

THE IRISH GOODBYE

INSERT TITLE:

This piece is dedicated to all the people of Los Angeles and planet Earth who do, 'most of the working and paying and living and dying in this community.'

FADE IN:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A stretch of deep and choppy water somewhere between Los Angeles and Tokyo (the middle of the ocean). The sky fades into the water at the horizons.

JACK (V.O.)

Aside from living somewhere I can't afford, and being someone I'm not..I think the main balancing act in my life was not wanting to be alive and not wanting to be dead.

The reflection of the moon is fragmented by the waves.

JACK (V.O.)

Was/ is... I don't know.

EXT. FREEWAY - LOS ANGELES - MORNING

A beat-up car creeps up the extra foot to a stationary line of traffic and BUMPS into a pickup truck-

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

JACK, 35, nebbish and hardened at the same time, simultaneously opens his eyes and stomps on the brakes (essentially to no effect). He looks around, dazed, then sits up off the seat to look at the bumpers. The driver's window to the pickup truck rolls down and a woman's hand aggressively motions to the shoulder.

JACK

(in for it)

Okay.

The pickup signals and pulls onto the shoulder. Jack takes a breath and checks his blind spot, wondering who noticed. The pickup's hazard lights go on. Jack pulls onto the shoulder and parks in front of the truck.

He clicks his hazards on and glances at the clock: **10:30 AM**, then opens the door and climbs out of the sedan.

EXT. FREEWAY - SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Jack looks for any damage to his front bumper. Nothing that wasn't already there. The pickup door opens and ANDIE, 30, beautiful, steps down to the road, holding several documents. Jack swallows his spit at the sight of them.

JACK

I'm really sorry about that.

ANDIE

(British accent)

Did you fall asleep?

Jack's eyes go wide and he hesitates a split-moment, trying to wish it away-

JACK

Uh, yeah. One of those micro-sleeps.

(looks down)

I'm super lucky I wasn't going fast.

Andie nods and looks over the bumpers.

ANDIE

Do you have insurance?

JACK

Yeah. Sorry.

He opens the door and leans in the car to open the glovebox and grab his papers. He pauses a moment, leaning on the seat with the papers in hand, prolonging the inevitable...then gets up and steps out, leaving the door ajar. Andie turns back from looking at her bumper.

JACK (CONT'D)

Do you want to take a picture?

ANDIE

Thanks.

She opens her phone and he hands her his little proof of insurance document.

JACK

...I also know a shop not far from here. You could tell them I sent you...They're pretty good.

Andie almost smiles as she looks over the picture she just took.

ANDIE
I'll probably just paint it over.

Jack nods, trying to hide his relief. She hands him back the document.

JACK
Thanks... Can I at least give you ten bucks for the paint or something?

ANDIE
Get some sleep.

Jack nods, trying to take it seriously.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
What's your phone number?

JACK
Uh, four-two-four, three-nine-one-eighty-four, fifty-eight.

Andie types the last number in and hands Jack her phone to check.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's it.

ANDIE
Great-

She quickly types something in the message and sends it. Jack waits with a stupid face for a moment, then his phone buzzes and takes it out of his pocket and checks.

INSERT PHONE: New Message From: (Maybe: Andie May) Andie May

JACK
Got it.

ANDIE
Okay. Be careful.

JACK
I will be, trust me. And I'm sorry for fucking up your schedule and everything too, I know every second in the morning counts...

(she nods with a little smile, amused by him. He doesn't notice, trying to fret)

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
And please let me know about the
paint. It's really the least I
could do.

ANDIE
I will. Thank you.

Jack extends his hand.

JACK
Sorry again.

ANDIE
(shakes hand)
It's okay.

JACK
(not knowing he's dragging
it out)
Have a good one.

He gives a wave and turns back to his car.

ANDIE
Likewise.

Jack gives a polite smile and lowers himself into his car.
Andie nods, having involved herself in more than she
realized, and opens her door and hops in.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack turns the key, almost looking optimistic, already
looking for a hole in traffic- The IGNITION sounds but the
engine doesn't turn over. He turns to the key, then the hood,
refusing to believe it. The pickup truck starts.

Jack turns the key again: IGNITION NOISE, IGNITION NOISE,
IGNITION NOISE... quiet engine. Jack can't look up from the
plastic end of the key.

The window rolls back down on the pickup truck. Jack grits
his teeth and cranks his window down.

ANDIE
Everything okay...?

JACK
Yeah, I'm gonna call Triple A.
Thank you, though.

ANDIE
You're sure?

JACK
Yeah, thanks. They're usually here pretty soon.

ANDIE
Okay. Good luck.

JACK
Thank you.

Jack pulls his phone out of his pocket and goes to the phone app as Andie waits for an opening in traffic. He types in three "A"s in his contacts. No results. He stares at the screen a moment, then snaps out of it, goes to recent calls and hits "Lou". He puts the phone to his ear.

The pickup merges onto the freeway as the phone starts to ring. Jack waves out the window as Andie drives away. She gives the peace sign. The phone rings and rings as Jack watches the pickup.

LOU (O.S.)
(just woke up)
What?

Jack turns back to the key in the ignition.

JACK
Are you in bed?

LOU (O.S.)
Why?

JACK
I broke down again. I'm already an hour late.

LOU (O.S.)
Don't go in. You're probably fired.

Jack looks up at traffic, not wanting to get into it.

JACK
I'm stuck on the shoulder, dude.

LOU (O.S.)
(exasperated sigh)
Where?

Jack looks around.

JACK
By the Variety building.

LOU (O.S.)

Great.

JACK

I know, man. Right?!

Lou hangs up. Jack takes the phone away from his ear in time to watch the screen turn from "Call Ended" to "Previous Calls".

EXT. FREEWAY - SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits seemingly still behind the wheel. IGNITION NOISE for a moment, then silence besides the traffic. Jack lowers his head a little. Some smoke wafts out from under the hood for good measure.

A sombre, yet lighthearted musical motif is suddenly audible. Jack slowly looks up. He turns to the radio, then the cars, staring at the passing faces behind the windows.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack slowly turns back from the facing cars, to stare into space in front of him, something dawning on him, as the music continues. His mouth opens a little bit, but no words come out. The music builds. His eyes look glassy and watery.

JACK

(voice almost breaking)

What...

The music comes to a crescendo, and stops. It's quiet for a half-moment. He turns to his side, as though to better hear if the music is there. He glances around a moment, then settles down. He takes a breath, then grits his teeth, and his eyes become overwhelmed with tears. Tears begin to fall, and he tries to wipe them away, almost mad they're there. His breathing is somewhat rapid. He looks very vulnerable. He gives up on wiping as the tears continue... Something pops into his head, and he turns to the cars in traffic beside him (wondering if anyone -- somehow Andie -- noticed).

CUT TO BLACK.

INSERT TITLE: "The Irish Goodbye"

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey. I got into a car accident and I've been dealing with the cops and everything.

(MORE)

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 -This asshole rear-ended me. -I
 totally lost track of time, I'm
 sorry...

BOB (O.S.)
 Oh...Are you okay?

JACK (O.S.)
 Yeah. I'm just pretty shook. It
 happened over an hour ago and I'm
 still all tensed up.

BOB (O.S.)
 Is there--

JACK (O.S.)
 --Would the last few hours of the
 shift be worth it at this point?

BOB (O.S.)
 Uh- Today's Tuesday, right? I'm
 pretty sure you're off today, dude.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Every muscle in Jack's face sinks. There's silence for a
 moment as he stares into space.

BOB (O.S.)
 Yeah- You're off today, on
 tomorrow. At nine. I can't believe
 that about the accident, though,
 you're sure you're okay, man?

Jack holds the phone to his ear, pissed. The score smolders
 with him.

JACK
 Shit, that's right.

INSERT TITLE: "Chapter One"

JACK (CONT'D)
 I'm just a little shaken, still, I
 I guess. I must've fucked up my
 days. I'll see you tomorrow, good
 lookin' out.

BOB (O.S.)
 Take care of yourself, Jack-

Jack ends the call. He lowers the phone- it vibrates for a text, and a message from Lou pops up, "**My car won't start, either**", then the phone screen goes dark and dies.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. FREEWAY - SHOULDER - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks down the shoulder to the nearest exit. The honky tonk piano, then singing of "**Tight Rope**" by Leon Russell plays as he walks. OPENING CREDITS ROLL. Jack avoids looking at the faces in the passing cars.

JACK
(muttering)
You're a crazy person. Hearing things. Walking along the freeway.

A billboard reads: "If there's anything worse than being bored, it's finding a challenge".

Jack continues walking, then something pops into his head. He stops walking abruptly, and stands still on the shoulder. "Tight Rope" continues for a moment, then stops. Jack's eyebrows twitch a little. He's silent, still, and expressionless for a moment. He starts walking. "Tight Rope" continues exactly where it left off.

His voice breaking but his face and posture completely normal (for the passing cars):

JACK (CONT'D)
What the fucking fuck.

EXT. EXIT RAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks along the lane of cars waiting at the light. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a smashed pack of cigarettes. He lifts one from the box and straightens it out.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks past a bus stop, sweating, on his phone. He swallows some spit back from his dry mouth to his dry throat. He looks at the search results on his phone.

INSERT PHONE:

A Google search displays the results of, "**Acid flashback hearing music**"

Jack looks up and notices a woman dressed similarly to Andie heading towards him (and the bus stop), and quickly turns his head like he's about to run/ hide, then quickly realizes it's not her in hindsight and awkwardly edges closer to his side of the sidewalk, phone still in hand. He looks past her, as though he doesn't even notice there's someone there.

EXT. CROSSWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Jack crosses with a couple other people. A pickup truck the same color as Andie's, but fitted to carry landscaping gear pulls up to the line of cars at the red light. Jack eyes it for a split-moment without breaking stride.

JACK

Probably just a...harmless stroke.

He gets to the end of the crosswalk and steps onto the curb. "Tight Rope" plays strong as he follows the sidewalk and looks for the shade.

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The shop and thin surrounding lot are enclosed in a barbed-wire-topped fence. An inflatable arm man flaps by the office. Cars fill the garage and lot to the fences.

Jack walks along the sidewalk and fence, then pauses before the open gate. He closes his eyes in physical and existential relief. "Tight Rope" comes to an end. Jack's eyes go a little wide in response. He glances around, looking for employees.

He walks to the office, glancing at the various levels of smashed and refurbished cars in the lot. He wipes the sweat from his forehead and feels the back of his neck for a sunburn. No work seems to be happening in the garages.

JACK

Huh.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - CONTINUOUS

KAT, 35, beautiful in a sitcom sort of way sits with JOE, 35, handsome in a rough around the edges sort of way. They have waters and half-finished plates in front of them and appear to be cooling off from an intense conversation.

KAT

Do-

Joe turns to her rather suddenly. She looks caught off guard.

KAT (CONT'D)

Do you wanna say something?

Joe hesitates a moment, mind clearly blank.

JOE

I've never gotten here before. I usually get dumped over text.

KAT

I don't know if it was a dump. It felt pretty mutual.

Joe nods, almost to himself.

JOE

I don't know why I said that, actually.

Kat nods, almost to herself. They sit there a moment, looking out into the parking lot. Kat suddenly becomes aware of her surroundings and glances around to see if anyone heard them.

JOE (CONT'D)

I never thought I'd really fall in love again either, I guess.

Kat looks at him, her nurturing side coming out. He's staring blankly at a mini-van in the parking lot.

KAT

You'll find someone.

Joe doesn't take his eyes off the mini-van.

JOE

You think?

Kat panics a split-second, her bluff called.

KAT

Why wouldn't you?

Joe shrugs.

JOE

I'm not like you. Not everyone would be happy to have me.

This hits her. She hesitates, then:

KAT
I think that's the nicest thing you
ever said to me.

This hits him.

JOE
(can't look at her)
I'm sorry.

Kat watches Joe stare into the parking lot, not knowing what's next for either of them.

INT. TOW-TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits in the passenger seat. A burly man, 50s, drives. They're in near-standstill traffic. Jack's phone BUZZES in the cupholder, plugged into a charger from the cigarette lighter. INSERT PHONE: **Call from: Kat**

Jack picks up the phone and frowns. The burly man looks at him.

JACK
Sorry, I gotta take this.

Burly man shrugs. Jack slides to answer and puts the phone to his ear.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, what's up?

KAT (O.S.)
Joe and I just broke up.

Jack's eyebrows raise. A somber chord plays. Jack closes his eyes tight, trying not to lose it.

JACK
How?
(glances at burly man)
-I mean, why?

KAT (O.S.)
I can't tell if you're surprised or
you're in the middle of something.

Jack turns a little away from the burly man-

JACK
Kinda both, I guess-

KAT (O.S.)
Call me back, then.

JACK
No, it's fine-
(eyes burly man, then
lowers his voice)
He broke up with you?

Burly man glances at Jack, almost intrigued.

KAT (O.S.)
It was fifty-fifty. Thanks, by the
way-

JACK
-Sorry-

KAT
It was just-

She takes a breath, not sure where to start.

JACK
What?

KAT (O.S.)
I don't know. It just could've only
really ended like this. I pretty
much knew that the whole time.

JACK
You did?

KAT (O.S.)
We're literally as different as two
people get, and that just has to
mean something, eventually. If you
throw a fucking rock in the air
it's gonna fall back down. No
matter how high you threw it.

JACK
Right, but-

KAT (O.S.)
What?

Jack shakes his head to himself. The music continues. Jack
grabs the bridge of his nose.

JACK

I dunno, I guess. I just thought it worked. Like we'd see you guys and get jealous.

KAT (O.S.)

Well... Sorry, we don't. It was fun but it caught up to us.

(takes a deep breath)

Where are you and what were you doing?

JACK

I'm in a tow-truck. I broke down on the freeway.

KAT (O.S.)

(tone changes)

Oh, I'm so sorry, I won't keep you then.

The score continues to reflect the somber, uneasy mood.

JACK

(breaking quietly)

Jesus fucking Christ...

Burly man side-eyes Jack, semi alarmed.

KAT (O.S.)

Is everything okay?

Jack closes his eyes tight, and breathes deep.

KAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jack?

JACK

Yeah. I'm just having a shitty day.

(like it's over)

Sorry about that.

KAT (O.S.)

I get it. Trust me.

The score continues. Jack puts his hand over his face.

JACK

Yeah.

The score becomes a little more lively, as though it's playing the moment out into another. Jack takes a slow breath.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll call you later-

CUT TO:

INT. DUPLEX - DAY

The brown door appears to be locked. Someone taking a sip of something is audible. A metal security door swinging open is audible. A key inserts into the lock, and turns- The door opens and Jack walks in, looking like he might collapse. He notices someone or something and stops in his tracks and turns to the living room area.

LOU, 40, rough around the edges and handsome if you squint, sits with a can of beer on one end of the couch, and Joe sits with a can beer on the other end of the couch.

LOU
We're going out.

Jack glances at Joe, who's not making eye contact with anyone any time soon.

JACK
Sure.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

Jack, Joe, and Lou sit in a line at the bar. The bartender, YADI, 30s, pours them a line of tequila shots. A couple other customers sit at a table. The door outside is open, letting a line of light spill into the dark bar. Yadi puts the bottle away and heads over to a stool behind the bar.

LOU
Land any acting gigs, Jack?

Jack couldn't care less.

JACK
Nope.

Lou nods. Joe isn't paying attention.

LOU
How much money do you owe that guy,
again?

Jack raises his eyebrows at Lou. Lou looks back at him, confused.

Jack glares, then glances at Joe, who's looking at them now. Lou rolls his eyes. Joe looks at Jack, choosing violence.

JOE
(not quite with a grin)
How much?

Jack rolls his eyes. He looks at Yadi, who's on her phone.

JACK
(without turning)
Fifteen thousand.

Lou closes his eyes, shaken but distinctly amused. Joe turns away with a grin...

JOE
Jesus.

Lou bursts out laughing, and Joe joins in. Yadi and the two customers turn to them. Jack looks at them with dead eyes. They see him and laugh harder.

YADI
What's so funny?

Jack pairs a sarcastic smile with his dead eyes, the amusement suddenly a little infectious. Joe turns to her, not quite sure what to say. Lou leans his head against the counter, having not laughed like this in years. Jack covers his face with his hands.

JACK
(matter of fact)
I'm in debt, Yadi. Are you feeling generous?

Joe closes his eyes, almost laughing again but too struck by the severity of his predicament. Lou looks up, ready to join the world again from his moment of bliss.

YADI
(to Lou)
Wait, are you laughing because he just told you how much?

Lou nods eagerly.

YADI (CONT'D)
(grinning)
That's super fucked up.

JOE
And...?

Yadi, Lou, and Joe laugh.

JACK
Yeah, it was...

The three continue laughing. The other two customers are smirking. Jack props his head up with his hand. An almost upbeat little melody plays. Jack looks up, half-expecting it to chime in. The music continues and Jack turns away a little, trying to smirk through the worry. Joe, Yadi, and Lou settle down. The other two customers have returned to their own conversation.

Jack turns on his phone and it opens to the WebMD page for strokes. He turns his phone off.

JACK (CONT'D)
Are we doing a fucking shot or what?

JOE
Yes, sir.

Lou takes a shot and puts it in front of Joe, then takes one for himself. Jack grabs one and they raise them a little. Lou makes a face, glancing at either of them.

LOU
You want me to say something?

JOE
You usually say something.

Lou rolls his eyes. He holds up his shot a little more.

LOU
Here's to there being plenty of pussy in the sea.

Jack closes his eyes and laughs, delighted it wasn't him. Joe shakes his head.

JOE
Thanks-

Joe tosses back the shot, followed by Jack and Lou. The two other customers approach the bar. The score has stopped.

Jack stares at the mirror behind the bar, lost in thought, then notices the lack of music. He looks down, then glances up at the empty shot glass on the bar.

LOU
 We shoulda ordered two right off
 the bat.

Yadi walks towards them.

YADI
 These guys are buying y'all another
 round.

LOU
 (hits the bar)
 Fuck yeah-

Jack and Joe turn to the other customers.

CUSTOMER
 We heard about your situation, bro.

Lou and Joe and Yadi laugh hard, and Jack laughs a little.
 Jack lowers his head in embarrassment. The other guys are
 laughing now too.

JACK
 Thanks man. I'll take it.

CUSTOMER
 I gotchu.

YADI
 (to Jack)
 Now you owe *him* too.

Everyone laughs, including Jack a little, who's now dwelling
 on his serious problems.

JACK
 Is this a roast or something?

They laugh harder, the other customers practically rolling.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Two men wearing blazers over their polo shirts, CARL and
 EDDIE, 40s, walk down the sidewalk, and up to the entrance
 for the bar. Carl glances at the sign and they head in-

INT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

-And notice the group of people, mostly still laughing. They
 spot Jack, who doesn't notice them, then walk over to a pair
 of seats by the door, facing the group.

CUSTOMER
Alright, we gotta go, fellas. Nice
meeting y'all.

JACK
I appreciate the drink, man.

CUSTOMER
Enjoy it.

He extends his hand to Jack and they bump fists.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
You're luck'll, change, man.

JACK
Promise?

Customer laughs.

CUSTOMER
It will.

JACK
Thanks.

Customer turns to go.

CUSTOMER
Later ya'll.

CUSTOMER 2
Later.

YADI
Later, guys.

Customer 1 and Customer 2 walk out the door, into the
daylight. Jack glances at the two new customers, not making
anything of them. Yadi turns-

YADI (CONT'D)
Sorry guys.
(starts to walk)
What can I get you?

Jack seems lost in thought. Lou leans his head down to the
bar.

LOU
I can't believe they bought us a
fucking drink.

Joe laughs again. Lou turns to Jack, waking him back into the world-

LOU (CONT'D)
That's the effect you have on people.

JACK
What effect do you have on people?

Lou shakes his head with a grin.

LOU
I dunno... But I don't make people feel charitable.

Joe chuckles. The music chimes in a bassy synthesizer chord, anticipating something. Jack rolls his eyes at the music and at his friends. Suddenly Carl and Eddie stop in front of them-

EDDIE
Is one of you Jack?

Jack's completely confused.

JACK
Yeah, I'm Jack.

CARL
That's what we thought.

Jack frowns. Lou and Joe are transfixed by them.

EDDIE
(quiet enough that Yadi
can't hear)
We're supposed to break your
fucking legs today, Jack.

Jack's eyes go wide, as do Lou's and Joe's. Joe glances down. Jack glances at Eddie, who looks serious, then back to Carl.

JACK
(quiet voice)
It's coming soon. You can tell him that.

EDDIE
What's soon?

JACK
This month.

EDDIE
 (quiet)
 This *month*?

JACK
 When?

CARL
 This fuckin' *week*, bro.

Jack doesn't react a split-moment, unable to, then he nods.

JACK
 Yeah.

EDDIE
 Good.

Eddie glances at Lou and Joe, then they turn and walk away. The three watch them. Yadi is seated on her stool, on her phone. Eddie and Carl walk out the door. Yadi looks up at the doorway, then turns to the three.

YADI
 Do you know those guys?

Jack hesitates, looking at her, not quite back in his body. Joe turns to Jack, and Lou looks down.

JACK
 Yeah. They're a friend of a friend.

Joe raises his eyebrows. Lou nods.

LOU
 Yeah. Jack's friends.

YADI
 Are they coming back?

She looks outside. Uneasy, distant-sounding synthesizer music becomes audible.

JACK
 (voice back to normal)
 They didn't say, I guess... But probably not, I don't think. They just stopped in.

Yadi smirks and turns to the full glasses of beer they ordered.

YADI
 They didn't even take a sip...!

Jack puts on a little laugh, unable to turn his head in fear of making eye-contact with Lou or Joe.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

It almost sounds like we're underwater. Joe says something indistinguishable.

INT. ANOTHER BAR - AFTERNOON

Kat throws her head back with laughter-

Joe throws his head back with laughter-

The alt-rock anthem "**Don't Look Back In Anger**" by Oasis plays in the bar. Jack turns to Lou with dead eyes, the two of them seated at a thin table in between Kat and Joe on either end of it. Lou looks like he checked out an hour ago. It's pretty loud in the bar.

KAT

You have a fucked up sense of humor!

Joe acts shocked.

JOE

Then so do you!

They both laugh hysterically. Jack stands up abruptly. Lou looks at him, Kat and Joe barely notice.

KAT

Not like you, dude.

JACK

I'm gonna get a drink.

Jack heads to the bar.

JOE

You're so mean to me now. You were so nice an hour ago.

Jack gets within 15 feet of the bar, then one man PUNCHES another man in the face right in his path for the bar. He stops walking. The other man PUNCHES back. Jack stands still, watching with some level of interest. The first man PUSHES the second man, then winds up and PUNCHES him with a haymaker. Jack turns around and heads back to the table.

Laughter from Kat and Joe becomes audible, and Jack resumes his seat. Lou looks at him.

JACK

Fight broke out. Between me and the bar.

Lou looks up for them, and spots them-

LOU

Huh.

JACK

Nothing like a good bar fight.
We'll probably have to testify if
someone gets hit with a bottle.

A couple bouncers head over to the fight through the crowd of people.

KAT

Wait, what's happening?

Jack points. She turns, reacts, then turns back-

KAT (CONT'D)

Should we do something?

JACK

No.

Lou shakes his head. Joe looks at his glass, getting quickly worked up.

JOE

Maybe we should.

Kat looks at him, her knight.

JACK

Go for it, bro.

Joe quietly gets up and makes his way over. Jack rolls his eyes as Kat watches him, nervous.

Joe gets to the fight at the same time as a couple BOUNCERS, 30s and 40s.

BOUNCER 1

Fellas! Quit it!

Bouncer starts to try to manhandle his way between them as Joe gets close to the 3 of them. One of them resists, JERKING, and HITS Joe in the face with his elbow. Joe grunts. He grabs his nose with his left hand, then makes a tight fist with his right hand. He stands there a half-moment, furious, then closes his eyes. He turns around and walks back.

He puts his hand to his nose, then looks at his fingers. Red with blood. He approaches the table.

JACK
What happened, sheriff?

Kat rolls her eyes, then notices Joe's nose.

KAT
Oh my god, are you bleeding?

Joe turns back to the fight. It's broken up.

JOE
I caught some flak.

She stands-

KAT
Come on, let's go to the bathroom.

Kat and Joe make their way to the bathroom. Jack and Lou sit with their drinks a moment, vaguely watching the two involved in the fight.

LOU
How's that class? The expensive one?

JACK
Every class is expensive after high school.

LOU
No, not college, I mean you're expensive elective acting classes.

JACK
They're not electives.

LOU
Electives have credits.

Jack examines Lou closer, surprised.

JACK
How do you know about credits?

Lou shrugs. Jack looks at him, still perplexed. Lou rolls his eyes.

LOU
College ladies.

Jack does a slow nod.

JACK
Of course.

LOU
Of course.

JACK
From ugly college ladies.

LOU
Fat, not ugly.

JACK
We'll just say fat and ugly.

LOU
Who are you bringing around,
lately?

JACK
How's your drug-dealing going?

LOU
I'm thinking of giving it up,
actually.

JACK
(grins with surprise)
How come we don't talk about these
kind of things at home?

Lou shrugs.

LOU
Just one of those things, I guess.

JACK
We should do it more often.

LOU
Please.

Jack crosses his legs.

JACK
So you're thinking of giving up
your drug-dealing?

LOU
Retiring.

Jack lets some air out.

JACK

Well you've certainly worked hard
for it.

INT. ANOTHER BAR - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe's nostrils are plugged with tissue wads, Kat dabs the skin around his nose with a damp paper towel in the cramped space. Joe looks a little guilty.

JOE

You really don't have to do this.

KAT

I'm already done.

She throws the paper towel in the trash.

KAT (CONT'D)

And did I have to plug your nose?

Joe grins, then closes his eyes in shame. He opens his eyes as Kat turns to him. Their eyes meet and they just stare at each other for a moment or two, no longer able to keep up the pretense... They grab each other's faces and start making out.

The chorus for "Don't Look Back In Anger" plays.

OASIS

Sooo, Sally can wait...

Someone KNOCKS and KNOCKS on the door. They keep going, not even noticing it.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. JACK AND LOU'S STREET - AFTERNOON

Jack, Lou, and Joe walk down the sidewalk to the duplex, in rather tense silence. They approach the duplex, and Joe starts to walk to his car.

JOE

(without turning)

Alright, later.

Lou turns to Joe, Jack looks straight ahead. They walk up the steps. Lou unlocks the black metal security door, then the main door, and they walk in.

INT. DUPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Jack closes the security door, then the wooden door-

JACK

Help me.

Lou, facing away from Jack, closes his eyes tight in annoyance...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. JACK'S CAR - SLAUSON BLVD. - MORNING

Jack drives with Lou in the passenger's seat, both are wearing sunglasses, and the hills are visible behind them. The over-driven electric guitar, electronic drums, and wild vocal ad-libs of "**Sharp Dressed Man**" plays. Lou looks between his feet and starts to grin, then turns to Jack who manages a grin. The main vocals of the song start. Jack cruises down the road and starts to tap his hand to the song.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

A CUSTOMER, 30s, walks into the bar and stands at the counter by the door, a stool away from where Lou sits.

Yadi asks the customer something, and he responds. Yadi nods and turns and bends down to get something from the fridge under the counter just as the Customer turns and hands Lou some cash which he quickly pockets. Lou points to Jack, seated at the other end of the bar, just as Yadi gets up and twists off the bottle. The Customer nods in thanks to Yadi, then grabs his beer and walks over to Jack, who gives him something he quickly puts away in his pocket, while Yadi is looking away.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - AFTERNOON

Lou sways to the music, holding a beer in his hand, while Jack talks up some guy, both holding beers. "Sharp Dressed Man" continues. The guy says something like 'Yeah, definitely', and like clockwork, Jack subtly nods to Lou, who looks up at the guy. The guy yells to his friends, and three people look up at him. Jack and Lou exchange a pleased look.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Lou dances to the club music, though it works equally well with "Sharp Dressed Man".

JACK
 (worked up)
 I need *ten times* that.

LOU
 (not appreciating the
 tone)
 And you'll get it.

Jack rolls his eyes. Lou looks at him, not appreciating any of it. Jack's cigarette has developed a long ash at the end. Jack closes his eyes tight.

JACK
 Could you lend it to me?

LOU
 Are you fucking serious?

JACK
 What the hell am I gonna do?

LOU
 Not be a cunt to me. That's not
 getting you fifteen fucking grand.

Jack takes a breath.

JACK
 I'm sorry.

LOU
 Now you are.

JACK
 No, I'm sorry. I'm just stressed
 and I'm taking it out on you. I've
 been googling fucking strokes and
 mental asylums all day, I'm sorry,
 Lou.

Lou turns away, weirded out-

LOU
Jesus, dude... It's sad.

An uneasy melody comes on the score. Jack catches himself, and tries to change his tune.

JACK
 I'm just- I didn't come across
 right when I said that-

LOU

Really?

Jack looks at him, doing his impression of cool. Lou looks back at him, he raises his eyebrows. Jack doesn't break...

JACK

I'm sorry for how I sounded. I'm mad at myself, not you.

Lou sighs.

LOU

All I-

Lou leans in and so does Jack, anxious to hear good news.

LOU (CONT'D)

All I got is fifteen grand.

Jack processes for a half-moment, then nods.

LOU (CONT'D)

I could *loan* you...

Jack's eyes perk up.

LOU (CONT'D)

Seven.

Jack closes his eyes in relief.

JACK

Lou, I can't tell you what that means. Seriously, man. I- I really can't tell you what that means.

LOU

Yeah, I bet.

JACK

You're a good man.

Lou starts to go in.

LOU

Yeah I am.

Jack watches him go in, then tries to pull his cigarette. The ash falls on him.

JACK

(gets up)
Fucking shit-

He dusts it off, the cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth.

INT. KAT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack and Kat eat Chinese food on the couch.

KAT

If Steph Curry played the basketball game at Dave and Buster's, he'd be able to actually get a good prize. They'd have to actually dust one off and give it to him.

(shakes head)

I always think about that...

Jack chuckles, then almost chokes on his food. Kat chuckles-

KAT (CONT'D)

Y'alright?

JACK

Yeah.

Jack remembers something, and looks down a moment, then tries to power through.

JACK (CONT'D)

What do you think of the 'Niners?

KAT

They suck.

Jack clutches the left side of his chest, as though his heart is hurt. Kat laughs. Jack grins.

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. DUPLEX - EVENING

Jack sits with Lou-

JACK

That's when I'll hit her with it.

LOU

Your dick?

JACK
(very confident)
My secret weapon.

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. KAT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack sits on the edge of his seat.

JACK
I'm actually gonna drive back up
and visit my mom soon.

KAT
Oh wow. That's so nice, say hi for
me.

JACK
I will.

Kat picks at her food. Jack tries to silently clear his
throat for a moment or two, watching her eat, then:

JACK (CONT'D)
Honestly, there's not a lot of
people I consider family, so...

Kat looks at him, interest piqued, but a little confused;
maybe a little skeptical. Jack exhales.

JACK (CONT'D)
(I just wanna say)
It's nice to be able to see people
like my mom, and like you when I
can.

Kat looks just short of dumbfounded...

KAT
Jack...

She looks at him another moment, then leans over for a quick
hug. Jack closes his eyes, feeling terrible.

KAT (CONT'D)
That was so unbelievably sweet.
(ends the hug)
...And unlike you.

JACK
(defensive)
I mean it.

KAT
I know you do.

Jack tries not to look relieved. He hesitates a moment, then opens his mouth to speak-

KAT (CONT'D)
I've had to deal with a lot of
family shit recently.

A slow, somber chord becomes audible in the score. Jack is caught off-guard by both Kat and the music.

JACK
I didn't realize that.

KAT
I haven't exactly been broadcasting
it.

Jack takes a second, then tries to put himself in sympathetic friend mode.

JACK
(light voice)
What's going on?

A somber riff starts to play in the moment before Kat speaks. Jack looks at Kat, mesmerized by her and the music, already drawn in before she even opens her mouth.

KAT
My dad's an asshole, basically.

Jack nods. The score continues.

KAT (CONT'D)
It's really my fault because I do
the same thing over and over again
expecting something else to happen,
which is the literal definition of
insanity-

JACK
You're not doing the same thing
over and over, you're trying
literally every single thing you
can for this guy.

Kat puts her hands up, and shakes her head.

KAT

I guess.

Jack looks at her, almost but not quite forgetting what he came there for.

KAT (CONT'D)

I just want somewhere nice where
I'm actually welcome to go to for
Thanksgiving for once.

Jack nods, hoping she knows he's hearing her. She looks at him a moment, then looks away. She takes a breath.

KAT (CONT'D)

Sorry, dude, I'm just pissed off.

Jack shakes his head-

JACK

Don't be. I've had a fucking week
too.

KAT

Did you ever get your car back?

JACK

Not yet.
(looks down)
And I think I'm losing my mind.

KAT

(half amused)
Oh?

Jack looks at her a moment, then shakes his head.

JACK

I really wanna get into it, but
honestly nothing I could tell you
would make any sense.

Kat looks at him a half-moment.

KAT

I weirdly think I get that.

Jack manages a smile.

JACK

Thanks.

Kat gets back to her food. It's silent. Jack takes a silent breath. He looks at Kat for what feels like a really long time, then closes his eyes tight for a moment. He opens them-

JACK (CONT'D)

Uh/I-

Kat turns to him. He looks her in the eye a moment, concerning her but not freaking her out.

JACK (CONT'D)

This is a terrible time for this,
but I don't know what's gonna
happen if I wait, so..I'm sorry...

Kat raises her eyebrows, still not freaked out somehow.

JACK (CONT'D)

(matter of fact)

I'm in a lot of debt and I need to
pay it back by tomorrow.

KAT

How much?

JACK

Eight-grand.

Kat closes her eyes and sighs with relief. Jack is surprised by her. She eventually notices.

KAT

I thought you were gonna say ten
times that.

Jack does a silent, smile-less laugh.

JACK

No, I'm pretty small-time.

Kat does a sarcastic smile.

KAT

It doesn't have to be cash does it?

JACK

(shakes his head)

No.

She nods, then wipes her mouth.

KAT

Alright.

Jack tries not to look like a shark.

INT. SKETCHY LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Jack stands with arms hanging at his sides before what looks like an ATM, but with a symbol like a dollar sign but with a B instead of an S -- a Bitcoin machine.

INSERT TITLE: 24 Hours Later

Jack hits a button on the screen. He surveys the options then hits another button. He starts typing something in...

He hits enter.

INSERT SCREEN: Processing

Jack glances around quickly, then turns back to the screen. Jack taps something in.

INSERT SCREEN: \$15,000

Jack hits the screen.

INSERT SCREEN: Processing

Jack looks at the screen with intense anticipation. He isn't sweating yet, but he looks like he's about to start. He stares at an animated dot on the loading screen that moves from left to right. Someone walks into the store, DINGING an electronic bell. Jack quickly turns to see the person then turns back to the screen.

INSERT SCREEN: Processing

Jack stares at the screen, willing it to say something else. LIGHTS CUT OUT in the store, the Bitcoin machine screen fades to black. It's completely dark. The store-owner curses in Korean. The whites of Jack's eyes are visible, staring ahead, not believing it. He doesn't seem to blink.

JACK (O.S.)

So what am I supposed to do?

SUPPORT (O.S.)

(over the phone)

You have to wait forty-eight hours
for the transaction to be examined.

JACK (O.S.)

(with a little attitude)

What if I need it now? What if I'm
supposed to pay someone...?!

SUPPORT (O.S.)
 (not having it)
Sir, you'll have to wait forty-eight hours. That's how long it takes.

Jack finally blinks.

JACK (O.S.)
 ...okay.

INT. DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jack sits on the couch, face completely blank.

LOU (O.S.)
 I'm getting the fuck out've here, dude.

After a moment, Jack nods.

Footsteps are audible (Lou leaving), the front door opens, and closes. After a moment, a car starting is audible. Jack takes a slow breath. The car backs out and drives off. Jack stares at the wall.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Jack sits asleep on the couch, arms sprawled out by his sides. A car is audible parking outside. LOUD OMINOUS MUSIC begins to play. Jack twitches a little bit. The doors open on the car. The MUSIC SWELLS. Jack nods awake, looking around for the source of the noise. He notices the car (not Lou's), and hears footsteps. He stands up and hears something like quiet metal on metal on metal, before the security door opens. The sound of metal on metal again, then sound of a gun coking. He pauses a split-second, then darts away on his tip-toes, towards the rooms.

He ducks into Lou's room and sinks to the floor. The front door opens and he crawls under the bed as silently as he can. He hears the footsteps in the living room as he crawls under the bed and shimmies to get his feet under, his heart in his feet. His head approaches the wall as they approach the rooms, moving quietly and slowly, almost like SWAT. Jack just looks at the wood floor at they walk, too terrified to even close his eyes or turn his head. One set of footsteps walks into Jack's room and one walks into Lou's. A GUN FIRES in Jack's room -- Jack's eyes bulge, but by some miracle he manages to keep still.

EDDIE
What the fuck?

CARL
I thought the pillow was his
fuckin' head.

They meet between the rooms. Jack closes his eyes tight.

EDDIE
No one's here. The cars are gone.

CARL
Come on.

Jack keeps his eyes closed as the footsteps start. Jack slowly opens his eyes as they make their way to the door. They open the door and close it behind them.

Jack very slowly and silently turns his head to try and see into the hallway. The car starting is audible. Jack cranes his neck and manages to see the hallway in his peripheral vision. The ominous music fades out. It's very quiet. Jack turns around and faces the wall inches in front of him, lying on his stomach. He takes a breath.

JACK
Thank you.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Jack looks straight ahead, eyes wide with focus, ears perked up. He looks suddenly to his left, then back to straight ahead. He breathes slowly and methodically. He has his apron over a baggy sweatshirt. He appears to have gained weight around his torso.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. LOU'S ROOM - EARLIER THAT MORNING

Jack stands before the mirror with a tank top on. He reaches in the closet and produces what looks like a bullet proof vest. He puts it over himself, and fastens the Velcro straps. A framed picture sits on the dresser next to Jack of Lou and a woman with devil horns and a moustache drawn on her.

Jack bends down to the bottom dresser drawer, opens it to reveal socks, reaches to the bottom and produces a pistol. He stands back up and tucks it into the back of his waistband.

END FLASHBACK

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Jack looks over to the cutting board, where a large knife sits. Ready.

A PLAYFUL RINGTONE plays from across the coffee shop (a customer's phone)- Jack's eyes go wide, and he-

DROPS TO THE FLOOR

EXT. DEAD-END STREET/ JACK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Jack's car parks in the red at the end of a block. There is a fenced off area with trees next to him, separating the street from the freeway. Jack hops out of the car, walks over to the fence, and starts to climb up.

He moves up the fence, slowly but surely, gets to the top, then shifts so he's sitting on it, gets his legs around, and hops down to the ground.

He walks next to the fence to the next street, his street, the sounds of the freeway very audible to him. He approaches the next fence, pauses to take a breath, looks for cars around his duplex, then starts to climb up.

He looks at his duplex and empty driveway (seeing it from the back as he reaches the top, swings his legs over, and jumps down.

EXT. DUPLEX - JACK'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of a window opening is audible. Jack hoisting himself, then grunting is audible... Shoes hit the floor, and Jack comes into view. He stands still a moment. It's very quiet. Jack steps into the hallway, looking at the front door. He creeps down the hall, still not sure if he's alone. a lively, vibrato-filled note becomes audible. Jack almost trips as he comes to a stop.

A man laughs. It's the laugh of a man in 60s or 70s, there's almost a wisdom to it. Jack closes his eyes. He lowers his head in defeat and shame.

Jack lets some air out, and walks out to the living room. LOANSHARK, 70, sits in the chair, facing Jack, and Eddie, sits on the couch, craning his neck to see Jack.

LOANSHARK

There he is.

Jack glances at Eddie's hands, then looks back at Loanshark, who smirks a little.

JACK

Hey.

LOANSHARK

Where ya been, kid?

JACK

At work.

Loanshark raises his eyebrows, then nods.

LOANSHARK

That's what I like to hear.

Jack does a smile, still looking at Loanshark, who is still looking to be in a good mood. Jack looks down. Eddie looks at Loanshark. Loanshark turns to Jack. Jack looks up.

LOANSHARK (CONT'D)

I'm choosing to believe you. I'm giving you more time.

Jack looks at Loanshark, the words washing over him.

JACK

(soft)

Thank you.

LOANSHARK

Is that wise of me?

JACK

(nods)

Yes. It is.

Loanshark looks at him a moment. Jack looks back at him, trying to convey he's too defeated to be lying. Loanshark looks at Eddie.

LOANSHARK

Good.

Jack looks at the Loanshark, then at the floor, not sure what's happening...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. OCEAN BLVD, VENICE - SUNSET

Jack and Kat walk along the sidewalk, Kat looking dressed up, the businesses on the side of them, the ocean behind them, and residential buildings behind the businesses.

KAT

I actually had a good time tonight.
So that's a positive.

JACK

But that's only if you can secretly
bring a friend.

KAT

It's a positive to tonight, not to
getting stood up.

JACK

Oh.

They get to a short crosswalk and a guy on a motorcycle with an open helmet, Joe, wearing a leather jacket over a tuxedo, pulls up in front of them to the stop-sign before the main road. He looks professionally lit in the sunset light. Kat doesn't know what to make of the man.

JACK (CONT'D)

Joe!

Kat turns to Jack, who's looking right at the guy.

JOE

Hey!

She turns to Joe. Jack puts his arm around Kat and starts to walk toward him, and she follows along. She looks at the man, Joe, still not knowing what to think of him.

JACK

Kat, this is Joe-

Kat looks at Jack then Joe. She smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)

-Joe, this is Kat.

Joe does a little smile for Kat, looking like it caused him pain to do so.

JACK (CONT'D)
You're the two most impressive
people I know.

Kat shoots Jack a look, embarrassed. Joe nods, mulling it over, agreeing.

JOE
Really nice to meet you.

He extends his hand and they shake. A car approaches behind him.

JOE (CONT'D)
Sorry, I gotta go.

He waves to Kat with another little pained smile. She gives her own pained smile back. He starts to pull off-

JOE (CONT'D)
(to Jack)
See ya tomorrow.

Jack waves, and Joe pulls off. Kat watches Joe go. They wait, and the car pulls onto the main road, and they cross the street.

JACK
You should come tomorrow.

KAT
I think I wanna have sex with him,
but I'm not really sure yet.

Jack looks at her, a little taken aback, then does a nod...a good mood starting to wash over him as they walk.

END FLASHBACK

INT. DUPLEX - JACK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lou walks into the open door.

LOU
Did you text Rudy without telling
me?

Jack looks at him, sitting up in bed, looking like he knows he fucked up, holding his phone which is displaying Google search results for, "**Psychic abilities from stroke**".

JACK
Was I not supposed to?

Lou looks at him, then looks down.

LOU
He might not sell to me anymore.

JACK
Fuck.

LOU
Yeah...

Jack looks at him as Lou looks into space.

LOU (CONT'D)
So you need more cash, huh?

JACK
Five grand.

LOU
Of course you do.

Jack looks down, not wanting to get on his bad side.

JACK
He gave me another week with
interest.

Lou looks at him inquisitively. Jack looks back at him, doing an impression of sorry and humble.

LOU
So I guess I have to find us
someone else, right?

JACK
You could just retire, man. Take
this as an opportunity. I'll figure
it out.

Lou rolls his eyes.

LOU
I either have to give you five
grand or find you the shit for you
to make it yourself. Or else you'll
fucking die.

Jack cocks his head and looks away, getting defensive.

JACK
I can ask my mom if I have to-
(Lou looks appalled)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
You don't have to do anything you
don't wanna do, dude.

LOU
You haven't asked your mom yet?

JACK
She might not even have it...!

Lou puts his head in his hands.

JACK (CONT'D)
What am I supposed to say to her?

LOU
What the fuck did you say to me?

Jack looks down, clenching the bridge of his nose with his
fingers.

JACK
You're right, I'll call her. You've
done more than enough already.

Lou rolls his eyes, turns, and walks out as Jack watches.
Jack pulls out his phone and searches for "Mom" in his
contacts.

LIVING ROOM

Lou gets to the couch and stops. He picks up a video game
controller off the couch and holds it in his hand a moment or
two, eyes completely dead. Without notice, he SMASHES the
remote into the couch, then SMASHES it again and AGAIN and
AGAIN-

JACK'S ROOM

Jack looks towards the source of the growing noise, holding
the phone to his ear, too confused to say anything.

JACK
Hey mom...Can you hold on a second?

INT. DANGEROUS LOOKING BAR - SUNSET

Lou, followed by Jack walks to the tables by the bar. Two
men, 30s-40s, sit with their beers, a small paper shopping
bag sitting in front of them on the table. Lou sits down at
one of the seats, followed by Jack. Jack looks towards, not
at the men.

They sit a moment, not even acknowledging Jack or Lou, then look at each other. One of them finishes their beer. They get up and walk out. Jack watches them with interest. The bag sits on the table.

EXT. DANGEROUS LOOKING BAR - SUNSET

Jack and Lou walk to the car, Lou holding the bag, the building next to them and the parking lot in front of them and to the right. It's half filled with cars.

JACK
I can't even hold it?

LOU
Nope.

Jack gives Lou a look, and they continue walking a moment, approaching the parking lot. A minor chord is struck on strings. Jack's eyes go wide. He turns around, then glances around them, seeing nothing. He turns to Lou.

JACK
I think we should run.

LOU
What?

Another chord is struck.

JACK
Run!

Jack TAKES OFF running. Lou looks at him.

COP
Freeze!

Lou turns, face frozen, sees cops emerging from a blind spot in the parking lot and BOLTS. One of the cops takes off after him, and another takes off after Jack. Lou holds the bag tightly to his chest with his left hand, while his right sways back and forth. The cop quickly gains on him. He turns his head to check where he is, and the cop DIVES and TACKLES him to the ground, eliciting a GRUNT from Lou.

Jack looks behind him, the other cop is 30 feet back. Jack steps on the gas, pushing himself even faster. There's a cross-street about 100 feet ahead. Jack closes his eyes, and manages to speed up just a little bit more-

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

-Jack opens his eyes, walking now. The brassy intro to "C.R.E.A.M." by Wu Tang Clan plays. He keeps a steady pace.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Lou lies on a metal bench, the beat drops on C.R.E.A.M. and the rapping starts-

Another person sits on a bench on the other side of the cell.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jack starts to walk faster, his face becoming resolute, determined. He takes his phone out of his pocket and checks the screen. Nothing. He opens it and goes to calls. Nothing recently. He goes to missed calls. Nothing recently.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Lou's white bread sandwich on a metal tray lies untouched on the floor next to him. The other guy in the cell eyes Lou's sandwich, then turns away. Lou opens one eye and looks at the man.

INT. DIRTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies awake in the dark, in his clothes, staring at the ceiling.

OVER BLACK

"C.R.E.A.M." Ends. Muffled singing and guitar becomes faintly audible...

INT. DIRTY MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Jack opens his eyes to "**Folsom Prison Blues**" by Johnny Cash. Jack blinks the sleep out of his eyes.

JOHNNY CASH

But I Know I Had It Comin/ I Know I
Can't Be Free/ But Those People
keep a-movin'/ And That's What tor-
tures Me.

Jack stares at the ceiling.

INT. DIRTY MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits on the toilet, exhausted.

JOHNNY CASH

Well, If They Freed Me From This
Prison/ If That Railroad Train Was
Mine/ I Bet I'd Move On Over A
Little Farther Down The Line.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER THAT MORNING

Jack walks to the door.

JOHNNY CASH

When I Was Just A Baby, My Mama
Told Me. Son/ Always Be A Good Boy;
Don't Ever Play With Guns/
But I Shot A Man In Reno Just To
Watch Him-

Jack steps inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

"Folsom Prison Blues" stops immediately. It's eerily quiet. A uniformed cop sits behind the desk. Jack stands still a moment, not used to the silence. The cop looks up, and Jack looks at him-

JACK

Hi.

He starts to walk over. COP 2, 40s, looks at him, not especially friendly. Jack stops before the desk and looks down. He lets out some air. The cop frowns. Jack looks up, and actually faces the cop.

JACK (CONT'D)

I want to confess to a crime.

The Cop looks at him a half-moment and nods.

COP 2

What's your name?

JACK

Jack Kelly.

The Cop scribbles it down.

COP 2

What is the crime you're confessing to? We'll get your official statement later, but we need to cover the basics now.

JACK

I-
 (his throat tightens, and
 he swallows)
 I bought-
 (lowers voice:)
Cocaine from an undercover officer.
 I think.

Cop frowns.

COP 2

And you weren't arrested.

JACK

I ran.

Cop frowns again. The score chimes in with a chord that's neither happy or sad.

COP 2

You didn't have an accomplice did you?

JACK

Yes. I think he's already in custody.

COP 2

This precinct might've covered that case.

JACK

It's pretty close to here.

COP 2

Was his name-

JACK

Lou Shaukat. *Louis* Shaukat.

Cop looks at him, not knowing what to say. His mouth opens a little. The score chimes in a nother chord that builds as the cop speaks:

COP 2

Your- Uh, your friend...Well he ate it, so to speak. So-
 (MORE)

COP 2 (CONT'D)
(leans forward, lowering
voice)
Your confession isn't really-

He puts his hands his hands up, not wanting to say it. The score goes silent. Jack's eyes widen. He's silent a moment. He snaps back into reality. Loud:

JACK
I'm gonna get out of your hair.
(looks him in the eye,
meaning it:)
Thank you, sir.

Jack turns away to go too fast for him to see the Cop's reaction to him, and heads to the door like someone else is going to tell him otherwise.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack exits, and stops right out of the police station entrance, not quite in his body. He stares a moment, blankly, then covers his face with his hand as a quiet, somber melody plays.

JACK
Lou is fucked. Because of you. And
you're fucked... Because of you.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack stands with his ringing phone to his ear, not a stone's throw from the police station. It connects-

MOM (O.S.)
Jack? What's wrong?

JACK
Hey, mom...

Jack glances around at the road.

JACK (CONT'D)
Do you have a minute?

MOM (O.S.)
Of course.

Jack feels that in his heart.

JACK
I'm gonna come up soon, if that's
okay.

MOM (O.S.)
You are?! When?

Jack looks behind him.

JACK
Does tonight work?

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

A bus pulls into the station.

INT. MOM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

MOM, 65, looking quietly elated, and Jack, looking quietly morose, sit in silence. Mom turns with a smile.

MOM
It's just so great to have you
back.

Jack's expression lightens. He tries to throw some enthusiasm into it:

JACK
Great to *be* back.

MOM
I thought we could go to Mulligan's
on the way home... If you want.

This looks like it hurt Jack's heart. He turns to her.

JACK
Yeah, definitely.

She smiles. He watches her, and does a little pained smile.

INT. MULLIGAN'S BAR AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Mom eat burgers at a booth, each with a pint of beer in front of them. A pleasant, playful, though almost wistful melody plays.

MOM
Will the couch be okay?

Jack frowns, and swallows.

JACK
Yeah, the couch is great.

MOM
The couch is *great*?

Jack cracks a grin.

JACK
Yeah...

He starts to chuckle. Mom laughs. Jack's grin eventually subsides. He looks at Mom a moment. He closes his eyes. Mom takes a sip of beer. Jack opens his eyes. He grabs his beer and takes a sip...He turns to Mom, getting back to her burger.

JACK (CONT'D)
I had to stop doing those acting classes. I think it might've been a scam.

MOM
I thought the guy had gotten a lot of work.

JACK
Yeah, but-

He puts his hand up, thinking...

JACK (CONT'D)
-I was just spinning my wheels.

She looks at him a half-moment. He looks down.

MOM
It's not a money thing, is it?

He pauses, his face showing his indecision... He's this close. He shakes his head, deciding against it.

JACK
(shakes head)
No.
(looks up)
I know the land lord, I could've used my rent money if I had to.

Mom laughs. Jack smiles.

MOM

How is he?

Jack sinks, Mom doesn't notice, eating a fry. Jack's mouth opens a little before he starts to talk.

JACK

He's good.

(nods and smiles)

Always landing on his feet.

Mom grins. Jack's crushed soul is visible in his eyes, despite the nervous plastic smile he's wearing.

INT. MOM'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. Jack lies awake under a blanket, looking almost impressed with the vastness of his predicaments. A quiet, calm, morose chord sounds rhythmically every second or so, just loud enough for Jack to hear...

INT. DUPLEX - AFTERNOON

It's quiet. Just the couch, the TV, and the table, where a slightly bulging manila envelope sits. Footsteps become audible outside. The sound of the metal security door swinging open is audible. Key inserts into locks and twists. The door opens, and Jack steps in and heads to his room, walking right past the manila envelope.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks back from his room and heads into the kitchen.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks in and grabs a box of tissues from the living room, walking right past the envelope.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks in, looking at his phone, and sits down on the couch, still looking at his phone, then reaches for the remote. He spots the envelope and stops in his tracks, staring at it. He lowers his hand, still staring at it. He waits a moment, then picks it up.

He undoes the clip and opens the top, a stack of bills is visible.

He holds the envelope a moment, then reaches and removes a banded stack of 100 dollar bills, about an inch thick. He holds the stack up to his face, his expression not even changing out of sheer shock.

He looks down in the envelope to find a loose cluster of bills about half the size of the stack in his hand, and a scrap of paper. He puts the stack of bills down and picks up the paper.

INSERT PAPER: **"We're square Jackie. You have it in writing"**

He looks up from the unsigned note, then notices his reflection in the TV screen. He looks at himself holding the note and the envelope. Barely audible angelic singing becomes audible... Jack is at a loss for words. He looks down at the cash in the envelope.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Jack and Joe put payphone-like receivers to their ears. Lou, across the glass from them, wearing an orange jumpsuit and looking tired, glances at Jack, then Joe. Jack looks eager, Joe looks like he doesn't know what to expect.

LOU
Hey, fellas.

JACK
Hey, man.

Joe nods, throwing on a little smile. Jack glances at Joe, then back at Lou.

JACK (CONT'D)
Have you been meeting with your lawyer a lot?

Lou turns to look behind him, then faces his friends.

LOU
Yessir. Gonna plea, I think.

Jack nods enthusiastically, trying to take this as great. Joe nods, not quite sure what that means. An icy note is audible in the score. Jack acts like he doesn't hear it.

JACK
Great.

Joe looks at Jack, not believing him... Jack looks at Joe, then Lou. Still trying to be positive:

JACK (CONT'D)

Had no idea this was so close to
Dodger Stadium...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Jack slumps against the counter, on his phone. Several people work on their laptops, coffee cups at their sides. His phone buzzes and an alert pops up.

INSERT PHONE: iMessage, Joe

Jack clicks on it and looks. He doesn't react to whatever it is, he just looks at the screen a moment or two, then clicks. Something loads, and he brings the phone closer to his face, reading intently.

INT. WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Jack sits in a chair, holding a script with several lines highlighted with yellow marker on the page. Five other people who look and dress eerily similar to Jack sit in the room, some looking at their scripts, some just holding them rolled up. Jack glances around at his competition, then looks back at his script, not even registering what the words on the page are saying. Jack takes a slow breath, and exhales.

A whimsical, lighthearted motif becomes audible.

Jack closes his eyes, and his shoulders slump. Someone near him notices, wearing a look like he gets it. Jack opens his eyes, adjusts his position in the seat and gets back to the script as the upbeat music continues...

The door opens in the room, and someone who looks just like them walks out, not looking like he's in a great mood.

CASTING

Max Bailey.

Someone gets up and walks over.

Jack continues reading a moment, the upbeat music going strong. The door closes. Jack looks into space, thinking. He turns back to his lines and looks each of them over, all five, frowning, missing something. He looks at his first highlighted line:

INSERT SCRIPT:

"Do you know what you're doing to me? Do you even care?"

Jack frowns at it. He looks up, still not sure what he's missing. The happy music continues to contrast the tense room. Jack looks at the first word, then his eyes go wide, and he misses a breath. He slowly looks up, and breathes a couple breaths of fresh air. He murmurs:

JACK
 (happy, almost crazy)
 Do you know what you're doing to
 me...? Do you even care?

INT. CASTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two casting men and two casting women, 30s and 40s, sit at a plastic folding table, with a camera set up on a miniature tripod, facing directly ahead.

CASTING
 Please say your name for the
 camera, then we'll begin.

JACK (O.S.)
 Jack Kelly.

The person who spoke nods. She starts to talk, but the sound cuts out and the easy ragtime keys of "**The Entertainer**" by Marvin Hamlisch is all that is audible. The casting woman finishes talking, and the four people watch Jack, then react with skeptical, confused looks and general surprise. The casting woman reads another line from the script as "The Entertainer" continues. The four casting people react with intrigued surprise now. The woman reads another line.

Jack is partially visible in the reflection of the camera lens, speaking his line. The casting people look like they are as amazed as they are surprised at this point. The casting woman, looking at Jack a moment too long, snaps out of it, and reads the next line.

EXT. UNIMPRESSIVE BUILDING IN BURBANK - MOMENTS LATER

The door busts open, and Jack walks out with authority, the triumphant horns of "**Harder Than You Think**" by Public Enemy playing, Jack holding his phone to his ear. He reaches in his pocket, and throws on his sunglasses.

JACK
 Joe?
 JOE (O.S.)
 Yeah?

JACK

Thanks.

Jack lowers his phone and hangs up, strutting out of the parking lot as the song continues with the rapping now audible.

Jack walks right out of the parking lot onto the sidewalk, not breaking stride. He reaches into his phone, unlocks it, and taps something, then puts it to his ear. He walks as it rings, the song still playing strong.

JACK (CONT'D)

(loud, over the music)

Joe?

JOE (O.S.)

Why're you yelling?

Jack glances behind him.

JACK

Sorry. And thanks, seriously. I owe you ten percent, honestly.

JOE (O.S.)

Buy me a beer. That's probably more than ten percent.

Jack smirk-grimaces.

JACK

Sounds like a plan.

JOE (O.S.)

Later.

Something pops into Jack's head.

JACK

Wait, Joe?

JOE (O.S.)

...Yeah?

JACK

I'm gonna be buying more beers from now on.

JOE (O.S.)

I'll hold you to that.

JACK

Later.

Jack lowers the phone and puts it in his pocket. He comes to a stop at an intersection. A jazzy flute motif in the song becomes audible. Jack looks confused. It grows louder and louder. A pickup truck pulls up to the intersection, about 20 feet away from Jack. The flute continues to weave its way between the four chords of "Harder Than You Think".

Jack notices the pickup truck, then looks in the window and sees Andie. The light turns green and the crosswalk sign turns white. Andie pulls off as Jack stands still, watching her. The flute motif, then the song fades out as she drives away, and Jack stands in quiet awe... Down the road, he can see her turning off somewhere.

He shakes his head, snapping out of it. He turns and looks back at the building he just walked out of. All that's audible are the sounds of traffic. He turns to look at where Andie turned off. He stares a moment or two, his face giving nothing away.

He takes off jogging toward where the pickup went. The crosswalk is red again, but no cars are near.

EXT. BAR AND GRILL PARKING LOT - LATER

Andie's pickup truck is tucked away in the small-ish but dense lot.

Jack turns the corner and comes into sight. He stops and looks at the parking lot, taking it in. He starts walking closer, scanning over each and every car...

INT. BAR AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack quietly and cautiously makes his way into the fairly loud and crowded place. If Jack's music is playing, it isn't audible here. He heads to the bar, past the booths and tables. The bar area is even more crowded. Andie, one of the bartenders stands up, behind the bar, shuts the fridge below the bar and hands a customer a bottle of beer. Jack watches another half-moment, then turns and walks away.

LATER

Jack and Joe walk in. It's twice as crowded and loud as it was before.

Joe looks around, not liking what he sees. Jack tries to look inconspicuous, like he's discovering the place for the first time. Joe leans in to talk.

JOE
Why are we here again?

Jack hears him.

JACK
What?

JOE
Why are we here?

JACK
I heard it was good.

Joe almost stops walking, growing annoyed.

JOE
From who?

Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK
No one you know.

Joe rolls his eyes. They're approaching the bar. Jack spots Andie, who's far too busy to notice them.

JOE
The bartender's pretty cute.

Jack's eyes go wide, panicking. Then he glances around and pretends to see Andie for the first time. He turns to Joe and awkwardly nods.

Despite the crowd of people standing behind the bar and all the people seated in front of them at bar, there are two open seats at the very end. Jack and Joe notice and look puzzled. They exchange a look, and walk over and take a seat. Jack looks straight ahead, trying to prolong getting noticed by Andie. Joe leans forward and looks directly at her, raising his hand to get her attention. After a half-moment, Jack notices this and closes his eyes tight. He forces himself to take a slow breath.

Jack opens his eyes. He looks at Joe trying to flag down Andie. She turns and notices. Jack's eyebrows raise as she starts to head over. He turns forward.

JACK
Jesus...

Joe glances at Jack, then turns back to Andie, who's approaching quickly. Jack looks straight ahead, cool as a cucumber.

ANDIE
What can I get you?

Jack is numb.

JOE
Can I have a Dale's Pale Ale?

Andie nods. She and Jack turn to each other at the same time. Jack looks at Andie and makes an embarrassed/ happy/ surprised face, just as Andie does something similar. Joe looks at Andie, then Jack, confused as hell.

JACK
Uh, hi.

ANDIE
Hi...
(tries to think)
Jack, right?

He nods.

JACK
You're Andie?

She nods.

ANDIE
I am...
(chuckles)
What can I get you?

JACK
I'll have the same, please.

She nods, then looks pleasantly skeptical.

ANDIE
I've never seen you here before.

JACK
(rehearsed)
I drove by this afternoon, thought
I'd look inside.

ANDIE
You were in the neighborhood?

JACK
By Santa Monica Boulevard. They do
auditions in a building like three
blocks from here.

She smirks, pleasantly surprised.

ANDIE
You're an actor, then?

Joe leans in, reminding the world he exists:

JOE
He's celebrating a good audition.

She turns to Jack and smiles.

ANDIE
Well here, here. I'll grab the
celebration stuff.

JACK
(smiles)
Thank you.

She smiles and walks away. They watch a moment. Joe turns to Jack.

JOE
Once again. What're we doing here?

Jack pauses a split-moment, then look down.

JACK
(serious)
I don't know.

Joe looks up. Andie cracks open each can of their beer and heads back over with them. Jack sits, rather slouched, energy drained. He watches Andie approach out of the corner of his eye.

ANDIE
Two Dale's.

She puts coasters down, then puts the drinks in front of them.

JOE
Thanks.

JACK
Thank you.

ANDIE
Cheers, boys.
(Jack smiles, and does a
nod)
And congratulations, by the way.

JACK
 Thank you.
 (does a shrug)
 It might be a little premature.

Andie smiles.

ANDIE
 It's all about mind-set.

JACK
 (smirks)
 True.

Joe raises his beer.

JOE
 To a healthy mind-set.

Jack laughs and raises his glass.

ANDIE
 Cheers, boys.
 (she does a double-take)
 I think I said that already...?

Jack and Joe laugh.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
 I'm just gonna go before I further
 embarrass myself.

JACK
 Such grace.

She laughs on her way over to the other customers, then turns back a second later, still laughing. Jack watches her with a cute little smile on his face. Joe makes a face, watching her then Jack. Jack looks at Joe, worried he's lingering on Andie.

JACK (CONT'D)
 What?

Joe hesitates, then shakes his head.

JOE
 Nothing.

Jack makes a face, then turns to his beer. Joe takes a two swallow sip out of his can. Jack hesitates, then picks up his can and takes a sip. They sit there a moment.

JACK
Trial's coming up.

Joe looks at Jack, skeptical.

JOE
Yeah.

JACK
I'm gonna visit again soon. He said
he has someone else he wants to
see, but he's full of shit.

Joe looks at Jack, still skeptical.

JOE
I'll come.

Jack turns to Joe.

JACK
Nice.

Joe takes another sip.

JOE
So what the hell happened with the
thugs?

Jack's eyes go wide, he glances toward Andie, then back at
Joe. His mouth opens and he shakes his head.

JACK
(cutting the shit)
It all worked out. I don't know
how, but it did.

Joe looks at him a half-moment.

JOE
You paid him off?

Jack hesitates.

JACK
Yeah.

JOE
Did you or didn't you?

Jack puts his hands up.

JACK
(still cutting the shit)
It's more complicated than that, I
dunno what to tell you.

After a half-moment, Joe nods.

JOE
That actually doesn't sound like
bullshit.

Jack rolls his eyes. Joe turns to Andie, shaking a drink.

JOE (CONT'D)
So what about the bartender?

Jack looks up to the ceiling or the heavens...

JACK
I...
(sighs, thinking)
I bumped into her on the four-oh-
five, then I saw her walk in here.

He looks at her, then the people seated at the bar next to
them, then in a lowered voice:

JACK (CONT'D)
I saw her and followed her in here,
basically. I'm a fucking creep.

Joe looks at him, blank faced, it could go either way. Joe
starts to grin. He turns back to Andie, still oblivious to
them. Jack looks at him, not especially amused.

JOE
She's definitely cute.

JACK
Yeah.

JOE
And British.

JACK
Yeah.

Joe chuckles. Jack rolls his eyes.

JOE
I like her for you.

Jack throws on a smile.

JACK

I'm glad.

Jack takes a multi-swallow sip of beer. LOUD BASS-HEAVY SYNTHESIZER MUSIC becomes audible over the loud, bass-heavy music the bar is pumping out. Jack's eyes tighten a little, he's used to this game. He leans against the counter, and faces Joe.

JACK (CONT'D)

How 'bout we find someone for you.

JOE

I'm done finding someone for a while.

JACK

How long's a while?

Joe looks at him coldly.

JOE

A while.

Jack shakes his head. Joe looks at him inquisitively. Jack looks back at him.

JACK

What?

JOE

When's the last time before this you went after someone?

Jack leans his head, somewhat conceding.

JACK

Still...

JOE

The first time you show interest in a chick in years and you start it off by stalking her. What are you *talking* about telling me what to do.

JACK

Do as I say, not as I do.

Joe shakes his head.

JOE

You're ridiculous.

Andie walks over with a couple shots of clear liquor. Joe notices and perks up. Jack raises his eyebrows, not quite ready for another interaction. She turns and puts them in front of Jack and Joe-

ANDIE

These're on me. They're tequila.

JACK

The tip is gonna include enough to take your car to the shop.

ANDIE

(cheekily)

It's not a car, it's a truck.

Joe's eyebrows raise.

JACK

Diesel or gas?

Joe looks at Jack.

ANDIE

Gas.

JACK

Six cylinder or eight?

ANDIE

Eight.

Jack looks at her a moment, then extends his hand.

JACK

Welcome to America.

She cracks a smile, extends her hand and they shake, with Joe watching it all.

JOE

You can give him a tow the next time he rear-ends you.

Jack and Andie laugh hard. Joe smirks, looking a little icy. They keep laughing and Joe joins in a bit. Jack looks at Joe.

ANDIE

I knew I liked you knuckleheads.

Joe laughs a little harder, as does Jack.

JACK

Give us some time.

Andie's laugh trails off, she wipes her eye.

ANDIE

That's how I feel about everyone.

Jack does a laugh, more in agreement than anything else. He looks at her, then away, he might be falling for her. Joe looks at Jack and Andie, both looking away from each other at this point, predicting the future. Andie brings herself into bartender mode.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Enjoy the tequila.

She walks away with a grin. Joe takes a sip of beer, then sets down his can. He pauses, looking forward, then turns to Jack.

JOE

Are you sure you're not stalking her?

JACK

I bumped into her. Then today I saw her on my way home from the audition.

JOE

I kinda think that sounds like bullshit now.

Jack looks at him, serious.

JACK

That's what happened.

Joe looks at him, deciding...

JOE

Alright.

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

Jack, wearing a suit, sits, focused on something or someone.

BAILIFF (O.S.)

All rise, for the-

(Jack stands up)

-Honorable Bennett Tatum. The court will hear the case of Louis J. Shaukat versus the state of California.

Jack stands next to Joe, also in a suit. The courtroom is mostly empty. Joe leans into Jack-

JOE

(whispering)

I told you, you didn't have to wear a suit. I'm coming from the office.

Lou, dressed in a suit, seated at one of the tables with his LAWYER, 40s, turns around and glances then spots Jack and Joe. The three exchange quick nods. Lou turns around.

MOMENTS LATER

An UNDERCOVER COP in a suit, one of the guys who sold to Jack and Lou in the bar stands before the Bailiff, who holds a bible.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you god?

UNDERCOVER COP

I do.

JUDGE

You may be seated.

The Undercover Cop takes a seat in the stand, and the PROSECUTOR, 40s, rises from his table. She briefly looks over the jury on her way to the Undercover Cop behind the stand.

PROSECUTOR

You were the arresting officer, is that right?

UNDERCOVER COP

That's correct.

Prosecutor puts her hand in her pocket.

PROSECUTOR

How many grams of cocaine did Mr. Shaukat try and purchase from you, detective?

UNDERCOVER COP

He bought one kilogram.

(Jack raises his eyebrows)

Something like thirty-five grams.

PROSECUTOR

And what is the street-value of that much cocaine? For those of us that might not be aware.

Jack hangs on their every word.

UNDERCOVER COP

In the neighborhood of fiftenteen-thousand dollars.

Jack just looks at them, not believing it, barely understanding the words. Even Joe looks a little taken aback.

PROSECUTOR

More than enough to qualify as 'intent to sell'.

UNDERCOVER COP

That's correct, ma'am.

Jack leans in to Joe.

JACK

(whispering)

I didn't think it was this bad.

Joe doesn't even react. Jack looks at the back of Lou's head, wishing he could change his luck.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)

Do you see a lot of cases like Mr. Shaukat's, detective...?

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Jack and an EMPLOYEE, 30s, wearing a blue uniform, walk from the office to Jack's car, passing by the various states of cars, from destroyed to refurbished.

EMPLOYEE

It took us a while to figure out what was going on with the engine. We were sure it was gonna wind up costing more than the car was worth-

JACK

I bet.

EMPLOYEE

-But then one day it just clicked.

Jack turns to Employee, suddenly interested.

JACK

Huh.

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

Jack drives by the building where the audition was held in Burbank. He looks a little uneasy.

JACK

You're showing up. Unannounced. At this woman's place of employment. So you can try and fuck her.

Jack throws his head up in anger.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

INT. BAR AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack makes his way past the tables and booths to the bar area. He looks at the bartenders, no Andie.

JACK

Fuck.

He walks up to the bar and takes the same seat he sat in last time. The opening drums, then jazzy, trance-like piano of "**Take Five**" by Dave Brubeck comes in.

THE NEXT NIGHT

Jack sits in the same stool. The trumpet begins to play in "Take Five", which plays extraordinarily loud over the already loud music. He looks up at the male bartender, and sighs.

THE NEXT NIGHT

Jack sits in the same stool. He tosses back a shot of tequila. "Take Five" continues.

THE NEXT NIGHT

Jack and Joe sit in their seats. They raise a shot and cheers. "Take Five" continues to continue.

JOE

Here's to creeps everywhere.

JACK
Eat my dick-

Jack downs the shot.

THE NEXT NIGHT

Jack sips a gigantic margarita. It looks like three drinks in one, and comes complete with a day's serving of fruit as garnishes. Jack looks at the male bartender with disgust. "Take Five" plays strong.

INT. JACK'S CAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

Jack drives, looking weary. Something of a breakdown/ bridge is occurring in "Take Five".

JACK
What the hell are you even gonna do if she's actually there? Put her in a bag like Borat...? You probably couldn't even do it. She'd beat you up then call you a cunt because she's British and that's the only thing you know about her.
(rolls eyes)

Someone's gonna hear me saying I'm gonna kidnap someone and call the fucking cops, then Lou and I can rot together and can finally lose the rest of my mind once and for fucking all, as the goddamn orchestra from hell plays forever and ever.

Jack drives in tense silence with himself for a moment, then he SMACKS the steering wheel-

JACK (CONT'D)
Fuck!

END MONTAGE

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Jack rings someone up on the cash register.

JACK
Have a great day.

The customer nods with a little smile and walks off with their cookie. Jack glances around at the few people who are seated around the coffee shop with their computers or books. His phone buzzes in his pocket.

Jack twitches, there's hope in his eyes. He grabs his phone from his pocket and looks. Call from: Kat. Jack closes his eyes a half-moment, then swipes to answer and puts the phone to his ear. Customer looks crestfallen.

JACK (CONT'D)
(trying to be nice)
Hey.

KAT (O.S.)
Hey, are you busy?

JACK
(without hesitation)
Not at all.

KAT (O.S.)
I'm sorry about last night. I fell asleep at like eight.

JACK
No problem, I was just at a bar.

KAT (O.S.)
Oh, where?

Jack hesitates a split second-

JACK
This place in Burbank.

KAT (O.S.)
What were you doing in Burbank?

He looks around at the customers for a moment, not knowing what to say as the score crescendoes.

JACK
I was walking home from an audition...

KAT (O.S.)
Yeah?

JACK
And I saw the lady I bumped into on the four-oh-five.

KAT (O.S.)
Yeah...?

The score goes silent.

JACK
And she's charming and beautiful
and British...

KAT (O.S.)
(smile is audible)
Is she?

Jack looks up at the customers again, suppressing a smile.

JACK
She is... And I saw her go to this
bar.

KAT (O.S.)
Wait, you followed her?

The score strikes a high-pitched tense chord on strings. Jack looks down.

JACK
(small voice)
Yeah.

Jack looks at the tile floor for a silent moment. Kat starts to laugh. Jack looks up with a confused, smirking expression. The score puts out some wry, playful notes.

KAT (O.S.)
I don't think you're a serial
killer, you just need to make sure
she doesn't think you are.

He rolls his eyes.

JACK
I won't go again till you can make
sure yourself, how 'bout that?

KAT (O.S.)
Do I really wanna be there?

He looks up in frustration.

JACK
Is this a bad idea?

KAT (O.S.)
Does it feel like it is?

He looks at one of the customers, thinking. The score is somewhat somber now.

JACK
Not really. It feels stupid though.
Now.
(looks down, speaks lower)
Yeah, you're right, this is creepy.

KAT (O.S.)
It's not necessarily creepy if
you're not creepy about it.

The score becomes more jovial and playful.

JACK
(nods)
It was a crazy coincidence, right?

Jack frowns, reconsidering. The score plays a happy chord, then a somber chord, then a happy chord, then a somber chord in quick succession as Jack pouts.

JACK (CONT'D)
(mumbling)
That's not what I sound like.

KAT (O.S.)
What?

He rolls his eyes.

JACK
Nothing... She works right by the
casting place, that's a crazy
coincidence, right?

KAT
Definitely.

JACK
It was like three blocks from the
first good audition I've had maybe
ever.

KAT (O.S.)
(different tone)
What's three blocks in LA?

JACK
A longer jog than I was physically
or mentally prepared for.

Kat laughs, Jack joins in. A customer stands, waiting but too afraid to approach.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sorry hold, on-

The customer perk up, Jack checks his phone, call waiting. He puts the phone to his ear-

JACK (CONT'D)
Kat, I gotta call you back-

He clicks something on his phone, then puts it to his ear.

JACK (CONT'D)
(what he thinks is
professional)
Jack Kelly.

CASTING (O.S.)
Jack, this is Suzanne from "Us". We met in the casting room.

JACK
Hey, yes, I remember. How are you?

CASTING (O.S.)
I'm very well, how are you?

JACK
Very well.

CASTING (O.S.)
Jack, I'm calling to ask you to come in for another audition if you can. Tomorrow at four?

JACK
(pushing through
nervousness)
I'll be there with bells on.

Jack makes a face after his words left his mouth.

CASTING (O.S.)
Excellent. We look forward to seeing you.

JACK
Likewise.
(does a smile for no one)
Bye.

CASTING (O.S.)
 Goodbye, Jack.

Jack does another smile to himself then hangs up. He holds his phone, playing it all over in his head.

JACK
 (slow, sarcastic)
 I'll be there...with *bells* on...

He stands in silence a moment, then does a deep sigh. He clicks the phone to get back on and puts it to his ear. Customer just gives up and walks away.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. CASTING ROOM - AFTERNOON

There is a small crowd of people around the table. The four from earlier, and four or five others. The jazzy bass and thumping drums of "**Devil's Pie**" by D'Angelo are audible. Jack looks nervously at the crowd, all more or less pretending he's not there as he stands, holding his rolled up script. One man in a suit talks animatedly to another man in a suit. One of the original casting people tries to get everyone's attention. Jack looks at her with dread. She asks him something, and he nods with a fake smile.

The falsetto lead vocals drop in "Devil's Pie" as the woman reads her line from the script. Jack looks upbeat, yet laid back at the same time as he delivers his line, influenced by the upbeat yet somber song. The crowd seems impressed right off the bat if that's possible. The woman reads another line, concealing a smile.

D'ANGELO
 ...For a slice of the devil's pie.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack goes down the line, shaking each and everyone's hand, not quite believing it's working.

D'ANGELO
 Who am I to justify/ All the evil
 in our eye/ When I myself feel the
 high/ For all that I despise.

INT. DUPLEX - JACK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jack's eyes open as "Devil's Pie" continues. He reaches for his phone and sits up in bed, expecting it. He looks at the phone, coughs into his elbow, slides to unlock and puts the phone to his ear.

INT. WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jack sits with his arms crossed, irritated by "Devil's Pie". Only a few Jack lookalikes sit in the room.

INT. CASTING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jack recites his line with an almost crazy grin on his face as "Devil's Pie" continues. A few more people are seated around the table, all looking genuinely interested in Jack. The woman says her line as Jack watches her, looking bored out of his skull.

END MONTAGE

INT. DUPLEX - JACK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jack sleeps, with his brow wrinkled, looking shiny with sweat. It's almost silent, save Jack's breathing and the sound of the 105 freeway.

AN HOUR LATER

Jack sleeps on his side.

DAY

Jack sleeps on his other side.

AFTERNOON

Jack sleeps directly on his back, snoring loudly. He does a particularly loud snore, waking himself up. He looks around a little bit, then reaches for his phone and checks the time. He raises his eyebrows...

JACK

Shit.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - BACK OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jack walks into the doorway of the cramped office, where Bob sits behind a small desk.

JACK
Hey, Bob.

BOB
(casually serious)
Hey, Jack, take a seat.

Jack shuffles over and sits down opposite Bob. He looks at the desk as he situates himself, then tries to not look nervous as he looks up at Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)
Because this is your second write-up for lateness, I'm going to have to let you go.

Jack looks at him, knowing it was coming but not believing it. Subtle, somber strings are audible. He nods.

JACK
Sorry.

BOB
Sorry it didn't work out.

Jack does a shrug, almost wanting to reassure him. He hesitates a moment, then starts to get up. He stands in front of the desk and extends his hand. Bob looks up at him and they shake.

BOB (CONT'D)
Best of luck.

Jack does a little nod, then awkwardly turns and walks out, still not really believing it. He heads through the door, in a little haze, more floating than walking at this point.

INT. JACK'S CAR - PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits in his car, *still* not believing it. He tilts his head back against the seat and lets some air out... What next. His phone buzzes and he turns to it, rather robotically. He sits still a moment, then reaches and looks. He slides and puts the phone to his ear.

JACK
(professional voice)
Hello?

Jack listens a moment, then hears something that stuns him. Far more than what happened minutes earlier. He doesn't know what to say.

CASTING (O.S.)
 (barley audible)
 Jack...? Hello, can you hear me?
 Jack, you got the part.

Jack looks like he's melting in good way...

INT. BAR AND GRILL - EVENING

The sleek restaurant part of the bar and grill in all its glory. Jack and Kat slowly enter, Kat looking around at the empty tables, a little in awe of it all. The background music in the place is already quite loud, despite the hour. They make their way through, heading to the bar.

KAT
 I hate Burbank and I hate this place.

Jack turns to Kat.

JACK
 Yes.

They laugh on their way to the bar which already boasts a decent crowd. A group of about 10, probably teachers, is congregated at one end of the bar, demanding most of the attention of the bartenders. Kat looks around at the bartenders, and smiles then looks down when she spots Andie, being friendly to one of the teachers.

KAT
 I see her.

Jack eyes Kat, then looks down, wanting to die. Jack guides Kat over to his usual spot, Andie and the other bartender not seeming to notice them at all.

Jack and Kat settle down in their seats, Kat hangs her bag on a hook below the bar. She looks around for a menu.

KAT (CONT'D)
 Is there a menu?

JACK
 (glancing back and forth
 at Andie)
 Probably. But I've never seen one.
 (MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Half the time I just let her do her
thing.

Kat watches Jack watch Andie.

KAT
I'll bet.

MANY MOMENTS LATER

The Male Bartender walks over to them. Jack looks down, pretending like he didn't notice him, and like he's not disappointed to do so. Kat smiles at him, he puts on a service smile.

MALE BARTENDER
Hey guys, what can I getcha?

KAT
Do you have menus?

Jack closes his eyes in annoyance.

MALE BARTENDER
(fake)
Oh sure, let me grab you one.

KAT
Thank you...!

He turns and walks back where he came from, probably to never return. Jack slowly turns to Kat. She looks at him innocently.

JACK
Why did you do that?

KAT
(frowns)
Why did I ask for a menu?

JACK
Yes.

He holds his head up with his hand, looking at her with sarcastic anticipation. She puts on a smile.

KAT
To see what they have to drink,
Jack.

He turns away-

JACK

Okay.

Kat looks at him, amused.

KAT

She really has a lot to look forward to, huh.

Male Bartender heads over with a menu he dug up from somewhere.

JACK

Here's your menu.

KAT

I don't come here every day, Jack.

Male Bartender approaches-

MALE BARTENDER

Here ya go.

Kat takes it with a big smile-

KAT

Thank you-

JACK

And can I put in a Miller Lite?

MALE BARTENDER

(already walking off,
without looking)

Sure thing.

Jack pretends to look at him, but secretly eyes Andie out of the corner of his eye. She's chatting up one of the male teachers. He quickly looks away, at the bottles of liquor on the shelves directly in front of him.

He turns to Kat, who's looking at the menu.

KAT

Get a good look?

JACK

Yeah. I kinda like him for you.

KAT

He *hates* you.

JACK

He really does, doesn't he?

KAT
Does he like her or something?

JACK
Who the hell knows. Probably.

Kat looks up, starting to chuckle. Andie walks over. Kat has to restrain her eyes from bulging in seeing the mythical creature up close. Jack looks from Kat to Andie, his expression changing as his eyes move-

JACK (CONT'D)
(fun Jack)
Hey...

ANDIE
Hey. Big group.

Andie smiles to Kat, who smiles back.

JACK
(gesturing)
-Andie, this is Kat. -Kat, this is Andie.

	KAT		ANDIE
(warm)		(warm)	
Hi.		Hi.	

KAT
Jack keeps telling me about this place.

ANDIE
Yeah, we're really special.

Kat laughs-

KAT
I like it...!

Jack turns to Kat, coming clean.

JACK
The place where I audition is right by here.

KAT
(side-eying him)
And the staff is very friendly...

Andie starts to laugh.

ANDIE

Mention me by name on Yelp. It's a franchise, they care about that sort of thing.

Jack and Kat laugh. Andie smiles, looking at the two of them, starting to wonder what the deal is.

HOURS LATER

The teachers are gone. Jack and Kat and some alcoholics remain at the bar. The Male Bartender is gone, it's just Andie now.

KAT

(leans in)
Just do it.

JACK

I know.

KAT

So do it, bubba.

JACK

(snippy)
Don't fucking call me 'bubba'.

KAT

(side-eying)
Okay...

Jack turns to Andie, just putting a new drink in front of a customer at the other end of the bar. He watches her go back to an outlet behind the counter, where her phone is plugged in. She picks up her phone, finally having a moment of peace- Jack turns his head away and stays put, not wanting to disturb her.

KAT (CONT'D)

Pussy.

JACK

That doesn't work on me.

KAT

I'm just saying.

JACK

(turning away to the
liquor shelves)
Great.

Jack looks at a bottle of whisky for a half-moment, then he throws his head back angrily, and gets up- As soon as his feet touch the ground, "**Gonna Fly Now**" by Bill Conti, the crescendoing theme from Rocky plays with its epic, yet earnest horns. Jack looks at his feet and the floor ahead of him as he makes his way over. Just about every seat is taken by the regulars at this point.

Jack gets to the end of bar, actually a little amped from the music. He looks at Andie, and puts his hand down on the end of the bar.

JACK (CONT'D)
(as confident as he's
sounded)

Hey-

Andie looks up-

JACK (CONT'D)
What're you doing tomorrow after
work?

Andie raises her eyebrows-

JACK (CONT'D)
Or before, honestly.

She lowers her phone.

ANDIE
I was wondering if you were gonna
ask something like that..Freddy
really was.

JACK
He doesn't necessarily love me.

Andie smirks.

ANDIE
What did you have in mind?

JACK
Something fun. Maybe something
sporty like Top Golf, maybe
something like-
(whispers)
A different bar.
(normal)
I was gonna gauge your interest,
honestly.

ANDIE

I'm pretty easy to please, either
one sounds pretty good.

JACK

(confidently relieved)
Al-right.

ANDIE

(grins)
Top Golf...Your bougie.

Jack grins, then shrugs.

JACK

That's the Jack Kelly experience.

ANDIE

You're the guy who rear-ended me
because you were asleep, right?

Jack almost blushes with embarrassment.

JACK

I think I hear Kat calling me.

Andie does a sarcastic nod.

ANDIE

Run along home.

He shakes his head and walks away with a grin that widens with each step as the chorus to "Gonna Fly Now" plays. Rocky has reached the top of the steps. Andie turns back to her phone, hiding a little smile of her own. Kat leans her head back with a grin and looks at Jack, who smiles back. Kat smiles ear to ear. She puts her hand down, and they high-five.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. TOP GOLF - NIGHT

The bluesy staccato guitar riff of "**Cinnamon Girl**" by Neil Young plays, and the lead vocals drop. Jack practices his swing. Andie watches with amusement. He shanks a ball, then offers her the club. She practices a swing, looking shaky. Jack gives her a pointer. She suddenly straightens up and hits the ball for real, and it soars. Jack watches the ball in awe.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - DAY

Jack and Andie sit in the second deck in the stadium. "Cinnamon Girl" continues. Andie asks Jack something, and Jack passes her his baseball mitt. Jack takes a sip, then reacts... Andie stands up and quickly REACHES DOWN, snagging the home-run ball. She's ecstatic- Jack cheers- They frantically lean in and kiss, as its-

BROADCAST ON THE JUMBOTRON.

Jack looks at her, not fully believing what's happening.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

"Cinnamon Girl" cuts out. Jack and Andie slowly walk through an aisle in the gigantic parking lot, looking for the car, Jack holding his mitt and Andie holding her ball. Jack stops walking, and Andie stops behind him. He turns and looks behind them, where they were just walking. Andie closes her eyes.

EXT. BEACH IN MALIBU - AFTERNOON

Jack and Andie walk along the beach as "Cinnamon Girl" plays. Jack reaches over for Andie's hand.

INT. JACK'S CAR - AFTERNOON

"Cinnamon Girl" cuts out. Jack and Andie sit in stand-still traffic, with quiet Indie Rock music playing over the radio.

ANDIE

That picture I took looks really good.

Jack wills the car ahead of them to move.

JACK

Send it to me if you haven't yet.

Andie nods.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jack and Andie drink wine with candles on the table, as "Cinnamon Girl" plays. Life is good.

Employees come around with their entrees, and lay them before each of them. Jack and Andie look at each other, not knowing where to begin.

AN HOUR LATER

END MONTAGE

The music cuts out. The waiter puts the bill in front of Jack-

WAITER

Thank you.

Jack nods with a little smile. What a wonderful meal. He looks at the bill. A low, percussive piano chord is audible over the score. Jack's eyes go wide, then he sharply turns away and grabs his wallet.

ANDIE

Everything alright?

JACK

Yeah, of course.

(opens wallet)

Absolutely, I just thought they gave us the wrong one for a second..I thought it said a different entree. I feel bad 'cause it fucks up the tip, you know...?

Andie looks away, feeling bad. Jack puts his card down.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna run to the bathroom.

Andie nods, more or less off in her own world of guilt. Jack stands up and heads off.

JACK (CONT'D)

(turns back)

Seriously, I always get the wrong check for some reason.

Andie does a smile and he walks away, not feeling great about any of that.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack washes his hands, and dries them off with a paper towel. He heads out-

FOYER

-and almost runs directly into Loanshark, clearly heading to the bathroom. He starts chuckling his raspy chuckle. Jack puts on an uneasy smile, not sure what to do.

JACK

Is this your place...?

LOANSHARK

Yes it is. I hope you're not planning on paying.

JACK

Nah, actually. I was gonna dine and dash.

Loanshark laughs heartily. Jack tries to laugh with him.

LOANSHARK

I'm serious about dinner, Jackie.

Jack looks at him a half-moment, not sure what he's feeling.

JACK

You've been really good to me.
Thank you. I'll pay it forward one day.

Loanshark looks at him, looking like he might laugh or something. He takes a breath.

LOANSHARK

She'd kill me if I told you, but your mom gave me a call.

Jack sinks, he hold his head in his hands. Loanshark roars with laughter.

LOANSHARK (CONT'D)

She saved your fucking life, you prick...!

Jack looks at him, furious now with righteous indignation.

JACK

They just couldn't find me. *That's* what saved my life.

Loanshark looks a little impressed.

LOANSHARK

Come on, we're blocking the can.

Loanshark puts his arm around Jack, and walks him away, towards the beginning of the dining room.

LOANSHARK (CONT'D)

(low)

Your father and I go back a long time. I did try and get rid of you, you're right about that. But you need to be more grateful to your mother. In any case.

Jack hesitates, hating him, but seeing his point...

JACK

Alright.

Loanshark pats him on the back-

LOANSHARK

That so hard?

Jack looks dead inside with Loanshark touching him.

DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Andie sits, looking bored. She looks up as Jack takes a seat.

JACK

Sorry about that.

Andie shakes her head, no problem.

JACK (CONT'D)

I ran into an old friend.

ANDIE

(biting)

Who?

Jack looks at her, not knowing what to say. He sighs and closes his eye. Andie frowns.

JACK

The guy who owns this place. He's not the best person, actually, I don't know why I said he was a friend.

She raises her eyebrows-

ANDIE

Meaning?

JACK

He's a gangster, basically.
 (makes a face)
 Not even really basically. He's a
 gangster. I'm trying to steer clear
 of him.

She takes it in a half-moment, then does a nod.

ANDIE

Okay.

JACK

My dad knew him. Before he died-

She slowly nods, processing.

JACK (CONT'D)

So there's that too.

He smirks, then so does she. They chuckle a little.

JACK (CONT'D)

He wanted to comp everything, but
 we're happily gonna pay every dime
 because this was the best meal I've
 ever had.

(smiles)

And I hate this place now.

Andie does a little smile. They look at each other a moment,
 tired of not being happy. They extend their hands, and grab,
 holding each others hands across the table. Andie smiles, so
 does Jack.

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lou, looking like he hasn't slept, sits opposite the glass
 from Jack and Joe, each holding a payphone-like receiver.

LOU

We watch a movie once a week. So
 I've seen three so far. Forty-Eight
 Hours, Twenty-One Jump Street, and
 some Steven Seagal movie...

(nods)

They were pretty good.

Jack nods enthusiastically. Joe can hardly react to what he
 just heard.

JACK
Do they let you buy candy before
they play it?

Lou smirks.

LOU
They do.

JACK
Hell yeah.

Joe looks at Jack, he can't be serious.

LOU
Commissary account is all full, by
the way.

What looks like a SKINHEAD sitting next to Lou, turns and eyes him. Lou notices, and glances at him, then back at his friends. Lou, Jack, and Joe make nothing of it. Skinhead continues to side-eye Lou.

JOE
What kinda shit do they have?

LOU
Chips, soda, Honey Buns. That kinda
stuff.

JOE
So what you eat anyway.

The three chuckle.

JACK
How's it compare to cafeteria food?

Lou shakes his head...

LOU
I couldn't even fucking tell you
what the food is like.
(takes a breath)
And that's the best part.

Jack looks at him with all the hope removed from his face. He looks almost as pale as Lou. Joe looks about the same. Lou shakes his head, snapping out of it.

LOU (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, fellas...

Jack shakes his head, still a little too rattled to speak.

LOU (CONT'D)
Thanks for driving all the way up.

Jack does a little nod that he abandons halfway through as his brain searches for something, *anything*, to say...

JACK
I miss driving up the five. I got
kinda nostalgic...

Joe closes his eyes in shame.

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON - CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Lou walks down the hall lined with cells. Someone appears to be walking quietly several paces behind him, but he doesn't seem to notice. Lou turns and walks into his cell, where his cell-mate is asleep on the bottom bunk. He looks at him a moment, wondering how he can sleep.

THWANG THWANG on the bars

Lou turns and the cell-mate wakes up. Skinhead stands in the doorway.

SKINHEAD
Heard you talking shit.

Lou looks at him, confused as hell.

LOU
Me?

SKINHEAD
Are you stupid?

LOU
(shakes head)
I wasn't talking shit.

SKINHEAD
You wasn't saying this and that
about a full commissary?

LOU
I-

Skinhead just looks at him, almost excited. Lou's face changes.

LOU (CONT'D)
I didn't know how it sounded, I
guess.

SKINHEAD

That kinda shit can get you in
trouble. You should be careful.

LOU

(not budging)

I will.

Skinhead notices a Polaroid on the wall of Lou, the same woman from the other picture (face drawn on too), and Jack.

SKINHEAD

Some people forget they need
friends inside too.

Lou just looks at him, at the peak of his stubbornness, then glances at his cell-mate, who's pretending he's somewhere else.

LOU

Think I'm good.

Skinhead looks at the Polaroid, then at Lou. A little smile comes over Skinhead's face, like he's looking forward to Christmas morning.

SKINHEAD

I'll see ya.

Skinhead walks away. Lou's face slowly changes as reality dawns on him. He stands in the cell, with his cell-mate looking at him now. Lou looks at him.

LOU

What?

I/E. DUPLEX - BATHROOM/ OUTSIDE BATHROOM - MORNING

The shower is on and lively music plays in the score.

KAT (O.S.)

It's been three months, dude.

Jack, looking at the bathroom door, holding the phone in one hand, with the other hand out the window, crouching in his boxers. He turns from the door and puts his head out the window and takes a drag of his cigarette. Jack whispers the following conversation:

JACK

(exhaling)

I know that.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

And I'll owe you forever. And Andie finally thought of someone...

KAT (O.S.)

(tone changes)

You should've led with that.

JACK

You're really not as desperate as you make yourself out to be. It's been three months, dude.

KAT (O.S.)

Literally go and fuck yourself, Jack.

ANDIE (O.S.)

Hurry up...!

Jack peeks back into the bathroom.

JACK

Please. He has nowhere to go.

KAT (O.S.)

He has a fucking family in Chicago.

Jack takes another drag and flicks his cigarette into the back yard. He comes back in and stands up.

KAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Plus do you really wanna die on this hill for Joe?

Jack opens his mouth to respond, then hesitates a moment.

ANDIE (O.S.)

Jack, it's a six hour drive...!

Jack stands still, looking at the door. Footsteps head away.

JACK

(turning away from door)

Yes. For some reason I wanna die on this hill for Joe.

A half moment of the shower running, Jack looks down...

KAT (O.S.)

Fine.

JACK

You are the absolute best person,
and I love you more than words can
say.

KAT (O.S.)

You can tell you've never had to
fake an orgasm.

Jack chuckles. A BANG on the door.

ANDIE (O.S.)

It's embarrassing for me if
we're late...!

JACK

(whispering)
Bye.

Jack puts his phone on the sink, takes his boxers off and
jumps in the shower.

INT. MOM'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jack, Andie, Kat, Joe, Mom, and UNCLE PHIL, mid 70s, are
squeezed into a table, eating their big plates of
Thanksgiving food, trying to enjoy one of the periodical
silences they've found themselves in. Mom eats happily. Andie
looks up at her.

ANDIE

Ellen, we passed by an antiques
shop right off the freeway on our
way up. Maybe thirty minutes south
of here.

MOM

Ohh...! Closer to Oakland?

Andie nods enthusiastically with a smile-

ANDIE

Yeah...!

Jack looks at Kat and waits until she notices him...He raises
his eyebrows to acknowledge all the fun everyone's having.
She looks down to avoid laughing.

Andie's phone buzzes in her pocket, and she turns away from
Mom, hesitates, then checks...

INSERT PHONE: "iMessage: Tony: **No, I'm in SF this week! I
didn't tell you??**"

Andie looks at the words, almost not knowing how to respond.
She turns to Jack, who's stirring his food around. Joe almost
looks comfortable with the silence.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Jck-

Jack looks up and Andie indicates with her eyes towards her phone screen. He looks down and reads, then looks back up with wide eyes.

JACK
 (whispering)
 Hly sht-

Joe and Kat look at them. Jack shakes his head to Joe, and mouths nothing. He turns back to his food. Kat looks confused. Jack does a wink. Kat shakes her head, at a complete loss.

LATER

Joe gets up to use the bathroom. People scoot their chairs to accommodate him in the cramped space. Jack watches him like a hawk as he makes his way out of sight... The bathroom door closing is audible. The "**Mission Impossible Theme**" plays.

JACK
 -Now.

Andie clicks on her phone and puts it in front of Kat, who looks confused, but reads the screen anyway. She looks up with a start-

KAT
 (whispering)
 Holy shit...!

Andie and Jack nod.

MOM
 What?

KAT
 That's him, obviously, right?

MOM
 Who's he?

Jack turns with a start and makes the quiet sign over his mouth-

JACK
 (eyes bathroom)
 Mom...!

She looks at the bathroom-

MOM
Sorry, I just don't know what's
happening.

UNCLE PHIL
(squinting)
What's happening?

MOM
He won't tell me.

Jack leans in to her.

JACK
(whisper-yelling)
We don't want fucking Joe to hear.

MOM
Jesus, Jack, it's Thanksgiving.

JACK
I'm sorry.

Uncle Phil nods in approval.

ANDIE
I'm sorry too, Ellen.

KAT
I'm sorry too, Ellen.

Mom laughs. Jack turns, look unsettled. Andie and Kat turn to each other amused and impressed.

KAT (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Lemme see him again.

Andie smirks and rolls her eyes at the same time and clicks on her phone then presents her with the picture. The door to the bathroom opens. Kat looks at the picture of a very handsome, yet accessible man as Joe makes his way into the room, noticing the mood has lifted some. Kat hands Andie back her phone. Joe's a little confused by all of them.

INT. FILM SET - MORNING

ACTRESS, 30, stands in front of a green screen, wearing what looks like 1950s clothing.

ACTRESS
At least I can rely on you... If no
one else.

She looks down, saddened. Jack's eyes are closed. He suddenly opens them, eyes a little too focused.

JACK
 (smiling, calm before the
 storm)
 Do you know what you do to me?

She looks confused, crestfallen.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Do you even care?

ACTRESS
 Of course I care. But about what?

JACK
 (upbeat, yet wistful)
 Do you remember when we first met?

She just looks at him, refusing to play this game. Jack smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Well, hell, I do.
 (smile looks more like a
 wince)
 I'll never forget...

His smile/wince holds, looking like tears are going to start any second. Actress looks at him, feeling the emotion but refusing to say anything more...

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Cut, guys...! Absolutely fabulous.

Upbeat music cuts in on cue over the score. Jack smirks, despite himself, then looks at Actress to change the subject. Someone already handed her a smoothie, and two makeup people are going to work on her.

JACK
 You always give it a hundred
 percent till the last second, it
 makes it so easy.

She grins.

ACTRESS
 Run through the base, right?

Jack grins wide.

JACK
Absolutely.

He turns to a wooden apple-box the size of a step stool where a disposable bottle of water (with a J on the cap) and his phone sit. He picks up his phone and slides it open:

INSERT PHONE: iMessage: Joe: **"Wanna go to prison tomorrow?"**

The music stops. Jack frowns and quickly types something back: **"Can't tomorrow, let's do Sunday"**

The upbeat music resumes. A makeup person comes over and starts going to work on Jack. He positions his phone away from where she's operating. His phone buzzes for a text, the music stops.

INSERT PHONE: **"They don't allow visitors on Sundays"**

Jack starts to type with one hand, looking out of the corner of his eye to see: **"Fuck. I'll go by myself then"**

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Places, guys...!

The upbeat music resumes. Jack puts his phone down and takes a couple steps back to a little white tape "X" on the floor. The camera is now set up in a different angle. Jack's phone buzzes, he edges back and checks.

INSERT PHONE: **"I think it's better if we go together"**

Jack rolls his eyes, getting pissed, and holds down a button on his phone, turning it off. Jack steps back over to his "X" just as Actress walks back to hers. She smirks at him.

ACTRESS
Ready?

JACK
Why, are you?

She cracks up. Jack chuckles along, he's the man. The upbeat music continues as the Director and camera people crowd behind the monitor, and quickly consult their notes before the take.

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jack holds the phone, talking across the glass at Lou.

JACK

Then Captain America dove in *front* of the rocket and saved everyone-

LOU

Holy shit-

JACK

Yeah...! So everyone's fucking devastated, obviously. But then they start this whole charity for him -to help the little guy-

LOU

Right-

JACK

And Falcon's dedicating it and shit, and he has this whole speech prepared, but he's too choked up to do it, so he just goes, 'For 'Cap...'-

LOU

Aww...

Jack nods.

JACK

I know, it really fucking got to me.

LOU

So how's the movie business?

Jack puts his hands up-

JACK

No complaints yet.

This rubs Lou the wrong way a little, Jack doesn't notice.

JACK (CONT'D)

The food's definitely pretty awesome.

Lou does a nod, despite the fact that he's getting more annoyed.

LOU

Whatta they got?

JACK

So it's not the meal that's necessarily the best, ya know? It's all the shit they have around all the time between meals.

Lou nods.

LOU

Donuts and shit.

JACK

It's the best.

LOU

The closest thing we have is Honey Buns.

JACK

(with a smirk)

We got those too.

This pisses Lou off even more. Jack notices.

JACK (CONT'D)

Y'alright, man?

Lou looks down, deciding whether or not to be honest.

JACK (CONT'D)

Can you get some food or water something?

Lou looks up, it's not worth it.

LOU

Nah.

JACK

You sure?

LOU

Yeah, I'm fine.

JACK

Just get some water or some chips or something.

LOU

(shaking head)

Nah, I'm fine. I'm just tired.

Jack nods a little.

JACK
They give you books to read at
night, right?

LOU
(smirks)
Not that I need 'em.

Jack chuckles, Lou smirks.

LOU (CONT'D)
How'd that movie end?

JACK
(shaking head)
That was pretty much it. The good
guys won, but not without
sacrifice.

Lou rolls his eyes, Jack grins.

LOU
I just fuckin' hate that, ya know?
It's boring.

JACK
(grins)
It's a movie.

LOU
Remember that one where Thanos
wins?

JACK
Yeah.

LOU
That was dope...!

JACK
They can do that once, but it's a
movie. They have to win in the end.

Lou looks at him a half-moment.

LOU
I get that. I'm just saying if
they're spending that much money on
it, they can pay someone to come up
with something better.

JACK
(a little dismissive)
Like what?

LOU
Not the same dumb ending every
time.

JACK
What's wrong with a happy ending.

LOU
(dead-eyed)
They're bullshit.

Jack rolls his eyes, Lou is getting heated.

JACK
Sure...

Lou's brow tightens.

LOU
And they make people like you walk
around thinking that you're better
than everyone else.

Jack looks defensive-

JACK
What the fuck are you talking
about?

LOU
(not budging)
You walk around acting like you're
better than the duplex you can't
even afford. Hope you're enjoying
it by the way.

JACK
(shaking head)
I don't even know what you're
talking about, man.

LOU
Bull fucking shit you don't.

Jack looks back at him, refusing to get into it.

LOU (CONT'D)
Then when you're there, being too
good for it, ask yourself why you
don't have a roommate anymore. Ask
yourself what I'm doing here, Jack.

Jack's expression changes from anger to something different.
Something more sinister. He shakes his head and looks at Lou.

He walks over and sits down, not that close to her on the bed.

ANDIE
How was Lou?

He looks down, not knowing where to begin.

JACK
We're-
(lets out some air)
He's fine...

She's confused. He turns to her.

JACK (CONT'D)
We kinda fell out.

She does wince/ smile, she gets it. She puts her hand out, and he takes it without thinking.

ANDIE
You don't have to get into it now.

JACK
I don't even think I could,
honestly.

She looks at him, wanting to say something but not knowing what. She looks down.

ANDIE
Let's not go tomorrow. We'll go
some other time.

Jack looks down, silent for a moment. A grin makes his way on his face. Andie grins too...

JACK
(looking away from her)
Not that I didn't wanna go.

This rubs Andie the wrong way, Jack doesn't notice.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can we do it next week?

ANDIE
Sure.

JACK
I'm really sorry, I was just gonna
ruin everything anyway.

Andie waves her hand, but doesn't mean it. Jack puts his fist in front of his mouth and does a big yawn. Andie looks at him, legitimately angry at this point. She doesn't say anything a moment, just watching Jack look at the wall.

ANDIE

Shall I head out, then?

Jack looks back at her, shocked or feigning shock, it's difficult to tell.

JACK

What?

ANDIE

Should I go now.

JACK

Why would I want you to go?

ANDIE

Because now we're not doing anything in the morning, and you weren't even expecting me here in the first place. And obviously you're quite tired.

Jack looks at her, concerned but not as much as he should be. He looks down-

JACK

Where to begin...

ANDIE

Do you want me to leave. Start there.

JACK

I already told you.

ANDIE

No, you didn't.

Jack puts his hands on his face and throws his head back...

JACK

Just go then. Fine, Andie. You win.

Andie gets up-

ANDIE

Might not come back.

-and collects her stuff around the room. Jack puts his hands down and looks at the floor. Andie walks out of the room and into the bathroom. Jack turns to the doorway, where he can see some of her in the bathroom. Drawers and cabinets open as she collects her things. She walks out, and he sees all of her, still not changing his mind by now. He makes a face-

JACK

Wait, don't you not have your car?!

The door opens, then closes. She's gone. Jack gets up, walks out of the room-

HALLWAY/ LIVING ROOM

-And over the front door. He watches Andie sitting on the steps, ordering a Lyft...

Jack looks at the back of her head for a moment. He closes his eyes.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jack lies awake in bed, difficult to read but certainly not happy. Above him, seemingly out of the wall, the blinding light of a projector is suddenly visible, and the melancholy guitar of "**Martin & Gina**" by Polo G plays, then drops into the wistful rap. Jack just looks at the wall.

INSERT WALL:

Super 8 footage of Andie sitting on a beach, smiling and laughing, clearly being filmed by Jack is being projected...

The footage changes to Jack practicing his swing at Top Golf. Jack turns back, a little amusingly annoyed at something Andie said. He turns back and SHANKS the ball, the camera shakes with Andie's silent laughter...

The footage changes to a selfie of Jack and Andie leaning in for a kiss around what looks like Venice, LA, with string lights hanging in the background. Andie laughs, so does Jack, and they lean in and kiss again.

Jack watches the footage with his unchanging expression, with the bright light of the projector above him, shining light on his face, and obscuring his image...

LIVING ROOM

Loanshark sits in the chair, looking almost chipper. He's alone. A lively little vibrato-filled note becomes audible. Jack frowns at the music as he walks into the hall, in just boxers, to the bathroom- Loanshark whistles- Jack fidgets in surprise, almost tripping into the bathroom. Loanshark laughs. Jack looks down in anger.

LOANSHARK

Sorry, kid.

Jack turns, and steps over a few feet, out of the hall and into the living room.

LOANSHARK (CONT'D)

Take a seat.

Jack looks at the couch, then at him.

JACK

Can I put on clothes first?

LOANSHARK

You're okay like that.

Jack looks down, lets out some air, and walks over to the couch. He sits at an awkward angle to face the Loanshark. He looks at him, waiting for him to talk, getting more and more confused by his overly pleasant demeanor, until something dawns on him and he FREAKS, looking around in every direction for a shooter.

Loanshark laughs, then waves his hand. Jack looks out the window behind Loanshark with wide eyes, not convinced.

LOANSHARK (CONT'D)

(still roaring)

Jackie, no.

Jack eyes around outside, then looks at Loanshark, who's just calming down. Jack looks down and takes a breath...

JACK

To what do I owe the pleasure?

Loanshark grins.

LOANSHARK

I have an opportunity for you.

Jack raises his eyebrows. He almost laughs.

JACK

I don't have any money...

Loanshark smirks, then looks down.

LOANSHARK

It's a *job* opportunity.

Jack looks even more confused.

JACK

I don't think I'd be the right fit.

Loanshark takes out what looks like a couple pamphlets from his blazer pocket. He leans over and hands them to Jack, who accepts them with extreme reluctance... Jack looks at Loanshark, at a loss. Loanshark motions to the pamphlets.

Jack looks down at the pamphlet on top, titled, "**Lighters and Gaffers. Local 354**", then shuffles it back and looks at the other one, "**Camera Operators. Local 201**". Jack's mouth open, and he looks at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't understand.

LOANSHARK

My partners and I underwrite their interests, so to speak.

Jack does a nod.

JACK

I know I should be jumping at the chance, but I'm really trying to focus on my acting.

LOANSHARK

How much does your acting pay you?

Jack doesn't know what to say.

LOANSHARK (CONT'D)

(smirks)

How much?

Jack puts his hand up, not wanting to get into it. Loanshark looks at him a moment, serious... Jack looks at him, starting to consider his expenses...

LOANSHARK (CONT'D)

This could be very lucrative, Jackie.

Jack looks at him, not fighting it completely any more, still holding the pamphlets. Loanshark gets up-

LOANSHARK (CONT'D)

Think about it.

Loanshark does a nod, then opens the door and walks out. He shuts the door behind him, and Jack just looks at the closed door. Thinking about it...

I/E. JACK'S CAR/ STUDIO LOT - MONDAY MORNING

Jack, wearing sunglasses, drives real slow through the thin stretch of road between sound stages, with the hard as nails drums and ruthless rhyming of "Grindin'" by Clipse playing over the score. A woman looks at him as he drives by, but he barely even notices her.

Jack pulls into a spot in front of a sound stage, labeled, "Union Delegate". He turns off the car and hops out.

Jack walks over to the entrance to the sound stage, keeping on his sunglasses even after he's out of the sun as, "Grindin'" continues. He walks into a large opening in the sound stage big enough for a truck to drive in and removes his sunglasses.

Someone with a clipboard looks up-

CLIPBOARD

(dismissive)

You're two days early.

Jack blows right past them. He sees who he's looking for talking with a couple people. The UNION MAN, 50, looks up, and notices him. He politely ends his conversation with the other people, and they slowly look at Jack as he approaches, practically blowing dust as "Grindin'" intensifies.

Jack approaches.

UNION MAN

You're my new point man?

JACK

That's right.

The other people look at Jack, wondering who he is and why he's so important.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A moderately sized stone building in a busy neighborhood.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits in a pew in the back of the church, wearing his sunglasses, face stoic and difficult to read. "**Grindin'**" slowly fades out.

Jack lowers his head and slides his sunglasses off. His eyes are pained and desolate.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits in the dark space. A PRIEST, 50, is visible through a screen.

JACK

Bless me father, for I have sinned.

Priest nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

I let my girlfriend walk out of my house and leave on her own in the middle of the night. And I live in a bad neighborhood. And that's the last I saw her.

Priest nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry about that, but I just don't know how to tell *her* that in any way that matters.

PRIEST

Love can be a very complicated thing.

JACK

Yeah. And-

Jack covers his face with his hand.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's not even all of it... I let my friend...

(sighs)

I let my friend wind up in prison. All because of me.

Priest looks a little alarmed.

PRIEST

I have to warn you, our confidentiality has to end when it comes to criminal matters.

JACK

No, I know, we don't have to really get into it, I just- You know-

Priest nods. Jack takes a deep breath.

JACK (CONT'D)

And that's not even...

(sighs)

All of that is because...

(sighs)

I don't even know how to say this...

PRIEST

Just speak freely.

Jack nods. He takes a breath.

JACK

I've been hearing this music almost all the time and it won't leave me alone.

Priest looks concerned. He hesitates a moment, then:

PRIEST

What do you mean?

JACK

I hear like the background music to my life. Like- No, that's really all I could tell you.

Priest looks even more concerned.

PRIEST

What are you trying to confess to, my son?

JACK

I only met my girlfriend, or re-met my-

(closes eyes)

Ex-girlfriend because of the music, and I didn't wind up in jail because of it.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

And I have a career and I'm still
alive because of it. I don't know
what I'm confessing to, but it
feels like it should be something,
father. Right? I shouldn't be here.

Priest nods slowly.

PRIEST

Maybe this music is a higher
power...

Jack looks at him, brow loosening, as the Priest's words seep
into his brain...

EXT. DUPLEX - NIGHT

It's dark and quiet except for porch-lights and the not too
distant freeway.

BUZZING becomes audible.

INT. DUPLEX - JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack blinks awake and turns to his phone on the nightstand,
right next to a mostly empty whisky bottle. He picks it up
and looks:

INSERT PHONE: "Call from: **Kat**"

Jack sighs, then slides to answer and puts it on
speakerphone, still lying down.

JACK

Hey...

KAT (O.S.)

Did I wake you up?

JACK

Yes.

KAT (O.S.)

It's not very late.

JACK

(clearly a little drunk)
I didn't realize.

KAT (O.S.)

Uh huh... Andie is on her way over.

Jack's eyes open wide in the dark, and he awkwardly sits up, grunting a little as he does.

KAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

JACK
Why would she be headed *here*?

KAT (O.S.)
Are you upset? I can tell her not to.

JACK
I'm not upset, I'm just...

Jack looks blank-faced, then does a little smile that instantly transforms into a wrinkly, sobby face, and even a tear... He holds the bridge of his nose.

KAT (O.S.)
Jack?

EXT. JACK'S STREET/ DUPLEX - CONTINUOUS

A compact car with a pink "Lyft" sticker in the window slowly drives down the street... and up to the duplex.

ANDIE
(drunk)
This' good.

The car stops. The door opens and Andie gets out, dressed nice-

ANDIE (CONT'D)
Thanks.

She shuts the door, and walks up to the chain-link fence between the sidewalk and the duplex's small gravel front yard. She picks up a stick and runs it along the fence, making a little noise. The door to the duplex opens, and Jack stands before the security door, visible from the inside light. A playful motif comes on over the score.

JACK
What're you doing, picketing?

A more smoldering, jazzy motif plays around Andie.

ANDIE
What's that?

JACK
Wanna come in?

The upbeat, playful melody comes through.

ANDIE
Only to get warm.

The security door opens, and Andie slowly walks around, and up the stairs as Jack steps aside, and Andie enters.

INT. DUPLEX HALLWAY/ LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sassy horns of "**Let's Stay Together**" by Al Green play as Jack walks in to the living room area and Andie stands by the door. She pauses a moment, then turns and shuts the door.

Jack sits/ drunkenly collapses down as Al Green starts to sing. Andie just stands around, looking annoyed.

JACK
(slurring)
I'm really sorry about how I acted.
(looks down)
You don't deserve that.
(slowly looks up)
Wanna sit down and talk about
it...?

ANDIE
Not really.

She stands another moment, then quickly makes her way to the couch and sits down. Immediately her phone starts to BUZZ.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
Christ.

Jack raises his eyebrows, on a different kind of drunk level. She grabs her phone and looks, "**Kat**"

ANDIE (CONT'D)
Jesus, it's freakin' Kat.

JACK
Oh.

Andie slides and puts the phone to her ear.

KAT (O.S.)
Are you there?

ANDIE
Yeah, I'm here...

Jack does a little uncomfortable smile.

KAT (O.S.)
I'll let you go then.

ANDIE
I don't care. I only came in to get warm.

Jack looks down.

KAT (O.S.)
Uh..That's not what you said in the club.

ANDIE
I don't-

She grabs the bridge of her nose, Jack looks at Andie, not knowing what to do.

KAT (O.S.)
Could I talk to Jack, maybe?

She sighs, takes the phone from her face and puts it on speakerphone.

ANDIE
I'm going to say something that both of you need to hear very clearly. I don't want the house and the toyota sienna- I've had offers, trust me- and I'm just not fucking interested. I'm not sacrificing who I am for *anyone. Ever.* I'm not being the *doll* either of you want me to be. *Sorry.*

She's looking only at Jack now, who doesn't look like he can hear much more. He closes his eyes tight, then quickly gets up and walks to the door. Andie watches him, a little less angry than she was a second ago. Jack opens the door and walks out, leaving it open.

He shuffles down the stairs as Andie watches, then he STUMBLES-

JACK
Uah-

And hits the ground with a THUD, elbows and knees and skull breaking his fall...

JACK (CONT'D)

Aah...

Andie holds her mouth with her hand, tears forming her eyes as she watches Jack in such pain...

ANDIE

Oh, Jack...

She rushes to her feet, hurries out the door, and crouches to be face to face with him.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

Jack shakes his head, looking up at her like he's taking his last breaths. The background chatter, and finally transcendent horns of **"What's Going On"** by Marvin Gaye begins to play.

JACK

No, I'm sorry. It was all my fault.

ANDIE

No, it wasn't.

JACK

Yes, it was. I was a dick... I'm sorry. We're going to the mountaintop, Andie.

Andie looks at him, Jack looks at her... They lean in and kiss, Jack on the ground, Andie leaning over him.

KAT (O.S.)

Andie? Jack? Hello...?

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON - CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Marvin Gaye starts to sing as Lou makes his way from the showers to his cell, walking past row after row of caged human beings... A Guard heads towards him...and gives him an odd look as he walks by. Lou makes a face and turns to give him a second look.

He approaches his cell and turns in, his cell-mate it absent. The Skinhead stands in the back of the cell. Lou stops in his tracks at the sight of him. Lou looks at him, all the pretense melting away...

LOU

I-

Skinhead just looks back at him, downright excited. Lou TURNS to run, but Skinhead LUNGES and grabs his arm. Lou tries to PULL away, but he has him. Lou looks at him, Skinhead smiles, then STABS him in the side with what looks like a sharpened toothbrush.

LOU (CONT'D)

Aah...

"What's Going On" goes strong as Skinhead STABS and STABS Lou with the shiv, and Lou tries to fend it off with his free hand, sustaining CUT after CUT. Lou closes his eyes tight in agony. The shiv goes IN and OUT, IN and OUT...

Skinhead takes his hand off of Lou and Lou falls to the concrete ground, the light draining out of his eyes, as "What's Going On" comes to a crescendo.

FADE TO BLACK.

The muffled sound of a bowling ball ROLLING down a lane, then CRASHING into the pins-

BEGIN FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Jack walks back from the empty pins.

JACK

That's a spare, folks! If anyone gives a flying fuck...

Some chuckles from Kat, Joe, Lou, the woman from Lou's picture in prison, ANN, 30s, and Jack's date, APRIL, 30.

APRIL

Very impressive.

JACK

My two middle names.

Chuckles/ eye rolls from all.

KAT

I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

April turns around.

ANN
I'll come.

APRIL
Yeah, I'll come too.

Joe grabs a ball from the machine as the ladies head to the bathroom. Lou yawns, then turns to Joe.

LOU
So when're you proposing?

Joe's eyes go wide, then dart to Kat. It doesn't look like she or the others heard them.

JOE
Shut the fuck up.

Jack cracks up. Joe rolls his eyes and Lou smirks .

JACK
Seriously though. I gotta look out
for my girl.

JOE
(eyeing Kat head into the
bathroom)
Soon enough.

JACK
But like..how soon?

Joe looks up in frustration. Lou laughs, and Jack chuckles. Joe puts the ball back.

JOE
I'll probably wait till we leave
the fucking bowling alley and you
fucking morons. How about that?

JACK
So *tonight*?

Joe closes his eyes, done. Lou laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)
(grinning)
Congratulations man, it's
happening.

Joe opens his eyes, grabs the ball back and angrily marches to the lane and bowls as hard as possible, sending the ball soaring down the lane, and CRASHING into the gutter.

Lou cracks up, Jack watches Joe with a grin...

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm gonna take a piss.

Lou watches Joe, still laughing, barely registering Jack. Jack heads to the bathroom, walking up the stairs, and past arcade games, and a crane game full of candy. He walks into the:

BATHROOM

And looks behind him, then heads over to the sink and pulls out a tiny little plastic bag containing one white, round pill. He opens it up, grabs the pill, turns on the faucet, leans in for a gulp of water, then tosses the pill back and swallows. He turns the water off, and looks himself over in the mirror a moment.

He turns from the sink and walks to the urinal, and does his thing...

END FLASHBACK

INT. OPULENT BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Jack sits in a suit next to Andie, who's in a dress, while soothing and happy music plays over the score. Joe sits with a date, BETH 30s.

SPEECH GIVER
These two are so much more than a
pretty face...They're a pretty
smile too.

Jack and Andie and everyone LAUGH. Jack extends his hand and they hold hands. Jack looks over at the elevated space where Kat, wearing a wedding dress, sits with the handsome man from Andie's phone, Tony, wearing a tux. Kat notices him, and they grin. Life is good.

Jack looks at the SPEECH GIVER, 35.

SPEECH GIVER (CONT'D)
The thing that I realized about
Tony and Kat is that they're always
themselves...

Jack reacts to this, suddenly taken out of his bubble of happiness. Andie watches the Speech Giver, as happy as Jack was a moment ago.

SPEECH GIVER (CONT'D)

They never have to worry about being honest with each other because they're *always* honest with each other...It's who they are.

Jack looks downright upset.

SPEECH GIVER (CONT'D)

They *deserve* each other-

Jack's heart shatters.

SPEECH GIVER (CONT'D)

-And they deserve love. The kind of love that only Tony and Kat can create...

Jack just looks straight ahead as the words of the speech dissolve into nothingness. He looks down, like he's going to be sick, then takes a breath... He leans over to Andie.

JACK

(whispering)

I'm gonna get a drink. Want anything?

Andie makes a face.

ANDIE

(whispering)

I think you're next...

Jack hides his disappointment.

JACK

(whispering)

No, yeah, right.

Andie turns back to the Speech Giver, amused. Joe leans over to Beth.

JOE

How's the chicken? Is it okay?

BETH

(nothing going on upstairs)

Yeah...

JOE

I'll trade with you, if you want. I don't really care.

BETH

No, it's *really* good...

Joe does a nod, not convinced by her words or what's become of his life. Jack looks like he's trying to remain conscious.

SPEECH GIVER

I'm gonna sit down now, you guys.
Cheers to the bride and groom...!

The wedding APPLAUDS and CHEERS. He walks away and the EMCEE, 35, walks up to the microphone.

EMCEE

From the bridal party, please welcome Jack Kelly.

Jack closes his eyes, and Andie squeezes his hand. He puts on a smile and stands up, repressing a complete and total public meltdown. He walks over to the microphone, and glances at Kat and Tony, who look excited for his speech. He puts on a quick smile for them.

JACK

How-

EMCEE

Move closer!

Jack moves closer to the microphone-

JACK

How 'bout one more time for the beautiful couple...!

Kat rolls her eyes, the wedding APPLAUDS and CHEERS. Jack looks at his notes on his phone.

JACK (CONT'D)

(not feeling his mouth)
These two really give me hope for mankind...And not just because their kids will probably be hot.

LAUGHS from the crowd. Jack looks sick to his stomach. Andie notices. Jack clicks off his phone. Kat notices. Jack takes a breath. He looks down, unable to avoid everything anymore... Andie makes a face, starting to worry.

JACK (CONT'D)

Craig said Kat and Tony are always themselves, and he's right...And it's lucky they're themselves because they're two of the best people I know-

AWWWs from the crowd.

JACK (CONT'D)

They do deserve each other. They deserve every happiness in the world. They did something really hard. Being vulnerable is really hard. Letting love in your bitter, twisted, shallow Angelino heart is hard.

LAUGHS from the crowd.

JACK (CONT'D)

But they did it.

Jack looks at Andie, who looks touched, then has to look away or else he'll lose it.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's it for me, I think...

Jack steps back and everyone APPLAUDS, and Jack makes his way away from the microphone, past table after table, until he nears his own... He looks down, deciding something in that moment, and passes by Andie and his table, keeping his head down as he does. Andie watches him pass by, then pass the bar by, then gets up and walks after him. Jack walks out of the main door.

EXT. OPULENT BANQUET HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks out, looking like his mind is made up. It's almost completely silent. The score is gone.

ANDIE (O.S.)

Jack...!

Jack turns with a start- The door opens and Andie walks out.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

Jack opens his mouth to lie, then looks down.

JACK
I don't know.

ANDIE
Are you leaving?

Jack puts his hands up, not knowing what to say. Andie's face changes.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

JACK
I don't know.

Andie looks at him, 'Tell me'. Jack looks back, 'I can't'...

ANDIE
So that's it...?

Jack closes his eyes.

JACK
I don't know...

Angry tears form in Andie's eyes.

ANDIE
Can you say anything else? And it really seems like you do.

Jack looks at her, serious.

JACK
I love you right now and I'll love you tomorrow, and I will *always* love you, and I will *never* love anyone else as much as I love you...*Ever*.

A tear streams down Andie's face. Jack is crying too.

ANDIE
Are you going to tell me why?

JACK
(closes eyes)
I don't deserve you.

Andie closes her eyes.

ANDIE
Can I decide that?

JACK

My life is hollow aside from you.
It's someone else's life.

ANDIE

Everyone feels like that...! Talk
to me about it.

JACK

(choking up)

You deserve the person I'm
pretending to be, not the person I
am.

Andie clenches her jaw, hanging on. Jack looks at her one last time, heart breaking, then turns and walks away. The somber trumpet of "**What's New**" by Clifford Brown begins to play. Andie watches Jack slowly disappear from her life...

INT. HOUSE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

It's dark. The trumpet and strings of "What's New" continues. The door opens and Jack enters, holding something. He flips the lights on and sets down a red plastic gasoline drum. He reaches outside and takes another drum then enters and picks up the first one and closes the door with his foot. The place is cozy in size, but absolutely beautiful.

BEDROOM

The tastefully decorated room has a beautiful view of all of Los Angeles. Jack enters and SHAKES gasoline all over the place.

KITCHEN

Jack goes to empty a bag of little white pills into the sink, then has a thought, and tosses the bag on the ground and walks out.

BLACK SCREEN

Violent flames envelopes the darkness.

INT. HOUSE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Jack walks to the door as the flames spread everywhere and thick black smoke starts to develop.

He gets to the door and puts his hand on the knob, then has a thought...His expression changes, and he no longer looks like he's in pain. He hesitates a moment, then turns and walks over to the flaming doorway, pulls out a cigarette and holds it over the flame...

He puts it in his mouth and puffs and puffs it, heading over to a comfortable looking leather chair, and takes a seat. He sits back and takes a puff of the cigarette, inhales, then exhales contentedly. He closes his eyes, relaxing for the first time in a while as the flames approach and "What's New" continues. Jack sighs with relief and relaxation.

INT. OPULENT BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

Couples, including Kat and Tony, and Joe and Beth, slow dance to "What's New"...

INT. LYFT CAR - CONTINUOUS

Andie sits in the backseat, out of tears, looking resolved in some way...

INT. HOUSE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - CONTINUOUS

Jack appears to be asleep in the chair. The cigarette grows ash and the flames approach slowly but surely...

FADE OUT.

"What's New" remains audible, and the crackling of a healthy fire seems to slowly morph into the sound of waves crashing onto the beach...

INSERT TITLE: **"Jack Will Return In**

The Irish Goodbye: Chapter Two"