ALAN
Uhh... yeah?

JACOB
When can we start?

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Alan and Jacob sit at the table and draw. Alan notices Jacob is struggling.

ALAN
Need help?

JACOB
Could you pose like this?

Jacob strikes a specific pose. Alan gets up.

ALAN
(copying the pose)
Like this?

JACOB
Perfect!

Jacob draws. A beat.

ALAN
You know, this kind of drawing is
called figure drawing.

Jacob continues to draw.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Sometimes the models are naked.

JACOB
Why?

ALAN
To better capture the body.

JACOB
Are you going to be naked?

ALAN
God what?! No. I was just saying,
for educational purposes. Maybe
this is something you should talk
about with your Mom...

A beat. Jacob continues to draw.

ALAN (CONT'D)
So about the other day. With Neil
Wegman.

JACOB
Yeah?

ALAN
I'm sorry if I might've hinted that
you should punch him. I wasn't
thinking. I guess my way of dealing
with my problems are a bit...
antiquated.

JACOB
Do you punch people a lot?

ALAN
No! I'm just saying, there is a
better way to deal with your
problems. And maybe I should've
heeded that advice when I was your
age.

JACOB
Well you don't have to worry about
Neil Wegman and I anymore. We're
friends now.

ALAN
Friends?

JACOB
Yeah, he's pretty cool. We traded
pokemon cards.

ALAN
Hm. I guess Pokemon cards are the
secret to world peace...

Jacobs finishes up. A beat.

JACOB
Done!

ALAN (CONT'D)
Alright, let's see it.

Jacob holds it up for him to see. It was very much drawn by
a kid.

JACOB
It's not very good...

Alan takes it from him.

ALAN
What are you talking about? It's
great!

JACOB
It doesn't even look like you.

ALAN
That's okay! Not all art has to
look real.

JACOB
What do you mean?

ALAN
It can be... symbolic, abstract.
Like Picasso...

Jacob tilts his head confused.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Or Rothko...

Jacob still doesn't get it.

ALAN (CONT'D)
God, art education is failing. Has
your Mom taken you to a museum?

Jacob shakes his head.

ALAN (CONT'D)
We gotta change that.

A door opens and closes. Jacob jumps up from the table.

JACOB
Mom's home!

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jacob runs and hugs his mom around the waist.

AMY
Hey!

Alan leans against the dividing wall.

ALAN
Hey.

JACOB
Mom, can we go to a museum?

AMY
Um, sure. Why?

JACOB
So I can see abstract art!

ALAN
We did some drawing today.

JACOB
And we talked about naked people!

ALAN
We talked about body models.

AMY
Ah. Well sounds like you guys had a
great time.

ALAN
Yeah... we did...

Alan feels oddly well.

ALAN

Anyway how was your da--

From outside, Charlie comes in. Alan and Jacob frown a bit.

AMY

I thought I'd invite Charlie to
have dinner with us. Is that
alright?

Jacob and Alan don't want to be rude, and remain silent.

AMY

O..K... hey Jacob, how about you
wash your hands, and you can help
me get started on dinner!

JACOB

Okay...

Jacob trudges off to the bathroom. Alan and Amy exchange a
look.

INT. AMY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Evertone sits to dinner. It is uncomfortably quiet. A beat.
Jacob burps.

JACOB

Excuse me.

A beat. Alan burps.

ALAN

Excuse me.

Alan and Jacob look at each other and chuckle. Amy is trying
not to smile, but she likes how close they are getting.

AMY

(hesitant)

So... how is the new job?

ALAN

It's fine.

CHARLIE

Painting walls is much different
than painting canvases, I'm sure it
was quite a shock.

ALAN

Well it's not rocket science.
Anyone can do it.

Charlie feels SLIGHTED. He sips his water. A beat.

AMY

Jacob, school was okay?

JACOB

Liam Summers took my notebook.

AMY

Did you get it back?

JACOB

No.

AMY

Well why not.

JACOB

'Cause he said it's his now.

AMY

Did you tell your teacher?

JACOB

No.

AMY

Jacob, I can't afford to buy school
supplies for everyone.

JACOB

Mom, have you ever heard of the
term dibs?

ALAN

At least he didn't punch him!

There's a small chuckle from the two of them. Charlie
doesn't get it.

CHARLIE

Oh, Jakey! I picked something up
for you today!

Charlie cheerily gets up and leaves, returning quickly with
a small baby toy, something Jacob is clearly too old for.
Charlie tosses it to him.

CHARLIE
Catch, bud!

It lands right in Jacob's food. Jacob looks at it with feigned smile.

JACOB
Thanks... Charlie!

CHARLIE
Maybe you can open it and try it out after dinner?

He looks to Amy, who also realizes how bad of a gift this is.

AMY
(cuing him)
Yeah Jacob! Doesn't that sound nice?

JACOB
Uh-huh.

ALAN
Well I think that's my cue to go.

AMY
Your meeting?

ALAN
Anywhere but here right now, but the meeting sound fine.

CHARLIE
I'll drive you!

ALAN
Oh no, it's fine.

CHARLIE
Don't worry 'bout it! It's not a far drive. Much faster than walking!

AMY
Yeah, go with Charlie!

ALAN
...Sure.

Charlie gets up. Jacob rolls his eyes. They head for the door, and put their coats on.

CHARLIE
Dinner was lovely.

AMY
Thanks.

CHARLIE
Jakey, let me know what you think
of the gift, okay?

JACOB
Uh-huh...

Charlie heads out of the house first. Alan looks back to them. He watches Amy grab the gift and throws it out.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Alan watches Charlie's car drives off, waving, waiting. Alan stands in front of those same large double doors. He's alone on the street.

He begins to walk up to the door, but grows fearful and stops.

A beat. He walks away.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - LATER

Alan comes inside to the sound of the TV. AS it is usually quiet at this time, Alan is curious.

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The light of the TV shines upon Amy. She is focused on the screen, watching *Northern Exposure*. Alan enters.

ALAN
You're still up?

AMY
(startled)
Oh!

She turns quickly to Alan.

AMY (CONT'D)
It's Northern Exposure!

ALAN

And?

AMY

(matter-of-fact)

And on Monday's I stay up and watch Northern Exposure! It's *my* time. So you can either be quiet and join me, or you can leave.

ALAN

(chuckling)

Okay, okay.

He joins her on the couch. A beat.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm just surprised you watch this show.

AMY

(sarcasm)

Oh, sorry that my taste in shows is too lowbrow for you, O' guardian of comedy!

Alan smirks.

AMY (CONT'D)

Now are you done talking? Ed just ate a trout and is seeing the future...

Alan zips his mouth shut.

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alan eats a bowl of cereal on the couch. A Christmas tree is in the background. He hears the phone RING in the kitchen. He GETS UP.

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alan LEANS against the wall and PICKS UP the phone.

ALAN

Hello?

AMY (O.S.)

Oh good, you're home! Look I need you to pick up Jacob from school.

ALAN
You can't do it?

AMY
Obviously not, since I'm asking
you.

ALAN
What if I'm busy?

AMY
Are you busy?

ALAN
...No.

AMY
So you're doing it.

ALAN
Fine, when do I have to be there.

AMY
3:00. DON'T be late.

ALAN
I won't.

AMY
(stern)
I'm serious.

ALAN
I won't!

EXT. PS 141 - LATER

Alan is rushing to the front door. Jacob stands disheveled
and waiting for him.

JACOB
You're late!

ALAN
I know, the train's were delayed.

Alan tries to grab Jacob by the hand, but is intercepted by
a teacher (40s).

TEACHER
Excuse me, who are you?

JACOB
This is my Uncle.

TEACHER
Uncle...

She gives a suspicious look.

ALAN
Ew lady, don't make this weird.

TEACHER
Jacob just... never said anything
about an Uncle.

ALAN
Yeah well he didn't say anything
about a nosy teacher either.
(to Jacob)
C'mon Jacob.

The two walk off.

JACOB
Bye Mrs. Alvarez!

ALAN
So, ready to go home?

Jacob stops. He looks sheepishly at Alan.

ALAN
You alright? You need to
shit-language! You need to use the
bathroom?

JACOB
Can we not go home yet? There's
something I want to do first.

Alan looks at Jacob curiously. Jacob looks excited.

INT. MET - DAY

Alan and Jacob enter the MET. Its grand hall overpowers them. Jacob is in awe, and Alan is pleased to encounter its familiarity.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Alan and Jacob wander through the halls.

Alan and Jacob look at Egyptian art. Alan loses Jacob in the Temple of Dendur. Jacob pops out and scares him. Everyone looks at them. They sheepishly leave.

They are in the Greek section. They pose like statues. Jacob laughs. It's infectious, and Alan laughs too.

They view West African art. Alan points out some details to Jacob.

They wander through the modern art section. Jacob tries to touch one of the pieces. Alan pulls him away quickly.

They sit in peace in the Astor Chinese garden.

END MONTAGE

INT. MET - IMPRESSIONIST GALLERY - LATER

Alan and Jacob walk through the gallery. Alan feels at home, and looks at the pieces with familiarity. He looks down, Jacob isn't beside him. He panics.

ALAN

Jacob?

Alan walks into another section. No sign of Jacob.

ALAN

Jacob!

Alan tries to call out as quiet as possible, as not to disturb others.

Alan walks to another section. There he finds him. Jacob stands in front of the exact painting from his dream, *Morning on the Siene Near Giverny*. Alan is stricken.

Jacob turns around and sees him, unaware of his Alan's state.

JACOB

This looks like your paintings!

Alan approaches the painting. They stand side by side in awe. A beat.

ALAN

Jacob, what do you see when you look at this?

JACOB
...Blue.

ALAN
But what does it make you feel?

JACOB
Is it supposed to make me feel?

ALAN
That's up to you.

JACOB
Well what do you feel?

Alan takes a pause.

ALAN
Emptiness. Loneliness? Like I'm
waiting for something good to
happen...

JACOB
No, I don't like that. Feel
something else.

Alan chuckles.

ALAN
You telling me how to feel now?

JACOB
When we draw, you talk about
perspective. That is doesn't have
to be what you think. It can be
abstract.

ALAN
Yeah but that's something
different.

JACOB
I don't think it is.

ALAN
Explain.

JACOB
What is this painting called?

ALAN
Morning on the Siene Near Giverny.

JACOB
 Exactly. Morning! A new day. A new
 chance. That's a good thing.

Alan ponders this.

JACOB (O.S.)
 You're seeing it abstract, but its
 really literal.

ALAN
 Literal.

JACOB
 Yeah.

A beat. Alan begins to see things in a new light.

ALAN
 You're too smart. It freaks me out.

INT./EXT. SUBWAY - LATER

Alan rides the train, with Jacob asleep next to him. He
 leans on Alan's shoulder. Alan is content.

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alan walks, carrying a sleeping Jacob. He notices an
 unusually elegant car outside of Amy's house. He walks up
 the steps confused.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Alan walks through the door still carrying Jacob. He smells
 something good in the air.

ALAN
 (calling out)
 Hey sorry we're late!

No answer.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 Amy?

AMY (O.S.)
 Dining room!

He walks into the dining room.

INT. AMY'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Around the table sit Amy, their MOTHER (60s), and their FATHER (60s). Alan's demeanor changes to disdain.

FATHER

Hi son.

His Father looks like he doesn't want to be there just as much Alan. His mother looks at him with a hopeful smile.

JACOB

Gramma, Grandpa!

Jacob runs to hug them.

Alan darts his eyes to Amy. She looks back with reassurance.

INT. AMY'S DINING ROOM - LATER

They all sit at the table. Alan sits center with Jacob. It is very uncomfortable, and very quiet. They all eat with trepidation. Alan doesn't look at anyone.

AMY

So... how was your day?

ALAN

Fine.

JACOB

We went to the museum!

AMY

(a nod, impressed)

The museum.

A beat. Alan is clearly disinterested and doesn't answer.

AMY

Well mine was good too.

ALAN

Great...

MOTHER

Your sister was telling me you got a job. How is that going?

ALAN

Not much of a job. I paint walls.

MOTHER
So you're painting again. That's great!

ALAN
Not the same thing.

MOTHER
Well it's something...

ALAN
Sure.

A pause.

MOTHER
You know, it's a real shame you didn't do anything with that degree of yours.

ALAN
I'm working on it.

MOTHER
I mean when was your last showing? Two years ago?

ALAN
(wants it over with)
Yep.

FATHER
Such a waste of money...

ALAN
Oh so now you talk?

FATHER
What, I'm not allowed to comment on where my money goes?

Alan is about to snap, but quickly stops himself and turns to Amy.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Why are they here?

Amy doesn't answer.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(Why?)

AMY

I//

FATHER

It was your mother's idea. W-we
wanted to see you.

A beat.

FATHER (CONT'D)

We heard you were having, erm,
trouble.

ALAN

Mm... trouble...

FATHER

Oh you know what I mean!

ALAN

No, I don't! Please, enlighten me.

MOTHER

Enough!

Everyone goes quiet. Another beat.

MOTHER

We came here for you. That's all
you need to know.

AMY

They miss you.

Mother nods. Father is hesitant. Alan scoffs.

MOTHER

Oh don't act so childish. Really.

ALAN

I just don't know what you expect
from this.

MOTHER

We expect a nice meal with our son!

Alan's mother is tearing up, but in anger, not sadness.

FATHER

Calm down, Susan.
(to Alan)
See what you're doing?

ALAN

You show up on a whim and expect us to have pleasant dinner? Well forgive me if I'm not so easy to just forget the past 26 years.

MOTHER

Why can't this be a start.

A beat. Everyone holds their breaths.

ALAN

(defiant)

Fine.

Alan begins to eat rather viciously.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hi, Mother, how was your day?

His Mother looks at him, concerned.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Father? Everything good with you?
How's the business?

Father scoffs.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Amy? Jacob?

Alan is getting worked up. It scares Jacob. Alan sees it in his face. He puts his utensils down, and sits back.

A beat.

FATHER

Are you done with the dramatics?

ALAN

(cold)

Yes.

MOTHER

I don't know what you think this is. An ambush? Well it's not. We came here for YOU. Because we want to HELP. Amy told us what you've been doing.

ALAN

What I've been doing...

MOTHER

Yes.

ALAN

I'm not a murderer, I'm a drunk.
There's far worse.

FATHER

That doesn't matter! The point is,
you're sick.

ALAN

Sick.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Sick?

FATHER

Yes, and that's why we're willing
to pay for rehab.

Alan guffaws.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You are so privileged. You
think flaunting your money for
some fancy service will fix all my
problems.

FATHER

Well it's a start.

ALAN

I'm doing just fine without it. Amy
knows. I've been going to AA. I've
been straight.

Alan looks to Amy for assurance. But she knows...

AMY

I know you haven't been going.

ALAN

Bullshit!

JACOB

Language.

Alan sighs.

ALAN

I've been going. Amy. I have.

AMY
I'm not stupid!

ALAN
Well I haven't been drinking.

FATHER
Look, it's your decision. We just
thought we'd put it out there.

ALAN
Is that all? Or is there a reason
for this, most generous offer.

A beat. His parents look at each other. His mother slides
him a card. Alan takes it and flips it over, reading it.
It's an invitation.

ALAN
You're renewing your vows?

MOTHER
We want you there.

FATHER
Only if you're clean.

ALAN
I get it now. You just want to look
good for everyone.

MOTHER
That's not true!

ALAN
Then I'm not going to rehab.

MOTHER
(hesitant)
Fine. As long as you're clean.

A beat.

MOTHER
We just want you there. We have
spent too long fighting. Too many
years, wasted. We don't want that
anymore. We just want to be a
family again.

She looks around the table genuinely.

A long beat. Every looks at Alan.

ALAN
I'll think about it.

Father and Mother get up. They begin to leave.

MOTHER
That's all we need.

JACOB
You're leaving?

MOTHER
(with a kiss)
Yes baby, we've got a plane to
catch!

Jacob is disappointed. Alan is not surprised. He looks at Amy as if to say 'can you believe this?' Amy just rolls her eyes.

Mother and Father head for the door.

MOTHER
Ta-ta!

The door shuts. A beat. Alan looks at Amy in disbelief.

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Alan and Amy clean after dinner. Things are heated.

ALAN
I can't believe you called Mom and
Dad!

AMY
I didn't know what to do!

ALAN
I don't know, maybe talk to me?

AMY
And how'd that go last time?

ALAN
Well now you've put me in a tough
position!

AMY
No, you put yourself in this
position! I simply called you out
on it.

(reaching out)
Hand me that.

Alan hands her a plate he's been scrubbing.

AMY (CONT'D)
I told you what I expected of you
from the start.

ALAN
And so what, I don't follow one
step and I'm some kind of burden?

AMY
It's the most important step!

ALAN
No the important this I don't
drink. And I haven't been.

AMY
The meetings aren't just to keep
from you drinking, they're for a
sense of solidarity, routine. Soon
enough you'll be on your own again,
and I won't be there to keep an eye
on you. What happens then?

ALAN
What happens then is it's not your
problem. Could I get more soap?

Amy hands squeezes some soap for him.

AMY
We've been through this before. You
clearly can't do it on your own.

ALAN
I think this just has to do with
your need for control.

AMY
Oh are we psychoanalyzing now?

ALAN
Think about it: you've just gone
through a divorce, you moved to a
different city, your son started a
new school. You lack control, and
you fear change. I'm the only thing
you think you have say over.

AMY

You are so pretentious. You think my whole subconscious revolves around you?

ALAN

Just calling it as I see it.

AMY

You don't think it could have anything to do with the fact that I just care about your well being?

ALAN

Perhaps...

AMY

Or does it have to do with your fear of commitment and sense of lazy entitlement.

ALAN

Okay, Freud.

AMY

I can play this game too. Remember we come from the same parents.

ALAN

After tonight I don't think I can forget.

A pause.

AMY

All I'm saying is you could put in a little effort.

Genuinely offended.

ALAN

You really don't trust me, do you?

AMY

Honestly? No.

ALAN

You really think I can't do it. You really think I can't do something right on my own.

AMY

You just expect my trust, but that's not how this works. You have to earn it. You are my brother, and I care about you. I want you to have freedoms, but I'm not going to let you walk all over me in the process.

Silence. A beat. Alan simmers.

AMY (CONT'D)

Could you pass me the plate.

Alan isn't listening.

AMY

Hello? The plate.

Alan aggressively drops what he's doing.

ALAN

Wash your own damn plate.

Alan heads for the door.

AMY

Where are you going?

ALAN

Out!

He grabs his jacket and slams the door behind him.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The AA meeting is about to commence. There is chatter and chuckling around the room

A beat. Alan staggers in, drunk. The group stops and turns to him. He walks across the room and takes his seat in the circle of chairs.

LINCOLN

I guess the meeting can start.

Everyone stops and listens to Lincoln.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

And what brings you here tonight?

They all turn to Alan.

ALAN

My sister wants me to go to a meeting. So fuck you, I'm here.

A pause.

LINCOLN

Alright, well welcome everyone. Would anyone like to open up//

ALAN

//Why don't you drink?

LINCOLN

Not drinking is an active choice we all make.

ALAN

But why?

LINCOLN

Because we know what it does to us.

ALAN

No, no, no, that's not it. It's because you are weak! Alcoholism?
(shaking his head)
Cowardice!

A beat. Everyone stares at him with pity.

ALAN

Look at you. Look at all of you. A bunch of cowards. No freedom, a slave. Well I am not a slave. I am here to prove that I can drink and be okay. I can. I can. One drink is not going to kill me. Anyone want to tell me otherwise?

No one responds. They continue with their concerned looks.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Stop looking at me! I see your pitied looks. Stop! Save em'.

LINCOLN

Have you been drinking tonight?

ALAN

That doesn't matter. The point is I am fine. I'm not bursting into flame. I am here, I am fine.

LINCOLN

Alright, if you're fine, then you don't have to be here. But many of us do.

ALAN

Oh fuck you! To think you have the high road. Fuck you.

LINCOLN

I'm not going to make you stay. If you want to stay, you have to be quiet and listen. But if you're going to be hostile, we're going to ask you to leave.

ALAN

Fuck you! Ask me to leave then. Do it. I don't need you. I don't!

The stares continue.

ALAN

Stop looking at me! STOP!

EXT. POND - DAY - DREAM

Alan sits in a boat in Belle Epoque era clothing. He paints with great concentration. It is an absolutely beautiful day.

It is a loose combination of *Water Lilies* by Claude Monet and *Boating* by Edouard Manet.

On his canvas is a beautiful image of *Le Dejeuner sur l'herbe* by Edouard Manet.

He examines the painting, then looks down and mixes some paint. When he looks back up, he notices something different with the painting. He takes a closer look.

The nude woman in the painting has now become him, and it stares at him. He looks again, all the other people in the painting look at him. The two other people in the painting are Alan's Mom and Dad.

He goes to fix it with paint, but it the image stays the same. He mixes more paint. When he looks back at the image, it has changed. His mother and father are gone from the. He remains in the image, but now passed out on the ground.

Alan's boat begins to sink. He tries to save the painting, but when he goes to grab it, it is gone. More water fills the boat.

Alan cannot move from the boat. The water is up to his waist. He continues to writhe to no avail. He sinks deeper.

The water continues up to his neck. Alan is reaching up, grabbing at anything he can. A pit forms around him, with water flowing down into it.

Just as his head is about to go under, a hand appears and grabs his hand, pulling him up.

Alan is pulled out of the water. He looks up at who is pulling him, and it is Jacob.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alan wakes up startled. It is morning. The christmas tree is gone, the seasons have changed. He wonders where the time went.

He looks at the floor next to him, and sees his bags are packed. He sighs. Amy comes downstairs.

AMY

Come on, get ready, we have to make the train.

Alan sighs harder.

ALAN

Are you sure I can't just stay here and watch the house for the weekend?

AMY

Nope. You promised. Plus, Charlie will take care of it.

ALAN

Whatever happened to "one date?"

AMY

Come on, get ready!

INT./EXT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER

The three of them ride the subway, all their bags by their sides.

JACOB

Where's Newport?

AMY

Newport is a town in Rhode Island.

JACOB

Like the cigarettes Dad smokes?

AMY

Uh... no, it's a big tourist spot.
A lot of rich people stay there...

JACOB

Are Gramma and Grandpa rich?

AMY

Uhh...

INT. PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

Alan, Amy, and Jacob walk through the grand doorway, into the massive hall of their childhood home. It is beautiful and extravagant, but cold and oppressive to Alan.

JACOB

You lived HERE!

AMY

Yep! Come on, I'll show you where
you'll be staying.

Alan sighs gigantically.

INT. ALAN'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - LATER

Alan opens the door, suitcase in hand. He looks on his bed and grimaces at the tuxedo carefully laid across it.

There is a note on it. He drops his suitcase, picks it up and reads it. It reads "Thought you might look better in this - Mom."

Alan crumples the note in his hand.

INT. ALAN'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - LATER

Alan looks in the mirror, tux now adorned. He is uncomfortable as he shifts around in it.

A knock on the door. It's Amy. She is dressed up as well.

AMY
Wow, I didn't think it would fit
still.

ALAN
It doesn't.

AMY
We'll just get someone to tailor
it.

ALAN
I don't want a tailor. I hate this.

AMY
I know.

ALAN
I don't even know why we're playing
along with this.

AMY
For Mom and Dad.

ALAN
Yeah, I know why, I just don't *know*
why.

AMY
It's just for the weekend. You can
handle it.

The door swings open. It's Jacob, sporting a tux himself.

AMY
Wowwww, so handsome.

Jacob fixes his bowtie. Alan lights up.

ALAN
Lookin' good kid.

JACOB
Do we really have to wear this?

ALAN
If you're in, I'm in.

Jacob looks at him reassuringly.

EXT. GARDEN - LATER

Alan exits to the garden. It is massive, beautifully kept, and overlooks the ocean.

Mother stands talking to people, giving directions. Alan squints at the brightness outside. Mother turns and sees him.

MOTHER

Oh good, you're here. Come. I need you to help me with this.

Mother leads Alan to a string of balloons.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Hold this.

A beat. She ties pieces of balloon together.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I trust everything will go... smoothly this weekend?

ALAN

You don't have to worry about me.

MOTHER

I hope not. We have a lot of important people coming whom I want to look good for.

ALAN

I thought this was a vow renewal, not business.

MOTHER

Oh business, it's always business. I mean, it's love too, or whatever, but... well you know. It's business too.

ALAN

Glad to know where your priorities lie.

A pause. Alan looks around at the scene of servants scurrying, struggling for perfection.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

I promise I won't disgrace our family name.

MOTHER
 (taking it seriously)
 Well it's the least you could do.

Mother walks off, leaving Alan with a handful off strung-together balloons. He fidgets with them a bit, before letting them go in frustration.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Alan walks through the kitchen, grabbing a piece of fruit as he walks by the counter. A figure appears in the background as he passes. It is GENEVIEVE (60s). Alan's old caretaker.

GENEVIEVE
 Just going to walk by me and not
 say hi. Have all manners been lost
 on you?

Alan recognizes the voice. One of the more welcoming persons from his past. He turns with a reminiscent smile, sad for all the time that has gone by.

ALAN
 Genevieve! I must've not seen you.

GENEVIEVE
 I suppose being home has got your
 head in the clouds.

ALAN
 It does. A lot to process.

GENEVIEVE
 How have you been? Life treating
 you alright?

ALAN
 Yeah, you know, been surviving.

GENEVIEVE
 Good. Good.

There is a care in her eyes.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)
 Your Mother was just telling me how
 much success you're finding as a
 painter.

ALAN

She did?

GENEVIEVE

Well I am very happy for you. Glad to know your efforts haven't turned out in vain.

Alan is pensive now.

ALAN

Yeah, thanks.

GENEVIEVE

How long will are you staying?

ALAN

Uh, just the weekend.

GENEVIEVE

Ah, a short visit. Glad I got to see you nonetheless.

ALAN

(brushing it off a bit)

Yeah...

She touches his head in a way his mother never had. It is familiar, comforting.

GENEVIEVE

I'm so glad you are here.

She speaks low and calming. It is as though she knows all that Alan has been through. Alan smiles.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

I'm glad to see the man you have become.

ALAN

Thanks.

Alan is becoming overwhelmed.

ALAN (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me. I need to go find my Mother.

Alan leaves, leaving the fruit where he found it.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Alan sees his Mother talking to a group of people. He comes over quickly. Before he can say anything...

MOTHER

Ah yes, you remember my son!

People nod and greet him.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(brag)

He's been doing wonderfully in the art circuit. Just came back from an exhibition at the Salon de Paris. Beautiful work all around, don't you think?

ALAN

Yeah sure, could I talk to you a second?

Mother goes to speak but is quickly pulled aside.

MOTHER

Watch your grip! What are you doing?

ALAN (CONT'D)

Why are you telling people I'm some big successful artist?

MOTHER

Oh you're so dramatic. I'm just... drumming up some buzz. You could use the publicity.

Mother waves at people as they pass by.

ALAN

I don't need you to "drum up buzz." I told you, I'm taking a break from painting.

MOTHER

Well would you rather me tell them the truth?

ALAN

I'd *rather* you tell them nothing at all.

MOTHER

So what do you want me to do? Just smile and nod?

ALAN

That would be nice. Just stop lying to everyone.

MOTHER

Fine.

ALAN

Also, the Salon de Paris doesn't exist.

MOTHER

For heavens sake, you think these people even care?

Mother and Alan rejoin the conversation.

ATTENDEE #1

So what work did you exhibit at the Salon?

Alan looks to his Mother with sharp eyes. She feels them, and just smiles and nods.

INT. PARLOUR - LATER

Alan sighs and dabs his sweat covered forehead.

Someone holding a tray of drinks approaches.

SERVER

Champagne?

Alan's knee-jerk reaction is to take it, but he quickly comes to his senses and puts it down.

ALAN

Uh, no thank you.

The server walks off. Alan watches them leave, and notices Jacob sitting alone in the foyer. He plays on his Game Boy.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Alan approaches.

ALAN

What are you doing in here?

JACOB

There are no kids at this party.

ALAN

Hey, count yourself lucky. Your Mom and I were never allowed at these things.

JACOB

I can see why. It's so boring.

Alan knows this feeling well. He gets an idea.

ALAN

Come on, let's go for a walk.

Jacob looks up from his game with curiosity.

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

Alan has loosened his collar due to the heat.

Jacob walks with a stick, occasionally hitting it against the ground and surrounding trees.

JACOB

How much longer?

ALAN

Almost there.

Alan sees a small opening in the trees.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This way.

Jacob and Alan dip through the opening.

EXT. THE COVE - CONTINUOUS

Before them is the open ocean, big and blue and beautiful. In the distance is his parent's place. Alan breathes deeply.

JACOB
Wow, so that's your house?

ALAN
Yep.

JACOB
I've never seen the ocean before!

ALAN
Yes you have, you live in Bay
Ridge.

JACOB
Oh... well I've never been this
close.

ALAN
Yeah, this spot brings back a lot
of memories for me. Me and your
sister used to come here and watch
the fireworks on the fourth of
July.

Jacob takes in the view. A beat. Alan recalls a memory.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I came here the first time I ran
away.

Alan chuckles. Jacob skips a stone.

ALAN (CONT'D)
They caught me so fast. Almost
started a forest fire trying to set
up camp.

A small beat.

JACOB
Why'd you run away?

ALAN
(flustered)
Well... you know Grandma and
Granpa.

Jacob looks at Alan curiously.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Let's just say I was having
trouble. Similar to now. And I
couldn't handle it. I thought
escaping was the answer.

JACOB
Are you going to run away again?

ALAN
No. No, I think I'm done running...

Alan grabs a stone and skips it with Jacob.

INT. FOYER - LATER

The sun is beginning to set as Jacob and Alan return. Amy sees them from the parlor as they walk in. She notices all the dirt they tracked, and their wrinkled suits.

AMY
You two have an adventure?

JACOB
We went to the cove!

AMY
Oh god, really?

ALAN
(shrugging)
A little trip down memory lane.

From the parlour, Mother storms into the foyer.

MOTHER
Where the hell have you been?

ALAN
We went for a walk.

MOTHER
Oh my god, look at you! You look terrible, absolutely terrible. What are people going to say?

ALAN
No one's going to say anything.

MOTHER
Oh yes they will, just not to my face!

ALAN
Oh who gives a fuck.

JACOB
Language!

AMY
Language!

MOTHER
Language!

MOTHER (CONT'D)
You need to change now. Both of
you. Go!

She shoos them upstairs.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Ugh, must you always embarrass me?

Alan abruptly stops, but Jacob continues up. A rage is
building. He turns.

ALAN
Is that all I am to you? An
embarrassment?

MOTHER
I'm not discussing this with you
now.

ALAN
No Mother, we are. Or do you want
me to go greet everyone like this.

MOTHER
Here we go with the dramatics. I
don't know where you get it from.

AMY
Mom, stop.

MOTHER
No really, you're so unbelievable
sometimes.

ALAN
What happened to all that talk at
dinner? Wanting to be a family? Or
was that all bullshit?

MOTHER
I meant all of that! But at the
same time, we have an image to keep
up. Do you know how tirelessly I

(MORE)

MOTHER (cont'd)
have worked to keep that image a positive one? An image that could be torn to shreds in an instant. This isn't about you, or me, it's about face. Legacy. I can't even believe we're even doing this right now. I'm not going to be told off by my own son. Not now, not ever.

AMY
Mom!

Alan cannot believe what he has just heard.

ALAN
I knew I shouldn't have come. I knew it'd just end up like this. This is about so much more than my dirty suit. You know I got clean for you. For this. This stupid dream of yours. And I'll admit, it was my dream at one point too. But it's not worth all this. To throw me to the wolves the second I do something you don't approve of is... fucked up... Mom. So if it doesn't even matter, then I don't see any point in staying here any longer.

Alan storms upstairs.

INT. ALAN'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - LATER

Alan storms in. He looks around the room at the life he thought he left behind. He rubs his face and sits on his bed.

Amy comes in.

AMY
You can't leave.

ALAN
I thought I could do it, but it's too much.

Alan begins to pack his things. A beat.

AMY
What am I going to tell Jacob.

ALAN
Tell him.... I don't know, make something up.

AMY
You'll break his heart.

Alan stops packing.

AMY (CONT'D)
Don't be another Man in his life to leave.

Alan turns.

ALAN
I'm not leaving forever. Just for now.

AMY
Is there a difference?

ALAN
Look, it's not my fucking job to make this kid happy.

AMY
I'm not saying that, I'm saying he looks up to you. You're the only one besides me that has actually paid attention to him at this party. You leaving would put a bad imprint on him.

ALAN
That's not my problem.

AMY
Well make it your problem!
Sometimes you have to sacrifice for people.

ALAN
I'm not going to put myself through abuse just for your sake. This isn't about you, or your damn kid! Why don't you stop dropping him onto me, and actually act like his Mother!

It takes all of Amy's strength not to hit Alan. A beat.

AMY

I know you don't mean those words.
I know you're hurting. I know you
want to say fuck all and leave it
all behind. But I will not allow
you to talk to me like that.

Alan thinks about what he said. A beat.

AMY (CONT'D)

And you leaving when things get
hard only makes you a coward. It
makes everything they say about you
true.

(beat)

Look, I'm not going to tell you
what to do. Just take some time to
think about it.

Amy storms out. Alan rubs his face.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Alan sits on the bed, mentally exhausted.

Alan rubs his face more.

Alan slams fists into his hand.

Alan unpacks his stuff again.

Alan begins to change.

Alan searches his room for a change of clothes.

END MONTAGE

Alan opens one drawer in particular and searches through it,
looking for clothes that fit.

He gets to the bottom of the drawer and spots something.

He looks at it closely. It is an old flask from high school.

He contemplates for a beat.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Alan walks out into the garden, in less formal clothing. It
is beautifully lit by torches and lamps. Everyone is just
sitting down for dinner. Alan joins his family at the head
table. Him and Amy exchange a amicable look.

ALAN

I'm sorry.

AMY

I know.

Alan is about to reply when...

MOTHER

Thank you everyone for coming tonight! I know everyone is dying to eat, so I'll keep this short. Martin, I love you. Thank you for providing, for sacrificing, and for 33 happy years. And thank you to all of you for sharing that love with us.

She raises a glass.

FATHER

(with a laugh)

What a performer. Thank you darling, I love you. Here's to 33 years more. Then after that, I'm outta here.

Everyone laughs a semi-phony laugh.

FATHER

To love!

CROWD

Love!

Everyone toasts. Alan is unsure what to toast with so he just pretends.

EXT. THE GARDEN - LATER

Everyone is now sitting and eating, talking pleasantries.

MOTHER

(to Alan)

Glad to see you joined us again. I had Stefan prepare a new suit for you for the ceremony tomorrow.

ALAN

Whatever you say, Mother.

FATHER

Oh quit the sarcasm. This is supposed to be nice! At least pretend like you want to be here.

ALAN

I do. I do.

FATHER

Right.

Alan sighs, and gets up.

MOTHER

Where are you going?

ALAN

Bathroom.

EXT. THE GARDEN - LATER

Alan has found a secluded part of the garden. He drinks from his flask. The alcohol is old, but does the trick. A beat.

AMY (O.S.)

Really.

Alan turns and sees her.

ALAN

Shit.

AMY

So you only stayed for the free booze...

ALAN

No, Amy, that's not//

AMY

//You promised you would stay clean for Mom and Dad.

ALAN

I don't want to stay clean for Mom and Dad.

AMY

What about me? Jacob?

ALAN

I just can't... do it alone.

AMY

You're not alone. I'm here. I've always been here. When are you going to get that.

ALAN

You don't get it. It's not about you.

AMY

I know it's not, that's why I'm here.

This hits Alan like a rock. A pause.

AMY

Look, do what you want.

Amy begins to walk away.

ALAN

Amy//

ALAN

Save it.

Alan feels horrible, but doesn't know what to do. He sinks down onto a bench. He continues to drink.

INT. THE GARDEN - LATER

Alan staggers across the garden towards the house. He's giving up.

Everyone is dancing to music. Jacob and Amy are dancing together. Jacob notices him walking in the distance.

Jacob runs up to him.

JACOB

Where are you going?

ALAN

Hey, kid. I'm going to head off to bed.

JACOB

But everyone's dancing.

ALAN
Yeah, I just don't feel like
dancin' right now.

He turns away and continues for the house.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I'll see ya tomorrow, kid.

Jacob looks disappointed as Alan walks away. Amy walks up behind him and talks to him. The two rejoin the party.

EXT. THE GARDEN - DAY - DREAM SEQUENCE

Alan walks from the house out into the garden. He surveys the land. Everyone is dressed in Victorian garb, including himself. A game of croquet is being held. A beat.

It is a recreation of *The Croquet Party* by Martin Mower.

Everyone turns to him. They all look disappointed. From the fray enters Alan's Mother and Father.

MOTHER
A toast!

Alan looks back at the crowd. There are two rows of people forming lines. They all raise champagne glasses. Alan looks around concerned.

FATHER
To our mistake!

CROWD
(heartily)
Mistake!

MOTHER
Oh, son! You need a glass too.
Here, take mine.

FATHER
No, take mine!

ATTENDEE #1
No, take mine!

ATTENDEE #2
No, take mine!

The crowd bombards him, all insisting he takes their glasses. It is a drone of sound. Alan covers his ears, but the sound does not stop. Alan pushes through the crowd.

Once he gets through...

EXT. THE COVE - CONTINUOUS

Alan stands at the edge, as he once did with Jacob, though he is alone. All he hears is the sound of the ocean.

JACOB (O.S.)
Are you going to run?

Alan turns around to Jacob.

Jacob resembles *The Blue Boy* by Thomas Gainsborough.

Before Alan can say anything, he is consumed by the ocean.

EXT./INT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Alan opens his eyes underwater. He looks around panicked. Around him, floating, is his artwork. He looks around more, and he sees other artwork and famous artists floating up and down into the depths. They are all dead.

Alan begins to swim up.

Swimming.

Swimming.

Swimming.

Just as he is about to reach the surface, he begins to fall back down. He is suffocating.

INT. ALAN'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Alan wakes with a startle.

EXT. THE GARDEN - MORNING

Alan comes outside, still in his pajamas. His father sits in a lawn chair, smoking a cigar.

FATHER
I know, I shouldn't be smoking, but
it's a special//

He turns.

FATHER

Oh, it's you. Thought you were your Mother.

ALAN

I fear for such a fate.

Alan sits in a chair adjacent to him.

FATHER

Yeah about that, I heard about your little... melt down yesterday.

He gives Alan a look.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Go easy on your Mother. She's put a lot of thought into this. The last thing she needs is to worry about you.

ALAN

Seems more like criticism than worry.

FATHER

Maybe you *need* some criticism.

Father sits up in his chair, giving Alan a hard look.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Come on. Cut the shit.

He sits back in his chair again. Alan scoffs.

ALAN

So you just want me to pretend like everything is okay?

FATHER

That's exactly what I want. I don't care if your dick falls off into your hands, you just smile and nod.

Alan folds his arms.

FATHER (CONT'D)

This is your Mother and I's day. We have a lot of important people here. Don't fuck this up for us, kid.

Alan sighs.

ALAN

Fine.

Alan gets up and goes back to the house.

EXT. THE GARDEN - LATER

Alan comes back to the garden sporting his new tux. It's set up like a very gaudy wedding. Amy stands watching everyone set up. Alan joins her.

AMY

Feeling better?

ALAN

Can we//

AMY

//I don't want to hear it.

Jacob comes from inside.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hey honey, want to learn how to set up a table.

JACOB

I'm okay.

(to Alan)

I was hoping we could draw. I brought my sketchbook.

Before Alan can speak...

AMY

I don't think your Uncle can right now.

She puts her hand on his shoulder.

ALAN

No, I'm free.

(to Amy)

If you want to go hang out, that's fine.

He puts his hand on Jacob's shoulder. The conversation is becoming more intense.

AMY

No no, that's alright, go do your thing.

She pulls Jacob closer.

ALAN
My *thing* is drawing.

He pulls Jacob closer.

AMY
Are you sure about that?

She pulls him closer again.

ALAN
It's what my degree says.

He pulls Jacob closer again.

AMY
Well it's not what your career
says.

JACOB
Are you guys alright?

AMY
Fine!

ALAN
Fine!

AMY
Fine... Jacob...

She flashes Alan a look. Alan accepts.

ALAN
Yeah, actually Jacob, I need to
go... change...

Alan begins to walk away quickly.

JACOB
But your tux is already on?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alan enters the kitchen. He paces, trying to calm down. Servers are passing by him in preparation for the day.

On the counter he spots some bottles of champagne. He approaches it.

Looking around, he makes a motion as if to say 'fuck it,' and takes one, quickly leaving.

EXT. THE GARDEN - LATER

BEGIN MONTAGE

Guests are now arriving at the garden.

Father greets some of his buddies.

People laugh and chat.

They take their appointed seats.

The ceremony begins.

Alan leans on a pillar, watching from afar.

Alan watches a bit. It's nauseating.

His parents kiss.

Alan goes back inside, annoyed.

END MONTAGE

EXT. THE GARDEN - LATER

Everyone is sitting, eating. There is a large cake among all the tables. Alan joins his family at the table, noticeably drunk.

MOTHER

(speaking low)

Oh my god, have you been drinking?

You reek of alcohol!

ALAN

So what if I have?

MOTHER

(speaking low)

You promised!

AMY

Jacob, let's go look at the cake.

Amy quickly escorts Jacob away from the table.

FATHER
(attempting a whisper)
What is wrong with you?!

Alan rolls his eyes.

FATHER (CONT'D)
(attempting a whisper)
Did what I said mean nothing to
you?!

MOTHER
Look at you!

FATHER
(attempting a whisper)
What do you have to say for
yourself? What are we supposed to
do?

Alan stays silent. He doesn't look at them.

FATHER (CONT'D)
(attempting a whisper)
You sit there, so smug. You little
shit. Couldn't hold it in for one
day. You're selfish! Selfish!

During the beratement, Alan grows more and more defeated,
but more and more angry.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Look at me. Look at me!

Alan cannot contain it anymore

ALAN
(raised voice)
I hate you!

The chatter from the other tables stops.

FATHER
(shaking head)
Don't do this.

ALAN
No! No, I'm sick of this!

His Mother looks mortified.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I'm sick of pretending like this is
alright!

Alan stands up. Everyone is watching now.

FATHER
(slamming table)
Sit DOWN!

Father stands up trying to control himself.

MOTHER
Martin!

ALAN
Good afternoon everyone.

FATHER
(chuckling nervous)
Enough! You've said enough. Let
these people enjoy their meals.

ALAN
My name is Alan, and I'm an
alcoholic. And though I know that
isn't a personality trait, I did
let it consume my life. My parents
asked me to come here if I could
get sober, and I promised them, but
I just couldn't do it. I couldn't
pretend to be something I'm not.
Some of you might know me as a
painter. But I'm not. Not anymore.
For God's sake, the Salon de Paris
doesn't even exist anymore! My
parents would rather have you
believe a lie, then tell you the
truth.

FATHER
ALAN!
(to servers)
Someone get him out of here.

ALAN
My parents care more about their
own image than they do their son!

FATHER
ALAN! COME ON!

Father grabs Alan by the arm. Alan pushes him off.

ALAN
GET OFF ME!

The crowd gasps. Alan grabs his father by the collar... classic.

AMY (O.S.)
ALAN!

Alan stops. He looks over to Amy, then Jacob. Jacob stands quietly crying. A beat.

Alan lets go of his parents. He sinks down. A beat. Everyone is frozen in fear.

ALAN
Mom... Dad... I think I'll take
that rehab now.

Alan is broken. The crowd and servers doesn't know how to react. The day is a mess.

INT. AA MEETING - NIGHT - ONE YEAR LATER

Alan stands in front of the entire room. His face looks full and healthy, and wiser about his world. People clap for him. He is handed a sobriety coin. He looks at it and smiles.

ALAN
Hi, I'm Alan, and I'm an alcoholic.

EVERYONE
Hi Alan.

ALAN
I never considered myself an
alcoholic.

BEGIN SEQUENCE

EXT. REHAB FACILITY

ALAN (O.S.)
One of the things they teach you in
rehab is living with yourself.

Alan checks himself into rehab.

INT. REHAB FACILITY

ALAN (O.S.)

And I think that was the hardest part for me. I'd spent so long denying myself my own happiness.

Alan sits in a meeting, looking unhappy.

ALAN (O.S.)

And yes, while the world around me made the decision to drink easier, it was never anyone's fault but my own to drink.

Alan meets with Amy. It is a tense conversation.

Alan meets with his parents. They fight.

Alan is in therapy, talking about his problems.

Alan sits with Jacob, trying to reason with him.

ALAN (O.S.)

Sobering up... was some of the longest nights of my life.

Alan sits on the floor of his room, crying and trembling.

ALAN (O.S.)

Before now, the times I tried to get sober were always for something or someone else.

Alan sits in another meeting, his body posture is relaxed, and now he's listening to the speaker.

ALAN (O.S.)

And I think that really just comes back to me not wanting to accept responsibility. To remain blind, immature.

Alan talks to Jacob. It is an earnest conversation.

ALAN (O.S.)

Before I was an alcoholic, I was a painter. My drinking turned my passion into my bane. Just as I drank for the wrong reasons, I painted for the wrong ones as well.

Alan paints on an easel. He takes a beat to examine it. He is accepting of his work.

Alan and Jacob draw together.

ALAN (O.S.)

Perfection is unobtainable. Fame
and fortune are sometimes in vain.
Do it because you love it, not
because you'll get something out of
it. If you love it, you will get
something out of it.

Alan talks openly in a meeting. He feels good.

Alan talks to his parents. Things are amicable.

Alan sits in his rehab room with his paintings around him.
He is really happy about them.

Amy and Jacob sit together and enjoy each other's company.

END SEQUENCE

INT. AA MEETING - PRESENT

ALAN (CONT'D)

Alcoholism is like a bad
relationship that never leaves. So
it's not so much about getting it
to leave, but to learn to live with
it.

A beat. Alan looks to the crowd. He sees Amy and Jacob. They
smile.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Just because I'm sober doesn't mean
I don't have problems. It just
means I'm better equipped to face
them. And I'm still working them
out every day...

Alan looks to the crowd again and sees his parents. They are
accepting.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Every day is a new chance. I know
that sounds corny, but I believe it
now. And every day I choose not to
drink is a day I get stronger.

A beat. He looks down at the sobriety coin in his hand. He
laughs.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This is my coin. Everyone's coin is different. But it isn't about a coin. It's about the journey. The fight. The victory. The every day. One year in and I'm still going strong.

A beat. He thinks, but doesn't want to take up any more time.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'll leave you with a quote from Mary Cassatt: I think that if you shake the tree, you ought to be around when the fruit falls to pick it up. Thank you.

Alan goes to sit down. Claps are heard. The host gets back up to announce the next recipient.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - LATER

A small party is being held. Paper plates and finger foods accompany the lively mood. Alan and Jacob sit on the couch together. Jacob shows Alan his Game Boy game. His parents come up to them.

FATHER

Well, we're heading out. Got a flight to catch.

ALAN

Oh alright!

Alan gets up. An awkward pause. He decides to hug them.

ALAN

Thanks for coming.

FATHER

We're uhh... real proud of you.

It means a lot to hear them say that.

MOTHER

See you for Thanksgiving?

ALAN

We'll see. But I'd like that...

His parents lean down to Jacob.

MOTHER
No hug for Grandma?

Jacob jumps up and hugs them. Alan watches them leave.

Alan sits back down. Him an Jacob resume talking.

Time passes quickly, as guests come and go, but Alan and Jacob continue to be together on the couch.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - LATER

Jacob and Alan have fallen asleep on the couch. The lights are off, and everyone has gone to bed. Alan wakes up, and sees Jacob sleeping peacefully.

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alan carries Jacob into his room, and places him in his bed, tucking him in.

Alan gives a long, loving look to Jacob. He then proceeds to leave, closing the door.

INT. AMY'S SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

On his way out, he sees Amy waiting outside the door.

AMY
Heading out?

ALAN
Yeah.

They embrace. A beat.

AMY
Tonight was good.

ALAN
Thank you for everything.

They finish embracing.

AMY
Yeah, not all sister can be as cool
as me.

ALAN
I love you.

AMY
Love you too.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Alan looks at his teaching license application. He packs it up in an envelope and slips it in the mail slot.

INT. ALAN'S NEW APARTMENT - LATER

Alan stands and paints. His room is clean and everything is in order. A beat. Alan is calm and fulfilled.

A phone is heard ringing. He puts his paints down and picks it up.

ALAN
Hello?

HELEN (O.S.)
Hi! Alan? This is Helen.

ALAN
Helen, yes! Hello, good to hear from you again.

Alan picks up his paints and continues while listening.

HELEN
I'm just calling to say congratulations on getting sober!

ALAN
I appreciate it.

HELEN (O.S.)
I also wanted to talk about your work. A residency spot just opened up at the museum, and your name kept coming up. This could be a good opportunity for you to show your work again. Get back into the art circuit, you know?

A knock is heard on the door. Alan puts his paints down and answers it.

HELEN (O.S.)
Is that something you'd be
interested in?

Alan opens the door. It's Jacob and Amy. They are happy to see him. He smiles. A beat.

HELEN (O.S.)
Alan? Alan, you there?

Alan adjusts his grip on the phone.

ALAN
Yeah. You know, I'm going to gave
to get back to you on that. Not
sure if that's what I'm looking for
right now.

HELEN (O.S.)
Of course. I understand. Well you
just let me know if you decide to
change your mind. It was good to
hear from you!

ALAN
You too Helen. Bye.

Alan hangs up. He puts his jacket on.

ALAN
You guys ready?

JACOB
Yeah!

Alan leaves the apartment. Everything is in its right place.

END