THE SILVER LININGS PLAYBOOK

OFFICIAL SHOOTING DRAFT

by

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(Based on the novel by Matthew Quick)

David O. Russell
WGAE
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INT. KAREL PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - DAY

OVER BLACK

PAT
What, are you kidding me? Sundays? I love Sundays. I live for Sundays. The whole family's together. Mom makes braciole. Dad puts the jersey on. We're all watching the game. Yeah, it drives me crazy, and yes, I was negative.

FADE IN ON:

INT. KAREL PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY/PAT'S ROOM - DAY

PAT SOLATANO stands in the middle of his room, his back to camera.

PAT (CONT'D)
You didn't even know that I loved it, Nikki, but I did. I just didn't appreciate it, or you, before."

There is a knock at the door.

MALE ORDERLY (O.S.)
Come on. Time to go.

PAT
I lost all that. I blew it. But you also blew it. We can get it back. We're gonna get it back. It's all gonna be better now. I'm better now and I hope you are, too. And I'm gonna appreciate--"

Another knock at the door. Pat ignores it.

PAT (CONT'D)
Hey, I'll be there in a minute, okay?

MALE ORDERLY (O.S.)
Doctor's waiting. Let's go.

PAT
I'll be there in a minute.

Pat returns to his speech.

PAT (CONT'D)
That's true love.

See glimpses of Pat's room: mayonnaise jar filled with water, black trash bag strewn on the bed, handwritten sign taped to Pat's wall, "EXCELSIOR".

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY/ HALLWAY - DAY

PAT HURRIES DOWN THE STAIRS.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY/ DISPENSARY - DAY

PAT HOLDS SMALL PAPER CONTAINER WITH PILL.

TIPS HIS HEAD BACK AND DUMPS THE PILL INTO HIS MOUTH.

DRINKS WATER, OPENS MOUTH WIDE AND STICKS HIS TONGUE OUT to show he swallowed.

PAT WALKS, SPITTING OUT THE PILL. PILL LANDS ON FLOOR.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY/ROOM - DAY

A GROUP OF PATIENTS SEATED IN A CIRCLE WITH A DOCTOR, HAVING A GROUP THERAPY SESSION. PAT IS INCLUDED.

DANNY
Yeah, that's when I had long hair. People say I talk about my hair too much.

DANNY SITS BETWEEN TWO OTHER MALE PATIENTS.

DANNY (CONT'D)
And it was just the way I wanted it, but he cut it back too far. He cut this side back too far trying to even it up. I didn't tell him to do that. I said, "Just cut it the way you cut it...."

PAT
Once you get in the right frame of mind, I think anything's possible. I think we get, we so often get caught in this state of negativity and it's a, it's a poison like nothing else.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - DAY

PAT works out: drinks water from his plastic mayo jar, does squats, sit ups, push ups --

A WOMAN'S FOOT STEPS INTO FRAME NOT FAR FROM HIS FACE -- WITH RED TOE NAILS IN A WHITE FLAT SANDAL --

Pat looks at the foot -- then looks up --

HIS MOTHER, DOLORES SOLATANO, dressed in a dress.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY/HALLWAY - DAY

CAMERA TILTS UP OVER A MALE DOCTOR, DR. TIMBERS, AS HE WALKS WITH DOLORES. PAT FOLLOWS. CAMERA MOVES BACK WITH THEM.

DR. TIMBERS
...technically, you can take him out against our recommendation, but you assume a lot of liability in the eyes of the court. And he's just getting used to the routine here.

DOLORES
I don't want him to get used to the routine here. Eight months is already long enough.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY/OFFICE - DAY

CS - A FORM WITH THE HEADING:

HOSPITAL DISCHARGE APPROVAL FORM

PART OF THE FORM, WHICH STATES:

ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THE HOSPITAL BEARS NO LIABILITY

DOLORES SIGNS HER NAME.

INT. DOLORES'S CAR - DAY

PAT CLOSES THE REAR PASSENGER DOOR, GETTING INTO THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT. DOLORES IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

THE CAR BEGINS TO MOVE, DANNY APPEARS., CARRYING A SUITCASE.

PAT
Hey, Mom. Can we give Danny a ride to North Philly?

DOLORES STOPS THE CAR.

DOLORES
What? I don't understand.

PAT
Mom, no, it’ll be fine. It’ll be fine.

DANNY OPENS THE REAR PASSENGER SEAT AND GETS INTO THE CAR WITH HIS SUITCASE.

DANNY
I guess everybody’s leaving today! Hello, Mrs. S. An honor to finally meet you. Pat told me all about you, how God made you rich in character, and you're the mighty oak that holds the household together, and not to mention the lasagna you make on game day when the Birds play.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

DOLORES’S CAR DRIVES TOWARDS PHILADELPHIA.

INT. DOLORES’S CAR - DAY

PAT
Danny was in for assault because of crystal meth and alcohol.

DANNY
Bad combination.

PAT
Yeah. On top of an anxiety disorder.

DANNY
That was when I was an X-ray technician with my ADD and my anxiety. I had a lot of access to medication and I took advantage of it. That’s when my hair was long, too. But my hair only grew when I was older. When I was younger, my hair didn’t grow because my brother...
(to Pat)
Remember I told you about my brother, he had a Jheri curl, and I couldn’t get a Jheri curl because my hair didn’t grow long enough. I was so jealous of my brother...

PAT
(to Dolores)
He’s obsessed with his hair.

DOLORES’S CELL PHONE RINGS. SHE ANSWERS AS SHE DRIVES.

DOLORES
(into cell phone)
Hello?

PAT
(to Danny)

It looks great now.

DANNY
You like it?

PAT
It’s good now.

DOLORES
(into cell phone)
Yes, it is.

PAT TOUCHES DANNY’S HAIR.

DANNY
(as Pat touches hair)
Wait, you’re going the wrong way!

DOLORES
(into cell phone)
What? Are you sure about that? I’ll bring him back right away.

DOLORES HANGS UP.

DOLORES (CONT’D)
You lied to me, Pat. Danny's not allowed to leave.

PAT
All right, Mom, just hold on a sec.

EXT. STREET - DAY

DOLORES’S CAR BEGINS TO TURN AT A SMALL INTERSECTION.

PAT
(voice over)
Let’s just talk about this.

INT. DOLORES'S CAR - DAY

DOLORES REACTS AS PAT GRABS THE STEERING WHEEL.

PAT
Mom, just listen--

EXT. STREET - DAY

DOLORES'S CAR SWERVES TOWARD THE LANE AGAIN. A PASSING CAR HONKS AND SWERVES TO AVOID DOLORES'S CAR.

DOLORES
Don't tou-...

INT. DOLORES'S CAR - DAY

DOLORES REACTS AS PAT GRABS THE STEERING WHEEL.

DOLORES
...-ch the steering...

EXT. STREET - DAY

DOLORES'S CAR MOVES. THE PASSING CAR HONKS AND SWERVES TO AVOID DOLORES'S CAR.

DOLORES
(voice over)

...wheel!

INT. DOLORES'S CAR - DAY

DOLORES PULLS THE CAR OVER AND STOPS.

DOLORES
Pat, this whole thing was a mistake.

PAT
I'm sorry, Mom. You okay?

DOLORES
I am out on a limb for you with the courts right now.

DANNY
It's my fault. Pat didn't know. Pat didn't know. He's my friend, so he was rootin' for me.
(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm havin' a disagreement with the hospital, but we're working it out. Take me back to the hospital, but take Pat home, he's fine. Trust me. You'll see, he's fine. It's my fault.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOLORES'S CAR - DAY

THE EMPTY REAR PASSENGER SEAT: DANNY GONE. PAN TO: PAT, IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT.

PAT
Mom, can we stop at the library? I wanna read Nikki's entire English high school syllabus.

DELORES LOOKS AT HER SON, WORRIED.

PAT (CONT'D)
Mom, it's a good thing. I'm remaking myself.

DOLORES SMILES. PRE-LAP INCOMING DIALOG FROM HOUSE:

RANDY (O.S. PRELAP)
DeSean Jackson. What happened to DeSean Jackson?

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAMERA PANS L. ONTO PAT'S FATHER, PAT SR., AND HIS NEIGHBOR, RANDY.

RANDY
Come on, tell me that one.

PAT SR.
It's insanity. He spikes the ball at the one yard line. The one-fucking-yard line. I mean, get into the end zone, dummy. I mean, he celebrates before he's even in!

RANDY
You know something? It's nothing new. Your team does that all the time. They get close...

PAT SR. LEANS DOWN, SHUFFLES RESTAURANT DESIGN PLANS ON COFFEE TABLE.

RANDY (CONT'D)
...and then they blow it. They got an inferiority complex.

PAT SR. STRAIGHTENS AND TURNS TO RANDY.

PAT SR.
Wait a minute, what are you talking about? What makes the Cowboys America's Team?

RANDY
Because we are, we're America's Team.

PAT SR.
You should be ashamed of yourself. We're in Philadelphia, what's the matter with you? You're a fucking traitor.

RANDY
What's more American than a cowboy?

PAT SR.
You know what's more American?

RANDY
What?

PAT SR.
Benjamin Franklin, that's what's more American.

RANDY
Benjamin Franklin?

PAT SR.
Benjamin Franklin. The founder of our country, here in Philadelphia.

RANDY
You mean the guy with the...

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FOYER - DAY

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND DOLORES AND PAT STEP INTO THE HOUSE.

RANDY
...little glasses and the long scraggly hair?

PAT SR.
What about the lightning with the kite? He stood in the storm with a kite.

RANDY
If he wasn't on the hundred dollar bill, nobody...

A FRAMED PHOTO OF PAT'S BROTHER JAKE ON THE WALL. PAN TO EMPTY SPACE WHERE ANOTHER FRAME HUNG --

RANDY (CONT'D)
...would even know who he is.

FALLEN FRAMED PHOTO OF PAT, ON THE TABLE BELOW.

PAT SR.
What are you doing? No, no, no, no. Don't touch them, don't touch them.

RANDY
I didn't even touch 'em. Why are you--, don't blame me.

PAT SR.
Who did this? Who took, who took, who took the...

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

PAT SR. LEANS OVER, STRAIGHTENS MULTIPLE REMOTE CONTROLS ON TABLE.

PAT SR.
-the remotes like this? Did you do this, Randy?

RANDY
No, I don't touch them. As a matter of fact, I don't know why you need so many. Hey, there she is! Look how beautiful!

PAT SR.
(turns, sees Pat)
What?! What's this?!

RANDY
Hey.

PAT SR. STEPS CLOSER, PATTING PAT ON THE ARM.

PAT SR.
Everything good?

PAT
(awkward, unsure)
Mm-hmm.

PAT SR.
Ahh.

PAT SR. EMBRACES PAT.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
Where is it?

PAT SR. TOUCHES PAT'S SHIRT.

PAT
It's right here.

PAT SR.
You got it. Ahh, well, we got that. We don't want them to steal that.

PAT SR. PULLS A GOLD NECKLACE OUT OF PAT'S SHIRT.

PAT
You still got yours?

PAT SR.
Yeah, I got mine.

PAT SR. LOOKS AT DOLORES.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
So what, you don't talk to me? You didn't tell me you took him out.

DOLORES
Well, he's ready. Look at him.

PAT
You didn't tell Dad you were picking me up?

DOLORES
Don't worry about that.

PAT SR.
I wanna make sure when you come out that you're okay, and she didn't say anything. (to Dolores) You didn't tell me?

DOLORES
The court said yes. Don't worry.

PAT SR.
Yeah, but what did the doctor say? Because the, the court listens to the doctor.

PAT
Yeah, and the court said--

PAT SR.
The court listens to the doctor, the doctor--

PAT
Dad, relax. The court said it's fine, okay? Let it go.

DOLORES
Don't worry.

PAT
Dad, I'm in there because of the court. That's the agreement that we made months ago. It was a plea bargain with the courts. The lawyer, he instructed me, he said that what we should plead that, and then I would serve eight months and then I'd get out.

PAT SR.
Yeah, no, I just--

DOLORES
It's all under control.

PAT SR.
Well...okay, okay. Congratulations.

PAT
Thank you. So what are you doing with yourself?

PAT SR.
You know, I'm gonna start a restaurant.

A DRAWING OF A RESTAURANT ON THE COFFEE TABLE.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
It's gonna be a cheesesteak place.

PAT
How you gonna pay for it?

PAT SR.
I'm gonna pay for it, don't worry about it.

PAT
From your bookmaking?

PAT SR.
Who told you that?

PAT
Mom told me. Outside.

DOLORES
I did not. No, I didn't.

PAT
You just told me outside, Mom, what are you talking about? Five minutes ago, we were walking up the stairs, you said, "Don't say anything, but Dad lost his job and he's bookmaking."

PAT SR.
Why, Dolores? Why did you say that to him? He has the wrong idea.
(to Pat)
Everything's fine, Patrick. I'm more concerned about you than anything else.

PAT
Good, Dad. Good.

PAT SR.
Okay, the question, the big question, is what are you gonna do with yourself?

PAT
What am I gonna do? I'm getting in shape, I'm getting trim, I'm getting really fit for Nikki. I'm gonna read Nikki's teaching syllabus and get my old job back.

PAT SR.
Nikki sold the house. She left. Didn't your mother tell you that?

PAT
Let me tell you something. You don't know anything about my marriage, okay, Dad? All right? Our marriage...we're very, very much in love, okay? Just like you two.

PAT SR.
Listen, Patrick, she's gone. She's not around anymore. Nikki left.

PAT
What are you doing, Dad? You know what? Excelsior. Excelsior.

PAT SR.
What does that mean?

PAT
It means you know what I'm gonna do, I'm gonna take all this negativity and use it as fuel and I'm gonna find a silver lining, that's what I'm gonna do. And that's no bullshit. That's no bullshit. That takes work and that's the truth.

EXT. SOLATANO HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

PAT SR. AND DOLORES SIT, READING.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - EVENING

PAT SITS, READING A BOOK. SIGHS. HE TURNS A PAGE.

PAT LIES ON HIS BED, READING. DOLORES ENTERS AND SETS A TRAY OF FOOD ON THE BED FOR DINNER.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAT SR. AND DOLORES GET INTO BED.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

PAT'S HAND TURNS A PAGE.

PAT LIES ON HIS BED, READING.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAT SR. TURNS OFF THE LAMP ON HIS SIDE OF THE BED. DOLORES IS NEXT TO HIM.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

CU - THE BOOK PAGES.

PAT SITS IN A CHAIR, READING.

PAT AS HE READS.

PAT TURNS THE LAST PAGE.

HANDS CLOSE THE BOOK.

CAMERA TILTS UP ONTO HIS FACE.

PAT
What the fuck?!

CAMERA PULLS BACK AS PAT THROWS THE BOOK.

EXT. SOLATANO HOUSE - NIGHT

THE BOOK SMASHES THROUGH THE ATTIC WINDOW, SOARS THROUGH AIR, LANDS ON THE FRONT LAWN.

PAT
(yelling)
Stupid fucking book!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAT SR. WAKES.

CUT TO:

PAT PACES IN HIS PARENTS BEDROOM.

PAT
(yelling)
I just can’t believe Nikki’s teaching that book to the kids. I mean the whole time -- let me just break it down for you -- the whole time you’re rooting for this Hemingway guy to survive the war and to be with the woman that he loves, Catherine Barkley...

HIS TIRED PARENTS LOOK AT HIM FROM THE BED.

DOLORES
It's four o’clock in the morning, Pat.

PAT
...and he does. He does. He survives the war, after getting blown up he survives it, and he escapes to Switzerland with Catherine. But now Catherine's pregnant. Isn't that wonderful? She's pregnant. And they escape up into the mountains and they're gonna be happy, and they're gonna be drinking wine and they dance -- they both like to dance with each other, there's scenes of them dancing, which was boring, but I liked it, because they were happy. You think he ends it there? No! He writes another ending. She dies, Dad! I mean, the world's hard enough as it is, guys. It's fucking hard enough as it is. Can't somebody say, "Hey, let's be positive? Let's have a good ending to the story?"

DOLORES
Pat, you owe us an apology.

PAT
Mom, for what, I can't apologize. I'm not gonna apologize for this. You know what I will do? I will apologize on behalf of Ernest Hemingway, because that's who's to blame here.

PAT WALKS TO THE DOOR.

PAT SR.
Yeah, have Ernest Hemingway call us and apologize to us, too.

PAT EXITS, CLOSING IT BEHIND HIM.

EXT. STREET - DAY

PAT SR. AS HE JOGS TO PAT. HE WALKS TO THE SIDEWALK AND BEGINS STRETCHING.

PAT SR. JOGS.

PAT SR.
Why didn't you run with me?

PAT
I was reading.

PAT SR.
Please. Do us a favor, don’t read for a while.

PAT GROANS

PAT SR. (CONT’D)
What are you wearing a garbage bag for?

PAT
I’m gonna go run now.

PAT BEGINS TO JOG PAST PAT SR.

PAT SR.
Wait, wait, wait. You have to fix this window.

PAT STOPS AND TURNS.

PAT
I’ll fix it when I get back.

PAT SR.
Fix it now.

DOLORES ENTERS.

DOLORES
Get in the car, Pat. You have to go to therapy.

DOLORES EXITS.

PAT
I don't wanna go to therapy.

DOLORES
You have to go. It's part of the deal. You can't live with us and not go.

INT. OFFICE/LOBBY - DAY

PAT STEPS INTO THE LOBBY. THE FEMALE RECEPTIONIST SITS AT HER DESK AND SHE PUSHES A SIGN- IN SHEET TO PAT WHO ENTERS, WRITING HIS NAME.

SONG FADES IN: ‘CHERIE AMOUR’ BY STEVIE WONDER.

PAT
Is that song really playing?

RECEPTIONIST
We have music sometimes.

PAT
That song is killing me. Could you please turn it off?

RECEPTIONIST
I can’t.

PAT
What do you mean, you can’t?

RECEPTIONIST
I don’t have the controls. I’m sorry, I--

PAT
(interrupting))
Did Doctor Timbers put you up to this? Is there a speaker here?

PAT WALKS TO A MAGAZINE RACK.

PAT (CONT’D)
Is, is the speaker here?

HE OVERTURNS THE METAL MAGAZINE RACK.

WAITING PATIENTS STARE, A MALE THERAPIST OPENS HIS OFFICE DOOR, LOOKING AROUND.

THE RECEPTIONIST REACTS.

PAT (CONT’D)
I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Okay...I’m sorry. I'll fix all this, okay?

PAT PICKS UP THE MAGAZINES, EMOTIONAL, EMBARRASSED.

INT. DR. PATEL’S OFFICE - DAY

PAT
That was a messed up thing you did, Doctor Patel. That’s a messed up thing. I’m sorry, but that’s....

DR. PATEL
You can call me Cliff, please.

PAT
Yeah, well, Cliff, that’s not the way you’re supposed to meet people, okay? Why don’t you write that down in your, I don’t know, your little book you write stuff down in.

DR. PATEL
I’m sorry about that song. I just wanted to see if it was still a trigger for you.

PAT
Bravo. It’s a trigger. I’m not gonna take any meds, I should just tell you that right now.

DR. PATEL
You have to take medicine.

PAT
No, I’m not gonna take any medicine. It makes me foggy--

DR. PATEL
(interrupting)
No, you will have to take medication.

PAT
I don’t want any meds, Doctor. Look, I am not the explosion guy, okay? My father is the explosion guy. I’m not that guy. He got kicked out of that stadium he beat up so many people at Eagles games, he’s on the exclusion list. I had one incident.

DR. PATEL
One incident can change a lifetime.

PAT
But I'm ready. I’m ready to take responsibility for my side of the street. She just needs to take responsibility for hers.

DR. PATEL
What's hers?

PAT
What's hers? Are you joking? Let’s go back to the incident. I come home from work after I

EXT. HOUSE - DAY-FLASHBACK

THE HOUSE WHERE PAT AND NIKKI LIVED. PAT’S POV GOES TO HOUSE.

PAT
(voice over)
I left work early -- which I never do, by the way, but I got in a fight with Nancy, the high school

INT. OFFICE/DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAT
...principal. I come home and what's playing but the song from my wedding. The song that you so charmingly played out here today for us. That's playing and I don't think anything of it. Which is odd, 'cause I should have.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

CAMERA MOVES OVER THE FLOOR AND STAIRCASE, WHICH IS LITTERED WITH CLOTHING.

PAT
(voice over)
I come home, what do I see? I walk in the door and I see underwear and pieces of clothing and a guy's pants with his belt in it, and I walk up the stairs, and all...

THE SONG PLAYS

INT. OFFICE/DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAT
...ll of a sudden I see the DVD player, and on the D-...

INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

CAMERA MOVES IN ON A SMALL MUSIC SYSTEM.

PAT
(voice over)
...-VD player is the CD and it's playing our wedding song, and then I look down and I see my wife's...

CAMERA PANS L. ONTO A PAIR OF WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR ON THE FLOOR.

INT. OFFICE/DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAT
...panties on the ground and then-

INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

CAMERA TILTS UP FROM THE UNDERWEAR ONTO THE BATHROOM DOORWAY. THE DOOR IS OPEN AND PAT'S WIFE NIKKI IS VISIBLE THROUGH THE TRANSPARENT SHOWER CURTAIN. SHE FACES THE WALL IN BG.

PAT
(voice over)
...I look up and I see her naked in the shower...

INT. OFFICE/DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAT
...and I think, "Oh, that's kinda sweet, she's in the shower. What a perfect thing. I'm gonna find her and maybe I'll go in there. We never-...

INT. HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY- FLASHBACK

PAT SEES NIKKI, VISIBLE THROUGH THE SHOWER CURTAIN.

PAT
(voice over)
...fuck in the shower anymore. Maybe today we will." I...

INT. OFFICE/DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAT
...pull the curtain back and there's the fucking history...

INT. HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY- FLASHBACK

PAST PAT, TO NIKKI, VISIBLE THROUGH THE SHOWER CURTAIN. NIKKI TURNS AND REACTS, REVEALING A MAN IN THE SHOWER WITH HER, DOUG CULPEPPER.

PAT
(voice over)
...-teacher with tenure.

INT. OFFICE/DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAT
And you know what he says to me?

INT. HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY- FLASHBACK

PAST PAT, TO DOUG AND NIKKI AS THEY REACT.

PAT
(voice over)
"You should probably go." That's what he says to me.

INT. OFFICE/DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAT
So yeah, I snapped. I almost beat him to death. But now I get fucking chastised for it? I'm parallel to my father? I don't think so.

DR. PATEL
All right. Can you talk about something that you did, before or after?

PAT
Yeah, about a week before the incident, I called the cops and I told them that my wife and the history guy were plotting against me by embezzling money from the local high school, which wasn't true. It was a delusion. And we later found out from the hospital that's because I'm, uh...

DR. PATEL
...undiagnosed bipolar.

PAT
Yeah. With mood swings and weird thinking brought on by severe stress, which rarely happens, thank God. And then the shower incident happened and that's when everything snapped, so I then realized that, oh, wow, I've been dealing with this my whole life. And without any supervision I've been doing it all on my own with no help and basically I've been white-knuckling it this whole time.

DR. PATEL
That had to be hard.

PAT
Yeah. It's a lot to deal with, especially when you don't know what the hell is happening, which I do now. Sort of.

DOLORES
(O.S. PRELAP)
Pat, you have to take your medication -

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

PAT SR. SITS, WATCHING THE O.S. TELEVISION. DOLORES AND PAT ARE VISIBLE IN THE KITCHEN, THROUGH THE DOORWAY IN BG.

PAT
I can't, Mom. I can't.

DOLORES
I will call them. They'll come for you.

PAT
Why would you do that? You wouldn't do that. Why would you call them?

PAT SR.
What's up?

PAT
I don't, I don't feel good when I'm on them, Mom. I don't feel good. I'm so much clearer without them. Mom, they make me bloated. I don't like the way it makes me look.

DOLORES
You've gotta take your medication.

PAT SR.
Why don't you just take your medication?

PAT WALKS INTO THE ROOM, CAMERA MOVING BACK WITH HIM. DOLORES FOLLOWS HIM.

PAT
Come on, I'm doing it with my physicality. I've been workin' out, that's what I'm doin'.

PAT SR.
Why is he wearing a garbage bag?

DOLORES
Why are you wearing a garbage bag?

PAT
To sweat.

PAT SR.
Sit down. We're seven minutes in, no score. Come on, help turn the juju around.

PAT
I don't believe in juju, Dad.

PAT SR.
Come on, Mister Excelsior. You wanna be positive? Be positive. Sit down.

PAT
All right, all right.

PAT SR.
Come on.

PAT
For a second. I'll watch the beginning of the game.

DOLORES
He says you're good...

PAT SR. HOLDS A GREEN HANDKERCHIEF IN ONE HAND, FIDGETING WITH IT. SEVERAL REMOTE CONTROLS ARE ALIGNED PERFECTLY ON THE TABLE NEXT TO HIM.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
..luck, honey.

PAT
What's that in your hand?

PAT SR.
It's a... see?

PAT
Handkerchief?

PAT SR.
Yeah.

PAT SR. STRAIGHTENS THE REMOTE CONTROLS. PAT SITS.

PAT
That's OCD. That's crazy.

PAT SR.
What OCD? I want my son to watch the game with me, so sue me.

PAT ENTERS R., STANDING UP.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
Just sit down, come on. I want you to watch the game with me. I'm not superstitious. That's a small thing that I do. If I make a lot of money, what's the difference if I do this or that? It's a small thing. Sit down. Come on.

DOLORES
I'm making crabby snacks and homemades.

TOUCHDOWN ON TV. PAT SR. YELLS, DOLORES YELLS. PAT REACTS.

PAT SR.
You see?! You see that?! You're meant to be here!

PAT LAUGHS.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
This is special. Everything happens for a reason. That's why you came home. Embrace it! Embrace it!

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

PAT
I'm the reason? I don't think so.

PAT SR. ANSWERS THE TELEPHONE, HANDLING BETS.

PAT SR.
(into telephone)
Yeah, Tommy, Tommy, yes, yes. I got your whole sheet. Yeah. No, no...

PAT
Mom.

PAT SR.
(into telephone)
...I'm just confirming. I'm just confirming. Okay.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FOYER - DAY

PAT OPENS THE FRONT DOOR, REVEALING A NEIGHBORHOOD TEENAGER, RICK, WHO HOLDS A SMALL VIDEO CAMERA UP.

PAT SR.
Wait, wait, wait, wait.

RICKY
Can I do..an interview for a school project on mental illness?

PAT SR.
No.

PAT SR. SLAMS THE DOOR CLOSED.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FOYER - DAY

RICKY (O.S.)
It’s for a school project!

PAT SR.
Don’t pay any attention.

PAT
Who’s that? That’s not Rick D’Angelo, is it?

DOLORES
That’s him.

PAT
Is he the guy who’s having the problem?

PAT SR.
People are stupid.

DOLORES
Yeah, that’s the one.

PAT SR.
They, they, they, they don’t know what they’re saying.

PAT SR. (CONT’D)
Don’t let them hurt your feelings.

PAT
No, you shut the door in his face. I’m going for a run.

EXT. SOLATANO HOUSE - DAY

PAT SR.
No! (to kid Rick) Get outta here with that camera!

DOLORES
Pat, don’t look for Nikki!

PAT SR.
Take your camera and get out of here!

PAT JOGS, EXITING. RICK FOLLOWS.

PAT SR. (CONT’D)
Patrick, please.

DOLORES
Pat!

PAT SR.
Patty! Patty!

DOLORES
Don’t look for Nikki!

EXT. STREET - DAY

PAT RUNS. HE TURNS A CORNER AND RUNS.

THE SONG PLAYS

EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - DAY

PAT RUNS TO A HIGH SCHOOL.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

THE PRINCIPAL, NANCY METGERS, STANDS NEXT TO HER PARKED CAR WITH AN ARMLOAD OF PAPERWORK AS PAT RUNS TOWARD HER.

PAT
Ms. Meckers!

NANCY SEES PAT APPROACH.

NANCY
Oh, God! Oh, God!

NANCY HURRIES to avoid him.

PAT
Nance! This is my lucky day! Look at you working on a Sunday!

NANCY HURRIES UP THE STAIRS TO A LOCKED SCHOOL ENTRANCE.

PAT (CONT'D)
How are you? Hey.

NANCY
What are you doing here?

PAT
I just came by to say hi, to let you know I'm ready to come back to work.

NANCY
You shouldn't be here.

PAT
I'll work full-time, half-time. I'll sub, I'll work history, whatever you want.

PAT WALKS UP THE STAIRS TO NANCY, WHO UNLOCKS THE DOOR.

PAT (CONT'D)
Here, let me give you a hand. I'm sorry. I'm being rude.

NANCY
I got it.

PAT HELPS HER. NANCY OPENS THE DOOR.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I got it. I got it.

PAT
Let me ask you something. Let me just ask you something. Does Nikki still work here?

NANCY
You know I can't tell you that. But Doug Culpepper is still here.

PAT
Why would you tell me that? You know he broke up my marriage. What, are you being, a troublemaker?

NANCY
You know, you look good. Did you lose a lot of weight?

PAT
I did, yeah. I did. Thank you.

PAT EMBRACES NANCY, WHO REACTS.

NANCY
Get away from me! Get away!

PAT
I'm better. I just want to let you know, I'm better now. Okay? I'm better. I feel good. I feel so good. Look at my eyes. Look at my eyes. Look at how clear they are.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL /HALLWAY - DAY

PAT OPENS A DOOR, HOLDING IT FOR NANCY AS SHE STEPS PAST HIM.

PAT
I'm not a complainer anymore. I'm a positive guy. Okay?

NANCY
You just have to give it some time.

PAT
Yes.

NANCY
You know, a lot went down. People will get over it. It'll be all good. It'll work out.

PAT
Yes! It will be!

PAT (CONT'D)
I'm gonna take that as a silver development, Nancy! A silver development! That's a silver lining!

NANCY
Good luck.

EXT. STREET - DAY

PAT RUNS.

THE SONG PLAYS.

PAT SEES HIS FRIEND RONNIE CARRYING GROCERIES FROM HIS PARKED CAR.

PAT
Ronnie! Pat.

RONNIE
(laughs)
There he is! He’s back!

THEY EMBRACE.

PAT
Hey.

RONNIE
Welcome home.

PAT
Thank you.

RONNIE
Welcome back, man.

PAT
Yeah, I’m out.

RONNIE
Yeah? You’re out out?

PAT
Uh-huh.

RONNIE
Cool, man. Wow, you lost a lot of weight. I almost didn’t recognize you.

PAT
Thank you.

RONNIE
I'm sorry I didn't visit you in the hospital. You know, work’s out of control, you know, she had the baby. I’m really glad you’re back. I missed you. I really need someone to talk to. You gotta come see the baby. She’s beautiful. And Veronica wants to make dinner for you.

PAT
Congratulations on the baby, but I’m not buying the invitation.

RONNIE
'Cause you think Veronica still hates you?

PAT
I know Veronica still hates me.

RONNIE
That’s not true.

PAT
Yes, it is. Nikki always said that “Ronnie’s wife keeps his social calendar where she keeps his balls, in her purse.”

RONNIE
That's not true.

UPSTAIRS WINDOW RONNIE’S HOUSE OPENS IN BG. WIFE VERONICA LEANS OUT.

VERONICA
Ronnie! What are you doing?

RONNIE
Okay, it’s a little true. But if you think she still hates you, you’re wrong because why would she tell me to invite you to dinner? Hmm?

VERONICA
Did you invite him?

RONNIE
Yes.

VERONICA
Well, can he make it?

RONNIE
I don't know yet! (to Pat) Can you make it next Sunday?

PAT
Sure.

RONNIE
I’ll see you next Sunday.

RONNIE LEANS DOWN TO PICK UP THE BOX OF DIAPERS. PAT GRABS HIS ARM.

PAT
Now, you guys are still in touch with Nikki, right? Does Veronica still talk to Nikki?

RONNIE
Yeah.

VERONICA
Get in here, please. I need you.

RONNIE
Okay.

VERONICA EXITS INTO THE HOUSE, CLOSING THE WINDOW.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

PAT SR.
As soon as you left, the Redskins threw a trick play, a pitch out to Randal El. Andy Reid wastes a time-out challenging it, loses the challenge, loses the game. You're in this house, please show some respect for what I do. And we should spend time together anyway. I'm trying to keep you out of trouble, please.

PAT
I have very, good news, everybody. Very good news.

PAT SR.
What's that? What's the good news?

PAT
Things are looking up.

PAT SR.
Oh, are they?

PAT PICKS UP THE PHONE TO DIAL.

PAT
You know what, I knew why they invited me over. I knew it.

PAT SR.
Listen, she might be with that guy. That, the....

PAT
Oh, no way!

PAT SR.
She--, no, she might be with him. She's afraid of you. She doesn't want to talk to you.

PAT
No way, Dad. You mean, Doug Culpepper?

PAT SR.
Put the phone down. You gotta...

PAT
Wait just a minute.

PAT SR REACHES FOR THE TELEPHONE.

PAT SR.
...Put the phone down, please.

PAT
What are you doing?

THEY BOTH PULL ON THE TELEPHONE RECEIVER.

PAT SR.
Listen--, stop.

PAT
Give me the phone. Dad, this is my life. Dad.

PAT SR.
Gimme the phone. Gimme the phone.

DOLORES
Pat!

PAT SR.
You gotta understand me. You wanna go back? Well then, stop this! Then don’t fucking do this.

PAT
(tearfully)
Don’t talk to me like that.

PAT SR.
Well then, don’t behave this way.

THEY REACT AS THE DOORBELL RINGS.

OFFICER KEOGH
(voice over)
I got...a call asking to...

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FOYER - DAY

PAT SR. OPENING THE FRONT DOOR TO A POLICE OFFICER STANDING ON THE PORCH. HE IS OFFICER KEOGH.

OFFICER KEOGH
...check on this house. Pat Solatano?

PAT
Yeah.

OFFICER KEOGH
Yeah? Missus Solatano, Mister Solatano, I'm Officer Keogh. I work this beat. Look, I heard about the restraining order. And I heard you went to your old house and the school. It's not okay. I've been assigned to your case, so you're gonna be seeing a lot of me. Do yourself a favor. Respect the restraining order, okay? Five hundred feet.

PAT SR.
You hear what he just said? You have a restraining order.

PAT
Yeah, Dad, I know.

PAT SR.
Thank you, Officer.

OFFICER KEOGH
If you need anything...my card.

PAT SR. TAKES THE BUSINESS CARD.

PAT SR.
Thank you. Sorry. We understand.

PAT
Since when do cops have cards?

PAT SR. CLOSES THE DOOR.

INT. OFFICE/DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. PATEL
Tell me one thing. Would you like to be a guy who goes back to jail or to the hospital? Hmm? So take your medication and if you do fine, we'll reduce them.

PAT
Nikki's waiting for me to get in shape and get my life in order, and then she's gonna be with me. And that's better than any medication.

DR. PATEL
Pat, there's a possibility, and I want you to be prepared for it, that she may not return. True love is about letting her go and seeing if she returns. In the meantime, if you listen to that song, I don't want you to fall apart. So get a strategy, okay? You need one.

PAT
Let me say something, I gotta say something.

DR. PATEL
Okay.

PAT
This is what I believe to be true. This is what I learned in the hospital. You have to do everything you can, you have to work your hardest, and if you do, if you stay positive, you have a shot at a silver lining.

DR. PATEL
Work on a strategy, okay?

PAT
Hey, my friend Ronnie's having this party on Sunday night and it's like a real hoity-toity thing and his wife, Veronica's a real stickler for.... I don't know, my mom got this Gap outfit she wants me to wear, but I wanna wear a jersey that my brother, Jake, got me from the Eagles.

DR. PATEL
Which jersey?

PAT
DeSean Jackson.

DR. PATEL
DeSean Jackson is the man.

PAT
Well, that settles that.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - EVENING

PAT STANDS ON THE PORCH, HOLDING A BOTTLE OF WINE AND A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. HE WEARS THE FOOTBALL JERSEY.

HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS JERSEY, THEN TURNS AND LEAVES.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

PAT HURRIES. RONNIE OPENS THE DOOR IN BG.

RONNIE
Pat! What are you doin'?

PAT STOPS AND TURNS.

PAT
I gotta go, man.

RONNIE
Why?

PAT
I can't stay, come on. I made a mistake, I shouldn't have worn this.

RONNIE
Dude, you're fine. I like that jersey. I wish I was wearing that jersey.

PAT
I feel like an idiot.

RONNIE
Are you comfortable?

PAT
Veronica's not gonna like it.

RONNIE
Get over here.

PAT
Plus you got a tie on.

RONNIE
Don't worry about it, you're the guest of honor. You come however you wanna come.

PAT
Really?

RONNIE
Get over here.

INT. RONNIE’S HOUSE/FOYER - EVENING

RONNIE
DeSean Jackson's in the house!

CAMERA TILTS UP ONTO VERONICA, HOLDING THE BABY.

VERONICA
You mean rookie of the year?

RONNIE
Yeah.

VERONICA
(to baby)
DeSean Jackson? DeSean Jackson? (noticing Pat) Oh, you wore a jersey to dinner.

RONNIE
Isn’t it awesome?

VERONICA
Not for dinner.

RONNIE
Look, he got us flowers.

VERONICA
Oh, that’s sweet. (to Pat) That’s sweet, Pat. That’s lovely.

RONNIE
And wine.

PAT
Hey.

VERONICA
Hey.

INT. RONNIE’S HOUSE/DEN - EVENING

RONNE AND PAT HAVE A MOMENT. A FRAMED PHOTO OF RONNIE, VERONICA AND THE BABY ON THE WALL.

RONNIE
Check this out. We just redid the whole thing.

PAT
Wow!

RONNIE LAUGHS.

PAT (CONT'D)
Tremendous. Tremendous.

RONNIE
Isn't it great?

PAT
Tremendous.

RONNIE
Yeah, man, I'm, I'm thinking of redoing it again.

PAT
Why?

RONNIE
Because.

PAT
Gotta be making a lot of paper to do that.

RONNIE
Yeah, we're doing all right, man. I can't complain.

PAT
Isn't the market down, though?

RONNIE
It is down, but you know, she wants more, so I'm giving her more, man.

PAT
Hey, you know my dad lost his pension.

RONNIE
I'm sorry, man.

PAT
Yeah.

RONNIE
A lot of people. My uncle, too.

PAT
Really?

RONNIE
Yeah, but you know what? No disrespect, it's not personal, but this is the time to strike.
(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)
You start snapping up commercial real estate -- cheap -- flip it over, you flip it over and that's when you make the money. But the pressure...it's like....

RONNIE GLANCES, LOOKING FOR VERONICA.

PAT
You okay?

RONNIE
(whispering)
I'm not okay. Don't tell anybody. Listen to me. I feel like I'm getting crushed and--

PAT
(whispering)
Crushed by what?

RONNIE
(whispering)
Everything. The family, the baby, the job, the fucking dicks at work, and it's like, you know, like I'm trying to do this, (Ronnie reaches for his throat, mimicking trying to breath) you know, and, and, and I'm like...suffocating.

RONNIE COVERS HIS FACE WITH ONE HAND.

PAT
Holy shit.

RONNIE
You can't be happy all the time.

PAT
Who told you you can't be happy?

RONNIE
It's all right. You just do your best, you have no choice.

PAT
That's not true at all.

RONNIE
You just can't.

PAT
Ronnie, Ronnie, Ronnie!

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

RONNIE
I hope you're okay with Veronica's sister coming over. You okay with that?

PAT
Who?

RONNIE
Veronica's sister.

PAT AND RONNIE
(in unison)
Tiffany.

PAT
Tiffany and...Tommy?

RONNIE
Yeah. Just Tiffany.

PAT
What happened to Tommy?

RONNIE
He died.

PAT
Tommy died?

RONNIE
Cops die.

PAT
How'd he die?

RONNIE
Please, don't bring it up.

PAT
No, how did he die?

TIFFANY
How did who die?

PAT LOOKS UP TO SEE VERONICA'S SISTER TIFFANY ENTER: THEY LOCK EYES IMMEDIATELY. SHE IS TALL, STRIKING, INTENSE. She walks to Ronnie and Pat, who is unsure how to behave.

RONNIE
Hey, Tiffany! This is Pat. Pat, my sister-in-law Tiffany.

PAT
You look nice.

TIFFANY
Thank you.

PAT
I’m not flirting with you.

TIFFANY
Oh, I didn’t think you were.

PAT
I just see that you made an effort and I’m gonna be better with my wife, I’m working on that. I wanna acknowledge her beauty. I never used to do that. I do that now. ‘Cause we’re gonna be better than ever...Nikki. Just practicing. How’d Tommy die?

TIFFANY IS STUNNED. RONNIE CAN’T BELIEVE WHAT PAT JUST SAID.

PAT (CONT’D)
What about your job?

TIFFANY
I just got fired, actually.

PAT
Oh, really? How?

PAT (CONT’D)
I mean, I’m sorry. How’d that happen?

TIFFANY
Does it really matter?

TIFFANY AND PAT FACE EACH OTHER. VERONICA ENTERS IN BG., VISIBLE THROUGH A PASS-THROUGH WINDOW INTO THE KITCHEN.

VERONICA
Baby, how’s it going?

RONNIE
Great, great.

VERONICA
Everyone having fun? We’re gonna go on a tour now. We’re gonna go on a tour now.

TIFFANY
(to Pat)
Let’s go see the house.

RONNIE
Come on, let’s go for the tour.

VERONICA (O.S.)
I've, I've been planning this forever. I love our house. I love our house. I'm really excited about it.

Tiffany looks back over her shoulder at Pat, intensely.

RONNIE
(motions to Pat)
Come on.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A SILVER FRAME MOUNTED ON THE WALL.

VERONICA
Guess what it is.

PAT
Oh, it's a television.

TIFFANY
It's a computer screen.

RONNIE
Nope.

VERONICA
Just keep going, keep going, keep going.

PAT
It's a brick oven, it's a brick oven.

TIFFANY
It's a light. It's a...

VERONICA
Ooh, ooh, warmer, warmer, warmer.

TIFFANY
...it's a drawer at a morgue where they pull out dead bodies and shoot them with formaldehyde.

VERONICA
Don't think so hard, don't think so hard.

PAT
Where would the dead body...where would the body go, though? 'Cause the outside of the--

TIFFANY
(annoyed)
It’s a joke!

VERONICA LIGHTS THE FRAME --

VERONICA
It’s a...fireplace.

TIFFANY
In the middle of the wall?

INT. RONNIE’S HOUSE/BATHROOM - EVENING

VERONICA SHOWS OFF AN OUTLET ON THE WALL.

VERONICA
We have a port in every room. Gimme an iPod. Who, who doesn’t have an iPod?

PAT
Well, I don’t have an iPod. I don’t even have a phone. They won’t let me make any calls. They think I’m gonna call Nikki.

RONNIE
Don’t worry about it. Don’t focus on that.

PAT
I would call Nikki.

RONNIE
I’m actually gonna give you one of my iPods. I have an old one.

VERONICA
Gimme your iPod.

RONNIE HANDS AN IPOD TO VERONICA.

VERONICA (CONT’D)
Give it to me. Thank you, baby, thank you.

VERONICA PLUGS THE IPOD INTO THE OUTLET.

TIFFANY
Of all the rooms there are iPod ports in, I’m happy you brought us into the bathroom.

VERONICA
Look, look, look.

MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
I can play music for the baby in any room.

PAT
Can you play "Ride the Lightning" by Metallica?

VERONICA IS SPEECHLESS. RONNIE GRINS.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - EVENING

RONNIE
Pat was a history sub at the high school, Tiffany. Ask him about any president, he knows 'em all.

PAT
Here's a fun fact. You know where the term "OK" comes from?

VERONICA
No. No, I don't.

RONNIE
Where?

PAT
Well, Martin Van Buren, the eighth president of the United States of America, is from Kinderhook, New York...

VERONICA
Oh.

PAT
...and he was part of a club, a men's club, called Old Kinderhook. And if you were cool, you were in the club, they'd say, "That guy's OK." 'Cause he was in the Old Kinderhooks.

RONNIE
Really?

PAT
Yeah. Pretty cool, right?

RONNIE
That's interesting.

VERONICA
You know, Tiffany's been doing this dance thing for years and she’s real good at it. She's gonna be competing at the Ben Franklin Hotel.

PAT
Oh, really? My wife loves dance. Nikki loves dance.

TIFFANY
Why do you have to talk about me like that?

VERONICA
I’m just bragging about you. Can’t I brag about my little sister?

TIFFANY
Don’t talk about me in the third person.

VERONICA
Please, gimme a break.

TIFFANY
I’m right here.

VERONICA
Just be nice. Just be nice.

PAT
Wow, wow, wow. Fascinating.

TIFFANY
Sorry. I don’t wanna be mean.

VERONICA
I know. I know, I know.

TIFFANY
(to Pat)
What meds are you on?

PAT
Me? None. I used to be on Lithium and Seroquel and Abilify, but I don't take them anymore, no. They make me foggy and they also make me bloated.

TIFFANY
Yeah, I was on Xanax and Effexor, but I agree, I wasn’t as sharp, so I stopped.

PAT
You ever take Klonopin?

TIFFANY
Klonopin? (Chuckling) Yeah.

PAT
Right?

TIFFANY
Jesus.

PAT
It's like, "What? What day is it?"
How about Trazodone?

TIFFANY
Trazodone!

TIFFANY LAUGHS

PAT
Oh, it flattens you out. I mean,
you are done. It takes the light
right out of your eyes.

TIFFANY
God, I bet it does.

VERONICA AND RONNIE FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE. TIFFANY STANDS UP.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
I'm tired. I wanna go.

VERONICA
No. No, no, no, no. We haven't, we
haven't even finished the salad
yet, or the duck. I made the Fire
and Ice cake.

TIFFANY
I said I'm tired. (to Pat) Are you
gonna walk me home or what?

PAT
You mean me?

TIFFANY
Yeah, you. Are you gonna walk me
home?

PAT
You have poor social skills. You
have a problem.

TIFFANY
I have a problem? You say more inappropriate things than appropriate things. You scare people.

PAT
I tell the truth. But you're mean.

TIFFANY
What? I'm not telling the truth?

Veronica and Ronnie are very uncomfortable.

RONNIE
Um, maybe I should drive them home separately?

VERONICA
You can drive them both home. Now.

TIFFANY
Stop talking about me in third person.

VERONICA
You can take Tiffany home first.

TIFFANY
You love it when I have problems. You love it, Von, because then you can be the good one. Just say it.

VERONICA
No...

PAT STANDS UP.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
...I don't. I don't. I just wanted to have a nice, I just wanted to have a nice dinner.

TIFFANY
Oh, God.

VERONICA
What is your problem?!

TIFFANY
Nothing's my problem! I'm fine. I'm tired and I wanna go. (to Pat) Come on, are you ready?

Pat stands.

VERONICA
You really, you really wanna go right now?

TIFFANY
Yes, I really wanna go! It’s been great.

RONNIE
Okay, guys, the baby is sleeping!

TIFFANY
Sorry. I don’t wanna wake up the baby. Bye.

PAT FOLLOWS TIFFANY.

RONNIE
Sorry, man.

PAT GIVES RONNIE AN “ALL GOOD” AND FOLLOWS TIFFANY OUT.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

PAT AND TIFFANY WALK TOGETHER IN SILENCE.

TIFFANY
This is me.

TIFFANY AND PAT STOP, FACE EACH OTHER.

TIFFANY (CONT’D)
Listen, I haven't dated since before my marriage so I don't really remember how this works.

PAT
How what works?

TIFFANY
I saw the way you were looking at me, Pat. You felt it, I felt it, don't lie. We're not liars like they are. I live in the addition around back, which is completely separate from my parents' house, so there's no chance of them walking in on us. I hate the fact that you wore a football jersey to dinner because I hate football, but you can fuck me if you turn the lights off, okay?

PAT IS MOMENTARILY SPEECHLESS.

PAT
How old are you?

TIFFANY
Old enough to have a marriage end and not wind up in a mental hospital.

PAT
Look, I had a really good time tonight and I think you're really pretty, but I'm married, okay?

PAT HOLDS UP HIS HAND, DISPLAYING HIS WEDDING RING.

TIFFANY
You're married? So am I.

TIFFANY HOLDS UP HER HAND, DISPLAYING HER WEDDING RING.

PAT
No, that's confusing. He's dead.

TIFFANY LOOKS AS IF SHE HAS BEEN PUNCHED, SHE EMBRACES PAT.

PAT (CONT'D)
Wait, what?

TIFFANY STARTS TO CRY.

PAT (CONT'D)
What's happening?

PAT (CONT'D)
Oh, my God. Hey.

TIFFANY PUSHES PAT AWAY AND SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE.

TIFFANY TURNS AND WALKS TO HER RENOVATED GARAGE APARTMENT. LED ZEPPELIN'S "WHAT IS AND WHAT SHALL NEVER BE" STARTS TO PLAY ON SOUNDTRACK.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/KITCHEN - EVENING

PAT ENTERS THROUGH THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, DEEPLY UNSETTLED. HE WALKS PAST DELORES IN THE KITCHEN.

DOLORES
Are you okay? Ronnie called. Hey, is that make-up on your shirt?

PAT
I don't know, Mom.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

PAT IS WITH PAT SR. HE STANDS UP FROM HIS CHAIR.

PAT SR.
What happened over there?

PAT BEELINES PAST PAT SR. TO THE STAIRCASE.

PAT
When am I gonna get a phone?

PAT SR.
You'll get a phone in due time. (to Dolores) What happened?

DOLORES ENTERS.

DOLORES
Pat!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - EVENING

PAT REMOVES HIS JERSEY.

LED ZEPPELIN CONTINUES alternately quiet and LOUD.

PAT LIES ON HIS BED, RESTLESS. SUDDENLY HE IS FRANTICALLY SEARCHING THROUGH ATTIC BOXES AS IF HIS LIFE DEPENDED ON IT.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

PAT WALKS OUT OF THE ATTIC. HE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE MASTER BEDROOM AND WALKS INTO THE ROOM. HE KNEELS DOWN NEXT TO DOLORES'S SIDE OF THE BED.

PAT
(whispering)
Mom!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

DOLORES WAKES.

PAT
(whispering)
I can't find my wedding video. Mom, wake up.

DOLORES
(whispering)
What is it?

PAT
(whispering)
Where’s my wedding video?

Led Zeppelin continues.

PAT SR. WAKES, LOOKING AT THE ALARM CLOCK.

PAT SR.
It’s after three o’clock! What are you doing?

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

DOLORES AND PAT WALK INTO THE ATTIC.

PAT
I looked in here, but this is all your sewing shit up here, for your sewing and everything. Did you put it up here?

PAT STEPS TO AN OPEN CLOSET.

DOLORES
What about in your father’s study?

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAT SR.
(shouts from bed)
Don’t go in my study.

PAT
(shouts O.S.)
Dad, not now!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

PAT’S HANDS AS HE RIFLES THROUGH STUFF ON THE CLOSET FLOOR.

PAT
Would you put it in here? It makes no sense for you to put it in here.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAT SR. IN BED

PAT SR.
(shouts from bed)
Patty, what are you doing?

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/STUDY - NIGHT

WE SEE PAT AS HE LOOKS INTO A CABINET OF VIDEOTAPED FOOTBALL GAMES.

PAT
He's got all his Eagles videos and not one video of my wedding!

PAT SEARCHES THROUGH THE VIDEOTAPES.

PAT (CONT'D)
Is it here? I mean....?

PAT SR.
(shouts from bed)
Patty!

DOLORES
It's probably in the attic.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAT SR. IN BED.

PAT SR.
(shouts from bed)
Are you going in my study?

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

PAT WALKS INTO THE ATTIC, FOLLOWED BY DOLORES.

PAT
It feels to me like you wanna hide my wedding video.

CAMERA SWISH PANS OVER PILES OF BOXES. PAT'S HANDS AS HE LIFTS AND ITEM AND TOSSES IT ONTO THE FLOOR.

DOLORES
Please stop yelling!

PAT SEARCHES THROUGH BOXES.

PAT
I'm not yelling, Mom, I'm just frustrated because I should have my fucking wedding video!

PAT CONTINUES LOOKING.

DOLORES
Pat! Pat!

SHE GOES AFTER HIM.

PAT
(spiraling)
I looked over there! I already looked all over there!

CAMERA SWISH PANS R. ONTO A PLASTIC BAG WHICH APPEARS TO BE FULL OF CLOTHING.

PAT YELLS AS HE SORTS THROUGH THE CLOTHING DOLORES PUTS HER HAND ON PAT'S SHOULDER.

DOLORES
Calm down, Pat.

PAT TURNS TO FACE HER.

PAT
(yelling)
I'm not calming down! I don't give a fuck who hears, I'm not calming down! Anybody can wake up! I'm not ashamed of it! I'm not ashamed of it! Let the whole neighborhood wake up! I...

DOLORES
Pat! Stop it!

EXT. SOLATANO HOUSE - NIGHT

PAT
(yelling)
...don't care!

DOLORES
(yelling)
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

PAT
(yelling)
No, Mom!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

PAT SR., SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE BED.

PAT SR.
What's going on?

PAT SR. STANDS AND WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
What?

PAT
(yelling and crying)
I want it! It-...

PAT SR.
(yelling)
Hey!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

PAT
(yelling and crying)
It's my wedding! It's my wedding video!

DOLORES
(yelling)
Pat!

THE O.S. TELEPHONE RINGS.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS R. OVER SEVERAL HOUSES AS INTERIOR LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON.

DOLORES
(yelling)
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

PAT
(yelling)
I can't watch my wedding video, but I CAN hear the fucking song in my head, goddamn it!

He grabs his head, to stop hearing the wedding song. FLASHBACKS OF NIKKI IN THE SHOWER, DOLORES AND PAT REACTING, NIKKI AND DOUG IN THE SHOWER, NIKKI SCREAMING, PAT BEATING DOUG, NIKKI TRYING TO PULL PAT OFF OF DOUG.

PAT SOBS DOLORES, HUGS PAT FROM BEHIND; NICKI JUMPS ON PAT IN FLASHBACK TO STOP HIM FROM BEATING THE HISTORY TEACHER; PAT JERKS HIS ARM AWAY; KNOCKING DOLORES SPRAWLING ONTO THE FLOOR.

PAT (CONT'D)
Mom?

PAT RUNS.

PAT SR.
(yelling)
What the fuck you doing?! You...

PAT
Mom?

DOLORES SITS UP, STUNNED.

PAT SR.
...hit your mother?!

PAT
No, no, no, no, no!

PAT SR. SLAPS PAT IN THE FACE TWICE.

DOLORES REACTS.

DOLORES
(yelling)
Stop it!

PAT SLAPS PAT SR. IN THE FACE. PAT SR. PUSHES PAT R.

PAT
Get off me, Dad!

PAT SR. PUSHES PAT DOWN ON THE BED, FIGHTING.

DOLORES REACTS, STANDING UP.

DOLORES
Stop hitting him!

PAT STRUGGLES AS PAT SR. SLAPS PAT IN THE FACE, DOLORES TRIES TO PULL PAT SR. OFF OF PAT.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Stop hitting him!

PAT SR.
I'm not hitting him! He's hitting me!

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

PAT
(crying)
I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FOYER - NIGHT

PAT SR. HURRIES DOWN THE STAIRS.

OFFICER KEOGH
Police!

PAT SR. STEPS TO THE FRONT DOOR AND OPENS IT, REVEALING OFFICER KEOGH STANDING OUTSIDE.

OFFICER KEOGH (CONT'D)
Open the door, please. Open up. Mister Solatano, I got a lot of calls. People in the neighborhood are scared. I gotta come in.

NEIGHBORS clamour behind him.

OFFICER KEOGH HURRIES UP THE STAIRS.

OFFICER KEOGH (CONT'D)
How are we doing in here, huh?

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

OFFICER KEOGH TO PAT SR., DOLORES AND PAT.

OFFICER KEOGH
There are a lot of reports from your neighbors, we got a lot of phone calls.

PAT STANDS UP AND PAT SR. RESTRAINS HIM.

PAT
Nikki is being manipulated and controlled. You have to talk to her.

OFFICER KEOGH
Hey, sit down.

PAT SR.
Sit down.

PAT SR. FORCES PAT TO SIT DOWN. DOLORES SITS WITH HIM.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
You gotta stop with these crazy theories. He's a cop. What are you doing?

DOLORES
It's a medication problem, but he's fine now.

OFFICER KEOGH
Oh yeah? He’s fine now? You wanna send him back to Baltimore? We know all about the explosion at the psychiatrist’s office.

DOLORES
What?

PAT
What explosion? No. Cliff is lying, that’s not true. He’s not allowed to talk about that.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

DOLORES
Jesus Christ, who’s that?

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FOYER - NIGHT

PAT SR. HURRIES DOWN THE STAIRS.

PAT SR.
Keep an eye on him.

PAT SR. OPENS THE FRONT DOOR TO SEE: RICKY D’ANGELO AGAIN, THE CURIOUS NEIGHBOR KID WITH THE FLIP CAMERA.

RICKY
Is this a bipolar episode?

EXT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

PAT SR. PUSHING RICK AWAY. RICK EXITS.

NEIGHBORS (indistinct chatter - continues under following scene and dialogue)

PAT SR.
Get outta here, you little fuckin’ idiot! Get outta here!

RICKY
Someone, help me! Help me!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

OFFICER KEOGH, DOLORES AND PAT.

PAT
You can’t tell Nikki about this, Officer.

OFFICER KEOGH
Look, I gotta make out a report.

PAT
No, no! No!

OFFICER KEOGH
She can see it by law.

PAT STANDS UP.

DOLORES
Hey!

OFFICER KEOGH
Sit down.

PAT
No, no, no, listen, sir.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PAT SR. FOLLOWS RICK BG. TO HIS HOUSE.

RICKYY
He's chasing me! This guy's chasing me! Help me!

PAT SR. KNOCKS ON THE CLOSED FRONT DOOR.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

OFFICER KEOGH
Sit down!

PAT SITS DOWN WITH DOLORES.

PAT
I'm sorry. I could just write you a letter and you could just let me have five minutes, explaining how much better I'm doing.

OFFICER KEOGH
There's a court order against you -- five hundred feet. Listen to me!

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE/FOYER - NIGHT

PAT SR.
...and I'll take that fucking camera and I'm gonna break it over your fuckin' head, then I'm gonna come back and interview you about what it's like to get that fuckin' camera broken over your head! You wa--, what are you laughing about? (to Rosalie) I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

RICKY'S MOTHER ROSALIE
I'm sorry.

PAT SR.
Okay.

PAT SR. WALKS BACK TO HIS HOUSE. NEIGHBORS CATCALL PAT SR.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
Go back to sleep. The party's over. Show's over.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT

PAST OFFICER, DOLORES AND PAT.

PAT
...this is not a reflection of where I'm at. You can't...please, you can't tell her any of this You can't tell Nikki about this.

OFFICER KEOGH
You need to pipe down.

PAT SR.
Everything all right?

DOLORES
Who was at the door?

PAT
Who was that, Dad?

PAT SR.
It was that kid with the camera.

OFFICER KEOGH
Good luck. I gotta write this up.

PAT
Come on, don't write it up! I don't want her to see this!

PAT SR.
It's okay, everything is okay. We're fine, thank you, we appreciate it. Thank you.

The family stands together in silence.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ BATHROOM - MORNING

OPENING STRAINS OF ALT-J'S "BUFFALO". PAT STARES AT HIS REFLECTION IN A MIRROR AS HE GENTLY TOUCHES A BRUISE ON HIS FOREHEAD.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

PAST PAT SR. TO HIS REFLECTION AS HE TOUCHES A SCRAPE AND BRUISE ON HIS CHEEK.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

PAT STANDS AT THE KITCHEN SINK. DOLORES AND PAT SR. STAND, WATCHING HIM.

CU - TWO PILLS IN PAT'S HAND -- SEROQUEL AND LITHIUM -- PAT TAKES THE PILLS.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY

MONTAGE OF SCENES SHOWING PAT AS HE REPLACES THE BROKEN WINDOW PANE.

EXT. STREET - DAY

PAT RUNS, CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM. CAMERA TILTS UP ONTO HIS FACE.

PAT BREATHS HEAVY. HE LOOKS AT TIFFANY'S HOUSE AS HE PASSES.

TIFFANY BURSTS INTO FRAME, RUNNING PAST PAT.

TIFFANY
(running)
Hey!

PAT
(running)
What the hell?

TIFFANY
What happened to your face?

PAT
Weight lifting accident.

TIFFANY
That sounds like bullshit. Why'd you run by my house? Did our little conversation get you upset last night?

PAT
Hey, this is my route, okay? Just back off.

TIFFANY
This is my neighborhood. You just ran by my house.

PAT
I like to run by myself, okay?

TIFFANY
Me too.

PAT
(stops and turns)
Hey, I like to run alone! Will you stop?

TIFFANY
What?

PAT
Okay? I'm running here!

TIFFANY
Me too!

PAT
Well then, why don't you run somewhere else? There's a fucking ton of roads to run in! What are you trying to do?

TIFFANY
I like this road. This is my neighborhood.

PAT
(sighs)
Oh, come on, please!

TIFFANY
Calm down, crazy.

PAT SPITS. TIFFANY SPITS.

PAT TAKES OFF DOWN AN ALLEYWAY TO DITCH TIFFANY; HE DOES. AS PAT SLOWS TO A JOG AGAIN, MUTTERS TO HIMSELF, NOTICEABLY DISTURBED BY HIS ENCOUNTER WITH TIFFANY WHEN --

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Hey!

TIFFANY REAPPEARS FROM ANOTHER ALLEY BEHIND PAT.

PAT
What the fuck?!

PAT (CONT'D)
I'm married!

TIFFANY
So am I!

PAT
What the fuck are you doing? Your husband's dead!

TIFFANY
Where is your wife?

PAT
You're crazy!

TIFFANY
I'm not the one that just got out of that hospital in Baltimore.

PAT
I'm not the big slut!

TIFFANY STOPS AND REACTS, BENDING OVER. PAT STOPS AND WALKS.

PAT (CONT'D)
(breathes heavily)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

TIFFANY STANDS UP.

TIFFANY
I was a big slut, but I'm not anymore. There's always gonna be a part of me that's sloppy and dirty, but I like that, with all the other parts of myself. Can you say the same about yourself, fucker?! Can you forgive? Are you any good at that?

TIFFANY TURNS AND WALKS.

INT. OFFICE/DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. PATEL
You seemed to have trouble last night.

PAT
Let me just set the record straight about last night. Hurting my mother was a mistake and I hate myself for it, and I hate my illness and I want to control it. My father, on the other hand, had no trouble slapping the shit out of me last night, which I did not return 'cause I could've killed him and I didn't. He's sixty-five years old. You don't think I could've beat the shit out of him? I mean....

DR. PATEL
He was scared for your mother and you hurt him as well.

PAT
Yes, last night was a mess. Okay? And I think he probably just tried to do his best.

DR. PATEL
Pat, you have to have a strategy. I told you earlier. You need to recognize these feelings coming to you, otherwise you will be sent back to Baltimore. So when you get these feelings, you need to get to a quieter place, and be at peace with yourself, however you can.

PAT
Yeah, but that's easier said than done.

DR. PATEL
You have to do it. You have no choice. Excelsior.

PAT
Yeah, Excelsior. Listen, I have a letter I want you to give Nikki, okay?

DR. PATEL
No.

PAT
Why?

DR. PATEL
Because you have a restraining order.

PAT
(sighs)
What good are you, man?

DR. PATEL
Why did you have this overwhelming urgency to see your wedding video last night?

PAT
Oh, I don’t know, because I’m married and I haven’t seen my wife in eight and a half months?

DR. PATEL
Maybe you think that Nikki’s not around and Tiffany’s an attractive girl and if you get drawn towards Tiffany, you will spoil your chances of getting Nikki back to you?

PAT
Not bad, Doctor Jones. But I don't think I'm gonna blow it with Nikki because Tiffany's a slut.

DR. PATEL
Why is she a slut?

PAT
After the dinner at Ronnie's, she said, quote, "We can go to the back house *and you can fuck me* as long as we turn the lights out." Unquote. And she still wears her wedding ring. So she's a loyal, married-to-a-dead-guy slut.

DR. PATEL
Maybe she just needs a friend and she thought if she offers you sex, it will be easier for you to become friends with her.

PAT
She said she's *not* a whore anymore, *but* she likes that part of herself along with all the other parts of herself and can I say the same?

DR. PATEL
Can you?

PAT
Is that....? You’re asking me, you’re really asking me that question?

DR. PATEL
Yes.

PAT
With all my crazy sad shit? What, are you fucking nuts?

DR. PATEL
Pat, the silver lining thing is yours. I'm just giving back your words to you. This "crazy sad shit," as you call it, made you a happier, calmer person with a beautiful positive philosophy of going outdoors, working out, and reading books.

PAT
No, not the books.

DR. PATEL
You said Nikki’s friends with Ronnie, Veronica and Tiffany. So if you become friends with Tiffany, Nikki will think that you’re a kind, generous, large-hearted person, who helps people in need, who is basically thriving. So if you help Tiffany, it will be good for you.

EXT. STREET - DAY

PAT RUNS. CAMERA TILTS UP AND MOVES BG. WITH HIM. CHILDREN AND PARENTS ARE ON THE SIDEWALK, DRESSED IN HALLOWEEN COSTUMES.

CHILD (O.C.)
Trick or treat!

PAT LOOKS AT THE MAXWELL HOUSE AS HE RUNS PAST IT. HE RUNS ONTO THE SIDEWALK. HE RUNS AROUND A TREE. TIFFANY ENTERS AND CIRCLES HIM.

TIFFANY
Hey!

THEY RUN.

PAT
How do you know when I run?

TIFFANY
I wanted to clarify something. I just want us to be friends.
(Pat doesn't answer)
Did you hear what I said?
(Pat doesn't answer still)
Why are you giving me such a hard time?

PAT
No, I'm not giving you a hard time.

PAT AND TIFFANY RUN ACROSS THE STREET TOWARD A SMALL DINER.

TIFFANY
I don't know how to act with you when you do this shit.

PAT STOPS.

PAT
(winded)
You wanna have dinner at this diner?

TIFFANY IS MOMENTARILY TAKEN ABACK BY PAT'S PROPOSAL.

TIFFANY
Pick me up at seven thirty.

SHE RUNS AND EXITS.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

SEVERAL CHILDREN RUN AROUND IN COSTUMES. PAT WALKS TO THE MAXWELLS' DRIVEWAY AND STOPS. CAMERA DOLLIES L. AROUND HIM.

WE SEE TIFFANY AS SHE WALKS AND WE SEE TIFFANY'S PARENTS PEER THROUGH A LIVING ROOM WINDOW.

TIFFANY'S GRANDMOTHER LOOKS FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW.

PAT
Happy Halloween.

TIFFANY
Hi.

ACROSS THE STREET TO THE DINER, PAT AND TIFFANY WALK TOWARD IT.

INT. DINER - EVENING

PAT OPENS THE DOOR FOR TIFFANY AS SHE WALKS INTO THE DINER. PAT FOLLOWS.

EXT. DINER - EVENING

THROUGH THE WINDOWS, TO A WAITRESS AS SHE LEADS TIFFANY AND PAT L. TO A BOOTH. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM.

INT. DINER- EVENING

WAITRESS
Here you go.

TIFFANY
Thank you.

PAT LOOKS AT THE MENU. THE WAITRESS STANDS, WAITING.

PAT
I'm gonna have a bowl of your Raisin Bran.

TIFFANY'S PERPLEXED.

TIFFANY
Tea.

THE WAITRESS TAKES THE MENUS FROM THEM AND WALKS AWAY.

WAITRESS
Be right back.

PAT
You look nice.

TIFFANY
Thanks.

THE WAITRESS ENTERS L. WITH THEIR ORDER.

WAITRESS
Raisin Bran. Milk.

TIFFANY WATCHES AS THE WAITRESS SETS HER TEA DOWN.

TIFFANY
Thank you.

PAT POURS HIS CEREAL INTO A BOWL. PAUSES.

PAT
You want to share this?

TIFFANY
Why did you order Raisin Bran?

PAT
Why did you order tea?

SHE EATS CEREAL.

TIFFANY
(chewing)
Because you ordered Raisin Bran.

PAT
I ordered Raisin Bran because I didn’t want there to be any mistaking this for a date.

TIFFANY
(chewing)
It can still be a date if you order Raisin Bran.

PAT
It's not a date. So how's your thing going -- your dancing thing?

TIFFANY
It's good. How's your restraining order?

PAT
I wouldn't actually call the restraining order "my thing,” but getting back with Nikki is, and I've been doing pretty well. Except for a minor incident at the doctor's office.

TIFFANY
And the so-called incident with the weights.

PAT
Yeah. That was a thing with my parents. I wish I could just explain it all in a letter to Nikki because it was minor and I could just explain it and let her know that I’m actually not out of control and that I’m actually doing really well.

TIFFANY TAKES THIS IN. BEAT.

TIFFANY
I can get a letter to Nikki. I see her sometimes with my sister.

PAT CAN’T BELIEVE WHAT HE IS HEARING.

PAT
It would be so amazing if you could get a letter to Nikki from me.

TIFFANY
I'd have to hide it from Veronica. She's not into breaking the law, which this letter would definitely be doing.

PAT
But you would do it?

TIFFANY
I'd have to be careful. I'm already on thin ice with my family, you should hear how I lost my job.

PAT
How did you lose your job?

TIFFANY
By...having sex with everybody in the office.

PAT
Everybody?

TIFFANY
I was very depressed after Tommy died. It was a lot of people.

PAT
We don't have to talk about it.

TIFFANY
Thanks.

PAT
How many were there?

TIFFANY
Eleven.

PAT
Wow.

TIFFANY
I know.

PAT
I'm not gonna talk about it anymore.

TIFFANY
Okay.

PAT
Can I ask you one more question? Were there any women?

TIFFANY
Yes.

PAT
Really?

TIFFANY
Yes.

PAT
What was that like?

TIFFANY
Hot.

PAT
Jesus Christ. Was it like...older women, a sexy teacher who wants to seduce you--

TIFFANY
Made me sit on her lap and do things? Yeah.

PAT
What? You sat on her lap?

TIFFANY
Mm-hmm.

PAT
She told you what to do?

TIFFANY
Mm-hmm.

PAT
Oh...my God. Nikki hated when I talked like this. Made me feel like such a pervert. Maybe we should change the subject.

TIFFANY
I don't mind it.

PAT
You don't, do you.

TIFFANY
No. But then people were getting into fights in the parking lot at work, and in the bathroom...and the boss called me in to his office and tried to pin it all on me. So I accused *him* of harassment and then they fired me, sent me home and put me on some meds.

PAT
I get it. The song that was playing when my wife...was in the shower with the history teacher...

TIFFANY
I heard about that.

PAT
...it was my wedding song and when I hear it, I go kinda crazy. Sometimes I hear it when it's not even playing.

TIFFANY
Wow.

PAT
Yeah. So they put me on medication, which I feel ashamed of.

TIFFANY
Yeah.

PAT
So I know.

TIFFANY
You do.

PAT
I just gotta get a strategy, you know?

TIFFANY
Me too.

PAT
We'd better get back to the letter.

TIFFANY
Yeah, let's get back to the letter.

PAT
What if you told Nikki when Veronica was in the bathroom?

TIFFANY
Yes. Yes, that could work. I love that.

PAT
Oh, my God, I'm gonna go home and write the letter right now.

PAT BEGINS TO SLIDE OUT OF THE BOOTH.

TIFFANY
Can I at least finish my tea?

PAT
Wait, what?

TIFFANY
My tea. Can I finish it?

PAT
Wait a minute. Did Veronica tell Nikki about our dinner? Why would she do that? Was it a test?

TIFFANY
I kinda got that feeling, yeah.

PAT
Goddamn it. I knew it. It *was* a test. How did I do? I think I did pretty well.

TIFFANY
Yeah, she said you were cool, basically.

PAT
“Basically”? Was I some percentage not cool?

TIFFANY
No, she said you were cool, but you know.

PAT
No, I don’t know.

TIFFANY
Sort of how you are. It’s fine, relax.

PAT
What do you mean? How am I? What does that mean?

TIFFANY
Sort of like me.

PAT
"Sort of like you"? I hope to God she didn't tell Nikki that.

TIFFANY
Why?

PAT
Because, it's just not right, lumping you and I together, I mean, it’s just wrong. And Nikki wouldn’t like that. Especially after all the shit you just told me.

TIFFANY
You think that I'm crazier than you.

PAT
(scoffs) (chuckling)
Because, well, we’re different, I mean--

TIFFANY
Oh, my God. Ugh. You’re killing me. You know what? Forget I offered to help you. Forget the entire fucking idea. ‘Cause that must have been fucking *crazy* because I am so much crazier than you.

PAT
Keep your voice down.

TIFFANY
I’m just the crazy slut with a dead husband!

HALLOWEEN DINERS LOOK.

TIFFANY (CONT’D)
Forget it!

PAT
Shut the fuck up.

TIFFANY STANDS, SWEEPING THE DISHES OFF THE EDGE OF THE TABLE.

TIFFANY
Fuck you!

DINERS GASP

CAMERA PANS R. ONTO THE FLOOR WITH THE BROKEN DISHES.

PAT STANDS UP.

TIFFANY (CONT’D)
You shut the fuck up!

PAT
Tiffany! Hey! Tiffany!

TIFFANY WALKS. PAT WATCHES.

DINERS (scattered applause and cheers)

EXT. DINER - EVENING

TIFFANY WALKS.

INT. DINER - EVENING

PAT GRABS HIS WALLET FROM THE TABLE.

THROUGH THE WINDOW TIFFANY HOLDING UP HER MIDDLE FINGERS.

PAT WALKS, BUT IS STOPPED BY THE WAITRESS, HOLDING UP HIS BILL.

WAITRESS
Slow down, Raisin Bran.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

TIFFANY WALKS.

PEDESTRIANS (low and indistinct chatter - continues under following scenes and dialogue)

PAT
Hey, come on. Look, I don't think you're crazy, all right?

PAT HURRIES TO TIFFANY.

TIFFANY
Yes, you do.

PAT
No, I don’t.

TIFFANY
You told your therapist that you were in a superior mental illness category, didn't you?

PAT
What? Hey, calm down! Hey--

TIFFANY STOPPING AND TURNING TO FACE PAT.

TIFFANY
Just leave me alone!

PAT
Can I just explain myself, please? I didn't want Nikki to think that I was associated with that kind of sexual behavior because I've never done anything like that, okay?

TIFFANY
You may not have experienced the shit that I did. But you loved hearing about it, didn't you? You are afraid to be alive, you're afraid to live. You're a hypocrite. You're a conformist. You're a liar. I opened up to you and you judged me. You are an asshole. You are an asshole!

TIFFANY GRABS PAT'S JACKET COLLAR.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Get off of me! (yelling) Get off! You're harassing me!

PAT
Hey, hey!

TIFFANY
(yelling)
He's harassing me!

PAT
Shut up!

SEVERAL PEDESTRIANS STEP IN, INTERVENING.

'CHERIE AMOUR' starts in Pat's head.

TIFFANY
Get off!

MAN
(to Pat)
Take it easy. Dude, relax.

PAT
Bro, get off of me.

TIFFANY
(yelling))
He's harassing me!!

PAT
Hey, hey, stop, stop. Stop, all right?

THREE TEENAGE BOYS SURROUND PAT, TAUNTING.

PAT (CONT'D)
Hey, get off of me! Shut up, shut up.

PEDESTRIANS CROWD AROUND, WATCHING.

PAT (CONT'D)
Stop it.

A POLICE CAR SIREN IS HEARD. A POLICE CAR AS IT PARKS. OFFICER KEOGH GETS OUT AND WALKS

PAT (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, hey, get off me!

OFFICER KEOGH
What are you doing? Come on. What are you doing? What are you doing to these kids?

CAMERA PANS WITH OFFICER KEOGH AS HE WALKS TO PAT, GRABS HIS ARM.

OFFICER KEOGH (CONT'D)
Are you being a punk on Halloween with these kids? You wanna go back to Baltimore? Is that what you wanna do?

PAT
I didn't, I didn't, I didn't--

TIFFANY WATCHES IN THE CROWD OF HALLOWEEN TEENS. Softens.

TIFFANY
It's the kids! [Walks to Pat and Officer Keogh]. He didn't do anything, it was all the kids.

Officer Keogh turns to push the crowd back.

OFFICER KEOGH
(walks crowd back)
Let's go, clear out, nothing going on here.

AS -- TIFFANY LEANS IN CLOSE TO PAT WHO IS UPSET, SONG PLAYING IN HIS HEAD. Tormented.

TIFFANY
You gonna go your whole life scared of that song? It's just a song. Don't make it a monster.

She leans close to Pat's downcast face.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
There's no song playing. There's no song. Breathe, count backwards from ten. That's it.

Pat breathes, listens to her. Calms himself. Song stops. Tiffany's face stays close to his.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
That's it. There you go. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

PAT
I'm sorry.

TIFFANY
I took it too far.

PAT
I'm sorry.

OFFICER KEOGH
(pulls her away)
Hey, is he messing with you?

TIFFANY
No, no. No, this was just a joke. This is a joke I started.

OFFICER KEOGH
There's a restraining order on this guy.

TIFFANY
I know, I have a stupid sense of humor.

OFFICER KEOGH
That's not a good thing to do.

TIFFANY
Well, I'm fucked up. What can I tell you? I'm sorry.

OFFICER KEOGH
You're Tommy's widow, right?

TIFFANY
Yes, I'm Tommy's crazy whore widow, minus the whore thing for the most part.

OFFICER KEOGH
You're a funny girl. You wanna get a drink sometime?

TIFFANY TURNS AND WALKS AWAY.

OFFICER KEOGH (CONT'D)
What'd I say?

PAT
She doesn't, she doesn't do that anymore.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

TIFFANY WALKS - upset, vulnerable. Pat walks behind, CATCHES UP TO TIFFANY AND THEY WALK TOGETHER.

PAT
I'm sorry about what I said in the diner.

TIFFANY
I know. I know you didn't mean it.

PAT
I didn't mean it at all.

TIFFANY
I know, you say shit you don't mean all the time.

PAT
All the time.

TIFFANY
I'll still give your letter to Nikki, don't worry.

TIFFANY WALKS THE DRIVEWAY TOWARD HER GARAGE. Pat watches her go.

PAT
Wow. I really appreciate that, Tiffany.

TIFFANY
(walking away)
I know you do.

PAT
You do?

TIFFANY
(disheartened)
Yeah, sure.

PAT
I'll see you tomorrow? With the letter?

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

PAT SR.'S BOOKMAKING MATERIALS SPREAD OUT ON THE DINING TABLE.

RANDY
I'll bet I know what happened if only one is missing. Either Dolores or Pat needed an envelope and one of 'em took it. That's the only answer.

PAT SR.
No, no, no.

DOLORES, PREPARING FOOD IN THE KITCHEN.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
Dolores, somebody was in my study. Who took one of my envelopes? Somebody took an envelope.

DOLORES
Maybe we should call the FBI.

PAT SR.
Don't make fun. This is serious. What FBI? Come on, let's take a look. I'll show you what this is. I'm gonna just explain to you something. I mean, you know what I'm doing, honey. This everything, like this. I got this, it all corresponds.

PAT ENTERS.

PAT
Dad, I borrowed one of your envelopes. I hope that's not a problem

PAT SR.
No, it's not okay. It's not okay. You gotta ask.

DOLORES
"Do not go in my study or I will eat you!"

RANDY LAUGHS

PAT SR.
It's not funny, it's not funny. What's everybody making a joke out of this for?

RANDY
Dolores, you are so beautiful!

PAT SR.
(to Randy)
Stop that! Hey, hey, hey, stop, stop, stop!
(to Pat)
Listen, a lot of envelopes go in and out of my office every day after games with a lot of cash in ‘em. So show some respect for what I do.

PAT
Yeah, I know. I saw two-seven-four. I just wanted to tell you the number.

PAT SR.
Thank you.

PAT
But the envelope was empty. I’m sorry, you were sleeping. I didn’t want to wake you, but I needed an envelope.

PAT SR.
You didn’t want to wake me? (to Dolores and Randy) He didn’t want to wake me. He doesn’t have a problem complaining about Ernest fucking Hemingway. He doesn’t have a problem asking for his wedding video-

DOLORES
Be nice. It’s game day! I’m makin’ crabby snacks and homemades.

PAT
Yeah, come on, Dad, be nice. Come on, she’s making crabby snacks and homemades. Come on, Dad!

PAT SR.
What are you so up about?

DOLORES
He’s very happy.

PAT
I’m happy.

PAT SR.
No, you’re so up, up, up, up.

PAT
Isn't that a good thing?

PAT SR.
You're just up, up, up. I don't know what that is. Are you taking the proper dosage of your medication?

PAT
Am I taking the right dose? Of course I am.

PAT SR.
Okay. Taking a little bit too many or something?

PAT
No, if I was taking that, I'd be on the floor, Dad.

PAT SR.
Just stay with us. Stay for the game. Spend some family time.

PAT
Dad, I can't. Look, I'm ready to go.

PAT SR.
Spend family time.

PAT
Wait, you mean OCD, superstitious time?

RANDY
Come on, your dad needs a winner. Help him out.

PAT SR.
Come on.

PAT
I can't.

PAT SR.
It's the Seahawks. Put on the jersey and stay, please. *Please*. It's important, please.

DOLORES
What are you up to, Pat?

PAT
Nothing, come on.

DOLORES
What's in the envelope?

PAT SR.
Yeah, what are you doing? What's in that envelope?

PAT
Guys, I'm beating the song! I'm on the scoreboard! I'm playing down field! I feel great!

PAT WALKS OUT THE DOOR.

EXT. MAXWELL HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - DAY

PAT WALKS TO THE DOOR AND KNOCKS.

PAT
Tiffany!

PAT PUSHES THE DOORBELL.

TIFFANY'S MOTHER OPENS THE FRONT DOOR.

PAT (CONT'D)
Hey, how you doin'? Is Tiffany here?

TIFFANY'S MOTHER
What do you want with her?

TIFFANY'S FATHER APPEARS.

TIFFANY'S FATHER
Is that another creep? What do you want, creep? Just beat it.

PAT
Whoa, no, no, no. No, I'm married.

PAT HOLDS UP HIS HAND, POINTING TO HIS WEDDING RING.

A CAR PARKS AT THE CURB IN BG.

TIFFANY'S FATHER
Oh, great, a married creep.

PAT
I'm her friend.

ANOTHER MAN, JORDIE, JOGS UP TO THE PORCH, BEHIND PAT.

PAT (CONT'D)
We go running. Have you guys not seen us? I took her to the diner.

TIFFANY'S MOTHER
She's not here.

JORDIE
Hi, guys. How's it going? Hey. Is Tiffany home?

TIFFANY'S MOTHER
Go away.

JORDIE
I know her. I know her, we've dated. We still date.

PAT
What are you doing here?

JORDIE
I've called her, I've texted her.

PAT
Do you know this guy?

JORDIE
I still haven't heard back. We used to work together--

TIFFANY'S FATHER
Just get the hell out of here...

JORDIE'S HAND, HOLDING OUT A BUSINESS CARD.

JORDIE
I just wanted to give you my card to give to her.

TIFFANY'S FATHER
Another rude creep.

PAT
Listen to what he's saying. Listen to what he's saying.

JORDIE
What's he saying?

PAT
He's saying you're being rude.

JORDIE
How am I being rude?

PAT
Oh, you know. You know. Come on. Sometimes it's okay with girls like this, they wanna have fun and sometimes --

INT. MAXWELL HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

TIFFANY STANDS CONCEALED BEHIND DOOR LISTENING.

PAT
--it's not because they got a broken wing, and they're hurt, and they're an easy target. And in this case, in this particular case, I think that wing is being fixed.

EXT. MAXWELL HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - DAY

PAT
And you gotta make sure it gets mended. And you're gettin' in the way of that right now, okay? Because she's sensitive and she's smart, she's artistic. This is a great girl and you gotta be respectful of that. Come on.

PAT TURNS AND LEADS JORDIE BACK TO HIS CAR.

PAT (CONT'D)
Let me walk you down to your car. You're a better guy than this. I can see it in your eyes.

JORDIE LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER TOWARDS TIFFANY'S STUNNED PARENTS.

JORDIE
She just texted me!

INT. MAXWELL HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

TIFFANY BEHIND DOOR TAKES IN HOW PAT STOOD UP FOR HER. THINKS.

EXT. STREET - DAY

PAT RUNS. TIFFANY ENTERS. PAT REACTS.

PAT
Hey! Hey, wait a second! What are you doing? What happened? How come you weren't outside? What the hell's going on?

THEY STOP, FACING EACH OTHER.

TIFFANY
I can't, I can't do it.

PAT
What do you mean, you can't do it? You can't do what?

TIFFANY
I can't give the letter to Nikki.

PAT
Tiffany, what are you talking about? What do you mean you can't give the letter to Nikki?

TIFFANY
Because what am I getting in return? What are you doing for me?

PAT
You said! You said if I wrote a letter, you'd get it to Nikki.

TIFFANY
I know.

PAT
That was the set-up.

TIFFANY
Because I do this time after time after time, I do all this shit for other people and then I wake up and, and I'm empty, I have nothing!

PAT
What are you talking about? You seem like you're a tough girl to me. Why don't you just do things on your own?

TIFFANY
I always get myself in these fucking situations. I give everything to other people and nobody ever, I never -- I don't get what I want, okay? I'm not my sister.

Pat takes this in.

PAT
Alright, well, ask for you. What can I do for you?

TIFFANY
I can't do it.

PAT
Tiffany, what do you want me to do?

TIFFANY SIGHS.

PAT (CONT'D)
Think of something.

TIFFANY
There's this thing.

PAT
There's a thing, okay. What kind of thing?

TIFFANY
It's a thing, it's a thing. It's a, it's a dance thing.

PAT
It's a dance thing, all right.

TIFFANY
It's a competition thing at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Tommy would never do it with me and I missed it every single year.

PAT
Well, Tommy's dead, so he's not gonna fucking do it.

TIFFANY
Would you please!

PAT
I don't have a filter when I talk.

TIFFANY
Can we have one conversation without you reminding me that my goddamn husband is dead? My God.

PAT
Yes, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Okay, I'm sorry.

TIFFANY
But I can only do it if I have a partner...and now I'm about to miss it for another year.

PAT
Whoa, whoa, whoa, I'm not gonna fuckin' dance with you. What are you talking about?

TIFFANY
What, your schedule is so busy? “Grapes of Wrath” and watching football with your dad?

PAT
Tiffany, I’m not gonna do a dance with you.

TIFFANY
All right, then I’m not giving her your fucking letter.

TIFFANY WALKS AWAY.

PAT
Wait a second! But you promised you would do this.

TIFFANY TURNS

TIFFANY
Think about it.

TIFFANY TURNS AND WALKS.

PAT
Well, I already did do something for you, you know.

TIFFANY TURNS.

TIFFANY
WHAT DID YOU DO FOR ME?

PAT
I took care of that jerkoff that was in front of your house.

TIFFANY
What? Jordie?

PAT
Let me ask you something. Do you call him when you’re lonely?

TIFFANY STOPS.

PAT (CONT’D)
That encourages him, Tiffany. You shouldn’t do it.

TIFFANY
Couldn’t you say the same about you and Nikki?

PAT
It's not at all like me and Nikki. What are you talking about? We're in love and we're married. It's completely different.

TIFFANY
How are you in love? Tell me about that. The big Nikki love. Tell me about it, I wanna understand it.

PAT
We have a very unconventional chemistry, it makes people feel awkward, but not me. She's the most beautiful woman I've ever been with.

TIFFANY
Wow.

PAT
It's electric between us, okay? Yeah, we wanna change each other, but that's normal, couples wanna do that, I want her to stop dressing like she dresses, I want her to stop acting so superior to me, okay? And she wanted me to lose weight and stop my mood swings, both of which I've done. I mean, people fight. Couples fight. We would fight, we wouldn't talk for a couple weeks. That's normal. She always wanted the best for me.

Tiffany listens.

PAT (CONT'D)
She wanted me to be passionate and compassionate. And that's a good thing. You know? I just, look, I'm my best self today, and I think she's her best self today, and our love's gonna be fucking amazing.

TIFFANY
It's gonna be amazing, and you're gonna be amazing, and she's gonna be amazing, and you're not gonna be that guy that's gonna take advantage of a situation without offering to do something back. So think about the dance thing.

TIFFANY TURNS AND WALKS. PRELAP OF EAGLES GAME FADES IN.

PAT (O.S.)
Danny, you’re out of the hospital? And you’re here on game day?

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

PAT EMBRACES DANNY.

DANNY
I’m out.

DANNY AND PAT EMBRACE.

DANNY (CONT’D)
It’s official, man. They didn't convert me to my Mental Hygiene Law admission status within two thirds of the maximum length of my felony sentence, so I'm out. They had to let me go.

PAT
I never understand what he’s saying.

PAST DANNY, TO PAT SR. DOLORES AND RONNIE WATCH IN BG.

PAT SR.
Okay, jailhouse lawyer, come on, let’s come back and sit down the way you were before.

PAT
(laughs)
What a treat!

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

PAT SR. ESCORTS DANNY TO THE SOFA, WHERE RANDY SIT. DOLORES AND RONNIE STAND.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (over television) (low and indistinct chatter - continues under following scenes and dialogue)

PAT
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Dad’s got you sitting here?

PAT SR.
Oh, yeah.

DANNY
He calls me “Jailhouse Lawyer.”

DANNY SITS DOWN ON THE SOFA NEXT TO RANDY.

PAT SR.
Hold the remote the way you were holding it before.

DANNY
Okay.

PAT SR. AND DANNY, WHO CAREFULLY HOLDS THE REMOTE CONTROL IN ONE HAND AND THE GREEN HANDKERCHIEF IN THE OTHER HAND.

PAT
And now you're holding the remote?

DANNY
And it's working. Your dad's a genius.

PAT SR. URGES DANNY TO SIT UP STRAIGHTER with remote.

PAT SR.
Now sit up.

PAT
And Danny's the good luck charm?

PAT SR.
Danny's from you. This is your house, so it comes down to you. You're the one.

DANNY
Yeah, you're the one, Pat.

PAT
Superstition, Danny. I don't know.

WE SEE DOLORES.

PAT SR.
Come sit down.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
Don't disappear doing God knows what with that Tiffany Maxwell.

PAT
Dad, Dad, Dad. She's my friend. Why would you say that?

RONNIE
Oh, she's a mess. You gotta be careful. She goes to a lot of therapy.

PAT SR. GROANS

PAT
I go to a lot of therapy, Ronnie. What are you trying to say?

RONNIE
I'm just saying--

PAT
(interrupting))
Am I messed up?

PAT (CONT'D)
Why don't you stop judging people? You judge everybody. You're the one who has a messed up marriage.

RONNIE
I'm just looking out for you, I'm just looking out for you. She's unstable.

DOLORES
(alarmed)
What's wrong with your marriage? What's wrong with your marriage?

RONNIE
Nothing's wrong!

PAT
You should have seen when I was at his house. It's like a circus over there.

RONNIE
Shh, shh.

RONNIE PUSHES PAT R. INTO THE FOYER.

PAT
What are you talking about? I'm not gonna hide this. You need to deal with it.

RONNIE
Stop breaking my balls.

RONNIE HOLDS UP AN IPOD.

PAT
Oh!!!!

RONNIE
I got you an iPod.

PAT
Whoa! Is this for me?

RONNIE
Yeah. Well, that's my old iPod, but-

PAT
(hugs Ronnie)
Oh, buddy, thank you. That's so nice of you. Wow.

RONNIE
Thirty-two gigabytes.

PAT
How many songs is that?

RONNIE
Seven thousand.

PAT
(scrolling through iPod)
Oh, yeah, you got The Stranglers. You love The Stranglers. Oh, the Sex Pistols. The Clash.

RONNIE
Got some Clash.

PAT
Oh, "West Side Story."

RONNIE
Yeah, "West Side Story." It makes me peaceful.
(singing)
"Maria, I just met a girl named Maria..."

PAT
Right, right, right.

RONNIE
And then when I'm angry, which is a lot these days, I go to the garage...Metallica...Megadeth. I start fucking smashing shit.

PAT
You gotta get your marriage together.

RONNIE
(whispering)
I start breaking shit, and I hurt my hand. And --

PAT
Ronnie, that's fucked up.

RONNIE
Yeah, but it makes me feel better. It’s like my therapy, you know?

PAT
When I’m with Nikki, I’m never gonna do stuff like that...

JAKE (O.S.)
Whoa, Nikki? What’s all this about Nikki?

Pan from the framed photo of Jake on foyer wall, to Jake on the stairs above.

JAKE (CONT’D)
A restraining order is nothing to fool with, bro. [Walks down to Pat]. Holy shit, look at you! You are fit! You look absolutely amazing. You feel good?

PAT
How you doing, Jake?

JAKE
Good. You look like Schwarzenegger in his prime.

DOLORES
Didn't I say you wouldn't recognize him?

JAKE
So, listen, I’m sorry that I didn’t come see you down at the hospital. You know how those places creep me out, and the firm’s been expanding. I’ve been helping Pop with the restaurant ‘cause he needs to have a legitimate business. He needs a tax return. With all the money that he’s making with his bookmaking, they’re gonna come after him. And then it looks like I’m making, I’m gonna make partner at the firm.

Pat just stares at Jake. The room is silent.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Well, I don’t even know what to say to you anymore. You lost your wife, I’m getting engaged, and I wanna be able to tell you about those kind of things. You lost your house, I’m getting a new house. You lost your job, things are going great for me at the firm.

PAT SR.
Maybe stop talking about all the stuff that's good for you and bad for him. Just, you know, leave it alone. We're watching the game.

JAKE
You know what, I'm just gonna, I'm just gonna, I'm just gonna stop talking. I'm gonna shut my mouth.

Pat stares down Jake. Tense.

PAT
As my friend Danny would say 00

The room hangs on Pat's words.

PAT (CONT'D)
I got nothing but love for you, brother.

PAT SMILES. TENSION EASES. PAT AND JAKE EMBRACE.

DANNY
That's right. That's right.

RONNIE/RANDY/DANNY/DELORES (O.C.)
That's nice. That's nice.

DOLORES INHALES TEARFULLY.

PAT SR.
Well, thank God, finally.

PAT
DeSean Jackson.

JAKE
Yeah. Did it fit?

PAT
I wore it to Ronnie's for dinner.

RONNIE
Beautiful jersey. I love that jersey.

PAT
Veronica didn't like it.

RONNIE
Veronica hates the jersey.

JAKE
Whatever you do, watch out for that restraining order, okay?

JAKE PATS PAT’S CHEST AND WALKS TO SOFA.

PAT
I’m not doing anything!

RONNIE
Don't let Tiffany get you in trouble.

DOLORES
Pat, you’re up to something, I know.

PAT
People like Tiffany, or Danny, or me, maybe we know something that you guys don’t know, okay? Did you ever think about that? Maybe we understand something because we’re more--

DOORBELL RINGS.

DANNY
We have a sixth sense. I mean, everybody’s got it. Everybody’s just not in touch with it.

OFFICER KEOGH STANDS WITH MALE ORDERLIES FROM THE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL.

DOLORES
Oh, no.

OFFICER KEOGH
How you doing, Pat?

PAT
Jesus.

PAT SR.
I guess his sixth sense forgot to tell him the cops were coming.

OFFICER KEOGH
(re: Danny)
I’m taking him back to the hospital.

PAT
What? No, no, he passed his thing, right?

RANDY LAUGHS

DANNY
First of all, check with the latest legal development.

OFFICER KEOGH
Well, we got a call that they did convert you to a Mental Hygiene Law admission status by the deadline of your sentence, so....

PAT SR.
(to Keogh)
Wait a minute. Are you an Eagles fan or are you not an Eagles fan?

OFFICER KEOGH
I'm an Eagles fan.

PAT SR.
Well then, what's the problem? He's not goin' anywhere. Just let him finish the game, that's all. The handkerchief is working. We're killing the Seahawks, twenty-seven-ten. What's the matter with you? Let him stay, please!

OFFICER KEOGH
I don't know what the hell you're talking about "the handkerchief". And I'm glad that the Seahawks are losing and we're winning, but I gotta take Danny McDaniels back to Baltimore, alright? He can contest his case from Baltimore.

DANNY STANDS UP.

DANNY
Not correct about the Mental Hygiene Law. You're not correct.

OFFICER KEOGH
Come on.

DANNY ENTERS R. AND OFFICER KEOGH GRABS HIS ARM. THE ORDERLIES AND OFFICER KEOGH ESCORT DANNY L. THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

DANNY
You guys oughta be ashamed of yourselves.

PAT SR. CAREFULLY FOLDS UP THE GREEN HANDKERCHIEF.

EXT. MAXWELL HOUSE - DAY

PAT WALKS ALONG THE DRIVEWAY TOWARD TIFFANY'S GARAGE, CARRYING HIS ENVELOPE. HE SEES TIFFANY'S MOTHER, LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW.

PAT WAVES.

INT. TIFFANY'S GARAGE/DANCE STUDIO - DAY

TIFFANY LEADS PAT INTO HER DANE STUDIO.

TIFFANY
I used the insurance money to build this. I designed it. All the floors are hard oak. It has good bounce for dancers.

PAT
Wow.

TIFFANY
I'm not that great of a dancer, but who cares? It's therapy and it's fun. And the walls are good 'cause I can play music really loud without anybody hearing.

PAT
Where do you sleep?

TIFFANY GESTURES AT A STAIRCASE.

TIFFANY
Upstairs. It's a garage, I just renovated it. You know, I was thinking about putting a ballet barre here.

PAT
When are you gonna give it to her?

TIFFANY
What?

PAT
The letter to Nikki.

PAT HOLDS UP THE ENVELOPE.

TIFFANY
Probably tonight.

PAT
Really?

TIFFANY
Ronnie and Veronica and I are gonna see her tonight.

PAT
Oh, I actually changed the first paragraph. I did this thing about Shakespeare and how it's very romantic-

TIFFANY
Mm-hmm.

PAT
-and that maybe in the future if she wanted to go dancing, I can be able to do that because of all the training that--

TIFFANY
(interrupting)
No, that's good, that's really good.

PAT
I assume you're a good teacher.

TIFFANY'S HAND TAKES THE ENVELOPE FROM PAT.

TIFFANY
Yeah. I mean, I hope so.

PAT
Maybe you can teach us both, you know what I mean?

TIFFANY EXITS AND PLACES THE ENVELOPE ON THE STAIRCASE.

PAT (CONT'D)
And I also mentioned how generous it is, what I'm doing for you.

TIFFANY
Yeah. Mm-hmm. It's really generous.

PAT
You know, being of service.

TIFFANY
Yeah.

PAT
To your need.

TIFFANY
Uh-huh.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
All right, let's start simple. Start at that corner, walk towards me. Walk across the room.

Pat stands in the corner, doesn't move.

PAT
Can we do something else besides the dance deal?

TIFFANY
Are you fucking kidding me?

PAT
I'm good with a hammer. You want me to fix something?

TIFFANY
A deal is a deal.

PAT
I know. Okay. I was just suggesting that maybe there's a better scenario.

TIFFANY
Why don't you walk towards me like I'm Nikki. And the only way to convey how much you've missed me is by your walk. By your slow walk. You can't talk.

PAT
I'm not doing it.

TIFFANY
Only walk. Do it.

PAT
No. That's stupid.

TIFFANY
No walk, no letter. Walk to me like I'm Nikki, come on. Do it. I'm Nikki. Come on.

PAT
(under his breath)
You're not Nikki.

PAT RELUCTANTLY WALKS.

TIFFANY
Don't look up until you're halfway here.

PAT WALKS SLOWLY. CAMERA TILTS UP ONTO HIS FACE AS HE KEEPS HIS HEAD DOWN.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
That's right.

PAT WALKS TO HER.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Not yet.

PAT AS HE STOPS FACE TO FACE WITH TIFFANY AND LOOKS HER IN THE EYES.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Yes. Do you feel that? That's emotion.

PAT
I don't feel anything.

TIFFANY
Has anybody ever told you how Tommy died?

PAT
No.

TIFFANY
We were married for three years and five days, and I loved him. But for the last couple months, I just wasn't into sex at all. It just felt like we were so different and I was depressed. Some of that is just me, some of it was he wanted me to have kids and I have a hard enough time taking care of myself. I don't think that makes me a criminal. Anyway one night after dinner, he drove to Victoria's Secret at King of Prussia Mall and got some lingerie to get something going. And on the way back, he stopped on 76 to help a guy with a flat tire and he got hit by a car and killed. And the Victoria's Secret box was still in the front seat. (pause) That's a feeling.

PAT, VISIBLY UPSET, WATCHES AS TIFFANY TURNS TO HER IPOD. BOB DYLAN'S "GIRL FROM NORTH COUNTRY" DUET WITH JOHNNY CASH STARTS.

PAT AND TIFFANY SIT ON THE FLOOR, FACING EACH OTHER AS THEY LISTEN. CUT TO:

TIFFANY LEADS PAT ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Okay, this is the waltz. I'm gonna teach you the waltz step.

TIFFANY POSITIONS PAT AND GESTURES FOR HIM TO DANCE. HE MOVES AROUND HER as she showed him, his hands on his shoulders.

PAT AND TIFFANY AS THEY DANCE WALTZ CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

DOLORES AND PAT SR. SIT TOGETHER ON THE SOFA. THEY WATCH AS O.S. PAT PASSES BY.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY

PAT FALLS ONTO HIS BED, EXHAUSTED.

PAT'S LEG HITS A STACK OF BOOKS AS HE ROLLS OVER. HE KNOCKS NIKKI'S BOOKS ONTO THE FLOOR.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FOYER - DAY

PAT HURRIES DOWN THE STAIRS. HE WAVES AT DOLORES AND PAT SR.

INT. TIFFANY'S GARAGE/DANCE STUDIO - DAY

TIFFANY IS HOLDING HER IPOD. SHE WATCHES A CLIP OF TWO DANCERS IN AN OLD MOVIE.

PAT AND TIFFANY WATCH THE IPOD.

PAT AND TIFFANY DANCE, COPYING THE MOVES. CAMERA TILTS DOWN ONTO THEIR FEET.

PAT AND TIFFANY AS THEY DANCE. PAT PULLS TIFFANY CLOSE AND THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. SHE SPINS AWAY.

PAT'S HANDS LIFT HIS TRASH BAG AND SWEATSHIRT OFF THE FLOOR, CAMERA TILTS UP WITH HIM. HE LOOKS R. AND REACTS.

PAT'S POV - THE OPEN BATHROOM DOOR, WHICH HAS A MIRROR MOUNTED ON IT. THE MIRROR SHOWS THE REFLECTION OF TIFFANY, IN THE BATHROOM, AS SHE TAKES OFF DANCE TOP, BACK TO HIM.

PAT STARES FROM AFAR--

HE SUDDENLY TURNS AND LEAVES

EXT. MAXWELL HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY

PAT RUNS DOWN GRAVEL DRIVE.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY

PAT LIES ON BED STARES AT CEILING, emotions churning inside.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

PAT CROSSES KITCHEN.

DOLORES
Whoa! Slow down.

PAT STOPS AND TURNS.

PAT
What?

DOLORES
Your father wanted you to have this.

SHE PICKS UP A SECTION OF THE NEWSPAPER AND HANDS IT.

HE TAKES THE NEWSPAPER AND LOOKS AT IT.

PAT
He wants me to have-

THROUGH THE DOORWAY, PAT SR. LISTENS.

PAT (CONT'D)
-all this Eagles information.

DOLORES
It's his living.

PAT
Um, tell Dad thanks.

DOLORES
Your father expects to spend time with you, Pat.

PAT NODS. HE OPENS THE BACK DOOR.

INT. TIFFANY'S GARAGE/DANCE STUDIO - DAY

TIFFANY HOLDS UP THE NEWSPAPER AND A BOOK.

TIFFANY
Football stays out of this place, so does “Lord of the Flies.”

PAT
Wait, wait, no, no, no, what are you doing? I'm behind on my syllabus.

TIFFANY
I don’t give a fuck.

PAT
What the hell are you doing?

TIFFANY STEPS TO DOORWAY --

EXT. TIFFANY’S GARAGE - DAY

TIFFANY THROWS THE NEWSPAPER AND BOOK TO DRIVEWAY.

PAT (O.S.)
Hey, hey!

INT. TIFFANY’S GARAGE/DANCE STUDIO - DAY

PAT
Did you just throw that outside?

TIFFANY
What? You’re not gonna read that shit on my time. I can tell you all about the “Lord of the Flies.” It’s a bunch of boys on an island and they have a conch -- they have a shell -- and whoever has the conch has the power and they can talk. And if you don’t have the conch, then you don’t have the power. And then there’s a little chubby boy, and they call him Piggy and they’re really mean, and then there’s a murder. I mean, humanity is just nasty and there’s no silver lining.

PAT
Wow. That was a great synopsis. I still need to read it, though.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

PAT (CONT’D)
Who’s that?

PAT OPENS THE DOOR.

PAT (CONT'D)
What the....? (laughing) What are you doing here, man?

DANNY WALKS INTO THE ROOM.

DANNY
If one of your two supervising physicians loses their license, then your whole ajudication is thrown out.

PAT
How'd you know we were here?

DANNY
I went by your parents' house looking for you and they told me you was over here.

PAT
Danny, this is Tiffany. (to Tiffany) Tiffany, this is Danny.

TIFFANY
Hello. Pat told me about you.

DANNY
So is the girl, that you wrote about?

PAT
Yeah.

TIFFANY
What? He wrote about me? I'm "the girl"?

DANNY
He wrote about you, all right.

TIFFANY
What'd he say?

DANNY
He said you guys was helping each other out and you were nice and had a mouth on you, that you were mouthy, but--

PAT
Whoa, whoa, that's enough.

TIFFANY
No, please, tell me more about what he said in the letter.

PAT
Yeah, anything you wanna know, I'll just tell you. It was nothing. It was just a very general letter.

TIFFANY
Cool.

DANNY
(looks at Tiffany)
She's fine.

PAT
She is my friend with an "F."

DANNY
A capital "F."

PAT
For "friend."

The three stand there awkwardly for a beat.

DANNY
Hey, can I see what you guys are doing?

PAT
Yeah.

TIFFANY
Okay.

SHE TURNS ON MUSIC: PAT AND TIFFANY DANCE SIDE BY SIDE.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
And then this goes into something else.

DANNY
That's it?

PAT
Why? What is it, what is it, what is it.

DANNY
Can I say something? Do you mind?

TIFFANY
No.

DANNY
You sure?

PAT
Just say it. Say it.

TIFFANY
No, please.

DANNY
I think Pat, you should be facing Tiffany.

DANNY STEPS TO PAT AND TIFFANY, REMOVING HIS JACKET.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Let me show you, Pat, let me show you what I mean. You gotta come at her with a little bit more soul, man.

HE HANDS HIS JACKET TO PAT AND FACES TIFFANY.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(to Tiffany)
You should move more hips.

TIFFANY AND DANNY. PAT WATCHES, STANDING BEHIND DANNY.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(to Pat)
Just, just sort of come in, Pat, come in like this. And....

DANNY DANCES, DEMONSTRATING.

PAT
Okay.

DANNY
Yeah. Can you move 'em a little bit more? Yeah, that's it. Move 'em a bit more.

PAST DANNY, TO TIFFANY AS SHE DANCES. TIFFANY CHUCKLES

DANNY (CONT'D)
You could turn around, too, there's nothing wrong with that. Yeah. You're pretty good.

TIFFANY, DANNY AND PAT AS THEY DANCE. ONE HAND ON HER WAIST.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(hums)
Mm, yeah.

PAT ENTERS, STEPPING BETWEEN DANNY AND TIFFANY.

PAT
Okay, we got it, we got it.

DANNY
Okay. Okay.

DANNY MOVES, EXITING. AS PAT AND TIFFANY DANCE.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Come on, Pat, come on. A little bit more soul. Black it up, Pat.

PAT
"Black it up"?

DANNY
You know damn well what it means.

TIFFANY LAUGHS.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Oh, wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute. Oh, man! I got an idea.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON DANNY. CAMERA TILTS UP OVER DANNY AND TIFFANY AS THEY JUMP UP REPEATEDLY, HOLDING HANDS AND MOVING IN A CIRCLE.

PAT WATCHES AS DANNY AND TIFFANY JUMP TOGETHER.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Come get some, Pat. Come get some.

PAT BEGINS JUMPING WITH TIFFANY. CUT TO: DANNY WITH TIFFANY AGAIN.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Shuffle back, shuffle back. Shuffle back, shuffle back. Girl, you gotta move your junk.

TIFFANY'S HIPS AS SHE DANCES. DANNY DANCES WITH HER. MUSIC STOPS.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I gotta get out of here. I gotta go see this girl, Tanya. She lives on this side of town.

PAT
Yeah, go see Tanya. Good idea.

DANNY
Okay, man, hey. I'm gonna be there, man. I want you guys to win!

TIFFANY
Bye!

DANNY
Excelsior, Pat!

PAT
Excelsior!

DANNY
That's my man.

DANNY EXITS.

TIFFANY AND PAT SMILE.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - MORNING

PAT, ASLEEP IN BED.

PAT SR. WALKS INTO THE ATTIC. HE SITS DOWN ON THE BED NEXT TO PAT.

PAT SR. TOUCHES PAT'S SHOULDER.

PAT SR.
Hey. Patty.

PAT WAKES.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
Pat.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
Patty. Where have you been? Huh?

PAT GROANS.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
We got a serious situation on our hands, you know that.

Pat looks concerned, he could be in trouble.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
We gotta beat the Giants if we wanna have a chance of getting into the division, any chance of playing in the playoffs. Do you realize that?

PAT
I didn't realize that.

PAT SR.
Yeah, that’s the bind we’re in. I mean, I think it would be wise if we spent father-son time, reading about the Eagles, talking about them, just to strengthen the good luck thing that you’re in.

PAT
Okay.

PAT SR.
Yeah?

PAT
Right.

PAT SR.
Hmm?

PAT SR. LOOKS AWAY.

PAT SR. (CONT’D)
I just wanted to, maybe I didn’t, spend enough time with you growing up. I spent too much time with your brother. It might have made you feel worse about your behavior, but I didn’t know anything, I didn’t know how to handle it. I mean, that's what all this Eagles stuff is about. It’s about us, spending time now. I wanna do everything I can to help you get back on your feet. That’s the whole point. Yeah. I wish you'd watch these games with me so we could talk, we could get into things. (inhales) So would you, would you just come downstairs and talk to me and Randy now?

PAT SR. TOUCHES PAT’S CHEEK. PAT, MOVED, NODS.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

RANDY SITS AT THE TABLE, DRINKING COFFEE.

PAT SR.
Randy, tell him what I'm doing.

RANDY
He's betting everything on the Giant game. Everything.

RANDY (CONT'D)
All the money that he needs for the restaurant, he's betting on the Giant game.

PAT SR.
Tell him why.

RANDY
Because he believes in you.

PAT
Is that true?

PAT SR.
I believe in you, Patty. I believe in you. I want you to know that. So I'm gonna bet heavy on this game.

DOLORES STARES INTENSELY AT PAT.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
You understand?

PAT
Yeah.

PAT SR.
Heavy. I want you to go to the game with your brother.

PAT
You want me to go to the game with Jake?

PAT SR.
Of course I do.

JAKE
Does he want me to go?

PAT SR.
Of course he wants you to go.

PAT
He told you that?

PAT SR.
He told me, yes.

PAT
Even with all his friends?

PAT SR.
With all his friends. He trusts you.

PAT
He’s not embarrassed?

PAT SR.
No. I'd love to go to the game, too, but as you know, I'm banned from the stadium. ‘Cause I’d love to see us beat the Giants and take a lot of money from this asshole.

RANDY
Listen, personally, I think it’s a stupid bet. As a matter of fact, I think it’s ridiculous to bet all that dough for the restaurant on a game.

PAT SR.
Randy. (to Pat) I just hope you heard what I said. It’s like a family business, it’s our family endeavor. We all stick together on this. That’s how it works. That’s a positive, positive vibe.

PAT
I made a commitment to Tiffany about a project, and we have a very important part of it that we have to go over on Sunday, and it’s good for me, Dad. It’s making me disciplined and focused, and it’s, it’s--, I never would’ve thought this, but it’s a good thing.

PAT SR.
What is this thing you're doing?

DOLORES
Yeah, what is it? What is this project, hon?

PAT
It's a dance thing, okay? There’s nothing more to it, Dad. I swear.

DOLORES STEPS TO PAT, KISSES HIS FOREHEAD.

INT. TIFFANY’S GARAGE/DANCE STUDIO - DAY

TIFFANY AND PAT.

PAT
Listen, I need to ask you something.
(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)
Tomorrow can I spend half the day with you and half the day at the Eagles game?

TIFFANY
I'm gonna pretend that you didn't just ask me that.

PAT
Why?

TIFFANY
These are the two days that you have promised me and that we have prepared to nail the big move. It's not ready yet. And we don't have a move yet.

PAT
I know, but my dad opened up to me and it was really beautiful and I wanna be of service to him, okay? And he's worried that the juju from the Eagles is being fucked up and he's concerned that it's because I'm spending time with you.

TIFFANY
Oh, *I* messed up the Eagles' juju?

PAT
No, you're not messing up the juju, but the juju is messed up because I'm not with him during the games.

TIFFANY
Guess what?

PAT
What?

TIFFANY
Nikki replied to your letter.

TIFFANY STEPS TO THE STAIRCASE, LIFTING AN ENVELOPE.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(interrupting)
But you can't read it until after you nail the big move. Go.

PAT SIGHS AS SHE TURNS SHARPLY, PLACES THE ENVELOPE ON THE STAIRCASE AGAIN. CUT TO:

PAT BRACES HIMSELF AT FAR SIDE OF STUDIO TO CATCH TIFFANY'S BIG LEAP -- TIFFANY BRACES HERSELF TO RUN -- SHE RUNS -- LEAPS -- THE FALL. THEY DO IT AGAIN, SAME RESULTS.

PAT
Tiff, I'm sorry. I can't do anything else without reading Nikki's letter, okay? It's just--, it's in the back of my head. We don't almost have it, all right?

TIFFANY
I just hope you can handle it.

PAT
Thank you.

TIFFANY PICKS UP THE ENVELOPE AND TURNS.

PAT (CONT'D)
What was her energy when she gave it to you?

TIFFANY
She was intrigued, excited, and a little scared.

PAT
She was scared? About what? Did she tell you?

PAT TAKES THE ENVELOPE.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN ONTO HIS HANDS, OPENING THE ENVELOPE.

TIFFANY
Try to stay positive.

PAT'S HANDS UNFOLD THE TYPED LETTER.

PAT
I'm just gonna read it out loud, okay? Because if she says anything that's, you know, is that too much to ask?

TIFFANY
No.

PAT LOOKS DOWN AT THE LETTER, READING SILENTLY.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
I thought you were gonna read it out loud.

PAT
Okay. Sorry.
(reading)
(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)
"Dear Pat, It was very emotional for me to get your letter, as I'm sure you can imagine, but I'm glad you took the risk of discreetly getting it to me through Tiffany. This gives us a chance to communicate while I keep the restraining order until I feel safe. I must admit you sound terrific and I'm happy that you are feeling so positive and becoming a more loving and caring man, which I always knew you were. I was moved to read about 'Excelsior' and your belief in happy endings. I am also moved by your act of love to read the books I have taught at the high school. I'm sorry you find them so negative, but I disagree. I think they are great works of art that reflect how hard life can be and they can also help kids prepare themselves for the hardness of life. In spite of all these positive developments, Pat, I have to say if it's me reading the signs, I need to see something to prove you are ready to resume our marriage. Otherwise I find myself thinking that we might both be better off moving on with our lives separately. Please don't react quickly to this, but take time to think about it. I'm glad you're doing so well. Love, Nikki."

PAT FOLDS UP THE LETTER AGAIN. He is kind of crying.

PAT (CONT'D)
I think I'm done for today, okay?

TIFFANY
(follows him to door)
She said to show her something, Pat. This dance can be that something. You would have never done something like this in a million years. It shows all kinds of skills on so many different levels: focus, collaboration, discipline. It's romantic, like I said it would be. It's for her.

PAT
(over his shoulder)
Thanks for the letter. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?

PAT WALKS OUT.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

MONTAGE OF SCENES SHOWING FOOTBALL FANS ARRIVING.

PEOPLE (indistinct chatter - continues under following scenes and dialogue)

INT. PAT SR.'S CAR - DAY

PAT AND PAT SR.

PAT
Can I use your phone?

PAT SR.
Is it an emergency?

PAT
Yeah, kind of.

PAT SR.
What kind of emergency?

PAT
Well, I'm just doing this project with Tiffany and I wanted to tell her I'm not gonna be on time.

PAT SR.
Just don't make her an emergency, that crazy girl, you know?

PAT
She's not crazy -- I'll just borrow Jake's phone. It's too bad you can't come in to the stadium, but I know you were kicked out, you know, for beating everybody up. Guess we're not that different, huh, Dad?

PAT SR.
That a bad thing?

PAT
No, I think, it's a good thing.

PAT SR. SLOWS THE CAR AND PARKS AT THE CURB.

PAT SR.
Don't drink too much. Don't hit anybody. You'll be fine.

PAT
Yeah. I'm solid.

EXT. STADIUM/PARKING LOT - DAY

'HELLO OPERATOR' BY WHITE STRIPES plays as PAT WALKS, PASSING PEOPLE HAVING TAILGATING PARTIES, DRINKING AND EATING.

PEOPLE (indistinct chatter - continues under following scenes and dialogue)

JAKE INTRODUCES PAT HIS GROUP OF MALE FRIENDS.

JAKE
This is my little brother Pat.

JAKE AND PAT, WHO SHAKES HANDS WITH AN O.S. MAN.

PAT
Hey, how you doing?

GUY #1
So, Pat, what's this I hear about you just gettin' out?

GUY #2
(laughs) Yeah, from the looney bin!

GUY #1 LAUGHS

JAKE
What the fuck?! I talked to you about that already!

JAKE (CONT'D)
I told you guys--

PAT
(interrupting)
It's all right.

JAKE
Huh? No.

JAKE AND PAT. GUY #2 ENTERS, EMBRACING PAT.

PAT
It's alright.

GUY #2
He's a good dude! He's a good dude.

THE GROUP GATHERS AROUND PAT, LIFTING CUPS OF BEER.

A HORN HONKS.

JAKE
Oh, shit! The Asian invasion!

PAST PEOPLE, TO A LARGE BUS INDIAN PAINTED WITH THE EAGLES COLORS AND LOGO. IT SLOWLY MOVES R. THROUGH THE CROWD.

JAKE (CONT'D)
They're here every week!

MONTAGE OF SCENES SHOWING A GROUP OF INDIAN MEN WALKING OFF THE BUS.

PAT
(can't believe his eyes)
No!

PAT WALKS, CAMERA MOVING BACK WITH HIM.

GUY #1
Uh, Jake you better get your brother.

GUY #2
Cuckoo bird's takin' off.

PAT
Doctor Patel!

DR. PATEL TURNS, REVEALING THAT HALF OF HIS FACE IS PAINTED GREEN.

DR. PATEL
Pat!

PAT
Hey! What are you doing here?

DR. PATEL
You know, we must beat the Giants, my brother.

PAT
I'm not supposed to be seeing you, right? Outside the office?

DR. PATEL
Pat, Pat.

PAT
That's illegal!

DR. PATEL
Pat, today I'm your brother in green, not your therapist. I'm so happy to see you. How wonderful that you are here!

PAT
Hey, Jake this is Cliff. This is my doctor, Cliff.

JAKE
Look, two things. We gotta watch that bubble screen for fuckin' Manning in the backfield and we gotta make sure we knock the receivers on their ass on the line of scrimmage.

DR. PATEL
You can say that again. Those cocksuckers!

DR. PATEL, PAT and JAKE LAUGH.

RONNIE, PAT AND THEIR FRIENDS LIFT THEIR CUPS OF BEER INTO THE AIR TO RARE EARTH'S "HEY, BIG BROTHER".

RONNIE DANCES IN FRONT OF THE CROWD, HOLDING HIS CUP OF BEER.

THE SONG PLAYS

PAT ENTERS L. AND FACES RONNIE. THEY BEGIN FLAPPING THEIR ARMS AS IF THEY WERE EAGLES.

RONNIE MOVES IN FRONT OF THE CROWD, SHAKING HIS FIST.

RONNIE
Okay, you know what? I don't have her phone number. If you want, if you really want, you can call Veronica 'cause she does, but I don't want to talk to Veronica.

PAT
Why don't you wanna talk to Veronica?

RONNIE
Because she brings me down, man! She just brings me down.

PAT
You have to change. You're not gonna throw the marriage away. There's some kind of love there. I know, I used to see it.

PAT (CONT'D)
You guys have a beautiful thing that got broken somewhere along the line and you gotta fix it like a chiropractor. You gotta give it a chiropractic adjustment.

RONNIE CHUCKLES

PAT (CONT'D)
Enough with awkwardness! I don't wanna walk in your house and not be able to say what I wanna say.

RONNIE
You're right, man. You're right, you're right, you're right, you're right, man.

A MALE EAGLES FAN WALKS THROUGH THE CROWD, FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL MALE FRIENDS.

FAN #1
Eagles, baby! Yeah! Let's go!

THEY LOOK AS THEY WALK TOWARD THE O.S. BUS.

FAN #1 (CONT'D)
What the fuck? What's that smell?

FAN #1 AND HIS FRIENDS LOOK BG. AT SEVERAL INDIAN MEN IN FRONT OF THE BUS.

FAN #1 (CONT'D)
Nasty Indian curry! This is America, baby! Go back to your country!

RONNIE, PAT AND JAKE. RONNIE LOOKS AT FAN #1 AND HIS FRIENDS, HARASSING THE INDIANS.

PAT
What, what's wrong?

AN INDIAN MAN SHOVES FAN #1 AWAY.

INDIAN MAN
Hey!

FAN #1 PUNCHES THE INDIAN MAN IN THE FACE.,

INDIAN MAN GRUNTS AND FALLS.

RONNIE
Whoa, whoa, what's going on?

JAKE
Stay back, Pat. Stay back.

FAN #1 PUNCHES ANOTHER INDIAN MAN.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Leave the fucking Indians alone.

PAT WATCHES. RONNIE ENTERS.

RONNIE
Stay here, stay here!

PAT
I'm not gonna go anywhere.

RONNIE
Don't get in a fight!

JAKE IS SURROUNDED BY FAN #1 AND HIS FRIENDS.

PAT
I'm not gonna fight. I'm not gonna fight.

JAKE STRUGGLES AS ONE OF FAN #1'S FRIENDS GRABS HIM. OTHER FRIENDS AND INDIANS FIGHT.

PAT (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Hey, not my brother! Hey, hey, hey!

CAMERA SWISH PANS ONTO ONE OF THE MEN PUNCHING JAKE.

COP
(over bullhorn)
Break it up or you'll be arrested!

PAT PUNCHES ONE OF FAN #1'S FRIENDS AND MOVES PAST HIM.

CAMERA SWISH PANS ONTO SEVERAL COPS AS THEY GRAB DR. PATEL.

COPS GRAB PAT.

PAT PUNCHES FAN #1'S FRIEND AS THE SECURITY GUARDS PULL PAT.

PAT YELLS.

INT. TIFFANY'S GARAGE/DANCE STUDIO - DAY

TIFFANY SITS ALONE ON THE FLOOR, WAITING.

TIFFANY GRABS HER COAT AND EXITS.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM- DAY

PAT SR. STEPS IN.

PAT SR.
What'd you do?

PAT, JAKE, DR. PATEL AND RONNIE WALK INTO THE ROOM.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
What happened?

PAT
Dad--

PAT SR.
(interrupting)
What the fuck happened?

PAT
Dad.

PAT. DR. PATEL, RONNIE AND JAKE STAND BEHIND HIM.

PAT SR.
The birds lose, I lose a fuckin' fortune, a fortune to Randy! What the fuck did you do?! You fucking lost it! I thought you said you had it together! You were solid!

PAT
I am solid. I was solid at the game, Dad. I'm solid, I'm solid now.

PAT SR.
You fell apart! What are you fucking talking about?!

DR. PATEL
Your son was trying to--

PAT SR.
It's all fucking ruined now. It's all ruined.

PAT
No, Dad!

PAT SR. TURNS, REMOVING HIS JERSEY. PAT STEPS TOWARD HIM.

PAT SR. AS HE STRUGGLES TO PULL HIS JERSEY OFF.

PAT SR.
(yelling)
It's all fucking ruined now! It's all fucking ruined!

PAT
No, Dad, Dad, Dad, don't!

PAT SR.
(yelling)
It's all ruined, you little fucking shit!

PAT
No, Dad! I didn't do a fucking thing! Come on, Dad!

PAT SR.
(yelling)
You loser! You loser!

PAT SR. SHOVES PAT.

PAT
(emotional)
I'm not a loser.

PAT SR.
You fucking loser! You ruined everything!

DR. PATEL
He was defending his brother!

PAT CRIES

PAT SR.
You fucking idiot! You spike the ball on the one yard line, you fucking idiot!

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

DOLORES LOOKS AT THE FRONT DOOR.

THE GROUP WATCHES AS TIFFANY WALKS INTO THE ROOM.

PAT SR. (CONT'D)
Who is this?! Who's this?!

TIFFANY WALKS TO PAT.

TIFFANY
We need to talk right now! When you make a serious commitment to somebody, it is not cool to not show up!

PAT
Wait a second, I tried to call, my God, what's happening, I called--, but I tried to call you, Tiffany, I--

PAT SR.
Who is this? What is this?

TIFFANY
Oh, really?

PAT
Yes.

PAT (CONT'D)
I told you I was gonna split my time with my dad and you, and my dad was pulling me in one direction. Doctor Patel, Ronnie--

TIFFANY
Well, that sounds great, Pat. That's great for all of them, but all of them didn't make a commitment to me in return for my help. I'm Tiffany, by the way.

PAT SR.
What is this craziness with Tiffany Maxwell?

PAT
There's no craziness. I told you who she was, I was doing this thing with her. We had a conversation!

PAT SR.
She's fucking nuts! When you started spending time with her, it all fell apart. This is the fucking reason right here.

TIFFANY
You think I fucked up the Eagles' juju, don't you?

PAT SR.
Ever since, ever since he was with you, ever since--

TIFFANY
(interrupting)
You think that I'm why today's happened?

PAT SR.
That's right, you are why today happened.

TIFFANY
I'm the reason why today happened?

PAT SR.
I think so.

TIFFANY
Let's talk about that.

PAT SR.
Be my guest.

TIFFANY
The first night that Pat and I met at my sister's, the Eagles beat the Forty Niners handily, forty to twenty-six. The second time we got together we went for a run and the Phillies beat the Dodgers seven to five in the NLCS.

JAKE
She’s right, Dad.

TIFFANY
The *next* time we went for a run the Eagles beat the Falcons, twenty-seven to fourteen.

PAT
Wow.

TIFFANY
The third time we got together we had Raisin Bran in the diner and the Phillies dominated Tampa Bay in the fourth game of the World Series, ten to two.

PAT
Oh, wow.

PAT SR.
Let me think about that. Wait a minute.

TIFFANY
Well, why don’t you think about when the Eagles beat the Seahawks, fourteen to seven.

PAT SR.
He was with you?

TIFFANY
He was with me. We went for a run.

RONNIE
Really? That’s crazy.

TIFFANY
There have been no games since Pat and I have been rehearsing every day and if Pat had been with me like he was supposed to, he wouldn't have gotten in a fight, he wouldn't be in trouble, maybe the Eagles beat the New York Giants.

JAKE
She’s making a lot of sense, Pop. That’s all right on all counts.

TIFFANY
Does anybody here happen to know what the official motto of the state of New York is on the official seal of the State of New York? Huh? Anybody? (to Pat Sr.) Do you? Do you know? “Excelsior.” Look it up. Yeah, “Excelsior.”

DOLORES
Oh Pat.

TIFFANY
Not that I give a fuck about football or about your superstitions, but if it's me reading the signs, I don't send the Eagles guy whose personal motto is “Excelsior,” to a fucking Giants game, especially when he's already in a legal situation.

RONNIE
Unbelievable.

PAT
Wow. How did you know all that stuff?

TIFFANY
I did my research.

SHE SNAPS OFF A BEER BOTTLE CAP AND DRINKS.

PAT SR.
Well, I gotta say, I’m impressed.

TIFFANY
Thank you.

PAT SR.
I gotta rethink this whole thing. I didn’t trust it before, but I gotta say, now I do.

PAT
Oh, now you like her, Dad?

PAT SR.
I have to say I do. Yup.

RANDY
Patrizio, I feel terrible, you know? You made the bet, I won a lot of money, and now look, your whole family is in turmoil.

TIFFANY
Oh, fuck off, Randy. You love it. You live for this shit. You've been betting against my father for years.

PAT
Is that right?

TIFFANY
You're twisting the knife right now. You get off on it!

RANDY
That’s bullshit! That’s not true! Don’t say that!

TIFFANY
You get off on it! If not, then prove it. Prove it.

PAT SR.
Yeah, prove it, prove it!

RANDY
How do you want me to prove it?

PAT SR.
How’s he gonna prove it?

TIFFANY
By giving them the chance to win back everything, double or nothing.

PAT
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

RANDY
Double or nothing on the Bengals, next week? Is that what you’re saying?

TIFFANY
No.

She pauses, turns dramatically to Randy.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Against the Cowboys.

EVERYONE GASPS.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
That's your team isn't it, Randy?

PAT
That's his team!

TIFFANY
I know who his team is.

RANDY
When is the game?

TIFFANY
December twenty-eight, last game of the season.

PAT
Oh, my God.

TIFFANY
Same day as the Benjamin Franklin Pairs Open Freestyle Dance Competition.

DOLORES
Oh God.

PAT SR.
Randy, I thought they were America's Team. Don't you believe in America's Team?

TIFFANY
Yeah, Randy, don't you believe in America's Team?

RANDY
Yeah, I believe in America's Team but if I win that bet, I win your book, you're out of action, you get no restaurant, no nothing.

PAT SR.
I like it.

DOLORES
No. No, Patrizio--

PAT SR.
I believe in the Eagles, I believe in my son, I'll take the action. I'll take it.

PAT
Dad!

DOLORES
Patrizio, don't! It's toxic!

PAT SR.
I have faith, I have faith. Excelsior belongs in this house--

PAT
Dad--

PAT SR.
--not in the State of New York. In this house.

PAT
Dad, listen to me. I didn't know that "Excelsior" was the state motto of New York, okay?

PAT SR.
I didn't know, either, but now I know.

PAT
I know, but listen to me, this is toxic. Dad, Dad, Dad, this is toxic, you shouldn't be doing this, you shouldn't be doing--

PAT SR.
Randy, what do you say-- (to Pat) Be quiet, shut up. You already did enough. (to Randy) Randy, what do you say? My birds, Benjamin Franklin's team favored by one and a half points. I'll give you three more.

DOLORES
Patrizio, stop it! And Randy, don't you take the bet!

PAT SR.
In fact, I'll give you ten points.

PAT
No, Dad! Dad!

JAKE
Dad!

PAT SR.
You have to take that bet on the Cowboys.

RANDY
Dolores, would you stop him?

JAKE
Jesus!

PAT SR.
How could you not take that bet? Even with the ten points I give you, that's an insane spread to your advantage. Cowboys are cowards. And I'll bet you're such a coward, you won't take the ten. Plus, are you listening, plus whatever their score is at the dance thing. (to Tiffany) What's that? Tiffany, what's that?

PAT
What? No, no, no, no.

RANDY
You’re crazy to give away that many points. That’s ridiculous! I won’t take that! However, wait a second. I do like the idea of a parlay.

DOLORES
What? No parlay! No!

PAT
No, don’t do it. Don’t do it.

RANDY
Pat, how do they run this dance competition? I mean, how do they score it and everything?

PAT
I don’t know, I don’t know how they fucking score! We’re participating. We’re not, we’re not a part of it. There are people, this is a high-end dance contest. I don’t know. Do not put it as part of the parlay, Randy. Don’t--

TIFFANY
They go by the Philadelphia rules. Each dancer is scored on a scale of one to ten, ten being the highest. You have to average the four judges' scores.

RANDY
Okay, score is from one to ten, right? And you guys are how good?

PAT
We suck.

TIFFANY
We don't suck. Pat's a beginner, I'm okay, we're happy just to be going there.

RANDY
And how are the people you're competing against?

TIFFANY
They're good. Some of them are professionals.

RANDY
They're good? Better than you?

Pause. Tiffany says nothing.

PAT
A lot better.

RANDY
A lot better. So if I was to say you only have to score five, I would be really very generous, right?

PAT
No, no, that would be amazing if we got five. Let's not get away--

TIFFANY
Oh, come on, we can get a five out of ten! Gimme a break! Gimme me a break!

PAT
We can't get five!

PAT SR.
Give 'em a five. Give 'em a five.

TIFFANY
We can do a five.

PAT
What are you talking about, Dad? You haven't even seen us dance!

RANDY
That's the parlay.

DR. PATEL
Will somebody please explain to me the parlay? Please?

RONNIE
You gotta win two bets or you lose the whole thing. For Pat Sr. to win, the birds gotta beat the Cowboys *plus* Pat and Tiffany gotta get at least a five at the dance.

DR. PATEL
That's very, very manic indeed.

RONNIE
That's the parlay.

RANDY
Shake on it.

PAT
You know what? I'm not gonna be a part of this. (to Randy) Randy, Randy, you're a sickness. You're a fucking sickness, Randy. I'm out.

TIFFANY
Pat, you can't quit.

PAT
I'm not doing the dance. I'm out.

TIFFANY
Pat, calm down. Thank about it.

PAT
See you later.

TIFFANY
Pat, no.

PAT SR.
What are you doing?

TIFFANY
Pat.

PAT
(walking out)
I’m out.

PAT SR.
(follows him)
Here we are again at the one yard line. DeSean, snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. There you go.

PAT
What does that even mean, Dad? I’m not gonna make that, that, that connection that you’re making with DeSean Jackson. It doesn’t matter anymore okay? Just because I have the fucking jersey on...I’m not gonna do it. I’m sorry.

TIFFANY
You are not a stand up guy right now. If it's me reading the signs...if it’s me reading the signs--

PAT
If it's you reading the signs? You’re reading the signs? Oh, okay.

PAT STEPS THROUGH THE DOORWAY

DOLORES
Pat!

TIFFANY
You are not a stand up guy!

DOLORES
Pat!

PAT SIGHS.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TIFFANY AND PAT SR.

PAT SR. GRUMBLES.

DOLORES
I told you not to push it.

PAT SR.
Yeah, but he’s gotta do this thing. He can’t be a quitter. He cannot be a quitter.

DOLORES
(sighs)
You took that stupid parlay thing, and now he won't do the dance and it was very constructive for him, and you ruined it.

TIFFANY
There's only one way to get him to show.

PAT SR.
What's that?

DOLORES
Oh, what's that?

TIFFANY
We have to tell him Nikki's gonna be there.

They stare at her.

EXT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - EVENING

PAT STANDS. HE GLANCE. OVER HIS SHOULDER, REACTING, AND PULLS THE LETTER OUT OF HIS POCKET.

PAT'S HANDS AS HE UNFOLDS THE LETTER. CAMERA TILTS UP ONTO HIS FACE.

CU - THE END OF THE LETTER.

CU - THE BEGINNING OF THE LETTER.

PAT AS HE READS.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/KITCHEN - EVENING

DOLORES
She won't come. She can't come.

TIFFANY
We have to *tell* him that she's coming.

PAT SR.
We have to tell him that she's going.

DOLORES
But that's a lie!

TIFFANY
It's a white lie.

PAT SR.
It's a white lie, what's that matter? That's no big deal. So it's a little lie.

TIFFANY
There's no other way.

PAT SR.
You know, we gotta leave a trail of bread crumbs so that he can live his life without ruining it.

DOLORES
No. I don't approve. You can't do it.

PAT SR.
Well, you know, I didn't approve when you called her and you told her where he was running, so she could ambush him. I didn't approve of that, but you did it anyway, so I'm doing this anyway. That's it.

TIFFANY
We're gonna tell him Nikki'll be there.

PAT SR.
(to Dolores)
You *gotta* be part of it.

TIFFANY
We have to do it.

DOLORES
Aren't you nervous to be lying?

TIFFANY
Yeah. A little bit. But it's for the best.

EXT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - EVENING

PAT AS HE READS THE LETTER.

PAT
(reading)
"...but if it was me reading the signs...."

PAT REACTS. HE LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER. HE TURNS, LOOKING AT THE LETTER. HE JUST FIGURED SOMETHING OUT: Tiffany wrote the letter, not Nikki.

STUNNED, PAT FOLDS THE LETTER AND WALKS BG. DOWN THE STAIRS. STOPS AND LOOKS BACK AT THE HOUSE then at the sky -- he can't believe Tiffany lied to him. Emotions course through him.

MUSIC SCORE PLAYS --

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/KITCHEN - EVENING

PAT SR.
That's it.

DOLORES
Okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - EVENING

PAT RUNS THROUGH THE RAIN.

INT. TIFFANY'S GARAGE/DANCE STUDIO - DAY

TIFFANY, SITTING ON THE FLOOR AND STRETCHING.

TIFFANY
Hey.

PAT ENTERS, SITS DOWN NEXT TO HER.

PAT
Hey, what's up? Sorry I'm late.

TIFFANY
It's fine.

TIFFANY WRAPS DUCT TAPE AROUND PAT'S SNEAKER.

HE WATCHES HER CAREFULLY, stares at her. Thinking.

EXT. SOLATANO HOUSE - EVENING

CAMERA TILTS DOWN OVER THE HOUSE, DECORATED WITH CHRISTMAS LIGHTS AND NATIVITY FIGURES ON THE LAWN.

FRANK SINATRA'S "HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS" PLAYS.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

SEVERAL HANDS LIFT DRINKS FROM A TRAY.

TIFFANY'S MOTHER
Is everything all right?

PAT SR.
Everything is fine. Cheers.

PAT SR. HOLDS UP HIS GLASS.

GROUP CHEERS.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/ATTIC - EVENING

PAT STARES AT TIFFANY AS SHE STRUGGLES TO TIE HIS NECKTIE. SHE FUMBLES. She is agitated as he studies her.

TIFFANY
This isn't working!

TIFFANY YANKS OFF THE NECKTIE AND STEPS. PAT WATCHES.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Stupid!

TIFFANY'S HANDS SORTS THROUGH A BOX OF TIES ON THE BED.

TIFFANY HOLDS ANOTHER TIE. SHE PLACES IT AROUND HIS NECK.

PAT WATCHES HER.

TIFFANY STRUGGLES TO TIE THE TIE.

SHE WORKS. CAMERA TILTS UP ONTO PAT'S FACE.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
This just isn't working!

SHE WALKS WITH THE TIE.

PAT UNBUTTONS HIS TOP SHIRT BUTTON. TIFFANY REACHES DOWN INTO THE BOX OF TIES. PAT PULLS ON HIS JACKET.

PAT LIFTS AN ENVELOPE FROM A TABLE.

PAT
Come on, it's gonna be great.
Nikki's gonna be there. You know?
Everything's gonna come together.
It's what's meant to be. You okay?

SHE NODS.

PAT (CONT'D)
Don't get wobbly on me.

TIFFANY
I’m not.

PAT
We have a dance to do. We have a parlay. You gotta stay focused.

TIFFANY
I’m focused.

PAT
Okay, let’s go.

EXT. HOTEL - EVENING

CAMERA TILTS DOWN OVER THE HOTEL. PAT SR.’S CAR ENTERS AND PARKS AT THE CURB.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY - EVENING

PAT AND TIFFANY WALK, LOOKING AROUND. PAT SR. AND DOLORES FOLLOW.

PAT
Look at the dancers. You see them?

TIFFANY
Shit.

PAT SR. AND DOLORES WALK BG. TO THE LOUNGE AREA, WHICH IS SET UP WITH TELEVISIONS SHOWING THE FOOTBALL GAME. RANDY AND JAKE ARE IN BG.

PAT SR.
Hey, Randy, Jake. What do we got?

JAKE
Dallas just tied with another field goal, three-three. I’m worried about the bet.

PAT SR.
Don’t worry about the bet.

JAKE
I’m worried about the bet.

PAT SR.
Holy shit.

PAST PAT SR. TO THE DANCERS AS THEY REHEARSE.

PAT SR. (CONT’D)
Is this “Dancing with the Stars”?

DOLORES
Well, you knew that. Maybe you should've scouted 'em.

RANDY
(laughing)
Look at those fucking dancers! You can give me the money now, you know?

PAT SR.
(to Pat)
Patty, Patty, all we have to do is we have to make a five. That's all. You stay here and watch the game with me.

TIFFANY
The birds are better when Pat is with me. We settled that.

PAT SR.
Stay for the next quarter.

PAT
Relax, we're gonna do fine, okay? I'll see you in a little bit. I'll see you up there, okay?

PAT SR.
Okay.

DANNY ENTERS WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND, TANYA.

DANNY
Hey, Pat, Tiffany!

PAT
Hey.

DANNY
What a glorious, beautiful occasion, man.

PAT
Yeah, yeah. All right, buddy, I'll see you. Alright. Wish me luck, man.

DR. PATEL
Excelsior!

Pat and Tiffany walk to sign in.

PAT
(Notices he and Tiffany are holding hands) Wait, what's this?

THEY ARE HOLDING HANDS.

TIFFANY
What? I thought you were doing it.

PAT
Oh, I thought you were doing it.
We're doing a dance thing anyway,
for God's sake.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN ONTO PAT AND TIFFANY'S CLASPED HANDS AS THEY WALK.

PAT (CONT'D)
You okay?

INT. HOTEL/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

TIFFANY AND PAT WALK TOGETHER.

TIFFANY
I want you to remember everything.
I want you to remember all of the
good stuff that we have here.

PAT
Of course I do.

TIFFANY
Just check in. I gotta go find
Veronica.

PAT STEPS TO THE REGISTRATION TABLE.

PAT
Hi, good evening.

MALE OFFICIAL
Evening.

PAT
Check in? How many dancers are
there?

TIFFANY LOOKS DOWN OVER THE RAILING AT THE LOBBY BELOW. SHE SEES: NIKKI WALKING WITH RONNIE AND VERONICA. OH NO.

TIFFANY
(to herself)
What?! Nikki? Nikki. Oh, Jesus.

She seems devastated by Nikki actually being there for Pat.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY - EVENING

TIFFANY WALKS TO VERONICA, STRUGGLING NOT TO CRY.

TIFFANY
(tearfully)
What the fuck?

VERONICA
Sweetie, sweetie. Honey, calm down.

TIFFANY
You're killing me. You're killing me!

VERONICA
Tiffany, please. She'll see how well he's doing, maybe she'll lift the restraining order.

TIFFANY
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

RONNIE
Pat told me. He told me you should never throw a marriage out the window.

TIFFANY
(tearfully)
Pat did not say that. He didn't say that.

RONNIE
He said it several times, Tiffany, and this is his chance. You gotta give him a chance.

TIFFANY BREATHES HEAVILY.

TIFFANY WALKS, PASSING OTHER DANCERS AND SPECTATORS.

SPECTATORS APPLAUD.

SHE STEPS TO THE BAR, SITTING DOWN AT THE COUNTER.

TIFFANY
Bartender! Bartender, can I get a vodka, please?

SPECTATORS APPLAUD, PAT WALKS, LOOKING AROUND.

SPECTATORS APPLAUD.

TIFFANY SITS AT THE BAR, DRINKING. A MAN IS SEATED NEARBY, WATCHING HER DRINK. HE IS THE GUY AT BAR.

GUY AT BAR
So, you want another one?

TIFFANY
Sure.

THE DANCERS AS THEY PERFORM. CAMERA TILTS UP AND PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE PAT, WALKING.

PAST THE DANCERS, TO PAT AS HE WALKS, WATCHING THEM. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

PAT STOPS, LOOKING.

RONNIE, NIKKI AND VERONICA SIT AT A TABLE, WATCHING THE O.S. DANCERS.

SPECTATORS APPLAUD.

CAMERA MOVES PAST THE DANCERS, TO THE TABLE WHERE FOUR JUDGES SIT. CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE JUDGES. TO RONNIE, NIKKI AND VERONICA.

THE GUY AT BAR WITH TIFFANY.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
So what do you do?

GUY AT BAR
I'm a lawyer. Litigator, actually.

TIFFANY
Oh, the arguing kind.

EMCEE (O.S.)
And the scores for Santos and Aguilar are: seven point six, seven point three, seven point four, and six point nine for an average score of seven point three.

CAMERA PANS ONTO THE DANCERS.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY - EVENING

CAMERA PANS OVER A CROWD OF PEOPLE, WATCHING AN O.S. TELEVISION SHOWING THE FOOTBALL GAME.

CAMERA PANS OVER DEPRESSED RANDY AND HOLDS ON CELEBRATING DANNY, PAT SR. AND JAKE.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER
(over television)
Three, two, one! Philadelphia beats Dallas! They are on their way to the playoffs.

GROUP CHEERS.

DANNY
Randy, what the fuck is happening, man?!

PAT SR.
Yeah, Randy, what the fuck is happening?!

INT. HOTEL/BALLROOM - EVENING

A COUPLE AS THEY DANCE.

PAT WALKS, LOOKING AROUND.

PAT SITS DOWN AT A TABLE WITH DR. PATEL AND HIS WIFE. DOLORES SITS.

DOLORES
(whispering)
Where's Tiffany?

PAT
I don't know, Mom. Have you seen her?

DOLORES
You gotta find her.

PAT
I know, Mom, I know.

PAT STANDS AND WALKS R., CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM.

THE SONG PLAYS.

PAT TURNS AND WALKS AND LOOKS AT THE BAR AT TIFFANY, STILL TALKING TO GUY AT BAR.

PAT APPROACHES TIFFANY. ADDRESSES GUY AT BAR.

PAT (CONT'D)
Hey, WHAT are you doing?

GUY AT BAR
She's fine, buddy, she's with me.

PAT
She's fine?

GUY AT BAR
Yeah.

PAT
Why don't you shut up, okay?

PAT TURNS TO TIFFANY.

PAT (CONT'D)
How many drinks have you had?

TIFFANY
I've had two vodkas.

PAT
Listen, I don't know what choices you've made, but you gotta deal with it right now, okay? We're in this.

TIFFANY
We're in what?

SPECTATORS APPLAUD

EMCEE
Next, Pat Solatano and Tiffany Maxwell.

TIFFANY
You know, I used to think that you were the best thing that ever happened to me, but now I think that you might maybe be the worst thing and I'm sorry that I ever met you.

PAT
Good for you.

He pulls her out of her chair to go to the stage. TIFFANY AND PAT WALK TOGETHER, CAMERA MOVING BACK WITH THEM.

EMCEE
And the scores for Makarov and Tretiak are: six point seven, eight point one, seven point five and six point five for an average score of seven point two.

CAMERA DOLLIES L. ONTO THE EMCEE AND THE DANCERS.

INT. HOTEL/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

PAT SR., JAKE, DANNY AND RANDY RUN.

SPECTATORS APPLAUDS.

THEY RUN L. INTO THE BALLROOM.

INT. HOTEL/BALLROOM - EVENING

RONNIE
They were great and they only got a seven point two. This is a tough room.

PAT TRIES TO HELP TIFFANY REMOVE HER COAT, BUT SHE BRUSHES HIM OFF.

TIFFANY
Got it.

EMCEE
Up next, ladies and gentlemen please welcome Pat Solatano, Jr. and Tiffany Maxwell.

CAMERA RACKS FOCUS ONTO PAT AND TIFFANY, STANDING AT THE EDGE OF THE STAGE AS THE PREVIOUS DANCERS WALKS BG. OFF THE STAGE.

SPECTATORS APPLAUD AS PAT AND TIFFANY WALK ONTO DANCE FLOOR.

PAT SR., DANNY, RANDY AND JAKE HURRY INTO THE ROOM.

DANNY
Damn.

JAKE
Let’s go, Patty!

DANNY
Come on, Pat!

PAT AND TIFFANY STAND IN THE AWKWARD SILENCE BEFORE THE MUSIC STARTS, STARE AT EACH OTHER. SHE TILTS HER HEAD TO SAY, ‘Come on’ to him.

STEVIE WONDER’S ‘DON’T YOU WORRY ‘BOUT A THING’ STARTS.

PAT AND TIFFANY DANCE, as Danny taught them.

PAT SR. WATCHES with Danny.

TIFFANY AND PAT AS THEY DANCE, MOVING DOWN ONTO THE FLOOR. PAT CRAWLS TOWARD TIFFANY.

RONNIE, NIKKI AND VERONICA WATCH.

TIFFANY CRAWLS., CAMERA MOVING BACK WITH HER. TIFFANY AND PAT LEAP UP.

WHITE STRIPES ‘FELL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL’ CRASHES ON -- PAT AND TIFFANY DANCE INTENSELY TO THIS SONG.

DOLORES REACTS TO THE CHANGE IN MUSIC. NIKKI watches with Ronnie and Veronica. Pat Sr. watches. The Judges watch.

DAVE BRUBECK’S COVER OF‘MARIA’ FROM WEST SIDE STORY STARTS.

Pat and Tiffany WALTZ as they waltzed in their rehearsals. Everyone watches. They come to the big move -- Tiffany inhales nervously, braces herself to run across floor to leap into Pat's arms. Pat braces himself to catch her:

SHE LEAPS UP AND PAT AWKWARDLY CATCHES HER THIGH, her crotch awkwardly wedged on his neck and head.

SPECTATORS GASP.

TIFFANY STRUGGLES TO PULL HERSELF UP ONTO PAT'S HANDS. HE HOLDS HER AS SHE AWKWARDLY SITS ON HIS SHOULDER.

PAT TURNS WITH TIFFANY ON HIS SHOULDER, HER GROIN CLOSE TO HIS FACE SHE LOOKS AROUND LIKE AN OSTRICH ATOP HIS HEAD.

PAT SR. WINCES; DOLORES WATCHES, TEARY.

THE JUDGES MAKE NOTES.

TIFFANY AND PAT AS THEY DANCE.

DOLORES WATCHES, TEARY. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

PAT HOLDS TIFFANY, WHO ARCHES AND LEANS BACK.

TIFFANY STRAIGHTENS AND PAT PULLS HER CLOSE.

THE MUSIC ENDS.

SPECTATORS APPLAUD.

THEY STEP TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE STAGE.

RONNIE
(yelling)
Yeah, Pat! Yeah!

JAKE
(yelling)
We love you, Pat!

CAMERA ONTO THE JUDGES.

EMCEE
Alright, let's see the scores for Solatano and Maxwell.

THE JUDGES HOLD UP THEIR SCOREBOARDS.

EMCEE (CONT'D)
We have a four point nine, four eight, a four nine...

FEMALE DANCER
That's really too bad, guys. That's a lot of fours.

EMCEE
...and and a five point four for an average score of..five point zero.

DOLORES PUTS A HAND TO HER MOUTH.

MALE DANCER
Sorry about that, guys.

PAT AND TIFFANY REALIZE -- YES! A FIVE! THEY SCREAM.

DANNY, PAT SR., JAKE, DOLORES AND DR. PATEL CHEER.

RANDY
(pissed)
What?! Come on!

Pat and Tiffany run to Pat Sr., Dolores, everyone. Pat and his father embrace.

PAT
Dad, Dad, did the Eagles win?

PAT SR.
The Eagles won, forty-four-six!
They won, forty- four-six!

RANDY
Come on!

THE OTHER DANCING COUPLE LOOKS AT EACH, CONFUSED BY THE CELEBRATION.

EMCEE
(puzzled)
Why are they so excited about a five?

SPECTATORS LAUGH

EMCEE (CONT'D)
We'll take a ten minute break.

PAT EMBRACES DR. PATEL AND DANNY.

TIFFANY EMBRACES HER MOTHER AND VERONICA.

PAT SLAPS HANDS WITH RONNIE, THEY EMBRACE.

PAT AND RONNIE LAUGH

PAT EMBRACES TIFFANY.

TIFFANY
Thank you! You're amazing!

PAT PULLS AWAY TIFFANY, WATCHES HIM GO TO NIKKI.

PAT WALKS TO NIKKI. JOHNNY MATHIS ‘MISTY’ PLAYS.

TIFFANY WATCHES from across the ballroom, emotional as Pat and Nikki talk. At last.

PAT
(quietly)
Thank you for coming.

NIKKI
Of course.

PAT
How are you? You okay?

NIKKI
Good. How are you?

PAT
I’m really good. Yeah, thanks.

NIKKI
You looked really happy out there.

PAT
Did I?

NIKKI
Yeah.

PAT
Yeah, who’d have thought, dancing?

Tiffany reacts from afar, stung.

NIKKI
You look incredible.

PAT
Thank you.

NIKKI
You lost a lot of weight.

PAT
I’ve been reading your books and, I have a positive attitude. I’m on medication, I’m in therapy.

PAT STEPS CLOSER, LEANING TOWARD NIKKI. WHISPERS INTIMATELY IN NIKKI’S EAR. SHE LISTENS AND NODS INTIMATELY, WARMLY.

TIFFANY WATCHES, GRABBING HER COAT FROM VERONICA, AND WALKS AWAY.

INT. HOTEL/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

TIFFANY HURRIES TO THE STAIRCASE, PUTTING ON HER COAT. SHE RUNS ACROSS THE LOBBY.

EXT. HOTEL - EVENING

TIFFANY AS SHE HURRIES OUT OF THE HOTEL DOORS. SHE STOPS, PUTTING ON HER OTHER SHOE, THEN WALKS.

INT. HOTEL/BALLROOM - EVENING

PAT AS HE LEANS BACK. NIKKI AND PAT SMILE AT EACH OTHER.

HE TURNS AND WALKS.

PAT SR. PUSHING PAST RONNIE TO PAT.

PAT
Where’s Tiffany?

PAT SR.
She left.

PAT
What do you mean, she left?

PAT SR.
She left. What do you think!

PAT
Where is she?

PAT SR.
Let me tell you, I know you don’t wanna listen to your father, I didn’t listen to mine but I’m telling you, you gotta pay attention to the signs. When life reaches out with a moment like this, it’s a sin if you don’t reach back. I’m telling you, it’s a sin if you don’t reach back, and it’ll haunt you for the rest of your days like a curse. You’re facing a big challenge in your life right now, at this very moment, right here. That girl loves you, she really loves you. And I don't know if Nikki ever did, but she sure as hell doesn't love you right now. I'm telling you, don’t fuck this up.

PAT EMBRACES PAT SR.

PAT
I love you, Dad.

PAT KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK AND RUNS OUT.

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

TIFFANY WALKS DOWN THE STREET, ALONE.

PAT
(yelling)
Hey!

TIFFANY LOOKS OVER HER SHOULDER, TAKES OFF RUNNING. PAT RUNS AFTER HER. They turn a corner. He is chasing her, a reverse of their previous runs together. HE GRABS HER ARM AND SHE STOPS, TURNING.

TIFFANY
(upset)
Would you just leave me alone?!

PAT
Wait a second!

HE PULLS A LETTER OUT.

PAT (CONT'D)
I have one more letter for you to read, okay?

TIFFANY
(yelling)
What the fuck is the matter with you? Give it to her yourself!

PAT
Let me say something. You don't ever have to see me again if you just read it, alright?

TIFFANY
This is so fucked up.

PAT
Yeah, just read it.

TIFFANY UNFOLDS THE LETTER.

TIFFANY
(reading)
"Dear Tiffany...

SHE STOPS, surprised it is addressed to her.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(reading)
"...I know you wrote the letter. (long pause) The only way you could meet my crazy...."

PAT
(reciting)
"...was by doing something crazy yourself. Thank you. I love you. I knew it the minute I met you. I'm sorry it took so long for me to catch up. I just got stuck. Pat." I wrote that a week ago.

TIFFANY
You wrote that a week ago?

PAT
Yes, I did.

TIFFANY
You let me lie to you for a week?

PAT
I was trying to be romantic.

TIFFANY
You love me?

PAT
Yeah, I do.

TIFFANY
Okay.

SHE LEANS FORWARD AND KISSES HIM, they kiss. Camera pulls away. Score comes in.

EXT. MAXWELL HOUSE/GARAGE - DAY

TIFFANY'S GARAGE.

INT. TIFFANY'S GARAGE/DANCE STUDIO - DAY

THE EMPTY STUDIO. TIFFANY'S DANCE SHOES. HER IPOD AND SPEAKER.

PUSH IN ON: EXT. SOLATANO HOUSE - DAY

PAT
(voice over)
The world will break your heart ten ways to Sunday, that's guaranteed. And I can't begin to explain that-

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE - DAY

DETAILS OF THE HOUSE: FOOTBALL MEMORABILIA, PAT SR.'S VIDEOTAPED GAMES, FAMILY PHOTOS ON WALL, THE REMOTE CONTROLS, CERAMIC ANGEL FIGURINE NEXT TO A FOOTBALL.

PAT
(voice over)
-or the craziness inside myself and everybody else, but guess what? Sunday is my favorite day again. I think of everything everyone did for me and I feel like --a very lucky guy.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/FOYER - DAY

PAT SR. STRAIGHTENS THE HANGING PHOTO OF PAT ON THE WALL.

PAT SR.
We have to beat the Vikings by three. I'm givin' you a six, which is very generous after the beating you just took. So what are we doin', what are we talkin' about here?

PAT SR. TURNS TO RANDY.

RANDY
I'd like to do another parlay if we make it to the next round, that's all.

PAT SR.
But we are gonna make it to the next round. We're gonna beat...

PAT SR. LEANS DOWN AND PICKS UP A REMOTE CONTROL.

JAKE AND RONNIE PLAY CARDS IN THE DINING ROOM.

RONNIE
No, that was me that did that.

JAKE
No that was me.

RONNIE
That was me. I played the Jack.

INT. SOLATANO HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

DOLORES PREPARES BRACIOLE WITH DANNY.

DANNY
So you put the bread crumbs, the garlic in the steak and you roll it up with the toothpicks?

DOLORES
Yeah. For, oh, maybe three hours, plus.

PAT SR.
(into telephone)
Everything's good, everything's good, yeah. I got you, you're all down. (pause) No, Randy, he's complaining. You know he lost a lot of money. He's moaning and groaning. The restaurant's happening because of Randy, so everything's good.

TIFFANY SITS DOWN ON PAT'S LAP AND THEY TALK (we cannot hear them) and KISS.

DOLORES AND DANNY WATCH, SMILING.

END CREDITS ROLL UP.