

I MELT WITH YOU

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**TITLE: THE PAST**

Seen abstractly: manicured green lawn lined with row upon row of folding chairs occupied by capped and gowned graduates, various viewpoints and perspectives, fresh faces, bright eyes, smiles.

Hope and expectation in bright June sunlight. A PA SYSTEM issues final echoing words of an impassioned commencement speech.

## VOICE

...and every person's fight with death is over before it begins. What makes the struggle worthwhile, therefore, cannot lie in the outcome, but in the dignity in which the fight is waged.

Voice swallowed by a vortex of thundering applause. Hovering dreamlike images flicker - proud parents, caps launched skyward, bodies scattering, clustered groups, a collage of camera flash.

FOUR MALE GRADUATES- bodies edge into semi-focus: One taller, one wider, one darker, one narrower. They amble, shuffle and preen.

We don't engage them as they come to a top step, arms over shoulders and around waists, until they become one unit, one shape. Comrades, chums, buds, mates.

Best Friends Forever.

Pointed in various freezes and poses by unseen photographers, they shift and reassemble and blow out in the camera flash.

With the final flash of white we see PURE WHITE, forming into a A HUGE MOUND OF WHITE POWDER...

RAPID FIRE IMAGES UNDERSCORE THE ERA: BODIES. ARMS, FINGERS. Needle drops on vinyl, music blares, Walkman, Ray-Bans, razor blades, lines high speed, mouths suck alcohol, albums of bands we love - Undertones, X, Buzzcocks, Ramones, English Beat

FROM ABOVE

Four male shapes huddle around a glass table, A LARGE SHEET OF PAPER in the center.

CUT FROM ONE HAND TO ANOTHER HAND WRITING WORDS: *promise...25 years*  
*...never forget what this feels like...to forget is to FAIL...*

FROM BELOW

Faces as shapes, bend to the glass, toward us, rolled bill in nostrils, gleams in eye, fast-slow-fast, focus of vision, intention, desire, animated. We feel all this in our gut.

From four corners of the screen, hands reach out to each other, stacking on each other in some communal mask or team agreement, descending and blocking our view until the

screen goes BLACK

**TITLE: JONATHAN, 44.**

2 EST. LOS ANGELES- DAY 2

An generic office building in Santa Monica

3 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 3

A DOCTOR, handsome, drawn, clean shaven, crisp white doctor's jacket. Goes through the motions as he treats a wealthy WOMAN (late 40's).

She sits on the examination table, texting on her Blackberry as she answers Jonathan without looking up. He's bored and so is she - this is simply a formality.

JONATHAN  
 So it's your hands, nonspecific,  
 but uncomfortable.

PATIENT  
 Yes.

JONATHAN  
 You need something for the pain.

PATIENT  
 I need something for the pain.

JONATHAN  
 Yes.

Jonathan nods, writes out a prescription: Oxycontin. She stops texting, takes cash out of her bag, lays it bare on the examination table.

She takes the prescription, leaves without saying goodbye. Jonathan removes a pill bottle from his jacket, takes a pill from it, dry swallows it.

His eye looks at the money, and then is caught by his medical degree on the wall.

It seems to mock him.

4

EXT. A PUBLIC PARK - CAROUSEL - LATE AFTERNOON

4

Establishing. End of the ride. Jonathan's six-year-old son MILES rides a carousel horse while Jonathan waits and watches.

The Jonathan we met in the office is manifestly different than here. He is buoyant, illuminated from within by the life-force of his Son.

Miles climbs off the horse, bolts to Jonathan, smiles as he runs. Jonathan bends to greet Miles, lifts him, carries him.

JONATHAN

First time by yourself! Daddy's so proud of you.

Jonathan turns to leave the carousel area. Miles looks at his father's face, touches it as they walk.

MILES

I wasn't scared.

JONATHAN

I know, I could see that. I was so proud of you--

They walk a few steps until they hear a WOMAN'S VOICE call out

JANE

Miles?

They look up, see JANE, Jonathan's ex-wife, Miles' mother. She's with her husband DANIEL (40's). Jonathan's face falls, he glances at his watch, sadly realizing visiting time is over.

As Miles squirms free of Jonathan, Jonathan rushes this out...

JONATHAN

Daddy will see you in two weeks...

...but Miles is already out of his grasp, bolting toward his mom.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
 (under his breath)  
 Bye Miles...

When Miles is directly between Jane and Jonathan, he stops, looks back, waves at Jonathan, hurries to his mother.

Jonathan and Jane make eye contact. Ten years of marriage in a few seconds of silence.

Miles, his Mother and Daniel turn and walk away, Miles between them holding their hands.

Jonathan's eyes go dead as he watches them leaving...

5 EXT. HOUSE - CHICAGO (STOCK) - DAY 5

A large house in a decidedly upscale neighborhood.

6 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME 6

Bathroom is LARGE. Modern. A TV in the connecting bedroom BLARES BUSINESS news.

7 INT. HOUSE - SHOWER 7

A MAN leans against the marbled wall, listening, stressed. He swears under his breath on certain bits of arcane stock/bond/index information.

**TITLE: RON, 44**

Ron's wife AMANDA calls out from the bedroom.

AMANDA (O.S.)  
 Ron?

His transformation from stressed to cheery is uncanny.

RON  
 Hi babe!

She turns the business news down.

AMANDA  
 You okay in there, hon?

RON  
Always. Yes my dear, why?

AMANDA  
Don't want you to miss your flight.

RON  
Gettin' out now.

Amanda turns the business news back up and the distress returns to Ron's face.

8

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - HALF HOUR LATER

8

Ron walks in, overnight bag in hand, sees his daughters, CARRIE (16) and JODY (10) and CARLY (8).

JODY/CARLY/CARRIE  
Hi Daddy.

Carly draws, and Jody looks up from her laptop screen, smiles, goes back to it.

RON  
My princesses.

Carrie moves to him, hugs him.

CARRIE  
Promise me we'll talk about the new car when you get back?

JODY  
If Carrie gets a car then what do I get?

AMANDA  
Carrie--

RON  
A poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

JODY  
(eye roll)  
That's so dumb.

AMANDA  
I like your Father's little sayings.

Amanda and Ron smile at each other. Kiss.

CARRIE

I need some money for the weekend.

Ron reaches in his wallet, takes out twenties, peels off five for her. Wait. She looks at him with puppy-dog eyes.

He gives her more. 100. 200. 300. Now she hugs him.

He kisses the children he loves. Amanda and Ron walk to the front door. Amanda dusts something off his shoulder, straightens his lapel.

AMANDA

You take care of us, now you  
deserve to take care of you. Have  
fun with your friends, Ron.

They embrace and kiss again in a heartfelt way.

9 EST. BOSTON - DAY 9

Cloudy skies. Bean Town.

10 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - SAME 10

Class is over. A PUBLIC SCHOOL MIX of TEENS (approx 13 year-old) file out. The TEACHER erases the chalkboard.

**TITLE: RICHARD, 44**

Richard turns toward exiting Students, yells over the din.

RICHARD

Enjoy your week of freedom, and you  
will be reminded each time you  
crack open *A Farewell To Arms*, I  
have *infringed* upon your week of  
freedom.

(then)

And I am resolutely not sorry.

A couple of amused looks from the students tells us they like Richard. One kid, JAVIER sits at the back of the class, waits for others to leave. Richard makes eye contact with him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Dr. J, step into my office.

Javier stands, walks to the front of the class holding some papers.



RICHARD'S VOICE (ON MACHINE)  
 Timothy? This, my friend, is your  
 friend, Richard. We will be  
 celebrating your birthday on this  
 little holiday, yes? See? I did  
 not forget you. I will never  
 forget you. Big Sur, sir. You have  
 all the info, just look for the  
 balloons on the gate.

Tim smiles, but there's subtle melancholy in it. His  
 doorbell rings, he moves to answer it, brightens as he opens  
 the door and sees LISA (30's).

TIM  
 Hello, Lisa.

LISA  
 Hello, Tim

They smile at each other. And as Tim closes the door...

LISA (CONT'D)  
 There he is!

She indicates a CAT lounging on the floor.

TIM  
 Doing what he does best.

A MINUTE LATER

Tim stands in the open kitchen area with Lisa. There is a  
 note with instructions and money on the table.

There's also a sealed envelope on the table marked "Lisa 2."

TIM (CONT'D)  
 Here's the money for this week.  
 (re the sealed envelope)  
 If I'm not back by Sunday, this has  
 more money for you.

LISA  
 Got it.

TIM  
 Sure you don't mind staying here?

LISA  
 This is a palace compared to my  
 hovel.

TIM  
 Okay then. I'm gonna finish  
 getting ready.

They say goodbye with a cheek kiss, Lisa heads for the door.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 Leese?

She stops, turns, looks at Tim. He indicates the cat.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 Take good care of my guy.

LISA  
 As always.

Lisa leaves.

Tim moves across the large open space of his loft to his bed, picks up an old wrinkled note, an aged sheet of paper covered in writing.

He studies it. We see fragments of writing in different hands, four different signatures. We recognize it from the opening.

Tim carefully rolls up the sheet of paper, and walks out of the shot.

BLACK SCREEN

**DAY 1**

14 EXT. AERIAL SHOT - CLIFFS OF BIG SUR - LATE AFTERNOON 14

We glide over the sea toward the coast, to a house sitting on the precipice. A song begins, faintly at first, growing louder as we move in.

A lone figure stands on the edge of the back deck of the house looking out to sea. When we are close enough we see it's Richard, drink in hand.

15 INT. RENTAL CAR - TIM 15

His POV. Slowing on HIGHWAY ONE as we see four different colored balloons tied to an electronic gate. Tim smiles as he pulls onto the driveway.

16 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT SIDE - DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 16

His rental pulls up next to a classic 80's Porsche Targa, he gets out of the car, stares at the house. He hears music blasting inside. He grabs his bag, walks to the front door.

17 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 17

Tim steps in. The house is huge, modern, flooded with light. Windows everywhere and they're all open.

He walks down the hallway to an enormous living room--- Wind billows the curtains. We can almost feel the ocean in here.

Tim moves to the stereo, music deafening, turns it down.

TIM

Hello?

Richard appears. He and Tim stare at each other a moment. Old friends. Big smiles.

RICHARD

First thing he does is turn my  
fucking music down.

A familiarity. Richard moves to him, they embrace, happy to see each other. Comfort in the years. Richard releases, looks at Tim's face and body.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You don't age. What's the secret?  
Let's sell it and get rich.

Tim smiles. Richard gestures to lines of coke on the coffee table.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Yes? For old times? It's cold and  
forsaken here.

TIM

Maybe a drink. To start anyway.  
(beat)  
Love the car by the way. Very you.

RICHARD

I bought it from some guy on the  
way from the airport. Saw the for  
sale sign and boom, impulse buy.

Richard moves to the coffee table, bends toward the mirror...

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I intend to destroy it within the next five days.

...and sniffs a line of coke as Tim watches.

TIM

Some things never change Richard.

Richard flashes a million dollar smile. For all his bravado, charm is his currency. Richard sees something in Tim, some change, a dimming of the lights in his eyes.

RICHARD

What is it? The big four five?  
You don't have to worry. They are all the same.

The gentle joshing bounces off the pain. Richard's eye is caught by a necklace on Tim's neck - simple but tasteful pendant with initials. Tim holds it out.

TIM

Jill's. I've been wearing it again. Five years ago this month.

Richard doesn't flinch, looks right at his friend.

RICHARD

Jesus. I Can't believe it's been that long. Unfucking real. I'm so sorry.

Tim nods.

TIM

Every time I see you, without fail, you say those words, and I always believe you. And you never try to tell me to forget.

Richard gives Tim a deep hug. He comes out of it, relieved at the respite of smiling.

RICHARD

But per usual, I will be the reminder that this week is about forgetting about all that, just for a moment.

Like a magician pulling a rabbit from a hat, he shoves the mirror under Tim's nose, raises his eyebrows ala Belushi in Animal House. Tim can't help but laugh.

18 EXT. HOUSE - BACK SIDE - DECK - LATER - DUSK 18

Tim and Richard sit on the deck. Richard's iPhone beeps. He looks at it. A text message: *when love, love will tear us apart, again.* He smiles.

RICHARD  
Ronaldo's here.

19 EXT. HIGHWAY ONE - DUSK 19

A TAXI slows near the entrance of the gated driveway.

20 INT. TAXI - SAME 20

As it rolls to a stop. A LOCAL drives. Ron in back, staring out the taxi window.

TAXI DRIVER  
(in rear view to Ron)  
Here?

He sees the four colored balloons hovering from the electronic gate. Laughs.

RON  
Yessir.

21 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - HALF HOUR LATER - NIGHT 21

Music plays. Ron opens the refrigerator. It is stocked with wine, vodka, beer. And nothing else. He nods with cool approval, turns to the counter, sees bottles of scotch, tequila, rum, Jagermeister.

He grabs his laptop - we see an image of his older daughter, Carrie on the screen - off the kitchen counter...

22 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 22

Ron looks at Richard and Tim.

RON  
My liver just had a heart attack.

RICHARD  
You need anything else, I'll get it tomorrow.

He hands his laptop to Tim.

RON  
This is her.

TIM  
So pretty. She's all grown up,  
Ron.

RON  
Crazy, right?

Tim passes the laptop to Richard. He studies her image.

RICHARD  
She getting cock yet?

Tim looks at Richard, closes his eyes in disgust.

TIM  
I pray for your soul, Richard.

RON  
You can't pray for a soulless man.

Richard looks at Ron, smiles.

RICHARD  
Let me ask you this Ronaldo: when  
your daughter's hot 16 year-old  
friends come over, do you sometimes  
wonder what it would be like to  
fuck them in the ass until they're  
cross-eyed?

Ron's reluctance to answer instantly gives Richard his  
opening...

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
See? See? I told you!

Laughter.

RON  
Shut the fuck up and pass me the  
blow.

RICHARD  
I merely say what others think but  
fear saying.

Tim passes Ron a CD cover with a mound of cocaine on it and  
Ron does a line.

Beat. He looks at Richard. Then Tim. He grabs them and  
they embrace. They release each other and Ron looks around.

RON

For the first time in the fucking history of internet real estate photography the place looks as big in real life as it did online.

TIM

It's beautiful Ron, perfect.  
(then)  
Let's settle up when you feel like.

RON

It's already settled.

Richard and Tim's eyes meet.

RICHARD

The rich are different from you and me, Timothy.

23 EXT. ELECTRONIC GATE - NIGHT 23

Fingers punch a code on the gate keypad, it hums to life and slowly swings open. A MAN walks down the driveway in the darkness carrying a suitcase and a satchel bag toward the house.

24 EXT. HOUSE - AROUND THE SIDE 24

We see the man emerge from the shadows and into the light: It's Jonathan. He watches his friends inside the house a beat.

He moves to the sliding glass window. All they have to do is look up. They don't. He slides open the door and his face brightens.

TIM

Jonathan!

Jonathan smiles, moves inside. The guys greet him.

RON

The doctor is in!

Jonathan shakes his briefcase, we hear the rattling of prescription bottles.

JONATHAN

He most certainly is.

RICHARD  
What and how much?

JONATHAN  
Enough to treat the illnesses at  
hand. Now make me a drink while I  
urinate and get settled.

25 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM - MINUTE LATER 25

Jonathan places prescription bottles on a dresser - Dilaudid, Oxycontin, Adderall, Fentanyl, Librium, Ketamine. He speaks a fragment from the Hippocratic oath to himself as he does...

JONATHAN  
Whatever houses I may visit, I will  
come for the benefit of the sick,  
remaining free of injustice and all  
mischief...

26 EXT. HOUSE - MIDNIGHT 26

Moon and stars in the sky. Silence surrounds this remote house. We hear laughter and music inside.

27 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME 27

MUSIC LOUD. Ron, Richard, Jonathan and Tim sit around the large coffee table, talking over the music.

A solid blissed-out buzz, perfect mix of alcohol, coke, trust, time and freedom. Enough drugs to last, no responsibilities. Chatter is fast, they know each other's rhythm like a band that's played together many times.

RON  
...no no no, it's a food aversion.

JONATHAN  
Women get it during pregnancy.  
Certain foods make them sick, even  
the smell.

Richard snorts a line off a CD cover, passes it to Jonathan.

TIM  
Are there any particular foods that-

RICHARD  
(interrupts)  
You know what my aversion is?  
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

This shit. I see you guys once a year and we're talking about what?

JONATHAN

(ignores Richard)

It's random. One theory is that it's the woman's system protecting the fetus from that which may be harmful to it.

Richard sighs loudly with boredom. Jonathan does a line, passes it to Tim.

RON

So when Amanda was pregnant with Carrie she started getting really nauseated. And guess what it was?

RICHARD

Oh God, do tell, I'm on the edge my fucking seat.

Ron looks at his friends.

RON

It was me.

Richard, Tim and Jonathan look at him, not understanding.

RON (CONT'D)

Yeah. My scent.

Richard explodes with laughter. Tim and Jonathan follow suit. Ron shakes his head...

RON (CONT'D)

I had to sleep in another room the first four months of the pregnancy! Or else she'd get nauseated!

The guys laugh harder.

RON (CONT'D)

(faux pain, whiney)

But guys, being rejected made me feel small, insecure and unwanted.

Laughter. A moment of calm, then:

RICHARD

(to Jonathan)

How's the world of dating, doc?

Jonathan shrugs.

RON

Well, as a doctor, you have an advantage. You can knock them out with drugs and take what belongs to you.

TIM

Oh my God.

This sparks something in Richard.

RICHARD

Tell them Jonathan. Tell them what you told me about the twenty-year-old patient.

Ron was joking. And now this. Jonathan looks at Richard. Tim looks at Jonathan like "you did not."

JONATHAN

(an edge)

Thanks, Rich.

He shakes his head, looks down at the floor. He looks up at his friends with a face full of shame.

TIM

I don't think I can stay here for this.

JONATHAN

(to Tim, heartfelt)

Timmy, it was a one time thing, I swear.

It's difficult, but Jonathan opens up to his friends.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

A year ago, a young patient came in near the end of the day. She was very pretty, to say the least, and it had been awhile for me.

(hard, but he presses on)

So...I used an anesthetic that allowed me to...

He trails off.

RICHARD

Tell them what you did, after you sent the receptionist home.

JONATHAN

I did things with her...I basically  
lost control...oh God, when I think  
back...it just makes me...

Jonathan looks down, shakes his head, his shoulders  
shudder...he cannot seem to go on or face his friends...  
because...it's too terrible.

He looks up, face distorted by the laughter he can no longer  
contain.

Richard howls. Ron and Tim know they've been had. And they  
love it!

Hysterical laughter. Jonathan slaps Richard five.

RICHARD

Ally oop!

JONATHAN

Slam dunk!

(through laughter)

But I have to say, I'm saddened my  
"friends" don't even know what I do  
for a living. I'm an MD for Christ  
sake, not an anesthesiologist!

28

INT. SAME - LIVING ROOM - HOUR LATER

28

Talking, doing lines, drinking. Music.

TIM

No, it was that girl, Emily. She  
was in the house next to us.

RICHARD

Emily, right, but wasn't it that  
guy, Simon Tuller?

RON

It wasn't Simon, it was Mike  
Bevans.

JONATHAN

It doesn't matter who it was.  
Unless you want to remind them.

TIM

On Facebook.

JONATHAN

Yes. Post it.

Laughter.

RICHARD

Hi Mike! It's me, Rich, from college! Remember when Emily Sullivan shit on your chest when you were passed out? How's the wife and kids?!

RON

Didn't we used to call it "dick-facing?"

TIM

But Emily had good reason, because Mike had non-consensual sex with her a few hours before when *she* was passed out.

JONATHAN

Double dick face.

RON

I fucked Emily. Did you guys fuck her?

RICHARD

Guilty as charged, your honor.

JONATHAN

I think she gave me crabs.

TIM

I fucked her boyfriend, Jeff Snyder.

Laughter.

RICHARD

That is so fucking great Jonathan! Because I gave Emily the crabs. So I basically gave *you* the crabs.

JONATHAN

Fuck you.

RICHARD

And I fucking knew I had them when I banged her!

Laughter.

RON

You know how you get rid of the crabs? It's a very old American Indian remedy.

They wait.

RON(CONT'D)

You shave one testicle, then, with a good butane torch lighter, you light the other one on fire. Then, as the little fuckers race away from the burning ball you stab them with an ice pic as they run across the shaved one!

Laughter. Ron mimes furiously stabbing his balls. Tim tries to change the direction...

TIM

Is it possible to have a conversation that's a little more serious?

RON/RICHARD

No. Fuck Off.

RICHARD

That's what I fucking hate! We can no longer do and say the things that make us fucking feel good.

JONATHAN

Saying and doing stupid things makes you feel good?

RICHARD

You know what I mean.

Richard rolls a joint and sprinkles coke in it.

RON

"Cock" doesn't make me laugh, but schlong does.

RICHARD

Exactly. When men pass forty they can no longer be honest about what makes them laugh. If you are, you are frowned upon.

JONATHAN

And if you're a father, you lose cred if you display immaturity.

RON

Tim, what word makes *you* laugh?

TIM

(after he exhales a huge hit of weed)

Vulva.

JONATHAN

Bangkok.

RICHARD

Time doesn't just age you, it steals your right to laughter, which is fucking happiness. Which is a fucking crime.

TIM

Men are afraid. They think all other guys will think less of them if they loosen up, and so they don't.

JONATHAN

What is the replacement for happiness?

RON

Bla bla bla, you guys are so fucking pathetic.

Richard stands up...

RICHARD

But you aren't Ron, because you don't need to participate in a conversation that might be illuminating because you're such a powerful man.

...and leaves the room.

RON

(calling after Richard)

No you fuck, it's just that I came here to talk about schlongs, vulvas and Bangkok.

Jonathan raises the CD cover to his face and snorts a line.

JONATHAN

I think I just found the happiness replacement.

TIM

Pass the happiness.

Tim snorts a line. Ron checks his Blackberry. Jonathan watches him.

JONATHAN

You should throw that on the fire.

Ron is about to answer but he's distracted by:

RICHARD (O.S.)

Happy birthday to you...

Richard emerges from the hallway, holding a cake with a twelve inch house candle stuck in it at an angle. The others join in as Richard sets it down.

RICHARD / JONATHAN / RON

Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear Timothy, happy birthday to you.

Tim stares at it. It's a *Little Mermaid* Birthday Cake. Ron and Jonathan laugh.

RICHARD

It was either that or one with a fire truck.

Tim smiles at that.

RON

Aren't you going to blow it out?

Tim looks at his friends. Absurd as the cake is, he's touched.

TIM

I guess I can die now.

He leans forward, blows the candle out. His friends cheer. Richard moves to the stereo, plays a song.

RICHARD

Come on motherfuckers!

He cranks U2's *Out Of Control* so loud the house shakes. The guys jump up and dance - they know the words and the beat and the dance becomes a reckless awesome spastic ceremonial act invoking the past.

The music keeps pumping...but the camera slows, and slows, and slows, and pulls back and back and-

29

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

29

The camera pulls further back...away from the house...high into the air. We hear A VOICE, objective, observational, anthropological.

THE VOICE

Was it a sham or was it a ritual?  
 At one time or another, they  
 decided to keep it going. At  
 first, they looked forward to it.  
 It was a reminder of hellion days  
 gone by, unabashed abuse and  
 reigning freedom. But, as  
 responsibilities grew, it became  
 the excuse, the escape, a chance to  
 become young again, to time travel,  
 to hide and run back to that safe  
 place where all mistakes were  
 erased, where the poor choices  
 hadn't been made yet. It reminded  
 them of their original friendship,  
 it was like they could all reach  
 out and feel what it had meant, if  
 only for fleeting moments. It went  
 on this way for years, the ritual,  
 the trip to Jamaica, the year in  
 Vegas, the New York series as it  
 was called. Always an excuse to  
 run and remember. The music, the  
 copious drugs, the feeling of  
 invincibility, it was always the  
 same. The belief they were forever  
 twenty-one and their whole life lay  
 ahead of them, full of promise.

**TITLE: DAY 2**

30

EXT. HIGHWAY ONE - LATE MORNING

30

A police car approaches in the distance.

31 INT. POLICE CAR - SAME 31

The local Police Chief LAURA BOYDE (late 30's) drives. Soulful, warm, observational.

Laura's eyes are caught by the four balloons hovering on the gate. She looks at them with a subtle smile, like she finds them charming.

32 EXT./INT. HOUSE - A SERIES OF SHOTS - LATE MORNING 32

Quiet. The ocean. Sea grass vibrating in the wind. Sun slanting into windows. CD's and empty booze bottles and dirty glasses all over the living room and kitchen. It's like nobody is here at all, until we find...

A HAND

On the round volume button of the stereo. Slowly turning it up. We hear the smooth intro of a song introducing this new day as we go

WIDER - ON RICHARD

Letting go of the volume control and just standing there, in a slash of sunlight, half of him on fire from it, a beer in his hand, the song inside of him, and blasting out to-

33 EXT. BACK DECK - SAME 33

Where Ron and Jonathan sleep on lounge chairs wrapped in blankets, beyond them only the sea.

Ron's eyes blink open from the song, bloodshot and bleary.

Jonathan listens a beat, then pulls a blanket up over his face.

34 INT. TIM'S ROOM 34

He lays on his back. Stares at the ceiling. He knows this song, knows what it means to him and his friends. A smile fills his eyes. The song continues and takes us to...

35 INT. HOUSE - SAME 35

Richard walks across the living room floor and out onto--

35A EXT. HOUSE - DECK

35A

He says this like a General rallying his troops.

RICHARD

We no longer possess the supple  
flesh of twenty-one-year olds, and  
how nightmarishly true our brain's  
regenerative skills have become  
with age. Therefore, our only  
recourse to this sorrowful state we  
find ourselves in is more booze,  
treats from the doctor's bag and  
the revitalizing elements of the  
sea!

And Richard's voice echoes us into...

36 EXT. BEACH - NOON

36

From behind: four naked men bolting for the water and  
screaming a collective...

GUYS IN UNISON

*Fuuuuuuuuck!!!!*

37 EXT. BEACH - DAY

37

Mayhem emerges, from the sea, oh fuck it's cold. Coming up  
for air. We are there with them. The water is cold, they  
feel it in their older bones. It's alive-- they look at each  
other and the sea and space around them. And it is all  
fine...

38 EXT. BEACH - LATER - DAY

38

They guys walk through the sand toward the Porsche, passing a  
joint and drinking beer, in middle of an eighties music round  
robin trivia speed quiz. They execute it rapid fire.

RON

Buzzcocks.

JONATHAN

Orgasm Addict.

RICHARD  
 Psychedelic Furs.

RON  
 President Gas.

TIM  
 Love My Way

RON  
 Madness.

RICHARD/JONATHAN  
 (unison)  
 Baggy Trousers.

RICHARD  
 That was mine! English Beat.

JONATHAN  
 Fuck that!

TIM  
 Twist and Crawl.

Richard passes the joint to Jonathan.

RON  
 Depeche Mode.

RICHARD  
 Personal Jesus.

JONATHAN  
 The Cure.

TIM  
 Boys don't cry...Killing an arab.

JONATHAN  
 X.

RICHARD  
 Johnny Hit and Run Pauline and I  
 win 'cause I have fifteen points.

The guys push him and mock his "*I win 'cause I have fifteen points*" in childish voices as we go...

The waves pound the surf on the beautiful coast.

40 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON 40

Ron stares at his laptop. He looks stressed as he studies the business news on his screen. He takes a deep drink from his glass to shield him from what he hears.

41 INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - SAME 41

He snorts a line of blow and looks at himself in the mirror. It's not that he likes what he sees or doesn't like what he sees, he is looking at himself with pure objectivity.

42 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM - SAME 42

Jonathan stands at the dresser in his room with a towel wrapped around him, opens his doctor's bag. He removes a couple of shirts, pants, his dopp kit.

He feels something in the bottom of the bag, and pulls it out: his stethoscope. He looks at it strangely, like he's surprised to see it here.

43 INT. HALLWAY - LIVING ROOM 43

Richard walks inside, amped and ready. We move with him-

44 EXT. BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS 44

Richard walks out on the deck, sees Tim down on the cliff side nears the water's edge.

A MINUTE LATER

Richard is smoking a joint, and he moves down to the stairs to the edge of the gorgeous promenade cliff area--he moves to him quietly, sees that Tim's eyes are closed. He leans over him, kisses his forehead.

Tim's eyes open, he sees Richard's upside-down face inches from his own.

RICHARD  
(whispered, mock demonic)  
Wanna go for a ride?

And as they look at each other's face we hear the growing whining sound of the -

- 45 EXT. PORSCHE - RACING BY - ROAD - LATER - AFTERNOON 45  
Speeding on a long straight road, engine screaming at max RPM. It blasts past us and at the very moment it does we go-
- 46 INT. SAME 46  
Richard drives, Tim sits next to him. Music blasts. They intermittently sing along...  
Tim holds a baggie of coke and a butter knife. He dips the butter knife into the baggy and scoops out a pile and places it under Richard's nose. Richard sniffs it. Timmy does a line.  
Richard accelerates and they smile into the raw freedom of the speed.
- 47 EXT. BACK DECK - SAME TIME - AFTERNOON 47  
Ron. Out away from us on the deck. Looking down.  
We go in close. He's staring at his Blackberry.  
The screen has a small graph and text: *"mortgage backed securities slammed fourth day in a row."* Ron closes his eyes tight. His Blackberry rings, gives him a jolt.  
Amanda's smiling face caller I.D. appears. He clicks *ignore*.  
He moves to the edge of the deck, takes a first step on the steps leading down to the sea as we go-
- 48 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN 48  
Jonathan. Watching as Ron descends down the stairs and disappearing from view.
- 49 EXT. PORSCHE - MOVING - SAME TIME 49  
Driving fast on the open road, then downshifting and slowing for a curve.
- 50 INT. PORCHE - SAME 50  
*Holiday In Cambodia* by the Dead Kennedys plays loud. Tim notices a tiny figurine of a man hanging from the rear view mirror by a string.

He looks at the side Richard's face as Richard accelerates into a long straight...

TIM  
(quietly)  
I'm going to miss you.

Richard doesn't hear it. The Porsche picks up speed. Tim cranks the music LOUD as they bend into the speed, race into the moment, blast into their shared past and present.

51 EXT. PORSCHE - SLOWING 51

Dunes in the distance, the car slowing. Turning off the paved road onto a dirt road. Towards the dunes in the distance and the distant sea.

They see an abandoned graffiti sprayed building.

The car skids to a violent stop. They get out with the music still blaring. Richard takes a leak against the wall, and Tim does a line.

They simply explore this outpost of desolation, without words and with comfort.

They see color and violence and expression. They see themselves.

They get back in the speed machine, fishtail down the dirt road, straightens, roars off leaving a twisting plume of dust behind it.

SECONDS LATER

The Porsche rounds a corner, *going fast faster fastest...* and careens down the sandy road over a big bump and into the air and lands with a thud and gets stuck.

52 INT. PORCHE - SAME 52

Richard and Tim look at each other. And burst out laughing.

53 INT. HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER 53

Jonathan and Ron are making blender drinks in the kitchen.

Ron's Blackberry vibrates. He looks irritated, then he reads it, smiles, shows it to Jonathan. It's a text from Richard:  
**HELP!**

As their eyes meet we go-

54

EXT. THE DUNE - HALF HOUR LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

54

In the distance we see the Porsche at the base of a monumental sand dune. We see two small figures on top of the dune.

CLOSER - SAME

Tim and Richard on top of the dune. Tim squats down and grabs a fist full of sand, stands. He sifts it through his fingers intermittently.

TIM

This is the best I've felt all year. Being here with you guys.

RICHARD

Yes indeed.

TIM

But I know it's because I can't feel anything. The drugs.

RICHARD

Maybe it's not. Maybe it's us being together. Don't just rule that out.

TIM

That's why we do this.

RICHARD

Right.

TIM

A question, Rich. Is that why we do this?

RICHARD

I look forward to it. I want it to happen. It's kind of a Christmas. Or if you're a non-Christian, then it's like a birthday. And if you're a Jehovah's Witness and you don't celebrate birthdays then it's like the day you get married. Though less subdued than you might imagine the typical Jehovah's Witness Wedding to be.

TIM  
 The Jehovah's Witness wedding...  
 (removes the butter knife  
 from his pocket, imitates  
 sniffing a line off it)  
 None of this?

RICHARD  
 Doubtful.

TIM  
 But at your wedding...

RICHARD  
 (absurd to think of it)  
 My wedding!

TIM  
 When's that?

Richard looks at the car.

RICHARD  
 We're stuck man.

Tim looks at Richard. Pretends he can't see him.

TIM  
 Richard? Richard?

Richard smiles, knows he's busted.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 Was that the 'non-rebuttal  
 rebuttal?'

RICHARD  
 I don't think that qualifies. But  
 it was evasive.

TIM  
 Why don't you have a woman, Rich?  
 I mean, I know you have women, but  
 like, THE woman.

RICHARD  
 Why on earth would I need "THE"  
 woman. Why why why why?

TIM  
 You know, to tame you. Train you.

They laugh.

RICHARD  
I'm house trained. Untamed,  
perhaps, but I don't piss on the  
carpets.

TIM  
It's okay to let a girl love you.

RICHARD  
(gestures to himself)  
I mean really, who wants this? My  
mother. She does. But she's...

He makes a gesture like his Mother is somewhere in the  
ether...

TIM  
You fuck lots of women, but have  
you ever loved one?

RICHARD  
I love them all. You can't love  
them all if you only love one.

TIM  
If that's true that's interesting.

RICHARD  
Let me tell you what I think,  
Timothy. I think when they really  
see me, don't like what they see.

TIM  
You make sure of that.

RICHARD  
(thinks, then)  
Lot's of guys do.

TIM  
Because then it's commitment.

A beat.

RICHARD  
(re: the dune)  
Look where we are.

TIM  
The men have mounted the dune.

RICHARD  
Mount. Dune. Good strong words.

TIM  
We are duned.

RICHARD  
I have my friends, Timmy. I have  
my job.  
(then)  
And I have my dream that I'll write  
another book.

They are both distracted by a honking horn..... A TOW  
TRUCK. Approaching fast.

Ron rides inside with THE DRIVER. Jonathan hangs off the  
side like a fireman in a Fourth of July parade, cigarette in  
mouth, sunglasses on, long scarf around his neck trailing in  
the wind.

In his free hand he holds pitcher of Margaritas and glasses.

Tim and Richard look at him from the top of the dune. His  
grin is insane, beautiful. Then look at each other and  
smile.

TOW TRUCK POV: Richard and Tim. Two figures against the  
late afternoon sky...

54A EXT. DUNES - HALF HOUR LATER 54A

The guys find old cardboard and plastic trays and slide and  
roll and glide down the dunes like ecstatic children.  
Abandoned and reckless and careening.

Free. The danger takes us to sunset and deep inside their  
glee.

55 EXT. HOUSE - EVENING 55

The house. Cocktail hour. Beautifully peaceful against the  
evening sky backdrop.

56 INT. HOUSE - RICHARD'S ROOM - EVENING 56

A large vaulted room, one small mattress. One lamp. Richard  
lays on one of the beds, drink in hand.

A small door near the floor catches his eye...

57 INT. KITCHEN - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 57

Tim watches Ron from the kitchen window. Ron is on his cell and looks panicked and upset.

58 EXT. HOUSE - DECK 58

We are right with Ron now. We see the deep stress in his face in the shadows of the flood lights.

RON  
(shocked, quiet)  
What? The S.E.C and a fucking  
government subpoena? Jesus Christ.

Ron listens. Says a barely audible "yeah" three times and then clicks off. He rolls his neck as if trying to twist the stress out. Takes a swig from the cocktail in his hand.

59 EXT. BACK DECK - SECONDS LATER 59

Tim walks out of the sliding glass door holding a tray with wedges of lime, tequila shots, salt.

TIM  
Need a drink?

Ron shakes his nearly full cocktail, shakes his head. Takes a deep breath. Tim sets the tray down on the railing.

RON  
I'm good now. Sorry for yelling...  
some incompetencies in my office...

Tim nods, sips his shot, catches the panic and fear in Ron's eyes for a FLASH but Ron masks it. Ron drains his cocktail in one long ferocious pull, takes the shot from the tray that Tim offered and knocks it back as well.

RON (CONT'D)  
That's more like it.

Tim reaches into his pocket, holds out an old Polaroid to Ron - the four guys in college.

TIM  
Recognize any one here?

Ron's studies it. He bursts out laughing but it's forced and weird.

RON  
 Jesus, who the fuck are those  
 people? What's with that hair?

Tim laughs, drains his shot. Ron glances back at the photo,  
 loses himself in it for a beat.

RON (CONT'D)  
 So fucking long ago.

Ron's face reveals a flash of sadness as he sees his younger  
 self.

RON (CONT'D)  
 I don't recognize that guy.

TIM  
 I recognize you.

A beat, then...

TIM (CONT'D)  
 Do you ever get scared?

RON  
 (too strong)  
 Why the fuck would I get scared?

Tim bristles.

60 INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - SAME - NIGHT 60

There is a 24X24 painting laying flat on the floor.

Richard hovers over it on his knees. It's a child's painting  
 of a lighthouse near a cliff.

It looks like the entire ocean is on fire. The title is  
*"This is the end of the World"* It's signed by *Bobby, 9 1/2*.

61 EXT. BACK DECK - SAME 61

Ron looks at Tim. Hold this. Then...

RON  
 I'm not sure what you're asking me.

TIM  
 I guess I'm asking you if your life  
 turned out the way you thought it  
 would.

RON  
 Why? Because you're asking  
 yourself that?

Tim doesn't answer.

RON (CONT'D)  
 Can't we just have a good time?  
 That dreamy shit ain't for me. Not  
 now it's not.

TIM  
 Okay, very hunter and gatherer of  
 you.

RON  
 That's why I love you, Tim. You  
 were always a little more evolved  
 than me. Maybe being part girl can  
 do that for you, help you develop  
 that sensitivity.

Tim's eyes are pained. That was below the belt. And Ron  
 regrets saying it. Softer now...

RON (CONT'D)  
 Do you know what I think? I think  
 I don't want to think, and that's  
 why I came here.  
 (sincere)  
 Maybe you came here for another  
 reason?

TIM  
 I came here to be with the people  
 who mean something to me.

RON  
 There ya go. Now, shouldn't we go  
 inside and spend time with them?

And as Ron waits for Tim's response...

62

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

62

Dark, save candles throwing shadows around the room and  
 flickering in the reflection of the bath water. Jonathan  
 lays in a large bathtub, glass of booze on his belly.

Music plays softly on a boom box. Richard enters quietly,  
 takes in the scene, the music, silently kneels down next to  
 the tub. Jonathan looks at him.

RICHARD

Open your mouth and close your eyes.

Jonathan does. Richard reaches in his pocket, drops a pill on Jonathan's tongue.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Guess.

Jonathan feels the shape of the pill on his tongue.

JONATHAN

Dilaudid, a morphine derivative.

(beat)

I had a patient who offered me a large sum of money for a prescription. Changed the landscape of my clientele. She had many friends.

Jonathan opens his bloodshot eyes, looks in Richard's.

RICHARD

And this became your practice. Rather than the one you imagined you would have.

Jonathan is silent, then:

JONATHAN

I remember, in college, right after we met, I remember saying, 'you can write about people, and I can save lives.'

Richard taps the surface of the water every few seconds, creating ripples on which the candlelight rolls and shimmers.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I used to go with my father on house calls. One time, when I was eight, my father was in the next room with a man who had bone cancer. I was in the living room with the man's two daughters and his wife, and the man was screaming in pain.

(beat)

They were staring at me like my father was going to save him. I wanted to tell them what my father told me before we got there, that he was going to die.

(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Soon the guy stopped screaming, my father probably shot four hundred milligrams of morphine into him. When my father walked out of the room, they looked at him like he was some sort of savior.

(then)

And so did I.

Very slowly Jonathan sinks into the water and disappears under the shimmering surface.

DISSOLVE THROUGH  
TO:

**TITLE: DAY 3**

63 EXT. MONTEREY WHARF - 6:30 AM 63

The surface of the ocean.

ANGLE ON: Docked boats, the sun rising in the sky.

64 EXT. THE SEA - HALF HOUR LATER - MORNING 64

In the distance: A boat slowly rising and falling on a gently rolling sea.

65 EXT. CAPTAIN BOB'S FISHING BOAT - THE BOW - TWO HOURS LATER - MID-MORNING

Richard stares out to the sea and dramatically quotes from Moby Dick while Jonathan and Ron watch.

RICHARD

'All that most maddens and torments, all truth with malice in it; all that cracks the sinews and cakes the brain.

He looks at them. And suddenly goes pale.

And pukes over the edge of the boat.

Jonathan and Ron look at each other, back at Richard.

RON

This was such a great idea, Rich!

JONATHAN

Yeah, one of the best you've ever had!

(beat, imitates Richard)

'Hey guys! How about we go fishing!?'

RON

And it's so OUTSTANDING that we're going to be out here *allllll* day.

RICHARD

(weakly)

Fuck you guys...

ON THE MAIN DECK - SAME TIME

Captain Bob sits with Tim on bolted down deck chairs. Tim's fishing rod ticks slowly as the line draws out.

Tim gets out of his chair, looks back at the coast, takes it in.

CAPTAIN BOB

Nice isn't it?

TIM

God yes.

CAPTAIN BOB

Lotta boats use sonar to track fish, for a guaranteed catch. But I don't.

TIM

We're along for the ride more than anything.

Captain Bob looks at Richard bent over the edge of the railing.

CAPTAIN BOB

I can see that.

66

INT. CABIN - THREE HOURS LATER - MID-DAY

66

Ron sniffs a line of coke. Ron removes a pill from his pocket, swallows it. Richard dumps out more coke from a baggy, looks at Jonathan.

RICHARD

You need some.

Jonathan looks exhausted.

JONATHAN

I need that.

He indicates a small bed in the back of the cabin.

RICHARD

Have a lie down ya fookin party  
pooper.

Jonathan stumbles to the bed and lies down. Richard looks at  
Ron, indicates the cabin door.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Cover for me.

(as he leans in to snort)

I'm a 45 year old man hiding drugs  
from a guy named Captain Bob. Fuck  
me.

RON

I could buy this boat, yet I'm  
hiding like a fucking twelve year  
old.

RICHARD

Isn't that the point? To remain  
young?

Richard snorts loud, straightens up, holds a finger to his  
nose. Ron puts his hand to his chest.

RON

Beating like crazy.

Richard smiles. The devilish one.

RICHARD

Means you're alive.

He takes a slug of booze from the bottle.

RON

Remember last year, Vegas?

RICHARD

Last year was Hawaii, the year  
before was Vegas.

RON

Right, right. Fucking mind is  
going.

RICHARD  
Don't think.

67 EXT. MAIN DECK

67

Waves. Sea. Jonathan sits near Captain Bob and Tim, who are having a quiet conversation as they lean against the railing of the boat.

CLOSER - JONATHAN

He's looking at pictures of Miles on his phone. He flashes through them quickly, we see Miles' life- a baby up to the present.

68 INT. CABIN - FRONT DECK - LATER - AFTERNOON

68

Ron and Richard are outside now, side by side on the small deck at the front of the boat. Ron pulls a bottle of booze from his jacket, takes a drink.

RICHARD  
You know I didn't mean that, about your daughter's friends. Or your daughter.

Ron looks at him, a bit surprised.

RON  
Wow. Goin' soft on me.

Richard smiles, absolved.

RICHARD  
Just makin' sure.

RON  
Goes without saying but thanks for saying it.

Beat.

RON (CONT'D)  
But...a tight sixteen year-old ass-

They laugh.

RON (CONT'D)  
And you're a high school teacher?

RICHARD  
Yes I am.

RON  
You ever tempted...

RICHARD  
(dead serious, means it)  
Nope.  
(then)  
How's Amanda?

RON  
Man, sometimes I find it hard to believe I chose so well. I wake up some days and feel her warm body sleeping next to me, and I just--

RICHARD  
You're lucky, Ron.

Ron, despite being high, knows this in his bones, nods.

RON  
She doesn't push me. She doesn't question me. We respect what we both do, and what we do is defined. I know my role...  
(beat, under his breath)  
I don't know why I have done the things that I've done.

Richard turns to him. Not even sure he just heard that right.

RON (CONT'D)  
You look like shit, man.

RICHARD  
So do you.

RON  
Fuck you.

RICHARD  
Fuck you.

They laugh. We hear the dull hum of the boat engine as Captain Bob navigates to another spot. The lines chop.

RON  
You still writing?

RICHARD  
I write *all* the time, Ron.  
(twisted smile)  
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I write report cards, I write on chalk boards, I write to the school board to raise money and I write, 'Dear God, hey man, when you get a chance, can you tell me why I have nothing to write about?'

(then)

So yes, I write a lot.

Beat.

RON

What's all that gibberish mean?

RICHARD

I write, but it's shit. It's like I'm disconnected from every experience I've ever had. I might as well be writing about the mating habits of the Hercules beetle in South America during a drought. Like I give a shit.

(then)

I'm an English teacher now. For now, I am a teacher.

RON

Those who can't do...

Richard starts to chop a line of coke...

RICHARD

Do this.

Ron stares at him. Wants to say something. Doesn't know what to say. Then he takes a long breath, looks at Richard.

RON

I'm in deep trouble Richard. Deep, over my head drowning trouble.

Richard stares in Ron's eyes, but doesn't say anything or ask why.

69

EXT. MAIN DECK - LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

69

Tim and Captain Bob are talking. Jonathan is in a deep sleep fifteen feet away from them under a canopy.

Captain Bob stands next to a fishing rod, which ticks slowly as the line draws out. Tim sits on a deck chair.

CAPTAIN BOB  
So it's reunion, huh?

TIM  
We all went to college together.  
Jonathan and Richard have known  
each other since grade school. We  
meet every year, somewhere.

CAPTAIN BOB  
Nice to catch up.

Waves slap against the hull of the boat.

CAPTAIN BOB (CONT'D)  
I left school when I was fourteen  
and the sea kept me moving, so I  
never did have any reunions. The  
ones I remember are with my wife  
after long fishing trips back when  
I did commercial work.

We see a trace of dread on Tim's face. Is this guy going to  
talk his ear off?

CAPTAIN BOB (CONT'D)  
She died 11 years ago. Cancer. I  
spent most days just drifting out  
here, trying to understand.  
(adjusts a fishing line)  
Suddenly I noticed so many  
miserable people arguing with each  
other, husbands and wives treating  
each other like animals.

Tim listens, engaged, no longer worried about being held  
captive.

CAPTAIN BOB (CONT'D)  
I stopped feeling sorry for myself  
and felt sorry for them. I  
realized I was lucky to have felt  
something that looked or smelled or  
resembled real love. A lot of  
folks never taste that.

Tim stands, moves to the railing, looks out at the ocean.

TIM  
I tasted it. And it made every  
day...  
(searches for the word)  
...annointed.  
(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)  
 Nothing mattered when we were  
 together, and when we were apart, I  
 felt him like I felt my own breath.

Captain Bob looks at him, relating Tim's love for a man to  
 the love he had for his wife, sensing how deep it was.

CAPTAIN BOB  
 And?

TIM  
 Johan died five years ago. In an  
 accident.

Captain Bob moves from the rod to the railing near Tim. They  
 stare out to sea.

CAPTAIN BOB  
 You believe in heaven?

Tim eyes the waves swirling below him. Tim smiles at Captain  
 Bob.

TIM  
 Actually, I don't.

And off Captain Bob's look...

70 EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET 70

In the distance, the boat chugs home slowly, making its way  
 to shore.

71 EXT. WHARF DOCK SIDE - SUNSET 71

The guys stumble off, sunburned and drugged, not the ordinary  
 tourists seen round here. Captain Bob watches them with a  
 mixture of curiosity and sadness as they meander up the dock.

72 INT. RESTAURANT - BAR - VILLAGE - NIGHT 72

Seafood restaurant in town. Mixed of people. Richard drinks  
 at the bar when the hostess, RANDI (20) on her name tag,  
 approaches.

RANDI  
 Did you have the large order to go?

RICHARD  
 How many orders to go do you have?

RANDI

One.

RICHARD

The fine art of deduction says it's me.

Richard looks her over-

RANDI

Would you like to pay now?

-and sees how beautiful she is.

RICHARD

Would you like to come home with my order?

She laughs innocently. She's pretty when she does.

RANDI

I'm working. And you should work on your lines.

RICHARD

If I work on my lines will you consider my offer?

She smiles.

RANDI

No.

Richard takes out his wallet, removes a credit card, hands it over. She leaves. The strapping young BARTENDER (24) glares at Richard.

RICHARD

That's a fairly possessive expression on your face. She your girlfriend?

BARTENDER

No.

RICHARD

Then why are you looking at me like that?

Bartender stares at Richard with a contemptuous smile, leans over the bar to get closer.

BARTENDER

You're pathetic and drunk. And she'd never go out with an old man like you.

Richard knocks back his drink, takes a hundred dollar bill out of his wallet and lays it down.

RICHARD

Thank you. The world needs more people like you. Keep it.

Bartender is not sure how to respond. Richard spins wobbly off the bar stool, moves to the podium near front door.

Five large bags of food are being brought out. Randi has his check ready. A subtle flirtation between them as he signs.

RANDI

Looks like you're feeding an army.

RICHARD

Leave with me. Walk out without looking back.

RANDI

You're really high.

He signs his credit card slip. Grabs a business card and writes his cell number, address and gate code on it.

RICHARD

I'm in town for three days. Me and my friends. We are harmless and fun. If you plan on tossing that card instead of calling me, wait till I'm ten minutes away so I don't feel it. I'm sensitive that way.

He grabs his take-away and leaves. Randi's eyes follow him out the door.

73

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

73

They've moved the dining room table into the center of the living room. Tons of food remains, music on, muted TV, fire in fireplace.

Ron folds a lobster tail into the shape of a Vagina. Tim stares at a painting on the wall. Richard is very drunk, he sits back in his chair with his eyes closed.

Jonathan walks in, chipper, wearing a doctor's coat. He has his stethoscope round his neck. He stands in front of Tim, looks in his eyes.

JONATHAN

You...you are very, very sick.

Jonathan pulls a pill from his pocket, holds it above Tim's mouth. Tim opens his mouth and Jonathan drops it in.

Jonathan moves to Ron, listens to his heartbeat with his stethoscope. Makes a clucking sound with his tongue, looks in Ron's eyes.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

One for the journals. I've never seen it before. Open wide.

He does. Jonathan drops one pill in his mouth, then another.

Richard looks at Jonathan coming to him. Richard opens his mouth like Alex when he's being fed in *A Clockwork Orange*. Richard swallows it and pops his mouth back open.

Jonathan drops another.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Now, all of you, put the lime in the coconut, and call me in the morning.

A beat later Richard's iPhone buzzes. He reaches takes it from the table and looks at the screen: *We're here*.

Seconds later there's a KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the door...

74

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

74

Richard is smiling as he answers the door. His smile fades when he sees past Randi to her friends - FOUR *GUYS* in their early 20's and a sexy girl with pale skin.

Jonathan, Ron and Tim say hello. Randi introduces intellectual RYAN, nerdy ETHAN, effeminate COLE, an exotic looking girl named RAVEN and JONAH "my boyfriend."

Richard's face tightens when Randi introduces Jonah. Randi reaches in her purse, pulls out a plastic bag with large pink capsules inside, dangles it teasingly before them.

RANDI

You guys know what an MX Missile is?

Richard, Ron, Tim and Jonathan look at each other, play dumb.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
Virgins.

They all laugh. Who's the virgin now motherfucker?

*How Soon Is Now?* kicks in loud and takes us to...

75

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - HALF HOUR LATER

75

Jonathan and Ethan. Music in B.G. Ethan holds a capsule in one hand and a tiny baggie of shrooms in the other.

ETHAN  
Your garden variety MX missile. M  
as in mushrooms and X as in X.

Jonathan takes the capsule, pops it in his mouth, knocks it back with his drink. He holds out his hand, Ethan pinches some mushrooms out and hands them to him. Jonathan chews and swallows them.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
It should hit you in half an hour.  
It's better when you're sober, with  
an empty stomach and no other  
drugs.

JONATHAN  
You sound like a doctor.

ETHAN  
I'm studying to be one.

Jonathan smiles at that, reaches into his pocket, pulls out some pills, A LOT of pills...holds them out as an offering to Ethan. Ethan declines. Jonathan knocks them back and washes them down with booze.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, man. You're letting  
your demon out.

Jonathan looks at Ethan, shrugs.

JONATHAN  
I'm on vacation.

Off Ethan's reaction-

76

INT. KITCHEN - FORTY FIVE MINUTES LATER

76

Ron, Randi, Richard, Raven and Ryan. Music loud, chop, snort, sip, pour, ice crack, laugh, shot of tequila on glistening lips. We jump in mid-conversation. It's fast and furious, everyone talking fast, over and around each other, coke fueled.

RANDI

(to Ron)

You still have sex with your wife?

RON

That's private, Randolph.

RANDI

Ha! That means you don't.

RON

In fact, I do.

RICHARD

He does. A lot.

RON

(to Richard)

How the fuck would you know?

RICHARD

She's always too tired to fuck me!

Laughter.

RAVEN

(to Richard)

Who do you have sex with?

RICHARD

You?

RAVEN

You're not my type.

(re: Ron)

He's more like it.

RICHARD

This is a test, Ronnie.

RYAN

(to Ron)

How do you have sex with the same person over and over year in and year out?

RON  
Versus a bunch of random people  
over time?

RAVEN  
(to Ron, sincere)  
I fucking love that you said that.

RANDI  
My parents still play pound hound.  
I hear them.

RON  
The first time I heard my Mom and  
Dad fuck I thought my Dad was  
beating her up. I started  
screaming and crying and kicking  
their bedroom door.

Laughter.

RANDI  
How did they explain themselves?

RON  
My Father knew just how soothe my  
seven year old mind. He got down  
on one knee, looked me in the eyes  
and gently said, 'Son, I wasn't  
hurting your Mother, I was simply  
banging her fucking brains out.'

Laughter.

The chatter and laughter continues as Raven leans back and  
peeks in the living room. She sees Cole by the fireplace  
talking with Tim. Cole and Tim look up and meet Raven's  
eyes.

77 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

77

Ethan and Jonathan sit on the sofa. Ethan exhales a hit of  
pot, looks at Jonathan like he's trying to remember  
something, then...

ETHAN  
I see what you mean about medical  
breakthroughs. They're frustrating  
because you don't know how they  
apply.

JONATHAN

You read a headline that says,  
there's a connection between  
ovarian cancer and Juniper berries.  
And then what?

(then)

It's like masturbating with Hulk  
Hands on.

A beat, then Jonathan eyes roll back in his head and grabs  
his face and leans back into the sofa. Ethan looks at him...

ETHAN

I think your MX Missile just  
launched.

And as Jonathan nods from behind his hands and groans...

77A INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - HALF HOUR LATER

77A

Cole and Tim sit on the couch. Raven is by herself behind  
them, swaying to the music. Tim and Cole are in the middle  
of talking...

COLE

Oh my God I'd love to live in  
Austria.

RAVEN

I just imagine gingerbread houses  
and beer.

Tim laughs.

TIM

And Baroque architecture and  
bratvurst.

COLE

(mimics Tim's perfect  
pronunciation)  
Bratvurst.

TIM

And Beethoven.

COLE

You have to say 'bratvurst' again.

TIM

(grinning)  
Most definitely not.

Cole whips out his iPhone, slides close to Tim, takes a picture of them together. He shows Tim and Tim smiles.

77B INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 77B

ODE TO MISTER JOHN HUGHES. A song comes on. The guys know it and Randi and her friends know it. You know it. Everyone loves it.

A group dance breaks out, a spontaneous drug-fueled quasi choreographed age barrier-destroying dance, a tribal primal vortex they all get lost inside of.

78 INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT - HALF HOUR LATER 78

Richard bursts in with Jonah, whips a hardcover book off a dresser: *Reel Around The Fountain*, by Richard Leclair.

JONAH  
You wrote it?

Richard nods, opens it to a random page, reads out loud.

RICHARD  
'Death had been installed in our home, and my Mother hadn't ordered it. It was a delivery from Satan for being good or a lesson from God about life, and she hid it deep inside her where I couldn't see it, because she thought it was what my dead father would have wanted. But over the years the pain slowly oozed out of her hiding place like poison, and consumed her from within.'

The words sound new and strange to Richard. He and Jonah's eyes meet. He hands the book to Jonah, who looks it over, impressed.

JONAH  
Is it autobiographical?

RICHARD  
Every first novel is.

JONAH  
How'd it do?

RICHARD

It made the New York Times Best-seller list for a couple of weeks.

JONAH

That is insane! So when's the next one?

RICHARD

We should get out of here.

Richard heads for the door. Jonah watches him, confused by his response, then follows.

79

EXT. BACK DECK - NIGHT - HALF HOUR LATER

79

Jonathan and Ethan smoke pot. Music from house in B.G.

ETHAN

...my Dad is the town doctor here. Unless someone needs a specialist, then they go to San Francisco. And his dad was the town doctor. It was an unspoken thing, that I'd go to med school. I like it, though. Are you an MD?

Jonathan takes a beat before he answers.

JONATHAN

A lot of my patients come to me for a certain brand of medical care they otherwise wouldn't have access to.

Ethan's look tells Jonathan he doesn't follow. Ethan hits off the joint, waits...

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I provide them with prescriptions for pain killers, when in fact they really don't need them.

Ethan, instinctively and without judgement...

ETHAN

That is spiritually filthy. How do you like, look at yourself?

JONATHAN

I get rid of all the mirrors.

80

INT. LIVING ROOM - HALF HOUR LATER

80

Ron and Ryan are front of the fireplace talking. Ryan hands a CD cover with coke on it to Ron.

RYAN

...anyway, this rich guy Greenberg comes to town and he's building this ugly twenty-five thousand foot mansion right on the ocean in front of my mom's house.

Ron snorts a line.

RYAN(CONT'D)

My mom's tried to stop him legally but he just crushes her with his money. The fucker is actually putting in a helicopter pad.

RON

Hey, if the guy can live like a king, why the fuck not?

RYAN

Why is total excess equated with living like a king? Why do people need all that shit?

RON

(self-evident)

Because the shit is there.

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN

That's crazy. You actually believe that?

RON

I don't believe that, I know that.

RYAN

Well, you can't know something if it's a choice.

RON

Is that some college bullshit you learned from your philosophy professor?

This throws Ryan.

RYAN  
I'm just saying, people don't need  
certain things, even though they  
might think they do.

Ron's transformation from light to dark is instant.

RON  
(quiet, vicious)  
How the fuck would you have any  
idea what people need?

Ron looks in Ryan's eyes, squeezes the glass in his own hand,  
like he's trying to crush it. He does. Blood flows. He  
doesn't look down, he keeps his eyes locked on Ryan's.

RON(CONT'D)  
Talk to me when the naivete wears  
off.

Ron gets up, walks away. Ryan follows with his eyes.

81 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - HALF HOUR LATER

81

Richard, Jonah and Randi. Richard pours a large glass of  
vodka.

Richard is so drunk now it's hard for him to stand straight.

RICHARD  
What kind of fiction do you write?

He holds out the bottle to them, refill? They both decline.

JONAH  
I just write stories. Things that  
mean something to me.

RICHARD  
Ah the personal stuff.

RANDI  
He's great, really amazing.

RICHARD  
So you submit them, like  
quarterlies and crap like that?

Randi and Jonah look at each other and smile.

JONAH  
My last one ran in The New Yorker.

RANDI  
We were all so proud.

Richard looks at Jonah, mock impressed.

RICHARD  
(with an edge)  
And there will be another story.  
And then some heat. Then you'll  
write the novel. And then fucking  
what?

Jonah is not sure what to make of this. Randi looks at Richard. Then Jonah. Then Richard again.

RANDI  
I don't understand. Is there  
something wrong with that?

JONAH  
You published a book. I'd love to  
be able to do that.

RICHARD  
You remind me of someone.  
(drunkenly waves his drink  
as he speaks, it splashes  
on the floor) )  
You think it's just...it's just  
going to happen. And it will, it  
will. But it won't be anything  
like you dreamed it would.

Jonah stares at him. Then...

JONAH  
Who do I remind you of?

Richard is too drunk to answer, thumbs himself in the chest with the hand holding the drink.

RANDI  
(strong)  
You? No way. I don't think so.

Richard seems confused by this, it seems to penetrate the inebriation.

RICHARD  
I was like that, all excited about  
this! And that! And it was all  
gonna be...so fuck-ing rosy...so  
fucking...

He trails off...

RANDI

Jonah's not like that, he doesn't think everything is going to be a certain way. He just loves to write.

JONAH

You don't have to speak for me-

She leans to him.

RANDI

You have all this disillusionment because it's easier than being honest. And you think he'll be like you when he's older because it makes you feel better.

(beat)

Stay cynical.

Jonah tries to quiet her.

JONAH

Randi...

Richard goes pale, pained, embarrassed by what he knows they see. He looks down, mumbles softly...

RICHARD

I still love to write.

(beat)

I still do. I just...

Jonah and Randi look at him, and then each other, silently communicating it is time to leave...

82

INT. TIM'S ROOM - LATER

82

Raven, Cole and Tim are on Tim's bed, touching, exploring each other. All of this is in almost total darkness.

COLE

I am so high. This feels sooooo good.

Close on Tim. Something happening in his eyes. The mood, the room, the vitality of Raven and Cole, it's slipping away from him. Cole reaches down to unzip Tim's pants. Tim stops him.

TIM

I can't.

Tim shifts, extracts himself from their embrace, sits on the edge of the bed. Raven sits next to him, naked. Her long black hair shines in the dim light, pale skin looks ghostly.

She stares at Tim, leans in close, gently licks his lips.

RAVEN

You feel it?

She puts his hand between her legs. Says this softly.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

You want this?

Tim looks away. She gently turns his head towards hers, looks him in the eye. She is loving, sexual, free. Tim is uncomfortable as he takes in her features.

TIM

You look like my sister. Jill.

Raven giggles playfully.

RAVEN

Not into incest?

She says it lightly, she means nothing at all by it. Tim has to hide how horrible the words make him feel.

RAVEN(CONT'D)

You should ask her to come over so  
I can judge for myself. I like  
girls too.

Tim starts to feel his insides pulling out. Cole and Raven are too high to see it. Tim Closes his eyes.

TIM

It's impossible.  
(beat)  
She's dead.

Three bodies in the dark. All we hear is the waves outside the window and the din of the distant party.

Cole stops moving for a beat. Then lays his head on Tim's shoulder, strokes him, comforts him. Raven takes his hands.

COLE

How did she die?

This is sacred, private. Tim's closed eyes open, tears fall. He speaks numbly.

TIM

I killed her. Her and my  
boyfriend. I killed them in my  
car. Five years ago. I was drunk.  
I lived and they died.

Cole looks like he has stopped breathing. But Raven is cool, druggy and profound, the witchy savant. She takes his face into her hands, stares into his eyes, accepts it. She knows pain and love.

RAVEN

This life, this earth, is hell,  
this place we live. This is a  
state, a stop on the way. True  
Nirvana only happens when we die.  
They were lucky. Death is  
something to attain.

Tim lets this pour through his mind and body. Cole holds him, tighter, and fiercer. Raven says this with clarity and calm.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Do you see them alive when you  
close your eyes to go to sleep?

Tim relents, opens up, lets Cole kiss him. Raven rubs his skin, she feels exactly how it feels to him, and where he needs her touch.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

(softly)  
You'll see them again. And they  
will forgive you.

Raven puts her hand on Tim's beating heart, whispers to him.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Let me be her.

Cole hears this, leans into Tim's ear.

COLE

And me, him.

Role playing. Trauma. Hands grips hair. Nails dig into flesh. Skin is almost pierced with teeth. Lips meet in pleasure and pain. Tim cries silently through it. Says this over and over, barely audible.

TIM  
I want to see them, let me see  
them...

83 EXT. HOUSE - DAWN

83

The rises over the ocean. Randi and her friends get into the car and back out of the driveway.

ANGLE ON

The front window of the house. We see Richard's drawn face staring out with sad bloodshot eyes

**DAY 4**

84 INT. HOUSE - JONATHAN'S ROOM - DAWN

84

Jonathan's eyes reflect the wear and tear. He finishes dialing his cell, drops it, fumbles for it, picks it up.

JONATHAN  
Jane?

JANE (O.C.)  
Do you have any idea what time it  
is, Jonathan?

JONATHAN  
It's...

JANE (O.C.)  
-five thirty in the morning. Miles  
is sleeping.

JONATHAN  
I just miss him and-

JANE (O.C.)  
-you know Daniel works late.

Daniel stirs next to her in bed.

JONATHAN  
Oh right, so he can control the  
world's oil markets. How do those  
guys make so much money when the  
whole the country is broke?

Jonathan winces, knows he shouldn't have said that.

JANE (O.C.)  
Are you drunk?

JONATHAN  
Course not. I'm high.

JANE (O.C.)  
My God Jonathan. You get together  
with your old friends and you can't  
even *pretend* to be grown-ups.

JONATHAN  
I'm pretending you still love me.

JANE (O.C.)  
I'm hanging up.

JONATHAN  
Tell me Jane, how did it go from  
you loving me to not loving me.  
Tell me again. Tell me Jane.  
(she hangs up)  
I want to hear it again.

Jonathan looks at his cell phone, lets it drop to the floor.  
He picks a random prescription bottle from the many on his  
bedside table, opens it, takes a pill out and dry swallows  
it. He glances at the label afterward: Ketamine.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
Good choice, doctor.

85 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

85

Richard enters the living room and sees Tim standing there  
walking down the hallway with a vacuum cleaner. Stands there,  
still.

TIM  
I'm going to go on a cleaning  
frenzy.

He turns it on and begins to vacuum.

Richard watches Tim clean. The house is a wreck. Tim is  
oblivious to him and zombie focused on the task.

RICHARD  
I'm gonna follow Ron and Jonathan's  
lead and crash.

Tim smiles the most beautiful smile at Richard.

TIM (CONT'D)  
It's going to look completely  
different in here.

86 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER - MORNING 86

Immaculate.

Like the party never happened. Quiet. Only distant surf through the glass.

Tim walks quietly through the spotless kitchen, cracks open windows throughout the house to let in fresh air.

He walks down the hallway to Richard's room. Richard is passed out on the bed. Tim stares, sees Richard's jacket crumpled on the floor, moves to it, hangs it neatly across the back of a chair. He stares at Richard's face.

He walks out into the hallway, quietly closes Richard's door behind him.

He walks into his room. He zips open his bag, reaches into it, pulls out a rolled up piece of paper. Opens it and reads it.

We see fragments of writing on it and remember it from his bed at the beginning.

Tim turns, catches his reflection in a bureau mirror.

He stares, expression even.

FADE TO BLACK

87 INT. HOUSE - JONATHAN'S ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER - LATE MORNING 87

Close on Jonathan's face, on his closed eyes. We hear a strange distant sonic hiss.

It sounds otherworldly, Ketamine altered, like time itself is making sounds. He opens his eyes, listens. Pipes, maybe. Or a shower.

He can hear it now. He listens a beat, then covers his head with a pillow, falls back into a Ketamine slumber.

88 JONATHAN'S ROOM - ONE HOUR LATER 88

Jonathan wakes again to the same sound. He listens a moment.

89 INT. HALLWAY - A MINUTE LATER 89

Jonathan walks out of his room, loses his balance, uses the wall to steady himself.

He arrives at the bathroom door. Listens. He turns the handle. It's open.

90 INT. BATHROOM 90

As he walks inside. He cannot see for the thick steam.

JONATHAN

Hello?

There's no answer. Steam pours out. Jonathan can't be sure, but something is coming into view inside the shower.

Something hovering inside of it.

Jonathan stops cold. Stares. HE SUDDENLY LUNGES FORWARD AND THROWS THE SLIDING GLASS SHOWER DOOR OPEN.

A BODY.

TIM.

Hanging from a rope that's tied to a pipe that juts out from the wall in the shower.

Jonathan tries to lift him, to take the pressure off his neck, to get him down, to get him safe.

The hot water burns down on him, he SCREAMS through the anguish and hot water and Ketamine...

JONATHAN(CONT'D)

Rich! Rich! Fucking help me!

Jonathan loses his balance in the water, falls against the shower door, pops it off it's rails. It crashes against the toilet and THE GLASS SHATTERS.

SECONDS LATER

Richard bursts in, freezes, dives toward the water faucets, winds them off, grabs Tim by the legs, raises him.

Jonathan lifts the rope off the pipe, walks on the broken glass, helps Richard lay Tim on the floor.

Jonathan kneels next to him, begins to administer CPR, hard, we hear Tim's sternum crack...after twenty seconds he does something strange: he sits back, slides against a wall, and just stares.

RICHARD

What the fuck are you doing!?

Jonathan looks at Richard.

JONATHAN

He's dead.

Seconds pass. The faucet drips. Life goes on elsewhere in the world, and the world revolves around the sun.

Ron appears in the doorway. Looks at them. The rope around Tim's neck. SEES IT ALL. Ron is speechless.

Richard sees something laying across the sink. A rolled up sheet of paper. He stands, moves to it.

Jonathan climbs to his feet as Ron steps inside.

Richard does something as the paper comes into view: he stops. Like the thought that flashed through his mind was so violating it had physical impact.

He steps toward the sink, unrolls it. We recognize it from Tim's apartment: the paper that was on his bed. Richard reads in silence.

Richard laughs. A strange laugh. A laugh laced with confusion. Jonathan and Ron look at each other.

Richard leaves it, walks out of the steamy room, a little crazed.

WE MOVE WITH HIM DOWN THE HALLWAY AND STAY ON HIS FACE.

He stops walking, stares at us. He is utterly stunned.

91

INT. LIVING ROOM - ONE HOUR LATER - NOON

91

Ron paces the room.

Jonathan stares out the front window of the house.

Richard sits on the couch with the paper laid out on the coffee table, studies it like it's a part of himself he thought he'd lost forever.

Nobody says a word. They are searching for a way in.

Richard stares at it. He blurts out something incongruous, something that instantly gets Jonathan and Ron's attention.

RICHARD

Motherfucker. He beat me to the punch.

Ron stops pacing, stares at Richard, disbelieving.

Jonathan turns from the window.

JONATHAN

Help me here, I'm lost.

Richard touches the note with his fingers...

RICHARD

I'm not. I remember everything. Senior year, the room upstairs with the green couch and Joy Division posters all over the walls. Like yesterday.

They search to remember. Jonathan sways in stillness near the front window. Ron sits down, dazed, stares at Richard.

JONATHAN

Wait, that's right. It was Timmy's idea...he said something like 'are we gonna remember this moment, or have friend's like this...'

Richard takes over, through the drugs and emotion he remembers like it was yesterday...

RICHARD

...'are we ever going to feel like this again, this alive and possible and free again? I'll never forget that. And yet I did. I fucking forgot it.

RON

We all did.

RICHARD

Tim didn't.

No we see the PAPER AND NOTE FULL ON.

The paper is yellowed and crinkled with age. The words are in a faded dark marker.

EACH LINE WAS WRITTEN BY A DIFFERENT HAND.

25 years from now

*if WE CAN't remEMBER what **this** feels like, then we have forgotten THIS beautiful moment...*

*who we said we'd become, our PROMISE TO each other, swearing to FRIENDS. We will never forget!*

*See THIS/our life.. we want to live and the men we want to/ will be*

*To forget this feeling, is to FAIL and if we forget it, this promise for all of us,*

*.....we will die as one.*

The names are signed...

rich            tim            JR            Ron

There is a long silence, a processing. The dead body of their best friend is down the hall. Ron is imploding. He needs a drink. He needs to flee.

RON

Yeah, but we said a lot of things when we're young.

Richard stares at Ron.

RICHARD

So your word is no good? This means nothing?

Ron looks at the note on the table, reads it again, looks back at Richard. The truth of the situation descends on him, envelopes him. He begins pacing again.

RON

We have to call the police. Right?

Ron appeals to Jonathan. To say something. Jonathan shrugs.

JONATHAN

And say what?... 'hello officer. We signed this pact when we were in college and our friend is dead. Can you come pick up the dead body?'

Jonathan moves away from the window, unsteady. He uses the wall for balance.

RON

Who fucking gives a shit?

RICHARD

Timmy obviously did...he remembered what we wanted to be. And so do I.

Ron sweats, heart and mind racing. Jonathan grinds his teeth.

RON

This is insane. We're high, we're fucking high as shit!

RICHARD

Which is exactly why we need to think this through.

Ron tries to convince himself this is not happening.

RON

We'll come down, sleep. Yeah, sleep it off. We just need it to be the next day. It'll be all right. We'll figure it out.

JONATHAN

I can't come down.

Ron stops pacing, something has just occurred to him.

Ron

Wait wait wait...I'm confused. Are we talking about *not* calling the cops?

The question hangs in the air. Then we hear two voices, one inside, one out. One thinks it, one says it.

JONATHAN/RICHARD

All our names are on the note.

Ron looks between them. This line of thinking is not possible. He knows them and *this cannot be happening*.

Richard looks back at the note, touches the words...

RON

(explodes, LOUD)

What that shit fucking scrawl signified means nothing! I am not the fucking same fool who wrote my name on that, AND NEITHER ARE YOU!!! Things change!!

Silence, then...

JONATHAN

You are certainly not the same person Ron.

RON

What the fuck does that mean?

Jonathan raises his eyes, lights a cigarette.

RICHARD

So our bond means nothing to you, the promise, all that was for nothing? Your dead friend?

JONATHAN

It means we think about it.

RON

It means I am not the same person. None of us are.

The camera slows... we all slow down. **TIME STOPS.**

*We see Richard stare at the note.*

*We see Ron SCREAM (silently).*

*We see Jonathan exhale cigarette smoke. And the VOICE, objective and soothing, curious.*

THE VOICE

Could they pinpoint the exact moment in time they went from who they were, to who they had become? Was it at that moment that their bonds became falsified? And a more burdensome question seem to present itself: it wasn't whether or not their annual meeting was a sham or a ritual, but whether or not the countless days and nights and minutes and hours that they were apart was the sham and the ritual.

RESUME SCENE

Jonathan exhales smoke, looks at Ron.

JONATHAN

You are not the same person, the same friend now? Fuck you Ron.

Ron backhands a vase off a table and it shatters against a wall.

He sees a saucer with a pile of coke on it in front of Richard. He grabs it, does a line, drops it on the kitchen table. He rubs his face with both hands, turns to them.

RON

I'm a father. I am a fucking father!

JONATHAN

And?

RON

(to Jonathan)

So are you.

Richard, invective in hand, slams a huge slug of booze.

RICHARD

It is all the result of measuring little results against high expectations. He sees his son once every two weeks and his son calls his stepfather "dad."

(beat)

You write your name in blood and what does it mean? Your blood means hoey. Go home Ron. Go home to your mother, go to your wife who thinks you're a God, explain how badly you disappointed, failed, fucked up. And how bad did you fuck up, Ron? You greedy cocksucker. What did you do? Are you a bank robber? Did you steal people's money?

(Rich cocks and shoots both his forefingers like a gunslinger in the old west)

You fucking bank robber! Are you like the hideous men we read about?

(to Jonathan)

Jonathan, did our little Ronnie go bad on us?

Ron stares at them, calmly reaches into his pocket, removes his Blackberry, dials, listens...

RON

Can I have the number for the local police department?

In one swift moment Richard lunges and snatches the phone from Ron's hand and hangs up.

RICHARD  
What the fuck are you doing?

RON  
(utterly calm)  
Someone. Committed. Suicide. The police must be called, a report must be made.

RICHARD  
So your word is no good? No discussions?

Jonathan is holding the note, trembling now. Clearly not altogether, not unusual considering.

JONATHAN  
It is who we are, but if when we wrote it, we are not that now...

RON  
-let me get this straight. I'm supposed to follow through on some twenty-five year old idealistic bullshit I do not remember? Are you serious Richard? This is not how it works, this is not relevant to now. Tim is dead.

Richard holds up his hand, gestures with each word.

RICHARD  
Exactly. And. You. Signed. It.

With glazed eyes of chemical sadness, Jonathan looks at Ron.

JONATHAN  
Our brains are wired wrong, our minds are unsound and not thinking correctly. *Anything can happen.* We are not rational now, Ron. We are whistling in the dark. We are considering options.

We return to this very unreal real world. Haywire.

RICHARD  
Timmy died for his reasons. Guilt, I know he could never forgive himself. But he did it.

RON  
(defensive)  
He was weak.

Richard moves menacingly towards Ron.

RICHARD

(a vicious hiss)

It was his life. His choice. You know what? You've never followed through on anything. Even then. You know what we called you behind your back? Rat Ron, 'cause you were a fucking rodent. Selling us tickets to concerts that you got for free. Trying to fuck Jonathan's girlfriend. Rat fucking Ron, always playing *THE MAN*, the guy with the cash. Tell me RAT RON, is that why you're in so much trouble?

RON

You dirty little fucking loser, where's your best-selling books, huh you fuck? You forget when 'rat Ron' got your fucking ass out of jail in senior year because your fucking mommy didn't have the money? Fucking arty little Richard, always out of money. And I always had it, that was my role. You were art and I was commerce, that's what you used to say!

(to Jonathan)

And how much money have I made for you over the years, you fucking zombie quack fuck?

Jonathan doesn't answer. Ron reaches for his Blackberry but Richard jumps up and backs away into the kitchen, scoots behind the kitchen table, uses it as a barrier as Ron follows.

RICHARD

It's not only your decision to make.

Richard moves around the table. He sees the saucer of blow on the table. He licks his fingertips and dips them in.

He stops moving around the table, waits for Ron. When Ron is right in front of him Richard raises his white-tipped coke covered fingertips to Ron's face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You are a man of numbers, right Ronny?

Ron doesn't answer.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Let me lay it out for you. I say you have two choices. Here, or there. Because I have a feeling that whatever shit you're in, it is so deep it is going to fuck you in the ass and swallow you whole.

Ron is sweating. He stops. He tries to breath.

RON

(quiet)

This is insane.

(loud)

This IS INSANE.

(hand over mouth as the truth crashes into him)

Oh my God, fucking Timmy.

Ron's freaked eyes bounce of Richard's and Jonathan's.

JONATHAN

(gently)

I think you should leave, Ron.

I think it's best.

RICHARD

Yeah, go home Ron. LEAVE.

Ron takes a deep breath. Then another. Jonathan approaches the table, leans over the saucer, snorts with a rolled up bill. He is so high it is difficult to make it work.

Ron breathes in and out, in and out, then...

RON

I am packing up. And I am going home. Let's just agree that I left before any of this happened.

Richard and Jonathan nod. Ron looks at them, scared.

RON (CONT'D)

(don't do this...)

Promise you'll leave soon, okay?

They just look at him. Ron suddenly grabs a chair from the table, lifts it, and smashes it back down on the ground as he lets out a guttural animal scream.

Then he marches down the hallway to his room...

Jonathan is tweaked. He looks up at Richard. Shivering.  
Dazed.

JONATHAN

We have to do something about  
Timmy.

92 EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER - LATE AFTERNOON 92

Ron fumbles with keys to Tim's rental car, tries to unlock the door. He sweats. He finally unlocks it, tosses his bag in the back, gets behind the wheel, backs out of the driveway, drives off.

We follow FAST behind Ron, tail Ron, and then we are...

93 INT. RENTAL CAR - RON 93

We see his eyes, his sweat, hands on wheel, rear view mirror, radio on LOUD, forehead and chest sweating, radio business news playing, then SLAMMED OFF.

Silence. Ron drives. He tries to breath. Rolls down a window. Grips the wheel.

He looks like the most uncomfortable man in the world, until...

He looks up. Sees the SMALL TOWN AIRPORT. THE WAY OUT.

94 INT. AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - AFTERNOON 94

Ron waits with a few other TRAVELERS. He nervously looks at his Blackberry. Sees 33 MISSED CALLS. Scans them.

Most of them are from Amanda.

He keeps scanning. Sees "MOM."

He stares at that name. "MOM."

Ron cracks. He cries, but it is inside, he holds it inside with the other pieces of his life he cannot look at in the light of day.

95

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

95

Music plays. Jonathan makes a drink in the kitchen. His left hand is wrapped with gauze and tape from the shattered shower door, we see blood soaking through. He walks us into the

LIVING ROOM

Where Richard stands, surrounded by the contents of Tim's travel bags and wallet. Everything from boxer shorts to socks to toothbrush and comb to books to business cards. Laid out on the floor.

It looks like ART. Jonathan looks at it all.

RICHARD

This is all Tim's.

JONATHAN

Good Richard. Very good.

He looks at Tim's belongings spread over the floor. He nods.

Richard squats, picks up one of Tim's shirts, holds it to his face, and inhales. Then he looks at Jonathan, holds it out as if to ask Jonathan if he wants to smell it as well. Jonathan simply stares at Richard.

RICHARD

I'm glad Ron left. His wife and his God will help him through whatever he's gotten into.

96

EXT. HOUSE - ONE HOUR LATER - TWILIGHT

96

Jonathan and Richard. Illuminated by the flickering flames of a single torch.

CLOSER

They stand over a 9x4 foot mound of fresh dirt. They can hear the ocean but not the person walking silently up behind them.

RON

It feels more like a dream, or an apparition, when he takes his place next to them and stares into the flames.

They do not acknowledge Ron, nor does he want them to. None of them want to acknowledge what it means.

We haltingly move toward them as they stare into the fire. **THE IMAGE SLOWS** as their faces become part of the glowing fire, a hallucinatory melding of element and human form, a painting of orange anguish, reflection and crazed light...

THE VOICE

When you are young, imagining forty or fifty years old is as abstract as science fiction. You are sitting there and you are twenty-one years old and you are invincible. It is all ahead of you. You are a horse with blinders, you only see ahead as you whip yourself into a frenzy of forward. At some point, something turns those blinders inward. A death here, a failed relationship there. You creep past thirty and patterns emerge, comforting and killing at the same time. Experience and wisdom get blown away by tragedy or the inexplicable. The hand of Fate taps on the shoulders of those around you and you pray and pray that you are immune.

STILL SLOW MOTION: sand slides, water flows, eyes stare.

THE VOICE (CONT'D)

Your thirties fade. You're the prime of definition as man, worker, careerist, actor in your own movie, creator, lover, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God. You conquer and forge on, a string of victories that will never end and then you hit it but at first you don't know what it is.

(MORE)

## THE VOICE (CONT'D)

It could be the death of a parent or the end of a marriage or the birth of a flawed child, and your forties arrive and you try to feel a sense of lightness and freedom, but it's work, like the marriage and the job and the friendships and the kids and the health issues and nostalgia that suffocates you when the old song comes on, when the picture falls from the photo album, when the scent of something takes you back to when it wasn't so hard, when all the self-help books in the world cannot possibly save you. And you hate it when you admit that someone else's life is better than yours, even when yours is good.

Jonathan, Richard and Ron slowly retreat. We move in toward the flames.

## THE VOICE (CONT'D)

Is it good? You wouldn't know because you are climbing, and as you climb you are scared, higher and wiser, happier but fatter, richer, lonelier, depraved, stubborn, loaded and still poorer or richer. Then you'll see the number 5-0 and the end is in view. You are formally officially absolutely admittedly closer to the end. You panic, dragged down by the feeling that you have not fulfilled the promise others predicted for you, the you promised and prayed for. You have no idea but know *things will change*, I promise. Just another promise broken. Lyrics to *your* song. All of them real.

FADE OUT.

**TITLE: DAY 5**

97

INT. ROCKY WHARF DINER - NEXT DAY - NOON

97

Jonathan, Ron and Richard at a table. Unshaven. Pale. Paranoid. Black circles under their eyes.

Middle of lunch. None of it eaten, but they're trying.  
Alcohol has replaced food, chemistry has replaced balance.

A beat later, Captain Bob walks past on his way out,  
surprises them.

CAPTAIN BOB

Hello.

Three sets of eyes turn toward him - bleary, paranoid, numb.

RICHARD

(tries to be light)  
It's Captain Bob.

JONATHAN

How are you?

CAPTAIN BOB

I'm fine.  
(then)  
Where's your buddy Tim?

They hesitate way too long.

RICHARD

He...had something back in  
Portland.

JONATHAN

He had to take off.

Captain Bob looks at them, puzzled.

CAPTAIN BOB

He told me he was staying for four  
more days or something. Must have  
been disappointed to have to leave.

Awkward beat. Captain Bob cuts through it.

CAPTAIN BOB (CONT'D)

Don't tell me he went home sour  
'cause he didn't catch any fish?

This breaks the ice.

RON

(slurred)  
That's probably it.

RICHARD

He was so embarrassed he ran home.

JONATHAN

He told us he had some important business.

Captain Bob looks them over. His sharp eyes take in everything...

CAPTAIN BOB

Well, take care boys.

...and ambles out of there. The guys watch him leave, then look at each other.

97A INT. ROCKY WHARF DINER - TEN MINUTES LATER

97A

Out of the blue there's a LOUD SCREAM and...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Oh my God! Oh my God!

Jonathan's dulled attention sharpens as he turns and sees:

An OLD MAN (60-65) alone in a booth. The man is in trouble, face going white, neck going slack, eyes closing. He falls to a knee on the ground..

JONATHAN VAULTS OUT OF HIS SEAT and runs to the man.

JONATHAN

(loud scream)

Someone call emergency!!

Seeing this guy with crazed bloodshot eyes and days of growth on his face screaming in this small town frightens people - everyone's so stunned they don't answer.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

(loud scream)

Now!

The old man collapses on the ground... Jonathan is wasted but rising to the occasion.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Guys!

MANAGER holding a phone screams from the cash register...

MANAGER

I got it, I got emergency!

Jonathan looks at the man's chest...it's completely still... Richard and Ron are right there now...

JONATHAN

Okay...

Jonathan rips open the man's shirt front, opens his mouth and sticks his fingers in his throat to see if he's choking. Air passage is all clear. He places two fingers on side of the old mans' throat to feel his carotid.

JONATHAN(CONT'D)

Fuck...

People hovering now...

JONATHAN(CONT'D)

(to Richard / Ron)

Get something to raise his legs up!

Ron rips a cushion from a booth and slides it under the old man's feet.

JONATHAN(CONT'D)

(screams to manager)

How long till paramedics are here!?

MANAGER

On their way...

JONATHAN

How fucking *LONG!*?

Beat. Beat. Beat.

MANAGER

Eight minutes...

JONATHAN

Okay...okay...shit.

Jonathan tilts the old man's head back, pinches his nostrils, gives him mouth to mouth. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out.

The diner goes quiet. Everyone holds their breath. The OLD MAN'S DAUGHTER stands in slow shock with her hands over her mouth so as not to scream.

Jonathan breathes into the man's body, stops, looks at the man's chest...

JONATHAN(CONT'D)

Come on...live, live, live

...leans down and tries again. Again and again and again...

98

EXT. DINER - TWENTY MINUTES LATER - AFTERNOON

98

Aftermath of the drama. Hushed voices. Garbling chirp of an ambulance radio OUTSIDE.

The Old Man is on a gurney. The Old Man's Daughter walks next to him as PARAMEDICS wheel him out. HE'S ALIVE. He looks up from his gurney and from behind his oxygen mask sees-

JONATHAN

Who's standing next to Ron and Richard. As the paramedics slide him into the ambulance, the men form a circle near a doorway.

Richard looks around to make sure nobody is watching, indicates the coke he has in a folded piece of paper.

Jonathan holds out the back of his hand and Richard dumps out a bunch for him.

At the very moment Jonathan snorts, the Old Man's Daughter taps him on the shoulder, catching him in the act. He turns to her...

OLD MAN'S DAUGHTER

You saved my father's life. Thank you.

It is silent for a moment. Jonathan knows.

She has gratitude, shock and repulsion doing battle in her brain. Jonathan wipes coke off his nose with the back of his hand, says this like he just remembered it:

JONATHAN

I'm a doctor.

She puts her hand on his shoulder, looks in his eyes. Then she leaves. Ron stands unsteadily...

RON

We should get out of here.

99

EXT. ROCKY POINT DINER - CONTINUOUS

99

...Ron, Richard and Jonathan walk outside, turn away from the crowd of people dispersing and flickering ambulance lights.

ANGLE ON

Captain Bob walking away from the scene, about half a block away. He pauses when Laura Boyde rolls up in her squad car.

BOYDE  
What happened?

CAPTAIN BOB  
Larry McCaulay had a heart attack.

Now they're staring at the scene. Jonathan, Richard, and Ron head away from the crowd, towards them.

BOYDE  
That's a motley crew.

CAPTAIN BOB  
(indicates Jonathan)  
One of them saved his life.

BOYDE  
Really?

CAPTAIN BOB  
I know them. They came out on the boat. Seems they've been hitting it pretty hard.

She stares at them as they disappear around a corner.

BOYDE  
They from here?

Captain Bob shakes his head.

CAPTAIN BOB  
Gotta take some folks out.

He takes off. Boyde stays where she is.

A beat later the Red Porsche buzzes out and heads up the street toward her. She sees the three guys inside...

100 EXT. ELECTRONIC GATE - SUNSET 100

Police Chief Boyde pulls up in her patrol car, parks, gets out, moves the intercom, presses the buzzer.

101 EXT. HOUSE - SUNSET 101

Boyde pulls her squad car behind the red Porsche. Walks to door, knocks.

Ron's face briefly appears in the window, then the door opens. Ron answers, acts casual, the confident business guy, stays behind the screen.

RON

Hello.

BOYDE

I'm sorry to bother you.

RON

No bother, what's up?

BOYDE

The Athertons sometimes have me pass by, to check in. And I was in the area.

Ron just waits.

BOYDE (CONT'D)

There's the four of you here?

RON

One guy left. Who's counting?

BOYDE

Oh, nobody, it's just that-

RON

Our other friend had to get back to Portland. For business.

Boyde looks at Ron a long beat.

BOYDE

Are you the doctor?

RON

No. The doctor is having a siesta. You know, after the heroics.

BOYDE

(sincere)

Yes. And it was heroic.

She looks back at the cars in the driveway, the Porsche and the rental.

BOYDE (CONT'D)

I've seen that Porsche somewhere.

RON

My buddy bought it from a local. The other one is mine, the rental.

BOYDE  
Oh, that's yours? And what's your name?

RON  
My name's Ron. Why? Something wrong?

Boyde shakes her head.

BOYDE  
No no.

She waits. A long beat. Like she doesn't know how to extract herself.

Ron doesn't want to shut the door on her. But he does. Slowly. Gently. Firmly.

102 EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER 102

Boyde walks to her vehicle, noting the license number on the rental as she walks.

103 INT. POLICE STATION - BOYDE'S OFFICE - HALF HOUR LATER - ~~DUSK~~

Boyde on the phone.

BOYDE  
Rented in San Francisco?

She listens, frustrated.

BOYDE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to need more than that.  
(beat)  
I want the name of the person who rented it.  
(she listens)  
It's Laura Boyde, from the police department.

She leans back in her chair, listens.

OFFICER BOYDE (cont'd)  
Timothy Allen Arthurs. From Portland.

She hangs up, troubled. Dials again. Waits.

BOYDE (cont'd)  
 The name's Timothy Allen Arthurs.  
 All I have is Portland, no address.  
 (beat)  
 Thank you.

Boyde writes the number down. Dials. Ringing, then:

TIM (O.S.)  
 Hi it's Tim...leave a message.

BOYDE  
 Mr. Arthurs, this is the Big Sur  
 police department. It's important  
 that you make contact as soon as  
 possible. The number here is 831-  
 626-3289.

104 INT. HOUSE - HOURS LATER - NIGHT

104

Richard and Jonathan sit at the coffee table in front of the fire. A glass framed map of Big Sur covered in chopped up pills on the table.

Jonathan and Richard are as wasted as we've seen them. Jonathan's head bows forward and his eyelids close.

RICHARD  
 Hey.

Jonathan snaps awake.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 You're a mess, Jonathan.

Jonathan looks at him, drunkenly begins mashing up pills against the map of Big Sur with a knife. Richard takes half a teaspoon of cocaine from a baggy and dumps it on the pills.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 You need it.

JONATHAN  
 A spoonful of sugar makes the  
 medicine go down.

Jonathan mixes the coke with the pills.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
 How long's Ron been sleeping?

RICHARD  
 Hours.

Richard stands, unsteadily weaves through the living room.

IN RON'S ROOM

Ron sits on the side of his bed. Awake. Staring at the floor. Richard walks in, pauses when he sees Ron.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Hey.

Ron doesn't look up.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Ronaldo...we have something...you gotta try it...

Ron looks up. His face smeared with tears.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What?

Ron turns away. He is silent for a moment.

RON

Fuck it.

Richard stares at him.

RON (CONT'D)

I'm so scared, Richard.

RICHARD

About the cop?

Ron shakes his head "no."

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Timmy?

He shakes his head "no" again. Richard moves into the room, sits on the bed next to Ron.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

The money thing you're involved in?

Beat. Exhale.

RON

About what we're doing. Here.

Richard swallows, gags a little on the post nasal drip of the line he just did. He clears his throat.

They are quiet a long time. Ron swallows bitterly.

RICHARD

I'm scared too.

RON

Amanda left me messages...they're in my home, Richard. The feds are there.

(looks at Richard)

I've robbed clients, but I never cheated on Amanda. Never.

(then, head down)

At the beginning you're helping people, enriching them. Then it gets inside you, some rationale, and you take some extra for yourself. One zero becomes two, and more and more. You get high and you drift.

Richard looks at him.

RICHARD

And you can't recognize yourself.

Ron covers his head. Richard moves to him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Why did you need so much?

RON

I don't know.

(defensive)

I love taking care of my family. I was the man, I really was the man for awhile. I wish you could have seen me, Richard.

RICHARD

Will she forgive you?

RON

Nobody will.

Beat.

RICHARD

I love you, Ron.

RON

You said you were scared...you don't act like it.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I read something once that made me think about the note. 'Cowardice masquerades as courage in motivating people to not do it.' But I lie, and I hide.

Ron turns to him.

RON

Do it for me.

RICHARD

(strong)

*Fuck you, Ron.*

RON

Please.

RICHARD

No.

RON

I can't do it.

RICHARD

Don't.

RON

I have to.

RICHARD

You don't. Just go home. Face it.

Ron takes a deep breath. Exhales.

RON

I want to...but...I have tried to see myself going home, and facing it, I've imagined her seeing me, looking into me, my eyes. I can't face that.

(beat)

We are destitute.

They sit there. It's a long moment. The longest we can handle. Richard doesn't look at Ron when he says.

RICHARD

Lie down. On the bed.

Ron does. Puts his hands at his sides. Richard stands, looks down at Ron.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Are you sure?

Ron nods. Tears rolling.

RON  
Remember how we met?

Richard crawls on the bed, straddles Ron.

RON (CONT'D)  
I thought you were the biggest  
asshole. But cool.

Richard looks at him. Ron speaks gently.

RON (CONT'D)  
And I felt sorry for you. This  
dark guy with a dead dad.

Richard picks up a pillow from beside Ron's head.

RON (CONT'D)  
You were the most interesting guy  
in the dorm. You turned me on to  
*Holiday In Cambodia*. Remember?

Richard holds the pillow to his own chest. He nods. Tears  
well in his eyes.

RON (CONT'D)  
And I turned you on to The  
Pretenders.

RICHARD  
Stop now.

RON  
You remember that?

Richard nods.

RICHARD  
Stop talking now.

RON  
(speaks it softly)  
You arrived like a day, and passed  
like a cloud, I made a wish, I said  
it out loud, out loud in a crowd,  
everybody heard, 'twas the talk of  
the town."  
(beat)  
You loved that song.

Their eyes are locked. He slowly brings the pillow down over Ron's face. Richard applies pressure. Ron's hands stay limp at his sides.

We hear a muffled groan from beneath the pillow and Ron's hands raise, try to fight off Richard. His fingernails dig into Richards forearms and draw blood. Richard uses every ounce of strength he has.

Finally, Ron's body goes limp. Richard looks down at Ron's hands as they fall away from his forearms.

He slowly crawls off Ron, leaves the pillow over his face.

Richard sits on the bed next to Ron.

Then he rests his head on Ron's chest.

He stays there a moment. His voice is a soft cracked whisper when he tries to sing more of the Pretenders song, *"it's not my place, to know what you feel, I'd like to know, but why should I?"*

Richard stands, walks out.

105 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

105

Jonathan looks up with glazed eyes at Richard.

JONATHAN

He awake?

Richard slowly shakes his head "no." Jonathan and Richard stare at each other for a long beat. Jonathan's eyes find the fingernail cuts on Richard's forearms.

Jonathan seems to sense what has happened.

106 EXT. HOUSE - NEAR THE BACK DECK - NIGHT

106

Jonathan and Richard stand by a mound of dirt next to Tim's grave. Richard lights a torch with a match and a huge ball of fire forces them back.

The camera slowly pushes through the fire and Richard puts his arm around Jonathan, leans in close and whispers in the flickering orange light.

VOICE

He has better things in store,  
beyond anything you could think or  
ask.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

The dying is a sheer kindness to the black soul. Not a light. But a step by shallow step, welcome our menace and shadow. Listen to me, the beginning of the end is quiet and velvet. This is the perfect failure.

And the two friends lean on each other, knowing.

**TITLE: DAY 6**

107

EXT. POINT SUR LIGHT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

107

Three-hundred feet above the sea. We see Boyde emerge from a small sheriff's office. She takes in the view as walks toward a picnic table.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

Boyde sits with her sister, KATIE. Nearby, Katie's two BOYS, STEVIE (7) and MATT (4) play on the grass.

BOYDE

It's funny isn't it? How you can't predict what anyone is going to end up like.

KATIE

Well, you can, kind of, I mean, Stevie's like his dad, mechanical. And Matt's just creative as anything.

BOYDE

I know he is. I still have the drawing of the rabbit he did up in my office. He's a bit of a charmer too.

They look at Matt. He's lost in the sensation of running a blade of grass over his nose.

BOYDE (CONT'D)

I'm glad I never had children.

Katie turns to her, tries to guess what she means by this.

KATIE

You're afraid you'd be a bad mother.

BOYDE

No, no. All the worry, all the fear you must have. Everything is so random.

KATIE

It's a trade off.

(then)

You don't get love without fear.

BOYDE

(nodding)

True.

A beat while they watch the boys.

BOYDE (CONT'D)

Where are the men, Katie?

Katie's eyes widen, this is not the kind of question she's used to from her sister.

KATIE

Well if Jeff's any measure, I scare mine away. If that's what you mean.

BOYDE

You didn't scare him away. All three of you did. The family.

KATIE

I don't know if I ever expected more, maybe that's the problem.

BOYDE

I didn't mean that anyway. I meant why do they run, and shut us out.

(then)

And then say we're skittish.

Katie turns to her.

BOYDE (CONT'D)

(gently)

Don't look at me like that. I don't hate men, I love them.

(then)

It's just that they expect you to be there and then they dissolve right in front of you.

KATIE

They disappear.

Matt turns toward Boyde, stares at her.

BOYDE

You'd think there would be a lot  
more people in love than there are.

Matt makes his way to her, a sweet smile on his face. He holds out his hand, says one simple word.

MATT

Play.

And takes her hand. She stands, smiles back at Katie as Matt pulls her out on the grass.

BOYDE

Told you he was a charmer.

108 EXT. HIGHWAY - THE PORSCHE - TWILIGHT 108

Blows past us...

109 INT. THE SAND BAR - MIDNIGHT 109

Local bar. Loaded with locals. Juke Box plays. Jonathan and Richard watch TWO LOCAL GUYS (30'S) play pool.

They wait to play the winner. Richard holds a large glass of beer. It slips from his fingers and explodes on the floor. Player #1 looks up from his shot.

PLAYER #1

Can't handle your beer, huh faggot?

Player #1 goes back to his shot, buries it. Richard sees a six inch wide cigarette-burned wood shelf running the length of the wall beneath the sign-up chalkboard. There are two beers on it. Richard casually walks over and drains one.

PLAYER #2

Hey. Hey!

Then he drains the other one.

PLAYER #1

Those were our beers, asshole.

RICHARD

You made unnecessary commentary regarding my misfortune as well as a gay slur. So I drank your beers. We're even.

PLAYER #2  
Who the fuck are you?

RICHARD  
How could that possibly matter?

JONATHAN  
(warning)  
Richard...

PLAYER #2  
You're gonna buy us two beers. Or  
buy yourself a taxi to the  
hospital.

RICHARD  
I'm not buying you anything, and my  
friend here is a physician so I can  
get treatment right here if I  
require it.

PLAYER #2  
You just barked up the wrong tree  
asshole because I'm your worst  
fucking nightmare.

RICHARD  
You need new material my friend.  
"Worst fucking nightmare?" "Barked  
up the wrong tree?" You're joking,  
right? Here, I'll give you one: I  
fucked your girlfriend so hard in  
the ass she cried.  
(beat)  
For more.  
(beat)  
Oh, wait, that's been used before  
too, by all the guys who fucked  
your cock sucking whore girlfriend  
in the ass.

The local rushes round the table toward Richard.

Richard stands, slowly closes his eyes...waits for the  
pain...wanting it...the local clenches his fists, winds  
up...deep in Richard's mind we hear him whisper...

RICHARD(CONT'D)  
Punish me for what I have done...

BOOM...time stops.

Jonathan watches Richard's head slam against the floor...sees it bounce...the crowd gathers...another fight in a bar with a history...on the surface no different from the rest...

**TITLE: DAY 7**

110 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING 110  
Richard is passed out on the couch. There's a knock on front door. It becomes harder and louder. Richard's eyes blink open.

111 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - MINUTE LATER 111  
Richard stands at the sink, quickly splashes water over his face. Runs his fingers through his hair.

112 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 112  
Richard walks to the door with sunglasses on, opens it enough to see who it is. Police Chief Boyde. Richard conjures sobriety.

RICHARD

Yes.

Boyde looks at him through the screen.

BOYDE

May I have a word with you?

113 EXT. HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER - LATE MORNING 113  
Richard and Boyde stand on the porch.

BOYDE

I heard about the fight last night.

RICHARD

I don't know if you can call it a fight.

BOYDE

You okay? Bartender said you were hit pretty hard.

RICHARD

I deserved it.

This surprises her a little. She sees where some blood is still caked around his nostrils.

BOYDE

Not sure if I totally believe it. The guy at the bar, it's not the first time he's been in a bar fight.

RICHARD

You don't say.

BOYDE

Just do me a favor and stay clear of that place.

He nods.

RICHARD

Yep.

BOYDE

I'm not raising much of a stink because your friend saved Eddie Iverson's life. He's a doctor, right?

Richard nods. Ron's cell phone rings again and again inside the house.

BOYDE (CONT'D)

You wanna get that?

RICHARD

It's okay.

Boyde asks this casually.

BOYDE

I have a problem I'm trying to solve. Your friend Ron told me the rental in the driveway was his. I checked it out and it belongs to Tim Arthurs.

Richard tries to gloss it over.

RICHARD

Yeah, it's Tim's rental. We're returning it for him. I don't know why Ron would say that.

BOYDE

May I speak to him?

Beat.

RICHARD  
Who?

BOYDE  
Ron.

RICHARD  
He had to go see an old friend.  
Left early this morning.

BOYDE  
How'd he leave?

RICHARD  
A taxi? I don't know, I was  
sleeping.

Boyde stares at Richard for a long uncomfortable time.

BOYDE  
Mind if I looked around?

Richard's demeanor shifts from casual to worried but his sunglasses hide it.

RICHARD  
Not a lot to do around here, huh?

Tight smile from Boyde.

Ron's phone stops ringing in the house.

She walks around the side of the house to the back.

Richard follows closely behind her and sees Jonathan before Boyde does.

Jonathan is hurriedly cleaning the area over Tim and Ron's graves.

Richard needs to distract her, fast.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Hey excuse me?

She turns back to Richard, just what he wanted her to do.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
The old guy from the diner, how's  
he holding up?

BOYDE  
His daughter Emily said he's doing  
fine.

Beyond her, Richard sees Jonathan silently slip inside the house. Richard relaxes.

RICHARD  
I'm glad to hear he's hanging in  
there.

She stares at him, then turns and continues toward the-

THE BACK DECK

114 EXT. BACK DECK - DAY

114

Trying to see what remnants are visible in the ashes. Jonathan has done a good job - to the naked eye, it doesn't look like anything at all.

The sliding glass door opens. Jonathan calls out from there.

JONATHAN  
(casual)  
Everything okay?

She turns, looks at him.

BOYDE  
I had a question about your cars.

Now she turns to Richard. They are close. We see her inhale.

She smells the booze on him. She looks into his eyes a beat. Some uneasy feeling washes over her.

RICHARD  
Why are you here?

Stops her cold.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
(to Jonathan, answering  
for her)  
She has a question about the cars.  
(to Boyde)  
Right? Right?

Boyde looks at Richard, conscious of her own sudden discomfort, but she holds her ground.

BOYDE  
Can I see your eyes?

Richard hesitates, then slowly takes them off. Their eyes meet. His are bloodshot.

RICHARD  
(sincere)  
You're very pretty, that's for damn sure.

They are inches away from each other.

BOYDE  
Scotch, right?

Richard eases off.

JONATHAN  
(to Boyde, alleviating)  
We're leaving tomorrow.

She looks at Jonathan. Then Richard.

The phone begins ringing again in the house.

Boyde and Jonathan and Richard stand there, listening to it, none of them moving. Then Richard turns and follows Jonathan into the house.

Boyde turns and walks away.

115 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - HALF HOUR LATER - LATE MORNING 15

Jonathan sits at the kitchen table taking inventory of their drugs.

JONATHAN  
We're running out.

He begins chopping up an odd pink pill.

RICHARD  
What's that?

JONATHAN  
Agenerase. An HIV-1 drug. It's Timmy's. Thought it would be a nice gesture.

Richard sprays nasal decongestant into his nostrils.

RICHARD

Yes.

Ron's Blackberry rings on the mantle again.

Richard picks it up, sees the caller I.D. Picture - it's a Amanda, smiling.

Richard looks at Jonathan, shows him the screen. Then he tosses Ron's Blackberry onto the fire in the fireplace.

116 EXT. PORSCHE - HIGHWAY - DAY 116

A red dot on the horizon. Growing in size. Blasting by us with a blur.

117 INT. PORSCHE - SAME 117

Jonathan and Richard. Red bloodshot eyes stare straight ahead.

118 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 118

The Porsche, parked. Unnatural light.

119 INT. PORSCHE - SAME 119

Frantic. Jonathan tears three prescriptions off a pad and passes them to Richard. Jonathan's hands are shaking.

JONATHAN

If they ask, say you've had a knee operation. But they won't ask.

Richard takes the prescription, gets out of the car, closes the door. Jonathan sits back, closes his eyes.

120 INT. DRUG STORE - DAY 120

Richard walking. Bending into the hellish florescent lights, a spectre at the end of an aisle melting into the garish displays on either side of him, seeing the Pharmacy sign at the back of the store come in and out of focus.

121 EXT. STREET - THE PORSCHE - TEN MINUTES LATER - AFTERNOON 121

Richard whips open the door of the Porsche, gets inside, holding a Walgreens bag.

Jonathan wakes up - he had dozed off. Richard reaches in the bag and removes a DUCK key chain. Hands it to Jonathan.

RICHARD

My gift to you. Press the button.

Jonathan does. A sharp "quack" issues from the chip inside the duck. He smiles and looks closely at the duck.

JONATHAN

A comment on my career path?

RICHARD

He's quick ladies and gentlemen.

Richard hands Jonathan the prescription bag.

Jonathan feels the weight of it, looks inside, pulls out a fistful of refrigerator magnets with life affirmation quotes: *"he who limps is still walking"* and *"do not let what you cannot do interfere with what you can do"* and *"Your attitude determines your altitude."*

He looks at Richard, then sticks the magnets to the dash of the Porsche. They sit in silence a moment looking at them.

A moment passes, then Richard looks at Jonathan.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We should go.

JONATHAN

You're behind the wheel.

Richard, realizing he is.

RICHARD

Oh. Right.

(beat)

I'd like to see some trees.

122 EXT. PORSCHE - OPEN ROAD - AFTERNOON 122

The Porsche whistles past like a blazing red bullet.

122A EXT. BACK ROADS - THE PORSCHE 122A

Racing past us and disappearing around a corner...

123 INT. PORSCHE - BACK ROAD - MOVING - AFTERNOON 123

Jonathan in passenger seat, prescription bottles on his lap.

Jonathan looks at a prescription bottle, reads: Oxycontin.

JONATHAN

Oxycontin slows brain activity, and cuts off pain signals. Like intercepting a bill you don't want to pay before it arrives at your house. You can see why people get addicted. One in six doctors are addicted to painkillers.

RICHARD

Pain. Killers.

Richard stares out the window, teetering at the edge of reality.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I remembered but Timmy fucking did it. He didn't forget. He never forgot.

(beat)

I wanted to be the first, he stole my thunder. I wanted to be the reason.

Richard trails off, then unleashes a mad SCREAM.

Then he leans back, drives as he closes his eyes. Speaks slowly and calmly.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There's always the sun.

Jonathan watches his friend drive blindly.

124 RICHARD'S POV - THRU WINDSHIELD - BIXBY BRIDGE 124

Eyes wide now. The Porsche approaches the towering majestic bridge.

125 EXT. LONG SHOT - THE PORSCHE 125

Winding up toward the redwoods. The SOUND DROPS OUT and we hear footsteps, which takes us to...

126

EXT. BIG SUR REDWOOD FOREST - AFTERNOON

126

Richard and Jonathan walk, dwarfed by these ancient and majestic trees. They move in and out of shadows and light.

Jonathan drops pill after pill from a prescription bottle, leaving a trail behind him.

He feels Richard's eyes on him, stops.

JONATHAN

So we can find our way back.

Jonathan's eyes register the scratch marks Ron left on Richard's forearms.

Jonathan turns and keeps walking.

RICHARD

(under his breath)

Nobody wants us, Hansel.

Their footsteps over the bark and twigs is all we hear.

127

EXT. FOREST - A FEW MINUTES LATER

127

Richard leans against a tree. He's spinning the butter knife he used to do coke with Tim in his hand. Jonathan sits on the forest floor. He looks in Richard's eyes.

JONATHAN

(re: the scratches on  
Richard's forearms)

He fought, didn't he?

Richard raises his eyes to Jonathan. A wave of feeling washes over him. An acknowledgement. An imperceptible nod.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

The body fights. In opposition to  
what the mind wants.

Richard feels the tree against his back. He turns to it. He stares into the bark of it. He looks at the knife in his hands, turns toward the tree...

128

EXT. THE FOREST - A FEW MINUTES LATER

128

Richard stands at the tree, with Jonathan behind him.

We move CLOSER and see Richard carving the letter "T" into the trunk.

128A EXT. THE FOREST - A FEW MINUTES LATER

128A

Jonathan finishes carving the letter "J" into the tree trunk.  
 They've carved a **T, R, R & J** into it.  
 They look at each other. There's a long silent beat.  
 Richard raises his hand, rests it on Jonathan's chest.

JONATHAN  
 I feel like running.

Richard stares at him. It's possible that Richard doesn't know what Jonathan means, but then...

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
 Run with me, Richard.  
 (then)  
 Can you run with me?

Jonathan turns and jogs away.

Richard stares after him.

Richard's eyes brighten and become child-like as he watches Jonathan running through the trees.

He takes off after him.

We don't follow.

We stay back until they become small...until they almost look like little boys.

129 EXT. CLIFF - TEN MINUTES LATER

129

Richard and Jonathan are near a cliff overlooking the ocean.

Jonathan sits on the ground, looking up at Richard, who stands closer to the cliff.

Richard turns to him.

RICHARD  
 ...you remember in college, when Ron and Tim and you and I went to that concert flying on X? When I was cleaning out all my Mom's stuff last year, I found the ticket stub in an old box -- it was Modern English, The Cure and XTC and some other bands.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(beat)

We were so HIGH! Remember?! We  
couldn't even like fucking speak.  
And Modern English was singing that  
song

(sings)

...dropped in the state of  
imaginary grace...

JONATHAN

(softly singing the  
background vocal of the  
song)

You should know better.

RICHARD

(resuming)

I remember I felt these strange  
rays of light...and it was coming  
from you guys, from your eyes, and  
I was so fucking happy. And it  
wasn't this forced happiness...it  
was honest, and calm...fuck man it  
was so pure, all these dreams that  
felt real, like they could happen.

(can't find the words)

I lived on that image for days, it  
was like it was burned into my  
brain, like I was still high from  
the drug, and you guys, but it  
wasn't the drugs, it was us, and I  
never forgot it...

(long beat)

I've never been that happy since.  
I've never even been close.

Richard trails off. He turns away toward the sea. The wind  
rises against them.

Jonathan watches as Richard walks closer to the edge of the  
cliff. He stares at Richard's back. Looks down at how close  
Richard's feet are to the edge of the cliff.

Jonathan silently stands up.

Beat.

Jonathan EXPLODES toward Richard, lays a fierce tackle on him  
at chest-height. They fly over the cliff. And disappear.

We hear ocean pounding the rocks below.

We creep toward the edge and by degrees the sky fades into a deeper color of blue and we are suddenly in mid-flight with

CUT TO:

130 ANIMATED RICHARD AND JONATHAN

130

In a CARTOON LANDSCAPE. They drop fast, feet first, toward jagged rocks below, paralysed with cartoon fear, the speed of their death fall accompanied by a DOPPLERING TRAIN WHISTLE.

But then Jonathan holds out the hem of his shirt, which has the wind-catching effect of a parachute.

JONATHAN  
Hey Richard! Look!

Richard does it as well.

JONATHAN / RICHARD  
We can fly!!!

They drift down softly, dreamily, blissed out looks on their cartoon faces. Their voices are upbeat, cheery.

RICHARD  
This is so awesome!

JONATHAN  
Hey Rich, maybe things will turn out okay after all!

RICHARD  
Know what Jonno? I'm gonna join a health club and clean out my body, hang out at Starbucks and rejoin society!

And as they float...

JONATHAN  
I'm going come to terms with the fact that my wife shattered my heart and that I barely have a relationship with my son. Then I'm going to meet a nice girl, straighten out my medical practice and join a church!

RICHARD

You can do it Jon! You just can!  
And I'm gonna sit down and write  
that second novel I always said I'd  
write!

JONATHAN

Great! A best-seller!

RICHARD

Hey, it's never too late for  
redemption!  
(beat)  
Maybe that's what I'll write about!  
Heck Jonno, maybe that will be the  
title!

JONATHAN

"Never too late for redemption?!"  
I love it!

Richard and Jonathan float gently toward an animated flat  
rock on the shore. Richard looks down.

RICHARD

Look, we're going to land nice and  
soft!

JONATHAN

This is so incredible!

RICHARD

The happy ending we all wish for is  
going to come true!

Distant high pitched whistling. Approaching fast...

JONATHAN

Everybody loves a happy ending!

RICHARD

Especially after a massage!

Jonathan and Richard gently touch down on the rock, huge  
smiles pasted on their faces...

RICHARD (CONT'D)

To new beginnings!

JONATHAN

Things are going to get better  
after all!

They raise their hands in preparation for a "high five."

RICHARD  
 Let's live out our very own fairy  
 tales!

They slap five. Whistling grows LOUDER.

Something from the sky. Jonathan and Richard look up.

Their happy animated smiles transform to stunned dread.

RICHARD / JONATHAN  
 (unison)  
 Oh shit.

A huge flat rock like that of a Roadrunner cartoon falls with  
 blazing speed, SQUASHES them with a HUGE BLOODY CARTOON  
SPLAT!

131 BACK TO REALITY 131

Jonathan leans over the cliff, wasted grin on his face.

Richard turns toward him.

JONATHAN  
 Let's go home.

132 EXT. HOUSE - HOUR LATER - DUSK 132

Night is falling in the sky behind the house.

133 INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK 133

Everything is silent.

134 INT. HOUSE - JONATHAN'S ROOM - DUSK 134

Jonathan, shirt soaked in sweat, shaking a little, tries to  
 muster sobriety as he dials his cell.

JONATHAN  
 Jane?

135 INTERCUTTING - JANE - IN HER APARTMENT - SAME 135

JANE  
 Hi Jonathan. I'll get Miles.

JONATHAN  
Thanks Jane.

Miles comes to the phone.

MILES  
Hi.

JONATHAN  
How are you, buddy?

MILES  
Hi.

JONATHAN  
How is everything?

MILES  
Good.

JONATHAN  
That's good.

MILES  
(suddenly excited)  
Daddy took me in a helicopter  
yesterday, because he had to meet  
someone for lunch.

Jonathan. Crushed on the word "Daddy."

MILES (CONT'D)  
I was a only a little scared.

JONATHAN  
Miles. I'm your Daddy. Daniel is  
your stepfather.

MILES  
We could see the whole city.

JONATHAN  
Do you know that?

Jonathan's eyes are welling up but he fights it back.

MILES  
What?

JONATHAN  
Daniel is your step-father, Miles.  
I'm your father.

Jane crosses through the room in the b.g., slips into a coat.

JANE  
Say goodbye Miles. We have to go.

MILES  
Oh.

JONATHAN  
Promise me you won't forget that.  
Okay Miles? Please.

MILES  
I have to go. Mom said.

JONATHAN  
(as Miles hangs up)  
Okay Miles. I love you.

Jonathan slumps on the edge of the bed, cell phone in his hands. He sets his cell phone on the dresser next to his stethoscope.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
I love you son.

He picks it up, places the earpiece into his ear canals, presses the chest-piece against his heart.

There is nothing but silence.

136 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER - DUSK-EVENING 136

Jonathan lies on the bed, belt wrapped tightly around his upper arm and a needle stuck in his arm.

His eyes are just closing as we go to...

137 JONATHAN POV - THE CEILING 137

Slowly transforming into a projection screen for the home movie playing in his chemically altered mind.

It's a movie with Jonathan and Miles, two years earlier, on a beach at water's edge in the sun.

Images are dream-like. They play a game of TAG. Jonathan deftly but barely escaping Miles' touch. They are both laughing hysterically until he slips, and Miles is suddenly upon him.

Miles voice sounds distant, he says the same thing over and over and the sound of it fills Jonathan with joy.

Instead of "*I love you more than anything in the whole wide world,*" Miles has his three year old's shorthand:

MILES

I love you in the whole wide  
world...I love you in the whole  
wide world...I love you in the  
whole wide world.

Miles and Jonathan roll in the sand at water's edge, overcome by pure joy as a wave slaps the shore and washes over them...

And then the screen in Jonathan's mind bleeds to BLACK.

138 INT. HALLWAY - HOUR LATER - NIGHT 138

Richard stands at the end of the hallway, staring.

He walks toward us like he is trying to be utterly silent.

When he passes us we go to-

RICHARD'S POV

Walking down the hall and into

139 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS 139

Richard stares through bloodshot eyes at Jonathan.

Jonathan is ghostly white with a syringe stuck in his arm. He's half on the bed and half off.

He is not breathing.

Richard turns away, rests his forehead against the door frame.

RICHARD

I came to tell you I cannot do  
this.

He stays there a long moment. He walks to Jonathan, gently lifts his feet off the floor and up onto the bed.

He removes the syringe and belt from his arm.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There you go buddy.

He looks at his friend and walks out of the room.

The SOUND OF A DIGGING SHOVEL brings us to...

140

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

140

Richard fills in a hole next to Tim and Ron's graves. Sweating and breathing hard. This is the everything. The dream we see and deny, the darkness coming to all of us that lives within us, the day we all pretend will never come.

Richard is the ultimate loneliness.

THE VOICE

...each day demands we create our whole world over, disguising the constant horror in a coat of many-colored fictions; we mask our past in the green of Eden, pretend future's shining fruit can sprout from the navel of this present waste. In faith we shall board our imagined ship, and sail among sacred islands of the mad, till death shatters the fabulous stars and makes us real.

FADE OUT:

141

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

141

Deafening music. Richard chews a variety of pills like candy, washing them down with beer. Richard is painting.

His movements are unnaturally jerky. What started as a copy of the little kid Bobby's painting, which has been ripped from its frame and taped to the wall, has grown into a huge twisted allegorical mural across the windows of the living room.

It is of himself, of his life and his end...four mounds of dirt, the end image of a man jumping over the cliff.

The caption of the mural is **best friends forever** and there are other smaller texts weaved into the mural: "*stick to your word*" and "*a deal's a deal*" "*Ian + Sylvia*" and "*the last autonomous act*" and "*criminal & victim are the same*" and "*if this is cowardice what is courage?*"

RICHARD (V.O.)

We are lost and we are liars, we fill the hole.

(MORE)

RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Lick it, suck it, smoke it, snort  
 it, fuck it, eat it, kill it, push  
 it down and it's still there. We  
 are the stroke, the follow through.  
 This is it. This is the  
 everything, the beginning middle  
 and end.

Richard is deranged, he has entered a different zone of  
 thought and space and time...

142 INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

142

Boyde speaks with another OFFICER, (STEVENS, 50, MALE).

BOYDE  
 Well, I want to get in there, but  
 I'll need a warrant.

STEVENS  
 Is it drugs?

BOYDE  
 Yes. And it'd gotten out of  
 control. It's not recreational  
 now.

Boyde thinks.

BOYDE (CONT'D)  
 What if I went to Judge Bendis and  
 said they're dealing.

STEVENS  
 (raises eyebrows, good  
 idea)  
 That'll work.

Stevens nods. The phone rings. Boyde picks it up.

BOYDE (CONT'D)  
 Police department.

INTERCUT

143 INT. TIM'S LOFT/APARTMENT - KITCHEN - PORTLAND - EARLY MORNING 143

The Woman, Lisa, we saw at the beginning stands in Tim's  
 apartment, a cell phone pressed to her ear. She has opened  
 the envelope that Tim left called "Lisa 2" and she's holding  
 a note. Lisa is in total shock.

WOMAN

(voice quivering)

I need to speak to the Police.  
About Tim Arthurs. Something he  
wrote.

144 INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

144

Laura Boyde listens.

By degrees we see her expression digest and go dark as she  
tries to comprehend what this Lisa is telling her.

Stevens watches. Boyde hangs up and bolts out of the office.

STEVENS

What?

145 EXT. HIGHWAY ONE - BOYDE'S VEHICLE

145

Races past...

146 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER - MORNING

146

Richard's bloodstream coursing with a volatile mixture of  
chemicals and alcohol. He is talking quietly to himself on  
the living room floor as he stares at his mural while  
listening to "Kyoko's House" By Philip Glass full blast.

He holds his knees close to his chest and rocks. His rocking  
appears to be a way to not become ill, or stay on some line  
of thought in his mind, or hold back some terrible pain being  
born inside of him.

The little boy's painting is on the floor by his feet, as are  
Richard's shoes and a bottle of wine. He looks between the  
painting and the mural.

Hard banging on the door. He turns toward it. He tries to  
say something but nothing comes out.

The door opens. He turns, sees Boyde there. She walks in.  
She stops cold at the site of the mural.

RICHARD

Do you like it?

It is like she cannot take her eyes off it. Or speak. She  
scans the room. Sees the drugs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 (re: drugs)  
 Have some.

With the music blasting, and mural, she can FEEL the atmosphere in here, the darkness and vanished presences.

BOYDE  
 I need to know where your friends are.

Richard starts putting on one of his shoes. Boyde moves to stereo, turns off the music. Pure silence for a beat. The silence has it's own hellish feel. Boyde stares at Richard.

RICHARD  
 Are you here to save me?

Richard takes a large slug from the wine bottle. Holds it up for Boyde. She shakes her head.

Richard puts the bottle down, looks at the little boy's painting, picks it up, holds it up to her.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Can this keep me alive all by itself? Can you? You have love inside of you. I could've...  
 (beat)  
 I could've...never...never...

Boyd is shocked by his state. Richard gathers himself...a little.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 But my friends...I loved them. But after awhile, do you even know them? When you get sucked down into your lives, you don't.

Richard stops and the world blurs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Do you feel time racing? I feel it. You're a woman, I know you do. How would we really know if it was moving faster? Would you ?

Richard closes his eyes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 I'm closer...

He moves towards her, Richard looks at the ragged piece of paper, with his friends writing, staring at him. On the table, picks it up.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(then)

I loved them. I thought about them when I was weak but it only made me feel weaker because...

She looks at his red eyes, bloody.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

...because you can't have the past back. No no no... and they reminded me of the past. So I rejected them...every time we were together none of us were present. Wasted. Always wasted.

Richard drinks from the wine bottle.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We didn't do what we said we'd do.

He tosses the bottle aside.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Maybe all this...

(what has happened here)

...was our way of saying we remembered what we used to feel.

(beat)

That means something, doesn't it?

He starts putting on his other shoe.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You wanna know where my friends are? They're dead. They're in the back. Buried beneath the sand.

When the words hit Boyde it's like something in her deflects them, or pushes them away.

The unspeakable truth.

She looks at him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm surprised you didn't notice before. What kind of cop are you anyway? I mean you walked out there. Remember?

Boyde's face changes...by degrees her expression grows darker...

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Here's one: Jimmy Swaggart calls up Billy Graham and says, "Billy, can prostitutes be saved?" And Billy says, with religious fire in his voice, "Jimmy...every single one of us can be saved." And Jimmy says to Billy, "good, then save me one for Saturday night."

Richard laughs to himself. Boyde looks between Richard and the back door.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm going to make you now a light for the whole world. I swear to you that I am not lying.

147 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BACK PATIO - NIGHT 147

Boyde steps outside. Smoldering embers on Jonathan's grave. She walks toward it, tentatively.

She sees charred remnants of wallets, credit cards and clothes, cash, toothbrushes, shoes over the outline of three man-sized graves.

BOYDE'S FACE

Undergoes lethal transformation. Disbelief. Fear. Nausea. Realization.

She buckles, puts her hands on her knees, there is not enough air...she rises and

Boyde suddenly HEARS a MOTOR REVVING---

148 INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 148

-Boyde bursts inside, bolts through the empty living room to the front door.

149 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT 149

Boyde sees the Porsche tearing out of driveway, runs and jumps into her squad car, races after Richard's car...

- 150 EXT. PORSCHE - MOVING - 150  
Tail lights of the Porsche BLOW BY, HEADING TOWARDS THE OCEAN, the road looming in the distance.
- 151 INT. BOYDE'S SQUAD CAR - MOVING 151  
She guns her engine to keep up. Her eyes are shocked and moist...
- 152 EXT. HIGHWAY- 152  
Boyde's squad car BLOWS BY races after Richard's Porsche...
- 153 INT. RICHARD'S PORSCHE - MOVING FAST 153  
Richard, dead stare, wine bottle stuck between his knees.  
Over his shoulder we see him approaching the hill, the same rising epic view of his painting, the end of the world.
- 154 EXT. PT. SUR LIGHTHOUSE 154  
The Porsche enters the awe inspiring vista, the road leading to the top of the lighthouse.
- 155 INT. SQUAD CAR - BOYDE'S FACE 155  
Boyde sees where he is heading, the highest point of the coast.
- 156 INT. PORCHE - SAME 156  
Richard is looking out the dangerous cliff side, right outside his window, he yells in a guttural release
- 157 EXT. PORSCHE - WINDING ROAD-PT. SUR LIGHTHOUSE 157  
We see how close to the edge and dangerously high we are going.
- 158 INT. SQUAD CAR - BOYDE'S POV 158  
The Porsche disappears around the winding road, up the hill.

159 INT. PORSCHE - SAME 159

Richard sees something up ahead...

160 EXT. THE TWO CARS 160

Racing. One behind the other. Up the hill, to the top.

161 INT. PORSCHE - SAME 161

Richard's eyes are wide and burning. Intense. Focused. Scared.

The nose of the car climbs toward the top of the horizon line. Beyond that all there is, only the sky.

Richard skids to a stop. At the edge of the cliff. We see it as he does.

THE TOP OF THE COAST, THE END OF THE WORLD, EXACTLY LIKE THE BOY'S PAINTING

162 INT. SQUAD CAR - BOYDE 162

Her face ashen, as she approaches and sees Richard's car.

163 EXT. PT. SUR LIGHTHOUSE- 163

Boyde's heart is racing. She gets out. Walks towards the still idling Porsche, ominously perched near the edge, a small thin fence it's only defense to a 300 foot plunge.

Boyde knows this place very well. It's her place, her domain. Her ability to see everything from this vantage point is now turning back to her.

She walks to the car door, slightly ajar and peers inside the darkened window-

She slowly opens it.

It is empty.

And looks down, on the seat, she's a piece of small tattered piece of paper.

**THE NOTE**

She reads it, the words sinking her, clarity overwhelming her, the world turning upside down.

The end of the pact, the final friend.

BOYDE

Oh my God.

164

EXT. PT. SUR LIGHTHOUSE

164

Boyde runs, up the hill, past the steep descending wooden stairs and looks in the distance as

RICHARD-

Walks towards the edge of the bluff, the sea and world beneath him, endless and infinite.

Richard looks over at Boyde. Her worst fears being seen, realized.

They stare at each other.

Richard takes a large pull off the wine bottle. **THROWS IT OFF INTO THE SEA**

Richard looks out at the sky, the ocean. Up at the world. Looking down at him.

Then he looks at her.

She sees him. Witnesses it. Walks slowly towards him, palms unfurling.

Richard stares at her. His eyes are welling up. He fights this urge.

HE MOVES CLOSER, THE WORLD AND WIND, SWIRLING.

His feet are inches from the edge. She slowly comes even closer.

No words, only this gesture, the simplest one man has ever known.

It is subtle, small, instinctive. She slowly begins to open her arms towards him.

And he sees this and turns away, looking out to the sea.

RICHARD

It's...so...fucking...beautiful.

Boyde does not take her eyes off Richard. Richard looks back from the cliff.

And into her eyes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 (softly)  
 And I am so goddamm scared.

But in this fire in his eyes, she knows.

She slowly shakes her head, it doesn't have to come to this.

OFFICER BOYDE  
 No, Richard.

He smiles a beautiful smile at her.

RICHARD  
 I'd miss my friends too much.  
 (beat)  
 And a deal's a deal.

He looks over at Boyde. He closes his eyes, and breathes.  
 Inside where he knows the view, the end.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 So I don't...so I don't have to  
 see.

Richard opens his eyes. Wide. He moves to jump-

OFFICER BOYDE  
Don't!

Boyde suddenly rushes towards him...their eyes lock...one  
 split second.

The world stops.

**Richard leaps off of the cliff.**

And sails into the sky...

And drops out of sight...

She stares toward the cliff.

Silence. Except for the sound of waves crashing below.

She hesitates, then walks to the edge.

She stops. She doesn't look down.

She just stares straight out to the sea.

Then, slowly, she turns her eyes toward the approaching night sky, feeling that she is the only person left at the end of the world.

FADE OUT.

**TITLE: THE BEGINNING**

165 DISSOLVE TO - THE GRADUATION CEREMONY - SLOW MOTION 165

We are at the beginning, in 1984, moving behind the silhouette of the four guys, around the back to the beginning.

Richard, Ron, Jonathan and Richard come into focus, laughing in their graduation gowns amid the celebration.

They look into one another's smiling eyes.

They throw their arms around each other in a joyous group embrace, inadvertently lose their balance and tumble over folding chairs to the ground, laughing, stumbling, falling all the way to the end.