

ANTARCTICA

Pilot

written by Robia Rashid

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FADE IN:

OVER BLACK, we hear a YOUNG MAN'S VOICE. There's something a tiny bit off about it. He has a slightly odd cadence, like he doesn't know the natural places to pause.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
I'm a weirdo. That's what everyone says. What's hardest about being me? I guess the loneliness.

ON **SAM WATTS** (18), awkward in his own skin. He sits in a chair with electrodes attached to his head, speaking to SOMEONE OFF CAMERA.

SAM
Sometimes I don't know what other people mean when they say things and that makes me feel alone, even when people are in the room.

CLOSE ON SAM'S HANDS. He's moving a small pencil quickly and rhythmically against a rubber band.

SAM (CONT'D)
And all I can do is sit and twiddle, which is what I call my sensory stimulation, when I shake a pencil and rubber band at a certain frequency and I think about the things I could never do, like research penguins in Antarctica or have a girlfriend. I don't know. I'd like to go to Antarctica. It's quiet there. Except in the rookeries where the penguins breed. Those aren't quiet, no, sir!

A beat. Sam's finished with his answer.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm finished with my answer.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE -- LATER

Sam sits patiently as **JULIA MENTON** (mid-20s), a researcher, removes the electrodes from his head. Julia is all heart and lovely in a stressed, overworked way.

JULIA
Almost done. Thanks again, Sam.

SAM
I can see your bra. It's blue.

Julia straightens up quickly.

JULIA
Oh geez, my bad.

She turns and gets some cash out of an envelope.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Fifty dollars, there you go.

Sam straightens the bills, places them neatly in his wallet.

JULIA (CONT'D)
There was one more thing I wanted to discuss. And I don't need your answer now, but I'm asking all my clients if they'd be willing to donate their brains for research.

SAM
Donate my brain?!

JULIA
After you die.

SAM
(relieved)
Oh.

JULIA
It's just... there's such a shortage of brain matter available and there's no substitute for the real thing. Just think about it.

SAM
Okay.

JULIA
And hey, Sam? What you said earlier, about having a girlfriend... People on the spectrum date, you know. You could try to find someone. If you wanted to.

SAM
How?

JULIA
I don't know... you just have to put yourself out there.

Sam considers this.

INT. BUS -- LATER

Sam's on the bus. He sits very straight, bracing himself against the bumps.

SAM (V.O.)
Busses are okay but I don't like the feeling of the seat on my back so I try to sit like this.

Sam's back is arched as far from the seat as he can get. It looks painful.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't know how people stand it.

We see the other PASSENGERS leaning back against their seats.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Maybe they've developed thicker back skin from riding the bus so much. There's a type of Antarctic cod that has a special protein in its blood that stops it from freezing. Antifreeze in fish!

He laughs aloud at the thought. A WOMAN shoots him a look.

SAM
(explaining)
I was just thinking about Antarctic cod.

The woman turns away. Sam starts to do his pencil/rubber band thing.

CUT TO:

AN IMAGE OF AN ICEBERG. RUGGED, BLUISH, BEAUTIFUL.

SAM (V.O.)
Antarctica is the coldest, driest, most remote continent on the planet.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

INT. SAM'S ROOM -- EVENING

The image is a poster in Sam's bedroom, an impeccably neat SHRINE TO ANTARCTICA. Framed prints of ice caves, penguins, maps, etc. There is evidence of a few other obsessive interests: framed baseball cards, a scale model of Mt. Fuji, etc. On the desk is a TURTLE in a terrarium. Sam enters.

SAM (V.O.)
And even though it has ninety percent of the world's ice, it's considered a desert because the annual rainfall is only about eight inches.

He opens his closet, revealing neatly-ordered rows of extremely similar button-downs.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You wouldn't think it was a desert when you looked at it.

He hangs up his coat.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's why I like it.

He closes the closet door and TAPS IT FOUR TIMES, QUICKLY.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Sam! Dinner!

SAM (V.O.)
It's not what it looks like.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Sam's at the dinner table with his family:

His mom, **ELSA WATTS** (43), perky and upbeat, never met a negative emotion she couldn't cover with a smile. Yet, underneath her sunny disposition and impeccable sweater set is a deep sadness that seems to follow her like a cloud.

His dad, **DOUG WATTS** (45), good-natured and straightforward, an ex-hockey player. A big, sturdy guy with a natural ease about him, he couldn't be more different than Sam.

And his sister, **CASEY WATTS** (16), scrappy, fueled by teenage-girl-anger. She's an athlete, but not the scrubbed and shiny kind. This one has a strong sense of justice and doesn't take anyone's shit.

It's a raucous family dinner, but Sam sits quietly. Elsa, as usual, is mid-story.

ELSA
-- With no raisins in them! Can you believe? I said, well, let's just change the sign to just plain "Oatmeal Cookies" and you know what? It had never occurred to her! I mean!

CASEY
(sarcastic)
Wow. Great story, mom.

DOUG
(sweetly)
Don't be a dick, honey.

Elsa turns to Sam.

ELSA
So, Sam, how was your session with Julia today?

SAM
She wants me to donate my brain. Don't worry, it's after I die.

DOUG
Like for research? Huh. That could
be kind of cool--

ELSA
Absolutely not!

CASEY
And the queen has spoken.

ELSA
Well, it's gross, Casey. I can't
believe your dad would think that
was appropriate. I mean, ech!
(to Sam)
Tell Julia thank you, but no.

SAM
Okay.

CASEY
You are so easy to boss around.

SAM
I don't care what happens to my dead
brain. It's either give it to Julia
or maggots eat it. If mom wants
maggots to eat it, that's fine.

ELSA
That is not what I'm saying.

CASEY
(amused)
Kinda is.

SAM
I don't care. I'll be dead.

ELSA
Can we stop talking about you being
dead?! You're not going anywhere!

DOUG
Great chicken, honey.

ELSA
Thank you. It's from Ralph's.
(then, brightly)
Well, I had a doozy of a day! There
was a customer in the store, heavy
girl, I mean, wowza, she was big,
barely anything we had fit her, but
I found one pair of pants, our green
stretch Magda --

SAM
 (interrupting)
 Julia thinks I should put myself out there and find someone to have sex with. Well, she didn't say the sex part, I added that.

Casey bursts out laughing. Doug tries to hide a smile.

ELSA
 (annoyed)
 Well, Julia was just full of ideas today.

SAM
 (clueless)
 Can someone pass the potatoes?

Doug passes Sam the potatoes.

EXT. ARTHUR ASHE HIGH SCHOOL -- THE NEXT DAY

A sprawling brick public high school. A little worse for the wear. A few KIDS smoke cigarettes by a large tree. In front, a marquee sign reads: "SENIORS: DON'T FORGET TO ORDER YOUR CAPS AND GOWNS BY THE END OF THE MONTH."

INT. ARTHUR ASHE HIGH HALLWAY -- DAY

It's a hectic public high school. Students chat, make out, hustle to class. Teachers try to wrangle them. It's loud. Frenetic. Busy. Suddenly, the sound goes MUFFLED AND WE:

FIND SAM, MAKING HIS WAY DOWN THE HALL, HIS HANDS CLAMPED OVER HIS EARS.

SAM (V.O.)
 Things were easier when I was a kid.

He steps gingerly, dodging students and teachers, careful not to touch anything.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 People were nice and the teachers let me read in the library during recess. But high school is more confusing.

He spots a GROUP OF CUTE GIRLS clustered near a locker.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Like girls. I think every girl is pretty in her own way. Like a snowflake in a seasonal Antarctic storm.

It looks like ONE OF THE GIRLS is going to say hi to him. Sam brightens. But then... she ignores Sam and waves to a guy nearby. Sam deflates.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But most girls don't think about me at all.

Sam walks on, invisible to the others.

INT. TECH WORLD -- AFTERNOON

A sprawling appliance store. It's a bustling, Best Buy type of place. Sam, wearing a name tag, is at the TECH DESK fixing a laptop. His coworker, ZAHID (22), Indian-American, approaches. He leans against the desk.

ZAHID
Banged a fat chick I met online last night. We did it for like ten minutes and then ate a whole gallon of ice cream in bed. It was awesome.

SAM
Why online?

ZAHID
Cuz that's where the sluttiest girls are.

SAM
What kind of ice cream?

ZAHID
Mint chip.

SAM
(grossed out)
Ech.

Sam notices a COUPLE shopping for iPhone covers. They're laughing and goofing around. He can't help but watch them.

SAM (CONT'D)
Zahid? Do you like... dating girls?

Zahid looks at him like he's nuts for a beat, then:

ZAHID
Yeah, dude. I like dating girls.

On Sam, considering this.

INT. WATTS HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Elsa's opening mail.

ELSA

Ooh, twenty percent off at Anne Taylor Loft!

She rips open another envelope, is taken aback by the letter inside. Sam enters.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Look at this! It's your cap and gown order form! Can you believe they sent this already? It's the beginning of the year, you're not graduating for ages!

SAM

Well, geologically speaking, an age is millions of years and I have two-hundred-twenty-four-and-a-third calendar days left of school. That's much less than an age. Snack?

She hands him one and he exits. Elsa stays where she is, unable to keep her eyes off the form.

INT. SAM'S ROOM -- LATER

Sam sits at his laptop. We see he's on a dating website. The site prompts him to upload a profile picture. He quickly snaps a photo of himself with the camera on his computer.

WE SEE THE PHOTO: it's an odd angle -- too close up -- too much nostril -- it looks very strange.

He doesn't seem to mind. Posts it. Casey walks by.

CASEY

What are you doing?

SAM

Going online to find a girl to date.

CASEY

Need some help?

She plops down on the bed, grabs his lap top. Then, noticing the picture he just posted--

CASEY (CONT'D)

Ah! Jesus Christ, Sam, what's with the picture?

SAM

What's wrong with it? I took it myself. Is it too blurry?

CASEY

It's too scary. Delete.

She deletes it and takes out her phone.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Okay, smile.

Sam smiles really big and strange.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Ah. Never mind. Don't smile.

He drops the smile. She takes a picture.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Good enough. Okay, your profile.
Finish this sentence:
(reading)
"I spend a lot of time thinking
about..."

SAM
Easy, penguins, and especially I'll
say chinstrap penguins, they're my
favorite bird. But all four species
of Antarctic penguins are good. Did
you know that early explorers thought
they were fish and classified them
that way? Not birds, fish!

A beat as Casey studies him. Then types:

CASEY
"Sports."
(then)
It's all about getting you in the
door, weirdo.

Elsa, carrying laundry, enters and hands Sam some clothes.

ELSA
Here's your whites. Look at these
socks. I remember when your tiny
little socks were only this big!
(then)
What are you two up to?

SAM
Casey's helping me sign up for online
dating but she hates all my ideas
and so she's lying.

ELSA
(thrown)
You're awfully young for that! And
do you really think you're ready to
date, Sam? I mean, you're going
through a whole lot of changes, with
graduation and --

CASEY

Bye, mom.

Elsa starts to say something, then decides against it. She exits. Meanwhile, Sam has picked up EDISON, HIS TURTLE.

SAM

Do you think we should take another picture with Edison? I read online girls like animals. Maybe like this?

He props Edison on his shoulder. Beat.

CASEY

This might go quicker if you leave.

INT. GARAGE -- A LITTLE LATER

Elsa is bustling around, reorganizing. Doug enters.

DOUG

Reorganizing the garage?

ELSA

(upbeat)
Uh huh!

DOUG

You okay?

ELSA

Apparently Sam is going to start dating! So that's wonderful! Dating. Graduating. Our boy is growing up.

He notices something in her hand.

DOUG

What are those?

ELSA

Oh... These are the cards I used to teach Sam emotions when he was a little boy. Remember?

(holds up a card)
"If someone's making this face, they might be sad. So you should try to be kind to them." Basic stuff. I think they really helped.

Doug is holding "surprised."

DOUG

This is the exact face he made when I surprised him with Mets tickets.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- FLASHBACK -- DAY

Sam makes the "surprised" face -- mouth open, eyes wide.
Then, dropping the face:

SAM
I don't want to go.

BACK TO:

INT. GARAGE -- NIGHT

As they were.

ELSA
And then he finally went with you
and ended up crouched on the floor
of the mens room with a sweatshirt
over his head.

DOUG
I know. I felt terrible. I just
wanted us to have one thing in common.
I used to go to games with my dad.

Doug shakes off what's clearly a tough subject for him.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Well, I think it's great that Sam
wants to date. I mean, you and I
weren't much older than him when we
met and that was fun. You were a
wild chick, honey.

Elsa finally stops bustling around and turns.

ELSA
Sam's not like us, Doug.

DOUG
Well, yeah, but he --

ELSA
Do you know that every time the phone
rings I jump? Every time. I think
he crossed the street with his eyes
closed again or he had a freak out
in a store or hit a police officer.
Every time the phone rings.

Doug takes her hand.

DOUG
It's hard, I know, but maybe now's
our time to take a step back.
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

We've spent the last eighteen years entirely focused on the kids, mostly Sam. Maybe now we can spend a little time just the two of us. Go on a date. Get back to who we were before...

(re: emotion cards)

...All of this. Don't you think we deserve that?

A beat then:

ELSA

Here's the extra Christmas lights!
Why in the world are they marked
"BOOKS"?!

She bustles off, leaving the STACK OF EMOTION CARDS on a shelf. ON THE PILE OF CARDS. The top one is "SCARED." Which, clearly, Elsa is. Doug watches her go, disappointed.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM -- THE NEXT DAY

Julia lectures to a hall full of undergrads.

JULIA

Study of brain tissue has allowed for key discoveries in how the disorder affects development, but due to a shortage of affected brains -- don't even get me started on the bozos at Columbia who let an entire freezer of autistic brains thaw --

Her class laughs. She's a charming oddball.

JULIA (CONT'D)

-- Research has been significantly...

Julia stops, notices something. REVEAL Elsa in the doorway. Julia tilts her head, curious.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE -- LATER

Elsa and Julia enter.

JULIA

Please, sit. Is everything okay with Sam?

ELSA

Yes, everything's fine, I just... Sam said you spoke to him about dating.

JULIA

Oh. Well, he mentioned wanting a girlfriend and I thought --

ELSA

I appreciate you trying to help. And he seems to enjoy his sessions with you. But here's what else I know. All the things that make my son's everyday life difficult - reading social cues, understanding other perspectives, exchanging small talk, all the things I've tried to help him navigate his entire life - are magnified in dating. Dating is nearly entirely non-verbal communication. And Sam is the most literal person I have ever met.

JULIA

There are strategies I could --

ELSA

Are there strategies? Are there strategies for not getting your heart broken? For knowing what people mean when they don't say it? For speaking an emotional language you don't understand? Falling in love is a huge risk! Doesn't Sam have enough to contend with?!

Elsa's clearly bringing her own baggage into this. She tries to pull it together.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Sam's about to graduate, that alone is a huge hurdle. Relationships are hard enough for neuro-typicals. I don't want to put that kind of pressure on my son.

Julia debates her response in her head, then goes for it.

JULIA

There was a study done in Toronto a few years ago. Over fifty percent of people in their thirties reported being married. On the autistic spectrum, do you know what the percentage was? Nine. Not because they lack the desire but because they don't know how to do it. Your son has the same desire to be loved that we all do. Why shouldn't he pursue it?

This lands with Elsa. A beat. She stands.

ELSA
Thank you for seeing me.

She heads out.

INT. ELSA'S CAR -- LATER

Elsa sits in her car, staring out at the parking lot. And then, SHE STARTS TO CRY.

SAM (V.O.)
When I'm trying to learn something new...

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Sam walks down the street. He sees an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. He immediately stares down at his feet. He walks past her with his head way down, chin almost on his chest.

SAM (V.O.)
Like how to write a new kind of computer code or how to date girls...

INT. SAM'S ROOM -- DAY

Sam's on his computer.

SAM (V.O.)
I do a lot of research. I like research.

REVEAL he's on a website called "HOW TO TALK TO HO'S."

SMOOTH GUY (V.O.)
"Insult 'em. Like, 'Baby, those are some serious bug eyes you got.' Trust me, brother: quickest way to get a chick on your dick."

Sam takes notes in his notebook. CLOSE on the notebook. He has written: INSULTS = CHICK ON DICK.

EXT. ARTHUR ASHE HIGH -- DAY

Sam sits at a picnic table, eating his lunch. Nearby a group of PREPPY RICH WANNA-BE SKATEBOARD PUNKS stand and talk.

SAM (V.O.)
I try to examine as many sources as possible.

SKATEBOARDER
If it's not going well with Becca tomorrow night, I'll just introduce
(MORE)

SKATEBOARDER (CONT'D)
her to my two bros: Beauty and the
Beast.

He flexes his biceps one at a time. Sam makes a note.

EXT. FRONT STEPS -- EVENING

Casey has just come back from a run. She's sitting on the steps drinking water. Sam's beside her with his notebook.

SAM (V.O.)
And I ask questions.

CASEY
Listen to what they say. Don't bring
up seals or penguins or whatever.
Don't stare at their boobs.

SAM
Can you slow down? I'm still at the
'no penguins' part. What if she
likes penguins?

CASEY
Assume she doesn't.

He writes something in his notebook.

INT. TECH WORLD -- DAY

Sam and Zahid are at work.

SAM (V.O.)
The trick is knowing when to put my
research to use. I'm not great at
picking up signals.

Nearby, a CUTE REDHEAD makes eye contact and smiles at him. Sam is oblivious. Zahid elbows him.

ZAHID
Yo, Sammy, Red over there's makin'
eyes.

SAM
What?

ZAHID
(nodding at her)
That chick. Tight C-cup in aisle 4.

SAM
What about her?

ZAHID
Dude, she's smiling right at you.

SAM
Oh. So?

ZAHID
So she likes you.

SAM
She does?

Zahid nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
(slow smile)
Oh. Cool.

He looks up and grins.

CUTE GIRL'S POV: Sam is smiling very, very hard. It's a huge, creepy smile. And he makes unwavering eye contact. Even when she looks away, he continues to stare. It's really very scary.

BACK TO SAM. The terrified girl hurries out.

ZAHID
Wow. You scared her away from across the store. Impressive, dude.

Sam watches her go, truly puzzled as to what he did wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR ASHE HIGH HALLWAY -- THE NEXT DAY

A rowdy CROWD of students stand around a locker. Big red letters on the front read: ORCA. A JANITOR is in the process of removing and replacing the locker door. Nearby, a CHUBBY GIRL stands mortified - this is clearly her locker.

Casey looks on, outraged at the injustice of it all. She hears a HIGH-PITCHED GIGGLE and turns to see TWO MEAN GIRLS taking in the scene with barely contained glee. It's clear who masterminded this thing.

MEAN GIRL
Gosh, I hope the new locker doesn't get vandalized, too. This is so going on instagram!

She takes a photo with her phone as several KIDS laugh. ON CASEY, her face blank. And then... SHE RUSHES THE MEAN GIRL AND PUNCHES HER IN THE FACE.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Casey, hair and clothes askew, talks to an angry Elsa.

ELSA
I don't get it! You're not even
friends with Beth Chapin!

CASEY
So?! You don't have to be friends
with someone to do what's right!

Behind them, Sam sets the table for dinner. He uses OCD
precision getting everything in exactly the right places.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Of course you don't understand. When
you were in high school, you were
the one picking on the fat kids.

ELSA
That's not true! I had a pudgy
friend! Well, until she got super
anorexic in tenth grade. Anyway,
Vivian Bennet is a lovely girl and
she did not deserve to get punched.

CASEY
Vivian Bennet is a cunt.

ELSA
CASEY!!!

On Sam, setting the table.

SAM (V.O.)
Cunt. Cunt. Cunt cunt cunt.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sam speaks to Julia, who is OFF CAMERA.

SAM
Sometimes a word or a phrase gets
stuck in my head. Like on a loop.
And it just plays. Over and over.

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING

Sam's setting the table.

SAM (V.O.)
Cunt. Cunt. Cuuuuuuuuuuunt.

BACK TO Elsa and Casey.

CASEY
I don't want to talk about this
anymore, okay?!

ELSA
Well, I'm not super duper interested
in what you want right now!

Doug enters, having clearly heard the story.

DOUG
Suspended?!

CASEY
(to Elsa)
Well, you didn't waste any time.

DOUG
You're going to miss the track meet!
You're letting down your whole team,
not to mention seriously jeopardizing
your chance of getting a scholarship.

ELSA
She also punched a pretty girl in
the face!

CASEY
Why does it matter that she's pretty?!

SAM (V.O.)
Cuntcuntcuntcuntcunt.

ELSA
Well, it goes without saying, you're
grounded. For... ever.

CASEY
(sarcastic)
That seems fair. I'm going for a
run. Am I allowed to run when I'm
grounded, warden?

ELSA
(to Doug)
You deal with her.

DOUG
Go ahead.

Casey stomps out. Doug turns to Elsa.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You okay?

ELSA
I'm fine. Totally fine.

On Elsa... clearly not fine.

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

Casey runs. A beat, then she YELLS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS.

EXT. WATTS HOUSE -- A LITTLE LATER

Casey returns from a run to find **BETH CHAPIN** (16), the chubby girl from school, and her brother, **EVAN CHAPIN** (18), handsome but rough around the edges.

BETH

Hey, Casey. I brought you a chocolate cake. I make amazing cakes.

(re: her weight)

You can probably tell.

(smiles, then)

This is my brother, Evan. He drove me here.

CASEY

Oh. Thanks for the cake.

BETH

Thank you for... today.

Just then, Sam steps out onto the porch.

SAM

CUNT!!!

CASEY

Sam!

EVAN

Jesus.

BETH

(always nice)

Um... hello.

Evan takes a step toward Sam.

EVAN

What the fuck is wrong with him?

CASEY

(immediately defensive)

Nothing's wrong with him. Get away from him.

She steps between them. She and Evan make eye contact. It's a stand-off. Then... he smiles. He finds her tough-guy act adorable.

EVAN
 (holds up hands)
 It's cool.

Casey stomps inside, dragging Sam with her.

BETH
 You forgot your chocolate cake!

But they're gone. Beth sets the cake pan on the porch.

BETH (CONT'D)
 I'll just leave it on the porch...

INT. FOYER -- MOMENTS LATER

Sam and Casey step in and she SMACKS HIM IN THE HEAD.

CASEY
 You're such an asshole!

But Sam can't help but smile.

SAM (V.O.)
 My sister doesn't let anyone beat me
 up...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SAM'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Sam closes the closet door and TAPS IT FOUR TIMES as Casey
 RUNS UP AND PUNCHES HIM IN THE SHOULDER FOUR TIMES.

SAM
 Ow!

CASEY
 Gotta do it four times!

BACK TO:

INT. FOYER -- BACK TO SCENE

SAM (V.O.)
 Except herself.

Sam follows Casey into the house.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Elsa's cleaning up the kitchen when she notices the cap and
 gown form magnetized to the fridge. She takes a beat, stares
 at it, then pulls herself away. She spots the CAKE Beth
 brought over. She grabs a spatula and attempts to lift it
 onto her CAKE PLATE but it's tricky to remove and she ends
 up smearing the frosting a tiny bit.

ELSA

Oops.

She tries to smooth it over. It only makes it worse.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Darn.

She tries smoothing it over again but the cake tears. She's getting increasingly agitated as she jams the spatula in --

ELSA (CONT'D)

Come ON!!

Finally she THROWS THE SPATULA DOWN WITH A YELL AND GRABS THE CAKE IN HER HANDS, TEARING IT TO CHUNKS, AND PLOPPING THEM ON THE CAKE PLATE just as:

Sam enters, taking in the scene.

SAM

What are you doing?

ELSA

(calm as can be)

Just putting the cake away, sweetie!

She delicately covers the RUINED HEAP OF CAKE.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE -- ANOTHER DAY

Sam sits with Julia.

JULIA

So, how was your week?

SAM

Well, I still don't have a date and I scared a girl off from across the room the other day and we had meatloaf twice and I hate meatloaf.

JULIA

How?

SAM

My mom just made it in the oven.

JULIA

I mean, how'd you scare her away?

SAM

I don't know.

JULIA

Pretend I'm her. What'd you do?

SAM

I just smiled at her. Like this.

Sam replicates the too-big, creepy stare from earlier. It's just as bad this time around.

JULIA

I see the problem.

She sits back down.

SAM

I read about it online! "Making eye contact and smiling" is step one for flirting! That's what I did! Look.

He opens his notebook. Thrusts it at her.

JULIA

(reading)

"Insults equal chick on dick?"

SAM

Not that part, the eye contact part.

JULIA

Okay, but we should get to that at some point. Anyway, the problem is you're crossing the line from flirty to creepy. When you make eye contact, you have to look away a little bit.

SAM

How can I make eye contact and look away? I'm not a mantis shrimp!

JULIA

(demonstrating)

Make eye contact, glance away, make eye contact again. Otherwise, it can seem scary.

SAM

Hang on, let me write that down.

He does.

JULIA

Now, the smile. You need to turn that down like seventy-percent.

SAM

Seventy-percent smaller?

JULIA

At least.

Sam makes his creepy, huge smile, then dials it back slightly.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Try no teeth.

He does.

JULIA (CONT'D)
That's the one. That's perfect.

SAM
(through his new smile)
How will I remember what it should
look like?

JULIA
Give me your phone.

He does. She snaps a picture of it.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Use this as a reference.

Sam looks at the picture.

SAM
You didn't center it properly. Want
to take another one?

INT. RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Doug and Elsa sip drinks in a romantic bistro.

DOUG
Look at us. Our first date night in
years. Here's a tip, if you get me
drunk enough, I may put out.

ELSA
Honey, I know you better than that.
One more and you'll be asleep in
front of ESPN before I brush my teeth.

DOUG
You're right. But there's nothing
that can be done about it now.

They laugh, it's a sweet moment between them.

ELSA
You know, there's a tiny, miniscule
chance you were right: a night out
was a good idea. I'm even wearing a --
(whispers)
Thong!
(regular voice)
Super uncomfortable.

DOUG
See, I missed this.

ELSA

Me too. It's just hard for me to relax sometimes, I get so worried about the kids.

DOUG

Don't worry about the kids. The kids are great.

And suddenly, the light mood has evaporated.

ELSA

The kids are "great"?

DOUG

Oh come on, don't do this.

ELSA

I'm not doing anything. I just want to hear why you think the kids are so great.

DOUG

Why are you getting upset?

ELSA

Because the implication is that I worry over nothing.

DOUG

Well, sometimes you do! So Sam wants to date. Who cares? He's eighteen! It'd be weird if he didn't want to.

ELSA

Because it's not just dating. It's everything. First dating. Then graduating. Then he's moving out into the world and we can't protect him. It's terrifying!

DOUG

But that's what we want for him!

ELSA

But what if he fails?

DOUG

Well, that's just the wrong attitude--

ELSA

It's not "wrong," it's how I feel. I'm the one who's been in the trenches with him for eighteen years. You've never been close to Sam. Honestly, sometimes I think you don't like him very much.

She's hit a nerve. A tense beat, then:

DOUG

I love our son. I always have. Has it been hard to connect with him, yes. I thought he'd be like me. Or like you. But he's not like either of us or anyone I've ever met.

ELSA

(softening)

I know --

DOUG

Do you remember his ninth birthday? All he wanted was an igloo. A goddamn igloo. And you remember what I did?

ELSA

You built it.

DOUG

I spent nineteen hours hauling and stacking fucking ice blocks in the backyard. That's how bad I want my kid to like me. To notice I'm there. And then he wouldn't go in, not even step inside, because the blocks weren't lined up precisely.

ELSA

I just meant --

DOUG

You're not the only one in the family with an autistic kid, Elsa.

A waitress comes by.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

A beat, then:

ELSA

No, I think we're done.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

The TV's on. Casey's eating mac-n-cheese on the couch. Sam's on his laptop. There's a knock at the door.

CASEY

Not it.

Sam, completely oblivious, doesn't move. Casey sighs, annoyed, then heads to the door. On her way out, she purposely BUMPS INTO SAM, hard, jostling his computer.

SAM

Hey!

EXT. WATTS HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Casey opens the door to find Evan, Beth Chapin's brother.

EVAN

Hi. I just came to get Beth's cake pan back.

CASEY

Okay. I could've brought it to school.

As she walks off:

CASEY (CONT'D)

(sotto)
Weird.

Evan smiles. He shifts from foot to foot, then pokes his head in, trying to get a peek when CASEY RETURNS. She thrusts the cake pan at him.

CASEY (CONT'D)

There you go. It's been washed twice. Once by me and then once by my mom because that's how she is.

EVAN

Thanks.
(he doesn't move)
That was nice of you to punch that girl in the face for my sister.

CASEY

Uh... You're welcome.

She starts to go back inside.

EVAN

Do you want to go out some time?

Casey stops, a little thrown.

CASEY

Go out? With you?

EVAN

That's what I was thinking, yeah.

CASEY

Sorry, I don't really date. It's a distraction I don't need. I'm going to get a track scholarship and get the hell out of this town.

EVAN

Fair enough. I'll probably change your mind about dating, though.

Sam rushes out, holding his laptop.

SAM

Stop the presses!! A girl wants to go out with me!!

(then, noticing Evan)

Oh. Hello.

He turns around coolly, but before he gets inside, he can't help himself and does a LITTLE HAPPY DANCE.

CASEY

I gotta go.

She follows Sam inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Sam is on the couch, but he's so excited he can't sit still. He's practically bouncing up and down.

SAM

Her name is "Bree," B-R-E-E, and she likes something called vegan taquitos and she has a cat named Simba. I don't love cats, do you think she'd get rid of it?

CASEY

Do not ask her that.

(then)

So where are you going to go?

SAM

I'm going to tell her to come here. Mom can make us spaghetti and meatballs and garlic bread!

CASEY

No. Absolutely not.

SAM

No spaghetti?

CASEY

No date at this house.

SAM

Why not?

CASEY

Cuz that's super weird. You have to go out somewhere.

SAM
How about Tech World?

CASEY
You want to bring your date to an
appliance store?

SAM
I have to go where I'm comfortable!
It'll be fun. We can sample different
TVs and see which one has the best
clarity. I already know but we'll
see if she gets it right.

ON THE LAPTOP: A new message from Bree pops up.

CASEY
She wants to go bowling.

SAM
Bowling?! What kind of person goes
bowling?!

Sam takes the pencil and rubber band out of his pocket and
starts to do his sensory stimulation.

CASEY
Hey, relax. It'll be okay.

SAM
No, it won't!

CASEY
(realizing)
No, it wont.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sam is being interviewed.

SAM
Being in a loud, unfamiliar place
can be hard for me. I can't think.
I can't listen. Sometimes I have to
yell to hear myself over the noise,
like: "LALALALA!" Which makes people
uncomfortable. But don't worry, I
have a strategy.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

A fun bowling alley, complete with a low-key eating area
near the bar. Sam sits at a table across from his date,
BREE (18). He's wearing NOISE CANCELING HEADPHONES. He
talks very loudly to hear himself through the headphones.

SAM
 Floor here's kind of sticky. Did you know some frogs have pads on their feet that secrete a thin layer of mucus to help them stick to things?

A beat, then:

BREE
 Why the hell are you wearing headphones?

SAM
 Oh, I only turned on the noise cancellation feature. Need a little bit of protection from the racket.

He forces a grin. Then, remembering, turns it down about seventy percent. An awkward beat.

UNDER THE TABLE -- Sam glances at his notebook in his lap.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Baby, those are some serious bug eyes you got.

BREE
 Are you serious? Is that a joke?

She seems angry. Sam's flustered. He awkwardly flexes his muscles, one at a time.

SAM
 Beauty. Beast.

BREE
 What are you doing?

Sam's really thrown off. None of this is working at all.

SAM
 I don't like cats! Would you be willing to get rid of Simba?

Bree looks at him like he's crazy.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sam sits with Julia.

JULIA
 So the date with Bree didn't go well.

SAM
 No. And I had one more date after that. A girl from a different school who my sister knows from track.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
 This time Casey let me invite her to
 our house.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. WATTS HOUSE -- EVENING

Sam sits on the couch with a HIPPIY-LOOKING GIRL.

SAM
 ... And then Roald Amundsen, the
 first man to reach the South Pole,
 shot some of his dogs to feed to the
 other dogs! He made them cannibalize
 each other!

A beat.

HIPPY LOOKING GIRL
 What does that have to do with me
 being a vegetarian?

SAM
 (duh)
 Dogs are meat.

BACK TO:

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE -- DAY

SAM
 I think some people aren't meant to
 date and I think I'm one of those
 some people. It's too hard. You
 have to guess what people are
 thinking. And not just people.
Girls! If you ask me, that's just
 impossible.

Julia can't disagree with him.

EXT. STREET / DANCE STUDIO -- DAY

Doug walks down the street, passing a dance studio. He
 watches a class through the window for a minute.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Thinking of jumping in?

He turns to see CHLOE, 25, gorgeous, a dancer.

DOUG
 Oh, no. I'm not much of a dancer.

CHLOE
Well, there's only one way to get better.

DOUG
I wouldn't want to scare anyone.

She laughs, then grabs a SCHEDULE from a box on the door.

CHLOE
Take a schedule. Just in case.
(re: schedule)
That's me. I'm an instructor.

DOUG
Thanks...
(reading)
Chloe.

She smiles at him. Doug smiles back then walks on.

INT. TECH WORLD -- DAY

Sam's behind the Tech Desk. Zahid, in a shiny button-down shirt, comes over.

ZAHID
You think this shirt's too shiny?
Trick question. No such thing. So,
how's it going with the ladies?

SAM
I'm not dating anymore. Girls think
I'm weird.

ZAHID
You are weird. So what? I got a
cousin who drank his own pee to see
how it would taste. Dude's got a
smoking hot wife. Hey, look...

He gestures across the store to the CUTE REDHEAD from earlier.

ZAHID (CONT'D)
Red's back. Ask her out. Go go go.

On Sam, deciding.

INT. TECH WORLD -- MOMENTS LATER

"Red," AKA RILEY (19), browses printers. Sam approaches.

SAM
Laser or inkjet?

RILEY
What? Oh, I don't know. I don't
really know anything about this.

SAM
(horrified)
Didn't you do any research?

RILEY
Um... no. I guess I should have.

But for once in his life, Sam is actually smooth.

SAM
Well, lucky for you, I love research.
And I know all about these printers.
You should get--
(indicates a printer)
This one. All the others are garbage
and should be set on fire.

She laughs.

RILEY
Wow, thanks. You're really helpful.

Sam just stands there, smiling.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Uh, was there something else?

SAM
Um...

He glances over to see ZAHID, who WAVES, then MIMES HAVING SEX. Sam quickly turns away.

SAM (CONT'D)
(in a rush)
Would you like to go on a date with
me, that's why I came over here in
the first place, not to help you
with printers?

On Riley: puzzled, amused, deciding.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TECH WORLD PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Zahid is smoking a cigarette. Nearby Sam, full of joy, spins around in circles with his arms outstretched. He looks like Julie Andrews in that field. He looks ridiculous. Zahid just watches. A CUSTOMER walks by.

ZAHID
He got a date.

The customer nods and continues on.

INT. DOUG AND ELSA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Doug finishes throwing gym clothes into a duffel bag.

ELSA
Going to hockey?

DOUG
Yeah. I shouldn't be too late.

ELSA
Hon, I'm sorry about dinner the other night. I think I'm just having a hard time with all this change. Sam's graduation. Dating. I'm just... scared.

DOUG
I know. And hey, I got you something.

He picks up his jacket and takes something out of the pocket. Hands it to her. It's the dance studio schedule.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You used to love to dance. You should check it out. Have some fun. Maybe make a friend.

Elsa's touched.

ELSA
Thank you.
(then)
Sheesh, I don't even know if I'll be able to dance anymore!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DANCE STUDIO -- EVENING

ON ELSA, DANCING HER BRAINS OUT. It's a fun, high-energy class and Elsa's thrilled and giving it her all.

INT. DANCE STUDIO -- A LITTLE LATER

Class has just ended. A sweaty, happy Elsa approaches Chloe.

ELSA
That was so fun. Thank you.

CHLOE
You're welcome. Great job. You're a dancer, huh?

ELSA
Oh, no. I mean, a long time ago.
(MORE)

ELSA (CONT'D)

(unable to resist)

I was captain of the dance squad in college, we ranked nationally three times, almost four, we were robbed, but its been forever.

CHLOE

Well, nice to meet you. I'm Chloe. Hey, a few of us are gonna go grab a drink. You wanna come?

ELSA

Why not? My husband told me to make a friend.

INT. BAR VITA -- LATER

Elsa sits with Chloe and a couple other girls in a funky bar. The bartender, NICK (mid-20s), a handsome free-spirit, approaches. He gestures to Elsa's empty drink.

NICK

Can I get you another one?

ELSA

No, unfortunately I think I've escaped my real life for long enough.

(then)

I'm sorry! I have no idea why I just said that. I love my life. Love. Love love.

He smiles at her, then:

NICK

I'm getting you that drink.

He walks off and Elsa watches him.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

It's a cozy, casual Italian place. Sam and Riley sit at a table by the window. It's quiet, then:

SAM

You're very pretty.

RILEY

Thanks. I always thought my nose was too big.

SAM

A little but the rest of your face makes up for it.

A beat. *Is this guy serious?* Then... she laughs.

RILEY
Wow, you're really honest, huh?

SAM
Yes. Is that bad?

RILEY
No, it's refreshing. Tell me more.

SAM
Okay. I'm really good at fixing computers and programming code. Most women hate my guts after the first date. I love penguins but I'm not supposed to talk about it. I've never had sex before. And I have a turtle named Edison who's named after Thomas Edison but he's not as smart.

She laughs again. Sam relaxes.

RILEY
You're hilarious.

SAM
Thank you.

RILEY
You've never had sex?

SAM
No.

RILEY
Want to?

On Sam, shocked.

EXT. HOUSE -- EVENING

Casey's coming home from a run. Evan jogs toward her from the other direction.

CASEY
Hey, what are you doing here?

EVAN
I wanted to see if you changed your mind yet. Brought you this.

He offers her a Snickers bar. Casey studies him.

CASEY
What's up? Why are you doing this?

EVAN
(shrugs)
I like you.

CASEY

Why?

EVAN

Cuz most people don't stand up to
assholes. You do.

Beat. Casey looks at him, then she smiles and grabs the
Snickers. They sit on the steps. As they continue to talk:

SAM (V.O.)

I think if it were really, really
cold, like Antarctica cold, the
coldness would feel like a sound.

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM -- NIGHT

It's a small, girly dorm room. Sam sits stiffly on the bed,
waiting. He's very, very nervous.

SAM (V.O.)

The cold would be so intense you
could hear it. I would like to hear
that sound.

Riley comes out of the bathroom. She smiles, then takes off
her shirt. Sam's eyes go wide.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because the cold in Antarctica isn't
anything we can imagine.

Riley walks over and sits down on the bed next to him.

SAM

I've never been in a dorm before.
This isn't how I thought it'd smell.

She puts her hand on his leg. Sam looks very uncomfortable.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE -- DAY

SAM

Sometimes being touched makes me...
jumpy. It has to be a hard touch.
Like pressure. I like pressure. I
don't like soft. Is it okay to say
that on the first date?

BACK TO:

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM -- NIGHT

Riley gently rubs Sam's leg. He looks extremely
uncomfortable. She moves up to his chest. He looks like he
might run. Then she touches his face. Without warning, SAM
REFLEXIVELY SHOVS HER, PUSHING HER OFF THE BED.

RILEY
Ah! What the hell?!

SAM
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

She stands up, furious.

RILEY
What is wrong with you???

SAM
I'm sorry.

RILEY
Seriously. Are you retarded? Is there something wrong with your brain? Get the fuck out of my room.

Sam is utterly humiliated. He exits.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Sam walks on the street, devastated.

SAM (V.O.)
Sometimes when I feel the most alone,
I imagine myself in that ice, frozen,
unable to move, but safe.

A car HONKS. Sam rushes out of the way.

INT. BAR VITA -- NIGHT

Elsa sips her drink and chats with Nick. They've been talking for awhile and have a good rapport.

NICK
Then there was Mel, she was probably
my longest relationship, like a month.

ELSA
(teasing)
Ooh, a month!

NICK
(smiles)
Stop it. Why am I telling you this?
Let's talk about something else.

ELSA
No, I'm sorry, keep going. What
happened with Mel?

NICK
I don't know I just... I like what I
do, you know?

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

I don't mean work, necessarily, just my life. I wake up when I want. I go where I want. I do what I want. Last week I wanted to drive up to the mountains and camp so I did. Didn't have to plan anything or run it by anyone. Maybe it's weird but I just... I need that.

A beat as Elsa stares at him, then:

ELSA

Honestly? I think that's the best thing I ever heard.

He smiles at her.

EXT. WATTS HOUSE -- NIGHT

Casey and Evan are still on the stoop, talking and laughing. Sam approaches. He looks terrible. Sweaty, upset, tired.

EVAN

Hey, there he is! Captain Cunt!

CASEY

Sam? What happened?

Sam just looks at her and... STARTS TO CRY.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Sam, Casey, and Evan sit around the table, drinking tea. Sam has calmed down some, but is still visibly shaken. Casey eyes him with concern. Evan notices.

EVAN

Hey, man, don't feel too bad. The first time's always a shit show. My first time, I was so hammered I barfed on my dong!

Casey bursts out laughing.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Seriously. Like, full-on projectile vomit. It was like a firehose!

Evan mimes violently puking. Sam cracks a small smile.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(teasing)

How about you, Case? Was it crappy your first time, too?

CASEY

Okay, gross. I am not discussing my sex life with my brother. Not that I have one to discuss anyway.

Casey and Evan exchange a brief glance. She looks off, embarrassed. Sam stares into his half-finished tea.

SAM

Sometimes I wish I was normal.

Beat. Evan places a hand on Sam's shoulder. Sam doesn't even flinch.

EVAN

Dude. Nobody's normal.

Casey looks at Evan surprised. Sam nods, clutching his teacup with both hands, like he's afraid if he doesn't, it'll disappear forever.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sam's lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling.

SAM (V.O.)

In fourth grade, my biology teacher, Mr. Durocher, he was fat, told us that penguins are similar to humans...

Doug appears in the doorway. He watches Sam, wordlessly.

INT. BAR VITA -- NIGHT

Elsa and Nick continue to talk, ignoring everyone else in the bar.

SAM (V.O.)

... Because once they copulate, they stay with the same partner for life.

NICK

So, what about you? What's your life like?

ELSA

Me? I'm... nothing. I'm just a boring old mom.

Nick shakes his head, then puts his hand on hers.

NICK

You are not nothing.

Elsa can't keep her eyes off his hand on hers.

ELSA
 (not moving)
 I should go.

NICK
 Stay.

Her eyes meet his. And suddenly it's super charged between them. HOLY SHIT, ARE THEY ABOUT TO KISS?!?!

SAM (V.O.)
 But according to the 2010 census,
 which is the most recent data I could
 acquire, forty-nine percent of
 marriages end in divorce.

And then Elsa pulls her hand away as if she were electrocuted. Coming to her senses, she jumps up and turns for the door. She looks for something to say, some way to regain control of the situation.

ELSA
 ... If you turn the heat up in your
 dishwasher, you won't have those
 spots on the glasses.

And she's out. Nick watches her go, amused, intrigued.

EXT. ZOO - PENGUIN ENCLOSURE -- THE NEXT DAY

ON SOME PENGUINS in an enclosure at the zoo.

SAM (V.O.)
 Penguins mate for life. So penguins
 aren't like people. They're better.

Sam and Doug sit on a bench, watching the penguins.

DOUG
 They're funny, the way they waddle
 around. They remind me of you kids
 when you were... well... kids.

Sam doesn't know how to respond to that so he doesn't. An awkward beat. Doug plows forward.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Casey told me what happened. With
 the girl.

SAM
 I wish I had a time machine. I would
 go back and never ask her out in the
 first place! I'd never even see
 her, I'd just look over my shoulder
 at the wall!

DOUG

No. Look, I may not know much about a lot of the stuff you're into, but girls I know about. And they're tough. And I'm proud of you for putting yourself out there. The truth is, nobody knows what they're doing. We're all just groping our way through, completely blind, trying to figure it out.

SAM

I should never go on another date. I should stay away from girls!

DOUG

No, hey. You've got some stuff to figure out, sure. But you will. You're a good guy, Sam. You're sensitive and funny and the woman who ends up with you will be lucky. You want to marry your best friend.

SAM

Edison?!

DOUG

No, not your turtle, Sam.

SAM

You said "my best friend." He's my best friend.

Elsa enters CARRYING POPCORN. She stops, senses the heaviness of the conversation. Listens.

DOUG

I meant find someone who appreciates you for what you are. Someone who really loves all the odd little things about you, who gets you.

SAM

What about the sex stuff?

DOUG

Don't worry about that for now. When you find the right person, that will all sort itself out, okay?

SAM

Okay.
(beat)
Penguins mate for life, you know.

DOUG

Yeah? Good for them.

They watch the penguins as Elsa finally approaches.

ELSA
Who wants popcorn?

Sam digs in, Doug smiles at his son. Elsa glances at Doug, guilt flickering across her face.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sam sits with Julia.

JULIA
So, how are you feeling now? Still ready to give up on dating?

SAM
I don't know. My dad said to find someone who appreciates me for what I am. Which is a weirdo.

JULIA
(absently)
Well, if you're a weirdo, then I don't even know what you'd call some of the guys I've dated.

Sam glances up at her, intrigued.

SAM
Why? What was wrong with them?

JULIA
(catches herself)
Nothing, sorry, that's totally inappropriate. We're not here for me, we're here for you.

SAM
I'm here for you.

Julia smiles.

JULIA
Well, that's sweet. But I shouldn't burden you with my own dating mishaps. I guess you're just easy to talk to.

Sam pauses. You can almost see the wheels turning.

SAM
You're easy to talk to, too. Which is good. Cuz if you weren't, you'd go broke!

Julia laughs, then gets up to check something on her computer screen. As she does, Sam watches her with a new interest. It's suddenly dawning on him. She gets him.

She likes him for who he is. He knows what he has to do.

SAM (V.O.)

When a male gentoo penguin chooses a mate, he makes an offering. He finds a pebble, often taking the time to choose the smoothest one, and presents it to the female.

Sam stands as if about to make a proclamation. Which he is.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm a human, so it would be weird to offer a pebble.

SAM

I decided I want to give you my brain.

Julia looks over, surprised.

JULIA

What?

SAM

After I die.

JULIA

Really?! Oh, Sam, that's so great. You're going to help so many people. Thank you so much.

He smiles.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Good smile. Not creepy at all.

SAM

I've been practicing.

She sits back down and they continue their session.

SAM (V.O.)

If she places the pebble in her nest, that means she accepts him as a mate. And as you already know, penguins mate for life.

And we...

FADE OUT.