

Goodbye, Felix Chester

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The frenzy of recess. A horde of THIRD GRADERS rush outside. The allure of swings and monkey-bars.

But FELIX CHESTER, 9, a wide-eyed stubby-fingered Romeo in corduroy shorts, remains inside at a table. Alone.

FELIX (V.O.)  
(older, 17 years old)  
It all started in third grade.

A GIRL bursts back inside. The Girl. Pigtails, overalls, the works. Her eyes dash around and meet Felix's gaze. Pure accident.

A smile.

FELIX (V.O.)  
They say it feels like a freight train running over your chest the first time.

Her FRIENDS yell for her from outside. She considers, but maneuvers over to Felix and sits down. He shrinks.

FELIX (V.O.)  
They say your hands get sweaty and a tingling feeling rushes to your fingers and toes.

She motions for the OREOS in front of Felix.

FELIX (V.O.)  
They say it can happen at any time, in the blink of an eye, without any warning whatsoever.  
(then)  
For me, it happened as I perfectly split open an Oreo.

He breaks it open. Cream beautifully parted to one side. Holds it out toward The Girl--

The cookie FALLS.

Felix CLUTCHES at his chest. Shaking. Mouth open. GASPING for breath that won't come.

FELIX (V.O.)

Apparently I was the first third grader in the history of Lincoln Elementary to suffer a mild heart attack in the middle of recess.

She yanks her hand back. Terror erupts on her adorable face.

FELIX (V.O.)

It was a Wednesday. For years, the muscle that kept my heart beating had been deteriorating, unnoticed.

The TEACHER catches a glimpse of the commotion from outside and rushes in. Third Graders gravitate in toward the clamor.

FELIX (V.O.)

I've been dying ever since.

Felix's head falls to the table with a THUD. Lifeless.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - MORNING

FELIX, 17, scrawny, awkward, a face unlikely to ever produce legitimate facial hair, stares vacantly at the television. At his feet lays an aged golden retriever, Lucky.

FELIX (V.O.)

Everyone responds to death and dying differently. Some people mourn prematurely. Some over-compensate their affection. Others ignore it.

*Planet Earth* plays with it's unbridled whimsy. Ducklings jump off a tree, one by one, free-falling to their death. But instead, at the last moment, they BOUNCE on the leafy ground.

FELIX (V.O.)

Take, for example, my mom. Classic over-compensation.

CONNIE CHESTER, late fifties, reading *The Power of Positive Thinking*, walks past Felix into the kitchen and prepares breakfast.

FELIX (V.O.)

Ever since I started going downhill, she's upped her motherliness to unknown levels.

(MORE)

FELIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I think she's trying to cram a  
 normal life span's worth of caring  
 into the handful of years I have  
 remaining.

Felix stands up. Wills himself to the kitchen.

FELIX (V.O.)  
 On the other hand, take my dad.

DAVID CHESTER, knocking on sixty, cuts out coupons from the  
 newspaper at the table with a practiced, steady hand.

FELIX (V.O.)  
 After coming home from the hospital  
 that first time, my dad's first  
 reaction was to re-arrange my  
 weekly chores to accommodate for  
 lost time. I washed dishes for nine  
 straight days until my natural odor  
 was a cross between Lysol and  
 lasagna. I never expected him to go  
 all Lorenzo's Oil on me, but...I  
 wouldn't have minded a week off.

Connie dashes over to the stairs.

CONNIE  
 (yelling)  
 Pete! Pete, are you up there?

Felix plops down across from David.

FELIX (V.O.)  
 My brother, Pete, has been gone for  
 two weeks, but his report card came  
 back with mostly A's, so no one  
 seems to mind.

CONNIE  
 Any idea where he is now?

Felix shrugs. He opens up two PILL BOTTLES on the table.  
 Expertly pops a pill from each with a swig of water.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
 Okay, okay. Breakfast is served.

Connie places two plates in front of Felix. French toast,  
 bacon, thinly sliced strawberries.

FELIX  
 I told you, I'm really not hungry  
 in the morning.

David shoots a look over his newspaper.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Thank you, mom.

CONNIE  
And there's more where that came from.

DAVID  
Anything for me?

CONNIE  
You have legs. You can make your own breakfast.

Felix checks his watch. Scarfs down food while he stands up. Swings on his backpack.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
Already?

FELIX  
(in a hurry)  
I'll take a piece to go.

He grabs a piece of french toast and dashes for the door.

DAVID  
Felix, don't forget to take out the trash before you leave.

Stopped dead in his tracks. Felix sighs.

EXT. FELIX'S HOUSE - MORNING

Felix drags trash bins out onto the street, holding the piece of french toast between his teeth. He stumbles--

One trash can CRASHES to the ground. As does his french toast. Right on the pavement.

Across the street, a WOMAN smiles at Felix's misfortune. A neighborly wave. A TODDLER waddling beside her copies it.

Felix smiles and waves back, righting the trash can and tossing in the toast.

Her business-suit-and-briefcase HUSBAND walks out. She runs to give him a goodbye kiss. The Perfect Family. White picket fence and all.

Felix realizes he's staring. His smile fades. And he leaves.

INT. CENTERVIEW HIGH - MORNING

Preppy. Lockers in the hallway. Art and theatre teachers go by their first names. A banner reads "Centerview High: Home of the Fighting Canadians."

Felix stands in front of a black stand-up sign with tacked on white letters:

"Felix Chester, 1994-TBD. Vigil in courtyard. 3 PM Thursday. Sponsored by the Christian Society."

Felix sighs. Walks past it.

LOCKERS

Felix opens his locker. Next to him, ANDIE WEBBER, a plaid button down girl, rests her head on her locker, waiting for Felix.

ANDIE

You know that whole mustache connection thing?

A FLYER falls out of Felix's locker. He picks it up - an image of Felix looking into the distance with the slogan "Felix is America" underneath. Sponsored by the Young Democrats.

FELIX

Not really.

He crumples up the poster.

ANDIE

Like two guys have mustaches, so they have this communal stachey brotherhood going on? I think it works with muffins also. A muffin connection.

Felix's eyes suddenly hone in on someone down the hall.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

I was waiting at a crosswalk, eating a blueberry muffin, and this random guy in a suit stands next to me, *also* eating a blueberry muffin. We both kinda looked at each other, raised our muffins as if to say "I got your back, you got mine. We're eating muffins. Let's do this." I think I'm onto something big here.

Andie realizes Felix's mind is elsewhere. She throws her hands up in disbelief.

FELIX  
(totally not there)  
That's ground-breaking.

Stealing Felix's attention, VICKY PATAKI, a perfect mix of cute, hot, and blonde, talks with her friends further down the hall.

ANDIE  
Please don't tell me you're into  
*Vicky Pataki* this week.

Andie lets her head fall into her locker.

FELIX  
It's not like I'm "in to her," I'm  
just...in waiting...for her.  
(defending himself)  
Come on, look at her. If you were a  
guy, tell me you wouldn't fantasize  
about cooking her a fine meal.

ANDIE  
(overlapping)  
I would not.

FELIX  
She's smart in that unassuming way  
that you think she might be stupid.  
She's the statistically exact  
height so I could rest my head  
casually on top of hers, and you  
know that would be adorable. And I  
could definitely picture us wasting  
a Sunday playing Scrabble and  
arguing over what two letter words  
are allowed. You know what I mean?

Vicky heads in Felix's direction. Felix awkwardly tries to act casual. Andie isn't helping.

ANDIE  
It's not like you ever talk to  
these bi-weekly crushes anyway.

FELIX  
I do. Just not verbally.

Right as Vicky is about to pass--

ANDIE

Hey Vicky.

She turns. Looks at Andie, confused.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

What? That was blatantly a man's voice that said your name. Wasn't it, Felix?

FELIX

Hi.

Vicky looks at Felix, goes puppy-eyed.

VICKY

Hey Felix! I haven't seen you in like *forever*. Where have you been all this time?

FELIX

(meek)

Right down the hall. And behind you in English Lit.

VICKY

Hang in there, okay? We're all rooting for you. You know, my mom said we could name our next dog after you in your honor.

The "dream girl" status of Vicky Pataki shatters.

FELIX

It's more of a cat's name, but thanks.

Vicky shrugs, waves, and walks off, friends in tow.

A long pause.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Why? Why? What possessed you to do that?

The bell RINGS.

ANDIE

I feel like that went well, actually.

(heading to class)

We still on for tonight?



FELIX

As always.

ANDIE

(backpedalling)

Wanna chill at my mom's house after school? They've decided to be separated this week, so I'll probably have the house to myself.

FELIX

I can't. Doctor's appointment. Again.

ANDIE

Alright.

(their goodbye)

Don't die on me.

And she's gone.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. DRUMMOND, a frail woman with the voice of Julia Child, sashays down the rows of desk, passing back tests.

MRS. DRUMMOND

I say this not only to Mr. Kremer here, but to the class as a whole: at least you tried.

She reaches Felix, hiding near the back of the class. Passes him his test with a wink.

FELIX'S POV

A red circled "A" in the upper right hand corner. Below, Felix's valid attempts at answers, riddled with errors, crossed out in the teacher's red pen.

Next to each incorrect answer, in that red scrawl: "Close enough."

BACK TO SCENE

A SURLY STUDENT groans behind Felix after receiving his test.

SURLY STUDENT

I cheated off the wrong guy...

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

A flock of crimson gym shorts flees the gymnasium. Felix and ANKUSH, a lanky Indian teenager who walks with a limp, remain behind. The GYM TEACHER yells from the doorway.

GYM TEACHER  
(leaving)  
Come on, gimps. Get cleanin'.

They mosey over to the badminton nets, unhooking them.

FELIX  
How's the heel feeling?

ANKUSH  
It's okay. I'll be back to full form in a couple of weeks.

They carry the net to the storage closet, picking up rackets and birdies along the way.

ANKUSH (CONT'D)  
How's the heart thing going?

FELIX  
It's going. You know how it is.

ANKUSH  
Not really. But that's okay.

They throw everything into the closet.

ANKUSH (CONT'D)  
Um. Now that you mention it, I actually have a favor to ask of you. If that's cool.  
(before Felix can answer)  
Okay, so. I'm a recent inductee into the planning committee for the Young Democrats. I know. Thank you.

A SQUEAKING NOISE. Over and over in the background. Felix hears it and searches around.

ANKUSH (CONT'D)  
(following Felix around)  
Well, you're kind of a big deal for us, and I was wondering if you'd make an appearance. Maybe a speech. Something simple and profound. It would kill on my college apps.

FELIX  
Do you hear that?

ANKUSH  
Yeah, but...

FELIX  
Shh...

ANKUSH  
Is that a "no" on the speech?

LOUDER. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP. Felix turns around the high-rise bleachers--

FELIX  
Oh dear lord.

Ankush stops behind him. His eyes widen.

ANGLE ON Felix and Ankush from behind, staring underneath the bleachers. A COUPLE has sex a distance in front of them, but only the occasional wild-flying leg can be seen. The enthused GRUNTS and MOANS make it unmistakable as to what's going on.

ANKUSH  
Oh. Wow.

FELIX  
They're just...right there.

Felix and Ankush don't move. Can't move. Hypnotized.

ANKUSH  
They don't even notice us.

FELIX  
Not whatsoever.

ANKUSH  
They're in the zone.

Felix leans forward. Makes a BIRD CALL noise.

FELIX  
Nothing. I'm impressed.

ANKUSH  
I miss sex.

FELIX  
*What?* Since when?

Despite talking, they're transfixed by the Couple.

ANKUSH

Last year I went to prom with Mindy Mungerson. She looks like a pear, but, you know. She was my lab partner in chem and would always try to seduce me with the way she handled her beakers. She was really nice. And gentle.

Felix, though entertained and in awe, can't find it in himself to smile.

A climactic WAIL. Felix and Ankush spazz out and pretend to be wandering around, pre-occupied.

FELIX

Oh, hey Ankush. What's....what's up...

ANKUSH

Just cleaning up...shuttlecocks.

From beneath the bleachers, a BEEFY JOCK and a FRAIL GIRL emerge and quickly scatter, darting in opposite directions.

Felix shakes his head, watching them go.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Felix sits on the examination table in an open-backed hospital gown, his legs dangling over like a kid. A NURSE checks his blood pressure.

In the corner, Connie reads *Six Attitudes for Winners*.

FELIX (V.O.)

Ever since my diagnosis in third grade, my mom has been working her way through "The Top 100 Motivational Books in a Time of Crisis" that her friend Rhonda gave her.

(then)

Rhonda's now in a mental institution after breaking down in a ball pit at a Chuck E. Cheese.

INSERT: Rhonda sobbing in a colored ball pit, being consoled by a four year old in mouse ears.

The Nurse checks off some boxes on a clipboard and heads out the door.

CONNIE  
 (stopping the Nurse)  
 Could you make sure we get those  
 forms I gave the doctor? Thanks.

Felix hops off the table.

FELIX  
 I wonder if doctors actually think  
 they're good people, or if they  
 know they're genuinely evil.

Connie glances up from her book.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 At what point did each of them say  
 to themselves "well, I've been  
 plagued with this intelligence, and  
 I do enjoy inflicting pain,  
 so...doctor it is."

Felix examines the jars of cotton swabs and other doctorly  
 condiments.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 Where are these people? It's been  
 like *four* minutes.

CONNIE  
 It's this or the school won't let  
 you skip P.E. anymore. They know  
 us, they know *you*, it won't be much  
 longer.

Felix grabs a few cotton balls and stuffs them in his mouth,  
 chipmunk-style.

A warning KNOCK on the door. It cracks open. DOCTOR NAGELMAN,  
 a youthful man with the wear and tear of his profession  
 seeping through, peeks in.

DR. NAGELMAN  
 (quickly to Felix)  
 Hey. I just need to...grab your mom  
 for a moment, then I'll be right  
 with you.

Connie closes her book. Felix hops back on the table as  
 Connie leaves the room behind Dr. Nagelman.

Through a square of glass in the door, Felix watches from his  
 perch on the table. His cheeks bulging with cotton balls.

Like a silent movie, Dr. Nagelman opens his folder, reading a few lines to Connie. His head bobs constantly to keep eye contact.

Connie's eyes glaze over. She's not crying, but the struggle against it shows in her clenched jaw and trembling throat.

Felix, entranced, lets a few cotton balls fall from his mouth.

Connie gulps a few deep breaths. Dr. Nagelman offers her his hand for support, but she bats it away. She runs her hand along the wall to keep steady. They head back into the room.

The door opens. Dr. Nagelman immediately makes eye contact with Felix, realizes he's been watching. Wastes no time.

DR. NAGELMAN (CONT'D)

Felix...

(unprepared)

We looked over your blood work and the scans, like every other month, but this time we saw some pretty bad news. Your heart is getting weaker and weaker at an accelerating pace. And it's reached a breaking point. I'm not going to sugar coat this at all...

Connie stares, not at Felix, not at the Doctor, but away, in her own world. Felix watches her through all of this.

DR. NAGELMAN (CONT'D)

We're looking at no more than a month.

Felix pulls the remaining cotton balls from his mouth, placing them next to him on the table.

DR. NAGELMAN (CONT'D)

I know you don't want to think about, you know, the next step right now. But I encourage you - both of you - to see me as a counselor, if you need it.

A silence.

DR. NAGELMAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

FELIX

(quiet)

Yeah. Why wouldn't I be?

Dr. Nagelman cringes a quarter smile.

DR. NAGELMAN

I don't want to get anyone's hopes up, but there is always a slim chance for a transplant. You're on the list, it's just a matter of...luck.

He stands upright. Backing toward the door.

DR. NAGELMAN (CONT'D)

Pray for car crashes.

INT. CONNIE'S VOLVO - NIGHT

Connie drives, eyes forward, gripping the steering wheel. Almost catatonic. Bobbing with every bump in the road.

Felix rests his head on the passenger side window. Stares at the trees, benches, buildings, and straggling people that morph into a colorless blur.

Complete silence, except for the meager whir of wheels on concrete.

PRE-LAP:

CONNIE (V.O.)

There has to be a way...

INT. DINING ROOM - FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Connie drops plates of food in front of David and Felix before sitting down with them.

CONNIE

It's not like this is some one in a million disease.

DAVID

(overlapping)

We'll look into all the options.

CONNIE

There's bound to be some new treatment in Sweden or Finland or somewhere we can try. Or some Zulu witch doctor for all I care.

DAVID  
(eating)  
You need to relax.

CONNIE  
How can you eat right now?

DAVID  
You put the food in front of me. Am  
I not supposed to eat it?

Felix stares at his food, searching for a profound message in  
between the mashed potatoes and the peas.

CONNIE  
Do you even *care*? It's only our  
son, right?

DAVID  
Of course I do. But right now,  
we're clearly a little frazzled,  
and I don't want us to overreact.

CONNIE  
What *would* it take for you to  
overreact?

FELIX  
(finally)  
We knew it was gonna happen  
sometime...  
(looking down)  
At least I won't have to do college  
applications.

Only the sound of Felix's fork scratching his plate.

DAVID  
Tonight, let's eat, relax. Clear  
our heads. We'll start fresh  
tomorrow.

CONNIE  
(mostly to herself)  
I should call everyone. They should  
know. I'll have to make  
arrangements, start planning.  
There's a lot to do.

DAVID  
Have much homework tonight, Felix?

The SCREEN DOOR CREEKS OPEN. Everyone quiets...



The DOOR opens. In walks PETE CHESTER, a pint sized twelve year old in army shorts, riddled with stripes of war paint and mysterious scratches and scars. He ambles over to the table, picks at Connie's food.

CONNIE  
Thank God you're home.

DAVID  
Where the hell have you been?

PETE  
I plead the fifth.

DAVID  
Are you on drugs?

PETE  
I'm *twelve years old*.

DAVID  
That does *not* answer my question.

PETE  
I've dabbled, okay?

David looks to Connie and Felix to make sure he isn't serious.

Everyone falls silent. Pete gnaws at a roll.

PETE (CONT'D)  
So...how's everyone's day been?

FELIX  
I'm dying.

PETE  
What else is new?

DAVID  
It's for real this time, kiddo.

PETE  
Oh. Well, that blows.

Pete snags a spoonful of Felix's mashed potatoes.

FELIX  
May I be excused?

He doesn't wait for an answer. Stands up. Brings his plate to the sink. And walks upstairs.

OFF CONNIE AND DAVID -- as they share a look, not entirely sure what to do now.

INT. HALLWAY - FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felix stops in front of a HORSE OF THE MONTH CALENDAR. March. A herd of horses huddle around a watering hole.

One month. Right there in front of him.

He flips to see April--

FELIX (V.O.)  
I won't even make it to the  
thoroughbreds.

Lets it fall back down.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Movie posters like *The Truman Show*. Television rests on a mini-fridge. Messy in an everything-is-organized-by-piles way.

Felix walks in, Lucky sneaking in at the last possible moment. Closes the door behind him.

Paces aimlessly around before sitting on the corner of his bed, still with childlike-multi-color bedspread.

He looks around. What now? His eyes land on Lucky, gazing at him, breathing heavily.

The door opens:

ANDIE.

FELIX  
Oh, hey. Sorry. I almost forgot.  
Wonder Years Wednesdays.

ANDIE  
What's going on downstairs? Your  
mom hugged me. It was weird.

She sits at his desk. Felix stares down.

FELIX  
We found out...I have a month left.

ANDIE  
Only a month? That sucks.

FELIX

I expected something more...dramatic. Tears would've been nice. A sullen gaze maybe?

ANDIE

I don't know. Sorry. You've been dying since I met you in seventh grade.

(then)

I guess I'll believe it when I see it.

Andie plays with a Slinky on Felix's desk.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

So what are you gonna do with your last month?

FELIX

You know what's the worst thing?

ANDIE

You're gonna miss Shark Week.

He flops back onto his bed.

FELIX

I'm gonna die a virgin. Not like the glasses, bacne, rollie backpack overdramatic statement "I'm gonna die a virgin" virgin, but I'm actually going to *die a virgin*.

(then)

I mean, *Ankush* isn't even a virgin. How has the virginity chain already reached an *Ankush*? It's like I missed this wave of promiscuity that everyone went through since last year.

ANDIE

It's sex, Felix. It's not even good most of the time.

FELIX

How would you know?

(realizing)

No. No, no, no. What?

ANDIE

(denial)

What?

She focuses far too intently on her hands.

FELIX

With *who*?

ANDIE

With *whom*.

(off his look)

Does it even matter?

Felix sits up. She won't make eye contact.

FELIX

Of course it matters. Why? How did you manage not to tell me this?

ANDIE

You know *everything* that's remotely important about me. I didn't think this fell into that category.

FELIX

Where did this happen? Was it in a car? Someone's van? One of those white vans with curtains and a bean bag?

ANDIE

Shouldn't we be focusing on the fact that you're dying in a month?

FELIX

Just a little context. Please. Are you really going to deny a dying kid his last request?

Andie rubs her face.

ANDIE

(hurrying)

It was with Patrick Nubkin last year - don't say a *word* - and he really liked me, and, you know, things happened. And we did it in the back of his mom's volvo.

FELIX

Ah! My mom has a Volvo.

ANDIE

Every mom has a Volvo. It's the law.

Felix thinks for a moment.

FELIX

Well congrats I guess.

ANDIE

Shut up. End of topic.

FELIX

No, I'm serious. I want that. I want the ridiculous story that ends with me figuring out how to utilize the seat belts for some new position.

ANDIE

There's so much else to do in a month though. You've never...been drunk?

She searches through Felix's drawers. Finds a yellow legal pad.

FELIX

I've also never had sex.

She scribbles these goals down. The List.

ANDIE

You've never driven a car. You've never been to Europe. You've never even beaten Zelda.

FELIX

I've never bowled a perfect game?  
(suddenly)  
Oh, you know what else should go on that list? Losing my virginity. Or, if you prefer, vagina spelunking.

Andie shakes her head.

ANDIE

Fine. If you're looking for sex, then find it. But it won't mean anything.

FELIX

Everyone's had this one momentary connection with someone that lasts for five seconds-

ANDIE

Let's hope it lasts for more than five seconds.

FELIX

-and that's all I want. That one moment with someone. That's it.

Andie leans back in her chair.

ANDIE

So who's this fair maiden you plan on laying with?

(wait)

Please, please tell me you're not gonna try to get with Vicky Pataki.

FELIX

Oh. No. I'm over her. It needs to be...someone perfect.

ANDIE

Then lets find her.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Half-asleep, Felix finishes brushing his teeth. Spits.

He puts away his toothbrush. On the counter top, PILL BOTTLES stand in rows, each with prescription labels bearing Felix's name.

His hand lingers for a second. Glances at himself in the mirror out of the corner of his eye. Swoops up the bottles.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Connie stands at the refrigerator. Her list (The Top 100 Motivational Books in a Time of Crisis) pinned to the door. She crosses off *Six Attitudes for Winners* as Felix bursts in.

Felix pours bottle after bottle of pills into the sink. Connie watches from afar.

Felix snags the last two bottles on the breakfast table. Dumps them all out.

Felix flicks on the garbage disposal. CRUNCH. Connie WINCES.

INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

Easels and drawing cubicles. The aroma of cheap paint. Felix and Andie stand near the window, pretending to be absorbed in their own paintings.

ANDIE  
Dina Demarcus?

Andie nods to a Frumpy Girl drawing a Felix-on-the-cross picture.

FELIX  
Her voice shrieks too much.

ANDIE  
Tracy Amblin?

FELIX  
Her face is too angular.

ANDIE  
What are you even looking for?

FELIX  
You know. Cute has priority over hot, intelligent but willing to act ridiculous, able to hold a conversation or be okay with silence. But I'm not picky.

ANDIE  
No, that's not picky at all.

FELIX  
I'll know when I see her, trust me.

ANDIE  
How about Amber Wimpily? Pretty, debatably retarded, talks to herself. Fits the bill.

FELIX  
She's planning my wake.

Andie adds a random dash of color to her painting.

ANDIE  
That could be perfect. She couldn't say no to you.

FELIX  
Absolutely not. This can't be some charity event. No pity. Rule number one through fifteen. Whoever this is can't know I'm dying.

ANDIE  
Because that makes things easier.  
(nodding across the room)  
(MORE)

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Look at that Mona Lisa copy that  
guy is drawing? Oh, wait. That's  
you as the Mona Lisa.

(point)

Everyone knows you're dying.

RAMONA, *just* Ramona, the art teacher, walks behind Andie.  
Examines her painting.

RAMONA

Hm. Very interesting. But what does  
it mean?

ANDIE

(rapid-fire)

It represents the viewing structure  
of the 21st century museum  
aficionado, challenging them to  
question the value of art itself.

RAMONA

Interesting, indeed.

Ramona quickly glances at Felix's stick figure masterpiece.

FELIX

It's a bear.

RAMONA

Absolutely stunning.

She walks off.

FELIX

(off Andie's look)

What?

INT. CENTERVIEW HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

Felix and Andie walk down the hall to their lockers.

FELIX

I never said this was gonna be  
easy.

(bright side)

So she doesn't go here. We'll  
search elsewhere.

ANDIE

That's what the internet is for.

They turn the corner--



A MASSIVE poster of Felix standing, staring into the distance, holding a SCEPTER. PROM. Your King has Arrived.

Felix stops. Stares.

FELIX

Why am I always alone in every one of these pictures? Why couldn't I die *before* prom? I feel like that's just a slap in the face.

ANDIE

Maybe you will.

FELIX

Not with my luck.

ANDIE

Or you can bring your new dream girl and make her swoon there?

Felix walks up to the poster. Checks out the extreme detail.

FELIX

Who are you going with?

ANDIE

I don't know. Jeff Greenbaum probably. He's been into me since kindergarten.

FELIX

Jeff? Why Jeff? He's so...Jeff.

Felix shudders.

ANDIE

I don't know. I'd rather go with the bland, turtle-neck wearing sure thing than build up this ridiculous fantasy only to end up getting disappointed.

FELIX

Oh, real subtle.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Students type papers in computer cubicles. A select few check blogs and news sites. And Andie and Felix stare at the Match.com Welcome screen.

ANDIE

(typing)

Okay. Profile for Felix-Chester-Arthur. What sports and exercise do you enjoy?

FELIX

None. Wait, click bowling and yoga.

ANDIE

You like yoga?

FELIX

Not personally.

ANDIE

What's the last thing you read? List something edgy.

A Student passes behind them, staring.

FELIX

*Watership Down*. That was heavy stuff.

ANDIE

(filling out the rest)

You don't exercise. You make no money. Don't even have a high school degree.

FELIX

I sound really fantastic.

ANDIE

Whoa, whoa! You got a message.

(reading)

Are you the same Felix Chester that's dying?

Felix slumps in his chair.

FELIX

Oh, great. The *internet* knows.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Felix sits in the stands next to Andie. A basketball game between the Fighting Canadians and the visiting Mayfield Messiahs rages on, as only basketball games can, below.

ANDIE

Maybe it's time to think up a Plan B?

Felix shoots the it's-no-time-for-puns look at her.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(then)

Worst case scenario, I'll have to do it. I have this awesome red shag rug in my attic. Stain resistant. We could pound a few out before dinner, get on to some other goals.

The WAVE goes around. Andie stands, but Felix stays seated.

FELIX

I'm gonna have to pass, as romantic as you made that sound.

She sits back down.

ANDIE

(knowing)

I thought this was just about sex.

FELIX

It is.

(beat)

I thought this was actually gonna happen.

Felix looks down. Another WAVE goes around, but he doesn't even flinch.

A MEEK GIRL squeezes over to Felix. Stands, wide-eyed.

MEEK GIRL

I saw your ad on Match.com. Are you still looking? I have very few inhibitions.

Felix stands.

FELIX

(to Andie)

Okay. I'm going to the bathroom.

He steps around the Meek Girl, trips over some feet, and escapes.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Felix pees at a stall next to a Student, decked out in Fighting Canadians gear. The Student realizes he's peeing next to Felix Chester and can't take his eyes off him.

STAR-STRUCK STUDENT  
F-Felix Chester...

Felix forces a smile and zips up in a hurry.

He washes his hands at the sink. Looks at himself in the mirror. A FLUSH. The stall opens behind him and a GIRL walks out and heads for the sink:

CAMILLE JENSEN, 17, essentially everything Felix dreamed of and more, button-nose included. *The girl.*

CAMILLE  
(noticing Felix's stare)  
The women's bathroom had a line.  
It's called being practical.

She dries her hands. And exits.

Felix turns to watch her leave, hands dripping all over his pants.

FELIX  
And that's how I met the girl of my  
dreams.

STAR-STRUCK STUDENT  
Narrating to yourself?

FELIX  
Absolutely.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Felix bounds ahead of Andie, grasping the straps of his backpack. He backpedals to keep Andie in sight.

FELIX  
She was like...she *emerged* from the  
stall. Like an ethereal spirit. She  
was beautiful, her teeth were so  
straight. And that line about being  
practical? No effort whatsoever.  
Flowed off her tongue.

ANDIE

It really wasn't that impressive of a line.

FELIX

Her voice was like a Siren's melody.

ANDIE

You know siren's are evil, right?

FELIX

She's the exception to the rule. And most importantly, when she saw me, she had absolutely no idea who I was.

ANDIE

So what's her name, Romeo?

FELIX

I have no idea!

(then)

But she's real! I'm almost certain of that.

ANDIE

Well, finding her seems somewhat important. Maybe I'm putting too much weight on you two ever having a conversation.

Felix slows down.

FELIX

You're right. Maybe we can find some security footage from the gym and see who she was with and go from there?

ANDIE

Or...we can assume she doesn't go to Centerview, otherwise we would know who she is. So she must go to Mayfield. Why else would she have gone to the game?

FELIX

That works too.

Felix stops.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Who knows people from Mayfield?

Andie cringes.

OFF FELIX -- as he figures out what this means...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Ankush moseys between shelves of books. He examines a book on the shelf before pulling it out, only to reveal FELIX'S FACE behind it--

Ankush jumps back. Winces.

ANKUSH

(re: his heel)

Oh, sweet mother! That sent me back a week.

(to Felix)

What are you doing here?

FELIX

(through the books)

How well do you remember Mayfield?

Ankush decidedly turns and hobbles down the aisle. Felix follows suit on the other side of the shelf.

ANKUSH

Mayfield is a distant memory.

FELIX

You transferred here last year.

ANKUSH

Painful memories.

FELIX

I need you to help me find a girl.

Felix turns the corner and cuts Ankush off.

FELIX (CONT'D)

She's about yay high. Really cute. Straight...teeth. Oh, she had freckles. Looked a bit like Winnie Cooper from Wonder Years.

ANKUSH

Did she have a mole near her collarbone?

FELIX

I don't know.

ANKUSH  
I think I know who it is.

FELIX  
Perfect! Who is she?

ANKUSH  
Do the Young Democrats speech.

FELIX  
Come on. It's a name, some  
information, that's it.

Ankush shrugs and walks the opposite way.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Don't hobble away from me.

ANKUSH  
Two speeches then.

FELIX  
That's not an actual bargaining  
tool. I have stage fright. I don't  
know what I'd say.

ANKUSH  
Well, then that's that.

FELIX  
Fine. *Fine*. I'll do the damn  
speech.

Ankush smiles. Extremely pleased.

INT. ANKUSH'S SEXMOBILE - DAY

Felix, looking extra dapper, sits uncomfortably in the faux-leopard-skin seats. Ankush fits in far too well, driving with one hand.

ANKUSH  
Her name's Camille Jensen. This is  
her, right?

He pulls out a BINDER with Camille's picture on the front.  
Felix takes it.

FELIX  
That's her.

ANKUSH

Okay. I was short on time. Please do not rush ahead. Open the binder.

He does. First page: ACTIVITIES/INTERESTS.

ANKUSH (CONT'D)

Consider this an old school PowerPoint.

(prepared)

She's into theatre, hiking, painting, bowling-

FELIX

I do enjoy bowling.

ANKUSH

-old Nintendo, milkshakes, and flossing. Turn the page.

MUSIC/TELEVISION/MOVIES.

ANKUSH (CONT'D)

She listens to the Weepies, the Strokes, the *That Thing You Do* soundtrack, Stevie Wonder. Only watches the Twilight Zone-

FELIX

Wait, you just copied her Facebook page, didn't you?

ANKUSH

I have very few sources.

FELIX

How is this supposed to help me?  
(reading)  
Ah, she likes Dumbo? God damnit she's perfect.

ANKUSH

Okay, fine. Turn the page. I printed out pictures of her and almost every guy she's been with. So you know your competition.

Felix turns the page: Camille smiling with a Jock. Turns the page: Camille with a Suave Hipster. Camille with a Musician. Page after page after page--

FELIX

*Almost every guy?*



ANKUSH  
Yeah, she's been around.

FELIX  
(still flipping pages)  
They're all so good looking.

ANKUSH  
Yes. And they had charisma.

OFF FELIX -- panic creeping onto his face.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Felix leans against the car door as Ankush checks his hair in the mirror.

FELIX  
One thing.  
(serious)  
Under any circumstance, no matter what happens, you *cannot* tell anyone about my condition. Not a word. Okay?

ANKUSH  
Roger that.

EXT. MAYFIELD CAMPUS - QUAD - DAY

The whitest school ever. So many sweater vests. Ankush leads Felix into the fray, heading for a central building in the distance.

FELIX  
(sarcastic)  
This place is so urban. Look, those people couldn't even afford full jeans.

Ankush charges ahead, past a group of Varsity Jacket Guys.

VARSIITY GUY  
Whoa, the Brown Recluse has returned.

ANKUSH  
Hello Gerald.  
(to Felix)  
Their pet name for me. I love this school. Keep walking.

VARSITY GUY  
                   (from afar)  
 Here to take another victim?

                  VARSITY GROUP  
 Everyone beware! The Brown Recluse  
 is back.

Ankush makes it a distance away. Stops at a Girl Reading *The Stranger*.

                  ANKUSH  
 Do you know where Camille Jensen  
 is?

                  THE STRANGER  
 You'll get nothing from me, Brown  
 Recluse!

She BOLTS.

Ankush keeps walking.

                  FELIX  
 So...why *do* they call you the Brown  
 Recluse?

                  ANKUSH  
 It's a long and sordid tale.  
                   (then)  
 I ratted on someone for cheating.  
 They got expelled. Three strikes.

                  FELIX  
 Then why don't they call you the  
 Rat?

                  ANKUSH  
 Someone else already has that name.

He points at a Kid with a lengthy rat tail.

                  FELIX  
 That makes sense.  
                   (then)  
 Maybe I should try. They may trust  
 me more.

A Student BUMPS into Felix--Ankush SQUEELS.

                  PASSING STUDENT  
 Sorry.

FELIX  
 I'm fine.  
 (to Ankush)  
 Seriously. That cannot kill me.

ANKUSH  
 (catching his breath)  
 I'm okay. I'm okay.

Felix hails down the Student that bumped him.

FELIX  
 Would you happen to know where  
 Camille Jensen is?

PASSING STUDENT  
 (looking at Ankush)  
 Is he with you?

FELIX  
 What? No. This guy? I don't  
 even...no.

PASSING STUDENT  
 I think she's in the  
 Environmentalist Club right now.  
 Check room 118.

FELIX  
 Thanks.

INT. MAYFIELD CAMPUS - HALLWAY - DAY

Felix and Ankush stand outside of Room 118. Felix is paralyzed.

ANKUSH  
 Environmentalist Club? You really  
 still want her?

FELIX  
 Yes, though a tiny bit less now.  
 (then)  
 My mouth is too dry. I can't do  
 this. Listen, I can't even  
 pronounce anything. Oh, God. Why am  
 I doing this?

The door SWINGS open as a student leaves. For a brief moment,  
 Felix can see Camille inside, sitting in the corner.

He walks to a water fountain. Takes a sip. Jumps around,  
 pumping himself up.

ANKUSH

Do you even have a plan?

FELIX

I'm just gonna walk in there, be relaxed, be cool, say hello. I have a few lines and talking points ready in my arsenal.

A deep breath.

ANKUSH

Good luck.

And Felix goes in.

INT. ENVIRONMENTALIST CLUB MEETING - DAY

Felix shuffles in. He weaves through the rows of seats, lingering, delaying his decision on where to sit, blocking people's view, stepping on toes...

He sits a seat away from Camille. A buffer.

Overly aware of Camille, who doesn't even notice him there, he tries to act casual. Unsure of where to put his hands. On the desk. Off. In his pockets. Behind his head.

CAMILLE

You okay, man?

Felix scoffs. Multiple times.

FELIX

Way okay. Totally. Don't worry about it.

She opts to turn her head to the front. A Group Leader pulls down the projection screen.

FELIX (CONT'D)

(quietly, to Camille)

Hey. 'Sup.

She withholds an amused smile, shakes her head.

CAMILLE

Hi...

A painfully long pause. The Group Leader dims the lights.

FELIX  
 (singing, softly to  
 himself)  
*You, doing that thing you  
 do...breaking my heart into a  
 million pieces...like you always  
 do...and you...*

Felix nods to himself. Stands up. Moves several seats away.  
 Ashamed.

GROUP LEADER  
 (spotting Felix)  
 Is that a new member I see? What  
 horrific act by mankind has  
 compelled you to join our righteous  
 club?

Half-sitting-half-standing:

FELIX  
 I'm, uh, a big fan of Planet Earth?  
 Especially that scene where the  
 ducklings jump off the ledge and  
 bounce on the ground. Yeah. That's  
 really it.

He sits down. The Group Leader stares at him before starting  
 his slide show.

GROUP LEADER  
 Okay then. Well. Back to  
 yesterday's topic of mulch...

Felix bangs his head on his desk. Slowly.

Camille watches out of the corner of her eye. A slight smile.

Felix's stands decidedly. The Group Leader stops talking.

FELIX  
 Yeah, I'm just gonna...

He motions to leave. Reaches the door. Looks back and  
 considers. But turns back and exits.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

Andie walks on the sidewalk while Felix drags his feet in the  
 middle of the road.

FELIX

Suicide is definitely an option. Why wait a month? We could make it an event. Sell tickets. I'll be drawn and quartered. Raffle off each piece of me.

ANDIE

Come on. It wasn't that bad.

A car HONKS behind Felix. He nonchalantly waves for it to go around him.

FELIX

I sang, Andie. I just...sang, along to myself. She didn't even say a word.

ANDIE

Maybe she was in awe of your falsetto?

FELIX

Not helping.

Andie steps into the street beside Felix.

ANDIE

You can't win 'em all.

FELIX

All I had to do was talk to her, like a normal human being. And I sang her a song just because Ankush mentioned that she liked it.

Andie just watches Felix berate himself, inching closer to comfort him in a way.

FELIX (CONT'D)

You get so excited for something and it just...I had every line, the entire conversation planned out in the shower this morning. And yesterday. And for the past two years, this perfect back-and-forward...

He's out of words. Watches his feet instead.

ANDIE

Maybe we should focus on another goal instead, ya know?

She pulls out the folded up yellow list from her pocket.

FELIX

You keep that in your pocket?

She hands it to Felix. He unfolds it.

ANDIE

Tonight may not be the worst night to get drunk for the first time.

FELIX

At least I can drown my sorrows. It still does that, right?

ANDIE

Still an adequate function of alcohol, so I've heard.

INT. ANDIE'S DAD'S HOUSE - DAY

The living room. Off-colored brown couches. A mermaid lamp. Felix and Andie stand half a room away, staring at ANDIE'S DAD, a balding nebbish man, slumped over in a Lay-Z-Boy, wearing a suit, complete with tie, shoes with dress socks, but absolutely no pants. Just boxers.

ANDIE

He was stood up by this bimbo secretary who he asked out to get back at my Mom who's been dating a middle school geography teacher. He was gonna call it a night until he found out that the secretary stood him up to have a threesome date with my mom. He hasn't moved for four hours.

Felix slowly turns his head, but he can't keep his eyes away.

FELIX

How'd he get his pants off with his shoes still on?

ANDIE

There are things in life we may not be meant to know.

Andie walks to the stairs. Felix stares for a moment longer before scurrying after her.

INT. ANDIE'S DAD'S ROOM - DAY

Andie leads Felix into the walk-in closet.

ANDIE

This is my Dad's secret alcohol stash. He used to hide it from my Mom because she would steal it while he was at work. Now it's more of a vanity thing.

She parts the hanging trousers.

A WOODEN CABINET

Andie opens it. Inside are two labeled sections: "Happy" and "Lonely."

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Pick one.

FELIX

Definitely "Lonely."

Andie snags a bottle of WINE from the "Lonely" section.

She stands on her tip-toes, reaches above, out of sight, and pulls down two wine GLASSES. Hands one to Felix.

EXT. UPSTAIRS BALCONY - DUSK

Felix leans back in a chair, sipping tentatively on his wine. Andie takes larger swigs but each time seems shocked by it.

FELIX

I can taste the loneliness.

ANDIE

Bitter, with a touch of harrowing depression.

Andie extends her glass.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

To our collective loneliness.

FELIX

Whatever that means.

They clank glasses. Drink more. A quiet nothingness.

ANDIE

And there she is...



DOWN ON THE STREET

ANDIE'S MOM emerges from the house on the opposite side, glitzy and trying too hard. A bookish MAN and a stuffy WOMAN follow her, like a coyote and her feasting partners.

FELIX AND ANDIE

Lean back, spectating.

FELIX

She gets two dates. I get...red wine.

ANDIE

(re: her parents)  
I wish they'd get a divorce already.

The Man opens his car door for Andie's Mom and she flirtatiously touches his face.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Stop fooling themselves. They hate each other.

The car ZOOMS off.

FELIX

Maybe they will.

ANDIE

They won't. They'll stick it out until the end. They're assholes.

She takes a long, deep drink.

FELIX

Well, when I'm gone, you can have mine.

ANDIE

I'll consider it.

FELIX

My mom always wanted a daughter. You'd be my parting gift to her.

A meager smirk. They both sip their wine, feel the air chilling, and relax. At ease.

FELIX (CONT'D)

You know why today sucked? Because I was actually convinced everything was going to work. That I'd show up, Knox Overstreet the hell out of her, and *bam* I emerge victorious.

ANDIE

You don't even know her. For all you know she's one of those girls who owns a choke collar.

Felix rocks forward.

FELIX

But I do know her. You know when you meet someone and you just *get it*? That's what it's like for me. I *know*.

ANDIE

But what if she's average? What if she's...like the rest of us?

Andie refills her glass. Offers it to Felix who sees no reason to decline.

They drink. Verging on tipsy.

Andie stares at Felix, who's lost in thought.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Still thinking about it?

He nods.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

You have to give it up. You don't have the kind of time to dwell on that too much.

FELIX

Yeah, but it was like...agh, right there.

ANDIE

Call her. If you remotely told her half of what you've told me about her, she'd at least consider. You met in a *bathroom*. Everything's an upgrade after that.

Felix shakes his head.

FELIX  
No, no. I can't do that.

ANDIE  
Why?

FELIX  
I'm drunk.

ANDIE  
You're not drunk. You're just giggly.

FELIX  
But they're *painful* giggles. I can't...

ANDIE  
Are you gonna stop talking about Camille then?

Felix stops. Smiles.

FELIX  
No. Okay, okay, I'll do it.

Felix brings out his cell phone.

ANDIE  
You have her number?

FELIX  
It was on Facebook. I know, it's kinda creepy, but *she* put it up there. Okay, okay. What do I say?

ANDIE  
Just talk, don't worry. The worst thing she can do is ignore the call.

(then)  
Practice on me, if you're so concerned.

Felix stares at Andie. Concentrating.

FELIX  
Camille...  
(beat)  
Camille...  
(beat)  
Camille...

ANDIE

Okay, let's get past the name.

FELIX

You look amazing.

ANDIE

She will be on the phone, so don't go with that.

FELIX

(trying not to laugh)

I would like to schedule a time to fornicate in the near future.

ANDIE

How about this...shut up and call her.

He dials.

FELIX

Okay, fine.

(beat)

It's her answering machine.

ANDIE

Focus.

Felix takes a breath.

FELIX

Hey, Camille. It's Felix Chester. I'm not sure if I heard the beep or not, so I'll stall for a couple seconds to make sure. I don't know if you know me, or know of me, so this is all going to sound a little weird, but I have to try. You might remember me as the guy that sang to himself at environmental club today. I only came to not-so-subtly run into you. That sounds terrible, but if you think of it in a 50's romance way, all it means is that...

(beat)

Have you ever been in line somewhere, or just...walking, and you catch someone's eye and you feel like for every second you decide not to talk to them, you're missing out on something...amazing?

(beat)

(MORE)

FELIX (CONT'D)

I don't know. I sound ridiculous.  
 Maybe you and I could meet  
 sometime, that's all I'm trying to  
 say. So if you're interested, you  
 know where to find me. Thanks.  
 Hope...hope to see you soon. Bye.

He closes his phone slowly.

ANDIE

(absorbed in that call)  
 That was good.

Felix gulps down his wine, wide-eyed.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - MORNING

Andie and Felix sit around a circular table with TWO HUNGOVER TEACHERS. All four of them wear SUNGLASSES and have the ashen-pale complexion only possible from a long night of drinking.

Hungover Teacher #1 pulls out a pack of Alka-Seltzers. Pops one out. Drops it into his glass of water. Passes it along.

It reaches Felix. He downs his bubbly drink desperately.

He rubs his forehead, throbbing.

FELIX

Ugh. I...just...ugh.

ANDIE

My tongue feels so foreign.

Felix whimpers. Just a little.

FELIX

My life...

A KNOCK on the SIDE PANEL WINDOW next to the door.

A second KNOCK finally stirs Hungover Teacher #2 to look. He takes a half-drunken second, points to Felix.

Felix lifts his head. Looks at the window. Eyes WIDE:

CAMILLE.

She waves. Points to Felix. Felix points at himself, questionably. Camille nods. Felix points at Andie. Camille shakes her head, points at Felix. Felix points at himself one more time.

Hungover Teacher #1 stands up to shoo Camille away.

Felix shrugs at Andie. Stands up. Passes Hungover Teacher #1. Opens the door slightly.

CAMILLE  
I got your message.

FELIX  
Oh. I'm...sorry.

CAMILLE  
No, no. I thought it was...well, I don't know. I'm here to do a column on your school's new fountain. I took the assignment...on a whim. Wanna join me?

Felix lifts up his sunglasses.

FELIX  
Now?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Camille walks with a sense of direction, despite not knowing where to go. Felix tries to keep pace.

CAMILLE  
So I have to ask. Why me?

FELIX  
What do you mean?

A Curious Student passes, eyeing Felix with suspicious.

CAMILLE  
Well there has to be a reason, unless you go around leaving messages on every girl's answering machine.

Felix turns to block the Curious Student's gaze from Camille.

FELIX  
Was it that awkward?

She smiles.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Can I say you're really cute and let that be reason enough?

CAMILLE  
Probably not.

FELIX  
I'll think of something.

They pass by VENDING MACHINES. She stops.

CAMILLE  
So you know now, I'm addicted to  
the really cheap versions of Root  
Beer.

As she talks, Felix's focus turns to the FLYER behind her--a  
drawing of Felix in the Shawkshank Redemption rain scene.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
The kinds that you find in like  
vending machines outside of  
donation centers. They're  
delicious.

FELIX  
(reaching for his wallet)  
I-I've got it. I love-I love crappy  
soda. Get me one too. Here.

He hands her a few bucks.

CAMILLE  
What a gentleman.

While she bends over to use the machine, Felix COUGHS and  
TEARS down the flyer. CRUMPLES it.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
(handing him a soda)  
Enjoy.

FELIX  
Thanks. The fountain's...this way.

They turn down the hallway and Felix drops the balled up  
flyer behind him.

EXT. CENTERVIEW HIGH COURTYARD - DAY

Camille and Felix walk out of the main building, sipping  
their cheap Root Beers. Every time Felix drinks, he struggles  
to keep a straight face.

CAMILLE

Give it to me straight. Felix  
Chester in a nutshell.

FELIX

Let's see.

They approach an unfinished FOUNTAIN.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I've had a pretty busy week,  
actually. I started playing  
baseball with this group of kids  
down at an old abandoned lot, and,  
you know, I'm pretty awful, but  
they needed a new ball. So I  
thought: my dad has tons in those  
little plastic containers, I'll  
take one and that's that. Well, I  
hit my first home run and lost the  
ball only to find out it was signed  
by that, uh, Babe Ruth guy. And  
just...mayhem ensued.

CAMILLE

I think I know one of those guys.  
Benny the Jet Rodriguez, right?

FELIX

It's a lot more fun when people  
don't know *The Sandlot*. How about  
you, the environmentalist from  
Mayfield?

CAMILLE

(thinking)

I recently got separated from my  
family while in San--

FELIX

*Homeward Bound 2: Lost in San  
Francisco*. Don't even try it.

CAMILLE

That's not even possible!

FELIX

And I now have the confidence to  
say that this soda tastes awful.

She laughs. Stops.

CAMILLE

What's going on over there?



A small crowd starts to form around a GUY ON A SOAP BOX...

They surround what appears to be an ALTAR.

SOAP BOX MAN

This is not a child, this is a man  
who embarked on a journey to our  
humble town to remind us not of the  
perils of death...

Camille walks toward it. Felix steps ahead of her.

CAMILLE

Do you guys have like radical  
Christian groups or something?

SOAP BOX MAN

...but instead of the grandeur of  
life itself. He will not be  
forgotten!

Felix glances through the bodies. A picturesque altar,  
brimming with candles, with a framed yearbook photo of FELIX  
in the center -- THE VIGIL.

FELIX

(cutting Camille off)  
I wouldn't get near them. They're  
zealots, they're crazy. They'll  
proselytize your socks off.

She keeps moving closer.

CAMILLE

They just gather on the lawn? I  
mean freedom of speech and all, but  
it seems weird.

FELIX

(frantic)  
I have a meeting I have to go to.  
So we should go. Don't want you to  
get lost around here. Some shady  
folks.

CAMILLE

I'm okay.

FELIX

No, I-I-I want to walk you to your  
car. I feel like that's a good cap  
on things.

She stops.

CAMILLE

How 'bout this: I'll pick you up later. Let's do this again, but for real.

FELIX

Okay. Yeah. Yes.

CAMILLE

(turning to leave)  
Thanks for the drink.

She throws her pad and pencil in the trash.

FELIX

What about the article?

CAMILLE

(halfway gone)  
What article?

OFF FELIX -- absolute joy.

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM - MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

ON FELIX -- absolute panic.

He paces the room. Andie stands, watching.

ANDIE

Take a deep breath.

FELIX

I think I should wear my sweatshirt around my waist.

ANDIE

No, you shouldn't.

FELIX

What if I start singing again? Maybe that's my nervous tic. In times of peril, I harmonize.

ANDIE

Relax. Lose your virginity, *then* have a heart attack. You need to breathe.

She puts her hands on his shoulders.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Remember the plan, okay? Go in for the kiss. Baby steps. Always be closing.

FELIX

Okay. I got this. On the cheek, on the lips?

ANDIE

No, on the collar bone. Be natural.

FELIX

Natural. Au naturale.

ANDIE

Do you whatever you did when you hooked up with Lori Werner.

FELIX

I might've made that up. Never happened. I was in 8th grade, I didn't think my next opportunity would come right before I die.

ANDIE

Well, then you're gonna have to learn on the fly...

Felix nods.

INT. CAMILLE'S CAR - DAY

Camille swerves and speeds and jams on the breaks. An all around awful driver. Felix taps his leg, nervous for entirely different reasons.

CAMILLE

How do you not have a license?

FELIX

I didn't feel like it was all that necessary. Someone's always willing to drive.

CAMILLE

It's freedom. Don't you ever get the urge to just...leave?

FELIX

(evading)

Isn't that what we're doing now?

CAMILLE

Do me a favor. Grab a CD from my glove compartment labelled "Scantron."

He opens the glove compartment.

FELIX

Sounds like really lame techno.

Sorts through receipts, movie stubs, pens. JUNK.

CAMILLE

I don't like throwing things away.

FELIX

I would never have known.

Finds the CD. She puts it in--

MMMBOP. HANSON. Seriously.

CAMILLE

You can change it if you want.

Felix clicks the Next button--

MMMBOP. HANSON.

Next--

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

They're all the same song.

She rolls down the windows as she starts to SING. Volume UP.

FELIX

Why? Why would you make a CD-

CAMILLE

Sing! It's a rule in my car. You sing, or you go home. It's my test to see if you're worth my time.

FELIX

(mumbling)

*They're gone so fast. Oh, yeah.*

CAMILLE

Come on, you can do better than that.

She starts really putting some lungs behind her rendition.

Felix bobs his head. Getting louder. Clearer.

FELIX  
 (getting down)  
*Ba dubi bop, ba do bop-*

CAMILLE  
 Why do you know more words than I  
 do?

Camille smiles. Felix loose.

The car ZIPS by the CITY LIMITS.

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - NIGHT

The lit up buildings and streets look like miniatures. Felix leans over the guardrail, soaking it in. Camille stands several feet away, doing the same.

FELIX  
 How'd you find this place?

CAMILLE  
 Most of my first dates have been in movie theatres, or hanging out at some guy's house when their parents *happen* to be out for the night. I thought this would be more up your alley.

FELIX  
 Yeah, no, I totally get what you mean. I'm sick of dates like that.

CAMILLE  
 Girls cornering you in movie theatres?

FELIX  
 All the time.

CAMILLE  
 (re: the gap between them)  
 You're allowed to come closer.

FELIX  
 (nervous)  
 As long as you allow it.

Felix inches closer. He quickly notices how close his hand is to hers.

CAMILLE

I actually used to come out here to rehearse for auditions when I thought I wanted to act. No one comes out here, so you can talk to yourself and no one notices.

He puts his hand on hers. Sweaty. Heart pounding.

She takes his hand and wipes it off on his shirt, then holds it. Laces fingers.

FELIX

Sorry.

CAMILLE

You don't have to be nervous.

FELIX

Easier said than done.

CAMILLE

Come here.

She pulls him close. And kisses him. His first kiss. Off guard and unsure what to do with his hands.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

No pressure.

FELIX

Okay.

She leans on the guard rail again, back to normal.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felix closes the front door behind him. He turns around and sees:

CONNIE anxiously waiting at the base of the stairs. She stands up.

CONNIE

Where have you been?

DAVID rushes in, steps feet away from Felix, looming over him.

DAVID

You can't disappear without a phone call or a note.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Your mom called every person at  
 your school wondering where in the  
 world you went.

In the background, Pete passes, simply shaking his head at  
 the hypocrisy.

FELIX  
 I'm sorry...

CONNIE  
 We worry about you.  
 (beat)  
 There's too much that can go wrong.

David holds his stare.

DAVID  
 So where were you?

FELIX  
 I stayed out with Andie, I didn't  
 think it was a big deal.

DAVID  
 (before Connie can answer)  
 We know for a fact you weren't with  
 Andie. Why are you lying to us?

The door CREEKS open--Camille SLIPS inside. Dead silence.

CAMILLE  
 Sorry. Felix, you forgot your  
 jacket in the car. I just realized.

After a moment, Felix forces a smile and takes the jacket.  
 David stares, Connie shifts her feet.

Camille smiles, despite the tense silence.

FELIX  
 Mom, dad. Camille. Camille, the  
 parents.

CONNIE  
 It's nice to meet you.

David nods his hello.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
 How...how long have you two known  
 each other? Do you go to  
 Centerview?

CAMILLE

Oh, no. I go to Mayfield. We met the other day, pretty random encounter.

DAVID

Oh.

A silence.

CAMILLE

I really should head out. It was nice to meet you all.

She ducks out. The door closes behind her, but the silence remains.

DAVID

That isn't fair. That's not fair to her. Not with you like you are.

Felix puts his head down and charges upstairs. David keeps his stare where it was. Connie watches David.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Felix sits at his desk, mindlessly watching Japanese game shows on his computer. He barely moves when the door opens and Connie walks in, holding a mug of tea on top of *The Tough-Minded Optimist*, her current read.

She places the tea in front of Felix, understanding that he isn't going to talk.

She turns to leave and stops at the doorway.

CONNIE

(unsure)

If you need me to drive you to any...dates, or need money so you guys can go some place nice, just...tell me, okay?

Felix continues to gaze at his computer, but he hears every word.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you two could go out for milkshakes. That always worked on me.

(then)

I was a cheap date.



She smiles. Turns, book in hand, and leaves.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Felix sits on the sidelines while Andie half-heartedly takes part in a way intense game of dodgeball. Ankush plays for the other team, limping around.

ANDIE

Three bases to go, unless we're on the metric system.

FELIX

It was terrifying. I have to figure out the whole breathing thing. I have a deviated septum, maybe that means I can't make out-

ANDIE

You'll figure it out.

FELIX

Yeah, by tonight. She's hanging out at my house. I feel like that's a big step. My house. My domain.

ANDIE

I take it that means no Wonder Years Wednesday?

FELIX

Oh, sorry. Yeah, is that okay?

ANDIE

Yeah, no worries. Probably a good night to lay low anyway. I'm supposed to work on a chem project with Jeff.

FELIX

How're things with the Greenbaum?

ANDIE

He'll ask me in time. He just needs to work up the courage first.

On the opposite team: JEFF GREENBAUM, nerdy chic, decent looking, but balls of Play-do, holds a ball, refusing to throw it at Andie.

FELIX

He won't even throw the ball at you.

RANDOM JOCK  
Hit her, Jeff! Damnit!

JEFF  
Give me space, okay?

ANDIE  
(to Felix)  
Like I said. In time.

In the background, a ball SLAMS into Ankush's legs. He falls over with a THUD.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - DAY

Felix and Camille lay on his bed, on top of the covers. His arms stick to his sides, unsure of how to go about something as simple as putting his arm around her.

CAMILLE  
You're sure your parents don't hate me?

FELIX  
They adore you. Right after you left, my dad came up to me, gave me a pat on the back, and said "you get 'em, tiger." And my mom openly wept. It was a great moment.

CAMILLE  
I've never made good first impressions. I've never had any parents like me. I corrupt their precious children.

FELIX  
No...worry about...corruption with me. I'm pretty screwed up as is. Pretty dark...

Felix slides his arm behind Camille, about to wrap it under her head--

CONNIE  
Just wanted to check in! Brought some snacks.

Connie steps into the room.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

It's pretty muggy in here. Should open some windows, keep the door open, get some cross-ventilation in here.

She places a tray of snacks on the desk. Mission accomplished.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, then.

She leaves.

FELIX

Alright, maybe my mom didn't openly weep. But she was...affected.

Felix holds his breath. Puts his arm around Camille. She wiggles in closer when she feels it.

CAMILLE

I like that she checks in on you. I wish my mom could do that.

FELIX

It's a pain, really.

They both adjust themselves, not quite fitting together.

CAMILLE

My mom died when I was in 7th grade. I didn't start dating until 8th, so my door always remained closed at all times.

Felix stares out, past Camille. A topic he knows too well.

FELIX

(supposed to say it)  
I'm sorry.

CAMILLE

It happens. She had cancer, it's not like it came as a surprise to anyone. I had years of preparation until it really got bad.

Felix tries to steady his breath, all too aware of it.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

(off of Felix's silence)

I was, uh, I had an audition for the first middle school play of my career the day she was rushed to the hospital, and apparently she demanded that no one call me until after my audition was over. I remember my teacher saying "good job, we'll post the parts on Thursday, your aunt is outside waiting for you," all in one breath. And by the time I got to the hospital, my mom couldn't talk.

(then)

I got the part. I was gonna be Kim MacAfee in Bye Bye Birdie. Dropped out.

Felix pulls his focus back in. His mouth slightly open as if he wants to say something. But nothing comes out.

He unconsciously pulls her in a little closer.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Is your hand on my leg?

FELIX

What? I didn't mean-

CAMILLE

(much more upbeat)

A strange time to get handsy.

She flips around.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Ugh. Move your leg and scoot up a bit.

He does. They still don't fit comfortably.

FELIX

I think you're too short. You need to put your arm under my body. And I'll...slide my leg under yours.

CAMILLE

You're too tall. My arm has no blood in it anymore.

FELIX  
 (struggling)  
 Cuddling's an art. It's Jenga with  
 bodies.

Still doesn't fit. Camille laughs.

She pulls on his shoulders and brings him to eye level. And  
 kisses him. Close, tight.

CAMILLE  
 Are you holding your breath?

FELIX  
 Not intentionally.

She smiles.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

A mandatory art show for all the art-based classes. Each  
 student, dressed formally, stands in front of their painting,  
 sculpture, modernist take on paper mache as parents amble  
 around through the maze of artistry.

Not surprisingly, most parents find themselves in front of a  
 minimalist masterpiece by a wildly smiling Felix. Andie  
 stands deserted one display over.

A Bushy Browed Parent shakes Felix's hand.

OL' BUSHY BROW  
 I'm sorry for your...impending  
 loss.

FELIX  
 I like to think the soul lives on.

Bush-a-Plenty shakes his head in unfortunate disagreement.  
 Walks away.

ANDIE  
 She seems a little easy.

FELIX  
 No, we just understand each other.  
 We're comfortable. We get it.

His phone RINGS. It's Camille.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 See what I mean?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Camille stands against the wall, dressed up and, frankly, looking ridiculous good.

CAMILLE

(on phone)

Hey. I just wanted to call to tell you that I won't be free tonight...

She walks down the hall a few paces.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's...homework and I have that geology project.

She turns into a set of double-doors--

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

--emerging into THE ART SHOW. Smiling. Her surprise ready.

CAMILLE

I'll call you later. Okay. Miss you too.

She hangs up. She weaves through the various art displays, searching for Felix. She glances at some of the paintings ever-so-briefly.

A Toucan with a moustache. A picture of Felix looking to the Heavens. A sculpture of Felix in the nude. A painting of a clown. Another Felix depiction...

She slows down as her unfocused browsing picks up more and more Felix-themed pieces.

She stops at a classic Felix on the cross. Approaches the Turtle-Shelled Glasses Wearing Student who painted it.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

What's this...all about?

AT FELIX'S STATION

FELIX

(to Andie)

So she's busy tonight. Probably doesn't want to get too close, you know how it is.

Shakes the hand of another Parent.

PARENT  
Is your piece for sale?

FELIX  
Uh. Sure?

PARENT  
Fantastic. How about fifty?

FELIX  
Fifty dollars?

ANDIE  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. I think we're all aware that artist's values triple, no, quadruple post death. I'll give it to you for a hundred.

PARENT  
Sold.

The Parent forks over a crisp hundred.

ANDIE  
(to Felix)  
I want my ten percent.

The Parent leaves, and the next person in line steps up--

CAMILLE. At a loss for words. Mouth open. Blinking back tears and rage and sadness and every damn emotion that's storming her mind at this moment.

FELIX  
(shit)  
Wha-why-what are you doing here? I thought you were busy?

She shakes her head. Stunned.

CAMILLE  
(finally)  
How do you keep that from someone?

FELIX  
(panic)  
Things are going so well, I don't know, what was I supposed to do?

Camille paces a few steps.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
It's not as terrible as it seems.

She gives him one hard look, erasing everything she could've possibly felt for him in one glare. Turns. And walks away. Out the door.

Gone.

Andie watches Felix as he stands motionless.

His phone RINGS in his pocket. He picks it up without breaking his stare as Camille exits the building.

CONNIE (V.O.)  
Felix? Come home immediately. Dr. Nagelman just called. There's a chance for a transplant.

INT. KITCHEN - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Felix sits at the breakfast table. Still. Connie paces around, touching every pot and pan, every counter top. Silent save the squish of Connie's ever-moving rubbery soles.

Waiting.

RING--

Connie SNATCHES the phone off the wall.

CONNIE  
Hello?  
(flat)  
No. He's not in. He'll-he'll be home later. Can you-  
(annoyed)  
Can you call back later? I cannot take a message right now. He is not in! Thank you.

She hangs up. Takes a steadying breath. Returns to pacing.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
It's been half an hour. They must know by now if the other person was a match. They would've called. They would've called by now.

RING...

Connie stares. Almost afraid to pick it up.

RING...



Felix stands and reaches for the phone, feeling Connie's breathless gaze.

FELIX

Hello? Mhmm. Yeah...we assumed so.  
No, that's...wonderful. Tell him  
congratulations. Yeah, I'll tell  
her.

David walks into the front door. He silently peers into the kitchen as he pulls off his tie.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Thank you. I appreciate it. I know.

He hangs up.

Shakes his head as a simple "no."

Connie's entire body shudders. David stands in the doorway, needing no further explanation.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

White iPod earbuds in his ears, listening to a Celine Dion playlist, headlined by *It's All Coming Back to Me Now*.

Felix stares out the window at The Perfect Family across the street, piling into their Range Rover, probably going to get a bite to eat their favorite weekly restaurant.

Connie tears through the pages of *Tough Times Never Last, but Tough People Do!*, taking out her frustration with every turn, not even reading.

DAVID

(walking into room)

We need to set the table. Con, if  
you wanna start the green beans,  
I'll get the potatoes in the oven.

He looks at his family, silent and scattered across the room.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come on, people will be here soon.

Connie slams her book shut. Gets up. Storms off.

CONNIE

You're not the one handling death  
and menopause at the same time!

David refocuses on Felix. He leans over him, pulls out an earbud.

DAVID  
You need to set the table.

FELIX  
Right now?

DAVID  
Yes, right now. Apparently I have to get all of the food ready myself, so the least you could do is set the table.

FELIX  
I feel like I've earned a day off. It's enough that I have to sit through a Chester family reunion tonight.

DAVID  
This isn't for you, Felix. It's for them. Can you do that for me?  
(off his look)  
Fine. I'll set it myself.

As Felix puts the earbud back in, the doorbell RINGS.

INT. DINING ROOM - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Felix stares at his plate, disgusted by the thought of eating.

UNCLE KEITH (O.S.)  
So any ladies in your life, Felix?

PULL BACK to REVEAL Felix sitting at the kid's table with Pete and two YOUNG COUSINS pre-occupied with what food can fit in their noses.

Several feet away, at the full-sized adult table, a stone-faced AUNT PAIGE stares down a jovial UNCLE KEITH. Connie and David sit at the ends of the table, surrounded by Other Family Members (UNCLE MIKE, COUSIN TREVOR, etc).

UNCLE KEITH (CONT'D)  
What? If I were in his situation, I'd be thinking of nothing but plowin' trou.

AUNT PAM  
I know you would.

FELIX  
 (matter-of-fact)  
 I'm currently single.

News to Connie, though she remains silent.

DAVID  
 How's the Big 5 treating you,  
 Keith?

TREVOR  
 You still have to go to school,  
 Felix? I mean, why would you?

DAVID  
 (interrupting)  
 Let's keep the doomsday talk to a  
 minimum.

Pete sneaks out the back door, unnoticed by everyone but  
 Felix.

UNCLE MIKE  
 Have you considered embracing your  
 religious roots-

DAVID  
 Come on, there has to be something  
 we can all talk about that  
 isn't...this.

Silence.

Felix slips out of seat and walks out the back door fast  
 enough that no one can stop him.

UNCLE KEITH  
 I did recently find a buyer for my  
 truck on Craigslist.

DAVID  
 (disappointed)  
 Is that so?

EXT. PORCH - DUSK

Pete sits on the top step, relaxing in silence. The screen  
 door creaks open. Felix steps out, sits down next to Pete.

FELIX  
 What's up?

Pete just kind of shrugs. They're both fine with the silence.

FELIX (CONT'D)

You know women pretty well, right?

PETE

I do know my bitches.

FELIX

Okay then. So you know how I've been dating this girl, right?

PETE

No...you? Bold play.

FELIX

Yeah, well. It's over.

PETE

That sucks.

FELIX

Right as it started getting...good.

PETE

Your fault or hers?

FELIX

Mine. Me, as a whole.

PETE

Ah. I'm picking up what you're putting down. We all make our mistakes. I've been through it every year since the 'garten. Doesn't mean it's over.

FELIX

I'm pretty sure in this case, it's over.

PETE

Never say die. Look...there are two ways to win a woman back. I wouldn't tell anyone this, but, I'm cuttin' you some slack.

(holding up a finger)

One: find some memento of your relationship. Something small like a flower you saw in window thirty minutes after you met her for the first time. Something ridiculous, she'll eat it up. Girls love that. They put it in their memory boxes and keep it until they're eighty.

FELIX

That actually sounds reasonable.

PETE

Two: when you do apologize to her, make sure she feels you. Like really feels you. Touch her hand. Caress the face. Brush up against her leg, you know? Let her know you're a sensual guy. They want that. She won't care what you're actually saying, she'll only think: "wow, this guy's got the touch."  
(then)  
Works every time.

FELIX

Creepy yet intensely informative.

A pause as Felix ingests what his twelve-year old brother just said.

FELIX (CONT'D)

(genuine)

Thanks.

DAVID (O.S.)

(inside, yelling)

Felix! Where'd you go? Come back inside!

Felix looks at Pete, doesn't get up yet. Pete trains his eyes on the distance, away from Felix.

PETE

It's going to suck when you're gone. All the attention is suddenly going to be all on me. I hate that.

Pete shoots Felix a fleeting glance before averting his eyes back to the horizon.

Felix stands up. Ruffles Pete's hair. Walks inside.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Felix hunches over an open drawer, only the desk light on in his room.

Between letters, tokens, and ticket-stubs:

A KEY. Jagged, scratched, worn.

Felix flips it in his hand. Gazing into it, like he can see the reflections of a memory between the grooves.

He crawls into bed, still holding the key, still examining it. Lies down. Lets his eyelids fall.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

OUT OF BREATH. Felix COUGHS himself awake. Startled. He sits up, huffing, the wind seemingly knocked out of him.

He looks around, his breath steadying, searching his body with his hand to make sure he's still alive.

INT. HALLWAY - FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felix explores the hallway. Unable to sleep.

He stops outside of his PARENTS' ROOM. Door open.

Connie, in her sleep mask, and David, sprawled over the entirety of the mattress, sleep soundly in their king-sized bed.

Felix stares, too old to wake them up when he can't sleep.

He turns back toward his room. A faint BUZZ grows as he nears his door.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Felix's phone RATTLES around on his night stand. A square of light disrupting the darkness.

As Felix enters, it stops. He reaches for it - ONE MISSED CALL. Before he can press a button, it BUZZES in his hand.

FELIX  
(picking up)  
Hello?

ANDIE (V.O.)  
Hey. Did I wake you up?

FELIX  
No. Just doing my cardio.

ANDIE (V.O.)  
(not all right)  
Can you come over? Please.

FELIX  
Everything okay?

Felix clicks on the overhead light.

ANDIE (V.O.)  
Yeah. Yeah. Can you just head over?

FELIX  
Sure. Give me a few.

ANDIE (V.O.)  
Head around back. Don't go in the  
front door. I'll leave my window  
open.

FELIX  
(unsure)  
Okay.

She hangs up. Felix pauses. Gets moving.

EXT. ANDIE'S MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felix, in makeshift attire - jeans, sleep shirt, slippers -  
trudges around the side of the house to the back.

He, familiarly, props a chair up against the house. Uses it  
to climb onto the next level of roof. Sneaks past a window.  
Hops into an open one.

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andie sits, hunched over, on her bed. Felix pops in. Walks  
next to her and sits.

FELIX  
Hey.

ANDIE  
Hey.

Felix overhears faint sounds from downstairs: YELLING. An  
argument between Andie's parents. Andie simply listens from  
her own room.

She looks at Felix. An uncomfortable smile. He copies her,  
understanding.

He lays back, propping his head up on a couple of pillows.  
Andie follows moments after, curling up next to Felix.

She lays her head on his chest, listening to his heart beat.  
She closes her eyes, but he keeps his open.  
The argument rages on downstairs.

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Andie listens to Felix's heartbeat as he sleeps.

ANDIE  
(counting the beats)  
Dum dum. Dum dum. Dum dum.

She pretends it stops. Holds her breath. Then:

ANDIE (CONT'D)  
Dum dum. Dum dum.

Felix spies this, awake, his eyelids barely lifted.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - DAY

Felix swings his backpack over his shoulder. A new day.  
He pockets the KEY before rushing out the room.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Felix dashes down the stairs. Connie spots him from the kitchen.

CONNIE  
What about breakfast?

FELIX  
Not hungry. Gotta get to school  
early.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Don't forget to take out the trash.

FELIX  
Got it.

And he's out the door.

EXT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Felix drags the trash bins onto the street.



He checks behind him, at his house, to make sure no one's watching. Once he's sure, he takes off in the opposite direction.

EXT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Camille comes out of her house, ready for school, unsuspecting.

Across the street, Felix sits on the curb, waiting. He holds fifteen-or-so Hallmark cards.

Camille spots him. Considers passing by. But they've already made eye contact. She approaches, hands in her pocket, the kind of look that says "you have thirty seconds."

FELIX

There wasn't an "I apologize for hiding my terminal condition" card, so...I bought everything else.

He hands over the stack. "Get Well" to "I'm Sorry for Your Loss," to "It was the alcohol's fault, let's be a family again." Each signed "Love, Felix."

CAMILLE

Is everything a joke with you?

FELIX

I thought it'd lighten the mood...

CAMILLE

It's not exactly a light topic.

FELIX

Try living with that every day. You find a way. Here...

He hands her the KEY from his drawer.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I know it's stupid, but I found this on the ground before we left the city overlook. I kept it. I'm sure someone's lamenting their lack of key, but...take it.

He hands her the key. She holds it. Closes it in her palm.

CAMILLE

I can't just forget this tiny little detail, Felix. It's not that easy.

FELIX

I know, but...

He grabs her hand, but she tears it away. So much for Pete's advice.

FELIX (CONT'D)

What would you have done if I met you and said "hey, I'm Felix Chester, I like you, let's go out some time, and small caveat, I'm dying."

CAMILLE

But that *didn't* happen.

FELIX

Everywhere I go someone hands me a free coffee or they let me cut in line or they do all my work for me. For once, everything worked out for the right reasons, not because I was...me.

She looks down the street. Aching to escape.

CAMILLE

I don't think you get it.

FELIX

Then tell me! I don't know what to do, okay?

CAMILLE

Go home. 'Cause there are so many more important things to do than to be with someone you've known for three weeks.

FELIX

(overlapping)

I wanna be here.

CAMILLE

You don't know what you want. If you really have a month left, then go home. Tell *them* you want to be there. Don't let them wonder why you're out here instead of with them.

She walks to head car. Opens the door.

FELIX  
You're really going to break up  
with a dying kid?

CAMILLE  
That's dirty.

FELIX  
I'm aware. And I can't pretend to  
know how this all feels from your  
end, but whether this is for a  
month, a year, ten years, I don't  
plan on leaving this porch without  
good news.

CAMILLE  
I'm sorry.

She gets inside the car. Closes the door.

Felix stands, watching, hoping, waiting, urging the door to  
re-open as Camille sits inside. But it doesn't. The engine  
ROARS to life.

INT. CAMILLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She backs out of her driveway, eyes trained ahead. Felix  
grows smaller and smaller in her rearview mirror.

Far enough away, she finally exhales. Takes a moment simply  
to breath. Trying to justify what she just did.

PRE-LAP:

ANDIE  
Felix. Felix!

INT. CENTERVIEW HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

Andie stands beside a heavily decorated table selling prom  
tickets.

Felix snaps out of a zombie-like daze a few feet away.

FELIX  
What?

Vicky Pataki, Felix's former crush, and a LACKEY, obligatory  
unattractive best friend, sit behind the table.

ANDIE  
What should I do?

FELIX

With what?  
 (to Vicky, no longer  
 caring)  
 Hey Vicky.

ANDIE

The guy's supposed to buy the  
 tickets, right? Or should I buy  
 one? Or buy both, just to be nice?

FELIX

Jeff asked you?

ANDIE

Not yet. We talked today though. He  
 asked me how my day was and if I  
 enjoyed carnival rides. In Spanish.

FELIX

Just ask him out. Get it over with.  
 It's pathetic.

ANDIE

Forget it. Let's go.

She walks down the hall, not waiting on Felix.

VICKY

(to Felix)  
 Are you buying a ticket?

FELIX

I'm...I'm not going.

Felix follows after Andie.

VICKY

(calling after him)  
 But you have to go! You're the main  
 attraction!

FELIX

(to Andie)  
 Slow down.

ANDIE

We're gonna be late for class.

FELIX

Come on. I'm tired, I can't walk  
 that fast.

He slows down, but she keeps going.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Stop. Andie.

He sits against a wall, catching his breath.

Andie stops. Looks back at Felix, taking a much needed rest.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
(feeling it)  
I'm tired.

She pulls off her backpack. Sits along the wall, a distance away.

ANDIE  
Then we'll sit.

FELIX  
I'm sorry.

ANDIE  
It's okay.

FELIX  
Why won't you do it?

ANDIE  
Some things are worth waiting for.

FELIX  
I'd kill to have what you have. No matter what you do, he'll say yes. He's a sure thing.  
(then)  
I can't even...I need more time.

The bell RINGS.

ANDIE  
Let's go.

Andie stands up and offers a hand. After a moment, Felix takes it. Pulls him up.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Felix holds his phone.

CONNIE (O.S.)  
Felix, dinner!

FELIX  
Okay, I'll be down in a second.

He dials Camille, not the first time tonight, and not the last.

Waits. Hopes.

Answering machine. He hangs up...

INT. KITCHEN - CAMILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...Camille watches her phone on the table until the screen darkens. She exhales, as if she were holding her breath until it ended.

CAMILLE'S FATHER, 50s, once had a spark to him that's since been robbed or simply burned out, places papers on the table, airline tickets peeking out from underneath.

CAMILLE'S FATHER

Well, I got the tickets.

He checks all the documents, not even checking for Camille's attention.

CAMILLE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

I'll take a cab in the morning. You have the number for the hotel. I'll be back on Monday.

Grabs his things. He considers saying something else, but leaves instead.

Camille sits in the kitchen. Alone. Scans the room.

INT. CAMILLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Camille sits on her bed. A jewelry box on her lap. She opens it.

Amongst pictures of her mother, letters, mementos, sits Felix's KEY.

She picks it up. Spins it between her finger tips. Thinking. Takes a deep breath. And pulls out her phone. Dials.

CAMILLE

Hey Felix.

(beat)

My dad's...going away for the week on a business trip. I was wondering...keep me company, okay?

(then)

(MORE)

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm sure. Wednesday. I'll see you then.

She flips it closed. A sigh of relief.

INT. CVS PHARMACY - DAY

Andie examines a box of CONDOMS. Felix feigns incredible interest in a bag of Werther's candy on the opposite side of the aisle.

ANDIE

Do you want one with ribs?

FELIX

I want a normal, penis shaped one.

ANDIE

(realizing)

Why am I the one doing this?

FELIX

Because you're a veteran.

ANDIE

It was one guy.

(showing the boxes)

And do you consider yourself a magnum or a regular?

Felix pushes them away.

FELIX

Don't show them to me. You're supposed to be conveniently on the other side of the aisle.

Felix grabs a box of each. And one extra. For insurance.

ANDIE

You really think she's going to put out?

They walk toward the register. Felix snatches random assortments of merchandise off shelves to cover the condoms in his basket.

FELIX

Better to have them now instead of her screaming "surprise sex!" and I'm totally unprepared.

ANDIE

Women are known to yell such things. But three boxes worth?

FELIX

I'm making up for lost time.

They pass a MEN'S HEALTH AISLE.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Should I get some Viagra or something? Cialis? Oh God. What if I...you know.

ANDIE

I'm pretty sure Viagra would kill you.

(then)

Actually, sex will probably kill you too.

They reach the register and Felix starts unpacking his basket. Candy. Nasal spray. Lufas. Oh, and condoms.

The Cash Register Guy eyes Felix.

FELIX

(embarrassed)

It's for charity. Food drive.

He swipes a pack of gum. Places it on top.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Felix walks past magazine-reading patients to the Receptionist. Stands silently.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

FELIX

I'm, uh, I'm here to see Dr. Nagelman.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

FELIX

No. He told me to come in if I needed to talk to him.



RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. We're backed up today.  
Call and make an appointment.

FELIX

Can you just tell him Felix Chester  
is here? It'll only take a minute.  
Please.

The Receptionist stares down Felix, but he won't budge. She rolls her eyes and slithers out of her chair and into the back area.

Felix watches the waiting patients. An elderly man. A snooty woman. And a mother consoling her panicked child--

RECEPTIONIST

(annoyed)

Go on in. He's waiting.

Felix snaps out of his gaze.

INT. NAGELMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Graduate degrees. Awards. Shelves of hefty books. Dr. Nagelman sits behind his grand desk and stands at the sound of his door opening.

Felix walks in. Shakes Dr. Nagelman's extended hand. Sits.

DR. NAGELMAN

I'm glad you're coming to see me.  
How's your family doing?

FELIX

They're good.

DR. NAGELMAN

How about you? How've you been  
holding up?

FELIX

Hanging in there.

DR. NAGELMAN

Any signs of...fatigue,  
breathlessness, chest pains?

FELIX

(lying)

Nope.

A silence. Dr. Nagelman searches Felix's face, but Felix focuses on the ground.

Dr. Nagelman pinches the bridge of his nose.

DR. NAGELMAN

I know none of this is easy for you. There must be so many questions, most of which, as a doctor, I can't answer for sure.

Felix taps his fingers on his knee nervously.

DR. NAGELMAN (CONT'D)

But if there's anything you're worried about, or you're unsure about, I really want to try and help.

Felix looks everywhere but at him.

An awkward silence.

DR. NAGELMAN (CONT'D)

It's okay. How about this--

FELIX

I was--I was wondering whether...my heart could handle...sexual activity.

(clarifying)

Like sex.

Dr. Nagelman shifts back in his chair.

DR. NAGELMAN

Oh.

(disappointed)

Well, I don't see why not, technically.

Felix stares at his hands. Nods.

DR. NAGELMAN (CONT'D)

(trying)

Is there anything else I can help you with? Anything at all?

FELIX

(quiet)

No.

Felix stands up.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He opens the door to leave.

DR. NAGELMAN

Felix...my door's always open.

Felix flashes a brief, toothless smile.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Felix taps his foot. Waiting for the clock to hit 3:00.

Mrs. Drummond writes on the white board, but Felix focuses purely on the second hand wheeling around. 2:59...

The bell RINGS. Felix snaps up, backpack in hand, and he's gone.

INT. CENTERVIEW HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

Felix crams his books into his locker. Excited. Nervous. He turns to leave and sees Andie down the hall.

He makes his way toward her. Notices she's talking to someone. Jeff Greenbaum. Felix stops.

Andie and Jeff seem to be getting along. Lots of smiling, averting of eyes, and jittery hand gestures.

Felix considers going over to Andie, but turns and exits.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - DAY

Felix tosses a duffel bag onto his bed and OPENS it.

He FILLS it with an absurd amount of clothes.

He WASHES the dishes, finishing the last of his chores.

He HIDES the condoms snugly between socks.

He SHAVES his already hairless face.

He SMACKS on far too much cologne.

He HOPS around, trying to rid of excess energy.

One deep breath. ZIPS the bag up. Slings it over his shoulder.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Felix comes down the stairs, ready to leave. Connie hovers at the base.

CONNIE  
You've got your toothbrush?

FELIX  
Yes, mom.

CONNIE  
Extra socks? You have your phone,  
your wallet, your keys.

FELIX  
I have everything. It's a movie  
marathon, I don't need much.

CONNIE  
Why am I letting you out on a  
school night? I'm a terrible  
mother.

FELIX  
'Cause I'm growing up way too fast.

Connie hugs him. Doesn't let go easily.

CONNIE  
Be safe, okay?

FELIX  
Trust me. I will.

Felix heads out the door. Connie lingers behind the closed door. David passes her, walking up the stairs.

DAVID  
He's blatantly not having a movie  
marathon.

CONNIE  
I know.

EXT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Felix KNOCKS on the door. Camille opens it.

FELIX  
I'm here for the sleepover.

INT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

CAMILLE  
May I take your bags, sir?

FELIX  
Yes, you may.

She walks away. And flings the bag into the corner. Problem solved.

Felix remains near the door.

CAMILLE  
Come on.

He hesitates and follows.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
What are you so nervous about?

FELIX  
Nothing. Sorry.  
(then)  
So what are we...doing tonight?

CAMILLE  
I don't know. But I have a surprise  
for you.

She escapes down the hall. Felix follows far behind, looking at each framed picture hanging on the wall.

Family photos of Camille and her parents. Pictures of Camille's Mom, the type you'd only hang once they're gone.

CAMILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hurry up!

Felix lingers for a moment before turning back down the hall.

LIVING ROOM

Felix watches from a distance as Camille rushes to a shelf and grabs a RECORD. She tries to shield it from Felix's view with her arms.

She places the LP on a scrappy record player. Puts the needle down.

Felix waits, confused. She approaches him with a finger on her lips. Just wait...

*That Thing You Do!* plays.

Felix smiles. Camille mouths the words to him.

FELIX  
I'm surprised you remember.

CAMILLE  
I was afraid you wouldn't.

FELIX  
That's not the kind of absolute  
failure you forget easily.

Camille wiggles around. Her version of dancing.

CAMILLE  
I found this last week at a garage  
sale. I was gonna give it you as a  
gift, but...

FELIX  
You found out I was dying.

She looks down.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
It happens.

CAMILLE  
(trying to bring the mood  
back up)  
Dance. At least swing your arms.

She puts more energy into her dancing. Felix doesn't move.

FELIX  
Uh, I shouldn't...

CAMILLE  
Come on.

She grabs his shoulders and starts swinging them for him.

FELIX  
...because of the whole  
heart...thing.

CAMILLE  
(stopping)  
Oh my God! I'm so sorry.

FELIX  
I'm joking.

Felix smiles.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Relax. You can't kill me. No matter how hard you try. I'm like everybody else. Sort of. Not at all. But you get the point.

She hits him on the shoulder--he GRABS at his chest.

CAMILLE

Ah! No, are you okay?

FELIX

Seriously?

Camille exhales. Her whole body at ease, needing to relax.

CAMILLE

Don't do that.

She comes close to him. Close dancing, simple swaying. Felix falls into rhythm and she leans her head against his chest.

The music trickles out. Song over. The needle gently scraping the LP, but no sound coming out. But they keep swaying.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

What's it like?

Felix takes a moment.

FELIX

It's kinda like...those nightmares where you know you're in a nightmare, so the entire time you're waiting to wake up.

Swaying. Rotating. A comfortable silence.

CAMILLE

What are you thinking?

FELIX

(eyes closed)  
Nothing.

CAMILLE

That can't be true.

FELIX

You'd be surprised.

A beat. Camille kisses him.

CAMILLE

What do you want to do?

FELIX

Anything's fine.

MONTAGE OF THEIR DATE -- JULIA NUNES "FIRST IMPRESSIONS"

--They search through cupboards, finding a chess board and decide to play. Camille makes her move, and Felix ponders...

--They cook, chopping up food, tossing everything in the spice rack into a pan. And kiss.

--They eat, filling wine glasses with discount root beer. Under the table, Camille runs his foot up Felix's leg.

--Felix still thinks about his chess move. One day...

--They continue to cook, but they would rather make out. The flames on the stove engulf the pan. But they keep making out.

--Camille dives on top of Felix, still on that one chess move. They make out even more, hardcore, while Felix keeps his eye on the board. While she drags him down, he makes his move.

--They flop backwards onto her bed, kissing much more gently. Their eyes taking more notice of each other than before. Felix kisses her neck. She starts to pull up his shirt...

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The family table. Connie, David, Pete, and an empty chair. They eat in silence.

Connie's eye catches the empty chair. Temporary for now, but soon to be a fixture.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andie sits on her bed watching *The Wonder Years*. Alone. She stares at the screen, but barely pays attention.

CUT TO:



INT. CAMILLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lights off. Felix, shirtless, breathes over Camille. She kisses him, rubbing his back, calming him.

He reaches for the night stand. Fumbles. Grabs a condom. Pops it open. Reaches beneath the covers.

A pause.

CAMILLE  
Your disease isn't  
like...contagious, right?

FELIX  
Cardiomyopathy *is* the new herpes.

The hint of sarcasm drops as he looks Camille in the eyes. Lowers his head for a kiss, right on her forehead, between the eyes.

He stops. His mouth slightly open, wanting to say something. But he drops back down for another kiss.

She grabs onto his back, digging in her fingernails suddenly. Their breathing picks up...

INT. CAMILLE'S ROOM - LATER

Camille lays on her side, asleep, facing away from Felix. He sits up, his bare chest above the sheets. He looks at her sleeping. His breathing remains jagged. Long, deep breaths.

Strips of light through the blinds cut Felix into pieces.

He stares out. Eyes glazed over. Focused. His chest expanding with every breath. He's alone.

Now what?

INT. KITCHEN - CAMILLE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Eggs sizzling. Pancakes solidifying. Bacon baconifying. Felix mans the stove in an apron and boxers.

Camille walks in, dressed and ready to go.

CAMILLE  
What's this?

FELIX  
I didn't know what to do while you  
were in the shower, so...

CAMILLE  
You made bacon.

FELIX  
Exactly. Sit.

He brings over plates of food.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
I was wondering...

He brandishes TWO TICKETS.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Would you like to be my prom date  
for this Saturday?

CAMILLE  
(re: Felix's lack of  
pants)  
Where did those tickets come from?

FELIX  
My apron pocket.  
(pressing)  
I know most people would do this  
before...doing...the sex-

CAMILLE  
Is that what we're calling it?  
Doing the sex?

Felix sits down, waiting.

FELIX  
So how about it?

Camille takes a large bite. Trying not to have to answer.

CAMILLE  
I can't. I'm sorry.

FELIX  
You don't need to buy a dress or do  
anything like that. We can go in  
normal clothes, I just thought it'd  
be fun.

CAMILLE  
It's not like that.

FELIX  
 (re: his performance)  
 Was it something I did...or didn't  
 do?

CAMILLE  
 No...

FELIX  
 Then come on, it'll be fun. It'll  
 be the one normal thing about me.

She looks at the sink, away from Felix.

CAMILLE  
 I have to be *here*. Every year I do  
 something small for my mom.

FELIX  
 Oh.

CAMILLE  
 My dad's in Hawaii. That's where he  
 and my mom went on their honeymoon,  
 so every year he goes and stays in  
 the same room, eats at the same  
 restaurants, sees the same shows.  
 (then)  
 And I stay here, and visit her.

Felix scratches at his plate, suddenly uninterested in food.

FELIX  
 I didn't know.

CAMILLE  
 I didn't tell you.

He pulls the two tickets from the table as discretely as  
 possible, letting them fall onto his lap.

Camille sees it. And the unsure look on his face.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
 You should come with me.

FELIX  
 It's your day, I couldn't-

CAMILLE  
 I want you to come.

She looks at Felix.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

And then we'll go to your prom.  
We'll pretend to be normal for one  
night.

Felix eyes Camille and smiles.

INT. CENTERVIEW HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

Ankush pins Felix against a wall. He holds a checklist of  
talking points.

ANKUSH

I've reserved a nice space in the  
library. I'll basically go in, warm  
up the crowd a bit. Then you'll  
come up and, you know, blow our  
minds.

FELIX

I have no idea what I'm going to  
say-

ANKUSH

Do you need any water bottles, or a  
podium? I'm gonna get you a podium.

Felix spots Andie coming out of a classroom.

FELIX

(going after her)  
Okay. Sounds great.

ANKUSH

I'll see you. Friend.

Felix catches up to Andie.

FELIX

Hey.

ANDIE

Hey, how'd it go?

FELIX

(not all that enthused)  
I'm a man.

ANDIE

Finally!

Felix WINCES. Rubs his chest. Pain.

ANDIE (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

FELIX  
(playing it off)  
Yeah, yeah. It's nothing new. Don't worry about it.

Andie watches him, aware of what this means.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
(changing subjects)  
Camille's coming to prom.

ANDIE  
You guys should totally come in our limo. There's a mini-bar, and a sun-roof, and...it's really like every other limo, but it's still a limo.

FELIX  
I don't know if we'll make it in time, but-

ANDIE  
(remembering)  
Oh, damnit. I forgot, I'm supposed to meet up with Jeff. We're gonna match his tie with my dress. Exciting.

She backpedals.

ANDIE (CONT'D)  
I'll see you there, okay?

She waves and bounds off. Felix watches her leave.

EXT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Back from school, Felix makes his way over his lawn to his doorway. Grabs for his keys and notices something across the street at The Perfect Family's house--

In the picturesque bay window, The Perfect Wife storms across, The Perfect Husband trailing her, yelling.

Felix can't look away.

The Husband and Wife meet back on the periphery of the window. Arguing. Beyond arguing. Rage. She storms off into the house. He stays for a moment before walking away.

Felix stands. Waiting for them to return to view. But they don't. He looks down, trying to comprehend.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

A hanging suit in dry-cleaner wrapping.

Slick black loafers.

And disposable cameras lined up in a row.

Connie lays out the merchandise on the couch, readying herself for the impending prom night.

CONNIE

Everything is ready for when you get back.

Felix stands opposite David, who ties Felix's tie on himself - the last piece of the suit.

FELIX

You guys don't have to wait for me. I don't know how long this whole...thing will take.

David pulls off the tie and puts it with the rest of the suit.

CONNIE

Don't kid yourself. We cleared our schedules for this.

A car HONKS outside. Felix makes for the door.

FELIX

(leaving)  
Do you think I should get a corsage?

CONNIE

We forgot the corsage!

David shakes his head at Felix - why make her panic?

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Windy. Quiet. Sparse pockets of visitors kneel before gravestones. Vibrant flowers amongst drab, cold stones.

Camille navigates through the graves, holding a bouquet of flowers. Felix follows, watching people mourn privately, aware of each and every engraved name he passes.

She stops at a grave.

OLIVIA JENSEN; 1956 - 2005; Loving wife and mother.

Camille picks up an old bouquet left from her last visit. In routine, she drops it in the trash.

Felix watches from a distance.

CAMILLE

You know, you can talk.

She fills the grounded metal vase with fresh water. Places the new flowers in.

FELIX

(self-conscious)

It just feels...weird.

CAMILLE

Cemeteries aren't sad places. I'd rather be here than struck at home, alone, thinking about it.

She steps back. Looks at the grave. Her eyes shift down.

Silence.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

She was a pretty cool woman.

(beat)

She had tons of energy. She always had to be doing something, talking on the phone, planning some event. If she didn't have anything else to do, she'd just walk and hum. It drove me crazy.

Camille leans over and wipes a leaf off the gravestone.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

But there was this calm about her. Like everything was under control, you know? She could tell you anything - you won the lottery, you look great - and you'd believe it. She made you feel special. Important. You don't find someone like that easily.

Felix inches over to her, brushing his hand up against hers.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

She just made things work. Without her, my dad's lost. He goes through every day the exact same as before.

Camille feels Felix's hand. And holds it. Leans into him.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I did everything right. I said everything I was supposed to say. The "I love yous" and the "I'll miss yous," all of it, even when she couldn't say anything back.

She pauses. Letting the thought air out.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I still never said "goodbye." Isn't that stupid? I remembered to say all the things that mattered. It would've sounded ridiculous to say "goodbye" out of nowhere.

(then)

But it's the one thing I forgot.

Felix turns his head to look at her. Unsure of what to say.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

You would've liked her.

FELIX

I can tell.

INT. CAMILLE'S CAR - DUSK

Camille pulls up in front of Felix's house. Felix sits, staring into his hands.

CAMILLE

I guess I'll head home and change?

Felix looks up.

Across the street, The Perfect Family's house appears empty. The lights shut off. The cars gone.

He turns to Camille.

FELIX

I was thinking...



EXT. CAMILLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Felix continues talking inside the car. He finishes and waits for a response.

Camille nods. Hugs Felix despite the restraints of seat belts. And they kiss.

He steps out of the car, heads for his house. She drives off.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felix sheepishly walks in the door.

He looks around - Connie buzzes around in the kitchen, David does work in the dining room, Pete does push-ups in the living room.

Everyone's distant.

FELIX  
(finally)  
Mom?

Connie emerges from the kitchen.

CONNIE  
Hey, honey.

She beelines for Felix's waiting suit on the couch. He lingers near the door.

FELIX  
What's, uh, what are you all up to tonight?

CONNIE  
Probably stay in. I think there's something new on Lifetime. Why?

FELIX  
I was thinking...making we could all go out, you know. Do like a *Leave It to Beaver* kind of night.

Caught off guard.

CONNIE  
What about prom?

He looks at the suit. Shrugs.

A beat. Connie processes this. Smiles.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
What did you have in mind?

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Musky. Coffins for sale evenly spaced apart throughout a large gallery room. Felix waltzes in with David and Connie in tow. Pete lingers behind, curiously touching and examining each casket.

DAVID  
This doesn't scream family bonding to me.

FELIX  
It was this or Color Me Mine. This kills two birds with one stone at least.

David leans over a box, his face contorted like there's an awful smell in the room. Uncomfortable.

DAVID  
Don't they sell coffins at Costco now?

FELIX  
Yeah, but you have to buy a four-pack.  
(then)  
Look at this one.

Felix approaches a Dracula-esque coffin.

DAVID  
I'm sorry, this is...  
(the entire place)  
...it's too strange.

CONNIE  
Felix is right, this is an important moment. It's a symbolic gesture.  
(more for herself)  
It's coming to terms with it.

A MORTICIAN, a car salesman of the afterlife, slides up behind them.

MORTICIAN  
How may I help you?

FELIX

We're looking to buy a coffin.

MORTICIAN

(taken aback)

This is the right place to do such a thing. I know this is a sensitive topic, but what price range are you looking in?

CONNIE

Anything.

David shoots her a quick look.

MORTICIAN

Do you have any preferences? I know many are partial to oak and prefer our lacquer finish, though it is a bit traditional.

Connie and David look to Felix.

FELIX

I don't know. I'm not gonna care, right? This should be your decision.

(off their look)

Okay, let's check out the oak.

They follow the Mortician over to a simple coffin. David hangs back, distracting himself.

MORTICIAN

It's a very simple look. Very graceful, if I may say so. Unadorned but beautiful.

CONNIE

I don't know.

MORTICIAN

We have many other selections.

The Mortician saunters over to another coffin. Connie and David follow, but Felix remains at the simple coffin.

He leans over and examines the white interior. Runs his hand along the edge. The smooth, black wood.

It's so real.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Felix, come see this one.

Felix snaps from his trance.

FELIX

Now you're getting into the spirit.

He walks over behind Connie. A beautiful coffin in front of her.

CONNIE

What do you think?

FELIX

I like it. I think it's nice.

Connie spins, looks around.

CONNIE

Felix, where's Pete?

Way in the background, a coffin SWINGS open. Pete POPS up from inside.

PETE

Oh my God, Felix. You have to get this one. It's so comfortable.

INT. CONNIE'S VOLVO - NIGHT

Parents up front. Kids in back.

CONNIE

(driving)

Where to now?

FELIX

What's the most shamelessly "family" thing we could do?

David digs in his pockets.

DAVID

I have coupons for...Tony Roma's. A foot massage - oh, that's on weekends. Bowling-

FELIX

Bowling. Definitely bowling.

DAVID

This coupon's only for two games, so...you guys know the limit.

Connie rolls her eyes.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Felix holds his twelve-pounder high, staring down the ten pins at the end of the lane.

He takes three steps. Swings. Releases...

The ball rolls down and crashes into the corner of the triangle. Three pins after a lucky fall.

FELIX  
Setting the bar.

Connie claps as Felix takes his seat.

Pete steps up from his seat. Grabs a ball. He wears a wrist guard and dons the face of a true bowling champion.

With a lick of the lips, he releases the ball for a cool strike.

PETE  
Child's play.

David ruffles Pete's hair until he lets go of the scowl and smiles.

MONTAGE OF BOWLING

--David tries absurdly hard, yet only hits a few pins. He tries to play it off like it's no big deal.

--Connie knocks down a pin for a spare. She's beating everyone with ease.

--Pete falls to his knees as he barely misses a split.

--Felix sucks. He's absolutely awful.

--Everyone loosens up. They're having fun, not thinking about anything else for once.

END MONTAGE

David sits behind the console behind the ball return. Felix, Pete, and Connie stand behind him.

DAVID  
I'm not doing it. It's immoral.

FELIX  
Fine, let me do it.

Felix nudges David out of the seat and takes over. He presses a few buttons--

The score on the overhead screen starts to change. With every click, one of Felix's frames changes to a strike. Slowly but surely, he reaches the tenth frame.

The score changes to 300. A perfect game.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felix and Connie sit on opposite sides of the couch, each reading a book. Peaceful.

Connie finishes the final page. Closes the book and looks at the cover. *The Language of Letting Go*.

She starts to tear up.

Which builds into a cry.

And then full on sobbing.

FELIX

...Mom?

CONNIE

(through tears)

I finished it.

Felix starts to tear up just seeing Connie cry.

FELIX

Stop it.

CONNIE

I finished every single book.

FELIX

(unable to hold it back)

That's not fair. It's like yawning.

They both cry. Connie lets it fly, Felix tries to restrain himself.

Connie throws her arms around Felix, hugging him close. He keeps his arms at his sides, like all sons do.

Felix quells his tears, resorting to quivering breaths.

And he puts his arms around Connie. Hugs her. A real hug.

She starts to quiet and lets go of Felix. They both sit there for a moment before shifting back to the opposite ends of the couch.

INT. FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Felix clicks on the overhead light and plops down at his desk.

He brings out the bowling score card. A memento.

After a beat, he pats down his pockets. Searching. Shelves. Drawers. Under a stack of books on his desk, he finds it--

The List. The wrinkled, yellow lined piece of paper. At the top: Sex. Down the line: Get drunk. Bowl a perfect game. Amongst many others, not achieved.

"Notarized by Andie Webber." Signed and underlined.

Felix looks it over like an old photograph--

An idea. He grabs a pen. And scribbles on the list, adding a new line, a new goal.

He looks it over. An updated list. Folds it back up.

PRE-LAP:

FELIX  
I need your help.

INT. CAMILLE'S ROOM - MORNING

Camille wipes sleep from her eyes. On the phone.

CAMILLE  
With what?

FELIX (V.O.)  
A surprise.

MONTAGE OF FELIX AND CAMILLE PREPARING...

--Felix and Camille toss groceries into a bag at the market. Felix examines blueberries with a keen eye, squishing one individually to be absolutely sure.

--Camille turns on the oven in her kitchen as Felix unloads the bags.

--They each go through their phones, calling people, like a political campaign's calling center.

--Felix covers a basket with a cloth.

END MONTAGE AS...

INT. CENTERVIEW HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

Felix closes ANDIE'S LOCKER. Camille stands next to him.

They smile. A deed accomplished.

FELIX

Sure you don't wanna stay?

CAMILLE

I should get going. I'm already going to miss first period.

FELIX

Okay.  
(then)  
Thanks again.

CAMILLE

Any time.

Felix starts to backpedal away.

FELIX

I'll see you later, then?

She nods. Stops him. And kisses him.

CAMILLE

Goodbye, Felix.

He scurries off to class.

She stays behind for a moment until he disappears around a corner.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Packed. Rows of seats filled, people stand in the back. Right between the non-fiction and the science fiction. Pre-show chatter. Standing behind a podium, Ankush addresses the crowd.

Felix stands off to the right. Takes a moment to himself.



ANKUSH

Without further ado, I'd like to introduce the man who needs no introduction: our guest of honor, Felix Chester.

A golf-style APPLAUSE. Felix makes the short walk to the podium. Stands behind it.

Felix notices a life-sized cardboard cut out of himself a few feet to his right. Tries to look away. Fidgeting. Turns to the crowd.

FELIX

Didn't expect this many people.

He scans the group. No recognizable faces. Just eager fans.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I don't really have anything planned. When I agreed to this a few weeks ago, I thought I'd just come up here and deliver my own eulogy for half an hour, but...

He continues as...

EXT. ANDIE'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Andie walks out of her house, backpack on, eating her breakfast as she goes. A blueberry muffin.

FELIX (V.O.)

I know why you're all here, or I think I know. You think because I'm dying, I *know* something.

A MAN passes on the sidewalk. Also eating a muffin. He nods in Andie's direction - *a muffin connection*. She smiles.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Felix gazes into the podium.

FELIX

Like I've had some epiphany or my life flashed before my eyes and I figured out some secret.

(looking up)

I don't know anything.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

Andie crosses at a stop walk. A JOGGER runs in place next to her, chomping away at a muffin as well.

FELIX (V.O.)

I'm with you guys. I'm confused, I don't know why life's unfair, or what we're supposed to do before we die.

She smiles warily. What's going on?

FELIX (V.O.)

I still don't understand *fax machines*. It took me until a few weeks ago to go on a real date for the first time.

She crosses the street to see PETE. Eating a muffin. He winks at her.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The crowd shifts around, glance at each other.

FELIX

I'm not the guy with the answers. I'm the one with all the questions. I'm still figuring things out, probably at a third grade level. Ask your friends, or your parents, or anyone - the people that've always been there for you.

INT. CENTERVIEW HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

Andie opens her locker.

FELIX (V.O.)

They're going through it too. They may not know any better, but they're there. And you can't understand how much that matters. Just being there.

She pulls out a BASKET. Brimming with muffins. She laughs out loud and consciously checks around her.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Felix pauses.

FELIX

I don't know if there are any secrets. And if anyone figures them out, please tell me. But...that's it. That's all I've got.

A silence.

He looks around. Blank stares.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I know there's supposed to be some kind of Q&A after this, but...I think this covers it.

A handful of students politely clap as Felix ducks out, off the make-shift stage.

Ankush verges on silent tears.

INT. CENTERVIEW HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

Andie closes her locker. Felix comes RUNNING up behind the closing door.

FELIX

Damnit, I was gonna try to hide behind it, so you'd close it and then *what?* There I am.

ANDIE

(re: the muffins)

I thought you didn't believe in the muffin connection.

FELIX

I'm willing to admit I was wrong.

ANDIE

How'd you get Pete to help?

FELIX

I told him you'd consider sleeping with him if he did it.

ANDIE

Noted.

(then)

What was the occasion?

FELIX

I don't know. I thought it was your  
turn to feel special for a change.

(then)

Just returning the favor.

She gets it.

Can't contain herself and kisses Felix on the cheek.

ANDIE

Thanks.

He smiles.

He pulls out a small, folded up piece of paper from his  
pocket. THE LIST. Hands it over.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

You keep that in your pocket?

FELIX

I added one more goal.

She unfolds it. Scans down the list...

A smile.

ANDIE

(re: what he wrote)

You too.

FELIX

You wanna come to dinner tonight?

She nods.

They head down the hall.

FELIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've heard it described a lot of  
different ways...

ANDIE

You won Prom King, by the way.

FELIX

Who won Prom Queen?

ANDIE

You did also. It was really  
confusing.

FELIX (V.O.)  
 Some liken it to a gentle spring,  
 or smoke raised with the fume of  
 sighs.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andie joins Connie, David, Pete and Felix for dinner around the table. They talk and enjoy themselves.

FELIX (V.O.)  
 Others compare it to a pain, a jab  
 to the chest, a deep cut. Most  
 people just say it feels good. Or  
 it feels right.

A series of flashbacks in quick succession while Felix continues to talk:

Connie making Felix an elaborate breakfast in the morning.

Connie crying on the couch next to Felix, draping her arms over him for a hug.

Pete sitting outside on the porch giving advice to Felix.

David repressing his reaction at dinner after first hearing the news of Felix's health.

David tying Felix's tie to get ready for prom.

And Andie...

In Felix's room, writing the first edition of the list.

Buying condoms with Felix.

Sleeping on Felix's chest while her parents argue downstairs.

The flashbacks end. Felix's family continues to eat as Pete hits on Andie.

FELIX (V.O.)  
 And yes, they also say it feels  
 like a freight train running over  
 your chest. And they say your hands  
 get sweaty and a tingling feeling  
 rushes to your fingers and toes.  
 And they say it can happen at any  
 time, in the blink of an eye,  
 without any warning whatsoever.

Felix simply looks happy, for lack of a better word, in the company of the people that were there from the start.

FELIX (V.O.)  
They were wrong.

FADE TO BLACK.