

COLD OPEN

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND AREA - DAY

GARRETT THORNE, 42, WITH A PAUNCHY DAD BOD AND A FEW REMAINING SCRAPS OF GINGER HAIR, SITS ON A SHADED BENCH AND ROCKS JASON WITH ONE FOOT.

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AS HE LISTENS TO A GROUP OF MILLENNIAL DADS CHAT WHILE THEY PLAY WITH THEIR TODDLERS.

DANIEL, A SHORT ASIAN WITH MALE MODEL LOOKS AND A GYMNAST'S RIPPED BODY, BUILDS A SAND CASTLE WITH ORION.

ORION POURS SAND FROM A YELLOW BUCKET.

DANIEL

I know what you mean. It's tough to get Orion to sleep longer than twenty minutes.

ON A PLATFORM, BLAKE, LATINO, HAIR PARTED AND A HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE, TURNS THE SYMBOLS ON A TIC-TAC-TOE GAME.

BABY PHOENIX SURVEYS THE SURROUNDING PARK FROM BETWEEN THE GAME PIECES.

BLAKE

I'm telling you, you've got to try co-sleeping. It's the best.

GARRETT'S EYES DRIFT TOWARD HIS EYEBROWS.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DAY (DAYDREAM)

HUMONGOUS, ANGRY WAVES CRASH OVER THE BOW OF A WOODEN SHIP SCARRED WITH CANNONBALL HOLES. IT RAPIDLY TAKES ON WATER.

ORION, AN ASIAN BABY IN A PUFFY BLOUSE AND AN EYE PATCH,
BAILS BUCKETS OF WATER.

ORION

Swab! Observe and report!

PHOENIX, A LATINO BABY IN A STRIPED SHIRT AND BANDANA,
SHIMMIES UP THE MAST AND TUMBLES INTO THE CROW'S NEST. HE
USES HIS HAND AS A VISOR AND SEARCHES THE HORIZON.

PHOENIX

It don't look good, sir.

PHOENIX SWATS A SEAGULL FROM HIS HEAD.

ORION

Don't mince words. What are our
options, man?

A GIGANTIC SHIP DOMINATES THE WATERS AHEAD. ITS CREW MEMBERS
SCATTER ABOUT ON THE DECK LIKE ANTS ON A HILL.

PHOENIX

The only land in sight is blocked by
that great nuisance. We'll have to
defeat the enemy at sea.

A CANNONBALL LAUNCHES INTO THE AIR EVERY 3 SECONDS, REGULAR
AS CLOCKWORK.

ORION

Bloody hell. Have we any projectiles
remaining?

LEDJEND, A BLACK BABY, SHIRTLESS IN PANTALOONS, SPORTING A
LARGE GOLD EARRING AND LONG DREADLOCKS, GLANCES AT AN EMPTY
PALETTE.

LEDJEND

Negative, sir.

SMOKE BILLOWS FROM FLICKERING FLAMES AT THE HULL.

LEDJEND SWINGS FROM A ROPE AND SPLASHES DOWN ONTO THE BACK OF A DOLPHIN WHO GALLOPS OFF THROUGH THE WAVES.

ORION

Where the hell's the Captain?

PHOENIX

In his quarters sleeping it off again.

INT. PIRATE SHIP - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

JASON, A WHITE BABY IN A CRUMPLED CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM, SNORES AND SWINGS IN A HAMMOCK HOLDING A HALF-SPILLED BOTTLE OF RUM.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND AREA - DAY (END OF DAYDREAM, PRESENT)

JASON HOLDS A HALF-SPILLED BOTTLE OF MILK AS HE SLEEPS IN HIS BABY CARRIER.

ANDREW, BLACK, IN GLASSES, A BEARD, AND A T-SHIRT DISPLAYING A PHYSICS EQUATION, ROCKS LEDJEND ON AN EVIL-LOOKING DOLPHIN SPRING RIDER.

GARRETT CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF.

ANDREW

We tried to let Ledjend cry it out.

Nobody in the entire house slept for a week. My grandmother told me bourbon is the secret.

GARRETT

They say just to rub it on the gums, but I drink it.

BLAKE

I believe they meant the baby's gums.

GARRETT

I believe in sharing.

ANDREW STRAPS ON A BABY BOTTLE APPARATUS AND BEGINS FEEDING LEDJEND LIKE HE'S BREAST-FEEDING.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Geez, do you have to do that in public?

DANIEL

Andrew's only trying to recreate the emotional mother-child bond while offering Ledjend nutritional sustenance.

GARRETT

I get the hippy-dippy thing you're doing there. I was just making a joke.

THE GUYS STARE BLANKLY.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Most people are weird around women who do that in public.

ANDREW BLINKS AT GARRETT.

ANDREW

I'm a man.

LEDJEND SUCKLES AT ANDREW'S REAL NIPPLE THROUGH HIS T-SHIRT.

HE FUMBLES TO READJUST HIS BOTTLE BREAST.

GARRETT

Are you?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. THORNE HOUSE - DAY

A DATED, LOWER-MIDDLE CLASS HOME IN SUBURBAN OHIO.

INT. THORNE HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

GARRETT ENTERS WITH JASON IN HIS CARRIER. HE PLOPS JASON DOWN ON THE COUCH, ADJUSTS HIS TINY BLUE JACKETS HOCKEY JERSEY, AND POINTS HIM TOWARD THE TELEVISION WHICH BLASTS COMMENTATOR CHATTER AND CROWD NOISE.

GARRETT SHOOTS INTO THE KITCHEN THROUGH A SWINGING DOOR AND REAPPEARS IN A FLASH WITH A BEER IN HIS HAND.

GARRETT

Let's go, blue!

HE FLOPS ONTO THE COUCH NEXT TO JASON, POPS THE BOTTLE TOP, AND FLICKS IT ACROSS THE ROOM.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(to Jason)

You ready for this, buddy?

JASON FUSSES AND REACHES FOR THE BEER BOTTLE.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(laughing)

Not yet, dude. Here. This is more your
speed.

GARRETT PLUNKS A PACIFIER INTO JASON'S MOUTH. HE SUCKS AWAY HAPPILY. GARRETT MUSSES HIS HAIR PLAYFULLY.

THE CROWD GROWS LOUDER ON TV AS THE PUCK IS DROPPED.

GARRETT PEELS HIS SHIRT OFF, EYES GLUED TO THE SCREEN.

MATTHEW, AN AWKWARD BUT HANDSOME 13-YEAR-OLD VERSION OF ANDREW GARFIELD, BURSTS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Matthew! You're just in time for the game. Pull up a seat.

HE LABORS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF HIS BACKPACK AND MESSES WITH HIS CELL PHONE.

MATTHEW

I've got homework.

GARRETT

Homework? You just got home from being at school all day. Take a break, Poindexter.

MATTHEW

Poindexter? Dad, I'm not--

HE NOTICES GARRETT IS SHIRTLESS, HAIRY CHEST AND FLABBY MAN BOOBS ON FULL DISPLAY. HE SHIELDS HIS EYES.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

--Oh God, Dad! What the heck?

GARRETT

Relax. You walked in before I could throw my jersey on.

GARRETT WRIGGLES INTO HIS HOCKEY JERSEY.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Happy?

MATTHEW

--er. I guess.

GARRETT

Come on. Sit down with your old man.

MATTHEW

Not really my thing, dad. You know that.

GARRETT

Yeah. I just keep hoping I can convert you. I'll let you have a beer.

MATTHEW

Gross. Anyway, I'm thirteen.

GARRETT

The same age Jewish boys enter manhood. Call it a Bar Mitzvah gift.

MATTHEW

No thanks. I'm gonna go work on my blog.

MATTHEW HEADS UPSTAIRS.

GARRETT

Blog. I wonder what it's like for dads with normal sons.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT (DAYDREAM)

A WELL-KEPT FACILITY SURROUNDED BY NEWLY PLANTED SAPLINGS.

INT. SPORTS ARENA - SAME

A FULL-CAPACITY CROWD WATCHES TWO HOCKEY TEAMS CARVE UP THE ICE.

A YOUNG PREPPIE-LOOKING FATHER AND HIS PRE-PUBESCENT SON CHOMP HOT DOGS.

PREPPIE DAD

Isn't this great? Two generations of
Stansfields watching young men knock
each other's teeth out.

PREPPIE SON

It doesn't get any better than this.

PREPPIE DAD

Hey, you wanna sip of my beer?

PREPPIE SON'S EYES LIGHT UP.

PREPPIE SON

Gee thanks, dad!

HE GRABS HIS DAD'S BEER AND POUNDS IT.

PREPPIE DAD

Don't tell your mother.

PREPPIE SON

(burps)

I think she knows her place.

FATHER AND SON CHUCKLE TOGETHER.

PAN TO MOM, A MILF WEARING A TIGHT, LOW-CUT BLOUSE, SPARKLY
JEANS, AND A MUZZLE.

SHE SMILES AND SHRUGS HER SHOULDERS.

INT. THORNE HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - LATER (BACK TO PRESENT)

GARRETT WATCHES THE FINAL MOMENTS OF THE GAME.

GARRETT

Hit someone, you pussies!

HE GRIMACES AS HE THROWS IMAGINARY BODY CHECKS AND IGNORES
THE TCHOTCHKES FULL OF POTPOURRI HE KNOCKS OVER.

EDM THUMPS FROM MATTHEW'S ROOM.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Matthew! Turn that shit off!

DEBBIE HAIRY, THE VOMIT-INDUCING CUTE-FACED FAMILY CAT, WAILS AND CLAWS THE SOFA TO RIBBONS.

JASON, 6 MONTHS OLD, LIES IN HIS BABY CARRIER. HIS EXPRESSION CHANGING WILDLY AS HIS ATTENTION FLITS BETWEEN THE CHAOS AROUND HIM.

ON TV -- A BLUE JACKETS PLAYER'S FACE IS SLAMMED AGAINST THE GLASS. THE OPPOSING PLAYER RIPS A HARD SLAP SHOT INTO THE BACK OF THE NET JUST AS THE FINAL HORN SOUNDS.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

God damn it!

COMMENTATOR #1

(on TV)

Whoa! What an incredibly disappointing game this has been for the Blue Jackets.

COMMENTATOR #2

(on TV, laughing)

I haven't seen this kind of ineptitude since old Garrett "Thorne in my side" back in '93.

GARRETT BANGS THE HEEL OF HIS HOCKEY STICK ON THE COFFEE TABLE.

GARRETT

Eat a dick!

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

FLAWED PRE-HD VIDEO FOOTAGE FROM THE EARLY 1990'S PANS ACROSS THE ARENA.

THE COMMENTATORS, TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER, ANNOUNCE THE GAME FROM THE PRESS BOOTH.

COMMENTATOR #2

Looks like the Blue Jackets are going
for a line change here.

THE CROWD BOOS AS A YOUNG GARRETT, THINNER WITH RECEDING
HAIRLINE, WISPY MOUSTACHE, AND SPORTS GOGGLES, SKATES OUT.

SEVERAL FANS TOSS LONG-STEMMED ROSES ONTO THE ICE.

COMMENTATOR #1

And here come the roses. Not a symbol
of love but of violent hatred.

COMMENTATOR #2

That's right, Richard. Roses have
thorns. And Garrett Thorne has been
known to poke holes in his own team's
defense.

GARRETT TRIPS AN OPPOSING PLAYER THEN SAILS TOWARD ANOTHER
WITH THE BUTT OF HIS STICK LIKE A JOUSTING LANCE.

HIS TEAMMATE QUICKLY DIVES OUT OF THE WAY OPENING UP A PATH
STRAIGHT FOR THE NET.

GARRETT SMASHES INTO THE BOARDS AS THE PUCK IS HURLED INTO
THE NET.

COMMENTATOR #1

Whoomp! There it is.

A REF ESCORTS GARRETT TO THE PENALTY BOX. HE HUFFS AND PUFFS
AND THROWS HIS HELMET TO THE FLOOR.

COMMENTATOR #2

Welcome to the jungle indeed. And
other early '90's references.

BOTH COMMENTATORS GIVE FAKE TV LAUGHS.

INT. THORNE HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT (END OF FLASHBACK)

DEBBIE HAIRY YOWLS AND MAULS A THROW PILLOW.

GARRETT

And fuck YOU!!

GARRETT SHOOTS A DECORATIVE BALL AT THE CAT WITH HIS HOCKEY STICK.

SHE HISSES ANGRILY AND TEARS UP THE STAIRS.

JASON GIGGLES HYSTERICALLY. GARRETT IMMEDIATELY SOFTENS.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You like that, little man? Daddy will
teach you to shoot like that when
you're bigger.

INT. THORNE HOUSE - MATTHEW'S BEDROOM - DAY

MATTHEW JUMPS AS THE CAT DARTS INTO HIS BEDROOM.

DEBBIE HAIRY KNOCKS OVER A STACK OF SOCIAL AWARENESS BUTTONS,
AND BURIES HERSELF IN A PILE OF THEMED SOCKS.

MATTHEW

What's wrong, Debbie Hairy?

MATTHEW SHUTS OFF THE PIERCING EDM AND CARESSES HER HEAD.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THORNE HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY (DAYDREAM)

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GRAINY 1950'S BLACK & WHITE FILM. A WISTFUL
EDITH PIAF-LIKE SONG PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE LIVED-IN, WORN-OUT HOUSE HAS BEEN REPLACED WITH 1950'S-
STYLE ARCHITECTURE AND FURNITURE.

DEBBIE HAIRY IS A STRANGE COMBINATION OF WOMAN AND CAT À LA
EARTHA KITT IN YOGA PANTS AND LOUNGES IN A SETTEE.

SHE SNAPS THE HEADS AND TAILS OFF AND SNACKS ON JUICY MICE
BODIES, THEN LAPS AT A BOTTLE OF SPARKLING WATER.

SHE STARES OUT THE WINDOW IN QUIET SOLITUDE.

RED PUMPS DANGLE ON THE ENDS OF HER FEET AS SHE LICKS AN
OUTSTRETCHED LEG.

SHE WATCHES HERSELF DANCE IN FRONT OF THE BATHROOM MIRROR SADLY YET PROVOCATIVELY.

MATTHEW, WEARING A SKINNY TUX WITH HIS RASTA CAP, GLIDES INTO THE CATWOMAN'S ARMS AND DANCES WITH HER.

SAMMY (O.S.)

Matthew.

INT. THORNE HOUSE - MATTHEW'S BEDROOM - DAY (END OF DAYDREAM)

LOST IN A TRANCE, MATTHEW DANCES WITH DEBBIE HAIRY.

SAMMY, A HOT 19-YEAR-OLD TOMBOY WITH THE PERSONALITY OF A FEMALE SETH ROGAN, WATCHES THIS AMUSED.

SAMMY

Matthew! What the hell are you doing,
man?

MATTHEW

Sammy! Hey. When did you get here?

SAMMY

Thankfully, just before you starting
frenching your girlfriend there.

DEBBIE HAIRY LEAPS OUT OF HIS ARMS AND BOLTS OUT OF THE ROOM.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

What's up her ass? Aside from the
molestation.

MATTHEW

Poor Debbie Hairy. She just has so
much anxiety lately.

SAMMY

Anxiety? She's a friggin' cat, dude.

MATTHEW

I just feel like she's lost. She's bored here all alone all day. Like a sad housewife or something.

SAMMY

House CAT. So, what are you gonna do? Take her out to a nice restaurant? Wine and dine her?

MATTHEW

No. But she does need some attention. I've got to do something nice for her.

SAMMY

You are such a loser. I hope you two can hash it out.

SAMMY CHUCKLES MORONICALLY AS SHE EXITS.

SAMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hash.

MATTHEW CLICKS AWAY AT HIS COMPUTER.

INT. THORNE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

GARRETT ENTERS WITH JASON TUCKED UNDER HIS ARM LIKE A FOOTBALL.

EILEEN, 38, A BOTTLE BLONDE MIDWEST VERSION OF AN OC HOUSEWIFE WITH AN EXAGGERATED MINNESOTA ACCENT, WALKS IN FROM THE GARAGE WITH A BRIEFCASE.

EILEEN

Hiya, hon. How's yer day?

GARRETT

Aces. Jackets lost. This kid's an eating and shitting machine. I'm living the dream!

GARRETT PULLS OUT A JAR OF BABY FOOD AND THROWS ON AN APRON.

EILEEN

I've been up to my elbows in spit and blood since 7 AM. Where's my trophy?

JASON MAKES GOOFY FACES AS HE ENJOYS EACH BITE. GARRETT SOFTENS.

GARRETT

You've got us two men right here.

EILEEN

Can you men call the auto shop for the wagon?

GARRETT

Christ, Eileen. How many times have I told you? It's not a wagon it's a crossover SUV.

EILEEN

Can you get the fancy crossover SUV fixed?

GARRETT

The hell's wrong with it?

EILEEN

It's making a weird noise and sort of stuttering.

GARRETT WIPES JASON'S FACE AND HEADS TOWARD THE GARAGE.

GARRETT

I'll handle it. It just needs some--

EILEEN

It doesn't need oil, or power steering
fluid, or new tires.

GARRETT

How do you--

EILEEN

I checked it myself.

GARRETT

Little Miss Goodwrench.

EILEEN

Honey, please don't go out there and
monkey around. I really just need the
car fixed. As it is I'll probably have
to be without for a day. I don't need
you to break it more before we get it
fixed.

GARRETT STANDS CALMLY IN AN APRON WITH A PICTURE OF A HULA
GIRL'S BODY ON IT.

GARRETT

Babe. I got this.

HE HEADS OUT TO THE GARAGE.

INT. THORNE HOUSE - MATTHEW'S BEDROOM - DAY

MATTHEW LAYS DEBBIE HAIRY ON HER BACK AND PROPS A PILLOW
UNDER HER HEAD.

MATTHEW

It's OK, Debbie Hairy. We're going to
get you through this.

HE RECORDS THE CONVERSATION ON HIS CELL PHONE.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Do you feel there is someone you
should spend more time with?

DEBBIE HAIRY

Mew.

MATTHEW TYPES NOTES ON HIS IPAD.

MATTHEW

Is there someone you should spend less
time with?

DEBBIE HAIRY

Maw-rawr.

MATTHEW

What would give your life more
meaning?

DEBBIE HAIRY

Mah-duh-naw...

MATTHEW

What's your most deeply held
aspiration?

DEBBIE HAIRY

Purr. Meow-rawr-rawr-meow.

MATTHEW

Do you feel it's wise to set yourself
up for that kind of disappointment?

SHE POINTS HER EARS BACK AND GROWLS.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I just think you should be
realistic about--

DEBBIE HAIRY SPEWS A GUTTURAL HOWL. THE HAIR STANDS UP ON HER
ARCHED BACK.

MATTHEW TRIES TO EMBRACE HER. SHE SQUIRMS, HISSES ANGRILY,
AND FINALLY BREAKS FREE.

SHE SLASHES AT MATTHEW'S FACE AND SPRAYS HIS PILLOW FOR GOOD
MEASURE, THEN BREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR LIKE WILE E. COYOTE.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

We'll figure this out, Debbie Hairy. I
promise.

HE STARES AT THE DEBBIE HAIRY-SHAPED HOLE IN THE BEDROOM
DOOR.

INT. THORNE HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

TOOLS AND PARTS ARE STREWN ALL OVER.

GARRETT IS HUNCHED OVER THE ENGINE HOLDING THE AUTO MANUAL.

GARRETT

Twist the manifold censor cap half-
wise backward. Lift the cover to
expose the periphery of the--what the
shit?!!

GARRETT STANDS BACK AND TILTS HIS HEAD AT DIFFERENT ANGLES.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

OK. The driver's side compact valve cover is adjacent to the tappet and-- adjacent?--doesn't that mean next to? Where the fuck is the tappet? That's the thing that looks like a guitar slide that connects to the rocker shaft?

THE TRANSPARENT GHOST OF VIC THORNE, A JOHN WAYNE-TYPE IN HIS 60'S, APPEARS STANDING IN THE CORNER SIPPING A BEER.

VIC SHAKES HIS HEAD AND CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF. AN UNLIT CIGARETTE HANGS FROM HIS LIPS.

VIC

How many hours did you watch me working in my shop? You never paid attention. Never took initiative.

GARRETT

Pop, not now, huh?

GARRETT LEANS UNDER THE HOOD AND STARTS CRANKING THE WRENCH.

VIC

Not now. Not never. A man has to face his responsibilities.

GARRETT

I'm taking care of it!

SOMETHING POPS LOUDLY. BROWN FLUID SPRINGS LIKE A GEYSER.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Sunuva goddam mother fucker!

HE JUMPS BACK AND WIPES HIS GLASSES WITH HIS T-SHIRT.

VIC

Look at you. A 42-year-old father of three and you can't even take care of your own family.

GARRETT

That's all I do! Every day. All day.

VIC

And how much money do you earn?

GARRETT

Pop, you know I'm not working right now.

VIC

Because you accidentally knocked up your own wife and now you've gotta play Mr. Mom. Worthless retard.

VIC SWIPES HIS FOREFINGER ALONG HIS CHIN STUBBLE. A BLOWTORCH FLAME IGNITES FROM THE END OF HIS FINGER.

HE CALMLY LIGHTS HIS CIGARETTE AND BLOWS OUT THE FLAME.

GARRETT

Hey, wrinkled sack wad. Shit happens.

VIC

It happens a lot to you.

GARRETT

What do you want from me?!!

VIC

I expect you to man up and provide for your family. Fix the friggin' station wagon.

GARRETT

It's not a goddam station wagon!

GARRETT WHIPS THE WRENCH AT VIC. IT SAILS THROUGH HIS GHOST AND SMASHES A HOLE IN THE DRYWALL.

VIC

You know how to spackle, Sparky?

GARRETT

God, I wanna fist your idiot face.

GARRETT SCRAMBLES TO THROW A WICKED UPPER CUT, SLIPS IN A PUDDLE OF OIL, AND SMASHES HIS HEAD INTO A NEARBY TOOL CHEST.

HE LIES MOTIONLESS ON THE GARAGE FLOOR.

VIC STRIDES OVER TO HIM AND LAUGHS HIS ASS OFF.

HE CHUGS THE REST OF HIS BEER AND MUNCHES THE GLASS BOTTLE.

VIC

Sure. Take a nap. Very helpful.

Dipshit.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GARAGE - EVENING

EILEEN ENTERS THE GARAGE TO FIND GARRETT LYING ON HIS BACK.

EILEEN

Are we having dinner tonight?

GARRETT

Christ. It'll take ten minutes to have dinner on the table if you can give me one goddam second here.

SHE SPIES THE SCATTERED TOOLS AND THE HOLE IN THE DRYWALL.

EILEEN

Looks like you're all over this little project.

GARRETT TRIES TO STAND AND RUBS HIS DIZZY HEAD.

GARRETT

Don't call it a little project. That's so...uh...um...

EILEEN

Patronizing?

GARRETT

Shitty. I was gonna say shitty. But it's patronizing too. So...

EILEEN GESTURES TOWARD THE DAMAGED WALL.

EILEEN

You know how to spackle, Sparky?

GARRETT

What did you say?

EILEEN

I have to review some patient charts.

Call me when dinner's ready.

SHE HEADS BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

GARRETT STARES AT THE VACANT SPOT WHERE VIC WAS STANDING.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT