

BRAVE NEW WORLD

Written by

Peter Tolan

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SONY PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT
FEDORA ENTERTAINMENT

BRAVE NEW WORLD

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

We hear footsteps. A beat, then we see buckled shoes moving through the leaves.

A young Pilgrim man, wearing traditional garb steps into view and stares off thoughtfully across the water, the only sounds around him being those of nature. Who knows what this stranger from a distant time is thinking? And then, his cell phone rings. The ringtone is jarring and thoroughly shatters the image we've been presented with. The man digs around inside his thick, bulky wool jacket, pulls out the phone and answers it, annoyed. This is MATT KOUTNICK, 19 - working at Pilgrim Village, a historical recreation of a Pilgrim community in the year 1637.

MATT

(into phone, quietly)

What do you want?

(a beat)

Ben, why would I do that? Why would I take the Wii remote to work? That doesn't even make -

WE HEAR A CAMERA CLICKING. Matt turns to see a woman taking his picture. She has three young children with her. Matt quickly jams the phone into his pocket.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to the woman)

Hey. Hi, everybody - welcome to Pilgrim Village. You guys having fun?

LITTLE BOY

Did the Pilgrims have phones, Mommy?

MATT

Smart little guy. No, they didn't - and we're not supposed to use our phones while we're in character, so if could you do me a big favor and not tell anybody, that would be great because I'll get in trouble.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER

Matt is locked in the stocks, looking down balefully at DICK KENEALY, 52, his boss at Pilgrim Village. Dick tries to run a tight ship, but he's largely ineffective.

DICK

I realize you're new here, Matt, but keep in mind Pilgrim Village is supposed to be an historically accurate representation of a Pilgrim community in the year 1637. The Pilgrims, unless I'm very much mistaken, didn't have cell phones at that time. You've got to start taking this job more seriously.

HILLARY KING, 22, pretty in a borderline plain, wholesome way and the "actress" of the bunch, passes by - as usual, totally immersed in her character.

HILLARY

Oh, good sir, what sorry circumstance has placed this young rogue in such a spot?

DICK

Hillary, it's just us. Save it for the visitors.

HILLARY

Hillary? What name is that you speak? I am Mistress Prudence White, come to this cruel land from England to escape the crushing tyranny of wicked King James.

She crosses away to charm the patrons.

MATT

Should I take the job as seriously as that?

DICK

No. She's a lunatic. Strike a balance. Please tell me this will be the last of the phone infractions, Matt, because I'd hate to have to book you a one-way return trip on the Mayflower.

(a beat)

Fire you. That's how we say it.

MATT

No - Mr. Kenealy - please don't do that. Maybe I've been screwing up a little, but I've had a lot to deal with - a lot of changes. I mean, I was supposed to be going to college - now I'm here. And I'm sort of taking care of my mom and my little brother - like I'm the man of the family. Half the time I feel like I don't even know how to do the man part, let alone the rest of it. You just have to give me some time. I really need this job.

DICK

Then you'd better pull it together, son, because you won't find a better job in the area. It pays well, the health benefits are good, and there's unlimited cranberry juice in the employee lounge. That might not seem like a major plus, but you can pretty much kiss urinary tract infections goodbye. A little more focus, Matt - that's all I'm asking.

MATT

Believe me, I'm going to be totally focused from now on.

DICK

Very good. Now let's think of an exciting job for you.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - LATER

Matt walks down the main street of the village, rope in hand, steering a large, elderly ox along. Tourists take pictures with their phones and cameras.

FEMALE TOURIST

Oh, look! What's your cow's name?

MATT

He's not a cow, good lady. He is an ox, a proud creature - and his name is Masterly.

FEMALE TOURIST

Do they force you to talk funny like that?

MATT

(wearily)

I know not what you mean. It is the year 1637 and this manner of speech is all that I know.

FEMALE TOURIST

(needling him)

I like your big hat, stud.

The tourist giggles with her friends - having a great time at Matt's expense. He moves on and is quickly joined by RICHARD ALLERTON, 32, the entitled douche of our tale. Richard manages somehow the neat trick of having his nose in the air and his head up his ass at the same time.

RICHARD

Hey, don't feel bad, kid. I'm sure they'd treat with a lot more respect if they knew you were an actual Mayflower descendant. Oh, wait - that would be me. You're just some loser local kid whose claim to fame is walking an ox for a living. Sweet.

MATT

Well - it's better than your claim to fame, Richard, which is being related to some guy who's been dead for almost four hundred years.

Matt leans down to adjust the bridle on the ox and mutters the following under his breath.

MATT (CONT'D)

If he'd known you were going to be the end of his bloodline, he would've cut off his penis.

A SECOND LITTLE BOY pops into view around the other side of the ox, almost directly into Matt's face.

SECOND LITTLE BOY

Mommy, the Pilgrim said penis!

MATT

No! No, I didn't!

RICHARD

I heard penis.

MATT

Just leave me alone! I'm trying to do my job and not get fired.

RICHARD

Uphill battle. Do you know the name Arthur James Millett?

MATT

No.

RICHARD

No, of course not. He's never been in an Adam Sandler movie or released a sex tape on the internet. No, Arthur James Millett is the author of the definitive history of the early settlers, *The Lives and Times of the Pilgrim Peoples*. The fourth and final volume is about to be released, and my ancestor, Richard Allerton, after whom I was named, is profiled in the book.

MATT

I can't wait to read it.

RICHARD

I doubt you will, mostly because it's longer than a tweet.

Matt looks off and spots a comely young woman taking a basket of foodstuffs into one of the Pilgrim homes. His interest is keen.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

The book won't be available for two or three weeks, but Millett will be reading from it today at my show. All employees must attend - including low-level Pilgrim grunts such as yourself - per orders from Dick Kenealy.

Matt screws up his courage and decides to go after the young woman. He quickly ties the ox to a nearby fence post.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I can tell you don't want to come, but don't worry. I'll invite someone to take your place. A fellow employee with breeding and intellect superior to yours.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(to the ox)
Four o'clock in the performance
center. Don't be late.

MATT
I saw that coming.

Matt heads off.

RICHARD
(calling after him)
You did not! That was hilarious
and you're jealous because I'm a
wit and you're not! Loser!
(a beat, to the ox)
I was joking. You're not invited.

Richard walks away. The ox stares.

INT. PILGRIM HOME - CONTINUOUS

Matt enters tentatively. MAURA TAFT, 20, is a smoking hot dark-haired beauty, even swaddled in her bulky Pilgrim clothing. She drops fish heads into a pot that hangs over the fire in the fireplace.

MATT
Hi. How's it going?

MAURA
Great.

She drops something on the ground. Matt jumps to retrieve it for her.

MATT
Here, let me get that -

He picks it up and realizes it's a disgusting fish head.

MATT (CONT'D)
- fish head - for you.

He dumps it into the pot, disgusted.

MAURA
Thanks.

MATT
So I - I'm Matt. I also work here.

MAURA
(eyeing his attire)
I wouldn't have known. Maura.

MATT
(a nervous chuckle)
Right. Anyway - I'm new here and haven't had a chance to say hello. Actually, you transferred to our high school in junior year, but I never got a chance to say hello then either.

MAURA
So it's taken you over two years to say hello.

MATT
Yeah. I wanted to wait until I was wearing buckled shoes.

She throws him the tiniest smile.

MATT (CONT'D)
I'm not supposed to be here. I was going to college, but my family - a sudden economic crisis - so I'm here. I guess you didn't go to college either.

MAURA
I never liked school, so college - not in a million years. Not me.

MATT
Cool. Cool. Boy, I can't believe it took me so long to say hi. You seem really nice.

MAURA
You seem nice, too.

MATT
You want to hang out sometime?

MAURA
(quickly)
No.

MATT
That came out fast.

MAURA

Sorry. I guess some of us don't
need two years to express
ourselves.

LILA HERMANCE, 71, cranky and an employee from day one so who
can blame her - appears in the doorway.

LILA

Hey, you - new guy. Are you taking
care of Masterly?

MATT

He's good. He's tied up to the
fence out there.

LILA

Yeah? I think you mean he was tied
up to the fence.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON

Masterly - humping a visitor's Prius.

ANGLE ON

The female owner of the vehicle, her two children, Matt and a
small crowd watch from a safe distance. The woman looks at
Matt.

MATT

This your first time with us?

Off camera, the sound of metal crumpling as the ox takes his
sweet lovemaking to another level. The crowd reacts in
shock.

MATT (CONT'D)

Don't worry, that's nothing. Any
good body shop should be able to
pop that right out.

Another crumple from off screen. Matt winces a little.

MATT (CONT'D)

Maybe not that one.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

CREDITSACT ONEFADE IN:

INT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER

Matt is back in the stocks. Dick stands nearby, unhappy.

DICK

Congratulations. I believe that's the first time one of our animals has ever humped a guest's car. I don't know how those children are going to sleep tonight. Anything you'd care to say, Matt?

MATT

(weakly)

My phone didn't go off while he was doing it?

DICK

Yeah - God forbid - that might have distracted him. Matt, you've left me no choice. I'm afraid there's a ticket on the Mayflower with your name on it.

MATT

No, no! Please - let me make it up to you. Give me a bigger job so I can prove myself. Give me a challenge. I can do other things.

DICK

You mean other than arrange a love connection between our livestock and random motor vehicles?

MATT

Let me play the grieving father in the cemetery scene today.

DICK

Hold up - that's a major role. You are a distraught parent burying his infant daughter. You don't jump into that first thing out of the box. You earn it - by working your way through the Pilgrim ranks.

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

First you play Jacob, the village mute. Then you're the soft-spoken guest at the harvest celebration. Then the bachelor farmer who says very little and pretty much keeps to himself. Then - and only then - do you become a full-fledged historical interpreter, with your own character name and history.

(a snort)

You - play the grieving father? If it didn't involve the death of a very small child, I'd chuckle.

(a beat)

On the other hand -

MATT

Yes?

DICK

If you talk to Damon, I'll let you do it.

MATT

You mean Damon - the weird guy who works here?

DICK

No, I mean Academy Award-winner Matt Damon.

(a beat, remembering)

God, he's good in those *Bourne* films, isn't he?

(then)

Yes, I mean our Damon - and yes, he is weird - but he loves it here, he's committed to the work, and the visitors rate him as one of their favorite Pilgrims year after year.

MATT

So what am I talking to him about?

DICK

He's been sleeping in his Pilgrim home at night which for insurance reasons isn't allowed. I have to deal with an issue over at the Indian village. You go deal with Damon.

MATT

But I'm just another employee. As the boss - shouldn't you deal with him?

DICK

Well, I guess that all depends.

MATT

On what?

DICK

On how much you want to bury that dead baby today.

MATT

(a beat)

I'll talk to him.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - LATER

Dick makes his way along a long line of women who are waiting in eager anticipation - to gain entrance into a teepee at the end of the line. Dick squeezes his way between several women and heads inside.

DICK

Excuse me a second. Sorry. Thank you, ladies.

INT. TEEPEE - AT THE SAME TIME

JOHN LITCHFIELD, 26, is handsome, buff, tanned and shirtless; he's everything you'd want in a Native American. He holds court with half a dozen women seated on either side of him. They're all firmly in his thrall.

JOHN

(to one of the women, an intense murmur)

Yes. Your eyes are as deep, green and alive as the brook during the herring run. You ever been with a Native American man before? You know what they say. Indian men know how to keep your wigwam.

Dick pokes his head inside the teepee.

DICK

You wanted to see me, John?

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Dick and John stand huddled away from the teepee. A cluster of women waits patiently in the distance for John's return.

DICK

You can't leave. You can't!

JOHN

Dick, what can I do? I just found out from my grandmother that I'm one-sixteenth Manunu, and the Manunus have a new casino up near Buffalo. I could get a great job with the tribe up there - indoors. Not to mention I'd get to wear pants.

DICK

John, you're the only real Hobatac Indian we have here. If we lose you, the experience isn't going to be authentic.

JOHN

I'm only one thirty-second Hobatac. I'm one-sixteenth Manunu. I've got to go where I have the stronger connection to my heritage. My people need me.

DICK

Is this about money?

JOHN

Of course. If I stay, I'm going to need a hundred bucks a week more.

DICK

I don't have it in the budget. You can't leave us like this. How are the guests supposed to experience a real Indian village without a real Indian?

GIRISH RANGARAJAN, 21, joins them. Girish is East Indian, a student at MIT, and he weighs about ninety pounds wet. He's dressed in same Indian garb John is wearing. It hangs a lot better on John.

GIRISH

I'm a real Indian.

DICK

Yes, from India, Girish. It's not the same thing.

GIRISH

You think the people who come here know the difference? They see brown skin, they're happy.

(to John)

I get called Tonto, like, how many times a day?

JOHN

Lots.

DICK

Girish - this is a Native American Indian village. When we open the New Delhi born and raised MIT grad student in engineering village, you're my boy, okay? Go entertain the women.

GIRISH

And screw up my arranged marriage back home? I don't think so.

Girish crosses away to work on his canoe. Dick turns back to John.

DICK

Is this what you're going to leave me with?

JOHN

I don't feel like I owe you anything. After all, Dick, my people taught your people how to fertilize your crops.

DICK

That was three hundred years ago.

JOHN

Oh, so this is one of those "What have you done for me lately?" things. I get it.

DICK

John - please.

JOHN

I can't turn this opportunity down, but I won't leave you empty-handed.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

There's only one other Hobatac in the area. He's a full one-eighth and I happen to know he's looking for work. I'll give him a call. I'm sure he'll be willing to meet with you ASAP.

DICK

That would be great.

JOHN

I'm on it.

He heads back to the teepee. Girish crosses over to Dick.

GIRISH

I'm going to need an extra hundred a week, too.

DICK

You're fired.

GIRISH

Just checking.

INT. EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - AT THE SAME TIME

Hillary sits making some notes in her performance journal as Lila enters. During the following, Lila peels off her heavy Pilgrim overcoat to reveal a Grateful Dead tee-shirt underneath.

LILA

Thirty-seven years here - I'm done. Those tourists out there - they don't care about history. They don't want to learn anything about the Pilgrim way of life. All they want to do is screw with me. It's a game to them. Screw the Pilgrim.

HILLARY

Oh, they're not that bad.

LILA

Every time a plane passes overhead on the way to Logan, it's the same thing. "What's that, Pilgrim lady? What's that in the sky?" And we have to say, "I know not. It must be some strange silver bird." Next time it happens, they're getting the silver bird from me.

(MORE)

LILA (CONT'D)
I'm breaking character, then I'm
breaking some noses. Look out!

HILLARY
But we can't break character ever!
Yes, the visitors like to challenge
us, but to the same degree, I think
they want to believe we're real
Pilgrims.

LILA
Honey, three weeks ago you were an
ultrasound. Tell it somebody else.

Lila opens the refrigerator and pokes around inside.

LILA (CONT'D)
Okay - who took my macaroni salad?
It had my name on it.

Matt enters.

LILA (CONT'D)
And you - there's no coffee. New
Pilgrim makes the coffee.

MATT
Is that how it worked with the
original settlers?
(off her scowl)
Sorry. I'm on it.

Matt goes to the coffeemaker and gets busy.

HILLARY
Well, I'm sorry, Lila, but I think
we have to stay in character using
any and all means possible.

LILA
Oh, I got my means right here.

She pulls a sports bottle from the folds of her heavy woolen
skirt.

LILA (CONT'D)
Three parts Red Bull to one part
Stoli. End of the day, this bad
boy's drained. I walk out of here,
try telling me it's not 1637.

Richard enters.

RICHARD

Quick announcement, non-Mayflower descendants. I'll be able to get everyone signed copies of Volume Four of Arthur James Millett's *The Lives and Times of the Pilgrim Peoples* today -

LILA

Currently ranked number fifty-hundred-million in sales on amazon dot com.

RICHARD

Jealous and old. Tough combo. If anyone would like to purchase a copy, see me after my show - which, in case you're old and feeble-minded and have forgotten, talking to you, Lila - you are required to attend today. The performance begins at four o'clock.

LILA

So the eye-poking-out starts at three fifty-five.

RICHARD

I'll ignore that, Lila - because I know it's not you talking. It's the sports bottle in your skirt. Allerton's on fire today!

He executes an awkward fist pump, then exits. Lila starts out after him.

LILA

How was the macaroni salad, punk? Get your skinny ass back here! I want to smell the mayo on your breath!

She exits.

HILLARY

That's why I love working here. Everyone's so funny!

MATT

Yeah, I'm getting that. I'm really looking forward to getting to know everyone better. You and John - and Maura. What's her story?

HILLARY

Maura? She's one of those rare girls who's naturally beautiful and totally sexy without trying one bit. I guess we're sort of alike that way.

MATT

I guess, yeah. Is she seeing anyone?

Hillary gets up to return to work.

HILLARY

Why don't you go ask her yourself?

MATT

(worried)

I'll do that - but first I've got to talk to somebody else.

EXT. VILLAGE - LATER

Matt watches a Pilgrim home from a distance. A beat - then a man leaves the house and heads quickly for the nearby woods. Matt grits his teeth and takes off after him.

EXT. WOODED AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Matt falls into stride next to DAMON HELLER, 41. Damon very much marches to the beat of his own drummer - who might be missing an arm. Yeah - Damon's a little weird.

MATT

Hi, Damon - I'm Matt Koutnick. I'm new. Just wanted to introduce myself.

DAMON

You work here?

MATT

(motioning to his garb)

This doesn't sell it?

DAMON

I thought you might be doing a Goth thing. How you liking it?

Damon takes a quick look over his shoulder, then takes down his fly and prepares to urinate.

MATT

It's different - certainly not the job I thought I'd get. But I like working outdoors and -

(noticing)

Are you - your - your - thing - is out. Did you know that?

DAMON

Yeah, I'm taking a leak. Take two steps back. I've got good flow, but bad aim.

He begins to pee.

MATT

You think this is okay? It's the middle of the day, lots of tourists around -

DAMON

You know, this is what the Pilgrims themselves did. They didn't have indoor plumbing so they'd walk away from the village and relieve themselves in the woods. What you're witnessing now is historically correct.

MATT

Well - that makes it - really a lot better. Listen, I was told to come talk to you -

Damon zips up.

DAMON

Yeah, yeah - I get it. You heard about the weed. I don't sell it because I consider it my Pilgrim crop to be shared with the other villagers. So when the next harvest comes up, you'll get some. Don't worry.

MATT

You're growing weed here?

DAMON

Behind the maintenance shed across from Masterly's dung heap. Man, I don't know what that ox has been eating - but his poop makes some serious reefer.

MATT

I don't want any reefer.

DAMON

Really?

MATT

(a beat)

Okay, maybe a little. Look, here's the deal. I'm in trouble with Mr. Kenealy, and he'd like you not to sleep in your Pilgrim house anymore, so if you could stop doing that, it would be a big help to me in terms of keeping my job.

DAMON

Where am I supposed to sleep?

MATT

You don't have a real home?

DAMON

Well, Tim -

MATT

Not even close to my name.

DAMON

I do have an apartment in town. I mean, I did - until I stopped paying rent after the fire.

MATT

There was a fire?

DAMON

Big one.

MATT

How did it start?

DAMON

The usual way. Smoke first.

MATT

No, I mean what caused it?

DAMON

My lawyer, he says I can't discuss that. Tim, are you going to be your own man - or are you going to be Dick Kenealy's dog, sitting there on the rug at his feet?

MATT

Matt.

DAMON

Okay, sitting there on the mat at his feet. Let me tell you something. A couple years back, I was an ER doctor down at St. Luke's Roosevelt Hospital in New York City. Heard of it?

MATT

The hospital or the city?

DAMON

(a chuckle)

Funny, Tim. I had this girlfriend, she was an American history buff and a bit of a freak, and by that I mean she enjoyed having sex in places of historical significance. And I'm talking about very public, very noisy sex.

MATT

Are you serious?

DAMON

Let's just say I can never go back to Colonial Williamsburg. Or Grant's Tomb. Or the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Yeah, that one I still feel bad about. But then we came here - to Pilgrim Village - and I forgot about the sex - and her - and the outstanding warrants for public lewdness, because I was home, Tim. Yeah, I found the one place on the planet where I truly belonged. I know who I am here. And I'm happy, unlike so many people out there rushing to meaningless jobs or defending themselves against false claims of arson. Are you happy, Tim? Do you know who you are?

MATT

I'm not Tim.

DAMON

So you don't know who you are. And here's what I'm saying, brother.

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

Until you know who you are, don't ask me to change who I am. Stop by my place after hours. We'll talk some more and quaff the nut brown ale.

Damon walks away, then turns back.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Faulty hot plate.

Damon puts a finger to his lips, gives Matt a knowing nod, then walks off.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DICK'S OUTER OFFICE - LATER

Dick enters. His assistant, KATHY, 55, is at her desk. She wears carpal tunnel braces on both wrists. Kathy's one of those employees who's always no more than a few hours away from disability leave.

DICK

Kathy - make sure there's a pass at the admissions gate for Arthur James Millett. He's a writer, he's going to be reading from one of his books at Richard's show this afternoon.

Kathy winces in pain as she writes the note to herself.

KATHY

Ouchy.

DICK

Sorry.

KATHY

I'll be okay. Ken Littlefeather is here. He's in your office.

DICK

Excellent. Thank you.

KATHY

Who is he?

DICK

(excited, quietly)
Our new Indian!

He exits into his office.

INT. DICK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dick sits across from KEN LITTLEFEATHER, 35, vaguely Native American and much, much less vaguely gay.

KEN LITTLEFEATHER

So I told my supervisor, "I've given this organization twelve years of my life. If you are going to cut the overtime, I'll just pack my things and say my how-de-do." I mean, yes, it's the U.S. Postal Service, but enough drama, Mary.

DICK

(a beat)
Well, Mr. Littlefeather, thank you so much for stopping by -

KEN LITTLEFEATHER

Do I get the job?

DICK

There are a few other folks we're talking with.

KEN LITTLEFEATHER

Oh, I don't think so. John told me you need a real Hobatac, and he and I are the only ones I know of on the entire eastern seabird. Oh, I said seabird instead of seaboard! Silly girl!

DICK

Might I ask a personal question, Mr. Littlefeather? Are you gay?

KEN LITTLEFEATHER

Only from the soles of my feet up. Is that an issue? Because if it is, I will be suing you.

DICK

It's not an issue in the full sense of the - yes, it's an issue. You have to understand, Ken -

KEN LITTLEFEATHER

I like it when you call me Ken.

DICK

(pressing on)

Part of our mission statement here is to present to the public a historically accurate rendering of daily Pilgrim life.

KEN LITTLEFEATHER

And you don't think there were gay Pilgrims? Honey, that was a long trip over on the Mayflower. How do you think they passed the time?

DICK

(a beat)

Man sex?

KEN LITTLEFEATHER

Oh, yes. And that whole John Alden Myles Standish Priscilla Mullins thing? Two big queens and a beard. So when do I start?

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - LATER

CLOSE ON

Matt - weeping in sorrow. Like way overboard sorrow. Like bad sorrow. He looks to the heavens.

MATT

Why, Lord? Why take our beloved child from us after so much pain and hardship?

Matt and Maura walk down to main street of the village in the direction of the cemetery. Matt carries a doll wrapped in a blanket that stands as the deceased child. Maura plays her anguish in much more subtle tones. Matt, on the other hand, is all over the place. Tourists snap pictures and follow the action from a distance. A MALE TOURIST pipes up to Matt.

MALE TOURIST

What happened?

MATT

Our only daughter was taken from us by sickness, and now we're bringing her to her grave. Damn this new world!

MALE TOURIST

What was her name?

MATT

(a beat, didn't see this one coming)

Tina. Marie. Smith.

Maura and Matt turn into the cemetery. The tourists gather at the short fence that surrounds it.

MAURA

(sotto)

Tina Marie?

MATT

(sotto)

I panicked. I didn't think they'd ask questions. Not to mention I get nervous around you and this is the first child I've lost.

(wailing)

Why? Why?

(sotto again)

Listen, Maura - I really like you a lot and I'm trying not to be a puss about it - so do you think we could maybe at some point hang out and get to know each other better?

(wailing)

Why my baby? Why Tina?

(sotto again)

Could that happen?

MAURA

Matt, I think you're nice -

He wails happily.

MAURA (CONT'D)

But right now - it's not going to work.

MATT

(wailing)

Are you seeing somebody else?

Matt freezes, realizing that one was supposed to be whispered. He attempts to cover.

MATT (CONT'D)

(wailing)

Are you seeing our child all grown up - which she never will be now? Or are you seeing the child we'll hopefully have to replace this one that died - here?

MAURA

Nice cover.

MATT

(sotto)

Are you seeing somebody?

He drops the doll and the blanket. The crowd reacts in hushed horror. Matt quickly snatches up the doll.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

It's okay. She's dead. She didn't feel that. We're good.

(to Maura, sotto)

Look, cards on the table. My life, Maura - it hasn't been too great lately - or at least it hasn't gone the way I thought it would - and I'm thinking I've got nothing else to lose. So if I see somebody who could maybe make a difference in my life - somebody really special - then maybe I should speak up. Which is what I'm doing now.

(a beat)

With a pretend dead baby in my arms.

She takes him in, moved slightly by what he's said.

MATT (CONT'D)

Just give me a chance.

The doll's head falls off. Another gasp from the crowd.

MATT (CONT'D)

It's okay! She's fine.

Matt lunges to grab the head, but only succeeds in kicking it into the crowd. Tourists recoil in horror. A fat lady screams and faints, and a little girl starts crying.

MATT (CONT'D)

(wailing)

Lord! It isn't enough you take my child from me, now you want her buried without her head? How much can one man take?

Maura laughs in spite of herself, oddly charmed by Matt's total lack of talent. Matt sees her and smiles.

MATT (CONT'D)

You laughed. I'm taking that as a positive sign.

MAURA

Can we just bury our baby, please?

IN THE CROWD

An older couple looks at each other.

OLDER MAN

And I thought we sucked as parents.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - LATER

Dick confronts John. Again, a female throng waits at the teepee, their passion idling.

DICK

It won't work!

JOHN

He's a good guy. What's the issue?

DICK

You know what the issue is! He's a little light in the moccasins.

JOHN

You wanted a real Hobatac. I found you one.

DICK

Yes, thank you. And thanks to you, if I don't hire him, I'll have a sexual discrimination lawsuit on my hands!

Girish joins them.

GIRISH

My two cents? I have no issue with gay men - in fact, I'm very popular with them. It seems I'm something called a twink -

DICK

Go work on your canoe!

Girish crosses away.

JOHN

There's one solution, Dick. If I stay - that means there's no job opening - which means there's no lawsuit.

DICK

But I'd have to pay you a hundred dollars a week extra -

JOHN

As opposed to who knows how many hundreds of thousands in the lawsuit. It could even be millions.

DICK

(beaten)

Okay. Yes. A hundred dollars a week.

JOHN

Problem solved. Thanks, Dick.

As John starts away, a look of concern crosses Dick's face.

DICK

John, why do I feel like I just got played?

JOHN

Hey, I would never do that to you. You and I, we work together, but we're also friends.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Everything I told you about the job
 offer in Rochester was true.

DICK
 I thought it was Buffalo.

JOHN
 (a beat)
 Buffalo. Yes. That's what I said.

John nods and heads back to his waiting fans. Dick nods as well, the feeling he got played a little more firmly entrenched now.

INT. PERFORMANCE CENTER - LATER

Matt sits in an area of seats designated for employees. He takes a seat in a row in front of Hillary and Lila. Lila's on the aisle in her row.

HILLARY
 Matt - we heard what happened with
 the burial scene, and we just want
 to offer our support. It's not
 easy being the new guy, but you'll
 get the hang of it. Tomorrow's a
 new day and today will be forgotten
 before you know it.

A beat, then Lila busts out laughing.

LILA
 Kicking the baby's head into the
 crowd? Best thing that's happened
 here in thirty-five years! You're
 my hero, kid. Tomorrow - I'm
 making the coffee!

Damon arrives. He moves to sit with Matt.

LILA (CONT'D)
 (hissing, urgently)
 Damon! When's the next harvest?

DAMON
 A week, ten days. Sooner if we get
 some rain.

LILA
 Thank God. I'm down to half a bud.
 Keep me posted.

DAMON

I'm going to sit with my new best friend. He watched me pee.

MATT

(to himself)

Oh, help.

John and Girish arrive. Hillary's eyes light up at the sight of John. The men are in their Indian loincloths.

HILLARY

(in character)

Oh - dear me. Our Native American friends have arrived. As a I have an open heart to all peoples, I've saved you a seat, good sir.

John makes a move for the seat, but Girish gets the jump on him and slides into it. He clearly has a thing for Hillary.

GIRISH

Thanks. If there's anything I can do to help you enjoy the show more, please let me know.

HILLARY

You could put on pants.

GIRISH

(smooth)

Yes, I could - but that would just be one more thing I'd have to take off later.

HILLARY

You're creepy, Girish.

GIRISH

You said my name. I think that was the first time.

(to the heavens)

Thank you, Vishnu. Thank you!

Dick and Kathy join the group.

KATHY

Lila - could I have the aisle? I'm missing two discs in my back, and I need to stand frequently to keep the blood supply flowing to my spine.

LILA
 Sorry. Got here first.

John gets out of his aisle seat.

JOHN
 Take mine, Kathy.

KATHY
 Thank you, John. I'd find an open seat on the other side of the auditorium, only I'm partially blind in my right eye.

LILA
 Yeah, I knew that was coming.

John moves into a seat down past Damon in the front row. Dick taps Matt on the shoulder.

DICK
 (sotto)
 How's it going with - ?

He points at Damon - as the lights start to go down. Matt shrugs as if he'd like to respond - only the show is starting. Dick sits. We hear prerecorded music - and the lights come up on stage, revealing Richard.

ARTHUR MILLETT, 75, small and white-haired, sits off to one side of the small stage, his book in his lap.

RICHARD
 Hello. Good afternoon, everyone, and welcome to this very special presentation of my award-winning theater piece *Richard Allerton, Destiny's Child*.

Hands pop up in the audience.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Yes, yes, I know - somebody asks at every performance. This show celebrates the life of my famous ancestor. Even though the words destiny's child are in the title, this has nothing to do with the American R&B group that went by the same name.

Most of the people in the crowd stand to leave.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (barking)
 Sit down!

They do.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (muttering, pissed)
 Every damn show.
 (then)
 Today we have with us the acclaimed
 historian Arthur James Millett, who
 will be reading from his latest
 tome on the lives of the Pilgrims -
 most importantly Richard Allerton.
 Mr. Millett, I most humbly welcome
 you. The stage is yours.

Millett stands and moves to center stage.

ARTHUR MILLETT
 Thank you, Mr. Allerton, for having
 me here today and for giving me
 such a warm welcome. Richard
 Allerton, it is now known - was the
 most-hated man on the Mayflower.
 Some say he brought syphilis to the
 new world. Others say he actually
 ate a child during that first
 horrid winter in Plymouth.

Richard swoops over, grabs Millett by the arm and wrestles
 the elderly man off the stage.

RICHARD
 Okay, show's over!

ARTHUR MILLETT
 Mr. Allerton!

RICHARD
 Show's over! Move, grandpa!

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Matt heads away from the performance center. Richard storms
 past him, leaving for the day, still furious.

MATT
 Good show. Congratulations on the
 syphilis thing. One more claim to
 fame. Sweet.

Richard responds with a strangled growl and keeps on moving. Matt smiles and moves along the edge of the parking lot. A beat, then he spots Maura getting out of a parked car and he hears the end of a hushed, unhappy conversation. The driver, MR. JACOBSON, 39, gets out of the car.

MR. JACOBSON
Maura, you don't understand -
(seeing Matt)
Oh. Hey, Matt.

Maura freezes at the sight of Matt.

MATT
Mr. Jacobson. *Como estas?*

MR. JACOBSON
Bien, bien. Good to hear you using
that Spanish I taught you.

MATT
Yeah - comes in super handy.
What's going on?

MR. JACOBSON
I was - talking with Ms. Taft. She
needs a college recommendation - so
I'm helping her with that.

Matt's smile tightens. Maura looks away. It's obvious that something's going on between the girl of Matt's dreams and his married former high school Spanish teacher.

MATT
(a beat, wounded)
Well - that's great. Take it easy.

MR. JACOBSON
Que te vaya bien.

MATT
Yup.

Matt walks away.

INT. DAMON'S PILGRIM HOME - LATER

Matt sits with Damon and chugs a pewter tankard of nut brown ale. It's not his first.

DAMON
Slow down, cowboy. You're still on
the clock, remember that.

MATT

You know, Damon - this is the first time I've been happy to be a Pilgrim. This nut brown ale is awesome.

DAMON

It's Pabst Blue Ribbon, but I think it's what the Pilgrims themselves would have drunk, if they'd had the chance.

MATT

Damn straight. Give me another one.

DAMON

Listen, Tim -

MATT

Yeah, I'm Tim! Tim wants another nut brown ale!

DAMON

Hold up a second. Drinking doesn't change anything. Other than being thirsty - it changes that. You're mad because you aren't supposed to be here. You're supposed to be off at college, only your father walked out on your mother and you and your brother, and now you have to be the man of the family and make some cash to help you, and the way you see it, your future just derailed and your whole life is over.

MATT

How do you know - about my dad?

DAMON

On my home planet, everyone is able to read the minds of others.

(a beat)

How do you think I know? Your mom works down at the coffee shop. Some nights it gets lonely around here, so I walk into town and grab a bite. Your mom and I - we started talking. She's sorry about what happened, you know.

MATT

It wasn't her fault.

DAMON
She still feels bad.
(a beat)
I want to have sex with her - if
it's okay with you.

MATT
Dear God.

DAMON
Don't worry - I'm talking nice sex.
Not like with that girl at Colonial
Williamsburg. I mean sex with
genuine caring. Sex where you
don't have to scope out the
security cameras before you start.
And where you don't have to stand
up the whole time.

MATT
I'm going to leave now.

Matt weaves his way to the door, then turns back, holding the
frame for support.

MATT (CONT'D)
Does it get easier?

DAMON
What?

MATT
Everything.
(a beat)
Everything sucks. I'm totally
crazy about a girl who's having an
affair with my married former high
school Spanish teacher.

DAMON
(nodding)
Been there.

MATT
And I'm probably going to lose my
job if you don't find somewhere
else to sleep tonight.

DAMON
I could sleep with your mom.
That's somewhere else.

MATT

You know what? I don't care. It's not my place to ask you to change. Do whatever you want, Damon. If I get fired - so what? That's my problem, not yours.

DAMON

Yes. I like what I'm hearing. You won't let your boss push you around. You're going to be your own man. I'm proud of you, Tim. I'm really proud.

MATT

You're proud of me?

DAMON

Big time. Is that bad?

MATT

No. I've just realized you're the only positive older male influence in my life at this point.

DAMON

I'm honored to accept the position. I really am.

(a beat)

And to show my gratitude, Tim - I'm going to do you a favor.

EXT. PILGRIM VILLAGE - THE NEXT DAY

The sun rises on a new day in faux 1637.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Dick heads into his office, Kathy at his side, carrying a morning paper and his cup of coffee. Kathy's wearing a neck brace today.

KATHY

You have lunch with the Chamber of Commerce at noon -

She turns her head to look at him and winces.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Ouchy. Could you walk on this side? Easier for me.

DICK
Sure thing.

Dick steps around to walk on her other side.

KATHY
Much better. And payroll called.
John Litchfield contacted them
about a change in his weekly
salary? I thought there was an
employee pay freeze.

DICK
Yeah, I'll deal with that.

Dick opens the door to his office and heads inside.

INT. DICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dick enters, stops and stares - at the sight of Damon curled
up in a blanket on top of his desk. Damon blinks awake.

DAMON
Oh, great. Coffee. Close the door
a second? I have to take a leak.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF EPISODE