

**catch 22: based on the
unwritten story by seanie sugrue**

Josh Folan

Story Contributions by Seanie Sugrue

Draft Dated 4/22/15

Josh Folan
NYEH Entertainment

████████████████████
████████████████████

1 EXT. MANHATTAN - DUSK 1

An empty NYC alley. Trash flutters about the base of a dumpster.

Tompkins Square Park. A BUM lies on a bench, soiled and ragged clothing masks his face.

The Brooklyn Bridge in the distance, the setting sun glistening off heavy traffic gridlocked on it.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOP - DUSK 2

Stillness. The sun sets past the looming NYC skyline.

TITLE CARD: "catch 22: based on the unwritten story by seanie sugrue"

As the last sliver of the sun slips behind a building, MUSIC starts and our view drifts down a lethargically-spinning exhaust fan.

CREDITS START.

CUT TO:

3 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 3

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

We drift up from a WOMAN's hand holding a PREGNANCY TEST to her face, attractive but worn, she's naked.

A silhouette of a GUY standing in the doorway also in the mirror.

A hint of a knowing smile from the Woman.

CUT TO:

4 INT. APARTMENT DUCTWORK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 4

The MUSIC can be heard trickling into the duct from afar.

We pick up speed as we pass through dank ductwork, the RATS and ROACHES that occupy it lit by the light spilling through bathroom air vent grates we pass.

CUT TO:

5 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 5

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

POV of the Woman storming towards us in mid-tirade, her words are muffled -- but she's pissed.

We follow the PREGNANCY TEST as she SLAMS it down onto the counter next to a small MIRROR with a few lines of COCAINE cut up on it.

The test reads POSITIVE.

CUT TO:

6 INT. APARTMENT DUCTWORK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 6

Our pace slows as we approach a particular grate, a bustling RAT NEST guarding it. Multiple RATS work to shred a pair of WOMEN'S PANTIES.

The MUSIC has gotten louder, we're close to the source.

CUT TO:

7 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 7

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The Woman in tears with her back to the wall, a man with his back to us holds her closely.

She looks upwards, resistant, his consolation ineffective.

CUT TO:

8 INT. APARTMENT DUCTWORK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 8

We cautiously strafe past the nest and out through the grate into:

9 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 9

We drift down from the vent above a bachelor's toilet bowl - no shortage of PUBIC HAIR and DRIED PISS on the rim.

An empty cigarette pack CELLOPHANE floats on the yellow water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

Fluorescent light does its best to light the room from the overhead source, flickering.

We're a few feet from the bowl now, the back of a MAN'S HEAD comes CRASHING INTO view, PUKE spewing from his mouth and splattering the underside of the seat on his way in.

MUSIC CUTS.

CREDITS FINISH.

CUT TO:

LOOKING UP OUT OF THE TOILET BOWL:

The man convulses, purges the last of the puke-saliva cocktail in his mouth.

FREEZE FRAME, TEXT OVERLAY:

Seanie - Writer/Heroin Addict
Tomorrow's Responsibilities: N/A

UNFREEZE.

SEANIE swallows, dry heaves.

CUT TO:

10

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

10

Seanie can be heard VOMITING from the bathroom throughout...

A GLASS TUMBLER sits upside down on the kitchen counter, scantily foggy, under which a large COCKROACH lies on it's back twitching away the last of its life.

The apartment door. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

We pull out, the room is sparsely decorated. A large wrap-around couch, poorly kept, dominates. Two men are passed out on it. The roach-filled tumblers here and there.

Another sleeps draped across a chair facing into a far-off corner, yet another is face down under a makeshift coffee table made from plywood and cinder blocks.

COURT DOCUMENTS outlining a Vince Root's jail sentence surrender date and time lie about, amidst CHINESE TAKEOUT remnants.

(CONTINUED)

COCAINE remnants on top of a beat-up paperback copy of a BOOK - *Sobs in the Darkness* by Seanie Sugrue - on the table, next to an IPHONE.

An ALERT on the screen: "WEATHER ALERT: Hurricane Sandy to make New York City landfall by morning."

A chair in the corner. A black man, 30s, lies unconsciously across it. White powder is visible on his nostrils, dried blood mars the side of his face.

FREEZE FRAME, MORE KNOCKING, TEXT OVERLAY:

John (Bird) - Movie Theater Usher/Aspiring Cartoonist/Coke Dealer
Tomorrow's Responsibilities: Sundries inventory at the theater

UNFREEZE.

BIRD twitches, we move over to the couch. Half-hanging off the chaise is a large, clean-cut Native American. His head lies in a wet spot created by the uncapped and half-empty BOTTLE OF WHISKEY he grips the neck of.

FREEZE FRAME, MORE KNOCKING, TEXT OVERLAY:

Mikey - Bartender/(Former) Recovering Alcoholic
Tomorrow's Responsibilities: Goldfish shopping with daughter

UNFREEZE.

We direct our attention down to an unkempt guy passed out under the cinder block construct - definitely doesn't not smoke pot, 30s.

FREEZE FRAME, MORE KNOCKING, TEXT OVERLAY:

Mick (Smoke) - MTA Bus Driver/Convicted Rapist
Tomorrow's Responsibilities: Taking his wife and two daughters to Coney Island

UNFREEZE.

We move over to the unidentified couch-mate, a roughneck in his 30s, sporting a mean shiner.

FREEZE FRAME, MORE KNOCKING, TEXT OVERLAY:

Vince - Abysmal Professional Poker Player/Coke Dealer
Tomorrow's Responsibilities: (maybe) Begin serving ten year prison sentence for cocaine trafficking

UNFREEZE.

CONTINUED:

5.

VINCE groggily stirs towards the door, discovers his black eye en route.

CUT TO:

11 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 11

LOOKING UP OUT OF THE TOILET BOWL:

Seanie reaches the end of a heave, spits once, twice. Kicks the door closed behind him. Rests his forehead on the crook of his arm. Beat. He turns his head towards the bathtub.

REVEAL: AN ASIAN WOMAN'S ARM HANGS DOWN BEHIND A HALF-CLOSED SHOWER CURTAIN.

What. The fuck. Is that.

POV FROM INSIDE TUB, PARTLY OBSCURED BY CURTAIN:

Seanie crawls over to the tub, hesitantly reaches for the curtain...

SEANIE'S POV:

...his hand reaching for the curtain, he snaps it out of the way.

A gorgeous, lightly tattooed Asian GIRL, 20s, naked in the water. Bruises on her neck, shoulders, arms, around her eye. Makeup askew. Eyes wide open.

OUT OF POV.

He scrambles backwards, slamming into the toilet. Fear, shock.

CUT TO:

11A INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Vince looks out the peephole, irritated.

CUT TO:

11B INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

No one out there.

CUT TO:

11 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(CONTINUED)

Seanie against the toilet. Silence, save for the DRIPS of water from the tub faucet, and faint GROANS from the guys in the other room. A roach-filled tumbler on the floor in front of him.

He inches back towards the girl, leans in to check her breathing -- DRIP, DRIP, DRIP -- nothing.

He stares blankly, shaken.

CUT TO:

12 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 12

Vince checks BEER BOTTLES. He finds one to his liking, takes a swill. Seanie comes crawling in from the bathroom, sits against the wall.

SEANIE

There's a dead Asian in the bathtub.

SMOKE, having yet to show any sign of consciousness, BANGS his head on the underside of the table reacting to this. Vince perks up.

SMOKE

What?!?

Seanie motions to the bathroom.

Vince bounds up off the couch, painfully SMACKING his shin into the table on the way, to look.

Shit falling off the table onto Smoke motivates him to work his way out from under it.

SMOKE

What kind of Asian?

CUT TO:

13 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 13

Vince enters, eying the tub - the sparse soap suds on the full water line obscure what lies beneath.

He grimaces from the smell of the puke in the toilet, looks back at Seanie on the floor, flushes it.

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE (O.C.)
Filipino, maybe?

SMOKE (O.C.)
I don't give a shit what national-

Smoke enters.

SMOKE
-- oh fuck. That Asian.

SEANIE
Yeah. That Asian.

CUT TO:

14 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 14

Vince storms from the bathroom, rips the whiskey bottle from Mikey's passed-out grasp.

VINCE
Wake the fuck up.

He takes a swill from the bottle as he walks over to tip the still unconscious Bird out of his chair, abruptly interrupting his slumber.

BIRD
What the fuck!?!

VINCE
Get up. We have a problem.

Mikey GROANS from the couch. Smoke yells from the bathroom.

SMOKE (O.C.)
This chick is definitely dead.

SEANIE
No fucking shit, Smoke.

BIRD
Dead? Who's fucking dead?

MIKEY
I'm fucking dead.

SMOKE (O.C.)
How the fuck is she dead?

Bird is to his feet, heading for the bathroom as Smoke exits, pacing.

(CONTINUED)

BIRD
Who's dead?

SMOKE
That fucking stripper, man.

SEANIE
I think she graduated from stripper
to hooker when she agreed to
accompany us here for our little
soiree.

SMOKE
What the fuck difference does her
job title make, man? She's fucking
dead.

Mikey is finally tuning in to the keywords here, scrapes
himself off the couch, heads to the bathroom.

Seanie is thumbing away on his iPhone.

SEANIE
Just saying.

Bird and Mikey hit the bathroom doorway in unison.

CUT TO:

15 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 15

We take in the little details of the girl's body.

REVERSE:

Mikey and Bird in the doorway, they inch in to get a closer
look at her.

BIRD
Mother-fuuuuuucck.

CUT TO:

16 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 16

SMOKE
Bad. This is bad.

SEANIE
Bad is probably selling it short.
Maybe "harrowing" would be-

(CONTINUED)

SMOKE

Fuck you, baby Hemingway.

VINCE

Everybody shut the fuck-

SMOKE

We gotta call the cops-

Vince launches the near-empty bottle of whiskey at the wall near Smoke, SHATTERING it. Everything stops.

Mikey slowly works his way out of the bathroom.

VINCE

Nobody is calling anyone, going anywhere, rolling the dice on anything, until we figure out what the fuck is happening here. Friends don't fuck each other over. In fact, phones off and on the counter. NOW.

He takes his PHONE out, powers it off, tosses it on the kitchen counter. Smoke follows suit.

CUT TO:

17 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

17

Bird stares down at the girl. Disturbing.

Our view moves from ECU to ECU of the damage -- the evidence, really. We land on her eyes, agape - staring back at him.

VINCE

(from other room)

Bird! Your fuckin' phone!

Bird looks to the door, at himself in the mirror, then back to the girl.

He leans over, building up the courage before touching her face, recoils when he does -- she's ice cold. He reaches out again, this time very delicately pushing her eyelids closed.

Another look, a little less unsatisfied this time, and he tugs the shower curtain closed.

CUT TO:

18

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

18

Mikey tosses his phone down as Bird emerges from the bathroom and does the same.

Seanie is still twiddling with his.

VINCE

You too, motherfucker!

Vince goes after his phone, Seanie fends him off.

MIKEY

What the fuck are you doing,
tweeting this shit?

SEANIE

ALRIIIIGHT. For fuck's sake.

He turns off the phone and tosses it on the counter with the others, sits on the couch.

VINCE

And find hers in her purse, and
smash it.

Bird does.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Now can somebody please explain to
me what the fuck happened after I
passed out?

SMOKE

I don't remember you passing out. I
don't remember me passing out.

BIRD

I don't remember shit, homie.

Seanie scrapes together some COKE remnants on the copy of his BOOK on the table with a PLAYING CARD. He sniffs the scraps off a corner of the card, shakes his head no.

VINCE

Mikey?

MIKEY

Nothing. I remember getting back
here with her, but she was fine.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE
Nobody has the slightest clue how
that Asian stripper-

SEANIE
Asian hooker.

VINCE
-ended up dead in my bathtub?

He cycles through the roster - ignorance all around.

VINCE
Well that doesn't fucking add up.

SMOKE
We gotta call the cops, man. She's
fucking dead.

SEANIE
There's an idea.

SMOKE
We all just said we didn't do
anything to her.

BIRD
Well, I mean, what I heard was we
don't know.

VINCE
Exactly! We don't fucking know.
She's all bruised up, we all have
fuck-knows-what in our system-
(at Seanie)
He's doing fucking blow right now.

MIKEY
What if one of us did?

SMOKE
Did what?

MIKEY
Did that. Wouldn't be the first
time one of us has done something
fucked up.

SEANIE
(snorting a bump)
This isn't really our brand of
fucked up.

Bird gestures bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY

A room full of coked-out drunks,
half of 'em have done time? Open
and shut case.

VINCE

Thank you. We figure this out right
here, right now, and we deal with
it - no one gets fucked.

(beat)

Mikey?

MIKEY

Bet.

SMOKE

We didn't-

VINCE

Smoke, you of all people...no one
gets fucked.

Beat.

SMOKE

No one gets fucked. Bet.

VINCE

Boys?

BIRD

Bet.

Seanie nods.

VINCE

Say it.

SEANIE

"Bet."

CUT TO:

19

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

19

We watch in extremely high speed as the group tries to piece
together their day - arguing, yelling, pleading, drinking,
chain-smoking, blowing lines, referencing the girl and the
bathroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. DIVE BAR - MORNING

20

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Smoke and Seanie entering, the other guys are already there. Mikey bartends. Celebratory greetings.

CUT TO:

The group does shots.

CUT TO:

Bird and Seanie doing bumps of coke in a bathroom stall.

BIRD

-he'd shotgun a six pack in the
back seat in the parking lot at the
Paramous Park Mall-

Seanie does one.

SEANIE

-and then go in and freak everyone
out in the food court with that
palsy seizure shit - you remember
that shit?!?

CUT TO:

Mikey hoists Vince up on his shoulders, both trying to balance shots in their hands, as Vince tries to formulate a toast with the rest of the guys.

A television in the background has weather channel coverage of Hurricane Sandy approaching New York.

VINCE

I'll bet you twenty bucks!

SMOKE

I'll bet everyone here you don't
have twenty bucks to your name,
motherfucker!

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DIVE BAR - DAY 21

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The group spills out of the bar in good spirits, Mikey LOCKS the door behind them.

BIRD

Call that fuckin' limo guy...

CUT TO:

22 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 22

The group in heated discussion, high-speed - Seanie is absent. It clicks over to real-time.

BIRD

...there's no such thing as a cool court date-

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK at the door. Everyone freezes.

SMOKE

(whisper)

What the fuck?!?

MIKEY

Your cleaning lady?

Vince glances at his fucked up apartment.

VINCE

Fuck you.

BIRD

Seriously, who the fuck-

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Vince motions for silence.

VINCE

(whisper)

They'll fuck off eventually.

The foursome listens intently, eyeing each other.

Smoke jumps up from the couch, wipes his sweaty palms on his jeans and locks the deadbolt on the door, backs away.

Mikey motions for him to be still.

Beat. DOORBELL.

(CONTINUED)

Vince inches towards the door, the other three flanking him.

A floorboard CREAK conjures grimacing all around.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Vince reaches for the peephole slider, moves to look through it.

Just as he is about to look out...the toilet FLUSHES in the bathroom, the door flies open, Seanie hazily walks out.

Everyone silently halts him.

SEANIE

What the fuck's with the cockroach
science experiments, by the-

VINCE

(whisper)
-Shut the fuck up-

BIRD

(whisper)
-someone's out there-

SMOKE

(whisper)
-christ-

Another KNOCK, impatience behind it. Seanie oozes
condescension.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

I know you're in there. I can hear
you.

Angst all around.

Vince peeps out, exhibits relief.

The other guys interpret this, fall back into their spots at
ease.

Vince takes a breath, halfway opens the door.

A teenage KID wearing an urban basketball league t-shirt,
holding a full box of generic CANDY BARS.

KID

You owe me five bucks.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

Really not a good time, man.

KID

You said that yesterday.

Vince lets go of the door and hastily takes the little bit of CASH he has out of his pocket, starts counting.

The Kid watches, disappointed in his bankroll.

KID (CONT'D)

I'll cut you a deal, baller.

Vince looks up from straightening out some ONES.

KID (CONT'D)

I gotta sell these candy bars for my basketball team...you and everyone in there buys one and I'll wipe your owe off the books.

Vince, impressed with the haggle, nods.

VINCE

How much for each?

The Kid sizes him up before making his play.

KID

Three?

Vince feigns consideration, nods as he turns back to the guys to collect money. Bird, then Mikey.

The Kid watches from the door, makes the guys uncomfortable.

MIKEY

(quietly, to Vince)

What the fuck you owe that kid money for?

Vince ignores him, on to Smoke, then Seanie. Seanie cracks off a HUNDY to Vince.

SEANIE

(to Kid)

A hundred fair for the whole box?

The Kid is taken aback by the offer.

(CONTINUED)

KID

Ye-yeah...

Vince walks all the money back over to the Kid. He hands over the candy, stuffs the cash in his BACKPACK and starts taking an EMAIL SHEET and PEN out.

KID (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to get your emails for our newslett-

He looks up at the guys all looking at him, hardened.

KID (CONT'D)

I'll just tell coach you guys declined the newsletter.

Beat.

KID (CONT'D)

Th-thanks for supporting urban youth basketball. Later, Vince. Thanks.

Vince nods, almost smiles. The kid heads off, Vince closes the door, locks it, chucks the candy onto the kitchen counter.

The room exhales. Seanie crosses to the counter.

SEANIE

Is there anyone you don't owe money to?

Struck a chord.

VINCE

Fuck you, asshole.

Seanie grabs a CANDY BAR, opens it, inspects, passes on it.

SEANIE

I'm the asshole. I'm always the asshole.

(to Vince & Bird)

You guys are coke dealers, and you're not sitting in jail right now solely because I bailed your ass out...

(to Mikey)

You fucked my fiance-

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY

-Ex-

SEANIE

-and have a goddamn kid from it-

MIKEY

-don't fucking bring her into this-

SEANIE

(to Smoke)

And you drive a fucking bus for a
Nazi regime. But I support urban
youth basketball, and I'm the
fucking asshole.

Seanie opens a FORTUNE COOKIE from the takeout on the counter, chucks the cookie aside, reads the FORTUNE: "The ONLY thing you can't choose in life is where you come from."

VINCE

You're the greatest, bro. Now can
we talk about the dead Asian in the
bathtub?

SMOKE

I got an idea, man.

Seanie demonstrates little faith in what he's about to hear.

SMOKE (CONT'D)

It's a little out there-

BIRD

The situation is a little out
there.

VINCE

Yeah, fuck it. We're listening,
bro.

SMOKE

(to Mikey)

Mikey - that wild-ass story you
told me at the bar this morning -
that guy who was a regular when you
worked there, used to come in and
pound all the gin martinis...

(to the others)

They were saying he'd put his head
down on the bar and take little
five minute baby-naps all the time-

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY

Yeah this is definitely out-there.

SMOKE

Right? He tipped well so-

BIRD

Why the fuck are you explaining this to us if he was there?

SMOKE

Well, I mean, fuck...

MIKEY

The guy did tip well, so we'd just let his drunk-ass shit slide.

(realizes he should take over)

So we were keying up for a busy Friday night this one time, and the guy put his head down and never got back up. I mean, at first we figured he was just one or two overboard, but after like a half hour of this fucking guy not moving - I'm poking him with the muddler, eventually Todd nonchalantly checked his pulse. He was fucking dead.

Seanie laughs.

SEANIE

I like this story.

SMOKE

Fuckin' wild, man.

VINCE

(to Seanie)

I'm sure we'll come across it again in your next masterpiece.

BIRD

-This is why I can't work in bars-

SEANIE

(to Vince)

You took my phone, can't Evernote it.

MIKEY

The place starts to fill up cause it's a Friday, so we're freaking

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY (cont'd)

out because we can't have this dead guy sitting here, and we don't want to fuck up the scene and have things clear out, fuck up our money. The guy had mentioned staying at the Plaza, so Todd goes out front and flags a fucking cab down, and we put his ass in there, gave the cabby thirty bucks and told him to make sure he got to The Plaza alright.

VINCE

You just put a dead guy in a cab.

SEANIE

I really like this story.

BIRD

How the fuck have we never heard this before?

MIKEY

A lot of crazy shit goes down at that joint.

SMOKE

So finish the story!

MIKEY

That's it. A detective showed up later and asked us if we put a dead guy in a cab to the Plaza, but you know how Todd is, just talked his way out of it. So that's the story.

(beat, to Smoke)

How does it relate to our situation, exactly?

SMOKE

Uhhh...you got rid of a dead body...

BIRD

The cops showed up.

SEANIE

-and I don't think she's staying at the Plaza.

(CONTINUED)

SMOKE

I didn't say we should do the exact same thing, it's just, you know, a starting point, man.

MIKEY

She's naked, bruised up, and we clearly brought this girl here. No overlap, dude.

VINCE

Great. Fucking. Story.

(beat)

I think we gotta be a little more realistic here.

SMOKE

Alright, Eli...quarterback us to fucking victory then.

VINCE

We need to know if anyone else knows she came here.

SEANIE

If not?

BIRD

Then we have a lot more options.

SMOKE

Options for what?

VINCE

Options for fixing the problem.

MIKEY

Christ.

Mikey grabs a bottle of VODKA off the kitchen counter, chugs.

BIRD

What?

MIKEY

You think you're John fucking Gotti, dude?

VINCE

Says the guy sending dead bodies on taxi joy rides.

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY

What are you going to do? Toss her off the Tri-boro? Bury her in Central Park?

Vince and Bird don't look turned off by these suggestions.

SMOKE

Jesus, fuck.

Smoke takes the bottle from Mikey, chugs.

VINCE

However that girl ended up in there - our fault or not - is doing right by her more important to you than any of us?

BIRD

There's a goddamn hurricane coming.

SEANIE

(throwaway)

It's bullshit, like Irene.

MIKEY

That's not what they're saying.

SEANIE

"They" need to make dipshits watch the weather channel. Sounds like it worked.

VINCE

If the weather is all fucked up, that'll be good.

Nothing audible, some lip-biting.

Smoke heads for the door.

VINCE

Where the fuck are you going, bro?

SMOKE

I'm going outside for a fucking smoke, man. And getting the fuck out of the shitty energy in this room for a second.

He SLAMS the door behind him. All look back at Vince.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

23.

VINCE
So we left O'Hanlon's and-

CUT TO:

23 INT. LIMO - DAY 23

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The guys blow lines, chug a bottle of Jack, yell like
assholes out the windows and sunroof.

Seanie hits a line, smiles ear to ear.

SEANIE
Let's go see my girl at Emerald.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY 24

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

They spill out of the limo, greet the BOUNCER with
familiarity as they head inside.

CUT TO:

25 INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY 25

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Seanie cracks off CASH to everyone.

ECUs of sweaty cash in all their hands, some slipped into
g-strings, some plucked away by the hands of women.

CUT TO:

26 INT. STRIP CLUB BATHROOM - DAY 26

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Smoke and Vince in a bathroom stall snorting rails off the
shelf above the toilet, Mikey bangs on the stall door.

CUT TO:

27 INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

27

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The group seated in a corner, toasting each other as the Girl seductively approaches, solicits the group. Her co-worker, BRANDY, sits on Bird's lap.

SMOKE

Hey hot Asian girl! I've seen
Karate Kid part one, but I haven't
seen part two yet!!

SEANIE

What the fuck is the matter with
you?

ECU's of her naked body, various seductions.

Her whispering in the guys' ears.

Seanie whispering in hers.

CUT TO:

28 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

28

BIRD

(to Seanie)

You were off in that bathroom with
her for like fifteen minutes, you
had to have gotten your dick wet.

CUT TO:

29 INT. STRIP CLUB PRIVATE BATHROOM - DAY

29

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Seanie and the Girl spill into the bathroom, all giggles.

GIRL

I actually read well above the 5th
grade level you're condescendingly
implying, you dick.

The Girl, naked except for her g-string, pushes Seanie up against the sink, starts undoing his belt. He watches her, there's feelings here.

He pulls two LOOSE KEYS from his pocket, extends them. She accepts, smiles, shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

How many of these are you going to
make me?

SEANIE

As many as I have to.

She gauges him, shakes her head as she slips the keys back
into his pocket.

GIRL

People like you and me are broken.

CUT TO:

30 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 30
Seanie forces a smile, recalls.

CUT TO:

31 INT. STRIP CLUB PRIVATE BATHROOM - DAY 31

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Seanie pulls out a BAG of white powder, the girl looks up
from his lap with a sexy inquisition.

ECU of a refined heroin "kit" being opened - a high-end
SPOON, SYRINGE, ZIPPO LIGHTER, TOURNIQUET.

The drug cooking in the spoon.

The syringe emptying the spoon.

The girl reaches for the full syringe, Seanie wags his
finger.

The syringe clenched between the girls teeth.

She ties off his arm with the tourniquet.

The needle plunging into his vein.

The plunger emptying the syringe.

Seanie's blurry POV of the girl leaning in to kiss him...

FADE TO BLACK.

32 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 32

Bird ruffles Seanie's feathers for taking down the girl, Seanie is absent from the gesture.

CUT TO:

33 INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY 33

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

All four of the guys party in their corner, the girl returns.

Bird beckons her with a TWENTY.

Bird and the girl whisper in each others ears, she giggles.

The guys watch her as Seanie slowly works his way back from the bathroom, the girl taunts them all from Bird's lap.

BIRD

(motioning to Vince)

See that guy? Tomorrow he's going off to war for us. I think we all have a responsibility to show him our appreciation for his service.

THE GIRL

America, fuck yes. I'm off in fifteen, be in front of the Duane Reade next-door.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. DUANE READE - DAY 34

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

A busy avenue intersection, a Duane Reade on the corner.

The Girl approaches in street clothes, looking for them.

The limo parked out front, the door flies open and the group drunkenly beckons her to it.

CUT TO:

35 INT. LIMO - DAY 35

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The guys party with the girl, she's topless.

Bird gives her coke.

Mikey is chugging from a whiskey bottle, hanging out the sunroof.

The limo stops outside a Harlem tenement, Seanie jumps out, insisting he'll be right back.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY 36

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The girl hurries Seanie back to the car from the sunroof, still topless.

CUT TO:

37 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY 37

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The group spills into the apartment, a ton of LIQUOR in tow.

The girl is barely covering herself with the scraps of CLOTHING she carries.

The place doesn't look like it's Vince's last day living there - furniture and personal effects abound.

SMOKE

Coming back here just a ploy to help you empty this fucker out so you don't lose your deposit?

VINCE

Deposit? I'm going to jail, bro...I didn't pay shit this month.

Smoke is pouring out shots into SOLO CUPS.

The girl is sitting very still up on the kitchen counter, nothing but a g-string on, legs spread. Seanie and Bird each blow a line off her thighs.

(CONTINUED)

The girl is dancing for the group, each perched around the room watching the show.

The girl is sprawled out on Seanie, rubbing her ass into his crotch.

Seanie whispers into her ear while staring down Vince.

The girl climbs up onto Vince's lap, her hand down the front of his jeans immediately.

Vince coolly pushes her away as he stands.

Vince crossing to the kitchen, yelling at the guys.

VINCE

Because I'm not fucking into it!

Bird on the couch.

BIRD

I'm fucking into it.

CUT TO:

38 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

38

Vince on the couch.

VINCE

Because I'd remember killing a girl.

CUT TO:

39 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

39

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Vince has his back against the closed door. The girl is naked, her face inches from his.

GIRL

Seanie already paid - I don't hear no very often to freebies.

VINCE

You can tell him we fucked every which way, I'm just not-

(CONTINUED)

GIRL
 You a faggot? All that man-
 (she grabs his cock)
 -shit you give off just a cover?

VINCE
 What? No, I-

GIRL
 It's ok. You're not gonna fuck me
 because you're a faggot. That's ok.

She laughs.

Vince violently slams her across the bathroom into the tub.

The girl's POV, Vince chokes her, boiling with anger.

The girl limp and bruised, dead in the tub. Water spouts
 from the faucet next to her head.

Vince looks down at what he's done.

CUT TO:

40 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 40

Mikey pokes through the Chinese food.

Bird shovels NOODLES into his mouth from a cardboard
 CONTAINER with atrocious chopstick form.

MIKEY
 No one else remembers killing her
 either.

VINCE
 That is what you're all saying,
 isn't it? She sure as shit didn't
 end up dead in there on her own.

Skepticism as he surveys the room.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. 4TH PLACE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 41

Smoke smokes a cigarette.

A GUY stands across the street, a LITTLE GIRL (six or seven
 years old) holding his hand, checking to make sure traffic
 is clear before crossing.

(CONTINUED)

Smoke watches them.

Back to the guy and his daughters as they cross the street. They're happy, loving.

QUICK CUTS TO SMOKE AND HIS DAUGHTER DOING THE EXACT SAME THING PEPPERED INTO THE SHOT AS THE GUY CROSSES THE STREET.

Smoke takes another hit, pitches the cigarette and watches the duo walk off.

He's jarred from zoning out by a black LIVERY CABBIE who's pulled up and stopped in front of him with the passenger window down.

LIVERY CABBIE

Where to, my man?

Smoke leans down a bit, thinks.

CUT TO:

42

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

42

BIRD

Fuck you, homie. Who the fuck are you, you think you're so high and mighty? You're every bit a fuck-up as anyone else in here. Is there anyone in this room you don't owe money to?

VINCE

What does that have to do-

BIRD

What kind of fucking coke dealer owes everyone he knows money, PokerStar? And being a shitty coke dealer - as shitty as that is, it's your greatest accomplishment. If you had done even that right, we wouldn't be having this awesome going away party in the fuckin' first place.

VINCE

I'm only in this shit because you run your fucking mouth-

Bird didn't see that coming.

(CONTINUED)

BIRD

Fuck you, I made a call you told me to make-

VINCE

-and said too much, like you always fucking do. And I always pay you motherfuckers back!

SEANIE

You gonna pay us back in cartons of cigarettes? Bit-coins? Pressing license plates in the joint doesn't pay much-

Vince is across the room and on top of Seanie in a blink.

Seanie's seen this reaction before, doesn't give him the satisfaction of retaliation.

VINCE

We don't need your fucking smart-ass shit right now!!!

SEANIE

We? You got a mouse in your pocket?

Mikey and Bird, dropping their noodles, are pulling Vince off of him immediately.

Smoke opens the apartment door.

SMOKE

What the fuck?

He leaps into the foray to help, Mikey takes control.

MIKEY

We don't need this shit from either of you assholes!

(to Vince)

They're just saying you don't need to be a prick, that's all.

Vince concedes control to Mikey.

VINCE

I'm cool, I'm cool.

Beat. Cooling.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE (CONT'D)

And I'm good for the money. Joint
or whatever, I'll figure it out.

Seanie leans in, pushes a copy of *Sobbing In the Darkness* with some lines of coke cut up on it over towards him, hands him a ROLLED-UP HUNDY.

Vince considers, relents, accepts the roll-up.

ECU of one of the lines being pulled up into the roll-up.

CUT TO:

43

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

43

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

ECU of a line of coke being pulled up into a ROLLED-UP TWENTY.

We move in a circle from CU to CU of each guy and the Girl huddled around the table coming up from snorting a line, then back through the cycle again - picking up speed throughout. We land on Bird and the Girl overtly making out.

The group is huddled around the coffee table, immersed in coke talk as Vince does a line.

The girl comes back with a shot for each of them in solo cups, toasts them as they eagerly slam it down without losing focus on the roundtable.

Bird and the Girl in the BG, in the corner chair going at it.

ECU's of the girl's naked body in motion while she works on Bird.

The rest of the group is partying hard in the foreground at the table.

His pants around his ankles, the girl's head face-down in his lap.

Her head comes up, she shakes it - infuriating Bird.

He throws the girl to the ground - yells, hits her in the face, shakes her.

The group eventually deems this more important than partying, intervenes.

(CONTINUED)

Vince takes an ELBOW from bird in the eye in the melee.

The girl retreats to the bathroom.

Seanie consolingly goes after her.

CUT TO:

44 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

44

Bird sitting in the chair in the corner.

BIRD

I don't fucking remember that.

BIRD'S POV:

The other four looking at him. Skeptics. Vince points to his black eye.

Bird gets up, distances himself from the chair.

MIKEY

Matches up with the bruises on that girl.

Mikey motions for the book with the coke from Seanie.

BIRD

Fuck that, homie. I didn't kill that girl.

SEANIE

(to Mikey)

I thought you were on the wagon?

(to Bird)

He didn't say that you did?

MIKEY

This isn't your fault. It's my problem and I'll deal with it tomorrow.

He blows a line.

CUT TO:

45

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

45

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The girl looks at herself in the mirror.

She sizes up a bruise around her eye.

Bird slowly approaches the doorway of the bathroom.

He peeks around the edge of the doorway, watching her.

Seanie is trying to console her.

She watches him in the mirror, her makeup everywhere from her sobbing.

SEANIE

I don't think-

BIRD

(restrained)

Shut the fuck up.

Seanie throws his hands up, exits skeptically eyeing Bird.

Bird pleads with her to be cool, apologizing.

She's not having it.

GIRL

Fuck you, you limp-dicked
motherfucker!

He gets closer, still apologizing.

She SMACKS him, fights.

He struggles with her in an attempt to reign her in,
manhandling her.

She is slammed into the tub face first, smashing her head on
the STEEL FAUCET.

Bird looks at what he's done, hand over his mouth.

Tears, fear, backs away.

CUT TO:

46

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

46

SMOKE

Yeah, man - we're just tryin' to
sort out our day here.

BIRD

Bullshit. You all think I did this.

MIKEY

No, we-

VINCE

It doesn't matter if you did it,
bro.

SEANIE

Well it **matters**-

VINCE

No, it doesn't fucking matter.

SEANIE

If he killed the girl because he
couldn't get his dick hard, that
sure as shit matters.

BIRD

Fuck you-

VINCE

NO, it doesn't. We all have skin in
the game.

BIRD

So what're you saying?

VINCE

I'm saying we make this go away.
Together.

SMOKE

Ok. So what are you actually saying
though, man.

SEANIE

He's actually saying we chuck this
girl off a bridge.

VINCE

No. I think the burying idea was
better.

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE

Oh ok. Yeah that's way better.

MIKEY

Burying a body in Central Park, in the middle of a hurricane?

VINCE

Pay attention, bitchface. I didn't say Central Park. That was your dumbass idea.

BIRD

What about that spot up off of 215th, by the ball fields? Where Flip always wants to meet? There's that lot, you know?

VINCE

Now THAT is not a dumbass idea, bro.

SEANIE

So we're making this choice because "Flip" endorses it?

BIRD

Unless you have a better fucking suggestion-

VINCE

You should shut the fuck up.

SEANIE

What're we going to do? Put her in a canoe and paddle out there?

Vince looks around the room.

CUT TO:

47

INT. 24-HOUR HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

47

Mikey and Seanie work their way down an aisle, pushing an empty shopping cart, half-assedly whispering.

SEANIE

Bird definitely fucking did it. I mean...

An "obviously" gesture.

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY

I'm not arguing with you about the part of that that's not racist, but it doesn't matter.

The clerk, just a regular DUDE, looks up from the DUNGEONS & DRAGONS BOOK he's scribbling in.

SEANIE

How can you say it doesn't matter? He's a fuck-up nigger. I like him, but he's a fuck-up.

Seanie grabs a SAW off the shelf, assesses its worth, hangs it back up.

SEANIE (CONT'D)

(not whispering)

I have no idea what I'm doing here.

MIKEY

He is a fuck-up.

The Dude still watching them.

SEANIE

Yes. He is. His fuck-up-edness is why Vince got pinched, and his fuck-up-idity is the reason we're all getting in this fucked up boat together.

MIKEY

He might be a fuck-up, but so are you. And so am I.

SEANIE

It's one thing to fuck up your own life, it's another entirely to keep fucking up others'.

MIKEY

Hannah's dead and Pauline's mom isn't around because WE are fuck-ups. That's two lives our shit is on the hook for.

Seanie stops and fiddles with a RAT STUFFED ANIMAL from an out-of-place TOY DISPLAY.

The Dude comes out from behind the counter.

(CONTINUED)

DUDE

Can I help you guys find somethin',
other than the beanie baby?

SEANIE

Ahhhh...we're kinda just-

DUDE

You dudes have been trolling around
in here, lookin' lost, for a half
hour. And your basket's still
empty. I'm bored as shit over
there, let me help you "find your
home improvement solutions."

The Dude is amused with himself, the guys are not.

DUDE (CONT'D)

What're ya buildin', fixin',
fuckin' up?

The guys look to each other for what the right answer to
that is.

MIKEY

I guess it's kind of a demo job? We
gotta cut some shit up...

DUDE

A demo job, alright. What kind of
shit?

SEANIE

Ahhh, some soft shit-

MIKEY

-some hard shit too-

SEANIE

-it'll be messy-

MIKEY

-no doubt.

The Dude gathers the uneasiness here.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. 24-HOUR LUGGAGE STORE - NIGHT

48

Bird struggles with a rolling SUITCASE, can't get the handle to slide out.

Tugs hard once, twice - the third RIPS it completely from the suitcase altogether.

BIRD

Fuck.

A Haitian SALESMAN watches this.

SALESMAN

You break that shit, you buy that shit. Sixty.

The \$60 on the price TAG is crossed out, \$45 is written below it.

BIRD

It says forty-five!

SALESMAN

Forty-five is sale price. Broken items full price.

BIRD

What the fuck kind of-

SMOKE

Here.

Smoke hands him three TWENTIES from his MONEY CLIP.

The Salesman backs off.

SMOKE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' tryin' to cut deals right now, man?

BIRD

So because Vince beats the shit-

Smoke gestures to quiet that shit down.

BIRD (CONT'D)

(to a whisper)

-out of another broad for calling him out on being a faggot, we have to be cool with getting ripped off by this...

(back to full volume and then some, for Salesman's benefit)

(CONTINUED)

...FUCKING GUY?

SMOKE

Yeah.

Smoke sizes up another SUITCASE.

SMOKE (CONT'D)

So you think this is Vince?

BIRD

Love him like a brother, but he's
beat the shit out of a whole lot
more chicks than he's fucked.

(to Salesman)

Is this one actually the price on
the fucking tag?

CUT TO:

49

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

49

Vince stares at his miso-stained court documents at the kitchen counter.

Vince rummages through the girl's PURSE contents.

He splays some PICTURES of her and her family that were in her wallet across the counter.

We pan across them, many with a YOUNG GIRL, the last being her showcasing a very pregnant belly bump.

A KEYRING with oddball BONUS CARDS hanging off it.

He stands in the bathroom, zoning out at the girl in the tub.

Time passes.

Some SCRATCHING noises from the vent above his head jar him from his zone-out.

He shakes it off.

Washing his face in the sink, he turns and looks towards the shower.

A leather BELT snaking out of the tub by the wall, mostly hidden by the shower curtain.

Vince, bothered.

(CONTINUED)

The belt BUCKLE rests on the edge of the tub. A Harley-style motorcycle with the words "Live to Ride, Ride to Live" around it.

The sound of a car WHIZZING by takes us into...

CUT TO:

50

EXT. NYC STREET CORNER - NIGHT

50

A CAR wipes the frame as Smoke tugs at his jeans riding lower than he'd prefer - he's not wearing a belt - while he puts the finishing touches on fixing the broken suitcase handle.

SMOKE

Now steal me all the Thor cutouts I want and stop giving me shit, man.

Bird stands, watching, with another large SUITCASE of his own.

BIRD

I didn't say I wouldn't get you the damn things, I just have to wait until the movie's been out a few weeks. I can't steal the fucking promotional shit out of the lobby BEFORE the movie comes out, my manager would be all over my ass. Do you have any idea how much those things cost, homie?

SMOKE

How much?

BIRD

I don't know. But I bet it's a fucking lot.

SMOKE

Whatever, man. Just get me the damn Loki cutout.

BIRD

You gotta get Mikey to drive his ass out and pick it up out back. I'm not calling in favors for your comic fetish.

(CONTINUED)

SMOKE

Whatever, man. Just let me know
when it'll be out there. He's been
raging today, eh?

BIRD

Did a full year sober, too. Maniac.

SMOKE

No self-control.

CUT TO:

51 INT. 24-HOUR HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

51

Mikey and Seanie stand in front of the checkout, all their
merch - TARPS, PAINTING SUITS, SAWS - in plastic BAGS piled
on the counter.

The stuffed rat is there too.

SEANIE

HE'S A FUCK-UP!

A WEATHER REPORT can be faintly heard. It's grim.

Mikey snorts a bump, offers the VIAL to Seanie.

Seanie, weirded out, refutes Mikey's offer.

The Dude walks behind the counter with a couple small HAND
SHOVELS, tosses them on the pile of shit. Mikey offers the
vial to him.

DUDE

Nah, man. I can't do that shit
anymore. Thanks though. One-hundred
and thirty-three, o-one, dudes.

Seanie is mortified.

MIKEY

Oh, fuck off. He's cool.

Mikey chuckles and pulls out his WALLET, pays with CASH.

He grabs some bags, hands some of them to Seanie.

MIKEY

I can't remember the last time I
saw you give a shit about anything,
I don't see what makes you think

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY (cont'd)
you're out of the running for this
fuck-up.

SEANIE
I gave a shit just now.
(to clerk)
Sorry.

The clerk doesn't give a shit. Hands the last of the bags to
Seanie.

DUDE
It's ok to be a fuck-up, as long as
you own up to that shit.

Seanie was listening. They exit.

CUT TO:

52 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 52

We slowly move across the faces of the five guys standing
shoulder to shoulder in their PAINT SUITS, looking down at
the girl - Vince, then Mikey -

CUT TO:

53 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY 53

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Mikey tries to kiss the Girl, she refuses and he drunkenly
responds by throwing the girl into the tub like a rag doll.

He holds her underwater by the neck with one hand as the
water fills the tub around her.

Her eyes, terrified.

CUT TO:

54 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 54

- we move to Bird, then Smoke -

CUT TO:

55 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY 55

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Smoke, laughing, has his belt wrapped tightly around the girl's neck, she struggles.

He slings her into the tub by the belt.

Her eyes bulge, spit foams from her lips.

CUT TO:

56 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 56

We land on Smoke and Seanie at the end of the line, Seanie is inspecting one of the SAWS.

SMOKE

So, we're really gonna cut this girl...

The girl lying on layered painting DROP CLOTHS.

SMOKE (O.C.)

...up into little pieces, jam her into those suitcases...

CUT TO:

57 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 57

The suitcases lie open just outside the door to the bathroom.

SMOKE (O.C.)

...wheel her down the street...

CUT TO:

58 EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - NIGHT 58

The suitcase wheels rolling along the sidewalk.

SMOKE (O.C.)

...down into the subway...

CUT TO:

59 EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE STEPS - NIGHT 59

The wheels clunking down the steps, one by one.

SMOKE (O.C.)
...and ride a train all the way out
to Flip's...

CUT TO:

60 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT 60

A subway train whizzes by as the guys stand on the far platform across the tracks with the suitcases.

SMOKE (O.C.)
...to bury this girl? In a
hurricane.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. LOT - NIGHT 61

A shovel plunges into dirt.

OTHER FOUR GUYS (O.C.)
(matter of factly)
Yeah.

CUT TO:

62 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 62

The guys all standing there looking at Smoke.

SMOKE
Well...fuck, man.

VINCE
So what, uh, what-where should we
start?

BIRD
(referencing her head)
I vote not there.

SMOKE
Fuckin, ditto.

Bird lights a CIGARETTE.

(CONTINUED)

Mikey swigs from a liquor bottle, he's swaying.

MIKEY

Leg.

Smoke leans down and picks up the other SAW, lines up on the girl's leg.

SMOKE

So, like, below the knee, or above?

VINCE

Ahhh...below.

SMOKE

Like here?

BIRD

More like here. Less bone to go through closer to the middle, ya know?

SMOKE

Alright.

He realigns.

The other guys watch, wait.

Smoke slowly starts a stroke towards himself - SCHLUKKK! - gets maybe halfway down the blade, stops.

BLOOD creeps from the gash.

The group grimaces.

Smoke starts again, immediately drops the saw and ejects from the bathroom.

SMOKE (CONT'D)

Nope. No fucking way.

The group erupts in disappointment.

MIKEY

We agreed!

BIRD

What a pussy.

VINCE

Fucking christ.

(CONTINUED)

Vince grabs the saw, gets down into position on her arm, looks up at Seanie.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Little help?

Seanie gets down on all fours, holds her arm at the wrist.

CUT TO:

SEANIE'S POV:

The girl naked, Vince sawing at her arm, stops, winded.

VINCE
Fuck, bro.

Mikey stands over him, liquor in hand, a drunk CHUCKLE.

MIKEY
If it was fuckin' easy, everybody'd
be doing it.

Bird watches from the doorway.

Smoke trying not to listen from the couch.

Our view shifts down to his hands holding the girl's wrist.

CUT TO:

63

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

63

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

A young woman's forearm rests on her leg, sun spilling through a window behind it.

We pull back - Seanie holds it at the wrist, he clamps his personal SYRINGE between his teeth.

Pulling back further, we see the woman from the opening credits -- it's HANNAH.

She sits on a large bed, a picture of her and Mikey together is within view.

A BABY in a nearby crib WAILS.

He looks up at her, she nods in affirmation down at him.

CUT TO:

64 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY 64
B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:
The girl sits on the toilet, naked, sobbing.
Seanie holds her wrist, a TOURNIQUET is tied around her arm,
his SYRINGE in his hand.
He looks up to her, through her sobs she nods the go-ahead.
CUT TO:

65 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 65
SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:
Seanie plunges the needle in Hannah's vein.
Empties the syringe into her.
CUT TO:

66 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY 66
B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:
Seanie's syringe emptying into the girl's arm.
CUT TO:

67 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 67
Seanie still holding the Girl's wrist --
-- the sounds of Vince sawing through the girl's bone --
-- Mikey laughing grows louder as Seanie begins to lose
composure.
CUT TO:

68 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 68
SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:
The baby CRIES louder.
Seanie watches Hannah melt into her chair.

CUT TO:

69 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY 69

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The girl nods immediately, slumps euphorically on the toilet.

CUT TO:

70 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 70

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Seanie sits on a chair across from Hannah on the bed, shoots himself up.

CUT TO:

71 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY 71

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Seanie sits on the edge of the tub, nods off with the needle still in his arm.

CUT TO:

72 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 72

Seanie is tearing up, his grip on the arm loosens.

Vince slips up with the saw.

VINCE
Keep it fucking straight!

CUT TO:

73 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 73

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

From the doorway we watch in stillness. Hannah lies motionless on the bed, her face turned away.

Seanie the same in the chair, needle in his arm.

(CONTINUED)

The baby CRIES manically.

REVERSE:

Mikey stands in the doorway, staring, taking this in.

After a beat he snaps to action, moves to Hannah.

MIKEY POV:

Hannah has vomited while unconscious -- a futile gasp for air, the last reflex her body attempted before death, the cause of the contorted, blue-lipped expression she wears on her face.

Mikey, immediately hysterical, jumps on the bed and tries to revive her.

The commotion causes Seanie to stir.

CUT TO:

74

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

74

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Seanie is jarred from his nod by FALLING into the tub.

He pulls himself back up to find:

SEANIE POV:

The girl is slumped over the edge of the tub, still seated on the toilet.

Her eyelids are partially open, nothing but the whites of the eye visible through the openings.

Seanie frantically shaking her on the tile floor, trying to get her to wake up.

He's placed her in the tub, runs water over her head trying to wake her.

CUT TO:

75 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 75

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Seanie sits in horror as the last of Mikey's efforts to get Hannah to show signs of life fade. He holds the baby to his chest, bouncing it, soothing it.

Mikey, tears in his eyes, turns back to Seanie.

The baby finally stops crying.

CUT TO:

76 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY 76

B&W MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Seanie sits on his knees, head on his arm resting on the edge of the tub.

Now full, the occasional DRIP falling from the faucet to the standing water.

Seanie sobs uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

77 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 77

Sawing.

Seanie is at the edge of his ability to maintain, eyes closed in a manic wince.

One last stroke - SCCHHHHLUK - and Vince gets through the bone.

Seanie, having the arm pulled so taught, lurches backwards, ripping the last threads of flesh attaching the arm in the process.

He looks down at the arm sitting in his lap, starts to shake, cry.

SEANIE

I killed her.

VINCE

Oh, now you killed her?

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE

I killed her! I fucking killed her-

BIRD

-how in the hell-

SEANIE

-I killed Hannah, I killed this
fucking girl-

Seanie stands, the arm tumbles to the floor.

MIKEY

-whoa, Sean-

SEANIE

-and who knows what I'll fucking
destroy next. It's ME. I'M the
fuck-up. It's what I do, I fuck
things up.

VINCE

Whoa, whoa, whoa-

SEANIE

Don't fucking *whoa* me.

SMOKE

Hannah doesn't have shit to do with
this-

VINCE

It doesn't matter what any of us
did, today or any other day. We
made a pact.

SEANIE

A pact? Do think we're in the
fucking treehouse here, using the
secret handshake?

BIRD

He just means-

SEANIE

I don't give a fuck what you think
he means, you goddamn...

Seanie swallows it, but the word palpably hangs in the air.

Bird waits, eager.

(CONTINUED)

BIRD

Say it.

SEANIE

Fuck you.

Bird moves in towards Seanie, Mikey intervenes.

MIKEY

Hey, man. Be cool.

BIRD

No. Say it, you racist, Irish
cocksucker.

Mikey puts a hand to Bird's chest, holding him at the doorway.

VINCE

Hey-

BIRD

Say it. Nigger.

(to Mikey)

I want him to say it.

(back to Seanie)

Say it. Call me a nigger. You
fucking needle-junkie little bitch.

Smoke approaches Bird from behind.

SMOKE

Chill out, man. Both of you-

BIRD

No, the little bitch wants to tell
us how he killed her, let him call
me a nigger and tell us.

The two stare each other down.

BIRD (CONT'D)

Was it the same way you killed
Hannah, you little bitch? Too bad
Mikey's little girl wasn't here
crying in her own shitty diaper
while you nodded off this time-

SEANIE

Nigger.

Bird RAGES at him, tearing through Mikey's grasp and plowing into Seanie's midsection like a linebacker, slamming him up against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

The other three tear at them, trying to separate and restore order.

Seanie and Bird both deal multiple BLOWS to each other's faces, midsection as they grapple.

Mikey wedges himself between them, taking stray punches, and pins Seanie to the wall.

Vince and Smoke pull Bird out off of him.

VINCE

He's just trying to rile you up.

Bird tries to push them off.

BIRD

Fuck him. We're all just fucking characters in his dumbass books, he doesn't give a shit about us.

SMOKE

C'mon, man!

Seanie hopelessly tries to squirm out of Mikey's clutches, relents, breaks down again.

MIKEY

You're both just being assholes -
let it go.

He does, Mikey lets him slide down to the floor against the wall. They all watch as he sobs, stares at the Girl.

SEANIE

You're right. I killed her, just
like I killed Hannah.

(beat)

I'm sorry. To all you guys...for,
for all sorts of shit.

Silence.

BIRD

How do you know?

Seanie crawls over to the tub, right over top of the Girl, and reaches around the right edge of the closed shower curtain into the water.

Fishes around for something.

He pulls out his "lucky" SYRINGE, holds it for all to see.

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE

Because I fucking know. It's what I do.

Seanie stands and heads out into the main room.

CUT TO:

78

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

78

Seanie sits on the couch, the others descend on him from the bathroom.

He pulls out his KIT, begins his cooking ritual.

VINCE

So you are putting that shit up your arm again.

Seanie stares him down, then back to the cook.

Vince moves towards him, Seanie coils.

SEANIE (CONT'D)

You fuck with me right now, I'll jam this goddamn needle in your eye.

Vince looks to the others expecting help.

MIKEY

I don't think any of us are in a position to preach substance moderation right now.

Smoke and Bird gesture the same.

Mikey sits on the couch near Seanie, takes a drink from his bottle.

VINCE

This is running away. You're fucking running away.

SEANIE

I'm not running-

VINCE

You are. And that's shit, bro. All that money those books have put in your pocket-

(CONTINUED)

SMOKE

Man-

VINCE

No, fuck him. He needs to hear this. Where did those stories come from? Us, motherfucker. That's our blood and misery you're cooking in that spoon. Fuck me, I'm going to prison tomorrow regardless. But these guys have shit to live for. All we've given you and you're running-

Seanie drops the spoon, mid-cook, and goes at Vince - pushing him repeatedly, with each sentence - catching Vince off-guard, maybe even scaring him.

SEANIE

I AM RUNNING!!! Is that what you want to hear?!? I don't know what else to do!

VINCE

Stop pushing me-

He doesn't.

SEANIE

Don't you want to run?!?

CUT TO:

79 INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

79

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The five guys, much younger - maybe fifteen. The apartment is packed, it's dark, MUSIC blares.

Smoke makes out with a YOUNG GIRL, around the same age, right next to the others. She's trashed.

The other four guys poorly disguise watching him.

She backs into a hall, off to a bedroom, beckoning him to follow.

The guys root him on vehemently, push him after her.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BIRD
You better get your virgin ass in
there!!!

CUT TO:

80 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 80

SEANIE (CONT'D)
(to Mikey)
Don't you want to run?

CUT TO:

81 INT. HOUSE PARTY BEDROOM - NIGHT 81

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The room is dark, the girl is already on the bed, making out
with Smoke clumsily on top of her.

The others slip into the room and close the door, hang back.

CUT TO:

82 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 82

SEANIE (CONT'D)
(to Bird)
You?

CUT TO:

83 INT. HOUSE PARTY BEDROOM - NIGHT 83

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

His pants down, Smoke is explaining the girl is passing out.

The girl, unconscious.

The guys yelling at him to fuck her.

CUT TO:

84 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

84

SEANIE (CONT'D)
(to Smoke)
Don't you?

CUT TO:

85 INT. HOUSE PARTY BEDROOM - NIGHT

85

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

Up from the girl's blurry, coming-to POV, we watch Smoke pump away on top of her.

The guys behind him cheer.

Her hand comes up onto his face, pathetically trying to push it away.

The girl screaming as Smoke is on top of her.

Vince and Mikey frantically gesturing to shut her up.

Bird stuffs the corner of a PILLOW into her mouth.

SEANIE (V.O.)
Can't you still hear her gagging on
that pillow?

Smoke cums.

Smoke shamefully buttons his jeans as Bird tells the girl to shut the fuck up.

SEANIE (V.O.)
Remember the way it smelled in that
room? I FUCKING DO!!!

The door open, all four guys but Seanie have cleared out.

He watches the girl cry in the bed as he slowly closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

86

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

86

SEANIE (CONT'D)

It was his-

(points to Smoke)

-dick inside of her, but we all, I,
fucked that girl that night.

VINCE

She got fucked up on her own accord
and we were kids-

Seanie lunges at him again, more fiercely than before.

SEANIE

FUCK YOU!!! Don't you fucking cop
out like that!

Vince catches him, still restraining from retaliation.

VINCE

It's not a cop out-

SMOKE

That shit's in the past, man.

SEANIE

Not for me! I don't know how the
fuck it is for any of you either,
but I spend every fucking second of
every day wanting to run from
everything and everyone I've shit
on, and let down. Don't you want to
get the fuck away from all the shit
you've done? That we've done?

Seanie pushes again, Vince finally pushes back.

VINCE

No, because I'm not a fucking
coward!Mikey, Bird, and Smoke exchange looks, consider
intervention.

SEANIE

Well I am!!! I can't puff out my
fucking chest and swallow it, cut a
hooker's arm off, jam it in a
suitcase and forget about it. So
fuck it, I guess I'm a coward. I go
home and that shit is seared into
me. Writing about it is the only

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE (cont'd)
thing that does fuck-all to help
get it out.

That settles on the group.

BIRD
So write about it.

SEANIE
I have, but...

Seanie sits back down, picks his spoon up off the ground and starts his ritual over again.

SEANIE (CONT'D)
This is...just, fuck off.

They all watch him cook. Tension.

VINCE
So then this is just our problem to
deal with while you do what's good
for you?

Seanie chuckles a little as he fills the syringe.

SEANIE
You know what I admire about you
the most? Whether it's
stubborn...stupidity, I don't know
- but you don't know how to take a
loss. You fight everything, and
everyone, all the time. It's
exhausting just to watch.

A backhanded compliment, it calms the room. Seanie ties off his arm.

SEANIE (CONT'D)
This dead girl, this plan we're in
the middle of here - it's a catch
twenty-two. For me at least.

BIRD
What the fuck are you talking
about?

SEANIE
If we run this exactly as you've
drawn it up - which would take a
fucking miracle - I'm going to have
to live with it, along with all the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE (cont'd)
 other shit on my conscience, for
 the rest of my life. I'm sorry, but
 I can't do it.

SMOKE
 None of us wants to do this, man.
 It's just the best option of a
 bunch of shitty ones.

SEANIE
 (mumbling to self)
 Who you've been ain't who you gotta
 be.

MIKEY
 Come again?

SEANIE
 I've done the easy thing-
 (to Vince)
 -the cowardly thing, more times
 that I can handle. And you're
 right, these guys do have shit to
 live for. I don't.
 (he searches for a vein)
 Whether I'm why that girl is dead
 or not, and I think I am, I'm going
 to take responsibility for
 something. For once.

VINCE
 What the fuck are you getting at?

SEANIE
 I'm going down to Centre Street
 with you tomorrow morning and
 turning myself in.

He sinks the needle, empties the syringe.

Pulls the needle, euphoria.

SEANIE (CONT'D)
 So this is one you guys *don't* have
 ta lifffff...

They watch him slip off into a stupor. Silence.

VINCE
 Sure, bud.
 (to the rest)
 You guys have your fill of
 bullshit?

(CONTINUED)

He heads for the bathroom, they eventually follow.

Mikey, the last to go, walks over and takes the needle from Seanie's hand.

He sets it on the table.

Mikey checks his breathing, pushes Seanie over on his side - overdose precautionary measure.

Mikey watches him a moment before heading off himself.

FADE TO:

87

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

87

The four guys kneeling around the girl, a BOTTLE of Jack sits on the floor next to her.

FADE OUT, FADE IN.

POV UP FROM THE GIRL:

Smoke taking a swig from the bottle, passing it off to his left.

He leans in and grabs the girl firmly, nods the go ahead to his right.

FADE OUT, FADE IN.

POV UP FROM THE GIRL:

Mikey takes the bottle from his right, chugs and passes it left, leans in with a saw.

FADE OUT, FADE IN.

POV UP FROM THE GIRL:

Bird struggles with holding her steady as sawing happens on his left.

He takes the bottle from his right, swigs while holding her and passes it left.

FADE OUT, FADE IN.

POV UP FROM THE GIRL:

Vince sawing, the bottle comes in view from his right, he ignores it a beat until a little blood splatter comes up from below.

(CONTINUED)

He stops, takes the bottle and chugs. Looks around at the guys.

FADE OUT, FADE IN.

A plastic-wrapped arm landing in one of the open suitcases.

FADE OUT, FADE IN.

A plastic-wrapped leg going in.

FADE OUT, FADE IN.

Bloody, glove-covered fingers zipping the suitcase shut.

FADE OUT, FADE IN.

Bloody gloves frantically locking the shitty little luggage LOCK on the suitcase.

FADE OUT, FADE IN.

88 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 88

Seanie is coming to on the couch.

He watches the other four guys work the girl's headless, limbless torso into the second suitcase.

He rolls off the couch onto the floor, bumbles his way towards the bathroom.

CUT TO:

89 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 89

Seanie in the doorway.

SEANIE

What are you doing?

The guys look up from their tasks.

VINCE

Morning, sunshine.

SEANIE

What did I tell you guys? Why the fuck is she in pieces?

Vince chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

Oh you mean that shit you were
rambling before you nodded off?

SEANIE

Fuck you. That doesn't have shit to
do with shit.

MIKEY

Why don't you just go sit down?
We're taking care of it.

SEANIE

Why don't you go fucking sit down?
Why don't you all go sit the fuck
down? This is not a "shut the fuck
up, Seanie" situation. Fuck with me
on this, I'll call the cops right
now. Try me.

They don't even look, let alone break stride from what
they're doing.

Seanie assertively gets to his feet, goes for his phone in
the kitchen. Vince is after him instantly.

BIRD

C'mon-

VINCE

Fuck you are.

Vince grabs him by his painting suit, it rips, grabs at him
by his shoulder.

SMOKE

We agreed-

SEANIE

-get the fuck off of me.

Seanie tries to push Vince off.

Vince slams him back against the wall.

VINCE

Fuck what we agreed - he doesn't
even know what he's saying.

Seanie tries to push him off again.

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE

I know exactly-

Vince slams him against the wall by his neck.

VINCE

You don't know shit. Do you have any fucking idea what would happen to you in prison? You'd be in Rikers with guys that - they'll pin you down and jam everything they have in their cells up your ass just to see how much you can hold. And then they'd send your snarky ass back down here in a pine box when they got bored.

The other guys slowly move to pull Vince back, he resists.

Seanie starts to break down, struggling somewhat child-like.

SEANIE

That'll be my problem.

VINCE

No, it'll be my fucking problem.
It'll be all our problems.

(beat)

And we have enough goddamn problems. So we're gonna stick to the plan, and you're gonna shut the fuck up and let us fix this.

This sends Seanie off the edge, he comes off the wall with purpose and the two spill onto the bloody tarp where the girl was.

A skirmish - clinched teeth, straining, the other guys trying to pull them apart.

SEANIE

No! I'm not letting you fuck this up for me - I NEED TO DO THIS.

VINCE

(to the guys)

GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!!!

Smoke and Bird relent, but Mikey - inebriated by now - does not.

The melee results in Mikey taking an elbow to the chin, sending him down onto his ass.

(CONTINUED)

It ends with Vince regaining control, pinning a sobbing Seanie against the vanity.

They're both covered in the girl's blood, out of breath.

VINCE

How fucked up are you on that shit?
There's no fucking way. I'm not
letting you throw away what you've
done, coming out of the same
shithole we all did, what the fuck
do we have then? We just have you,
fuckhead. All you've gotten to do
because you can put our shit down
in books like you do-

Seanie struggles.

SEANIE

Who gives a fuck-

VINCE

We do!!! We give a fuck, you
selfish prick! Us!! We're proud of
you, you selfish little shit! I
don't know about these fucking
guys, but what you've done - coming
from where we come from - that's
what keeps my head above water when
my life is in the shitter - that if
Seanie can turn our fucked up lives
into something people care about,
learn from, that there just might
be some fairness out there
somewhere, something that makes it
worth it to wake up every fucked up
day.

Vince lets go, climbs to his feet and stands over Seanie.

SEANIE

Well I hate to burst your fucking
bubble, but there isn't.

Vince gestures an "isn't what?" as he grabs the MOP.

SEANIE (CONT'D)

There isn't any "fairness out
there."

They all wait - his words to come palpably hang in the air.

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE (CONT'D)

The girl didn't get "fucked up on her own."

Party MUSIC transitions into...

CUT TO:

90 INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT 90

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

YOUNG SEANIE at the party, standing over a KEG filling SOLO CUPS. Many TEENAGERS wait to fill their own cups.

He fills a sixth cup, politely moves off to a nearby surface to set them all down.

He slyly pours some white crystalline POWDER into one of the cups.

He pins the lip of one cup between his teeth, picks four others up by pinching them together with one hand, and the tainted cup up with his other.

We follow the tainted cup in his hand through the party, to the other four guys and the young girl. She looks much more coherent.

CUT TO:

91 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 91

This is new shit for the guys - they're in awe.

SEANIE (CONT'D)

I don't juice her beer like that, we're never in that room. And Smoke's probably still be a virgin.

He forces a laugh through tears, nobody else finds it funny.

SEANIE (CONT'D)

(to Smoke)

I should've sat in that cell.

(to Vince)

But I didn't. I got rich from a book about it.

(to all)

SO LIFE ISN'T FUCKING

FAAAIIIIIRRRR, MOTHERFUCKERS!!!

(CONTINUED)

The ECHO reverberates all around them, they stand in silence as it dies.

Mikey, Bird, even Smoke have pity in their eyes - Vince does not.

VINCE

I'm not asking ya, I'm telling ya.

(beat)

Do your fucking part. Make it look like we didn't just saw a girl apart in here.

Vince lets the mop fall to the floor in front of Seanie, grabs a suitcase, exits.

Bird and Mikey follow, Bird manning the other suitcase.

Smoke hangs back, considers words of consolation but decides against and walks out.

Seanie is left alone on the bathroom floor, sobbing.

Gale Garnett's "We'll Sing In the Sunshine" strikes up as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

92

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

92

As the image of Seanie centered in the bathroom fades away, the four others flanking his place in the center of the frame fade in - they are the sole occupants under the bright fluorescents at the end of a 1 Train car.

War-weary, all four sway with the movement of the train as they hold the railings for stability with one hand. They are back in their street clothes.

The first suitcase.

The second.

They ride, the MUSIC fades into just the sound of the train moving through the tunnel.

REVERSE TO THE GUYS' POV:

The entire rest of the car is empty, save for one homeless BEGGAR, who lies under a shitty blanket. He picks his head up and looks at the group.

(CONTINUED)

Back to the guys. A very small puddle of blood has accumulated from one corner of Vince's suitcase.

The Beggar eyes it.

Vince smears it into the floor with his shoe.

The Beggar's eyes moves up to his face.

Vince stares back, unfazed.

CUT TO:

93 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 93

Seanie stands motionless in the doorway, looking down at the catastrophe - blood, broken glass, mayhem.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT 94

Vince, Mikey, Bird, and Smoke exit the train, Vince and Bird guiding the suitcases.

CUT TO:

95 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 95

Blood being scrubbed from tile grout with a TOOTHBRUSH.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT 96

Vince and Bird lunk the suitcases down the long uptown stairwell, one step at a time, as Mikey and Smoke watch from street level.

CUT TO:

97 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 97

The shower curtain being plucked off the rod, ring by ring.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 98

We watch from a rooftop as the foursome makes a turn and walks out of view.

CUT TO:

99 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 99

Bloody rags, tarp shreds, the shower curtain are all stuffed into a garbage bag.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. BASEBALL FIELDS - NIGHT 100

The four trudge down the sidewalk in silence, the orange glow of the occasional working street light beating down on them.

CUT TO:

101 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 101

Seanie's hand haphazardly picking up a large shard of glass from the mirror, his palm is CUT - the shard falls back to the floor and SHATTERS.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. BASEBALL FIELDS - NIGHT 102

They make their way across the outskirts of the infield, the Henry Hudson Bridge in the distance.

BIRD

(to Smoke)

You think he really juiced that broad?

Smoke keeps his eyes on the ground.

SMOKE

Fuck if I know, man. Doesn't really matter anymore.

VINCE

Fucking right it doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

BIRD

Fuck too - three years in juvie for that, it definitely matters.

SMOKE

Nah-

Vince stops just past second base.

VINCE

Why does that matter?

BIRD

Because it matters.

Fuck.

VINCE

Because he did time, and it wasn't his fault?

Bird, Mike, Smoke stop, turn back to Vince.

SMOKE

-It was my fault-

BIRD

-C'mon dude, don't-

MIKEY

-this isn't the time-

VINCE

Fuck that. That's some bullshit you just said.

MIKEY

Dead body. Suitcases.

BIRD

No, let him go.

VINCE

How many times have you sold one of us out? Just give me a fucking estimate, I don't even need an exact number. Ballpark.

He motions to their surroundings.

BIRD

This wasn't some middle school, who-was-smoking-trees-in-the-bathroom shit-

VINCE

-Yeah that's one...you gonna list 'em off?

Bird gets serious, lets go of the suitcase, steps into Vince's space - speaks methodically.

BIRD

Homie. We haven't spoken about it, I assumed because it was a given. We've been through damn near thirty years of shit, most of it dirt. I was the one that pulled your little ten-year-old ass out of your Super Mario bed sheets the morning your mom ODed, and I've been there for you like that every day since...so if you think I said one thing to that fucking cop that put me before you...you can go fuck yourself.

Beat.

BIRD (CONT'D)

It's just a loss - life's full of them.

VINCE

Easy thing to say when you're not the guy going up for seven to ten.

BIRD

Whaddyou want me to do? Go down and turn myself in? Will that prove to you whatever the fuck it is you want me to prove?

VINCE

I want the truth.

Bird doesn't move a muscle, stares right through Vince.

An unspoken point made, Bird grabs the suitcase and starts off towards the woods again.

Mikey and Smoke follow, eventually Vince too.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 103

Seanie, lit CIGARETTE between his teeth, turns the corner and approaches a DUMPSTER carrying full trash BAGS.

He chucks the bags into the dumpster without breaking stride, continues on hurriedly.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. DEAD END STREET - NIGHT 104

The group labors through a dead end intersection - longest goddamn night of each of their lives.

CUT TO:

105 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 105

Spotless green tile.

Clean. Sparkly. Seanie puts the finishing touches on the mopping of the floor.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. LOT - NIGHT 106

Mikey and Smoke are settling into a small open landing at the top of a hill. They plop down, exhausted.

Bird is struggling to get his suitcase up onto the landing, Vince catches up. Bird continues to struggle - no way he's asking Vince for shit.

VINCE

Here, man.

He helps, they succeed.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Bitch is heavy.

Beat.

Vince is starting to struggle his own suitcase up onto the ledge, Bird helps with some apprehension, they get it up.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

This night's been pretty fucked,
bro, and I'm all stressed out
about-

BIRD

You don't gotta...I know, that shit
goes without saying.

VINCE

Yeah, I know you know - it always
goes without saying, but for once,
you know - I just wanna say...

Small laugh.

Mikey and Smoke hear the laugh, are glad these guys are
clearing their shit.

BIRD

You are. But I don't know if what I
said to that cop-

VINCE

-nothing is black and white, man -
it's just one big fucked up gray
area. All the shit the five of us
have done to each other,
intentional or not...

They nod. It's squashed.

Vince motions to boost Bird up onto the ledge, Bird accepts,
looks back just before going up.

BIRD

Don't worry about me, homie, I can
handle your bullshit. But Seanie
takes the shit you say to heart.

Vince is listening. He hoists Bird up.

Bird clamors up then reaches back to help Vince, they lock
wrists.

CUT TO:

107 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 107

Seanie surveys. He's done.

He walks over and hits the DRAIN SWITCH on the tub - the dirty, suddy water begins to drain.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. LOT - NIGHT 108

Vince and Bird approach the resting Mikey and Smoke.

MIKEY

You two pull each other's puds and
make up?

Bird and Vince toss down the suitcases, open them. Vince throws Mikey and Smoke each a HAND SHOVEL out of his.

They all get to work.

One of the shovels breaks ground.

A shovel breaks the lock on the suitcase.

CUT TO:

109 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 109

We watch the water drain from inside the tub, our view at water level, just below the soapy residue band where it resided all night.

CUT TO:

110 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 110

The room is clean, empty...sterile - purged of all that it's seen in the last twenty-four.

Seanie writes on the back of the letter-sized Seamless Web receipt from earlier.

SEANIE (V.O.)

Did my part. You could eat off that
floor if you wanted - leaving my
phone here unlocked if you guys
want to order breakfast on me and
throw a fucking picnic in there.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. LOT - NIGHT 111

The guys dig. A large mound of excavated dirt lies next to the hole Vince and Smoke stand in.

SEANIE (V.O.)

It's ok to be a fuck-up, as long as you own up to that shit, right?

CUT TO:

112 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 112

The water continues to drain, our eyeline at the water's level.

SEANIE (V.O.)

As I write this, it's occurring to me that I wish I'd have thought to write down all the things I've wanted to say to you guys before tonight, or this morning...whatever the fuck, these words are the easiest I've had in a long time.

CUT TO:

113 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 113

Seanie scribes.

SEANIE (V.O.)

Maybe that's just because I know I don't have to look you in the eye as you read them. Not exactly fulfilling step nine of those meetings you guys keep harping on, but it's a start.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. LOT - NIGHT 114

Mikey is hoisting himself up out of the hole, they've reached the desired depth.

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE (V.O.)

Mikey - I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was too weak, and too selfish, to not put Hannah ahead of putting this shit up my arm. And I'm sorry I'm backing out on the promise I made about Pauline, helping to raise her, or whatever.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT 115

NYC IMAGERY - A DAD walks away from us, holding the hand of his LITTLE GIRL walking beside him.

SEANIE (V.O.)

Though my not being around is probably in her best interest. The one bit of good I can do for her has already been done - she'll be in pretty good shape when it comes to money. You'll be getting a call from that asshole lawyer of mine.

CUT TO:

116 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 116

The tub drains...

SEANIE (V.O.)

And you'll be a hell of dad.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. LOT - NIGHT 117

Smoke tugs on his sagging jeans, hoists one of the suitcases up, dumps the individually-wrapped contents into the hole, and chucks the suitcase in after it.

SEANIE (V.O.)

Smoke - I'm sorry. I'm so goddamn sorry I was too much a coward, too weak to speak up through all that shit that went down when we were kids. Even more so since, that you've called me your friend all this time with that lie hanging over me.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

118 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT 118

NYC IMAGERY - The silhouettes of a NUCLEAR FAMILY looking in a store window on 5th Avenue.

SEANIE (V.O.)

Do me a favor and make sure Mikey doesn't fuck up the parenting thing - you clearly know what you're doing, the only one of us well-rounded enough to actually take care of a family.

CUT TO:

119 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 119

The tub drains...

SEANIE (V.O.)

My lawyer will be in touch about some 529-something-or-other he set up for your kids too, so tell those MTA shitheads you don't need to work weekends anymore.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. LOT - NIGHT 120

Bird shovels dirt onto the suitcases in the hole.

SEANIE (V.O.)

Bird - I'm sorry. I'm sorry about the dumb shit I say...I just spew whatever I think is the most hurtful thing possible, and I'm so fucked up that I'm usually right. And I'm sorry I give you shit about the comics. It's just my shitty way of pushing you to go after what you want.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. BROOME & CHRYSTIE - NIGHT 121
 NYC IMAGERY - Graffiti-covered buildings.

SEANIE (V.O.)
 I've written a bunch of stuff no
 one's seen, and it's all yours.
 Illustrate 'em, and putting my
 stupid name next to yours should be
 plenty to sell a few copies of
 whatever you turn it into.

CUT TO:

122 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 122
 The tub drains...

SEANIE (V.O.)
 My agent will call you about it all
 - and that cold-blooded bastard can
 sell anything. Make it happen.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. LOT - NIGHT 123
 Vince shovels the last of the displaced dirt into the hole.

SEANIE (V.O.)
 Vince - I'm sorry. I'm sorry you
 have to clean up after me every
 time I make a fucking mess of
 everything around us. And I'm sorry
 I've never really thanked you for
 it. We all give you shit for being
 a hardass, but I want you to know I
 understand and appreciate it - we
 all do, even though they'll
 probably never say it either.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT 124
 NYC IMAGERY - The city disappearing in the distance from
 various modes of travel - bus, train, plane.

(CONTINUED)

SEANIE (V.O.)

I can't tell you what to do about tomorrow, but for whatever it's worth, I think you should go. Just fucking leave this shithole. This is the key to my pad, head over there and under my mattress - clever spot, I know - there's at least sixty, seventy grand I keep around for emergencies. And stuff.

CUT TO:

125 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

125

The tub drains...

SEANIE (V.O.)

It's not gonna last forever, but it'll get you somewhere other than a cell. And I think you, of all of us, need a change. So make one.

CUT TO:

126 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

126

Seanie putting the finishing touches on the letter, emotions getting the best of him.

He folds the letter with precision, puts it in the center of the now otherwise empty table next to the stuffed rat from the hardware store and his phone, weights it with the loose keys he tried to give the Girl, turns his attention to the window.

SEANIE (V.O.)

The one thing I don't have to be sorry about is this mess, because I'm owning up to something for once. A little vacation will be nice, and my lawyer's expensive enough that I won't be gone that long.

FADE TO:

127 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 127

We watch up at the four guys' silhouettes walking towards us.

SEANIE (V.O.)

Whatever you assholes do, I want you to know something. You said you were proud of me? Fuck that. Some serious shit I read recently said the only thing you can't choose in life is where you come from. Well I'm proud as FUCK of where I come from, because it's the same place you guys came from. Knowing that is worth more than I'll ever be sober enough to give back.

FADE TO:

128 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT 128

The last of the water drains from the tub, our eyeline rests on the bottom. SOMETHING blurry, indiscernibly out of focus in the foreground.

SEANIE (V.O.)

All that heartfelt shit said, the aforementioned forfeitures add up to a whole lot of goddamn money, so don't say I never gave you fuckers anything. Love, Baby Hemingway.

FADE TO:

129 EXT. BASEBALL FIELDS - NIGHT 129

Mikey, Vince, Bird, and Smoke cross the baseball fields.

CUT TO:

130 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 130

Seanie turns his attention from the window to the door.

He stands and heads to it, grabs the handle and pulls it open.

CUT TO:

- 131 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT 131
The guys on the train, exhausted and nodding off.
CUT TO:
- 132 EXT. SMITH STREET - DAWN 132
The guys walk past the mural-covered wall.
CUT TO:
- 133 EXT. 4TH PLACE - DAWN 133
The guys approach Vince's building mildly jovial, relieved.
CUT TO:
- 134 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALL - DAWN 134
The apartment door is cracked open.
Vince opens it, curious, the guys joking amongst each other.
CUT TO:
- 135 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAWN 135
Their laughter abruptly stops as they see...
THEIR POV:
Seanie sits on the floor, same spot he was in after he discovered the body, slumped over on his side.
The iconic needle still in his arm.
Froth on his blue lips.
Eyes agape.
Stillness.
OUT OF POV.
They don't panic, there is no surprise here.
Mikey kneels down to check Seanie's pulse, recoils at his cold touch, leans back against and slides down the wall to a seated position beside the body.

(CONTINUED)

Smoke notices the letter on the table as Vince quickly surveys the spotless bathroom, apartment.

Smoke, entranced by the letter, sits on the couch and reads.

He finishes, passes it off to Vince, already pawing for it.

Vince reads.

Bird reads.

Mikey reads, picks up the stuffed rat off the table.

The four of them huddled in their own corner of the room, a state teetering delicately between shock and grief. Rain starts pelting the window, slow at first, then picks up.

MIKEY

So.

Vince moves to the window, looks out.

VINCE

So?

BIRD

So what the fuck are we gonna do now?

VINCE

"We" aren't gonna do anything.

SMOKE

I'm too tired for riddles, man. What's our move?

VINCE

You guys are gonna go. You were never here, you were hunkered down at home getting ready for Sandy. And none of this will ever be talked about again. Even by us.

BIRD

We are here-

VINCE

-No you're not. Go.

He's not fucking around. It settles on all of them.

Vince turns back to the window. One by one, each of the guys fades from the frame.

(CONTINUED)

Smoke.

Mikey.

Bird.

Vince alone remains, staring off out the window.

FADE TO:

He stands over Seanie's body, crouches next to him.

Stillness. He abruptly grabs Seanie's shoulders, shakes him violently. Slaps his face, more shaking, grabs him by his collar and pulls him up and lets out a carnal SCREAM at the top of his lungs.

His bellow trails off only as his vocal chords hit their physical limit, the physicality towards the limp body with it. The anger devolves into a needy embrace.

Sobs. He KISSES Seanie once, twice. Holds his face close.

His teary convulsions dissipate. He lets Seanie back down, composes himself.

CUT TO:

VINCE POV:

Seanie's dilated PUPILS. Vince's fingers run over the eyes, closing them.

The track marks on his forearm.

The dried froth on his mouth.

The needle in his arm. Vince grabs it, pulls.

CUT TO:

One last look, his eyes move away.

CUT TO:

136 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAWN

136

The needle lands in the sink, RATTLES around the basin before coming to a rest.

Vince leans on the vanity, studies his face, hangs his head.

He looks to the tub.

(CONTINUED)

Another SYRINGE, markedly different than Seanie's, lies in the tub near the drain.

CUT TO:

137 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY 137

SEPIA TONE MONTAGE, OFF-KILTER ANGLES:

The Girl pours the guys shots in the kitchen, they're paying no attention as she generously spikes the shots with some white crystalline POWDER.

The guys all passed out in their respective places at the top of the film, she rummages through Seanie's pockets, finds MONEY, then his heroin.

She looks to the door, then the H in her hand.

The girl alone in the bathtub, a full-on bubble bath of suds around her. Smoke's belt tying her arm off, she shoots up herself.

She tosses Smoke's belt where it was found by Vince.

She leans back, enjoys the ride. As she nods off, the syringe drops from her hand down into the water beside her.

The girl is in the exact position she's found in at the top of the film. Our view pans off into the room where all the guys can be seen passed out.

CUT TO:

138 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAWN 138

The loose keys sit on the table, on top of the letter. Seanie is visible on the floor, Vince in the bathroom looking into the broken mirror.

He exits the bathroom, surveys.

VINCE POV: LOOKS TO SEANIE, THEN THE KEYS, THEN THE COURT DOCS.

CU on Vince, deliberating.

BLACKOUT.

A beat passes, we hear Vince open the apartment door and let it SLAM behind him.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. MANHATTAN - DAWN

139

The empty alley in the rain.

Empty Tompkins Square Park, pouring rain.

We see out over Brooklyn, the bridge, rain pelting
everything around us.

CREDITS.

THE MOTHERFUCKIN' END.