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Friday, Jan. 27, 2006, 4:05 PM Pacific
Addendum to 1/24 4:56 PM

ORPHEUS, (CD info)
Pilot
CBS/Paramount

Executive Producers: Tony Scott, Ridley Scott, David Zucker
Executive Producer/Writer: Nicholas Meyer
Director: TBD
Casting Directors: Mary Jo Slater, Steve Brooksbank, Beth Blanks
Casting Assistants: Courtney Cleaver, Manny Fernandez
Start Date: Mid March
Location: TBD

SLATER/BROOKSBANK CASTING
RALEIGH STUDIOS
5300 MELROSE AVENUE
CLINTON BUILDING, 1ST FLOOR
LOS ANGELES, CA 90038

PLEASE NOTE: BETH BLANKS HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE CD STAFF

To download the script, go to www.screenplayonline.com and use script key code: 120orpheus15

STORY LINE: GUY, an impressionable 19-year-old who was on track to attend Yale, changes all of his plans, to his family's great distress, when he meets and falls for gorgeous SUE ELLEN and joins her enigmatic organization called Grand Design...

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Tuesday, Jan. 24, 2006, 4:56 PM Pacific

ORPHEUS (4 Roles)
Pilot
CBS/Paramount

Executive Producers: Tony Scott, Ridley Scott, David Zucker
Executive Producer/Writer: Nicholas Meyer
Director: TBD
Casting Directors: Mary Jo Slater, Steve Brooksbank, Beth Blanks
Casting Assistants: Courtney Cleaver, Manny Fernandez
Start Date: Mid March
Location: TBD

SUBMIT HARDCOPY

SLATER/BROOKSBANK CASTING
RALEIGH STUDIOS
5300 MELROSE AVENUE
CLINTON BUILDING, 1ST FLOOR
LOS ANGELES, CA 90038

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[GUY LAWRENCE] This attractive, idealistic, and earnest 19 year old boy wakes up in a field one morning, groggy and disoriented, from an LSD-trip at a concert the night before. He's also been robbed -- stripped of all his credit cards, cash, and cell phone, so he walks to the nearest diner, where he meets Sue Ellen. She offers him a free meal and a place to crash, where they act on their instantaneous, powerful attraction, but more importantly, Sue Ellen causes Guy to question his life choices and goals. Though slated to start at Yale in three weeks, where it's implied he will follow his older brother and father's footsteps into the family law firm, Guy is deeply ambivalent about this plan. He wants to make his own choices, and grows quickly intrigued by Sue Ellen's philosophies on rules and life, apparently culled from her participation in a group called Grand Design. He is falling in love. When his mother falls ill, he reluctantly leaves Sue Ellen momentarily, but is able to deflect his family's and friend's attempts at intervention, eventually returning to Seattle and Sue Ellen, and effectively cutting off all ties with his past... SERIES REGULAR (1)

[SUE ELLEN] An alluring and attractive deep soul, this 22 year old bombshell with a tousled mane of blonde hair originally hails from Romania, but was raised in the States, and is the most beautiful creature Guy Lawrence has ever laid eyes on. Their attraction is not merely physical, however -- her gentle questions and perplexing, non-materialistic lifestyle intrigue and fascinate him. One technological gadget she doesn't forego, however, is her digital computer video camera, and, unbeknownst to him, it's always on while she and Guy make love. Her tough, promiscuous high school years left her desperate, a little clingy, and searching for something more, so her initial membership in Grand Design comes from a sad place. She's fallen in love with Guy and isn't entirely happy about it. Though she wants him to find meaning in his life, she doesn't want to force him to give up his old aspirations just for her... SERIES REGULAR (2)

[BROTHER] This charismatic, real, calm, yet powerful leader of Grand Design is in his early 30s and helps run the Seattle branch of the organization. Sue Ellen, Karen, and the others look up to him, and it's easy to see why. His speeches are convincing and compelling, and his kindness apparently sincere. Guy falls under his spell, and is thrilled when Brother pronounces him a "Rank One", up from Galatean, which means "rough clay." When Guy rejects his real brother Greg for continued service to GD, Brother is pleased, and leads him back into the fold ... SERIES REGULAR (26)

[KAREN] The brunette bombshell flipside to Sue Ellen's blond bombshell, this almost equally attractive woman in her 30s is another member of Grand Design, and Sue Ellen's rival for Brother and the unseen Father's affections. To Sue Ellen's distress, she's just returned from a meeting with Father at "The House", and everyone's thrilled to see her back. She's got a hard edge to her that Sue Ellen lacks, and blatantly comes on to Guy when Sue Ellen isn't around... SERIES REGULAR (29)

STORY LINE: GUY, an impressionable 19-year-old who was on track to attend Yale, changes all of his plans, to his family's great distress, when he meets and falls for gorgeous SUE ELLEN and joins her enigmatic organization called Grand Design...

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Tuesday, Jan. 24, 2006, 3:35 PM Pacific

ORPHEUS (4 Roles)
Pilot
CBS/Paramount
UNION

Executive Producers: Tony Scott, Ridley Scott, David Zucker
Executive Producer/Writer: Nicholas Meyer
Director: TBD
Casting Directors: Mary Jo Slater, Steve Brooksbank
NY Casting Directors: Amy Herzig, Andra Reeve & Alison Rinzel
Start Date: Mid March
Location: TBD

MESSENGER SUBMISSIONS TO:

AMY HERZIG/ ANDRA REEVE/ ALISON RINZEL
CBS CASTING
51 WEST 52ND ST. 5TH FLOOR
NEW YORK, NY 10019

ATTN: ORPHEUS

To download the script, go to www.screenplayonline.com and use script key code: 120orpheus15

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STORY LINE: GUY, an impressionable 19-year-old who was on track to attend Yale, changes all of his plans, to his family's great distress, when he meets and falls for gorgeous SUE ELLEN and joins her enigmatic organization called Grand Design...

ORPHEUS

Revised 1/20/06

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

...descending into GREEN dense, lush, impenetrable... BIRD
CRIES, or are they monkeys? TO FIND -

A MAN (20) crashing through the undergrowth... might be good-
looking but it's hard to tell because he's a desperate wreck,
unshaven, shirt ripped half off, his chest bleeding, jeans
shredded - and a wild look in his eyes...

TITLE OVER: **ORPHEUS**

BEHIND him now, SOUNDS OF PURSUIT - SHOUTS... GUNSHOTS...
The man trips, falls, twisting his ankle...

PURSUIT SOUNDS closer... he's limping now...

MAN'S VOICE OVER

Oh, God, let this be a dream...
Jesus Christ, let me wake up...

And suddenly -

HE DOES -!

EXT. FIELD - DAY

as his eyes pop open, he's 19 years old, has a day's growth
of beard but not more. His clothes are rumpled, shirt-tail
half out, but by no means shredded...

He looks around: where is he and how did he get here?

It's certainly no jungle; just a large field at around 11 AM,
but strewn with all sorts of human detritus - styrofoam cups,
tin cans, odds and ends of clothing as far as the eye can
see... WOODSTOCK, the morning after. Or like it.

As the kid gets to his feet, he begins to remember, squinting
in the daylight as it comes back to him...

KID

Jesus...

He looks to check the time: no watch on his wrist. That's
when it hits him. He feels his pockets, increasingly frantic
as he realizes - he's been robbed. Everything is gone.

KID (cont'd)

Shit. ...SHIT!!

He keeps fruitlessly rechecking his pockets, the area
immediately around him, then looking around for who did this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nary a soul - the remnants of a performing stage, some tattered banners fluttering listlessly...

LATER - the YOUNG MAN walking on a country road, alone, hot and pissed as hell. He passes a sign: XMAS TREE FARM...

SEVERAL ANGLES as time passes, finally bringing him to -

EXT. SNOHOMISH FALLS - DAY

a small town - the roadside sign assures us: pop. 1,678 - as the youth passes a country store, heading towards PETE'S truck-stop cafe adjacent to a Texaco station...

INT. PETE'S CAFE - AFTERNOON

as the Kid enters a BELL jingles. At this hour the place only has one CUSTOMER at the counter, lost in his steak and eggs.

And behind the counter, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HE HAS EVER SEEN - her name tag says: **SUE ELLEN** - she's about 22, with a tangled blond mane and cobalt eyes...

The boy gawks. Sue Ellen's used to it -

SUE ELLEN

\...hi...

KID

Uh... hi. You gotta pay phone?

SUE ELLEN

(points)

By the rest rooms...

KID

Thanks...

She watches as he stumbles towards it - cute...

SUE ELLEN

You look like you could use a cup of coffee...

KID

Sorry, I, uh, don't have any money.

His HAND IS ON THE PHONE -

SUE ELLEN

On the house.

He hesitates. An offer he can't refuse; HIS HAND dropping -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KID

Thanks...

He heads back to the counter as Sue Ellen pours - it's hard not to stare... she's smiling, flattered but not surprised...

KID (cont'd)

Uh... how far is this from Seattle?

SUE ELLEN

(smiles beautifully)

Too far. (appraises him candidly)
Were you at the concert?

KID

Yeah... (he sips gratefully) God...

SUE ELLEN

Hangover? We always gets lots of people here once a year with sore heads... you missed them by about three hours... coulda got a lift.

KID

I didn't drink... not much anyway.
It was great, the whole thing...
'til someone offered me a tab...

SUE ELLEN

Oh boy...

KID

I know...

SUE ELLEN

You shouldn't do drugs. Drugs is death.

KID

All I remember is lots of colors -
and then I woke up and found I'd
been rolled.

SUE ELLEN

"Rolled"? Oh. Everything?

KID

Watch, cell phone, plastic, cash...
backpack, the works. ET, phone
home. (grins) Collect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE ELLEN

Want some breakfast first? On the house...

LATER - the other CUSTOMER leaves a cheap tip and goes, REVEALING Sue Ellen watching the kid devour his breakfast -

KID

I eat like a slob, I know...

SUE ELLEN

I like a man with an appetite...

KID

(gestures to her tag)

Is that your real name? Sue Ellen?

SUE ELLEN

Yeah... how come you ask?

KID

I dunno...

SUE ELLEN

You don't think it fits?

KID

Think it fits too well. You from around here?

SUE ELLEN

You'd never guess where I'm from. You don't have a name tag...

KID

A - (gets it). Sorry. Guy Lawrence.

SUE ELLEN

From Seattle?

GUY

Nah, I'm just bumming around, you know... before I start college...

She watches, amused, as he mops up egg with his toast -

GUY (cont'd)

Wow, thanks. Totally hit the spot.

SUE ELLEN

(over her shoulder)

Pete, you're a hit...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete mumbles something we can't hear from the kitchen.

An awkward pause. They're now alone. Guy's in no hurry to make this phone call but more to the point, they're enjoying each other. His move -

GUY

...I know you get this all the time
but, I mean, you are so beautiful -

SUE ELLEN

How can you tell?

GUY

What're you talking about?

SUE ELLEN

My appearance may be beautiful -
but what about *me*? How can you
tell what *I* am?

Guy is taken off guard, but rallies -

GUY

You want an honest answer? I think
people look like what they are. Oh
sure, there's exceptions - the
actors who always play bad guys are
probably okay - but mainly I think
people look like what they are.
And you're beautiful.

She stares at him. Then looks at the clock - almost three.

SUE ELLEN

You want a hot shower before you
make that call? My shift's over
and I'm just down the block...

His look.

EXT. SNOHOMISH FALLS - LATER

a one horse town. As Guy and Sue Ellen walk past antique
shops, Fire House, VFW, etc., he's on her cell -

GUY

...a VISA and an AMEX... yeah, my
mother's maiden name? Jacobs... (he
spells it) Yeah, thanks...

He clicks off and hands her back the cell phone -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY (cont'd)
 Much obliged.

SUE ELLEN
 Aw shucks.

They laugh -

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)
 Is that how East coast people think
 they talk out here? "Much obliged?"

She's a few steps ahead. All he can do is stare as they keep walking... her shape is a gift from heaven...

INT. SUE ELLEN'S APARTMENT, SHOWER - LATER

Guy is scrubbing off the effects of LSD, sleeping in a field - the whole sorry business...

When he emerges from the shower, Sue Ellen is holding a towel-

As she wraps it around him, they melt into one another's arms. Somehow they stumble towards her bed... and onto it...

Their love-making at once passionate and tender... we PAN a SLOW 360 around her apartment meantime...

It is small, neat and curiously impersonal, some framed reproductions on the walls, an Indian blanket, standing lamp, a small kitchen, some cat sculptures... a few BOOKS on cinder-block and lumber shelves...

By the time we regain the lovers, they're finished - for now.

GUY
 That was quick...

SUE ELLEN
 Look who's talking...

She's staring off into space - subdued...

GUY
 What.

SUE ELLEN
 You probably do this all the time.

A BRIEF SHOT OF THEM THROUGH A FISH-EYE LENS... What goes on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

But you don't. (she looks up at him) Anymore. I get it...

He does, too - which reassures her as they cuddle.

GUY (cont'd)

How'd you peg me for East Coast?

SUE ELLEN

I dunno... Jacobs?

GUY

Yeah... New York...

SUE ELLEN

And starting -

GUY

Yale, three weeks.

He gets up and begins to inspect her place as she watches -

SUE ELLEN

Wow. Yale. That's fantastic.

GUY

Following in my brother's footsteps. And my father's. As specified on my birth certificate.

SUE ELLEN

What're you doing way the hell out here?

GUY

I went West with my friend Barry to check it out. We had a... I dunno what to call it, in Colorado. Anyway, he flew back and I just kept going... Where's your tv?

SUE ELLEN

Don't have one. What's your major?

GUY

Doesn't matter - I'll wind up at Lawrence, Lawrence and Malacote. How come no TV?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE ELLEN

It's all junk and lies... is that
what you want - to be a lawyer?

Guy stops and contemplates her laptop, a spiffy Mac G-4 -

GUY

Why not? Hey, is this cool or what?

SUE ELLEN

I use it for my poetry...

GUY

...Were you at college?

SUE ELLEN

Dropped out, middle of my junior
year...

Guy returns to the bed -

GUY

What happened?

SUE ELLEN

Aren't you gonna call your folks?

He looks at her, smiles; they're both turned on again -

LATER - it's night. She's cooking in her kitchenette -

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)

...I can't believe I'm cooking...
I can hardly stand.

GUY'S VOICE

What's this thing?

She peeks to see him examining a LENS atop the monitor -

SUE ELLEN

You can make video phone calls -
and they're free.

GUY

You talk to your parents?

SUE ELLEN

Come and get it...

Guy blinks - that's her answer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LATER - he's eating. Looks up. She's watching, smiling -

GUY
Seems like you're always watching
me eat.

SUE ELLEN
(grins)
Maybe it turns me on.

GUY
(realizes)
So you know everything about me,
but I don't know a thing about you.

SUE ELLEN
Like what?

GUY
Like what're you doing in this
place? Anyone can see you're too...

She cups her breasts -

SUE ELLEN
...big for this town?

He laughs -

GUY
Come on. Where're you from?

SUE ELLEN
Romania.

The answer is so unexpected -

GUY
I don't get it.

SUE ELLEN
I'm adopted. From a Romanian
orphanage. I came here when I was
two and grew up in Correctionville,
Iowa. True story. Don't I look Mid-
West? Sue Ellen Marcek, from Iowa?

GUY
That is so wild... Ever been back?

SUE ELLEN
To Romania? What for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A sadness there... he studies her.

GUY

Can I ask you something? Will you
show me your poetry?

SUE ELLEN

You read poetry?

GUY

I'd like to read *yours*...

SUE ELLEN

(flustered now)

This is happening so fast...

GUY

What - we can have sex but no
poetry?

SUE ELLEN

Sex is just... chemistry.

Which at this point, takes over... as we watch -

THROUGH A FISH-EYE LENS positioned about where her computer is.
Someone is watching this...

LATER - she's asleep on his chest; Guy's lying awake, still a
bit disoriented, but not unhappy...

He looks over at the shelf and pulls down the closest book:
THE GRAND DESIGN, subtitled: *A WAY OF LIFE* by Mitchell
Faraday. Sue Ellen wakes, blearily - sees the book. He smiles-

GUY

Grand Design - is that like
Intelligent Design?

SUE ELLEN

(smiles)

Yeah, right.

She switches off the light and they cuddle. Guy lies awake
but soon his eyes close. Sue Ellen's don't. **END TEASER.**

ACT I

INT. SUE ELLEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sue Ellen asleep - no doubt exhausted - awakened by...

GUY'S VOICE

...dad, it's no big deal... I'm
outside Seattle... what's the
difference?... Barry? Don't listen
to Barry, Barry's an asshole...
Look, I cancelled my credit cards
and I'll get a replacement driver's
license when I hit LA, it's all
cool... yeah... tell mom I love her.

Guy clicks off and comes around to see her -

GUY

Hi...

SUE ELLEN

Hi...

GUY

What time's your shift?

Sue Ellen checks the clock -

SUE ELLEN

Oh, Jesus...

She races around, trying to get dressed, put herself together.

His efforts to help only impede her speed. They're literally tripping over each other, collapsing with laughter.

GUY

Hey, your shoes..!

SUE ELLEN

...this isn't funny...

But it is... he's yanking a toothbrush out of her mouth as -

INT. PETE'S CAFE - DAY

crowded with morning REGULARS as Sue Ellen, slightly unkempt -
ie. more gorgeous than ever - races around, delivering orders
and pouring coffee -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRUCKER

Hey, darlin' you still savin'
yourself for me?

SUE ELLEN

Oh, yeah...

She looks over at -

Guy, nursing his coffee - he smiles... looks up at the clock.

EXT. SNOHOMISH FALLS - LATER

Walking back - with every hour their intimacy growing...

GUY

My God, everyone in that whole
place is always coming on to you.
Not that I blame them but -

SUE ELLEN

You're hung up on that stuff - it's
all outside...

She stops to pick an attractive FLOWER...

INT. SUE ELLEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

as they enter -

GUY

Well, your outside beats most other
people's outside, lemme tell you-

Playfully, she pushes him back on the bed, piling on top -

SUE ELLEN

What am I gonna do with you? You're
not even ranked.

GUY

The hell I'm not. (then) What're
you talking about?

SUE ELLEN

The Ranks - stages of self-
knowledge, I guess you'd call them:
1 - I acknowledge an inner self; 2 -
I make contact with my inner self;
3 - I listen to that self; 4 - I
make peace with that self - and so
on. It's just a way of thinking...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's staring at her -

GUY

That's the weirdest thing I ever heard.

SUE ELLEN

Only 'cause you never thought about it. Your whole life's so programmed you've never had time to question it.

GUY

Whoa. Did I sign up for this class?

SUE ELLEN

Guy - did you ever wonder about the meaning of life?

Before his flip reply, she puts a finger on his lips, earnest and beautiful, straddling him -

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)

Why we're here? What we're supposed to do?

GUY

(softer...)

Come on, what's this all-

SUE ELLEN

A simple Yes or No.

She's tender, not challenging. Guy is oddly humbled; they both know he can't answer Yes.

Seeing his distress, she relents -

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)

...wanna help me move?

INT. STAIRWELL - LATER

as Guy carries another CARTON downstairs -

GUY

Tell me again why we're doing this.

EXT. SUE ELLEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...to Sue Ellen's beat up Taurus, where she's stuffing crap into the back seat, paintings, boxes, etc. Her back to him -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE ELLEN
My landlord keeps hitting on me.

INT. SUE ELLEN'S TAURUS - DAY

prowling slowly down Snohomish Falls' main street -

GUY
Wouldn't it make sense to find a
place *before* we left?

SUE ELLEN
(driving)
Shouldn't be a problem. This is
practically a ghost town as it is -

GUY
So what are you doing hiding out in
it?

She's peering out the window, ignoring him -

SUE ELLEN
I just need to be sure I have DSL-
Staring at a FOR RENT sign as Guy realizes -

GUY
...my credit cards are being mailed
to your old address...

SUE ELLEN
So you'll go back and pick them up.

INT. SUE ELLEN'S NEW PLACE - LATER

a variant on the old one, as Sue Ellen and Guy unpack, throw
cheap silverware into kitchen drawers, hang her clothes, etc.

GUY
Seems like a lot of trouble for a
horny landlord...

SUE ELLEN
What am I supposed to do when you
head for LA - wrestle him?

The question brings Guy up short. He sits on the bed. She
comes over, sits beside him -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)
 What's in LA, anyway? I thought
 you were going to Yale...

GUY
 My dad arranged for a two week
 paralegal internship at my idiot
 cousin's law firm in Beverly Hills.

SUE ELLEN
 When?

GUY
 Starts next Thursday.

They look at each other - she's upset. So is he.

GUY (cont'd)
 Can I ask you something? Why are
 you with me? You think I'm
 superficial, that I've never thought
 about a lot of heavy stuff - and
 you're probably right, so- I mean,
 what do you care if I split? It's
 only... chemistry, right?

She shrugs, eyes filling -

GUY (cont'd)
 Can I tell you something?

SUE ELLEN
 You always ask permission...

GUY
 Yeah, and you never answer
 questions - ever notice?

They smile tentatively at each other's foibles -

GUY (cont'd)
 I never met anyone like you. Girls
 where I come from... they're too
 busy to think about the "meaning of
 life." Everyone's on rails. And
 I'm not sure one of them would've
 saved my ass the way you did.
 They're... tougher-

SUE ELLEN
 Oh, I can be tough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

But you weren't. You saved me. In more ways than one.

She swallows, moved -

GUY (cont'd)

Hey, come with me to LA.

SUE ELLEN

What?

GUY

What's keeping you? When I decided to come out here for the summer, my parents were cool with it... Yours-

SUE ELLEN

They're not my parents and they're not the point. I can't.

GUY

But why?

SUE ELLEN

Because I can't.

They look at each other -

LATER ON SUE ELLEN'S COMPUTER MONITOR - watch as Guy types, correcting mistakes as he goes:

"Dear Dad, after careful consideration, I have decided not to go down to LA for the internship at cousin Billy's. I've got plenty on my plate getting ready for Yale and I think the law stuff is premature.

REVEAL Sue Ellen over his shoulder, watching the screen.

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)

...are you sure about this?

By way of answer, Guy keeps typing -

"I am doing fine and will have a new cell, same number, as soon as I get my plastic. Say Hi to Mom and Greg for me. Love, Guy"

With a flourish, he hits SEND and turns to her -

GUY

Answer your question?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before she can answer his, her cell phone RINGS.

SUE ELLEN
Sorry. Yes..?

As she listens, she walks away from Guy so he can't quite hear the conversation, just a few muffled uh huhs and then -

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)
Okay. Now I'm at 537 Pine...

She snaps off, turns to him, sighs -

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)
I have to go. Away.

GUY
What? Where? What're you-

SUE ELLEN
Don't worry, it's just overnight.
You can stay here.

She fishes out some cash and hands it to him.

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)
Buy yourself some clothes.

She's brought out a chic overnight bag and is packing hastily as Guy gapes at her, then at the wad of CASH in his fist.

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)
I'll be back tomorrow...

She's changing her clothes, tugging on pantyhouse...

GUY
I can't just stay here...

Expertly applying makeup, spritzing perfume...

SUE ELLEN
Why not?

Morphing into a chic businesswoman with three inch heels...

GUY
Wait a minute. Hold on.

He pulls her into his arms -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY (cont'd)

What is all this? Why are you all dressed up? Is there somebody else?

Her face, now with makeup, looks like a mask.

SUE ELLEN

Guy, listen to me. You're not a hick, like me. You're decent, you come from a stable background. I know you don't really do drugs... I trust you.

GUY

I don't get what you're saying-

SUE ELLEN

But you have to trust me, too.
(before his reply) Can you?

GUY

Hell no, but I'm so nuts about you I'm going to...

Good enough; she gives him a quick kiss and then it's back to her packing. Guys sits watching her, staring at the CASH.

He doesn't clock it, but we SEE her grabbing her US PASSPORT -

GUY (cont'd)

Where'd all this (ie the money) come from? (scoffs) Tips?

SUE ELLEN

I don't believe in banks... Buy whatever you need, I know you'll pay me back...

GUY

(okay...)

Is there a Malmart or something -?

She turns -

SUE ELLEN

Don't go to Malmart.

GUY

Baby, you gotta -

She kneels in front of him -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE ELLEN

Listen to me. Television, Malmart, rock'n roll, drugs, religion, banks - it's all bogus. Don't buy into it.

GUY

(cocks an eyebrow)
Hey, let's not knock Malmart - it's in my portfolio - plus, you get great deals there...

SUE ELLEN

Uh huh. Will you finish unpacking while I'm gone?

She looks like forty million bucks. Guy grins -

GUY

First things first...

He kisses her and she returns the kiss, passionately -

SOUNDS OF A CAR OUTSIDE cause her to break away - they both have smudged red lipstick... she rubs at his mouth with a kleenex from her expensive purse...

SUE ELLEN

Now I'll have to re-do my mouth.
No, stay, I've got it.

In farewell, she touches his reddened lips with a gloved finger, grabs her Louis Vuitton overnight bag and leaves...

Stunned by the speed with which all this has happened, Guy goes to the window and looks out -

In time to SEE Sue Ellen crossing the street and handing off her bag to the dark-suited DRIVER of a black town car with tinted windows, who holds the door for her.

ON GUY, frowning. This is so weird... As the car drives off.

Guy stands there, totally confused, turns, looks at the little apartment with the stuff in boxes. Sighs...

TIME CUTS - as Guy unpacks the boxes, hangs pictures... inevitably, he's also searching... nothing...

Unless you count a cheap, old photo album. Opening it, Guy is perplexed to find - *all the photos removed*...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Only ONE falls out - she must have missed it: a faded, childhood snapshot of Sue Ellen, aged 8, with an older couple, something Grant Woodish, about them, a farm..?

Guy stares, hasn't a clue what it means.

INT. SNOHOMISH FALLS GENERAL STORE - DAY

Guy buys some work shirts, jeans, underwear, socks, pays cash.

EXT. SUE ELLEN'S OLD APARTMENT BLDG. - EVENING

Guy opens the mailbox, which is empty. His cards haven't arrived yet. Discouraged, he then notices -

An ELDERLY WOMAN sitting on the porch. He goes to her -

GUY

Is the, uh, landlord here?

She cups her ear -

ELDERLY WOMAN

Sorry?

GUY

(louder)

I'm looking for the landlord...

ELDERLY WOMAN

Landlady.

GUY

Lady?

ELDERLY WOMAN

You looking for a place? I got one.

She starts to rise - Guy almost has to shout:

GUY

No, that's okay, I was just... I'm sorry: are you the *only* landlord?

ELDERLY WOMAN

One and only; that's me. You Sue Ellen's friend? Why'd she up and go?

GUY

She, uh, sent me to pick up some mail - but I guess it isn't here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELDERLY WOMAN
Never knew her to get mail.

He conceals his confusion -

GUY
Uh huh. Well, thanks...

He starts walking down the street, carrying his packages.

INT. SUE ELLEN'S NEW PLACE - NIGHT

as Guy lets himself in. Disappointed not to find her.

LATER - we HEAR him in the shower... from which he later -

Emerges in new clothes, looks around and then sees -

The computer. He boots it up to check his e mail but is stumped when it asks for a PASSWORD.

GUY
Password..?

He hasn't the foggiest notion what that might be. Sits back.

LATER - on the floor, arranging her books on the re-assembled cinder-block and lumber shelves - mainly novels, including ATLAS SHRUGGED.

He can't find GRAND DESIGN. Nope. Not here. Did she take it?

Guy rocks back on his heels, tired, blue, baffled.

LATER - Guy asleep in bed. He doesn't awaken as the door opens and a FIGURE enters quietly...

Sue Ellen - anxious. And now she reacts to something -

A GLASS with the FLOWER she admired on their walk. She's deeply moved; no man has ever treated her this way.

She climbs on the bed starts kissing Guy who wakes to find himself in the continuation of his own erotic dream.

GUY (cont'd)
Where were you?

She looks and smells like a high-class hooker... he succumbs.

LATER - lying in bed, lingerie all over, Sue Ellen studies Guy by moonlight...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE ELLEN
What're you thinking?

GUY
I'm thinking about your old
landlord - who happens to be a
landlady.

Pause. She turns away. Guy leans over above her -

GUY (cont'd)
Hey, where'd you just go?

She says nothing. Guy pulls her into his arms -

GUY (cont'd)
Don't do this. Baby, please don't.

She reaches up and touches his face -

SUE ELLEN
I need you... like I've never
needed anyone... I love you...

GUY
Does that make you happy?

SUE ELLEN
(kissing him passionately)
No...

As they start to make love, we PAN around to...

The computer monitor and its attached I-CHAT lens.

We realize, for the first time, that the lens is pointed at
the bed. As it was pointed at her first apartment.

PUSH CLOSER TO THE LENS - And realize, like that previous
time, its tiny GREEN LED light tells us it's ON.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. PETE'S CAFE - DAY

Sue Ellen busy with TRUCKERS and REGULARS when the BELL jingles. She looks over to see Guy, excited. In one hand, he flourishes a FAN of credit and ATM cards; in the other, a CELL.

Sue Ellen frowns...

EXT. SNOHOMISH FALLS - LATER

Her shift ended, they're walking... she's not happy.

GUY

...only two ATMs in this whole damn place - anyway, here's two hundred, seventy-five dollars and eighty-seven cents... thanks...

SUE ELLEN

Keep the change.

She pockets the bills expressionlessly. Guy getting angry -

GUY

What's wrong? I'm back in business.

SUE ELLEN

It's the beginning of you going back to being who you were.

GUY

I am who I was. Nothing's changed.

SUE ELLEN

This isn't going to work -

He stands in front of her, stopping her - their first fight.

GUY

You keep saying that. Why won't it?

SUE ELLEN

Because... you and I have different ways of looking at the world.

There's a BENCH. He leads her to it and sits her down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

So what. James Carville and his wife, what's her name, are from different political parties. They're married and they make *money* looking at the world differently.

SUE ELLEN

(sighs)

Remember when I said you weren't even ranked?

GUY

Don't change the subject. Why can't we work? Is it because you're older than me? Who cares?

SUE ELLEN

It's because I belong to something.

GUY

What "something"?

SUE ELLEN

...a... group. And they have certain-

GUY

Rules?

SUE ELLEN

Needs. There are no rules.

Guy jumps up and faces her on the bench where she sits -

GUY

And those "needs" prevent you seeing anyone outside the group?

Sue Ellen glum - she hates having this conversation -

SUE ELLEN

It's more complicated than that.

GUY

(at a loss)

What kind of group are we talking about here? Is it like the Klu Klux Klan? Are you a white supremacist? I'm half Jewish - could I join? (his final argument) I thought you trusted me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sits there, staring at him.

INT. SUE ELLEN'S TAURUS, TRAVELING - DAY

Guy in the passenger seat, all her stuff piled in the trunk and back seat behind them...

GUY

We just got you unpacked. (no reply) You're gonna lose your deposit...

No response. Guy looks at the dash - there's wires hanging from the cavity where the radio used to be.

GUY (cont'd)

No radio..?

SUE ELLEN

It got ripped off...

GUY

Oh, yeah, right. I wonder who ripped it off... or do I mean out?

Sue Ellen makes a face. Guy is no dummy. Silence, then -

SUE ELLEN

When I asked you why you wanted to be a lawyer do you remember what you said? (before he can reply) You said, "Why not?"

GUY

Hey, I was only-

SUE ELLEN

Guy, you're not alive, you're just going through the motions. The law doesn't work and you know it. If you're rich, you get away with it. Period. The end.

GUY

Oh, yeah? What about Martha Stewart?

She doesn't dignify this with an answer. Silence.

The imposing skyline of Seattle up ahead through the windshield, when his PHONE chirps, startling them -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He fumbles for his phone, looks at the origin of the call and shuts it off... More silence. Then -

SUE ELLEN
Sooner or later you're going to have to answer that.

GUY
So he said, ignoring her remark, "Why are we going to Seattle?"

SUE ELLEN
So you can meet Brother.

GUY
You have a brother?

INT. SEATTLE STORE FRONT - DAY

Off Pioneer Square and 2nd Avenue... PEOPLE walking can see -

BROTHER (early 30's), open-faced, charismatic and not the least bit phony, speaking to a GROUP of fifty on folding chairs...

BROTHER
What's the hardest thing in life?
The hardest thing in life is to face reality without blinking, without looking away. Is that true? Don't take my word for it; decide for yourselves. Remember what Hamlet says: nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so...

REVEAL his audience as he continues - OLD, LATINO, WOMEN, BLACK, YOUNG, ASIAN, TEENAGERS, VETERANS - the gamut...

BROTHER (cont'd)
Not what your teachers say; not what your parents tell you - what YOU say. (echoes himself) Is that true? Don't take my word for it.

REVEAL GUY, next to SUE ELLEN, listening attentively -

BROTHER (cont'd)
When you're born, it's like they throw you off the top of the Empire State Building and when you die, you go *splat* on the pavement. Nothing any of us can do to alter that fact. Is it true?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A huge painted sign: *"TEMPLE OF GRAND DESIGN, FREE INTRODUCTORY SEMINAR - PLUS COFFEE!"*

BROTHER (cont'd)

So the question is: what are you going to do on your way down? Are you going to spray-paint "Fuck You" as you pass the 57th floor or are you going help build low income housing? Or write Beethoven's Fifth? What is important to you? Don't decide in fear of punishment or hope of reward. Even if there are such things, they shouldn't be the basis of your choice. Decide because it's *right for you*.

On Guy, challenged... he looks over at -

Stacks of THE GRAND DESIGN in paperback, ready to sell. On the cover it says: *Over Four Million Copies in Print!*

BROTHER (cont'd)

And don't ask *me* what's right - because I don't have the answers. There are no answers! Can you live without answers? Can you live with only the questions? Can you do it without pills or religion or booze?

Guy glances over at Sue Ellen, who is listening. He's starting to understand where she's coming from...

BROTHER (cont'd)

There *is* no Grand Design - except the one you make of your own life.

Guy looks into a back room where he can see a BESPECTACLED MAN bent over a computer, clearly absorbed...

BROTHER (cont'd)

The coffee's free, too.

Laughter. Guy is impressed. People are getting up...

INT. MEN'S ROOM - LATER

in a stall, Guy listens to the VOICE message on his phone -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG'S VOICE (FILTERED)

Hey, it's me, your brother. Listen, Mom and Dad don't get what you're doing in Seattle and why you didn't go to LA - which I worked damn hard to set up. Yale starts in two weeks and you got stuff to do, buddy. Call me so you can get with the program.

Guy's expression before he FLUSHES the toilet -

INT. SEATTLE STORE FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

...and emerges to see milling folks buying copies of the BOOK from MEMBERS who also dole coffee and sign people up to take the Grand Design Free Test. MONEY changing hands as -

Guy joins Sue Ellen, talking to Brother; he's genial, unforced -

BROTHER

I've been hearing about you, Guy...

GUY

You have?

BROTHER

(smiles)

Word travels fast.

GUY

What you talked about - are those rules or what?

BROTHER

There are no rules. They're just observations. You either buy into them or you don't. It's a free country - more or less. Excuse me.

He goes over to talk with the Bespectacled Man Guy glimpsed in the back room. Earnest conversation. Sue watching Guy.

SUE ELLEN

That's Ted; he's our book-keeper and accountant. Used to be a Chicago commodities broker except he had a serious cocaine problem. The woman pouring coffee? That's Harriet - she worked for Delta for thirty-five years, then lost her pension. Todd, over there, helping them fill out test forms?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)
 His farm in Ohio belonged to his
 family for generations until it
 went under... Grand Design rescued
 them, gave them back their lives...

Brother returns from conversation with the Bespectacled Man.

BROTHER
 Karen just got back. (to Guy) Sorry-

He heads for the back room with Ted. Sue Ellen not happy -

GUY
 Who's Karen?

Word is spreading amongst the Grand Designers - "Karen's
 back!" also: "She saw Father..!" "She was at The House!"
 Some of them are drifting into the back room...

IN THE BACK ROOM - as Sue and Guy follow, GDers cluster
 around an attractive woman of 30, somewhat hard, as she is
 slipping out of a BUSINESSWOMAN'S attire, not dissimilar to
 the one worn by Sue Ellen. Guy can't help noticing: Karen is
 another looker, albeit a lacquered one...

KAREN
 He's fine... sends everyone love...

Guy notices Sue Ellen frowning then replacing it with a smile
 as Karen catches sight of her -

KAREN (cont'd)
 ...well and how's Our Lady of
 ...where was it..?

SUE ELLEN
 Snohomish Falls... I'm here now.

KAREN
 Father was pleased with your last
 trip, dear... And you are?

She's frankly interested in Guy, who's certainly attractive -

GUY
 Uh -

KAREN
 Don't tell me. Let me guess your
 Level...

She sees Guy looking at Sue Ellen; smiles...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN (cont'd)
 Oh. A *Galatean*. Never mind. (she
 winks) Later...

And returns to the others, swamped by fawning admirers...

KAREN (cont'd)
 ...yes, we're contemplating - Hawaii!

Happy murmurs of excitement at this. Hawaii!

Drift in to Sue Ellen and Guy as Brother joins them and
 murmurs to Sue Ellen, who's rankled -

BROTHER
 Don't sweat it - all in good time.

SUE ELLEN
 (insisting)
 I'm fine.

BROTHER
 Go to Base Camp and get settled...
 Nice meeting you, Guy.

GUY
 Likewise.

SUE ELLEN
 Come on...

She leads Guy off -

INT. SEATTLE APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

unpacking again. Guy looks around; this place is upscale and
 pre-furnished in impersonal, hotel style...

GUY
 You're paying for *this*?

SUE ELLEN
 It's free; we own the building.

She's tired and annoyed; Guy is honestly curious -

GUY
 "We"?

SUE ELLEN
 Grand Design. Real Estate's a good
 investment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

Tell me something. Brother said-
why's he called Brother, by the
way? Doesn't he have a name?

SUE ELLEN

Of course. But GD is modeled on the
idea of family...

GUY

Is there a "Mother"?

SUE ELLEN

And a Sister - she's in Chicago.

GUY

Where's Father?

SUE ELLEN

At The House. What were you going
to ask me before?

She's setting up her computer and the lens; aimed at the bed.

GUY

Brother said you have to do it
without religion. But you're called
The *Temple* of Grand Design...

SUE ELLEN

It's nothing. You get a tax break
if you're a religion, plus access
to all that Federal faith-based
initiative cash. It's just a
financial strategy - and we're not
the first to use it, either.

Silence as more belongings are stashed and stacked.

GUY

Where's "The House?"

SUE ELLEN

Where Karen goes.

GUY

Is Karen "Mother"?

SUE ELLEN

She'd like to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

Come here...

SUE ELLEN

Lemme finish-

But she allows herself to be pulled into Guy's arms -

GUY

What's a Gala-?

SUE ELLEN

Galatean. It's the rough clay.
It's what you are before Rank One.

GUY

This all sounds like... some kind
of cult...

SUE ELLEN

It's a philosophy. Anyway, what's
the difference between a cult and a
religion..? I'll tell you: numbers.
If twelve people believe something,
they're a cult; but if a hundred
million believe it, they're a
religion.

GUY

It just sounds so programmed...

SUE ELLEN

We're all programmed from birth.
The trick is to write your own
program.

Guy looks at her; she's spoken the truth.

GUY

Give me the book...

LATER - at NIGHT, Sue Ellen asleep as Guy reads. Titles and
sentences FLASH by, also graphs and charts: *Your Potential...*
The System is Rigged... *Levels of Self-awareness* etc. And
certain phrases - *Everything is connected...* *Unless you SAY*
it's important... **There are no rules...**

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FERRY, PUGET SOUND - DAY

Guy and Sue Ellen nursing Starbucks in the sunshine as the ferry crosses to scenic Whidbey Island...

SUE ELLEN

...after Katrina, you know who was first in New Orleans? Would you believe it was Grand Design?

GUY

Get out...

SUE ELLEN

In the 9th Ward, my friend. On rafts! GD was there before anyone else! We were running a floating soup kitchen!

She watches as Guy lets this sink in. He's now read the book.

GUY

How'd you hear about Grand design?

She shrugs - sooner or later she'd have to do this -

SUE ELLEN

My life turned to shit the day I grew tits. From then on, nobody cared what I said or felt. It was just about getting into my pants. I was the Prom Queen from Correctionville, Iowa and what the Hell did I know - so I let them. I did drugs, I did boys, I did girls, I did everything. I even did my step-father...

GUY

Jesus...

SUE ELLEN

Jesus wasn't anywhere around. I ran away, after that. Father found me on the streets in Cleveland... I was sixteen... he saved me.

GUY

Can I meet Father..?

SUE ELLEN

(smiles)
Walk before you run...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And cuddles in his arms as they bask in the sunshine -

INT. SEATTLE APARTMENT - EVENING

Sue Ellen's in the tub, her curls pinned up and Guy is enjoying himself, swabbing her down with suds, when -

HIS CELL PHONE RINGS. He freezes, then resumes scrubbing.

SUE ELLEN

Answer it.

Wiping his hands on a towel, he snaps it open, looking at the NYC 212 Area Code -

GUY

Dad..? (he listens) Is she okay?
Sorry, that was dumb... okay...
okay... tell her I love her and
tell her I'm on my way.

He snaps off. Sue Ellen hasn't moved.

GUY (cont'd)

My mom's in the hospital. I have
to go back.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. SEATTLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Guy hastily putting on his original clothes - now washed - as Sue Ellen, in a robe, watches, her eyes filled with tears...

Guy sees this, kneels before her and takes her hands in his.

GUY

Babe, my mom's in the hospital.
They think maybe she had a heart
attack...

SUE ELLEN

I know...

GUY

We'll get the whole thing
straightened out and I'll be
back...

SUE ELLEN

(sobbing now)

YOU WON'T. Oh, I know, you think
you will, you're SURE you will, but
in the end, you'll just drift back
to where you were... what you were-

GUY

Babe, look at me. (he smooths away
tears) You gotta have some faith.

She looks at him, tears streaming. JET PLANE OVER -

INT. JET PLANE - NIGHT

Guy seated by the window, staring out into the void...

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - MORNING

Guy's father, GERALD LAWRENCE, (40's) in a business suit with the demeanor to match and his older brother, GREG, (25) - ditto, ditto - sitting on couches, react as Guy emerges from the elevators... Greg calls to get his attention -

GREG

Guy -!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY
...what's the story?

They don't hug.

GERALD LAWRENCE
...it doesn't appear to have been a
coronary...

GUY
Is she okay?

GREG
You just missed the doctor. They
seem to think it was some kind of
...panic attack.

GUY
(reacts)
That's it? A panic attack?

GREG
Hey-

GERALD LAWRENCE
You weren't there, son. It looked
pretty hairy. They took her away
in an ambulance...

Guy walks away in shock - he flew all this way...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Guy's mother, MIRIAM, smiles as he comes into the room...

GUY
Hi, mom...

She holds out her hands to him. He kisses her -

MIRIAM
Oh, Guy... you're here. Thank
heaven. I was so frightened...

GUY
What about? Take it easy...

Her husband and other son drift in behind...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD LAWRENCE

Better leave all that for later.
(to his wife) Dr. Wechsler says we
can take you home...

MIRIAM

Home. Won't that be wonderful...
And we'll all be together.

On Guy.

INT. LAWRENCE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Central Park West. Guy, Greg and their parents at dinner.
Chic, tasteful - like in a Woody Allen film.

An HISPANIC SERVANT changing the dishes... formal...

MIRIAM

I can't begin to imagine where it
came from... I feel perfectly well
now... Guy, have you lost weight?

GREG

Yeah, what were you doing out there?

How can he possibly explain -?

GUY

Maybe so...

Silence. What the hell do they talk about now?

GERALD LAWRENCE

Judge Galino agreed to hear our
appeal on behalf of Martinson...

MIRIAM

Did he set a date?

GREG

We're hoping for late spring.

Silence - then Guy takes the plunge:

GUY

Wouldn't you say as regards law...
that if you're rich, you win, but
that if you don't have any money
you're shit out of luck?

They stare at him.

INT. GUY'S ROOM - NIGHT

filled with evidence of old, "normal" Guy - posters, books, sports paraphernalia... shirts with numbers on the backs...

Guy stares at the TV, a clicker in his hand, flashing between:
A MODEL being humiliated as she's rejected... BUSH smirking...
PHONY LAUGHTER ON A SITCOM...

BLOODY BOMB VICTIMS in BAGHDAD... A TELEVANGELIST with toupee extolling Jesus, BABES IN BACKPACKS AND BIKINIS EATING WORMS -
...and always the unseen AUDIENCE, cheering, clapping, booing.
TWO FAT GIRLS FIGHT OVER A FAT, TATTOOED MAN...

He pulls out his cell and dials, listens, then, with relief -

GUY

Hi - it's me... she's fine... No,
it was some kind of, I'm not sure,
anxiety attack... she's home...

There's a KNOCK -

GUY (cont'd)

Hang on. Who is it?

A NEW VOICE

Hey, buddy...

GUY

Shit. I'll call you later.

He snaps off the phone as a CALLOW YOUTH his own age enters.

BARRY

Well if it ain't the prodigal son.

GUY

Hey, Bar.

BARRY comes in and takes inventory of Guy -

BARRY

Man, what'd you do, go on a hunger
strike?

Guy keeps surfing the TV without looking at him... A VIOLENT
CARTOON of a duck blowing up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

Who told you I was back?

A BLACK COMIC, baseball hat askew, gangsta shorts and bling making faces for the amusement of a HUGE AUDIENCE...

BARRY

I bumped into your Dad the other day at the Athletic Club and he said you were coming...

a sale on GIANT FLAT SCREEN TV's..!

GUY

(he did??)

Whatdaya know...

...A FAMOUS ACTOR CAVORTING ON A TALK SHOW COUCH...

BARRY

Good thing, too. We got a shitload of stuff to get squared away.

GUY

Like what?

A GOOFY LADY hawking tile cleanser: "Be Good to yourself!"

BARRY

Like what? Sorry, can you turn that thing off?

He takes the clicker from the unresisting Guy and ZAPS it.

BARRY (cont'd)

Guy, we're driving to New Haven in two days - (looks around) And man, you're not even packed!

GUY

Barry, lemme ask you something: are we ever gonna talk about Colorado?

BARRY

You wanna talk about Colorado, fine. Let's talk about Colorado. Man, you sounded like you were having some kinda breakdown, ok? And it freaked me out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

I wasn't having any breakdown, I just wanted to talk about stuff that wasn't to do with the Knicks for a change.

BARRY

That's not how it came out, Guy. You walked around the room and ranted for - what was it - ten minutes. It sounded like you'd lost your marbles.

GUY

Bull.

Guy sits up with energy and purpose -

GUY (cont'd)

In Colorado I knew something was wrong - but I didn't know what.

BARRY

Oh great and now you do? What's this?

He's pulled Guy's battered copy of THE GRAND DESIGN up from the bed and reads an underlined passage at random -

BARRY (cont'd)

"Everything is connected. The smallest pebble thrown in the farthest pond will create a ripple strong enough to bring down the-"

Guy takes the book back -

GUY

You ever really watch TV? It's like a big mirror of the whole country. We're not citizens, we're just consumers. Our only culture is POP culture. It's all me-me-me-

BARRY

Jesus, Guy - what're you talking about? You going to Yale or not? (off Guy's hesitation) Don't tell me after all it took to get in, you're not gonna at least check out orientation. Or are you simply planning to kiss off your whole life to this point?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Guy looks at him...

LATER - Guy on the phone...

GUY

I told you I'm not even packing. I'm just humoring them..! Babe I've been here less than twenty-four hours and everyone's crawling all over me. Let me take some of the pressure off and I'll- that's not true-

There's a CLICK. Guys sits there, sighs, rubbing his nose. Why does everything have to be so fucking hard?

ROCK MUSIC building OVER...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON an SUV as Rock booms OVER...

BARRY'S VOICE OVER

(shouting above the cd)

We'll take the train into the City
the nights we have KNICKS tickets-!

INT. BARRY'S SUV, TRAVELING, CONNECTICUT - CONTINUOUS

BARRY

(still yelling)

My dad got us the same seats as
last year, right near De Niro..!

Boom-chicka-boom-chicka-boom... Guy looks indifferently out the window - he is clearly just along for the ride.

INT. YALE DINING HALL - DAY

Beneath a banner that says ORIENTATION WEEK! Guy sits amongst a MOB of yelling UNDERGRADS -

1ST UNDERGRAD

... no way McCormick's gonna be a
forward first string...

2ND UNDERGRAD

We were undefeated. How'd your
team do?

3RD UNDERGRAD

Uh, we didn't have a Lacrosse team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Disbelieving reactions, giggles...

1ST UNDERGRAD
No Lacrosse ?- good God man, where
DID you prep?

EXT. YALE CAMPUS - DAY

STUDENTS everywhere moving in, carrying BOOKS, on cell
phones, head phones, etc.

Guy wandering among them like a sleep-walker... carrying
nothing...

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Guy sits on one of the two beds and watches as Barry unpacks,
setting up his computer -

A SENSATION of constant movement and NOISE outside, STUDENTS
carrying cartons and calling to one another -

BARRY
Aren't you going back to get your
stuff?

GUY
I told you, Bar: I'm just looking.

Barry sits beside Guy, gives him a one-armed hug -

BARRY
Tell me what happened to you, man.
I'm here for you; I really am.

Guy looks at him -

GUY
Well, if you wanna know, I met this
girl, and she showed me-

BARRY
(laughs conspiratorially)
Hey, don't go there, son. I get
horny real fast. You got a picture?

GUY
Uh, no. Could I use your computer
to check my mail?

LATER - CLOSE ON BARRY'S COMPUTER MONITOR now directed to
Guy's mailbox where it says: *YOU HAVE NO MESSAGES*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Guy's fallen expression as -

ANOTHER VOICE

Guy!

Guy hits QUIT and turns, smiling for real, to see -

GUY

Axel...

AXEL, another kid their age, someone Guy genuinely likes - he's smoking a JOINT as if it were a Marlboro, shouting over the IPOD stuck in his ears...

AXEL

We made it! St. Paul's, now Yale. St. Paul's was harder - would you believe I'm re-reading Marx? Are you taking Liberal Bias? I couldn't get into Kleeman's lectures... I'm fucked..!

He hands off the tokes to Guy, who holds it uncertainly as -

ANOTHER KID appears in the doorway -

ANOTHER KID

Party at Olson's tonight... start early, avoid the rush -

And he tosses OPEN BEERS at them...

INT. DORM ROOM - EVENING

deserted as Guy enters with a package.

In rapid CUTS he unpacks and installs an I-CHAT on Barry's computer... logs on, types in Sue Ellen's address...

After a pause, Sue Ellen appears, a bit disheveled, wet hair -

SUE ELLEN (ON VIDEO)

...Guy..?

GUY

Holy shit - it works!

Their conversation is slightly out of sync -

SUE ELLEN (ON VIDEO)

Guy, where are you..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

Yale, I've been calling you...

He realizes - she's not in the room in the Seattle place. The walls have some kind of red draperies...

SUE ELLEN (ON VIDEO)

Yes...

GUY

Where are YOU..?

SUE ELLEN (ON VIDEO)

(she seems nervous)

I miss you...

Guy frowns - where IS she?

GUY

I love you...

SUE ELLEN (ON VIDEO)

...what?

Behind her on the monitor, SOMEONE walks by. A MAN. We can see that above his slacks, he's not wearing a SHIRT...

Guy reacts - and she sees him react. Looks over her shoulder, self-consciously, then back at him -

SUE ELLEN (ON VIDEO) (cont'd)

Guy? Are you coming back..?

Guy is simply staring...

SUE ELLEN (ON VIDEO) (cont'd)

Guy..?

Guy moves the cursor to QUIT I-CHAT. Sue Ellen's image freezes. Guy sits there -

GUY

There are no rules.

INT. OLSON'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

a MOB scene of DRINKING, LAUGHING UNDERGRADS... Barry among them... all kinds of SMOKE, including pot...

FIND Guy, sipping a beer - not his first - and eyeing...

A CUTE GIRL, assessing him with candid interest -

INT. OLSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guy and the Girl pulling off each other's clothes in frantic haste as he mounts her - PARTY SOUNDS from next door or below.

GIRL

Oh, Jesus, yes, give it to me, give
it to me!

Guy doing it - then, looking down at her, he stops - who the hell is this? - and pulls out-

GIRL (cont'd)

What're you doing..? What's-

He's hopping into his pants, grabbing his shirt, clutching his shoes - and walking out. She's enraged -

GIRL (cont'd)

Fuck you! Fuck you!

INT. OLSON'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

the Girl's VOICE pierces the smoke-filled chaos behind Guy as he makes his way half-dressed through KIDS SNORTING COKE and out the door... no one pays attention to Guy or her yells...

Barry catches a glimpse, frowning...

END ACT III

ACT IV

INT. GERALD LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lavish, with huge windows overlooking the City... Gerald is on the phone, concerned -

GERALD LAWRENCE
What do you mean, "gone"?

INTERCUT with

INT. DORM ROOM, YALE - CONTINUOUS

BARRY
He took off last night, walked out in the middle of a... party. I came back to the dorm but he never showed.

Gerald tries to conceal his anxiety through annoyance -

GERALD LAWRENCE
What's the matter with him? (kills him to ask) Do you think it's... drugs?

BARRY
I don't, actually. It's all to do with Seattle. He met some girl out there...

GERALD LAWRENCE
A girl?

BARRY
But I think it's more complicated than that. There was this book...

GERALD LAWRENCE
Book? What book?

BARRY
"Design" something. I can't remember the name but he'd underlined passages all over the place. He kept talking weird, asking me if I ever really watched what was on TV and stuff like that.

Gerald sits there, thinking, openly disturbed now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD LAWRENCE

You think he went back there - to Seattle?

BARRY

I wouldn't be surprised...

GERALD LAWRENCE

...thank you, Barry.

He hangs up. Sobered.

CLOSE ON A ROLL of TUMS being opened. WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. LAWRENCE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Greg, still in his uniform grey suit and red tie, pops a TUMS before snapping open his briefcase, pulling out his notes...

GREG

There's apparently lots of, I don't know what to call them - cults in Seattle. Mainly environmental but some are into various other things as well. This one seems to revolve around this book -

He produces a copy and hands it to his confused parents; pops another TUMS...

MIRIAM

"Grand Design"?

GREG

That's what he had with him when he was here. I Googled them - they're pretty big - and growing. This book was written in 1983 and's been translated into 26 languages.

MIRIAM

Mitchell Faraday...

GREG

Retired Pan Am pilot. No one seems to know where he is but apparently this is his one and only book. I couldn't make head or tail of it...

GERALD LAWRENCE

Grand Design...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

They call themselves a temple but that's apparently an old tax dodge. If you say you're a religion the IRS can't touch you, although I gather they're keeping a close eye on this bunch.

Mother stands and walks to a window, looking out -

MIRIAM

But I don't understand. I mean... we're just regular people... we sent him to a good school... You went there, Greg...

GREG

Mom -

GERALD LAWRENCE

Maybe it's to do with how successful Greg is - you know, you always got honors in everything. Maybe Guy couldn't-

MIRIAM

He always had friends, Barry was his best friend... and he likes girls... doesn't he like girls?

GERALD LAWRENCE

Miriam, take it easy. The boy hasn't gone to hell. He's experimenting, that's all.

He's looking over her shoulder at Greg as he says this -

MIRIAM

We were always there for him... weren't we?

KNOCKING SOUNDS OVER -

INT. SEATTLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sue Ellen answers. It's Guy. They look. Finally, tremulously -

SUE ELLEN

Do you still think I'm beautiful?

He drops his bag and takes her in his arms -

EXT. OCCIDENTAL SQUARE, SEATTLE - DAY

a VAN, painted with the Grand Design logo, parks and Guy helps Sue Ellen and TWO OTHER GDers unload propane heaters and vats of SOUP...

They set up with practised expertise, turning on the flames as the HOMELESS gather -

GUY

Come and get it! Here you go...

And starts ladling soup into paper cups for shuffling indigents, lining up next to the Firefighters Statue...

SUE ELLEN

Hi there... Here's something to read while you eat...

She's handing them Grand Design leaflets... looks over at Guy-

GUY

There's more. Anyone for seconds?

You bet. He looks over at Sue Ellen, pleased -

GUY (cont'd)

Who knew I could cook?

SUE ELLEN

(laughing)

Heating up cans of soup doesn't make you a chef...

GUY

Don't spoil my illusions...

He comes over and gives her a kiss -

SUE ELLEN

Are you really here to stay?

GUY

Hey, Tyrone. Try reading this...

He takes some leaflets from her and hands them out, turns to Sue Ellen -

GUY (cont'd)

It was no contest, believe me.

INT. GUY'S ROOM, NYC - DAY

Guy's Mother sitting alone on Guy's bed. She looks miserable. Her husband comes in and sees her sitting there...

GERALD LAWRENCE

What're you doing?

She looks at him, says nothing. He sits beside her, puts an awkward arm around her.

GERALD LAWRENCE (cont'd)

It'll be alright. He'll be OK.

They sit there.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON STUDENT UNION - DAY

a number of different sign-up tables with school clubs and associations... astronomy... foreign film... cricket...

Also A GRAND DESIGN table, manned by Guy and Sue Ellen. Copies of the book on hand and a POSTER offering a free, "personalized" personality test...

SUE ELLEN & GUY

(alternating)

Hi there... /Would you like to
examine your own psyche? .../It's
free...

Some STUDENTS take the literature or examine the book as A SECURITY GUARD approaches with a MAN IN A GREY SUIT.

GREY SUIT

I'm sorry... are you affiliated
with the university?

Sue Ellen and Guy look at each other -

GREY SUIT (cont'd)

Do you have a permit for this
booth?

SUE ELLEN

We're only trying to-

GREY SUIT

This space is reserved for clubs
sponsored by and affiliated with
the university. You're trespassing.
I'll have to ask you to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

What's your problem, man? We're
not passing out bombs...

Sue Ellen is gathering up materials. STUDENTS are watching -

SUE ELLEN

...calm down... (to the Students)
If you're interested, we're at 2nd
Avenue and Pioneer Square. Drop by.

In the midst of all this, neither of them notice -

TWO MEN. One of them discreetly snaps PHOTOS, the motor
whirring with *clicks*...

INT. BACK ROOM, SEATTLE STORE FRONT - NIGHT

a staff meeting in progress, chaired by Karen - she's still
somehow flashily dressed, a brunette bombshell. And angry -

KAREN

Why didn't you apply for a permit?

SUE ELLEN

We didn't know they-

KAREN

You didn't ASK? This is basic.
Guy, would you please excuse us?

Guy walks out past silent Brother as the discussion continues-

KAREN (cont'd)

I don't know what you were thinking.
The last thing we need is that kind
of attention, you know that. What
would father say - what *will* he say?
- when I tell him that Guy-

SUE ELLEN

Guy didn't do anything...

OUTSIDE THE BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Guy, sitting in a chair, can hear perfectly -

KAREN'S VOICE

Guy is a *Galatean*. He shouldn't
have even been there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE ELLEN'S VOICE

What you're saying is you don't trust him.

KAREN'S VOICE

Let me remind you how this works, dear: we're not in GD for love; we're in it for *good*.

Sounds of a tense silence... Then -

BROTHER'S VOICE

The two are not mutually exclusive. Ted, can we have the treasurer's report?

Guy cocks his head, curious - listens to Ted cough...

TED'S VOICE

Actually, we're expanding so fast-

At which point the door is closed COMPLETELY -

INT. SEATTLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Guy at the desk, studying the GD book, making notes. The DOOR unlocking behind him... then a pair of female HANDS slipping around his neck...

GUY

Um...

He stands into the embrace of -

Karen. Guy is startled, pulls back -

GUY (cont'd)

Hey...

KAREN

I just love *Galateans* - all that rough clay...

GUY

Look, I don't know what the rules are, but-

KAREN

There ARE no rules...

He pulls her arms slowly from his neck...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY
 ...in that case, I think I'll
 pass... (off her look) I think this
 is some kind of test...

She smiles -

KAREN
 You'll never know...

And leaves - passing Sue Ellen, surprised, on her way in.

SUE ELLEN
 Karen..?

KAREN
 You're out of sugar.

And closing the door after her. Sue Ellen comes forward -

SUE ELLEN
 What did she want? Guy..?

Guy is rummaging all over the apartment as she trails him -

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)
 What're you looking for?

GUY
 Aspirin. My head is killing me.

Locating his shaving tackle bag and unzipping it, when her
 hand stops him -

SUE ELLEN
 No!

GUY
 What do you mean, No?

SUE ELLEN
 It's drugs.

GUY
 It's aspirin, what's the big deal?

SUE ELLEN
 You're medicating yourself. Drugs
 is death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

Are you Christian Scientists all of a sudden? What about No Rules?

SUE ELLEN

It's not a rule, it's common sense! If you need drugs, we have doctors who'll prescribe them - otherwise, you're just playing into the hands of the big pharmaceutical companies. Do you have any idea how much money they make on over the counter crap?

GUY

Babe, my head is killing me...

SUE ELLEN

Lie down. Lie down...

She runs the tap, wets a washcloth, leads him to the bed, puts him on it, and bathes his brow...

GUY

What's the deal with Karen?

SUE ELLEN

She hates me...

GUY

Why..?

SUE ELLEN

(shrugs)

She knows how much I mean to Father. Brother knows it, too... they're jockeying for position...

GUY

With Father?

She notices - startled - goes to the computer.

SUE ELLEN

What's wrong with I-Chat?

GUY

Nothing. No one was using it so I turned it off.

SUE ELLEN

Don't do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

But-

SUE ELLEN

Never. (smiles) Okay?

She comes back to him on the bed. Guy is upset, confused; she lies down beside him, gently stroking his profile...

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)

Long day...

GUY

I gotta ask you something. When I was in New Haven and we were I-chatting, I saw a man behind you. He wasn't wearing a shirt...

SUE ELLEN

And..?

GUY

Babe... I need to know...

SUE ELLEN

Have I asked you about Yale?

Guy reddens, turns away...

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)

Have I?

Gently, she turns him to face her -

SUE ELLEN (cont'd)

You told me to have faith. Do *you* have faith?

His look.

END ACT IV

ACT V

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT, WHIDBEY ISLAND - DAY

Guy pounding nails into a house frame - one of several being built - under the direction of CLEM, (60's) one of the older GDers, a retired contractor, who goes from one unit to another, supervising... checking his blueprints...

CLEM

That's it... good...

On another framing job, Sue Ellen is using a power SAW... she works skillfully - she's done it before... smiles at Clem...

SUE ELLEN

It's good they make the senior staff do this once a month - keeps us on our toes...

Brother gets out of a jeep and inspects the progress, joining Guy, who works, conscious of Brother's eyes on him...

BROTHER

How's it going?

GUY

(smiling)

Going, going - almost gone. And I've got the black and blue marks to prove it...

He holds up a banged thumb -

BROTHER

My dad was a contractor - Minneapolis. Who knew I'd wind up following his footsteps? Not that low income housing was his specialty...

GUY

(pounding nails)

Upper?

Brother looks around, sees a HAMMER and helps -

BROTHER

(rueful)

Upper-upper...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY
Interesting...

Brother is becoming real to Guy -

BROTHER
Oh, yeah..?

GUY
I suppose my family's sort of -
upper. The more I think about it,
the more it seems like you can
divide the world up into people who
either don't know what's going on
or who don't care what's going on.
There's no third possibility.

Brother has stopped hammering and is looking at Guy.

GUY (cont'd)
What.

BROTHER
I do believe you've just made the
grade: Rank One.

Guy's shock - pleasure.

GUY
You mean it?

But Brother's attention has been taken by a CAR crunching
along the dirt road through the woods in their direction.

A RENTAL that pulls up as they watch...

GREG gets out. Guy's reaction.

GUY (cont'd)
Shit.

Greg sees Guy -

BROTHER
Who is that?

GUY
My brother.

BROTHER
Brother? *I'm* brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Guy's confusion as Greg hears this - the two "brothers" are roughly the same age... there the resemblance ends...

GREG

Is that so? He's your brother?
Do you know anything about him?

GUY

Greg, gimme a break-

GREG

I'm asking simple questions, Guy,
and I've come a long way. Who are
these people? What are they doing?
What are you doing with them?

GUY

Greg -

Other GDers gathering, watching...

GREG

Do they have permits to build here?
Is the Church of Grand Design
registered as a charitable
organization?

GUY

Temple of Grand Design...

GREG

And what is their religion, exactly?

GUY

Their religion is being helpful, in
seeing the world as it IS, not
glossing things over.

GREG

And what exactly am I glossing
over? Our parents, for example,
who raised us and paid for our edu-

GUY

Oh, Christ, you're not here to lay
that shit on me. Say you're not-

GREG

Why is that shit all of a sudden?
Don't you think you owe them
anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY

I don't wanna have this conversation.

GREG

Okay, let's just talk about you. What's so wrong with where you come from, what's wrong with how we were raised and what our parents wanted for us? Why're you blowing it all to hell?

GUY

Just 'cause I don't fall into line and march in lock-step with you, I'm blowing my life to hell? What's good for General Motors is good for-

GREG

General- can you hear yourself? You're talking like a crazy person.

GUY

Just 'cause I won't follow the plan, I'm crazy? Give me some credit, why can't you?

GREG

Whose plan are you following now?

BROTHER

He's following his o-

GREG

I'm not talking to you. Guy, please come with me. These people are nothing to do with you. Let's go home. Now, while you still can...

Sue Ellen appears -

SUE ELLEN

What's going on?

Guy hapless -

GUY

This is my older brother. Greg, this is Sue Ellen Marcek-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

I don't know who you are and I
don't care; you're fucking up my
brother's-

GUY

Don't talk to her like that -

Guy starts towards him but Brother grabs Guy's arms from
behind, gently but firmly -

BROTHER

Easy...

GUY

How's your *ulcer*, Greg?

That stops Greg cold -

GREG

Guy, listen to me-

GUY

Listen to yourself. I've tried it
your way - dad's way - and it
doesn't work. Not for me.

GREG

These people are dangerous. You
don't know what you're doing-

Guy throws off Brother's restraining embrace and shakes
himself loose, indicating he's cool -

GUY

Why can't you at least give them
the benefit of the doubt? Why does
trying to be useful or different
make them bad? Why is a soup
kitchen bad? Why is building these
houses bad?

GREG

(looking around)

Who are these houses for? Do you
even know?

As they watch, Guy walks right up to Greg - and hugs him.

GUY

So long, Greg...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Greg stares at him in disbelief, then slugs Guy, who reels down into the dirt.

No one moves - except Greg, who gets into the car, slams the door and skids off in a cloud of dust.

Sue Ellen rushes over to Guy - she's crying...

GUY (cont'd)

I'm okay...

SUE ELLEN

I can't...

GUY

Can't what?

He tries to take her in his arms as Brother watches, but she back away, sobbing -

SUE ELLEN

Take the responsibility! I KNOW
this is right for me but I don't
want to screw up your life.

Guy hesitating - she's put her finger on the question.

BROTHER

She's right. You have to assume
responsibility for your own life,
Guy. It's about being grown-up.
There are prices we pay for that
and must be prepared to pay.
Sometimes they include separating
from those who've known and loved
you to this point - if you've
reached the place where your ideas
and ideals diverge. It's what we
were talking about before... so you
know where I'm coming from.

Guy looks from Brother to Sue Ellen -

BROTHER (cont'd)

I liked how you summed up GD: about
being helpful, seeing the world as
it IS and not glossing things over.
That's as good a description as
I've ever heard. You've got things
to contribute, Guy. It's on to
Level Two. If you say so...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Guy is conscious of all of them looking at him.

After a pause, he goes over to Sue Ellen...

And takes her hand. Clumsily, she wipes her eyes with the back of her other hand.

Other GDers watching, smile...

Brother just watches.

CLOSE-UP OF SUE'S HAND HOLDING GUY'S...

END ACT V