

INT. GREEN ROOM - THEATER - CONTINUOUS

...the Green Room. Sam sits listlessly, drawing some lines across a roll of toilet paper.

RIGGAN

What're you still doing here?

SAM

(Continues scribbling.)

Nothing. I'm-- Nothing. Your costumes are hanging in your room.

RIGGAN

Great...

SAM

I got the coconut water you wanted. If you want me to get—

RIGGAN

Hey.

SAM

What?

RIGGAN

I'm not sure if I said thank you.

SAM

For what?

RIGGAN

All of it. You've been doing a good job. And I've been...

SAM

Yeah.

RIGGAN

So, I just wanted to say that--

(He stops abruptly.)

What is that?

SAM

What...?

RIGGAN

That smell.

SAM
I don't--

RIGGAN
Look at me.

SAM
What are you—

RIGGAN
Look at me.

She does. He examines her eyes, then immediately rises, scouring the room.

SAM
Dad...

RIGGAN
(Continuing to search.)
You have to be shitting me... Where is it?

SAM
Could we not do this?

Riggan pulls a jar of peanut butter from the trash.

RIGGAN
What is this?

SAM
That is chunky peanut butter that happens, by the way, to have Omega—

Riggan pulls a stubbed joint out of the jar.

RIGGAN
This.

SAM
Oh. That's pot.

RIGGAN
Sam.

SAM

Alright, just relax.

RIGGAN

Relax? What the hell are you doing?

SAM

Protecting myself from cataracts?

RIGGAN

You can't do this to me!

SAM

To you?

RIGGAN

SHUT UP! You know what I'm talking about.

SAM

Yeah. You're talking about you. What else is new?

RIGGAN

Don't try to

SAM

What? Make it about me? I wouldn't dream of it.

RIGGAN

Listen to me. I'm trying to do something that's important...

SAM

This is not important.

RIGGAN

It's important to me! Alright? Maybe not to you, or your cynical playmates whose sole ambition is to end up going viral and who, by the way, will only be remembered as the generation that finally stopped talking to one another. But to me... To me... This is-- God. This is my career, this is my chance to do some work that actually means something.

SAM

Means something to who? You had a career before the third comic book movie, before people began to forget who was inside the bird costume. You're doing a play based on a book that was written 60 years ago, for a thousand rich, old white people whose only real concern is gonna be where they go to have their cake and coffee when it's

over. Nobody gives a shit but you. And let's face it, Dad, it's not for the sake of art. It's because you just want to feel relevant again. Well, there's a whole world out there where people fight to be relevant every day. And you act like it doesn't even exist! Things are happening in a place that you willfully ignore, a place that has already forgotten you. I mean who are you? You hate bloggers. You make fun of twitter. You don't even have a Facebook page. You're the one who doesn't exist. You're doing this because you're scared to death, like the rest of us, that you don't matter. And you know what? You're right. You don't. It's not important. You're not important. Get used to it.

Silence. Riggan seems devastated, and Sam can see that.

Sam (CONT'D)

Dad...

She looks at him sympathetically, but not knowing what to say... exits.

After a moment Riggan gets up and heads for the trash can. He digs out the roach, grabs some matches and lights it. Music begins to sound. He inhales deeply and holds the smoke for a few seconds and finally exhales. He coughs, tosses away the joint and heads out of the kitchen. We follow him...