

FATRICK

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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
Faaaatricks.

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

I could, but I don't want to disappoint Crystal.

An older woman, CRYSTAL, (dressed for work, carrying lunch in Tupperware) walks past suuuuper slowly, staring at Patrick.

ADULT PATRICK

(flirty)

Hey, Crystal. Happy Monday.

Ellie watches as Crystal finally passes Patrick's door.

ELLIE

Are you for real?

ADULT PATRICK

Hard to believe, huh?

ELLIE

Kind of.

She 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 him 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)

You know, if something's bothering you, you can always talk to me.

(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)

Just because I don't live in the house anymore doesn't mean you can't call me anytime.

ARLENE

(dismissive)

Nothing's bothering him, he's fine. We're all fine. How's Cynthia?

JIM

Uh, she's fine.

ARLENE

Good! Good. I'm so glad she's not still sick from when you guys went sailing.

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. Adult Patrick flips through paperwork as he talks to two co-workers, NICK and TODD (early 20s, bros).

NICK

...so finally, I find the keys and drive us all to the concert. But then I can't find the tickets. So we just got super high in my mom's Volvo.

ADULT PATRICK

(nodding)

I hear that.

TODD

Does your mom drive a Volvo too?

ADULT PATRICK

No, she gets around on emotional manipulation.

The guys stare at him, confused. After a beat, he sighs:

ADULT PATRICK

Yeah, she drives a Volvo.

NICK

Sweet.

ADULT PATRICK

(re: papers)

Okay, I got our next job from Mel.

(MORE)

ADULT PATRICK (cont'd)

We have to pick up boxes from the train station, then unload them at this address. I've just got one stop to make first.

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 is 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.
Patrick holds a book called 'The History of Rice'.

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, is that what you think? Is that why you're upset, why you went to Denny's this morning?

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

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)
Mom's worried that Cynthia's going to hell.

JIM

What? She's-- what?

KAREN

Mom's worried about it.

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--
(accidentally 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.
(holds up book)
I read 'The History of Rice' and
I'm gonna talk to her about how
it's as valuable as money in her
country.

MAURICE
Patrick, no. No, Patrick. Don't
talk about rice with her.

YOUNG PATRICK
But it's so interesting!

MAURICE
No girl wants to talk about rice!

YOUNG PATRICK

Fine, then what do you suggest?

MAURICE

You need to be bold. Like Elton John. Do something to 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 the welcome mat.

ADULT PATRICK

Flowers on the mat. Means a girl 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 FFK. Who, let's be honest,
doesn't give a flying fig about
lighthouses.

ADULT PATRICK

Ships at sea. Had no way of
knowing. Where the ports were. Or
where the rocks were...

As he talks, Patrick puts on his sunglasses. Maurice points.

MAURICE

What was that?

ADULT PATRICK

What?

MAURICE

You just put your sunglasses on for
no reason.

ADULT PATRICK

It's bright in here.

Maurice looks at Woman in Chair, who shakes her head "no".

MAURICE

Denise and I disagree with you. We
think it's because I was getting
too close. I brought up FFK and
you shut it down. Closed off the
windows to your soul.

Annoyed, Patrick removes his sunglasses.

ADULT PATRICK

I'm confused. Did Miss Jennifer
Leed's School of Cosmetology also
offer degrees in psychotherapy?

MAURICE

Aaaand there it is, you sound
exactly like your mom. All passive-
aggressive, suppressing your
feelings... the two of you are like
emotional Dexatrim.

ADULT PATRICK

What about all your stuff? Are you even allowed back in a Marshalls?

MAURICE

Look, I acknowledge my stuff. Yes, I have issues with authority.

INSERT: three STILL PHOTOGRAPHS of Maurice yelling at salesperson in Marshalls, yelling while being escorted out of a fitting room, yelling as he's pushed out the front door.

MAURICE

That's what happens when your parents are in the military.
(getting worked up)
But I did not have more than seven garments in that dressing room!

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. 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 going
sailing with Cynthia this weekend.

Arlene gives a tight smile.

ARLENE

Good! Good. I bet she knows her
way around a boat, like an old
salt...
(deep breath)
By the way, 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 you 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... 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

Yes, I made you healthy, I'm a real
villain! Lock me up! My crime?
Caring too much.

Patrick groans in frustration. After a beat, Leslie gestures
to the chewed up food he spit out.

LESLIE

Is it weird that this still looks
better than Mom's tilapia?

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

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
Patrick 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 Mel 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'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), who 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. Maurice is sitting in the passenger seat.

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 the 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 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**

Maurice is scrunched down the passenger seat. Adult Patrick gets in, holding an empty carton of eggs, and scrunches down too. 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!!!!

MAURICE

That. Was amazing.

ADULT PATRICK

Right?

MAURICE

Let's get more eggs and go to my ex-
lover's house.

ADULT PATRICK

I... why do you have to say lover?
Why can't you just say boyfriend?

MAURICE

Because we loved each other,
Patrick! He and I loved each other
as lovers. Is that too real for
you? Do you need to put your
sunglasses back on?

ADULT PATRICK

Nope, no, I'm okay.

Patrick starts the car and they drive off.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

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

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

ELLIE

Hey. What's... up?

REVEAL Adult Patrick standing there, wearing an oversized AIDS Walk shirt.

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 I'm gonna be working on things. On myself, mostly. And my parking. Also I thought I might get rid of my futon, but it's still a hard "might", y'know? I'm not a hundred percent sure. Whatever, I'll figure it out, not your problem.

She smiles. 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