

Goodman
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

JACK, 23, is waiting for a bus. The change in his pocket jingles as he sits down on the bench.

He looks at his antique Rolex Oyster watch, and then checks it again, somewhat obsessively wiping a smudge from its crystal with the sleeve of his white sweatshirt.

A man sitting next to him reads a newspaper with the headline "WHAT A TRAGEDY! An Insane Mute Will Win the Pulitzer Prize!"

Jack stares straight ahead, a serene yet slightly sheepish grin on his lips.

The bus pulls up to the stop.

The door opens. The DRIVER frowns at him.

DRIVER

Get in if you're getting.
Downtown local.

Jack climbs the steps into the bus, leaving the reading man still seated on the bench. He pulls a fistful of pennies from his pocket and begins to deposit them in the fare box.

The change jams up in the receptacle.

INT. BUS

DRIVER

Jesus Christ. Every day's the
same with you buddy... just
take a damn seat.

Jack finds a seat between a drunk with dried vomit on his jacket and two twelve-year-olds making out, the saliva from their session dripping onto the seat from their braces.

The bus is a rolling microcosm of dysfunction. A triple amputee, a goiter-necked prostitute, a greasy looking man with a scared looking little boy, all types of the stereotypical horror of society.

Jack, in his white shirt and white painter's pants, stares at an advertisement for a Baptist church above the window opposite him. It reads "The Greatest Trick the Devil Ever Played Was Convincing Man That He Didn't Exist."

In graffiti, beneath the slogan, reads, "Who's your Devil?"

Jack's face hasn't changed.

Downtown, he stands to exit the bus from the back doors. The driver is eyeballing him in the mirror.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

See if they can pay you in
bills buddy. I'm a big fan of
Abe Lincoln but he's on the
five too, you know.

Jack gets off the bus and walks a gauntlet of drug dealers and junkies, pimps and hookers, homeless men and women to a small church wedged between a liquor store and an decrepit movie house.

Something in the alley between the church and the cinema gets his attention.

He scratches his head and walks into the church.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH

Jack heads into the basement of the church and gathers some paint cans and a brush. He throws a drop cloth over his shoulder and goes back outside using a door opening on stairs up into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY

Setting down the cloth neatly to the wall of the church, opening a can of white exterior paint, dipping his brush, he begins to paint over red graffiti that reads, "God and the Holy Spirit Butt-Raped Me. Jesus Jacked Off."

He paints letters away with his white paint, one by one, leaving "Jack" written on the wall.

Stepping back and staring at his work, the impossibly old and nearly blind caretaker of the church, ADAM, opens the alley door and steps out, noticing the graffiti.

Adam adjusts his Coke-bottle glasses.

ADAM

You? What is wrong with you,
Jack? How could you? Strike
three.
You're fired, son. God help
you.

Jack watches as his now former boss steps back inside. He paints away his name from the wall, faintly reacting with a small smile to the news.

He then sets down the brush, and steps back down into the church for a moment, returning with a sandwich board that reads "AA Meeting in Basement at 9 AM."

Jack notices some crumpled fast food wrappers and beer cans in the alley, and gathers them up. He places them in a trash can on the street in front of the church.

He then heads away, unaware of the black Lincoln Town car tailing him.

EXT. YMCA

Jack walks up the steps and in the door just as the Lincoln stops at the curb.

INT. YMCA

As Jack enters the lobby of the time-weary residential building, the attendant notices him immediately, and puts down the newspaper he'd been reading with the headline "Demented and Sad... But, Social."

The ATTENDANT is gathering a pile of messages and waving them frantically in the air as Jack steps up to the counter.

ATTENDANT

Mr. Goodman. I am not a
personal assistant. And with
all the time I devote to your
calls, I feel it would be
appropriate if you actually
paid to stay here. This is
your last warning. Pay today
or check the shelters.

Jack takes the messages and heads upstairs to pack his things. Passing a trash can, he tosses the little notes in the can without reading them.

The DRIVER of the Lincoln enters the lobby. After talking to the attendant he heads upstairs towards Jack's room.

INT. YMCA HALLWAY

The Lincoln driver reads the numbers on the doors and stops at Jack's. He knocks. No response. He turns the knob and pushes the door open.

Jack is packing a duffel bag with clothes.

DRIVER

Excuse me, sir. I apologize for my intrusion but your mother insisted I contact you. I've left a number of calls. I regret to tell you sir, Mr. Goodman has passed away and there is to be a reading of his will tomorrow.

The driver hands Jack an envelope.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

It is your Mother's wish that you be present. I'll see to your... bag.

Jack zips up his bag and heads out the door, the envelope still in his hand. The driver watches him leave.

EXT. MEN'S SHELTER

Jack walks in the front door of a particularly run-down homeless shelter between a crack house and an abandoned building.

INT. SHELTER

Jack enters to find a HOMELESS MAN speaking with the DESK ATTENDANT.

HOMELESS MAN

... Now I said I checked the other shelters and that this was the last stop. I got nowhere to go.

DESK ATTENDANT

Sir. I understand, but the beds are full. I can put you on the waiting list in case someone leaves. Is there a number I could reach you at?

HOMELESS MAN

Well a number usually rings in a place and since I ain't got no place...

DESK ATTENDANT

Then you can check back later.

HOMELESS MAN

How about that couch right there? That looks good to me.

DESK ATTENDANT

Sir we have fire codes, health codes, I'm sorry.

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Shit.

The homeless man turns and nearly bumps into Jack.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

They ain't got shit... and they ain't givin' up the couch.

Jack follows the homeless man out onto the stoop of the shelter.

EXT. SHELTER

It is just beginning to rain. The homeless man picks up the lit butt of a recently discarded cigarette from under the awning and takes a drag. Smiling, he snuffs it out and heads down the steps and towards the abandoned building next door.

HOMELESS MAN

Guess it's the Hobo Hilton
tonight. Always got a room
there.

The homeless man disappears behind a piece of plywood hanging loosely over a broken window.

Jack looks down to his hand and notices he's still clutching the envelope the driver handed him. It is addressed to him from his Uncle, who has just died.

He looks to the abandoned building. The rain begins to pour.

The black Lincoln pulls up to the curb. Jack puts the envelope in his bag. The driver gets out and opens the back door for Jack, tipping his hat, as Jack climbs inside.

EXT. GOODMAN ESTATE

The black Lincoln pulls through the opening gates of the property, up the long driveway, passing beautifully landscaped grounds on the way to the large brownstone mansion.

A BUTLER meets them at the entrance, opening the door of the car for Jack.

BUTLER

Welcome home Mr. Goodman.
Have you any luggage?

Jack clutches his duffel and walks up the steps to the front door. He hangs his head in defeat and walks in past a servant holding the door for him.

INT. GOODMAN HOME

Jack heads up the stairs to his room.

The room seems frozen in time, the relics of a popular high school boy. The walls covered with yellowing track team newspaper articles, National Honor Society graduation tassel and pin, punk rock posters, and various remnants of a young man on his way to success.

An out of date calendar gets his attention and he removes it from the wall placing it neatly on the desk, adjusting it so the corners line up perfectly with the edge of the desktop.

This obsessive neatness is noticeable throughout the room. Everything in its place and no clutter to be seen.

He picks up a prom picture of himself and a pretty young woman. King and Queen, photographed in a pastoral setting on a stone bridge.

His younger BROTHER, looking about 18, knocks lightly on the open door. He looks at Jack as if Jack is suffering from a terminal illness. With cautious sincerity, he asks...

BROTHER

You gonna start whacking off
to that thing?

Jack shuts the door in his face. He places the prom picture facedown on the desk and turns to the bed. Placed carefully upon it, a new suit.

He lies down on top of the bed, and the suit, and falls deeply asleep.

DREAM

Jack is sitting on a bench with the girl from the prom photo, SADIE. She is dressed in a prom gown. The bench is in the middle of a stone bridge spanning a pond with beautiful water flowers.

The bricks of the bridge start to fall away from the ends of the span until the bench is floating on the last remaining piece of stone above the water.

SADIE

I'm Sadie.

Jack looks confused.

SADIE (CONT'D)

You should've asked me first.
Want some trout?

Sadie's half of the bench falls apart and sends her into the water below. A frenzy of bubbles and blood consumes her.

Jack, still seated, begins to unzip his pants while watching from above. He pulls a trout from his pants and starts to rub it as if masturbating.

Jack wakes up to a SERVANT at his now open door.

SERVANT

... trout and pureed peas,
sir. I will serve you here,
at your mother's request.

Jack stands up, walks toward the servant, gives a shake of his head, and closes the door. He takes the envelope from his Uncle out of his duffel and flips it over a few times in his hands. He picks the suit off the bed, places the envelope in the breast pocket, and hangs the suit on the back of the door.

Now dark out, he goes back to bed.

INT. GOODMAN HOME - MORNING

Jack comes down the grand staircase wearing the new suit. He looks to the dining room where his younger brother, MOTHER, and the family LAWYER are finishing breakfast.

As his mother notices him, the smiling conversation ceases. She motions to the lawyer, who puts down his tea and stands. The lawyer heads toward Jack in an interceptive manner. He raises his hand to shake Jack's, then seems to rethink the idea, and pats him on the shoulder.

LAWYER

Jack. We've been waiting for
you. Come with me into the
library.

Jack follows the lawyer into the dark paneled library. The lawyer is a swarthy thin man of average height, wearing a tailor cut navy blue suit and highly polished shoes.

They sit next to each other in soft, cracked leather club chairs near the fireplace.

Although it is light outside, the sun's rays seem to stop at the leaded glass windows. The lawyer turns on a Tiffany lamp beside his chair.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Jack. It's good to see you
home. I wish I had an
opportunity to catch up with
you under circumstances
different from your uncle's
passing, of course.

(MORE)

LAWYER (CONT'D)

It must seem like I'm only here when there's a will to be read...

Jack nods.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

The last time I saw you was at your father's funeral over a year ago. Since then, I understand you've closed the account holding the cash portion of your inheritance. Around 1.7 million, if my numbers are correct. And I believe they are. Where's the money now, Jack?

Jack smiles but says nothing.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

None of my business, really. Yet, I also understand that you have found financial difficulties since then. Your Uncle was aware of this as well. He came to stay here after your Father died and although very eccentric, he was deeply involved in the family affairs inside and outside of this home. He was very concerned about you, Jack. Have you had any... recurrences... of your... problem?

Jack shifts in the chair and loses his smile.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Sorry. Not any of my business, of course. Before your mother and brother come in for the reading, I feel obligated to warn you. Your Uncle thought it best that you not be left cash of any amount. That perhaps a thriving business might suit you better.

(MORE)

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Get into the trenches, so to speak. A small yet lucrative business with a solid client base. He thought it would be good for your... condition. He owned just this very thing. Apparently he visited the establishment only once. Seems there's a loyal employee who runs the place well. But, your Uncle suggested, no... outlined in the will, that you take a more "hand's on" role in the venture. The language reads that you must put in forty hours a week for a full year until the deed becomes yours.

Jack's mother and brother enter the room.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Good. Let's get started.

Jack's mother and brother sit on the sofa opposite the two chairs as the lawyer opens his case and begins to read the will.

Jack looks to a photo of his ex-girlfriend Sadie in their once shared home on the table beside him.

He picks it up and a small smile quickly disappears just as it arrived.

His point of view seems to close in on the framed photo in his hands and then the camera travels through the glass of the frame, into the very room trapped on the paper.

Now Jack is inside the room in the photo, this time without Sadie.

It is six months earlier.

INT. JACK/SADIE'S HOUSE - DAY (CAPTIONED - 6 MONTHS AGO)

Jack is sitting in front of a television. Naked but for a dirty robe open at the front. Pizza boxes, empty Chinese delivery cartons, and beer and soda cans litter the filthy room.

Pictures of him and Sadie are all around the place.

He hasn't shaved in months, looks as if he hasn't showered for twice that long. A box of tissues and a greasy bottle of hand lotion sit on the cluttered table beside him.

From the television, the sounds of sex.

A KNOCK on the door barely takes his attention from the screen.

A second KNOCK gets him up to answer. He picks up a crumpled twenty from the table and goes to open the door.

A small PIZZA GUY stands at the doorway. Looking up, he sees Jack, and it dawns on him that Jack is essentially naked, and aroused.

The pizza guy is mortified.

He turns around and walks briskly to his car, leaving Jack confused and exposed in the doorway.

From his car, he yells.

PIZZA GUY

I don't take that kind of shit
anymore! You pay me in cash!

Jack looks at the money in his hand and holds it weakly toward the pizza guy.

EXT. JACK/SADIE'S HOUSE

The upper-class suburban street in front of Jack's place is crowded with Saturday strollers. All within earshot of this scene have stopped to witness it.

From across the street and with the camera at a child's eye view, a naked Ken doll in a child's hand obscures Jack's erect penis. A parent covers the child's eyes.

A concerned citizen makes a call to the police from his cell phone.

Jack turns back inside his house, leaving the front door slightly ajar.

INT. JACK/SADIE'S HOUSE

He sits back down in front of the television, reaches for a day old slice of pizza from a box on the floor, takes a bite and grabs the lotion from the table, squeezing some directly onto his crotch.

Putting the lotion back, and still eating the pizza, he begins to masturbate with his free hand.

Moments later...

A knock on the door.

POLICE #1
This is the police. We're
coming in.

INT. JACK AND SADIE'S HOUSE- DAY

TWO POLICE enter the living room. POLICE #2 is tall and thin with a kind face.

POLICE #1 is short and stocky with a military haircut.

Assessing the scene, Police #1 steps forward and slips on an empty pizza box, falling flat on his ass while his foot knocks over a tall floor lamp which smashes into the TV screen, demolishing it entirely. From the ground, he yells...

POLICE #1
Get your hand off your penis
and stand up slowly!

POLICE #2
Son... do what he says. You
know... eating food that
way... it's unsanitary.

POLICE #1
(Standing)
Never mind the food!
Boy... you scared the living
daylights out of the
neighborhood. Got a call
about a possible pizza man
rape. What the heck you doing
wearing nothing...

POLICE #2

You just saw what he was doin'.

POLICE #1

I know what I saw! What the heck were you doing answering the door naked? We got to bring you downtown for indecent exposure. You got any pants, son?

INT. POLICE STATION

Jack is sitting at a booking desk with the arresting officers. The cop who fell on the floor is talking on the phone.

POLICE #1

(Into phone)

Well, Ma'am... he wasn't technically protected by private property. From his property the general public had a God's eye view of his privates. That's considered indecent in this town. You'll be glad to hear the pizza man isn't going to press attempted rape charges. He was shook up, though. ... Ma'am I don't control the newspapers... they get the police log as public record... Ma'am? Do you want to come down and pick up your son? There's a small bail set due to the nature of the crime.

(beat)

Well, Ma'am he'd have to stay here until tomorrow when he could see the judge but...

... Okay.

(He hangs up the phone)

Son?

Jack is staring straight ahead. The officer is saying something to him that he can't hear.

A flash of remembrance hits his brain... his prom date walking toward him in her gown, from across a garden bridge.

The vision ends. With a steely look upon his face, and a voice rigid with struggled for concentration, Jack speaks.

JACK

Everything is not all right.

POLICE #1

Son?

Jack breathes deep and screws up the energy necessary to speak just a fraction louder this time.

JACK

You broke my television.

POLICE #1

Well, you can mention that to the judge tomorrow morning. You're mother isn't coming to get you. Take him down to lock up.

INT. COURTROOM - NEXT MORNING

Jack is led into the courtroom from the side door coming from the lock up. After all are seated, the BAILIFF announces the JUDGE, who is just entering from his chambers.

BAILIFF

All rise. The honorable G.T. O'Malley presiding. Court is now in session.

JUDGE

All be seated. Who's first from our weekend guests?

PROSECUTOR

John Goodman, your honor. Mr. Goodman, please approach and face the Judge.

JUDGE

Good morning, son. Your mother phoned me this morning and gave you quite a character reference.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

For her sake, I'm going to recommend counseling and required attendance of a twelve-step program dealing with your problem.

Jack looks to his shoes avoiding the Judge's eyes.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You are to report to the counselor weekly for three months and provide that counselor with attendance sheets from the meetings. No less than three meetings per week, Jack. When I get a progress report from your counselor that pleases me, we'll meet again. Unless, of course, you screw up... and then we'll meet again even sooner. Understood?

Jack looks up and looks into the Judge's eyes with a blank stare.

JACK

They broke my television.

JUDGE

You had better clear out of here before I change my mind. Next.

Jack is led out of the courtroom and released.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH - DAY

Jack stands next to a basement entrance to the same church he will later be fired from. A sign beside the door reads, "SLAA Meeting in Basement. SAT. Noon 'til One."

He goes inside.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH

Jack finds the room marked with a piece of paper that reads "SLAA SAT. 12 PM - 1 PM" and opens the door to find it empty but for a circle of a dozen chairs.

At one wall on a table is a brewing pot of coffee, cups, sugar, creamer and various brightly colored pamphlets.

He walks to the table and picks up a pamphlet titled, "Are You a Sex and Love Addict?"

A couple of YOUNG MEN walk in and sit down quietly. Jack sets down the pamphlet and joins the circle.

A woman in her late forties and looking 10 years older, BARB, walks in. She helps herself to a cup of coffee and sits next to Jack.

Setting the cup on the floor beside her, she extends a hand to Jack and says...

BARB

Virgin?

... Just as another woman in her thirties and looking 10 years younger, SARA, walks in seeing what the older woman is up to. Speaking to her, she says...

SARA

Leave the newcomer alone, Barb.

BARB

C'mon, Sara. I haven't been laid in over an hour.

SARA

Then you're in the right place.

BARB

Sara?

SARA

Yeah, Barb?

BARB

You look great today.

SARA

I'm not having sex with you.

Sara reaches into a box underneath the coffee/literature table and takes out a sheet with an SLAA reading printed on it and hands it to Barb.

A TRIO of teenage girls wearing Catholic school skirts in a punk style enters the room and takes seats. The total in the circle is now eight people.

Sara checks the clock on the wall and speaks.

SARA (CONT'D)

Welcome to the regularly scheduled meeting of Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous. My name is Sara, and I am a Sex and Love Addict.

GROUP (EXCEPT JACK)

Hey Sara.

Jack is startled by the group's response.

SARA

Let's start the meeting with a moment of silence to remember why we're here, followed by the serenity prayer.

GROUP (EXCEPT JACK)

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.

SARA

Would someone please read, "What is a Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous"?

BARB

I'm Barb, and I'm a Sex and Love Addict.

GROUP (WITH JACK)

Hey, Barb.

BARB

(Reading)

Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous is a 12 step - 12 tradition oriented fellowship based on the model pioneered by Alcoholics Anonymous.

(MORE)

BARB (CONT'D)

One of the resources we draw on is our willingness to stop acting out in our own personal bottom line addictive behavior on a daily basis.

Sara smiles at Jack. He looks away quickly.

BARB (CONT'D)

In addition, members reach out to others in the fellowship, practice the twelve steps and twelve traditions of S.L.A.A. and seek a relationship with a higher power to counter the destructive consequences of one or more addictive behaviors related to sex addiction, love addiction, dependency on romantic attachments, emotional dependency, and sexual, social and emotional anorexia.

Jack looks around the room nervously with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

BARB (CONT'D)

We find a common denominator in our obsessive, compulsive patterns which renders any personal differences of sexual or gender orientation irrelevant.

GROUP

Thanks, Barb.

SARA

In accordance with our seventh tradition that states each group should be self-supporting, declining outside contributions, we will now pass the basket.

Sara passes a small wicker basket around and those with a dollar to contribute do so.

SARA (CONT'D)

First off, as this is the last week of my commitment as chairperson, I want to say thank you to the group for being here for me.

Being chairperson, I have had the honor and the privilege to come up with a topic each week, and my topic for today is "First Lust."

I used to think it was LOVE but whatever it was that first time, sure opened up the floodgates. All the emptiness I had was suddenly brimming with feelings for him. And so the pattern started. Fill the void with whatever I could.

Jack uncrosses his arms.

SARA (CONT'D)

Fall head over heels for a smiling head passing in a car. Fall for whatever some bozo was saying to get me in bed, just to feel... something. Anything. And when I had glimpses of a good thing, I'd fall apart. Sabotaging the relationship with my insecurity and jealousy. All and all, I've done a whole lot of falling.

Jack leans forward, giving his full attention to her story. His eyes wide and his mouth slightly open appearing for the first time like he has dropped his guard a bit.

SARA (CONT'D)

With that very first guy, though... it was... I thought I couldn't live without him. And as it turned out, I wasn't too far off.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

When he broke up with me, the day after I lost my virginity to him, I wanted to die. I remember I called his house 52 times that day. His mother threatened to call the police on me. When we were back in school, I stood by his locker instead of going to class... It took another guy taking notice of me, for me to get over it.

Jack sighs audibly and most of the group looks at him. He doesn't notice, still enthralled by Sara

SARA (CONT'D)

And... that's what I've allowed myself to be all these years... only as good as the attention I got. But, now, through the steps, I know that I can be complete on my own, and then bring something to a relationship, instead of being incomplete and always taking from one. This stuff really works. Enough about me, the topic is First Lust, or whatever is affecting your recovery today. Who would like to share?

Barb raises her hand.

SARA (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Barb.

BARB

I'm Barb and I'm a sex and love addict.

GROUP

Hey Barb.

BARB

Thanks, Sara. Good topic. My first lust still has a restraining order on me. No big deal.

(MORE)

BARB (CONT'D)

But, I can tell you that his hedges need major trimming. I can't quite see inside his bedroom window.

INT. COUNSELORS OFFICE - DAY

Jack is sitting across from his court-appointed COUNSELOR in a utilitarian office made only less steely by a single plant on the sill of a dusty window. His counselor is sipping a Big Gulp and looking down at Jack's file, atop a teetering stack of others.

COUNSELOR

Jack Goodman. How's things?

JACK

Not bad, I guess.

COUNSELOR

I see you've almost completed your required meetings. How's that going?

JACK

I've learned a bit about sexual addiction and I'm sure that I don't suffer from it.

COUNSELOR

You're sure?

JACK

Something someone shared helped me deeply, and I identified with her, so I'm grateful for the experience, but I'm not an addict. I just had a rough spell.

COUNSELOR

You consider not leaving your house for two months and masturbating
(he consults the file)
10-15 times a day... a spell?

JACK

In light of what I've learned about myself in the past few months... yes. Yes I do. And I'm sorry I scared the pizza man. I wasn't myself. I barely remember any of it.

COUNSELOR

You said that you were giving up your house. Did that happen? Did you move into the Y?

JACK

My mother bought that house for us... for me. She can do what she wants with it. All that money my father left me was part of the problem. I've never had to go it on my own. So, I'm going to put the money out of the picture.

Jack sits up straight in his chair.

COUNSELOR

We've talked about your feelings on this and now I'm no longer amazed you come downtown to meet me here when your Mother would pay someone expensive and reputable to visit you at home. You're rebellion is obvious. I know that's not what I'd do.

JACK

I want to try independence. I want a job. I want to be happy.

Jack leans forward and relaxes a bit, as if suddenly unburdened of a weight upon him.

COUNSELOR

Well... first steps first. Job leads to independence. I'm afraid the happiness part is more spiritual.

(MORE)

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

That's up to you in any moment. The journey is the destination kind of stuff. I'm working on that one myself.

JACK

Sure... So, I guess I need a job.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Jack is standing in the hallway outside the SLAA meeting room with the trio of punk girls and an obvious SLAA newcomer, the pizza guy from earlier. He shakes hands with the pizza guy, who hurries off. The girls all give Jack brief hugs and then head out.

Jack notices a young woman, KATIE coming out of an office down the hall with a flyer that she tacks to a community bulletin board. She smiles, sensing his awareness of her, and turns casually his way.

KATIE

Need a job?

Jack smiles almost casually.

INT. YMCA - DAY

Jack is standing at the reception desk waiting for the attention of the attendant, who is scrambling between file cabinets and phones. At a break in the action...

ATTENDANT

Can I help you?

JACK

I'm starting my first job tomorrow and I can't be late.

(beat)

Could I arrange a wake-up call for 5 AM?

ATTENDANT

Here's a wake-up call, buddy... you live at a YMCA. Buy an alarm clock.

INT. YMCA. JACK'S ROOM - MORNING

Jack wakes up and checks his antique Rolex Oyster. 5:15 a.m. He leaps from bed and dresses in white painter's pants and a white sweatshirt, then heads out the door.

EXT. BUS STOP

Jack checks his watch: 5:25 AM.

He sees the downtown bus approaching and pulls out his wallet.

Inside, a single crisp \$50. His last cash.

JACK

Damn.

The bus slows to a stop and the door swings open.

INT. BUS

Jack's watch: 5:27 AM.

He holds out the fifty to the driver.

DRIVER

Mornin' Mr. Rockafella. Tea
and biscuits?
Sit your rich ass down and
bring something smaller next
time... or walk your sweet
feet to work.

EXT. BUS STOP

Jack checks his watch again: 5:37 AM. He's late. He rushes down the street, passing junkies and dealers, pimps and prostitutes, and stops in front of a church wedged between a liquor store and a decrepit movie house.

He is now 10 minutes late.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH

Jack closes the door behind him and turns to find an ancient man ADAM, with ridiculously thick eye glasses, holding a coffee cup graced with Christ's image.

An OLD WOMAN checks to make sure Adam is okay before leaving him and Jack alone and going down the hall.

ADAM

Strike two, kid. Timeliness is Godliness. I don't care if that sweet girl recommended you or not, I won't tolerate tardiness. Name's Adam. Grab a broom.

JACK

Yes sir. Um... Sir... strike two?

ADAM

Original sin, kid. Strike one for all of us. Now grab a broom and some trash bags and get out into the alley to pick up that trash. Damn wind blows more work onto my plate with every breeze. Now, I'm about blind as can be, so you lead the way.

They grab the tools and head outside.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Adam is filling a sock with loose change, mostly pennies.

ADAM

Good work today, son. I docked you 10 minutes for wasting my time this morning. I get paid mostly with coin from the collection, to save the old lady who handles the money around here the trouble of lugging it to the bank. She adjusts the figures for what I get paid accordingly, so it's all by the book. But, there's not enough in the budget for this old place to pay you, so this is straight off my plate. I live lean enough and I plain need the help keeping this place clean.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Go home, get some sleep and
I'll expect you at 5:30 in the
a.m., sharp.

EXT. BUS STOP

The same driver opens the door and lets Jack onboard. Jack begins to dump change into the receptacle.

DRIVER

Damn, boy! Ain't no middle ground
with you, is there? Take a seat
before you break the darn thing.
Damn!

INT. YMCA - NIGHT

Jack unpacks an alarm clock and proudly smiles as he sets the time and places it on the table beside the bed. He reaches into his duffel bag, pulls out a checkbook and fills one out. With a flourish, he places the check down next to the alarm clock. He picks up his sock of money and joyously laughs out loud.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH - DAY

Jack is in the alley painting over graffiti that reads, "Lazy Jesus. Hanging around all day."

ADAM

Lunchtime, Jack. Go grab us
some burgers.

Jack sets down his brush, and heads down the street.

EXT. STREET

A few blocks away, next door to the burger joint, is a bank branch, Downtown Savings. He pulls the check he wrote last night from his pocket, looks at his watch, the hours of operation on the bank door, starts to go inside, then changes his mind, pockets the check, and goes next door for the burgers.

While Jack is inside the burger shop, a small group of PICKETERS carrying signs protesting a porn shop walks past. Leading the group, Katie, the young woman who got Jack his job.

As Jack exits the restaurant, a BURGER WORKER is heard from inside...

BURGER WORKER

Next time, no pennies!

EXT. CHURCH

Back at the church, he and Adam eat in the alley, sitting on five-gallon paint buckets.

JACK

Adam? Can I leave before 5 today? I've got to get to the bank.

ADAM

If you need penny rolls, I've got plenty.

JACK

Thanks, but I need to open an account.

ADAM

You can go at a quarter 'til. But your break is now over.

Adam swipes the half-eaten burger from Jack's hand and stuffs it in his mouth.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(With mouthful of burger)

No such thing as a free lunch.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Jack checks his watch and quickly begins to clean up. Adam shoos him away and Jack heads back to the bank.

INT. DOWNTOWN SAVINGS BANK

Jack waits in line holding the check in his hand. Called by a TELLER, he steps up to the counter.

TELLER

May I help you, sir?

JACK

Yes, ma'am. I want to open an account with this check, and then get a bank check for this amount made out to the church down the street.

Jack hands the teller a slip of paper with an amount written on it.

TELLER

Very charitable of you, but why not write a check directly to the church?

JACK

I'd like it to be an anonymous donation.

TELLER

Very well. Let me see the check.

The teller's eyes widen upon reading the amount written on it.

TELLER (CONT'D)

Well, my my...

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH - DAY

A PUNK GIRL just out of the Saturday SLAA meeting is standing outside the church basement entrance by the SLAA sign. A SEEDY looking older man is trying to pick her up, knowing full well that she has an addiction problem.

Jack comes out of the church door and catches him in the act. Katie is right behind him and notices the confrontation.

PUNK GIRL

I said I'm not hungry. How old are you anyway?

SEEDY

C'mon sweetie. We'll grab a bite then we can go and get you something at the mall.

JACK
Real classy, man. No luck at
the daycares?

SEEDY
Excuse me?

JACK
(Pointing to the SLAA sign)
Like taking candy from a baby?

SEEDY
I...

JACK
Should be in a jail cell. Get
out of here before I call the
cops.

The man takes off. Katie joins Jack and the punk girl.

JACK (CONT'D)
You okay? Has he been here
before?

PUNK GIRL
I've seen him after meetings
sometimes.

JACK
If he bothers you again, let
me or someone in the church
know, okay?

PUNK GIRL
Sure. Thanks, Jack. Bye,
Katie.

KATIE
See you later.

She leaves Jack and Katie alone.

JACK
You know her?

KATIE
I've seen her around here.
That was sweet of you, what
you did.

JACK
I was only...

KATIE
Thank you, Katie.

JACK
Sorry. Thank you, Katie.

KATIE
You're welcome, Jack. You do
this for free?

JACK
Do what?

KATIE
Help these... people? With
their problems? I only ask
because you seemed pretty
quick to take the job, so I
assumed that this doesn't pay.
Or, are you a sex addict?

JACK
No. I'm not a sex addict.
This is a service to the
community. I shouldn't talk
about it though. It's an
anonymous program.

KATIE
Of course... sorry... I just...

Katie drops her car keys.

Jack and Katie both reach for them at the same time, slamming
heads with an audible knock.

Katie stands up straight, rubbing her eyes.

Jack's apologetic face squirms and as he goes back down to
get her keys, she simultaneously does the same and they bump
heads again.

Jack's brow is now bleeding.

Katie smiles and pulls him back inside the church.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH

Jack sits as Katie opens a first-aid kit. She attends to his cut gently.

KATIE
No good deed goes...

JACK
(Interrupting)
Please don't say that.

KATIE
It's just a saying.

JACK
Sorry.

KATIE
It's okay. Traumatic head injury and all. I'm surprised you're not in a coma.

JACK
I'm not sure that I'm not.

KATIE
How's that?

JACK
I feel like I am sometimes.

KATIE
I'm no doctor, but...

JACK
No direction is all.

KATIE
How about coming with me to a protest?

JACK
What's that?

KATIE
There's an adult book shop on the next block right next to a youth center.
(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

Our church group is picketing
for its closure. Or at least
its relocation.

JACK

Then it's not a date, because
I'm really not...

KATIE

Well I wasn't... No. Just
community service.

JACK

Yeah.

EXT. ADULT BOOKSTORE - DAY

Jack joins a mixed group on the street in front of an adult bookstore with a large sign reading THE STEELY DAN. Katie is passing out picket signs with various slogans against the offending store. Jack smiles and just as he steps closer to her a young man, WILL, holding a paper bag cuts in front of him.

WILL

What's the skinny?

JACK

Excuse me?

WILL

The lowdown? What's the issue?

JACK

The store. It's too close to
the youth center, I guess.

WILL

Boy, you are obviously fired
up about it, too. NORMA RAE!!

JACK

I'm sorry? Norma...

WILL

(Noticing the picketers
forming a circling line)

"As the spirit wanes, the form
appears." Bukowski. Not
exactly what he meant, but it
applies.

JACK
Are you here for the...

WILL
Gotta run, buddy. You like Shakespeare?

JACK
Well... I... sure.

Will hands Jack a DVD case.

WILL
Here's an adaptation of Richard the Third. You'll love it! Let me know what you think.

Jack looks at the DVD which has a cover showing men half-naked in Elizabethan garb. He reads the title aloud.

JACK
My Kingdom For a Cock.

Jack watches as the young man walks straight through the center of the picketers and heads directly to the front door of the adult bookstore.

Opening the door with a key, he turns and flips the group the bird before disappearing inside.

KATIE
You know him? What's that?

JACK
No, I... It's Shakespeare.

KATIE
Grab this sign and join the circle, Jack.

JACK
Yeah.

KATIE
And Jack... thanks for helping. Oh. I have some good news!

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

A huge, I mean HUGE, anonymous donation is going to allow us to fight this place until it's closed. Great, right?

JACK

Great news, Katie. Super.

KATIE

Jack?

JACK

Katie?

KATIE

Can you help us here tomorrow?

JACK

I'd love to but I have to work. I'm already at strike two. But, I'll see you around soon, I'm sure. Fight the power!

Jack starts to circle with the others, getting pulled away from Katie by the movement of the group.

Just as he's out of earshot, Katie speaks.

KATIE

I hope so.

INT. GOODMAN ESTATE LIBRARY - PRESENT DAY

Jack's mother grabs the photo of Sadie from the table, snapping Jack out of the flashback into the present day again.

MOTHER

Jack! Pay attention. I thought I'd gotten rid of all Sadie's pictures.

EXT. GOODMAN ESTATE - DAY

The family lawyer and Jack get into the backseat of the Lincoln. The driver closes the door behind them, takes the wheel, and rolls down the driveway.

INT. LINCOLN

As they drive, the lawyer attends to papers and his Blackberry, obviously put off by this usage of his time. Jack stares out the window.

LAWYER

We've left the forwarding information at the YMCA. Your mother paid your bill there. You will pay her back when you get paid. You'll collect a salary starting this Friday and each week after for the next year. After that, the business deed will be yours to do with what you please.

JACK

"You will benefit from my account of that abysmal sojourn into the swamps to the inner station of the ultimate horror."

LAWYER

That's descriptive but hyperbolic. The place isn't all bad.

JACK

I was reciting John Kennedy Toole. Hanged himself and then won the Pulitzer after the manuscript was published posthumously.

LAWYER

Really. Who found him dead?

JACK

I think his mom. She got the book published, anyway. The copyright is hers.

LAWYER

Ten to one it was she who hanged him.

EXT. THE STEELY DAN

The Lincoln pulls up to a group of circling picketers. Jack is having trouble breathing with the knowledge that his inherited business is the same one that just two days ago he was picketing for its closure.

INT. LINCOLN

JACK

Is there a back entrance?

LAWYER

Here are the keys for both entrances.

JACK

No. I mean can we drive around to the back entrance?

LAWYER

Don't mind the Jesus-huggers... they're just...

JACK

Just drive around back, okay?

LAWYER

As you wish, Jack.

The driver pulls around the back of the building and Jack gets out of the car.

EXT. STEELY DAN

He slides the key into the lock, turns it open, and starts to pull on the door.

JACK

Was this suit really necessary?

LAWYER

Your mother's idea. Dress for the job you want...

JACK

... Not the job you have. Perfect.

LAWYER

Have a good day at work. And Jack... You'll be staying at your old place tonight. Your mother thought it best. Don't worry, she sent in a cleaning crew. Your car will be delivered here by the time you get off... I mean... out of work. The keys for the house and the car are on the ring I just gave you.

The car drives off and Jack goes inside.

INT. STEELY DAN

Jack closes the door quietly and steps into a stockroom filled with boxes in various stages of being unpacked. Sex toys and videos offering their colorful bounty from the cardboard cornucopias.

Jack hears a noise behind him and starts to turn when a hard object is placed to the back of his head and he hears...

WILL

Don't move turdbird, or I'll spray your brains all over the porn!

Jack is holding up his hands, in one of which he holds the keys.

JACK

It's okay! I work here.

WILL

You what... what's your name?

JACK

Jack Goodman. My uncle...

WILL

Goodman? The owner is named Goodman.

JACK

He's my uncle. Was my uncle. He's dead.

WILL

That sucks. Are you here to close
the place down?

JACK

Just put down the gun and
let's straighten this out.

WILL

Gun? Oh. Yeah. Sorry, man.

Jack puts his hands slowly down, and turns to face Will, who
is holding a pink dildo by the balls like a gun.

He is the same young man who handed Jack the period piece gay
porno. Jack notices the dildo.

WILL (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It's never been
used.

JACK

That's comforting. I'm Jack.

WILL

(Extending his hand)

Will Moore. What are you doing
here?

JACK

I work here.

WILL

Oh yeah, you said that. I'll
just get my things and I'll
get going...

JACK

No. You misunderstand. I need
you to train me.

WILL

Train you? Look, with
internet porn, it barely takes
me to keep this place running.
If it wasn't for the
computerless geripervs, I
don't think...

Jack takes a deep breath, and the tension in his voice lessens.

JACK

My uncle left this place to me. I have to work here for a year to take the deed. Besides... that looks like a lot of stuff to unpack. I can be useful.

WILL

Yeah. Deliveries came this morning. All the gay stuff. And the sex toys.

JACK

Where should I start?

WILL

Grab that box of man on man, and follow me. And, dude... lose the tie and jacket.

Jack follows Will out of the storeroom into the store with the box of gay DVDs. Will brings him to the aisle where they are stocked.

WILL (CONT'D)

So here they go. If the star's name is printed bigger than the title of the flick, stock it with the right actor. If it's a bondage piece, put it here. So on and so on. Pretty easy. My own Gooley-Decimal System.

JACK

Are there many period pieces? Like that Richard the 3rd?

WILL

Richard the 3rd? Wait... That was you? With the pray-hards?

JACK

Long story.

WILL

Yeah. Well, I love that one.
"My Kingdom for a Cock." Some
of these things have great
names.

JACK

Hey! Here's one. "Napoleon
Blew My Bone Apart." That is
the best ever.
Able was I ere I saw cock.

WILL

You can watch any of these for
free, you know.

JACK

No, I'm trying to cut back
right now. Besides, I just
like the titles of these, not
the... you know.

WILL

Not the dialogue. Got it.
What you said before... about
that being the best ever?

JACK

Yeah?

WILL

Well, it's possible that it
actually is. I mean
absolutely without a peer or
rival, the best.

JACK

I was just saying...

WILL

Hear me out. I've been
developing a theory. What if
records were kept since the
dawn of man, of each and every
living being's weight, then
there would have been a
heaviest person ever, right?
Even without the record we can
assume as much.

JACK

Yeah but my saying the title was the best is just my opinion.

WILL

Sure... but what if your stimulated brainwaves, which indeed show your happiness or sadness or whatever, were measured, and if that data was compared to that of all others... then if yours was the one most stimulated, the test would reveal the "best", or "worst", whatever the case may be.

JACK

But only for my brainwaves. Not all are...

WILL

Let it stew. Let the juices mingle with your brain. We'll talk about it later. I've got to unpack an ass-load of butt-plugs.

Jack is left dumbfounded. He stands up to take in the scene outside, a circling mass of protesters, led by his new friend Katie.

Will appears from the back room with a box of sex toys. He takes them to their aisle, kneels down, and begins to stock them. Unseen, but heard over the racks, Will speaks.

WILL (CONT'D)

We've got all day, you know.

JACK

For what?

WILL

Your long story. The protesting Protestants.

JACK

That girl out there... she got me a job.

WILL
(Standing into view)
Which girl?

JACK
The one in white. She's
leading the whole thing.

Will points to Katie with a large black dildo.

WILL
She got you a job?

Jack notices the dildo and frowns. Will begins to stroke it, mocking Jack's displeasure.

JACK
Her name's Katie. She got me
a job working at her church.
I got fired yesterday.

WILL
Fired from a church, next
stop, porn shop. Great resume
stuff.

Will puts down the dildo as Jack gets wistful.

JACK
She helped me.

WILL
How's this gonna fit into your
blossoming relationship?

JACK
What do you mean?

Will motions with his hand to suggest the whole interior of the porn shop.

WILL
Well...

Jack is getting frustrated and he raises his voice.

JACK
Nothing's "blossoming." She
just...

WILL
Thou doth protest too much,
methinks.

JACK
I don't protest anything.

WILL
Except this shop, which by the
way, you own.

JACK
Shakespeare, huh?

Now Will is getting frustrated.

WILL
Well ain't that sumpin? A
pervert that can read. I can
also write, and sing and
dance. Know what my favorite
color is?

JACK
No...

WILL
Of course you don't. You
don't know shit about me.

Jack pauses before he speaks, calming things down a bit.

JACK
I didn't mean...

WILL
I graduated college with a
degree in theater. And,
that's why I'm the manager.

Jack seizes the opportunity to get Will a bit calmer,
too.

JACK
No kidding. My degree's
business, but I minored in
film.

Will takes a pause, then slowly smiles as a joke comes to
him.

WILL
Seems to me it's the film
study that's paying off. Now
get back to unpacking them
please. Get the cock outta
the box and on the rack.

INT. STEELY DAN STOREROOM - DUSK

Jack is grabbing his jacket and tie and heading to the back door.

WILL
Good work today, Jack. Will I
see you tomorrow?

JACK
God-willing. See ya.

WILL
You've been hanging out with
the Bible-humpers too much,
bro.

JACK
What?

WILL
God-willing?

JACK
Yeah. No. I don't know.

WILL
Don't sweat it. Good job
today.

JACK
You, too. You really know
your porn.

WILL
Lots of experience. See ya
tomorrow.

Jack heads out the back door as Will pretends to masturbate.

EXT. STEELY DAN

Jack exits the rear of the shop to find his pristine black 1969 Oldsmobile 98.

JACK
Public Enemy #1

He smiles, gets inside and drives off.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack pulls up to his house. The same place he was arrested from. He gets out of the 98, locks the door, and heads up the front steps to the door of the house. A beautiful Craftsman style bungalow on a well-groomed tree-lined street. He takes out his keys and turns the deadbolt.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack enters and places his keys on the table just inside the door. He takes the unopened envelope from his uncle out of the jacket and places it next to the keys. He picks up the phone on the table and hears a dial tone.

He notices all of the photos of him and Sadie have been removed. His smashed TV has been replaced with a new one. Atop the TV, his video camera. He picks up the camera and presses eject. He removes the tape and puts it in his pocket. Closing the camera gently and moving his hand across it like it was the head of a puppy, he suddenly becomes enraged, slamming it to the hardwood floor where it comes apart in pieces.

He goes to his bedroom and closes the door behind him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH - DAY

Katie opens the door from inside the basement to the alley.

She looks up the stairs to find Adam with the Old Woman. Adam is painting over graffiti that reads "Dogma, I"

KATIE
Hey, Adam. Where's Jack?

ADAM
Fired him. But, he keeps writing on the wall anyway. What is dogma one?

Katie swallows the news of Jack's firing and continues on talking with the placating tone of one addressing a child.

KATIE

It's "Dogma, I". "I am God" backwards. He didn't do this, Adam.

ADAM

I caught him once before.

KATIE

Well, I don't think it was him, he... do you know where I can find him?

ADAM

He was staying at the Y, I think. What the hell is dogma? Katie?

Katie has gone inside.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH BASEMENT

Katie passes the bulletin board in the hallway where she first met Jack, and unlocks her office door on which is a plaque that reads "Secretary."

She sits at her desk and pulls out a phonebook. Finding the number for the YMCA, she picks up the phone and dials.

KATIE

Good morning. Do you have a Jack Goodman staying with you? ... I'm calling from his former place of employment, and we need a forwarding address for his... a phone number would be great... Thank you.

Katie hangs up and then dials the number. A MAN picks up the phone at the other end of the line.

MAN (V.O.)

Goodman residence.

KATIE

May I speak to Jack, please?

MAN (V.O.)
Mr. Goodman is no longer
residing.

KATIE
I'm calling from the church
where he works. Where he
worked. Do you know how I can
get in touch with him?

MAN (V.O.)
I will forward a message to him,
if you'd like.

KATIE
Please. My number is...

INT. STEELY DAN - DAY

Jack enters the shop from the storeroom and finds Will
reading a NY Post-like newspaper at the checkout counter.
The headline reads, "We're Gonna Need a Bigger Boat."

WILL
The desires we deny will find us
as fate.

JACK
What?

WILL
Nothing. You can use the front
door.

JACK
I know.

WILL
Oh. The girlfriend. Right.
They circle earlier and earlier
it seems.

JACK
She could be a friend, and I'm
not sure how to explain...

WILL

Get her a gift. A bottom-buzzer is worth a thousand words. You can use your employee discount.

A KNOCK on the front door turns their attention to an OLD MAN holding a black plastic bag just outside. The man impatiently taps his watch.

WILL (CONT'D)

Time to open shop. Turn on the lights in the booths.

Will opens the door for the old man, who heads directly to the back of the shop where three booths that run coin-operated porn films are located. He sets his plastic bag on the bench inside and closes the door behind him.

JACK

I'm not cleaning up after him.

WILL

Don't worry about it. That guy never leaves any baby batter behind.

JACK

God bless him for trying. He's a regular?

WILL

Almost every day. Bright and early. I admire his determination. I'm so backed up that my next orgasm is going to start life on another planet.

JACK

You don't...

WILL

Gave it up. I'm waiting for a partner. Doing it alone seems like cheating to me. How about you? Do you tickle the bishop?

JACK

I...

WILL

Kidding, man. Relax. I could not care less about your masturbation habits.

JACK

Thanks.

WILL

No sweat. But, really... do you jack off, Jack? Do you swallow, too?

The door opens and in walks a forty-something buxom dark-haired woman in high heels and a tight mini skirt. Her top barely manages the load it carries. She is holding poster board. She is MARY.

MARY

Will? Who's the new meat? Is he gay? Are you gay, sugar?

JACK

Me? No... I...

MARY

How come I've never seen you before? Has Will told you that I could blow your mind in bed?

WILL

Hadn't mentioned it yet, Mary. But, I would guess that it's not his mind that needs blowin'. How can we help you and the décolletage-Mahal?

MARY

We? This fine young man is working in this shit hole?

WILL

This fine young man owns this shit hole.

MARY

Well then, lucky me. See, I got this show coming up and I need to hang up my poster. Mr. ... ?

JACK

Jack. Let me see what you've got.

WILL

Did you draw this?

MARY

I know. I'm not that good at drawing. A stick figure is about it for me.

WILL

This looks like it was drawn by a stick figure. We'll make you a new one and hang it here.

MARY

Thank you. See you soon, sexy boys.

Mary leaves.

WILL

I'd rather laugh with the sinners... Either way, every saint has a past. And every sinner has a future. Take Mary for instance. She was a prostitute and now she's a performance artist. I've helped her with her shows. Her last one was a safe -sex themed number about all the STDs she caught in her career. I suggested the title "Abandon All Hope Ye Who Enter Her." She went with "Fuck Bumps."

JACK

Cheaper playbills.

WILL

Exactly.

JACK

How long has she been a performance artist?

WILL

Six... seven months, at least.

JACK

That long? Life is an artistic odyssey.

WILL

More like a walking Salvador Dali painting.

Jack walks over to the register, where Will has an assortment of personal items in the area that could be considered the desk/office of the place.

On the counter is an open Bible. Jack picks it up.

JACK

Light reading?

WILL

Actually, yes. I'm trying to find out what all the fuss is about.

JACK

The fuss?

Will makes a gesture to the picketers circling with signs outside the store.

WILL

Well...

(Affecting a mock British accent)

"They are drifting into the arena of the unwell."

JACK

Is that from Withnail and I?

Will is impressed.

WILL

It is indeed. Richard Grant's finest performance. It's my second favorite British Movie.

JACK

What's your favorite?

WILL

Quatermass and the Pit is my favorite British movie. My all-time favorite movie is Jaws. Quint survives the shark frenzy after the sinking of the USS Indianapolis, only to be eaten years later by a shark on his own boat.

JACK

I never considered the irony.

WILL

Whatever. Hey, your girlfriend is looking at you.

Jack looks out the window to see Katie squinting towards the store. He drops the Bible and hits the deck.

Will walks over to the window, pulls down his pants and presses ham against the window.

JACK

Will! That's not necessary.

WILL

Calm down, Romeo. The windows are one way. She never saw you. But I did. I spent most of my youth collecting excuses, Jack. I have them all. What's yours?

The old man from the booth comes out and heads directly for the door.

WILL (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir.

JACK

That man looks like a saint.

WILL
I don't know... he's a little
loose in the eyes.

EXT. STEELY DAN

Katie watches the old man who left the shop a moment ago disappear around the corner, and once again turns her attention to the crowd.

The picketers are wrapping it up for the day. Katie says thank you and collects some of the signs.

INT. STEELY DAN

Jack is watching Katie through the window as Will is handing a well-dressed 60ish businessman SHOPPER a large bulky bag and a receipt. Sticking out the top of the bag, a long box labeled, "The Underlord. Anal Use Only."

WILL
Remember... only use low power
until you loosen up. And lots
of lubricant.

SHOPPER
Oh... it's not for me. It's a
birthday gift.

WILL
She'll love it.

SHOPPER
He. He'll love it.

WILL
Of course. My mistake.

Will turns and notices Jack, still staring out the window at Katie.

WILL (CONT'D)
Jack?

There is no response from Jack.

WILL (CONT'D)
Jack?
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

At the hospital, where I was born, the doctor who delivered me was named Dr. Awkward, which is weird enough, but also a palindrome, and he sang "Tiny Bubbles" during the delivery. Every year on my birthday my mom made me re-enact the birth, which only got more disturbing as I entered my teens.

No response, again.

WILL (CONT'D)

I screamed like a baby with my head traumatically close to my mother's vagina, while my older brother sang a Don Ho song.

Still no response.

WILL (CONT'D)

Then my brother blew me.

Again, no response.

WILL (CONT'D)

You're in love.

JACK

What? No I'm not, I just...

WILL

I was talking about this movie.

Will holds up a DVD titled "Urine Love-Golden Shower 4"

JACK

Nice. I was just, you know... I don't care about her.

WILL

(Singing)

"A rock feels no pain, and an island never cries".
Dude, just take her out for coffee and find out.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

Ask questions all about her,
what she likes to do. That
way, you can seem like an
interested guy while finding
out if you could stay
interested.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT.

Jack and Katie sit together at a small café table by the window overlooking the street, where Jack's car is parked outside.

JACK

So, you went to school to be a
chef? I don't see it.

KATIE

I know. It wasn't what I
thought it'd be. Wait a...
what do you mean?

JACK

Well, a cook is just a pirate
with a spoon, and you're...

KATIE

Arrgghh! Me soup is a
boilin'!

(beat)

Now Jack. You've been asking
me questions since you picked
me up. The scrutiny is making
me rethink my choices in life.
What about you?

JACK

I'm not scrutinizing. I'm
interested.

KATIE

Okay. Well, I'm interested in
you, too. What happened with
the job, Jack?

JACK

I was cleaning up some
graffiti, and Adam thought it
was me that had painted it
there.

KATIE

So, he fired you... but you didn't say anything?

JACK

Yeah. It's okay though. My uncle got me a new job.

KATIE

Doing what?

JACK

It's a video store job.

KATIE

Tell me about yourself, Jack.

JACK

What do you want to know?

KATIE

Girlfriend?

JACK

I had one once.

KATIE

Tell me about her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - ONE HOUR LATER

It is now an hour later and Jack and Katie sit at the same table, now with empty dessert plates and discarded coffee creamers. Katie looks dumbstruck.

JACK

So, that's the story.

KATIE

I... I am... Wow.

JACK

Too much?

KATIE

No. Well, yeah. I was looking for first date stuff. Favorite color, favorite childhood pet, basic politics...

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)
 brief relationship history...
 It was okay, Jack. I have to
 get up early. I'm glad you
 called.

Katie gets up and leaves Jack sitting alone at the table. He watches her pass by the window without looking at him.

He suddenly gets a strange little smile.

JACK
 Me, too.

EXT. STEELY DAN - DAY.

Jack is arriving to work the next day as the picketers assemble, obviously increasing in number. Katie is talking to some new recruits.

Jack pulls around back, just as Katie catches the ass end of his car going around the corner. For a second, her eyes linger, and then she gets back to her recruits.

INT. STEELY DAN

Jack enters the back door to find Will with his pants down holding a huge dildo. He is comparing his penis to that of the rubber model.

WILL
 Morning, Jack. This one looks
 just like mine. I mean, down
 to the veins, and the little
 bend... Crazy.
 Hand me those pants?

As Jack reaches for Will's pants, Will lets go a horrendous sounding fart.

JACK
 That sounded like wet thunder
 rolling over brown hills. You
 might want to wipe up before
 putting these on.

He passes the pants to Will, keeping his distance. Then pointing to the dildo still in Will's hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
 You can't sell that now,
 right?

Jack looks out the window to the gathering picketers outside.

JACK (CONT'D)
A lot of soldiers out there
this morning.

WILL
Oh, yeah. They left us a
warning. They plan on forming
a circle around the whole
building.

JACK
I have to move my car.

WILL
You just got here.

JACK
Yeah.

EXT. STEELY DAN

Jack has moved his car down the block and is returning to the back door when Katie notices him. She approaches him smiling. Jack is stuck.

KATIE
Jack! I'm so glad you came!

Jack knows he'll have to stay now.

JACK
Yeah, me too.

KATIE
Not working for your uncle
today?

JACK
I was. But, now I'm not.

KATIE
Great! Grab a sign. We're
going to form a chain around
the building.

INT. STEELY DAN

Will looks out the window at Jack joining hands with the others as they form a human chain around the building.

Smiling with mischief, Will goes to the front door, opens it, and yells out...

WILL

Way to go, buddy! Keeping the truth alive! I already called the cops. You should be careful, Jack!

EXT. STEELY DAN

KATIE

Did he just say your name?

JACK

I'm not... did he? That's weird. I don't know... Hey, do you want to get some coffee later?

From down the street, the old man carrying the black plastic bag arrives at the scene, where he joins the circle of picketers, who are moving slowly clockwise around the building.

When the old man is in front of the entrance to the Steely Dan, he leaves the circle and goes inside.

A patrol car pulls up, and the circle slowly stops circling, and then breaks apart.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

JACK

So, what is it about that place that you disagree with?

KATIE

It's not that I really disagree. I just think they shouldn't be selling that kind of stuff so near to a place where a lot of kids go everyday.

JACK

So, if it were, say a block away, it would be okay? Would you shop there, if it weren't next-door to a youth center?

KATIE

No, I wouldn't... but, I mean...

JACK

I have to admit, I see no problem with it, at all. The only reason I've been joining you with the protest, is for you.

KATIE

You don't owe me anything.

JACK

That's not what I mean. Tell me, when did you get so involved with the church.

KATIE

A couple of years ago, I was a much different person. I was, I can't believe I'm saying this on a second date...

JACK

Second date?

KATIE

Well, we were alone together one time before and...

JACK

I know. It's cool to hear out loud, that's all. Second date. Second DATE.

KATIE

I'm opening up here, Jack.

JACK

Sorry. Right. You were saying...

KATIE

Two years ago, I was arrested
and my daughter was taken
away.

Jack thinks he's being joked with.

JACK

C'MON?! YOU?!

(Long pause)

You're obviously being
serious. Please go on.

KATIE

I was using cocaine, ended up
on the street, and I took my
baby to the hospital, so they
could... I don't know... do
something more than what I
could, and while they were
checking her out, someone must
have called the cops, because
they showed up and took me in.

JACK

Have you seen her since?

KATIE

Yes. Because I got clean and
got a job, I have visitations
every other weekend and I'll
get her back next month,
fingers crossed. She's almost
three now, and she probably
won't remember much of what
happened before. All of what
I have now, I owe to that
church.

JACK

You've got to give yourself a
little credit, too. You're
the one who got clean, and the
one who keeps showing up
everyday.

KATIE

I know. I just feel I owe them so much, and if picketing a porn shop gives back a fraction of what was given to me, I'm more than happy to do it.

JACK

So, the porn shop doesn't bother you, personally?

KATIE

Don't say anything to anyone else about this, but I've been in there once. I used to date this dealer who was really into anal penetration. Of himself, that is. He liked to be penetrated. So, he bought me a strap-on and... one time he got so coked up, there was this rocking chair and a Tazer...

JACK

Whoa! Small doses, please. This morning I thought you might be a virgin.

KATIE

From your lips to God's ears!

JACK

Wow. It's actually really cool to know all this. You seem far more tolerant than what the picketing implies.

KATIE

Like I said, It's much more for them, than for me. What I absolutely will not tolerate are liars. I've been lied to by every man I've met so far.

Jack gets serious. He knows he'll have to come clean soon if he wants to keep her in his life.

JACK

Me, too. I guess a lot of men
are liars.

KATIE

I've been lied to by most
woman in my life, too. It's
people that lie.

JACK

My counselor told me I needed
to forgive my father in order
to start living my life with a
clean slate.

KATIE

What did he do?

JACK

Not what he did. More what he
didn't do.

KATIE

I know what you mean. I don't
think I could ever forgive my
mother for what she didn't do.
Or my father for what he did.

JACK

My counselor said the anger I
keep inside only hurts me.
That it'll never do anything
to change what they did.

KATIE

I should talk to your
counselor.

JACK

Or, keep talking to me. I
remember almost everything he
told me. It'll be a lot
cheaper this way.

KATIE

(Laughing lightly)

So, the big finish is to just
forgive?

JACK

I guess so. Forgive to be forgiven.

KATIE

I pray that my daughter will one day forgive me for what I put her through.

JACK

She will.

KATIE

She will.

JACK

Do you want to get out of here?

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack and Katie are in his living room. The same room where he was arrested from earlier. They are laughing.

Katie notices and then picks up his video camera, still smashed on the floor. Jack gets suddenly somber.

KATIE

What happened here?

JACK

Bad memory.

KATIE

About Sadie?

JACK

Yeah. Her death was my fault.

KATIE

What? What do you mean?

Katie moves closer to Jack.

KATIE (CONT'D)

How?

JACK

I broke her trust, and it killed her.

KATIE

Jack, mistrust doesn't kill people.

JACK

Oh, no? I could show you otherwise.

KATIE

Okay. Please.

Jack grabs a box from the other room, and removes a new video camera. He sets it up to the TV with a cord, and puts the tape from earlier inside. He rewinds the tape to the beginning. He presses play.

On the TV, the image of Jack appears. The recording shows that he is obviously positioning the camera to have a view of his bed. He places a plant in front of the camera to hide it, without entirely obscuring its view of the bed.

The TV goes black for a second, and then comes back with the image of Jack and Sadie naked in the bed.

Jack is reaching back from the nightstand where he has just put down a remote control and grabbed a condom.

Sadie is unaware that she is being recorded.

KATIE (CONT'D)

She doesn't know, does she?

JACK

No. She didn't know. But, that wasn't the worst of it.

Jack fast-forwards the tape past the actual sex, to a point where he and Sadie are lying side by side in the bed.

Sadie is very much in love with Jack.

They giggle and then she gets up, and puts on a t-shirt and pulls on some sweats.

Then she notices the camera.

She walks toward it with fury in her eyes.

SADIE

Jack? What is this? Are you kidding me? I said I didn't want to do this! How could you, Jack?!

On the video, Jack says nothing. She can be heard on the TV stomping through the next room, and then slamming the front door to the house.

Jack lies in his bed silent.

A loud tire-screeching slide is heard before a sickening thump.

Jack jumps out of the bed and races out of frame, while the TV plays the sounds of his discovery.

The stopping of the tape cuts off Jack's cries.

KATIE

That's how she died?

Jack has lowered his head.

JACK

I killed her.

KATIE

No, Jack. It was an accident.

JACK

I think you should go.

Katie reaches her hand for his shoulder.

KATIE

It was an accident, Jack.

JACK

I just want you to...

KATIE

It was an accident.

Jack moves away from her and begins sobbing.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have taped her,
but her death was not your
fault. Hear me?

Jack breaks down and falls to the floor on his knees, the weight of his guilt finally realized and boiling over out of him.

Katie holds him, stroking his hair.

Jack begins to gain some comfort and starts to relax a bit.

JACK

Yes.

KATIE

Don't ever do that again,
Jack. I mean it, Jack. Never
again. But, her death was not
your fault.

JACK

I won't. I know.

KATIE

Promise me, Jack. No more
sneaky shit!

Jack considers this, and for a moment wants to tell her everything, but reconsiders.

JACK

I won't do it again. I
promise. Thank you, Katie.
Great second date, huh?

KATIE

The best, Jack. The best ever.

JACK

(Pulling it together)
I was trying for a chance at a
third, but you're right. That
may have been the best second
date ever.

KATIE

You'll get to third. I mean,
I meant...

Jack laughs out loud.

Katie starts giggling.

JACK

No. No. No. You can't take it
back. I expect you to come to
our next date with no pants
on. Thank you very much.

KATIE

We'll see.

INT. STEELY DAN - DAY

Will is helping an old woman CUSTOMER choose a vibrator.

WILL

Now this one, although more
expensive than that one, has
not been banned in any
countries and has never been
known to cause vaginal or anal
paralysis.

CUSTOMER

I'll just have to take my
chances. Social Security is
leaner than my dance card.

WILL

I understand. I once used a
surgical glove filled with
jellybeans to get off with for
months during college. Called
it "FiFi." My roommate found
it under my bed when he was
stoned off his ass, and then
ripped it open and ate them
all.

CUSTOMER

Did you tell him they were
soiled?

WILL

Shit, yeah! I told the whole dorm. Everybody called him "Sticky Beans" from then on.

CUSTOMER

That's funny stuff, mister.

WILL

He killed himself senior year.

CUSTOMER

Pussy.

WILL

I know, right? Let's get you settled up so you can get home and fire that little rocket up. You have a fire extinguisher at home?

As Will takes the customer to the register, Mary enters, and then holds the door for the Old Man with the black plastic bag who is entering as well.

He heads straight back to the booth.

MARY

That little jackhammer is at it again?

WILL

Almost every morning. I've noticed it's the older folks who are the earliest shoppers.

MARY

Bitches are closer to death, is all. Sleep 'til noon and wake up dead.

WILL

Guess you're right. What's cookin', Mary?

MARY

I want my poster.

WILL

Oh, got it right here. Not bad, if I do say so myself. Jack helped with the coloring.

MARY

Looks good, honey. Baby, when you gonna get out of here and follow that sweet heart of yours? I know you want to get back to the stage.

WILL

My days of treading the boards are over. But you know how I'd love to open a theater. Just a small place with some lights. I'd produce all your shows, Mary.

MARY

I know you would, honey. And I would fuck you backwards and blind for it, too.

WILL

Well, we could sell tickets to cover the costs, but I appreciate your enthusiasm.

MARY

Make an honest woman of me, huh?

WILL

No amount of therapy or antibiotics could achieve that. But I wouldn't change a thing. I love you just the way you are.

Jack comes in from the storeroom.

JACK

Sorry I'm late.

WILL

You own the place, buddy. No need for apologies.

JACK

I don't own it , yet. 40 hours a week, remember? It's still your place, Will.

WILL

Well, then I recommend you give yourself a verbal warning. But, don't be too hard on yourself.

MARY

Sugar, if it's a spanking you need, I got the paddle. And I would love to see your white ass turning purple.

JACK

That sounds lovely, really. But, I'm going take Will's suggestion. Do you like the poster? I did the coloring.

MARY

I do like it, honey. I'm about to drop my drawers and stretch myself over your face to show you how much. You ever seen the deep end of a love bucket?

The Old Man comes out of the booth, and walks towards the exit. Jack, Will and Mary all stare as he leaves the store.

MARY (CONT'D)

God bless him. See you, boys. Gotta go get my brown eye checked. I been blocked up like a nervous dog on a diet of Cheezwiz. Haven't shit right in a week.

WILL

See ya, Mary.

JACK

Bye, Mary.

Mary leaves.

WILL

How's your girlfriend?

JACK

Pretty good, pretty good. We had a good night last night.

WILL

Second date, right? She look better without clothes?

JACK

She's a cool girl.

WILL

Obviously.

JACK

I've never dated before. With Sadie... my first girlfriend, it was... essentially it was an arranged marriage. We started seeing each other after being introduced by our parents. This is all so new to me, exciting.

WILL

I feel pretty and witty and...

Jack is clearly getting angry.

JACK

It's all a big joke with you. What's your secret? You seem to be practicing new ways every day to keep real relationships away from you.

Jack has struck a nerve with Will and he reacts with deep sarcasm.

WILL

Really? You picked up on that in the days that you've known me. Amazing.

JACK

You never talk about relationships. Past, present, future... nothing, nada.

WILL

Well, señor. Lo siento. Y chupa mi verga!

JACK

What? I don't know Spanish.

WILL

You should learn, but for now you should suck my dick!

JACK

All right. You're right. I don't know you well enough to make assumptions, but I'm happy for the first time, in a long time, and it sucks to have you make light of it.

WILL

Dude, you have no idea how much you don't know.

Will is calming down.

WILL (CONT'D)

But, I'm sorry anyway. You should still learn Spanish. You could definitely get a job in Oaxaca sucking cock.

JACK

I'll keep that in mind.

WILL

Good.

JACK

So, do you have or have you
had a girl...

WILL

Yes. And I don't want to talk
about it.

Will begins shuffling papers on his desk randomly. Then he
begins straightening things in an almost robotic state.

He is uncomfortable with the line of questioning and his
actions are showing it.

WILL (CONT'D)

Not because I don't like you,
or don't know you enough, but
because she broke my fucking
heart and I went through a lot
of therapy and paid a lot for
a little peace of mind and I
don't feel the need to relive
any of that hateful black
cloud brewing above me
bullshit.

JACK

Got it. I know all about
therapy.

Will has cleaned his desk into a neat and orderly state.

He is amazed that this "just happened" while he was
ranting.

Will remembers he is having a conversation.

WILL

Yeah? For what? Bitch rip up
your heart?

JACK

In a way. She died.

Will hears this loud and clear.

WILL

No shit.

JACK
Shit.

WILL
How?

JACK
She was hit by a car.

WILL
No fucking way.

JACK
Yeah.

WILL
Where? Did you see it?

JACK
I heard it. It was out in front of the place we were living in... the place I live in now. We got into a fight, and she left really pissed off, and to get to her car she must've crossed the street without looking, and...

WILL
(pause)
Was the fight over something she did wrong?

JACK
No. It was all me.

WILL
Then you kinda think it was your fault then, right?

JACK
Yeah, well... I did. I do. I'm trying to get past it. And, last night with Katie I... I don't know. I think I'm starting to like her. But, I feel like shit about not telling her about this place. This place I don't even want.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I have to sit her down and tell her. Just come out with it, right?

WILL

Dude. Just tell her. I'm sure she's done something wrong in her life, too. Everybody has.

JACK

You're probably right. I'll just tell her. And, maybe she'll forgive me. Thanks, man. You know... for listening to me.

WILL

(pause)

Thanks to you, man. It's good to get to know you. You're a pretty good man, Mr. Goodman.

JACK

So are you, man.

A MAN who has been listening unnoticed in the aisle speaks up.

MAN

If you guys start blowin' each other, you might have something worth watchin'. Where the fuck's the scat section?

Will and Jack smile at the man and then point at the same time to the same rack.

EXT. STEELY DAN - DAY

Katie and the picketers begin to circle around outside.

INT. STEELY DAN

Jack is ringing up a CUSTOMER when he notices Katie and a few people with picket signs outside.

JACK

Will! Can you finish up here?
I have to go...

WILL

Yeah, yeah... I saw Katie.
Where's your car?

JACK

I parked down the street.

WILL

You sketchy bastard... Go.

Jack goes out the back door. He heads a bit down the street and then turns back towards the picketing group.

EXT. STEELY DAN

Jack joins Katie and the small group.

KATIE

Hey Jack! I didn't expect to
see you here today.

JACK

I was in the neighborhood.

KATIE

Oh, yeah? Where's your
uncle's video store?

Jack squirms. He knows he should tell her everything, but this isn't the time.

JACK

It's really close. Small crowd
today, eh?

KATIE

Well, I didn't tell anybody.
I wasn't even going to come
down but these guys showed up
at the church, so... here we
are. This is the last time
I'm coming though. I felt
like a hypocrite after our
date last night. How are you
today? You look better.

JACK
Thanks Katie. You look better
too. Not that you looked bad
last night.
I mean...

Katie giggles.

KATIE
You are really bad at this
aren't you?

JACK
Yeah.

Katie addresses the small group.

KATIE
Why don't you guys take it
from here. We've got
something important to do.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack and Katie drive through the city. They laugh as the music plays and the dirt on the streets seems to sweep itself clean in their wake.

EXT. JACK'S CAR - SUNSET

Jack and Katie sit on the hood of his car, as the sun sets on the horizon.

KATIE
Jack? Why did you do it?
Tape Sadie?

JACK
I don't know.

KATIE
I mean, she didn't want you
to.

JACK
I know.

KATIE
Then why?

JACK

I don't know. I can't... I don't...

Katie knows he's not ready to talk, and changes the subject.

KATIE

I'm glad you came into the church for those meetings.

JACK

Me, too.

KATIE

You never really told me what that was all about.

JACK

What? The meetings?

KATIE

Well, yeah.

JACK

It was nothing. A judge ordered me to go.

KATIE

Did you do something wrong... sexually? You didn't hurt anybody...

JACK

No, no, no. I tried to pay a pizza delivery guy while I was almost naked. With a boner.

KATIE

On purpose?

JACK

I was really messed up for a long while after Sadie died, and to cope with it, I started masturbating a bit.

KATIE

How much? I mean, a judge...

JACK
Sometimes 15 times a day.

KATIE
Really?

JACK
I'm not a sex addict. I'm
glad I had to go to the
meetings, too. To end up
meeting you.

Katie gets a sly smile on her face.

KATIE
Do you think you could still
go 15 times in one day if you
wanted to? I mean that's kind
of a skill.

JACK
Never thought...

Her smile grows and her eyes get wide with excitement.

KATIE
I mean, I know girls who would
be real jealous of someone
whose boyfriend could go 15
times...

JACK
Boyfriend?

Katie doesn't hear him, still thinking about the "15 times"
comment.

KATIE
15 times. In one day. I'm
kinda getting sore just
thinking about it.

JACK
Boyfriend? You said boyfriend.

She focuses.

KATIE
I know. It just came out.
Look, don't take it so
seriously. It's no...

He kisses her. They kiss. The sun sets.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack and Katie burst through the front door into the living room, going at it like feral cats.

JACK
Katie.

KATIE
Jack.

JACK
Katie.

KATIE
Yeah, Jack?

JACK
We should slow down.

KATIE
I know. I know. But man, we
kiss well together.

JACK
Right? Unbelievable.

Katie grabs his ass. Hard.

KATIE
I can't wait to try you on.

JACK
But, we can wait, right?

KATIE
I am so about waiting. I'm
waiting for a judge to give me
my daughter back, I can
certainly hold off for some
goddamned ah-mazing sex.

JACK
Lord's name?

KATIE
Oh fuck it. My God could not
care less about the use of his
name in vain.

The mood's intensity lowers a bit. Katie drops her hands
from his ass.

JACK
You must miss her.

Katie shies away from him.

KATIE
Like you miss Sadie, I'm sure.
It's like I'm in a different
lifetime now. It seems so
long ago that we went into
that hospital. I was so
fucked up that night. My
dealer wouldn't give me
anything on credit, no matter
what else I offered. I
must've looked deranged for
him not to take me in trade.

Jack moves closer, puts his hand on her back.

JACK
You tried to help her.

Katie resists.

KATIE
I was trying to get rid of
her.

Jack persists. His hand on her cheek. He pulls her down
to the sofa.

JACK
No you weren't. You were...

Katie takes his hand in hers. She looks in him in the eye,
and tells him the hardest truth she's ever told. It is the
first time she has openly talked about this horrible moment
of her past.

KATIE

I remember standing out in front of the emergency room thinking if I leave her out here, she'll freeze. I have to bring her inside, at least. And once I was in there... so many people, so many eyes looking at me. I just handed her to the receptionist and said she was sick.

JACK

She wasn't sick?

KATIE

Believe it or not.

JACK

Then what?

KATIE

Just like I told you, the cops came and I was taken away. I spent two days in lock-up, cuz it was on the weekend, and then Monday morning I get sent to a rehab. I spent 30 days there, and got to a bunch of meetings in church basements, one of which needed a secretary and now here I am. Clean for almost four months.

JACK

Me, too. I mean from the... you know.

KATIE

You haven't done it in four months?

JACK

I'm kind of afraid to.

KATIE

See, for me... my addiction should be kind of easy to quit.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

The one's who have it rough
are the ones who are addicted
to things like food. I mean
you need that to stay alive.
I don't need cocaine. But
you...

JACK

(Interrupting)

No kidding. That must really
blow.

KATIE

I was comparing them to you,
Jack. Not masturbating could
be dangerous. That's what
happens to all those priests.
They get so backed up, they
need to rub up against stuff
to let loose. Problem is that
most of the altar boys stand
about waist high.

Jack starts to laugh, taken off guard by this joke.
Katie joins him and soon they are crying with a
combination of laughter and the emotional tears of the
moment. Still trying to control his giggling.

JACK

That is comedy.

KATIE

I am really funny.

JACK

And really cute.

Katie wipes a tear from Jack's cheek. He does the same to
her. They smile easily.

KATIE

Not so bad yourself Goodman.

JACK

How long do you think we should
wait?

KATIE

That was probably good.

JACK

Yeah.

They race into Jack's bedroom and slam the door behind them.

INT. STEELY DAN - DAY

Jack is beaming as he comes in the back door. He passes the old man with the black plastic bag who is on his way to the private booth.

He finds Will talking to a CUSTOMER with a DVD in his hand.

WILL

The chick in that one is so hot, if I had two penises, I would jerk off to it like this.

He shows the customer how he would do so.

JACK

Sorry I'm late again.

WILL

You'll have to put yourself on written warning.
Why are you so happy? Did your picketing finally convince you that you should close this place?

JACK

About that...

WILL

No way. You need to man up. If that Jesus fucker isn't smart enough to look at what really matters about you, then she isn't worth it. She's probably a frigid virgin, anyway.

JACK

Actually, Katie is a recovering coke addict, with a two-year-old daughter.

WILL
 Soooo... then not a virgin?
 Nice. Did you get in there?
 Did she taste like a dirty
 communion wafer?

JACK
 No. But, I really like her.

The customer clears his throat.

WILL
 Oh, shit. Sorry, man. Let me
 ring you up.

JACK
 I'm going to grab us some
 donuts. I'm starving this
 morning. Feel like I just
 woke up from hibernation.

Will does his best Homer Simpson.

WILL
 MMMMM. Donuts.

Jack goes for the door, holding it open for the customer to
 leave. As he steps outside...

EXT. THE STEELY DAN

Jack bumps directly into Katie.

KATIE
 Sorry. Excuse... Jack?
 What are you doing here?

Jack is mortified.

JACK
 What are you doing here?

KATIE
 I came to apologize for the
 picketing. I'm done with it.
 The secretary business at the
 church is repayment enough for
 what they did for me. They
 don't pay for shit in an
 honest church.

JACK
Yeah, you have to work for the
Catholics to get rich.

KATIE
Jack?

JACK
Yeah?

KATIE
What are you doing here?

Jack is completely shitting bricks.

JACK
It's a funny story.

Will pokes his head out the door to force the confrontation,
that he has been watching Jack avoid for so long.

WILL
Oh, hey Katie. Jack? Could
you get some strawberry
frosted? I effin' love
strawberry frosted. Thanks,
man.

Will goes back inside.

KATIE
Why does he know my name?
What are you doing here?

Jack's shoulders collapse. He didn't want it to happen
this way. He confesses.

JACK
This is my uncle's video
store. I work here. I kind
of own the place.

Katie is shocked. Her face turns white.

KATIE
You own this store? Jack?
What about the picketing?

JACK
I told you it was for you.

Katie can't control her anger. She lets it all out beginning quietly and finishing in a rage...

KATIE

Jack, you lied to me. Tell your buddy I'm sorry for picketing. And I'm sorry for you... I told you everything and you turn out just like all the rest. A liar!

She walks away, so pissed off, she is shaking.

Jack watches her, then says softly...

JACK

I never lied. I just didn't know how to tell you. I still don't.

Will pokes his head back outside.

WILL

How'd it go?

Jack shrugs, knowing it was all his own fault, and not mad at Will, at all.

He starts to walk away towards his car.

Will calls after him...

WILL (CONT'D)

Awww, man! No donuts then?

EXT. STREET

Jack gets into his car, and drives away down the street.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack pulls into the driveway. He slowly gets out of the car and shuts the door weakly.

It doesn't close.

He tries it again, but the seatbelt is in the way.

He tries to slam it shut.

It creaks back open.

He moves the seatbelt and slams it again, this time catching his finger.

He jumps back and sticks his finger in his mouth, walking to the house and leaving the car door open.

He seems completely crushed, and walks up the stairs to the front door almost in a trance.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack enters his living room and throws his keys on the table beside the door. He notices the envelope with his Uncle's handwriting, still unopened on the table. He picks it up, tears it open and reads...

FLASHBACK

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

This is a flashback scene of Jack during his "whack-off trouble". He is sitting in his filthy living room, in his chair. From the TV, the sounds of sex.

(His uncle's voice reads the letter over the entire scene)

UNCLE (V.O.)

Jack, I am writing this to explain what may not make much sense to you right now. Know for certain that my actions were very carefully thought out, I can only hope that they have the intended effect. If what I've done has caused you pain, I wish that will learn from it, and grow.

Jack reaches for the greasy bottle of lotion from the table beside the chair and squirts some directly into his lap.

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

Sadie was a sweet girl, Jack. I liked her very much. What you did to her was wrong, but you have to let her go. You are not responsible for her death.

(MORE)

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

What you are responsible for
is what you decide to do now.
I know what you were doing in
that house for the months
after she died.

Jack picks up a slice of pizza from a day-old box with one
hand and takes a bite.

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

I know you watched that tape
over and over.
I understand that, Jack. It
was the last piece of her you
had. And a fitting way to
punish yourself again and
again for what you think you
did.

Jack begins to masturbate with his one free hand.

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

A little strange that you
decided to grow a beard and
masturbate all day long while
watching it, of course.
Regardless, the store is my
way of forcing you to face a
demon. You can win against
this demon, Jack.

Over Jack's pumping shoulder, we see the TV, and on it
playing the video he made of he and Sadie. The one she
found him making the night she died.

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

Now, I understand the money
your father left you is no
longer in your bank account.
I can only hope you didn't do
something stupid with it.
That's your privilege, it's
not a burden. It's a family
earned legacy that you have a
duty to respect.
By the way, you can do
whatever you want with the
store. Show this letter to
that bastard lawyer and the
deed is yours. 40 hours a
week? What was I thinking?
(MORE)

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

I love you Jack. Your father
did, too.
I hope you will someday
realize that, and be proud of
yourself.

A KNOCK at the door.

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

Wish me luck in the afterlife.
I fucked over a lot of people
in my day.

The police burst in.

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

Love, Uncle John.

Flashback has ended. Jack is standing in his living room.

Jack puts down the letter and smiles.

INT. STEELY DAN - DAY

Will is talking to Mary, the top-heavy performance artist
from earlier, when Jack comes in from the back room.

He heads right to the fax machine behind the register and
puts a few sheets of paper into it, and dials a number.

With a flourish...

JACK

Will. You are now the owner
of your very own sex shop.

WILL

What are you talking about?

JACK

My uncle changed the
conditions of my taking
ownership. I now own it, and
when the lawyer receives that
fax, then you will own it.
Congratulations.

MARY

Oh, shit, honey! Great news!
Now you can open the theater
space you've always talked
about.

JACK

You want to run a theater?

Will is completely surprised and crazy excited.

WILL

I told you I was a theater
major in college. It'll give
Mary a better venue for "Fuck
Bumps." When the times catch
up with your vision, of
course.

MARY

Don't I know it... fuckin'
cavemen 'round here. That's
terrific news, Will. Gotta
get goin' myself, though.
Getting a polyp the size of my
fist removed from my stink
hole later. See you, honeys.

WILL

That could be your next show,
right there.

Mary leaves through the front door just as the booth opens in
the back, and the old man with the black plastic bag comes
out.

JACK

Sir? Excuse me, sir?

OLD MAN

Yes, young man?

JACK

I'm not going to see you
anymore, and I'm very curious
about what you have in that
bag.

OLD MAN

This here is my lifesaver.

JACK

How's that?

OLD MAN

Well, my wife of 49 years nags at me quite a bit, you see. I need a little alone time everyday to keep my wits about me. Otherwise, I'd have been locked up years ago.

He laughs deeply. Jack and Will smile fondly.

JACK

So, you need to take care of the pipes, so to speak?

OLD MAN

No sir. That well done dried up a long time ago. I'm just talking about solitary time. Just me and my books.

WILL

Well, there's video right there in that booth. Why do you cart around your own stash?

OLD MAN

When the well went dry, it took the need for dipping the bucket with it. I don't dip it myself, and have no need for anyone to dip it for me. And, I sure as hell don't want to look at a bunch of young folks dippin' each other's buckets without care or caution.

JACK

So, what do you do back there?

OLD MAN

I told you, son. I read my books.

The old man pulls a thick hardcover out of his black plastic bag.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

The wife is going a little senile, and when she sees me reading, somehow she thinks I'm a ghost. No rhyme or reason to it, but sure as sunrise she thinks I'm a vapor. Scares the devil out of her until she runs around screaming my name. Looking for me even though I'm right in front of her. Can't see me 'til I put the book outta my hand.

WILL

Alzheimer's?

OLD MAN

(Misunderstanding Will)

It should be obvious she's an old-timer, I'm no pervert, boy. Anyway, this place is only a block away from the house, closer than the library or the park, so I get some reading done every morning. In peace and quiet.

WILL

I'm going to be turning this place into a theater someday, but for as long as you want, you can come here and read, promise.

OLD MAN

Very much obliged. Good day, boys.

WILL AND JACK

Good day, sir.

The old man opens the front door, then pauses and turns around.

OLD MAN

Boys? If you ever get lucky enough to fall in love, grab that love with your best hand and never let go. Sure, it might turn batshit crazy and run around screaming when you try to read a book, but when you look back on your whole life, and remember that one time when that love made you laugh so damn hard and feel so damn good about being yourself... it'll be worth all the bad times that came with it.
I promise you that.

He shakes hands with both Jack and Will and leaves smiling, heading down the sidewalk. Then he realizes he's going the wrong way, and turns back passing the door again. He is talking to himself.

WILL

What are you gonna do with yourself?

JACK

I have no idea. But, I've got over a million dollars in the Downtown Savings Bank to help me decide.

WILL

Really? Have you ever thought about being a sponsor of the arts?

JACK

We'll see, buddy. Right now, I have to go grab Katie with my best hand.

WILL

Yeah, make sure you wash that first. That guy is fucking nuts.

EXT. STEELY DAN

Jack grabs a picket sign left behind by the church group at the back of the building, gets into his car and drives out of the parking lot.

EXT. CITY STREET

Jack is smiling as he drives.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH

Jack pulls up to the curb in front of the church. It has been noticeably improved with fresh paint and new shutters. A new sign graces its entrance.

He takes the picket sign out, grabs a marker from his car, and writes something on the blank side.

He then starts pacing back and forth on the sidewalk just in front of the main entrance to the church.

The side of the sign that we can see says "STEELY DAN WILL RUIN OUR CHILDREN" having been written by one of the picketers.

He begins to shout.

JACK

Katie!

Again he shouts.

JACK (CONT'D)

Katie!!

Adam, the church caretaker, comes out from the alley around the side of the church, holding a wet paintbrush.

ADAM

Jack? What the hell is wrong with you, son?

JACK

Katie!!!

Katie comes out the front door of the church.

As Jack turns around to face her, he gets the sign switched around by mistake.

KATIE

Jack? What are doing?

JACK

I'm picketing.

KATIE

I can see that. It's really up to parents to keep their kids from Steely Dan.

JACK

What?

Jack looks at his sign, and sees what she means.

He then turns it so she can read what he wrote,

"If you can forgive me, I will try to forgive myself."

JACK (CONT'D)

I made a mistake.

KATIE

Jack. You lied to me. I told you how...

JACK

I didn't lie to you. I didn't tell you, but I wanted to. I really wanted to. I have no excuses anymore, but I feel I should try to explain myself. I just don't want to leave anything unsaid, at all.

Katie lowers her eyes.

KATIE

I'm listening.

JACK

I never told her I was sorry. I never got a chance to say I was sorry. I've been thinking about what you asked me. About why I did it. Why I taped her. I think I wanted it on tape to prove it was happening.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

So, I could someday look and see that I was with really with her. Someone I didn't deserve. I wasn't good enough then.

He stands a bit straighter.

JACK (CONT'D)

But, I am now.

Jack's words seem to cut his throat as they come out painfully. He is apologizing for his role in Sadie's death, and at the same time apologizing to Katie. He is also experiencing the freedom of confession and the possibility of forgiving himself.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I made a mistake. I was afraid. I was scared that you'd walk away. I'm scared right now that you'll walk away, and I didn't want that to go unsaid. I don't want you to walk away.

Jack is gaining strength in himself and his speech becomes more confident.

JACK (CONT'D)

I made a mistake and I'm sorry, Katie. I should've told you, but I was afraid of what you'd think about me. I don't even really like porn.

Katie looks up at his eyes, and smiles a little at Jack's attempt to lighten the mood.

Slowly, she speaks after a moment of introspection.

KATIE

I've made a lot of mistakes.

JACK

Me, too.

Jack moves up a few stairs, still dragging the sign.

JACK (CONT'D)

I need to forgive myself for

them and move on.

KATIE

You should.

JACK

It'd be easier if I thought
you could forgive me first.

KATIE

I can try.

JACK

Katie?

KATIE

Yeah?

JACK

We all make mistakes.

KATIE

I know, Jack.

JACK

It wasn't your fault that she
got taken away. You weren't
yourself when you were using.

KATIE

(Slowly breaking down)

I know.

JACK

I mean it Katie. It wasn't
your fault. You have to
forgive yourself, too.

KATIE

(Weeping)

I know.

JACK

You have to be forgiving of
yourself, first. She will
forgive you. But you have to
forgive yourself.

KATIE

(Crying)

I'll try.

Jack puts down the sign and goes to her, taking her in his arms.

JACK

We can try this together.
I'll start. I forgive you,
Katie.

Katie coughs in surprise.

KATIE

I never did anything to you.

Katie calms down and smiles a bit

JACK

More of a way to get things
going here. Work with me. If
it makes you feel any better,
I gave the store to Will. So,
we don't have that between us
anymore.

KATIE

I forgive you, Jack. Wait...
if you gave the store to Will,
what are you going to do for
work now?

JACK

I've got some money saved. I
can afford to just figure
things out for a while.

KATIE

I like you, Jack.

JACK

Slow down, we've only been on
three dates, you know.

Katie starts laughing.

KATIE

Guess what I'm bringing on our
fourth date?

JACK

What?

KATIE

A U-Haul.

They are both laughing now.

JACK

Fourth date, huh? Nice.

KATIE

We'll see. No cameras,
though. I think there's
probably enough naked video of
me out there.

JACK

Coke whore.

KATIE

Now I think I love you.

JACK

Everything's going to be all
right, right?

KATIE

Everything is all right.

THE END