

Like Father...

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## OPENING CREDITS

I like a nice, little, theme song. Anyway, to me this is a dysfunctional/extended family show so I envision an empty dinner table in the guys' apartment. Our cast pops into it in different combinations (diff. clothes/ diff. evenings) until the last image is just Will and Van sitting there together.

Like Father...

ACT ONE

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY (DAY ONE)

We're at a NYC college. WILL LYONS is 19, handsome, quietly sarcastic and not as confident as you'd think. (He played sports in high school but wasn't the douchebag superstar. That guy.) His roommate, ROB RUBY (19, goes by "RUBY") is a high-energy, relentless human, and the world's most loyal friend. They exit a building, backpacks on, leaving class.

RUBY

You want to know ten reasons why that class sucks balls--

Will shushes him, stops, and nonchalantly POSES with a SCOWL. A stunner of a girl, DYLAN (20) passes, not noticing him. Will watches her, then walking off:

WILL

Did I look like a bad boy? I feel like she probably digs bad boys.

RUBY

No, but at least now she knows what she's dealing with. You're not just some rando in her stats class. Nope. You're a potential stalker.

WILL

It could work.

RUBY

Definitely. Sexual tension and fear of being murdered are very similar emotions.

WILL

You know what's fun sometimes? Walking without talking.

RUBY

That sounds horrible. How is it possible that you have no rap?

WILL

I don't know. I have no problem talking to guys. It'd be so much easier to be gay, but I just can't get down with the franks and beans.

RUBY

I feel ya.  
(light bulb)  
(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)

Oh, you know what we should do tonight? We should - wait for it, not a long wait, here it comes - we should have a party and invite the girl you're stalking. Boom, there's that idea. If you want, I will do that for you. What do you think?

WILL

I think you're a bad actor. We're already having a party, aren't we?

RUBY

Wow. I'm trying to be a good--

WILL

(to nearby GUY)

Mike, am I having a party tonight?

MIKE

Yeah. Ruby e-mailed everyone.

WILL

Tell me why we're having a party, or you're getting a titty twister. Not a little kid one. A grown-up one.

RUBY

They can be grown up?

(Will quickly nods)

Did not know that. Okay, I thought it might loosen Patty up. We've been dating over a year and I can't close the deal. She keeps that whole area--  
(gestures to waist)  
On high security lockdown.

WILL

She does play great defense.

RUBY

Right? If hockey pucks were tiny penises, she'd be like the world's best goalie.

Ruby demonstrates making hockey 'saves' with SFX, then looks up to see Will ignoring him, looking off at Dylan again. Ruby calls over to her with a BAD, FOREIGN GUY ACCENT.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Hey, blonde American woman.

(Will ducks)

You like-a to make the kissy face? I ask for friend.

She confusedly walks off. Will gets up.

WILL  
Prepare for pain.

RUBY  
What? I'm helping. It's better than  
your angry J. Crew poses.

Ruby poses, mocking, then runs as Will chases. Will tackles  
him, then:

WILL  
You did this to yourself.

As Will gives him a TITTY TWISTER and Ruby SCREAMS:

CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT ONE)

WE START on Ruby holding some ice on his nipple. It's a  
big, open apartment. Crap furnishings, no TV. The party is  
on: lights down, good groove going, all college kids. VAN  
(38, boyishly handsome) enters. Van is a "wear it on your  
sleeve" guy. He feels hard, he's loud, positive, full of  
love and an unapologetic handful. He takes in the scene. A  
HIPSTER (in KNIT HAT) eyes him suspiciously.

VAN  
Hey, how's it going?  
(Hipster walks off)  
No problem, we'll talk later.  
(high-pitched, sing-songy)  
Diiiiickkkk.

He sees a black GUY subtly grooving to music on the couch.

VAN (CONT'D)  
Nice couch dancing, my friend. You  
look cool, but you don't have to get  
up and totally commit; wow, I wish I  
could do that.  
(tries to copy dance)  
Look at me, look how white I look:  
that move's just not in my holster.  
Seriously, very smooth.

COUCH DANCER  
Thanks, I guess?

VAN  
Thanks definitely. I meant it.

He then moves to see: PATTY WEN (20, Asian) is as strong-willed as she is tiny. She's frank, edgy, but still a vulnerable girl at heart. Currently, she and Ruby are making out. He squeezes her ass.

VAN

Well, that's a little sloppy.

RUBY

Excuse me?

VAN

Not the kissing. The kissing is all good - mostly good. But, Robert, squeezing her ass? That's not for her. That's just so other guys can see you doing it.

(to Patty)

Am I right?

PATTY

It doesn't do anything for me.

VAN

How could it?

(squeezes Ruby's ass)

You like that, Robert? Come on, son, you're better than that.

Ruby looks at both of them, then exits quickly to:

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will's in boxers, just out of the shower, working on his hair, when Ruby enters.

RUBY

You're beautiful. Your dad's here.

Will chuckles, bemused. He's used to this.

RUBY (CONT'D)

You're not shocked. Me, I'd be shocked.

WILL

Let's go talk to him.

(sits to put on jeans, Ruby reacts upset)

What?

RUBY

When you sat down, your boxers kinda...

Ruby puts his hands together and OPENS them, like doors. Will's clueless. He does it again. Then, seriously:

RUBY

Will, I saw your junk.... It winked at me.

WILL

We'll get through it, man.

As Will gets dressed, Ruby sits, defeated.

RUBY

Lotta shit going down tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Van and Patty are mid-conversation.

PATTY

You look too young to be Will's dad.

VAN

Thirty-eight. The math checks out.

PATTY

My roommate Rhonda uses thirty-eight as her cut-off age. Seriously, she'll still bang a guy if he's under thirty-eight. She's a total slut. You know, I'm not some subservient little Asian girl.

VAN

You don't connect thoughts very well.

PATTY

Ruby grabbing my ass before: I know it was for show. I only let him do it 'cause he's not into the stereotype, okay? He's not looking for some kabuki girl in a kimono, who's all...

(racist accent)

"You want undress now for sexy massage?" He respects me. So if he needs a little cheek squeeze now and then for his self-esteem, he can squeeze away. You know, as long as his hand doesn't dig around back there.

(MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)

I don't like anyone or anything near  
the main terminal area of my butt.

VAN

We are the same that way.

PATTY

Cool. Anyway, just don't think I'm a  
pushover, okay?

VAN

Patty, we just met and I could never  
think that. I just think you're a  
little scary.

PATTY

Thanks, Mr. Lyons.

VAN

Van.

PATTY

Van. Bitchin' name.

VAN

Rock on.

Will and Ruby walk up. This isn't played angry:

WILL

Dad, what's up?

VAN

First thing's first. Love you,  
kiddo. Bring it in.

WILL

(as he's hugged, a bit awkward)  
We're doing this here - okay.

Ruby gets uncomfortable as other people look.

RUBY

It's not like he just got back from  
war. Break it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT ONE)

Ruby, Will and Van look at the city lights. There's a  
window into the party.

VAN

You know, I made it here from Connecticut in twenty-eight minutes.

WILL

Mom said going to school this close to home was going to burn me.

VAN

She was right. You should have returned my calls, kiddo. You okay if I hang for awhile?

WILL

Definitely.

RUBY

Wait, so you're... staying?

VAN

Yep. See Johnny-Cool-Dude?  
(re: hipster from before)  
He was a bit douchey to me. Mark my words, boys: I'm getting that hat.

Van exits. Ruby turns to Will.

RUBY

You're just going to let him go hassle my friend?

WILL

Your friend? What's his name?

RUBY

(beat, then)  
"Johnny-Cool-Dude."  
(whispers)  
Look, man. Patty's got a toothbrush in her purse. Tonight's the night.

WILL

Why're you whispering?

RUBY

The girl hears like a Japanese bat.

PATTY

(knocks on glass, calls)  
Why's the bat gotta be Japanese?

RUBY

'Cause I'm racist, babe.

WILL

(as Ruby reacts, upset)  
My dad won't bring this party down.  
He's "Hurricane Van". He'll probably  
make it better.

RUBY

Your daddy will make our party  
better? Do you hear yourself?

WILL

I'm telling you, man; he's fun. You  
just have to ride the wave...

As Will puts his arm around Ruby and they OPEN THE DOOR...

MUSIC CUE: "Walking on a Dream" by Empire of the Sun

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (MONTAGE)

An alternately fast motion/slow motion party montage  
(ramping film in the lens - will look very cool) as WE SEE:

- Van, arm around Will, makes Ruby and Patty laugh.
- Van and gang PLAY QUARTERS. Van shows the group how to expertly ROLL THE QUARTER OFF HIS KNUCKLES INTO SHOT-GLASS.
- Patty fake-flirts with Hipster Guy and removes his hat (to "see his hair"). She hands it to Will who tosses it to Van.
- Van, Ruby, Patty and Couch Dancer (well-coordinated) do the guy's couch dance, until...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT (NIGHT ONE)

The last few stragglers leave. Patty and Ruby see them out.  
They're alone. Awkward beat, then, very cool:

RUBY

I want to get up on you, girl.

PATTY

Yeah, that guy's a prick. Try again.

RUBY

Sorry. It's just, you look so  
beautiful tonight, and I thought--  
you know, we could... Sorry.

PATTY

Better. Take me to bed.

Excited, he throws her over his shoulder. She laughs as he CARRIES HER TO:

INT. RUBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter the dark room, kissing, and close the door. After a beat, the lights come on, REVEALING Van there, in bed. Patty's shirt is unbuttoned. Van covers his eyes.

VAN

Evening, guys. Not looking.

RUBY

No-no. This is my room.

VAN

Yeah, about that - wait, Patty, are you decent?

PATTY

(finishes buttoning)  
All good.

VAN

(opens eyes)  
Super. Robert, I get why you're upset, I do. But I pay all the rent here, so technically, it's my room. Now, there is a solution: just write me a check for your half, and I'll leave, pronto.

RUBY

(looks at Patty)  
If I give you five bucks, can I have my room for ten minutes?  
(Van shakes 'no')  
Three minutes?

PATTY

That sounds so hot.

Van gets out of the bed in his boxers.

VAN

Cut your losses, Romeo.

RUBY

(sees, reacts, looks away)  
Seriously, again with the boxers?!?

VAN

What?

Ruby makes the HAND/DOORS OPENING gesture again. Patty and Van are clueless. Angry, he exits, Patty follows.

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Will is there cleaning up as Ruby enters, full of steam.

RUBY

Am I the only one who wears undies  
under his boxers?!?

WILL

Yep. Only one in the world. Why?

PATTY

I'm heading home.

RUBY

Wait, no--

She kisses him. Van enters as Patty heads out:

PATTY

Good night, Van.

VAN

Adios, Patty.

Van goes to Kitchen Area, starts putting ice cream in bowls.

VAN

Good, we're all up. I've got the  
munchies. Who wants ice cream?

(Will raises hand, then)  
Robert, you in?

RUBY

No, I'm not "in".

VAN

I'll tell you something: that young  
lady is way too hot for you.

WILL

Yeah, I say that all the time.

RUBY

What the hell is going on here?

Alright, you see this?

(points to face with two hands)  
This is my "get real" face.

WILL

Oh crap, I hate when he gets real.

RUBY

Mr. Lyons, I don't know why you're here. Maybe you're having a mid-life crisis. Maybe you're trying to break the record for how many guys you can cock-block in one night--

VAN

That's a good one. Whipped cream?

WILL

Hell yeah, hit it hard.

RUBY

Me too, please. Look, if you and Mrs. Lyons had a fight or something, I get it, but just call her--

VAN

(stops with whipped cream)  
Stop right there, kiddo. Will, you didn't tell your best friend?

(Will sighs, looks away)  
Robert, I haven't lost my mind. My wife - Will's mom - she passed away over the summer. And Will won't return my calls. And since he didn't even tell you about it, he obviously isn't leaning on his friends. So, I don't think he's handling it that well. That's why I'm here.

RUBY

(to Will, sorrowful)  
Dude...

WILL

Dad, you're killing me.

Will walks off to his room. Ruby sadly stays frozen. Van pats him on the shoulder, then, re, whipped cream:

VAN

Say, "When."

He squirts it for a long time. Then, sadly:

RUBY

When.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - MORNING (DAY TWO)

Ruby sleeps uncomfortably on the couch. Will (boxers) enters. He breaks the tension by opening the CROTCH of his boxers, REVEALING UNDIES underneath.

WILL

Shazam. Undies with my boxers. For you, brother.

RUBY

You're a good friend... You know what's weird? You and your dad's faces don't look alike but your thundersticks - dead ringers. Seriously, you could replace a picture of his with one of yours.

WILL

I will test that theory on next year's Christmas Card.

RUBY

(laugh trails off)  
Yeah... Your mom - How'd it happen?

WILL

Car accident.

RUBY

Cool.  
(this hangs there)  
I didn't mean to say cool, I'm just really nervous.

WILL

I figured. It's okay, man. I'm okay.

RUBY

Why didn't you tell me?

WILL

Because of that look on your face.

RUBY

(points to face, same way)  
This? This is my "get real" face.

WILL

It's not. It's pity. I saw it all summer. I just - I don't want that.

RUBY

Buddy Boy, I'm your best friend. If you need me to not feel bad for you that your mom died - I can do that. Who gives a crap, right?

WILL

You might want to dial it back a bit.

RUBY

Gotcha.

WILL

But thanks.

It's a real moment. Van enters, WEARING HIPSTER'S HAT:

VAN

What up, dawgs? That party was off the hizzy.

(then, normal)

It's not me, it's the hat.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATER (DAY TWO)

Van (still in HAT) and Will (backpack) walk through campus.

VAN

Look, I just wanted to check on you--

WILL

I can't take you seriously in that.

Van stops, removes HAT, and struggles to climb a STATUE of NATHAN HALE during the following:

VAN

Over the summer, I was so caught up with my own stuff, I wasn't there for you. So, this is like a do-over.

(finishes putting hat on)

There. Thirty seconds ago he was some boring, historical figure. Now he's a pretentious tool-bag.

WILL

I don't know; he could just be cold. He needs something else.

TIME CUT: The statue now wears a spiked LEATHER-BRACELET and IRONIC T-SHIRT. The following is light in tone:

VAN

Now he's a douche.

WILL

I know. I want to fight him.

VAN

You know, you didn't really cry at the funeral - I don't think you cried, period.

WILL

You did. You were like a snot-making machine. Seriously, it was like a magic trick.

VAN

Yeah, but that's how I got through it. That's how I came out the other side. I just want to make sure you're not hiding from all this--  
(Will is frozen, SCOWLING)  
Will, you okay?

Will poses as Dylan approaches. She turns - SMILES (SLO-MO) and walks over... Is she coming to him? Nope.

DYLAN

Hey, Van.

VAN

Hey, Dylan.  
(she's gone, off Will's look)  
What? I met her at your party.

WILL

Where the hell was I?

VAN

I think you were working on your hair again.

WILL

I've got to get better product.

INT. SCHOOL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Will and Van enter. Van immediately HIGH-FIVES a PASSERBY.

VAN

Another party friend. Look, I know I'm probably cramping your style--

WILL

Dad, you are definitely a style-cramper, but that's okay; I'm fine. I can high-five people that pass by, too: Yo, Fitzie!

(holds out hand to GUY passing, gets nothing)

That wasn't Fitzie. The point is, I'm glad you're here. And I'm doing fine. Just don't go around telling anyone about Mom, okay?

VAN

Deal. So what now?

WILL

I've got class. You go find Dylan. Be my 'Wing-Dad'.

VAN

On it.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY (DAY TWO)

Dylan is by a young, slutty type (RHONDA) as Van walks up.

VAN

Hey, Dylan. You got a second?

DYLAN

Sure. This is my friend, Rhonda.

RHONDA

Hey, cutie. Patty told me about you.

VAN

I'm fifty.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY (DAY TWO)

Ruby and Will sit. Will has books out. Ruby practices quarters using Van's knuckle-rolling style. Sotto:

WILL

He totally hooked me up. Dylan is meeting us out tonight.

RUBY

And you think that's okay? To have your dad chat up a girl for you? Because I think it's un-godly.

WILL

You're practicing quarters the way he taught you.

RUBY

I will never do it this way again.

Ruby bounces the quarter into a nearby PERSON's coffee. The person looks over, suspicious. They both look away.

RUBY

He's your dad, man. It's too weird.

WILL

How can I explain this... What's your youngest memory?

RUBY

Easy. Breast feeding.

WILL

What's your real, youngest memory? How old were you?

RUBY

Six, but it's still breast feeding.

WILL

Okay, when I was six, Van was only twenty three. He was our age and he had a kid; how insane is that? In all my memories, he's so young - I guess I've just always thought of him as a friend. So, if he needs to come here to make sure I'm okay, I'm cool with that.

RUBY

Alright.

The COFFEE GUY by Ruby has a quarter in his mouth. As Ruby takes it back:

RUBY (CONT'D)

Sorry, that's mine.

WILL

Look, my dad won't stay that long.  
Besides, how much of a hassle is it  
for you, really?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - DAY (DAY TWO)

Van sits on the couch. Patty is there.

PATTY

You think I should give it up to  
Ruby?

VAN

I was hoping you'd ask me that.

PATTY

Really?

VAN

Not even a little. Let's change the  
subject: Do you believe they don't  
own a TV? Should I go get a TV?

PATTY

Ruby wants to stay at my place  
tonight. We've been dating so long,  
I am feeling the pressure to open the  
gates... I don't want to lose him.

VAN

Are you the same girl I met before?  
Strong, scary, lives with slutty  
Rhonda?

(she smiles)

When Will was younger and he asked me  
dumb questions, I used to fake slap  
him. You have to turn your head so  
it looks real. You ready?

Patty nods. Van FAKE SLAPS her, twice (head back-forth).

VAN

Good job.

(as he leaves)

By the way, it means, "Wake the hell  
up."

And he's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAIN T CONNECTICUT HOUSE - DAY (DAY TWO)

Movers carry a big, FLAT-SCREEN TV to a truck. Van is by the OVERGROWN lawn with ALI MILLER (39, cute). Ali is goofy, self-deprecating and was Van's wife's best friend.

ALI

You robbing your own house?

VAN

Just getting some essentials.

ALI

How's Will doing?

VAN

I can't tell. He's either perfectly fine or he's hiding it.

ALI

Well, you were never that sharp.

VAN

True. How's your kid?

ALI

Awesome. She says "bajima" instead of vagina.

VAN

Cute. How old is Charlotte, now?

ALI

She's twenty so it's a little awkward.

(then, being real)

She's four.

VAN

How're you holding up, Ali?

ALI

I should be asking you that. I'm just separated. I have the exact same life, except I don't have to tell some overgrown frat-boy to stop honking my boob, nearly as much... You know, I always joked with Christa that she ruined everything. You guys were so happy, it made me realize my marriage sucked donkey butt.

VAN

That's what we were going for.

ALI

Wow, I miss her.

(gathers self)

So, I love what you've done with the yard.

VAN

Thanks, I'm going for the "meth-addict-lives-here" look.

ALI

You know what a pain in the ass it is to deal with all the neighborhood gossips? First the rumors were all about girls you were nailing. Then you were gay for a week.

VAN

Ooo, I hope I had fun. Or at least got some very, tight T-shirts.

ALI

Now, I have to convince them all that you are not, in fact, a dopehead.

Two BUSYBODY WOMEN walk by. REVEAL Van, now with shirt off:

VAN

Hey, Carol, Susie. Wanna get high?

As they hurry off:

ALI

You think you're funny, don't you?

VAN

I do. Can I borrow your cell?

CUT TO:

INT. RICK STREET'S KITCHEN - DAY (DAY TWO)

RICK STREET (42, black) is a stoic, quiet, ruffled, kind, bear of a man. He holds one baby, his wife LAURA holds the other. He is finishing a phone call, hangs up:

RICK

Babe, Van's having a tough time. I'd love to stay and do bath-time with the boys, but I think he needs me.

She looks at him, and we:

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT TWO)

Van watches sports on the new flat-screen TV. Will's in the kitchen. Rick enters; Van immediately tosses him a beer.

RICK

It worked, but she's starting to get suspicious.

VAN

Please. You've got a free pass for at least another month.

(re: Will)

Go talk to him. Tell me if you think he's okay, or if he's hiding from his real feelings.

RICK

(nods, then)  
Hey, Will.

WILL

Hey, Mr. Street.

RICK

(sits next to Van)  
I can't tell.

VAN

Well thanks for trying.

They TOAST BEERS. Ruby enters, pissed. Will walks over.

RUBY

Oh good, more old people.  
(then, to Van)  
I feel like we have to fight.

WILL

What's going on?

VAN

I may have told his girlfriend she didn't have to sleep with him.

RICK

(long hearty laugh)  
That's funny.

RUBY

Not only is sex off the table, now she's closed down the upper deck. You know what that leaves me with?

(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)

Kissing. Who gives a shit about kissing?

RICK

I remember kissing. God, I loved it.

RUBY

(re: TV, to Will)

Dude, there's a new TV here. He's moving in. This is unacceptable.

WILL

(exiting to room)

We have to go meet Dylan. Just get ready. We're going out.

RICK

We're going out, now? It's 8:30. I haven't been out after 8:30 in...

(counts on fingers)

Nine years. Let's do this.

RUBY

Pass.

VAN

Oh, come on, Robert, what're you going to do? Stay in and not get laid some more?

Ruby sits defeated next to an intimidating Rick.

RICK

Did you call me old before?

RUBY

Nooo. That's crazy.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S PUB - NIGHT (NIGHT TWO)

A college hang. Food, beer, foosball tables with serious players. The place is crammed with rowdy, student types until we come to our gang's table. No one's around them.

RUBY

This sucks horse balls.

VAN

It's like there's an invisible wall around our table.

WILL

It's a college hang. Maybe everyone thinks you two are creepy businessmen trying to hire us as escorts.

RICK

If I ever have to pay for it, I'm not blowing my money on a white boy.

RUBY

You wish you could have some of this.  
(off Rick's look)  
Sorry, sir.

VAN

One thing I know about college kids - free food and drinks make friends.

Van pulls out a credit card. TIME CUT: the table is now crowded with kids (Mike, Couch Dancer, etc.) who eat.

VAN (CONT'D)

'Atta boy, Mike, hit those wings hard. You, too... couch dancer guy.

WILL

Where's Dylan?

VAN

Don't be nervous, kiddo.  
(re: foosball games)  
And since I've never played foosball in my entire life, it's time to trot out your mom's favorite bit.  
(Will shakes, 'no')  
Yes.

RUBY

What is it?

WILL

It's stupid. I used to do it when I was a kid. I call it, "Being very serious about something you suck at."

RUBY

Oh, I must see that.

VAN

C'mon, Will. I brought wristbands...

As Van puts wristbands on table:

HARD CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S PUB FOOSBALL AREA - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT TWO)

Will and Van WEAR HEADBANDS and WRISTBANDS, and play two serious guys. They AD-LIB smack talk ("You don't want any of this," "Here comes the pain, bitch"). They drop the ball in, the other team IMMEDIATELY SCORES. Will yells at Van.

WILL

Dammit, bro. Tighten that D-up!

Then, as they AD-LIB more smack talk and drop a second ball:

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S PUB - LATER (NIGHT TWO)

Rick, Ruby and Van sit at the table looking over at Will, laughing with all the guys (by foosball).

VAN

I'm telling you, he's hurting inside.

ANGLE ON Will laughing and high-fiving someone.

RUBY

He looks miserable.

VAN

I know him, okay? I can feel it. I just can't get him to open up.

RUBY

(seems sincere)

Look, maybe he can't open up because he's too mad at you for giving me permanent blue balls.

RICK

You're like the movie *Speed*. I mean, if you stop talking for sixty seconds, would your head explode?

RUBY

Don't know, I've never checked.

RICK

My boys are only two, so I'm talking out of my ass; but with kids, you can't wait around hoping for something to happen. You have to push their buttons.

Van nods, then sees Dylan enter. She waves and walks over; he pats Rick on the back. He has an idea. WE TIME CUT TO:

Will walks from foosball to the table. Will sees Dylan there, her back to him. He stops, turns to a GUY:

WILL  
How's my breath?  
(he breathes on the guy)

GUY  
Fine. Do I know you?

WILL  
No, but thanks.

Will walks toward Dylan. Right when he gets to the table:

WILL  
Hey, I'm Will--

She turns; her eyes are TEARY, her face full of PITY.

DYLAN  
I'm so sorry about your mom.

WILL  
(shuts down)  
Oh... it's okay.

DYLAN  
That's so horrible. I'm just going to grab some tissue.

WILL  
It's fine, really....

She exits to the bathroom. He turns to his dad.

VAN  
Look, kiddo, the reason I told her--

Will THROWS A BEER in Van's face and exits. After a beat, Ruby chuckles at the drenched Van. Then, off Van's glare:

RUBY  
Don't be mad at me.  
(re: Rick)  
It was his idea.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - LATER (NIGHT TWO)

Will is there, annoyed. Van enters (still messy from beer) with Rick. During the following, Rick goes to the fridge, gets a beer, and stays out of the way:

VAN

Hey, kiddo. Thanks for the beer-nose enema.

(Will ignores him)

The silent treatment? Really? I know you think that'll drive me crazy, because your mom used to do it to me, but guess what - it never bothered me. I mean, sure, sometimes I'd cave and say I was sorry about whatever she thought I did - okay, usually I'd cave - but that was just about me wanting to have sex again.

RICK

Been there. Preach.

VAN

(then, contrite)

Look, I was stupid. I'm a stupid person; you know that. I just feel like you're heading for a crash if you don't face your feelings--

WILL

(matter of fact)

Dad, I know you think you're turning my life upside down, but you're not. I saw this so many times with Mom. You get all fired up about something, like making the family eat together three nights a week, whatever. Mom used to call it "Hurricane Van". She'd always tell me not to worry, because hurricanes hit hard, but they go away just as fast, and then things get back to normal. I need it to get back to normal around here. Ruby's right: it's time for you to go.

VAN

(as Will exits)

Will--

Will's gone. Van sighs and sits. Rick sits next to him and hands him two beers. He has two of his own.

RICK

If it makes you feel any better, when my boys are Will's age, I'll be a hundred.

As they toast the four beers:

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT (NIGHT TWO)

WE START on the statue (arm bracelet, hat). Two students walk by and laugh. This angers an UPSET Will. He removes the bracelet and angrily climbs the statue's back, trying to reach the HAT. Dylan walks up.

DYLAN

I feel like you should take him to dinner first.

Will is frozen, speechless for a beat. Then, WHISPERS into STATUE's ear:

WILL

Ignore her. She doesn't understand us.

DYLAN

(smiles)  
Nathan Hale.  
(off his confusion)  
That's who you're mounting.

WILL

Really? He said "no names."

DYLAN

So, I heard I missed some drama with you and your dad. He's fun.

WILL

He's Hurricane Van.

DYLAN

You shouldn't be mad at him for telling me about your mom.

WILL

Yeah, I don't really want to talk about that--

DYLAN

It must be so hard for you.

WILL  
Look, Dylan...

We're then in Will's P.O.V. WE SEE her pretty face and then re-adjust to her cleavage. Will's face changes.

WILL (CONT'D)  
It is really hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN'S CONNECTICUT HOUSE - LATE (NIGHT TWO)

Van, Rick and Ruby are BUZZY. Van mows his lawn (riding mower). Rick and Ruby sit on ground with a twelve pack.

RUBY  
How do I get Patty to let me get my freak on?

VAN  
(pulls up on mower)  
Robert, you know why I bust your chops so much? You ask for it. Gimme the sex - Gimme the sex - Gimme the sex; that's what you sound like, man. Do you even like this girl?

RUBY  
Patty's amazing. I can't believe a girl like her even likes me.

VAN  
I get that. I had that. Okay, here's how you get what you want. Tell Patty you like her so much, you don't care if you ever have sex. And here's the hard part, kiddo. You have to mean it.

RUBY  
Got it. I'm going to check your fridge for more beers.

RICK  
(as Ruby enters house, smiles)  
That'll get him what he wants?

VAN  
He doesn't know what he wants.

Ali walks up in a nightie, good natured:

ALI

One in the morning, fellas. Whatcha doin'?

VAN

You said the lawn looked bad. I'm on it, girlfriend.

RICK

Grenade!

Rick throws a full can of beer in mower's path. Van RUNS OVER it, and it FLIES OUT and EXPLODES on the house.

VAN

That cannot be great for the blade.

ALI

(as he turns it off)  
What happened?

VAN

Dummy told me to push Will's buttons.

RICK

(explaining)  
I'm not usually out this late.

VAN

William Van Lyons, Senior and Junior. You know why I gave Will my exact same name? A - I'm lazy.

(they nod, AD-LIB, "Of course")  
But also because I wanted him to be like me. I remember when he decided he wanted to go by "Will" instead of "Van." I was so pissed. I told him, "You get so much more tail with a name like 'Van'." Then Christa said that wasn't a strong argument with a seven year old.

(then, chuckles)  
I wanted him to be like me, but he's so much like her. Maybe I should stop pushing him to open up.

REVEAL Ali now with a hand cupping each boob.

ALI

Sorry, this is one of my cute, new, single-gal nighties and it's colder than I thought.

RICK  
(laughs)  
Turkey's done.

ALI  
Rick, I will call your wife.

RICK  
Please don't.

VAN  
Ali, am I doing the right thing with  
Will?

ALI  
I think what you're doing is amazing.

VAN  
Thanks... Can I have a ride back to  
the city? Our cab here cost me a  
hundred bucks.

ALI  
Why not just sleep in your house?

VAN  
That's a good idea. Or - you can  
drive me back to New York.

RICK  
And me home. But we should probably  
stop at a Burger King first.

ALI  
You guys are a chore.

As they walk off, Ali still covering her boobs, to Rick:

ALI (CONT'D)  
You couldn't have told him he was a  
good dad? You've got kids.

RICK  
I've got babies.

ANGLE ON the house door as Ruby comes out, sees no one:

RUBY  
Guys? Wait up.

As he runs to catch up, Rick is not happy:

RICK  
Dammit, I thought we lost him.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT TWO)

Dylan and Will are in bed (still dressed) making-out hard.  
The following happens as they kiss without opening eyes:

DYLAN  
You have soft lips.

WILL  
Thanks.

DYLAN  
Tell me what you like.

WILL  
This is pretty great.

DYLAN  
Tell me if you don't like something.

WILL  
I don't love talking.

DYLAN  
(opens eyes, smiles)  
Look, we just met, so I don't want to  
sleep with you tonight, okay?

WILL  
Oh... Okay, I just--  
(playing it up)  
I just wanted to feel better for  
once.

DYLAN  
(looks in his eyes)  
Okay.

She sits up and pulls off her T-shirt. Will reacts...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER (NIGHT TWO)

Ruby (asleep on couch) startles awake as Will barges in.  
Will paces, upset, throughout.

WILL  
I just almost had sex with Dylan.

RUBY

I knew it. She does like-a-the kissy face. Does she also like-a-the-boom-boom?

WILL

It's not a good thing!

VAN

(enters from Ruby's room)  
What's going on and who has Advil?

WILL

(ranting)  
I just used Mom to hook up with a girl. I mean, I didn't do it, but I could have. It is a lethal rap - seriously, it's like a super power; you just say, "My mom died, I'm so wounded," and their breasts start glowing.

RUBY

Glowing? I'd like to see that.

WILL

What's wrong with me?! What kind of person does that?  
(Van laughs)  
You're laughing?

VAN

Mom would laugh, too. You know I'm right. She'd laugh, and torture you, and say, "How's Dylan?" at least once a year until it became a family joke.

WILL

(smiles then starts to well up)  
Mom was so awesome.

VAN

Yeah she was.

WILL

It's just, I-- I never said any of the stuff I wish I said. Not one thing. Not one, Dad.

VAN

She knew, kiddo. C'mere.

MUSIC CUE: "Give a Little Love" by Noah and the Whale plays to end of show (sparse lyrically).

They HUG, Will quietly CRYING, Ruby watching. It's a long hug, then they part - looking into each other's eyes. Then:

RUBY  
Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!

WILL  
(wipes eyes, playful)  
Oh, that was a mistake.

As Will and Van subdue Ruby:

RUBY  
C'mon, tension breaker - you know we needed it.

As they SIT ON HIM (on the couch) and he struggles:

CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - FEW NIGHTS LATER (NIGHT THREE)

Ruby and Patty are mid-conversation.

RUBY  
... So, I don't care if we ever get our freak on. I mean, I don't want to be sixty tugging at your button-flies with my old-man nub fingers,  
(curls hands)  
But right now - I really don't care, Patty. Don't get me wrong - I'd really appreciate it if you'd re-open your chesticles for business. But otherwise, all I want is you to be happy.

PATTY  
(kisses him, then deep breath)  
I love you. Deal with that shit.

RUBY  
(stunned)  
I love you, too.

She moves off. Van crosses by.

VAN  
That's what you really wanted, right?  
Good luck.

He claps Ruby on the back. Ruby remains frozen there, shocked. GO WIDE to see the apartment is set for dinner.

It's like Thanksgiving with our group: Ruby, Patty, Van, Will, Ali and daughter CHARLOTTE, Rick, Wife, and TWO BABIES are all there. Chaos. Van whistles.

VAN

Let's eat.

DISSOLVE to people sitting, mid-dinner.

VAN (CONT'D)

(clangs glass for toast)

Young Mr. Ruby here made me think about love. You know Will made fun of me the other day--

ALL

(ad-libbing mock shock)

No. / Impossible. / I don't believe it.

VAN

No, he did. It was about this time I made our family eat dinner together three times a week. The thing is, that was actually Christa's idea. So tonight is her fault. Anyway, she always said that if you're lucky enough to have love in your life, you have to cherish it, because it could be gone tomorrow. So: to love.

All TOAST, "To love." (NOTE: Van isn't emotional during speech.) Will, at other end of table, turns to Ali:

WILL

I don't know how he does it.

ALI

Does what?

WILL

He just stays positive, plows forward, you know? None of it leaves a mark on him.

ALI

(sweetly sympathetic)

So young. Sweetie, it leaves a mark on all of us. I got drunk and got a little tattoo of your mom's name on my ass. Look.

She shows him. He's fixated.

WILL

Weirdest moment of my life.

ALI

I'm doing a lot of Pilates. The point is your mom dying leaves a mark on everyone. You really think all this was about you, don't you? Your dad staying here, Rick leaving his family to hang out in the city the last few nights. Five months, now, and we still can't get your dad to set foot inside his house. It's too much for him. He stays at my place, or Rick's. He's 'marked,' Will. You just need to look harder to see it.

As the music plays, Will looks at his dad - really looks at him. Van's lost in thought, his eyes are welled up. And as he meets Will's gaze, for the first and only time, WE HEAR a LITTLE CRACK IN HIS VOICE:

VAN

You need something, kiddo?

WILL

All good, Dad.

Van recovers, smiles, and lifts one of Rick's kids into the air, cheery again. As Will watches his father, and smiles:

CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING (DAY FOUR)

Van talks to Will. Ruby sleeps on the couch. They whisper:

VAN

Promise me that you'll lean on your friends and try not to close yourself off anymore.

WILL

Promise.

VAN

Then, I should clear out today.

Ruby wakes, shoots off couch.

RUBY

I'll get your suitcase.

VAN  
Not really packed, yet--

RUBY  
I will pack it.

He's gone into the room. Will and Van are silent, then:

WILL  
So, you going to call every day to  
check on me?

Van FAKE SLAPS him (Will plays along), TWICE.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Right, sorry.

Will looks at his dad and knows Van doesn't want to leave.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Hey, Dad - if I wanted you to stay a  
little while longer - you know, for  
me - could you swing it?

VAN  
For you?  
(Will nods)  
Anything for you, kiddo.

Ruby re-enters with a hastily packed suitcase just as Van  
hops onto couch.

VAN  
Put that stuff back in my dresser for  
me; will you, Robert?

RUBY  
You've got to be kidding me.

As Ruby sadly heads back into the room with the suitcase:

END OF SHOW