FATRICK

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NETWORK DRAFT
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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - FIVE A.M.

A PRETTY GIRL is asleep in bed, naked. This is her place. She stirs, opens her eyes and sees a HOT GUY (30s, handsome, fit) putting his clothes on.

PRETTY GIRL
Where are you going?

HOT GUY
I gotta go.

PRETTY GIRL
(sexy)
Are you sure you can't stay?

HOT GUY
I'm sure.

He heads out. He's clearly never going to call her again.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - FIVE A.M.

A 10-YEAR-OLD BOY (super cute chubster) is asleep. His mom, ARLENE (30's, fit, energetic), gently shakes him awake.

ARLENE
(whispered)
Honey. Honey, wake up. It's time to exercise.

She pulls the covers off him. He's wearing too tight Super Mario pajamas, his chubster belly clearly visible.

BOY
I don't wanna exercise.

ARLENE
No one *wants* to exercise.

GIRL (O.S.)
I want to exercise!

REVEAL his sister LESLIE (13, rail thin) in workout clothes, jogging in place with ankle weights on.

LESLIE
Thanks for the ankle weights, Mom.

ARLENE
Everyone likes a sturdy calf, baby.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

The Hot Guy is now in full workout gear, running hard down the sidewalk. He's laser-focused, intense. He runs past a YOUNG MOTHER with her DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER
Was that Superman??

MOTHER
(admiring his ass)
I think so.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - EARLY MORNING

The Boy is now in a tracksuit, jogging. He PUFFS along, trailing his sisters Leslie and KAREN (11, odd-ball).

LESLIE
Don't you just feel great?

KAREN
(out of breath)
I wish I hadn't worn my cowboy boots.

LESLIE
What's your guys' favorite part of jogging?

BOY
(heavy breathing)
...stopping...

The Boy stops. CLOSE ON his red face, huffing.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

The Boy sits in a booth, A SEA OF FOOD IN FRONT OF HIM. The entire breakfast menu. He devours chocolate chip pancakes.

ANGLE ON: the Hot Guy, sitting in another booth at Denny's, ALSO WITH A SEA OF FOOD IN FRONT OF HIM. But he's not eating anything. He's just staring down at the food.

INTERCUT: between the GUY'S FACE and the EGGS BENEDICT... the GUY'S FACE and the BACON... the GUY'S FACE and the PANCAKES... Finally, he leans in.

HOT GUY
I'm beating you, pancake.

ANGLE ON: the Boy, still eating. His sisters storm in.

LESLIE
(annoyed)
There you are, Patrick!

The Boy, PATRICK, looks up, chocolate smeared on his face.

BACK ON: the Hot Guy, still glaring at his food. A WAITRESS (20s) approaches.

WAITRESS
Patrick, you still working on this?
Or should I box it up so you can
talk to it at home?

In this moment it becomes clear that **THE BOY AND THE MAN ARE THE SAME PERSON (we've been cutting back and forth in time).** Adult Patrick holds up a finger.

ADULT PATRICK
One second, Marie.
(back to food)
I'm beating you, eggs Benedict.
And I'm beating you, bacon.

Patrick leans back, satisfied. The Waitress starts to clear the plates. Before she can take the cheese danish, he starts repeatedly STABBING IT with a fork.

ADULT PATRICK
(explaining)
Cheese danish is my favorite.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES: 10-year-old Patrick struggles to ride his bike up a hill as we hear a sing-songy, schoolyard taunt:

VOICE-OVER
Faaaatrick.

Our title drifts onto the screen in big, bubble letters:

FATRICK

ACT ONE

INT. ADULT PATRICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - **PRESENT DAY**

A shirtless Adult Patrick makes himself breakfast, carefully measuring out skim milk, oatmeal, raisins... Bling! A TEXT.

CLOSE ON: his phone. A series of unanswered incoming texts, getting more annoyed (*"Last night was fun." ... "So, no response?" ... "Hello????").* Then the last: *"You're a dick."*

ADULT PATRICK
That should be the last one.

He methodically counts TEN RAISINS OUT OF A SMALL PILE and sprinkles them into his oatmeal. There's a knock at the door. He opens it, REVEALING ELLIE (cute, 20's). She's dressed for work and holds a traveler's coffee mug.

ELLIE
(irritated)
Hey, so your car is parked a little in your spot but mostly in mine again and I can't open my door-- I'm sorry, can you put on a shirt?

ADULT PATRICK
(flirty)
Or you can take yours off.

ELLIE
Every time. It's never not funny.

ADULT PATRICK
You're falling for it though. Like, slowly, but it's happening.
(leans in)
Just so you know, I keep a spare key under the mat.

She rolls her eyes and walks off. Patrick smiles, grabs his keys and follows her, pulling on a T-shirt for a moving company as we...

INT. YOUNG PATRICK'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - **PAST**

...find Young Patrick, pulling a T-shirt on over his chubby frame as he walks into the kitchen. Arlene is making breakfast. Leslie eyes Karen as they sit at the table.

LESLIE
You should start shaving your legs.

KAREN
I'm too young.

LESLIE
Hair starts growing in the womb.

ARLENE
Leslie, Karen, no talking about womb-hair in the kitchen.

Arlene methodically counts TEN RAISINS OUT OF A SMALL PILE and sprinkles them into a bowl of oatmeal for the girls. Patrick opens the fridge and we see the contents: it's fat-free everything (milk, yogurt, cheese, diet soda, etc.).

ARLENE
Patrick, I have your breakfast right here.

She hands him just a glass of skim milk.

YOUNG PATRICK
Where's my food?

ARLENE
Well you ate your food at Denny's this morning, didn't you?
(upset at the memory)
What kind of adult. Lets a child. Walk into a restaurant and order everything on the menu?

YOUNG PATRICK
Maurice's mom lets <u>him</u> eat at Denny's.

ARLENE
Well Maurice's mom isn't a nutritionist, is she? I mean, obviously she's not, we've all seen her try to get out of their Corolla.

Leslie nods.

ARLENE
(softening)
The world can be a cruel place and I just don't want people to judge any of you because of how you look.

KAREN
Like you just judged Maurice's mom?

ARLENE
Exactly. And I don't want that for you. When I was a little girl, my mother told me that it's never too early to start worrying about your appearance. She used to make me sleep with a piece of tape between my eyes so I wouldn't furrow my brow and get wrinkles.

INSERT: three STILL PHOTOGRAPHS of young Arlene, asleep with a piece of tape between her eyebrows to prevent wrinkles.

LESLIE
How old were you?

ARLENE
Eleven. And she was right. Look at me now. Smooth as a baby seal.

Patrick's dad, JIM, (40s, bookish) enters.

JIM
Morning. Ready for school, kids?

The kids ad-lib agreement and gather their stuff. Jim notices Patrick staring sullenly at his skim milk.

JIM
Everything okay, buddy?

YOUNG PATRICK
Yeah. I'm just hungry.

ARLENE
No, he's not. Your son went into Denny's this morning and ordered the entire breakfast menu.

JIM
Patty, why would you do that?
(then)
Is this because your mom and me are living apart for a little while?

ARLENE
(thrown)
What? No, of course it's not, he's fine. He probably did it because he's watched you eat cereal out of a mixing bowl for years.

JIM
There's no room for my spoon in those small bowls.

ARLENE
Oh, and I'm having the locks changed and I threw out all your shower stuff.
(off his look)
You moved out three days ago. I can't have you walking in here whenever you want and your loofah had pieces of you on it.

As Arlene hands Patrick his lunch...

EXT./ESTAB. 'AAAH, IT'S MEL'S MOVERS!' DISPATCH - **PRESENT DAY**

A warehouse and storage facility with several moving vans parked in the lot. Adult Patrick leans against a van and talks to two co-workers, NICK and TODD (early 20s, bros).

NICK
...so all night, Brett's had no luck with this girl. Then Patrick walks in, goes right up to her, and is like, "where's the fire"?

TODD
That worked??

ADULT PATRICK
(shrugs, nonchalant)
She showed me where the fire was.

They laugh, admiring. Patrick's clearly the alpha. Nick clears his throat and elbows Patrick as ANOTHER GUY (also early 20's) emerges from the dispatch building, pissed.

NICK
Uhp, the boss, three o'clock.

ADULT PATRICK
Oh, hey Brett. What's up?

BRETT
Got your assignment for the day. Picking up boxes from the train station, unloading at this address.
(hands Patrick an address)
And then you guys come right back here, I think we can squeeze another move out of you today.

ADULT PATRICK
Where's the fire?

BRETT
What?

ADULT PATRICK
I said sure thing, Brett. Boss.

The guys start to climb into a van.

TODD
What a dick.

ADULT PATRICK
We're not killing ourselves to do two moves today. Plus, I've got a stop to make before we get to the station.

EXT./ESTAB. NUTRITIONISTA OFFICES - MORNING - **PRESENT DAY**

A storefront in a strip-mall. Clean and cookie cutter.

INT. NUTRITIONISTA OFFICES - SAME - **PRESENT DAY**

Women sit in the waiting area. Adult Patrick enters and sees Arlene, (now 20 years older, still in great shape) talking to a client (MARTHA, 50s, overweight).

ADULT PATRICK
Hey, Mom. The guys are waiting in the van, I just came by to pick up my energy bars--

ARLENE
There he is.
(to Martha)
This is my son Patrick I was telling you about.

MARTHA
Oh, he <u>is</u> handsome!

ARLENE
Right? You can't photoshop this kind of before and after.

She gestures to framed photos on the desk. In all of them, SKINNY LESLIE IS IN THE FOREGROUND WHILE YOUNG PATRICK AND KAREN ARE MOSTLY HIDDEN (heads popping out from behind trees, buried in sand up to their necks, heads resting on pianos).

ADULT PATRICK
In that picture I have a whole Snickers bar in my mouth.

MARTHA
Which picture?

ADULT PATRICK
All of them.

ARLENE
(squeezing his cheeks)
There's no Snickers in there now!
(then, to Martha)
You know, he's a very successful moving man.

MARTHA
(not sure how to respond)
Oooohhhh...?

ADULT PATRICK
I have a degree in finance too but, y'know, I just enjoy being outdoors and using my body to help people.

ARLENE
He's had some very famous clients. Guess who he moved the other day? Carl Weathers.

ADULT PATRICK
Apollo Creed from "Rocky".

ARLENE
Y'know, when I saw him come out in those American flag shorts in that movie, I knew. I knew one day we would have a black president.

ADULT PATRICK
You voted for McCain.

ARLENE
Well.

INT. JIM'S CAR - MORNING - **PAST**

Jim drives, Leslie in front, Young Patrick and Karen in back.

JIM
Is that a new top, Leslie?

LESLIE
Yeah, Mom bought it for me after you told her you were leaving and ripped her heart out of her chest. If tears were money, we could've bought everything in the store.

She puts on headphones and checks out. A beat, then:

JIM
(to Patrick and Karen)
So, how are you two doing?

YOUNG PATRICK/KAREN
Fine. / Okay.

JIM
Look, I know it seems like a lot is changing, but it's really not.

YOUNG PATRICK
Except you left and now I'm the only boy in a house with all girls.

JIM
Patty, I didn't leave. Is that what you think, is that why you went to Denny's this morning? You know don't need to eat if you're upset, you can come talk to me.

YOUNG PATRICK
I was just hungry.

Jim pulls out a half-eaten doughnut from his cup holder.

JIM
Here you go buddy, I'm not gonna finish this, it's all yours.

Patrick takes it and happily starts eating.

KAREN
What about me, Dad?

JIM
(hands her a small half-empty bag)
Here's some old corn nuts.

LESLIE
(noticing)
Gross. Everyone's gross in this car.

JIM
Look, I only live three blocks away from you guys. I'll still drive you to school in the mornings and you'll come stay with me at my condo every other weekend. Things won't be that different.

KAREN
(loudly eating corn nuts)
Who's Cynthia?

JIM
(thrown)
Oh. How'd you hear about... she's uh, my new friend. New. Brand new. Wasn't with her when I was with your mom. She's brand new.

There's a long silence. Changing the subject, Patrick picks up crumpled-up lottery tickets from the floor.

YOUNG PATRICK
These lottery or parking tickets?

JIM
Lottery mostly. I'm going to crack it one day, kids. It's all just mathematics, a matter of figuring out the patterns. Then we'll have financial freedom and I can just teach math for the love of it.

KAREN
Are you waiting until you and mom get divorced to solve the lottery so you don't have to give her half?

JIM
No one said divorce, Karen. Your mother and I are having a trial separation that has nothing to do with Cynthia.
(then, brightly)
Did I tell you my new condo has a BBQ the whole community can use?

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER - **PAST**

Jim's car pulls up and Young Patrick and Karen get out. A small black kid, MAURICE (12, gay) sits on the steps. He has a Barbie doll between his legs and is teasing out her hair.

KAREN
Hi, Maurice! I like your black Barbie.

MAURICE
Her name is RoDonda and she's a stewardess.

Patrick sits down next to Maurice as Karen continues walking.

KAREN
(to herself, smitten)
He told me his doll's name, he's obviously in love with me. Now if I could just get him to--
(accidently bumps into a girl, furious)
WATCH IT, HEATHER! GOD!

YOUNG PATRICK
(to Maurice)
Wanna trade lunches?

MAURICE
No. I know you have pear slices.

YOUNG PATRICK
I need a job. I need to buy my own food.

MAURICE
I need to learn how to sew. My mom won't give me any more money for doll clothes. It's hard being gay and unemployed.

YOUNG PATRICK
(surprised)
You're gay?

MAURICE
I have a poster of just the male cast members of "Friends" on my bedroom wall.
(then, whispered)
Not Ross.

Patrick notices as BARBARA WU (10, cute, Chinese) walks by.

YOUNG PATRICK
Well, I want to marry Barbara Wu.

MAURICE
You say that every day but you've never even talked to her.

YOUNG PATRICK
Well, I'm going to today. What if she moves and I never get a chance to tell her how I feel? I'm doing it today.

MAURICE
No nonsense, I like it. Like J.R. Ewing. But you also need to be bold. Like Elton John. Do something to really impress her.

YOUNG PATRICK
Like what?

MAURICE
Bust out your fresh moves.

YOUNG PATRICK
My what?

MAURICE
Your fresh dance moves. Trust me, girls like guys who can dance.

YOUNG PATRICK
How do you know?

MAURICE
Because my grandfather danced on Soul Train and he's been married four times.

YOUNG PATRICK
Wow.

MAURICE
Mmhmm. I'll teach you at lunch. I'm a tremendous choreographer.
(then, to doll)
This knot is not coming out. Where'd you get this knot, RoDonda?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - **PRESENT DAY**

The moving van is parked in front of a nice house. Adult Patrick, Nick and Todd stand on the porch. As Patrick knocks on the front door, he gestures to a Prius in the driveway.

ADULT PATRICK
Prius. Means a chick lives here. This might be fun.

A PRETTY CHINESE WOMAN (30s) opens the door. Nick and Todd smirk, nice. Patrick's face falls, like he's seen a ghost.

PRETTY CHINESE WOMAN
Great, you guys made it.

ADULT PATRICK
(shocked)
Barbara Wu.

BARBARA WU
Yeah, how do you--
(recognizing him)
Oh my god, Patrick??

ADULT PATRICK
(checks his clipboard)
It says Barbara Hendricks on here.

BARBARA WU
Hendricks is my ex-husband's name. He knocked up a stripper, we were trying to get pregnant but instead we separated, so that's why I'm moving. My god, how are you? I haven't seen you in years!
(to Nick and Todd)
We went to elementary school together. He was so funny!
(to Patrick)
Wait! Didn't you have a nickname? What did we used to call you?

ADULT PATRICK
(definitely remembers)
I don't remember.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - LUNCH TIME - **PAST**

Maurice stands with Young Patrick, who holds a boombox, nervously watching Barbara Wu hopscotch.

MAURICE
Don't be nervous. Go get her.

Patrick takes a deep breath and walks towards her.

MAURICE
I wish he hadn't worn horizontal stripes today.

Barbara Wu is about to hop into the last square, but it's occupied. By Patrick. He sets down his boombox and presses a button. “Tootsee Roll” by 69 Boyz starts to PLAY.

And Patrick starts to dance. He Tootsee Roll booty-drops, segues into the Running Man, the Cabbage Patch, the Fork In the Garbage Disposal... so many fresh moves. Barbara Wu watches. Other kids watch as well (including Maurice, who’s loving it). Patrick Pops and Locks his way around the hopscotch squares, striking a final pose as the MUSIC ends. Out of breath, he stares into Barbara Wu’s eyes. Then:

BARBARA WU
I can see your underwear, Fatrick.

Kids start to laugh. Patrick looks devastated.

EXT. NICE HOUSE - LATER - **PRESENT DAY**

Nick and Todd carry boxes into the house. Adult Patrick speed-walks past them, carrying three times as many boxes. Barbara Wu stands on the porch, still trying to remember.

BARBARA WU
What was it...? Patrick, you must remember, it was funny...

ADULT PATRICK
Nope, don’t recall, come on guys, pick up the pace! Where’s your hair stuff go, dining room??

BARBARA WU
It stuck for years...
(then, realizing)
FATRICK! Oh my god, that was it! Little Fatty Fatrick! Because you were so fat!

The guys look at Patrick, surprised.

BARBARA WU
(laughing, relieved)
Oh, I’m so glad I remembered. That would’ve kept me up tonight.

SPLIT SCREEN: of the two Patricks. YOUNG PATRICK on the playground, kids laughing, reeling from his new nickname. And ADULT PATRICK, hearing this nickname again, his past invading his present.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HAIR SALON - **PRESENT DAY**

Adult Patrick lounges in a chair at the hair drying station, flipping through a magazine. ADULT MAURICE trims a woman's hair (similar to what he did with his doll's hair as a kid).

MAURICE
So you're fine.

ADULT PATRICK
Why wouldn't I be?

MAURICE
You saw the woman who gave you the nickname that ruined your childhood and you're fine.

ADULT PATRICK
Maurice, that was years ago, I'm over it.

MAURICE
You couldn't ride the bus after that. That nickname followed you to high school. You had to go to college in Maine.

ADULT PATRICK
First of all, I wanted to go to Maine. You know how I feel about lighthouses. And second, I'm past all that.

MAURICE
We never get past the stuff from our childhood. We carry it around with us forever. Like a picnic basket filled with tragedy.

WOMAN IN CHAIR
(re: hair)
Uh, I think you're cutting it a little too short...

MAURICE
I think you need to cool your jets.
(then, to Patrick)
I mean, you and I were a gay black kid and a fatty. The world was against us the minute I opened my mouth and you stuffed something into yours.

ADULT PATRICK
Well, you're still gay and black but I'm a different person now.

MAURICE
Not on the inside. On the inside you're still a formerly fat kid. An F.F.K.

ADULT PATRICK
Well, you're still an F.A.G.
(off everyone's shocked look, realizing)
A Frequent Advice Giver! I mean, you frequently love telling other people how to fix their lives!

MAURICE
Look, I acknowledge my stuff. You know I have issues with authority.

INSERT: three STILL PHOTOGRAPHS of Maurice yelling at a cop, yelling while being handcuffed, yelling in the backseat of a police cruiser.

MAURICE
That's what happens when your parents are in the military.
(getting worked up)
Don't say oh-five-hundred, say five o'clock!

ADULT PATRICK
Well, this has been insightful, but I gotta go. I'm meeting a girl.

MAURICE
Mmhmm. Does she have a name in your phone or just a number?

ADULT PATRICK
She has a name.
(checks phone)
"Pink Bra".

MAURICE
And how do you tell her apart from all the other pink bras?

ADULT PATRICK
I wrote "weird voice" in the notes section.

MAURICE
Patrick, do what you want, but I'm just saying, you saw Barbara Wu, she brought up this painful memory, and now you're running to hook up with a woman you identify by the color of her undergarments.

ADULT PATRICK
Those things aren't related.

MAURICE
I'm suggesting they are. I'm suggesting that you've found something other than food to comfort you. You've replaced chocolate with women.

YOUNG PATRICK/ADULT PATRICK SPLIT SCREEN - **MONTAGE**

On ONE SIDE of the screen we see Young Patrick, TEARING OPEN CANDY WRAPPERS...

...and on the OTHER SIDE of the screen, we see Adult Patrick, TEARING OPEN WOMEN'S SHIRTS in the heat of passion. M&M's and buttons fly everywhere.

As Adult Patrick tears open a woman's blouse, REVEALING a LACY PINK BRA underneath, this image becomes FULL SCREEN and we realize we're in...

INT. ADULT PATRICK'S APARTMENT - SAME - **PRESENT DAY**

...and a shirtless Adult Patrick is making-out with PINK BRA on the couch (her blouse open).

PINK BRA
(weird voice)
I'm glad you called. You're hot.

ADULT PATRICK
Shhhhh. Let's just... no talking.

As he goes to take her shirt off, he catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror -- instead of his own reflection, he sees **10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK EATING A CANDY BAR PASSIONATELY.**

ADULT PATRICK
Aahh!

He jumps away from the girl.

PINK BRA
(weird voice)
What's wrong?

Patrick looks in the mirror again and sees **10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK STARING BACK AT HIM,** chocolate smeared on his face.

ADULT PATRICK
What the hell?!

Freaked out, he scrambles back even further.

PINK BRA
(weird voice)
Is everything okay? Did I hurt you?

ADULT PATRICK
Listen, I'm kind of... in a weird place right now. Would you mind if we just, like, talked a little--

PINK BRA
(weird voice)
Shhhhh. Let's just... no talking.

She tries to continue making out with him. He pulls away.

ADULT PATRICK
Really? So, you don't want to know anything about me?

PINK BRA
(weird voice)
Just why your pants are still on.

EXT. ADULT PATRICK'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

The front door opens and Pink Bra exits, looking pissed. A still-shirtless Patrick stands in the doorway.

ADULT PATRICK
That's right, your voice is weird! Now I know what it sounds like when Elmo gets turned on!

Pink Bra stomps down the stairs, past Ellie, who's on her way up. Ellie takes in the scene, then starts walking backwards.

ELLIE
I was coming up to ask you to move your car again, but you know what, I'll just get in through my passenger side door.
(MORE)

ELLIE (cont'd)
Also, really, do you own a shirt? Because I got one when I did the AIDS Walk but it's too big for me, so, I'll just, I'll leave it on your car.

INT. YOUNG PATRICK'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - **PAST**

Young Patrick, Arlene, Leslie and Karen (band-aids all over her legs) are having dinner. Patrick isn't eating, just pushing food around on his plate.

ARLENE
Patrick, why aren't you eating your carrots?

KAREN
I hate carrots.

ARLENE
(shocked)
Karen!

LESLIE
They're nature's french fries!

KAREN
I'm not talking to you, Leslie! My legs are on fire from razor burn!

ARLENE
Girls, can someone please tell me why your brother isn't eating??

LESLIE
They're calling him Fatrick.

ARLENE
What? Who is?

YOUNG PATRICK
(blurting it out)
Barbara Wu started it and now everyone at school's doing it!!

KAREN
Barbara Wu is a straight-up hooker.

YOUNG PATRICK
Why did you name me Patrick? Why didn't you name me Gordon? I don't even like that name, but you can't make 'fat' out of Gordon!

LESLIE
In Spanish, "gordo" means "fat".

YOUNG PATRICK
(bummed about that)
Man!

ARLENE
(upset, to Patrick)
See? This is exactly what I told you would happen. This is why you don't go to Denny's and order the entire menu!

Patrick runs out. Leslie and Karen both look at Arlene.

ARLENE
At least he's running.
(holds head in hands)
Can someone say something positive, please? Lighten the mood?

KAREN
I'm looking forward to meeting Cynthia this weekend.

Arlene drops her fork on her plate and pushes it away.

ARLENE
Y'know what? Great, she can have him. Because how nice is it to eat without your Dad's chewing? Without his loud, chomping chewing?

INT. ADULT PATRICK'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - **PRESENT DAY**

Adult Patrick (who isn't eating, just pushing food around on his plate), Arlene and Jim sit at the table, having a healthy dinner. Arlene and Jim hold hands, having reconciled their differences. Jim LOUDLY CHEWS.

ARLENE
I love hearing you enjoy food. You make everything sound more delicious. I feel like the best chef in the world.

JIM
I feel like the luckiest eater in the world.

They kiss, in love. Arlene notices Patrick's full plate.

ARLENE
Patrick, why aren't you eating? Are you cleansing?

ADULT PATRICK
I was making out with a girl today and I looked in the mirror and saw my ten-year-old self aggressively eating a candy bar.

ARLENE
(beat, then)
Because if you're cleansing I would have made you a juice.

ADULT LESLIE (now overweight) enters holding a fast food bag.

LESLIE
Sorry I'm late. Andrew had to take the girls to jujitsu, so they can't make Sunday night dinner, but they send their love.

ARLENE
(re: fast food bag)
Leslie, you know I made food.

LESLIE
Yeah, I know.

She sits down and takes a burger, fries, etc. out of the bag.

JIM
Looks like we have a celebrity in our midst! Youngest female CEO of a Fortune 500 company? A cover profile in Forbes magazine??

LESLIE
(smiles)
Isn't it crazy? Andrew's sending copies out to everyone. Did you get a chance to read it, Mom?

ARLENE
Mmhmm. And did <u>you</u> get a chance to read that article I sent you about treadmill desks?

LESLIE
(upbeat)
Sure didn't!

She takes a bite of burger. Patrick shoots Arlene a look.

ADULT PATRICK
Why do you say things like that? Can't you just be happy for her?

ARLENE
I am happy for her. I'm just trying to help her lose the baby weight she gained while pregnant with her seven-year-old daughter.

Bling! Patrick and Leslie both get a text from Karen. *"How's Sunday dinner?? Soooo glad I'm not there! :)"*

ARLENE
Is that from Karen? Did she send a picture? A selfie?

LESLIE
She did not, no.

ARLENE
Why has your sister fallen off the grid? She moved to Africa, I haven't seen her in five years, she's not on Facebook... I want to know how my daughter's doing.

ADULT PATRICK
(re: himself and Leslie)
You just want to see a picture of her to know how your tiebreaker child turned out.

ARLENE
That is not true! I miss my baby.

LESLIE
So if I check the search history on your computer I won't find 'skinny white woman plus Africa'?

JIM
She also searches 'large white woman plus Africa'.

LESLIE
Both searches just bring up images of Kate Winslet.

Leslie and Jim laugh. Arlene gives them a dismissive wave.

ARLENE
Don't be silly, I'm proud of Karen no matter what she looks like. I'm proud of all of my kids' successes.

ADULT PATRICK
(scoffs)
How am I successful? I'm in the same apartment I've had since college, I've never had a real relationship, and I work as a moving man with a bunch of 20-year-olds who think I'm cool because I've slept with all the waitresses at Denny's.

ARLENE
(appalled)
Even Helen?

ADULT PATRICK
Especially Helen.
(then)
You know who's successful, Mom? Leslie. She's married, has two beautiful kids, a great career, but all you care about is the way she looks. You know who's successful? Karen. Because she got away from you. She had to go all the way to Africa, but she got away. I'm the only loser who's still here.

JIM
You're not a loser, Patty! You inherited my math mind, you have a degree in finance... in fact, when I solve the lottery, it'll be because you suggested sequencing out repeated numbers on winning tickets, reducing the chance of--

ADULT PATRICK
It was just a matter of identifying the singletons Dad, and there's no solution to the lottery!

JIM
(small, offended)
Says you.

ADULT PATRICK
(to Arlene)
You woke us up at 5am to go jogging. We blew out candles on birthday fruit salads. You made me think that if I looked good I'd feel good and everything would be fine.

ARLENE
Everything is fine.

ADULT PATRICK
No, it's not, Mom! I'm a 32-year-old moving man!

ARLENE
And I'm proud of you.

ADULT PATRICK
So you'd be just as proud of me if I was a 32-year-old fat moving man?

ARLENE
Yes.

Patrick grabs Leslie's burger and fries.

ADULT PATRICK
So you'd be fine if I just shoved all this junk food in my mouth.

ARLENE
(beat, tense)
Yes.

Patrick shoves the burger and as many fries as he can into his mouth. He and Arlene stare at each other, a standoff.

ARLENE (CONT'D)
I don't see you chewing.

A beat, then Patrick slowly starts to chew. Except he can't do it. He blinks first, spitting out the food.

ADULT PATRICK
Dammit, I can't even binge to prove a point! Because of you! You did this!

ARLENE
(long beat)
I made low-fat sugar-free meringue dollops for dessert.

Patrick groans in frustration. Leslie pulls out another bag.

LESLIE
Mom, we are so on the same page. Because I brought chocolate frosted brownie cakes.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT - **PRESENT DAY**

Adult Patrick sits in a booth, staring at a sea of food in front of him. A beat, then:

LESLIE (O.S.)
You gonna eat that?

Leslie slides into the booth across from him and starts eating bacon. Patrick watches her, envious.

ADULT PATRICK
How'd you do it? How'd you break Mom's hold over you?

LESLIE
Don't be too jealous. It's not any better on this side. I started out eating to prove a point to her and now I'm just fat.

ADULT PATRICK
But you're happier.

LESLIE
I am happy, life is good. But... I don't know. What kind of eating habits am I teaching my girls? What if they turn out fat too? I mean, they're not now, because Andrew has such a high metabolism that they've clearly inherited, but still, it could go that way.

ADULT PATRICK
(nods)
Sometimes I find myself thinking the same things Mom used to say to us. Like, legitimately thinking them. And that is terrifying.

LESLIE
Andrew and I are in therapy.

ADULT PATRICK
What?

LESLIE
I mean, it's fine. He sleeps on the couch some nights. We're gonna be fine.

She shoves a piece of bacon in her mouth.

ADULT PATRICK
How did we ever survive her?

LESLIE
And why did Dad ever move back?

ADULT PATRICK
Lucky Karen.

LESLIE
Totally.
(beat)
Do... you think Karen's a lesbian?

ADULT PATRICK
God, I hope so. Why should she be the only one who gets off scott-free?

They laugh.

INT. 7-ELEVEN - MORNING - **PAST**

Jim and a sullen Young Patrick enter the store and are greeted warmly by AHMED (40s).

AHMED
Mr. Kimball, Patrick! This your week to win the lottery, Mr. K?

JIM
(holds up pages of notes)
I'll buy you a boat, Ahmed!

AHMED
Or maybe just health insurance!

They both laugh. Jim starts filling out lottery picks.

AHMED
Where are your girls?

JIM
They're not used to being home alone since my wife rules with an iron fist, so they stayed at the condo to have a dance party.

AHMED
Aww, that's so sweet.

INT. DAD'S CONDO - SAME - **PAST**

Leslie and Karen are having a super dirty dance party. Leslie FREAKS THE WALL as Karen GRINDS UP AGAINST A GIANT STUFFED RABBIT.

INT. 7-ELEVEN - BACK TO SCENE - **PAST**

Jim looks up from his lottery tickets and sees Young Patrick unenthusiastically poking a package of Sno-Balls.

JIM
Patrick, you okay? On the drive over you barely sang along to 'Hakuna Matata'.

YOUNG PATRICK
(sad)
It means 'no worries'. And I've got worries.

JIM
Is this because of the nickname? I'm sorry buddy, I know how tough it can be. Did I ever tell you I was the shortest kid in my class?

INSERT: three STILL PHOTOGRAPHS of young Jim, a foot shorter than all his classmates. He looks like a hobbit amongst men.

JIM
They called me Shrimpy Jim. Small fry. Midge. So I had to change the way they saw me. I wore lifts in my shoes. Eventually I grew, but to this day I still prefer a shoe with a slight heel.

He shows Patrick his shoe. It has more than a slight heel.

JIM
So maybe you need to change how they see you. Maybe start going by your middle name. Bob.

YOUNG PATRICK
I already tried that!

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - **FLASHBACK**

We see a group of kids chanting at CAMERA.

KIDS
Blob! Blob! Blob!

INT. 7-ELEVEN - BACK TO SCENE - **PAST**

YOUNG PATRICK
Fatrick Blob. What were you guys thinking, naming me that??

JIM
Of your Grandfather Patrick who liberated Auschwitz.

YOUNG PATRICK
Oh.
(then, getting worked up)
My head hurts and I want a bean burrito but I can never have one because mom won't let me and I hate her.

JIM
Patty, don't say that.

YOUNG PATRICK
It's true! That's why you left, you hate her too.

JIM
I don't hate her. I just can't live in the same house as her.

YOUNG PATRICK
Me neither! If I come live with you then it'll be boys versus girls.

Jim kneels down and puts a hand on Patrick's shoulder.

JIM
Son, it's really hard to not live with you anymore. I miss you all the time. But I know that your mother would be heartbroken if you weren't there. I know she can be a hard... a very, very, very, very hard person. But she's doing her best and she loves you so much.

Patrick looks down. Jim gets an idea.

JIM
Hey, I know what'll make you feel better. How about a Slurpee?

YOUNG PATRICK
Super Big Gulp size?

JIM
Whatever you want.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - **PRESENT DAY**

Adult Patrick, Nick and Todd unload boxes from a moving van. Patrick stares straight ahead as he walks a box towards the house, followed by Nick and Todd, who are mid-conversation.

TODD
...so I looked in the kitchen, I looked under my bed, I looked under his bed, it's nowhere. It's like my roommate's bong has vanished.

NICK
When was the last time you used it?

TODD
I was watching that show with that, like, giant meatball with eyes? And that robot...

NICK
Meatball Robot Hunger Platoon?

TODD
No. I think there was, like a bird? Like a big bird?

Patrick can't do this anymore. He drops his box and starts walking away.

NICK
Dude, where are you going?

ADULT PATRICK
Tell Brett I quit.

NICK
This isn't funny, man.

TODD
Pick up the box, bro!

Patrick takes off his moving company shirt and drops it on the lawn.

ADULT PATRICK
(calling back)
Let me know how the bong story turns out! I'm invested!

INT. NUTRITIONISTA OFFICES - **PRESENT DAY**

Arlene walks Martha out of her office.

ARLENE
...remember, no eating after six, only fish for protein and lay off the wine.

MARTHA
It's just so hard. My husband's studying to be a magician.

ARLENE
Then skip the fish and just have wine for dinner.

Arlene's phone rings. She answers. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. 7-ELEVEN - SAME - **PRESENT DAY**

A still-shirtless Patrick talks on the phone as he gets a carton of eggs out of the refrigerator case.

ADULT PATRICK
Hey, Mom. I can't come pick up my energy bars today.

ARLENE
Oh, I thought you were calling to apologize for all those things you said at dinner.

ADULT PATRICK
No, I super meant all that. I take back nothing.

ARLENE
Hurts all over again.

ADULT PATRICK
Oh yeah, and I just quit my job.

ARLENE
What? Why?

ADULT PATRICK
I need to make a change.

He puts the eggs on the counter and waves hello to Ahmed (he hasn't aged a day in 20 years, save for one grey hair), who smiles back as he rings him up.

ARLENE
That's very vague, Patrick. Sounds like you haven't thought this through at all.

ADULT PATRICK
Thanks for your support.

ARLENE
I'm just being honest. I don't know why you kids always make me out to be the bad guy.

Patrick exits the 7-Eleven and gets in his car.

ADULT PATRICK
You buried me and Karen in the sand and told us our exercise was digging ourselves out before the tide rolled in.

Arlene looks over at the picture we saw earlier, of Young Patrick and Karen buried in sand up to their necks.

ARLENE
Well.

Patrick starts his car and drives off.

INT. YOUNG PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - **PAST**

Arlene stands at the front door as Young Patrick (RED SLURPEE STAIN AROUND HIS MOUTH) and the girls walk in, backpacks on.

ARLENE
How was your first weekend at your Dad's?

LESLIE/KAREN
Boring. / Cynthia's really pretty.

Leslie punches Karen as they head to their rooms. Patrick follows but Arlene puts a hand on his arm, stopping him.

ARLENE
We should talk.

YOUNG PATRICK
(re: red mouth ring)
I didn't have a Slurpee! This is a sunburn!

ARLENE
I've been thinking about what's been happening to you at school.

Arlene pulls him into a hug.

ARLENE
You know what I want? The only thing I want? For you and your sisters to be happy. That's why I have all these rules about diet and exercise. The world is tough, people pick at your weaknesses, and it's my job to protect you for as long as I can. So if my rules seem like a lot, it's just because I love you a lot.
(beat)
Also, I bought eggs.

YOUNG PATRICK
Real eggs? Not just the whites?

ARLENE
That's right. Real eggs. Two we'll scramble just for you and the other ten we'll throw at Barbara Wu's house.

He smiles and hugs her again.

ARLENE
Well, maybe just one for you. Since you already had that Slurpee.
(off his look)
Don't give me that face. You'll thank me for this someday.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - **PRESENT DAY**

Adult Patrick gets back in his car, holding the now almost empty carton of eggs. He smiles to himself as he starts the car and drives off. REVEAL we're in front of Barbara Wu's house. Broken eggs drip down her front door and windows. The door flies open and Barbara Wu races out.

BARBARA WU
(screaming to no one)
RACISTS!! Show yourselves!!!!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. PATRICK'S APT. BUILDING - **PRESENT DAY**

CLOSE ON: a HAND, knocking on a door. Ellie opens it.

ELLIE
(surprised)
Hey. What's... up?

REVEAL Adult Patrick standing there, wearing an oversized AIDS Walk shirt (he also still holds the almost-empty carton of eggs).

ADULT PATRICK
(points at shirt)
I'm wearing it. The shirt you left on my car.

ELLIE
I see that.

ADULT PATRICK
Yesterday I would never have worn a shirt that was this big on me.

ELLIE
Wonderful.
(beat)
Is there something I can...?

ADULT PATRICK
Oh, yeah, I just wanted to tell you that my car is parked all the way in my spot.

ELLIE
Okay. Good. That's great.

ADULT PATRICK
And it's gonna be hard, and I'll probably backslide a bit, but I just want you to know that I'm trying. I'm trying to be a better parker.

She laughs. He smiles.

ELLIE
(noticing)
Why are you holding three eggs?

ADULT PATRICK
I thought I'd make myself a three-egg omelette. With all the yolks. Or maybe just one yolk and three eggs whites. I'll figure it out.

He starts to walk away, then stops, takes off his shirt and hands it back to her.

ADULT PATRICK
You know what, I can't with this. It's just, it's ridiculous big.

END OF SHOW