

The Beaver
by
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FADE IN:

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

WALTER, mid 40's, vacant, lies in bed fully dressed in a suit and tie.

The voice we hear belongs to THE BEAVER. He has a crisp English accent.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
This is a picture of Walter Black,
a hopelessly depressed individual.
He wants you to know he's tried
everything.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

CLOSE ON a shelf of SELF HELP TITLES. Walter pulls down
DUMPING DEPRESSION.

CLOSE ON a medicine cabinet full of prescriptions. Walter
pops some pills.

WALTER CHANTS and pounds as part of a drum circle.

WALTER SOBS on a park bench.

WALTER HITS himself with a belt but refuses to show emotion.

WALTER POPS more pills.

WALTER READS from THE RAINBOW INSIDE.

WALTER LAYS on a couch, speaking to his therapist.

WALTER STARES into a hypnotist's pocketwatch.

WALTER POPS a whole handful of pills.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON a night stand where a copy of SIX STEPS TO A NEW YOU
lies open. In bed beside it, Walter sleeps.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But, mostly what he does is sleep.

An ALARM goes off. He slaps it dead.

CUT TO:

WALTER GETS into bed. It's still daylight. Kids play outside.

WALTER SLEEPS on a couch, mid-afternoon.

WALTER SLEEPS at his desk.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He prefers to call it siesta. He
dreams of islands with bright
buildings and wandering dogs.

WALTER SLEEPS in his car.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Places where the pursuit of slumber
is a local custom.

WALTER SLEEPS in a fast food restaurant. A WORKER pokes him.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Rather than a sign of intractable
clinical depression.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE

Walter sits at his desk. He stares at a photo of his family.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
Two things keep Walter from
sleeping forever.

CLOSE ON the photo. Walter, the wife, two boys. More on them
later.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One is his family, which sleeps
only at night and regards those who
do otherwise with suspicion.

NEW ANGLE reveals that the room is full of people.

On the far wall, THE VP, late 30's, sharp, motions to a
chart. All the lines aim down. All the eyes turn to Walter.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The other is that he's the CEO of a
once-proud toy company-

FLASH TO:

INT. FINE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

DAVY CONYERS, former CEO sits across from an ESCORT. Davy
starts to CHOKE.

THE BEAVER
- whose founder died unexpectedly,
and left Walter in charge.

Davy goes face down on the table. THUD.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
 Walter's since led them to the edge
 of bankruptcy.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

HENRY, adorable, fragile-looking third grader, sits alone
 staring straight ahead while other kids TALK and play.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
 What he's done to the company is
 just the start. His depression is
 an ink that stains all who touch
 him. A black hole that swallows all
 who get near.

A wad of mashed potatoes SPLATS next to Henry. Other kids
 LAUGH. If Henry notices, he doesn't show it.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Henry, his youngest, has become
 what his teachers call, 'hermit
 like'.

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

PORTER, 18, cute but wild haired emo teen, sits at his desk,
 reading. The books around him have titles like: DNA=DESTINY?

He stares into a notebook labeled JOURNAL OF SIMILARITIES.
 It's some sort of list with fifty something items like:
 Fingernail Digging, Whistle Breathing, Finger-Chin Tap.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
 Porter, his oldest, has begun to
 openly lobby for a divorce...

We push past Porter towards his wall where there's a deep,
head sized dent in the drywall. We close in on the hole.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

PUSH IN on the refrigerator, where photos of different middle
 aged bachelors from dating websites are stuck with magnets.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
 ... and leave hints that his mother
 could easily find a replacement.

INT. BOOKSTORE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

MEREDITH, late 30's with late 20's looks, WEEPS among women
 who practically have Soccer Mom tattooed on their foreheads.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
 Meredith, his wife, has clung to
 hope that he'll one day wake up,
 snap out of it.

She reaches into her purse for a tissue, but ends up with
 another of Porter's bachelor photos. She puts it back, takes
 a napkin from one of the ladies.

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM

Walter is laying in bed, dressed as we first found him.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
 But he hasn't. And she's finally
 decided that he is a weight she and
 the kids can no longer carry.

Meredith appears in the doorway. Walter looks over at her. He
 gets it.

QUICK CUTS:

CLOSE ON the self help books being packed into a box.

CLOSE ON the medications being swept into another box.

CLOSE on the boxes being loaded into a packed trunk. The lid
 is closed, revealing a car stuffed to the gills.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She does the only thing left to do-

INT. WALTER'S CAR

Walter gets in. He looks into his side mirror and sees
 Meredith CRYING in the driveway behind him. He turns.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
 - and says the only thing left to
 say.

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Their eyes connect. It's awkward. Do you wave when you're
 being thrown out? He begins to massage his eyebrows with his
 thumb and forefinger.

Finally, he puts the car in drive. She crosses her arms,
 swallows her tears. As she watches him drive away...

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
 Goodbye.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY

Porter sits across from JARED, a confused athletic type.

JARED
C minus!

Porter grabs a paper off the desk, waves it at Jared.

PORTER
Jared, you're failing the class.
And this writing sample could
probably get you committed in
several states. You really think
you can suddenly hand in an A paper
and get away with it?

JARED
But I can get a fucking C-!

PORTER
Excellent. Good luck to you.

Porter starts to leave.

JARED
What about Hector? You just got him
an A in Family Development.

Porter starts to massage his eyebrows exactly as we saw
Walter do. Realizing it, he suddenly stops and disciplines
himself by SNAPPING a big rubber band on his wrist.

Frustrated, he takes out his Journal of Similarities
notebook. As he adds Massaging Eyebrows to the list...

PORTER
I've never written anything for
Hector. If he told you different
he's a liar.
(closing his notebook)
But hypothetically, if I had
written Hector an A paper, it
certainly wouldn't have been right
out of the box. Hypothetically, he
would have come to me a long time
ago, and we would have raised his
grades incrementally. And he would
have been responsible for
memorizing the facts in the papers
I wrote so that he wouldn't miss
test questions over the same
information. And if that had
happened, then yes, he might have
turned in an A paper and he might
even be making a solid B in a class
he used to be failing.

(MORE)

PORTER (CONT'D)

So, if someone else was asking me to do this for them, to not only write them a paper, but to do it as them, with their voice, at their skill level, then I would say that they could either do it my way or they could take their chances buying some piece of shit off the internet.

Jared thinks this over.

JARED
150 every time?

PORTER
(sing-song)
Responsible regulars receive reduced rates.

Porter slides a book across the table. Jared SIGHS. He opens it, puts \$150 in and slides it back. Porter nods and stands.

JARED
I gotta pass this class to graduate you know?

PORTER
Wilkins, from your team last year? The one who thought the words igneous and ignorant were interchangeable? Where's he now?

JARED
Playing for OSU.

Porter nods.

PORTER
You'll get the grades. All you have to do is make people believe they're yours.

Porter walks away.

NORAH, cheerleader outfit, the kind of girl you're either hopelessly in love with, hopelessly jealous of, or both, breaks away from friends to catch up.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Norah glides in beside him.

NORAH
Hey.

Porter's look says they don't normally talk. He keeps moving.

PORTER
Hey?

NORAH
What? I can't say hey to you?

PORTER
You can, you just never have.

NORAH
Well, I'm... sorry.

PORTER
Really? I'm not.

Without warning, Porter stops at his locker. She takes a few steps before realizing it. She comes back. He seems annoyed.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Seriously, what do you want?

She's taken aback by the hostility. A beat.

NORAH
I... need you to write something.

Porter LAUGHS.

PORTER
I knew it. Is this what passes for undercover around here? You're the fucking valedictorian. He really thinks I'm going to fall for this?

NORAH
Who?

PORTER
Mumphry, or whichever vice principal sent you. You tell him I'm insulted.

Porter closes his locker, starts away. She grabs him.

NORAH
Hey! Will you hold on for a second?

Porter grudgingly stops.

NORAH (CONT'D)
No one sent me. I really need help.

PORTER
You have a 4.0. I'm eight places behind you in the class rank. I copy off you in calculus. Why on Earth would you want me to write you a paper?

NORAH
It's not a paper.
(quiet)
It's... my graduation speech.

PORTER

Look, I don't usually say this, but
save your money. No one pays
attention to those things.

He starts to go. She grabs him again.

NORAH

Yeah, well, my parents will be
paying attention, so... I hear, not
that I'm saying you write other
people's papers, but if you did, I
hear you really make yourself sound
like them. Get in their heads.
That's what I need.

Porter considers this. A long beat.

PORTER

I'd need some samples and-

She quickly hands him a paper from her bag.

NORAH

I have this now and I can get you
more by tomorrow.

Porter looks at the paper.

PORTER

I see one i dotted with a heart and
we're done.

He starts away.

NORAH

You really copy off me in calculus?

Without looking back...

PORTER

Don't forget to bring cash.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Meredith waits in SUV gridlock outside the elementary school.
She scans the crowd but can't find Henry.

Suddenly, the passenger door opens and, seemingly from
nowhere, petite Henry hoists himself in.

HENRY

You passed me again.

MEREDITH

I was looking.

Henry shrugs. His demeanor is very quiet, flat. As she starts to drive...

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
How was your day?

Another shrug.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Did you talk to anyone?

HENRY
I guess.

MEREDITH
New person or old person?

HENRY
New.

MEREDITH
Good. What did you talk about?

HENRY
(matter of fact)
He said I was a ball licker and I told him I wasn't and he threw me in the dumpster.

Meredith is aghast. Henry shows no emotion.

MEREDITH
What! Did you tell your teacher?

HENRY
She got me out of the dumpster.

Meredith suppresses her urge to cry as if she's been trained, calms her voice, and says something that sounds rehearsed.

MEREDITH
This is why the doctor wants you to focus on coming out of your shell. When you spend so much time alone, the other kids see you as a target.

Henry nods as if he's also heard it before. A silent beat.

HENRY
Is Dad gone?

She looks at him, trying to measure how he feels about this question. Henry gives nothing away.

MEREDITH
He's not gone dear. We just agreed that it's better for us all if we don't live together anymore.
(beat)
How does that make you feel?

Henry shrugs.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - EVENING

Walter comes out with two large bags of CLINKING liquor. When he gets to the car he realizes there's no room for them.

CLOSE ON Walter's trunk being opened.

CLOSE ON a dumpster. Boxes are tossed in. We see that they're the ones full of self help books and medication.

Clothes follow. Files. Awards. Yearbooks. A set of golf clubs.

NEW ANGLE shows Walter emptying the final items out of the backseat. He throws them in the dumpster.

Walter stares at what he's done, his life mixed in with the garbage. He looks sleepy.

He leaves, then stops, slowly comes back, eyeing something.

ANGLE ON the garbage reveals a half buried BEAVER PUPPET, its large plastic eyes staring out from under some refuse.

Walter squints, then reaches for it. It turns out to have a large bushy tail and big happy grin. He holds it up.

He and the beaver seem to stare blankly at one another for a long time, as if each reading a story in the other's eyes.

CLOSE ON the trunk again as the two large bags full of liquor are tossed into the now empty space.

A beat, then....

The beaver puppet is tossed in too. The lid SLAMS down.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

ANGLE ON the bed as we hear the DOOR OPEN, the BOTTLES being set on the ground.

Suddenly Walter falls into bed with his shoes on. He pulls a pillow over his head. He sleeps.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is a wreck. Sheets, clothes, empty bottles.

ANGLE ON a bottle of sleeping pills, half gone, the rest spilled on the floor. We pan across them until we come to...

WALTER, sitting on the floor shooting whiskey straight, the beaver puppet now on his left hand. He's WEEPING.

On the TV, Alan Thicke is having a heart to heart with Kirk Cameron in a GROWING PAINS episode..

ALAN THICKE
(on tv)
This is a very special place Mike.
My father built this cabin by hand.

KIRK CAMERON
(on tv)
Wow! No tools or anything? Cool!

This seems very profound to Walter. Still CRYING, he LAUGHS along with the audience and moves toward the TV, hugs it.

WALTER
(drunk)
Beautiful.

He takes a shot of whiskey and then pours some on the screen as if pouring it down Alan Thicke's throat.

WALTER (CONT'D)
There you go.

ANGLE ON the TV again as Walter continues pouring whiskey on the screen. Alan and Kirk hug.

Something breaks in Walter. He drops the bottle.

A long beat as he looks around the room, his face suddenly blank.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM

Walter has fashioned a necktie into a noose around the shower rod.

He SOBS as he steps up onto the edge of the bathtub, knees bent, and tightens it around his neck.

He takes a few deep breaths and closes his eyes. A long beat.

He inches his feet to the very edge of the bathtub and then, finally, lets them slip off.

His weight drops onto the noose, but it suspends him for barely a second before the whole rod comes down, dropping him into the tub backwards with a tremendous CRASH.

His feet hang out of the tub, the rest of him invisible, motionless.

SILENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

ANGLE ON the shower rod as it DRAGS across the carpet.

Reveal Walter, still fastened to the rod by his tie, trudging toward the balcony. Drops of blood dot the back of his shirt.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY/INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walter puts a chair next to the railing, climbs up. He takes rickety steps up until he's balanced very tenuously on the edge of the railing.

He looks down, a solid ten stories.

The tie pulling at his neck, the shower rod hanging behind him, BANGING against the balcony in the breeze, he looks resigned. A GUST of wind almost tips him forward.

He takes a breath, seems to decide he's ready. He raises his arms as if to swan dive.

And then suddenly, he catches a glimpse of the beaver puppet on his left hand. He eyes it as if he'd forgotten all about it. He brings it close. They stare one another down.

As he stares, he starts to tip forward, about to fall, but at the last moment, he overcorrects and instead tips backward toward the room.

He falls over the chair and through the open door, CRASHING into the dresser before falling backward onto the ground.

A quiet beat until we notice that the shower rod has gotten wrapped around the TV and is slowly pulling it toward the edge of the dresser, just above the seemingly unconscious Walter.

A beat, and then the TV tips off, landing flat on Walter's head with a MEATY THUD.

SILENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK KITCHEN - NIGHT

Meredith, Porter, and Henry eat at the table. The awkwardness indicates this is not a regular thing.

PORTER

Don't get me wrong, I'm glad you kicked him out. But the whole eating at the table in response to family drama thing? I mean, how long do you see us keeping this up?

MEREDITH

I don't know. How about until we start treating one another with some respect? And asking each other about our day. And you two start saying yes ma'am and no ma'am. And helping with the dishes. And-

PORTER

Maybe I should get a paper route too.

A long beat then...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Meredith, Henry, and Porter sit with their dinner in their laps watching The Daily Show. Only Jon Stewart speaks.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Walter blinks awake on the floor. The TV is flat against his face, literally sitting on his head. Between it and the carpet his field of vision is narrow.

Suddenly, he raises his left arm so the beaver puppet is all he can see. A long beat, then...

THE BEAVER

Hello, mate.

When The Beaver speaks, we recognize the crisp accent from the narration.

Walter's lips still move, so there's no confusion about where the sound actually comes from, but for a hand puppet, The Beaver is strangely animated.

When Walter speaks, it's in his own tired, groggy voice, so that despite one of them being a puppet, they seem to be having a real back and forth conversation.

WALTER

Who are you?

THE BEAVER

Bloody hell. Look at you. Stone drunk and flattened by a television.

(MORE)

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Quite an obituary you're working
out for yourself, yeah?

WALTER
Leave me alone.

THE BEAVER
You know what your problem is,
Walter? You don't know when to give
up. Chicken Soup, Seven Habits, How
To Win Friends. Which one has the
chapter about dropping a TV on your
head?

WALTER
Please, just let me rest.

THE BEAVER
Library for losers, that's what
you've got mate. Books, pills,
promises, resolutions. You were
hugging Alan Thicke for fuck's
sake.

WALTER
I'm sick.

THE BEAVER
Now on that we agree. The question
is, do you want to get better?

WALTER
Of course, but-

THE BEAVER
Yeah, yeah, I know, you're
depressed. Lethargic. Anhedonia.
Family can't even stand you anymore
and yet you can't seem to snap out
of it, yeah?

A beat. Walter nods slightly despite the TV on his head.

WALTER
Yes.

THE BEAVER
You're going about it all wrong,
mate. These books and pills and
shit, they're cotton candy. You get
a little sugar rush and then,
hello, you realize you're still the
same stupid fuck who tries to hug
televisions and hang himself from
shower rods. Your problem is you've
seen too many home improvement
shows. You think you knock out a
wall, change the drapes, everything
will be back in order. Doesn't work
that way. This thing, it's like
back hair. You cut it, it just
grows back thicker.

(MORE)

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

You want things to change, really change, you got to nuke it. Forget home repairs, Walter. If you want to get anywhere you've got to blow up the whole goddamned building.

WALTER

I don't know how to do that.

THE BEAVER

Well, I do Walter. I do. And I can help you if you let me.

WALTER

I... yes... please.

THE BEAVER

It's not going to be easy. You understand? You have to trust me.

WALTER

Yes. Please. Just, just... blow it up. Blow it up.

Walter is starting to WEEP again.

THE BEAVER

Come on now, stay with me. You can't just toss a bunch of dynamite and run. We gotta bring everything down clean so when we're done, we can put something new in its place. You understand? Now, do you still have your laptop, or did you rubbish it?

A long beat.

WALTER

Who are you?

THE BEAVER

I'm The Beaver, Walter. I'm here to save your goddamned life.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. GYM - AFTERNOON

Porter is in the stands reading GENETIC PSYCHOLOGY TODAY as Norah is practicing with the cheerleaders on the floor.

The COACH calls a break. Norah splits from the others, grabs her bags and moves up to where Porter is.

He closes the magazine. She looks at it.

NORAH

(reading)

Genetic Psychology Today?

He puts the magazine into his bag.

PORTER
Bookstore was out of US Weekly.

He digs her sample out of his bag. He hands it back. She's surprised.

NORAH
You don't need it anymore? I brought others-

PORTER
I'm not doing it.

She's stunned.

NORAH
What? Why?

He starts speak, but stops suddenly. He hears something. A faint WHISTLE each time he exhales.

He mashes at his nose until it goes away, then SNAPS the rubber band on his wrist and continues.

PORTER
Because that's an excellent paper. You're an excellent writer. Which means that the only reason for me to do this would be because you can't be bothered to do it yourself. I'm sure shaking pom poms and being anorexic is a full schedule, but I bet if you put your mind to it, you can work this in.

He stands, gathers his things.

NORAH
Wait a minute.

PORTER
You know, it's one thing to get by on your looks when it's all you've got. But for someone like you it's just lazy. If you're stuck for a topic, maybe you should just go with that. Short skirts, big smile, and get someone else to do it. Worked for me, kids!

He starts to go. Norah looks floored. The Coach yells from the gym floor.

COACH
Norah! Let's go!

NORAH
Hold on!

She SLAMS her bag on the ground, starts pulling out papers. She slaps them on the ground.

NORAH (CONT'D)
(angry)
Does that look lazy to you?

Porter stops. Turns. She keeps pulling more, stacking them.

NORAH (CONT'D)
I write 10 page papers in an hour
and half for easy A's.

The stack keeps growing, heading for War and Peace territory.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea how many times
I've tried to write this stupid
thing?

She throws a last set on top.

NORAH (CONT'D)
That's 428 pages of lazy. That's
six months of lazy. That's 63
different opening jokes, famous
quotes, and follow your rainbow
inspirational bullshit of lazy!

The whole squad is watching from the floor. Porter is clearly uncomfortable.

NORAH (CONT'D)
(starting to tear up)
I've worked harder and longer on
this stupid pointless speech with
less to show for it than anything
I've ever done in my life. And if
you don't want to take my money
because of some insecurity based
bullshit, then fine. But don't you
dare call me fucking lazy.

She hurls her bag at his feet and heads down the stairs, returning to the wide eyed squad. As she goes...

NORAH (CONT'D)
Asshole.

Porter looks stunned, embarrassed. He eyes the stack of papers by his feet.

The faint WHISTLE in his breathing returns.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Meredith scans the elementary kids again. She reaches the TEACHER at the end of the line. She rolls down her window.

MEREDITH
I'm sorry. He just blends in. I must have missed him again.

TEACHER
No, Mr. Black already got him.

MEREDITH
Walter?

TEACHER
Said he sent you a text? Quite a character.

That doesn't sound like...

MEREDITH
You're sure it was Walter?

Someone HONKS. The teacher moves on. Meredith checks her phone. Sure enough, there's a text.

EXT. DRIVEWAY / INT. GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Meredith wheels into the driveway, opens the garage door.

As it rises she sees Henry, bent over a workbench surrounded by wood, sawdust, and tools.

When he sees her, he looks up, beaming. He seems like an entirely different kid.

As Meredith gets out he runs toward her.

HENRY
Mom, mom. You gotta see what we did! Come on!

She's stunned by his excitement. He takes her hand, starts pulling.

MEREDITH
Okay, okay.

As he's dragging her toward the workbench...

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Where is your father?

Henry doesn't hear her. Instead, he picks up a simple, but impressive, wooden box. He hands it to her.

HENRY
You put your memory in it.

She looks it over, impressed, confused. It strikes her as a little nice to have come from her garage.

MEREDITH
Where did this come from?

HENRY
We made it.

MEREDITH
You and your dad?

HENRY
Me and The Beaver.

MEREDITH
The beaver?

Just then, Walter steps from the house into the garage, a smile as rare and bright as Henry's on his face. He seems genuinely excited to see her.

But before he speaks, Walter raises his left hand revealing the beaver puppet.

The Beaver does the talking.

THE BEAVER
Hello, love. Was just about to call you. Any idea where Walter stuffed the power sander you gave him two Christmases ago?

Meredith is stunned into silence.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
No? No trouble. We'll make do.
(to Walter)
Give her the thing.

Walter hands her a 3x5 sized card with a message printed on it. He then moves past her and joins Henry at the workbench.

Meredith looks at the card.

MEREDITH
(reading)
Hello. The person who handed you this card is under the care of a prescription puppet designed to-
(looking up at Walter)
Walter, what the hell is going on?

Walter and Henry begin sanding by hand.

THE BEAVER
Just some male bonding, love. The boy here practically demanded a gentlemen's club, but I won him over with the promise of power tools.

Henry LAUGHS. Meredith can't help but gape at the rare sound.

MEREDITH
I mean, what...

She moves closer to Walter, lowers her voice.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? We agreed.

THE BEAVER
Did Henry show you the box? Kid's a natural. I thought we'd nail a 2x4 to the wall, call it a shelf, but the boy, he's tongue and groove this and miter saw that. I think his head might be made out of wood.

He KNOCKS on Henry's head as the boy continues to LAUGH, but this time it's not enough. Meredith wants answers.

MEREDITH
Walter. Seriously.

Walter and The Beaver look at one another. The Beaver turns to Henry.

THE BEAVER
Henry mate, why don't you run inside, see if you can find that varnish we were talking about.

Henry drops his sandpaper and takes off like a shot. Walter and The Beaver turn to Meredith.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Did you read the card?

MEREDITH
Yes, but-

THE BEAVER
Read the card.

She raises the card again.

MEREDITH
(grudgingly reading)
Hello. The person who handed you this card is under the care of a prescription puppet designed to help create a psychological distance between himself and the negative aspects of his personality. Please, treat him as you normally would, but address yourself to the puppet until such time as it is no longer necessary. Failure to do so will jeopardize his hard won therapeutic gains. Thank you.

She looks up.

THE BEAVER
There you go.

MEREDITH
Is this some kind of joke?

THE BEAVER
Hardly, love it's-

MEREDITH
Will you stop with the puppet!

Walter looks at The Beaver. The Beaver nods. Walter takes a breath, lowers the puppet. His voice is much closer to the tired monotone we heard earlier.

WALTER
Happy?

MEREDITH
No, Walter. I'm very confused.

WALTER
Meredith, this is a breakthrough.
He says that if I stick with it we
can knock down-

MEREDITH
Who says?

A long beat as Walter thinks about this one. He looks to The Beaver for guidance. Finally...

WALTER
Dr. Macy.

MEREDITH
Dr. Macy? I thought you quit seeing
him.

WALTER
I went back.

MEREDITH
So this is some kind of... program?

Walter raises The Beaver again.

THE BEAVER
I'll field that one. The answer is
yes, Meredith, that's exactly what
it is. I know it seems radical, but
that's because it has to be. In
cases like Walter's, cases where
all else has failed, it's proven
quite effective.
(MORE)

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

But for it to work, he's got to really commit to cleaning psychological house and starting over, and you could go a long way toward facilitating his progress if you could just work with him on this.

Meredith thinks on this for a second. She looks past The Beaver and right at Walter.

MEREDITH

And he really thinks this will work?

Walter slides The Beaver back into her eye line.

THE BEAVER

Absolutely. It's very big in Sweden.

She's about to say more when Henry comes back from inside.

HENRY

I can't find it.

THE BEAVER

Not a problem, mate. What you say we get this mess cleaned up? We'll worry with the varnish next time.

HENRY

You're not leaving are you?

THE BEAVER

Don't worry, I'll come round this weekend, we'll finish it up.

HENRY

No, you have to stay for dinner. Mom, let him stay for dinner.

THE BEAVER

That's all right mate, I'll-

Meredith looks at Henry's pleading expression.

MEREDITH

It's okay. You... it's okay. For dinner.

Henry CHEERS. Meredith is still stunned by his demeanor.

Walter turns to her. He looks like he wants to say something, but can't. He just nods, then turns The Beaver to Henry.

THE BEAVER

Right then. Let's clean up the garage so we can make a mess in the kitchen, yeah?

HENRY

Yeah!

Walter joins Henry as Meredith stares, unsure whose transformation to be more shocked by.

INT. FOYER - EVENING

Porter enters, reading from the giant stack of papers that Norah threw in front of him. He stops. He hears LAUGHTER.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Porter steps in to see Walter using The Beaver to toss a salad, grabbing fistfuls in its jaws with little GROWLS.

Henry and Meredith LAUGH at this as they cook.

PORTER

What - the - fuck.

They all look up. Meredith stops laughing. Before she can say anything Walter turns The Beaver toward Porter.

THE BEAVER

Ah, there he is.

Walter moves as if he might hug Porter. Porter recoils, but when Walter gets close, he simply hands over one of his cards.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

We were afraid we'd have to start without you.

Porter reads the card silently. He looks up.

PORTER

This a joke, right?

THE BEAVER

No, son, it's a fresh start.

Porter gapes at The Beaver for a moment, then looks past him.

PORTER

Have you completely lost your mind?

THE BEAVER

Well, I know it looks a little-

PORTER

I'm not asking you, nut job. I'm asking mom.

Meredith starts to say something but Porter cuts her off.

PORTER (CONT'D)
 It takes you years to finally get
 rid of him and you let him come
 back the next night with a talking
puppet?

(beat)
 I knew you were weak, but Christ.

MEREDITH
 Porter-

But he's already walked out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The TV is on the Daily Show again.

NEW ANGLE reveals that Porter is the only one eating in front
 of it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Walter, Henry, and Meredith are at the table. As they eat,
 Meredith is clearly still smarting from Porter's words.

She focuses on the memory box which sits just in front of her
 plate. As she handles it, she tries to put on a smile again.

MEREDITH
 I can't believe you guys made this.
 You never, I mean Walter never...
 I'm sorry I'm not clear on how I'm
 supposed to... address you.

THE BEAVER
 You're doing fine, love.

MEREDITH
 I mean, the tools were always on
 your Christmas lists, but I just
 assumed it was a hobby you'd never
 actually start. I had no idea you
 knew how to...

She indicates the box.

HENRY
 He's a beaver, mom, that's what
 they do.

THE BEAVER
 Spot on, mate.

Walter holds The Beaver towards Henry. He exchanges a high
 five with The Beaver's tiny paw.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
But you know, Walter wasn't half
bad himself at one time.

HENRY
Yeah? Who taught him?

THE BEAVER
Well, I suppose he taught himself.
He was about your age, yeah? Cub
scouts. He and his pop were
supposed to make a race car for a
contest. Only his pop wasn't
around, so he had to do it himself.

HENRY
Where was his dad?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Porter hears this question and MUTES the TV. He looks toward
the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Meredith gives Walter a look.

Walter absently drags lines through his food with his fork as
he thinks. We hear a faint WHISTLE in his breaths like the
sound Porter disciplined himself for making earlier.
Finally...

THE BEAVER
He was in an accident. Passed away.

HENRY
You mean grandpa? From the
graveyard?

THE BEAVER
Right-o. Anyway, Walter had
grandpa's tools, but not a clue how
to use them. Every time he hammered
or sawed or chiselled on his block
of wood it just got uglier and
uglier. By the time he was done it
looked like he'd taken something a
dog had chewed up and screwed
wheels on it.

Henry LAUGHS. Meredith is listening, not touching her food.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Now all these other kids' cars, the
ones they'd built with their dads,
they were things of beauty. And
then here was Walter's, aerodynamic
as a billboard, ugly as sin.
(MORE)

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
 So you know what the other kid's
 called it?

Henry shakes his head.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
 The Turd.

Henry loves it.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
 If you'd seen it, you'd think that
 was generous. Funny part is, when
 they actually got down to racing,
 The Turd could not be beat. All
 those sanded and shiny opponents,
 The Turd left them in the dust. Won
 the whole contest, that little
 mess.

HENRY
 Sweet.

THE BEAVER
 Well, the other kids didn't think
 so. They teased him about it
 endlessly. Turd Master, that was
 his new name.

Suddenly this resonates with Henry.

HENRY
 What did he do?

THE BEAVER
 Got some books and some wood, and
 he taught himself all there was to
 know about those tools. How to make
 things precise, neat, clean,
 smooth. Worked until he was better
 than most of the other kids'
 fathers. And when the next year's
 contest came he turned in a car
 that looked like it belonged in a
 bloody museum.

HENRY
 Did he win?

THE BEAVER
 Didn't even race. See, by then it
 didn't matter how good his car
 looked. All the other kids saw was
 that it was Walter's. They called
 it The Turd II.
 (beat)
 So he told them to piss off and
 took it home.

We see Porter listening closely, unconsciously drawing little
 lines in his food just like Walter.

HENRY
That sucks.

THE BEAVER
Indeed, mate. Indeed. But Walter
doesn't have to worry about those
kinds of things anymore. You know
why?

HENRY
Why?

THE BEAVER
Because he's got me.

Walter goes back to eating. Meredith watches Henry.

HENRY
Dad, can we make a turd?

THE BEAVER
Anytime, mate. Anytime.

HENRY
Let's do it tomorrow.

INT. HENRY'S ROOM

Walter tucks Henry in. He kisses him on each cheek, one with
his lips, one with The Beaver's.

HENRY
Good night, Beaver.

THE BEAVER
Good night, mate.

Walter flips out the light.

INT. HALLWAY

Walter joins Meredith. They move down to Porter's doorway.

MEREDITH
Porter, your dad's leaving. You
want to say goodbye?

Porter gets up from his desk, walks toward the doorway like
he might say something. Instead, he SLAMS the door in their
faces. Loud MUSIC quickly follows from within.

Meredith moves to reopen it, but Walter grabs her arm.

THE BEAVER
He's a teenager, love. We'd only
have to worry if he liked us.

She lowers her arm. A beat.

MEREDITH
Do you have far to go? I mean, you
can stay on the couch if you need
to.

THE BEAVER
That's all right. The hotel is
actually closer to the office.
We've got a big day tomorrow.

He gives her a quick kiss on the cheek and starts down the stairs.

A moment before something occurs to her. She steps to the top of the stairs.

MEREDITH
You're supposed to go to work like
this?

THE BEAVER
(without looking back)
Bright and early, love, bright and
early.

She watches him go, suddenly concerned.

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

Porter is walking around on his cell, Norah's pages in hand.

NORAH
(filter)
Hello.

PORTER
Norah. It's Porter. Listen, about
what I said earlier-

NORAH
Are you going to help me or not?

PORTER
Well... I've been reading your
stuff, and I think maybe if we
talked more about what you're
trying to say-

NORAH
Fine. Come by after school
tomorrow.

PORTER
Um-

She hangs up. Porter puts the phone down. He looks satisfied, mildly upbeat.

Then he looks out his window and sees Walter getting in his car. Walter looks up, sees Porter, and raises The Beaver to wave goodbye.

And like that, Porter goes south. He sits on his bed to think and finds himself instinctively massaging his eyebrows as we saw before. The faint WHISTLE in his breaths returns.

He catches himself doing these things and, in a flash of frustration, pounds on his head with his fists.

Unsatisfied, he pulls a poster from the wall revealing the large dent we saw earlier and begins POUNDING his head into the drywall.

EXT. BLACK HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the outside of Porter's wall where his blows force cracks in the stucco. With each hit, chips fall away until we finally hear a heavy THUD followed by SILENCE.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Walter is jogging. Pull back to reveal that he's holding The beaver in front of him as he does, almost a hood ornament.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - MORNING

Walter showers. He soaps himself and The Beaver.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Walter stands in a towel BLOW DRYING The Beaver.

QUICK CUTS:

WALTER PRESSES a suit. The Beaver guides the iron.

WALTER STRAIGHTENS his tie.

WALTER COMBS The Beaver's fur.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Walter regards himself and The Beaver in the mirror. He looks like a Brooks Brothers model... with a beaver on his hand.

He stares at The Beaver for a long beat. He looks nervous. Finally...

THE BEAVER
Trust me, mate. Today will be
different.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

A wide shot shows rows of cubes. No one's here yet. There's a small card in the center of each desk.

CLOSE ON a single desk. The card is the same therapeutic caution card Walter gave to Meredith and Porter.

NEW ANGLE inside of a pair of cubes, the card in the center of the desks.

NEW ANGLE inside of an office. The same situation.

NEW ANGLE as EMPLOYEES begin to stream in. A couple get to their desks. They pick up the card. They look at one another. WTF?

EXT. OFFICE - MORNING

As people stream in, we see a large sign on the front door. It reads: ALL HANDS MEETING - CAFETERIA 9AM - NO EXCEPTIONS.

They MURMUR about this as they pass.

INT. CAFETERIA - 9AM

EMPLOYEES take seats and TALK, many of them holding and discussing the cards.

THE VP walks in, also carrying a card. A SKEPTICAL MAN grabs him.

SKEPTICAL MAN
What the hell is this?

The VP looks as confused as everyone else.

THE VP
I... have no idea.

SKEPTICAL MAN
This is layoffs, isn't it?

Suddenly the room goes QUIET as everyone looks at The VP for his answer.

Then, from the front of the room...

THE BEAVER
No one's getting laid off.

All the heads whip around to find Walter standing before them, The Beaver raised and held forward.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Get rid of you all and I've no one
to boss around, yeah?

Thundering SILENCE.

ANGLE ON Walter and The Beaver. He clears his throat.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Good Morning. I assume you all got
the cards informing you of the new
arrangements here, but if not,
allow me to briefly explain. As you
know Walter Black ascended to CEO
here nearly two years ago, not
through any particular skill or
merit, but because the hooker our
founder took to dinner did not know
the Heimlich maneuver. It was a job
Walter was ill prepared to handle,
and his deteriorating mental health
since then has led to lapses in
focus, judgement, and eight
straight losing quarters that leave
us facing impending bankruptcy.
That is why, as of now, he is
resigning.

Quiet MURMURING.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
And putting me in charge.

Now the MURMURS become LOUD CHATTER and DISMAY.

ANGLE ON The VP who takes a chair, bewildered.

ANGLE ON Walter and The Beaver. Walter motions for quiet.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Five minutes, mates, then you may
tear me to shreds if you like.

A modicum of SILENCE returns.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
As my first order of business as
CEO I want to take this opportunity
to announce some significant
reforms and goal realignments.

GROANS.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
First, I am rolling back the
cumbersome approval process
instituted by my predecessor.
(MORE)

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

The truth is, he had no idea what he was doing and he reacted to his fear by attempting to micromanage people and projects that were outside his area of expertise. As of this moment I am ceding control of all individual projects back to the teams themselves. No more endless meetings and waiting for the CEO's blessing. You will all be free and entrusted to do the jobs you were hired to do.

This is the first thing they've heard that sounds good. Still, they're highly dubious of the source.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

Second, we have lacked anything resembling a strategic plan as Walter has pursued and abandoned countless ill conceived new product lines and handicapped them by alternately interfering in their development and sleeping for large portions of the day. As of this moment, we will cease work on all but our two core lines, Action Jack and Princess Stephanie. These are high value properties that have grown stale through mismanagement and neglect. We will revamp and revitalize them, and then we will relaunch them at the International Game and Toy Manufacturers Expo in six weeks.

Significant GRUMBLING.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

That's a bloody difficult timeline, but I've prepared a schedule that you'll find in your email when you return to your desks which demonstrates how, by focusing on these two lines exclusively and eliminating bureaucratic delays, it is indeed achievable. It has to be. The bottom line is that the expo provides the only near term opportunity for the significant boost in orders that we require to right our ship.

A beat as he lets them digest this.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

Lastly, you're all highly intelligent people, so I can imagine that you have a healthy degree of skepticism regarding my ability to lead under these... circumstances.

Significant AGREEMENT.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
 So I'm offering you the following deal. You will give me two weeks. At the end of that time anyone who does not see significant improvement and chooses to resign will receive eight full months severance and a glowing letter of recommendation. No questions asked, no exceptions.

ANGLE ON the crowd. This is quite an offer.

ANGLE ON Walter and The Beaver. He waits for quiet. Then...

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
 Understand one thing my friends. This will become a great place to work again. You have my word on that.

From the back...

MAN
 And, who exactly are you supposed to be?

THE BEAVER
 Bollocks. Did I forget to introduce myself? Apologies.

CLOSE ON Walter's lips. He subtly bites the right corner of his lower one before he says...

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
 You may simply call me The Beaver.

CUT TO:

INT. NORAH'S ROOM

CLOSE ON Porter's lips. He's biting his lower one exactly like Walter as he takes in the room.

It's like a trophy case. Awards, medals, ribbons, plaques everywhere, although for a head cheerleader, there's nothing particularly feminine: no posters, no pink, etc.

PORTER
 (regarding the walls)
 This is... impressive.

She shrugs it off. Her attitude is all business.

NORAH
 So, what do you need to know?

PORTER

Right. I guess the first thing we have to figure out is what you want to say.

NORAH

Well, that's kinda the problem. I have no idea. I mean, I've been on this track, you know, school, sports, Stanford for like, ever. I haven't really had to think about what's next, it's just been... obvious. So, I don't really know what I'm supposed to say to people who don't have all that figured out yet.

PORTER

I see. So, your basic overachiever needs help addressing the little people speech. Have a nice summer, good luck in community college. Stuff like that?

NORAH

You think you've got me all figured out, don't you?

PORTER

(looking around)
I'm piecing it together.

NORAH

What I'm trying to say is that good grades haven't suddenly given me this brilliant insight into what everyone should do with their lives. If anything it's the opposite. I mean, when they were expelling me from junior high no one was asking for my advice, but get a few A's and now I'm supposed to have all the answers?

PORTER

I'm sorry, I must have misheard you. It sounded like you said expelled.

NORAH

That surprises you?

PORTER

Depends on what it was for. If it had anything to do with Freeing Tibet, then no, it doesn't surprise me at all.

NORAH

How about graffiti?

PORTER
Let me guess: Stanford Rules in big
block letters.

NORAH
More of an unauthorized mural. I
was going through an 'angry rebel
artist' phase.

PORTER
(shaking his head)
Sorry. Not possible. Does not
compute.

NORAH
Yeah, well, it's in my file. So,
see, you don't know everything.

PORTER
And where's all this angry rebel
artist stuff now?

NORAH
I don't know. It was a long time
ago. Why?

PORTER
Why? Because when the student body
president, chess club champion,
cheerleader, valedictorian tells
you that she used to make defiant
masterpieces you kind of want to
see one.

She just looks at him, unsure.

PORTER (CONT'D)
You still have something don't you?
Come on. Just one look and I'll
write you a speech you could run
for president with. Please.

She hesitates.

NORAH
How about if you just agree to stop
being an ass?

PORTER
Be easier to get you elected.

She starts to turn away.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Okay, okay, okay. I'll be good.
(hand on his heart)
Promise.

INT. HALLWAY

Norah and Porter stand at the bedroom door next to her own. In addition to the knob, there's a padlocked latch.

She dials in the combination. CLICK. As she opens the door...

NORAH
We have to be quick.

Porter suddenly isn't sure what he's getting into.

INT. NORAH'S BROTHER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They step in to find a bedroom eerily similar to Norah's own. Trophies, awards, ribbons, plaques. They aren't carbon copies, but there's a strong feeling of déjà vu.

Porter takes this in, confused.

PORTER
Whose room is this?

NORAH
Used to be my brother's.

She motions toward the one thing that makes this room distinctly different from hers: a painting on the far wall.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Well, there you go.

Porter looks it over. It's not bad. Kind of frenzied. Impressionistic. Interesting.

PORTER
You did this?

NORAH
Yes, yes, it's very funny. So now you've seen it. Let's go.

PORTER
No, I mean, it's... really good. Really.

She's not sure how to take this.

NORAH
Well... thanks.

He goes back to looking at the painting. A beat, then she goes to the closet, opens it.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Actually, I never understood why he hung that one.

She pulls out several canvases, settles on one. She holds it up.

NORAH (CONT'D)
This was always my favorite.

Porter steps over. The style is similar, but it's brighter, more aggressive.

PORTER
Wow.

He starts to thumb through the others.

PORTER (CONT'D)
These are great. Where did you learn to do this?

NORAH
I didn't. I mean, I wasn't serious about it or anything. It was just a phase. You know, my brother was Mr. All American so I went out of my way to be all artsy and rebellious. It was stupid.

She starts to put the paintings away.

PORTER
Why do you keep them in here?

NORAH
I don't. I didn't keep any of these. I threw them out. The whole thing was just to be weird and piss off my parents. Brian, he's the one who pulled them out of the trash.

PORTER
He must have really liked them.

She closes the closet.

NORAH
I don't know about that. I mean, he was always encouraging me, telling me how great I was, how talented I was, but it felt like a big mind game, you know? Like he'd read some psychology book that told him that if he pretended to like them I'd give it up.

She walks back to the painting on the wall.

NORAH (CONT'D)

See, my parents, they were always trying to get me to quit, especially after I started painting walls instead of canvases, and Brian, he was always so concerned about them, telling me how my getting into trouble was tearing them up and stuff. So I always figured this was just his hyper smart way of trying to get me in line.

Porter hesitates.

PORTER

Where's your brother now?

Norah looks at him as if the question surprises her, as if she thought it was something he already knew. A beat.

She walks to the corner and grabs the edge of a large desk. Suddenly, she HEAVES and it GRINDS away from the wall.

She stares at the floor in the corner. Porter steps over. There, painted onto the wood floor is the beginnings of what might be a mural.

NORAH

I got the idea from this magazine. Floor murals. It was sort of my way of making him admit that he didn't really like my stuff, that he was just trying to manipulate me. It was like, you like my shit, well, here you go...

She indicates the floor. Porter nods, but his face says he doesn't quite get it.

NORAH (CONT'D)

I was grounded, everybody was gone. And then he came home. Caught me. He didn't really get mad. He just looked at it for a long time and then he walked out. So I'm following him screaming, 'Don't you like it? Aren't I talented? Aren't I great?' But he won't say anything. He just goes straight to his car, this is like 10 o'clock at night, and as he's backing out he gives me this smile, and then, really calmly, he says 'If it was up to me, I'd let you finish.'

A long beat as she stares at the beginnings of the painting, mesmerized. When she speaks, her voice is on the edge of cracking.

NORAH (CONT'D)

The weird thing was, there was no rain, no ice, no drunk driver. I mean, the car didn't even look that bad. It looked like something you could have walked away from.

A beat, then she pushes the desk back into the corner.

PORTER

I'm sorry.

NORAH

When we went to get his car there was all this floor fixing stuff in the back. Strippers, sanders, varnish. I remember my parents and I, we all stared at it, and I kept waiting for them to say something, to ask me something. I wanted them to. But they didn't. They didn't say a word. And then the next time I came in here -

(she pats the desk)

- this had been pushed into the corner. I mean, it's not like they couldn't figure out what happened. I guess they just felt like words weren't going to change it.

Porter starts to say something when suddenly NORAH'S MOTHER appears in the doorway.

NORAH'S MOM

What are you doing in here?

She sounds more hurt than angry. Norah doesn't miss a beat. When she answers the emotional waver is replaced with upbeat confidence.

NORAH

I was just showing Porter some of Brian's awards. He's on the math team with me.

Norah's mom steps in.

NORAH'S MOM

Oh. Did you know Brian?

PORTER

Um, no, ma'am. Not really.

NORAH'S MOM

Oh.

An awkward silence. They're all looking at the desk.

NORAH

Well, we've got some studying to do.

Norah pushes Porter towards the door. Her mom doesn't say anything. At the door Norah looks back.

Her mom is still just staring at the desk, transfixed.

Norah turns to Porter.

NORAH (CONT'D)
(quiet)
You should go. I'm sorry. Do you
have enough to work with?

PORTER
I'll figure it out.

Norah nods and turns back toward her mom.

NORAH
(brightly)
Hey mom, do you know where that
scholarship notice is? They wanted
a picture and bio, but I don't have
the address.

As Porter exits, Norah's mom finally looks up, nods.

INT. PORTER'S CAR / INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - SPLIT SCREEN

On the right half of the screen, Porter gets into his car and sits behind the wheel.

On the left half of the screen, Walter sits behind his desk so that the tableaux almost match.

CLOSE ON both their faces as they fall into what almost look like identical pensive trances. They each begin to tap their chins with their index fingers.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
This is a picture of Walter Black,
a hopelessly depressed individual.

Slowly match pull backs on both until The Beaver becomes visible in Walter's frame.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Who becomes a beaver.

Then, suddenly, they both seem to wake at the same moment.

When Porter realizes what he's been doing, he SNAPS the rubber band on his wrist and starts his car.

When Walter gets with it, he turns to The Beaver, nods.

NEW ANGLE shows full screen on Walter's office and whips around to reveal THE VP and others sitting across the desk.

They close their notepads and seem satisfied. The VP looks at Walter, nods back.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Employees are working, hustling.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
At work his reforms foster a fresh
level of focus and energy.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH

Walter sits at a table with other employees.

Walter takes a bite of his sandwich, then takes another using The Beaver. They chew in unison though The Beaver's bite simply falls in pieces onto the table.

The employees look at one another with uncertain expressions.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
And for every person who points out
that he's begun to feed lunch to
his left hand there's another to
remind them that production has
already increased by 35%.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Employees are gathered around the table. At the head, only The Beaver is visible, talking.

The camera sinks down to reveal Walter under the table.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
For every person who worries that
he's begun to conduct meetings from
under the table, there's another to
point out that he's come up with an
exciting scenario for the Action
Jack line. At the end of those
first two weeks, not one person
resigns.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Meredith pulls up outside the school. This time when Henry opens the front door, several other KIDS open the rear doors. They all get in together, TALKING, LAUGHING.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Henry and the other kids are all working on various wood projects.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
Things are different at home too.

Suddenly, Walter enters with The Beaver. The kids drop what they're doing and flock to him. He acknowledges them all, but goes out of his way to lavish attention on a smiling Henry.

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Porter reads Norah's papers. He thinks. Starts writing.

INT. GARAGE - EVENING

Kids working around him, Walter, eyes his project, thinks, continues working. The Beaver grips the hammer in his mouth.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
And eventually, what seemed strange
becomes common.

Pull back to reveal that they're working on a miniature desk for The Beaver.

INT. KITCHEN

Henry, Meredith, and Walter eat at the table. They're smiling, laughing.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
What seemed impossible becomes
real.

Porter takes a plate, but stops in the doorway, watching Walter put food in The Beaver's mouth. Disgusted, he leaves.

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

Porter's food sits on his desk, untouched. Instead, he's on his bed POUNDING his head into the dent.

He takes a moment, looks into the hole. He can see cracks in the wall going all the way out. Inspired, he presses on.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON Porter rubbing the knot on his head when HECTOR walks up, excited. He hands Porter a newspaper clipping. The headline: LOCAL MINORITY WINS ESSAY SCHOLARSHIP.

Hector holds out his fist for a bump. Porter complies, but he's already distracted.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
Until it becomes hard to remember
how things were before.

Norah and the cheer squad come by, though now she's the only one not in uniform. He smiles. She smiles. The squad GIGGLES.

Porter opens his locker as Hector is still going on.

His phone goes off. He gets a text: ANOREXIA CROWD THINKS UR CUTE BUT NEED TO DROP FEW LBS

He smiles.

INT. OFFICE - SEWING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Walter works with a WOMAN at her machine. She holds fabric up to The Beaver, takes measurements.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

On top of Walter's desk, there's now an identical, smaller desk for The Beaver.

The way it's set up, you can't see Walter's arm. Just two CEO's at IDENTICAL DESKS and now in IDENTICAL SUITS.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Walter and Meredith are drinking wine by candlelight.

The Beaver is talking. She's LAUGHING.

A long quiet beat. She smiles. Hold on her smile, then...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walter and Meredith are kissing. The Beaver undoes the buttons on her blouse. She looks nervous.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
It's like it's all brand new.

CLOSE ON her face as Walter kisses her neck and then moves down. She looks aroused. Then surprised. Then she closes her eyes, slams a pillow over her face and SCREAMS into it.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Meredith lays in bed looking toward the bathroom.

NEW ANGLE shows Walter's silhouette in the shower. He soaps his own head, then the Beaver's, as we've seen before.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
Like they're different people all together.

ANGLE ON Meredith, her smile cracking into a look of mild concern.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Employees around the table. The Beaver talking. They all nod.

NEW ANGLE reveals conference call equipment on the table.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
At work, they decide to schedule his meetings with outsiders as conference calls. It isn't that they aren't behind him, they just aren't sure they can explain what they're seeing.

INT. FOYER - EVENING

Meredith opens the door revealing PARENTS of one of the kids. They start to come in, but she steps in front of them, closing the door a fraction. She holds up a finger.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
And Meredith starts to feel the same way.

Meredith summons one of the kids who's playing with The Beaver in the background. When he gets to the door she opens up just enough to let him out.

Off the Parents confused expression...

INT. GARAGE

Henry works hard as the other kids play.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
Even Henry begins to worry her.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Henry continues working hard, now all alone.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Next to the original coffee table, is a second, identical coffee table.

EXT. YARD

An enormous bird house is swarmed by birds.

INT. KITCHEN

Meredith looks at a long list of various types of wood.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
His birthday wishlist contains
nothing but wood.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walter lays in bed, face down. Meredith rolls over, blinks awake. She finds herself staring into the large, wide open, plastic eyes of The Beaver.

END MONTAGE:

INT. BOOKSTORE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Meredith is surrounded by the Soccer Moms.

MEREDITH
Have any of you ever tried... role
playing?

SOCCER MOM 1
Jim tried to dress me up like a
secretary once. But then he just
started screwing his real secretary
and I got the house.

ANN, the Alpha mom in the bunch weighs in.

ANN
It's not healthy. Dressing up like
a cheerleader doesn't solve
anything, it just covers up the
fact that something is seriously
wrong underneath.

No one wants to follow that. Ann looks at Meredith.

ANN (CONT'D)
Why? Are you seeing someone?

All the heads turn.

MEREDITH
Well... actually, Walter and I have
been... working on things.

The other ladies look surprised. Ann looks disappointed.

ANN
And how's that affecting the kids?

MEREDITH
Well, Henry's doing great. Mostly.
And Porter, I don't know. He's a
teenager.

The other ladies nod in understanding.

ANN
So you and Walter, you're trying
some sort of role playing therapy?

MEREDITH
Well, mostly Walter.

SOC CER MOM 2
And is it better... I mean... you
know, in bed.

MEREDITH
Well... yeah. I mean, that's good,
but it's not really about that. I
don't know.

This intrigues the others, but Ann cuts them off.

ANN
Well, just be careful. People don't
put on a disguise unless they've
got something to hide.

This seems to land for Meredith. She sips her drink.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Meredith is lying next to Walter, The Beaver on the pillow
between them.

MEREDITH
Did you talk to Dr. Macy today?

THE BEAVER

Indeed. Says we're coming along brilliantly.

MEREDITH

That's great. Did he give you any sort of, you know, like a timeline? For when the treatment might be over?

Walter rolls away toward his night stand and grabs a small eye shield. He places it over The Beaver's eyes.

THE BEAVER

Nothing specific.

MEREDITH

But do you think, like a week? A month?

He flips out the light. In the dark.

THE BEAVER

It's a process, love. When the time is right, we'll know.

Walter flips over, burying his face in the pillow. Meredith is left staring at The Beaver.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Meredith wakes with a start. She hears soft BANGING. She gets out of bed.

INT. GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

Meredith opens the door to the garage revealing Henry, working away on a project. She shakes her head.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Meredith returns, flips on the light.

MEREDITH

Walter. Walter, wake up.

Walter rouses, pulling the mask off The Beaver's eyes.

THE BEAVER

What's wrong, love?

MEREDITH

You need to talk to Henry. He's down in the garage again.

THE BEAVER

Well, tell him to come to bed.

MEREDITH

I've told him, Walter. I tell him everyday. He pays no attention to me. He needs to hear it from, you know...

(indicating The Beaver)

... you.

INT. GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

Walter comes out in his pajamas, walks over to Henry, looks over his shoulder. Henry looks up at Walter and The Beaver.

HENRY

You couldn't sleep either?

THE BEAVER

Actually, mate, I was sleeping quite well. You know you can't be out here this late.

HENRY

I just had this idea. It's gonna be really great.

THE BEAVER

Well, let's have it be great in the morning, yeah?

HENRY

Just ten more minutes, please. Just let me finish this last set of cuts.

The Beaver considers this.

THE BEAVER

I let you have ten more minutes, you have to promise, no more working when your mother's asked you not to. Not at night. Not during breakfast. No bringing your tools to the dentist. Agreed?

Walter puts forward The Beaver's paw. Henry shakes it.

HENRY

Agreed.

Walter starts to go.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Will you stay? I like working with you around.

Walter stops.

THE BEAVER

Sure.

Henry smiles, goes back to work. Walter watches him for a moment. He turns to a table and grabs his own piece of wood.

Walter and The Beaver begin to noodle on the wood. A chip here, chisel there.

HENRY

Will you talk to me? I like it when you talk.

THE BEAVER

What would you like to talk about?

HENRY

Doesn't matter. Just talk.

Walter continues to work away.

THE BEAVER

Very well. You're quite easily entertained, aren't you?

Suddenly Walter freezes. He looks at Henry. There might as well be a giant light bulb over Walter's head.

Walter turns back to his block of wood with a feverish energy. A beat.

HENRY

You're not talking.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Walter comes racing into the room, heads straight for the closet. Meredith sits up in bed.

MEREDITH

Did you talk to him?

Walter comes out of the closet in the midst of changing into a suit. He heads into the bathroom.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Walter?

THE BEAVER

Huh? Oh. Yes. We had a good chat. He'll stick to the schedule.

MEREDITH

What are you doing?

Walter comes out, mostly dressed, a tie loosely slung around his neck. He wrestles into some shoes.

THE BEAVER
I've had a breakthrough, love. I've
got to get to work.

MEREDITH
Now?

THE BEAVER
Not a moment to spare.

He starts for the door, then pauses. He comes back to bed to
kiss her goodbye.

But this time Walter stands back and only kisses her cheek
with The Beaver.

And then he's gone. Meredith looks after him with heavy
concern.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Walter works feverishly at a workstation. The VP is the first
one in. He spots Walter.

THE VP
Sir? You're in early.

Walter looks up. He raises The Beaver.

THE BEAVER
Ah! Just the man I was hoping to
see. Come over, mate. We're going
to need to get going on this right
away.

The VP takes a seat next to Walter. Walter hands him the
piece of wood he was working on. It's been roughed out into
the crude likeness of a beaver.

The VP looks at it. He's not sure what it means.

THE VP
It's... a beaver?

THE BEAVER
It's the future. It only occurred
to me last night that I've been
focus group testing it for weeks.
This is what we've been looking
for.

The VP looks at the crude block again.

THE VP
This?

The Beaver directs his attention to the monitor.

ANGLE ON the monitor where we see various schematics for a beaver toy with a toolkit.

THE BEAVER

It's a talking beaver woodworking set. You get the basic tools, a block of wood, and a talking beaver to work along side you.

The VP looks it over.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

You should see the kids mate. They go crazy for the stuff. They're into the video games and cell phones sure, but you give them a hammer, a saw and a block of wood, I'm telling you, it comes natural. And as for the beaver, I don't want to brag, but there's not a one of them who wouldn't take me home if they could.

THE VP

So... you're talking about a new product line? For what, Christmas?

THE BEAVER

Christmas? I'm talking about right now. Today. This morning.

THE VP

But that's impossible. You said yourself, the only way we can get the new Jack and Stephanie lines ready is by-

THE BEAVER

Forget Jack and Stephanie. This is it, right here.

THE VP

But sir-

THE BEAVER

Action Jack and Princess Stephanie can only hope to take us where we've been. This has the potential to open up a whole new world of opportunities. I'm as sure of it as I've ever been of anything.

The VP looks at The Beaver, then back at the screen.

THE VP

I guess there could be an ancillary market in more tools. Maybe precut lumber pieces. Sort of like Lego kits, but made of wood and you work them into shape on your own.

Walter looks excited. The Beaver musses The VP's hair.

THE BEAVER
Exactly! Now you're talking!

THE VP
But this would mean... I mean, if we could even get one ready, this is all we'd have for the expo.

THE BEAVER
This is all we'll need.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Beaver is at the head of the table sitting behind his little desk, but this time it's The VP who does the talking.

He points to a cleaned up version of the beaver kit schematic and a chart.

THE VP
Replicating The Beaver as a core item along with endless project kits would seem to have great appeal and taking a conservative view of the Lego model's numbers, we're talking about an exponential return.

The staff looks around. They're intrigued, but unsure.

THE VP (CONT'D)
It's risky, no doubt, and if we come up short with the beaver we go to the expo empty handed, which, in all likelihood, would result in a failure to remain solvent.

No one likes this. The Beaver speaks up.

THE BEAVER
Friends, this is our future. Do we want to continue doing the things that have previously resulted in our minor success and hope that they're enough to survive, or do we break with the past and embrace something new, something different, something better. The question is not whether or not this can work, the question is whether or not we're bold enough to take it on.

Everyone looks around, thinking, considering, deciding. A long beat, then...

QUICK CUTS:

PRINTERS SPEW copies of the beaver schematics.

MONITORS SHOW diagrams of the toolbox being manipulated.

WORKERS MEASURE The Beaver himself to get dimensions. The Beaver nods toward The VP.

THE VP nods back and then looks around as people hustle about. He looks proud.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Porter is sitting across from a panic stricken Hector.

PORTER

What the fuck do I always say
Hector? Read it before you turn it
in. It was about your own family
for God's sake.

HECTOR

I just figured since it was
personal there couldn't be no test
questions on it. It's your fault.
If it hadn't been so good it won
that award, wouldn't be no big
deal.

PORTER

Your own dad turned you in?

HECTOR

My grandma, she was so proud, she
was talking to me about all this
stuff you wrote, stuff about her
and my grandad, back in the war,
and then all of a sudden she could
just tell I didn't know nothing
about what she was saying. And she
just starts crying. So my dad, he
call the principal, said he don't
want me to get the scholarship.
Wants it to go to someone who
really respects their family
history.

PORTER

Look, Hector, this is your problem,
you understand. My name stays out
of it.

HECTOR

Man, they're already talking about
expulsion if I don't tell them
where it came from.

PORTER

Tell them you bought it off the
internet.

HECTOR

It's a personal essay about my family. You can't just get those on the internet.

Porter considers this for a second.

PORTER

Okay. I'll make a dummy website. Paper writing for hire. You give them the web address, tell them you sent your money in, got your paper back, that's all you know. They can look all they want, it won't come back to me.

HECTOR

I don't know man. I feel like shit as it is. If you'd seen my grandma-

PORTER

Look! I'm sorry you didn't read your own essay, but giving me up isn't going to change that. I trusted you and you broke the rules, so I'm counting on you to do the right thing here.

Porter sees Norah come in.

PORTER (CONT'D)

I gotta go. I'll send you the fake site address by tomorrow. Okay?

Porter stands to leave. Hector doesn't say anything.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Okay?

HECTOR

Yeah. Okay.

Porter moves quickly over to Norah. She smiles as he nears.

PORTER

Hey.

NORAH

Hey.

PORTER

Was your coach upset?

NORAH

He just told me not to miss anymore workouts. He thinks you're a bad influence.

PORTER
I told you you didn't have to give me a ride.

NORAH
Don't worry about it. I wanted to.

PORTER
So... um, are you busy tonight?

NORAH
Are you about to ask me out?

PORTER
I'm not sure. My plan was to get a feel for the situation. If it seemed like you weren't into it, I was just going to say that I had worked up a beginning for the speech and that we should get together and make sure you think I'm on the right track.

NORAH
And if it seemed like I was into it?

PORTER
I think I was going to casually ask you if you wanted to do something without making it sound like I'd been up all night planning something elaborate.

NORAH
Have you been planning something elaborate?

PORTER
I have like maps and stuff.

She smiles.

NORAH
You can pick me up at 7. I have to be home by 12. And I do want to see what you have of the speech.

PORTER
(surprised)
Um..okay. It's a date.

Coyly, as she goes...

NORAH
We'll see.

INT. WALTER'S BATHROOM/ PORTER'S BATHROOM - INTERCUT

QUICK CUTS of Walter and Porter getting ready.

THEY BOTH carefully comb their hair.

PORTER SELECTS from several T shirts.

WALTER BUTTONS a very nice shirt.

PORTER PULLS on jeans.

WALTER SLIDES into very nice pants.

PORTER CHECKS his face in the mirror, smiles.

PORTER
(to himself)
Please, don't fuck this up.

CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S BATHROOM

Walter checks the Beaver in the mirror, shows its big grin.
He turns The Beaver towards himself.

THE BEAVER
Just let me lead, we'll be fine.

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM

Walter emerges from the bathroom pulling on a sharp suit jacket.

THE BEAVER
Almost ready, love? Reservations
are for eight and I still need to
slip on my suit.

Meredith emerges from the closet in a stunning dress.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Bloody hell, woman. Look at you.

She grins, walks toward him.

MEREDITH
You look pretty good yourself.

THE BEAVER
Oh, you haven't seen anything yet.
The girls whipped up something
special for me. We're talking full
on tux, love. Just give me a minute
to pop it on and we're off.

Meredith realizes that Walter is talking about dressing The Beaver. Her face loses some spark. A hesitant beat.

As he starts for the closet she stops him.

MEREDITH
Walter, come on. I mean, it's our
20th anniversary.

THE BEAVER
Of course dear. That's why I
thought a tux was appropriate.

MEREDITH
No, I mean, maybe this would be a
good time to try, you know,
bringing the other Walter back.

THE BEAVER
Oh, dear, I don't think that's a
good idea. The doctor said very-

Meredith turns serious.

MEREDITH
I do not want to celebrate 20 years
of marriage with a puppet. I'm
sorry, but I've been very patient,
very supportive. Is it so much to
ask that you give me one night?

Walter considers this. He SIGHS.

THE BEAVER
Compromise?

INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT - EVENING

Walter and Meredith step in. We see that he still has The Beaver on his hand, but its not dressed, and not held up.

When the hostess looks up at him, Walter looks nervous, unsure. Then, with his own voice...

WALTER
Black. Party of two.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - EVENING

Porter is driving as Norah reads some pages.

NORAH
This is amazing. Really. My parents
are going to flip.
(beat)
I don't deserve credit for
something like this. I'm just gonna
tell people you wrote it.

PORTER

Trust me, as long as I get a diploma and get out of here, the credit is all yours.

She looks at him.

NORAH

You know, if I was leaving the west coast for Rhode Island I don't think I'd be in such a hurry.

PORTER

You clearly haven't met my family. It's gonna be hard enough to make it 10 more weeks without putting my head through a wall.

NORAH

What do they...beat you?

PORTER

Yes. With stuffed animals and handmade furniture.

NORAH

What?

PORTER

Nothing.

He suddenly pulls the car to stop. He backs up, turns so that the car is left facing the street. He turns off the engine.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Well. Here we are.

Norah looks around. It's not a great part of town. The road is pot-holed, empty, dark. There's a freeway on-ramp in the distance. Other than urban decay, not much to see.

NORAH

Well, look, I appreciate your confidence, but usually if you're going to 'park' with a girl, you want to find a view with more stars and less homeless.

He twists the rear view mirror so that she can see behind them. It's the side of an abandoned hospital building.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Mmmm. Still not doing it for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORTER'S CAR

Norah beside him, Porter opens the trunk revealing a nest of various spray and regular paints.

PORTER
(nervous)
Ta-da.

Norah just stares at them blankly.

PORTER (CONT'D)
The neighborhood really isn't as bad as it looks. According to Google there were less than two murders per square mile here last year. And this place got closed for dangerous levels of asbestos, so it's not like anyone is going to bother us.

She's still just looking at him. He pulls out some of the paint.

PORTER (CONT'D)
The guy in the store was a little suspicious so I had to get some colors that didn't seem, like, vandalism related. Can you do graffiti in Robin's Egg?

A long beat. Finally...

NORAH
Porter, this is sweet and all, but, really, I told you, I wasn't into any of this, it was just a stupid thing I did to get attention.

PORTER
Sure. I know. It just seemed like you really had talent. I hate to see you give it up just because -

Porter suddenly realizes there's no good way to finish that sentence.

NORAH
(almost daring him to finish)
Just because?

PORTER
Because, you got in trouble once.

NORAH

So this was your elaborate plan? To take me out to vandalize a building that's empty because it causes cancer?

PORTER

It sounds less romantic when you say it that way.

NORAH

And what did you think we would paint? Norah + Porter 4ever?

PORTER

I don't know. What were you starting to paint on your brother's floor?

Norah's face goes cold. A beat, and then she walks away, gets in the car, closes the door. Porter stands there a moment holding cans of spray paint.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Porter slowly opens and then gets into the driver's side. They sit in silence for a moment.

NORAH

You know, I don't need you to like, fix me, okay?

PORTER

I wasn't trying, I swear. I just, I wanted to do something you'd remember.

NORAH

I think you'd rather I forget this.

PORTER

Look, I know I'm not exactly your type, so I figured that my best shot was to just try to be really different.

NORAH

Porter, your best shot is to be yourself.

PORTER

Now, see, that just shows that you don't really know me.

NORAH

I mean, it was a nice thought, I guess, but it's... too much. You know? Just stop trying so hard. You're already in.

Porter looks up, then over at her. A beat as he digests this.

PORTER

I am?

She nods, then starts to lean in ever so slightly. He hesitates. Is this what it seems like?

NORAH

(reading his mind)

Yes. This is where you kiss me.

He nods slightly, moves in, kisses her. They wrap their arms around one another. He begins to rub her back.

As he does, his right hand drifts up towards her hair, and then, slowly, unconsciously, he begins to spin a lock of it around his index finger.

Suddenly, his eyes pop wide open and he jerks away as if he's been shocked.

NORAH (CONT'D)

What? What?

PORTER

That thing. That thing I just did.

NORAH

What did you do?

PORTER

With your hair!

He angrily hits himself in the head a few times. As he does...

PORTER (CONT'D)

That's new. That's a new one.

NORAH

Porter? Porter, you're kinda freaking me out.

Porter puts his head in his hands.

PORTER

That's 58.

NORAH

What are you talking about?

He looks like he wants to explain, but can't find the words.

Norah is totally lost. Her face says she's decided this was all a big mistake. She's about to say so when her phone rings. She looks at it, picks it up.

NORAH (CONT'D)
 (bright)
 Hey mom.

Disgusted with himself, Porter gets out of the car, walks away. Norah makes a motion like 'where are you going' but he's gone. She stays on the phone.

NORAH (CONT'D)
 No, we're still studying. Just getting back to the library. Um, okay, I guess. Actually, we might be back early. Yeah. We don't have as much to go over as I thought. Okay. Yeah, I'll call you. Love you. Bye.

Norah hangs up. She SIGHS. She takes a long beat deciding what she wants to do next.

EXT. PORTER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Norah opens her door gets out. When she turns she sees Porter standing by the side of the building. In Robin's Egg he's written:

FOR AN AWKWARD TIME CALL PORTER BLACK

She can't help but smile. She walks toward him. They both stare at the wall.

NORAH
 I know you're new at this, but you usually want to avoid using your full name.

A beat.

PORTER
 I'm sorry.

NORAH
 What was that back there?

Porter shakes his head. He looks at the rubber band on his wrist. Toys with it.

PORTER
 How many little ways do you think two things can be alike before you have to start worrying about the big ones?

She has no idea what to say to this. He turns to her.

PORTER (CONT'D)
 This is like, the worst first date ever, isn't it?

NORAH

Yes.

She takes the spray can out of his hand.

NORAH (CONT'D)

So far.

She walks up and starts to paint out his name.

NORAH (CONT'D)

We're going to cover this up, and
then you're going to buy me
something to eat in a part of town
where no one was murdered this week
and then I'll get back to you.
Deal?

Porter is about to answer when suddenly a spotlight hits them.

They turn to see a police car idling in the street. A long beat, then...

The police car flips on its red and blue lights.

INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT

Walter and Meredith are eating. It's silent. Awkward. Walter keeps The Beaver in his lap. He looks nervous.

The WAITER steps over.

WAITER

How is everything?

Walter looks at Meredith. He nods.

MEREDITH

Excellent. Thanks.

(beat)

You know, now might be a good time
for the...

WAITER

Yes ma'am.

The waiter departs. Meredith smiles at Walter. SILENCE.

MEREDITH

I was listening to the radio.
Apparently it's supposed to be
really hot this weekend. Well, not
really hot, but hot. Above average.

Walter nods. They've been reduced to talking about the weather.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
How's work? Are you making the
schedule?

WALTER
It's good.
(beat)
Busy.

Now Meredith nods. Walter's face says he's trying. He doesn't look depressed. More deer in the headlights. SILENCE.

The waiter returns and places a wrapped gift on the table.

MEREDITH
Thank you.

She pushes it across to Walter.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

He reaches out to unwrap it, using his free hand and The Beaver. Inside is a memory box, similar to the first one we saw, but significantly more ornate.

WALTER
It's very nice. Thank you.

MEREDITH
Henry helped me. Which means, I
bought the wood and Henry made it.
(beat)
Look inside.

He opens the box. It's full of old photos.

ANGLE ON the photos. They're all shots Walter and Meredith in younger, happier times.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
I was looking through some things.
I just thought... it's important to
remind ourselves, you know, how it
was. How it should be.

He flips through. Shots of them smiling, laughing, holding babies. Shots of them in Halloween costumes, at Christmas parties, on vacation. Him with her on his shoulders.

As he looks, Walter starts to tear up and CRY. For a moment, it's just a quiet sentimental WEEP. But it quickly expands into a more hiccupy-breakdown-SOB.

Other diners stare.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Walter. Walter, it's okay. Hon,
look at me. Walter.

But he's inconsolable. He just keeps staring at the last photo, her on his shoulders, both of them laughing.

He's worked up a solid cry now. Everyone is staring. Suddenly...

He raises The Beaver. Just the act of doing so helps him choke back the tears. He lets it take over.

THE BEAVER

Is this what you want? Is this progress? Christ, woman, he's suffering from depression, not amnesia. You think the problem is that he just doesn't remember these things? Remembering has nothing to do with it. He can remember what it was like to play little league. That doesn't mean he can go sign up for a team!

The sight of The Beaver has the other diners really locked in. Meredith is mortified.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

He can't go back. Don't you see that? This is all in the past, and dredging it up... we all know where this leads. We know where Walter goes. You want the rest of your life to be like tonight? That's Walter. That's the best he can do. He's not going back to that.

Suddenly she doesn't care who's watching.

MEREDITH

What does that mean?

Her cell phone is RINGING on the table.

THE BEAVER

It means we've turned over a new leaf. We've got a fresh start. We-

She's not planning to answer, but when she sees the name, she picks up immediately.

MEREDITH

Porter?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION

Porter and Norah sit in chairs against a wall. She's CRYING. He tries to console her. She jerks away.

NEW ANGLE reveals NORAH'S MOM AND DAD marching up to them. They stare down at Norah.

NORAH'S DAD
I don't even know what to say. I'd hoped we were past this sort of thing.

He doesn't sound upset, but numb. But, for Norah, this is worse. A long beat.

PORTER
Sir, this is a big misunderstanding. It was completely my-

NORAH'S DAD
Let's go.

Norah gets up, walks away with them. Porter keeps watching, hoping she'll at least look back, but she doesn't.

PORTER
Norah. Norah, I'm sorry.

Norah's mom gives him a glare, but Norah never turns.

As Norah's family nears the front, Walter and Meredith come in. Porter can't hear, but he sees Walter raise The Beaver and start talking to the SERGEANT at the front.

Norah's dad overhears this. He stops, asks a question. Then The Beaver and Norah's father get into a conversation with Walter pointing in Porter's direction.

Norah's father looks at Walter like he's crazy. He starts to walk away.

Norah and Porter's eyes finally meet. Her look is not sympathetic. It's like she doesn't even know him.

And then she's gone.

Porter drops his head, begins to POUND it against the cinder block wall. As he goes in for another shot...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

Porter pounding his head into his own wall.

EXT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

We hear the THUDS as the stucco breaks away. Porter's actually breaking out. Through a tiny hole, we can actually see in.

Suddenly his eye appears in the hole, looking out.

PUSH IN on the hole as his eye disappears and then his head comes back for another blow, causing more stucco to break loose and the hole to widen ever so slightly.

Another blow and then suddenly his head disappears followed by the faint sound of him collapsing, unconscious.

We hold on the hole, looking into the room from outside.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SUBURBAN - AFTERNOON

Meredith waits outside the school. Henry opens his door, leaps in. But when the back doors open Meredith stops the other kids cold.

MEREDITH
Sorry guys. Not today. Not this week.

They stop mid entry, back out, close the doors. She looks at Henry. He doesn't seem to have noticed any of it.

INT. GARAGE

Henry is working. Meredith opens the door. A moment as she considers things.

MEREDITH
That's enough for today.

HENRY
But, mom, I just got started.

MEREDITH
No more.

He thinks about protesting, but gives up. He puts his stuff down, walks inside.

The way he moves, quiet, uncaring, he's instantly back to being the old Henry. Meredith looks distraught.

INT. KITCHEN

Meredith is on the phone.

MEREDITH
Dr. Macy? It's Meredith Black.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Porter is at his locker. Hector walks up.

HECTOR
Look man, we have to talk.

Porter sees Norah coming. She's back in her cheer outfit.

PORTER
You got the website, right?

HECTOR
Yeah, man, but you don't
understand. My grandma, she's all-

Porter closes his locker, starts toward Norah.

PORTER
Just stick to the story, you'll be
fine.

He takes off. Hector throws his hands up in frustration.

Porter catches up to Norah.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Hey.

NORAH
(cold)
Hey.

Porter reaches into his bag.

PORTER
I, uh, finished the speech. A draft
anyway. I can always make changes.

She stops, takes it.

NORAH
(flat)
Thank you. I'm sure it's great.

She looks at him as if she's not sure why he's still there.

NORAH (CONT'D)
I don't actually have any cash on
me, but if you can wait until
tomorrow...

He looks insulted, confused.

PORTER
Look, Norah, I'm so sorry. I don't know if he told you but I called and explained everything to your father and-

She looks around. Looks at Porter.

NORAH
Yes. That's fine. Don't worry about it.

PORTER
So, we're okay.

NORAH
(still flat)
We're fine.

PORTER
Well, maybe we could-

NORAH
Look, we're just on very different paths, okay? In a couple months we'll be on opposite sides of the country anyway, so let's just stop now while it's easy.

PORTER
That actually sounds harder than just, you know, seeing what happens.

NORAH
No, Porter, you know what was hard? Seeing my parents' faces like that. Going back to that house. Bring all that stuff back up, and for what?

PORTER
Norah, listen-

NORAH
I have to go.

She sees some other squad girls and joins up with them, blends in, disappears.

INT. KITCHEN

Walter enters from the garage. Meredith is waiting at the table. His original card is the only thing in front of her.

THE BEAVER
Hello, Love.

Meredith doesn't say anything. She just stares at him.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
What's the trouble?

She looks at the card.

MEREDITH
I talked to Dr. Macy, Walter.

THE BEAVER
Oh?

MEREDITH
Walter, he says you haven't been there in almost a year.

THE BEAVER
Well... that's... I-

She picks up the card.

MEREDITH
What is this? What are you doing?

Walter says nothing.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Dr. Macy says you're sick, Walter. Very sick. He said that this sounds like some kind of mania. He says-

THE BEAVER
Dr. Macy, Dr. Macy. Who gives a damn what Dr. Macy says? Why don't we go down to the office and see what they say, Meredith? Let's see if they think we're sick, yeah? Or let's see if they think maybe Walter is better than he's ever been. Let's ask Henry what he thinks. Let's ask Henry if he feels better about himself when I'm around, if he's made any new friends, if he's happier since I showed up. Ask yourself, Meredith. Ask yourself if you can remember how things were. See if you can remember the person you threw out of here and then tell us why you're so worried about getting him back.

MEREDITH
So what are you saying, Walter, you just want to live like this forever? Walking around with a beaver puppet on your hand?

THE BEAVER
What would be so wrong with that? I'd say it's been a pretty smashing success so far.

Meredith is stunned. She just shakes her head.

MEREDITH
Walter, you need help.

THE BEAVER
Help, help, help. Everybody wants him to get help. See the expert. Read the book. Take the pill. Well, Walter finally helped himself. You understand? That's what I'm here for. He doesn't need anyone else.

MEREDITH
Walter, listen to yourself! This is insane! You're talking about a fucking puppet!

THE BEAVER
No, you're talking about a puppet. We're talking about a success!

She looks at him, heartbroken.

MEREDITH
Who is 'we' Walter?

Off his look...

INT. BATHROOM

Walter splashes water on his face with his free hand. He stands up and looks himself in the mirror.

Slowly, he raises his left hand until he and The Beaver are both staring into the mirror.

THE BEAVER
I know it's hard, mate, but you can't let yourself get mixed up. You've done what you needed to. You've put the past behind you. You're moving on, and we're doing great. She's the one who's got to let go. And if she can't then... you've got to let her go.

Walter looks troubled by this suggestion.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
I know, I know, but trust me, it's for the best. What we talked about, blowing it up, starting fresh, a clean slate, well this is what it takes. Anything less and we're back on the road to that hotel room. Is that what you want?

Walter shakes his head.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

You're free, mate. You've broken out. All you have to do now is keep moving. Keep moving and never look back. If it's meant to be, they'll follow. But that's up to them. It's out of our hands.

Walter stares at The Beaver for a long beat. Finally, he makes the slightest of nods.

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM

Walter steps in. Meredith is sitting on the bed. She looks up.

THE BEAVER

Understand that we love you more than anything. But you're the one who needs help. This notion of what used to be, it poisons everything, and until you realize that and let it go, it's just going to continue to make you miserable. We've put it behind us and we're not looking back. We hope you can do the same. But make no mistakes. I'm not going anywhere.

Meredith stares at him. SILENCE. She gets up, slowly walks over, looks into Walter's eyes. She kisses him on the cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

WALTER SITS stoically, The Beaver raised beside him.

CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM

MEREDITH PACKS clothes into a suitcase. When she moves the suitcase she sees the memory box.

She looks at it for a moment. Then she drops it in the trash.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

PORTER SWEEPS books into a box. He pauses over the notebook labeled JOURNAL OF SIMILARITIES we saw in the beginning.

NEW ANGLE shows the list now numbers in the low 60's.

He tosses the notebook into the box.

As he's about to go, he stops, goes to his wall. He yanks down the poster he uses to cover his hole. He puts it in the trash, leaves the hole exposed.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

Henry is loading pieces of wood into the back of the suburban when his mother comes out with bags. She looks at him. He looks at her. She can't bear to tell him no.

Porter comes out, tosses his things in. Without a word he gets in the passenger seat, puts on his belt. He's ready.

As Meredith and Henry are finishing up Walter steps into the garage. He stands by the door.

Henry rushes over to him.

HENRY

Why aren't you coming with us?

THE BEAVER

Another time, mate. Another time.

HENRY

But I want to stay with you.

Walter and Meredith exchange glances. These words clearly break her heart.

THE BEAVER

You go with your mum, we'll get it all sorted, yeah? You'll see, everything will be good again real soon.

MEREDITH

Henry. It's time to go.

He turns and walks to the car, the same distant, emotionless walk he's shown us before. Meredith gets in. Henry climbs in. She starts the car.

Then, just as she's about to back out, Henry leaps out, runs to Walter. He throws himself around him, tears streaking down his face.

HENRY

I love you, Dad.

This hits Walter someplace deep. He's moved to the verge of tears himself. He has to swallow hard to get words out, and when he does, the accent is shaky. Still, it's The Beaver who does the talking.

THE BEAVER

I love you too, mate. I love you too.

Finally, Henry releases him. The Beaver reaches down, musses Henry's hair. Henry turns, runs back to the car.

Once he's in, Meredith puts it in gear. She pauses a second, she and Walter sharing a final glance.

Her expression says she can't believe he's really just watching them go. It's a pleading glance.

But then, like that, it hardens. He wants her to let go of the past, that's exactly what she's about to do. She turns around, watching the driveway as she backs out.

The suburban hits the street, turns, and it's gone. As soon as it clears frame, the garage door starts to come down.

Walter watches it until it noisily closes. Then, SILENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Walter looks at the dining room table, empty except for his original card.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S ROOM

Walter stands looking at all the projects, both finished and abandoned. Everything is made of wood.

There are coffee tables stacked three high. Rocking chairs. The very beginning of what might have become a boat hull.

He picks up a small item near the wall. It's a beaver figure, like the one Walter roughed out and took to work, but much more polished, refined.

CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM

Walter stares at the memory box in the trash, the pictures spilling out. He can see the top of the one with Meredith on his shoulders.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

Walter stares at the hole in the wall.

EXT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

From outside, we look through the hole and see Walter staring back at us.

As we start to pull back he walks closer until it looks like he'll lean down and put his face to the hole.

Instead, he reaches Porter's bed and simply falls onto it.

As he disappears from frame we're left looking into Porter's empty room until the camera pulls back and the hole becomes just a pinprick of light in the wall.

And then the lights go out.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BIG BOX STORE

A REPORTER is on mic, a small queue of people in line to enter the store behind her.

REPORTER

Christmas in... May? That's what some retailers are calling it with Mr. Beaver Woodchopper kits selling out in numbers that remind many of the Tickle Me Elmo phenomenon. Davyco, the company behind Mr. Beaver says they're doing all they can to keep pace with demand, but admits there have been shortages. Interestingly, you may recall that Davyco, which had earlier success with 90's fads Action Jack and Princess Stephanie, lost its founder and CEO Davy Conyers in a highly publicized restaurant choking incident while in the company of a paid escort and since then the company has been in steep decline, hovering on the verge of bankruptcy earlier this year. But thanks to Mr. Beaver, it looks like that won't be happening anytime soon.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Walter flips off the TV as the report ends. He turns to The VP who's sitting across from him holding a snifter of brandy.

Their voices indicate that they're a bit on the tipsy side.

THE VP
It's like a hundred million dollar
ad campaign for free.

They both LAUGH. The VP takes a sip of his brandy.

We see that Walter also has a snifter. It has two straws. He puts one to his lips, one to the Beavers, and drinks.

The VP shifts in his seat.

THE VP (CONT'D)
Speaking of, we've been getting a
lot of media requests for you.
We've been declining obviously, but
if we set up a big conference call
we could milk the PR a little
without really exposing too much.

THE BEAVER
Conference call? Don't be
ridiculous, mate. Who's the biggest
request we've had?

THE VP
I don't know. All the morning
shows. CNN. CNBC.

THE BEAVER
Today show then. Set it up.

THE VP
Sir, the Today show is... on
television.

THE BEAVER
Why are you acting like we've got
something to hide, mate? The case
is just the opposite. We've got a
story, not just about the rebirth
of a company, but of a man. That's
a powerful tale and we should be
looking to tell it wherever they'll
listen.

THE VP
It's just hard to predict how
people are going to... react.

THE BEAVER
How did you react?

THE VP
Well, I was pretty shocked at
first.

THE BEAVER

Of course you were. But I've convinced you it's for the best, have I not? And the rest of the staff? How many people have we lost?

THE VP

None.

THE BEAVER

So what makes you think I can't convince them?

The VP thinks this over.

THE VP

It would certainly be a story.

THE BEAVER

Damn right. And who better to tell it?

The VP nods. He's coming around on this. A beat.

THE VP

I have to tell you, in the beginning, I think a lot of us thought this was the beginning of the end.

They LAUGH.

THE VP (CONT'D)

I don't know how you did it, but-

He raises his glass. Walter reciprocates. CLINK.

THE VP (CONT'D)

I'm damn glad you did, and frankly, proud to have been part of it.

They both take a drink. A quiet stillness settles. They regard one another for a moment. Then...

THE BEAVER

I'm going to tell you something. Something I haven't told anyone else. But it's something that I think you're ready to hear.

The VP looks honored to be entrusted.

THE VP

Okay.

THE BEAVER

The truth is... I'm not a puppet.

The VP smiles, waiting for the punch line.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
 I'm afraid I'm quite serious, mate.
 I'm as real as you or Walter.

The VP is struggling, still hoping this is a joke. He feels obligated to say something.

THE VP
 I... don't understand.

THE BEAVER
 Well, imagine Siamese Twins, but instead of being cut apart, we've been put back together. You see? We're a part of a system, something that's fully integrated, shared. He's part of me and I'm literally a part of him. We make one another whole. And now that that's happened, now that we've been joined, we couldn't be separated if we wanted to.

The VP has given up waiting for the other shoe. He just looks uncomfortable.

THE VP
 I see.

THE BEAVER
 I understand, believe me, it's hard to swallow. Neither of us has the slightest clue how it happened. It would appear that when I breathed life into him, he breathed life into me. I suppose I just wanted you to know it's not an act, it's not a gimmick, it's not a stunt. I'm real, alive, fused. And that's not going to change. It's not going to be undone.

The VP nods.

THE VP
 Okay.

A long beat.

THE BEAVER
 You don't believe me.

THE VP
 It's not that, sir, it's just very... strange. I'm sure you believe-

THE BEAVER
 Pull me off.

THE VP
Excuse me?

THE BEAVER
Come up here and pull me off of
Walter's hand.

THE VP
That's really not necessary, sir.
If you say-

THE BEAVER
Come up here and pull me off his
goddamned hand.

The VP sits stunned for a moment. Finally, he puts down his snifter, moves to the desk. He's struck by the size of Walter's bulging left forearm.

He looks at Walter for a beat, then puts his hands on The Beaver. He makes the faintest of tugging motions.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Oh come on. Pull.

The VP sighs. This time he pulls a little harder. The Beaver doesn't budge.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Come on dammit! Stop being a pussy!
PULL!

Now this is getting on the VP's nerves. This time he yanks. Still nothing.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
That's the way. Come on!

Suddenly, the VP wants to prove to Walter that he's delusional. He really gets into it.

He leans back, he GRUNTS. Nothing.

He changes his grip, puts a foot on the desk to brace himself. He STRAINS.

THE VP
(as he pulls)
Jesus. What did you, glue this
thing?

THE BEAVER
(calm)
Not a glue on Earth that can do
this, mate. That's what I've been
telling you.

The VP manages to pull Walter a few inches out of his chair, but The Beaver doesn't move at all.

Now he's frustrated, maybe a little creeped out. He begins to grab The Beaver every which way as he struggles to pull it off like a dog with a sock in its mouth.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey, not my nose, dammit! Let go of my arm you asshole!

Finally, when he's applied all his effort, something lets go and the VP flies backward across the office and into the wall where he collapses.

He looks at his hands. Nothing but a couple tiny tufts of fur.

He looks across the office. There's Walter and The Beaver, as connected as ever. He hasn't moved it a fraction.

The VP has no idea what to think. He's simply dumbfounded.

Walter gets up from behind the desk, walks over to him. He extends his right hand, helps the VP up.

An awkward SILENCE when the three of them are face to face.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
You okay to drive?

THE VP
(beat)
Yes sir.

THE BEAVER
Good.

The VP nods. He turns to go.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Don't forget mate. Today show. Set it up.

The VP hesitates. He nods again. And he's gone.

When he's alone, Walter and The Beaver slowly turn, face each other. Off their stare down...

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LUNCH

Porter slides next to Norah as she's selecting food.

PORTER
Hey. We need to talk.

NORAH
Now's not a good time.

PORTER
Yeah, well, I've called, texted,
im'd, and it never seems to be a
good time.

NORAH
Maybe you should take that as a
hint.

As she walks away towards the registers...

PORTER
I read an article about your
brother.

She stops. Turns. Waits.

PORTER (CONT'D)
He really was an amazing guy.

NORAH
That's what you wanted to tell me?

PORTER
You said you'd been headed to
Stanford forever. You never said
that's where he was planning on
going too.

NORAH
So we're going to the same school.
Big deal.

PORTER
Please. The same school. The same
classes. The same clubs. If they'd
let you on the football team you'd
have identical transcripts.

She heads for the registers again. He follows.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Look, I understand that you feel a
certain... responsibility, for what
happened. But it's not your job to
replace him.

As she's paying...

NORAH
You don't have a fucking clue what
you're talking about.

PORTER
All I'm saying is if you don't want
to see me, you don't want to talk
to me, that's fine. But do it
because that's really what you want
to do, not because you think it's
what you're supposed to do.

NORAH

Where did you get this idea that I'm not doing what I want?

PORTER

Oh come on. One day you're this rebel painter and then your brother dies and suddenly you're making a beeline for valedictorian and Stanford?

NORAH

It's called growing up. You should try it.

She takes her food, walks away. He falls right into step.

PORTER

It's called denial, Norah. You guys keep his room hermetically sealed while you build a carbon copy right next door. You feel guilty so you drop your own life and try to take over his. And as long as you never step out of the footprints, everyone gets to go on pretending it never happened. But you meet somebody and you threaten to live your own life, even for a second, and you freak out. I'm sorry about what happened. I don't know how many more ways I can say that, but I'm not your problem, Norah. Your problem is that you have no idea who you really are, and you don't seem the least bit interested in finding out. You can take all his classes, and give his speeches, and go get his degree if you want, but sooner or later you and your parents are gonna have to face the fact that none of that is going to bring your brother back.

She stops suddenly, turns and SLAPS him. Hard. Drops her tray and puts him on the ground, hard.

The whole room looks up. People stand, crowd in. Some OHHS. They're all waiting.

She looks down at him. She's teary eyed, but her voice is pure anger.

NORAH

You want to hear from the real me?
Fuck off.

She walks away and is immediately embraced by the squad. Porter just sits there until people lose interest, move on.

He SNAPS the rubber band on his wrist.

INT. TODAY SHOW STUDIO

ANGLE ON The VP standing by a monitor watching the back and forth between MATT LAUER and The Beaver.

The VP looks like he's nervous enough to gnaw off a finger.

MATT LAUER
And so what was their reaction the first time you showed up for work like this?

THE BEAVER
Well, I'm sure they thought I was crazy. And justifiably so.

NEW ANGLE shows Matt and Walter on the actual set.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Wouldn't you?

MATT LAUER
But that's not how you saw yourself?

THE BEAVER
Not at all. Mozart was said to occasionally meow like a cat, but he seemed to get on all right. Walter's approach was unconventional because conventional approaches proved worthless. What's important is not how someone looks or speaks, but what results from their actions and words. I think the overwhelming success of what was recently a failing company says all it needs to about Walter's judgement.

MATT LAUER
And this all began as a way of dealing with depression?

THE BEAVER
Sometimes, Matt, we reach a point where in order to go on, we have to wipe the slate clean. Put the problems, failures, and fear of the past behind us and begin again from scratch.

MATT LAUER
Well, I think the obvious question is, why would you choose this particular way to attack that problem?

THE BEAVER

Because sometimes the thing that's holding you back is the very idea of who you are. We begin our lives believing that anything is possible and then slowly we let the walls close in until all we can see is this very narrow range of possibilities. We say things like 'oh I'm not the kind of person who could do this or that, who could look this way or that way, who could say these things or those.' We start to see who we are as a box that we're trapped inside, and however we try to escape; resolutions, therapy, drugs, classes, it simply reels us back in. And I believe the only way to truly break out is to get rid of that box all together. If thinking and acting and being a certain way, a certain 'person', has resulted in unhappiness, why would you keep doing it? Taking your future into your hands and starting over isn't crazy. Crazy is being miserable and still doing the same things day after day. Walter had made a mess of his life, and until he freed himself from his failures, he was cut off from the potential for the wonderful things you see happening to him now. And I'd suggest to you that there are many others out there being crushed under the weight of the boxes they've put themselves in. And whether those people pick up a puppet or not is beside the point. What's important is that they find a way to start over from a point where they really and truly believe that anything is possible. Because it's been my experience that if you can do that, what follows will only confirm the notion.

Matt thinks on this for a moment. He seems surprised, impressed.

NEW ANGLE shows the VP watching, stunned.

MATT LAUER

(on monitor)

Well, I want thank you for joining us this morning.

The VP can't believe they've pulled it off. He looks elated.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. TODAY SHOW STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Walter stands and shakes hands with Matt Lauer.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
This is a picture of Walter Black.
A hopelessly depressed individual.

CUT TO:

EXT. TODAY SHOW STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Walter and The VP step out and are immediately mobbed by the crowd.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
Who becomes a beaver.

QUICK CUTS:

WALTER AND THE BEAVER on Good Morning America.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Who becomes a phenomenon.

WALTER AND THE BEAVER on CNBC.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It turns out that in fact, there
are a lot people out there. People
looking for answers, for help, for
change.

WALTER AND THE BEAVER on LARRY KING.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And they're desperate enough to
listen -

WALTER AND THE BEAVER on A DAYTIME TALK SHOW. The audience
CLAPS wildly.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
- even if it's a puppet doing the
talking.

INT. TOY STORE

A shelf labeled MR. BEAVER WOODCHOPPER KIT has a sign reading
SOLD OUT.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
Retailers find that not only are
they constantly out of Mr. Beaver's
woodchopper kits-

A rack of stuffed puppets is being picked over by a crowd of people.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But that there's a sudden,
seemingly insatiable, interest in
plush stuffed puppets.

EXT. STREET - DAY

We see several people walking down the street, briefcase in one hand, beaver puppet on the other.

INT. BUS - DAY

We see various people with various puppets. An Alligator. A Pig. A Bear. There's an older woman with an Octopus.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
Andrmed with the ability to make a
fresh start people suddenly find
themselves able to do all sorts of
things they'd previously thought
impossible.

QUICK CUTS:

A WOMAN stands across a desk from a man. She's yelling at him with the aid of an Elephant puppet on her left hand.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Some find the courage to finally
tell off their bosses.

A MAN is across a table from his girlfriend. He's talking to her with a Dog puppet.

THE BEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Others get the strength to leave
troubled relationships.

The GIRLFRIEND responds by raising her own puppet to speak.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

We see an ELDERLY MEXICAN WOMAN and pull back to reveal Hector. We pull back further to reveal that Hector is wearing a Kangaroo puppet.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
And some even start their new lives
by confessing to the crimes they'd
committed in their old ones.

Pull back further to reveal the PRINCIPAL. As Hector finishes he looks to the elderly woman. She nods approvingly.

The Principal gets a look of sinister satisfaction. He turns toward the far wall.

REVEAL Porter, sitting in a chair, sold down the river by a puppet.

INT. BOOKSTORE COFFEE SHOP

Meredith's group of women are meeting. Meredith sees a man reading the paper.

ANGLE ON the paper. A headline reads: ECCENTRIC CEO INKS BOOK DEAL.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
So while Walter is signing a deal
to write exactly the kind of book
he'd once thrown away.

Meredith looks away and finds herself staring at the bags under ANN's chair. She freezes.

ANGLE ON the bag to reveal a small plush puppet sticking out.

ANN sees Meredith looking and slyly scoots the bag further under her chair.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Porter stands in front of his locker with a trash can. He pulls everything into it.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
Porter is told that he not only
won't walk at his own graduation,

Norah walks by. She stops as if she wants to say something, but decides she can't. She moves on.

INT. ANN'S KITCHEN

ANGLE ON a table where a single opened envelope and a one page letter are sitting.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
But that Brown apparently takes
academic fraud quite seriously.

ANGLE ON the floor where Porter lies as if he's been shot.

EXT. NEWSTAND - DAY

Walter and The Beaver are on the cover of several magazines.

Others feature only The Beaver.

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Walter and The Beaver sit across from TERRI GROSS.

The Beaver talks and moves expressively, but Walter himself looks bored.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
And then one day, Walter starts to
tire of himself all over again.

INT. TV STUDIO

Walter is giving a local interview. His head is on the table, as if sleeping, only The Beaver is upright.

The Beaver SLAPS him on the head. Walter sits up.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Walter's staff is around the table. At the head, The Beaver talks away, but Walter is nowhere to be seen.

ANGLE ON Walter under the table. He's bleary eyed, surrounded by toy beavers from the Woodchopper kits.

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Walter lays in bed. The Beaver tugs at his hair.

THE BEAVER
Come on you miserable wanker! Get
the fuck up!

INT. TALK SHOW SET - DAY

Walter and The Beaver are on stage with a host, taking questions from the audience.

ANGLE ON a monitor as a woman asks a question. The caption reads: WANTS HER MOTHER TO STOP RUNNING HER LIFE.

ANGLE ON The Beaver. Walter's not even in the shot.

THE BEAVER (V.O.)
He's the tail on a dog, ignored and
irrelevant, unless he happens to
knock something over.

The Beaver dispenses advice. The audience is rapt.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Walter and The Beaver glare at one another in one of those mirrors surrounded by light bulbs.

Neither says a word. They just stare one another down.

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM

Walter walks in and drops several big bags of luggage. Exhausted, he collapses on the bed without changing clothes.

END MONTAGE:

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Walter wakes, still in the same clothes. He looks over at The Beaver who is on the pillow next to him, eyes covered with the eye mask.

Walter carefully turns to his night stand and with his free hand he grabs his cell phone. He scrolls to Meredith, dials.

He puts the phone to his ear, waits. Then...

MEREDITH
(filter, groggy)
Hello.

A long beat.

WALTER
(whispering)
Meredith. It's me.

MEREDITH
Walter? What's going on?

WALTER
I... I don't-

Suddenly, Walter's left hand rises off the pillow, the Beaver's head jerking around, startled.

THE BEAVER
What's going on? What's-

The Beaver shakes the eye mask off, looks at Walter on the phone.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Who are you talking to?

MEREDITH
Walter? Walter, talk to me.

THE BEAVER
Hang up. Hang up right now.

The Beaver and Walter look at one another.

MEREDITH
Walter please-

WALTER
I have to go.

He hangs up. A long SILENCE. Then...

Walter SMASHES himself in the face with The Beaver.

A moment as Walter stares, shocked, at The Beaver.

THE BEAVER
What the hell are you thinking?

Instead of answering, Walter suddenly grabs the Beaver and WHACKS it against his night stand. A brawl is on.

If this plays with any humor at the start it very quickly disappears. This isn't Liar Liar. Walter is truly self destructive and the damage he does is real.

The Beaver hoists a lamp, SMASHES it over Walter. Blood trickles down his forehead.

Walter puts The Beaver against the door jam, SLAMS the door on him repeatedly. He/They SCREAM.

They tumble into the dresser, knocking it over.

Walter PUNCHES The Beaver into the wall head first, leaving small holes in the drywall.

The Beaver picks up the phone and CLOBBERS Walter across the face with it. Walter is reeling.

Walter falls backward into the wall. Pictures fall.

The Beaver grabs Walter by the throat, presses him against the wall, choking him.

Walter struggles, turns red. He's literally, successfully, denying himself oxygen. The veins pop out. The eyes roll.

He slumps and releases his own throat, crumbling into a pile, unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Walter wakes, GASPING slightly.

The blood has begun to dry in lines running down his face. His eye is badly swollen and darkening.

He raises The Beaver. One of its eyes is smashed. Lots of fur is missing. One arm is torn slightly. A moment.

THE BEAVER
Bloody hell, mate. Look at us.

Walter doesn't say anything.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Haven't I delivered exactly what we talked about?

Walter nods.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
I know it's hard, but you have to trust me. We've done the right thing at every turn. We've come so far, mate. There're so many good things ahead. Now is not the time to start looking over your shoulder, yeah?

Walter thinks about it.

WALTER
I miss them.

THE BEAVER
You think I don't? But they want you to go back to something that's poisonous, destructive. Open that door again, even a crack, and you'll end up right where you started. I know you don't want that, no matter how much you miss them. And I'm not going to let it happen.

Walter nods.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
We're a team, Walter. The only ones we can really count on are each other. I told you it was going to be hard, yeah? But look at what we've done. And we're just getting started.
(beat)
What's important is that you know I'm always going to be here for you. Today, tomorrow, forever. Forever, yeah?

Walter looks at The Beaver. He nods, wipes his face. A deep breath.

WALTER
I don't think I can sleep anymore.
Maybe we should work on something
for a while.

THE BEAVER
Sure mate. Sure.

INT. GARAGE

Walter and The Beaver work at the bench. SAWING. SANDING.
HAMMERING. GLUING.

Something is taking shape. A box, but it's longer and
skinnier than the memory boxes we've seen before.

They work on a lid. They round the edges. It's incredibly
elaborate, impressive, artful.

They step back, regard the work.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Walter has opened the garage door. He's resting on the
concrete facing out where the sun is just beginning to rise.

ANGLE ON Walter and The Beaver, quietly, reverently staring
at the dawn.

Over his shoulder we can see the workbench and the finished
box, lid up.

After a moment, The Beaver turns back toward the workbench,
then looks at Walter. The bench. Walter. Something sinks in.

THE BEAVER
Walter?

Walter doesn't look away from the sunrise.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Walter. Don't.

Nothing.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Walter, you have to listen to me.
You will be lost.

Walter gets up. He turns and heads back inside.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
You think you'll get them back? It
doesn't work that way. There is no
going back.

Walter presses the button. The garage door starts to come down, blocking out the sun.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
It won't even be like before. It
will be worse Walter. Much worse.

Walter walks over to the box. He holds The Beaver over it. It's a perfect fit. They've made a little coffin.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
You're going to end up alone,
Walter. All alone. Don't do it.
Don't.

Walter stares at The Beaver for a long beat. It seems like he might be convinced. Then...

WALTER
I'm sorry.

Suddenly he flips on the TABLE SAW. He puts his left arm on the table and grabs the saw handle with his right.

THE BEAVER
WALTER!!!

He pulls the saw forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

We stare at the innocuous looking garage door, just like the others on the street, as we hear The Beaver's SCREAM and the sound of the SAW digging in.

Then... SILENCE.

A man walks by with his dog, oblivious.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

We hear the BEEP BEEP BEEP of a large truck backing up.

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

Reveal a garbage truck backing up to a garbage pile. It lifts its rear, dumps its load.

As the garbage cascades out we see that among the usual bags and detritus there are dozens of discarded puppets.

INT. BOOKSTORE

A shelf with copies of THE RESET BUTTON by Walter and The Beaver are marked 90% off.

INT. TOY STORE

The shelf with the Mr. Beaver Woodchopper Kits is now fully stocked, ignored.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO

The VP appears on CNBC.

THE VP

Absolutely, Mr. Beaver provided us with a much needed revenue boost, but I think in my tenure it's going to be time for us to return focus to the products and brands that got us going and made us great.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON the television where the same DAYTIME TALK SHOW HOST who earlier had Walter on is addressing her audience.

DAYTIME TALK SHOW HOST

(on TV)

While we stand by the message we were trying to communicate, it's clear that the messenger was not well and I want to make clear that we do not endorse any of the tactics he may have discussed here or elsewhere. If anyone feels like they might hurt themselves please call-

ANGLE ON the couch, revealing Porter sprawled, barely conscious. He changes the channel.

Meredith walks in. She stands in front of the TV. Turns it off. He doesn't seem to notice.

MEREDITH

Come on. Get up.

He doesn't budge.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

You don't have to go in if you don't want to, but I'm not leaving you here to sleep all day.

She walks over, starts to physically pull him up. He remains limp.

PORTER

Mom.

She drops him. He goes horizontal again. She looks exasperated.

MEREDITH

Porter, please.

A long beat. He slowly gets to his feet. He raises his arms as if to say, happy?

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Good. Get some shoes on.

PORTER

I'm up okay? But I'm not going.

She looks at him. Considers this. Henry comes in, excited.

HENRY

Are we going?

A beat. She decides Porter is a lost cause.

MEREDITH

Yeah.

Henry takes off toward the garage. Meredith looks at Porter one more time.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Do something. Go outside. Take a walk. See that girl. Steal a car. I don't care. Just get out of the house, okay?

He nods. She heads for the garage.

Porter stands still as we hear the Suburban rumble away. Then he heads for the stairs.

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

Porter walks in. He heads straight for his bed, falls into it, pulls a pillow over his head.

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL

Walter, wearing hospital issue white, is seated across from DOCTOR BANKS. They're working with a prosthetic hand.

Walter raises it, looks at it. He seems pleased. The doctor seems pleased.

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - LATER

Walter is in group, surrounded by other patients in white, each with varying grips on reality. DOCTOR BANKS is at the center of the semi-circle.

Walter raises his prosthetic to talk. Before he's called on a NURSE enters.

NURSE

Walter? Family's here.

Walter beams.

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA

Walter sits across the table from Meredith and Henry. Henry passes across a gift bag.

Walter looks at it, surprised. He opens it up. He pulls out a small hand-carved replica of a brain.

HENRY

Mom says yours got broken.

Walter LAUGHS.

WALTER

Thank you very much. This will come in handy.

A beat.

HENRY

So, are you crazy?

Meredith begins to protest, but Walter's up to it.

WALTER

Maybe. But we're working on it.

HENRY

Does that mean you can come home?

He and Meredith share a glance.

WALTER

We're... working on it.

A beat.

MEREDITH

They... said you're doing well.

WALTER

Eat, sleep, talk, don't hurt yourself. Not the toughest gig.

Despite the circumstances Walter seems relatively upbeat, together.

WALTER (CONT'D)
How's Porter?

Meredith rolls her eyes.

MEREDITH
He won't do anything. I'm trying to get him to take community college for a year, but he won't even talk about it. He just lays there.

Walter nods, considering this deeply.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
He's got to do something. We can't go a year like this.

WALTER
Sounds like he was too busy to come along.

She suddenly finds herself staring at the prosthetic hand.

MEREDITH
He's just... he'll come around.

Walter nods. A long silence. Walter begins to run his hand over the contours of the brain. They all find themselves staring at it.

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - LATER

Henry and Walter hug goodbye. Meredith and Walter follow suit. He's escorted through a door, waves goodbye.

As Meredith and Henry walk away a Doctor falls into step.

DOCTOR BANKS
Mrs. Black? I'm Doctor Banks. We spoke on the phone?

She nods, but doesn't stop walking.

DOCTOR BANKS (CONT'D)
Well, as I said, we're very pleased with Walter's progress. He's on medication, but we've got the dosing at a low level and he's responded very favorably. No signs of delirium or suicidal ideation. And he's been very active in group and with the other patients. Frankly, he's well liked.

Meredith nods, but she's still walking. If anything, she's walking faster.

DOCTOR BANKS (CONT'D)
As I said on the phone, I think
that with some supervision and
regular therapy there's no reason-

They reach the doors. Meredith cuts him off, pulls out her
keys. She hands them to Henry.

MEREDITH
Henry. Here. Go wait in the car.
I'll just be another minute.

Henry looks at her, takes the keys, walks out.

Meredith turns back to the doctor.

DOCTOR BANKS
As I was saying, I'm comfortable
releasing him to your care if-

MEREDITH
Doctor, I'm... I don't think we're
ready for that.

The doctor nods, takes this in.

DOCTOR BANKS
I understand. When you are ready, I
think it would be beneficial for
him to have his family around him.

She thinks it over.

MEREDITH
How long will you keep him?

DOCTOR BANKS
Well, it would be several months
before we could sign him out under
his own supervision, but-

MEREDITH
That's fine. We'll work on figuring
out what to do with him after that.

A beat as he grasps the situation. He hands her some papers.

DOCTOR BANKS
In case you change your mind.

She takes the papers, puts them in her purse. She heads out.

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL

Walter is seated on a couch with other patients facing a TV,
but Walter's eyes are on the window.

ANGLE ON the window where he can see Meredith getting into the suburban. She backs up, drives on.

ANGLE ON Walter as he raises his prosthetic hand, regards it.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

A DOORBELL rings.

INT. FOYER

Meredith opens the door to reveal Norah. They look at one another.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Meredith KNOCKS on Porter's door. No response. She tries the handle. It's locked.

MEREDITH
Porter? Porter are you up? Your
friend is here. Norah.

A long beat. Then suddenly the sound of his radio BLARING.

Meredith turns to Norah. Norah smiles. She understands.

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Porter sits on his bed, staring at the door. He's clearly conflicted, but he doesn't move.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Meredith and Norah are walking away when suddenly the music stops. Norah and Meredith pause, look back. Porter's door opens. He sticks his head out.

A long beat as Norah and Porter look at one another. Then, without a word, she turns and heads back towards his room.

Meredith watches, satisfied, then heads downstairs.

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

Porter sits on his bed. Norah sits across. There's a bit of a breeze outside, and even though the poster is once again over the hole in the wall, it RATTLES occasionally as the wind comes through the small opening to the outside.

They can't seem to decide who should start. Finally...

PORTER
So how was graduation?

NORAH
Honestly? I'd say the fact that you weren't allowed to be there worked out in your favor.

He just nods.

NORAH (CONT'D)
I wanted you to know, I didn't end up using your speech. At the last minute I got this idea that it was more important for the words to be mine than to be good.

A beat. Then quietly...

PORTER
Well... you still owe me 150 bucks.

She smiles, the first break in the ice.

NORAH
You were right, you know? About no one really paying attention. When I finally decided that I had to write the thing myself I thought I suddenly had this great insight that was going to knock everyone's socks off. It was all about how every time you breathe you get two atoms that were breathed by every person who's ever lived. Julius Caesar, James Dean, Queen Elizabeth. You've heard that right?

He nods.

NORAH (CONT'D)
So anyway, that meant that two of the atoms in everyone's breath also came from my brother. And even though he was gone, he was still this tiny part of us all.
(MORE)

NORAH (CONT'D)

And what he'd want us to remember was not that his name was on two atoms in every breath, but that every breath was our chance to put our own signature on a trillion little pieces of the future.

PORTER

Not bad.

NORAH

Yeah? Well, let me give you some advice, should you ever find yourself giving a speech to a thousand eighteen year olds dying to go party. Dead people and atoms? Probably not the topics you want to lead with.

PORTER

No?

NORAH

I mean, I can't tell you how many times I pictured all of that playing out, you know? Me on stage, giving this amazing speech, everyone in awe, my parents weeping, and even my brother, like, sitting on some cloud, looking down and smiling.

(beat)

But it wasn't like that at all. I mean people clapped, but mostly because it was over. Durban, the third time's the charm senior, he got the real ovation.

PORTER

And your parents?

NORAH

Oh, very happy. Very proud. We have roughly 4000 photos of the event.

A beat.

PORTER

And your brother?

NORAH

Not a cloud in the sky.

Porter nods.

NORAH (CONT'D)

I know you think that I've been trying to replace him somehow, and I'm sure that's part of it, but the truth is, I didn't know him that well when he was alive.

(MORE)

NORAH (CONT'D)

He was always something I was trying to separate myself from, not get closer to. And by the time I realized how stupid that was, he wasn't around. So I didn't become this overachieving valedictorian to bring him back. I did it because every time I did something he'd done, every time someone looked at me and saw a little bit of my brother, it felt like we were getting closer. Like I was finally getting to know him, even though he was gone. But the flip side is that after eighteen years I feel like I know my dead brother a lot better than I know myself. And I guess I just wanted to say... I'm working on it.

A beat, then she stands.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Anyway, I should go. We're doing some packing.

PORTER

(as he stands)

Really dying to get to Stanford, huh?

NORAH

Well, no, actually. It's not that kind of packing. I ended up deferring Stanford for a year. I figured I'd take some time, drive around, see if that's really where I'm supposed to be. Or something like that. Like I said, I'm working on it.

Porter's surprised.

PORTER

Wow. Good for you. How are your parents with that?

NORAH

(beat)

We're all working on it.

She starts to go and then stops, reaches into her purse and pulls out some papers.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Oh. I almost forgot. I wanted to give you this.

He takes the pages.

PORTER

What is it?

NORAH
It's your speech.

PORTER
Oh. Well, this is just a print out.
I've still got it on my drive.

NORAH
I know. I just thought... I mean, I know your whole deal was that you could sound like anyone, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized, this isn't me talking. It's you. You wrote it. I just wondered if you'd ever really sat down and read it.

He's not sure what to say. She looks at him, smiles. She hesitates, then steps over, kisses him. It's short, sweet, but it says what it needs to.

She walks out. He looks at the pages in his hand. The wind RATTLES the poster on his wall.

He takes a seat on his bed, unfolds the pages. As he begins to read...

PORTER (V.O.)
Faculty, students, families, I'm here today because I'm supposed to tell you something about tomorrow. I'm supposed to remind you that it's the first day of the rest of your life, and inspire you to seize the infinite array of possibilities that have suddenly become available. I'm supposed to tell you that you can do anything you dare to dream as long as you just listen to your heart and follow your rainbow. But I can't do that. Because it's not true.

CUT TO:

INT. NORAH'S BROTHER'S ROOM

We see the walls covered in trophies, awards.

NEW ANGLE reveals that Norah and her parents are packing the things into boxes.

PORTER (V.O.)
The truth is, there are people out there in big government buildings and insurance agencies whose job is to predict the future. They don't know you or me, don't know a thing about our hopes and dreams, and frankly they don't care.
(MORE)

PORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But still they're hunched over their computers, crunching numbers, and without ever having asked you what you want to be when you grow up, they know not only what kind of job you'll have, and how much money you'll make, but whether you'll be married or have kids, where and how you'll live, and even roughly when you'll die.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL

We see Walter in the ward. He's playing a game with other patients. They LAUGH.

PORTER (V.O.)

And when you look at all their statistics, all their data, all their predictions, the future looks less like something you get to write than something you simply get to show up for.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL

We see Meredith and Walter visiting together. It's tender, quiet. They hold hands.

PORTER (V.O.)

So instead of deluding you, instead of offering you cliches and platitudes, I'm just going to give it to you straight. Most of us will be average. That's why they call it average, because the majority of us end up there. And according to the statistics, this is what the future holds for the average person in this class: You'll die before you're 85.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL

Meredith stands talking to the doctor at the door again. Again she leaves alone.

PORTER (V.O.)

You'll be married, but you'll also get divorced. You'll suffer from at least one major medical problem.

(MORE)

PORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You'll work out of an office, live in a modest home, and never make more than 100 thousand dollars a year. Doesn't really sound that exciting does it? Certainly doesn't sound like the life they promise in most graduation speeches.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

Henry is happily back at work, surrounded by lumber if not people.

PORTER (V.O.)
But what if I told you that the person described in that scenario was not someone from this class, but Albert Einstein. Because while he may have been one of the most famous minds in history, according to the numbers, he was as average as they come. Life expectancy, job, pay, house, all right down the middle. So how come average is probably the last thing you think of when you hear the name Einstein?

CUT TO:

INT. NORAH'S ROOM

Norah is packing her own things.

PORTER (V.O.)
It's because even if all the statistics, all the predictions, all the numbers are true, they don't really tell you anything about what your life will be like. What it will be worth. What it will mean. The formulas, equations, scores, and data, they're just pieces of the story.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORAH'S DRIVEWAY

We see her and her parents loading her car up with her stuff.

PORTER (V.O.)
And if you put them all together, they don't really tell you who you'll be because people are more than the sum of their parts.
(MORE)

PORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I can't stand here and tell you
that anything is possible, because
it isn't.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

ANGLE ON all his books on genetics.

NEW ANGLE shows him packing them up. He rests on a box, looking down, toying with the rubber band on his wrist. He eyes his Journal of Similarities list.

PORTER (V.O.)
Your name is already written in a big book somewhere and certain things, whether you like them or not, have already been jotted down next to it. And maybe those things can't be changed. But what your name will ultimately mean, what it will cause others to think of, to remember, to feel, that is something that's not yet written, something that cannot be predicted. It's something that only you can control. You don't have to believe anything is possible for tomorrow to be the first day of the rest of your life. You just have to believe that when all the math is done, there's still something that can't be accounted for. That thing is what makes you, you. And all you have to do now, is create it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - DAY

Porter sits alone on a bench, nervous. He keeps eying the entrance. Finally, he gets to his feet, heads in.

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL

Porter and Walter sit across from one another. Walter looks peaceful. SILENCE.

PORTER
So... you're going to be okay?

Walter nods, shrugs.

WALTER
I think so.

PORTER
You think so?

Walter smiles.

WALTER
They're just doctors son. They
can't see the future.

PORTER
But they have a good feeling,
right? They feel like you're
probably going to be okay.

WALTER
It's not up to them.

A long beat. Porter works up to asking the question he really
wants the answer to.

PORTER
What about me? Am I going to be
okay?

Declarative, and without hesitation...

WALTER
You're going to be fine.

Porter scoffs.

PORTER
First, Grandpa and now you. I mean-
Again, definitively.

WALTER
You're going to be fine.

Porter's tone changes. He's not combative. He really wants
the answer.

PORTER
How do you know that?

Walter waits until Porter looks him in the eye.

WALTER
Because it's up to you.

Another long beat. Then...

Porter reaches down, pulls the rubber band off his wrist. He
puts it around his father's prosthetic.

They look at one another.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Porter gets into the back seat, closes the door. He's emotional, unsure what he's feeling.

NEW ANGLE reveals Henry sitting beside him, whittling quietly on a piece of wood. Finally...

HENRY
Are they coming?

PORTER
Yeah. Just have to finish some paperwork.

EXT. PSYCH HOSPITAL

The front door opens. Meredith and Walter come out together.

Walter takes a moment to look around, and then out of nowhere Henry comes streaking across the grounds, wraps himself around Walter's leg.

He hoists the boy onto his shoulders. They walk on.

EXT. NORAH'S DRIVEWAY

Norah's parents wave goodbye as she drops her loaded car into gear, pulls away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Norah pulls onto the road, rolls down the window. Wind in her hair, she hits the gas.

INT. PORTER'S BEDROOM

Porter's not here. The room is missing things, even if we're not sure what they are.

What we notice is that on the far wall, where the hole was, is Norah's painting, the one she said she always liked.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Porter sits outside, alone. Thinking. Waiting. Watching.

VERY SLOWLY PULL BACK to reveal he's sitting on a fully loaded backpack.

Suddenly, a huge smile spreads across his face as he spots what he's looking for.

NEW ANGLE as Norah pulls up in her loaded car. She presses a button. The trunk opens.

NEW ANGLE as Porter throws his bag in the trunk.

NEW ANGLE as Porter hugs his family.

WALTER (V.O.)
This is a picture of Walter Black.

Henry gives Porter a wooden compass. He pats⁹ his younger brother on the head.

WALTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A once hopelessly depressed individual.

Porter and Norah get in the car.

WALTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Who had to become a beaver.

INT. NORAH'S CAR

Porter puts the compass in the middle of the dash. The two of them look at one another. They LAUGH.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The car starts. The windows come down. Porter and Norah each stick an arm out to wave goodbye as they drive away.

WALTER (V.O.)
Who had to become a phenomenon.

ANGLE ON the family. They raise their arms, wave goodbye.

WALTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So that ultimately this could just be a picture-

ANGLE ON Walter's prosthetic waving goodbye, Porter's rubber band around its wrist.

WALTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
- of Walter Black.

FADE OUT.