

Hammerhead  
by  
Dean Imperial

11/24

EVE BATTAGLIA

JOHN (V.O.)  
Da Vinci invented the resume.

ROBIN (V.O.)  
Really?

JOHN  
Yeah. Most people don't know that.

INT. PROFESSIONAL PORTRAITS, PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

ROBIN OITA, arsty-cute, Japanese-American, 20's, adjusts the softbox on on a light stand. Black-rimmed glasses, white button-down, tied up at the waist.

Her subject, JOHN, the other voice, sits before her, obscured. Just a voice.

John is not seen during the photography set up. Not until indicated. Back and side of his head, etc.

ROBIN  
Interesting. I didn't know the resume was invented.

JOHN  
Yeah. It's a footnote.

ROBIN  
Right. Interesting.

She adjusts another light.

JOHN  
He invented - and painted - so many bigger things that we forget the little ones.

Robin walks behind the JOHN and adjusts the other light box. She steps on a small ladder and adjusts an umbrella.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Ben Franklin invented flippers -

ROBIN  
You mean for swimming?

JOHN  
Yeah, flippers. But no one mentions that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

I mean, who cares if you also  
invented the post office.

ROBIN

Hmm. Or the United States.

JOHN

(laughs)  
Right. Or the United States.  
(beat)  
Have you been doing this long?

ROBIN

Business photography? Or just  
regular photography?

JOHN

Photography.

ROBIN

Since I was 8.

JOHN

Wow. Yeah. You do it with spirit.  
Like an artist.

ROBIN

Oh, wow. That's nice to hear.  
(beat - she readjusts the  
box, again)  
Thanks.

She backs up and looks at him.

JOHN

How's it going? I know I haven't  
made it easy for you.

ROBIN

Don't be silly.  
(beat)  
You wore the perfect colors Makes  
my job easier.

JOHN

I know these backdrops are usually  
white. That's the trend. Made  
sense to go soft and light even  
though I never usually wear  
pastels.

She walks up to him and adjusts his collar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBIN

May I ask what cologne you're wearing?

JOHN

It's called Maverick. It's discontinued.

She readjusts a light.

ROBIN

It's amazing. I'd love to get some for myself. Is it a cologne or a perfume?

JOHN

A cologne.

(beat)

Let me see what I can do. I might be able to get my hands on some.

ROBIN

Awe. That's sweet. That'd be great.

(beat)

You ready?

JOHN

Sure.

She studies the camera. Looks at the screen.

ROBIN

Okay, great.

(beat)

Smile.

ANGLE ON:

Our lead: JOHN HAMMOND - aka "Hammerhead." John has an unusually large and overgrown forehead. He suffers from a mild form of Proteus Syndrome - same as Joseph Merrick, The Elephant Man. It causes abnormal growth of the skull and other bones. In John's case, fortunately, it's only affected the top of his skull and no other parts of the body.

John smiles. It's a genuine smile. Large. Optimistic.

Robin snaps away.

TITLES: HAMMERHEAD

2 EXT. NYC STREET, SIDEWALK, DOWNTOWN - MID MORNING 2

A week later. John, now dressed in a different suit, sharp, heads to an interview. Ipad, shades - electric blacks. He's in the zone. He walks with confidence.

Various people pass John on the street. Some look quickly, then look away, others can't help themselves and just look, some on the periphery, take their phones out.

John's used to it. Some days he notices. Today he doesn't.

He stops outside his destination and checks his reflection before entering. Fixes his hair.

3 INT. MCGREGGOR CONSULTING, HR OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 3

ANGLE ON:

John's resume photo.

Head of HR, BRADLEY STOBLE, 40's. A one-eyebrow-up kind of guy. Prickish. A classic, insufferable, office cunt.

He looks up from the photo to John. He throws him a half-assed courtesy-smile.

BRADLEY  
Rutgers Business?

JOHN  
Yes.

BRADLEY  
What was your experience like there?

JOHN  
Solid. I liked it there. You know Dr. Coston? He was my mentor.

Bradley shakes his head, "No."

Bradley offers another bullshit smile.

BRADLEY  
Do you mind if I ask how many interviews you've had?

JOHN  
Not at all. This is my third.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

BRADLEY  
How many resumes have you send out?

JOHN  
Thirty-four.

4 INT. MCGREGGOR CONSULTING, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 4

Bradley lifelessly shakes John's hand.

BRADLEY  
Thanks for coming in.

JOHN  
Thanks.

BRADLEY  
Good meeting you.

John smiles and turns to walk off.

JOHN  
This way, right?

BRADLEY  
Straight, left at the tropical  
fish, left at the espresso bar.

Bradley exits.

JOHN  
(to himself)  
Left at the tropical fish, left at  
the espresso bar.

5 INT. MCGREGGOR CONSULTING, HALLWAY - MORNING 5

John makes his way toward the exit of McGreggor consulting.  
It's fancy there. The people are fancy. Too fancy. And  
pretty. Too pretty.

Through the corporate maze he endures the same parade of  
looks and half-looks that weave through his daily life.

6 EXT. PARK ROW, LOWER MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON 6

John sits at the base of the Benjamin Franklin statue, talks  
into his iphone.

JOHN  
(into phone)  
Hey, it's John Hammond...Hi...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm just confirming that I'll be there at two to look at the room...sure, that's fine, too...I have two other places to see first, so a little extra time is fine...okay...right, the L to Bedford, got it...

A BOOKISH, BRUNETTE sits next to him.

This throws John. He's always a little thrown when an attractive woman sits right next to him. As is almost every guy, really. He takes out a Moleskine notebook and pen.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...okay. Got it...buzzer outside and hit it again inside. Thanks.

John puts his phone back in his jacket. He turns and looks at the Brunette. She smokes a cigarette and flips through her smart phone.

He studies her up and down: her shoe dangling off her foot, a silver anklet, chipped nail polish. Nothing special, but still amazing.

He takes a breath.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Beautiful day, right?

She doesn't budge. Then she picks up her phone, quickly.

BRUNETTE

(into phone)

Hey-hey-hey... John sits for a moment frozen.

He's as real to her as the statue.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

(laughing, into phone)

...Oh, my god, you're such an asshole...

THE SOUND OF A BUZZER...

INT. ENTRANCE TO APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

John Stands in the entryway between two doors. He hits a button.

SOUND OF BUZZER, AGAIN...

8

INT. HALLWAY IN UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING

8

The door opens.

A YOUNG WOMAN who looks like she walked right off the set of "Gossip Girl" appears. Couldn't be more than eighteen and quite startled by what's on the other side of the door.

JOHN

Hi-

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh...hi.

JOHN

I'm John...I'm here for the room.

YOUNG WOMAN

Ooooh...oh my god.

JOHN

Am I...do I have the wrong place?

YOUNG WOMAN

Nooooooooo. No. Uhhhhm...I just...it's just, I think my roommate Mallory already rented it?

JOHN

Oh.

YOUNG WOMAN

One sec...

She shuts the door partially and speaks in light valley-girl tones to another girl on the other side of the door.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, my god...yeah.

JOHN

Okay-

YOUNG WOMAN

-So sorry.

She swings the door shut in his face. We briefly hear the muffled sounds of giggling and college-age insensitivity on the other side of the door.

9 EXT. PREWAR BUILDING, MIDTOWN EAST - LATER 9

The exterior of a handsome, but awfully old building. A KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK is heard...

10 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 10

John sits in a tiny kitchen OVER-CRAMMED with EVERYTHING imaginable. John sits in front of a 2-ft high stack of cereal boxes, which may or may not be empty.

The sounds of dueling flies score the conversation with RUBY, an obese woman with a chin-beard and a housecoat, who could be anywhere from late 30's (god forbid) or early 60's (hopefully).

The room smells like a halfway house for the homeless and looks that way as well.

RUBY  
How much stuff you got?

JOHN  
A few things.

RUBY  
A few? How many, "a few"?

JOHN  
"How many a few"?

RUBY  
Yeah.

JOHN  
You know, what I have in my room now...a bed, some books, clothes...?

RUBY  
A bed and some books?

JOHN  
Yeah. I have a picture of my room in my phone, I can show you.

John reaches for his bag, but as soon as he shifts positions, he knocks down the cereal boxes, which collapse everywhere and take down a stack of papers, bottles of pills, etc.

11 EXT. BROOKLYN, NY - LATER 11

"Welcome to Brooklyn" sign.

CUT TO:

12 GIANT MOVIE POSTER: 12

"SOCIALISME" UN FILM DE JEAN-LUC GODARD

"A Symphony in 3 Movements"

INT. WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN APARTMENT

CODY, 20's, a black-rimmed-glasses-wearing poster boy for the American Society of Hipster-ism. Chin-beard, flannel, you know the rest. Purple skinny jeans. Speaks with the native Williamsburg dialect: clipped, casual, cold...super chill but still a twit.

CODY

Hey. Thanks for coming out.

JOHN

No problem.

Like its host, the apartment typifies the Brooklyn hipster "esthétique": Tapestries, dreamcatchers, a giant porcelain owl, a record player, French New Wave posters, shag carpet and a wallhanging of a cat wearing a hawaiian shirt.

WAYNE sits on a lime green couch with BETTY. They both eat cereal. Wayne is the same age as Cody, same outfit, but instead of a chin beard he has a full handle-bar moustache. Betty looks like Zooey Deschanel's stunt double. And there is no way "Betty" is her actual name.

CODY

This is Wayne, the other roommate and his girlfriend Betty.

WAYNE

Hey.

BETTY

Hey.

JOHN

Nice to meet you. Great apartment.

WAYNE

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CODY

Yeah.

JOHN

Dig the owl.

CODY

Unfortunately that belongs to Trevor, the dude who's moving to India.

JOHN

Oh. Then you should probably ask for less.

CODY

Less for what?

JOHN

For the room.

CODY

Oh.

JOHN

Well, the owl's not going to be here.

Cody looks at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm kidding.

Betty laughs.

Uncomfortable silence.

BETTY

I think he's making a joke, dude.

CODY

Oh.

BETTY

He's kidding dumbass.

CODY

Oh. Right.

JOHN

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CODY

I get it, the value goes down with  
no owl.

JOHN

Stupid joke.

CODY

Nah, nah, nah. It's cool.  
(beat)  
Humor's cool.  
(awkward pause)  
Let me show you the room.

John forces a smile, then follows Cody down the hall.

13 EXT. NJ HIGHWAY, ROUTE 80 WEST - LATER 13

NJ Transit bus out of Port Authority coasts along route 80.

John's dinner conversation with his father, ED HAMMOND, 50's,  
and his grandfather, CHARLES HAMMOND, 70's, begins.

JOHN (O.C.)

They just emailed me. Looks like  
it's not gonna work out. It's  
Williamsburg, so, you know.

ED (O.C.)

Hm. Maybe you shouldn't be in such  
a rush move to the city.

JOHN (O.C.)

I gotta do it now.

ED (O.C.)

Maybe you're not supposed to rush  
it.

JOHN (O.C.)

Dad...I've been out of grad school  
four months. How much longer can I  
live at home?

14 INT. HAMMOND HOME, KITCHEN TABLE - CONTINUOUS 14

Ed is a kind but tightly wound guy. He wears wire-rim  
glasses and has a tightly controlled comb-over. He's a  
classic needler. It's because he cares, but it's annoying.

His father, Charles - John's grandfather, was a sailor and a  
feather-weight boxer in his 20's. He's at the age where he  
speaks his mind with zero regard for the repercussions.

(CONTINUED)

John, his father, Ed, and his grandfather, Charles, sit at the dinner table.

The home is suburban average. Middle class.

A cat, PENNY, sits on the table next to John and another, SCARLET, sits sleeping on John's lap as he eats.

ED

I'm just saying, maybe you should get your ducks in a row, first.

JOHN

Dad, my ducks are in a row-

CHARLES

He needs somewhere he can get laid. He can't do that here.

ED

We're not talking about that now.

CHARLES

He needs to go to the city so he can meet city-pussy.

ED

John, you're rushing into this. You need a job first. It's very, very expensive to live in the city.

CHARLES

Ed, the boy's twenty-five years old. I wish you were out of the house at twenty-five. You're still here, for Chrissakes.

ED

Do you have any prospects at all?

JOHN

I have an interview, tomorrow.

ED

John, I can't pay you enough at the shop to support a life in Manhattan.

JOHN

Dad, we've been through this. I'm getting a job, I'm moving to the city and I'm going to support myself.

Beat.

ED

And what about Dr. Shultz? You're going to commute from the city twice a week to see Dr. Schultz? Who's gonna pay for that?

JOHN

Dad, please. Dr. Schultz gave me the name of someone if I really need it, but I'm not going to need it. Dr. Schultz doesn't think so, either. He thinks me being on my own is a good thing and now is the time.

CHARLES

Because he knows you need that city-pussy.

It's night.

John sits with Charles who drinks from a bottle of some kind of very potent spirit.

JOHN

Grandpa, I'm scared.

Grandpa waves his hand, dismissing John's fear.

He takes a drink from his bottle.

CHARLES

When I was eighteen, I was a shy kid. Was self-conscious. Had a hard time feeling okay around the ladies because of my bum foot. Had a couple girlfriends here and there, but nothing really any good.

(takes a drink)

Then one day, my cousin Dimitri - my mother's sister's kid - invites Uncle Paul and I to come to Manhattan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## CHARLES (CONT'D)

He got some shitty apartment on west street. So, we meet at Port Authority and he says we're going cruising for chicks at a place called McCann's that's loaded with floosies we can take shots at, right. Now mind you, I'm shy, no confidence. I'm already counting myself out. So...we get to the joint, right...and, it's nothing but smoke and the smell of stale beer, but there's floosies, everywhere. Within two seconds my brother and Dimitri are talking up a couple of tomatoes who are staying at the hostel across from the bar. Now, I'm feeling left out, so, I go up to the bar and sittin' there, right next to me, is this tall, busty blonde...had to be about forty...but busty...giant tits. Huge, round ass. So she looks at me and says, "Why don't you be a sport and treat a lady to a scotch and water." I had a few bucks on me, so I obliged. So one drink turns to two, two turns to three, then next thing you know, she grabs me by the collar and says, "Why don't you take a walk over to my place so I can make it up to you. You ever had a broad sit on your face...and ride it...?"

(beat, Charles looks at John, then looks back out)

The city, kid.

INT. HAMMOND'S HOME, JOHN'S ROOM - LATER

John sits at his desk: glass tube, mini bottles, droppers, a notepad.

With the dropper he puts a few liquids into a mini spray bottle. He records the number of drops.

He then sprays the liquid onto his arm. He waves his arm around, to dry it.

He smells it.

17 EXT. NJ HIGHWAY, ROUTE 80 EAST - MORNING 17

NJ transit bus coasts toward the NYC skyline.

18 INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS 18

John, wearing his shades, sits next to a mature, well-dressed African American WOMAN.

WOMAN

Excuse me, sir, what is that you're wearing?

John smiles.

JOHN

It's called Rebel.

WOMAN

Damn.

She leans in and smells him.

19 INT. NYC STREET, SIDEWALK, MIDTOWN - LATER 19

John strides down the sidewalk. Gets to his destination. All confidence.

20 INT. GEMINI STRATEGIC CONSULTING - MOMENTS LATER 20

John enters. He notices a large astrology wheel above the receptionist's desk.

The girl at the desk is a pretty, but morose redhead with sleepy eyes. Her name is MARCY(20's). She busily works behind the desk and speaks without looking up.

JOHN

Hi.

MARCY

Hi.

JOHN

I have an appointment with Starla at ten o'clock.

MARCY

You have an appointment with Starla at ten o'clock?

JOHN

Yeah.

MARCY

You know she's the boss, right?

JOHN

I guess. I don't know.

Marcy hits a button on her phone.

MARCY

You don't know?

Rings, twice. STARLA answers.

STARLA (O.C.)

(intercom)

What's up?

MARCY

I got the guy for the Office  
Manager's job here.

STARLA

Oh. Oh, great! Send him back.

MARCY

Will do.

Hits another button.

JOHN

So, you knew why I was here.

MARCY

Yup. Was just messing with you.

(she looks up)

How you feeling today, good?

JOHN

Yeah. You?

Marcy holds up a drawing of herself, naked and crucified. With  
a sword sticking out of her head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Got it. I like the sword in the  
head.

MARCY

Thanks.

JOHN

Nice touch. So, do I just go this  
way?

(CONTINUED)

MARCY

Yeah. Just go aaaaall the way to the end and make a left at the Buddha.

JOHN

Left at the Buddha.

MARCY

You got it. That's the sweet spot.

JOHN

Sweet spot. I like that.

MARCY

I'm sure you do.

21 INT. GEMINI CONSULTING, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 21

John makes his way down the hallway. Appears to be a regular office, but there are a lot of statues and figurines everywhere. Almost everything is green. The walls are adorned with poster-sized Tarot cards.

He arrives at the Buddha and makes his left.

From the office he hears:

STARLA (O.C.)

Hey! Come on in, come on in.

22 INT. STARLA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 22

Starla, 40's, is a frazzled, quixotic, but totally charming woman. The owner/operator of Gemini Consulting. Crazy hair, wild energy, intuitive. Just when she's about to lose you, she says something brilliant.

She's on the phone and holds it to her chest.

STARLA

Sit down, sit down. Oh, my god, hi...

(gestures to phone)

Give me one second, sorry.

(back into phone)

Listen, Stan, I told you that when the moon is in Scorpio, you stay away from gold...Away, Stan...you put your money in treasury bills...uh huh...uh huh...Away, Stan. I understand. No. No.

(MORE)

STARLA (CONT'D)

No, okay, call me tomorrow...the moon moves over night.

(hangs up phone)

Hi!

JOHN

Hi.

STARLA

Sorry about that. Wait a minute.

She gets up from her desk and comes around to him. She smells around his neck.

STARLA (CONT'D)

Oh, my god...!

(She smells, again.)

Jesus Christ, you smell amazing!

One second, be right back.

She hurriedly exits.

John looks around and sees a lot of strange things on the walls and on the bookshelves.

She comes back in, practically dragging THELMA, a robust African American woman, who was obviously being pulled away from something.

STARLA (CONT'D)

Smell him.

THELMA

Are you serious?

STARLA

Smell him.

Thelma leans in and takes a whiff.

THELMA

Hmmm.

(beat)

I'm Thelma, by the way.

JOHN

Hi, John.

They shake.

STARLA

Isn't that incredible? That's incredible. I love it.

Starla leans in and smells again.

THELMA

It's rude to smell someone before you introduce yourself, my apologies.

She laughs. He does, too. Starla continues to smell him.

JOHN

It's fine.

STARLA

Okay, okay, okay. Thank you Thelma.

Thelma exits.

STARLA (CONT'D)

What is that called?

JOHN

I call it Rebel. I created it.

STARLA

What do you mean, "you created it?"

JOHN

Well, it's kind of a hobby of mine.

STARLA

What? What's a hobby of yours?

JOHN

Creating frgrances.

STARLA

Really? Oh my god. I love that. That is SO interesting. Oh my god...I love it.

JOHN

Thanks.

STARLA

God, that's great. That is SO great. That is just great.

She stares at him. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

STARLA (CONT'D)

You know why you're here, right?

Pause.

JOHN

No. I mean, yes...

STARLA

Okay...

JOHN

But I'm not sure "why" as in, I'm not sure what made you choose me as a candidate to interview.

STARLA

Well, number one, you were the only candidate to fill out every single last question on the application.

JOHN

I was?

STARLA

Yeah. A lot of people left a lot of stuff blank.

(she leans in)

But, you want to know the other reason?

JOHN

Sure.

Starla pulls out an astrological chart.

STARLA

This.

JOHN

Okay.

STARLA

This.

She points to a specific spot on the chart.

STARLA (CONT'D)

You have Neptune in your first house.

John stares back at her.

(CONTINUED)

STARLA (CONT'D)

That's amazing. Okay. That means you're very very intuitive. Maybe a little psychic, but mostly intuitive. That is a GREAT quality for an office manager. Intuition is everything when you deal with people. And this is a people job. You're like a new office- slash- H.R. Manager, here.

JOHN

Okay.

STARLA

And this...

(she points to something else)

You also have have Saturn in the first house.

JOHN

Okay.

STARLA

Which tells me - and feel free to correct me if I'm wrong - you suffered from a lack of confidence and a lack of self- worth when you were younger.

Pause. John's expression changes.

STARLA (CONT'D)

And you had to be brave. And work through some difficult stuff. Adversity. Builds character.

(beat)

Like me.

(smiles)

I have Saturn in my first house.

(beat)

So?

JOHN

What?

STARLA

SO...?

Starla shows John around the office.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT, 20's, very blonde and very handsome organizes the kitchen supplies and cleans.

John follows behind Starla...

STARLA  
(to John)  
Come here, I want you to meet  
someone.  
(beat)  
Brett?

Brett turns and sees John for the first time. He's initially startled, but quickly recovers. He's a prick.

BRETT  
Hey.

JOHN  
Hi.

BRETT  
I'd shake your hand, but I'm a  
little dusty.

JOHN  
No sweat.

STARLA  
John's your successor.

JOHN  
Oh, yeah?

STARLA  
(to John)  
You'll apprentice under Brett for  
the next three weeks. He's been  
O.M. for two years and is going to  
be a full-blown consultant.

JOHN  
Three weeks? That's great.

STARLA  
Well, Mercury moves into retrograde  
next Tuesday for three weeks.

BRETT  
Right. Can't start anything new  
during retrograde.

STARLA

(to John)

Right. Which is why you need to start on Monday.

(beat)

Come on...

Starla moves to exit.

Brett rolls his eyes and makes the crazy gesture with his finger.

John smiles politely as he exits.

JOHN

Nice to meet you.

Brett waits until he turns around and makes a "what?? Holy shit..." face to having just met John. He then turns to an unidentified person to call John to their attention.

BRETT

Yo...you saw that?

(laughs)

What the fuck?

24

INT. GEMINI CONSULTING, RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

24

Starla brings John to Marcy at the front desk.

STARLA

I'm excited, John. I like you. And you smell great. And you have a Virgo moon.

(beat)

Marcy will give you all the tax forms and stuff. Monday at 9. See you then.

Starla exits.

MARCY

Congrats.

JOHN

Thanks.

MARCY

So, if you're the new O.M. we'll be cohorting quite a bit.

JOHN

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

MARCY

Yeah. You relieve me when I go on my lunch break.

JOHN

Cool.

MARCY

But just know...there's always a chance I won't come back.

JOHN

Noted. Have a nice weekend.  
(moves to leave)  
See you Monday.

MARCY

If I'm not dead of alcohol poisoning, yes, I'll see you Monday.

25 EXT. SIDEWALK, SOHO, NEW YORK, NY - LATER

25

John is on the sidewalk, studying a building.

He just made a call:

JOHN

(into phone)

Hey, it's John Hammond...I can't find the apartment number...

(listens)

Oh...it's a basement?

(studies building)

Oh! Yeah, I see it. Got it.

26 INT. OZZY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

26

OSSIE "OZZIE" or "OZ" FRANKLIN, 30's/40's, African American, opens the door. He has a very positive way about him.

He wears a T-shirt that says: "YODA FOR PRESIDENT"

OZ

Hey, man. John?

JOHN

Yeah. Ossie?

They shake hands.

OZ

Yeah, my name's "Ossie," but most people call me "Oz" or "Ozzie." Dealer's choice.

He shuts the door.

OZ (CONT'D)

So, here's the bat cave.

John takes it in.

Ozzie's apartment looks like a STAR WARS-STAR TREK-LORD OF THE RINGS-GAME OF THRONES, COMIC BOOK CONVENTION paradise. A celebration of fantasy, dragons and role-play.

A life-size statue, 6ft, Star Wars-type character, in the tradition of Bobafet, stands, staring back at John.

INT. EMPTY ROOM, OZ'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ozzie shows John the empty room for rent.

OZ

It's a good size, right?

JOHN

It's great.

OZ

It's kind of oddly shaped and there's not great light, obviously, so, a lotta dudes aren't into it.

JOHN

Works for me, man.

(beat)

So, is there a security deposit?

OZ

Nah. You got a job?

JOHN

Just got one. Office manager at Gemini Consulting.

OZ

Congrats, man. I'll take your word for it. Thing is I kind of need someone fast. Rent's comin' up and money's tight. I'm not really liquid right now -

JOHN

-Gotcha-

OZ

- because I'm working on a new graphic novel and am kind of just, you know, in the writer's cave.

JOHN

I can give you cash, right now.

OZ

Seriously? Then it's a deal my brother.

They naturally adapt to a "hip" handshake that moves into a hug.

JOHN

Awesome.

OZ

I knew I liked you from the jump, man. This is gonna be cool, I can tell.

(beat)

Hey, listen...I'm havin' a little get together tonight, I do it every Friday...

They walk off. Conversations trails.

JOHN

Oh, cool.

OZ

You into D&amp;D?

JOHN

Dunkin' Donuts?

OZ

Dungeons &amp; Dragons...

28

EXT. MIDTOWN SIDEWALK - LATER

28

John walks with a real pep-in-his-step, carrying a fancy-looking gift bag.

29

INT. PROFESSIONAL PORTRAITS, PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - MOMENTS 29 LATER

John enters Robin Oita's studio. She's dismantling lights.

(CONTINUED)

She notices John.

ROBIN

Hey!

She runs over to him.

JOHN

Hey. How are you?

ROBIN

Good. Nice to see you.

JOHN

You too. I wanted to give you this.

He hands her the gift bag.

ROBIN

Oh, my god...

JOHN

Yeah, uh...you did a really amazing job with my photo and as it turns out...I got a job! "Yay."

ROBIN

Hey, that's great!  
(she removes a small bottle)  
Oh my god, what is this?

JOHN

It's that fragrance. The one you said you liked.

ROBIN

Oh, wow! That's amazing! That was delicious.

JOHN

You can give it to your husband.

ROBIN

Oh, I want it for myself.

JOHN

Do a...do you have a husband?

ROBIN

No, no.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
Boyfriend?

ROBIN  
No, not presently.

She laughs.

JOHN  
You want to maybe go out for a  
drink after work?

Pause.

ROBIN  
Uhhmm...oh...I can't tonight.

JOHN  
Okay. What about next week?

ROBIN  
Uh...

JOHN  
I'm actually moving to the city  
next week. Soho, of all places.

ROBIN  
Well...uh. I don't think it's a  
good idea.

Pause.

JOHN  
Oh. Okay.

ROBIN  
Thanks for asking. You're a really  
cool guy. It's just...

JOHN  
Sure. No problem.

ROBIN  
And thanks for the perfume!

Silence.

JOHN  
(disoriented)  
Yeah, sure.  
(beat)  
Well. Cool. Uh.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I guess I'll see you around, then,  
I guess.

He moves to leave.

ROBIN

Sure.

He stops.

JOHN

Hey, you should give me some  
business cards, you know, so I can,  
I don't know...give 'em  
out...whatever.

ROBIN

Uh...yeah...okay...uh...I'll get  
some, thanks.

She walks to get some.

John watches her.

30 EXT. MADISON SQUARE PARK BENCH - LATER

30

John sits on a bench and stares at Robin Oita's business  
card:

"Robin Oita Photography - professional portraits"

So perfect. Not too much. Great quality.

Elegant.

John looks up from a card and sees a LITTLE GIRL, about 4  
years old looking at him.

She points to him and tugs on her MOTHER's purse to get her  
attention.

She asks the mother something and the mother clearly corrects  
her and pulls her away from look at John.

Just then, John turns and sees punkish-looking TEENAGER,  
sneaking an iphone shot of John, quickly trying to pass it  
off with his FRIENDS when they see John notices.

They laugh.

John's gaze turns to the pavement.

31 INT. DR. PAYMER'S OFFICE OF PSYCHIATRY - LATER

31

John is at the front desk. LIZ, Dr. Paymer's receptionist, is on the phone.

LIZ  
 (into phone, mid-complaint)  
 ...I'm just telling you what he told me...he said the corn beef is tough like shoe leather...yes...is Keppy there?... Keppy knows him, he says Keppy knows the cut he likes...Please tell Keppy to call back...well, it's sitting right here and he wants someone to come get it, he won't eat it...well, you tell him that....fine.

She hangs up.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
 Hi. Sorry. Are you the 4:45?

JOHN  
 Yes.

LIZ  
 (checking book)  
 John Hammond?

JOHN  
 Yes.

LIZ  
 Okay, great. He's just finishing up with another patient right now, so have a seat and he'll be right out. We'll do all the paperwork and stuff after.

JOHN  
 Okay.

John sits down.

Through the door he can hear YELLING. Yelling that sounds like BERATING.

He moves his head toward the door to listen closer and the door OPENS.

A defeated looking PATIENT exits, followed by DR. LYLE

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

PAYMER, wearing a polo shirt, jeans and glasses.

DR. PAYMER  
(to exiting patient)  
And if she's not gonna come pick  
the dog up, David - listen to me -

Patient turns back to him.

DR. PAYMER (CONT'D)  
- If she's not gonna come pick the  
dog up herself, tell her you're  
gonna drive into the middle of  
Times Square and let the fucking  
thing out of the car right there,  
you know, "bye-bye." Seriously.  
Enough already with this dog. The  
point is, stand up to her for  
chrissakes and tell her to come and  
get the fucking dog, already. You  
did her a favor and now she's  
taking advantage. Please. Anyway,  
go. Have a good weekend.

The patient exits.

LIZ  
(to Dr. Paymer)  
Your 4:45 is here.

DR. PAYMER  
(to John)  
Come on in.

32 INT. DR. PAYMER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

32

DR. PAYMER  
Sit.

John sits.

Paymer stares at John and picks up a clipboard and studies  
it.

DR. PAYMER (CONT'D)  
So, you came from Dave Schultz?

JOHN  
Yeah.

DR. PAYMER  
How long have you been seeing  
Schultz?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

About four years.

DR. PAYMER

Okay.

(puts the chart down,  
looks at John)

Okay, so, I'm just going to start off with something that I gotta get out of the way here, alright, and that is, I am NOT going to coddle you, because you have a big head. Okay? You're not getting sympathy out of me because of that, alright. People are born with all kinds of shitty things and believe me, the things that people with normal sized heads have are a hell of a lot worse. Okay? So let's get that elephant in the room out of the room. Okay? No big-head coddling here. I don't want to hear about it.

(he gets up)

So, here, look...

(he opens the door)

We're saying "goodbye" to the big-head elephant in the room and letting it go. Wave good bye to it. Go ahead.

John waves goodbye to it.

DR. PAYMER (CONT'D)

(to the phantom elephant)

Bye-bye. Okay.

(shuts the door)

Bye-bye to the elephant in the room.

(he sits back down)

I'm not talking with you about it.

(beat)

You got me?

Silence.

JOHN

Okay.

Dr. Paymer studies him, making sure he means it.

(CONTINUED)

DR. PAYMER

Fine.

(beat)

Now, what do you want to talk  
about?

John takes a breath and thinks.

END

ROLL CREDITS

EVE BATTAGLIA