

PLUSH

by Alexandra Skarsgard

BLACK SCREEN.

A few beats of silence. And then--

TY (V.O.)

No.

CAROL (V.O.)

Oh for fuck's sake--

TY (V.O.)

Are you physically capable of not saying "fuck"?

CAROL (V.O.)

Are you physically capable of rational behavior?

A few NEW VOICES exchange words in Korean.

TY (V.O.)

What are they -- ask them what they're saying.

CAROL (V.O.)

Well I don't speak Korean, so that's difficult--

FACTORY OWNER (V.O.)

(Korean accent)

Mr. Warner, we'd like to remind that this is our fifth meeting [with you]--

CAROL (V.O.)

I'm aware [of that]--

TY (V.O.)

No, I'm aware of that. It's my company, I'm paying, I'm aware.

CAROL (V.O.)

Really.

TY (V.O.)

Yes.

CAROL (V.O.)

You're aware that double the budget will cover half of what you've spent.

A beat.

TY (V.O.)
Look, just forget -- I still don't --
it's just not right.

CAROL (V.O.)
So in your mind, what's wrong with it?

FADE IN:

INT. SEOUL TOY FACTORY - DAY

We are looking up into the faces of three people, all of whom are standing and staring down at us. The person in the middle is a middle-aged Korean FACTORY OWNER. To his left is CAROL NICHOLS (early 30's) -- an unconventionally attractive, foul-mouthed ball-buster. To his right is TY WARNER (late 30's) -- a perfectly-groomed guy with boyish good looks and the eyes of a zealot.

TY
I don't know what's wrong with it.

CAROL
So maybe nothing's wrong with it.

TY
So maybe you should suck my cock,
Carol.

CAROL
You know what, I'll look for it next
time I'm down there.

FACTORY OWNER
Mr. Warner, if I can ask--

TY
You don't have to ask, I'll tell you.
(pointing at us/into the camera)
She's not home, this model. She should
be home right now. Everything's
perfect -- the hair, the body, it's
all working for her. But there's
something--

FACTORY OWNER
What is the meaning, "She's not home"?--

CAROL
 (to the factory owner)
 Do not, I am fucking begging you--

TY
 Her personality, it's not coming
 through to me.

REVERSE ANGLE -- We reveal what Ty, Carol, and the factory owner are looking at. It's a toy cat: a beautiful-quality plush Himalayan sitting alone on a metal table. (Note that this toy is not a Beanie Baby -- it's a prototype for the very first product ever produced by Ty Inc.)

It is also revealed that we are inside a large, windowless building filled with workers churning out one type of product: stuffed animals. Ty, Carol, and the factory owner are standing off to the side with three or four other WORKERS/SEAMSTRESSES -- everyone's attention is on the cat.

TITLE: 1983. Seoul, South Korea.

CAROL
 Personality? This isn't Cindy Crawford we're talking about, it's a goddamn stuffed cat, it doesn't have a personality!

TY
 Angel is partially stuffed with PVC pellets in the head and the ass -- and yes, she does have personality.

CAROL
 Can you just--

TY
 Or not personality, what's the word--

CAROL
 --Just make an attempt to not sound fucking nuts for the first time in--

TY
 (to the factory owner/workers)
Presence. She has presence, and you people have yet to come up with a single prototype that [captures]--

CAROL
 For starters, you could stop calling

it a she.

TY
She is a she.

Ty picks up the cat and holds her so she's face-to-face with the factory owner.

TY
All you have to do, is hold her. Feel
the way she moves.

Ty moves his fingers, massaging the cat's soft body.

TY
And when you're looking into her eyes
and she's looking back, you know she's
real and you know you want to take her
home. Don't you?

Ty pushes the cat even closer to the factory owner's face. The factory owner looks more than a little freaked out at this point.

CLOSE ON Ty's face as he stares at the factory owner with relentless, bloodless intensity.

TY
...Don't you?

INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON that same face, now age 69 and stretched waxy from many rounds of plastic surgery.

TY
Don't you?

We reveal that he is sitting across from SARAH, a professional-looking young woman in her late 20's. She is clutching a legal pad and pen. Ty is holding out a plush toy called a Beanie Boo for her inspection. (Beanie Boos resemble Beanie Babies, with huge, colourful eyes.)

TITLE: December 2013. Chicago, Illinois.

Sarah looks mildly bewildered. A few beats of silence.

SARAH
...Do I want to take him home, me
specifically? Or are you asking if--

TY

This is a prototype, due out in the new year. I'm asking for your opinion. Do you like him?

SARAH

I like him.

TY

What do you like about him?

SARAH

I like the eyes.

TY

What about his eyes specifically?

A beat.

SARAH

They're very -- they're very wide, and innocent...

Ty keeps looking at her expectantly.

SARAH

...but also... very alert, and kind of energized, and -- shiny. The pupils are very large, I like that.

A beat.

TY

He looks like he's high on cocaine, is that what you're saying?

SARAH

Not intentionally, no.

Ty opens the briefcase at his feet and puts the Beanie Boo inside, snapping the case closed.

A few beats of silence. Eventually, Sarah reaches into her own briefcase and retrieves a small audio recorder.

SARAH

Is it okay if I record this?

TY

You think I'm going to say no?

SARAH
I suppose not.

Sarah starts the recorder and places it on the table between them. Ty watches her do this, his expression scrutinizing.

TY
How old are you, anyway?

SARAH
Twenty-seven.

TY
So... around 1996, you must have been--

SARAH
I was about ten when it really started to pick up. The craze. I remember it.

TY
So do I.

Another silence.

SARAH
(re: the recorder)
Should we--?

TY
(unenthusiastic)
Fire away. What do you need to know?

SARAH
Why don't you just... start at the beginning?

Ty looks out the window. Smiles to himself, humourlessly.

TY
A very good place to start, right?

We can tell from the look in his eyes that it's not.

EXT. WARNER HOUSE - DAY

A summery afternoon in the Chicago suburbs. A young, good-looking guy stands on the front step of a handsome two-story house, looking like he'd rather be anywhere else in the world. He carries a suitcase. This is a 22-year-old Ty Warner.

TITLE: 1967. La Grange, Illinois.

After a few beats, the front door opens and we meet Ty's father, HAROLD "HAL" WARNER (mid-50's) -- slickly handsome, charming when he wants to be.

Hal looks at Ty, evaluating. Almost remembers to smile.

HAL

The prodigal son returns.

TY

Or just the son.

After an awkward beat, Hal steps aside to let Ty enter the house. The door shuts behind them.

INT. WARNER HOUSE - DAY

The house is grand, but dark and dead-feeling. Ty's steps slow a few feet into the foyer. He turns to face his father.

TY

Where's Joyce at?

HAL

She's in her room.

TY

And Mom, she's--

HAL

In her room.

TY

Yeah.

Ty breaks his father's gaze and starts upstairs.

HAL

Ty.

Ty turns, reluctantly.

HAL

You and me -- we're going to have dinner and we're going to have a chat.

TY

It's been a long day.

HAL
It's non-negotiable.

Hal walks off into another room. Ty watches him go, and then continues trudging upstairs.

INT. WARNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Ty puts his suitcase down outside the closed door to a bedroom. Presses his ear to the door and hears nothing. Knocks gently.

TY
Mom?

No one answers. After a moment's hesitation, he slowly twists open the doorknob and enters--

INT. WARNER HOUSE - GEORGIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A sparsely-decorated room. A woman sits on the bed, facing the window with her back to Ty. She's middle-aged, painfully thin, with a look on her face that suggests she's not altogether sane -- which she isn't. This is Ty's mother, GEORGIA (late 40's).

TY
Hi Mom.

Georgia turns her head. Sees Ty. Doesn't react.

GEORGIA
Hello Ty.

Ty walks slowly to come and sit on the bed next to her.

TY
I'm back.

GEORGIA
Mm-hm.

But her mind is elsewhere. After a moment, she turns to him--

GEORGIA
I heard men come into the house.

A beat.

TY
One man came into the house, and that

man was me.

GEORGIA
It's the intelligence agency, they're
co-conspirators--

TY
Mom--

GEORGIA
(more urgently)
Your father is in on it. He's trying
to--

TY
Mom, listen--

GEORGIA
He's trying to murder me. They're all
in on it. They're here. Do you
understand, I'm not safe here--

Ty takes his mother by the shoulders, gently. Looks into her eyes and speaks slowly and clearly.

TY
Mom. This is Ty. I love you. And I can
promise that you're safe here. No one
is in on anything.

Georgia's breathing evens out as she focuses on Ty, but her expression does not soften.

INT. WARNER HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Ty is leaning over a sink, closely examining his reflection in the mirror. He doesn't simply stare -- he pokes and prods, squeezes and stretches skin -- looking for flaws and finding them everywhere. It's a routine that's uncomfortable to watch -- one that's suggestive of an inner torment much deeper and darker than the leftover insecurities of adolescence.

Then -- Ty jumps as he catches sight of a girl behind him in the mirror. He whips around to see his 18-year-old sister, JOYCE, standing in the bathroom doorway.

TY
Joyce, you scared the shit out of me.

JOYCE
Well don't say you're glad to see me,

or anything.

TY
I'm glad to see you.

JOYCE
Welcome home.
(then)
What the hell are you doing in here?

TY
Just washing up.

JOYCE
I didn't hear the water running.

TY
Let's go to your room.

INT. WARNER HOUSE - JOYCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Joyce is sprawled on her bed, smoking a cigarette with the window open. Ty sits on the floor in front of her.

TY
It was a scorcher of a Tuesday, same old six o'clock shift, I was putting in the hours... and then who should walk in the door and sit at my station but The Hustler himself.

JOYCE
("get out")
No. Paul Newman?

TY
Yes.

JOYCE
What was he like?

TY
Wait for it. So I get myself together and I go over and I take his order. Club sandwich and soda. I get it for him, I say nothing.

JOYCE
This story is not paying off.

TY

Wait for it. So he finishes, pays the check -- nice tip, by the way -- and just as he's about to leave, he looks straight at me -- you know he's got those eyes -- and he says "Son, you're the first person in a long time who's had the decency to treat me like a human being and not some good for public consumption." And so of course then I say how much I admire his work and he's a hero of mine and I'm actually trying to break into the business myself -- and then I swear to God, Joyce, he says, "You give me your number, and if a part ever comes up in one of my movies, we'll be sure to give you a ring."

Ty looks up at Joyce, gives a shrug and a wistful half-smile.

TY

So who knows. Hollywood might call me back yet.

Joyce looks awestruck for a few beats. And then--

JOYCE

Bullshit.

They burst into laughter.

TY

You should have seen your face--

JOYCE

You're such an asshole--

TY

But that was pretty good, right? You have to admit--

JOYCE

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, you really had me there for a minute--

TY

I did though! You swallowed it whole!

Joyce shakes her head and smiles at her brother.

JOYCE

I did miss you though -- you making me laugh. If you keep doing it, I'll forgive you for leaving me alone with them for four years.

Ty's expression turns serious.

TY

How are things here?

Joyce's smile slips, and then disappears altogether.

JOYCE

The same.

TY

How's Mom?

JOYCE

Crazy.

TY

Why does she think Dad's conspiring with an intelligence agency?

JOYCE

(testy)

I don't know, I don't talk to her.

TY

Do you talk to Dad?

JOYCE

What do you think.

TY

So -- who do you talk to?

JOYCE

Who do you talk to?

They look at each other, unsmiling.

INT. WARNER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ty is standing over an old grand piano in the middle of the room, his expression a strange mix of nostalgia and apprehension.

Eventually he sits down on the bench. Slowly, uncertainly

raises one hand. He places his fingers on the dusty keys, but does not play -- lost in a memory.

Then -- Ty jumps as the silence is shattered by his father's voice, calling to him from another room:

HAL
Ty! Get in here!

INT. WARNER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ty and Hal sit across from each other at the dining table, TV dinners in front of them.

TY
Jesus, it's been two hours, can we
just eat this shit [in silence for]--

HAL
(over)
It's been four years, and then 18
before that -- crisscrossing the
country, busting my ass, taking care
of you and your sister and your
mother.

TY
Providing for.

HAL
What?

TY
You said 'taking care of' -- you meant
'providing for'. Just a small thing,
but...

Hal ignores this.

HAL
I talked to my boss. He's gonna let
you come on as my sub-rep.

Ty stares. Lets out a small noise of disbelief.

TY
A job at Dakin. Your job.

HAL
I said sub-rep.

TY
I'm not a toy salesman.

HAL
No, you're not Paul Newman. You may
very well be a toy salesman.
(beat)
It goes like this, Ty: You can take
the job, or you can find another by
the end of the week. Otherwise, you're
out of the house.

Ty won't meet his eyes. He's pissed and humiliated.

TY
You know Mom thinks you're trying to
kill her.

HAL
Oh for -- do you think I am?

TY
I think she needs help that you're not
giving her.

HAL
Why is this always -- why do you pin
this on me? What am I supposed to do?
I'm scared of Mom, you're scared of
Mom, Joyce--

Ty stands up and moves from the table.

HAL
Where the hell do you think you're
going?

TY
I'm meeting a friend. Can I borrow the
car? Thanks--

HAL
(over)
No you're n-- sit back down.

TY
You gonna make me?

A long look between them. And then Ty leaves the room. After
a few seconds, we hear the front door slam.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (LATER)

In the backseat of a car parked on a quiet residential street, we find Ty and an attractive woman in her late 30's/early 40's (NANCY). They're half-dressed, sharing a cigarette.

NANCY

So the boy next door grew up.

TY

Except I'm not next door anymore. When did you sell the house?

NANCY

After the divorce. I got custody of the girls. The ex got custody of most everything else.

TY

Did he ever find out? About us?

NANCY

You're alive, aren't you?

A beat. They sort of smile at each other.

NANCY

And you were in Los Angeles all this time.

TY

Yep.

NANCY

Why'd you come back?

TY

Because I found out it's possible for the star at school in Kalamazoo, Michigan to be the guy who never gets a callback in Hollywood, California. I didn't want to park cars and wait tables for the rest of my life in a city that was indifferent to me.

NANCY

So what are you going to do now?

TY

Run away again. Maybe Italy. *La Dolce Vita*. *Scandal in Sorrento*. Fellini,

Rossellini, Pasolini. Like Alain Delon,
in that one based on the Patricia
Highsmith novel.

NANCY

And what's all that going to cost?

TY

Money. Which is more than I have.

NANCY

Go back to school then. That, or get a
real job.

TY

God, you sound like my father.

(beat)

He's trying to get me to work for him.
As his sub-rep.

NANCY

Does that pay well?

TY

I don't care, I'm not doing it. I
won't give him another opportunity to
get off on the feeling of being the
big man. Also, I refuse to be a
salesman, unless it's in a play by
Arthur Miller.

Nancy takes a long drag.

NANCY

Well, I, for one, think you'd make a
very good salesman, maybe even an
excellent one. What's more, I think
you'd enjoy it.

TY

You do.

NANCY

It's acting, isn't it? Convincing
people they need whatever it is you're
selling?

TY

You're talking about politics. And
prostitution.

NANCY

I'm talking about playing a part -- one I suspect you'd play well. And if I'm right, and you did, your father wouldn't look at all like the big man. He'd look like the man who brought in under him the young stud who beat the old goat at his own game.

Ty looks at her, intrigued against his will.

INT. WARNER HOUSE - TY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The next day. Alone in his childhood room, Ty opens the drawer of his bedside table and removes from within it a worn, old-fashioned teddy bear.

Ty stares at it for a few moments before sitting down on the bed. He examines the bear's face and stitching. Presses his nose to the top of its head, breathes in deeply. The look in his eyes is that of a person torn between wanting to remember and wanting to forget.

Eventually, he gets up and returns the bear to the drawer. Closes it firmly.

CLOSE ON his face as he stands perfectly still, lost in thought.

INT. WARNER HOUSE - TY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Ty works at his desk, drafting what looks like a short speech on scrap paper. He mumbles to himself, scratching out lines and adding new ones.

INT. WARNER HOUSE - TY'S BEDROOM - LATER

In a scene vaguely reminiscent of De Niro in *Taxi Driver*, Ty stands in front of a full-length mirror -- alternating between styling his hair, practicing a certain type of million-watt smile, and rehearsing what sounds like a sales pitch (which we will hear in full in the following scenes).

EXT. NORMA'S TOYS - DAY

The door of a small-town toy shop opens to reveal a frumpy-looking, middle-aged store owner (NORMA).

Before she can speak, Ty -- standing in front of her, holding a sample trunk -- flashes a well-practiced million-watt smile.

TY

Hi Norma. My name is Ty Warner, I'm a representative from the Dakin Toy Company. If you have time today, I'd love to take you through our line of plush products.

He's slick, subtly flirtatious. Norma's almost breathless.

INT. NORMA'S TOYS - BACK ROOM - DAY

The sample trunk is open. Ty is holding the stuffed dog we saw in the previous scene for Norma to take a look at.

TY

I think the ultimate question, Norma, is this: What makes a toy a "him", and not an "it"? If you ask me, it comes down to a certain intangible quality I think is best described as "presence".

Ty locks eyes with Norma. She's mesmerized.

TY

When you're looking into his eyes and he's looking back, you know he's real and you know you want to take him home. Don't you?

OFF Norma's face--

EXT. NORMA'S TOYS - DAY

Ty blows out of the shop with his trunk. There's a swagger in his step now. He puts his sunglasses on, and music kicks in.

In a SERIES OF SCENES, we see the doors to three different small-town toy shops open, and Ty flash his million-watt smile for three different SHOP OWNERS. The third owner is a surprisingly attractive young woman. We see Ty winning over the first two shop owners with his pitch -- and we see him fucking the third, attractive shop owner against the wall in the back room. We end with CLOSEUPS of three different hands signing off on order forms.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ty exits yet another shop and swaggers down the sidewalk. He is now 35. He is wearing a long fur coat and a top hat and carrying a cane. Eventually, he arrives at a white Rolls-Royce, gets in, and starts up the engine.

TITLE: 1980.

INT. DAKIN INC. - NIZAMIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON the face of a woman named VIRGINIA KEMP (40's).

VIRGINIA
Fire Ty Warner.

We're in the glass-walled office of HAROLD NIZAMIAN, CEO of Dakin (50's). Harold is sitting behind his desk while Virginia stands in front of him.

NIZAMIAN
To be clear, Virginia -- this is a request based on personal dislike.

VIRGINIA
Yes.

NIZAMIAN
And I have trouble with that, because from a professional standpoint, neither of us can deny that Ty Warner is an incredibly gifted salesman--

VIRGINIA
He doesn't think he's a salesman, Harry. He thinks he could and should run this company, and he goes out of his way to let me and everyone else who works here know it.

NIZAMIAN
You're saying he's confident?

VIRGINIA
I'm saying he's an asshole.

The door to Harold's office opens. This time, sales supervisor PAUL ROCHE (40's) enters.

NIZAMIAN
Hello Paul.

PAUL
Sir. I'd appreciate it very much if you were to fire Ty Warner.

NIZAMIAN
And what, exactly, has Ty Warner done

that in your eyes merits termination?

PAUL

He's an asshole.

VIRGINIA

See?

At that moment, we hear the soft rap of knuckles on glass. Virginia and Paul turn around to see Ty Warner, with his fur coat, top hat and cane, waving at them from outside Nizamian's office. His smile says he knows exactly what they're talking about.

Nizamian smiles and waves back. Virginia and Paul do not. Once Ty has stopped waving and moved out of sight--

NIZAMIAN

Is he bad at his job? Can you honestly tell me he's not good at what he does?

PAUL

No sir, he's the best salesman I've ever seen. I'm telling you he's a conniving egomaniac and a toxic presence in this workplace, and that's gotta count for something.

NIZAMIAN

It does. Unless we're talking about the best salesman we've ever seen.

INT. DAKIN INC. - DAY

We follow Ty through the offices of one of the most successful plush toy companies in the industry. The people he passes watch him -- their expressions vary from awe (the young female employees) to distaste (everyone else). Ty either smiles/winks at the people he passes (the pretty young female employees) or ignores them (everyone else).

INT. DAKIN INC. - OUTSIDE TY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ty turns a corner to head in the direction of his secretary's desk. The secretary we recognize as Carol Nichols.

TY

Hi Carol.

CAROL
(not looking at him, writing
something down)
Lowell and Sons wants to double their
next order, as per your
recommendation. Same with Canton
Hobbies. Ditto The Toy Box in
Youngstown.

She glances up at him.

CAROL
What's with the pimp costume?

TY
Peacocking. It's a sales tactic.

CAROL
Yeah, I bet it's really effective.

TY
It is.

He starts to swagger past her to his office door.

TY
(mock-dramatically)
Yes, I've been in this business for
over 13 years now, Carol, and let me
tell you: it's all about the people.
Understanding them, their psychology,
what makes them tick and gets them hot--

CAROL
It's funny, because I wouldn't
necessarily describe you as a "people
person". Did I tell you Paul Roche
wants to meet you in his office after
lunch? Again?

Ty stops.

CAROL
Why exactly do you insist on fucking
with him?

TY
I don't fuck with him. I just don't
care what these people think of me.

CAROL
Well, they think you're a prick.

TY
Who does?

CAROL
Everyone.

TY
You don't think I'm a prick.

CAROL
What gave you that impression?

But there's a hint of a smile at the corner of her mouth.

INT. DINER - DAY

Ty and Joyce sit in a booth by the window. Joyce is now in her early 30's -- older, thicker, and more miserable.

TY
Have you seen Mom recently?

JOYCE
No.

TY
I went to visit her a few weeks ago.
She's not good, Joyce. We really have
to take her to see somebody.

JOYCE
You take her to see somebody.

TY
I'll tell you who should take her to
see somebody is Dad. Whether or not
they're still married is irrelevant --
there are certain responsibilities you
don't get to divorce your way out of.

JOYCE
Can we just talk about something else?
I feel like I never see you anymore.
And I feel that way because, in fact,
I never see you anymore.

TY
Yeah, well. I've been busy.

JOYCE
With what? Work?

TY
Yep.

JOYCE
So that's it? You're done? You're gonna work at Dakin for the rest of your life?

TY
If I keep making six figures a year, sure.

JOYCE
So much for being an actor, I guess.
So much for "I swear to God I'll never be like our father."

TY
I'm not like Dad.

JOYCE
You're salesmen at the same company.

TY
Look, you think you understand what it is that I do and you don't. I am an actor, Joyce, and I'm giving what is perhaps the single greatest performance in the history of American consumerism. I'm the Wizard of Oz. That's why everyone I work with hates me.

JOYCE
The Wizard of Oz was a little bald balloonist and he was also a con-man and a liar.

A beat.

TY
What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

Joyce shrugs. Ty stares at her for a moment, and then--

TY
Also, I'm starting to get involved in

the design process. You know, product development.

JOYCE

The Wizard of Oz and Geppetto.

TY

That's right.

INT. TY'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An immaculately-kept condo filled with sumptuous furniture and art. An expensive grand piano sits in one corner. A Rolling Stones record sits in an expensive record player, the stylus in the last groove. Despite all the luxurious trappings, there is a distinct air of gloom in this place.

Ty, dressed in a robe, stands in front of an ornate mirror, examining his face. A strange kind of torment lurks behind his eyes as he stares at himself.

Then, abruptly, he walks away from the mirror.

INT. TY'S CONDO - OFFICE - NIGHT

Ty sits hunched over his desk, working on a sketch of something with laser-like focus. He's surrounded by pages of notes, fabric samples, stuffed animals from several different brands (some of them half-ripped apart), and rough sketches of plush toys that do not yet exist.

This is Ty's secret passion project, an outlet that for some reason brings him total peace. His face is relaxed, his eyes no longer simmering with that quiet torment.

INT. DAKIN INC. - NIZAMIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ty is standing in front of Harold Nizamian.

TY

Sir, I want to talk to you about the possibility of taking a more active role in product development.

A beat.

NIZAMIAN

Well. Virginia is the one in charge of Dakin's product development.

TY

But you're in charge of Dakin.

NIZAMIAN

Yes. I am.

TY

And I'm telling you that I can make
your company more money.

A long silence.

NIZAMIAN

You know, Ty... I can talk it over
with Virginia, but it's my duty to
ensure that every sales representative
at this company is given the same
rights and responsibilities--

TY

But I'm not every sales
representative.

NIZAMIAN

That's right, you're a very good sales
representative.

TY

I'm the best.

Harold's smile is kind but it's clear his mind is made up.

NIZAMIAN

I'll talk it over with Virginia.

INT. TY'S CONDO - OFFICE - NIGHT

Ty is leaned back in his office chair, staring dejectedly at
his sketches and fabric samples. Then -- the phone on his
desk rings.

TY

(answering)

Hello?

He listens -- and his face is suddenly tight with panic.

TY

Mom? Mom, what is it?

(beat)

I can't-- just tell me where you--

Mom!

He takes the receiver away from his ear, stares at it -- the person on the other end has hung up. After a moment, he jumps to his feet.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ty, Joyce and Hal (now in his late 60's) stand in the hallway outside a patient room, speaking to a DOCTOR. In the room, we see Georgia (now in her early 60's), sedated in bed.

DOCTOR

Now we'll keep her here for a while just to get her symptoms under control, but you have to remember that this is a lifelong illness. You need the right treatment and you need consistent treatment to manage it effectively. The good news is that with a combination of medication and therapy, and a strong support system, I'm confident she'll be able to lead a relatively normal--

TY

Is it bad that we didn't bring her in until now?

A beat.

DOCTOR

Ideally, with paranoid schizophrenia, you want an early diagnosis and treatment, but the important thing is we know now.

Joyce and Hal look at the ground. Ty is ashen-faced.

DOCTOR

I've got to run, but if you have any other questions, just let the nurse know.

The doctor leaves. There is a long silence.

TY

(to himself)

I can't believe this.

HAL

He said the important thing is we know
now--

TY

You knew what was wrong with her. You
knew for 30 years.

JOYCE

Ty, just--

But Ty doesn't listen. He turns and strides down the hallway,
headed for the exit.

INT. TY'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ty paces the room, drink in hand -- seething, mind whirring.

And then -- he stops. He has come to a decision about
something. He walks over to a phone and dials a number. Waits
while it rings.

TY

Yeah, hi -- it's Ty Warner. I need a
favour. And before you say anything,
let me tell you that I'm willing to
pay.

INT. DAKIN INC. - NIZAMIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The phone rings. Harold Nizamian, his eyes on paperwork,
answers.

NIZAMIAN

Yep.

(beat)

Put them on.

He listens -- and reacts.

NIZAMIAN

He's doing what?

INT. DAKIN INC. - NIZAMIAN'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

A folder full of paper is tossed onto Nizamian's desk.

There are three men in Nizamian's office -- Nizamian, Paul
Roche, and a PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

Yeah, pretty much what they said.
Warner's pitched his own line of plush
toys to 15 Dakin accounts. He's got
sketches and some prototypes -- must
have used your manufacturers. Looks
like he's gearing up to launch his own
business.

Nizamian and Paul look at each other. Paul looks positively
euphoric. Nizamian looks resigned.

PAUL

Now what?

A long pause.

NIZAMIAN

Now, we give the greatest salesman
this company has ever seen his two
weeks notice.

EXT. TY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Hal stands outside the front door, pounding it with his fist.

HAL

Ty! TY! Open the goddamn door!
(beat)

TY!

INT. TY'S CONDO - TY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ty is packing a suitcase. Hal is furious.

HAL

A competing business? What in the fuck
were you thinking?

TY

Is that really of great relevance to
you?

HAL

I got you this job!--

TY

And I said thank you--

HAL

--I vouched for you, I went out on a

limb for you! Did you ever think what doing something like this could mean for me? Are you even remotely cognizant of the fact that you may have put my job at risk?

TY

You'll retire soon anyway, does it really make that big a difference?

HAL

And what about you, huh? What are you going to do now? You with your sparkling academic record and your wildly impressive resume?

TY

I don't know, but the one thing I do know is that I don't want to end up peddling someone else's product for the rest of my life.

(beat)

I'm not like you, Dad, and I want to stop pretending otherwise.

A long silence. Hal seems to get what this is really about.

HAL

Let me tell you something, guy: I am not the villain in your story, no matter how much you wish I was. I am not responsible for your mother's illness. I am not the cause of everything that has gone wrong and will go wrong in your life. You think I don't care about you? I do. You think I haven't helped you out? I have. You think you're nothing like me? Guess what, you are. And don't ever forget it. Don't ever forget that you are the son of one Harold Warner, and that your name is H. Ty Warner, and that first initial which you oh-so-conveniently dropped from the time you could press a pen to paper stands for something.

(beat)

You want to point the finger at me and say I failed, fine. Maybe I did. But I'll point the finger right back, because the truth is you failed too.

And you'll fail again. I'd swear my life on it.

Ty snaps the suitcase shut and picks it up. Holds his father's gaze.

TY
Fuck off and die, Dad.

INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE - DAY

We're back in the high-rise building in 2013 Chicago. The audio recorder is still on the table between Ty and Sarah.

SARAH
I was wondering if we could talk more specifically about your childhood.

TY
What specifically about it?

SARAH
Your mother suffering from untreated mental illness. Your father being perhaps not absentee, but at the very least frequently absent. The fact that it put you in the position of having to care for both your sister and your mother at a very young age. Far from having a happy childhood, it sounds to me like you were deprived of any real kind of childhood.

Ty thinks about this. Doesn't like it, but kind of nods.

TY
(re: Sarah's notes)
Is that what you're going to say?

A beat.

SARAH
What do you want me to say?

TY
(grimly)
Whatever you think will work.

EXT. SORRENTO VILLA - DAY

We're outside a villa overlooking the Amalfi Coast. A tanned,

handsome-as-ever Ty Warner (now 38) is lounging poolside.

TITLE: 1983. Sorrento, Italy.

Over this, we hear a phone ringing, and then a message being left on an answering machine.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Hi Ty. It's your sister. Just wondering if you're planning on coming home or speaking to me ever again. Maybe call me back sometime. Unless you're dead. At this point, I have no reason to believe you're not.

Ty takes a sip from an elegant-looking cocktail.

EXT. PIAZZA TASSO - DAY

Ty, dressed impeccably, strolls down a shopping street.

Suddenly, he stops dead in his tracks. Something in a store window has caught his eye: a display of exquisite plush Himalayan cats.

INT. SORRENTO TOY SHOP - DAY

Ty handles one of the cats in the store, examining it with his trademark intensity. It's soft and floppy, and brings to mind a certain bean-filled plush product that Ty will launch a decade later.

Ty approaches a STORE CLERK. Tries to speak Italian.

TY

Puoi aiutarmi, per favore? Uh, chi fa?

The store clerk babbles in Italian. The two of them go back and forth, both irritating the other.

TY

No -- *chi fa*, who makes it, who -- oh, fucking forget it--

EXT. CHICAGO TENNIS COURT - DAY

Hal Warner in tennis whites is rallying with a MALE FRIEND (60's). He wins a point.

HAL

Right into the fuckin' net, you

fuckin' panty stain!

And then he collapses from a sudden, violent heart attack.

INT. SORRENTO VILLA - NIGHT

Ty paces his bedroom, talking on the phone. His expression says he can't believe his good luck.

TY

No, that's -- I mean it's terrible.
Such a shock. A terrible shock. And --
sorry, you said something about a
bequest? A bequest to me? Yes. How
much did you say it was again?

(beat)

Right. Yes. Yep. I'll be on the first
flight out tomorrow.

He hangs up with a satisfying CLANG--

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A plane touches down on the runway.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Ty and Carol sit across from each other in a booth.

CAROL

Cats.

TY

Yes.

A beat of silence as Carol just stares at him.

CAROL

Sorry, I just -- I haven't seen or
heard from you in three years and now
you're sitting there and you're
telling me you want to start a company
that makes cats.

TY

And I want you to be my first
employee.

CAROL

Cats.

TY

Well, not just cats -- I'll start with cats, but hopefully other things too.

CAROL

Things like?

TY

Dogs. Frogs. Lions and tigers and bears, what have you. Shit like that.

(re: Carol's drink)

You want another?

CAROL

It's an industry in decline, Ty. Kids today don't want stuffed cats, they want computers. Video games, not fucking velveteen rabbits. A homegrown startup doesn't stand a chance against Applause and Dakin and--

TY

How is Dakin?

CAROL

What? Oh, I -- yeah, I left. About six months after you... left.

At first, this surprises Ty. Then he decides it doesn't.

TY

Even better.

(beat)

Look, I know this business.

CAROL

So do I, and I know that you're not gonna make any money in plush in this country.

TY

I'm not talking about plush in this country. I saw these toys in Italy, Carol, and I'm telling you this is a completely different animal -- literally and figuratively. I'm talking about a product that is like nothing you can find in any American store today.

CAROL
Said every failed entrepreneur in the
history of man.

TY
High quality. High realism.

CAROL
Low sales. Low life.

TY
You're not even the least bit
interested?

CAROL
No, I'm interested. You're
interesting, so I'm interested. But an
idealist I am not.

TY
Carol.

CAROL
Ty.

TY
(means business)
Carol.

A beat. Carol meets his gaze.

TY
Just -- hear me out before you call
it.
(beat)
I'm not an idealist. I am not a
dreamer. I don't think the world's my
oyster, I think the world's out to get
me. I see everything wrong with myself
before I see what's right and I know
-- I know -- that there's not a lot
that's right. But I'm telling you, if
there's one thing that is right --
this is it. This is the one thing I'm
sure of, this is the one idea that
will work. This is my one real shot at
the American dream, and it can be
yours too if you want.

Carol gives him a long, hard look.

CAROL
Where's the money coming from?

TY
I have savings from Dakin, plus I
mortgaged my condo, plus my father
just dropped dead on the tennis court
and left me a \$50,000 inheritance.

CAROL
Your dad just died?

TY
Yes, but that's--

CAROL
Oh my God. Are you okay? Is Joyce
okay?

TY
Everyone's tickety-boo. But listen --
Carol -- what do you say?

A long silence as Carol squints, considering.

CAROL
What's my salary?

TY
You tell me.

A beat -- then Carol gives a slight smile.

CAROL
Then I guess I'm coming to Korea.

TY
You're coming to Korea.

They clink glasses. Music kicks in and will continue over the
following SEQUENCE...

INT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Ty and Carol, suitcases in tow, stride through the airport
with purpose.

EXT. SEOUL INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Ty and Carol walk down a street lined with towering
factories, both looking lost.

INT. SEOUL TOY FACTORY - DAY

In CLOSEUPS, we see a prototype of Angel the plush Himalayan cat being constructed.

INT. SEOUL TOY FACTORY - LATER

The finished prototype is tossed into a bin for disposal.

INT. SEOUL TOY FACTORY - ANOTHER DAY

More CLOSEUPS of a slightly different, possibly improved Angel prototype being made.

INT. SEOUL TOY FACTORY - LATER

The second prototype is tossed into the disposal bin.

INT. SEOUL TOY FACTORY - ANOTHER DAY

In quick SUCCESSIVE SHOTS, we see three more rounds of prototypes hurled into the bin.

INT. SEOUL TOY FACTORY - ANOTHER DAY

From the same angle used in the opening scene, we see the faces of Ty, Carol and the factory owner. Ty is staring down at us, considering. Carol and the factory owner are staring at Ty.

REVERSE ANGLE -- The final, finished version of Angel the stuffed cat.

A long silence. And then Ty finally says--

TY
Yep. That's good.

After a moment of stunned silence, Carol and the factory owner look at each other -- and then celebrate silently behind Ty's back.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

Ty sits at his desk, pen in hand, hunched over a piece of paper on which he has sketched ideas for company names/logos. He encloses the word "warner" in a heart, and then looks at it critically.

After a moment, he crosses it out. Draws another heart, this time containing the word "ty".

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT - DAY

CLOSE ON a red, heart-shaped hang tag containing the word "ty". We PULL BACK to reveal a trunkful of plush Himalayan cats, each with a "ty" tag dangling from one ear. After a moment, the trunk is snapped shut.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT - DAY (LATER)

With two large trunks in tow, Ty and Carol weave their way through crowds of vendors and reps unloading/hauling their merchandise. Ty is dressed to the nines, wearing sunglasses.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

A huge space with hundreds of booths decked out with toy and gift products. The place is packed, but it's easy to spot Ty and Carol at a cherry-red booth loaded with four varieties of gorgeous plush cats.

Ty is in his glory again, the trade show equivalent of the Stones at Hyde Park. In QUICK CUTS, we see him giving his pitch to three different BUYERS:

TY

(to Buyer 1)

Look, what we're really talking about here is high quality, high realism, at an affordable price, and if you ask me--

TY

(to Buyer 2)

--it comes down to a certain intangible quality I think is best described as--

TY

(to Buyer 3)

--personality--

TY

(to Buyer 1)

--presence--

TY

(to Buyer 2)

And when you're looking into her eyes and she's looking back--

TY
(to Buyer 3)
--you know she's real and you know you
want to take her home.

TY
(to Buyer 1)
Don't you?

TY
(to Buyer 2)
Don't you?

TY
(to Buyer 3)
Don't you?

We END SEQUENCE with CLOSEUPS of three different hands
signing off on order forms.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT - DAY

An exhilarated Ty stands in front of exhausted Carol, who's
leaning against the side of the building and smoking.

TY
\$30,000 in one hour. One fucking hour.

CAROL
I know.

TY
They're selling.

CAROL
I'm aware.

TY
And what we talked about earlier,
you're doing that, right?

CAROL
What did we talk about earlier?

TY
Referring to them by name.

A beat.

CAROL
I still don't understand why that's

necessary.

TY

It's necessary. You have to say "This is Smokey and Ginger and Peaches and Angel"--

CAROL

Even if it didn't make me feel like a raving fucknut, I just can't see the reason [for it]--

TY

Personification. It's the same reason why ranchers don't name their livestock -- you give a thing a name, and people get attached to it. People get attached, people put down money.

CAROL

Don't you find that kids usually like to make up their own names for their toys?

TY

I find that kids usually are stupid.

INT. ORIGINAL TY WAREHOUSE/DISTRIBUTION CENTER - DAY

Ty is standing with a young warehouse worker (BRIAN) in the middle of an aisle lined on either side with cardboard boxes. Each box is stamped with a red heart that reads "ty".

Ty is now in his late 40's -- a little cockier, a little glossier, and inevitably a little older.

TITLE: 1992. Westmont, Illinois.

BRIAN

(re: the boxes)

This is all outgoing, organized by ship date. East Coast is this side, West Coast that side--

TY

And inventory counts--

BRIAN

Once every two months, we're due for one on the 25th.

TY
Any missing or damaged materials--

BRIAN
Reported to and recorded by me.

Ty nods in approval.

TY
Good. Good job, Brian.

BRIAN
Thanks, Mr. Warner.

Brian starts heading back up the aisle. Ty watches him go, quietly impressed. Then--

TY
You didn't take your vacation.

Brian turns.

TY
I thought you said you were going to take a few days off. You were here all last week.

BRIAN
I know, it's just -- I figured I kinda need the money.

TY
You're in college, right?

BRIAN
Yeah, and with rent on top of tuition...

Brian hesitates. Then--

BRIAN
I mean, I could stay with my parents, but with my dad, I--
(beat)
It's just better to get out on my own, you know?

Ty nods slowly.

TY
I do.

Brian half-smiles and turns around again. Ty is left alone, digesting their conversation.

INT. ORIGINAL TY HEADQUARTERS - DAY (LATER)

The original, modest Ty Inc headquarters. The company is clearly successful, but this is only the calm before the Beanie Baby storm.

Our attention is focused on a large corner office for two reasons: the door says "T. WARNER", and we can hear a very heated conversation taking place inside it. The 20 or so employees working in the main area are trying and failing not to eavesdrop.

INT. ORIGINAL TY HEADQUARTERS - TY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Ty sits at a desk covered with Beanie Baby prototypes. His sister Joyce stands in front of him.

JOYCE

I asked you a question.

TY

In my mind it was rhetorical.

JOYCE

No, I want an answer. I want you to attempt--

TY

I want you to leave so I can get back to work.

JOYCE

Playing with beanbags?

TY

Product development.

JOYCE

Where the hell were you on Thanksgiving?

Ty doesn't answer.

JOYCE

I invited you to dinner with my family. You said you'd be there and you weren't. You didn't even call--

TY

Can I just ask you one question?

He holds up a prototype for a pink pig Beanie Baby (Squealer).

TY

Do you think this one looks a bit like a penis?

Joyce just stares at him.

JOYCE

I'm starting to understand... that you really just have absolutely no interest in any kind of relationship with me whatsoever. No interest in getting to know my children, your nieces and nephews. It has taken me upwards of 40 years, Ty, but I am finally coming to terms with the fact that you genuinely do not give a fuck about where I go or what I do or who I do it with. Jesus, you're no better than Dad!

TY

Joyce, the one thing I ask of you is that you never -- ever -- compare me to Dad again. Okay? I am nothing like Dad. You're like Dad. Let me ask you this: Who's the one who pays for mom's apartment and all her treatment, and who takes her calls when she's being abducted by aliens, and who visits her in that place when she stops taking her drugs and slips off the brink of insanity into the abyss? That's all me, sis!

JOYCE

How dare you-- I don't have money. I don't [have time]--

TY

Okay, so you want some money? Is that what this is about? Because I'll [give you some money]--

JOYCE

No! God! I don't want your money, I

want-- I'm just explaining to you why
I'm not putting in 20 hours a week
taking care of Mom--

TY

You're not taking care of Mom because
you don't care about Mom, period.

JOYCE

Yeah? Maybe I don't! How's that sound?
I don't care and she doesn't care. Not
about me -- not about you. You still
don't get that?

TY

Stop talking.

JOYCE

I cared about you. Me. And you hate me
for it. You hate everyone who loves
you, don't you?

TY

I'm not asking, I'm telling you to
stop [talking]--

JOYCE

(overlapping)

You think any person who would do a
thing like that hardly has the right
to breathe, right? Someone dares to
care about Ty Warner, well watch out,
because he'll do whatever it takes to
cut the crazy fucker clean out of his
life--

TY

(overlapping)

Stop -- talking -- now--

At that moment, the door opens and Carol enters.

TY

(to Carol)

Get out.

CAROL

I just have to say that everyone on
the other side of that door is
listening and you'd be wise to either
wrap it up or take it outside.

TY
(to Joyce)
Get out.

JOYCE
Fuck you.

Joyce pushes past Carol and exits. Carol moves to stand in front of Ty's desk. A beat of silence. Then--

TY
(re: the pig Beanie Baby)
Do you think this one looks like a penis?

CAROL
No.

TY
I think it does. I'm sending it back.

CAROL
No you're not.

TY
Also, I need you to get in touch with a warehouse worker named Brian Thomas.

CAROL
You want to send him back too?

TY
I need you to give him the address of my condo in Westmont. Let him know that it's empty and that he can move in on Saturday and that I won't be collecting rent.

Carol blinks in surprise. For a moment it looks like she's going to push for details, but then she seems to decide against it.

CAROL
We need to talk.

TY
What about?

CAROL
Marketing.

TY

What about marketing?

CAROL

We need to put ads on TV.

TY

And why do we need to do that?

CAROL

Oh, I don't know. Maybe to stay competitive, or something crazy like that. Hasbro and Mattel--

TY

Let Hasbro and Mattel whore themselves out in between Saturday morning cartoons on the Disney Channel, and while they're doing that we'll go ahead and put the money into making a better product.

CAROL

Product, price, promotion, place--

TY

--Yeah I don't need to hear about the four P's--

CAROL

You've got -- at best, you've got two out of four. It's not enough to make a good product at a reasonable price. You need to promote it, you need to distribute it.

TY

Look, there's the rule and there's the exception. Hasbro's the rule, we're the exception. We don't need to promote, we don't need to dist--

(beat)

What's wrong with distribution?

CAROL

I want Wal-Mart, I want Toys "R" Us, I want superstores and fucking super-sales.

TY

The moment we put the toys in three-

feet-deep plastic bins is the moment we lose control.

CAROL

Who cares about losing control? What's that compared to losing sales?

TY

It goes against our brand values. It makes them look cheap, and mass-produced.

CAROL

They are cheap and mass-produced. You make plush toys for children, Ty. Not Prada, not Chanel--

TY

We're not selling through big box stores, and that's the final word on the subject.

A beat.

CAROL

This isn't just you selling cats out of your condo anymore, Ty -- this is a corporation. You owe a duty to this corporation to make it the best it can be. You have to be willing to play the game.

TY

That's exactly what I'm-- I'm playing the long game. We're gonna win the long game.

CAROL

Okay. Just make sure you're not showing up at a baseball stadium with bowling shoes and a badminton racket.

Carol stands and heads for the door.

CAROL

Think about it.

TY

I won't.

CAROL
I know you won't.

TY
(holding up the pig Beanie Baby)
And I'm sending the prototypes back.
They're not right.

Carol pauses with her hand on the doorknob. She closes her eyes, as if praying for patience.

CAROL
I pray for you to one day realize that
you make these decisions with very
little regard for what's right and
what's wrong. You do the things you
do, Ty, because you like playing God.

And with that, she leaves, closing the door behind her.

Ty leans back in his chair, thinking. His gaze drifts... and happens to catch his reflection in the computer monitor on his desk. He studies it for a moment, and then rubs his face in his hands, suddenly exhausted.

The rubbing gradually becomes slower, more deliberate, and more contemplative. He's feeling skin that's looser than it used to be, lines that were not there ten years ago. Eventually, he pulls his face taut with his fingers and puts his elbows on the desk. He stares down into the unseeing eyes of the Beanie Baby prototype on his desk.

INT. PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a needle injecting Botox into Ty's face.

INT. PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE - LATER

Ty, sitting in a patient examination chair, scrutinizes his blotchy face in a handheld mirror.

TY
(re: the left side of his forehead)
It needs a little more right here.

The plastic surgeon (DR. FISHBEIN) -- slick, smooth-talking, dyed hair and bleached teeth -- snaps off his plastic gloves.

FISHBEIN
I did six units in that site. I
wouldn't go much more than that.

TY

Okay.

He takes one long last look and then puts the mirror down.

TY

Hey doc.

FISHBEIN

Yep.

TY

I've been thinking about maybe doing
some... minor alterations.

He indicates different parts of his face -- nose, chin, eyes,
etc. Fishbein nods.

TY

What's your opinion on that?

FISHBEIN

Well, listen, Ty -- you're a good-
looking guy, alright? You'll never
hear me say otherwise. But the truth
is everyone's got something they wish
they could change. My opinion is if
the money's no problem, then what the
hell's stopping you?

OFF Ty's look--

INT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Ty drives in his Rolls-Royce. His face now shows the first
signs of plastic surgery -- subtly shaped and stretched
tighter.

He passes a toy shop, and notices his plush cats displayed in
the window. After a moment's thought, he pulls over.

INT. CHICAGO TOY SHOP - DAY

Ty enters the store. His eyes rake over the various offerings
as he makes his way over to the plush toy section. Once
there, he realizes that there is one other customer in the
store: an attractive redhead in her early 30's. We will soon
know her as FAITH MCGOWAN.

Ty subtly checks her out -- notices that she is holding and
looking over one of his plush cats. He quietly moves to stand

beside her before speaking up.

TY
(re: the cat)
What do you think of them?

Faith looks up, surprised.

FAITH
Sorry?

TY
The cats. What do you think of them?

Faith looks slightly uncomfortable with the fact that a grown man in a toy store has just asked for her opinion on stuffed cats, but she also looks like she thinks Ty is good-looking.

FAITH
I... think they're beautiful. I've been standing here trying to talk myself out of buying one of each.

TY
Do you mind me asking what it is you like about them?

FAITH
What I like about them, you mean like specifically?

TY
Yes.

FAITH
Well... they look real, I suppose. And they feel real. I remember my aunt had three Himalayan cats, just like this one -- I used to chase them relentlessly when I was a little girl, trying to catch them so I could hold them in my lap like baby dolls. I still remember how soft and boneless they felt -- better than blankets.

Ty's gaze is very intense. Faith suddenly feels awkward.

FAITH
Anyway, this one reminds me of that.

She looks back down at the toys. Ty smiles.

TY

Do you come here often?

Faith hesitates. Glances at him.

FAITH

I've got kids.

TY

I didn't think you were buying for yourself.

FAITH

No, I mean -- if you're hitting on me, which I think you might be, I just -- I thought you should know. Not all guys are good with kids.

Ty smiles more widely, kind of laughs.

FAITH

What?

TY

That cat you're holding? I made that.

Faith looks down at the cat -- reacts.

FAITH

You're--

TY

Ty Warner, nice to meet you.

He extends his hand. After a moment's hesitation, Faith smiles and shakes it.

FAITH

Faith McGowan.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ty and Faith sit at an intimate table for two.

FAITH

We divorced two years ago. I actually can't believe it's been that long -- God, it feels like yesterday.

TY

That bad?

FAITH

It was-- yeah. I mean, it wasn't good. Mostly it was just so hard on the girls. That was the only thing that made me wonder at the time if I should stay in it -- I didn't want them to grow up feeling like they didn't have a family, you know? I still feel guilty about that.

TY

My parents didn't divorce until after I was out of college. I can tell you right now that you don't do your kids any favours by pretending the marriage isn't over when it is.

FAITH

Did they fight a lot, your parents?

TY

Not fighting so much as...

He pauses, remembering. And then he shuts down the memories.

TY

It was just... dead.

Faith's curious as to what this means, but doesn't ask.

TY

(attempting to lighten the mood)
This is a depressing conversation--

FAITH

(laughing)
It is, I'm sorry--

TY

No, it's me, I got it started. New topic.

FAITH

Okay.

TY

Um... well, I suppose since I told you what I do, it's only fair that you tell me what you do.

FAITH
For work, you mean?

TY
Yeah.

FAITH
(uncomfortable)
Well, it's been a couple of different things. Right now I work in a lighting store.

TY
Lighting.

FAITH
Yes.

TY
Okay. Interesting.
(re: the restaurant)
What do you think of the lighting in here?

FAITH
In here? Very nice. Very romantic.

TY
Hm.
(beat)
Would you like to see the lighting at my place?

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An all-white, modernist mansion in the affluent suburb of Oak Brook. Ty has added substantially to the collection of beautiful furniture and artifacts we saw in his condo.

Faith is sitting on the sofa, taking it all in. Ty enters after a moment with a drink for each of them.

FAITH
You have... a beautiful place.

TY
Why, thank you.

He hands her a drink. They each take a sip. There is a semi-awkward silence in which Faith notices Ty's grand piano.

FAITH
And a beautiful piano.

They look at each other.

FAITH
Do you play?

TY
I do, in fact.

FAITH
Any chance of an impromptu
performance?

Ty hesitates.

TY
Oh, why not.

He puts his drink down, gets up and walks over to the piano.
Sits down at the bench. After a moment, he launches into
Nocturne no. 13 in C minor by Chopin. He's fantastic.

Faith is mesmerized. She slowly rises and walks over to the
piano to listen and watch. When Ty finishes, there's a moment
of silence before she speaks.

FAITH
Who taught you to play like that?

TY
(not looking at her)
My mother. She was an incredible
pianist. Is.

Again, Faith senses that the right course of action is to not
ask further questions.

FAITH
(re: the bench)
May I?

Ty makes room for her and she sits. After a moment, she
starts playing the melody line for something like "My
Favourite Things".

TY
You play too.

FAITH
Yeah, just a little.

Ty listens for a little while, and then joins in, each playing one hand/part. It sounds pretty good.

Eventually, they turn to look at each other.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ty and Faith in bed that same night. They are turned on their sides, facing each other.

FAITH
Tell me more about making toys.

TY
What do you want to know?

FAITH
I don't know. Anything.

A beat. Then--

TY
Do you want to hear about the new line? Otherwise known as the greatest idea I've ever had?

FAITH
Yes.

TY
They're called Beanie Babies.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Another trade show. The Ty Inc. booth is far bigger and more glamorous than it was a few years prior. About ten different Beanie Babies are displayed front and center.

TITLE: 1994.

Ty himself is off to the side, talking to Carol.

CAROL
There was one guy who asked if they were defectives and another who said it looked like--

TY
Roadkill.

CAROL
Road-- yeah, how did you [know that?]

TY
Does it matter how I know that?

CAROL
No.

They stand in silence for a moment.

CAROL
They're five-dollar beanbags, Ty. You honestly thought that was going to become our bread and butter?

TY
I did and still do.
(beat)
No one else is doing this. There is no other line of plush selling for five dollars today that isn't garbage. I swear, a year from now, every company is going to look back and kick themselves for not thinking of it first.

CAROL
I sincerely hope you're right.

TY
I'm right.

Ty looks over at the Beanie Babies on display.

TY
(re: the Beanies)
I'm also redesigning half of these.

CAROL
Redesign -- they're already in production, Ty.

TY
Then we pull them. I want wings on Quackers the Duck. And a spot on Spot the Dog. We need to change the face on

the teddy bear -- he looks like he ran
into a fucking brick wall. And Peanut
the Elephant -- the blue's too dark.
Baby blue, no more royal blue.

We slowly PUSH IN on the Beanie Babies, focusing in
particular on Peanut the royal blue elephant (who will soon
become a much more significant character in this story).

MARYANN (PRE-LAP)

One each. Or two each. How much are
they -- five bucks? We can do two
each.

INT. GIFT STORE - DAY

CLOSE ON two pairs of small hands placing two Beanie Babies
apiece on the counter. One is Peanut the royal blue elephant.

TITLE: 1995. Chicago.

The hands belong to CHRISSY (9) and JOEY (7), who are
accompanied by their mother MARYANN GALLOWAY (late 30's/early
40's) -- the archetypal 90's Midwestern soccer mom.

The store owner, RICHARD (50's), smiles at Maryann as she
gets her wallet out.

MARYANN

What kind of mother resorts to bribery
to make her kids go to the swimming
lessons they asked her to pay for? I
mean, for cryin' out loud.

RICHARD

You do what works, Mom.

MARYANN

Yeah, well -- I said they could choose
what they wanted and this was it. All
the kids at the school are going nuts
for these things.

RICHARD

Kind of cute, aren't they?

MARYANN

Yeah. Kind of.

Richard rings up the Beanie Babies. He notices the blue
elephant among the selection -- picks it up.

RICHARD

Lucky you folks came in today. This little guy here, he's one of the last of his kind.

Maryann nods, half-listening. Then something clicks with her.

MARYANN

What do you mean?

RICHARD

Peanut the elephant, they don't make him in royal blue anymore. The rep from the company, he says that from now on all Peanuts will be made in baby blue only. What we're looking at, Mom, is an endangered species.

Maryann nods slowly, staring at Richard ... cogs turning.

CUT TO:

INT. GIFT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Maryann's hands slapping the store's entire Beanie Baby inventory on the counter.

MARYANN

You don't have more in the back room, right?

INT. MARYANN'S HOUSE - MARYANN'S OFFICE - DAY

Maryann and her friend, fellow soccer mom PENNY SADOWSKI (late 30's/early 40's) are sitting at a large desk. Maryann is typing up some kind of price list on a computer. Penny is on the phone, with a pencil and legal pad in front of her.

It is important to note that almost every available flat surface in this home office is cluttered with collectible items -- snow globes, figurines, antique plates, etc.

PENNY

(into phone)

No, I want -- why is this so hard to understand -- I want you to go check what kinds you have and describe them to me over the phone.

(beat)

Yes. Thank you.

MARYANN
Quackers the Duck?

PENNY
(to Maryann)
Quackers with no wings.
(into phone)
I'll take ten of that one. Keep going.
(pause)
Did you say an octopus?
(beat)
Does he have a mouth?
(beat)
What do you think I mean, "a mouth"?
Is he smiling at you, or is it just a
pair of eyeballs?
(beat, then getting excited)
No mouth. Is his name Inky? Look in
the red tag. Does it say Inky?
(beat)
Holy -- yes. Yes, I'll take all of
those. All the octopuses.

MARYANN
Octopi?

PENNY
(to Maryann)
Whatever.
(into phone)
No, I wasn't talking to you. I want
ten Spot the Dogs and all the Inkys
you have in stock. Yes. Penny
Sadowski, S as in snake, A-D-O-W-S-K-
I. 1228 Tennyson Lane, Naperville,
Illinois--

The sound of kids rough-housing outside the office has
reached worrisome decibels. Maryann shouts over her shoulder--

MARYANN
Kids!! Keep the noise down, we're
working in here!!

Penny hangs up the phone--

PENNY
I just got 21 Inkys from a gift shop
in Oregon.

MARYANN
Holy God Almighty. Okay. So I've got
the numbers here and to me it looks
like double the list price for--

At that moment, the office door opens. PETER GALLOWAY (late
30's/early 40's), Maryann's husband, stands in the doorway.

MARYANN
Honey.

PENNY
Hi Peter.

PETER
Maryann. Penny. Hello to you both.
Again.

MARYANN
You're home early.

PETER
You're working late. Which is strange,
because you don't work for IBM
anymore.

MARYANN
It's just a little project Penny's
been helping me out with.

PETER
Is it the same little project that's
racked up a \$1,200 phone bill?

MARYANN
That needs explaining -- you see,
we're investing in an emerging market.

PETER
And what market would that be?

A beat.

MARYANN
It's-- there are these little stuffed
animals, and they're just so darn cute
and they're really popular with the
kids at school and some of them are
really hard to find. So Penny and I --
we're tracking down the rare ones, and
we're gonna sell duplicates at the

appropriate markup--

PETER
Duplicates?

MARYANN
We want one of each for ourselves. Our
kids. So we need duplicates.
(beat)
Long story short, we're investing in
an emerging market.

A long beat as Peter stares at his wife. Then--

PETER
I don't want to see another \$1,200
phone bill. I don't care how darn cute
the things are.

With that, Peter shuts the door. A beat of silence.

MARYANN
Inky the Octopus, \$11.99 on eBay?

PENNY
You betcha.

INT. ORIGINAL TY HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A meeting with executives and senior managers. Carol sits
next to Ty, who is much more interested in the two new Beanie
prototypes he's examining than what's being said.

REGIONAL SALES MANAGER (JOHN)
--Steady throughout the Midwest and
the East Coast -- again, there's been
some interest from a number of major
retailers, but--

TY
You know the answer to that--

JOHN
(over)
I know the answer to that.
(beat)
Note that I said "steady." Not
"strong."

TY
Noted.

CAROL
(to Ty)
He said "steady", not "strong".

TY
(to Carol)
It's funny, because I like "steady"
better than "nonexistent", [don't
you?]

CAROL
And it would be a lot steadier if you
were willing to make even a few
decisions based on strategy rather
than whimsy--

TY
Based on your strategy--

CAROL
Based on a sound strategy, which I
have outlined for you on more than one
occasion--

TY
If you sit there again and say we need
to put ads on TV I swear to God I will
fucking blow my--

JOHN
Are you guys even listening to me?

Ty and Carol fall silent and turn back to John, who has been
trying to talk over their argument.

TY
What?

JOHN
In the past three weeks, 37 stores in
Cook County placed emergency orders
for Beanie Babies. They all want to
know if they can triple their original
shipments.

A beat of surprised silence.

CAROL
Triple orders?

JOHN

That's what they said.

CAROL

...How?

JOHN

I had the account execs call each store, try to figure out if there was some kind of correlation. The only one we could find was that every location, until recently, had in stock at least one discontinued Beanie character.

CAROL

Discontinued. You mean--

JOHN

Yeah, when His Nibs over there decides to change the color, the fabric, the shape of the fucking snout and spends x-thousand dollars redesigning a toy for kids who aren't going to know the fucking difference. Remember just last week? He came to the sudden, all-important realization that Pincher the Crab looked maybe a little too much like a lobster?

TY

Digger.

But this correction is involuntary. Ty is looking down at the Beanies in his hands without seeing, his mind a million miles away -- suddenly working a million miles a minute.

JOHN

What?

TY

Digger the Crab.

JOHN

Whatever. Anyway -- I don't know what that has to do with anything, but obviously if these people want triple helpings of beans and polyester it's worth looking [into]--

TY

Excuse me.

Ty bolts up from his chair and out the door.

CAROL

Ty--? Where are you--

JOHN

What the hell--

Carol runs after him into--

INT. ORIGINAL TY HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ty strides in the direction of his office, operating on autopilot. Carol jogs after him.

CAROL

Ty -- Ty! Could you please slow down
and tell me what the fuck just--

Ty throws open the door to his office. Carol follows--

INT. ORIGINAL TY HEADQUARTERS - TY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ty shuts the door and turns to Carol -- feverish, manic.

TY

Holland, 1630's. Tulips were hip, they were the hot new thing from Turkey. The Dutch, they liked tulips. Nothing funky, nothing crazy, just a healthy -- one might say steady market for tulips in 17th-century Holland, okay? Then something happened. Someone did something or God smiled down or who knows what the fuck but somehow or another these tulips got sick, they got a disease. And as a result of that disease, a single sickly bulb would bloom not in solid colour, but in one of hundreds of patterns that ranged from flamed to feathered to speckled to striped. Sounds nice, right? That's because it was. But all prettiness aside, this commodity was suddenly defined by a darker, sexier, much more potent characteristic. It was rare.

(pause)

The dealers snatched up every bulb they could get their dirty hands on and the values soared, and everyone with ears to hear word travel jumped

on the bandwagon because who doesn't want to make cold hard cash on fucking flowers? And suddenly, Carol, that cute little tulip market wasn't so steady anymore. It was a raging fucking bull.

CAROL

Ty.

TY

Yes.

CAROL

What the fuck are you talking about.

TY

You were right. Marketing. We need a marketing strategy. And I'm not talking about a 10-second distraction on boob tube. I'm talking about urgency, unpredictability -- the thrill of the chase. We're going to get people off on buying plush.

(beat)

Limited distribution. Little to no promotional efforts. Random product discontinuations. Except, of course, we won't call them discontinuations -- "retirements". From now on, I decide when we retire what--

CAROL

Can I just--

TY

--As soon as I call it, all production and shipping of that Beanie character stops immediately. Immediately, no exceptions. We'll do a dozen every quarter. And here's the final cog in the machine: With every round of retirements comes a round of new releases, which every participant will have to buy if they want a chance to cash in on the next would-be rarity. And I swear -- I swear to you, Carol -- it's a chance they'll want and a chance they'll take again and again and again.

CAROL

Do you understand what you're saying?

TY

Do you understand what I'm saying?

CAROL

Maybe not, because it sounds like you're saying that you think you can convince the American public to invest in stuffed animals.

TY

That's exactly what I'm saying.

CAROL

Beanie Babies aren't worth shit.

TY

Neither were the tulip bulbs.

Carol stares at him... but it's clear that the cogs are starting to turn in her head.

TY

All I need now is a way to get control of this thing so I can pull the strings. The puppets need a master, and a marketplace. A means to connect with them, to communicate all publicly available information -- almost like a...

Ty breaks off -- fresh inspiration has struck. He strides to the door, throws it open and shouts--

TY

Who knows how to make a website?

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

While their children play, Maryann and Penny stand with about ten other SOCCER MOMS -- all of them trading Beanies for other Beanies or cold hard cash. It looks like a drug deal.

INT. MARYANN'S HOUSE - MARYANN'S OFFICE - DAY

Maryann works on her hands and knees, putting plastic protectors on the hang tags of roughly 50 Beanie Babies lined up on the floor.

Then -- the phone next to her computer rings. Maryann gets up and answers.

MARYANN
Maryann Galloway, Beanie trading and authentication.

PENNY (O.S.)
Are you at a computer?

MARYANN
Penny?

INT. PENNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Penny in front of her home computer. Her eyes are huge.

PENNY
(into phone)
Are you at a computer?

BACK TO

INT. MARYANN'S HOUSE - MARYANN'S OFFICE - DAY

Maryann sits down in front of her own computer.

MARYANN
I am now.

PENNY (O.S.)
Type in www.ty.com.

Maryann does as she's told, and pulls up the new Ty Inc web page. She clicks and scrolls, blanching as she scans the "news flash" section of the site.

MARYANN
...Holy crap...

PENNY
They're announcing it online. The upcoming discontinuations--

MARYANN
They just did. They just did -- "To be retired: Tabasco the Bull--"

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

In a toy store somewhere in America, another SOCCER MOM

examines a Beanie, opens the hang tag on its ear -- revealing the message printed inside: "Visit our web page!!!"

MARYANN (V.O.)
"Trap the Mouse--"

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSES - DAY

In a series of CLOSEUPS, we see various 90's computers booting up.

MARYANN (V.O.)
"Speedy the Turtle--"

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Another SOCCER MOM runs, purse in hand, down the driveway to her car. Pale and breathless, she fumbles with her keys and manages to rip the door open.

MARYANN (V.O.)
"Sly the Fox--"

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

With much squealing of tires, another SOCCER MOM swings into a parking spot. Jumps out the moment the car stops moving and runs for the mall entrance.

MARYANN (V.O.)
"Derby the Horse--"

INT. TOY STORES - DAY

In three different toy stores, we see three different SOCCER MOMS grabbing individual Beanies, handfuls of Beanies, and finally armfuls of Beanies.

TY (V.O.)
Ziggy the Zebra--

INT. TY HEADQUARTERS - TY'S OFFICE - DAY

Carol sits in front of the computer on Ty's desk, typing as Ty stands behind her and dictates.

TY (V.O.)
Roary the Lion--

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSES - DAY

On different computer screens, we see quick shots of various Beanie websites and chatrooms -- buzzing, traffic soaring.

TY (V.O.)
Chops the Lamb--

INT. TOY STORES - DAY

In three more toy stores, we see counters full of Beanies getting rung up.

TY (V.O.)
Nip the Cat--

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSES - DAY

On different computer screens, we see quick shots of Beanie listings on eBay and other auction sites. The prices are going up... and up... into the hundreds... some into the thousands...

TY (V.O.)
Mystic the Unicorn.

And finally, we snap back to--

INT. MARYANN'S HOUSE/PENNY'S HOUSE - DAY

The two women sit in silence, both looking as though they might faint.

MARYANN
And then they've announced 20 new releases...

Another long, ringing silence -- and then both women slam their phones down and spring to their feet.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

We're blinded by the flash of a professional camera.

A photo shoot for a magazine is taking place. Ty smiles toothily in a red turtleneck, his arms full of Beanie Babies.

Over this, we hear Ty being interviewed by a female journalist.

JOURNALIST (V.O.)

For a man who once aspired to a career in Hollywood, Mr. Warner, you don't strike me as a fame-seeker. If anything, you seem to eschew it.

TY (V.O.)

You mean to say I'm private?

JOURNALIST (V.O.)

Reclusive.

INT. STUDIO - LATER

While various ASSISTANTS adjust the lighting and backdrop for the shoot, Ty sits off to the side, getting his makeup touched up. The JOURNALIST, a woman in her late 30's/early 40's, sits across from him.

JOURNALIST

This is your first in-depth interview since the craze went national. No public appearances. Employees are forbidden from talking about you to the press. You show up to toy fairs in disguise? I mean, how do you explain all that?

TY

I don't think there's any explaining to do. Yes, I'm uncomfortable with the idea of life in the public eye. What I am comfortable with is the giving of a performance. You're allowed to be somebody else when you're on stage or on camera -- in front of an audience. It's escapism, for all parties involved. It's not the same thing, not nearly the same thing, as giving the world access to the person beneath the persona.

The journalist takes a note. Then--

JOURNALIST

What do you have to say about the status of these toys as collectibles -- the so-called secondary market for Beanie Babies that has sprouted up online?

TY

I think it's terrific. An unintended consequence, of course, but one that's nonetheless good for business. It's an amazing time we're living in. No one has to go to the market anymore, the market comes to you -- all at the click of a mouse. And that's what we're looking at now. A free market. An efficient market.

JOURNALIST

And a profitable investment?

TY

Going by the law of supply and demand, I'd have to say yes.

JOURNALIST

And the law of supply and demand, that applies in this case?

TY

Why wouldn't it?

JOURNALIST

It would. Unless, of course, the market is not as transparent as we've been led to believe.

TY

I don't follow.

JOURNALIST

Are they valuable?

TY

That which is scarce is valuable.

JOURNALIST

I don't question your reasoning. But the mere appearance of scarcity -- that would be another story. Correct?

OFF Ty's face--

INT. WAREHOUSE (CHINA) - DAY

A massive warehouse in China -- filled with box after box after box of Beanie Babies. As the camera moves through the space, we hear snippets of news stories--

REPORTER #1

...What started as a schoolyard fad in the suburbs of Chicago has snowballed into a phenomenon described by some as--

REPORTER #2

--"Roadkill" is now the hot new stock that investors across America want to--

REPORTER #3

--Flip for profits ranging from--

REPORTER #1

--thousands of dollars generated through eBay and other Internet auction sites, which he plans to use for--

REPORTER #2

--The down payment on their first home--

REPORTER #3

--College tuition--

REPORTER #1

--Three-week luxury cruise--

REPORTER #2

--Everyone wants to know: Who's retiring next, and when? And, most importantly--

REPORTER #3

What's in it for me?

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ty is sitting with Faith's daughters LAUREN (8) and JENNA (6) at the kitchen table, over which dozens of Beanie Baby prototypes have been spread. Jenna is holding and closely examining a leopard Beanie. Ty watches for her reaction.

TY

Now, Jenna, I'm gonna ask you a question. And I want you to be brutally honest with me, you understand?

Jenna nods solemnly.

TY

Do you think he looks a little too much like a cheetah?

LAUREN

She doesn't even know what a cheetah is!

TY

Lauren, I want your thoughts in just a second, but right now we're going to hear from Jenna.

(to Jenna)

Remember -- you are your own person. Your opinion is valid. More than that, it matters. Don't worry about what your sister says, and don't you dare worry about hurting my feelings. What I need from you now, is the truth.

The girls hang on to his every word.

TY

So -- are you ready?

Jenna nods.

TY

Does he look a little too much like a cheetah?

JENNA

Yes.

Ty grimaces, slaps a hand over his forehead.

TY

I knew it. Oh, the agony!

The girls laugh. At this point, we see Faith standing in the kitchen doorway, watching and glowing. After a moment, she enters the room and claps her hands together.

FAITH

(to Jenna and Lauren)

Okay you two. Bedtime. Non-negotiable.

Jenna and Lauren protest but eventually scamper out of the room. Faith joins Ty at the table to help him gather up the

toys in peaceful silence. For a moment, it's a scene of perfect domestic bliss. And then Faith speaks.

FAITH

You, my friend, are a natural.

Something about the praise makes Ty feel vaguely uncomfortable. He smiles, trying to keep it light.

TY

Or a top-grade toy supplier.

FAITH

No, I'm serious. They don't get like that around anybody, let alone...

(beat)

It's just the fact that they have -- you know, a man in their lives now, one who actually listens and talks to them like they're real people... It's a very welcome change.

Ty goes over to the sink, pours himself a glass of water. His back is to Faith, his face taut and expressionless.

TY

I really appreciate you saying that.

He refills the water glass. Faith glances over at him, sensing that something's off.

FAITH

Do you want to go up, or...?

TY

Yeah, you go on ahead. I'll be there in a sec.

Faith hovers for a moment, and then--

FAITH

Okay.

She exits, leaving Ty alone with unwanted thoughts.

INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE - DAY

We're back in 2013 Chicago -- Ty's interview with Sarah is still underway.

SARAH
Are you good with children?

TY
("are you kidding")
What?

SARAH
It's not a ridiculous question. You make a product for children, you seem to have a good sense of what they like. Would you describe yourself as nurturing in any way?

TY
I don't have kids.

SARAH
Faith McGowan's children lived with you for almost ten years. How would you characterize your relationship with them during that time?

A beat.

TY
I'm not answering-- Why the fuck are you asking this?

SARAH
(slightly impatient)
Because we need to write and file a sentencing memo listing the reasons why you shouldn't be thrown in prison for hiding millions in Swiss bank accounts for more than a decade. Your role as a parent or guardian is a potential mitigating factor.

A long silence. Ty looks down.

TY
I owned up to it. I'm otherwise law-abiding.

SARAH
That's not enough.
(beat)
You've got to give me more to work with here.

TY
I don't have anything more to give.

SARAH
So you're prepared to go to jail.

Ty doesn't answer. Sarah studies his face. Then--

SARAH
Do you think you deserve it?

A long pause.

TY
Does that matter?

SARAH
It does to me.

They look at each other -- both trying to figure the other out.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ty and Faith are asleep. After a moment, the phone starts ringing. Ty answers.

TY
(groggy)
Hello?

A beat -- and then he sits bolt upright.

TY
What happened?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ty parks his car and stumbles out. He half-jogs towards the entrance of the apartment building...

...and it is revealed that the police and an ambulance are pulled up there. A few ONLOOKERS have gathered. Ty's mother, Georgia, now in her late 70's, is being forcibly restrained by paramedics. She's in a nightgown, and screaming at the top of her lungs.

A POLICE OFFICER approaches Ty.

POLICE OFFICER
Sir, is this--

TY
That's my mother--

POLICE OFFICER
Okay, so there's been an incident --
[we're taking her]--

TY
You know what, she's probably -- she's
off her medication, I'll call the--
(to Georgia)
Mom, Mom it's going to be okay, you're
okay--

The situation is both embarrassing and heartbreaking for Ty.
He's barely able to keep it together.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Later that night. Ty finally arrives home. He closes the door
behind him and leans against it for a moment, eyes closed.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Ty enters the darkened bedroom. He takes off his jacket, but
doesn't move towards the bed -- just stands there,
motionless.

Then -- he realizes Faith is awake as her voice sounds in the
darkness:

FAITH
Ty?

A beat.

TY
Yeah.

FAITH
What happened?

Ty resumes undressing.

TY
Nothing. You can go back to sleep.

Faith sits up, turns on the light.

FAITH
Is she okay?

TY

Yeah.

FAITH

Are you okay?

TY

Yeah.

Faith hesitates.

FAITH

Do you -- could we talk about it?

Silence. Then--

TY

I'd rather not.

Down to his underwear, he starts walking and passes the bed.

FAITH

Where are you going?

TY

Bathroom.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Ty examines his face in the mirror. That strange torment is back in his eyes. He appears to be fighting a panic attack.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Ty sits on an OR stretcher in a gown as Dr. Fishbein finishes making pen marks on his face for various surgeries.

FISHBEIN

So you're good to do it all at once?

TY

(humorless)

Would I be here with a faceful of magic marker if I wasn't?

FISHBEIN

Fair enough, fair enough.

But still, Fishbein seems to hesitate. Ty stares him down.

TY

Do you have something you'd like to say?

FISHBEIN

Hm? No, I was just...

(beat)

I just want to make sure you're thinking this through. It's been five years. You've had two facelifts, three rhinoplasties. We can talk about the chin and jaw reconstruction, but I'm hesitant to do more work around the eyes at least for the time--

TY

Doc?

Fishbein falls silent. Ty continues to stare at him -- a relentless, bloodless gaze we've seen before.

TY

I appreciate your concern, but I don't want it. I'm not paying you to treat me like some kid who doesn't know any better. I'm paying you to do as I say. And I think it's about time we get this out in the open, because the truth is you're not doing as I say. You haven't been, and you're still not. And if I have to come back here one more time and ask you to finish what you fucking started, I might just scream.

(beat)

I'm the architect, doc. You're in construction. Do your job, and do it well.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ty, Faith, and her daughters watch TV together in semi-awkward silence. The awkwardness likely has something to do with the fact that Ty's entire head is swathed in bandages.

INT. TY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

We're at the new, glass-walled Ty Inc headquarters. Ty himself, his face now starting to resemble that of a wax figure, walks down a hallway past several offices. A few EMPLOYEES openly stare.

Carol intercepts him at the corner, eyes huge.

CAROL

Oh my God.

TY

Good morning to you too, Carol. Thanks for the welcome back.

CAROL

You look like fucking Michael Jackson.

TY

Not the King of Pop, Carol. King of Plush.

CAROL

We're trying to set a meeting later today to talk about that copyright infringement lawsuit you've insisted on filing--

TY

Yeah--

CAROL

Did I hear correctly when you said you wanted to recruit a sixth-grade girl to testify as an expert witness?

TY

She is the proud owner of 81 Beanie Babies. She has encyclopedic knowledge of the product. She's Marisa Tomei in *My Cousin Vinny*.

CAROL

(dry as a bone)

That's adorable. When do you want to set the meeting for?

TY

I'll be in my office until noon and then I'm off.

CAROL

What do you mean, you're off? Where are you going?

EXT. MONTECITO MANSION - DAY

Establishing shot of a sprawling estate overlooking the Pacific in Montecito, California.

INT. MONTECITO MANSION - DAY

Ty is being shown around the lavish interior by a noticeably pretty REALTOR.

REALTOR

Classic Italianate architecture.
Limestone columns out on the terrace
there. All these beautiful bay windows
-- you get gorgeous light coming
through here in the morning--

TY

I'll take your word for it. In fact,
I'll take it period.

The realtor turns to face him, eyebrows raised.

REALTOR

You'll take it?

TY

I'll take it. And then I'll take you
to dinner.

The real estate agent tries to not be charmed, and fails.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

I'm not for sale.

Ty flashes her The Smile.

TY

That doesn't mean you can't be bought.

Music kicks in and continues over the following SEQUENCE...

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP (SANTA BARBARA) - DAY

Ty splurges on a number of luxury cars.

INT. LUXURY CAR (SANTA BARBARA) - NIGHT

Ty makes out with ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN 1 in one of those luxury cars.

INT. PRADA (SANTA BARBARA) - DAY

Ty splurges on a number of suits and pairs of shoes.

INT. HOTEL SUITE (SANTA BARBARA) - BEDROOM - NIGHT

New shoes are pushed off and a new suit falls to the ground as Ty moves to the bed with ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN 2.

INT. HIGH-END FURNITURE STORE (SANTA BARBARA) - DAY

Ty splurges on expensive furniture, including a new sofa.

INT. MONTECITO MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ty sits on the new sofa while ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN 3 gets on her knees.

END SEQUENCE

EXT. SANTA BARBARA STREET - DAY

Ty talks on his cell phone while driving a relatively nondescript car.

TY

(into phone)

I can't do this right now, I have a meeting with my realtor and I'm lost in the middle of fucking--

(beat)

You can tell them that they will get their shipments when they get them, and then--

(beat)

Carol, you're not--

As Carol cuts him off again, Ty notices a woman (JENNIFER, mid-30s) standing near the entrance to a parking lot, handing out flyers.

TY

Carol, this has been fun, but I'm hanging up now. I will probably not call you back. Bye-bye.

Ty hangs up and pulls over. Rolls down his window to address Jennifer--

TY

Hi there. You wouldn't happen to know

how to get from here to Victoria Street, would you?

JENNIFER
Um... yeah, actually.
(beat)
You got a pen?

EXT. SANTA BARBARA STREET - LATER

Ty stands outside his car with Jennifer, who has just finished writing out directions on the back of a flyer.

JENNIFER
--Then you'll turn right onto De La Vina, left at the third cross street and that should just [turn into it]--

TY
--That turns into it, yeah.
(beat)
Thank you.

JENNIFER
Oh, it's no problem.

TY
No, really. You've been very helpful. And I'm not an easy guy to please.

Absently, he flips over the flyer -- reads it.

TY
Fundraiser for stem cell treatment. Treatment for who?

JENNIFER
For me.

A beat. Ty looks up at her.

JENNIFER
Kidney failure. I'm ineligible for a transplant. Stem cell treatment is the next best option, but I can't get it here in the U.S., and I can't get it period without more money than I have to spend right now, so.
(beat)
If you're around this Saturday, you should stop by.

INT. ANOTHER SANTA BARBARA STREET - DAY (LATER)

Ty drives, lost in thought.

After a few beats, he abruptly turns the car around -- driving back to Jennifer.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Ty pulls up in front of a school in suburban Chicago, in line with other cars for the 3pm pickup. Jenna and Lauren, wearing backpacks, run up to his car and open the rear passenger doors.

TITLE: 1997.

TY

Hi guys.

As they get in, Ty turns his head to look at them.

TY

Everyone got their homework? Jackets?
Check?

A chorus of "yep"s.

TY

Okay then, homeward bound.

INT. TY'S CAR - LATER

Ty drives and listens attentively while Lauren talks about some drama at school.

LAUREN

--And then -- when I asked her about it, she said that she'd gotten the same one at the mall last weekend, but I know that she didn't because I saw inside her pencil case on Tuesday and it wasn't there.

TY

So she stole yours.

LAUREN

Yeah, I'm pretty sure.

TY

Well, you know what to do, don't you?

LAUREN

What?

TY

You threaten legal action.

Both girls start to laugh.

TY

Or -- or, better yet, you tell her you have mob connections, and then suggest she hands it over if she wants to avoid any trouble.

LAUREN

But what if she doesn't believe me?

TY

I'll buy you a new one.

A happy, contended moment of silence ensues.

TY

What about you, Jenna? Any news to report?

JENNA

We started our family tree projects. I'm using gold pen for the links and labels.

TY

That's a classy choice.

JENNA

Yeah. I have a question, though. Do I connect the branch for you to Mom's name, or mine? At first I thought it should say "stepfather", but Mom said maybe just a separate box, and "father number two".

Ty, suddenly ashen-faced, takes a long time to respond.

TY

You know -- I don't know, I think I probably shouldn't be on there at all.

Jenna looks surprised -- not yet hurt.

JENNA

Why?

TY

Well, I'm not married to your mother, so I'm not a stepfather. And I'm obviously not your father, so... It isn't... probably not the proper thing, to include me.

(beat)

I wouldn't want you to get marks off for that.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faith shuts the door and rounds on Ty. Her voice is low, face incredulous and furious.

FAITH

Did you say that to her?

TY

This is such a crazy [overreaction]--

FAITH

Did you or did you not tell Jenna that she couldn't put you on her family tree?

TY

No, I said -- what I said was just that there's no real legitimate place--

FAITH

The implication being, of course, that you're not her family.

TY

That is not remotely how it -- it was a conversation about schoolwork, it was -- whatever, irrelevant. The point is you're taking this completely out of context, and--

FAITH

I don't need the context to understand what you [said]--

TY

--And if you don't want me to talk to

them about what they're doing in school, don't ask me to pick them up--

FAITH

My sister broke her hip, Ty, I didn't exactly plan on--

TY

--Middle of a fucking weekday, I had to jam out of a meeting and a conference call. And for that matter -- just out of curiosity -- would you mind telling me why their father couldn't pick them up?

He places almost imperceptible emphasis on the word "father". Faith looks as though she's been slapped.

FAITH

What?

TY

It's a reasonable question, I'm just saying there's another guardian in the picture who would seemingly have that responsibility--

FAITH

And you're saying you don't have that responsibility?

TY

No, I never said that--

FAITH

You didn't invite them to live in your house? You don't put clothes on their backs and food on their plates? You don't care about them feeling safe and happy and loved?

TY

Of course I do -- I'm not saying that--

FAITH

Then what are you saying?

TY

I'm saying -- well, I'm just saying the truth, really. I'm saying that

they're not my children, that -- you know, technically, I'm not responsible for them, and I never... I never said I wanted to be their father. I never said you could tell them I was. It's -- you know. I'm truly, honestly sorry that I hurt Jenna's feelings, and I will apologize as many times as necessary, but I don't think I'm the cause of any confusion here. That's all I'm saying.

A long silence ensues. Faith looks wretched.

FAITH

So I'm... putting things together, and if you could just confirm...

(beat)

You not wanting to marry me... that's part of it. Isn't it.

TY

What?

FAITH

Because for a while there, I thought it was just about me. The relationship between you and me, I mean. I thought you liked the control -- which you do. I know that for a fact. You like me being at your mercy. Screw-up single mother without a penny to her name, that's certainly part of it.

(beat)

I thought that you, for any number of reasons, couldn't bring yourself to make the commitment to me -- to set boundaries of a certain type.

Although, at this point, I must admit -- I doubt that exchanging vows would do anything to dampen your enthusiasm for fucking other women.

A beat. Ty's mouth opens slightly, but he doesn't deny it.

FAITH

You thought I didn't know? I know. And I forgive you -- over and over again. I shouldn't, but I do. You think you hide them so well, but I know the shape of your demons, and I know

there's damage that can't be undone. I can accept it. I can forgive it. What I cannot forgive is you passing on those demons and that damage to my daughters.

TY

I haven't done anything to your daughters except--

FAITH

Except pull them close one minute only to push them away the next.

(beat)

I've got you figured out, Ty Warner. You want love with limits. A home with an escape hatch. A family and the freedom to decide when it's real and when it's all been just pretend. And I've got news for you: I'm not giving you that freedom. You can't get by on technicalities here. You can't just say it's a part you've played. I won't let you--

TY

You don't let me do anything--

FAITH

I won't let you say you owe us nothing when--

TY

(over)

Owe you-- Well I've got news for you, lady. I'm not just saying I owe you nothing -- I owe you nothing. And it's going to stay that way. Because I've got you figured out, and I know you don't give a shit about family and commitment, you just want your last cheap shot at what's mine--

FAITH

Oh, yes, of course! Of course that's where you go with this! Your money -- your stuff -- that's the constant in your life! That's all you've ever really loved! Well I hope it's a very happy ending for you, you with your beanbags and your billions and your

batshit-crazy mother--

Ty heads for the door. He opens it and steps into--

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He slams the door behind him, seething. After a moment, he turns his head to look down the hallway. Sees a bedroom door open and Jenna's face peeking out of it. She sees him seeing her and quickly shuts her door.

CLOSE ON Ty's face, reacting.

INT. TY HEADQUARTERS - TY'S OFFICE - NIGHT (LATER)

Ty and Carol sit on the floor. Ty is nursing what is probably not his first drink, trying to put his thoughts into words.

TY

I think it--

(beat, then slowly)

It's my opinion that people...
shouldn't be responsible for each
other, like that. This idea of
belonging to each other -- promising
things, that you'll always... It's
dishonest. And it's inappropriate, and
it's impractical. And the truth is
that no one should ever, ever, make
those promises because we change.
We... do wrong. We go bad. We... we
are not made perfect.

(beat)

Do you know what I mean?

CAROL

I never know what you mean. I can take
a guess.

TY

Then do that.

CAROL

Nothing's made perfect, you know.
Nothing real. Life, as it should be
lived, isn't perfect. To believe
otherwise, to see the world that way
-- it just isn't healthy, Ty.

TY

Perfectionism is not a sickness.

CAROL
I don't agree with you.

A long pause. When Carol speaks again, her tone is gentler.

CAROL
You didn't have it easy, I know that.
But I also know that there are people
out there who had it worse, and I know
that even they have a choice. You
always have the choice to be a good
person.

TY
What does that even mean? "A good
person"?

Carol doesn't answer.

TY
(irritable)
I suppose you're a good person?

CAROL
I could be a lot better.

Another pause.

TY
What about Faith?

Carol hesitates.

CAROL
I think that Faith is kind, I think
that she is decent, and I think that
her intentions are pure.
(beat)
Is she... a good fit for you?... I
don't know. Who is, right.

The question hangs there just long enough for a thread of
tension to build between the two of them.

TY
Can I ask you something?
(beat)
Why did you leave Dakin?

CAROL
You don't need me to tell you why.

More silence.

TY
Just -- for the record... I think
you're a good person.

CAROL
That's nice of you to say.

TY
I think you're good for me.

A beat.

CAROL
We're good for each other.

What happens next is a moment. For a few breathless beats,
they allow their faces to touch. They don't kiss, but the
contact is somehow just as intimate. At one point, Ty presses
his nose to the top of Carol's head, breathing her in.

CAROL
(almost to herself)
This is not--

She pulls away. Composes herself.

CAROL
You don't want this.

Surprisingly -- or perhaps not -- Ty listens to her, nods.
And just like that, the moment has passed.

TY
So what do I do?

CAROL
You go home. You say sorry. You love
them as best you can.
(beat)
And maybe try to stop fucking whoever
it is that you're fucking. That's a
lofty goal. But I can dream, can't I?

Carol stands up.

TY
I'm gonna stay for like a half hour.
Look over the papers from McDonald's.

Carol thinks for a moment. Shakes her head and smiles strangely.

CAROL
Beanie Babies in Happy Meals. I never
thought I'd see the fucking day. And
I'm not sure I ever wanted to see the
fucking day.

TY
(getting up)
Well, you're gonna see it.

A beat of slightly awkward silence.

TY
Do you -- can I walk you down to your
car, or--?

CAROL
I'm fine.

TY
You sure?

CAROL
Yep.

She smiles, crosses the room to the door. Hesitates, then--

CAROL
You're not a bad person, you know.

Ty looks up at her. Half-smiles.

TY
That's nice of you to say.

Another look between them -- and then Carol leaves.

INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE - DAY

Back in 2013 Chicago -- the interview is still underway.
Sarah is leafing through a stack of papers.

SARAH
(re: the papers)
Do you know what these are?

TY
No.

SARAH

These are letters chronicling just about every good thing you've ever done in your life, and the list is not short. Hundreds of millions to the Red Cross, paediatric AIDS, child hunger relief efforts in Iraq and Afghanistan. Your employees? You've given them cars, consultations with specialists, unlimited leave and annual bonuses worth the amount of a year's salary. You let a warehouse worker live in one of your condos rent-free so he could save money while finishing college. You paid for stem cell treatment for a complete stranger because she gave you good directions. What do you have to say about that?

TY

I don't know what I have to say. What I can tell you is that the media says I'm the billionaire asshole egomaniac toymaker who scammed the American public and cheated the IRS.

SARAH

I know what the media says. I'm asking if that's how you see yourself.

TY

Look, you're trying to psychoanalyze me here, and I don't appreciate it.

SARAH

I'm not. I'm just trying to understand your story.

TY

It's a success story, sweetheart. There's not much more to understand.

SARAH

It's not just a success story. It's not nearly that-- I mean, why toys?

TY

What do you mean?

SARAH

It could have been anything. Why did

you want to make toys for children?

A long silence. Ty looks out the window. Kind of smiles.

TY

The governor of Mississippi invites Theodore Roosevelt on a hunting trip following the resolution of the Coal Strike in 1902. After three days in the lowlands, most of the party have caught their kills, but the President has yet to shoot at anything, and what he wants is a bear. So his guides take it upon themselves to track down an American black bear -- they let the dogs loose, corner it, tie it to a tree. And then they get the President and say "Here's your bear; go ahead and shoot." But the President refuses to shoot, saying that to do so would be "unsportsmanlike". Interesting choice of words. "Unsportsmanlike."

(beat)

News of the President's... compassion spreads across the country, and appears in the Washington Post as a political cartoon. A toymaker named Morris Michtom sees this cartoon and, with a few prototypes and the President's approval, starts selling what he refers to as "teddy bears".

(beat)

Cute story, right?

Sarah just looks at him.

TY

Except they leave out the part where Roosevelt, disgusted by the bear's old age and sickly appearance, orders his men to put the thing out of its misery, and instead of setting her free they slit Teddy's bear's throat.

Again, Sarah doesn't react. A few beats of silence.

TY

Most of the time, there is no cute story. More often than not, the truth is pure ugliness. People are proud, people are greedy. Life fails us. And

then we die.

Beat. And then Ty finally looks up at Sarah with dead eyes.

TY

Does that answer your question?

EXT. TOY STORE - DAY

The camera moves up a line of somewhere between 50 and 100 people, mostly adults, snaking around the exterior of a mom-and-pop toy store in small-town America. They are feverish, agitated, like club-goers hoping to get into Studio 54.

And then -- the tension reaches new heights as the people in line catch sight of a UPS truck rounding the corner. The truck is tailed by at least five other cars.

The UPS DRIVER takes in the scene...

UPS DRIVER

Holy sh...

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

The owner, PHIL, and an employee, LORI, peer at the chaos outside.

Then -- a loud knock at the back of the store startles them.

INT./EXT. - TOY STORE/BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Phil opens the store's back door to reveal the UPS driver. In the alley behind him is the truck.

PHIL

Got 'em?

UPS DRIVER

Yep. Man, I would not wanna be you right now.

The two men walk to the back of the truck. The driver opens it up to reveal stacks of cardboard boxes, each stamped with a red heart that reads "ty".

INT. TOY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Phil and Lori empty the boxes onto several large tables set up in the middle of the store. As they do this, the chaos outside reaches its peak. People are thumping on the doors,

actually shoving each other for a better spot in line.

Phil and Lori look at each other, more than a little afraid. They nod. Phil heads to the door. Unlocks and opens it--

And with that, the stampede pushes through, and a weirdly awesome song kicks in (preferably Green Day's "American Idiot"). The music will continue through the following SEQUENCE, which consists of both recreations and actual news footage of the Beanie Baby craze at its peak...

INT. ANOTHER TOY STORE 1 - DAY

In another toy store in another part of America, a stampede pours in. Another set of "ty" boxes are ripped open, and the Beanie hunters fight over the contents like jackals fighting over meat.

INT. ANOTHER TOY STORE 2 - DAY

And another. In this store, two CREEPY-LOOKING MEN get in a fight over a Beanie. One guy shoves the other into a display of toys. As a fist connects with a mouth with a bone-crunching SMACK, we cut to--

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

CRACK. Ty's nose is broken as he lies on the table, unconscious.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DRIVE-THROUGH - DAY

The line-up of cars stretches as long as the lines for the toy stores. Lots of honking. POLICE OFFICERS are directing traffic. The DRIVER of the car pulled up next to the pick-up window verbally assaults a terrified MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE.

The camera PUSHES IN on the pick-up window until we enter...

INT. MCDONALD'S - KITCHEN - DAY

Chaos reigns. Food flies, grease spatters exposed skin, employees trip over each other, the phone rings off the hook.

We move into...

INT. MCDONALD'S - ORDERING AREA - DAY

The place is packed, strewn with garbage, filled with shouting people and screaming children. The average customer picks up between five and ten Happy Meals, chucks the actual

meal, and keeps the Teenie Beanie included in the box. (Teenie Beanies, by the way, are exactly what they sound like.)

Near the end of the line-up, two MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN get into an argument/screaming match, which ends with one shoving the other into the drink dispenser.

We cut from a CLOSEUP of one woman's wild eyes to--

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Ty, under the knife again, getting another eye job.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

A throng of SUBURBAN MOMS run, *Chariots of Fire*-style, toward a Hallmark store with a sign outside announcing a new shipment of Beanies. One actually shoves a KID out of the way as they join and jockey for position in the massive line-up, which several SECURITY GUARDS are trying unsuccessfully to get under control.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

A HUSBAND and WIFE in the middle of a bidding war for a rare Beanie on an Internet auction site lose their shit when the computer crashes. The husband tries desperately to reboot while the wife screams for him to hurry up.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

A Beanie Baby convention, where dealers and collectors come together to sell and trade on the secondary market. Many are shouting into walkie-talkies and cell phones. The scene looks like the trading floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

CLOSEUP of a hand fitting a plastic protector onto a hang tag with a SNAP--

INT. PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSEUP of Ty's face being injected with Botox.

INT. TOY FACTORY - DAY

CLOSEUP of Beanie after Beanie after Beanie coming off the production line.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

QUICK CUTS of Ty getting another facelift, a neck lift, and a chin implant.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

A CUSTOMS OFFICER rips open the bags of a WOMAN re-entering the US, finding and seizing roughly 40 Beanie Babies. (The woman was attempting to smuggle them into the country, in violation of the "one-Beanie rule" enforced by the U.S. Customs Service.) The scene is reminiscent of a drug bust.

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An actual drug bust. A couple of young HEROIN ADDICTS are arrested. An OFFICER opens the trunk of their car to find a huge pile of stolen Beanie Babies.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A masked THIEF breaks into a car. He takes only one item inside -- a retired Beanie Baby on the dashboard.

EXT. TOY STORE - NIGHT

A man in his 60's stares at a display of Beanie Babies in the store window. Suddenly -- he tenses. Turns around...

...to see a man in his late 20's standing behind him with a pistol pointed at his head.

The music stops abruptly. There is a beat of silence. And then the gun fires.

END SEQUENCE

INT. MARYANN'S HOUSE - STORAGE SPACE - DAY

A small room filled with literally hundreds of mint-condition Beanie Babies. They all have plastic protectors on their red hang tags. The collection is meticulously organized.

Maryann Galloway carefully makes space for two new, tag-protected Beanies. Once they're in place, she consults with a massive homemade checklist. Ticks off two new boxes.

INT. MARYANN'S HOUSE - MARYANN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maryann sits at the computer, typing an article about Beanie Baby prices. On her desk, we see several copies of a thick

monthly magazine, *Maryann's Beanie World Monthly*. We also see a local newspaper, the headline of which states: "MAN SHOT TO DEATH OVER BEANIE BABY DEAL GONE BAD."

She works in perfect silence, until--

PETER (O.S.)

Maryann!

MARYANN

I'm in the office!

After a few beats, the door opens and Peter enters.

PETER

What happened to Joey?

Maryann doesn't turn around, keeps typing.

MARYANN

Joey?

PETER

Your son.

MARYANN

He's in the den watching TV, isn't he?

PETER

I mean what happened to his face. He's missing a tooth, for Christ's sake.

Maryann finally stops typing and turns around.

MARYANN

Peter, I want you to calm down. He'll be perfectly fine.

PETER

I didn't ask if he'll be perfectly fine, I asked what the hell happened.

MARYANN

We swung by a Beanie convention on the way home from school. One of the vendors had Princess Diana bears, and there was a bit of a mad dash. Some turkey knocked him over -- he had his hands in his pockets so his face hit the pavement. He's perfectly fine.

PETER

He lost a tooth.

MARYANN

A baby tooth, Peter -- they grow another set.

PETER

And what were you doing, dragging the kids to one of those buffalo stampedes?

MARYANN

The sitter cancelled.

PETER

Again I ask, what were you doing?

MARYANN

Peter, I'm happy to talk, but can we do it later? I'm on a deadline for the magazine, and I really just need this time free of distractions.

PETER

I can think of bigger distractions.

MARYANN

And what is that supposed to mean?

PETER

(gesturing)

All of this. This -- this whole Beanie Baby... thing. Their constant presence in this household, that's a distraction. The magazine, the chat rooms, the checklists, the UPS car chases -- six hours a day on eBay and that padlocked private stash in the basement. It's all one big distraction from your real life, our real life.

MARYANN

I'm making money that pays for real life. That padlocked private stash in the basement is worth over a quarter million--

PETER

So let's sell it!

MARYANN

--and by 2008 it will have increased more than 50 percent--

PETER

Supposedly.

MARYANN

Assuredly.

PETER

It's a projection, not a guarantee.

MARYANN

It's a long-term investment.

PETER

It's crazy. You and the rest of this country have gone completely insane. Buying stock in companies that exist only in cyberspace and then ten in each color of a frigging beanbag. Frigging kid's toys, which God forbid our kids actually come into contact with. You won't let them so much as touch those stupid Beanie Babies and you know what else, I'm getting so fucking sick of saying "Beanie Babies" -- such a stupid fucking thing to say and I say it all the time now--

MARYANN

Don't swear--

PETER

I'll swear if I want to. Everyone playing this game has lost all sense of reality.

MARYANN

I think you've lost all sense of reality.

A beat as Peter stares at Maryann. And then he slowly crosses the room to stand in front of a glass display case, which contains a few of Maryann's most valuable Beanie Babies. The focal point of the collection is the royal blue elephant Beanie called Peanut, covered with a glass dome.

MARYANN
(tense)
What are you doing?

PETER
Nothing.

He opens the cabinet and carefully pulls out Peanut.

MARYANN
What are you doing?

PETER
Nothing.

MARYANN
That's Peanut the Royal Blue Elephant.
That's 6,000 dollars.

PETER
Says who?

MARYANN
Put him down.

PETER
Him?

Peter works Peanut in his hands. Fingers the tag protector.

PETER
What would you do if I took the tag
off?

Maryann's eyes pop slightly.

PETER
If I take the tag off, it's worthless,
right? But wouldn't he be happier with
that thing out of his ear?
(beat)
What would you do?

Maryann gets to her feet. Her face is white, posture rigid.

MARYANN
You wouldn't [dare]--

PETER
Just answer the question.

MARYANN
 (voice cracking)
 You're acting like a child, Peter!

PETER
 ...I'm acting like a child? I'm acting
 like a child?

Peter almost smiles, gives a small laugh of disbelief. And then he tosses Peanut at Maryann's feet.

PETER
 I'll leave you to it.

He exits the room.

CLOSE ON Peanut, lying prostrate on the carpeted floor.

INT. FOUR SEASONS NEW YORK PENTHOUSE - DAY

Ty is walking with a DESIGNER and ARCHITECT through a construction zone that makes up the entire 52nd floor of the Four Seasons Hotel in New York City. (Ty's face is now almost as waxy and tight from plastic surgery as it is in the scenes with Sarah in 2013.)

TITLE: 1999.

TY
 So nine rooms, 4,300 square feet. I want four balconies, and then floor-to-ceiling windows on all sides -- 360-degree views of the skyline. This is the tallest hotel in Manhattan, right?

DESIGNER
 Yep.

TY
 French doors over here. I'd like a marble fireplace right there in the seating area. Skylights -- can we do skylights? Diamond skylights?

ARCHITECT
 I think so.

TY
 25-foot cathedral ceilings, that's very important to me. In the bedrooms
 --

Venetian silk, 22-carat gold thread.
 For the bathrooms, we're gonna do the
 walls inlaid with mother of pearl,
 and then rock crystal sinks. A spa
 room -- maybe a screen of live bamboo
 trees--

DESIGNER

Did you just say live bamboo trees?

TY

Yes, I believe I did. Gentlemen,
 understand this, I want the people who
 stay here to feel like they are
gestating in the womb of luxury
itself.

(beat)

A Bosendorfer grand piano in the
 library would be nice. Could we do a
 Zen garden? Like an indoor-outdoor Zen
 garden?

ARCHITECT

...I'm not sure I even know what a Zen
 garden is.

TY

I'll find you some pictures.

A cell phone starts ringing. Ty reaches into his breast
 pocket, pulls it out, answers.

TY

This is Ty.

CAROL (O.S.)

This is Carol. Where the fuck are you?

TY

I'm in New York at the Four Seasons
 Hotel. Which, you may recall, I
 recently purchased for 275 million
 cash, because I am one of the 400
 richest people in the United States of
 America and the 400 richest people in
 the United States of America can
 afford to do things like that.

CAROL (O.S.)

Good for you. You need to get the fuck
 back here.

TY

Why would I need to do something like that?

CAROL (O.S.)

We need to talk.

INT. TY HEADQUARTERS - TY'S OFFICE - DAY

Carol tosses a folder of papers on Ty's desk. Ty himself is leaned back in his chair, not looking at her.

CAROL

We're down this quarter. It's not immaterial.

TY

And annual revenue will still be a billion dollars, so I really don't think that's cause for concern.

CAROL

It is when you take this into consideration.

She tosses another folder onto his desk.

CAROL

Prices for the average Beanie Baby listing on eBay 24 hours after our last three retirement announcements. They've levelled off completely. After the most recent retirement, they actually decreased.

(beat)

You know what that means?

TY

I have a feeling you're going to tell me.

CAROL

It means the market is crashing. Like you said, the law of supply and demand. We ship these things from Asia by the hundreds of millions and now the rest of the world is finally starting to figure it out: Peanut the Royal Blue Elephant is not a royal blue diamond.

TY

That's very cute, very clever. Sell that to USA Today.

CAROL

Ty, listen to me -- it's over. Or if it's not over yet, it will be soon. The kids ditched us for Pokemon and the collectors are dropping dead and we need to start talking about what the next step is. You want to end up like Dakin?

TY

(sitting up)

We are not going to end up like Dakin. We are not on the brink of insolvency, Carol, we are the most successful company in the history of the U.S. toy industry -- we don't need a next step. This is a single-step program here. This is the long game.

CAROL

I'm trying to win the long game.

TY

You wanna win the long game, you gotta [control the fad]--

CAROL

(over)

Control the fad.

TY

Cut back production, tighten up the logistics. I can do this, Carol, I can control the fad.

CAROL

The fad, Ty. Fad implies finite -- it was never going to last forever. And I'm not talking about the company, I'm talking about the craze. We can move on from this, with new products and a new strategy and we can find new ways to be the most successful company in the history of the U.S. toy industry, but we have to act now.

(beat)

This is the end. And that, my friend,

is out of your control.

OFF Ty's face--

INT. TY HEADQUARTERS - TY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ty paces the room, on the phone with HANSRUEDI SCHUMACHER, a man who we will only hear and never see. Ty's tone and expression tell us that he's getting more bad news.

TY

So would you mind telling me then exactly what that means--

SCHUMACHER (O.S.)

It means that the IRS is putting the heat on. They want a list of names.

TY

Which would include my name.

SCHUMACHER (O.S.)

Yes.

Ty closes his eyes but keeps pacing.

TY

What are my options.

SCHUMACHER (O.S.)

I'm leaving UBS -- I suggest you do the same. Transfer the funds to Zeurcher Kantonalbank, register the account under the name of a shell corporation.

TY

Okay.

SCHUMACHER (O.S.)

You'll have to fly to Zurich to do it.

TY

(agitated)

Then I'll do it.

Ty stops pacing.

TY

Can I ask you something?

SCHUMACHER (O.S.)
Of course.

TY
Is this going to end badly?

A few beats of silence. Then--

SCHUMACHER (O.S.)
You hold all the cards, Ty. It's just
a matter of playing them right.

Schumacher hangs up. Ty stands perfectly still -- nerves
shot, mind whirring.

EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

It's pouring rain. Ty stands outside the front door, pounding
it with his fist.

The door opens after a few beats to reveal Carol in her
dressing gown -- Ty's fist is raised in mid-air, about to
knock again. Carol gapes at him.

CAROL
Ty, what--

TY
It's not out of my control. Even if it
is the end, that doesn't mean it's out
of my control. It's the end because I
say so.

CAROL
Wait, are you drunk?

TY
Doesn't matter. Here's what's gonna
happen. I'm gonna post on the website
tonight, and I'm gonna tell the world
that as of 11:59 p.m. on December
31st, 1999, all Beanie Babies are
retired. Gone. Dead. We're gonna kill
all the little fuckers.

CAROL
What? Wait, what?

TY
Except guess what? We're not gonna
kill all the little fuckers.

CAROL

We're not?

TY

No. A week before the execution, Christmas Eve, we're gonna make another announcement, and we're gonna place the fate of the Beanie Baby species in your hands, America! Continue or discontinue, live or die? Phone in at the reasonable rate of 50 cents to cast your vote, and majority rules -- and the majority, of course, will vote to keep the circus in town forever and ever until the end of time. The Beanies are saved, the hype refuels demand, and the happy ending is no fucking ending.

A beat. Then--

CAROL

What the fuck?

TY

Is that fucking genius or what?

CAROL

That's the fucking worst idea I've ever heard in my life. People aren't that stupid, Ty, they're gonna know it's a cheap publicity stunt. They're gonna see right through it.

TY

They haven't been able to see through it for five years. Why should this time be any different?

CAROL

Don't do it, Ty. I cannot let you do this--

TY

(suddenly furious)

For the last time, you stupid fucking bitch, you don't let me do anything! You have no authority over me, you don't call my shots! Whose company is this? Whose instincts were right? Who pulled you up off your paper-pushing

ass and put you at the top of a billion-dollar enterprise? I do not answer to you.

Long pause. Carol stares -- lets out a single hollow laugh.

CAROL

You know what? Go ahead and hang yourself. Just know that I'm not going to stick around to watch.

She closes the door in his face, and we--

CUT TO BLACK.

A few beats of silence. And then--

REPORTER #1

In a news flash posted on the company website last night, it was announced that all Beanie Babies will be--

REPORTER #2

--retired, effective 12:00 a.m. on January 1st, the dawn of the new Millennium. The post also served to introduce one final Beanie Baby: a black bear fittingly named--

REPORTER #3

--"The End" -- of the Beanie Baby line entirely, or those currently in production? Questions abound and remain unanswered. Foremost among them: Is this merely a clever marketing ploy to revive--

REPORTER #1

--declining sales this past year, described by some as the inevitable bursting of the Beanie Baby bubble. As usual, the CEO and founder of Ty--

REPORTER #2

--Warner, sole owner and enigmatic billionaire, could not be reached for comment, leaving us to wonder--

REPORTER #3

--if the mad toy craze that has come to define the better half of a decade

is finally coming to a close.

INT. CLARK COUNTY COURTROOM - DAY

A DIVORCED COUPLE are squatted on the courtroom floor, painstakingly sorting through a mountain of Beanie Babies and splitting them into two separate piles. MEMBERS OF THE PRESS gleefully snap photographs. The agonized FAMILY COURT JUDGE looks on.

FAMILY COURT JUDGE

(to the couple)

This isn't about toys. This is about control. Because you folks can't reach an agreement on the division of your... assets, it takes the services of a District Court judge, a bailiff and a court reporter. We're going to sit here, and we're gonna watch you pick 'em one by one until they're gone.

(beat, then to himself)

My God, is this what it's come to?

INT. FOUR SEASONS NEW YORK PENTHOUSE - DAY

The penthouse suite is still under construction, but the floor-to-ceiling windows have been put in. Ty stands with his face inches from the glass, looking out on the city. The room is utterly silent.

TITLE: December 1999.

And then -- another attractive young girl (GRACE) comes up behind him.

GRACE

This is amazing.

TY

Mm-hm.

GRACE

It's going to be so beautiful. Thank you for showing me.

TY

You're welcome.

He doesn't look at her. Grace looks out the window again.

GRACE

It's kind of lonely up here though,
isn't it?

TY

(still not looking at her)
It's peaceful. The world at a
distance. That feeling like you're the
only person on earth with a brain and
a beating heart.

GRACE

So you're an ivory tower kind of guy.

TY

Maybe a little.

A long silence.

GRACE

(suggestive)

You wanna go to another hotel room?

TY

Sure.

But he doesn't move.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

Faith stands in the open doorway to Ty's office. After a moment, she wanders in and starts going through the drawers of Ty's desk -- sifting through scribbled notes, sketches, receipts and invoices.

Eventually, she comes across a white Beanie Baby bear with a red heart on its chest.

She picks it up. Stares at it. And then hurls it as hard as she can at the window. It hits the window pane nose-first, leaving a smudgy scratch on the glass.

Faith walks over to the window -- feels the scratch with her fingertip. Her expression is unreadable.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - GATE - EVENING

The airport is busy with holiday travellers. Ty, suitcase at his feet, is talking on his cell phone.

TY

It wasn't long -- half an hour.
They're gonna start boarding in a
minute. At least that's what they
said.

(beat)

You don't have to wait up for me.

FAITH (O.S.)

I wasn't going to.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faith is in bed, phone to her ear, dressed for bed --
emotionally drained. She closes her eyes, and then opens them
before saying--

FAITH

I don't want to live together anymore.

Ty blinks. He's silent for a moment. Then--

TY

Okay.

FAITH

Let's just get through the holidays
and then I'll tell the girls once
we've figured things out.

TY

I can-- we'll tell them together.

FAITH

(sharper)

Why would you tell them anything?

A beat.

TY

You're right. It's not my place.

Faith's face twists slightly. There's a silence in which she
gets herself under control.

FAITH

Have a safe flight.

And with that, she hangs up.

INT. AIRPLANE/FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Ty looks out the window as the plane flies over Chicago.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Ty enters, suitcase in hand. Exhausted.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Ty pours himself a drink, still wearing his plane clothes.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

There's a Christmas tree twinkling in a corner, wrapped presents underneath. Ty stands staring at it before he lets himself fall back onto the sofa with his drink.

He sits still for a moment, and then shifts, feeling something underneath him. He pulls out from between the cushions a well-worn Beanie Baby -- one of the original "old face" teddy bears. Ty stares at it, turns it over in his hands.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - JENNA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Faith's daughter Jenna, now about 10, is lying in bed on her stomach, reading. Her door is half-open.

Ty appears in the doorway. He knocks lightly and she looks up.

JENNA

Hi Ty.

TY

Hi Jenna.

(beat)

Is your mother asleep?

JENNA

I think so. She went to bed early. How was New York?

TY

Cold.

(beat)

It's Christmas Eve, you know. You should be asleep too.

JENNA

I'm turning my light out in five minutes.

TY

Okay.

A beat. Ty holds up the Beanie Baby he found in the sofa.

TY

Is this yours?

JENNA

(sitting up)

Hey, you found him!

TY

He was between the couch cushions downstairs--

JENNA

I was looking all over for him yesterday.

Ty tosses her the Beanie and she catches it.

JENNA

Thanks Ty.

TY

You're welcome.

Jenna goes back to reading, but Ty lingers in her doorway.

TY

He's pretty beat up, that bear of yours.

JENNA

Yeah, I guess so.

Ty hesitates, then--

TY

You know, I can get you a new one if you want. That exact version.

Jenna looks up at him, faintly surprised.

JENNA

Um... thanks, but that's okay.

TY
It's no trouble, really.

JENNA
I know, but -- Brownie's special.

Ty nods. Jenna turns back to her book. But then--

TY
Why?

Jenna looks up at him again.

TY
Why is he special?

Again, Jenna looks surprised, like the answer should be obvious.

JENNA
Because I've had him since I was
little.

Ty digests this -- it hits him hard. Her simple explanation causes him a kind of pain he can barely understand.

INT. TOY STORES - NIGHT

David Bowie's "Come and Buy My Toys" plays. In various closed toy stores, we see piles of Beanie Babies -- glassy-eyed, unsold, unwanted.

INT./EXT. TY'S CAR - NIGHT

The music continues as Ty, still in his plane clothes, drives through the lonely streets of Chicago.

EXT. TREATMENT FACILITY - NIGHT

Ty's car pulls up in front of what looks from the outside like a nursing home.

INT. TREATMENT FACILITY - NIGHT

Ty, accompanied by a middle-aged NURSE, walks down a hallway lined with patient rooms. They stop in front of the door to a room near the end of the hall.

NURSE
Might already be asleep.

She knocks lightly. No response. She opens the door slightly.

NURSE

You can go in. Shout if you need anything.

She walks off. After a moment of hesitation, Ty enters--

INT. TREATMENT FACILITY - GEORGIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

--to see Georgia propped up in the bed. Her eyes are closed, but it's unclear whether she's asleep or not.

Ty stands frozen for a moment, and then walks to sit in the chair beside the bed. He watches his mother for a few beats. As if sensing his presence, she slowly opens her eyes.

TY

Merry Christmas, Mom.

GEORGIA

Merry Christmas.

They stare at each other.

GEORGIA

It's quiet tonight.

TY

That's good.

Silence. Ty can't think of anything else to say. Except--

TY

You know, I--

(beat)

I made a billion dollars this year.
Did you know that?

Georgia shakes her head a little.

GEORGIA

No.

Another silence. Ty seems to struggle with himself.

TY

Are you proud of me?

GEORGIA

Yes.

But her expression is unchanged. There is absolutely no tenderness in it. Ty registers this.

TY
...Do you think about me when I'm not
with you?

Georgia thinks for a long time before answering.

GEORGIA
I never knew I didn't want to be a
mother until the moment I became a
mother.

Ty was braced for an answer like this, but it still hurts. He nods, trying to keep his face from twisting.

TY
I think maybe... you only ever realize
that you wanted a different life when
it's too late to have it.

GEORGIA
Hmm.

She closes her eyes, at peace. Ty lets a few tears fall.

EXT. TREATMENT FACILITY - NIGHT

Ty walks out of the front entrance, headed to where his car is parked. He glances up, and stops dead in his tracks.

Joyce stands in the parking lot, staring at him. He stares back, until she breaks the silence.

JOYCE
How'd it go?

Ty sort of shrugs. He looks utterly wretched.

TY
You know.

JOYCE
I do.
(beat)
Christmas Eve.

TY
Yeah.

JOYCE

You don't have anywhere else to be?

Ty closes his eyes -- keeps them closed for a moment too long.

TY

No.

JOYCE

Mm. We have that in common now.

She retrieves cigarettes and a lighter from her purse.

JOYCE

My ex gets Christmas with the kids he can't pay for. Explain to me how that makes sense. You can't, because it doesn't.

(beat)

Anyway. I figured it's better sitting with her than sitting alone.

Ty doesn't say anything. He's staring at nothing, almost completely unaware of his surroundings -- all of his attention turned inward.

Joyce lights up. She's not looking at Ty, hasn't realized that anything's wrong.

JOYCE

So I read about this whole, uh, mass retirement thing.

(exhale)

You gonna go through with that?

Again, Ty is silent. Joyce glances at him, sees his face -- reacts.

JOYCE

Ty?

But it's as if Ty can't hear her. Joyce looks almost worried.

JOYCE

Ty. Ty.

The note of urgency in her voice finally pulls Ty out of his trance. His eyes meet hers.

JOYCE
What's going on?

Ty breathes deeply. Closes his eyes again. Once again, he appears to be fighting a panic attack.

TY
I can't look at you, I just...
(pause)
...I couldn't... help it, I couldn't
fix what--

He steadies himself. And then finally--

TY
I need you... to let me go.

A beat. Joyce nods, her face unreadable.

JOYCE
Okay.

Ty nods. He walks away.

Joyce turns to watch the back of him for a moment, and then heads toward the facility.

INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE - NIGHT

Back in the high-rise in 2013 Chicago. CLOSE ON Ty's face as he looks out the window again, watching the city at night.

SARAH (O.S.)
Okay, I think we're done here.

Ty turns his head to see Sarah putting the recorder back in her briefcase. She's packing up, getting ready to go.

TY
We're done?

SARAH
Yes, I think we've got enough.

Ty nods silently.

SARAH
I'll write up the draft and send it on
to Greg for review. We'll have it
filed by the end of the month.

She looks at Ty. Her gaze is earnest and very direct.

SARAH

Thank you, Mr. Warner, for your cooperation. I know that wasn't easy.

TY

Thank you.

SARAH

Enjoy the holidays, and I'll see you in the new year.

Ty doesn't move, faces the window again -- thinking. Then, as Sarah is shrugging on her coat--

TY

Can I ask you something?

She stops, looks up at him.

SARAH

Of course.

Ty hesitates. And then--

TY

Why do you think I wanted to make toys for children.

Sarah gives him a long, hard look.

SARAH

My grandfather gave me my first plush toy. A Steiff teddy bear. I took him everywhere with me -- to nursery school, to church. He was with me when I got my first booster shot, and again for five stitches and a broken ankle. He slept in my bed until I was eight, and then again starting the year I turned 13 -- the year my parents divorced -- until the year I turned 18 and moved out of the house. I still have that bear. I'll never get rid of him.

(beat)

Sometimes life does fail us. Or rather, the people in our lives, the ones we depend on to make us feel safe and accepted and loved -- they fail

us. Sometimes you need someone -- or something -- who won't. Sometimes, or most of the time, you never really stop needing it.

(beat)

Does that answer your question?

CLOSE ON Ty's face, reacting.

MAN'S VOICE (KOCORAS) (PRE-LAP)

Mr. H. Ty Warner.

INT. CHICAGO COURTROOM - DAY

A courtroom packed with media and onlookers. The prosecution and the defence are on their feet for Judge CHARLES KOCORAS' sentencing. The defendant is Ty Warner. Note that Sarah is a member of his legal team.

TITLE: January 2014.

KOCORAS

The guidelines call for a prison term of 46 to 57 months. It's the sentence recommended by the prosecution. It's the sentence I would expect to give in most cases of this nature.

(beat)

However, in this particular case... I find that a just decision -- for those inside and outside this courtroom -- may only be reached by taking into account the moral character of the man standing in front of me.

A few murmurs.

KOCORAS

I refer to letters written by Mr. Warner's friends, his employees, those who describe themselves as recipients of his tremendous charity. Most of the acts detailed in these letters were done privately and quietly. It is clear to me that they were motivated by the purest of intentions. I can say without hesitation that I have never had a defendant in any case demonstrate the level of humanity and concern for the welfare of others as has Mr. Warner.

Louder murmuring. The PROSECUTION looks outraged. Ty wears his poker face -- but he glances over to lock eyes with Sarah for a brief moment.

KOCORAS

The defendant is hereby sentenced to two years probation, 500 hours community service, and \$100,000 in fines and costs.

The gavel bangs.

EXT. CHICAGO COURTHOUSE - DAY

Rain comes down in sheets. Ty shields his face from photographers, moving quickly from the crowd into a limo.

Over this, we hear various news stories--

REPORTER #1

No jail time for Beanie Baby creator and convicted tax evader Ty Warner, in an outcome already sparking outrage--

REPORTER #2

Probation only for Beanie Baby crybaby, who detailed an unhappy childhood and acts of charity in his plea for a lighter sentence--

REPORTER #3

Chicago's own Howard Hughes gets off easy in a stunning decision federal prosecutors have vowed to appeal--

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Utter silence. Ty is the only passenger. He stares out the window at the streets of Chicago.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

In a SERIES OF SCENES, we see:

In the foyer -- Ty hangs up his coat, takes off his shoes.

In the kitchen -- Ty pours himself a drink.

In the living room -- Ty plays his grand piano.

In the bathroom -- Ty leans over the sink, staring at his

face in the mirror.

Finally, in his home office -- Ty sits at his desk, looking at Beanie Boo prototypes. He reaches for his drink, takes a sip -- thinking.

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

Carol, now in her 60's as well, is reading an article about Ty's sentencing on a laptop computer.

Then -- the smartphone on her desk starts to ring. Carol looks at it for a few beats. Picks it up, and then answers.

CAROL

Ty.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - SAME TIME

TY

Carol.

CAROL

Been a while.

TY

Yep.

CAROL

I just heard -- well I read, actually, about the...

TY

Yeah.

CAROL

It's good. I mean, you know, it's better than what you were... prepared for, I guess.

TY

It is.

(long pause)

He said I was a good person.

CAROL

He did.

(beat)

Maybe you are.

TY
...Maybe...

There's a long silence.

CAROL
Are you--
(beat, then gently)
Are you okay, Ty?

Ty doesn't react. Doesn't speak.

CAROL
...Ty.

Another long silence. Then, finally--

TY
I'm alone.

Carol stills. She is suddenly on the verge of tearing up.

CAROL
(more urgently)
Are you okay?

Ty breathes in deeply. Nods.

TY
Yep.

Carol pauses, torn between saying more and leaving it.

CAROL
You can't lie to me, you know.

TY
I know.

They stay on the phone, not speaking.

INT. TY'S OAK BROOK HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Ty sets his drink on the bedside table. Sits heavily on the bed. After a few beats, he glances over at the bedside table. Reaches over -- but not for the drink. Instead, he pulls open the drawer and retrieves from within it...

...his old, worn teddy bear.

Ty examines the bear's face and stitching. Presses his nose

to the top of its head, breathes in deeply. Closes his eyes -- and then opens them. Staring straight ahead at nothing.

Alanis Morissette's "Ironie" starts to play and will continue over the end credits. The camera slowly PULLS BACK as we

FADE TO BLACK.

POSTSCRIPT:

Collectors voted to save Beanie Babies from discontinuation. Production resumed in 2000, with a bear named The Beginning.

Ty Warner never married. His relationship with Faith McGowan ended in 2001, and she received a lump sum payment for an undisclosed amount. He attended her funeral in June 2013.

Ty's estimated net worth is \$2.7 billion. In addition to Ty Inc., he owns hotels and resorts in New York, California, Hawaii and Mexico.

In March 2020, the Four Seasons became the first hotel in New York to provide free housing for medical personnel on the front lines of COVID-19. The operation was Ty Warner's idea, and paid for by him.

Peanut the Royal Blue Elephant now sells for \$5 on eBay.