

TRANSFORMER

Created by
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Episode 1:

"Pilot: Be the Change You Wish to See in the World"

by
Kris Krainock

TRANSFORMER

PILOT

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A funeral service is underway. The Church is crowded, a MINISTER speaks at the front of the room, the corpse of SIDNEY TUTTLE (80s) lies in an open CASKET facing the audience of mourners.

An elder woman, CADENCE TUTTLE, sits in the front pew, dabbing her tears with a TISSUE.

A rotund, sheepish man in his early 50s sits sandwiched between his wife and children in one of the front pews. This is WES TUTTLE, the son of Sidney and Cadence.

Wes' wife, LEE TUTTLE, dressed smart in a conservative blazer and long skirt, busily texts on her BLACKBERRY.

Wes observes her out of the corner of his eye, reflecting vague annoyance at her texting. Wes then glances at his children, KELLY TUTTLE (19) and DANIEL TUTTLE (14).

Kelly is deep in prayer, eyes closed, head bowed, fingers clasped together in a tight, white-knuckled grip. Daniel is staring toward the ceiling, mouth agape, an expression of supreme boredom across his face.

Wes displays even more annoyance. He then looks forward and listens to the Minister speak.

MINISTER

If the measure of a man is determined by the legacy he leaves behind, by the number of people who are affected by his passing, then Sidney Tuttle was a big man, indeed. Adored by his family, cherished by his community; The Tuttle Shoe Depot, a staple in this city for over 50 years...(continues throughout)

Wes becomes visibly frustrated, sighing heavily and rolling his eyes. He leans in close to Lee and whispers:

WES TUTTLE

I need some air.

Lee looks away from her Blackberry and acknowledges Wes, clearly uncertain of what he said.

Wes awkwardly stands up from the pew and makes his way to the center aisle. Mourners watch as he rushes to the back of the church.

INT. CHURCH FOYER - DAY

Wes bursts into the Church foyer, unbuttoning his shirt collar and loosening his tie. He takes a few deep breaths. He is mildly disoriented. He then spots a WATER FOUNTAIN near the restrooms. He stumbles toward them.

He bends down, takes a sip of water from the fountain, splashes some on his face and stands erect in front of the restroom doors.

Peering at the Restroom signs, Wes looks back and forth between the Women's and Men's. He pauses in apprehension.

The muffled voice of the Minister echoes throughout the foyer.

Wes' eyes then become ones of determination and spite. He pauses for a moment longer and then enters the Women's restroom.

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE:

Kinetic text throughout one continuous, unbroken simulated dolly shot. The camera glides through a miniature replica model town, introducing the Main Characters through their replica counterparts and is accompanied by the song "SMALLTOWN" performed by Lou Reed and John Cale.

INT. CHURCH RESTROOM - DAY

Wes is seated on the toilet, pants around his ankles, urinating.

The Minister's speech is now echoing through the vent in the restroom wall. Wes rolls his eyes in frustration and flushes the toilet.

INT. CHURCH FOYER - DAY

Wes emerges from the restroom. He walks toward a display of pamphlets. He picks one up that reads: "Be the Change You Wish to See in the World."

He studies it with contemplative, conflicted eyes.

EXT. STEPS OF CHURCH - DAY

Wes and family exit the church along with the other mourners. Suddenly there is a rush of PRESS and MEDIA that surround them.

The Members of the Press talk over one another in a fury. A short, peevish man quickly stands between the family and the press and quiets them down with a commanding authoritative "shushing."

This is BRANDT, Lee's Personal Assistant.

BRANDT

(to Press Members)

Okay. Okay. Quiet down... The Congresswoman's family is grieving. She'll be making a brief statement, but please, no questions.

Brandt steps aside and Lee steps forward, speaking solemnly into the cluster of microphones.

LEE TUTTLE

Two nights ago my husband, Wes, lost his father very suddenly. The Tuttle family lost its patriarch. And this community lost one of its founding pillars. It's not a stretch to assume that if you've lived in this city for any period of time that the Shoe Depot has invariably affected you in some way. Perhaps it provided you a pair of shoes during one of its many annual clothing drives or perhaps Sidney knocked off a few bucks when you didn't quite have enough money to buy that blouse. That was the kind of man he was; generous, obliging, thoughtful.

Wes listens intently to Lee speak. His eyes are fixed on her, a grimace on his face, trying to hide his true feelings of anger.

LEE TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Sidney will be deeply missed by all who knew him. Thank you.

Lee turns away from the press. A barrage of photographs begin, then Members of the Press shout out questions in a loud jumble.

PRESS MEMBER 1

What will happen to the Shoe Depot now? Will it be closed? Will Wes be taking it over?

Wes steps forward.

WES TUTTLE

Uh, no, I--

LEE TUTTLE

(interrupting Wes)

One of Wes' brothers has shown interest in keeping the family business *within* the family. Do not worry. There is no talk of the Shoe Depot closing its doors.

Lee turns to exit once again.

PRESS MEMBER 2

How, if at all, will this effect your upcoming run for Governor of the state of Ohio?

BRANDT

(stepping in)

I said no questions!

LEE TUTTLE

(to Brandt)

It's okay, Brandt.

(to Press Members)

I've never been one to allow my personal life to interfere with my professional one. I am truly saddened by the loss of my father-in-law, but the great state of Ohio deserves my best at all times. I'll be spending the rest of the day with family, but I'll be back to the grindstone tomorrow. We've got an election to win.

INT. CAR - DAY

Wes drives his family in an awkward silence. Lee is beside him in the passenger's seat. Kelly and Danny are in the back seats and squeezed between them is Brandt.

LEE TUTTLE

(to Wes)

I thought I had made it clear to you not to speak to the press.

WES TUTTLE

Well, I'm sorry, Lee, but the question was directed at me.

LEE TUTTLE

The questions are never directed at you. Tell him Brandt.

Brandt leans forward a bit.

BRANDT

(condescending)

Wes, it's true, but right now you serve a very specific purpose in this scenario. We need to project the image of a happy, healthy, relatively normal family. And your a huge part of that. People look at the kids, sure, but it's really the spouse that's in the spotlight. You need to be smiling and nodding. Think of it this way, Lee is the president and you're the first lady.

Wes gives Brandt a nasty glance.

LEE TUTTLE

(to Wes)

All you need is one faux pas to lose elections nowadays with blogging and Facebook and goddamn fucking Twitter.

Kelly leans forward dramatically.

KELLY

Mom!

LEE TUTTLE

I'm sorry! I take it back. Brandt, put a dollar in the swear jar when we get home.

BRANDT

Got it.

Brandt makes a note in his Blackberry.

LEE TUTTLE

(to Wes)

So, I'm sorry, honey, but you're not known to think quickly on your feet. You get nervous.

WES TUTTLE

I don't think that's entirely true.

BRANDT

Do you remember the last time you were asked to tag along on that morning radio show? You belched. On air.

WES TUTTLE

(frustrated)

I have acid reflux! Brandt, will you stay out of this!

An awkward silence fills the car.

Wes notices they're driving passed a Christmas tree LOT.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

(to family)

Hey, why don't we stop and get our Christmas tree after the repast? It's only two days till Christmas and we've hardly decorated.

LEE TUTTLE

I already told you, we're getting a fake tree this year for the party.

WES TUTTLE

Come on, honey, it's tradition.

LEE TUTTLE

Piss on tradition--

Kelly and Brandt lock eyes. Brandt makes a note in his Blackberry.

LEE TUTTLE (CONT'D)

--when we're hosting fifty people that will be able to advance my career at the drop of a hat. I want everything to be perfect.

WES TUTTLE

Well, let's take a vote. (to kids)
Kids, would you like a real Christmas tree this year?

KELLY TUTTLE

I agree with Mom. Real trees are so much work and they die. The fake trees are really beautiful and we can keep it up longer.

Wes is disappointed. He looks at his son Daniel in the rear view mirror.

WES TUTTLE

(to Daniel)

How about you Danny? Would you like to weigh in on this?

Danny turns from listlessly staring out of the window. He is sluggish and depressed in demeanor.

DANIEL TUTTLE

No.

Wes puts his eyes back on the road.

WES TUTTLE

Well, all right then.

INT. CADENCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Wes, family and extended family stand around in Cadence's house. Cadence sits in an old, ratty CHAIR as Mourners approach her and give their condolences. She accepts each mourner with a kind smile as she dabs away tears.

Lee and Brandt sit secluded from the others talking quietly as Wes lingers around them.

BRANDT

(to Lee)

Ohio is a battleground state. Youngstown in particular is blue. You're going to have to project a moderate stance when touring, or these smalltowners are going to eat you alive. They still have pictures of Kennedy hanging in their windows for Christ's sake. You might have to get your hands dirty a bit. No washing clean dishes at a homeless shelter.

LEE TUTTLE

I don't mind doing that. I want my hands dirty.

(MORE)

LEE TUTTLE (CONT'D)

I have to show these people that I'm willing to give back. I'll even stage photo opportunities with the homeless if I have to, I'll wear an apron and Crocs, I'll adopt a needy minority if that's what it takes.

BRANDT

That's where it gets tricky. Ohioans, while predominately blue, are also very traditional. You still need to reenforce your conservative core if you want to preserve your viability for candidate in the senate race.

Lee and Brandt break their rapid-fire dialogue and notice Wes eavesdropping. Lee looks at Wes with disdain.

LEE TUTTLE

(to Wes, annoyed)

Why don't you go see what your brothers are cahooting about over there?

Wes looks toward the KITCHEN TABLE and sees that his three brothers JERRY, ROBERT and MAX are speaking to one another in a secretive manner.

Wes is the second youngest child, Jerry (mid 60s) and Robert (late 50s) being older and Max (late 40s) being the youngest.

Wes approaches them and Lee returns to her conversation with Brandt.

WES TUTTLE

(to Brothers)

Hey guys, what are you talking about?

ROBERT TUTTLE

Will you keep your voice down?

WES TUTTLE

(lowering his voice)

Why? What's up?

JERRY TUTTLE

We're discussing what to do about Mother.

MAX TUTTLE

And in turn, what to do about the Depot.

WES TUTTLE

What do you mean, the Depot?

ROBERT TUTTLE

Well, with Dad gone and Mother's memory getting worse by the day, the future of the store isn't as set in stone as it was forty-eight hours ago.

JERRY TUTTLE

Dad was hemorrhaging money the entire last quarter. Without someone taking over the business full time, I don't know how she'll survive without doing some serious damage to this family's pocketbook. Perhaps irrevocable damage.

WES TUTTLE

What are you talking about? The Shoe Depot is a Youngstown staple, not to mention I still work there. You can't close it down.

MAX TUTTLE

Where is all this coming from? You've always hated working there. If it weren't for you dropping out of school to help support Lee on the campaign trail, you'd be a hundred miles away by now.

WES TUTTLE

Now, that's not true. I just realized architecture wasn't the field for me. I'm a tailor and a damn good one. I enjoy my work. Dad and I didn't see eye-to-eye on a lot of things, but I would never want to see his life's work dissolved before his body's even cold.

An awkward silence begins. The Brothers give Wes leering eyes.

MAX TUTTLE

(accusatory)

What as that little show you put on back there?

WES TUTTLE

What show?

ROBERT TUTTLE
Getting up and leaving in the
middle of Dad's service.

Wes is caught off guard.

WES TUTTLE
I--I had to go to the bathroom.

JERRY TUTTLE
You really think during the
minister's eulogy was the opportune
time to take a shit?

WES TUTTLE
Listen, I don't have to defend
myself to you assholes!

Wes angrily gets up from the table.

ROBERT TUTTLE
There's that famous temper. We were
taking bets on when you'd cause a
scene.

WES TUTTLE
Kiss my ass, Bob!

Wes storms into the kitchen.

He approaches the REFRIGERATOR, pulls it open forcefully,
bends down and removes a BEER. He twists the CAP from the
bottle and throws it *somewhere* in a huff.

Wes scans the room. He sees his best friend DON (40s)
standing alone in a corner, looking bored and out of place.

Wes makes his way over to him. Don sees him coming and his
face lightens up.

DON
Hey, buddy! How ya holding up?

WES TUTTLE
I'm fine. I just hate all this.

DON
Yeah, it's a bummer, pal. Losing a
parent is never easy.

Don holds up his beer.

DON (CONT'D)
To your dad.

Wes pauses for a moment, looking at Don's beer bottle. He then hesitantly raises his beer and they cheers.

They swigs their beers.

DON (CONT'D)

Why don't you come over to the West side tonight and get some pierogi?

WES TUTTLE

I can't tonight. I still need to go into the shop and I'm trying to have supper with the family more often. I feel like we're drifting apart.

DON

How's Danny?

Wes pauses for a moment and contemplates Don's question.

WES TUTTLE

I don't know.

DON

(nonchalantly)

Eh, it will work itself out.

Don takes another swig of his beer.

DON (CONT'D)

(upon swallowing the last of his beer)

Hey, do you know what a gloryhole is?

Wes stops mid-swig and looks at Don with surprise, nearly choking on his beer.

WES TUTTLE

Jesus Christ! What the hell's wrong with you?

DON

So you know what it is?

WES TUTTLE

Yes, I know what a (lowers voice)...gloryhole is. Do you think this is appropriate time to talk about it? I can literally see my mother crying five feet away.

Cadence continues to greet mourners.

DON

I just read about this fucked-up thing that happened over on Belmont Avenue last week. (Lowers voice) Some faggot stuck is dick in a hole he found in the wall of this rest stop off the two-twenty-four. Apparently it's a hangout for them. Can you believe that? In our town, there's faggot meeting grounds. Anyway, when he stuck is dick in there, someone on the other side slammed it between two bricks.

Wes listens to the story with sadness in his eyes.

WES TUTTLE

Jesus.

DON

Yeah, I guess they messed him up pretty bad. They're calling it a hate crime. I say, if you do that kinda thing, you're asking for it. These faggots, man. They're worse than malignans. At least the niggers mind their own business. They want to kill their own, let 'em. But the gays, they have to be all in your face about it. I don't go shoving my sexuality in anybody's face, ya know? Listen, what you want to do in the privacy of your own home. God bless you. It's none of my business. But I don't want to see that shit. Ya know?

Wes pauses and looks deeply at Don.

WES TUTTLE

Yeah... Listen, I gotta go to the can. I'll be back.

Wes gets up and walks to the back of the house. There's a long hallway that leads to bedrooms. Wes looks back at all the Mourners. No one seems to be paying attention to him.

He begins to slowly walk down the hallway. He sticks his head into his old bedroom, signified by photos of him in his youth and a typical "boy's room" decor.

Wes then enters the master bedroom at the end of the hall. The room is "old-fashioned" in decor.

He examines a PHOTO of his family when he and his brothers were children and his parents were in their 30s.

He takes a deep breath and exhales. He then sits down on the bed. He looks around the room before noticing the bottom of the bedroom door.

There is SCRATCH MARKS on the door from human fingernails. He stares at them intently.

INT. CAR - DAY

The Tuttle family and Brandt ride in complete silence.

INT./EXT. CAR/FRONT OF WES' HOUSE - DAY

Lee, Brandt, Kelly and Danny get out of the car and walk toward the Tuttle household. Wes, from the driver's seat, calls after them through the rolled-down passenger window.

WES TUTTLE
(to family)
I'm just going into work for a bit!
I'll be home for supper!

INT. CAR - DAY

Wes is driving in silence. His face is pensive. He then switches on the radio.

David Bowie & Queen's "Under Pressure" is in progress.

Wes begins to loosen up and tap his hand to the beat against the steering wheel.

He then notices, while driving on the highway, that two GRAFFITI ARTISTS are defacing the "Welcome to Youngstown" sign by crossing out "Youngstown" and replacing it with "Hell."

Wes veers off the road suddenly, pulling over in a ditch and exiting his vehicle.

He begins charging toward them and shouting.

WES TUTTLE
(to Graffiti Artists)
Hey you! Stop that! You little
fuckers! Stop it!

The two Graffiti Artists are startled by Wes' advances. They drop their SPRAY CANS and flee.

Wes, out of breath, stumbles to a stop. He bends down, his hands on his knees, and catches his breath. He then looks up and stares at the defaced sign.

"Welcome to Hell" reads prominently.

INT. TRAILOR SHOP - EVENING

Wes sits alone in his Tailor Shop, a storefront attached to his father's Shoe Depot.

He wears READING GLASSES to examine the seam in a pair of PANTS.

Suddenly the entrance BELL is heard and a buxom, statuesque, heavy-set woman enters the shop. This is DOROTHY. Dorothy is radiantly beautiful with milky-smooth skin and strawberry blonde hair. She is sweet and playful, almost innocent and childlike in the way she speaks.

The bell alerts Wes, who looks up from the pair of pants to greet her, but when he sets eyes on Dorothy, he is awestruck. He freezes and is unable to find any words to welcome her.

DOROTHY
Are you still open?

WES TUTTLE
(struggling)
Ye--Yes. We're open.

DOROTHY
Who's we?

Wes is puzzled.

WES TUTTLE
Pardon me?

DOROTHY
Well, you said "we're open" and it looks as though you're all alone.

WES TUTTLE
Well, yes, uh. I sent my seamstress home. I was getting ready to close up a little early. It was my father's funeral today.

DOROTHY

Oh, I'm so sorry. Please, don't let me trouble you.

WES TUTTLE

No, no. How may I help you?

DOROTHY

Well, if you're sure you don't mind... I'd like to get measured for a custom dress.

Dorothy lets out a big smile.

WES TUTTLE

I see. A special occasion?

DOROTHY

Whenever a girl gets a new dress, it *is* a special occasion.

Wes smiles.

WES TUTTLE

Well, what do you say, let's get started, shall we?

Wes removes a piece of MEASURING TAPE from around his neck.

He nervously approaches her and then begins taking her measurements.

He ogles her as he stretches the Tape across her beautiful, sturdy neck. His face is one of amazement and admiration as she playfully poses for him and he gets the remainder of her measurements.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Okay. I've got those. Why don't we take a look at some fabrics?

DOROTHY

Oh, yes please.

They walk over to FABRIC WHEELS.

WES TUTTLE

So what do you think?

Dorothy peruses the fabrics.

DOROTHY

I'm not sure. They're all so lovely. Which is your favorite?

WES TUTTLE

Oh, no. This is your dress. I shouldn't give my opinion. It wouldn't be right.

Dorothy studies Wes with her eyes for a moment.

DOROTHY

Do you enjoy making dresses, Mr...?

WES TUTTLE

Tuttle. Wes Tuttle. And your name?

DOROTHY

Dorothy.

WES TUTTLE

Yes, Dorothy, I do. I like the idea that I'm creating something original...*specific* for someone and that they're going to cherish it.

Dorothy looks at some MANNEQUINS along the wall that are dressed in sample dresses.

DOROTHY

(referring to the sample dresses)

Are these yours, Wes?

WES TUTTLE

Yes.

DOROTHY

You're an artist! I'm not sure I deserve something so beautiful.

WES TUTTLE

Sure you do! ...I hope you don't mind me saying, but you are very beautiful.

Dorothy looks at Wes with adoring eyes.

DOROTHY

Oh, so are you, sweetie.

INT. WES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Wes quietly enters his house. The lights are out, signifying he's home much later than intended. Muffled audio from a television set can heard coming from Danny's room somewhere on the first floor of the house.

Wes tip-toes further into the house and approaches a BASEMENT DOOR. He opens it and enters the dark stairway leading to the basement. He closes the door behind him and then flicks on the stairway light.

Reaching the bottom of the stairs, Wes turns on the main basement light revealing a large, elaborate MODEL TRAIN SET and accompanying MODEL TOWN, populated by miniature wooden REPLICAS of Wes' friends and family.

Wes sighs relief at being back in his work shop. For the first time a sense of calm comes over him.

He walks over to the model town and takes a seat. He finds a TELEVISION REMOTE and points it toward a TV beside the model. The television resumes "The Wizard of Oz."

Wes proceeds to scan the model with his eyes. He Finds the graveyard portion of the model and places a miniature GRAVESTONE with the words "Here Lies Sidney Tuttle" on the grave site. He then plucks a miniature replica resembling his father from the model and examines it for a moment before throwing it into a WASTEBASKET at his feet.

Wes then puts on his glasses and selects a "blank" wooden replica in the shape of a woman. He opens a few BOTTLES of paint and squirts out various colors onto his counter top.

He carefully paints a face onto the replica.

WES TUTTLE

(to replica)

Oh, hello, Dorothy. It's nice to see you again.

We see the replica's blank face looking up at Wes as he speaks back and forth with it, voicing both parts of the conversation.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

(as Dorothy replica)

It's nice to see you, too, Wes.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

I'm looking forward to making your dress. I promise it will be to your liking.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

(as Dorothy replica)

I'm sure it's going to be perfect, Wes.

Wes paints the replica with strawberry blonde hair. He then pauses for a moment, staring toward the replica.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
What are you looking at, Dorothy?

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
(as Dorothy replica)
(brief pause) You're so beautiful,
Wes.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
(bashfully)
So are you, Dorothy... I love the
way you look at me. It's like you
really see me.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
(as Dorothy replica)
I do see you, Wes. I see you
exactly as you are. And it's
beautiful.

Wes sits in silence for a moment, looking down at Dorothy's replica, reflecting on his words.

INT. WES' HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wes enters from the basement stairway. The house is now completely silent, insinuating that he's been in his workshop for several house.

He looks at a WALL CLOCK and it reads 3 AM.

Suddenly Brandt, who is standing quietly in the kitchen, speaks and startles Wes.

BRANDT
Late night.

WES TUTTLE
(startled)
Jesus! Fuck! What are you-- what
are you doing here?

BRANDT
You're lucky Kelly didn't hear
that. She's like the swear police.

WES TUTTLE
She's a principled young woman.

BRANDT
(sarcastically)
I wonder where she gets that.

WES TUTTLE
Brandt, what the hell are you doing
in my kitchen in the middle of the
night, *in the dark*?

BRANDT
Eating a banana.

Brandt raises his hand, revealing a half-peeled banana.

WES TUTTLE
You don't get enough of that on the
weekends?

BRANDT
(snide)
Clever, you Neanderthal... Lee and
I worked late so I decided to stay
the night... You're going to be
seeing a lot more of me the closer
we get to this election.

WES TUTTLE
(sarcastically)
I'm thrilled.

Wes turns to leave.

BRANDT
What is it you do down in that
basement until the wee hours of
morning?

WES TUTTLE
(defensively)
Nothing! ...I just watch old
movies. No one around here likes
the classics, so, uh, I get some me
time.

Brandt leers at him.

BRANDT
You time? Hmmm. Well, a man of your
complexity does need time to ponder
his place in the universe.

WES TUTTLE
(annoyed)
Good night, Brandt.

Brandt walks toward Wes, getting close.

BRANDT

Lee has a bright future in politics. With my help she could go all the way. And if you're going to be the first lady, you better learn to lie better than that.

INT. WES' HOUSE/COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Wes enters the family's computer den and locks the door behind him. He removes his pants, leaving him in boxer-brief UNDERWEAR. He then walks over the COMPUTER and sits down.

He opens the web browser and begins to type in a pornographic web address. He stops half way through when he hears a NOISE coming from the hallway.

He quickly looks toward the door and freezes. A moment passes and nothing comes from the noise so Wes proceeds.

The porn sites loads and various videos are visible. Wes scrolls through them as he sticks his free hand through the top of his underwear, gripping himself.

Wes then selects a video depicting a man and a woman. It begins playing. Wes' masturbation increases in enthusiasm. He's making faces of pleasure, which then become ones of frustration and strain.

Wes' is unresponsive to his touch.

He continues to attempt to excite himself, but he eventually gives up, expressing his disappointment in his slouched, defeated body language.

Closing the pornographic website, Wes opens a chatroom webpage.

A moment passes before a "chat box" opens with the username KINGBEAR. KingBear writes: "Up late or early?"

Wes types a response under the username TINKERTAILOR. TinkerTailor responds: "Late."

KingBear: "Been a while since I've seen you on."

TinkerTailor: "Been busy. Family stuff."

KingBear: "Family. The only inescapable thing."

TinkerTailor: "How have you been?"

KingBear: "Outstanding... I just bought the Mercedes-Benz C250... Gunmetal paint job... black leather interior... It's the car of my dreams. Who needs children? LOL."

TinkerTailor: "Sounds amazing..."

KingBear: "Maybe I can take you for a spin sometime."

TinkerTailor: "Maybe. One day."

Short Pause. Wes looks at the computer screen, awaiting a response.

KingBear: "How research coming on YOU KNOW WHAT?"

TinkerTailor: "Slow. I don't know where to begin. But I have to go. We'll talk again."

KingBear: "I hope so."

Wes closes the chatroom.

INT. WES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wes enters his bedroom. Lee is asleep in the bed with a SLEEPING MASK over her eyes. Wes enters the master closet and undresses. He gets into PAJAMAS. Before exiting, he notices a pile of DIRTY CLOTHES. Among them is Lee's bra.

Wes peers out of the closet and double checks that Lee is sound asleep. He then bends down and examines the bra, finding the tag and reading the size. It reads: "32B"

WES TUTTLE
(in a whisper)
32B.

INT. WES' HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

Wes and Lee are seated at the kitchen table. Wes eats his breakfast in silence as Lee reads the newspaper.

A TELEVISION is on in the background and the REPORTER speaks of a middle-schooler who recently comminute suicide because of a bully.

Wes turns and listens to the television for a moment. He then turns back toward Lee and attempts to break the silence.

WES TUTTLE
(to Lee)
Where are the kids--

Before he can finish, Lee's Blackberry begins to sound an incoming call. Lee sticks one finger up to silence Wes. She then answers the call.

LEE TUTTLE
(to phone)
Go... uh huh...well, that's just
not acceptable.

Lee gets up from the table and continues her conversation elsewhere as Kelly enters and sits down at the table. She is chipper and in high spirits.

KELLY TUTTLE
Hello everyone!

WES TUTTLE
Good morning, Kelly.

KELLY TUTTLE
Yes it is!

Kelly's response momentarily confuses Wes.

WES TUTTLE
What?

Then he understands.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Oh... Where's your brother?

KELLY TUTTLE
He hasn't come out of his room yet.

There is a lingering pause. Wes is upset.

KELLY TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Dad, I'm worried about him. He's
spending so much time in his room.
I've been trying to get him to come
to bible study with me, but he
won't. I think it would be a good
idea if you and mom made him come
along to the bible conference with
me next month.

WES TUTTLE
Bible conference? What's that?

KELLY TUTTLE
It's a retreat where you get
reacquainted with the word of God.
(MORE)

KELLY TUTTLE (CONT'D)

I've been planning on going for months.

Kelly removes a pamphlet for the bible conference and hands it to Wes. The cover reads: "Cedar Falls Bible Conference" with the tagline beneath it: "Loving the Hell out of You."

Wes' eyebrows scrunch in concern as he reads it.

Lee then abruptly reenters.

LEE TUTTLE

Okay. Change of plans. Some of the most important guests can't make it tomorrow, so we're moving the party to tonight.

WES TUTTLE

But it's Christmas Eve. We were supposed to spend some family time together. --(now shouting toward Danny's room) Danny! Breakfast!

LEE TUTTLE

So we'll spend time together tomorrow, after the party. It'll be Christmas Day anyway. We'll go see a movie at the Southern Park Mall.

WES TUTTLE

Don't you ever get tired of just seeing movies all the time?

LEE TUTTLE

No...

Kelly shakes her head "no" as she bites into a piece of TOAST.

LEE TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Besides, it's too late. Brandt already bought the tree. He's on his way here with it now. The arrangements have already been made and the emails have been sent.

WES TUTTLE

Brandt got the tree? But I always do that.

LEE TUTTLE

There's no time, Wes. While you take Danny to his...*appointment*, Brandt and I are going to get the house ready for the party. And do me a favor would you? Stay out a while, kill some time. It's going to be chaotic enough around here.

KELLY TUTTLE

I'll be volunteering at the shelter today.

LEE TUTTLE

(unenthused)
That's nice, honey.

WES TUTTLE

There's some Christmas shopping I've left to do. Maybe it will give Danny and I chance to spend some time together.

LEE TUTTLE

(as she dials a number on her Blackberry)
Yeah, that's great. Whatever.

As the tension rises within the household, Brandt suddenly bursts in, dragging the fake tree behind him.

BRANDT

Merry Christmas!

KELLY TUTTLE

Merry Christmas!

BRANDT

Boy is it cold out there!

WES TUTTLE

(sarcastically)
Yeah, it gets pretty cold in the Wal-Mart.

BRANDT

(annoyed)
I'm sorry I didn't cut this tree down like a mountain man, Wes. But time is a factor here.

WES TUTTLE

(to everyone)
Has Danny come out yet?

BRANDT
Come out? What have I missed this morning?

Wes gives Brandt an annoyed, mean face.

BRANDT (CONT'D)
(to Lee)
Where do you want this?

LEE TUTTLE
In this corner's fine.

Lee directs Brandt where to put the tree.

Brandt follows her commands and props the tree in the corner.

KELLY TUTTLE
I'll go get the star!

Kelly exits.

Loud music then begins to blare from Danny's room. The song is David Bowie's "Moonage Daydream."

Wes, now in a frustrated huff, storms toward his room.

He busts in unannounced and finds Danny lying on his bed, staring toward the ceiling.

WES TUTTLE
(shouting over the music,
almost inaudible)
Danny! Turn that down!

Danny doesn't respond. Wes enters the room completely and forcefully lowers the volume on Danny's STEREO.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
(to Danny)
What are you doing?!

DANIEL TUTTLE
Listening to music.

WES TUTTLE
You're missing breakfast.

DANIEL TUTTLE
I'm not hungry.

WES TUTTLE
What are you doing listening to this stuff?

DANIEL TUTTLE
It's David Bowie.

WES TUTTLE
I know who it is! David Bowie was a drug addict...and a homosexual! You shouldn't be listening to him. Now get dressed. We're leaving for your doctor's appointment in five minutes.

DANIEL TUTTLE
You mean you're taking me to see my shrink.

Wes pauses for a moment.

WES TUTTLE
They're doctors.

Wes then exits Danny's room and trudges back into the kitchen/front room.

Kelly is putting an ANGEL (decoration) on top of the tree.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
(in response to the Angel)
What the fuck is that?

KELLY TUTTLE
Daddy!

LEE TUTTLE
The star was too heavy for the fake tree. We're putting up an angel instead.

Wes' face is beat-red with anger.

WES TUTTLE
No. Absolutely not! I agreed to forgo getting a real tree, a tradition I've had in my family since I was a boy. I kept my mouth shut when Brandt brought that hideous fucking thing in here and I didn't complain when you, Lee, banned me from my own fucking house so that you can get ready to stick your nose in the asses of every douchebag fuck-head on Capital Hill.

(MORE)

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

All I ask is that we do what every other red-blooded American household does and put a fucking star on top of our fucking tree. Now is that so much to ask?

Wes storms over to the star, grabs it and fixes it atop of the tree. The weight of the star makes the top of the tree slump, causing it to tilt forward.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

There!

Wes then looks toward the SWEAR JAR on the counter. He rushes toward it, picking it up.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

And this! This is stupid. I'm taking every dollar I've ever put into this stupid thing back!

Wes places the swear jar back on the counter and removes a large wad of cash from it sticking it in his pants pocket.

The Family watches him, stunned. Danny enters, having heard Wes' rant. He looks as surprised and puzzled as everyone else.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

(lightly panting)

Danny. I'll be in the car.

Everyone remains frozen in shock.

Beneath the Christmas tree is then shown. The Tuttle's CAT is cowering near the STAND. The tree then moves slightly due to its undistributed weight and the cat runs off.

INT. CAR - DAY

Wes drives while Danny sits in the passenger's seat, staring out of the window. They ride in silence.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Wes and Danny sit beside each other in the waiting room of Dr. Charles Dutton. An old, crotchety female receptionist named BARBARA sits doing a CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

There is another in the waiting room, sitting in the corner, secluded from the others.

This is BRENDAN (20s), a tattooed, poor-postured punk pyromaniac who fidgets nervously and continuously lights his ZIPPO LIGHTER, closes the lid and then relights it.

The atmosphere is awkward. Danny plays on his IPHONE.

The voice of Charles Dutton then emerges from an INTERCOM on Barbara's desk.

CHARLES DUTTON (O.S.)
Barbara, you may send Daniel in
now.

Barbara gives Danny a look that reads: "Well, you heard 'em."

Danny gets up and enters the office. Closing the door behind him.

Barbara looks at Wes.

BARBARA
(to Wes)
Your boy?

WES TUTTLE
Yeah.

BARBARA
What's wrong with him?

WES TUTTLE
Pardon me?

BARBARA
There must be something wrong with
him if you're bringing him here.

WES TUTTLE
(baffled)
I--I don't--

BARBARA
You know, I watch crazies go in and
out of here all day long. There's
nothing wrong with them. They're
just lazy. Don't want to face the
realities of the world. Is that it?

WES TUTTLE
No. He's just been unhappy
recently. I really don't know
what's wrong.

BARBARA

Maybe that's the problem. A boy should be able to talk to his father. Maybe you should take the blinders off and pay more attention to your child. The world's not all about you, ya know.

Wes is surprised by Barbara's blunt tactlessness.

INT. CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY

Charles' office is dark due to the blinds being drawn. There is a DESK, a COUCH and a comfortable OFFICE CHAIR. BOOKSHELVES line the walls.

Charles (50s) is a tall, slender man. He's cool in persona and calculating. His vocabulary reflects his education and he speaks with a confidence that borders arrogance.

Danny lies down on the couch as Charles sits in the chair.

CHARLES DUTTON

Welcome, Danny. How's your week been?

DANIEL TUTTLE

It's been fine. Do you mind if I sit up?

CHARLES DUTTON

However you're most comfortable.

Danny sits up.

DANIEL TUTTLE

I'm surprised you scheduled me on Christmas Eve. Don't you have any family?

CHARLES DUTTON

No. I don't. And the issues that some of my patients have don't cease for Holidays.

There is an awkward pause.

CHARLES DUTTON (CONT'D)

So, where did we leave off?

DANIEL TUTTLE

I don't know. You're the one keeping notes.

Charles ignores this remark and continues a fake cheerfulness while flipping through his notes on a NOTE PAD.

CHARLES DUTTON

Ah, here we are. We were discussing school. How was school this week? Those boys you mentioned, did they continue to give you a hard time?

DANIEL TUTTLE

Not really.

CHARLES DUTTON

I see. And have you mentioned any of the problems you've been having to your parents yet? Last week we discussed that including them in what's going on was probably a wise thing to do.

DANIEL TUTTLE

No.

Frustration is evident in Charles' face.

There is a pause. Charles closes his note pad.

CHARLES DUTTON

Well, do you want to know what I think?

DANIEL TUTTLE

I guess.

CHARLES DUTTON

Good, because you were going to hear it either way... I think you don't want to be here. I think you think I'm an idiot and all of this is a big waste of time. This is our third session and I've yet to hear a single truthful thing from you. I've asked questions and gotten one word responses. I've given you plenty of opportunity to voice a concern and you've declined. So since you don't feel like talking about you, I'm going to tell you something about me...

Danny is uncomfortable from the stern tone Charles has taken.

CHARLES DUTTON (CONT'D)

I have the burden of caring about you. I chose this profession because I have the unnatural desire to help those who cannot be helped.

Danny is intrigued.

CHARLES DUTTON (CONT'D)

That's right. I can't help my patients. I can't help you. And yet I'm still cursed with the feeling that I must try. You know, there are two schools of thought on my chosen profession. There are those who don't believe in it. They think mental illness is just some kind of weakness. That it's imaginary. That people who seek help from someone like me are cowards. Well, you know what I say to those people? Fuck you. You think I give a shit about what a pig-headed ignoramus thinks about my profession when they have a hard time locating their dick? They live their life in fear, Danny. The fear of connecting to another human being. Of becoming vulnerable. That's why they marry people they don't love and never truly know who they are. And that's fine. I don't need their ignorant, simple-minded bullshit in my life. Fuck them. They can keep digging the ditches for the pipe that my ivy league shits travel down...Then there is the school of weak-willed, pseudo-intellectual mental defectives that use therapy like a drug. The ones who think visiting a psychiatrist is some sort of fucking badge of honor. As though I have all the answers to their infinitely fucked-up lives. They come in here and they complain for the entire hour, as if that's going to do a goddamn thing. And then they go back out into the world and continue to make dipshit choices, as if I'm some sort of fucking priest and I washed away all their sins. But you know what both these schools have in common?

(MORE)

CHARLES DUTTON (CONT'D)

Neither of them are willing to do the serious work it takes to resolve a mental or emotional issue. They either use me as a crutch or they reject me outright and squirm through life like a slug in the sun. My point is, nothing is going to change for you unless you start to take some responsibility for yourself! I have no answers. My job isn't to have the answers. My job is to help lead you to your own path of discovery and resolution. You shouldn't even need me. You should be able to develop the skills to confront problems and deal with them, but people need help sometimes and I *want* to help them... Do you actually think that because I read a few books about human psychology that I know anything more about people? I'm as confused, scared and fucked-up as you, probably more so. So if you're going to come in here and talk to me like a smart-assed little prick, don't bother. Stay at home and go from a maladjusted brat to a emotionally crippled adult and screw-up another generation of kids. But I don't want that. Like I said, I'm cursed to see a young man like you and wish I can help ease some of your pain. However, that's not going to happen unless you contribute. Unless you do the work. Otherwise, don't waste my time.

Charles and Danny stare at one another.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Wes sits awkwardly in the waiting room. Brendan continues to relit his zippo, intimidatingly staring directly toward Wes.

Wes, to break the tension, turns toward Barbara, who is still focused on her puzzle.

WES TUTTLE

(to Barbara)

Did you hear they opened up a new Chili's next to the Giant Eagle?

INT. CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY

Charles and Danny continue to talk.

DANIEL TUTTLE

I just don't feel like I fit in anymore.

CHARLES DUTTON

Have you expressed this to them?

DANIEL TUTTLE

How can I? You know how they can be. They're so wrapped up in their own world.

CHARLES DUTTON

Yes...parents can be challenging for a bright, perceptive young person like yourself. Sadly, most parents consider their children projections of themselves. They don't respect them as individuals. They want their children to succeed where they themselves have failed, but if it's not exactly as they envisioned, a bizarre resentment beings to form. This view can get in the way of the support that's required from a parent to help a child blossom into the unique person they were intended to be.

DANIEL TUTTLE

They're just so weird. My mom is off in her career. She hardly looks at us anymore. Kelly has really gotten involved with the church, something I just don't get. I mean, if God sees all this bad stuff happening, why doesn't he stop it? When I ask Kelly that, she tells me that people have to choose the good life, that God gives us the choice to be bad. I don't know. There's more questions I want to ask her, but I don't know how to say them. And my dad, he and I just don't talk. I feel like he doesn't understand a word of what I'm saying.

CHARLES DUTTON

But he's brought you here. At least he's accepted that you're unhappy and wants to help you resolve this issue. That's more than most parents.

DANIEL TUTTLE

(scoffing)

You think this was his idea? The only reason I'm here is because my mom's running for Governor and they want to make sure I won't blow the whole thing. I'm not even allowed to tell my friends I'm coming here. Not that I'd want to. I catch enough shit as it is... I'm just tired. I go to school and it's bad. I come home and it's worse. My dad is...empty. His own father just died and I haven't seen him react at all. Nothing.

CHARLES DUTTON

Let me tell you something you're too young to understand. And that's not a slam. I'm old and have lived what you're going through... Right now parents and school are your life. But they won't always be. You will have to eventually stand on your own two feet and no one will tell you what to think and feel. That is a responsibility you need to respect. Not only for the benefit of others, but for yourself. Only you can judge what you're worth and how you should be treated... When I was a child, my father was a compulsive liar. Everything he said was a lie. If he bought skim milk he'd say it was 2%. He didn't respect my mother and I enough to tell us the truth. And so when I became of age, I tried to talk to him. I tried to reason with him. But I always had enough respect for myself to know that if he didn't give me what I felt I deserved, he would no longer be allowed in my life...

(MORE)

CHARLES DUTTON (CONT'D)

Instead of taking the olive branch I was offering, he blew-up, he accused me of being selfish and arrogant, he pushed me further away... I knew then he would never be ready to have a healthy relationship with me, but not because he didn't respect me, because he didn't respect himself. And like a cancer, I cut him out. You know what happened to him? He died and his funeral was a lonely one... Your family is nutty, Danny, perhaps borderline dysfunctional, but there is love there. Cherish what little you can salvage and be a good example to your parents. Try to forgive them. And when you grow up, if they still only give you pain when you offer them love, eradicate them from your life completely.

INT. CAR - DAY

Wes and Danny drive down the road.

WES TUTTLE

So Danny, how was your session?

DANIEL TUTTLE

It was good.

WES TUTTLE

Yeah? That's great. What did you guys talk about?

DANIEL TUTTLE

I don't think you're supposed to say...

WES TUTTLE

Yeah, you're right. Well, that's okay.

Awkward pause.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

You know, Danny--

Danny cuts him off.

DANIEL TUTTLE
Can we listen to the radio?

WES TUTTLE
Sure.

Danny turns on the radio.

Wes looks out the window and sees the CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Do you want to visit your sister?

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

Kelly is on the telephone.

KELLY TUTTLE
(into phone)
Good afternoon, sir. I'm calling
from the Youngstown Christian Youth
Organization. Have you accepted
Jesus Christ into your life?

MALE (O.S.)
(muffled through the
phone)
Why don't you get fuck yourself!

Kelly is taken aback by this response.

KELLY TUTTLE
(into phone)
Oh my! Well, I'm sorry you feel
that way about it, sir. Have a
blessed day.

Kelly hangs up the phone.

INT. CAR - DAY

Wes and Danny continue to drive.

DANIEL TUTTLE
Nah.

WES TUTTLE
Okay, well, we're going to stop by
the mall for some last minute
Christmas shopping...

Silence fills the car for a moment.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Happy we're getting this time
together.

INT. MALL ENTRANCE - DAY

Wes and Danny enter the mall.

WES TUTTLE
Do you want to--

DANIEL TUTTLE
Yeah.

WES TUTTLE
Meet in the food court in thirty
minutes?

DANIEL TUTTLE
Yep.

WES TUTTLE
Okay.

Wes and Danny criss-cross paths and enter the mall in
separate directions.

INT. MALL/LINGERIE BOUTIQUE - DAY

Wes nervously wanders into a Lingerie Boutique. A beautiful
female SALES ASSOCIATE (20s) approaches him.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Hello, sir. Is there anything I can
help you find today?

WES TUTTLE
Uh, yes... I'm looking for a
(lowers voice, embarrassed)
brassiere...

SALES ASSOCIATE
Okay. Our brassieres are right over
here.

WES TUTTLE
It's a Christmas present for my
wife.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Great! Is your wife a busty woman,
sir?

WES TUTTLE

Uh...

SALES ASSOCIATE

How wide is she in comparison to me?

The Sales Associate turns to the side, revealing her slender, attractive profile.

Wes gestures with his face "no."

SALES ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)

(delicately)

Well, how close is she to you, sir? Size-wise.

WES TUTTLE

Me?

Wes runs his hands over his broad chest, pantomiming a measurement.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, she's bigger, like me.

Awkward pause.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

You know, I should know this. I'm a tailor. I deal with sizes all day long, but bras (nervously smiling), they confound me.

SALES ASSOCIATE

(smiling)

You're not the first husband I've helped this season. Why don't you follow me and we'll fix you up.

WES TUTTLE

(nervously smiling)

Thank you.

Wes follows the Sales Associate.

INT. MALL/SPORTS SHOP - DAY

Wes enters a Sports Clothing and Memorabilia shop. He looks at the wall of HATS and removes an Ohio States Buckeyes ball-cap.

He approaches the counter pays for the hat, speaking to the young male SALES PERSON behind the counter.

WES TUTTLE
(to Sales Person)
Can I have a bag?

The Sales Person puts the ball-cap in the bag.

INT. MALL - DAY

Wes stands in front of a TRASH CAN. He removes the hat from the bag and throws it into the can. He then removes the brassiere, throwing the Lingerie store's bag into the trash can as well.

He examines the size. It reads: 24W/50

Wes then stuffs the brassiere into the Sports store bag and walks off.

INT. MALL/MACY'S - DAY

Wes inconspicuously wanders around a pants rack in the Men's section of Macy's. His eyes dart suspiciously as he tries and fails to act normal.

He then removes a pair of pants without looking at the size.

INT. MALL/MACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Wes enters the dressing room and locks the door behind him. He removes the brassiere from the bag and lays it flat on the STOOL inside the dressing room.

He looks down at it, his face emotional. He begins to unbutton the top button of his shirt, but suddenly there is a KNOCK on the dressing room door and a WOMAN's voice is heard.

SALES WOMAN
Do you need any help, sir?

WES TUTTLE
(to Sales Woman)
No, no. I'm fine, thank you.

The Sales woman walks away.

Wes goes back to looking at the brassiere intently. His fingers reach up toward his shirt once again.

Then two loud, OBNOXIOUS MEN can be heard entering the dressing room area. One tries to open Wes' door, but the lock catches.

Wes turns in terror.

OBNOXIOUS MAN 1

Hey, buddy! How long are you gonna be in there?

Wes panics and scrambles to put the brassiere back into the bag.

WES TUTTLE

Be right out!

Wes gathers himself and opens the dressing room door. The two Obnoxious Men are tall, athletic men. They give Wes a dirty look as he passes, uncomfortably and deflated between them.

INT. CAR - DAY

Wes and Danny are driving home.

DANIEL TUTTLE

Are we going home now?

WES TUTTLE

Yes.

DANIEL TUTTLE

Finally.

WES TUTTLE

Maybe I shouldn't have stopped to buy you something. Would you like nothing for Christmas, is that it?

DANIEL TUTTLE

I don't know what you could have gotten me from the mall. I'm not eight years old anymore.

Wes scoffs. He sees a gas station up head.

WES TUTTLE

I need to stop and get some gas.

DANIEL TUTTLE

(bratty)

Can't you just do it later?

WES TUTTLE

We're right here, Danny. Relax. You've got a phone there that basically does everything except make you pancakes. I'm sure you'll find something to do for two minutes while I fill up.

Wes pulls into the gas station. He puts the car in park, leans back, pulls the BRASSIERE out of the backseat, making sure it's hidden inside the BAG.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

I have to use the bathroom, too, while we're here.

DANIEL TUTTLE

(referring to the bag)
You're taking that with you?

Wes pauses, nervous.

WES TUTTLE

I don't want you looking inside. It's a surprise.

Wes lets out a nervous smile, closes the car door and walks toward the bathroom.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - DAY

Wes enters the gas station bathroom and locks the door. The bathroom is incredibly filthy with graffiti on the walls and mirrors.

He walks in front of the mirror and pauses to look at himself. His face contains sadness. He removes the brassiere from the bag and studies it, running his thumbs over the plush breast portion.

He then hesitantly unbuttons his shirt and looks at his hairy, out-of-shape body. Slowly, he puts on the brassiere, struggling to latch the back.

Once it's completely on, he studies himself more in the mirror. He suddenly begins to weep, whimpering and sniffing.

Wes then abruptly ceases crying and pulls himself together. He clears his throat and buttons up his shirt, still wearing the brassiere.

A few moments pass before he notices a crude hole cut into the bathroom wall beside him. Above it are the words: "If you dare faggot."

EXT. OUTSIDE GAS STATION BATHROOM - DAY

Wes exits the bathroom and wipes away the last remaining tears from his eyes.

A older man dressed in a long DUSTER JACKET stands beside Wes and startles him. This is BARNEY, a vagrant.

WES TUTTLE
(startled)
I didn't see you there.

Barney does not respond.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
How are you doing today, Barney?

BARNEY
Fine. Fine. Just waiting for them
to open up.

Barney is referring to a closed-down restaurant that was once attached to the Gas Station.

WES TUTTLE
Barney, I don't think they're going
to open. They've been closed down
for three years.

BARNEY
Oh, he's in there. Just farting
around. They open every day at
10am. I guess I just got here a
little early.

Wes looks at his watch. It reads 2pm.

BARNEY (CONT'D)
Oh, don't worry about me. I'll be
fine. Just waiting for them to open
up.

WES TUTTLE
Okay, Barney. Merry Christmas, huh.

BARNEY
Yeah...

INT. CAR - DAY

Wes and Danny pull out of the Gas Station and wait to turn left at a STOP LIGHT.

DANIEL TUTTLE

It's a good thing we're done. Mom would have killed us if we were late the party.

INT. CAR 2 - DAY

A DARK-HAIRED MAN drives down the road, his radio playing.

INT. CAR - DAY

Wes and Danny continue to wait at the light.

WES TUTTLE

God, this light is so long. I feel like we're stuck here forever.

INT. CAR 3 - DAY

A BLONDE WOMAN is texting and driving, not paying attention to the road.

INT. CAR - DAY

Wes and Danny sit in the car.

DANIEL TUTTLE

Just run it, dad.

Wes is about to take his foot off the break when the two cars containing the Dark-haired Man and the Blonde Woman crash violently in front of Wes' car.

The wreckage is devastating. Wes gets out of his car and looks back at Danny.

WES TUTTLE

Don't get out of the car!

Danny nods and Wes slams the door.

He walks toward the wreckage. The moans of pain from the victims can be heard. Smoke and fluid spew from each of the cars.

Wes first approaches the Blonde Woman and she is unresponsive.

A MINIVAN then pulls up to the scene and three WOMEN, all wearing SUNDAY DRESSES and one of them 9 months pregnant, get out.

WOMAN 1
What happened?!

WES TUTTLE
I don't know! I was just at the light and they crashed right in front of me.

One of them Women rush to the Dark-haired Man's aid. Blood is pouring from his neck as he tries to wrap his hand around the wound.

WOMAN 2
He's bleeding pretty badly! We need to make a tourniquet! (to Wes)
Quick! Give me your shirt!

Wes freezes in panic.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Wes stands beside the Dark-haired Man as he is strapped into a STRETCHER and a PARAMEDIC loads him into an AMBULANCE.

When the Paramedic loads the Dark-haired Man in, Wes is revealed to be without pants.

PARAMEDIC
(to Wes)
Quick thinking, sir. You may have saved this man's life.

WES TUTTLE
(embarrassed)
Thank you.

The Paramedics drive off.

Danny stands beside Wes as Wes checks his CELL PHONE.

It reads: "13 Missed Calls from Lee"

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Shit...

INT. WES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Lee's Christmas party is in full swing. Well-dressed Men and Woman drink CHAMPAGNE and talk amongst themselves.

Wes and Danny enter the house, Wes still without pants, holding his bloody pair.

The party quiets down. Lee and Brandt stand in the center of the party, her a face of pure fury and rage and Brandt's mouth agape.

WES TUTTLE

(to Lee)

Boy, do I have a story for you...

INT. WES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Wes is now cleaned up and fully clothed. He stands beside Lee and is speaking to a well-dressed COUPLE.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Wow. Wes, that is an amazing story.
You're a hero!

WES TUTTLE

I don't know if I'd go that far.

Wes laughs and then swings down a GLASS of champagne in one, animalistic gulp.

Lee leans over and talks out of the corner of her mouth, trying to be discreet.

LEE TUTTLE

(to Wes, low)

Slow down. You know how you can
get.

Wes scoffs at her and walks off.

INT. WES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Wes and his best friend Don stand in front of Wes' Christmas tree. The crooked, slumping star still atop it.

Wes is now visibly drunk. His posture is loose, his speech slurred.

WES TUTTLE

So, what do you think?

DON

(hesitantly)

Well, I think it looks like shit, pal. Looks like it's going to tip over any second.

WES TUTTLE

Ah, there's gotta be some Christmas tradition left. So much of the magic is beaten out of it when you go up...When you're a kid, things are easy. If you're good, you get a toy. There are rules when you're kid. I miss that. You have something to believe in. You think Santa has his eye on you, then you grow up and realize it's not Santa, but some fucking corporate exec at Coca Cola.

DON

Maybe you should slow down there.

WES TUTTLE

Fuck you.

Wes finishes his drink in another sloppy gulp.

The faint sound sobbing is then heard over the party's chatter and Christmas music.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

What is that?

DON

I think it's your mom.

Wes and Don rush over to Wes' mother Cadence who is seated on the SOFA, crying into a wrinkled TISSUE.

DON (CONT'D)

(to Cadence)

You okay Cadence? What's the matter.

Wes stands before his mother, his drunkenness causing him to slightly wobble in place.

CADENCE TUTTLE

Oh, I'm fine, dear. It's just I miss my Sidney. He would have loved so to be here. Dad loved Christmas.

Suddenly rage fills Wes' eyes.

WES TUTTLE
(loudly, angry, vicious)
Dad?! Dad didn't love anybody but
himself!

Lee's eyes go wide.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Dad was a monster who shit on
everything he ever touched! I don't
know why you're wasting tears on
that bastard! He did nothing but
mistreat you and us for his entire
fucking stay on this earth! You sit
there and sob thinking of the good
times, but I can't remember any!

Don and Wes' brothers step in.

MAX TUTTLE
That's enough, Wes!

WES TUTTLE
You stay away from me! Dad favored
you because you were the youngest!
Bob and Jerry, rough-and-tumble
boys, you were the sons dad wanted!
Where did that leave me? How was I
supposed to stand out. Sensitive
Wes! He made me feel like I was
nothing!

CADENCE TUTTLE
No! That's not how it was. He loved
all you boys equally!

WES TUTTLE
Bullshit! He made my life a living
hell! And this fucking facade about
him being a local goddamn hero
makes me sick! He was a self-
centered, cruel excuse for a
father, a businessman, you name it.
He cut every corner he could and
now his empire might be headed for
the slaughterhouse! Right down the
fucking toilet! ...And if you
really want to sit there and cry,
if you want to ignore how things
really were, then you're as bad as
him... Mom...always in denial,
always looking the other way. Why
didn't you stick up for me?! Why
didn't you say something?!

Don embraces Wes from behind.

DON

(to Wes)

Okay, pal...that's enough. That's enough now. Come on, let's get out of here.

Hot tears roll down Wes' face as he turns and leaves the party with Don.

The room is in stunned silence. Cadence weeps uncontrollably. Jerry, Robert and Max try to comfort her.

INT. WES' HOUSE - DAY - DREAM

The next morning, the Family awkwardly sits around the Christmas tree.

Lee sits fuming with anger and the kids try not to make eye contact with anyone.

Wes sits slouched in a BATHROBE, looking down at his feet in shame.

WES TUTTLE

(to family)

I would like to start by apologizing for my behavior last night.

LEE TUTTLE

(fighting back tears of anger)

Apologize?! Apologize?! You might have just killed my chances to ever become Senator! Do you know that? Your drunken grief was pathetic! And you've embarrassed me in front of all my friends!

WES TUTTLE

I know what I did was inappropriate. I can only apologize and try to explain my behavior.

LEE TUTTLE

There's no explaining it! You were a drunken idiot!

Wes looks at Lee.

WES TUTTLE

Lee, please. Let me try to explain.

KELLY TUTTLE

What is there to explain, Dad? You yelled at grandma, you made her cry and you used foul language.

WES TUTTLE

You're right. I did do those things. But I believe I know why. And if you'll give me a chance, I'd like to explain myself.

DANIEL TUTTLE

Go ahead.

WES TUTTLE

As you may have noticed, I have not been acting like myself lately.

DANIEL TUTTLE

You can say that again.

WES TUTTLE

And I've been neglecting all of you. Especially you, Danny. And I'm sorry for that. I truly am... I'm currently going through a period in my life where I'm reevaluating things... When you're young you think you're invincible and then you wake up one day and you're forty. Then you're fifty. And life just hadn't gone according to plan... When this happens you begin to ask certain questions of yourself. Am I happy? Have I accomplished the things I've wanted to accomplish? ...Am I the person I thought I'd be? And more importantly, am I the person I want to be?

Pause.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

In my case, the answer to all of these questions is no.

Pause.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

I have had a thought in my mind for as long as I can remember, like an itch I've never been able to scratch... A thought I've tried to suppress a million different ways, but it's always remained. This thought has scared me for most of my life. And I've never quite known what to do about it. In fact, I've never understood it... Recently, this thought has taken over most of my waking hours. My dreams, too. I've tried to cheat it, tried to resolve it in a different way. My train set is an example of this. I built my entire life in that little town, all my friends and family are accounted for, but the one person you won't find down there is...me. Not in my present form, anyway.

Lee shoots a confused, angry, concerned glance at Wes.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

I've tried to escape the sadness that has plagued my life... and now I finally know what I have to do...

Long pause.

Everyone stares toward Wes.

WES TUTTLE (CONT'D)

I want to get a sex-change operation and begin living my life as a woman...

Everyone freezes in shock.

Suddenly the Christmas tree collapses to the floor, shattering the bulbs and sending the star sliding toward Wes' feet.

THE END