

THE MISANTHROPE
("Pilot")
by
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Third Draft

TEASER

EDDIE'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

A beautiful home office in an upper-class Manhattan apartment. EDDIE FLOWERS, 50's, unkempt, wears Pajamas as his hands hover over his keyboard. His fingers are in stasis as he stares straight ahead at the monitor. He stares. He stares. He stares. He blinks a few times.

EDDIE (V.O.)

My name is Eddie Flowers, and I write
Childrens' books for a living.

Eddie begins to type, very slowly and methodically, using the two-finger method.

ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR ARE THE TYPED WORDS:

"Chapter 5: In Despair, USA, no one cared. And Timmy sat alone and sad in the dark, deep, well of Despair. It was cold down there, and nobody would ever, or could ever help him. Not even Mommy or Daddy."

Eddie stares blankly at the screen for a few seconds before saying the words as he types...

EDDIE (CONT'D)

The end.

EDDIE'S BATHROOM - LATER

Eddie stares at himself in the mirror for what seems an inordinately long period of time. Suddenly, unable to support the weight of his head, he rests it against the surface of the mirror, frosting it with his breath. A second goes by before he lets out a barely audible...

EDDIE

You're staring at yourself in the
mirror. You vain piece of shit. I hate
you.

Eddie pulls his head off the mirror, leaving a smudge mark on it as he exits frame. A moment later, his HISPANIC MAID, clearly annoyed, enters with some Windex and wipes it clean. She stares disdainfully O.C. as she mumbles to herself en espanol...

MAID

Pendejo.

EXT. EDDIE'S BROWNSTONE - BROOKLYN - LATER

Eddie, now out of his PJ's, but still disheveled, walks out his front door and we TRACK with him as he makes his way down the steps.

EDDIE (V.O.)

A lot of people despise the use of Voice Over as a story-telling device. They find it to be somewhat of a literary crutch. However, this is my story, and to be honest, I really don't give a flying fuck what they think.

A BLACK CAT lies peacefully on one of his steps.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You're freeloading on my property again? What did I tell you?

The cat HISSES at him. Eddie addresses the cat.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Oooh. I'm so scared. A hissing black cat! Shock and awe! Listen to me, you little pussy, I find you on my property again, I'm going to skin you, and then I'm gonna cook you, and then I'm gonna make you into a sandwich.

Suddenly, a KID ON A BIKE rides by, menus stacked in his front basket. Eddie notices him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You!

The Kid turns and sees Eddie -- begins to peddle faster.

As Eddie rushes down the stairs, we hear the sound of the Cat SHRIEKING as Eddie inadvertently steps on it as he rushes towards his mailbox.

Eddie grabs a stack of menus stuffed into the mailbox as he kid pedals like mad past the brownstone. Eddie balls up the menus, takes aim, and hurls the mass of menus at the kid.

It's a direct hit, and the Kid, caught unaware, swerves and rides directly into a tree.

Eddie's face registers a slight smile of satisfaction as walks right into the CAMERA, taking us to black.

TITLE CARD: THE MISANTHROPE

ACT 1EXT. UPSCALE WINE STORE - LATE MORNING

Eddie waits outside the locked door of an upscale wine store. Suddenly, DALE, owner of the store appears and unlocks the door.

DALE

Morning, Eddie.

As Eddie walks in without making eye contact, he replies back-

EDDIE

Your breath smells like a dog shit in your mouth, and you have a double chin.

DALE

Always a pleasure.

INT. UPSCALE WINE STORE - AISLES - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie, back to us, strolls down the aisles looking at the various bottles.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Stop it, you fucks. I can feel your judging judgmental eyeballs boring into the back of my skull.
(Beat)

And yes, as a point of fact, I like to drink during the day. I day drink. And while some people might call this "alcoholism," those people have clearly never been to England. Or France. Or Australia.

(MORE)

EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or any First World country, for that matter that has a much higher standard of living than our Puritanical, Chinese-owned miserable excuse for a...

Eddie picks a bottle of wine up. A cheery Dale approaches.

DALE

So, what's the occasion?

EDDIE

It's Drowning My Sorrows Day.

DALE

O-kay. Do you know what kind of wine you're looking for?

EDDIE

Yeah, it needs to be red, alcoholic, and preferably from a First World country. So, don't try and push any of that Argentinian crap on me.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Bottle of wine in hand, Eddie approaches the CASHIER.

EDDIE (V.O.)

I like to drink expensive red wine because in my head it seems like it's the classier way to go.

(MORE)

EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sort of like Jack Lemmon in that
movie, "Days Of Wine And Roses."
Anyone who doesn't like wine or roses
is no bueno in my book.

CASHIER

What can I get for you?

EDDIE

A Mega Gulp.

CASHIER

What kind of soda you want in it?

EDDIE

Seller's choice.

The Cashier gives him a perplexed look.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE- SECONDS LATER

Eddie yanks the lid off the Mega Gulp cup, and then proceeds to DUMP THE SODA INTO A TRASH can before pouring the contents of the bottle of wine into the empty cup. He places the lid back on, jabs a straw into the top, and begins to sip.

EXT. BUSY INTERSECCION - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - LATER

Eddie sips from his Mega Gulp cup as he stands with a MASS OF PEOPLE around a crosswalk waiting for the "walk" signal.

A BUSINESSMAN in a suit carrying a JP Morgan Chase bag approaches the group, pushes his way through to the pole and proceeds to repeatedly push the crosswalk button. Eddie stares daggers at him before...

EDDIE

Good thinking! Because most likely
none of the fifty people standing
around the crosswalk on this side...

Eddie gestures across the busy intersection, where another forty or so people wait to cross.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Nor the other forty or so on the other side of the street would ever have thought to push the walk button. Thank God you came along just now to rescue us, otherwise we'd be stranded here for an eternity.

The Businessman looks at Eddie disdainfully for a moment.

BUSINESSMAN

You're drunk.

EDDIE

And you're a fucking idiot. At least I'll sober up.

BUSINESSMAN

Doubtful.

As the light changes and the Businessman hurries off, Eddie screams at him.

EDDIE

That's right! Wouldn't want you to be late to the plotting-the-downfall-of-the-entire-financial-system-through-the-creation-of-risky-highly-complex-financial-instruments meeting, you fucking derivative cock-sucker of a human being!

Onlookers stare at the clearly drunk Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What!?! *He's* the one who stole your
houses, your 401K's, and Childrens'
college funds. I'm just day drinking.

The Onlookers scurry off nervously. Eddie pulls the lid off of his mega gulp, takes a sip, and then begins to mumble annoyances under his breath.

Suddenly, a RANDOM MAN appears and places a FIVE DOLLAR BILL into his Mega Gulp cup.

RANDOM MAN

Keep your chin up, buddy. Things will
turn around.

The Random Man walks away. Eddie looks in his cup, fishes the bill out from the wine. Stares at the bill, then watches the Random Man walk into the distance. Eddie shakes his head, mystified, before stuffing the wine soaked bill into his pocket.

EDDIE

Cheap prick.

I/E CHILDREN'S LITERARY AGENCY - EARLY AFTERNOON

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of a New York Literary Agency.

CUT TO:

Eddie sits behind the desk of a slick looking man in his mid-forties in an even slicker suit. A huge, insincere smile is plastered across his face. This is his agent, BOB LANEER. Bob is of the manic, ADD, multi-tasking school of agenting.

Eddie take another sip from his Mega Gulp, plays with knick - knacks on Bob's desk, and does his best to avoid eye contact.

BOB

So, how's my favorite children's book
author?

Eddie ignores Bob, as he pulls his mouth from his straw; a little red wine spills on his shirt.

BOB (CONT'D)

Great! Well before we get down to business I wanted to tell you something that occurred to me on the way to work today.

EDDIE

Please don't...

BOB

...Do you know what the most addictive thing in the world is?

Eddie plays along to with the hopes that this will be quick and painless.

EDDIE

I don't know, Bob. Heroin?

BOB

No. Masturbation. Think about it. What's the longest you've ever gone without jerking off? A Week? Two maybe? What happens when you stop?

EDDIE

I don't care. But I'm guessing you're going to tell me anyway.

BOB

...You go through withdrawals, right? All you can think about is sex. It affects all aspects of your life. Business. Personal. Finding that release becomes the end all be all.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Now let me ask you something. You ever wonder why the government spends all this money on the war against drugs, and not a single cent has ever been spent on the war against masturbation? It's because without sex, advertisers couldn't sell their cars and their deodorants. Studios couldn't release a movie. Politicians couldn't get away with scandal. It runs deep, Eddie. Deeper than you could ever possibly imagine. Maybe that's what you should write about.

Eddie considers Bob for a moment.

EDDIE

But I write for kids, remember, Bob? Unless I missed something, are six-year-olds masturbating these days?

Bob stares back at him blankly.

BOB

Good point. Well, anyway that's not why your here. I got your mock-ups.

Bob pats the PORTFOLIO on his desk.

EDDIE

You pick em'.

Bob appears uneasy.

BOB

That's sort of what I wanted to talk to you about, Eddie. You know, the publisher had a...had some issues with some of the titles and story-lines you proposed for your next book.

This gets Eddie's attention.

EDDIE

Issues? Fuck 'em! I'm Eddie Flowers. You know, the renowned and award-winning children's book author. The same guy the New York Times last year called the Elisabeth Kubler-Ross of Children's Literature.

BOB

Eddie. There's no dying...sorry, Freudian slip...denying your monumental and singular talent. You have a unique voice...

EDDIE

...I also have unique farts, Bob. You think you could sell those, too?

BOB

If they sold like your books, Eddie, trust me, I'd be selling your farts.

EDDIE

You're a filthy pimp.
(Beat)

It's the only reason I tolerate you.

Bob takes this in stride.

BOB

Look, your books sell like crazy
because they possess this...this tinge
of darkness that sets them apart. They
connect with kids who are dealing with
fear and loneliness, and feelings of
abandonment. But I can't sell books
like these. Look...

Bob opens up the portfolio and holds up the first book cover
MOCK-UP. On it is an image of a GIANT BALL SIZE EARTH
CRUSHING A YOUNG CHILD, his feet buried halfway into the
ground, as if the Earth was a hammer and the child was the
nail. It's titled, "**The World Will Beat You Down.**"

BOB (CONT'D)

The World Will Beat You Down? And this
one...

Bob removes the next mock-up. A giant CARTOON RABBIT with
hideous fangs and a wild eyed look on its face foams at the
mouth as it chases a group of school children.

BOB (CONT'D)

Ronny The Rabid Rabbit.

Bob pulls out the next mock-up. An IMAGE OF A BOY AND A GIRL
HOLDING HANDS OVER A GRAVE SITE. In the upper right corner we
see an image of a car careening off a road.

BOB (CONT'D)

The Day Mommy And Daddy Died...

Eddie stares at Bob as he continues rifling through the mock-ups, dropping them on the floor as he reads them off.

BOB (CONT'D)

The Dark, Deep, Well Of Despair,
Misery Loves Company And Me, Polly The
Paraplegic Parrot, Youth Is King, But
All Monarchs Will Eventually Die A
Gruesome, Painful Death, and then
there's this one...

Bob pulls out a mock-up with an IMAGE OF A KID WITH A HORRIBLY DISFIGURED, RUBBERY LOOKING FACE, entitled "Not So Funny Face."

BOB (CONT'D)

Not So Funny Face. A story about a kid who makes a funny face at school, and then it not only stays that way, but you portray the kid as horribly disfigured as all of his classmates taunt and tease him mercilessly. And then at the end of the story, the kid just up and up decides to off himself by blowing his own face off with his father's shotgun. Okay, this is not normal, buddy.

EDDIE

So my books have a little edge to them. That never hurt anybody.

BOB

No. Your books used to have a little edge. This...

Bob points at the playful children's book style ILLUSTRATION of a CHILD HOLDING A SHOTGUN TO HIS FACE.

BOB (CONT'D)

...this isn't edge. This is a straight razor, Eddie, and no parent in their right mind is going to buy a straight razor for their six-year-old to play with. You get my drift?

Eddie seems a bit stung by Bob's reality check.

EDDIE

I...I just write what comes out of me. This is what's coming out of me now. Aside from my farts. But I guess we established that those aren't the hot sellers this year.

BOB

Here's the deal, I can't get these published.

EDDIE

Great! I've made enough money writing this shit. Maybe now we can focus on getting my career as a serious novelist back on...

BOB

...stop. Stop right there. What happened after I signed you with your first two novels?

EDDIE

They were...misunderstood?

BOB

No. They were understood. Clearly. Nobody understood why they should publish them, Eddie. Would you like me to read you the rejection letters again?

Eddie leans back in his chair, defeated.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you're in a bad place, Eddie. I am. Have you talked to Nancy?

EDDIE

I've been in a mood. I don't like her to see me when I'm in one of my moods. Besides, I don't think she's happy with me right now.

BOB

Shocker.

(Beat)

Look, man, I've got a family, you need...

EDDIE

...Oooh! The 'I've got a family' card.
You hate your wife, and your son is
complete and total asshole. I bet you
he becomes a banker.

BOB

Fuck you. He is not an asshole!

EDDIE

Yes he is. And you wanna know why?
Because you're an Asshole. Assholes
raise Assholes. And that is a
scientifically proven fact.

Eddie, eyeballs Bob as he takes another sip from his Mega Gulp. Bob attempts to regain his composure.

BOB

You know what, I get it. You're in
pain. And I'm truly sorry you're in
pain, but I can't get you another job
until you deal with your shit. Let me
help you help me help you...help me.
Here.

Bob hands Eddie a BROCHURE titled 'COMMITMENTS.' Eddie looks at it incredulously.

EDDIE

You're joking?

BOB

No. There's an address on the front.
You need to be there at Three. Today.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm introducing you to your new best friend, Bill W.

EDDIE

No problem. I'll give you a full report...

BOB

...Oh, you think you're so clever. No, no. I'll be there to make sure you go so you can skip that report and put all that creative energy into your next book idea.

EDDIE

I'm not doing this.

BOB

Look, here's the deal. If you don't show up today, I can't rep you anymore. And right now, that's saying a lot.

(Beat)

Oh, and, speaking of Commitments, as I'm sure you forgot, you have a reading at the Barnes and Noble on 5th Avenue in an hour. I'd say get yourself cleaned up, but knowing you, this is you at your most luminous.

Eddie lifts up his shirt and begins to play with his BELLY, squeezing it open and closed as if it were a human mouth.

EDDIE

Kinda looks like a giant vagina if I
do it right, doesn't it?

A disgusted Bob is clearly not amused.

BOB

And as your friend...

EDDIE

...Client!

BOB

You really should think about getting
some exercise.

As a gesture of his displeasure Eddie lets out a LOUD
PROLONGED SIGH that goes on for a loooooong time. Mid-sigh,
Bob comments.

BOB (CONT'D)

This is so childish....

Eddie finally stops, stares at Bob.

EDDIE

I hope you get prostate cancer.

ACT 2INT. 5TH AVENUE BARNES AND NOBLE - LATER

Eddie sits in a chair behind a poster for a book entitled, "The Taking Tree." Oblivious to his surroundings, Eddie pours red wine from a WINE BOTTLE into his Mega Gulp. In his lap sits a copy of his BOOK. We CUT TO the REVERSE to reveal:

A shocked BARNES AND NOBLE EMPLOYEE running the event sits with the TWENTY or so smiling KINDERGARTNERS sitting cross-legged in front of Eddie. Eddie begins to sip from his Mega Gulp.

EMPLOYEE

So...does anyone have any questions
for Mr. Flowers?

A CUTE KID with missing teeth raises his hand. Eddie points to him.

EDDIE

You. Toothless.

CUTE KID 1

What are you drinking?

EDDIE

A very expensive Bordeaux. It's a magical elixir that comes from the enchanted hinterlands of France, a Kingdom in the First World. A happy World where there is Nationalized Healthcare and an Educational System that isn't broken. A World where it's not such a big deal if the King gets a blow job every now and then from his mistress as long as he's doing right by his constitu...

EMPLOYEE

...Great! Okay, how about I ask
question....?

EDDIE

(Interrupts quickly)

....six inches, hard. I don't want to
talk about what it's like flaccid.

That'll just depress me even more.

(Beat)

And, by the way pal, that's kind of a
weird question, as I'm not really sure
how it's relevant to the current
discussion at hand.

The Employee shoots Eddie a look as if saying, "What are you
doing!?"

EMPLOYEE

Uhh...right. Um, so, then would you
like to...maybe tell us what 'The
Taking Tree' tells us about the
importance of sharing?

A drunk Eddie waves his hand in a dismissive manner.

EDDIE

Nah. The book's fiction.
(Whispers to the kids)

That means 'filled with lies.'

Eddie thinks for a second before tossing the book to the
ground.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Screw the book. You kids deserve better. Do you really wanna know what the real importance of sharing is?

The kids cry out joyfully.

KIDS IN UNISON

Yay!!!!

EDDIE

There is none.

The Kids go silent.

CUTE KID 2
(Confused)

But you're supposed to share.

EDDIE

You're a cute kid. I like you, so I'm going to give it to you straight. Them's were the old rules. Truth is, because the world you've inherited from your parents and grandparents will pretty much be a post-apocalyptic wasteland in twenty years due the effects of Global Warming, sharing will probably be one of those hereditary traits that will be quickly erased from the gene pool.

The once chipper children now seem a bit anxiety-stricken.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Now, do you all of you know what I mean when I say 'post-apocalyptic wasteland?'

Off their confused expressions...

EDDIE (CONT'D)

No? Okay, next question.

EXT. 'COMMITMENTS' TREATMENT CENTER - LATER

An annoyed Bob stands in front of some Rose Bushes, checks his watch as he waits.

Eddie, running at a full sprint, suddenly appears, Mega Gulp still in tow. He runs past the large 'Commitments' sign in front of the building, and as he reaches Bob, he places hands on his knees, bending over, winded.

BOB

You almost lost your agent just now.

You know that? Five minutes, you would seriously have been agent-less.

EDDIE

(Winded)

Hold this.

Eddie hands his Mega Gulp cup to Bob before proceeding to puke bright red vomit into the ROSE BUSHES. As he stares at his own sick, a thought occurs to him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Would you look at that!? Wine AND Roses. That's gotta be a sign or something. Things are looking up!

Eddie wipes his chin, then grabs his Mega Gulp cup back. He takes another sip before telling Bob...

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I gotta tell you, aside from exercise, there's nothing I hate more than puking up half a bottle of a perfectly good thirty-five dollar Bordeaux.

BOB

Perfect. Now that you're "officially" sober, you're ready for your first AA meeting.

EDDIE

Jesus, Bob. Really!? I have to tell you as a writer of fine Childrens' Literature, I just find AA to be such the cliché. "Hi, I'm Eddie, and I'm a blah, blah, blah, blah, boo-hoo for me!"

BOB

It started five minutes ago. I'll see you out here in an hour.

EDDIE

You're not coming?

Bob gives Eddie a sheepish look.

BOB

I have to roll calls.

Eddie shakes his head incredulously as he enters the building.

INT. COMMITMENTS MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie sips from his mega gulp as he stops in the doorway of the ongoing AA meeting and watches the proceedings. A BLACK WOMAN at the podium is mid-confession...

BLACK AA WOMAN

And soon, I was drinking whatever I
could get my hands on. Nyquil, cough
syrup...rubbing alcohol.

From the doorway, no one notices as Eddie mocks the Woman as he makes FAKE CROCODILE TEARS.

Suddenly, the sipping from his almost-empty Mega Gulp results in inadvertent LOUD SLURPING NOISES.

The Black woman stops speaking as the entire room turns to see Eddie standing at the doorway watching. He's clearly a bit embarrassed. The Black Woman asks him...

GROUP LEADER

Are...you a friend of Bill W.'s?

Eddie thinks for a moment.

EDDIE

Bill Withers? No, but I do think 'Lean
On Me' and 'Ain't No Sunshine' are
perhaps some of the best contemporary
smooth jazz songs of all time.

BLACK AA WOMAN

I'm sorry. Are you mocking us?

EDDIE

No. If I were mocking you, I'd say something more along the lines of, "this room might be filled with the most self-obsessed, whiny people I've ever met in my entire life. Just listening to you talk makes me glad that a 'Higher Power' was enlightened enough to create Cirrhosis of the liver."

Off the Black Woman's look.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

How was that? Was that better for you?

Eddie walks off, leaving her stunned.

INT. COMMITMENTS TREATMENT CENTER - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We HOLD on a DOOR with a sign posted to the outside that reads, "SUICIDE ANONYMOUS MEETING - IN SESSION." Eddie walks past and we hold for a few beats before he walks back into frame and stares at the sign.

EDDIE

(Sotto)

Now this I gotta see.

INT. SUICIDE ANONYMOUS MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie enters quietly to find PAUL, a pale, wiry and utterly miserable looking New Yorker addressing the rest of the circle of SA Members.

PAUL

Hi. My name is Paul, and I'm suicidal.

The ENTIRE GROUP responds...

ENTIRE GROUP

Hi Paul!

Paul waves back skittishly, and forces a fake mini-smile.

PAUL

Hi.

Eddie slides into an open chair in the circle, next to CLARA, a sexy Goth type in her late Twenties. Eddie whispers to her.

EDDIE

Hi. I'm Eddie.

CLARA

Clara.

Eddie thinks for a moment before sliding closer and whispering...

EDDIE

Has anyone ever told you that you're totally hot in that "Suicide Girls" kind of way. And no pun intended.

She stares at him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

About the suicide part. That would be tacky.

CLARA

You smell like puke.

EDDIE

I have an eating disorder. I like to drink expensive red wine, and then exercise. Can I show you something?

Eddie extends his hand and holds it out to Clara to examine. He points at a SMALL LEAD DOT near his knuckle.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You see that? That's my Schoolhouse

Tat. Number two pencil. Second grade.

It represents my "sad life."

Eddie takes two fingers and drags them down his chin, as if demonstrating tears.

Clara slides her chair away from him.

Eddie turn his attention to GINNY, the overly-happy and severely obese leader of the group whose high wattage beam of a smile is only overpowered by the bright day-glo colors radiating from her clothing.

She turns to face Eddie, but doesn't appear to be looking at him - its quite confusing.

GINNY

Hi there, you!

Eddie looks around, unsure if she's speaking to him.

EDDIE

Me?

Ginny, still not looking directly at Eddie, smiles and replies...

GINNY

Yes, you. You!

EDDIE

Uhh...is this some sort of therapeutic thing or...Okay, why the fuck are you not looking at me? Seriously, stop it, it's creepy.

Ginny takes a deep breath. She's clearly heard this before.

GINNY

I have two lazy eyes. I *am* looking at you. You just don't know it.

Eddie shoots her an apologetic look.

EDDIE

Wow. Sorry. I guess that explains the whole Suicide slash Rehab thing. For a second, I thought it might of been the weight.

GINNY

Your words can't hurt me. There's only love in this heart.

EDDIE

Lady, maybe you should go see a doctor. 'Cause I'm pretty sure there's a lot more than love in that heart. If I were to take a shot in the dark, I'd say...arterial plaque with a dollop of unrequited love mixed in for good measure?

Ginny leans forward, staring off to Eddie's left, and gives a reassuring smile before inappropriately speaking to Eddie in a weirdly LOUD, CONSPIRATORIAL WHISPER.

GINNY

You're in the right place. Okay?

You're wanted and loved here.

Eddie is definitely officially weirded out.

EDDIE

Oh. Well, thank you for...loving me?
Just don't invite me over to your
house for dinner.

Ginny turns her attention back to Paul.

GINNY

Go on, Paul.

PAUL

Um, okay. I...uh...

Paul pulls a piece of folded PAPER from his pocket, and then looks over at Ginny, who shakes her head in encouragement.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So, I went home last week and sat down
and tried to do what you told me...

GINNY

You mean step eight of the program.
You made a list of all the persons you
had wronged as a first step in making
amends with them...

PAUL

Right. Well, that's where I sort of
got unclear.

GINNY

Go on.

PAUL

When you mean persons that I had
wronged, how exactly would you define
the word, 'person?'

GINNY

Well...person meaning anyone in your life. Friends, family, loved ones...

PAUL

Yeah, well, I think that's where I got lost. I don't...really have any friends. The last friend I had was when I was fourteen. And this might sound unduly paranoid, but I don't think he liked me very much.

GINNY

Well, how about your family?

PAUL

I was adopted, and my adoptive family all died on that flight during 9/11.

Eddie sits up.

EDDIE

United 93?

PAUL

No, not that one. It was a...four-seater Cessna. You know, turbo-prop? Mind you, this happened *really* early in the morning. You probably didn't hear about it.

EDDIE

Nah. I guess I was sort of distracted by those other planes.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

And the collapsing skyscrapers.
(Beat)

Not that your loss was any less
tragic.

GINNY

Do you have a girlfriend, Paul?

Paul shakes his head no.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Co-workers?

PAUL

I write code and work from home.

Ginny struggles...

GINNY

Animals? Do you have any pets of any
kind?

PAUL

No. No pets. It's just me. I think
that's kind of why I'm here.

Ginny stands up and walks over to Paul and throws her arms
around him, giving him a huge sloppy hug. Paul struggles for
air.

GINNY

Oh, come here you. Ohhhh! That's nice,
right?

PAUL

Ow. Okay, you're hurting me...

Ginny takes a SMILEY FACE BUTTON and pins it to his chest.

GINNY

We're your friends now, Paul.

Paul takes a seat next to a mean-looking, burly BIKER. Paul smiles nervously at him. The Biker leans over to Paul, whispering...

BIKER

Just so you know, if you wrong Me,
I'll fucking kill you.

Paul squirms in his seat.

Suddenly, Bob slides into the other empty seat next to Eddie.

BOB

Did you get lost, asshole?

EDDIE

No. This meeting seemed infinitely
more interesting.

BOB

This isn't day camp, Eddie. You can't
choose Lanyard making over Archery.
(Thinks for a moment)

Fuck it. You're weeks away from offing
yourself, anyway. This one will work.

Bob leans back in his chair.

GINNY

Okay, who's next?

Ginny turns towards Eddie. Eddie notices, and stands to leave. Bob grabs him.

GINNY (CONT'D)

You. Why don't you tell us why you're
here.

EDDIE

If it's okay, I'd prefer not to. But
thanks.

BOB

Eddie is my friend...

EDDIE

...Client!

BOB

...and he's been very depressed
lately. He talks about killing
himself. A lot. And I gotta be honest,
it's starting to become *really*
annoying.

EDDIE

Great, Bob. Thanks for sharing my
personal life with a bunch of
strangers.

Eddie turns to the group.

BOB

I'm just being honest. I'm here for
you, buddy.

EDDIE

Oh, well, now that we're being honest, *buddy*, Bob here has Retarded Ejaculation, which I think might be also be the basis of his idiotic conspiracy theory regarding the government and its role in masturbation...

BOB

...it's not nonsense. You're just framing it incorrectly!

EDDIE

...Bob also has a miserable cunt of a wife who henpecks him daily, and his son...and I shit you not, is honestly one of the biggest Assholes I've ever met. And he's only eight. Seriously, the kid makes me look like Ryan Seacrest.

BIKER

Ryan Seacrest seems like a fucking douchebag, if you ask me.

The Group MURMUR in agreement.

EDDIE

Okay, fine. Bad example...

BIKER

...although I think the black dude who
always says "check it out, dawg"...he
seems like an alright guy.

Ginny "stares" at the biker.

GINNY

David!

BIKER

I'm just sayin'. Jesus. Sorry, Ginny.

I was just trying to share, you know?

EXT. COMMITMENTS TREATMENT CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie walks briskly as Bob tries to keep up with him.

BOB

Eddie, wait!

Eddie stops.

EDDIE

What?

BOB

Okay. Maybe that was a bad idea. I was
just trying to be helpful.

EDDIE

I'll come up with a more...palatable
new book idea. Alright? I get it, Bob.
I'm good at the one thing I hate more
than life itself.

Eddie starts to walk away. Bob stops him.

BOB

That's not it, man. Look, I've known you for almost a decade. And believe it or not, some people actually do care about you.

Eddie let's this sink in. Bob, sensing he isn't reaching Eddie, starts to walk away.

EDDIE

Wait. Bob.

Bob stops.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
(Genuinely)

I appreciate that. I really do.

BOB

Eddie?

EDDIE

Yeah.

BOB

Just...go see Nancy.

We ANGLE on Eddie as he considers this. He shakes his head yes.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET- PARK SLOPE - DAY

Eddie walks down this beautiful tree-lined street.

EDDIE (V.O.)

My name is Eddie Flowers, and I hate you. Believe me, it has nothing to do with you personally. You're most likely an all right person. That is, unless you're a banker.

(MORE)

EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In that case, fuck you. Anyway, it's more of a me thing. It's been a me thing pretty much my entire life. But today, I decided I'm finally gonna try and do something about it.

NANCY'S BROWNSTONE - PARK SLOPE - DAY

Eddie knocks on the front door of this Brownstone. NANCY, 40's, beautiful, opens it. Upon seeing Eddie, her smile fades.

NANCY

Eddie...I can't do this right now.

Nancy goes to close the door.

EDDIE

Wait.

NANCY

What!?

EDDIE

I miss you.

NANCY

That's great, Eddie. I understand that, and I miss you, too. I do. But you come here, and you say...these awful things to me. You say awful things to my son.

EDDIE

I don't mean to. You know that I just want to be completely honest in my life. Always. That's it. That's all I ever wanted to be.

NANCY

Eddie, you're honest...but...can you ever be real?

EDDIE

I don't even know what that means, Nance.

NANCY

Eddie, people don't always want honesty. Or your brand of it, anyway. Don't you get that? All you do is hurt people. You're hurtful.

Eddie takes this in.

And then suddenly he BREAKS DOWN and begins to cry.

EDDIE

I'm not happy. And I want to be happy, Nancy. But...I...I just don't know how to do it.

Nancy softens.

NANCY

That's a start.

Eddie wipes away his tears with his sleeve.

EDDIE

So, does that mean you'll let me see
you and Elliott again? I promise I'm
gonna do better. I'm going to do
whatever it takes to get myself happy
so I can make you both happy again.

Nancy mulls this over for a few moments, and clearly against
hew own best judgment, opens the door, and gestures Eddie in.

NANCY

Come inside.

As she closes the door, MUSIC swells for a few moments.

Suddenly, the door opens, and the MUSIC comes to an abrupt
stop.

Eddie, ensuring sure Nancy isn't watching, takes her CAT that
he's currently holding by the scruff of its neck, and TOSSES
it onto the stairs.

It lands and hisses at him.

EDDIE

Oh, really?

Nancy calls from inside the house.

NANCY (O.C.)

Eddie? Where are you?

Eddie yells back.

EDDIE

Coming!

Eddie glances around the street for a second before he winds
his leg up, and proceeds to KICK THE CAT. Hard.

The kitty quickly rises into frame and SLAMS directly into
the LENS, taking us to... BLACK.

END CREDITS