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Girl Most Likely

By Michelle Morgan

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There's no place like home.

There's no place like home.

There's no place like home.

I'm sorry, I just...

This isn't working for me.

What is it now, Imogene?

Okay.

I don't know about you, Ms. Rossi,

but there's not a chance in

hell that I'd go back

to some crap-farm in Kansas.

After seeing all that Oz has to offer.

I mean, it makes zero sense.

- You guys are with me on this, right?

- Mmm-mmm.

That is the way this story ends.

It's a classic!

It's also a little

provincial, if you ask me.

I didn't.

Can I at least

suggest a more appropriate line?

No! You will do the lines as written

or I am giving the lead to Stacy!

There's no place like home.

Home is really fabulous!

Home is where the heart is!

Blah... Blah... Blah.

Joe, I need a taxi.

No problem.

- This is Peter. Leave a message.

Hi, it's me again.

You never came home,

so I assume we're meeting there?

Uh, I hope you're okay.

Call me.

This is Peter. Leave a message.

Hey, it's me.

If you get there first,

would you wait outside?

I'd really like to walk in together.

Oh, by the way, I just passed the place

where you held my hand

for the first time.

Call me, please.

Call me.

Shit.

This is Peter. Leave a message.

Okay, I just got here,
and I'm walking in. Are you here?

I'm here.

I'm putting my phone on vibrate.

So just text me so I can find you.

I'm here. Bye.

- Hi. Imogene Duncan.

- Mmm-hmm.

Two years ago, a young man from Newark
broke into the Whitney Museum
by smashing a window with a brick.
He wanted to look at the pictures.
The crime committed that night had
nothing to do with breaking windows,
or living in New Jersey.

It had to do with denying a child.

Hey, where were you?

I was stuck on a call.

And that's why the Where The
Art Is Foundation was created,
so that no child

ever has to break a window again.

You know, the idea just
sort of came to me,
when James and I were on our honeymoon.

And I realized that

I want to be more than just a wife,
and an author, and an interior designer.

I know, I've been
thinking the same thing.

You know, it's been weighing on me.

But are you even married?

Oh. Mostly. Basically.

We live together, and
we've talked about it.

Peter's family is Dutch.

Yeah, and they're a very
progressive people.

You know, they believe in a spiritual

union, where your souls are bound.
That's what he said to me,
which is very romantic.
It's like how gay people
used to get married.
Oh, Austen and I are
starting a charity for that.
For gay people?
His younger sister is a lesbian,
and we just really
wanted to get involved.
- Wonderful!
- Wow!
I didn't realize she was a lesbian.
I knew she was a lesbian.
I mean, I went to Spence.
Oh, I heard Andover had
a lot of them, too.
Yeah, I know.
Isn't that where you
went to school, Imogene?
Andover? No, that was Peter.
So, where did you...
She's from New Jersey.
Oh.
I love that sculpture
of Abe Lincoln.
That is phenomenal...
He's got a little smirk.
What's he thinking?
I'm stuffed.
They really went all out tonight.
it was so fun.
You know, tonight really made me
contemplate how lucky we are.
And all the beauty
that we just take for granted.
You know, all the museums, the park.
The 100-year-old buildings.
- The trees...
- Imogene,
I should move out.
What?
I've already started

looking at apartments.

- What are you talking about?

- Look,

I can help you with rent
for a couple months
until you figure out what to do.
You're serious? Peter!
You said our souls were bound.
You said that.
I told people that you said that!
This isn't about souls, all right?
This is about
whether two people really go together.
Imogene?
Libby wants to see you in her office.
Right away.
Is that your family?
Oh! Yeah. That's the gang.

- The Vineyard?

- Every summer since I was born.
What about your family?
Um... I grew up in the Atlantic
City area, near the beach, so...
Then every day was like summer, right?
No, every day was not like summer.
Every day was like being impaled
with a blunt, wooden object,
over and over again.
Anyway, I called you in here
because I had a chance
to read over your blurbs.
And, um, yeah, see,
I can't turn these in to Dan.

- Why not?

- Well...

First off, because you
called Dames At Sea,
"An insignificant, if not irritating,
"amalgam of lackluster
performances and sitcom one-liners."
Have you seen it?
Because that's putting it very nicely.
It won the Tony.
And, you know, frankly, we don't care

whether you think it's good or bad.
You're not a reviewer.
No, see, your job is just to describe
the play in five sentences or less
and make it sound interesting.
Perhaps you weren't aware
that I won the Hollingsworth
fellowship for playwriting
or that New York Magazine put me
on their list of playwrights to watch?
I was not aware. Thank you for
bringing that to my attention.
You're welcome.
Okay.
Well, we certainly
don't want to stand in
the way of your burgeoning
writing career.
So, uh...
Yeah.
What does "yeah" mean?
Yeah.
You can go.
This is Peter.
I know I'm not
supposed to call you during work hours,
but I lost my job at the magazine.
And I'm just...
I'm having a really
tough time right now.
And I know it's not your problem, but...
I was just thinking maybe
you could come over
and just lay with me for a little bit?
Imogene, I...
- I'm working.
- I know, I just...
I don't really
trust myself to be alone right now.
What? What do you mean?
I mean I'm afraid
if you don't come over I might
do something to myself.
Imogene.

Or maybe I already have.
What did you do?
Just, Peter...
If you love me just say
you'll come over. Please?
All right.
Farewell, world.
My life is but
a brief flickering in the darkness.
Too faint to light a room.
And much too soon does
the flame burn out.
As the winds of suffering
have extinguished my light,
heaven welcomes me
with her open embrace.
Imogene?
Hello?
Are you in here?
Imogene, you left your door open.
There's also a sign on it.
I think your landlord is upset with you.
Imogene, I just stopped by to pick up
those Cartier earrings that I lent you.
Imogene.
Oh, my God.
Hello? Imogene?
Imogene, can you hear me?
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God, Imogene.
Hello. Dad?
Daddy, it's Dara.
Oh, my God, Dad.
Imogene is dead!
No, no. She's just dead.
I don't know how to check!
Imogene.
Imogene.
Oh, my gosh!
Cheers.
And the Tony Award for
Best Play goes to...

Imogene Duncan!
I'm such a fan!
No. I'm such a fan.
Thank you.
Oh, thank you so much. Oh, my gosh!
There's so many people
that I want to thank.
But most importantly,
my wonderful, Dutch husband, Peter.
I will love you forever.
Or should I say...
For the 10 millionth time,
I wasn't really trying to kill myself.
So, you're saying you
didn't really want to be reunited
with your dead father for eternity?
I didn't want to die, okay?
Well, I think the problem
you're facing here
is that you wrote a pretty
authentic sounding letter.
Really?
You thought it was that good?
Now in your letter,
you refer to your dead father.
How old were you when he passed away?
Nine. Seriously, there
is no point to this.
Can you tell me about him?
He was just the best.
The smartest man I ever met.
He was like the George
Clooney of fathers.
And what about the rest of your family?
Uh... My mom
lives in New Jersey with my brother.
She has an impulse control problem,
and I haven't seen them in years.
Can you describe the symptoms
of your mother's impulse problem?
Uh, let's see.
Buying 52 pairs of jelly
shoes in one year.
Gambling every day.

Picking up hitchhikers.
Showing up to a parent-teacher
conference wearing a turban.
My brother and I,
our birthdays are 84 days apart,
and because of her gambling
she couldn't afford to give us
individual birthday parties,
so we had to have a
combined birthday party.
Do you have any idea
how it feels to have a birthday party
eighty-four days after
your actual birthday,
because your mom has an impulse problem?
Okay, well, it doesn't feel very good.
No, it's very sad.
Yeah.
I'm doing okay.
I mean, it's been
upsetting for me, but...
Have you ever received
a telephone call
of an urgent nature when you're naked?
- I haven't.
- I had just gotten out of the shower.
And suddenly this call comes.
Well, we tracked down your information
from old DMV records, Mrs. Duncan.
Are you familiar with a 5150 hold?
Uh... Yes, but I'm sure I
paid those tickets. Okay?
And the judge ruled that the
second one wasn't even my fault.
This has nothing to do
with your driving record, Mrs. Duncan.
A 5150 means that
it is our duty to hold anyone
who poses a threat to themselves
for at least 72 hours.
However, we have
a bit of an overcrowding problem,
which limits us to holding
only critical patients

and releasing the others,
like your daughter,
into the care of a loved one.

- She said she loved me?

- No.

But we have more
critical patients that need her bed.
You mean people that, like,
jump out of buildings and cut parts off?
That kind of stuff?

Sometimes.

Can I ask you a question?

Does that make you really sad?

Uh, Mrs. Duncan, would you be
willing to assume responsibility
for the safety and well-being
of your daughter for the next 72 hours?

Well, I have to be somewhere later.

But, yes. Of course.

Did I tell you that Gwyneth Paltrow
might come to my book launch party?

- Wow! What a coup.

- I know!

It's like my dad's PR
guy knows everyone.

Oh.

I will be back in one second,
I have to take this.

Hi.

It's an upsetting night.

Hello.

Imogene, listen,
I know you're expecting your boyfriend,
and we've made several
attempts to try and...

Peter is coming for me, okay?

Yes, I'm sure Peter cares
for you very deeply,
but both your mother
and I feel that the best thing
for you right now...

Wait. Did you just say "mother"?

...would be for you to be
in the comfort and safety

of those who love you unconditionally.

So your mother is

going to take you home with her.

Hi, honey.

You cannot do this.

Dara! Dara!

Tell them you love me unconditionally.

What?

I can't go with her!

Please! Please!

Dara! Tell them I can stay

with you until Peter comes for me!

Oh, my gosh, I wish that I could help,

but I don't think that we can

accommodate house-guests right now.

What?

- You can't do this to me!

- Hold her!

Dara! Call the police!

Imogene, this is going

to make your trip home

just a little bit more relaxing.

Honey...

Your panties are showing.

Mom?

Step right up, everybody!

Clear the path.

Bring me a joker.

- Feeling good!

- Hey!

- Oh!

- What the hell are you doing?

Jesus, don't sneak up on me like that.

You left me in the

back seat of your car!

Well, honey, they told me that you were gonna

be out for, like, you know, six hours.

You took me against my will!

You know, I could have you

arrested for kidnapping.

Imogene, they called

me from the hospital.

They said that you had

tried to kill yourself

and they were
gonna lock you up with schizophrenians.
I mean, you know, what was I supposed to do?
Leave you there?
Oh, and this is better?
Waking up alone in a casino parking lot?
I don't have my purse, no cell phone.
I have no wallet. No ID. Nothing.
Zelda, is this lady giving you grief?
Oh, no. Delancey, this is my daughter.
Do you know that she was
on the New York Times list
of playwrights to watch...
It was New York Magazine!
Oh. Pleased to meet you.
I've seen your mother here
get more royal flushes than anybody.
That's great.
Okay.
Round and round she goes!
You think I don't know why you did it?
I'm your mother, okay.
I know why you did it.
Some men are stayers.
Some men are leavers, and you know,
it's better to find out now.
Wow, where did you get
that pearl of wisdom?
It was on The Joy Behar Show.
You know, the doctor let me read your letter.
I thought it was really good.
Really.
Apparently, I should be a
professional suicide writer.
Oh, you're not writing
plays anymore, huh?
I am not talking about this.
Hey-
Where'd you go?
Imogene?
Ew! Hello? Hi!
Who are you?
Um... I'm Lee.
Who's she?

Lee, what are you doing in my room?

Actually, this is my room.

Since when?

Uh, since Zelda started
renting it to me.

- What?

- Imogene?

- Ralph!

- Imogene, you're back!

Oh, my God.

You're really back! You're here!

Wow, you look so different.

I've been eating a lot of spaghetti.

- Oh.

- So you're going to spend the night?

No, I'm not... No.

Why did Mom rent out my room?

Her settlement money ran out.

What settlement money?

An escalator ate her
jelly shoe at the Oasis
and screwed up her toe.

Can I have a second hug?

This is really weird.

Monica, wait a second.

It's fine, she's...

Mom!

Hello.

Okay, before you start getting
all creepy, let me explain.

How can you rationalize
renting my room out to some random guy?

Well, you haven't been
back in a long time!

Yeah. She does have a point.

Where is all my stuff?

What, did you throw out all my stuff?

Calm down. It's in the basement.

So what now? What, do

I sleep with you now?

Oh. Well, I don't think

that's going to work either.

- Why not?

- The Bousche sleeps in her bed.

The what?

Hey, I could make you a sheet

fort like when we were kids?

Can you come out here a second?

Yeah.

Yeah?

Okay.

Imogene, this is my boyfriend.

He lives with us.

He's in the CIA.

Hi. George Bousche.

It's a pleasure to finally meet you.

George.

Your name is George Bousche?

Well, as a matter of

fact, it's not my name.

You see, my father was an assassin,

and he had to change

all of our birth names

because of that incident

I told you about, about the KGB.

So what is your real name then?

Oh, I'm sorry. I can't tell you that.

- Even I don't know.

- No.

Okay.

- No one knows. Okay.

- Yeah.

Okay.

You gonna put on

something nice, honey?

So, did Mom tell you the good news?

Who's it good for?

I got my own kiosk,

one block from the boardwalk.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Right across from Angela's Pizza.

Well, where it used to be. Here.

Oh.

- That's wonderful.

- Yeah.

- Congratulations!

- Yep.

No, no. Please keep it.
Or, you know, give it to a friend.
Anyone you refer gets a free hermit hut.
That's a good deal.
Do you want to come and see it?
Oh.
I wish I could.
But, you know, I have to go back home.
Yeah, to the city.
You know, you really
should come visit me.
We could go to the Natural History
Museum and the Aquarium.
Yeah, it's far away.
Yeah. Well, maybe that's a good thing.
I like being in Ocean City.
You used to like it, too.
Yeah. I just think
that New York is a better place for me.
Mmm. Okay.
Well, this is your basic
sheet fort model.
Um...
If you would like any add-ons
or security features,
I mean, I can work on it tomorrow.
No, it looks very secure.
Yeah?
Yeah, you did a great job.
Um, all right, well.
Nighty-night, Imogene.
Breakfast, everybody!
- Oh, Jesus!
- Ow! God! Someone's in here!
Oh, my God. I'm sorry!
God!
Hey, I'm really sorry about that.
Your brother likes us to keep the door
closed because the toilet runs.
I didn't see anything, just so you know.
Okay. Well,
you should really knock as a precaution.
I guess we're even then.
Oh, so it's my fault that I walk in

on you doing it with your girlfriend?
Because, hello, this is my house.
But you don't live here anymore.
I grew up in this house.
I think that takes precedence over
whatever temporary
whatever you're doing here.
What are you doing here?
Excuse me?
What...
Why did you come back?
I really don't see
how that is any of your concern, Lee.
Look, if you want to stay in the
room, it really is no trouble.
I'll be happy to stay somewhere else.
Oh, I'm sure you can.
But, see, I like to make a special point
to not sleep in the bed of boys
whose cleanliness of
sheets is questionable
at best.
- This morning.
- What?
That's when I changed my sheets.
Hey-
Um, I don't really know how to
broach this subject tactfully,
so I'm just going to say it.
Ralph, cover your ears.
Were you getting spanked last night?
Why would you think that?
Because that's what it sounded like.
- Am I right?
- Oh, my God.
No. I'm right, aren't I? Ugh!
Imogene, it is so much fun.
Have you never tried it?
Yeah, maybe, like, two or three times
in the heat of passion, I don't know.
But not in repetition
for, like, two hours.
Oh, my God.
If it was bothering you so much

you should have just closed your door.
Oh, my sheet door?
You know, you should be grateful I have
such an amazing sex life with George.
Or would you rather I turned
into one of those dried up women
like Mitzi Mordler who spends all
her time with her little rat dog.
Yeah. That.
Mitzi, that's what I want.
Oh, God.
Coffee ready?
Over there, Bubba.
I need it after last night.
You know, if Dad were alive
to see what you've become,
he would be disgraced.
He died?
When did that happen?
No, no, no. It's nothing.
What?
I mean, yes. He died.
A long time ago. He's been dead.
- You know that.
- Right.
- Can I take them off now?
- Yeah.
Sorry.
Why would you say that?
I thought you told them.
No! You knew they didn't know.
No?
Something like that
could ruin their lives.
You can never, ever let them know
about their father really being...
Being what?
Cheap.
Dad was cheap?
Oh, God, yeah.
Don't you remember that ugly
couch we had in the living room?
He wouldn't let me buy the one I wanted,
so we had to get that

one from a garage sale.
You're lying. I can see it!
I can see it in your eyes.
Tell us the truth.
Was Dad not our father?
No, no, no. He was. He is your father.
- What do you mean "he is our father"?
- No.
- Oh, God.
- Mom?
I can't. You know, I can't.
I can't do this anymore.
- Breathe.
Oh, God.
What?
All right.
We didn't get along, okay?
And he wanted to
go back to school for his PhD.
And we agreed that we didn't want
to put you through a divorce
and all of the custody hell,
and so we decided
that you guys would stay with me
and I would just tell you that...
What?
That he died.
I can't believe this.
What, Dad is alive?
Yeah.
What mother tells their
children that their father died
during a routine colonoscopy, to what?
To save them from inconvenience?
No, no, it was
a complicated situation, Imogene. Okay?
I was trying
to protect you guys.
I wanted you to
grow up feeling good about yourselves.
What happened to him?
Somebody told me that he wrote a book.
Oh, wait, Imogene.
Wait. Oh, come on.

What are you going to do?

Wait!

Imogene.

Immy, wait.

Ralph, was that boat
moored out there yesterday?

Imogene, please.

Imogene, honey. I need my car today.
I have a free spin on the Lucky Wheel!

Hey, wait. Honey, please.

Hey, unlock the door, okay?

The jackpot is a cruise to Jamaica!

We could all go together!

Hey...

Honey, please don't kill
yourself over this.

I love you.

Oh, can I help you?

I hope so.

Um, do you have anything written
by Maxwell P. Duncan?

P. Duncan.

Let's look it up.

That's a "C", right?

That's a

And not a

- No, it's a

- Oh.

No, sorry. You just pressed

You're right. Sorry about that.

- Okay.

- D-U-N.

Oh, there's lots of Duncans.

P. Duncan. Maxwell P. Duncan.

Are you okay?

Yes. Thank you.

P. Duncan, there it is.

We have one book.

Uh, let's see.

Where is it?

In the non-fiction.

Hmm.

"Maxwell P. Duncan

is a world-renowned expert

"on the early colonial period
of American history.

"Mr. Duncan has spoken on PBS and NPR.

"He resides in...

"New York City."

Oh, no, you don't.

Move it!

I saw you in my rearview mirror,
you weren't even paying attention!

You were putting on makeup!

I wasn't putting on makeup! Does it
look like I'm wearing makeup to you?

Well, you're going to
have to pay for this.

It's a couple of little scratches.

What is the big deal?

Excuse me, it's a Porsche!

Sir, it's a Boxster.

You folks okay? You're
holding up traffic.

No, sir. We're not okay,
actually, at all.

This woman rear-ends me
while she's putting on makeup.

My visor fell down!

Can you both please show me
your driver's license,
registration, and insurance cards?

Sure thing, Officer.

Is something wrong?

Okay. First of all, I
wasn't putting on makeup!

Ocean City?

Imogene?

Imogene Duncan?

Yeah.

It's me. It's Rex Rinaldi.

From high school.

T-Rex Rinaldi?

You were my TA in my
dumb-bell math class.

You said you couldn't go
to homecoming with me
because it fell on the anniversary

of your father's death?

- Yeah.

- Sure!

Okay, yeah.

Imogene Duncan!

Here I am.

Can we do this please?

- I have somewhere I'm supposed to be.

- Yeah. All right.

Great, thank you.

Do you have yours?

You know, I live in Manhattan now,
and I haven't really driven in years.

Dispatch, I got to run a plate.

Uh, New Jersey.

- Umbrella-zero-alpha-eight-niner.

- Hey, Rex?

I just want to say how brave and
selfless you are for what you do.

Just all the citizens...

Copy that.

Uh, well, uh, it seems this car
has been reported as stolen.

Oh, what is this?

- What is this?

- Sir, I'm going to have to ask you
to please keep your
comments to yourself.

No, no, no, there's been a mistake.

There's been a mistake.

This is my mother's car.

Okay? And she lent it to me
to go visit my father.

So it's not stolen.

Right.

That's wrong.

I thought your father died?

No, he did.

I just found out today. I thought he...

He has not died.

on, I get it.

He's alive when you need him to be.

And then he's dead

when you have to blow someone off.

No,no,no,no!

My mother told me that he died.

And then, now I found

out that he's alive.

Crock of shit!

And I bet that if I asked

you out for a beer

he'd probably die again, right?

Well, obviously,

I hope that wouldn't be the case.

But, given the fact that I don't

know what kind of health he's in,

I mean that certainly

could be a possibility.

- Duncan.

- What?

You're out.

Your mom dropped the charges.

Oh, uh, good luck at Nationals.

You hit someone in a Porsche?

Quit changing the subject.

You had me arrested!

Come on, honey.

it was for your own good, okay?

I knew how upset you were, and when

you didn't come back for a while,

I was afraid you

were going to stop on the train tracks.

You know, George told me the

best way to find someone

is accuse them of a crime.

That's how they do it in the CIA.

How was jail, Imogene?

Disappointing.

I know you think I

screwed up your life,

but did you ever stop to think

that maybe having a dead father

was better for you than

having a dead-beat one?

Dead-beat?

The man lives in New York City.

He's a world-renowned expert

on the early colonial period

of American history.

- What?

- He's spoken in 29 countries.

He's been interviewed on NPR and PBS.

Okay. Maybe he's found some success.

Some success?

But that doesn't change

who he is as a person.

- Is that Dad's book?

- Yes.

It's called The Myth of Thanksgiving.

- It's actually our father's second book.

- Thanksgiving is a myth?

- What?

- Yeah, amongst other things.

Oh, get out of here.

Your father wrote a book

on how Thanksgiving never happened?

Yeah. You know,

we embrace it as this national holiday,

but actually it was a

political spin job.

Did it say who invented pumpkin pie?

Don't laugh. No, it didn't say

who invented pumpkin pie.

You know, I'm sorry,

but I'm not surprised.

He always wanted

to ruin everything that was fun.

Oh, yeah, Dad tried to ruin everything.

Dad's only, like,

a very brilliant, accomplished man,

who, you know what,

after we get reunited,

is going to help me get on my feet

and who is going to cherish me,

and make up for the years of humiliation

that I endured being your daughter.

Oh, my God. Well, do

you have his address?

No. I... What? No.

But I'm gonna get it. And then

when I get it I'm gonna go there.

And Ralph's going to come with me.

Oh, no, I don't go past the boardwalk.
You know, Imogene, a lot of people
had a worse mother than you.
Like me.
And one day when you're old,
you're gonna look back and realize that.
When I'm old. And
hopefully, I can also die
84 days around when Ralph dies,
so we can combine our funerals.
Hey, honey. Honey, come here.
- Get over here.
- What?
I have to tell you something.
Are you guys coming?
Uh, you just go on in. Turn on the TV.
Okay, honey? We'll be there in a sec.
Look. I know you got mad when I made
you do your birthday with Ralph.
No. I actually loved combining birthday
parties with Ralph. Really.
It's one of my fondest memories.
Well, I had to do that, okay?
I had to put your parties together,
or else Ralph would
have had no one at his.
Your friends were humans.
His friends were lizards
or crabs or whatever.
We all had to make sacrifices for Ralph.
Good night.
Ralph!
Uh, Eugenia.
You got a minute for the Bousche?
It's Imogene.
Listen, I've been meaning to
talk to you because I'm worried.
You shouldn't be mad at your mother.
Really? And what
exactly qualifies you to say that to me,
considering I've
known you for what, 40 hours?
Because she's been through
a very hard time.

- And she loves you.

- No. Of course she does.

That's why

she had me arrested for stealing her car
and lied to me about my father.

Sometimes information needs
to be kept classified.

Okay, look, no offense, but this is
really between me and my family.

I am part of your family now.

Now, I may look a little
young for the gig,

but in the samurai tradition,
when a man loves a woman,
he automatically becomes
a spiritual guardian for her offspring.

So, what, you're a samurai now, too?

Oh, I've been a samurai for 25 years.

You didn't know that?

No. I didn't. 25, wow.

- That's a long time.

- Yeah.

But thank you,

I think me and my spirit are just fine.

Are you sure about that?

That's not what I'm getting.

I'm getting resistance.

Yeah. Little bit.

That's accurate.

What's the password?

Spuds McKenzie?

Spuds McKenzie.

You may enter.

WOW!

Oh, wow, your room...

Um...

Oh, this was so sweet of you,
but I think I should give this back.

Why don't you want her?

I kind of got a lot going on right now.

I don't really think I'd be
a very good crab mom.

Well, then maybe you could
be her crab buddy.

Um... Yeah. I don't think
I'd be a very good crab buddy either.
Plus I think she misses you. See.
Mmm-hmm.
Hey, Ralph.
Do you have any money
you think you can loan me?
What for?
So I can go back to New York.
And pay my landlord.
And try to find Dad.
You do want me to find Dad, don't you?
Don't you think it would be cool if
no matter where you were in the world,
you were already home?
Or precisely, that you were just as
safe as you are in your own home,
even when you're not there?
Uh, yeah. Sure, yeah. I guess so.

Um...

Here, sit down.

- Huh? Oh.

- Sit down.

Since the dawn of time,
soft-bellied creatures have been jealous
of mollusks' ability to self-preserve.
But they don't have to be anymore.

I made this.

- Really?

- Yeah.

It has all the amenities
of a typical mollusk's home,
but this one is made of top-grade,
bullet-proof fiberglass,
and I've coated it with
Cyber-Flexx plastic.

It's comfortable enough
for extended use,
and it even has wireless
Internet capability.

What?

I call it "The Human Shell."

Wow.

- May I?

- Yeah, you can touch.

What's it for?

You put it on your back.

And then if you ever need protection
or you want to hide or whatever,
you just pull it down on yourself.

Oh.

Ralph?

Hey, Lee! Hey, wait.

Hey-

Wait! Hey, hey, hey, hey! Wait!

Take me to New York.

No.

Why?

Because I have things to do.

Fine. Fine. Then I will stay
here and I will kill myself
and it'll be all your fault.

And I will specifically
mention your name in the letter,
which, apparently, I am
very good at writing.

Wow. You're really
gonna show me, aren't you? Jeez.
All right, I'll tell you what.

Here.

- Why are you giving me a quarter?

- Just call it.

My sanity hangs in the balance,
and this is how you're deciding if
you're gonna take me or not?

Yeah. Do you want me call it
or should you call it?

- What's it going to be?

- Tails.

Tails. All right.

Here's hoping.

Oh.

You know what? Forget it.

Just forget it. I don't need this from
some, like, happy-go-lucky simpleton...

"Happy-go-lucky"?

...who thinks

it's really funny to taunt someone

who's on the brink of
a mental breakdown,
who is literally reeling
from the shock of her life!
Will you relax? Just relax.
It's tails.
Okay?
You're going to New York.
I'm sorry I called you
a simpleton before.
What about happy-go-lucky?
Yeah. That, too, I guess.
And thanks for doing this for me.
I'm actually doing this for myself.
Because now I can ask you to do, like,
anything and you have to do it.
Okay, well, I'm not planning on
ever seeing you again after today
ever in my life, so, great.
Sounds like a plan.
Okay. So, what's your story?
My story? Um...
Well, I grew up in Pennsylvania.
Went to college when I was 17.
Where?
Uh, Yale.
You did not go to Yale.
Okay.
I didn't go to Yale.
Um...
Then I moved to Philly
and sang in a shitty band.
Bussed tables for a while.
And then this guy I knew
had an audition
to be in a show at the Oasis Casino.
I went with him, and the
next thing you know,
I got the job.
Does he hate you?
No. I don't think he hates me.
I would hate you.
Yeah, but you hate everybody.
So, what's your story?

Have you ever heard of
Douglas J. Hollingsworth?
Well, every year
he awards someone a \$30,000 grant
to write a play that he will produce.
And in 2004 he picked me.
And my whole world opened up.
I met Dara, who was on the board.
She introduced me to my boyfriend,
and it just felt like
everything was starting.
But when I actually sat down to write,
nothing good came out.
So I just went shopping with my friends
and went on vacations.
And when the year was up,
I didn't have a play to produce.
So why don't you just
finish something now?
Because nobody cares now.
It's over.
You know, you're lucky
you're back in New York.
I was going to force you to come
see my show tomorrow as payback.
Sorry, but I am never
crossing the Hudson again.
Come on, do you really think New
York is that much better?
Yeah. You kidding?
Come on, New York has everything.
Central Park, when it snows.
Okay, yeah.
Bergdorf's.
Everyone here dresses so beautifully,
and they're intelligent.
It's like they have
this swagger of, like,
"I finished the New York Times
crossword puzzle in pen."
Huh.
Wow, okay.
Not all of them, but...
Hey, Joe, can I get a spare key?

I lost mine.
Uh, Miss Duncan, I can't.
I'm afraid I can't let you up there.
What do you mean? What's going on?
You should talk to Mr. Bill.
What?
Joe, that's my apartment.
All my stuff is up there.
I need to get up there. I live there!
I can't. You should talk to him.
Sorry.
They can't do that! That can't be legal.
It's not fair!
You can't just randomly evict someone
and ban them from even entering
their place of residence
just because of a recent,
financial hardship.
Who are you texting?
Your mom.
Just to let her know you're okay.
Oh! Uh, listen, when we get into
Dara's, uh, don't introduce yourself.
I'll just do it.
How about I just stay outside?
Okay. Well, I'll be back, either way.
Hey, Dara, it's me.
I really need to talk to you.
It's Imogene.
What should I do?
- Hi.
- Oh, thank God you're home!
Imogene. I thought that
you were in New Jersey with your family?
Yes. Well, mercifully,
I've been given a reprieve.
Can I come in?
Um... We're not dressed.
Oh, okay. Well, can't
you put something on?
Uh, you know what? Maybe it's
just better if we talk like this.
How have you been doing?
I'm great. I just found out

that my father is still alive.

- Oh, my God.

- I know!

- Do you know where he is?

- Yes.

He is in New York.

And he is successful. He wrote this.

Um, anyway, the point is

I cannot go back to New Jersey.

And my landlord is not letting me
into my apartment right now. So...

That's terrible. Where
are you going to stay?

She is not staying here.

Um...

I was hoping that
maybe I could stay with you,
just until Peter and I patch things up,
or until I locate my father,
whichever comes first.

Close the door!

Honestly, I would be
absolutely fine with it,
but James has a very weird thing
about non-blood-related people
staying with us.

I would not be asking you this
unless it was an absolute emergency.

- I have nowhere else to go.

- I know.

And I really, really,
really wanna be there for you right now,
and if it was anything else
I would absolutely say yes, but I...
I promise I won't be any trouble at all.
I won't even talk, I promise.

Dara!

Okay, I'm so sorry.

I have to close the door right now.

And I really understand
if you're not able
to come to the book launch party.
I just want you to focus
on getting better.

- But that's...
- And I love you so much.
Please. Please.
Please. Dara!
Oh, man, it's really gonna pour.
on, my God.
Okay, just hold on, Bubba.
Get the rubber suit on!
We're almost there.
- Get your arm in!
- Are you guys okay?
The lights!
The lights went out from the storm.
Okay, if anyone
has any jewelry or silverware on them,
- stay away from the windows.
- Why? Why?
Well, we were eating
Chinese food with forks, and he sparked.
- Almost blew up the house!
- From Chinese food?
No, no, no. From the metal.
I'm gonna get some candles.
See, he's been
struck by lightning three times,
which officially makes him a conduit.
Tell her what a conduit is.
No, I know what a conduit is.
Okay. Okay.
How do you feel?
I had the distinct
feeling that I was in movement.
Do you know blackness movement?
How long did it last?
Ralph, when you're moving
through other dimensions,
you can't measure time
in an earthly way.
Okay. Hi.
Is there any possibility
you can take your campfire tales
to another more isolated
part of the house?
No, Imogene. This is the center.

It's the only place George is safe.
All right, now,
just go ahead and finish your story.
The electricity had vaporized
nearly every hair on my body.
It took me a year and a half
to grow my eyebrows back.
And the local villagers were able to
hoist me up on top of the elephant,
and at the end,
I was pronounced dead.
Hi, yes. Is there an M. Duncan
available, please?
My briefcase?
Where's my briefcase?
It's in the closet, honey, like always.
Oh, well, do you know
if he's a world-renowned author
and an expert on the
early colonial period?
Are you sure
you don't want something for the road?
No, "colonial"?
No.
Hello?
I don't want to get weighed down.
No. I got to keep light on my toes.
All right, don't forget
to be careful, Bubba.
Somebody should tell
those Romanians that.
I'll make you something for later.
What do you want?
Turkey cheese? Huh?
Extra mayo?
- Yeah.
- Be careful, Bubba.
Where's he going?
Ralph, you know you can't ask that, honey.
It's a secret mission.
- He's going to have sex with another woman.
- Oh!
Don't start with me!
Mom, the guy is a compulsive liar.

You really believe all that CIA shit?
I mean, he told us
he's a time-traveling samurai.
George doesn't lie. He's just lived a
life so exciting it sounds made up.
That's because it is!
Imogene. Um, can I...
He doesn't lie. He never lied to me.
Are you doing anything today?
Uh, I don't know. Why?
I was just wondering if you could help me
with my ultimate... My ultimate plan.
- What? Ultimate plan?
- Yeah, this.
That's me, okay?
- This is gonna be you.
- Uh-huh.
And you're gonna do it?
You'll do it. Okay. Great, great. Okay.
That's her.
That's her right there.
That's her. Don't look. Don't look.
Don't look.
Back at me.
We're a good pair, right?
Are you sure this is going to work?
What if she finds out we're related?
How would that happen?
What if she sees a photograph?
I'll cut out your face.
Imogene! Look, I'll give you \$20.
No,no,no,no.
Just give it to me later.
Are you going now?
You're going right now?
Okay.
Hi.
Hey-
Can I help you?
Um, yeah, Ralph Duncan
referred me to you.
- Oh, yeah?
- He said to check out
your glitter expression.

That's sweet of him.

Hey-

Do you want a demonstration?

Oh, I don't...

Do you want to look around?

Peruse. No pressure.

So, do you want to

know how I know Ralph?

What? Are you guys,

like, related or something?

Ew! Ugh!

Gross. I'm so attracted to him.

That's why I'm saying that,

because that'd be creepy.

Oh. So did you guys hook up?

No.

- Though I've prayed about it. Many times.

- Mmm-hmm.

Had graphic fantasies.

Real graphic stuff.

You know, he gave me crabs.

Oh, you trying to make me jealous?

- No, not like those crabs.

- No, I know.

Come see.

Right. Yeah. Uh-huh.

Oh, yeah. Cute.

So, do you know what you want

your glitter expression to be,

or do you want me to do an assessment?

Oh, um...

What is a glitter expression, exactly?

You see, I like to think of glitter

as your alter-ego shining through.

It's like a sparkly expression

of who you are on the inside.

Oh. I never thought of it like that.

Like, for instance, on my boyfriend,

he's really into the Jets, right?

So he always has me

paint one on his face.

You have a boyfriend?

Yeah. Jason Delpino.

- Why, you know him?

- No. No.

Right, so since you don't know what
you want your glitter expression to be,
I'm just gonna
absorb your energy for a second,
and that way I
can paint something that best describes
who you are on the inside.
Oh, I can just get the cupcake.
Imogene, that
doesn't make any sense.
Allyson, she talks to
me when we're at work.
And one time she even asked me
if I thought she looked hot.
I bet if she didn't have a
boyfriend she'd be into it.
If she really liked me,
she would have an affair.
Maybe Allyson isn't the kind of person
who can recognize and appreciate
how special and unique you are.
She's the only girl I know besides Mom.
Well, maybe it's time you start thinking
about going farther than the boardwalk.
Having new experiences,
and meeting people
with whom you share things in common.
What kind of people
would I share things in common with?
Maybe Jacques Cousteau
has a granddaughter or something.
I don't know off the top of my head,
but all I'm saying is
there's a whole world
out there that you've never experienced.
You really think it's
worth experiencing?
Sometimes.
So now, our next group
really got it goin' on!
The original American superstars.
The... The... The... The...
Backstreet Boys!

My homeboys. The Backstreet Boys.

Hey-

I can't believe you made it.

What did you think?

Um...

it was fun. it was fun.

You look so different with makeup on.

Well, that's good, I think.

I wouldn't want a face that looks like I'm wearing makeup all the time, right?

Um, listen, seriously, thank you so much for coming.

I really appreciate it.

I think you actually brought the head-count up to like 19.

Which is pretty cool.

Yeah. No problem. I owed you one.

So now we're even forever.

Forever.

Hey, Lee. Are you coming out with us?

Maybe.

I hope so.

Hey-

Okay, were Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera the same person?

Yeah, they totally were.

I knew it!

So, what do you, uh, feel like doing?

Um, well, I'm probably just gonna head back and try to find my dad some more...

It's like 11:

You should come out with us.

Oh, gosh, that sounds like fun.

But I really should head back.

And I don't want my mom to worry.

Wow.

That's really sad, because you're a writer and that's the best excuse you can come up with.

All right, look, to be honest, I don't really feel like going out.

And in addition to that, I don't drink,

and you and I
don't really know each other well enough
to determine whether we would even have
fun in a social setting together.

And, we're practically
from different generations.

You're right. No, you're
right, I agree with you there.

I mean, God forbid we went out and I
said something that was really lame
and you felt embarrassed for me,
and we had nothing to talk about.

- It'd be messy.

- Yeah.

I mean, I'm not being negative,
I'm just saying the
possibility certainly exists,
and for us not to
acknowledge that would be reckless.

No, I agree. I think
it would be reckless.

I think if we did that we'd probably
be taking like a gigantic risk.

- For sure.

- I agree.

Okay.

See you later.

But the thing about that is,
um, I don't give a shit.

I'm sorry this place is so loud,
but that's a good sign.

All my friends are here.

Hey!

- You wanna dance?

- No, thank you!

Hey

Well, well.

Look who finally made it.

All right, so this is Nick, that's Lucy,
Charlotte, Antonio, Sherry and Veronica.

Guys, this is Imogene.

- Hello.

- Yo!

Oh, my God.

I think my mom had that same vest!

Cool.

So, how do you guys know each other?

Uh, through her family.

Oh, is she, like, your aunt?

No.

Do you want a drink?

Charlotte, you guys want a drink?

You want a water, soda, something?

Pellegrino.

Hey, Lee, I'll take another

Jack and Coke now,

and I'll get you back later.

You know, I'm gonna have

a Long Island Iced Tea, too.

- A large.

- Oh.

I thought that you didn't drink?

Come on, man. You heard

what the lady said.

Get her some alcohol.

Yeah, you heard what the lady said.

Get me some alcohol.

Um... Okay, great.

All right.

This place has crazy lights.

I feel like I'm on fire,

but my thoughts are really slow.

How do you make it stop?

Drink more.

Okay, let's go dance. Come on.

- I don't want to dance here.

- Come on.

I don't like this song.

I should drink more.

Everyone is so nice.

I know, right?

And I forgot that

hanging out with regular people

could be such an enthralling experience.

I feel like I want to

expand my social circle

and get, like, acrylic

nails or something.

No, no. No acrylic nails.

Okay, seriously.

- Did you go to Yale?

- Yeah.

I really did. I went to Yale.

Okay, what did you study?

I majored in music and French history.

And my senior year I

was a Whiffenpoof.

- A what?

- You never heard of the Whiffenpoofs.

That is not... You're making up groups.

You never heard

of the Whiffenpoofs?

No, that's not a real thing!

That is absolute... All right.

Okay, I'm getting the parts wrong,
it doesn't matter.

It's better with the
gloves and the tuxedo.

- I'm coming up.

- Oh!

I get it. I get it.

That's very funny. Oh!

Okay.

I'm gonna fall if I stand on that.

You're gonna sit.

You're so good!

You are. You're such a great singer.

Why are you working in that shithole?

Because that shithole pays me.

I think... I think you should be famous.

I think you should be famous, too.

I do.

I almost was.

Kind of.

Well, no one told you to stop writing.

I think you're

just as good now as you were then.

You don't know what

you're talking about.

Actually, I do.

I do know what I'm talking about,

because I found your secret hole.

- Excuse me?
- Yeah, your secret hole.
Behind your bureau,
in your wall, in your room.
I...
I was moving stuff,
and I just found a bunch of your plays.
What? You went into my secret hole
and you found my plays,
and you read them
without even asking me?
- I was just trying to see what it was.
- That's private.
- I'm sorry.
- You don't read other people's stuff
they keep in the wall. If it's in
the wall, it means don't read it.
Okay, listen, calm down, hear me out.
I just went to go see what it was,
and I ended up staying up all night
reading this great play
about you becoming a woman.
What was it called?
Imogene's Period.
Was it good?
Yeah.
It really was.
I really liked it. I think...
I think you were born to be a writer.
Wait, wait, wait, wait.
Are your sheets clean?
What do you mean?
Did you have sex in them?
- Only with myself.
- Ew.
That feels good.
Where are you...
I feel like I am dying.
I think that's because you're hungover.
How long does this last?
I don't know.
Sometimes it helps if
you eat McDonald's.
- Jesus.

- The Bousche never came home.
Uh... Wait. What?
He left yesterday morning.
I made him a sandwich,
he never came back.
- Did he say where he was going?
- What?
Oh, God. Your voice is like
burning knives through my skull.
Imogene?
Oh!
Did you guys have sex?
Thank you.
Um, listen, uh...
What day is it?
It's Thursday.
Shit! on, my God!
It's Dara's book party!
Just to clarify, this is the girl that
wouldn't let you into
her apartment, right?
If I don't go to this thing tonight,
people are going to speculate
about my mental state and what happened.
And I need to go there,
and prove to them that I am sane
and that I am in control of my life.
- All right, let's go.
- What?
Yeah, I'll take you.
Just to clarify. You
mean, like, as my date?
Uh, a date impersonator.
Look at you.
After you.
Wait! Wait!
I'm coming with you.
What?
Mom said you're going to New York.
You know that it's
past the boardwalk though, right?
I think I'm ready.
You sure you know how to get back?
Yes, that's why I have my GPS watch.

I'll meet you right here,
45.2 degrees north by 79.3 degrees west.

At 7:

So you're sure you
want to bring this shell-thing with you?
What better place
to try it out than New York City?

- Well, good luck.

- Thank you.

- Be careful.

- Yeah.

Just watch where you're going.

He'll be fine.

Yeah.

Oh!

Ow!

"I Found the One."

Did you read it?

I helped write it.

Then it's gotta be good.

It doesn't really matter. Her uncle
owns the publishing company, so...

Hmm. Good, old-fashioned nepotism.

- Hi.

- Hi, how are you?

Hey! I'm talking to you.

What's inside of it?

- I'm the... I go inside of it.

- What?

- Oh, my God!

- Hey guys!

Imogene! What a surprise!

That's an interesting dress.

I hardly know

why my presence would be a surprise,

I confirmed over a month ago.

Of course, of course!

We just... We were concerned

that you might not be here tonight.

- But you are.

- Yay!

It's wonderful.

I'm going to go to the bar.

Long Island Iced Tea?
Very funny.
So, is everyone here?
Yes. Everyone.
Anabelle and George are
talking to David Sedaris.
And I think I saw Peter.
Wait. What?
- Oh.
- Peter's here?
No, actually
I just saw him...
No.
Oh, my God, it's him.
He is here.
I forgot. I forgot!
Peter?
- Oh!
- Imogene.
They told me that
you weren't going to be here tonight.
So, what? I almost die and you just
aren't going to talk to me again?
They won't let
you go to the garden to smoke,
can you believe?
I can't, that's...
- That's terrible.
- Hello.
This is club soda with bitters.
It'll be good for your stomach.
Are you joking?
How do you live with someone
and show up at
a friend's party with some random model!
- What's random?
- Just give me a second here.
She's not random, okay?
Our parents summer together in Provence.
You wouldn't have even cared
if I died, would you?
Oh, my God. You would be happy.
I would not be happy if you died, okay?
That's why I asked Dara

to go check on you.

Wait. What?

Hey!

Hi. WOW.

You knew Peter wasn't coming
and you didn't tell me?

How could you do that?

Are you Imogene Duncan?

Yeah.

Ralph, are you okay?

What happened?

How do you know this man?

He's my brother.

Keep him off
the street, please.

He almost ended
up in Gitmo.

What is that junk
he just dragged into my party?

That is a man-made replica
of an exoskeleton
that he designed and constructed
by himself.

Which is more than I could
ever say for you!

Okay.

No, don't walk away.

How could you not be
honest with me?

Because if I did that it would be a
full time job, all right, Imogene?

- What is that supposed to mean?

- Imogene, let it go.

I think what Dara means is
sometimes you seem sad.

No, Hannah, that's not what I meant.

You need to be very careful about
who you speak to like that,
because the only reason
why you're here right now,
and know all of these people,
is because of me.

And you're living in a fantasy world
if you think you belong here.

And now she's gonna cry.
Hurry, Imogene. Get in here.
- Get in the shell.
- No, it's okay, Ralph.
You didn't even write your own book.
Like I care what you think?
I don't even know how you got in here.
I came here with Imogene.
Imogene, wait.
Picked that up in Chinatown.
Imogene?
Are you okay?
It's just like...
You spend so long staring at one thing.
And then,
one day everything else comes into view
and there you are. I'm like a big joke.
No, look, hey, they're assholes.
You think I've never
had to deal with people like that?
I was inundated with all that
bullshit my entire time in college.
I couldn't wait to get out.
Well, at least you had somewhere to go.
834 Sutton Place.
New York, New York, 10021.
Dad lives there.
Thanks.
Ah, it's not a problem.
I don't mind the drive.
No. I just mean thank you.
Oh.
Of course.
Good luck.
Hi. We're here
to see Maxwell P. Duncan.
And who should I say you are?
His children.
Just a moment, please.
How did you find
out I was still alive?
Two weeks after you died,
I saw you buying toothpaste at the A&P.
And then, when I turned 21,

I hired a private investigator
with my birthday money.
So you've known all this time?
Yes, sir.
But you didn't try to contact me before.
I was waiting for my
sister to come home.
Well, please come up.
Could you keep an eye
on that for me, please?
Do you think we should hug?
Sure.
- Does your mother know you're here?
- No.
She's mad at you.
She told us, you know, not to come.
Oh, how exquisite.
Is this a Joseph Kato?
Oh, yes, it is.
It's been in my wife's family for years.
Oh, yes, Virginia.
These are my children.
This is Imogene.
A pleasure.
And this...
- This is Ralph.
- Ralph.
- Hello.
- Hello, Ralph.
Did you know that we were alive?
Actually, no.
Okay.
I can get you one of
your own, if you'd like.
Yes, please.
Have you produced any
offspring together?
No. We can't.
I have a condition.
Which one?
Virginia is on
the board of trustees at the Guggenheim.
Oh, the Guggenheim is,
by far, my favorite.

I've seen
the Kandinsky exhibit there three times.
I started reading your book
on agrarian America,
and I had no idea
that the Pilgrims were alcoholics.
Oh, yes. Yes, it's true.
They preferred the taste
of beer to water,
thus contributing to their notorious
legacy of being drunk sodomists.
Do you know who invented pumpkin pie?
Oh, I believe it... It was the Pilgrims.
So sodomists invented pumpkin pie?
Evidently.
But it's got such a nice
image, pumpkin pie.
- Ralph.
- it's delicious.
Why don't you tell us about you?
I'd be happy to.
My name is Ralph Duncan,
I'm an inventor.
My main focus is the science
of physical self-preservation.
- Yes, please.
- Based on the exoskeletons of mollusks.
Imogene, why don't you tell us
something about yourself?
Imogene Duncan doesn't
have anyone to marry.
She doesn't have anywhere
to live right now.
And all of her stuff is gone,
except for this piece of shit.
But she used to be a writer.
And what did she used to write?
She could write the kind of
stuff that could trick people
into thinking she was the real deal.
Until they realized
that I was just an impersonator.
There is a very, very
odd taste to this soup.

And I can't catch it.
Cinnamon?
No. It's an herb.
I'm gonna go lay down for two minutes.
Excuse me.
Turmeric? Turmeric?
It's so sad. How long has she
had her drinking problem?
Like two days.
...36CXY, playing the sexiest
music from the '80s, '90s and today.
Remember this one?
You know, when I first met your mother,
I thought she was
the sexiest thing I'd ever seen.
Oh, she was up on stage,
dancing in her little costume.
Are you saying Mom was a stripper?
Well, back then
they were called Go-Go dancers.
And I had never seen anything like her.
I mean, she was 19, a college dropout.
I had just gotten out of the Army,
and, you know,
when we first got married,
she went and got pregnant
and never even asked me.
I was just beginning to wonder
if I even loved her or not.
I was 21!
Can you even comprehend
how that must have felt?
Were you ever happy with her?
Look, I tried. Okay?
There was simply nothing to be done.
She wanted Ocean City,
and I needed more than that.
Why didn't you just take us with you?
What about when I was traveling?
You would have grown to resent me.
And that wouldn't have
been fair for any of us.
So, you thought it was fair
to just pretend like we didn't exist?

Didn't you love me more that way?
Didn't you miss us?
You were children, I barely knew you.
I mean, it's not like
you were fully-formed people.
I mean, honestly, can you actually say
that you really knew who I was?
You were my father.
I knew that I loved you.
Yeah, well, you must admit,
your mother was pretty...
She has her eccentricities,
but she didn't exactly have it
easy raising Ralph by herself.
Look, I want to say something to you.
Would you look at me?
Obviously I wasn't much of a father.
And I can see how that has done
some collateral damage to you,
as a woman.
So let me help you now.
How much money do you need?
If you can believe it, you actually
remind me a little bit of myself.
So, I guess that me helping you
is like me helping me, right?
Can you just tell me
where your nearest bathroom is?
Yes, it's down the hall.
Second door on your right.
- Excuse me.
- Mmm-hmm.
I've hit this thing
with sticks, rocks.
I've subjected it to wind tests.
Come on, Ralph, let's go.
- We're going home.
- What?
No, I want to do a
demonstration for Dad.
Well, you can show him another time.
Okay?
What? No, I want to do it right now.
You can't do it right now

because we're leaving.
Why are we leaving?
Because it's
time to leave, Ralph.
Doesn't he want to see it?
No.
He doesn't want to see it.
Do you want to talk about it?
Bubba?
Hey. It's just us.
What happened to you?
Dad's a piece of shit.
You saw him?
Wait.
You are a stupid shell!
You are a stupid, stupid shell!
Honey.
- Do you want something to eat?
- No!
Imogene?
Honey.
I get why you did it.
I get why you lied.
Honey. Tell me what happened.
Let's just say it was underwhelming.
As you predicted.
You know, um, there's a saying
in the samurai tradition.
The Bousche taught it to me.
It's something like,
"Sometimes you need to see the snake
"in the bush to know it's really there."
You know, maybe I was wrong.
Maybe you needed to see the snake.
Is that your version of an apology?
Well...
If I say I'm sorry,
then I'm worried that
you'll just get all mad
and yell at me for ruining your life.
And then I'll feel like shit. And I...
I just can't win with you, Imogene.
Well, maybe, just this once,
you can throw caution to the wind

and try saying it anyway,
and see what happens?

Well, okay.

Um...

I guess I'm sorry, you
know, for lying to you.

Even though it was for your own good.

And now you can see I
was right to do it.

- Thank you.

- Okay.

That's my flipper.

Oh, my God. I've been
looking for this forever.

I hope the other one's
still in my trunk.

Hello!

Is anyone home?

Oh, my God. It's George! He's back!

I knew he would come back to me!

Honey?

Oh, my God!

Oh, my God, honey.

I was so worried
that something had happened to you.

Is my sandwich ready?

Of course it is, sweetie.

I'll get it for you.

How's that apple, Lee?

Do you want potato chips?

Are they sour cream and onion?

Oh, my God!

Honey!

Armando.

Don't even think about it.

Don't shoot. We'll
co-operate, all right?

Here.

Don't shoot.

Everyone in there!

You have a gun?

What the
hell are you saying?

Mom?

Come any closer, you die!
No, honey!
How did you find me?
We're being robbed, just
give him your purse.
The briefcase is in the
closet over there.
That's what you want, isn't it?
Who are you, man?
Lady, why don't you go
get me the briefcase.
You're still smarting
over Antwerp, aren't you?
You really think
there's a game to be won here?
Don't try any heroics.
Just let them go and kill me.
They don't know anything.
Oh, you're right.
Except maybe what I look like.
What kind of a gun I have.
Maybe I should give them
my mailing address, too,
so after I kill them,
they can send me a postcard from hell!
What the fuck?
Somebody grab the gun!
Shocking news in Ocean City tonight,
where police arrested
an international assassin
for holding a government
operative and his family at gunpoint.
However, the attack was thwarted
when a family member used a device
known as the Human Shell...
- Yo.
- ...to overcome their captor.
Hey, shut up. Shut up!
Michelle Connors is
live now at the scene.
I know this guy.
Hi, Paul. I'm here with
one of the victims, Ralph Duncan,
who is also the inventor

of the Human Shell.
Oh, shit.
Well, I am the one
who created the Human Shell,
which is the ultimate
protective barrier against bodily harm,
but really it was my sister
who saved our family.
Hey, you guys
want to get a shot of us over here?
Hello. Hey, honey.
So tell us about the shell.
Yes, Michelle, I will
tell you about the shell.
The shell is a creation of mine...
So he took me with him, right?
And they have this machine
where you can win a \$20 gold piece.
And on my third try, it hit.
So there I am, I'm talking about all the
things I'm gonna spend it on.
And my grandpa stops me and he says,
"Oh, no, I can't ever
spend it because..."
Um...
Oh, shit, What did he say?
Mom, come on.
Right, right, right.
He says,
"I can't ever spend it because as
long as I have it in my pocket,
"I will always be a winner."
So I kept it.
You're giving it to me?
We gotta keep it in the family.
Mom.
Life is a brief flickering.
Well, sometimes the
darkness is self-imposed.
And to accuse your daughter of a crime
may indeed be the best way to find her.
There's the poster. Here's everybody.
Everybody getting in their limo.
Rock stars after a great show.

There's the Bousche!

I'm going to have to confiscate this.

That's my phone.

There can be no

physical evidence of my existence.

Look, if you give me your number,

I'll talk to The Times

about doing a feature article.

- Really?

- I'm so sorry.

By the way, this is Whit Stillman,
superb writer and filmmaker.

Delighted to meet you.

I liked the play so much.

I'd love to ask you some
questions about it.

- Do you have any time?

- Imogene!

Hurry up already.

We're paying by the hour here.

Um, you know what?

I'm sorry. I, uh... I have to go.

My family is waiting for me.

I have to go.

Everybody! Three!

Two, one!